

Radiology Department

At the time, the department was a wooden building between the Internal Medicine Department and the Otolaryngology Department, so around June (1945) it was relocated separately for safety to the second floor of the Main Building, and a room in the basement of the Internal Medicine.

Associate Professor Nagai was working as the Director of the department with Associate Shi, and was engaged in education and medical treatment.

Technical staff included Shi, Tomokiyo, Umezu, Kozasa and Kozasa. There were 13 nurses under Head Nurse Hisamatsu.

The situation at the time of bombing

Associate Professor Nagai was exposed to the atomic bomb on the second floor of the Main Building, and received facial injuries while Junior Assistant Shi engaged in rescue work with those who were safe.

The bodies of missing five of the eight missing nurses, Yamashita, Hama, Inoue, Yoshida and Oyanagi, were found on the sports field immediately after the atomic bombing on the 10th. A wake was held that night with the surviving staffs of the department. One of the employer, Kozasa, was on leave that day, was killed in a the explosion at her home in Ieno-machi. Later, the department staffs formed a medical team under Associate Professor Nagai to treat “*hibakushas* (atomic-bomb survivors)” in Nishi-Urakami, Mitsuyama. The team was disbanded on 22 August.

Biography of the late Associate Professor Takashi Nagai

Junior Fifth Rank, The Fourth Order of Merit, M.D, Ph.D., Professor of Radiology

3 February	1908	Born in Shimane Prefecture
March	1932	Graduated from Nagasaki Medical College
June	1932	Appointed Assistant at the same College
April	1939	Appointed Associate Professor at the same College
January	1946	Appointed Professor at the same College
September	1949	Retired from the Collage
1 May	1951	Died due to illness

Main subject of the research

Study for X-ray microstructure of urinary tract stones

Official position and name of the deceased

Official position	Name
Associate Professor	Takashi Nagai
Staff	Hatsue Kozasa
Fourth-year nursing student	Hideko Yamashita
Fourth-year nursing student	Tomoe Hama
Third-year nursing student	Mitsune Inoue
Second-year nursing student	Kiyoko Yoshida
Second-year nursing student	Tsuyo Oyanagi
First-year nursing student	Fujie Fuchino
First-year nursing student	Chizuko Taniguchi
First-year nursing student	Setsu Tanimura

Record of the atomic bomb experience

Masako Kaneko

As I face the tenth anniversary since that day which was like a nightmare, I am filled with a renewed and indescribable feeling.

The Radiology Department was the oldest, and a significant wooden building between the Otorhinolaryngology Department and the Internal Medicine Department in the hospital, but it was suddenly decided to be evacuated due to the possibility of it burning down. It was soon after we dispersed the building to a part of Outpatient in the hospital main entrance and the basement of the Internal Medicine.

After the morning meeting, we wave to each other, and separate to our respective work stations. I hurried to the X-ray Room of the Professor Shirabe's Surgery Department. It was on the second floor, across the corridor from the operating theatre, overlooking the main corridor past a kiosk.

By this time, the doctors and technicians in the medical office had already left for war one after another, and the autumn had arrived before our eyes, when women should fight by replacing the men as they went to the battlefield.

Department staff, Dr. Yamamoto, Dr. Hamasato, Technicians Hiroshima, Kishikawa, Tanaka, Tsuruyama in X-ray Room of Dermatology Department, Nagasawa in X-ray room in Shirabe Surgery. Dr. Nagai, the Director of the department and Dr. Shi were busy day and night engaging in lectures, x-ray examination, medical treatment, air-defense training, and

instructing for the rescue operation training.

The sharp sound of air-raid alarm was lifted and, everyone went out from the air-raid shelter of the Shirabe Surgery Department to the Outpatient, so I passed through the deserted operating theatre, returned to the X-ray Room, breathed a sigh of relief, took off my thick air-raid hood, put my first-aid bag on the desk, and sat down to face the main corridor directly opposite. That moment, I saw a woman walking the corridor shouted “Ah!” raising her hand in the air, and at the same time, with a flash of light and a tremendous sound, it became pitch-black. I felt like I was crushed down together with the ceiling, film cabinets and filming equipment.

After a while, it became brighter although it was dim. Oh, it seemed that I was still alive. I gently opened my eyes and fearfully stroked my face from the neck with my hand, and found that blood was oozing out.

A direct hit had just been dropped on the operating theatre of the adjoining Professor Koyano’s Surgery Department about a week ago, so I thought it was Shirabe Surgery this time. How are Dr. Shirabe, the Director and everyone else? The people in the Radiology Department? Unable to move, struggling to breathe, I closed my eyes. After a while, there was a wild, guttural cry. I opened my eyes as if I was awoken. “No one is here?” Ah, someone came to rescue me! I tried to make my presence known as quickly as possible, but my voice did not come out. I tried desperately to move my body, but it was no use. I wanted to get out to upward direction but I couldn’t move since I was caught between so many things. I left my luck to the heaven, and closed my eyes in vain. I did not know at the time but later learned that the Head Nurse Murayama, was buried in the Nurse’s Room across the corridor.

How much time had passed since then? I heard cracking sound of burning. The fire already seems to have spread from room to room. Soon afterwards, a strange, hot, stifling smell and smoke began to pour in. I started to get impatient as I thought that I did not have time.

I do not remember how I got out, but when I came to, I was out in the corridor. My tightly knotted shoes had not blown off. My “*monpe*” trousers were torn and blood was dripping down my leg. In any case, I had to escape outside. I unconsciously grabbed one of the scattered “*geta*” sandal in the operation theatre, and rolled down the narrow staircase to the outside, where I bumped into Dr. Kido, whose head was stained with blood. I tried to say, “Oh, *sensei*, you are safe,” but I lost my words, and just stared blankly at him.

When I moved my eyes, I saw a terrible scene unfolding. It was like the scream of *Ashura*, demon god! The fire was raging and groaning, the people after people who had barely escaped the flames, their clothes ripped off, naked and bloodied, staggered, stumbled, gasped, were climbing up the mountain one after another. I saw a black body running through with he or her hair burnt off and skin peeled off. This is an extremely serious situation. We must rescue as many people as possible. I picked up and wore a lace-up boots for a male on a bare foot and dragged

frantically a breathless student, whose hand had been ripped off to the hill behind the Konan Ward. The student worn out of his strength as soon as he arrived, and kept asking my name. I only replied, "I am from the hospital."

Still, I had not met anyone from the Radiology Department yet. How is Dr. Nagai? What about the people in the department? While listening to the cries of those who had barely escaped, calling out for their parents and friends, I kept looking for them, until I found Dr. Nagai, who was already up on the mountain, in good health and actively rescuing others. When I met Head Nurse Hisamatsu, Hashimoto, Tsubakiyama and others, I sat down speechless, then the doctor clapped me on my shoulder and said: "Oh, Kaneko-kun, you're alive, thank goodness." I did not see Moriuchi-san, Sakita-san from the Dermatology Department and Ozasa-san from the Gynecology Department. It was after they had gone looking for me. Sakita-san was taken to the Dermatology air-raid shelter with a broken femur, while Dr. Shi and Tomokiyo-san were busy rescuing Dr. Tsuno'o. The seriously injured Umezu-san was carried in by Shi-san. However, we did not know anything about the nurses Hama, Yamashita, Yoshida, Inoue and Oyanagi. At that time, we made the large playgrounds into fields for each departments in between the air-raids, and it seems that they were outside to take care of the field. We had no idea about the three first-year nursing students' where about.

After much time had passed, the evening showers poured down mercilessly on the burnt and sore people who took refuge. The joy of the people who had been screaming for water was short-lived as their wounds began to sting and ache, and they began to shiver with coldness. What could I do for them? We had already lost the clothes to cover them with. Instinctively, I took potato vines with only the stem left, and gently placed it on top of the people. In any case, at least we, the healthy staffs must organize a rescue team. Dr. Nagai suddenly stood up, and draw a large "*Hino-maru* (Rising Sun)" with his dripping blood on a sheet that someone had taken from the hospital room, then attached it to a bamboo pole, and pushed it up high. Those who were fine, injured and breathless gathered together as if they were crawling. This was how the rescue operation began.

When Dr. Nagai started to walk in hurry, he suddenly collapsed. Blood was spurting from near his ears. We were startled and wandered aimlessly. While Dr. Shi was hurriedly working on first aid and clattering some equipment, Dr. Shirabe, who had been actively treating with the medical staffs and students from early on, rushed to us.

Then, the men gathered wood boards to build a temporary rescue shelter, while the women finally found water from rocks and began to prepare food for the evening by boiling pumpkins that were lying around in iron helmets. Together with Professor Shirabe and others, we poked at the boiled pumpkins with bamboo sticks, without appetite but scolded to eat them as we must continue to work. As I was thirsty, I bit raw sweet potatoes the size of my thumb and cucumbers.

Someone said, "If I had known this was going to happen, I would have eaten my lunch earlier." Dr. Nagai said "I was so happy to see Kaneko-kun's long face" which made everyone who were depressed laugh sadly. We regained our spirits a little but the thought of the nurses who never returned made us quiet again.

At that moment, Dr. Seiki of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department, who was a close friend of the Radiology Department, came with a cane supporting his large body, gasping and saying "Help us" "All the students were dying. I am the only one who had survived," in tears. It was like a dream that he had escaped from the Basic Science building, which had been completely wiped out. I gazed at him intently. The sun was completely down, and the reddish-black sky was glowing eerily. Enemy airplane still flew low. Houses are burning like they don't even know they are burning out completely.

From nowhere I heard that the Soviet Union had entered the war. I had never felt so tragic as I did at that time. The battle for the mainland was about to begin. Who will pick up our bones the next time we are defeated? I envied those who died instantly.

Dr. Nagai and Umezu-san remained in the temporary hut, while Dr. Shi and other healthy people supported Dr. Seiki. On the way, we encouraged Sakita-san in the air-raid shelter of the Dermatology Department, and then moved quickly to the air-raid shelter of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department.

We went and saw that most of them had been blown away, and even those who were faintly breathing turned their eyes into the air and died one by one in front of us. Shovels and pickaxes were buried deep in the earth. We spent that night in the bunker, dead and wounded, shoulder to shoulder. Most of the people had their home burnt and did not know whether their families were safe or not. We did not say much, and were quiet deep in the thoughts. I stayed my eyes closed.

As soon as the dawn came, together with Dr. Nagai, we carried students who had fallen in the midst of their studies, gathered up the soil and marked their names on pieces of wood. From around that time on, families came looking for their children like madmen, anxious about their children's safety. Today, we must find a nurse no matter what. While searching here and there in the sports field, where there were many dead bodies rolling, Yamashita and others were found dead, and I was petrified. Why did they go to the field? With sympathy for those who would not come back, we gently placed them on tin plates and murmured, "they must have been in pain," as we wept and burned them with smoke which burnt weakly.

Today, rescue teams from the military were deployed and began to take an active part. Food was also brought to the hospital in the form of rice balls. I went to the hospital, dodging many corpses, on the roadless road, through the fire, and walked for nearly an hour to get everyone else's food.

While spending days like this, I bumped into my sister, who had been looking for me for several

days, and without saying goodbye to everyone, I was dragged off to my relatives place in the countryside where I spent several days as if I was in a hazy dream.

I stand on the Gubiroga Hill with summer grasses, where the Basic Science building surrounded by trees, and herb garden of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department which was rare back then are quiet now and no voices are heard but only the sound of insects.

In conclusion, I pray from the bottom of my heart for the repose of the souls of the dead, and for the progress of our beloved Nagasaki Medical College, and cry out for the eternal peace so that this tragedy will never be repeated.

(Working in the Shirabe Surgery Radiology Department at the time)

Record of the atomic bomb disaster

Shisono Hisamatsu

It was around the time when the war intensified, and the attacks by enemy aircraft became heavier day by day, the department staffs were called up one by one, leaving only the Director of the department, Dr. Nagai, Dr. Shi and three male technicians, with all the rest being women guarding each sections. Our department, which was the only old wooden structure in the hospital, was to be relocated to the second floor of the main entrance and the basement of the Internal Medicine Department. It was little after about two months of work of X-ray system reinstallation which was considered the most difficult task, had been completed.

On that fateful day, 9 August, we gathered in one room as usual, finished our morning meeting, and went to work. Fearing for eerie alerts which was issued continuously, after a few breathless hours of anxiety and impatience, we looked up at the sky, and were relieved to hear the sirens went off. The midsummer sun was scorching and it was hot and humid. I took off my iron helmet, hood, layers of clothing "*monpe*" trousers, etc. and started to organize paperwork. Suddenly, there was a tremendous flash and in an instant, I was hit on the floor. I looked intensely but could not see anything. I thought my eyes were damaged. I could faintly hear Tsubakiyama-san calling my name repeatedly. I wanted to reply, but my throat was choking and I could not speak. Am I hit by a direct bomb? Is this my last moment? I put my hand over my heart while lying on my stomach on the floor. I touched my pulse. I pinched the skin. I guessed I was still alive. I knew I was blinded! In this eerie state of uncertainty about life or death, I clasped my hands together with the feeling as if "the drowning man clutches at straws." I think it was after two or three minutes, when the area gradually became brighter. I regained a strange calmness. No one was nearby. I finally got out of the collapsed ceiling, shelves and doors which were on top of each other. The moment I stood up, I saw that the water was

splashing from a water pipe. Feeling saved, I clang to the tap, devoured the water, then rinsed my mouth, washed my face with splashing water, and ran out into the corridor. Sanitary materials, medical equipment, and medical records were scattered all over the place from the shelves as they were knocked over and fell on the sides, making it hard to find a place to step. These were terrible bombs. The canvas shoes I had been wearing were gone, and I could not find them. Trying to calm down from excitement, I picked up a warped iron helmet and put it on my head, then put on a “*geta*” sandal and a straw sandal, one on each side, to get myself ready. With trembling hands, I gathered up the sanitary materials, and attached them to my weakened waist while dropping them again and again. There, Hashimoto-san came running towards me, gasping for breath saying “The Director *sensei* is buried alive, help, quick, quick.” Covering our eyes at the utter devastation, the two ran towards the Main Building our bodies almost tangling each other. What on earth happened? The wooden corridor connecting the Internal Medicine Department to the Main Building had been blown away without a trace. While trying to calm down, I turned back and climbed over the high wall of the Pharmacy. The doctor was already giving instructions for patient rescue, his face stained with fresh blood. I was quickly surrounded by several naked wounded people, and was unable to move. *Kimonos* of both men and women are ripped in a mess, and hang down on the floor with tails, their faces and bodies blackened and stained, with streaks of red blood running over them. Women's hair stood in a single strand, and their feature looked like as if they were not human. “Help me, help me.” The injured were clinging to me but I was helpless. However, we had to carry them out to a safe place before the fire catches us. Using a stretcher as a sole device, Tsubakiyama-san and I frantically made our way to the main entrance more than a dozen times. Soon, the wood at the evacuated site of the old Radiology Department was set on fire. Three or four of us went through four or five times with buckets of water and tried to extinguish the fire, but there was nothing we could do, so we finally had to stop.

Looking back, I can't help but laugh bitterly.

The city was quickly transformed into a sea of fire. The flames spreading from Mt. Inasa with a bizarre sound were so terrible that I was almost petrified. Where shall we escape now? I was worried.

After the rescue operation, a mountain of injured was in front of the entrance. Joining Dr. Nagai, students Tsutsumi, Tatsuki and Nagai showed up, and the faces of the department staff who were fine appeared one after another. “Good, good”. Everyone rejoiced deeply. However, five nurses and three nursing students never showed up. Umezu-san was seriously wounded and was evacuated to the mountain with the help of Shi-san and others. Dr. Nagai was deeply wounded in the face, his face and military uniform were stained with fresh blood gashing out from the wound eerily. With one hand holding the wound on his face, he shouted: “It's a war field, it's worse than a war zone. Cheer up everybody, we're going to burn to death if we do not hurry.” Finally, the

hospital building, which had been camouflaged for defense, caught the fire. The fire spread viciously on a brand new transmitter, films, tubes, machines, and other equipment. We, the department staffs, were sobbing, but headed to the potato fields behind the hospital, helping the injured as instructed by the doctor. Naked and injured, people were sprawled all over the road. Some were shivering, saying: "I'm cold, I'm cold." Some were asking for water. Some fainted and died despite being unharmed. Some bleed profusely and suddenly turn cold. Some wandered around absent minded, calling out the name of their child. An innocent baby was clinging and searching for the breast of lifeless mother who died instantly. Some were crouching down and dying with their long sloppy tongues hanging out. Some had their intestines popped out. I do not know the words to explain such a cruel sight. Among these overflowing wounded, both men and women tore their clothes, and applied them to the wounds, used gaiters, wrapping cloth, towels, and etc., all for bandages, but they were all used up in a moment. We had nothing to clothe the wounded who claimed they were cold. When I looked, some wrapped potato vines, which were now only stalks.

Rain began to sprinkle from time to time. When I looked up at the sky to see what would happen, I saw the sun had turned bright red which struck me with the eerie feeling that it was about to fall onto the earth. It made me shiver. The President, who was injured during a medical examination, was evacuated to this potato field on the back of his department staff Tomokiyo-san, and was lying in a miserable state. Head Nurse Maeda, was accompanying by his side, expressionless when I called out to her. Dr. Nagai who arrived there, suddenly shouted loudly. "The President is here. College Headquarters is here, come everyone. Students and staff, gather here!" Then, on a sheet which Dr. Okura of the Internal Medicine Department had managed to retrieve from the flames in the hospital room, he drew "*Hino-maru* (the Rising Sun)" with the blood of the wounded, and Nagai-san, a student, waved it high into the eerie sky. Meanwhile, Dr. Nagai, who was in command, finally collapsed in a field due to severe bleeding. The blood did not stop. Fortunately, the bleeding was treated by Professor Shirabe who was treating people in the mountains. After a while, Dr. Nagai, who had regained some of his strength, staggered to his feet, and shouted in a trembling voice: "Come on, everyone, cheer up. Men, build a hut to accommodate the wounded. Women, take care of the cooking." Everyone was absorbed in working. We built a hearth with stones in the corner of the field, collected the iron helmets we were wearing, made them into pots, picked up pumpkins and winter melons lying around, carefully scooped out the water from the ditch where the bodies were lying, and boiled them in the water. While they simmered, everyone was frustrated, and ate them on their own hands. We nibbled on cucumbers from the fields. I hadn't eaten since this morning. Ah, that taste. . .

We served pumpkin boiled in water in a bowl made from a raw pumpkin with a gouged out

hole, and gave it to the President as well.

Two or three prisoners in blue uniforms, who said they had narrowly escaped from Urakami Prison, joined us for dinner with happy smiles on their faces. The scene was etched in my mind.

After filling our stomach a little, when everyone stood up to accommodate the patients in the temporary huts built by the men, a plaintive cry was heard: "Help me, please." Dr. Seiki of the Special Pharmaceutical Department approached, panting and wheezing in a miserable state, clinging to a large stick, and suddenly asked for help from Dr. Nagai. He shared us that he was hit when he was digging an air-raid shelter with his students, and that the most of the students were killed. We followed Dr. Seiki, who was returning to the air-raid shelter. "The bombs are going to fall on the mountain next time," everyone said and believed so, and I was afraid to move around. I crawled on my stomach in the dark, surprised, and afraid every time I heard sound of explosion. On the way, I stumbled and fell over corpses, or was caught in the feet by the injured who were desperately asking for help, and finally reached the bunker, while tending to the wounded in darkness as I was requested. The entrance to the tunnel shelter was a scene of unimaginable devastation. Rather than burns all over their bodies, charred students were rolling around beside several corpses, with their last strength. There was absolutely nothing that could be done. Then, out of breath, they were calling each other's names. "Oi, Okamoto-kun, are you alright?" "Oi, hang in there," "Oi." Finally, one person died, then two, and suddenly there was an eerie silence. . . What a cruel sight it was. It is still vividly etched in my mind. We covered the corpses of the students which changed completely with soil with a crooked shovel, and marked the graves with pieces of wood, remembering the names we had heard them calling each other, and repeated this until sunset. That night, I spent a night in the shelter with the wounded without a sleep.

The next day, the 10th. Today, we have to find the missing nurses no matter what. Everyone ran out of the shelter as if they were waiting for the dawn. I picked up a leaflet that had probably been dropped by an enemy aircraft, and this was the first time I learnt that it was a terrible atomic bomb. Despite the ominous feeling of foreboding, I kept praying that they were alive in vain, as five of them, Yamashita, Hama, Inoue, Oyanagi and Yoshida were killed instantly on the sports field. Naked, their faces and bodies swollen and expanded, their mud-covered skin turned purple from blood congestion, and they are all but unrecognizable. Fortunately, we could distinguish each of them by the few remaining jacket patterns around their necks.

The sound of enemy aircraft explosions continued without rest. If one more bomb was dropped next time, we would be annihilated. As we survived this long, we felt sorry if we failed to deliver the remains to the bereaved families no matter what happened. Although we were all at a loss, we encouraged each other, and stood up. Then, we separated five bodies as we collected the scattered pieces of wood and straw, piled them up, and with trembling hands I set the corpses on fire. What

a sight. "It's a battle, it's war," I told over and over again towards myself on the verge of fainting, but I couldn't do anything about the tears that were pouring out. I picked up the bones, stored them in an emergency bags, wrote their names and put the bag on my shoulder. I vowed that I would never let go of the bag under any circumstances. That night, the surviving members gathered in the shelter, and held a wake with the bones on their shoulders. Then came the eerie morning after a sad night. Soon, the long-awaited bereaved family members came to inquire about the safety of their children. Although it was fate, with an unbearable feeling of being one of the survivors, I handed over the remains of my deceased friends to the bereaved family. However, I could take the burden off my shoulders once I fulfilled my hope to hand over their remains.

We had sent the injured who had been cared for up to now to the relief station in the Main Building, and a medical team of ten department staffs (including three students), led by Dr. Nagai, began treatment in Nishi-Urakami and Mitsuyama. As far as the eye could see, the area had been reduced to a burnt field, where families who escaped were tearfully burning their corpses. There was abnormal smell in the boiling heat, and the corpses were lying on the ground with no place to step. Whipping myself at a state of near-collapse, I set off with a shopping basket of nominal medical supplies.

On the way, we stopped at Dr. Nagai's house in Ueno-machi. Mrs. Nagai, whom we had all been worried about, was found burnt to death near the kitchen. Or rather, she had been cremated alive. She was lying on her knees on the blackened soil, with only her yellow bones lying. "I knew it was as my instinct told me." The doctor murmured with low voice, and carefully picked up the bones one by one and placed them in a burnt bucket. I could only imagine how concerned he must have been for her safety. Until today, the doctor concentrated on the rescue of patients. When we asked our concern for his wife's safety, he only replied: "I'm sure she's dead. If she were alive, she would have come looking for me, no matter what the difficulties." The eerie sound of explosions continued incessantly. Hiding in the mountains and cowering behind rocks, we continued towards our destination. We saw people fled in search of a safe place but died along the way, or people suffering in agony. While the tragic sight never ceased, we finally reached Mitsuyama treating people on the way. The water in the creeks far from the hypocenter was indeed clear. I washed my dusty body and tattered clothes stained with blood and, for the first time, I felt the joy of being alive. For the first time in a long time, everyone slept like the dead, stretching our limbs freely on the *tatami* floor. Our team had regained the strength (but were still very tired,) began a day-and-night round of treatment at Dr. Nagai's children's lodging as our headquarters with nothing but clothes we were wearing. The number of injured people evacuated in search of safe place gradually increased. However, as medicines and sanitary materials were not available, only first aid could be provided. Deep wounds with a foul smell.

People with shards of glass pocked all over their bodies. Painful figures with festering burns all over the bodies. It was a painful and sad sight to see a burnt patient in such agony that the person jumps into the rice paddy and smears mud all over his body to try to escape, even temporarily, from the suffering. As the days went by, the uninjured “*hibakushas* (atomic bomb survivors)” suffered and died in agony, with symptoms such as bleeding, hair loss, fatigue and diarrhea, and were unable to drink even water, complaining “why we are the only ones who have to suffer so much?” As I watched them die, I was made aware of how cruel the atomic bombing was, and I could not help but feel an ominous sense of foreboding for myself.

15 August. As the few medical supplies we had were quickly gone, I went to Urakami to replenish our supplies. . .

The hospital was now in ruins mercilessly. There, unexpectedly, the Acting President of the College, Professor Koyano told us that the imperial edict of defeat had been issued. There were only a dozen or so staffs and students gathered there, all holding hands, and cried. Defeated! How could I listen to it obediently? My enthusiasm ran out of energy in an instant. So, whipping myself up, I went back to Mitsuyama where patients were waiting for me. We waited until daybreak while finding it difficult to sleep, and went back to treat the patients. In the meantime, patients were dying one by one. The Mitsuyama medical team was disbanded on 22 August, and we returned to our hometowns at the end of August, worrying about the patients who had suffered together with us.

It has been already ten years since we received the first ordeal of the atomic bombs as human beings. The city was once said to be a city of death, but the hypocenter was transformed into a green park, and a peace memorial statue was completed on the atomic bomb hill. The atomic field of that unspeakable catastrophe have been rebuilt brightly and vigorously, and the horrific scenes of those days are nowhere to be seen, but they are still vividly etched in my mind like a picture of hell.

On the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bomb, together with 300,000 citizens who genuinely wish for the coming of world peace, I am keenly aware of that I have a great mission for world peace as one of those who had an ordeal of the cruel fact of the atomic bomb.

I believe that I have stand up to ensure that the horrific and cruel atomic and hydrogen bombs are never used again anywhere in the world for the sake of my friends who died in agony!

(working in the Radiology Department at the time)