

Student relations

-Record of reminiscences-

Remembering that time

Motokazu Odachi

I am still surprised that it has been 10 years since then. Back then, people said that the fields of Urakami would never grow anything green for the next 75 years, but they were now covered with wheat and vegetables. Our Nagasaki Medical College turned into ruins, but today, the hospital has been restored to its former state, and two buildings of the Basic Science Department are now standing on the hill of Hamaguchi ten years later. When I see the students working hard on their research and studies as they used to do, I am deeply moved by how our school has recovered so far.

The 8th, exactly the day before that day, was a day of the Imperial Proclamation of War. President Tsuno'o, who had just returned from Tokyo, told the College staff and students gathered in the sports field about the situation of the bombing in Hiroshima. He talked about the unspeakable devastation and the incredible destructive power of the new bomb. We had never imagined that Nagasaki would face the ordeal of the second bomb in two days. On the night of the 8th, our class was on air-raid duty, so we slept in the classrooms we were in charge of, fighting with mosquito bites.

The next day was the fateful day, 9 August. An air-raid alert had been issued since around 8 a.m. that morning. The air-raid alert had been in force frequently, so we were not able to have a lecture. In order to continue even during the alert, the rule had just been amended that we would be in our assigned places when the air-raid alarm was issued. Most of us went to the clinical training after Professor Tsuno'o's internal medicine clinical lecture, which started at 8:00 a.m. I, myself, remained at the medical team headquarters (then the patient section of the main building) to be in charge of the telephone. I wore a black uniform and a gaiter, even though it was the height of the hot season. I placed a precious lunch box on the desk and a school hat on top of it. I think I was reading "Love and Marriage," published by Iwanami Bunko, to comfort my desolate heart. It was probably around 10:00 a.m. when I asked the headquarters if the alert had been lifted yet, but they said it was ongoing, and I never heard from them again.

It must have been around 11:00 a.m. Suddenly, there was a strong flash of blueish light like a bolt of lightning, and then a tremendous roar of sound came like a raging wave. Instinctively, I ducked under my desk. My intuition told me that it was a direct hit, as I had been exposed to a bomb attack in the same location on 1 August. When I cautiously opened my eyes, it was

pitch black. I gave up completely as I stayed still, then it soon became bright, as if the fog had lifted. In front of me, there are many large pieces of timber piled up in a messy heap, such as ceiling beams or something else, and I wondered where this stuff had been. I made it through them to get out. An old man who was sitting next to me and doing paperwork had collapsed, so I helped him to get up, but he was not well. I grabbed him and let him go down through the window towards the front door, but he lost all his energy, and I remember that was the last time I saw him. I suddenly realized that I had forgotten my precious meal, so I went back to the room, but there was no trace of the lunch box, which had blown up. Fortunately, it seemed that the other people in the room had escaped through the exit.

I took the telephone receiver to get in touch with the headquarters, but the operator didn't pick up. By that time, the operator lady must have already died with her hand on the lever - I had a feeling that the situation was serious.

I went out to the corridor of the outpatient. There were not many people walking around. A student in a white coat is crouching in the middle of the corridor, covered in blood. I run up to him and see that it was Kitago, a student representative of the Special Medical Vocational Department. I said to him, "It's nothing serious, cheer up," but he said in a weak voice that he couldn't do anything. I left him and ran out of the entrance. Nishimori and two or three others are standing there absent-minded. I just called out, "Oh." I looked suddenly towards the city below and wondered what was going on. It's a total sea of fire. I can't see any forms of houses. There are no shadows or voices, and in an eerie kind of silence, just fire, fire that continues to burn fiercely. When I saw this scene, I thought for the first time that this must be a new type of bomb.

Anyway, I ran from the Main Building through the Internal Medicine and the Otolaryngology buildings to contact the headquarters. I don't know which ward it was, but I think some of the wards were on fire, but most of the wards had not yet caught fire. The fire was successfully extinguished during the previous bombing, and I regret to say that the hospital would not have been burned down if only we had the manpower to put it out.

The hill of Hamaguchi, where the Basic Science Department is located, was likewise in the sea of fire, and I thought that there was nothing to be done. Strangely enough, there was no sign of anyone who was supposed to escape from the fire. In hindsight, this is not surprising, as they were instantly trapped under the building and were consumed by the fire, which ran on top of them. The first-year or second-year students were supposedly attending a lecture, but they didn't look very likely to survive. When I went to the burnt ruins later, I found dozens of charred corpses, still neatly lined up, in the ruins of the Auditorium. I don't know if there has been such a disgusting sight seen. Suddenly, I was outraged. Very few people were lucky enough to escape, but it seemed the Basic Science Department was wiped out in the end. Those who had escaped the perilous situation would have thought they had been saved, which was all the more pitiful. A cow had

collapsed next to the Ophthalmology Department. That is where I met Tadashi. I remember that he shouted at me that he was going to help someone or a teacher who had fallen, but when I asked him about it later, he said he had no idea. It seems that everyone was acting in a state of unconsciousness. Forming small groups, the bloodied people took refuge shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand with each other towards the mountains behind. The blood on their white coats makes them look even more gruesome. It seemed that I had gone up the cliff near the Psychiatric Department several times, carrying on my back or holding the hand of someone who appeared to be a nurse, but I don't know her face, her name, or whether she survived or not.

Students in my year were going around the Psychiatry Department for the final exams, so I was worried about them and ran to the department, but the wooden annex building that was the main base of the students had been smashed to pieces. I was relieved that everyone seemed to have escaped, as there were no human voices, but on closer inspection, there was a person underneath. He was not moving. I brushed away a piece of wood and saw that it was my classmate Kubo. Blood from his nose and mouth - he was already dead. I felt sorry for him because he had a wife and child and was looking forward to the completion of his graduation exams so much. The night before, on the 8th, our group had taken Professor Shirabe's graduation examination in surgery. We were asked mainly about head injuries, but an air-raid alarm was issued on the way, so it was considered that we had passed the exam. Fate was also too mischievous as Kubo died of a fracture of the base of the skull the day after. There seemed to be more than a dozen people from the Special Medical Vocational Department in this Psychiatric building, but most of them died later.

I met the student representative Hisano at the upper field. His hand is injured, and his face is covered in blood. He said, "I will die on top of the mountain. I want to write a will, do you have anything?" I said yes and handed him a fountain pen. I wondered later what his last will might have been when I heard that he survived, who was ready to die. Someone asked me to put a bandage on him, so I undid my gaiter and wrapped it around him. I lent a student a jacket, who was shivering in the summer, so I became half-naked myself.

In the fields, people were lying down and moaning, and others were sitting down and looking at the hellish picture of the world below as if they had lost their minds. Here and there, the painful cries of "please give me water, please give me" can be heard. People are queuing up at Anakobo for a sip of water. Among them, some women were wearing nothing and were naked. Their clothes must have been blown off or they have torn off as they caught fire. The wind was blowing towards Anakobo Mountain, but the fire was unlikely to reach here. However, I wonder how terrified and anxious many people who spent the night there must have been in front of the raging fire.

I climbed further up the mountain. On the way, it seemed that there had been a sudden shower. The blue fields have turned completely grey. All the leaves are blown off, and pumpkins and other plants are smoldering. There was a story that some people died from bumps on their lips after eating such things out of hunger. Large pine trees in the mountains are snapped off here and there at a height of about 1.8 m above the ground. I was amazed at the tremendous blast, but I had never thought that even such a high mountain would be destroyed. When I look down from here, I have no idea where I am, as the whole area is covered in flames. The only thing recognizable is the vicinity of the Mitsubishi Arms Factory, which is sparsely lit. It is indeed a scene that reminds us of the hell of this world or the end of the world.

I passed by the flattened barracks and came out onto a mountain pass. There is no fire at all in the direction of the Nishiyama. Across one mountain, the other side is almost completely calm. I was relieved and at the same time felt a kind of strange feeling. It was here that I met my classmate Koga. We congratulated each other on our safety, but he died later. It was probably around 2:00 p.m. when I arrived back at my lodgings in Narutaki. No one had returned yet.

The area had only the windowpanes that were blown out, so they didn't think the situation was serious for the time being. I was immediately served rice balls. Perhaps because I forced myself to cross the mountain to report the information, they tasted especially delicious. I later heard that most people couldn't eat, so after all, I, who could eat right away, was probably one of those who were destined to survive.

I heard that the relief station headquarters were at Katsuyama Primary School, so I went out where I met Oshima. Professor Koyano was there with a bandage on his head, carrying a stretcher. He told us that he was going to bring Professor Owadano to the top of Mt. Kompira, so we decided to go by ourselves and climb up to the hut on the mountain. A large number of people from the College are accommodated here. These are the people who escaped from the back of the kitchen. Dr. Owadano was lying on the ground, so we told him what Dr. Koyano told us, but he said it was too hard on his body, so we left him there and carried a blistered patient with burns who looked like a schoolchild on a stretcher down the mountain. This was the last time I saw Dr. Owadano.

After returning home, I told the house owner that at least one of the three students staying with us would not make it, but Yasuhi, a third-year student, returned safely that day. My classmate Hidaka-san finally returned the next day, but he had a hole in his throat and was struggling to breathe. A few days later, he went back to his hometown. At the time of his death, he thanked the people around him and went to his death in peace.

On the following day, I went to Irabayashi Primary School as I heard that a camp had been opened there. I was told that Imamura and Nishi had already been taken to the Naval Hospital in Isahaya. It was probably because they had been commissioned students of the hospital. Mr. Imamura had suffered severe trauma. I recall that he always had a camera strapped to his waist,

never leaving it. He was a fighter, and it was a shame to lose him. Higo had finally made it here, but it was reported that he was found dead in a corner of the sports field.

I went to the College through a still-smoldering fire in places. However, most of the inside has been burned down. I was told that Professors Tsuno'o, Takagi, Yamane, and others were being accommodated in an air-raid shelter. Around noon, a lot of rice balls and pickled radishes arrived by truck from Isahaya. Normally, we would have cheered and jumped at the chance to eat them, but there was hardly anyone to eat them, so we let them rot, which was a shame.

Family members began to come looking for their loved ones out of concern, so we decided to find out if the students were alive or dead first. There were only a few survivors. As information came in, the number of survivors grew, but at the same time, the number of deaths also increased. It was probably around evening when the trains opened and the minor injured began to return to their hometowns. Therefore, the number of healthy people who could work became even smaller.

At that time, the Kurume Medical Corps came to the rescue, bringing some relief to everyone's faces. In any case, the hospital was destroyed, and there was not even any first-aid equipment, although I don't think there would have been anything at all to deal with the radiation hazards. In the meantime, the news came through that Professor Takagi had died. The severely injured were dying one after another. It was indescribably heartbreaking. Fujiwara was sick to death with a badly broken bone, so I stayed in the air-raid shelter that night, listening to his moans.

Around the third day, it was decided to admit the people on the mountain to a building on the burnt ruins. Oku came down, wandering around like a somnambulist, but later died. I heard that Harada had been taken to the basement of the Ophthalmology Department, so I went there to see him, but he was already cold. Someone told me that Niina, who seemed to be mostly uninjured, wanted to see me, but I could not see him alive at last.

Later, I heard that he had died on the second floor of the Main Building, so I rushed over to see him, at least to see the face of the dead Niina. His wife, who had just gotten married, was sitting by his side absent-mindedly. I heard that he died while requesting cigarettes. This is why I offer cigarettes to him every year on the anniversary of the atomic bombing. We gathered some lumber in the square in front of the main entrance, placed his corpse on it, and cremated him with his wife, but I was so shocked that I could not even shed a tear. I am horrified even now when I think back on the scene.

He used to say that he was the only son and that he had married to have a successor, and I believe his wife was pregnant. I wonder how his wife and the child are doing today. Dr. Nagai was actively working with a bandage over his face. As might be expected from a recipient of the Order of the Golden Kite, he was working quickly and efficiently. On the doctor's

instructions, chemicals were pulled out of the air-raid shelter and stored in one place. I had heard that Professor Yamane liked to drink, so upon Dr. Kido's instruction, I brought him some diluted alcohol, which was used for disinfection, adding dextrose solution for injections. The doctor was completely covered in bandages, so that I could hardly recognize his face. He said, "Thank you, I'll take it later," but the usually noisy doctor looked very weak. I think he probably passed away without being able to drink this instant drink. Upon an order, we carried Professor Subdue of pharmacology, on a stretcher, to Professor Sano's house in Hongouchi. On the way down, he went down by himself to urinate, but when I heard that he had later died, I was unsure who was going to die and who was going to live.

As the days went by, the rescue system was somewhat improved, but the number of deaths continued to increase. When Professor Shirabe opened a relief station in Nameshi, many College staff were sent there. I wonder what was in the doctor's mind who concentrated on medical treatment while losing two of his sons. The days continued, and every morning, I walked from Hotarujaya to the College, and at night, I would return home along the road glowing with phosphorescence, tripping over the corpses. My main task was physical labour, such as disposing of corpses. One day, I visited my classmate Sonoda in Katafuchi. He seemed to have many regrets, but finally he died, leaving behind his beloved new wife.

I had prepared myself for one more bomb to bring my end, but when the war was over, I suddenly became homesick. It took me four days and three nights to reach my home in Kagoshima, carrying my beloved sword on my shoulder. My mother had given up as she thought that I was dead, and put my photograph on the altar. My father had left for Nagasaki to pick up the remains.

Although I was concerned about my friends, school, etc., I was in a state of mental and physical collapse, so I stayed at home. Finally, in October, I turned up for the resumption of classes in Omura and found out what had happened to my classmates. The death toll was 35, with only 32 survivors. Imanishi was later found in an air-raid shelter. Iwakiri died in Togitsu at the end of August under the care of Goto; he was a big baseball fan. There is a story that during the war, he secretly played baseball, which was forbidden, and was scolded by Assistant Professor Matsushita, the head of student affairs at the time.

When I go out onto the sports field today, I see a lot of baseball being played, but every time I see it, I think of Iwakiri's black face. I can't help but feel sorry for him, thinking how happy he would be to play baseball if he were still alive.

I have recounted the tragedy of exactly ten years ago from memory, but I may have been somewhat inaccurate in terms of time. I still find it strange that I am still alive when I think that if the explosion had occurred a few seconds earlier, I would have been in a different position, alive or dead. I cannot help but pray for the souls of the deceased.

(Fourth-year student at the time, Tsujimura Surgery Department)

In retrospect of the atomic bombing

Bunjiro Hisano

Looking back, we were in our last year at Nagasaki Medical College at the time and were due to graduate provisionally in September and go to military medical school. About 70 members of our class were divided into groups and, like today's interns, we went around to different departments and took the graduation examinations. I was assigned to the Shirabe Surgery Department.

On 9 August 1945, the day of the atomic bombing, although it was mid-summer, lectures and practical training were being held, even giving up our summer holidays. On the morning of that day, I was on air-raid duty and woke up at the College. It was hot since morning. It was probably around 9:00 a.m. when the air-raid alert was lifted, and I went to our waiting room in the Surgery and found Higo, Hirai, and others. I hadn't seen Higo for a long time. He had just returned home after more than a month because his house had been damaged in an air-raid in Kagoshima City, and his father and sister had died as a result. I then went to the Surgical Ward to suck blood from a patient's earlobe with a device, as I was in charge of a myositis patient who was scheduled for surgery that afternoon, and I needed to do a blood test. At this time, Associate Professor Kido's group appeared for a round and eventually went to the basement. I was waving a melangeur.

Just then, I heard an explosion sound like an airplane swooping down, which made me think it might be a friendly aircraft, since it was after the air-raid alarm had been lifted. Next, I saw that well-known intense white light. I saw this light and, after all, I had never experienced anything like this at all, so the next moment I thought, "Well, what is it?" but at the moment, a fierce blast came, and I felt like I had been hit all over, especially in the neck, and I was blown away. Then, it seems that I had lost consciousness for a while. When I suddenly came to myself, it was in a state of total transformation, not just inside the room, but also outside it, and was in a state of utter destructive confusion. I looked at my hands and saw that the third and fourth fingers of my left hand were barely hanging on, with only one layer of epidermis left, and the bone was protruding and bleeding badly. My head, the back of my head, in particular, seems to have been hit pretty badly, and when I put my hand on it, sticky blood comes on it. I don't have a clear recollection of what happened to the patient from whom I was taking blood. (I later heard that the patient died.)

Anyway, I couldn't even sit down because there was nowhere to stand on my feet. I managed to get out into the corridor. I sat there and thought that my life would end here. It was a bitter thought that I would die in this way in the middle of my studies. But the bleeding, especially from the head, was so severe that I thought I would surely die. Picking up scraps of paper

scattered around, I dipped my fingers in the flowing blood and wrote my will.

When I looked outside, I saw that the town of Urakami and even the mountains had lost all their greenery and had been transformed, so I felt that this was a new type of bomb, the same as the one dropped on Hiroshima.

As I sat there, a fire was burning nearby with flames. It became obvious that if I stayed here, I would be charred, so I used all my strength and walked to the mountain behind me. Many people were walking, heading to the mountain. A hot wind was blowing up from the city of Urakami, probably because the entire town was on fire. I met Odachi next to the Psychiatric Department and Kaieda, who was one year below me.

I climbed up the mountain, watching the College burn, with a strong death wish. The sky turned an ominous red, and soon it was dusk. There was a sudden shower, and enemy aircraft flew in the sky incessantly. Many people have taken refuge in the area, but it is too dark to be certain. One after another, infants die. I was in a tunnel shelter by a field, listening to the cries of mothers and the cries of prayers. My bleeding has stopped since midnight, so clearly the obsession with life that had previously been given up has begun.

I began to think, "I might live." The night passed without sleep due to the pain of the wound. My left hand was squeezed at the wrist to prevent bleeding, and my fingers were only wrapped with a cloth, which I had torn. I wanted water desperately. "Water! Water!" I shouted. At a time like this, the kindness of those who stood and worked so selflessly touched me deeply.

The next day was 10 August, the sun was shining on the completely changed Urakami. The mountains and buildings are all scorched, and everywhere there are corpses and injured; it is truly a valley of hell. Since I could walk somehow, I managed to walk down the mountain towards the College. I met President Tsuno'o, who was surrounded by Assistant Professor Osajima, Lecturer Takahashi, and others. He had hardly suffered any external injuries, but seemed to lack his usual vigour. He instructed others, "Give Hisano some injection," so I received an injection of glucose or something similar. They offered me rice balls and other food, but I had no appetite and could not eat them. I arrived at the tunnel shelter by the Boiler Room. Here, I was examined by Dr. Shirabe and Assistant Professor Kido. Assistant Professor Kido took the glass from my head and treated my left hand. At this time, the second and fourth fingers of my left hand, which were hanging by a piece of skin, were permanently removed from my body.

Inside this shelter, my colleagues Aoki, Miyagi, and others were lying with devastated faces and sores from burns. I never saw them again. We didn't even know in our dreams that we were saying goodbye to each other for the last time. Here I heard that the Soviet Union had entered the war and that yesterday's bomb was an atomic bomb.

I returned from desolate Urakami to my lodgings in Sakurababa at around three or four in the afternoon. Two or three people stopped me, but I wanted to go back to the tatami floor at any cost.

In places, water pipes had burst and were spewing water. I drank them. . .

After a few days, I was taken care of at a relief station at Nameshi for a week. Here, I was with Kitago and Fujiwara, who suffered severely from broken limbs and were in pain. As the patients in the same room were dying from bloody stools, we were told that it was dysentery, and there was a fuss when we had to quarantine them.

My parents came all the way to see me. It was hard to see my parents like this. I wept for the depth of their love. I read the whole of the Imperial Rescript of the end of the war in a newspaper that my mother had bought.

On 18 August, I returned to my hometown, Saga. It was because the relief station had to be disbanded, as there were rumors of the landing of the U.S. troops. In Saga, I was admitted to the Prefectural Hospital, where several patients who were injured by the atomic bomb in the same room also died. Life is like dew, which may disappear tomorrow. I wondered when that time would come for me. However, my fate did not end, and it was on 25 October that my trauma was largely healed. Higo, whom I have mentioned before, was not given a fate to survive, and is said to have died at Irabayashi Primary School on 10 August. It was as if he had come back from Kagoshima to die. In the end, only 30 of the around 70 classmates remained alive.

How my friends ended their lives is not known in detail because of the circumstances.

Strangely, I was saved, and when I think back to that time, it was like a nightmare. But even if I tried to talk to my friends, they would not answer, and there is no way of restoring my left hand to its former state. What I have felt and lived with because of this hand is a story for another time.

Ten years is a long time ago. Indeed, after ten years, the historic event of the atomic bombings seems a little distant. Fortunately, the atomic bombs were not used on the battlefield thereafter. The world situation after the end of the Second World War shows how significant the explosion of the atomic bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki was.

Instead of proceeding by trying to stop wars through moral improvement, humanity feared the greatness of the extremely destructive atomic weapons it had created, and fundamentally sought to avoid war. However, whatever the reason, it should be celebrated that war is not used as a method of solving international problems, and mankind must succeed in this supreme task at all costs. Success is glory, failure is destruction. This is now common knowledge for all.

The tragedies of Nagasaki and Hiroshima will live forever in the hearts of mankind as great sacrifices if mankind takes this as a turning point and succeeds in exterminating war. I pray to God with all my heart that this may be so.

(Fourth-year undergraduate at the time, currently working at the Department of Pediatrics)

Fragments of that day

Issei Nishimori

Whenever I am asked why I survived while I was in the hospital or if there were any physical problems afterwards, I blame the atomic bombing for my natural stupidity, saying that I have become completely demented since the bombing. However, it is not only because of my head. It has already been ten years since then. Various memories are gradually becoming more like fragments.

The train stopped at Ohato because of an air-raid alarm. When I got off the train and was walking along, I somehow found myself together with Professor Okura of the Department of Hygiene. As the doctor was the head of the martial arts club and I was also helping the club, I sometimes had the opportunity to talk to him, but I think most of my classmates probably never heard his voice other than in lectures and oral examinations. It is strange to think back about it now, because only that morning, that mild-mannered, taciturn doctor walked from Ohato to the College while talking eloquently and cheerfully. The main topic of his talk was why the authorities did not evacuate the students who are the most precious in this emergency situation. When the long-awaited martial arts hall was completed and the opening ceremony was held, I asked the professor to deliver the address as the head of the club. I was told to write a draft, so I submitted my poor writing. I was ashamed when the doctor read the draft without any change, and also stunned by his indifference.

I remember that it was just before 10:00 a.m. when I parted with him at the main gate of the hospital that morning. When I arrived at the school, all the classmates from my group had gathered except for Hashimoto. The graduation examinations were being conducted by the Dermatology Department, and only the Pediatrics Department was left. The seven members of our group occupied a room in the Dermatology Department lab and were chatting as usual, mainly about the report by President Tsuno'o, who had returned to the College after seeing the devastation in Hiroshima.

"I think it's a special kind of bomb that uses the sun." "No, it's a kind of parasol-type bomb." One of us insisted, "It's an atomic bomb by all means." We agreed that it would be an end anyway if a flash of light came and we forgot about our notebooks and reference books aside and became absorbed in the discussion of the bomb. The chatting should have continued further. The reason why I say "should have" is because when Professor Kitamura left for the clinical training of the Special Medical Vocational Department, I, who had not studied much daily, went along to see what was going on. This is why I was the only one to survive, but everyone else in my group probably met a moment of doom in that room.

I was standing right behind Professor Kitamura, looking at the clinical training, when I saw

that flash of light was blown away by the blast without any time to lay down, but I think it was the moment I actually realized I was going to be blown across the room, and the thought that I was going to leave this world behind me made me think of the fun I had. The next time I regained consciousness, I was slammed into the corner of a pitch-black room, my hands covered in sticky blood of a wounded human, and my body crushed by something that had been destroyed, and I could not move. It was hard to breathe, so I finally made it onto the roof. Although the rooftop was covered in falling debris that I couldn't stand, the air was never as good as it was at that moment. I couldn't see clearly since I lost my glasses in the blast and due to the smoke from the explosion, but the view from the roof of the main building of the outpatient was simply horrendous. I was looking down for a while as if I were in a dream, but then I was astonished when I realized that this was a reality.

I met Professor Kitamura in front of the main building of the outpatient. He instructed me to form a rescue team immediately, but I had no idea where to start. The doctor's face was bleeding. I later thought that, considering that I had more than 30 wounds on my back, I must have taken a lot of the shrapnel, which Professor Kitamura was to receive, since I was blown away flying right behind the professor, covering him at that time.

While pulling out the severely wounded, fires started to break out in places, so gradually we had to retreat towards the mountain behind. When I went to get emergency alcohol, which was stored in the air-raid shelter behind the building, I met Noboru from my group. He was relatively healthy with minimal trauma and followed me into the hole. We found a few bottles of alcohol amongst the almost broken ones, put them in both our pockets, also carried them in our hands, and climbed up the mountain.

The mountain slopes were already filled with seriously injured people, their hair burnt off, their clothes ripped, and they had almost nothing to cover themselves with, and it was impossible to distinguish who they were. One of the severely injured, who had one leg blown off, suddenly jumped on me, snatched the alcohol from my hand, and drank it down in a gulp without me stopping him. Of course, he was not a patient with any hope of survival. . .

By the time we arrived at Anakobo, the fire in the Basic Science Department had reached its peak as if it was scorching the heavens. Tears of regret streamed down my wounds, and I was just stunned.

When I met Odachi at the bottom of the Main Building, I showed him the wound, and he cheered me up, saying it was nothing serious, but the wound on the side of my head had reached the bone, and the bleeding from there was difficult to stop. Finally, I collapsed at the bottom of Anakobo. Koga and one other person, whoever it was, took me up to the top of the mountain. They were in good health with only minor injuries, but a few days after arriving at their lodge, they passed away.

The teachers, whom I respected very much, among them Associate Professor Ono, who brought me to this College, were a senior colleague from my hometown and the person who helped me with whatever I needed advice on. The faces of those classmates who enjoyed their youth so cheerfully, even in these pressing times, are now far behind them.

Some of those who continue to study diligently at this school are the son of my former mentor and the younger brothers of former classmates. Their faces and body language are so similar to those of the deceased that tears often well up in my eyes with nostalgia and pain of the days passed.

(Fourth-year undergraduate student at the time,
currently working at the Pathology Department)

Memories

Taro Ito

In late July 1945, when I took a night train from Michino'o Station to visit my parents, from whom I had not heard since the air-raid, I thought that the next time I returned to Nagasaki, the city I thought fondly of would be reduced to ashes by incendiary bombs.

On the way home, I stayed overnight at an acquaintance's house in Hiroshima, grateful for his kindness, promised to visit again on my way home, and, while seeing the river view where children were swimming happily, I left Hiroshima.

On 9 August, around noon, I was in my hometown, praying in front of my mother's grave.

On 11 August, I visited Hiroshima again and saw wounded civilians, soldiers, and those who had escaped death crying hand in hand at the station.

It was not until the train had passed Saga as the train entered Kyushu that I learnt that Nagasaki had been hit by the bomb as well,

On 12 August, I saw a great many dead, wounded, and smoldering corpses in a burnt field of the city of Nagasaki.

In the burnt ruins of classrooms, numerous skulls, reduced to ashes that seemed to crumble into shape in one's hands, remained orderly, which were completely changed figures of the people who I had been close to until a few days ago.

Afterwards, with some hope, I walked through the buildings where the injured were being accommodated, looking for my friends, but I was never able to see them.

A friend who went back to his hometown, who was grateful about his minor injuries, also never showed up in Nagasaki.

In mid-August, just after the end of the war, I got off at a small station on a private railway line and met a middle-aged woman who eagerly asked me about the College.

The eldest son of this lady was also at the College at the time, and the family members were searching day after day for him in Nagasaki, Isahaya, and other places where the wounded were being admitted, in search of him.

“Every day when it is getting darker, I feel as if my child will come home and say, 'Mother, I'm home,' as he has done every holiday so far, so I feel like he is coming back, and every day I wait for it,” the lady told me. Ten years since then, having become a parent myself, I know the sorrow of being a parent, and I have come to truly understand the sorrow of the lady at that time, and of the parents of the students who passed away.

When I think back about the people who were searching for their children and parents in the burnt field of Urakami at that time, I still feel deep sorrow and strong resentment today.

Ten years later, flowers have blossomed in the burnt fields, houses have been built one after another, and the College has been rebuilt and renewed, but when I stand in Urakami, I still feel like hearing the vigorous voices of my mentor, senior colleagues, and my best friends, whom I remember so fondly.

I can also feel the inextinguishable grief of their families.

(Third-year student at the time, currently working at the Sasebo Quarantine Station)

Memories of the atomic bomb - In memory of Michio Katayama

Yoshiharu Kaieda

Even now, ten years have already passed, every time I hear the voice of the atomic bomb, many incidents come back to my mind in vivid detail.

Even in our class, which was the least affected among the students, there were nearly 20 deaths, but most of the bodies were never found, and even their last moments were unknown.

As I happened to treat the body of Katayama, I would like to write down about the situation at that time in a limited number of pages. At the time, there were five members in my group - Oshima, Katayama, Kaku, Kajiwara, and I. That morning, after the air-raid alarm had been lifted and President Tsuno'o's clinical lecture was over, it was probably a little after 10:30 a.m. when we went to the Preliminary Examination Room of the Surgery Department, where we had our clinical training. I had started to take a preliminary examination of a woman who had hurt herself with a needle in her leg at the time of the alert the night before. I don't remember exactly what the other people in my group were doing, but I can recall Katayama leaning against the window. Or maybe it was a figure of Katayama, whom I saw when I reflexively looked out of the window after the terrible noise and the violent blast.

The blast and noise were tremendous. I was down, as if halfway blown. After a moment of

blast and noise, there was darkness and silence. I thought I was buried alive by a direct hit bomb, so I tried to move my body. My body moved. I called out, "Is everyone OK?" to which several people said, "Yes," and at the same time, some people seemed to have started moving through the darkness. Someone is crawling over my body. While being conscience about this, for some reason I had time to think that there was nothing I could do about it in this darkness.

When the seemingly long darkness gradually dawned, I looked around and was surprised at the extent of the damage, but my surprise was doubled when I ran out of the building with my shoes, which were scattered around. Everything up to Mt. Inasa in the distance had been completely crushed and turned into a bare field. President Tsuno'o's speech, in which he described his observations of the new bomb in Hiroshima on the previous day of the Imperial Proclamation of War, came to my mind. The sight of people moving around in panic was a complete picture of hell.

I looked at the Sports Field, which had already started to fire, and as I took shelter in the mountain behind the hospital, I turned to examine my clothes and noticed that the back of my lab coat was stained bright red with blood, but when I checked myself to make sure I had no injuries on my back, I remembered about the person who had crawled over me in the darkness. However, the white coat had to be hung over the wounded in the field, who complained of cold, probably due to bleeding. The area was full of wounded and burned people.

When I finally reached the mountains behind Anakobo, I was relieved to find healthy people from my class. It was at that time that I saw Kaku-san in good health, but I also heard that Katayama had been injured. Katayama went to the Examination Room of the Surgery Department in the dark and jumped out of the window without hearing any words of warning from Kaku. He had already sustained an abdominal injury at the time. The blood on my back was Katayama's.

Later, as I learned about more than 30 shrapnel wounds on both my thighs, I had to rest for a while, but one day after the war, I think it was 18 August, I was walking along the road to the College. After passing Nagasaki Station, a College student spoke to me, and I was surprised to learn that he was Katayama's older brother. He said he had come from Kyushu University to ask about his brother's safety.

The road we walked was long, thinking that he had not made it home yet. When we arrived at the College, we immediately looked at the stairs to the basement outside the Surgery Examination Room, but they were already empty. As we were told that the bodies were collected next to the Main Building, we decided to search there. As days have passed, bodies that were burned entirely have been difficult to identify. However, it was his brother who spotted Katayama in his uniform and gaiters, as if by a hunch. After a search, it was determined that the hand towel with the Fifth High School oak symbol found in his trouser pocket was his. He had brought it back with him when he last returned home in early August, according to his brother.

After the discussion, we decided to follow many others and burn the body. I think it was after 1:00 p.m. when we placed the body in a vacant lot up on the high ground of the Konan Ward, gathered the wood scattered around it, and set it on fire. I spent time with his older brother remembering about Tetsu Katayama in his prime, until around 5:00 p.m., when he became completely bones.

I couldn't bear to think how heavy the brother's heart must have been when he went home with Katayama, who was in a can of petrol, in his arms.

Of the deaths in the class, apart from Katayama, we only heard that Michio Oike had died in a hospital in Isahaya, but all other information was uncertain. As the number of pages has exceeded the limit, I conclude this memoir and pray for the repose of the souls of those who are no longer with us.

(Third-year student at the time, now working in the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department
at Osaka University School of Medicine)

The Atomic bomb

Masashichi Kawano

Details of the damage caused to students by the atomic bombs are still unknown. This is not surprising, since most of the documents from that time have been lost. The list of names appended at the end of this memoir still needs to be revised. However, the situation at the time of the damage can be speculated from the records and stories of the survivors.

Fourth-year students, who at the time were in the highest year of the Medical College, had already completed their final examinations and were in the middle of practical training in various departments, like interns. The extent of damage, therefore, varied depending on the location of the department, but in total, 36 people were killed. The total number of people present at the hospital on the day is unknown, but about half of them are thought to have died.

The third-year students also suffered the same fate as the fourth-year students, as they were all split into groups and were in clinical training, but the number of deaths was much lower, with only 15 known deaths. This was not because of the small number of attendees on the day, but because many of them were in the Outpatient Ward furthest away from the atomic bomb, as it was an outpatient examination time. As the ward was in the shadow of other concrete wards, the people suffered less radiation damage and were mainly injured by the blast. However, in places such as the outpatient ward of the Internal Medicine Department, which was located relatively high up with the windows facing the hypocenter, there was a small amount of radiation damage. As the building was made of reinforced concrete, the fire started late, and

there were few deaths from burns.

In contrast, all but a few of the buildings in the Basic Science Department were wooden structures, which collapsed instantly after the explosion, immediately catching fire and turning the entire Basic Science building into a pillar of fire rising into the sky in less than five minutes. The first and second-year students were both in class. Most of them were cremated alive under the buildings, and the few students who managed to escape died within a few days after they had evacuated. Not a single survivor was left among those who attended school that day.

The first and second years of the Special Medical Vocational Department also suffered the same fate. The second year was spared total annihilation because the hygiene lectures were cancelled, but still had 110 deaths, while the first year was in the middle of a biochemistry lecture and saw the tragic fate of all the attendees, along with the department staff. The total number of survivors reaches 166 as far as it is known.

The third-year students of the Special Medical Vocation Department were in the hospital for their graduation examinations, so their exposure to the atomic bomb was the same as that of the fourth and third-year students. The death toll is reported to be 23.

As can be understood from the above, the fact that 499 of the 797 medical students who were learning to save lives were killed by a single bomb is unprecedented in history, and speaks well about the horror of the atomic bomb and the cruelty of war. I am inclined to curse the direct perpetrators, the U.S. (or rather the parties involved), the indirect perpetrators, the Japanese military leaders, and even the war itself, but when one asks whether such sacrifices had to be made, one can hardly help but wonder. Firstly, 9 August is normally during the summer holiday. It is clear from the example of Kyushu University that even if the policy had been to continue the classes for the summer holidays, the President could have closed the College or evacuated the classes to minimize the loss of life, depending on his decision.

President Tsuno'o, who had witnessed the devastation of Hiroshima first-hand, was aware of the power of the new bombs, and instead of taking immediate response, he encouraged a "100-million honorable death" spirit and urged "students to be prepared," which may have reflected the atmosphere of the time, but he cannot avoid being accused of disregarding human life and must be held responsible as the President. However, now that the President has died in the line of duty, it is hard to blame him. However, the College was hit by a direct bomb a week before the atomic bombing, which even resulted in some deaths, and just a day before, on the 8th, all the students were given an eyewitness account of Hiroshima. "Nagasaki, the city of flowers, the city of ashes on 9 August." At that time, an eerie song was even sung. It is more than ironic, but unjustified, that the students who had judged the urgency of the situation and evacuated on their own decisions were all spared, while those who had faithfully attended met the disaster. It is not surprising that the parents whose beloved children were taken away from them resented the school authorities.

The only students who had a narrow escape were those in the concrete hospital. Is it a useless complaint to wish that the Basic Science Department building had been built in the same fire-resistant and earthquake-proof method? I am deeply moved by the new concrete school building that is currently being constructed.

We have a responsibility to fulfil on our classmates' behalf the service through medicine that they wanted to do but were unable to do. No one knows better than we do the regret of the students who had to struggle to obtain even one medical book, chew soybeans and survive hunger on bean lees, have no Sundays or holidays, and even give up our summer holidays to study and experience hardship, only to fall victim to the atomic bombing. If we do not carry on their legacy and fulfil their wishes, it would be pointless to pray for their repose. Forgive us for our laziness, my dear departed college friends. Please encourage and pray for us so that we can perform well in research and treatment of others for your sake. That should be our funeral battle.

(Third-year student at the time, now working at the Tsujimura Surgery Department)

Atomic bomb diary

Takashi Sasaki

Every time a piece of glass the size of a grain of rice pops out of my head, memories of that time come flooding back to me, but upon writing about it this time, I took out a memo that was too crude to be a diary from ten years ago, and which was drenched by the flooding in Kumamoto in June last year.

20 April: Documents for postponement of enlistment sent by registered mail.

22 April: Postponed due to the meeting of the Fifth High School at Mogi due to air-raid alarm.

23 April: Ceiling removal work

26 April: A Bomb hit Nagasaki Station at 11:00 a.m.

9 May: No alarms today, not once a day

22 June: Start of the duty system by staff and students

1 July: Civil Volunteer Group formation ceremony (9:00 a.m.)

4 July: Roof of the corridor scraping work

12 July: Lectures continue from today during air-raid warnings.

1 August: At 11:40 a.m., bombs hit the Gynecology, Otolaryngology, Koyano Surgery, and Biochemistry departments.

6 August: Trains start from today. Lectures resume from today; funerals for three killed in the line of duty at the Special Medical Vocational Department in the afternoon..

It was under these circumstances, with the atmosphere becoming more and more urgent by

the day, that, in hindsight, we had the last day of the Imperial Proclamation of War.

On the 8th, the President returns to the College from Tokyo. The whole College listens to the story of the strange bombing of Hiroshima in the schoolyard.

Who could have foreseen that the schoolyard where we stand, and as far as the eye can see from there, would suffer the same fate 22 hours later?

Right after 11:00 a.m. (?) on the 9th, the new type of bomb. I went around Nishiyama and returned home in the evening.

Flashes, hot winds, and darkness at the Koyano Surgery's outpatient. Everyone scatters in the direction of their choice. I was walking aimlessly and silently, like a sleepwalker, when a female student came up from behind and warned me that my forehead was bleeding, and I felt as if I was back in the real world for the first time. She was a member of the Volunteer Corps and was at the Mitsubishi factory. As she told me to rest at a house where her mother stayed alone in Anakobo, I followed her up the hill, gasping for breath, but there was not a trace of the house. Even though I was blown out of my glasses for my extreme shortsightedness, I was sure I should see the house, so I looked around, but there was not a single house, just a series of brown hills. Fire was seen in the direction from as far away as Shiroyama to Yamazato-machi. When I looked down at the hospital, I saw that nothing had happened. Oh, that's good. I looked for the Basic Science, but unfortunately, with my eyes, I couldn't see the location. The watch was working: it is 12:10 a.m.

Four or five of the lodgers at Katafuchi go out behind the seminary in Urakami in a group where a fire is raging. Black rain has started to fall. Handkerchiefs, hand towels, and gaiters were all gone as they had been used to stop the bleeding of those seeking help. The nurse gave us all a pair of their "*monpe*" trousers, so we made up bandages and triangular bandages and as we went out to the main road leading to the water reservoir in the Nishiyama, we met students from Nagasaki Junior High school, Keiho, and Commercial School shouting continuously as they are coming down from the slope one after another, "How is Shiroyama?" "Ohashi?" caring about their families. We also asked back with the same feeling, "How is Nishiyama?" "Katafuchi?" We were getting extremely thirsty, but we encouraged each other not to drink water, and arrived at our lodgings in the evening. In the evening, I inquired about Professor Takagi, Professor Kunifusa, and Fujiwara, who is one year senior to me, but none of them have been heard from. I can neither lie on my back nor sleep on a pillow because pieces of glass are stuck in me. I leaned back in the corner of the room and slept.

On the 10th, 37.8 degrees Celsius. In the morning, Mrs. Takagi and then Mrs. Fujiwara came, and I went to look for Fujiwara. The prefectural fire brigade comes to the College to assist.

When I woke up, I had a slight fever and was thinking of resting for the day, when Fujiwara's wife asked me to take her to look for him, so I took a water bottle and went back to the College on the road I took yesterday. Under the intense August sunshine, it is completely silent, except for

a series of calls for the whereabouts of acquaintances echoing through the mountains, and the silence of the factory, which was working until yesterday, adds to the eeriness of the place, along with its huge body. Suddenly, "Behold, the sky of the East Sea has dawned," an out-of-tune voice sings from the hillside behind the Psychiatry Department. Low moans here and there. White ointment all over the exposed backs. After several dozen times of calling out "Fujiwara-san, Fujiwara-san" while encouraging the injured, there was finally a response from the valley below. His wife shouted something, but I don't know what it was because it was in the dialect of the Kagoshima region. She went down running. I immediately turned back to the hospital and went to pick him up with Ishikawa-san from the horse riding club, who happened to be there with a stretcher to fetch Fujiwara-san. Fujiwara-san, who was not able to use his hands and eyes, asked us to take Iwanaga, a nurse at Kageura Internal Medicine who had been taking care of him since last night and whose leg had been injured, first, but she insisted on taking the seriously injured one first, so we left her behind and carried the stretcher together, but although the footing was poor due to the collapsed house and crumbling stone walls, but I was surprised at how unsteady my waist was and how much grip strength I had lost.

On the 11th, I went to the College with Tsuno'o, Takagi, and Mrs. Kunifusa in the afternoon. The army is there to support the clean-up. I was exhausted. Dr. Tsuno'o and Dr. Takagi moved into the air-raid shelter under the cliff to the east of the Surgery Department. Dr. Kunifusa is in the basement of the Dermatology Department, and Fujiwara-san is also in the air-raid shelter under the cliff. Patients' suffering was getting stronger and stronger, and those who care for them became nervous because of their busyness and fatigue. The Pharmacology assistant is insistent on asking me for a drink of water, which is noisy and extremely annoying to other patients. There was a suggestion to quarantine him somewhere else, but as he is at the far end of the air-raid shelter, there was nothing we could do. The situation was so uncontrollable that a doctor had to tell others, "All of you may find it noisy, but please be patient a while longer. He will be quiet by tonight." Vigorous mosquitoes have started to appear in this death-fighting area. No flies yet.

On the 12th, I took a rest for a day.

On the 13th, I visited Dr. Takagi's home. I was informed of the doctor's death (7:00 p.m. on the 11th), and went to the College Branch Hospital in Michino'o. I returned home after midnight.

The College patient center has been established in Michino'o, and we had intended to go there in the early evening and stay the night, but the patients alone were already too many to accommodate, so we had no choice but to trudge back to Katafuchi by night. The smell of the fires burning corpses can be seen here and there along the road from Ohashi to Ogawa-machi, but I have become accustomed to the smell of them.

On the 14th, I had 39.2 degrees Celsius in the morning, 37.4 degrees Celsius at night, and the death of Dr. Takagi was reported to the city hall.

On the 15th, unconditional surrender? Dr. Kunifusa is seriously ill. I dropped in at Kawano's house. He is in good health and is engaging in others' treatment.

At 4:00 a.m. on the 16th, Dr. Kunifusa died. We went to Daionji Temple to ask for a funeral service. Sonoda died at 6:40 p.m. I departed on the last train.

Doctors and friends who were nursed with mundane treatments such as disinfection, ointment application, antipyretic, cardio tonic, analgesic, and vitamins, died one after the other. I had diarrhea in the morning, too, so I hurriedly boarded the last train at 11:00 p.m. to return to Kumamoto, even though I still had a lot of regret in Nagasaki, lest I should get dysentery and take up even fewer people's time.

(Third-year student at the time, currently working at Kumamoto University, Physical Medicine Research, Physiology and Hygiene Research Department)

Letters of Kazuo Hidaka

Takao Setoguchi

1. Foreword

Kazuo Hidaka and I had a short friendship of less than three years from September 1942, when we entered Nagasaki Medical College, but we hit it off with each other, and we were friends as the old sayings say, “connected with deep friendship, shared closely what we have in our hearts”, and “to the point where we can give our neck to die for each other.”

In times of hardship, in times of grief, in anything, the memories of my friendship with him inspire me, encourage me, and comfort me. Moreover, some of his philosophy and attitudes to life are completely idealized by me; his spirit, like the food of a beautiful spirit, nourishes my spirit and continues to beat in my life. He is an eternal friend to me.

The three letters introduced here are part of those he has sent me since November 1944, when he returned home after an illness. The poem by Kōrner mentioned in the text is a selection from a collection of poems edited by Hans Wohlhardt, which I had been sent to him in February the following year as a thank-you for sending me a book of Hakuin, “*Yofune Kanwa*,” which he said he had read during his illness and had tried as a form of psychotherapy. He has introduced the part of my translation through his editing. The air raids of the time, which intensified day by day, also hampered the transport network between the west and south of Kyushu; as a result, the letter

dated 23rd April was the last to arrive from him.

As you can observe everywhere in his letters, he had a deep love of nature and a high ideal of being at one with nature, immersing his life in it. He was a man who constantly strove to achieve this ideal and put it into practice. Nature was thus the only thing that could give him hope and ideals, breathe courage and life into his sickly body, and awaken his spirit. He started his life, art, medicine, and everything else from the relationship between nature and man.

"I'm trying to live so that I can get better day by day. I don't like going out on the streets these days. I would like to go to a temple deep in the mountains or somewhere else, cook for myself, and live more thoroughly." He shared this idea seriously once, as he was always yearning for higher things, and his spiritual devotion to greater things was the basis of his life. For this reason, he had little attachment to worldly, and therefore practical, matters. A shining ideal world opened up in the depths of his spirit. It was not simply a metaphysical world, which was conceptually free of reality. It was the so-called Oriental state of nothingness, in which the self is thoroughly absorbed in reality and then tries to transcend reality in a dialectic manner. This was his ideal world. This is why, while he always liked to chat and appeared to be vivacious, he also sought out silence and solitude, and became familiar with poets like Basho, Ryōkan, and Issa. In this sense, he was neither a mere idealist nor a romantic, but rather an oriental poet who did not compose.

Finally, I would like to add one more memory from among the many of my associations with him. In the autumn of 1944, the defeat in the war was gradually coming to reality, and as air-raid alarms were constantly issued without time to relax, one fine day, he, Takeshi Aoki, and I climbed up to Koshikiwa with cooking utensils from Aoki's house. On the way, we cooked at the rapid current of the valley river, followed a narrow path through a grove of wild chrysanthemums, and eventually reached the top of the plateau, where the whole area was rippling like the white waves of Japanese pampas grass. Standing under the glaring rays of the unobstructed, cloudless, incandescent sun, looking down on the azure sea, which seemed to melt into the clear autumn air, and the white, clear strip of coastline beneath the lush, overgrown mountains, we forgot the harshness of war and savored to our hearts' content the magnificent and stunning view which the nature held. At the moment, Hidaka sang his alma mater's dormitory song at the top of his voice while lying on the grass and exclaimed the words, "Oh, if there were a woman here who was opening and reading the poetry books of Goethe or Byron, I would propose to her unconditionally." which have left an impression on my heart as a emotional moment of my youth that I will never forget.

In hindsight, however, it was the only memory of pleasure to emerge from the unhappy memories of our school days.

2. His letters

Dated 8 December 1944.

The cold winter has arrived in the warm, citrus-scented city of Nagasaki. The hand holding the pen to take notes has become so numb. Steam is now available for temporary lectures. Imagine how cold the outside air is.

I was grateful for your recent postcard and was glad, as I felt like I had been able to know the greatness of your attitude to life. What has been the progress since then? It is foolish to ask this. I think it is too soon for your condition to leave after only about 10 days of homecoming. What I want to ask is whether or not you have truly integrated into the life of the mountains and rivers of your homeland and are living a life of mind-body unity. (omission)

The examinations are from 22 to 26 January, after which we have a holiday until 7 January. This holiday may be cancelled at any time if the situation becomes tense and there is a major air-raid. The 22nd and the 23rd are Forensic Medicine, and the 26th is Medical Psychology. I am finally getting my notes organised. I think it would be better for you to postpone the upcoming exams. You can take exams at any time. I believe that coming all the way to take the exam in the cold winter is against the fundamental spirit of the rest. The moment you return to your hometown and finally get settled into life, I believe that you will remember your life in Nagasaki like a flashback. However, at the same time, I think you, who was born in the south, where the spirit of Saigou is so strong, would not have felt a strong sense of loneliness at being “ill,” for an infinite longing for your schoolmates and the studies, and a strong desire for them. I believe that greatness is born in the experience of the wave tone of various ways of life. I don't think it is necessary at all to contemplate pleasure to dare to extinguish suffering. Suffering is suffering, pleasure is pleasure, and I think here is the true human form, the true beauty and truth.

I would recommend that you see your “*bakterien tuberkulose* (tuberculosis bacteria)” as just “*bakterien* (bacteria).” You don't have to deny it. When you look at the nature of the condition, not bacteriologically, but as an entity that also occupies time and space, don't you feel a certain inspiration that transcends science? There must be a human loneliness in loving that “*koji*” mould of amazake (sweet *sake*) and hating “*bakterien* (bacteria)?” During my illness, I had the opportunity to read books by Ryokan, Issa, Hakuin, and others. I think it is important for us, the students of science, especially medical students, to look into the lives of these people. I am not very good at stating theories. I am a medical student who seeks the true meaning of life in the blowing white clouds, in the blue sky, and in simple nature.

I had clinical training in Internal Medicine this week. Dr. T trained us hard. Dr. K's way of instruction seems more human and ambiguous. Dr. T's mechanistic method can only be established from the standpoint of man's oppositional consideration of nature. But in this way, I

think that the medicine will be mocked by “*bakterien* (bacteria).”

One step better, this is what I am striving for every day. How do you think, my brother?

I conclude to pray for my friend's recovery on the 8th of December, the anniversary of the Imperial Proclamation of War, while praying for the development of the Imperial Kingdom.

Letter dated 3 March 1945

It has been a long time since I have received a letter from you telling me that you are doing fine, and I am imagining your activity and great reputation.

I took up a pen after the December examinations and wrote a letter to you, who appeared to be distressed by the contradiction between the “current situation” and “rest for medical treatment.” I wrote a purely medical, not philosophical, critique of the book “Nostalgia” by Masatoshi Sugi, “Absolute rest is rest for the body and mind,” as the mind and body are the same and therefore must be simultaneous, thus “Nostalgia” is medically understood as something which can keep the body at rest, but since the mind is not at rest rather causes heartache, and nostalgic therapy is not medically acceptable, but after self-reflection, I left the letter as it was and instead sent you “*Yofune-Kanwa*” which I thought would tell what I meant more clearly.

I am pleased to hear that you have gained weight lately. I also went home for 10 days from 20 February and returned to Nagasaki on 2 March. I had a cold and my body was somewhat weak, so I went home for a while to rest and recuperate, and returned to Nagasaki. Your letter was on my desk at the time of my return, and I immediately read it.

There are no changes at the College. Lectures will end at the end of March, and graduation exams are scheduled to start in April. Today, the dates and groupings for the examinations have been decided. I still can't organise my notes, and I can't even understand the periphery, let alone the depths of knowledge, if I'm being chased around so busily by the College exam. However, the days when knowledge existed for the sake of the studies themselves were a thing of the past. Now I feel that learning can only be revitalized as “*methode* (method)” to destroy the ugly enemy. Moreover, I believe this is the right thing to do.

Do you read the College newspaper, which makes us nostalgic? You can taste from this newspaper the ambiguity that somehow flows deep inside in the midst of a harsh current situation. The memoirs of students who went off to war, apricots, Risaku Daimu, and Kenjuro Yanagida, and other articles, whatever the life is, it can only touch people's heartstrings if they are committed to it. I believe that we are suffering from complaints and dissatisfaction because we are lacking in this commitment. It is the state of nothingness. It is a world of form is emptiness, all things are vanity, and emptiness is form. This is the ideal world. This world was only made possible by the Orientals.

The plum trees near the window of the boarding house have started to bloom. I look at nature as a beautiful world without falsehood while reflecting on the poem by Kōrner in mind.

I have read your excellent translation again and again. The conclusion is that Western poetry is best appreciated in the Western language. This is because the beautiful rhyme is easily destroyed. His poetry, which belongs to Romanticism, is beautiful. For those of us who spend our days busy with secular affairs, his poems seem to reveal the unfolding of a beautiful world separate from our own. I thought about this as I held the strap of a crowded train. I also recalled the saying, “The country is destroyed, but the mountains and rivers remain.” The affirmation of Kōrner’s poetry is immediately linked to patriotic love. I believe that the profundity of the poem also has its alpha and omega here. Please read my humble translation.

(1) Dazzlingly, thou goest to the arms of thy lover

How lucky the man is.

I am going alone, yet I am with you.

And I find myself a happy man.

(2) The sky is azure and holy,

In a wild field of a hundred flowers blooming.

A lonesome nightingale sings.

In a forest of the midnight.

(3) Clouds are coming slowly from far above.

The murmur of spring water,

green shoots forming waves,

and a bird that dances lightly.

(4) In the arms of a fragile and elegant lady,

Thou rest on the lips of a fragrant rose.

I go alone in the cool twilight breeze,

My cloak was swaying.

(5) Not a soul to be seen on the road,

When the birds are at rest in the shadow of the tree.

I am on my way to a night's journey,

while following a bright dream path.

Finally, I wish you take care of yourself well for a speedy return to Nagasaki:(omission)

Letter dated 27 April

I am really sorry that the previous letter was so rushed and full of business matters. Please forgive me as I was just about to sit for a difficult pediatric examination.

How is your health since then? The weather has improved, so I believe you will regain your health day by day. The young leaves of the camphor tree standing in the corner of the College sports field have begun to sprout with unlimited hope. The clear blue sky shines with a golden colour that only nature - and only the god of creation - can produce. On the playground, the clover is growing on the green floor. Nature quietly preserves its beauty amidst the air-raids that intensify day and night. And it seems to embrace infinite things for the struggling human beings. The young leaves of a camphor tree in a corner of the College, hidden from the eyes of others, quietly and probably imprinting the history of the College on its annual rings, reminded me of this phrase: "The country is broken and there is no mountain river." At the same time, these young leaves offer unlimited hope. Amid the process of yearning for the infinite, there seems to be truth, goodness, and beauty. I believe the same is true of medicine. When we see that there are treatment limits, there is only regression. The discovery is found when we see beyond limits and continue working diligently, seeking the infinite. Nature wants to be held in the bosom of humans. At the same time, human also wants to lie in the bosom of nature. Thus, the mystery seems to be revealed in man's unbending devotion, in his activity towards the infinite. Whether Koch or Ehrlich, these are all people who could be included in such a type. Of course, I am trying to be a part of this category, but I think it is not good as there is an inclination in me that "*tat* (deed)" tends to go ahead before "*denken* (thinking)." (omission)

* * *

I have introduced you to abbreviated versions of the three letters. According to graphic accounts from the time of the atomic bombing, he profusely thanked his parents and all those who had looked after him, and then passed away in peace. This shows his sincerity in the face of death.

May your spirit rest in peace, far away in heaven.

(Third-year student at that time, currently working in the First Anatomy Department)

The person I met that day

Tetsuro Takahashi

The inscription on the memorial to the atomic bomb victims in Hiroshima reads: "Rest in peace, for our mistakes will never be repeated." I do not understand at all who is saying these words to whom. Even if I concede and accept that it is difficult to know who and what kind of mistakes were made, at least one can make clarification on when and where they happened. The more I think about the 100,000 souls that were instantly gone that day, the more I think,

“They will not rest in peace,” the more I cannot suppress the rush of emotions. The fact that something as ridiculous as this could not be done in Nagasaki is at least a consolation to me.

There were about 20 people I witnessed their last moment on that day, and among them there were a few who I most hated to remember and who came back to my mind first, but if it were not a novel or a screenplay, it would be too cruel to write further, so only thing I can do is to close my eyes and pray for.

* * *

Today, on the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, I would like to write about some of the memories of the three or four people on campus whom I met that day but never saw again, as well as some of what I saw.

As I was not on campus from about 20 minutes before the bombing, I regret that I was not able to meet many of my teachers, seniors, and friends after the bombing, and I am unable to give a detailed report to the bereaved families.

The first period on 9 August 1945 was the late Dr. Tsuno'o's clinical lecture, which became his last lecture. Since I was taught by the President of the College, who was wearing no clothes and a loincloth, the way to study on a midsummer's evening in the past, it has been more than ten years, but it passed lazily as if I were in a dream.

After that, my group was supposed to attend the Outpatient of Dr. Kitamura of the Dermatology Department until noon, but just that day, I think it was because of the examinations of the students of the Special Medical Vocational Department, we became half free and during this time, until 2:00 p.m., so I used the opportunity and went out into the mountains from Nagayo, which lead to an unexpected escape.

The 10:37 a.m. or so train from Nagasaki left Urakami Station a little late, perhaps after 10:45 a.m. I was exposed to the bombing between a little past Michino'o and Nagayo. I remember that about one second after the white flash that hit my eyes, the blast blew, the window shades flew, the latrine door blew down, the seats tilted, and people were crawling around on the floor. People did not know about the atomic bomb and assumed that the train had been bombed. The now universally recognised atomic cloud was rising at a tremendous pace, glinting and glowing above the clear sky near midday in midsummer. People are looking absentmindedly. Nothing happened until three or four minutes later, when black smoke, mixed with sparks of fire, came pouring in from the edge of the mountain to the south-east, as if at twilight, covering the sunshine.

At this time, I heard someone saying that Nagasaki was attacked, and it was most likely a new type of bomb for the first time, but I did not feel it was real and had no idea what it was. Almost an hour later, the first evacuees appeared on the road in a Mitsubishi truck, but there were only four or five people in it, all burnt-out mobilized students, who escaped and were probably saved by the driver. The driver was badly burned as well. Everyone seemed to have difficulty even

talking, but through them, I learned most of what was going on and rushed back to Nagasaki.

From where I was people said it was much closer if I go over the mountains than back on the railway, so I went into the mountains and had trouble as I got lost but it was on that mountain road where I met College-related person who was a good painter with small beard under his nose, who had often told us interesting stories in the Pathology Department since I was a first or second-year student. He used green bamboo as a walking stick, which seemed to have been broken on the way; his usual long, untidy hair was covered with ashes, while he was injured from shoulder to cheek, and part of his clothes were in tatters. "Everything was savagely destroyed. I am feeling heavy," I remember him saying as he was tottering away. Since that time, the injured evacuees have continued to arrive, and I learned that most of Nagasaki was instantly crushed.

It was already 2:00 p.m. when I crossed the pass and came to a point where I thought a village called Kawabira, but the old road of Michino'o was strictly guarded for seemingly counter-intelligence reasons and did not allow any traffic, so it is not clear what route I took, from then on, it's an utter hellscape, and I can't even write about it for the sake of lost souls. But I saw them with my own eyes, pulled them out with my own hands, carried them on my own back, and spent the longest time of the day around that area.

The next people I met from the College were two students from the Special Medical Vocational Department, one of whom was relatively healthy, but the other was already unable to stand. I met them a little north of the current Motohara 3-chome, and they were from Hotarujaya. The only words the students, especially the bad ones, said were "I want to get home before I die," until he said "I can't go anymore" afterwards. I untied my gaiter, strapped it firmly to my back, supported one person, and went back the way they had fled, but at a frustratingly slow speed, like a worm crawling. I stuffed my stomach with pumpkin that had been burnt in the field and went back with all my heart, but the sun was already setting when I reached the hill behind Urakami Cathedral. Finally, the person had exhausted all the effort of being tied to my back, so I let him down.

Just then, I noticed a baby crying somewhere close. It was a mother and child who had been exposed to the atomic bomb while tending a field in the area. The mother had already died, and the baby was crying on her breast. I walked through many bodies, but I felt indescribable, and probably everyone felt the same way, so we sat down there one by one.

However, by then, we could see uninjured working for rescue teams with stretchers moving here and there, so I parted from them with a sense of mutual relief, but I think that the pulse of the people I held as we parted probably did not fulfill their wish to go back to Hotarujaya.

Then I went down the slope of a hill, where the dusk was gradually darkening, and I saw seven or eight people on the other side of the College sports ground, who were constantly

calling for someone. As I got closer, I realised that they were looking for Dr. Takagi. As I descended further, I heard the professor's voice saying, "Oi, here I am, Takagi is here." But while I, on the hill, could hear it, the people in the sports field could not. The doctor was lying at the bottom of the stream that runs under the cliffs to the south of the Cathedral. I was called from the spot to the sports field at the top of my voice. It finally got through, and when I saw the doctor being carried on the back of one of them, I headed for Anakobo. Afterwards, I detoured eastwards from the foreign cemetery via the Nishizaka mountainside and entered the city from Mt. Suwa, just after 9:00 p.m., while the fire emanating from the Prefectural Office was being desperately defended across the Nakashima River. Then, for the next month, the burnt ruins were used to burn the victims of the atomic disease every day, with the remaining timber piled on top of them.

"Ja, meinem Herzen am nächsten sind jetzt die Verlorenen, die von denen ich Weiss, dass ich sie nicht retten werde (Yes, closest to my heart now are the lost, those whom I know I will not save)" (Hans Carossa)

(Third-year student at the time, currently working in the Anatomy Department)

9 August

Minoru Tanaka

Time flies, and it's been ten years now since I barely escaped death from that merciless living hell. At the time, the tropical city of Nagasaki was under the dazzling summer sun, the sea was azure, the mountains were deep green, and oleanders, canna lilies, and other plants were in bloom at the height of their glory.

9 August 1945. The air-raid alarm issued early in the morning had been lifted, and the alert was now in place, so we were relieved temporarily and engaged in our respective assignments. At the College, lectures and medical treatment at the hospital began. I was a third-year medical student and after President Tsuno'o's lecture, it was Dr. Nagai's time for radiology, but the lecture was cancelled due to a power distribution failure caused by the bombing a week earlier, so I was in the South Auditorium smoking a hand-rolled cigarette and talking about the bombing of Hiroshima on the 6th with my best friends Imafuku and Nunobiki.

"I heard that the new bomb had tremendous power. It is said that the whole city of Hiroshima was blown up in an instant."

"Did they complete the construction of the atomic bomb?"

"I hope that Nagasaki will be the next."

It was a little early to go back to my lodging for lunch, so we were having this conversation when suddenly we heard a roaring sound like an airplane approaching in a dive. "It is coming,

everybody get down,” I shouted. At that moment, with a loud explosion, everything around me went dark, and I realised that something heavy was piled on my back.

Barely raising my head, I stroke my face with my left hand and feel something slimy. Intuitively, I thought, “Blood, I’ve been hit, this must be a close-range bullet.” At the same time, I reminded myself that I still had life and that I would have to face burning to death if I did not escape quickly. I tried with all my might to escape, but I could not get my left foot out, so I finally sacrificed my shoe and crawled out. The area gradually regained dim light. My watch stopped at 11:02 a.m. I couldn’t see my best friends, who had been talking to me right beside me until now. I called them, but there was no reply. I dashed outdoors, worrying about whether they had been hit or had escaped before me.

Everywhere, not just in the Auditorium and corridors, the white walls have fallen, floors have collapsed, windowpanes are all shattered, desks and chairs have been completely dismantled, and the beautiful cream-coloured Medical College Hospital, which until just now had stood tall on the hill of Urakami, has been reduced to a mere pitiful, reinforced-concrete exterior.

While getting up and falling repeatedly, I went out into the backyard to look, but could not see the surroundings well, similar to that of the Mongolian yellow dust storm. The grass, lawns, and fields that had been lush and green earlier had all been blown away, exposing the red soil. Wooden buildings were crushed, stone walls were knocked down, cries of “help” were heard from everywhere, and people escaped covered in blood, some were skinned and became like red-frogs from burns, clothing blown off and dying naked, countless corpses were strewn everywhere, as a brutal, eye-covering scene of hell was disclosed.

While lending a shoulder to a medical student, I climbed the mountain behind and escaped in the direction of Hotarujaya, but there were forest fires in several places on the way. The path along the mountainside was lined with long lines of people, many of whom looked like defeated soldiers, both in front of us and behind. Looking down on the city, fires were everywhere, gas tanks exploded, red and blue fires were reaching the sky, and it turned it into a huge melting pot. The high tower of Urakami Cathedral was viciously broken in the middle, and Ueno-machi, where my lodging was, was already engulfed in a raging fire.

On that night, as I was watching the flames blaze from the heights of Suwa Shrine and the city of Nagasaki, which I did not know when the fire would be extinguished, I was filled with strong emotions. Fortunately, I did not suffer the terrible burns, but I received a total of more than ten glass wounds on my head, face, and left forearm, which I had bandaged with a white cloth I had. The second night of the atomic bombing was spent in an air-raid shelter on the grounds of Suwa Shrine, but I could not sleep as the faces of my teachers and schoolmates who had supported me in so many ways haunted my thoughts.

(Third-year student at the time, currently working at Akashi Hospital,
Tokyo Prefectural Government)

Phoenix

Ichiro Nitta

10 years since then. I still shudder when I recall that day, which was too painful to be a nightmare.

It was a bolt out of the blue, when a sudden flash of light, and a huge explosion pressure came, then, the whole Urakami area burned all night like a cursed hell fire.

9 August 1945, 11:02 a.m.

I was chatting and laughing with my schoolmates in the Middle Auditorium, as there was no training session of the Psychiatric Department. Then, I heard a strange sound of an explosion. It is dangerous. The moment I tried to get down, a sharp flash of light shone into my eyes, which were covered with my hands. Without a moment to think, a tremendous, invisible force slammed my whole body to the floor. At the same time, the reinforced building itself vibrated violently with a pounding sound. After the sound of a mountain rumbling echoed through the air, the eardrums were deafened, and nothing could be heard for a while.

How many minutes had passed? Probably not more than 10 minutes have passed. I finally escaped, ran up the hill behind, turned around, and was stunned. Instantly, my beloved College, teachers, and schoolmates have been transformed into a single flame in front of my eyes.

I looked up at the huge cloud, which was later named the atomic cloud, watched the red flame that covered the whole area of Urakami, then collapsed halfway up Mt. Kompira in despair, as if I had been plunged into an abyss.

In hindsight, it was the last days of the cursed Second World War. A great sacrifice flared up in the holy place of Urakami in Nagasaki. It was all too painful to see. It was too heavy to be put down to the word "sacrifice."

Too few people know this fact. Those of us who were fortunate enough to barely escape death must speak out more and more about the horrors of the atomic bombing. As not only the atomic bomb but also the hydrogen bombs are being talked about today, I would like to advocate that the misuse of science will lead to the destruction of humanity. I hope that the atomic bomb that exploded in the sky above Nagasaki's Urakami will be the permanent end.

I pray that the phoenix fly away from the once completely ruined field of Nagasaki Urakami with our own hands.

(Third-year student at the time, currently working at the Obstetrics and Gynecology

Department at Osaka City University, School of Medicine)

A memoir

Shigeru Hatano

This year, as in previous years, many people gathered on that Gubiloga Hill to offer flowers, bow their heads to pray, and shed tears as they reminisced about that time.

Ten years have already passed, and although the number of people who gather on the same 9 August year after year may change, the feelings remain the same; the cenotaph on a hill overlooking the university also seems to speak silently of the countless emotions of the thousand people who perished in the hellfire of fate.

My memories of those days have faded considerably over the past ten years, but as strangely, I was able to leave Nagasaki that morning, be spared that horrendous hellscape, and perhaps because I was not involved in the chaos myself, the scenes of that time are even more vividly etched in my mind, and I will never forget them for as long as I live.

On 9 August 1945, I was asleep with my gaiter on and my training uniform on, as usual, when I awoke at around 6:00 a.m. A warning alert was issued at around 7:00 a.m. The weather was good, but I felt reproachful as the sun was scorching. For some reason, I decided to evacuate my clothes and medical documents, which I had been unable to do for some time. On the day before, 8 August, the day of Imperial Proclamation of War, we heard from President Tsuno'o about the situation in Hiroshima, and that the College would soon be evacuated to Kashima Junior High School, and that the students should organise themselves so that they could move at any time. The President's story was certainly at the bottom of my mind at the time when I thought about the evacuation.

I dug the items out of a uncompleted air-raid shelter in a corner of the garden, where I had buried them, and as my parents home was a pharmacy, I repacked vita camphor, and other chemicals that had been brought along into two oil boxes, and loaded onto a bicycle that had also brought along for shopping, and in hindsight, strangely I hanged all my shoes, including shorts and socks, hanging from the handlebars of my bicycle, Then, left my lodgings in the northern part of Yamazato-machi at around 7:30 a.m. I was pushing my bicycle past the Ohashi and just before the Rokujizo statues before the Michino'o, which is still there, when the air-raid alarm went off.

I put my bike up on the side of the road and sat down beside the Jizo statues and thought. What am I going to do now? The air-raid warnings were issued almost every day. I had to get

to my post immediately, but even if I went back now, it would take 40 minutes to get to the hospital, while the alarm could be lifted immediately. Besides, even if the clinical training started at 10:00 a.m., without the preliminary examinations of the fourth-year students in Pediatrics, we would not be able to conduct our preliminary examinations of the new patients. After filling my rationed tobacco into a pipe and smoking, somehow I decided to skip school, prioritizing my feeling that I had come this far already, and pushed my bicycle forcibly towards the destination, Togitsu village.

This was a crossroads of my fate, and who could have foreseen but God that less than a few hours later, the horrific scene would unfold?

I think it was around 10:00 a.m. when I arrived in Togitsu village, which is about 4 km away to the north-east of Nagasaki. When the atomic bomb fell, I was outside the door of a house of someone who is called Mr. Horiguchi, where I had left the key to the College boatyard and had visited from time to time.

The midday sky, almost cloudless, suddenly shone brightly for a moment, like a flash of lightning. With overwhelming premonition that I didn't know what it was, I involuntarily got down on the ground. Nothing happened. No sound of explosions. After a few seconds or ten seconds, I was about to look up when I heard a tremendous sky-tearing explosion, as if lightning had struck my ear out of the blue, and a wind blew over my head with a sound like a wave.

The boatyard was crushed in front of our eyes, and the fertilizer sheds in the fields flopped down on top of Nagayo Village one by one with a flapping sound.

Suddenly, I noticed that in the sky over Nagasaki, I could see the pure white cumulonimbus clouds expanding and growing larger as I looked up. There was a faint sound of an explosion, and a B-29 was seen overhead, like a silvery dot high in the sky.

People gather and talk noisily. No one has any idea what is going on. In any case, something must have happened in Nagasaki, because the wind came from the direction of Nagasaki, and all the windows facing Nagasaki were smashed. I decided to return to Nagasaki immediately after eating lunch. As I was getting ready to leave, a villager came to call me. A truck is carrying injured people to the house of a doctor, and he asked me to come immediately. When I went there, I saw that there were injured people stacked on top of each other like a load of tuna, moaning and screaming on top of the truck. When asked, they said they were from the Mitsubishi Arms Factory.

The doctor was away on a house call in Michino'o, but returned shortly afterwards, so Dr. Kamei from Koyano Field Department, who had just returned to his home, also rushed to the clinic, and I helped and worked together on the treatment, forgetting the time passing. As the injured were brought in one after another, I could not return to Nagasaki.

Many of them have skin peeled off, burned, and blistered. Some were indistinguishable whether they were men or women, and they all said that a direct bomb had hit the gas tank in Urakami and

caused it to burst. Of course, some of them had already died, and those that were still breathing were, without exception, shouting, "Water. Give me water."

The white clouds over Nagasaki turned yellow and then brown, and soon the whole sky was blackened, giving the city a strange, dusk-like appearance.

I think it was around 7:00 p.m., I decided to go to the College anyway, so I moved some of the injured to a temple called Mangyoji and jumped out on my bicycle. By the time I reached Michino'o, I saw many skinned, their faces disfigured and injured, coming by, some clinging to canes, others staggering about. When asked, they said that from Sumiyoshi onwards, houses had collapsed and blocked the roads, and the roads were unrecognizable, making it impossible to go to Nagasaki. I told the injured to go to Mangyoji Temple in Togitsu Village, as I passed Michino'o Station, and was surprised.

A valley appeared from Mt. Inasa on the right to Mt. Anakobo on the left. The whole area from Shiroyama to Urakami is a sea of fire. A blackish-brown smoke covers the entire sky above Nagasaki, and the scene is indescribable. I gave up the idea to go to Nagasaki as I would have to go through the mountain top of Mt. Inasa to get into Nagasaki, so I returned to Togitsu and worked all night treating the wounded. There were no electric lights, so stitches were made and a wooden splint was applied under a lantern.

On the morning of the 10th, after waiting for the dawn, I took the mountain road from near the railway station in Nagayo Village to the Urakami Water Reservoir, came out near what is now Showa-machi, and went down from the old seminary towards the Urakami Cathedral. The mountain road from Nagayo was a road I used to take for a long ride as a member of the horse riding club, but when I looked over the entire Urakami area in the city of Nagasaki on the way there, I was stunned beyond words. The Cathedral, which is supposed to be visible directly ahead, is not there. The Basic Science Department buildings of the College are not there at all. Just a whole area of burnt fields. . . There is nothing to block the port of Nagasaki.

Passing the Urakami Cathedral, I passed the College sports field and met the late Professor Nagai by the water tanks of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. He had a bandage on his head and reported that the Soviet Union had entered the war. There were also some students. On the road to the College and after arriving at the College, I saw that burnt corpses were strewn about. Strangely, I did not shed any tears.

I took the materials out of my first-aid bag, treated the people in the area, and went to the hospital.

When I was coming down from the seminary, I saw countless white objects were visible in the fields, dotted in numerous spots, from the hill behind the College to Anakobo, but when I got closer, I saw that they were all medical staff, students, and nurses lying in the potato fields. Five or six students had also collapsed at the rear entrance to the Pediatric Department, and

Professor Sano was taking care of them. Professor Takase was also running around in good spirits. When I went to the back of the Surgery Department, Professor Koyano was there and told us to take down the injured people in the mountain behind, so we first found and took down Assistant Professor Ishizaki, who had burns all over his head and face, on a stretcher together with Professor Egami of the Otolaryngology Department, who happened to be there. I don't know how many times I have gone up and down the mountain since then. Before I knew it, it was dark, and that night I slept in a building near the Surgery Department, but I could hardly sleep because of the mosquitoes and the excitement. The next day, the 11th, I spent my time doing the same thing, and while carrying injured people and water, I met Ishikawa, a fourth-year student, and accompanied him to Togitsu village. Ishigami also arrived and joined us in Togitsu village.

After that, I went back and forth between Togitsu and the College, until Tsuwa, a second-year student who was staying with me in the same lodging, contacted us from Nagayo, so we went to bring him back to us, but he started to have bloody stools afterwards and passed away on the 17th. He crawled out of the Pathology Department through the roof and seemed to be in good health for a time, but he went to eternal sleep in a corner of the worship hall, without the benefit of rhodionin, camphor, or other treatment.

Patients who filled the worship hall of Mangyoji Temple were so many that they could not even be treated once a day, and in the middle of the night, in the light of the lanterns, they developed encephalopathy due to the high fever, groaning, screaming, and eventually, with their bloody bandages still on, their skinned faces treated with oil gauze with only their eyes, nose and mouth open, two or three of them wandering around dazed, and to see them crawling was so gruesome that it was hard to believe that this was this world. In the mornings, several corpses would be laid out under the belfry, one after another. Most of the nights continued without sleep, and it was hard for the living too.

There was no radio, no newspapers came, rumors were flying, and it was not until the 17th that I found out about the end of the war with certainty.

Sometime after the 20th, I heard from someone that President Tsuno'o, who was at the Iwaya Club in Michino'o, had passed away. I felt as if my tense spirits had been rattled and collapsed, as if I'd removed the tag from a bucket. I boarded the train with sadness.

With a desire to get as close as possible to my hometown of Sendai, I went down to the deck and climbed onto the front of the locomotive, and besides, I was treated to a rice ball by the soldiers in Odawara. I hardly ate or drank, and reached home after four nights and five days' travel. Late on the fifth night of the fourth night. My shoes were torn and rolled up with rope, my shirt was sleeveless, and I was dressed like a student beggar, with uncorked bottles hanging with a mesh rope.

After a week or ten days back home, when I felt a little more peaceful, I thought about a lot of

things and lost all hope and light for the future, thinking I would never go back to College again. I was not ready to give up. I spent several weeks in my hometown, absent-minded and despondent.

Until around November, I had no idea about the situation of the College, partly because it was so far away. Around that time, I received news from my classmate Matsuzaki that lectures had begun, and I immediately came to Nagasaki and learned more about what had happened to my classmates. While I was in Nagasaki immediately after the bombing, I didn't know who or what had happened to anyone. However, not even half of my classmates had turned up. In December, I went home on holiday. Then, in February 1946, the following year, I moved west again after learning that the College had moved to the Omura Naval Hospital.

Before that, a newspaper article was published that allowed students to transfer between universities on the grounds of food situation at the time, and people around me recommended that I transfer to the nearby Tohoku University, but unless the school had been closed down, and as my old school was still there, I did not feel like changing school. This was probably another crossroads in my destiny.

Soon after, my student life in Omura began. All the survivors gathered. Lectures, clinical trainings, and a new, hopeful life began. The environment was great, as it seemed to be like an all-dormitory system. How many times have the reminiscences of dead classmates been repeated in the evening? Peaceful days followed, and in April it was time for a holiday. Most students went home, but I remained in the dormitory because my hometown was far away.

Then, as if by accident, the problem of moving to the Isahaya Naval Hospital suddenly arose. We students didn't know the situation, but we were sure that we were going to be kicked out. The students who were there at the time were only Kamoda and I, while it was decided that we would move reluctantly. On 18 April, we borrowed rice, tatami mats, blankets, etc. from the Omura Hospital and came to the Isahaya Naval Hospital for the first time together with members of the medical staff of the various departments as a preliminary inspection and preparation, and were surprised to see them.

It is a hospital in name only, but a haunted house. There are sleeping quarters, but the mats are torn out and only straw is scattered about, and there are no light cords or glasses at all. As the environmental facilities in Omura were relatively good, everyone was sad and angry. However, as we had no choice but to set up and organise, and from that night onwards, I stayed overnight on the tatami mats on the wooden floor. It was decided that each department would take turns to come and clean, and about 20 people came to tidy up and organise people, but in the beginning, there were no kettles or pots, and rice was cooked in a large navy kettle. Later, old man Sugita came and did it for us, but it was not an easy task until then.

Professors Kido, Araki, Hara, Associate Professor Shibata, Professor Yokoyama of the

Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, and Professor Nakazawa, who had just been appointed to the post, also stayed overnight and gave instructions.

Our work was spurred on by the decision to start medical treatment on 11 May. Four or fifty workers from nearby villages came every day, but no one in charge of the administrative authorities came, and when it came time to pay wages in the evening, we had to call Nagasaki, we also had to negotiate with the employment agency, and we were worried about a lot of things, but somehow we managed to arrange for the start of the medical treatment, in a poor, dirty hospital, but it was happy to be in some shape anyway, by washing the floors down with water to make the place better.

We created a student headquarters to look after the students who were gathering and the accommodation for new students, many of whom at that time came back from the Army and Marines, so without a time to rest, they made five or six round trips by truck every day to the Omura Hospital and the former air force site to transport desks, chairs and other items for the various departments, working hard together with the current students. At that time, all the students worked together as one and cooperated wholeheartedly under the direction of the medical officers of the various departments. As I recall, on 2 May, I drafted the attached proclamation with my late classmate Watanabe and put it up at the entrance of the Isahaya Branch Hospital, hoping for the students' encouragement and cooperation. The tragic enthusiasm of those days is still remembered today.

After that, the burnt ruins of Urakami were cleared every year by student volunteers, and finally, in 1950, we could make the long-awaited return to Urakami, and today, ten years after the atomic bombing, the university has finally regained its original reputation, and the truly bright future it once longed for is certainly closer to reality. It is simply overwhelming to think that we are now spending our days with even more hope.

At the time, when I survived without a single injury and was running around the hill behind the College with a stretcher, I felt sorry for the people who were moaning and screaming that I was safe, but looking back on what has happened since then, I know that I survived and that I have some remaining duties to perform, and that I will continue to do so in the future.

I pray from the bottom of my heart for the souls of my seniors and alumni who have lost their young souls with a future in vain, dying on the fields of Urakami with their red blood, and would like to conclude this remembrance in the hope of eternal peace.

(Written 15 August 1955, third-year student at the time, currently working in the Shirabe
Surgery Department)

Appeal

All newly enrolled and currently enrolled students.

Our beloved alma mater, Nagasaki Medical College, at 11:02 a.m. on 9 August last year, with the brief flash of the unforgettable atomic bomb, was reduced to desolate ruins, with the loss of nearly 1,000 professors, students, and other precious lives, including former President Tsuno'o.

A heartbreaking defeat of the war came amid a desponding despair, and the ongoing social upheaval, which we wandered about, but our alma mater has dared to continue its rebuilding efforts.

Since February this year, we have found a temporary home in the city of Omura, and only two months have passed since our studies, which were filled with hope, due to inflexible bureaucratic obstinacy and a few personal feelings, we were suddenly ordered and forced to relocate to this hospital, which was then uninhabited and abandoned, by the end of April. A sad fate still befalls us, where rationality breaks down and emotion overpowers reason.

Today, in the wake of our country's defeat, no matter how great the deprivations of defeat and how many obstacles to rebuilding may be, our duty is to let our phoenix fly in a higher spirit than that terrible inferno that we saw with our own eyes and heard with our ears. We who have been defeated by barbarism in spirit and body, based on each person's moral awareness, to seek the joy of creation in the suffering of founding, and to strive voluntarily to create a college that is bright, beautiful and full of righteous freedom, is our only offering and responsibility to our seniors and alumni who have died.

No matter how deprived and confusing the times, no matter how ever-changing the world may be, whether wartime or post-war, the truth is the truth at last, and not one bit of it is different from another.

If selfless integrity is precious in human society, let us dedicate ours to the College. If hard work and devotion are precious, let us dedicate ours to the College. Let us bring together the best and most beautiful things in our spirit and our body, each of us, to our College, and make it more splendid than in the past as soon as possible. Just as we gave all our youthful enthusiasm and strength to our country during the war, let us find a haven here for a while and give it again to the rebuilding of our alma mater, which is rising with renewed hope. Of course, the student's main task is to study. Furthermore, that study is a lifelong, all-around human endeavor and must be pursued with diligence. Especially our student life, aimed at becoming doctors, is the original first and primary course, not mere passive auditors or candidates for qualifications.

As the most important members of the College, I would like to remind you of the importance of our responsibility and awareness to fulfill the original functions of the College to the fullest extent. In particular, newly enrolled students may feel disappointed and discouraged by the current state of the College. However sad the present state of our country's defeat may be, it is equally a severe fact that our College is currently standing amid the most unfortunate reality.

How much work was done by the beautiful cooperation and great sacrificial spirit of the entire College just to get us to this point in the difficult task of reconstruction? On this occasion, we expect the cooperation of the newly enrolled students.

The College is a hall of fame for the search for truth, and there is much to be done in front of us. Dear students of all the departments, let us join our hearts and hands together to learn and work together. For the construction of our Nagasaki Medical College, which is beautiful, righteous, and full of freedom.

2 May 1946, Nagasaki Medical College,
Head of Student Headquarters, Fourth-year, Shigeru Hatano

Dedicated to the spirit of Yoshiaki

Azusa Kato (Mother)

Ten years have already passed since the atomic bomb fell, and today, 9 August, my thoughts are fresh and new, and I am filled with deep emotion as I remember those tragic times. On the morning of the 9th ten years ago, the alarm was issued, and as Yoshiaki left home at about 10 a.m., I saw him off at the entrance, particularly that morning. "I am going." "Be careful." We waved at each other and then I turned around and sent him off again with a smile, not knowing that this would be our farewell in this life. . . In an hour, he would be nothing but a lump of black ashes because of that dreadful atomic bomb, and I was so stunned that I did not even shed a tear for the dead body of my dear Yoshiaki, but after a while, when I finally turned back to myself, I couldn't even move in the face of this tragedy. After his father's death, Yoshiaki, who had been my support like a walking stick, passed away at the age of 24, and I am filled with sadness when I think about his short and fragile life, while his mother can not forget about him forever, and prays for the souls of the dead. As a conclusion, now that I have faced this cruelty, I can only pray for peace and join with the people of the world in crying out for the prohibition of the atomic bomb, so that we will not see the horrific devastation three times.

9 August, on the occasion of the 10th anniversary
Late Yoshiaki Kato (then a second-year student).

Account of my eldest son, Junichi

Atsunao Tanaka (Father)

In the ten years since then, not a single day has gone by when I haven't thought of Junichi, but

how few times have I had dreams of him?

Several skulls were found amongst the roof tiles at the atomic bombed burnt ruins of the Pathology Department, The tragic sight of burnt remains of students with large skeletons and scattered papers of burnt notebooks with pen marks which can be still read, people who died instantly by the bombing, people trapped under collapsed building, and others still struggled to escape after suffering the pain. When I imagined the cruelty and heartbreaking situation until the fire approached and was eventually extinguished, all I could do was to pray for the repose of their souls, received my son's ashes, visited the cenotaph on the mountain, got off that crowded train at Sonogi, and it was 2:30 a.m. when my wife and I arrived at our house, dragging our heavy, painfully exhausted legs on foot along nearly 12 km road.

However, as soon as the second semester began, Mr. Matsuda, a second-year medical student at Kyushu University, who was Junichi's best friend from his days at Saga High School, told us that on that day, Junichi, together with Mr. Momosaki and Mr. Fujii, escaped from the department building immediately after the atomic bombing. While evacuating in some direction, first, Mr. Momosaki lost his hearing and told the other two to leave him alone and run away, then as they continued on their way, it seems that Junichi was in his last hours, and suddenly collapsed and when Mr. Goto was startled and rushed to him, he had already breathed his last.

Mr. Goto returned to his home in Arita and died, and although details about Mr. Fujii are not known, it seems that he suffered the same fate. This is according to Mr. Tanaka from Nagasaki Medical College, and I have received a letter mentioning that, as he has been in the same class since high school, I can trust his story. When Mr. Tanaka heard about the atomic bombing at the College, he left Nagasaki and then fled to an air-raid shelter of the hospital after the fire had died down. After hearing the above facts, he was the one who sent Mr. Goto to Arita Station.

A few days later, when I sent my second son to Junichi's lodgings to pick up his luggage, we were notified by the defense guards that in fact, Junichi had been cremated at his lodgings and that I was asked to come immediately to a house of Yamanaka in Motohara-machi, to receive his remains, but I had not been able to go since I was unwell, and when I went to Nagasaki and searched again in the area of Motohara-machi, I could not find the person, which was a great pity. It still seems like yesterday, but ten years have passed, and the world situation has changed markedly in that time.

The horror of the devastation caused by this hated atomic bomb, and in addition, hydrogen bombs, is so horrendous that even the extinction of the entire human race became a possibility, and as the world's interest in atomic and hydrogen bombs is growing, today there are calls for a total ban on them. If this were to be achieved, and if eternal world peace could be brought about, there would be no greater joy for all mankind.

We were victims of the cruelty of the atomic bomb, the first of its kind ever to be dropped, and near the end of the war, together with other benevolent professors, the many students and pupils dared to die in that quiet campus at such a young age, while holding out hope for the future. To comfort their souls, I sincerely hope that the day will soon come when we will see the full restoration of the university by the further efforts of the professors who are now in charge of teaching the younger generation at our university, and the support of the state.

Late Junichi Tanaka (Second-year student at that time)

On the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing

Mitsuko Haramaki

It is said that the world is a place where the living must die, but what could be sadder than to be predeceased by one's child?

My second son, Katsuyuki's, precious life was robbed in an instant by the atomic bomb. Moreover, I fainted when I saw the gruesome, indescribable manner in which he died. He was a young man who had not been ill, was well-fed, full of vitality, and was studying and was about to graduate next month. (Since it was during the war, they were to graduate a semester early.)

It was a living hell in this world where tens of thousands of corpses piled up in an instant.

On the third day of the disaster, I took my third son, Kiyoshi, to Urakami, where the hypocenter was, but there was not a single house, and the Medical College where Katsuyuki studied had disappeared. I and Mrs. Itoyama searched wondering about frantically for my child and finally found Katsuyuki, who was still alive and lying on the warm earth in the cellar around noon, and I was so happy that I could not help but burst into tears, but it was short-lived, as he began to weaken and finally stopped moving and became cold.

Grief turned to resentment, and then to indignation, so much so that I wanted to stab the Americans who dropped the atomic bombs and tear them to pieces, so that I too could die. Furthermore, when I think that we would not be dead if it had not been for the war, I felt reproachful towards the soldiers and even the Emperor, and drowned myself in deep thinking as if in the sea.

Katsuyuki is sleeping peacefully and calmly beside me, who is out of my mind, as if nothing had happened. Even the Great Sage *Sakyamuni* Buddha was teaching me quietly that one cannot escape the law of life and death.

I suddenly thought of talks of Sadakane *sensei*, whom I always listen to. "Suffering comes from greed, and it worries the body..." I remember *the sensei* reading in the presence of the altar. I am drowning in the desire of my child, which is why I am sinking into a sea of suffering. If this were

a child of a stranger, I could not feel so sad in pain. How deeply lost I was, and before I knew it, I was praying.

There must be many people who lost parents, children, and homes because of the atomic bombing, and I am sure they are suffering even more than I am. It is a result of a long-standing fate that Japan is the only country in the world to have been bombed twice by the atomic bomb and even to have suffered a hydrogen bomb.

The world peace movement has recently been held in many places as if it were a festival, but there are various complexities hidden in its content, and I believe that the people who have experienced this bitter reality should unite to create a new cause that will prevent such a catastrophe from happening again to mankind.

Indeed, in this world, we have a mysterious karma between parent and child, and the pain of separation from love was so deep, and I was resentful of those who bear our grudge. Knowing I should not grieve for myself but in sorrow, and am the one who sinks into the sea of suffering because of the bonds of gratitude and love.

Confucius, too, when he parted from his son Kog Li, kindled a fire of sorrow in his heart, and Bai Le Tian, too, lost his three-year-old infant during his illness, and when he saw the medicine left on his bedside table, it is said that he grieved and was saddened.

To think not of the world and suffer is also to feel bound to it, but it still troubles me with suffering. (A medieval poem from *Gyokuyoshu*)

Seeing you in the darkness was not greater than the daydream (The Tale of Genji)

Let me not think about it, but my tears never stop on my sleeves. (Medieval poem from *Shin-Senzaishu*)

Indeed, the pain of separation from a loved one is a common thought for all mankind.

The people who dropped the atomic bombs were not demons, and even though they were Westerners, they must still be people with a Buddha nature. No matter what reason you give, they cannot think they did a good thing. The day must surely come when we must reap what we have sown, so that we may suffer the pangs of remorse. Ten years have passed, and it has already been ten years since. According to reports, one of the American soldiers, who dropped the bomb, is now living in a monastery as a penitent.

What a noble thing it is to repent for one's wrongdoings and to ask forgiveness before God, and Buddha, and I feel like I can see before my eyes a religious figure. I was resentful of that nobleman, and I was ashamed of myself. Killing and being killed are only possible if there is karma. Those who thought they were enemies were, as it were, friends of the law. We should forgive and encourage each other and strive to ensure that the world will live in peace forever.

Katsuyuki was born in September 1923, during the Great Kanto Earthquake, and died in August 1945 from the atomic bomb.

He was in good health from his birth, and the brothers got on well with each other and never had a single fight. They always pleased their parents when they went to school or competitions.

As well as the debt of gratitude for my parents, the gratitude for my children was also very great to me. It may be gratitude that one can find when having a child.

He progressed smoothly through Murakumo Kindergarten, Saga Normal School Affiliated Primary School, Saga Junior High School, Saga Senior High School, and Nagasaki Medical School. He wanted to go to Kyoto University to study philosophy after graduating from Saga High School, but his father was against it and made him study at the Medical School. I found out from his diary after his death that he admired Prof. Nishida of Kyoto University. If he loved philosophy so much, why didn't we send him to Kyoto as he wished? It is a sadness of human nature to complain that Kyoto was not hit by the atomic bomb and was a truly peaceful place even during the war.

At the time, air-raids continued every day. Although we heard that a new type of bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on 6 August, there were only radio reports of "minor damage," so those who were far away had no way of knowing the actual situation in detail.

However, on the 9th, they dropped the same bomb on Nagasaki as well. At about 11:00 a.m. on that day, I was leaning against a pillar on the south side porch, casually looking out towards the garden, when I suddenly remembered Katsuyuki. At the moment, I heard a terrible noise, like a bolt of lightning, followed by a glass window or something being smashed and falling. I was so astonished, I did not know what was happening as if I was in a daydream, and I wondered if it was a dream or not. I asked family members about it, but they could only reply, "What was it?" and no one knew what happened. I wondered if a car hit the corner of a road, thinking alone about the strange incident.

I later heard that at the same time, Mr. Yonekura, who had been Katsuyuki's teacher for six years at the affiliated primary school, was looking direction of west through a telescope as it was his turn to watch, a mushroom-shaped white cloud had appeared so he reported that "A new type of bomb was dropped," but he was scolded and was told that "you should not mention such a thing carelessly." However, his report came to be true.

When I heard that the bomb had fallen into Nagasaki, of all places, I was so surprised that I immediately contacted Saga High School about it. (It was two days after pupils of Saga High School returned from Nagasaki after student mobilization.)

"I understand that the damage was minor according to the radio reports, but what was it like?" When I asked the teacher about it, he just said, "Come at once" and never gave me any details. When I said, "But it's almost sunset, so I can come tomorrow," he insisted, "Don't say that, come

out now.”

I was somewhat worried, but after consulting with the wife of my neighbour, Mrs. Itoyama, I quickly packed a lunch and took my third son, Kiyoshi, out of the last train. My heart was in a hurry, but the train ran sluggishly as if crawling through the warning alarm.

When we arrived at Michino'o Station, we were told by the station staff: “Everyone, please get off here. We could only go as far as here,” and we all got off. It was dark in the middle of the night, and I got off the train by groping. There was a lot of straw scattered all over the road in front of the station. Through the darkness, I could faintly see that the house in front of me had a straw thatch roof. “The wind must have been very strong here,” I asked the people near me, but no one answered. It was the time when we were not allowed to tell the truth.

Unable to wake up unfamiliar house members in the middle of the night, we decided to spend the night on a pile of timber on the side of the road or sitting on the side path of a rice field. It was a beautiful, starry night. I couldn't wait for the night to dawn. I was still dozing off, probably due to fatigue, when I noticed that my monpe trousers were wet with night dew. We washed our faces in a stream of a small river near us and hurried to Urakami on an unfamiliar road.

I could gradually see clearly into the distance. Not a single person passes. I looked in all directions and was surprised to see that the landscape was completely different from the Nagasaki I knew. The Urakami Cathedral, which could be seen from afar, was destroyed; not a single house could be seen in the town, the mountains had turned brown, all the trees had their branches split cruelly, with not a leaf. The town was burned to the ground.

There is a black thing sleeping on the road near the Ohashi bridge. As I approached, I saw that the cart had turned over on its side with the baggage for evacuation being pulled by a horse, the horse had bared their teeth and was dead while tied to the cart, and the driver was holding the reins looking sorry for his loss, his toe was sticking out of a torn “*tabi*” socks, and his big toe was blackened and swollen. I couldn't help but think, “Oh, who is this uncle from?” but recited the Buddha's prayer. The houses in the area had half fallen, and an emaciated stray dog wandered amongst the shredded futons and broken chests. As we approached the town, the dead became more and more numerous, and there was nowhere to step. Babies and mothers, old people, young people and children, running on their hands and feet, all blackened and bloated, some of them not even recognisable as men or women, some had their abdominal organs protruding from their bellies, while others died in various states of agony, and all there told the last suffering before their death.

I was so astonished that my body and soul were almost extinguished. Then I became like a madman and said, “I'm sorry. I'm sorry,” as I walked over the corpses, hopping and jumping over them in search of my child. I decided to go to the department first, but the College was

nowhere to be seen. I remembered that the mountain behind the school was a rocky hill and started to climb up the rocky hill. From somewhere, I suddenly heard the sound of chickens. It was very creepy. I wondered how the chickens could be alive when even the people were dead.

When I climbed up near the main gate of the College, only the cobblestones were left in their original state, but the wooden buildings of the College were reduced to a wilderness, with not a single roof tile left standing, so was the affiliated hospital which was left with its framework, not a single window glasses survived but all shattered. Two large concrete chimneys, one of which was bent in the shape of a Japanese alphabet, “*Ku*”. Someone had kindly placed straw mats over the corpses, but there were few and a lot of corpses, and the feet of small children, here are feet in “*tabi*” socks, feet in gaiters, women's feet, men's feet, and hands sticking out in all directions. I don't even know what to call it, the living hell of this world.

I met a man who seemed to be a soldier, who said: “I have never seen so many dead people on a real battlefield. You are lucky that you did not turn up yesterday. Until yesterday, most of them were in sheer agony, squirming and pulling on our trousers from both sides, saying “give me water, give me water”. So I could not get through. What a terrible state of sight! “He said. I can still hear his painful voice in the depths of my ears. I thought that in a few hours we too might have to die like this, and felt as if I was in a dream, but I started climbing again with the sole hope of seeing Katsuyuki. A little further on, I met a middle-aged lady who appeared to be a mother. She was accompanied by another, who was searching for her child by turning each corpse sideways and upside down while ripping out the straw mats. A little before the gate, I met a man who appeared to be a student in a gaiter with a student hat. “Do you know Katsuyuki Haramaki?” I asked him, and he replied: “Haramaki is alive, I don't know the extent of his injuries, but I believe he is being held in the basement of the Ophthalmology.” How glad I was and murmured “He is alive, he is alive. . . “ but the words “He is wounded” were on my mind. “Thank you very much,” I said to him.

There were several injured people around with bandages on their heads and hands; some were perched on stones, while others were walking with a bamboo cane, limping dangerously. I met people in fire brigade uniforms carrying stretchers through the streets, but they were all in low spirits, and everyone looked exhausted and weak, and on top of that, they were all very dirty. A young student with a bandage on his head and a scratch on his cheek, holding a list of survivors, showed us the Ophthalmology building where Katsuyuki was accommodated. Mrs. Itoyama was very happy because Itoyama-san was also mentioned among the survivors.

We made our way through the heaps of broken pieces of wood to the Ophthalmology Department, where we were told to go. Mrs. Itoyama went to look for her son in the mountains above, but after a while, told us tearfully that “Hayato had collapsed and died on top of the mountain. A little dog was playing on top of his corpse,” and I couldn't even say a word of

consolation. A young woman was at the entrance to the Ophthalmology Department's basement, and when I said "Haramaki..." she said "Oh!" in surprise and immediately took me inside. It was midday, but it was pitch black, and from the darkness, I couldn't see anything. Someone shouted, Oh, this way, this way! When I looked closely, I saw two people lying side by side, and one on the opposite side was waving at me.

"Ah, it's Katsuyuki," we ran up to him.

"Oh, Katsuyuki!" "Oh, Mother," "Kiyoshi, you are also here." Tears flowed down my face, and I couldn't even say where to start. When I looked closely with my eyes, which had started to get used to the darkness, I saw that they had put him in beautiful, lacy curtains and placed a white blanket underneath. I was so grateful for such a precious item that I was moved to tears.

The basement was just a name, and it was under the floor of the Ophthalmology Department with soil and bumps. He rolled up his school uniform and used it as a pillow. Katsuyuki was breathing painfully, but he introduced someone beside him. The one sleeping there was a classmate, and the young woman was his wife. "She kindly took care of me till now. There are three or four more classmates, and she also kindly nursed them well." When I thanked her politely, she bowed her head quietly, but in the dimly lit basement, she looked like a black sculpture. Blood oozed from the dressing on his head, and he appeared to be in agony. The most energetic person was a friend of his called Odachi, who was a very solid young man, and I thought he might be a monk at a temple somewhere. He was very calm and took care of everyone well.

Katsuyuki spoke in agony from his halting breathing. "The bomb fell at around 11:00 a.m. on the 9th, when the air-raid alarm was lifted and changed to alert, so classes had started. I was on watch under a big chimney. Suddenly, there was a huge flash of light. 'It's a strange light. Look out for each other.' I told others." His friend also told us that he heard Katsuyuki's voice clearly. "I thought I had lain down but lost consciousness, and after a while I came to my senses and looked to the side and saw Aoki (a classmate and a relative) lying there. I called 'Aoki, Aoki,' but there was no reply. With a sound that seemed to split the sky and earth, the fire quickly became so big that I ran to the mountain behind and spent the night on a rocky hill called Anakobo, where a great monk, Kobo-Daishi, is enshrined. Bloodied faces and faces, burnt school uniforms, some fell with a thud, schoolmates dragging exhausted friends around on their backs, some held by friends on both sides, a friend dying from exhaustion while trying to climb a mountain, it is difficult to describe the horror of that sight. Oh, my back and buttocks are in pain as if they were stung. The moment I lay down, it felt like a scorch on my back," he said. On closer inspection, the backs of the clothes are burnt and there is no cloth, and the trousers are both burnt off on the outside. His hair was also burnt and curled, as if it had been burnt by a candle flame. Katsuyuki continued to talk. "The next evening, I was rescued by a

classmate and taken here with him, but I was not able to move and slept in a dark cellar for a long, long night, waiting for the dawn. Harada died yesterday evening. He was sleeping alongside me, but he died, so he was moved there.” I looked in the direction he pointed, and saw a body covered by a red blanket.

I could see him often coming to visit our house when he was healthy, and I couldn't help but say a prayer for him. He was a good friend of Katsuyuki. Katsuyuki spoke up so far despite the pain, and became seemingly relaxed and wanted water, so Kiyoshi went to the bottom of the main gate to get water from the tap and saw gruesome corpses on the way, and told the following story. “It was a bizarre corpse. The lower half of his body is hidden between the black timber, his burnt-out hands are wide open, and his head, without a single hair, is severed from the jaw and hangs between the hands, the cut surface being pure white. I thought it was odd, so I timidly approached and took a closer look, and what I thought were his hands were his feet, and what I saw as his head were his testicles, which were swollen, as if they were about to burst. Intestine protruding outwards. The man was lying on his stomach, with his upper body pinned to the timber. To the left, about 10 m away, the hand of a corpse lying dead moved. He was lying on his back, barefoot, his upper body naked, wearing defense uniform trousers, with no burns or signs of trauma, and his skin colour was not different from that of a normal living person. Oh! I wondered if he was alive, but he's still not moving. However, his hand did move earlier.”

The midsummer sun shines glaringly. The area was covered with a thousand broken roof tiles and pieces of wood, and the bodies were piled up in heaps. Heaven and earth are quiet and still. I was terrified, blood-chilled, and both my legs began to tremble. It seemed as if the man would rise at any moment and come flying at me for help. I walked under the main gate, stepping firmly on my shaking legs, and found water mysteriously coming out of the broken tap. Not a soul to be seen in the area either. A sense of dread came over me again. The frustration of filling a water bottle for less than 30 seconds, and then running several tens meters at a stretch, with a glance to the side to see that he is still lying in the same position he was in earlier. It looks as if he is about to grab my clothes and pull them back on. I wanted to throw out my water bottle and scream with all my might. Then, fortunately, I saw a shadow of a person and finally calmed down. Sweat poured out of me. Then, I was finally able to give my older brother a drink of water.”

I didn't know how bad the damage was and came out with nothing but what I had, thinking that if I found Katsuyuki, I would take him back to Saga by hired car or train, but there was no taxi, not even something to eat or drink. I wanted to return to Saga as soon as possible to help him recover, so I said to him, “Katsuyuki-san, let's go back to Saga,” but he said, “I can't go all the way to Saga.” “Then, how about going to Yanohira?” I asked him, and he said, “I may be able to go there,” so I told Kiyoshi, who was tired, “Please go and see if your aunt's house in Yanohira is safe, and report to her about Katsuyuki,” so he went immediately. There were air-raids several

times on the way. When he reached the Prefectural Office, he could finally see the place (Yanohira is on the opposite side of Mt. Kompira, so the mountains blocked the bomb and there was little damage), and saw that the windows and walls had fallen and the house was warped and ruined, but still standing, so he was relieved. When he arrived, he told them about Katsuyuki's condition in detail, and they said they were about to pick him up.

Yesterday and again today, Uncle Isamu went out to the hypocenter, shouting with all his might, looking for Shozo-san (his uncle's only son) and Katsuyuki, but at last he could not find them, and when he came across President Tsuno'o in the mountains behind the College, he was encouraging the surviving students despite being badly injured all over his body. I was very happy when, along with Kiyoshi, Aunt Akiko, and Ichiro-san, too, came to get us upon hearing Katsuyuki was being held in the basement of the Ophthalmology Department, with important items and a stretcher loaded into a car. Today, too, the sun was already setting.

Hisano-san, who entered the College from Saga high school with my son, and others came to visit us with bandages on their heads and limbs. "Haramaki, hang in there, you can't die!" They cheered him up. Katsuyuki said thank you, but he was in pain, so they gave him an injection, but he had a convulsion. I called "Katsuyuki-san, Katsuyuki-san," but he seemed to be unconscious. This time, he was given a series of camphor shots, and he huffed and puffed and regained consciousness, so we rushed him onto a stretcher. The fever was over 40 degrees Celsius. His friend said, "These are Katsuyuki's shoes and bag." his friends brought us his belongings. It was strange that the shoes were completely discoloured and burnt, but the bag was left clean and was in the original condition. When I opened it up, I found the Buddhist scriptures, emergency supplies, school supplies, and rice that I had given him when he returned home the other day.

We received them with great gratitude, thanked them for their kindness, and parted with them, hurrying to Yanohira. On the way, I checked his temperature, which had dropped to 38 degrees Celsius. I wanted to scream several times because I was probably tired, he was so heavy, and though how heavy one person is, there was no one to take my place, so I had to be patient and finally arrived safely at night after four hours on a several-kilometer road. I immediately laid out a clean futon and rested him quietly. Katsuyuki was very happy to be allowed to sleep in the fluffy futon, having previously slept on the lumpy soil, and thanked everyone for their kindness. The grandmother of the Aoki family also came and took care of many things. He had a little dinner, but the fever was rising and getting worse every second, and I could see it was getting worse, as he couldn't stay still.

"I wish I could be your place, if I could," said I unconsciously, but Katsuyuki said, "No, the mother is still responsible for Kiyoshi and others. It would be better for me to die." He said in a nasal voice, which sounded sad. Suddenly he put his right hand in front of him and said, "My

hand still works, quick, paper and pencil,” so I was going to make him write, but Aoki's grandmother stopped him and said: “Don't write as you are in such a pain, everyone knows how you feel, so don't force yourself.” The external burns improved, but he suffered from urinary incontinence. That night, Kiyoshi and I rested beside him, but Kiyoshi snored louder than usual, probably because he was tired. Katsuyuki said that Kiyoshi snored like a B-29, for which Kiyoshi was very sorry.

The night dawned. Kiyoshi went to Saga to pick up food and medicine and to report on Katsuyuki's condition, but in his absence, Katsuyuki lost his energy and stopped talking.

I didn't know that the atomic bomb was a terrible thing, not only for burns, but also for damaging the internal organs and bones, down to the marrow. It seemed to strangle my son slowly and gradually, finally strangling him to death. The hardest thing of all was having to witness the cruelty as a parent besides him, with no way to help.

In Saga, we were fortunate as we were doctors, and we had prepared many medicines and food, and my eldest sons Yasumasa and Kiyoshi ran back, but it was a pity that they could not make it in time.

The Fukamachi family even brought out some of their treasured medicines and took good care of my son in various ways, but no matter how expensive the medicines were, they had no effect on the atomic bomb, and he finally passed away. We had no choice but to cremate him, but the crematorium was burnt to ashes, so we went to the schoolyard of a nearby primary school, where Yasumasa, I, and Kiyoshi gathered wood and repeatedly recited the prayer, tearfully setting it alight and taking a handful of bones with us back to Saga.

Indeed, as the teacher says, “In the morning you had a fair and young face, but in the evening you are white bones,” and I was forced to experience the harsh, impermanent nature of life and could only recite the Buddha's prayer.

The late Katsuyuki Haramaki was born on 3 September 1923,
graduated from Saga High School in 1943 (Third-year student at the time)

A kind child

Yosuke Mizoguchi.

I think it was in 1944, when I (his father) was resting from a cold, Tetsuro came home.

He said, “I'm back,” sat down by my bedside with a thud, and offered me about eight or ninety cigarettes, saying, “Here you are.” “I am so happy,” I said instantly, and felt my eyes burning. You can't imagine how valuable cigarettes were to smokers in those days.

Then he said, "I'm going to give half of this to Yonezawa Sensei at the Yamaguchi High School, because I'm sorry to see his little boy queuing up at the tobacco shop early on a cold winter morning."

"Bring them as you wish," I replied, and so a couple of days later, he went to Yamaguchi. This kind-hearted child will live with me forever, more than any great child I have ever known.

The late Tetsuro Mizoguchi, a graduate of Yamaguchi High School
(Second-year student at the time)

Diary

Kinichi Momosaki

9 August 1945

Mr. Fuchida visited our home in the morning.

In the afternoon, I brought the radio to the broadcasting station for inspection. Nurse Haramaki came. Early in the morning, Yoshiko went to get a ticket for Momonokawa, which she obtained.

Sumako (my eldest daughter) and four others went to Takagise.

The Police and Defence Division brought materials and chemicals.

10 August

I went to Momonokawa on the Karatsu Line train.

Arrived at Hiwatari's house at night.

Hama was already awake.

I injected her with glucose.

Recognised on commemorative "tanzaku (strip of paper with a wish)."

During the train ride, Tsunoda, a section chief of the Sanitary Section, who was headed to Hamasaki, accompanied me. Since the bombing in Nagasaki the day before (the 9th) was serious, early in the morning, three relief teams were sent from Nagasaki Prefecture at the request of the Governor of Nagasaki Prefecture. Trucks from Kashima, Shiroishi, and Takeo were sent to Nagasaki City.

11 August

Returned home early in the morning. In the car, Mr. Kakuta is present again, and told me that Nagasaki needed relief efforts again. I stopped at the Medical Association and returned home. Following that, a request for the dispatch of three relief teams came. Teams from Kanzaki,

Nishimatsuura, and Ogi are dispatched. Tomojiro's whereabouts are completely unknown, and my anxiety is becoming worse and worse. Nakanokoji Itoyama is going to Nagasaki today with his family.

12 August

Early in the morning, Yoshiko bought a ticket to Nagasaki, which they sell up to Michino'o.

I went to Nagasaki in search of Tomojiro.

While waiting at Saga Station, gunfire is heard, and the sound of bullets is close.

No train departure at 11:14 a.m. Departed after 1:00 p.m. The Saga Iron Works side of Ushizu Homa-machi was destroyed by a bomb. The train waited for safety once. The train arrived at the Nagasaki Station before 7:00 p.m. I visited Matsuo's house, Tomojiro's lodging in Katafuchi-machi, on foot. I heard that Tomojiro had not returned. Ah, I had lost my last hope.

At night, I met Matsunaga in Nogami's house and heard about the situation from other students. The devastation is unimaginable. I stayed that night at Matsuo's house.

13 August

Matsunaga is concerned about and requests that my son's classmate, Nagata, guide me to the College. While taking shelter in a roadside tunnel several times, we arrived at the ruins of the College at 1:30 p.m. There was a vastness without end, with not a single thing left.

Standing on the ruins of the Pathology Department, burning incense sticks, and picking up black and white burnt skulls with tears. Tomojiro must be among them. No trees in the vicinity. I opened my lunchbox and ate with students in the blazing sun. On the way back, I stopped at the College Hospital to ask at the headquarters about future actions. I was told that they will inform after the deaths of the missing are confirmed. I parted with the student and went alone to the Nagasaki temporary station to ask for a ticket. No ticket available. I received a certificate. After several more stops, I returned to my lodging. For the time being, I sorted out Tomojiro's belongings. Mashima's brother came to Nagasaki before me, so he will return to Saga this evening.

I visited Urakawa at night. He was safe.

14 August

I asked the ladies of the Nogami and Matsuo household to organise clothes, bedding, packing, and books, and troubled student Nagata to carry the luggage to Nagasaki station by a cart. Hand luggage was accepted as first aid materials.

Boarded the train with a heavy suitcase in hand. The train departed at around 1:00 p.m., out of Nagasaki, the last place of Tomojiro, and in memory of the College, I pressed my hands together for prayer.

Ah, Tomojiro never returned. What a lovely boy he was. A pure child who cared about his mother and his sister, innocent, clean, and without evil thoughts, a child who hates to be pedantic, a child who is too good to be true for me. Then what a lonely life I shall lead from today.

Returned home at around 6:00 p.m. As all the family gathered together, I reported the news, only to weep aloud. However, Tomojiro does not return. But Tomojiro did not die in vain. When students die in school, attending lectures, and share their destiny for a moment with their professors and colleagues, they are fulfilling their duty. My daily precept is the same as this. When I returned home, I found my house had been hit by machine-gun fire at 11:00 a.m. on the 12th, and the window glass of the three tatami mats room on the second floor was broken, one bullet fell on a roof tile, and one on the patio, where it remained as it was. Three policemen, including the head of the department, were killed in the line of duty at the Prefectural Police Headquarters, due to an attack by six B-25s.

Last poem by the late Touro Momosaki.

I searched for my child in the late summer scorched-earth with my lunchbox.

My wife, in sorrow, plucks a tangerine for the late child's friend.

Stalls selling flowers were also set up on the anniversary of the atomic bombing.

Bells of Christian, bells of Buddhist ring on the anniversary of the atomic bombing.

Offering rice with beans instead of flowers for my child's grave.

Late Tomojiro Momosaki, Born 22 July 1924, graduated from Saga High School in 1944
(Second-year student at the time)

The account of that day

Yoshio Yamada (Father)

On 8 August, the day before the bombing, he went to school in the evening as he was on duty. He told his sister, "The new bomb dropped on Hiroshima was a terrible one, and if they bombed the city, I had all my books in one place, so please take them out," as he went, but he was attacked by an atomic bomb.

In the evening of the 10th, a student informed us that Toshio had survived, but he did not

return home that day. The next day, unable to wait any longer, his sister Yuriko and I went looking for him in the direction of Anakobo and finally found him undergoing treatment at the College, where I experienced the joy of having a dead child back. According to his account, during the lecture, at the same time, there was a flash of light with a “dong” sound, the roof fell, the exit was closed, and he crawled on a beam and jumped out from a split in the roof and escaped to Anakobo. He said he was not badly injured, but he was very tired and had no appetite, and that diarrhea would not stop, so he pulled out his medical book and diagnosed himself. He was wondering about this diarrhea as a strange condition and said he would go to Kazusa, where his sister, who was married to Dr. Kurihara, was.

Fever began on the 13th, and despite blood transfusions, camphor, and other treatment, he was unable to recover and was disheartened to learn of Japan's defeat when the war was broadcast on the 15th.

At 9:35 p.m. on the 16th, his breath became heavy, and he passed away at his home at 69, Shin Nakagawa-machi, while nodding his head repeatedly to his family members who were watching over him, saying: “I can't go on any longer.” He died at the age of 22. He ascended to heaven in a thunderstorm from the garden of the Irabayashi Primary School.

On the 11th, the day after he came home, I thought he would be better soon, as he was talking and smoking with his visiting friends. Was it his fate? Ah, the living must die. I should take peace in thinking that at least his death will be a cornerstone of world peace, as it can be his long-cherished dream as a student who aspires to become a doctor.

The late Toshio Yamada (First-year student at the time)

List of deceased (Medical College)

(a) Provisional graduates

Masahiko Iwasaki, Otoy Ohtake, Kiyoshi Shibata
Shiro Suzuki, Fumihiko Terada, Yoshisaku Murakami
Chiaki Murata

(b) Fourth-year student

Kiyosumi Aikawa, Tadashi Aiba, Takeshi Aoki
Akira Imanishi, Yoshito Imamura, Tatsu Iwakiri
Toshiyuki Uehara, Masamiki Umehara, Norihisa Otsu
Kazuo Oku, Masahide Onizuka, Hiroyuki Kiyosaki
Tetsuo Kubo, Tsuneshi Koga, Su Baiyo
Tetsuro Sonoda, Dai Whiting, Makoto Taniguchi
Tatsuichi Doi, Tatsuto Tokuyama, Morio Nakao
Toshiki Nagami, Kiyotaka Niina, Kenji Nishi
Masao Nobori, Kiyomi Harada, Katsuyuki Haramaki
Kazuo Hidaka, Minoru Higo, Tatsuya Hirai
Junichi Hosaka, Mitsuji Miyagi, Seiichi Miyamoto
Mototsugu Mouri, Zhong Lin, Kyouichi Wakigawa

(c) Third-year student

Masahiro Akamatsu, Tetsuro Izumi, Susumu Usui
Michio Ohike, Yutaka Oura, Mitsuo Okuda
Michio Katayama, Kojiro Kamiki, Kaoru Takiguchi
Chen Kezhen, Osamu Noguchi, Osamu Hanada
Ichiro Furukawa, Toshio Mishima, Shizuo Yamazaki

(d) Second-year student

Muneo Araki, Kunito Igarashi, Shinsuke Ikoma
Kiyoshi Ikenishi, Hayato Itoyama, Akihiko Inagaki
Hiroshi Eguchi, Saburo Ogawa, Jiro Ohba
Hiroshi Ootou, Yuji Ohta, Koichiro Okuda
Iwao Okumura, Yoshiaki Kato, Ho Chun Yum
Tetsuro Kazahaya, Heizo Kawakami, Kenji Kibe
Kenichiro Kiriara, Michiya Kubo, Shosaku Kuroda
Jun Konishi, Yoichiro Koga, Yusuke Goto

Katsuji Sakai, Yoshimi Sakanaka, Kozo Jimura
 Kiyoshi Shirakawa, Tanehiro Shinkai, Shunkichi Suzawa
 Michiyuki Suga, Toshio Suzuki, Kihachiro Tanaka
 Junichi Tanaka, Hiroshi Taira, Ryuichiro Takagi
 Minoru Takeda, Shinjiro Tanimura, Keikichi Tsuwa
 Kanji Tobisawa, Masamichi Toyota, Toshiyuki Nakao
 Kenkichi Nakayama, Toshio Hadate, Ma Zu
 Yoshiyasu Hayashi, Koji Hiwatari, Hideaki Higashi
 Hisaichi Fukae, Iori Fujii, Jun Horike
 Ken Horibe, Hiroshi Mimura, Tetsuro Mizoguchi
 Masakatsu Minoda, Tsukasa Murada, Tomojiro Momosaki
 Yoshinobu Mori, Kaoru Moriuchi, Kuniyasa Yamada
 Takio Yamada, Katsuhiko Yamamoto, Kenji Yonezawa

(e) First-year student

Kenji Aoyama, Akira Asai, Akio Asayama
 Hiroo Ito, Nobuyasu Inomata, Kazunori Ishii
 Hitoshi Ishizuka, Tadashi Ishibashi, Wakazuki Ishibashi
 Sachio Ichikawa, Taisuke Ueda, Hiroo Ueno
 Kinji Ohnishi, Toshio Ohnishi, Ken Ohara
 Noboru Katayama, Kenji Kanemiya, Tadahiro Kanayama
 Kenichi Kawaguchi, Masayuki Kawasaki, Nobuaki Kira
 Masakatsu Kiriyama, Hajime Kusano, Hirotsugu Koga
 Mitsutake Koga, Nozomu Kodama, Hideo Takazuma
 Akio Saga, Kunio Shinohara, Hidesaburo Shimada
 Ryouji Sugawara, Morio Suzuki, Tsuneo Seguchi
 Koji Takahashi, Fumisuke Takemoto, Kazuo Tateishi
 Tetsuo Taniyama, Testuo Chikaishi, Toshio Tsuruta
 Jiro Nakagawa, Hiroshi Nakase, Kazuo Nakatsukasa
 Seichi Nakamura, Eiji Nishida, Shigeru Nishitani
 Sumio Nitta, Kenichi Noguchi, Yasushi Nozu
 Yoshikiyo Hakota, Eichiro Hida, Hideo Momono
 Eichi Hirakawa, Noboru Fujita, Yuichi Fujino
 Mitsutake Furusaka, Yutaka Maebashi, Hideo Matsui
 Shigenobu Matsuura, Susumu Matsuura, Joichi Mizoguchi
 Hideo Minewaki, Nobuyoshi Miyaji, Shusaku Murada

Keitaro Momohara, Kiyotsu Yamada, Toshio Yamada
 Shigeru Yamane, Yoshio Yokoyama, Tadayuki Yoshioka
 Ryo Yoshinaga, Noboru Yonetani, Long Touji
 Masato Wada

Taiwanese students who were using a Japanese name

Year	Japanese Name	Taiwanese name
Fourth-year	Tatsuto Tokuyama	Lao Shi-da
Third-year	Tetuo Izumi	Ynag Bing-deng
Second-year	Koujiro Kamiki	Li Diao-Guang