



Entrance of the former Special Pharmaceuticals Department



Main gate of the former Special Pharmaceuticals Department building



Classroom of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department immediately after the bombing



Nagasaki University School of Pharmacy under reconstruction (1955)

3. Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals

History

The Nagasaki Medical College Special Pharmaceuticals Department has its roots in the affiliated Pharmaceuticals Department of Fifth Junior High School Medical College, which was established on 18 June 1890, by the Imperial Order No. 7. In September 1894. It was renamed the Fifth Junior High School Medical College Department of Pharmaceuticals and again changed to Nagasaki Medical College Affiliated Special Pharmaceuticals Department when the National Nagasaki Medical College was established on 31 March 1923. The department was renamed four times before becoming the Pharmacy Department with the establishment of the new university in 1949.

On 1 April 1923, Shizuo Kato, Professor of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department, was appointed as the first Director. In April 1925, Professor Tokiji Kawakami was appointed as Director following the resignation of Professor Kato. In December 1927, Professor Kiyoshi Takabatake was appointed as the new Director following the resignation of Professor Kawakami. In April 1932, Professor Kawakami was reassigned to the post of director following the resignation of Professor Takabatake. In March 1936, Professor Kawakami was discharged, and Professor Okura was appointed as Director. In March 1939, he was replaced by Professor Kozo Ueda. In March 1942, Professor Ueda was relieved of his duties, and Professor Torasaburo Eguchi was appointed to the post of Director. On 1 April 1944, he was appointed Director of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department. On 9 August 1945, the entire school building collapsed in flames in the atomic bombing, leaving everything in ashes along with the precious sacrifices of more than 40 staff and students. In October 1945, evacuated classes began at the site of a former youth school in Tabuse-cho, Saga City. In January 1947, the school moved to the site of a former aircrew training school in Onojima-machi, Isahaya City. In March of the same year, due to the illness of Professor Eguchi, Professor Ichibangase became Acting Director of the Department. In November 1948, Tokiji Kawakami, an instructor at the Ministry of Education, was appointed as Director. On 31 May 1949, Nagasaki University School of Pharmaceutical Sciences was established. In the same month, Tokiji Kawakami was appointed as the first Director of the School. In August of the same year, Kichijiro Hirai, an instructor of the Ministry of Education, was ordered to become the administrative director. In May 1950, part of the School of Economics, Nagasaki University, Katafuchi-machi, Nagasaki, was rented to accommodate the first students of the new School, and classes were held there.

In late December of the same year, it was decided to use the former Nagasaki Normal School building in Showa-machi, Nagasaki, and repair work was begun on the east side of the main building (about 950 sq. m) With the completion of the first phase of construction at the end of

February 1951, the school was relocated from Isahaya City and in March of the same year, the last graduation ceremony of the former Special Pharmaceuticals Department was held at the school building, followed by the completion of the relocation from the School of Economics in Katafuchi-machi in April. In December 1951, construction began on the west side of the main building (about 1,088 sq. m) as the second phase and was completed in March 1952. In July of the same year, Professor Jisuke Takatori was appointed as acting Director following the retirement of Tokiji Kawakami. In July of the same year, the third phase of the construction began on the west side (about 843 sq. m) from the main entrance of the main building. In September of the same year, Professor Takatori was relieved of his duties and appointed Dean of the School. In the same month, work on the gas line (1,200 m from Sumiyoshi) was started and completed. The third phase of construction was completed in October of the same year. In September 1954, Professor Takatori's dual position was ended, and Professor Koji Yanai was appointed Dean of the School. After the transfer of an instructor of the Ministry of Education, Hirai, Junji Nishiyama, an instructor from the Ministry of Education, was appointed as the head of the administrative office. In October of the same year, work began as the fourth phase of construction on the east side of the main building (about 893 sq. m) from the main entrance, and it was completed on March 30 the following year.

General situation at the time

The Special Pharmaceuticals Department was headed by Director Torasaburo Eguchi and staffed by Professors Seiki, Tanaka, Wakabayashi, Yokoyama, Yamashita, Sugiura, and Ichibangase, Assistant Professors Kono and Akiyama, and Lecturer Oshima, of whom Professors Wakabayashi and Lecturer Oshima were on leave and Assistant Professor Kono was serving in the military. In addition, several other lecturers from the medical college and the commercial high school were working as guest speakers. The number of students registered was 201. 92 first-year students who enrolled in school in July were mobilised at the Mitsubishi Electric Works in Akunoura in Nagasaki city, while 60 second-year students were being mobilised at the Nichitsu Plant in Minamata, Ashibita County, Kumamoto Prefecture. 49 third-year students were to graduate in September, so they returned to school at the end of July to spend their days until graduation concentrating on their studies after being mobilised to Takeda Pharmaceutical Yoshitomi Plant in Yoshitomi Town, Chikujo-gun, Fukuoka Prefecture, and Tanabe Pharmaceutical Onoda Plant in Onoda, Yamaguchi Prefecture. The administrative staff included Michio Kono, Takiko Matsuo, Teruko Uchino, Atsuko Ide, Michiko Sakai, Hisako Masaki, Kyoko Nonaka, the staff Iwamoto, Yamamoto, and Yokose.

Situation at the time of the bombing

On that day, Director Eguchi, Professor Tanaka, Professor Yokoyama, Professor Ichibangase, and Assistant Professor Akiyama were on a business trip and survived the disaster. Professor Seiki, who was at the school, was injured in an air-raid shelter while instructing air-raid shelter digging, and Professor Sugiura was killed instantly in a medicinal herb garden. Professor Yamashita was exposed to the atomic bomb and died while hospitalized at the Medical College Hospital.

23 third-year students at the school died while working on the reinforcement of air-raid shelters. 9 second-year students who remained at the school because their health would not allow them to be mobilised were killed in the atomic bombing while organising the books in the library. 4 first-year students were also killed in the atomic bombing.

Administrator Kono was on leave that day and escaped the bombing. Matsuo was killed in the bombing at home. Uchino and Ide were exposed to the atomic bomb and died on campus. Sakai, Masaki, and Nonaka were in the school, but details are unknown. Staff Iwamoto, Yamamoto, and Yokose were also killed in the atomic bombing on campus. Thus, a total of 44 people were killed, including 2 professors, 36 students, and 6 administrative staff, while the school buildings, books, and equipment were all reduced to ashes.

Before and after the atomic bombing

Chronicles up to the atomic bombing

Tsuneo Akiyama

It has been ten years since 9 August, the fateful day that no one could have dreamt of, but fortunately, I have some brief notes from that time at hand, so I will try to trace the records of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department. On 24 March 1945, at 1:00 p.m., there was a meeting to determine the first-year students' passing the examination. 4 students were determined to pass. At around 5:30 p.m., Professor Kinji Tanaka, who was in Tokyo as a wartime researcher at the Tokyo Otuo Research Institute, suddenly arrived at the school, and we heard about the air-raids and food situation in Tokyo. (Professor Tanaka died suddenly on 3 September in the chaos right after the end of the war in Tokyo, so this became his last day at the school.)

On 27 March, 50 first-year students assemble at the Ohashi train station at 9:00 a.m. I joined a tour of the Urakami water supply system together with Sugiura and Soejima. At 11:00 a.m., an alarm was issued and the tour was cancelled, and together with the students, we rushed back to the College. On the way back, there was an attack by the enemy airplanes. On 10 April, at

9:00 a.m., Assistant Professor Soejima gave a farewell speech to the students in the second-year classroom. He will be enrolling in the Department of Chemistry of Hiroshima Literature and Science College. As Director Eguchi was away as he went back to Saga Prefecture, Professor Seiki introduced him. The third-year students were not present as they were being mobilised for the factory, and with the 50-odd second-year students in attendance, he made a lonely farewell address to the students.

On 9 May, a meeting of instructors was held in the afternoon to discuss various matters concerning the commissioning of research personnel to secure domestic pharmaceutical resources at the request of the military. (On 8 August, the first meeting was held in Fukuoka City by order of the Western Army on this matter. To attend the meeting, Director Eguchi, Professor Ichibangase, and others were absent from the school on 9 August and were spared the disaster of the atomic bombing.

On 25 May, Professor Sugiura travelled to Onoda City today to supervise the third-year students mobilised at the Tanabe Pharmaceutical Onoda Factory. Half of the students are also mobilised to Takeda Pharmaceutical's Yoshitomi Plant.

On 7 June, I took the 9:30 a.m. train from Nagasaki Station to Onoda to change shifts with Professor Sugiura. At the station, I met former fellow student Masahiro Honda (he was now working at the National Saga Sanatorium) and accompanied him to Nakahara. Although it started to rain in the Tosu area, by the time I arrived in Onoda, it stopped. On 8 June, I arrived at work from the dormitory at 8:00 a.m. and met Mr. Ito of the factory to discuss the termination of the mobilisation of students. Later that day, I visited to monitor the phenol synthesis plant where the students are working.

On 14 June, a B-29 attacked the factory before dawn. Although I had a consultation with the factory about the date and time of the leaving ceremony with Mr. Ito, he insisted on the 21st. After consulting with the group leader, Mr. Tasaki, I sent a telegram to Mr. Eguchi, the director of the department, asking him if he or the student council could come.

On 18 June, Mr. Soejima visited my lodging early in the morning, and together we went to the factory and finished our breakfast. A short time later, Director Eguchi also arrived. He arrived last night and stayed at Sakurai Ryokan (inn). In the afternoon, after discussions with the factory, it was decided that the leaving ceremony would be held on the 20th.

After we had dinner at Sakurai Ryokan, all students gathered to discuss employment opportunities after graduation in September. On 20 June, 11:00 a.m., a leaving ceremony was held in the factory canteen. I made a speech on behalf of the school. After the ceremony, all the students dispersed to this location. I returned by the train from Onoda Station, leaving at 6:50 a.m. On the way, I changed the train at Moji, passed through Hakata at midnight, and saw the area near the station on fire because of the air-raid. On 27 June, as air-raids on various cities indicated that an

attack on our area was inevitable, all the students were mobilised to prepare for the evacuation of some of the school's books, equipment, etc. We used the ceiling of the school building as materials for packing and made 14 packages. On 1 July, there is an entrance ceremony for new students. After the ceremony, a formation ceremony for the student corps was held on the Sports Field in light rain. The ceremony is cancelled due to an air-raid warning, and after it is lifted at 11:00 a.m., a formation ceremony is held under President Tsuno'o.

On 11, 12, and 13 July, second-year students were directed to a storage shed in the herb garden to disperse and evacuate all books, chemicals, glassware, etc., except those in constant use on campus.

On 1 August, an air-raid alarm was issued at around 11:00 a.m., and everyone took shelter in a side-hole air-raid shelter. About 30 minutes later, enemy airplanes attacked. The sound of explosions and machine-gun fire was heard close at hand, and the lights in the shelter went out. Several bombs were dropped on the Obstetrics and Gynaecology Department of the affiliated hospital, making a large hole, killing two second-year students from the Special Medical Vocational Department and a third-year medical student.

On 7 August, I travelled to Minamata to replace Professor Yokoyama, who was supervising second-year students mobilised to the Japan Nitrogen Minamata Plant. Air-raids on Nagasaki began constantly around this time. I left Nagasaki Station on the 5:20 p.m. train. I met Director Eguchi on the train when it passed near the Tosu area. On 8 August, due to several enemy aircraft attacks on the train, the train stopped at Kumamoto, Hinagu, Tanoura, etc., and arrived at Minamata at 3:00 p.m., a 12-hour delay, while the train was supposed to arrive at 3:00 a.m.

I went to the Nitrogen Plant to meet Professor Yokoyama, made contact, and finished handing over administrative issues, etc. The plant also stopped its operation due to air-raids in late July, and on the 7th, the previous day, the Showa Dormitory, where the students are staying, was completely destroyed by air-raids on the 7th, leaving only a small portion of its buildings. The students are currently in the process of digging out their belongings, so from today, their lodging will be moved to the Shonan Kan in Yunoko Onsen. At 6:00 p.m., we arrived and rested at the accommodation in Yunoko Onsen, about 4 km from Minamata City. This is a small, relaxed hot spring town near the coast, considering the air-raids, where the islands of Amakusa can be seen very close at hand.

On 9 August, at 8:00 a.m. I got on a truck with students, separating them into several groups to their dormitory destroyed by air-raids the day before yesterday, and began digging work. At 9:30 a.m., due to an alarm, work was halted, and we were dispersed to shelters near the coast for evacuation.

At 12:30 p.m., the alarm was lifted, and some students reported seeing a huge mushroom-shaped cloud of smoke in the direction of Nagasaki at around 11:00 a.m. In the afternoon, I

contacted the factory headquarters and found out that a new type of bomb had fallen on Nagasaki. The students were worried about the safety of their families and lodgings. On 10 August, all students went to the factory by truck, but an alarm was issued at 9:00 a.m., so the work was stopped in the morning. In the afternoon, incendiary bombs fell on the factory, so all students were mobilised to extinguish the fire. After dinner, we learnt from the radio news in our accommodation that Japan and the Soviet Union had entered a state of war. On 11 August, from today, I am stationed at the factory headquarters. At 9:30 a.m., we took refuge in the shelter. Inside, I was surprised at the excellent facilities, including telephone communication with the watchtower on the mountain and broadcasting within the shelter. Professor Yokoyama, who was due to return to the College yesterday, returned by the train departing this evening. On 13 August, due to several air-raids, the factory was unable to operate, and it was decided to send the mobilised students home temporarily. On 14 August, after going to the factory in the morning and consulting with them, it was decided that we would depart tomorrow evening. As the Kyushu Main Train Line was closed in many places due to the air-raids, the plan was to take the factory's steamer to Tanoura and use a train from Tanoura. In the evening, Mr. Misawa, who took good care of the students from the factory side, also arrived, and a farewell party was held. Alcohol raised the spirits of the students. On 15 August, together with the students' representative, I visited the factory to say goodbye to the factory manager and deputy manager. After 11:00 a.m., the radio announces several times that a major announcement is to be made. At noon, after the broadcast of the national anthem "Kimigayo", we heard the imperial rescript in the emperor's voice. All listened solemnly without hats under the blazing sun. We could not hear it very well, but after a while we found out that the war was over. In the afternoon, we returned to their lodging in Yunoko and asked the lodgings master for lunch boxes for the return journey, but he did not agree, so I dispatched Sakamoto to the factory and also requested that the ship scheduled to embark for Tanoura be extended to Shimabara.

Sakamoto returns to the lodging at 5:00 p.m., which made me relieved that all was going well. At 7:00 p.m., 39 students boarded the Minamata Maru No. 2 and left Yunoko in the dusk, except for Fukui, who was returning to Kagoshima. Windless, waves calm, port call at Misumi at about 10:00 a.m., while seeing fire in the dotted firelight in the town of Misumi. On 16 August, we changed the plan and headed for Omuta. We arrived at the port around midnight and temporarily stayed overnight outside the port. Waiting for daybreak, the ship made a port call, and 18 people (students from Saga and the Fukuoka area) disembarked, except for Itoyama. We parted while singing the College song loudly. We arrived at Yue at 7:30 a.m., thanked the captain for his help since the night before, and disembarked. Here, the damage caused by the atomic bomb in Nagasaki is finally revealed, and we learned that the area around the Medical College seems to be the center of the damage. At 11:00 a.m., we boarded the Shimabara Line train from Fukae

Station. At Isahaya Station, I happened to meet Professor Sugiura's wife, who told me about the damage to the Pharmacy Department and about Sugiura's exposure to the atomic bomb, and I knew of no way to comfort her. I was also informed that Dr. Seiki was in the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals' tunnel shelter and had a narrow escape from death. I arrived at Michino'o at 2:00 p.m. and saw the surrounding mountains and trees turning brown and green. The power of the atomic bomb from the vicinity of the Mitsubishi weapon was striking. The whole area around the College was burnt to the ground, and the huge chimney of the Medical College Hospital was bent, making the situation extremely miserable. After passing the platform-only Urakami Station, the train arrived at Nagasaki Station, which had been destroyed by fire. Compared to the time of departure, Nagasaki has changed so much that I felt depressed. They were transcribed from a memo I found. A few days after returning to Nagasaki, I went to the Medical College headquarters to attend to the bereaved family members of the students who had arrived from all over the country, but I couldn't tell you how many times I turned my face away from the families not to see their grief. The bodies of several Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals students who had been temporarily buried by Seiki sensei, Tomita and others were carried by Ito, Tasaki (currently living in Nagasaki) and others to the vicinity of the tunnel shelter, and since nothing was as it should be at the time, they were placed on a burnt-out iron bed and burnt while praying for their repose, but I remember that their abdomen did not burn easily. It took all day to collect the ashes, but of course, there were no urns, and after hearing the names of the students, they were placed in oil cans, buried with a wooden plaque, and we could not even offer a field flower in a burnt field.

From around 20 August, the Medical College headquarters rented part of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry in Sakura-machi and took the first steps towards reconstruction. At the end of August, I went up to Unzen on foot from Aino with Tomita, Ikeda, Kikuno from the pharmacy, three students from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, and others, in order to get medicines and medical supplies from the Naval Hospital stored in Unzen. We took lodgings at the Miyazaki Ryokan (inn) and borrowed a wheeled cart from the Ryokan to collect ex-naval hospital medicines and other supplies, which had been dispersed to several hotels in Unzen, at the dormitory of the Mitsubishi Shipyard, located near the Ariake Hotel. The work was completed in just over two weeks, and the supplies were transported to Nagasaki in several trucks. The medicines and medical supplies were of great use in the reopening of the Medical College Hospital after the atomic bombing. In September, students living in Nagasaki began to gather together one by one, so we started to transport books such as Bilestein, which had survived the fire, to the basement of the former chemical storeroom in the burnt ruins of the Medical College but as the College campus was filled with the remains of burnt buildings and trees, we could not bring in the vehicle into school yard and had a hard time to bring them out.

At the same time, the chemistry-related reference materials, such as *Berichte* magazines, which had been left in the basement of the biochemistry laboratory as it was and scattered about, were also taken out together. Of course, these books belonged to the Chemistry Department of the Medical College, but if we had not transported them and left them as they were, they would probably have been scattered without being able to use any of them. When we entered the basement, we found many books had been trampled underfoot, and we couldn't bear to look at them, so we carried them out. At the end of September, the graduation ceremony for the class of 1945 took place in a room of the Shinkouzen Primary School but half of the graduates, 23 of them, became victims of the atomic bombing, and only about 20 people were able to attend the ceremony, so it was a sad and lonely graduation ceremony, although such a graduation ceremony will never happen again. I would like to add that special awards were given to Tsuneo Tomita, who remained in the tunnel shelter with Dr. Seiki and took good care of his alumni friends until the end of their lives, who were eventually killed by the atomic bombing.

I have written the above in a rambling way, but my memory may have faded, and there may be some errors in the timeline.

(National Hyogo Sanatorium)

Unforgettable things

Torasaburo Eguchi

Today, I received a letter from Dean Yanai of the School of Pharmaceutical Sciences, Nagasaki University. I immediately opened the letter and found that 9 August marks the 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki. Therefore, it was decided to compile a record as part of the 10th anniversary commemoration of the atomic bombing, and they asked me to write about the historical facts of the time of the bombing. As I was the Director of Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals at the time, I believe that they made this request to me, and I consider it my duty to respond to their request. However, I was away on official business at the time of the atomic bombing (as I will explain later) and returned to Nagasaki at 2:00 a.m. on the 12th, so I was not able to learn about the situation at the time of the atomic bombing or immediately afterwards. I was not present for the farewells of my dear students, and this is still a cause of regret for me today, ten years later.

Therefore, I would like to describe the situation of the school and my actions before and after based on what I heard and saw after I returned to Nagasaki on the 12th. The inexpressible memory of that horrific hellscape is still fresh in my mind and will grieve me for the rest of my life. The China Incident, which broke out in July 1937, led to World War II on 8 August 1941, with Japan

entering the war against the United States and Britain, and the war situation became more intense by the day. Students and pupils (excluding medical students) were also to play a part in the national defence of the country and were deployed to various factories in the name of student mobilization, but the war was becoming more and more against us by the day, and enemy aircraft were coming in more and more frequently. Almost all of the country's major cities were on the verge of ruin, and by the beginning of 1945, sadly, our country's defeat became more and more imminent. At that time, I was the Director of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals under Medical College President Tsuno'o, with Professors Seiki, Yokoyama, Ichibangase, and Sugiura, and Associate Professors Kono and Akiyama. There were also guest lecturers from the departments of Pathology, Anatomy, Physiology, Bacteriology, Hygiene of the Medical College, as well as an ethics teacher from the Commercial High School. The first-year students were mobilised to the Mitsubishi Electric Works in Akunoura, Nagasaki. The second-year students were mobilised to the Nichitsu Plant in Minamata, Ashikita County, Kumamoto Prefecture. The third-year students were divided into two groups, half of whom were mobilised at Takeda Pharmaceutical's Yoshitomi plant in Yoshitomi-machi, Chikujō-county, Fukuoka Prefecture, and the other half at Tanabe Pharmaceutical's Onoda plant in Onoda, Yamaguchi Prefecture, but as the graduation was scheduled in September, they returned to the school in the end of July and concentrated on the wrap up of their studies for few weeks before the graduation. My heart breaks for these third-year students. They could not concentrate on their studies during the two and a half years they spent at the school, which was in the middle of an intensifying war situation, and they had to be mobilised to work in the factories, where they had to suffer as hard as the factory workers.

Even so, those who were just about to graduate and were busy sorting out their notebooks and other things back in their happy learning place had probably a happy memory of the hardships that had passed. Even though their student life was short, they must have had dreams after graduation. Who could have imagined that after a few weeks, they would have to face a life-threatening situation? Tears flowed down my face without stopping. The attacks by the enemy airplanes became more and more frequent, and Nagasaki was hit by dozens of bombs by B-29 on 1 August. Several 250 kg bombs fell on the College Hospital at this time, killing four or five medical students. Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals has been digging an air-raid shelter facing the center of the mountain, with entrances at the narrow shooting range target in the opposite side of the entrance and to the right of it, but as the bomb attack made us more anxious and asking some experts, we were told that our bunkers were inadequate even for a 250 kg bomb, so the third-year students at the school were ordered to dig the air-raid shelters with day-and-night, starting with the most urgent areas.

At the time, I was assigned as a military researcher together with Professors Ichibangase and

Yokoyama. I was notified that the first meeting would be held on 8 August at the Western Military District Headquarters in Fukuoka, and as it was to be the first meeting, I decided to attend together with the above two professors.

Professor Ichibangase was at the school, so I informed him about it and also informed Professor Yokoyama, who was accompanying the second-year students to the Nichitsu Plant in Minamata, by telegram, and as it was the time of replacement, I decided to have Assistant Professor Akiyama go to the plant.

I asked both Professors Seiki and Sugiura to take care of school duties while I was away, as well as digging air-raid shelters, and left Nagasaki for Fukuoka on the 6th. On the 8th at 8:00 a.m., I immediately met Professor Ichibangase at the Western Military District Headquarters, but Professor Yokoyama finally did not attend. We imagined that something had gone wrong that prevented him from coming. The meeting on the same day was not only about research matters, but also about mobilising students. The military asked us if they could direct students to salt production due to the great shortage of salt, and we accepted their request, as at that time we heard a rumour that Mr. Kusaba (a graduate of 1931) from Karatsu had started a salt manufacturing business. If so, we wanted to send students to his factory in Karatsu, and I have obtained the army's approval on this matter. I remember that the meeting on the same day was continued until around 7:00 p.m. I left Fukuoka immediately after the meeting, went back to my house in Mitagawa, and stayed at my father's for one night.

On the following day, the 9th, we needed to know quickly about the situation at Kusaba's place with regard to the mobilisation of the students to the salt factory, which we discussed at yesterday's meeting. I decided to go to the Saga Prefectural Office to check it out. It was probably around 10:20 a.m. when I was about to put on my shoes.

At that time, small enemy aircraft often came out unexpectedly and shot at trains, so it was not safe to go to Saga by train. Just as I was putting on my shoes, the radio started loudly, and I heard it say, "in Nagasaki," so I stopped and listened. The citizens of Nagasaki were told to evacuate quickly, and those in the vicinity of Nagasaki were also told to evacuate repeatedly, with a great sense of urgency. When I heard this, I suddenly thought that Nagasaki was now under naval fire. However, the radio reported that the enemy was now attacking Nagasaki with an atomic bomb, followed by a call for the citizens of Nagasaki to quickly prevent fire. A few days earlier, on 6 August, Hiroshima was destroyed by an atomic bomb, but at the time, the military and the government did not announce what an atomic bomb was; they seemed to be busy hiding it from the public. The devastation of Hiroshima was not made public at all. The enemy dropped a new type of bomb on Hiroshima, but we needn't be afraid. If you dig a shelter, get in it and cover yourself with a damp cloth or a towel; it will be OK. This is what I remember the authorities said in the newspapers at the time. Therefore, we didn't know what an atomic bomb was at the time,

and believed that since the radio station had warned us about it, the citizens of Nagasaki must have completely evacuated this time. I firmly believed that the students, my eldest son, Hiroshi (in his second year of Medical College), and four members of my younger sisters and their children (of whom the eldest son, Kazuma, was in his second year of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals) must be safe. Wherever I went, when the radio announced that an air-raid warning had been issued in Nagasaki, I used to rush back from worrying, but this time, as the radio station's words "Nagasaki citizens must evacuate quickly" sounded different and stronger than usual, so I assumed that everyone had been evacuated completely and did not return to Nagasaki immediately as I had business at the Saga Prefectural Government Office.

The next day, on the 10th, they did not sell the train ticket, so I obtained a ticket to Michino'o on the 11th and took the train to Nagasaki a little after 5:00 p.m. According to the timetable, it was supposed to leave at 5:00 p.m., but Tosu Station was bombed on the 10th, the day before, and trains had to turn back from Nakahara Station on that day, so the timetable was delayed, and I remember that the train departed after 7:00 p.m., about two hours late. On the way, the train was delayed again, but as a man boarded the train at Yue Station and sat down next to me, I immediately asked him about the situation in Nagasaki. He said that he has not gone to Nagasaki yet, but the Urakami area was said to be in an unspeakable state of destruction, with nothing to be found there. I had an icy shiver all over my body when I was told that all the people who had been there were dead. I had been convinced that everything was fine, but this one word plunged me into the abyss in an instant. I arrived at Isahaya Station, lost in thought, wondering whether the school had been wiped out, whether all the teachers and students were gone, etc. Here, a woman boarded and sat down next to me, so I immediately asked her about it, and she told me that she was from Takenokubo and was lucky enough to be in an air-raid shelter that was being dug when the atomic bombs exploded. However, when she saw a flash of light and heard a deafening noise, she thought a bomb had fallen around the entrance of the shelter, so she went to the entrance, but there was no sign of it, and she could not see as it was black. Soon after, fire broke out all over the Urakami area, and she had to flee from place to place, but at that time, she really thought that hell had come. Upon hearing this, I thought that everything was ruined. The College must have been burned, too. I was sadly forced to believe that the teacher, the students, Hiroshi, my sister, and her family were all dead. It must have been around 1:00 a.m. when I arrived at Michino'o. I tried to get my bag from the overhead rack to get into the car, but it was not there (the lights were off and it was dark inside the car), so I borrowed a lamp from the station staff to look for it, but finally I could not find it. I always had this bag with me as it contained all the necessary documents that should not be lost in a fire. The incident made me feel further disappointed and, not to bring good luck, even more gloomy. There was nothing I could do, so I left Michino'o Station at around 1:30 a.m. and

headed for Nagasaki slowly. Looking towards Nagasaki, it appears that the city is still burning here and there. Evacuees come from the Nagasaki area in groups, carrying nightclothes and other items on carts. When I got to the Nishi-Urakami area, the remains of the bombing are still visible: no houses, debris strewn along the road, fallen telephone poles, burnt ruins of houses, and blue fire spewing out of the debris accumulation can be seen here and there. The smell of burning people comes to the nose. There are still burning places in the direction of Shiroyama. I crossed over the Ohashi bridge. I came to Matsuyama Street, where I used to live. Of course, the whole area is a burnt field, with blue fires popping up here and there. I feel as if my sister and her family (they also live with me) are being burned in those fires, so I pressed my hands to pray. I was planning to go from Matsuyama Street towards the church in Urakami to reach the College, but the situation was not that easy, and there were no roads. When I reached the Shimono-kawa bridge, four or five people were talking, so I asked for a fire to light a cigarette and listened for a while to what had happened at the time of the explosion. On the 8th, just before 11:00 a.m., the air-raid warning had been lifted, and the alert was in force; and those who had taken shelter in air-raid shelters were just about to go outside. However, there was the sound of a few planes buzzing in the sky. Not only the radio broadcasts I heard in Saga, but also the fact that the air-raid warning was lifted and the civilians were out of their dugouts, and it was soon after they had wiped the sweat off their faces, when a flash of yellowish-purple light came, and in no time at all, all the houses were crushed and the area of destruction stretched almost from near Michino'o in the north to near Nagasaki Station in the south. The houses that were knocked down soon caught fire and turned into a sea of flames. Many people were exposed to the high heat of the explosion, which reached several thousand degrees Celsius, and died instantly. They said that there was no other way to describe it than to say that it was a living hell, with dead and half-dead people crawling to the riverside in search of water and begging for help from everywhere. These people told me that there is a soup kitchen at the hospital. So, I decided to go to the hospital and went to the Hamaguchi stop, where I saw four or five people carrying stretchers and talking. As I went there, they asked, "Where are you going?" to which I replied that I was going to the hospital. One of them said that these people were from Shimabara and that their child was injured, was reported to be lying around the back gate of the hospital and asked me if I could take these people to the location. I said that I could accompany them and headed to the hospital. I went to the hospital in the dark, but did not stumble over anything on the cobblestone path up to the hospital, and arrived at the entrance. (When I went down from the hospital to wash my face that morning, I was surprised to find five or six human corpses and one large horse corpse lying on the pavement.) I woke up to find some students sleeping on a bed of grass mat in front of the entrance, but it turned out to be soldiers from Kurume, who had come for aid. I had to take the Shimabara people to the back gate first, so I asked the soldiers if I could go to the back gate, and they said that they had

cleared the way and that I could go, so I suddenly thought it must be the path under the cliff that used to be a passageway and led the way in that direction, but it was not a passable path. It was not passable at all, with debris scattered about, telephone poles and wires are convoluted, and there was an awful smell of decaying animals, so, feeling very sorry for the people of Shimabara, I somehow made it to the Ophthalmology Department office and finally got to the back gate. Moaning is heard in the neighbourhood. We called for the name of the child whom the people of Shimabara were looking for, but there was no answer. After calling several times, a woman's voice said, "There is a College student who died in the air-raid shelter right there, and there are people there, so go there and ask them." It was pitch-dark, and I didn't know where I was, so I decided to wait for daybreak and lie down on the ground to rest for a while. It was probably around 2:30 a.m. I think I fell asleep. The sky in the east seemed to lighten a little, and then I heard the voice of what sounded like a student talking. I immediately got up and went towards the voice and found it was indeed a student from the College. So, I asked him if he knew how Hiroshi Eguchi, a second-year student, was doing, but he said he didn't know and that several students were lying here, so come and see. The place he took me was the basement of the Ophthalmology Department. A couple of dozen students were accommodated here, but I think some had already passed away. Severely wounded, moaning in agony. They were not distinguishable. I lit a candle and examined them one by one, but there was no Hiroshi. Unexpectedly, Associate Professor (now Professor) Sato of Anatomy was present. I immediately asked him about Hiroshi, and he said, "Eguchi is safe and sound, he's around the entrance." I don't know how much his words have pleased and cheered me up. As far as Hiroshi is concerned, I felt completely at ease, so I waited for dawn to break and decided to go to the entrance, talked to Dr. Sato for a while, and went to the entrance when it became brighter. Here I again unexpectedly met Matsunaga. After graduating from the School of Pharmacy in 1940, he continued his studies in the Medical College, became a military doctor after graduation, and served in Kurume, where he is now leading soldiers in relief work. He said to me immediately, "You are worried about him, doctor." I felt as if I had been hit by an electric shock and asked why, as Mr. Sato had just told me that Eguchi was safe and sound around the entrance, and I thought he was looking after the wounded. I said, "I'm looking for him," to which Matsunaga replied, "Unfortunately." I followed him, asking him to take me to wherever he was, which was in the basement of the Kohoku Ward. Two or three dozen wounded were accommodated here as well. Some of them had already died. Others had burns all over their bodies, so they were indistinguishable, others were sprawled out in agony, screaming half-crazed, and it was like a hell of agonizing cries of pain. Hiroshi was laid here, and from what I could see, there wasn't a scratch on him, and I was relieved to know that he would be okay. Then I thought it was unusual because he seemed to have difficulty standing, even for going to the bathroom, and I had to

support him and take him with me, but his whole body was shaking. I was worried in my heart that this might be serious. I wanted to ask him about the situation of the College immediately after the bombing, but I did not, because I wanted to wait until Hiroshi had recovered. Hiroshi just told me, "Hey, Dad, it just came without a second." Mano from the hospital pharmacy was also lying here. There was also a student by my side with severe burns all over his body, and I couldn't tell who he was. When he heard me talking to Hiroshi, this wounded man said to me: "Aren't you Dr. Eguchi?" I suddenly realized by his voice and said, "You're Noguchi, aren't you?" Then, I could not stop crying. He graduated from the Special Pharmaceuticals Department, continued his studies at the Medical College, and was in the third year. I will never forget the last words he said to me. "*Sensei*, I will not die, I will not die without striking my enemy," he exclaimed. I also encouraged him, wishing him a speedy recovery and saying, "Yes, cheer up," but I think he soon became a victim of the atomic bomb. A student from Hiroshi's class was sleeping right next to Hiroshi. He called out to Hiroshi, "Eguchi, Eguchi," but failed to give his name. What was Hiroshi's state of mind amid this scene? The thought of it is unbearable for me.

Would he not have been saddened by the transience of the same fate that would soon befall him? I had to report my return to the College to the President. The President was lying wounded in the air-raid shelter on the side of the surgical ward, with his face, hands, and feet covered with bandages stained with a little blood, but he did not appear to be badly injured. When I told him I was sorry for being late to return to school, not knowing about the situation, he told me about the horror of the atomic bombing and said, "The school is completely gone. Let's try to find a temporary school building as soon as possible and resume classes. As for you, your Hiroshi has been injured, so you should take good care of him." I said to him, "Please cheer up and get better as soon as possible," and I left, but this was the last goodbye with the President.

The President was moved to a shrine in Michino'o in the evening of the same day by a military bus. These are the accounts concerning the President, while all the students who were in the Basic Science Department became victims along with the destruction of the school. Dr. Koyano was in charge on behalf of the President, but the situation was completely out of control due to the unexpected events. On the 13th, Hiroshi was moved from the basement of the Kohoku Ward to the basement of the Pediatric Ward. His condition deteriorated rapidly, and he developed a high fever followed by severe diarrhea. He finally passed away at 9:50 p.m. on the 14th, saying, "I'm sorry I've worried you so much, father." I was stunned as I lost my eldest son, whom I had relied on as my walking stick and my pillar, in a sudden and unexpected death, and I spent the night clinging to and embracing the corpse of my child, as if my soul had been drained from me. On the morning of the 15th, Dr. Kaieda and his son helped me with the cremation of my son, and I returned home with his ashes. When Hiroshi's remains suddenly returned, his grandfather, wife, children, and others were so shocked that his grandfather fainted.

After laying Hiroshi's remains to rest, and after a few days of nourishing my exhausted body, I returned to Nagasaki, where I heard that President Tsuno'o had passed away. When I returned to school previously on the morning of the 12th, Professor Sugiura, whom I had asked to take care of the school during my absence, appeared to have been killed in the explosion, and Professor Seiki seemed to have been wounded and left Nagasaki. None of those accommodated in the hospital were students from Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, and I couldn't get in touch with the teachers, while Hiroshi's life was coming to an end, so I was not able to grasp the situation of Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals despite of my anxiety. According to the information I gathered after I returned to Nagasaki this time, the third-year students were also digging air-raid shelters under the supervision of Professors Seiki and Sugiura on 9 August, following my instruction from a few days earlier. Due to the number of people, they were divided into two groups, and their working time was set, with one group digging while the second group took a break.

The atomic bomb exploded at exactly 11:02 a.m., and those who were outside resting at the time unfortunately received a direct hit from the bomb and were either killed instantly or mortally wounded and all of them soon lost their lives. Those who were inside the shelters and working were fortunate to escape. Professor Seiki was also working in the bunker and sustained only minor injuries. Those who unfortunately lost their young lives were 23 third-year students who were soon to graduate, and four or five second-year students who, due to illness or weakness, were not mobilised to work at the factory but stayed at school to help with research. I am truly heartbroken when I think of them. These cherry blossoms are still in bud, and they would have dreamt of the day when they would have completed their studies, and would have drawn their respective ideals in their hearts before flying heroically into society. I also had the privilege of entrusting the beloved sons of families, and coincidentally, a master-disciple love relationship was formed, and although with my poor ability, we shared our daily life as if they were my children, hoping and expecting that they would grow up to be fine members of society.

My nephew (my younger sister's child) was also in the second year and was not mobilised to the factory due to illness, but stayed at school to help with research and died in the atomic bombing. We could not even identify this body. I called my eldest son Hiroshi and this nephew when the war was becoming more and more unfavorable, and told them that I thought that the war was going to have serious consequences and that we would lose, when the time comes, the students would be sent to the front, and if they do, they will not know whether they will live or die. I say it is for the good of the country, but you, the youth, may well die before this old man, so it is vital to be prepared to be steadfast. However, who would have imagined such a way of dying? I regret having told them such a thing. My heart breaks for the 20-odd students I love, and for Hiroshi, who must have felt nothing but regret.

As for professors, Professor Yamashita was ill and in the hospital in the Psychiatric Department, but he passed away in the patient ward. Professor Sugiura was reportedly digging an air-raid shelter with the students, but had visitors and showed them around the greenhouse. No one knows what his business was, but it seems that he had intended to open the window from outside the greenhouse and put his hand in to take something out, at which time he was exposed to the atomic bomb and died with his hand caught in the window frame. I heard that people later tried to remove his hand from the window, but they could not get it off, so he was left there to be cremated. One person who worked in the office of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals for a long time was Takiko Matsuo. On the morning of the 9th, she drove some materials for evacuation to Togitsu and was killed by the atomic bombing just before arriving at her home. Two staff members died in the office. I was so stunned that I could not believe that it was an event in this world, but only a dream. Then again, looking at it from the other side, we may have still been lucky. Under the circumstances of that day, even if we had not dug air-raid shelters, I don't think all of us would have been evacuated into the tunnel. They must all have been outside, I imagine. Also, if there had been no conference in Fukuoka, the professors' situations would have been different, and the overall damage would have been much greater. A tour of the campus revealed that there was nothing left of the buildings except a half-destroyed chemical storehouse, and the burnt remains were covered with a crystalline substance that looked like pure white snow. When I stepped in, I could hear a thud. What were they? This side of the air-raid shelter was a resting place for the students during the digging of the shelter, and sadly, also a place of death, and here they were cremated and taken back home by their parents. A small wooden grave marker was erected in the center with a small amount of earth raised. I could only offer incense and flowers and pray for the repose of their souls. The imperial rescript of the end of the war was announced at noon on the 15th. We could not remain in grief. Third-year students will graduate in September. Although the school has gone without a trace, there are still students in the first and second years. What we should do with the school was a major challenge for us. All remaining professors and associate professors gathered to discuss this issue. Some of the professors thought that the Special Pharmaceuticals Department had to be disbanded and the students would have to be split up and enrolled in other pharmacy colleges, but I disagreed with that opinion and have decided to set up temporary school buildings as soon as possible and to work towards the goal of reopening classes. The College also agreed with the policy, and an office was set up in Sakura-machi City Hall, where frequent discussions were held under the leadership of acting President Koyano. After some detours, it was 1 October of the same year when the Special Pharmaceuticals Department resumed classes in a temporary building set up in Saga.

Accounts of the atomic bombing

Experiences under the mushroom clouds

Yoshinori Seiki

The year 1945 was the fourth year since World War II began. As the war was becoming more and more serious, radio broadcasts began to share more and more anxiety by day.

This year is the year of the rooster, so on New Year's Day, I hung up Tanyu's painting of bamboo and chicken on a scroll, but looking at this Japanese antiquity, I am very worried about what will happen this year, and I have a frightening feeling about it. As the month progresses, the uncertainty only increases. Our days are dizzyingly busy, but nothing is reassuring about defence, and if things continue as they are, 100 members of the College will be waiting to be bombed to death. As a principal in charge of students and school defence, I found it an intolerable responsibility. Yes, let us determine and use our strength to build an evacuation shelter. I thought about it and proposed it to the Faculty Council, where all the professors readily agreed. But it was early February, the frost was severe, and we had a hard time digging shelters in icy puddles covered in mud.

The location was four 10 m horizontal holes from the bottom of a narrow-shooting supervisory target shelter under a small hill of pine trees next to the library, and two at right angles from its tip, also about 10 m, to pass behind the target on the archery range. Professors and students worked well together. One day, while working with the students in the mud, a telegram was delivered. It was the news of the death of my brother, who had been ill for some time. I could not stay upon hearing about the death of my brother, with whom I had shared so many years of hardship and joy. However, the thought of a day's work being delayed is difficult. It was with this feeling that I returned home and left the house as soon as the coffin was sent away. While waiting for the train, which was running late often, I saw smoke from a nearby crematorium.

By June, the bombing was getting more and more intense, but by then, the shelters were almost complete, and the President was very happy to inspect them. So, at last, the second phase of construction was confirmed.

There were three air-raids on Nagasaki: one around April, one on 31 July (on this occasion, I was saved in a shelter in Kawanami), and one on 1 August. On 1 August, considerable damage was done, with homes and hospitals bombed and students killed. I went to see the mobilized students at Mitsubishi Electric on that day, but on the way there, there were large holes in places, and the train rails around Takenokubo were bent. The bodies of women covered in dirt and

other things were brought to the hospital one after another, and students treated them one by one.

Thursday, 9 August 1945. That day, the weather was fine since morning, with thin white clouds floating in the sky, and the temperature was about 27 or 28 degrees Celsius, which was quite hot. The sound of cicadas is deafening to the old camphor trees, Japanese beech trees, and cherry trees on the College campus. At around 9:00 a.m., Professor Sugiura appeared from the tunnel of green leaves of cherry blossoms on the cobbled road leading to the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, wearing his national uniform and carrying a lunch box. Today, he is a leader of a digging assignment with the third-year students. Part of the work for three-year students was organising foreign books in the medicine cellar, another group was caring for the herb garden, and the rest of the work was all shelter digging. Professors Eguchi, Ichibangase, and Yokoyama were on a business trip to Fukuoka City for a research meeting with the military, leaving me and Mr. Sugiura at the College. The first-year students were mobilised to the Mitsubishi Electric factory, and the second-year students were mobilised to the Nippon Nitrogen Plant in Minamata and were absent.

In addition, there were only two other staff members at the school. Yamamoto and Yokose were both old men, and Matsuo, who was in charge of clerical work, had not yet arrived at work. I later heard that he had evacuated a sewing machine to Michino'o, but immediately after returning home, and was entering the house, he was exposed to the atomic bombing and died after 10 days.

At 9:00 a.m., the third-year students assembled in a two-line formation in the yard in front of the school building, and the class leader, Araki, reported to Professor Sugiura that there were 29 students, who saluted together. The professor replied by raising his short hand in a slight gesture. Next came the allocation of students: those who could not dig shelters were ordered to come forward, and six - Shigemoto, Matsumoto (Tadashi), Takeda, Iwamoto, Kawanami, and Usui came to the front, then they were assigned to sort out the books in the medicine storeroom. A small number went to the herb garden, and the rest to dig shelters.

Some of the members in groups in the library and shelter diggers survived the bombing, but in this way, the dead and the living were unwittingly separated from each other.

These scenes were visible from my laboratory. On that day, I gave a lecture in the new Auditorium from 9:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m., wearing yellow linen clothes, during the mathematics class for group 1 of the first year of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. During class, an alert went off.

My laboratory, which is 20 sq. m to the left of the entrance, was redecorated yesterday by third-year students, so it feels somehow unusually spacious. A large 100,000-volt transformer was raised on top of a high desk, and a bed was brought in. An electric stove was set up on a concrete weighing table about 1 sq. m, where I prepared lunch. It would be ready in half an hour. After completing these tasks, I decided to go out to dig a shelter, which was my biggest concern. If

possible, I wanted to dig a little with everyone else, so I took off my clothes except for a pair of underpants. I don't know what I was thinking at the time, but I went out with a first-aid kit and an iron helmet, containing medicines and a bank book, even though I was not evacuating.

In this way, as usual, I waited for my turn to dig shelters at the far end of shelter number one. There was a bench where, from left to right, Terado, Seiki, Shiina, Tomita, and Ikeda sat down and talked about a special bomb being dropped on Hiroshima, doubting the truth of the story. The digger was Kashiwa, and before that, it was Tanaka. Earlier, Kashiwa went to the water tap in front of the gun storehouse to drink water. There, Iwamoto, a firearms caretaker, was sharpening a sickle. When he saw Kashiwa, he said as a courtesy, "You are taking a tough job." This is probably the last of Iwamoto's decades of apprenticeship in the College, which has risen and fallen. On the way back to the bunker, two schoolmates, one of whom was naked above the waist, passed by Kashiwa and entered the school building through the Main Entrance, but regrettably, he could not remember the names of the two. This is because, as will be explained later, after the atomic bombing, one of them appeared in the Reception Room at the end of the corridor, and the other was found burned to death at the exit of the office.

After spending about five minutes drinking water, Kashiwa returned to the shelter naked and took over with Tanaka, who waved the hoe two or three times. Just as Tanaka finally left the shelter, I could hear the sound of the airplane buzzing in the distance become even clearer, so I stopped everyone from talking. At the same time, the sound of falling could be heard. "Everybody bend over," I ordered. All left the bench and lay down. Kashiwa and Tomita felt a strange, strong light with a yellowish colour. At that moment, a thud sound like the earth crumbling down at once echoed through the shelter. Everyone seemed to let out a strange, loud cry at once. The light bulbs in the shelter exploded, it was pitch-dark, and I banged my head hard on the boards of the shelter's lining. Dirt rains down like falling rocks, and my glasses became pitch black with mud, but strangely, they didn't blow off. Ikeda is on top of Tomita, who was lying on the floor. Kashiwa stands absent-mindedly. (Of course, none of these events were visible, but it was later found out.)

At that point, Tomita and Ikeda shouted, "*Sensei*, the exit is open." When I looked, the exit was dimly visible in the yellowish-brown dust. Kashiwa and I ran towards the drainage shelter, which was the exit. At this point, Matsumoto (Noboru) came stumbling in, saying, "I had been attacked." He clung to Tomita, who was at the far end of the shelter. Tomita notices and sees in the twilight that Matsumoto, who has burns all over his body, has a completely different face. He was immediately taken to the passageway of the shelter on the firing range side and laid on a paving board.

He said, "Ouch. Please move me slowly."

Looking out of the shelter, students who were outside carrying dirt threw their legs out, their

hair and eyebrows burnt and covered in mud, and the skin on their feet peeling off like cherry trees which had been burnt, the skins stuck only to the soles of their feet, making them look like they were wearing straw sandals.

Everyone is dumbfounded, saying, “We've been hit, *sensei*.” Across the way, the daughter of the head of the Pharmacy, Mr. Tani, with her hair in shreds and blood coming out of her mouth, is in a truly miserable state. The College buildings have been stripped of their pillars and have fallen to the ground, smoke is rising here and there, and all the trees in the pine forests behind have fallen. The atmosphere was eclipse-dark and the temperature must be below 20 degrees Celsius. Kashiwa hurried towards the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals through the side of the broken-down staircase classroom of the Chemistry Department. In the classroom, students are reported to be lying dead in a row on the stairs with their heads leaning back. I called out, “Oi,” but no one answered or even moved.

As I stood at the exit of the shelter, I realised that the situation was not good. “We must get inside the shelter quickly, quickly, you will burn to death, let's go quickly.” You shouted at them. Still, not a single student stood up. They seemed to be blind. I had no choice but to carry them one by one into the bunker. At the entrance of the shelter, the blast carried many boards with nails in them, which stuck in my bare feet for an inch or so, but it didn't hurt a bit. I pulled out several nails from my feet. When it seemed that most of them had been carried out in this way, the fire spread to the collapsed building, and because of it, hot air came in through the entrance. It was as if the shelter was under attack from a flame shower. Thus, those who were outside the shelter fled towards the mountains, and others were accommodated in the shelter. Unfortunately, the location of the evacuation in the mountain was unknown, and subsequently, the victims died.

The wounded in the shelters cried out, “Water,” “The wounds hurt,” “Cold, cold”. But there was no other water to give them than muddy water. The five students who survived in the shelter all gave their clothes to their wounded schoolmates, some without a piece of cloth. I was grabbing wood that was blowing in with the swirling flames inside the shelter and throwing it back out of the shelter, but the fire was getting worse and worse.

At this time, I felt as if my body had been struck with a wooden object and suddenly lost my strength. There was nothing that could be done, so I lay naked in the corner of the shelter to avoid the fire running along the ceiling. I also covered my entire body with mud to protect myself from the fire. Nothing else could be heard in the shelter except the groaning of injuries and the crackling of the fire outside. The outside world, which until now had been coloured with sound, sinks into the depths of death like a silent film. I looked for my watch to check this heartbreaking transition of time with it, but it was in the trousers I had just taken off and given to a student, so I looked for it, but the student was holding it tightly, so I gave up.

After what seemed like hours, the fire gradually waned. The wounded were getting very tired

and became quiet, so Tomita and I decided to go to the headquarters shelter behind the Main Auditorium to seek help. This is also because I was concerned about one or two liaison students, whom I had just sent out, but did not return.

The forests of pine trees, thickets, and thorns along the way, which were so thick before the bombing that it was impossible to even step on them, are now bare mountains covered with ash. When I stepped in by mistake, hot ashes mixed with fire sparks filled my shins. After much effort, I went to the headquarters shelter and found it dark, and no one was inside, with only the vault visible. When I went outside and looked around the area, I saw a man in an iron helmet on the slope in front of the canteen, who had not been burned. He looked like Matsuo, a manager of student affairs. A person was killed on the stone steps, head split open. The blood is still red and fresh.

When I climbed up the mountain where the headquarters shelter was and looked towards the hospital, I saw that the town and the hospital were burning silently, and not a single human voice could be heard. Sometimes we hear the sound of explosions. We both called out two or three times, "Oi." Then a woman's cry for help was heard from the direction of the hospital.

A large flag of "*Hino-maru* (the Rising Sun)" was flying on the mountain below Anakobo. When I asked the injured near me, they told me that it was the College headquarters. To get closer to it, I went down to a channel first. There were piles of timber there, with many wounded lying between them. As I approached, they all asked for water, stared at me with vacant eyes, and whispered in a weak voice, "Are you the doctor?" Ah, this miserable, beggar-like man must have been a medical student with a student hat until recently. I can't even cry anymore in this situation. I left, saying, "If you drink water, you will die. Cheer up, go to the shelter." Nails are mercilessly stuck into my bare feet. I had no choice but to pick up a pair of torn shoes, which had been stripped beside a dead man, and put one on. I used a square piece of rafter timber full of nails as a walking stick. On the winding, narrow paths, there were men and women in rags, nodding their heads, their faces covered in blood and dust, like Dante's picture of hell, walking aimlessly along the paths. The sweet potato fields in the area turned a reddish color, with leaves torn off or burned.

When I got close to the flag, I could not get close to the fire, but rescuing the students did not allow us to wait for the fire to be extinguished. Alas, we must turn back. When we returned, I found that the students' condition was even more serious, and there was nothing I could do, so I decided to turn back to the big flag again to ask for help. This time, I was physically tired, but I finally made it to the big flag, as more time had passed than the previous time. The large flag was "*Hino-maru* (the Rising Sun)" that Assistant Professor Takashi Nagai had drawn in his blood on the tablecloth. Professor Shirabe was also there, and we instinctively took each other's hands. The professor was focusing on digging and eating raw potatoes. In a slightly

hollow place, there is someone from the Nagai X-ray Department. Nagai-san was lying down, very tired after having cut his artery. “Oh, *sensei*, you are alive,” I threw away my square rafter and sat down. Nagai-san looked at me wearing only underpants for a while, but then tried to give me his black trousers, saying, “That's not good, I'll give you these.” I said, “No worries, you will be in trouble,” but he took off his trousers saying “No, I can give you a pair as I am wearing two.” It was a pair of black trousers with blood, sticky around the belly. The head nurse lent me someone's shirt. Nagai-san told me that President Tsuno'o was sleeping down the road ahead. I immediately approached him and reported on the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals and the safe where the picture of the emperor was stored. Thus, I completed one mission, but there was still the big problem of the students left in the bunker. When I consulted Nagai-san, he said that there was nothing we could do about it. Of course, there is no nursing staff in the area. While we are talking about this, I am still worried about my students. When I returned in a great hurry, I found that the situation was even worse than before. However, I couldn't sit still. So, although it seemed almost hopeless, I decided to go to seek help for the third time. It was less than a kilometer to the big flag, but it would take an hour to get there. Tomita and I went out together again. It was getting dark. When I went there, I found that the situation had changed considerably: the big flag had been moved to a valley under the mountain, straw had been collected there, and some people were boiling pumpkins in water with iron helmets. The number of people has increased considerably, too. When I asked Nagai-san for help, he said, “Well, eat some pumpkin.” I also received some hardtacks, but I could hardly get any down my throat. He told me that I should not be so tired and that I should rest for a while. There was no point in struggling now. I did as I was told and fell on the straw, but the next thing that came into my mind was the bunker. It looked like they could rescue the students, so I asked Nagai-san to do something to rescue my students. He approved and, from his small relief team, he chose a head nurse and three or four other nurses. My heart was flying back, but as it was already dark, we jumped off fields and tripped over grave stone crosses, which were blown off as we made our way down the mountain.

The Head Nurse went around in the dark bunker with Camper, injecting students with camphor. A doctor also came, but he said that almost everyone was hopeless. When I heard this, I was relaxed from tension for a moment, and couldn't help but feel sleepy from the fatigue of the day. I provided the students with the last treatment, and slept in the shelter with the injured and the students who were saved in the shelter; even though it was early August, it was cold as night fell. Naked and shirtless men lay hugging each other on the wooden board for the treadmill. From the end of the shelter, groans can be heard mixed with the distant sound of burning houses. When it seems to be past midnight, the voices of the wounded have disappeared, but Tanaka beside me feels a cold body, as if he is dead.

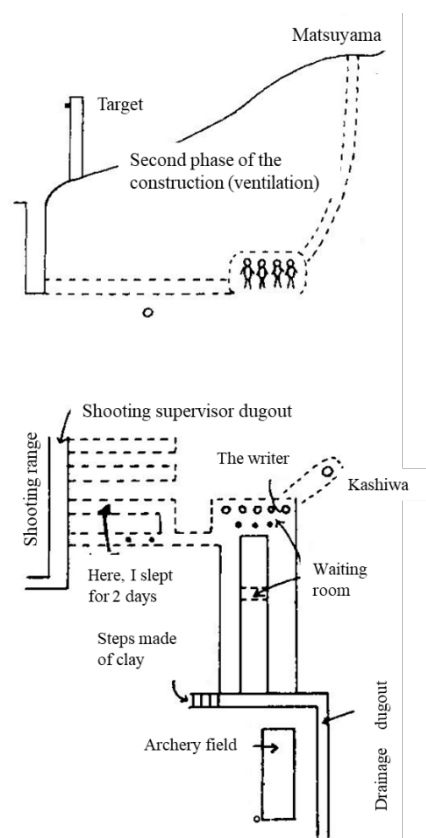
Thus dawned the night of 9 August. Sadly, most of the injured have died, but the others come

from all places. Today, we decided to collect the leftover wood from the burnt ruins and build a temporary hut in the archery range in front of us. The living were collected in the hut while the dead were buried in the sand of the archery range. Some parents of the wounded also came running to see them off before they died, while others cremated the bodies on burnt guinea-pig cages. After last night's cold experience, everyone went out to pick up their clothing. Looking at the mountainside, women's kimonos and obi belts were caught in the burned-out trees, and men's clothes in the ditches, and as soon as they found them, everyone put them on. Some were wearing long kimonos hanging down, some had women's broad obi belts wrapped around their bodies, and some were bare-chested and wearing summer robes. Eventually, Nagai's group came down from the mountain and helped us treat the injured. Every time an enemy airplane came, we hid in the shelter. During one of the several evacuations, a student stood in front of the shelter. I shouted, "We will be in trouble if you are spotted by a low-flying enemy aircraft", and when I looked closer, I saw that it was Eguchi with bloodshot eyes. He said he had been exposed to the bomb during a lecture and narrowly escaped death. I slept in a bunker with Nagai's group that night. However, it was not easy to stretch my legs and roll over, but it was still somewhat warmer than at school. It must have rained during the night. The next day, 11 August, the local fire brigades and relief teams began to arrive slowly. I also heard that a train had resumed going to the Urakami hypocenter area, and that the whistle was heard and the injured were transported by the train. It was then decided to transport the survivors to the burnt-out area of the hospital. However, by this time, most of the students of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals had died, and there were only a few people from the Medical College. But there were no roads and not enough stretchers to get through the cobwebs of burnt timber and disordered power lines, so I had no choice but to yell. "We will leave here. We would like to take you with us, but we have no tools to carry you now, so we have no choice but to ask those who can walk to walk, and those who cannot move to stop, but we do not know when help will come."

Then, step by step, a line of people about to die began to move, tripping over pebbles and falling. What a tragic figure, this was how we parted, with whom we had shared many years of hardship and joy. The most seriously injured were carried on hastily constructed stretchers, some of whom had only a few tens of minutes of life left, so we asked them for their names, but some died without telling us. Those who survived in the shelters and while sorting through the books in the medicine storeroom sent wounded schoolmates to the headquarters, which had been moved to the burnt-out ruins of the hospital, and gave temporary burials to those who had died. I picked up scraps of wood and wrote their names on them with charcoal and used them as grave markers. The names of the dead were written on the cement walls of the water storage tanks for those who came asking for the dead.

Now the work was done, and the students were exhausted. I didn't know what would happen if I kept them here, and I can imagine the worry of their families. There we all gathered for a final "*Kimigayo*" chorus and parted, saying that we who remain alive should realise that we have an even greater destiny to fulfil, and worshipped in the East. When it was over, Kashiwa told me that my belongings were left unburnt in the medicine storage. When I went there, thinking there might be some students left as well, I found that some of my luggage was still there, but there were no students in sight. I then went down to the herb garden, and someone told me that there was the body of Professor Sugiura. I rushed over and found him dead, naked, probably talking to a newspaper reporter in front of the greenhouse, with his hand caught between the bricks of the greenhouse. As I was unable to pull his hand out, he was buried with the journalist in the ground. There were dead students too, but no survivors. I decided to turn

around and go to the hospital where I had just sent the injured. On the way, three or four students from the Kawanami High School came to visit me and said they wanted to help, so I gave them a small package from the medicine storage. The hospital was so crowded that there were no students responsible for patients, and no one knew where to find the injured from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. Everyone said they had done everything they could but could do no more, and as no one had collapsed on the way to the hospital, I assumed my students were somewhere among many patients. Here, I visited Professor Takagi in the shelter with a student. There was nothing I could do but go around the burnt ruins of my house and look for students in the only shelter in the Sakamoto area. When I returned to the hospital, Nagai-san was picking up an unglazed earthenware jar. When I asked him why, he replied that he had gone to the potato fields on the sports field to put the bones of the nurses who had been exposed to bombing, and his wife, who had died at home. Here, I parted ways, promising to meet him again in Mitsuyama, where some of Nagai's family members had been evacuated. This was to take food and rest. I then looked at the burnt remains of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department and found the charred bodies of two children and two students. The table where a scale was placed in my room had been pulled out and had been blown away for a few meters, and long-used research equipment and materials had been burned to a crisp. The mountains in all directions were red and withered. The wildfires were visible from all directions, and looking out over the desolate sports field, I saw a professor



of pharmacology in a nightgown, about to take out the evacuated items from the pharmacology basement, but he was exhausted and stunned, so I called out to him but was unable to approach him.

I finally excused myself and started to walk up the hill, passing under Urakami Cathedral, which had been burning for three days and three nights. Hungry and thirsty, I looked into a nearby well and found water, but no bucket. As I looked sadly, a man in a military uniform said, "Water? There is water at my place." There, I received water and a rice ball. When they even offered me miso soup, I wondered if such a thing still existed in this world. As I left the house after thanking them, a woman appeared out of the smoke, fully wounded, and asked me if she could go to Inasa, where she had left several children. Perhaps this lady is unlikely to arrive due to road difficulties and fatigue. The sun had set by this time, and all that could be seen were the fire, the smell of the old clay wall mixed with the fishy smell of the burning corpses, and I also stumbled over the blackened corpses. I walked 50 steps and then 100 steps heading to my destination, but used all my energy, so I stayed in a stranger's house for a night and arrived at the temporary lodging of Nagai-san the next morning.

Today, 12 August, I was concerned about the whereabouts of the students. I went down the mountain when I met Nagai-san and his group on the way, so I turned back to the house, and we all washed up in the river in the valley. The village is a Christian village with an old church, but many wounded people are said to have flowed into the village, some of them probably students. All of us were prepared for the treatment and took care of the injured in an old house without light, while I visited some places, but there were few students.

On 13 August, I treated the wounded again in the morning and went down to the town in the afternoon. At the entrance to the town, there are many corpses, probably from seriously injured families who died from exhaustion trying to build a temporary home. Five or six of them, large and small, clutching blackened timbers, are a sight to behold. The corpses under the blazing sun also smelled terrible. I have now decided to go into town and look for students. In a bunker in the Sakamoto area, I treated many wounded people and took them to the hospital. I spent the night in a shelter in this area. On 14 August, I decided to look for students in the Honmachi, which was not burnt, after treating the injured in the morning. When I got there, I went to the town's bank to get some money, as I would have trouble without money for anything, and the bank gave me money generously without any problem. But the student was nowhere to be found. My appetite, which is getting weaker, is almost gone. I must leave this place as soon as possible. I need a disaster certificate to do so. I heard about a branch office of the city in Ibinokuchi, so I went there and found foreign prisoners of war from the nearby arsenal were having a meal while enjoying themselves. However, the branch office said that people from Hamaguchi-machi need paperwork at Shiroyama Primary School. I had no choice but to head

for Shiroyama via the river below the hypocenter. The road is filled with scattered utility poles, electric cables, and timber, making walking difficult. In Hamaguchi-machi, among the many corpses, I saw a baby that had come out from the womb with a long placenta trailing behind. Near Matsuyama station, there was a tragically burnt corpse carrying an elderly man on its back. There are especially many corpses at the railway crossing. Along the riverside from Shiroyama Bridge to the school, people were busy pulling out numerous blackened and drowned bodies. At the school, policemen from Isahaya in support were busy distributing food, and told me that the certificates would be issued at the Yamazato School.

I went from the side of the burnt train garage heading to Yamazato and finally obtained a certificate. From now on, the road through the village to the hospital was filled with corpses inside the shelter or on top of the broken walls. At the hospital, I visited Eguchi, who was facing death, and Professor Kunifusa, who was in relatively good health. I left Nagasaki that night and went on foot to Tosu, then Kurume the next day. When I heard about the end of the war in Kurume that afternoon, I was so stunned and tired all at once that I could not even walk.

(Professor of the Special Pharmaceuticals Department at that time,
now Professor at Hiroshima University)

Unforgettable day

Tsuneo Tomita

Human reason will always find a way through, even if it faces difficulties
The reality of now grieves me,
but human love encourages human reason, which is superior,
and is sure to pave a wonderful way

-From "A Dark Day" by Takeya Mitsuo

It seems that social unrest caused by the disaster of war can frighten a person's childlike spirit. I want a time of forgetfulness, even if only temporarily, to get away from this anxiety. This was the dream of everyone at the time. The melody of destiny has come and gone ten times. Even in the cruel emptiness of Nagasaki, the land of memories, quiet life flows based on the sacrifices of more than 100,000 men and women, but at this time, I would like to once again look at the record of before and after 11:02 a.m. on 9 August from the memories that I am forgetting. Suddenly, I wake up in a mosquito net. In the night sky, enemy airplanes are attacking again today. One, two. . . I no longer even have the energy to count them. The radio buzzer was reporting about the enemy

airplanes' movements night and day, but in the hearts of the people, there was already a feeling of a defeated person who was about to run away from fear. Occasional warship marches gave a temporary rest to the pathetic eyes of the bloodshot people, but the nation had already reached the point of utter exhaustion. At the end of 1944, I was helping with the assignment of the new synthesis of stimulant amines at my alma mater with my eight classmates, while other friends were mobilised to work day and night at Tanabe Pharmaceuticals in Onoda, Yamaguchi Prefecture, and Takeda Chemical in Nakatsu, Oita Prefecture, doing hard labour all night. The new year came, and the war was in its last days, but we were demobilised in June because early graduation was to be held, and we were to leave the school in September, so we all returned shortly after in high spirits. While we had been away from study for a while, we had already forgotten our original reflection and had picked up on society's bad influences, but we had not lost our youthful high spirits. We were noisy in our school first, but soon returned to the quiet, serious students we used to be, and as if we were trying to absorb as much knowledge as possible, we attended lectures seriously. Faculty meetings were held every day under Director Eguchi to discuss whether lectures should continue or whether the evacuation of books and medicines should be completed, and the decisions were steadily being put into action. Meanwhile, a big air-raid shelter for the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals had been constructed over nearly six months steadily. It was dug out from a trench in a narrow shooting range to a hill in the southeast, and the circular dugout, which was 10 m deep and 1.5 m high at the time, had two entrances that extended and met inside the hill, which was considerably strong. And after lectures, or during lunch breaks, or in the spare time between research, someone would grab a shovel, hoe, or pickaxe and tackle with a rock. Dr. Seiki was always silently dealing with the shelter digging. He was like a bulldozer, and he was constantly setting the example for the completion of the shelter. Some on campus spoke behind his back, and even some of the staff spoke ill about him, but he continued to work seriously, with a smile in his naturally mild eyes, as if he had anticipated the coming disaster. During this time, not once were we forced to dig, but one by one, the comrades gathered and shared mutual trust in the safety of our lives in this shelter. The Faculty Meeting finally decided to discontinue lectures for the third-year students at the end of June and concentrate on the construction of the shelters. At the time, the campus was truly deserted due to the mobilisation of the first and second-year students, and apart from us third-year students, there were only a few sickly students left. The herb garden was an oasis with beautiful lawns and herbs at the time of our enrollment, so after lectures or after being kicked out by the German language, we would lie down on the lawn and chat and have a lot of laughs. However, the garden was left without tending, and as its name suggests, it became a weed garden. Furthermore, the whole area had been turned into a potato field. Urakami Cathedral was always showing its beautiful old figure in the shade of the herbs.

The bells of the Angelus ringing from that peculiarly made red brick tower gave us both a kind of comfort, but they became even more pitiful as the war became more intense. The entire hill overlooking the Cathedral, potato fields were made to the top of the mountain, and the white funeral procession of believers walking across the hill was growing in number day by day. They were long funeral processions, but it went on and on, with white silk over their heads and Bible verses in their mouths. As the western sun shines over Mt. Inasa, sunlight through the purple-tinted mountain range turned the church cross at dusk into a glittering golden colour, and then disappeared, as Urakami, a place of peace itself. The image had already disappeared from our minds, and we could hardly afford to enjoy the ancient Nagasaki atmosphere. This feeling of emptiness was not in the slightest bit satisfied by the daily labour of digging shelters from 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Like clowns who have forgotten how to laugh, we just worked silently, covered in sweat and mud, but we could not do anything about our impatience to get into the battlefield as soon as possible. One by one, the students left as army cadets or navy reserve students, but their farewell parties had to be held separately because of the air-raids, while there were festivities of desperation everywhere in the city. In the meantime, one by one, my colleagues skipped out and took leave, so the total of 49 people in the third year was down to 30 or so by August. Cities across the country had been bombed daily since the beginning of the year, and there were only five cities left unscathed, but Nagasaki was one of the last to escape the air-raids.

It was on 1 August that Nagasaki was attacked by enemy aircraft for the first time, but when the bombing of the shipyard temporarily stopped around noon, I climbed up the hill behind the shelter with Suenaga to watch. Just then, suddenly, seven B-17s flying ultra-low came slipping noiselessly from the top of the Anakobo to the east, heading for the hospital and dropping black material on it at the same time. In an instant, the hospital was on fire, hidden in smoke, and I rushed head-first into the grass. For the first time, I felt the prospect of death. Suenaga, are you alive?" "Tomita, are you OK?"

The two of us fled at one and returned almost rolling, sheltered in the forest, and fled back. "Who is it? The one who came in just now," Sugiura-san's scolding voice said. "Akiyama-san's voice said: "Well, they must be Tomita and Suenaga." "You idiots, who would enter a bunker under attack by enemy aircraft without thinking about the lives of the others?" the voice of the director Eguchi, who was wearing a hood, said. This day marked the beginning of a series of days when students were required to stay on duty every day, as there were a considerable number of casualties at the hospital that day. There are too many mosquitoes to sleep. I used to sleep on the couch in the big laboratory. This was because the smell of the chemicals in this room kept mosquitoes away. Also, many slept on the podium. The higher platform meant that the mosquitoes were less likely to bite them. In those days, I used to come and go to Suenaga's house often. He was very skillful and particularly good at analysis. He also had a great taste for painting and was

a relative of Kon Shimizu, who was not so famous at the time, so I once received one or two of Kon's cartoons. On 8 August, President Tsuno'o gathered all the College staff and students in the sports field and, for several hours, gave a very strict warning from a medical standpoint about the new bomb in Hiroshima, how to deal with it, and what we should do in the future, but the devastation was almost unimaginable. On the evening of the day I heard the President's address, Nagasaki was humid and there was evening calm, when my brother (who was a student at Kumamoto Medical College at the time, but had been back home for a while) and I were invited to Suenaga's house. Five of us including Narasaki and Tada drank sake and had a wild party but as we were parting at 11:30 p.m., Tada said, "I have a feeling I'm going to die tomorrow. I feel lonely, so please don't abandon me and stay with me," he fell asleep in front of the entrance of Nagasaki Kaikan. My brother and I forced him to wake up and put him on the last train, but the following day, as fate would have it, they all died, leaving my brother and me. The following morning of the 9th was cloudless with a somewhat dry summer sky. The day was as usual. Last night's heavy drinking made my morning a refreshing one. On this day, I was feeling better than ever, so I got up early and went to the College, and only two people had arrived yet! I was usually 15 minutes late at work, so carrying the earth was usually relatively easy, but on this day, I was in the third back row from the right wing of a two-row. At 9:00 a.m. Araki, as usual, nominated a team from the right wing and passed a pickaxe to me. However, Professors Seiki and Sugiura suggested that we "give it a bit more hard work today," so a total of six men, including those in my row, went into the bunker. Apart from myself, the other five members were Ikeda, Narasaki, Tanaka, Kashiwa, and Shiina. In the row to my left were Yamazaki and Ejima, but who could have imagined that, with my row as a border, we would later live or die in two hours? I took a hoe and a colander and went into the bunker, inwardly disgusted, thinking, "Well, today, I've had a pretty hard work." Everyone was naked, wearing only a loincloth. Work began at 9:20 a.m., with Dr. Seiki and Sugiura joining us, making a total of eight workers. In order, Ikeda, Narasaki, Shiina, Tanaka, and I took turns swinging the pickaxes for about 15 minutes. Kashiwa was digging while I stopped and had a smoke on a bench made by planks at the far end of the shelter. The morning's work had progressed so far that Kashiwa was no longer visible from where the bare bulb was hung, with a large bend. At the time, Narasaki and Tanaka had left the shelter and gone out to drink water, and Dr. Sugiura was away giving a tour of the herb garden upon a visit from a reporter from the Nishi-Nippon Newspaper. I was resting with Dr. Seiki, Ikeda, and Shiina, lining up and chatting with each other. Just as the clock hands were pointing to 11:00 a.m., Dr. Seiki suddenly shouted, "That sound! Quiet!" The faint metallic sound of a B-29 echoed through the air. "Someone go outside the shelter and tell everyone to rest for a while in the shade," he said, and Ikeda jumped out and came back immediately. I hoped that Tanaka and Narasaki would

return soon, and we were all listening without speaking. With a sudden thunder, a rumbling of the earth, and a violent tremor, a blinding flash of light pierced through my mind, and I was pulled down and knocked to the ground. There were no doctors or students. There was no living or inanimate object. I hit the doctor's body and was blown away for about 2 m. My ears were ringing, I couldn't hear anything, my breathing was heavy, I couldn't remember anything for a few seconds, and my face was burning as it was difficult to breathe." A B-29 fell on the entrance to the bunker. The entrance is blocked. I thought that we were buried alive and felt that death by suffocation was approaching. The doctor was the first to notice and shouted, "Hey, is everyone alright? Are there any wounds? We have to take the hoe and dig out the entrance. If we don't do anything, we'll be buried alive." Ikeda and Kashiwa both jump out. I took my hands off my head slowly. Then a cold air flowed from somewhere." "*Sensei*, we have been saved. There must be an exit open somewhere." We cheered. When we looked in the direction of what looked like the entrance, it became brighter and brighter, and the entrance was open." "We are saved." Then Ikeda's voice came from outside. "*Sensei*! It's terrible outside. Everyone is unrecognisable. There is no building left. Please hurry." "What, are you saying there is nothing left?" The doctor ran out. When I was about to get out, too, a dark figure jumped in from the entrance." "I was attacked. I regret." As I lifted him in my hands and looked at his face, I was horrified. Is this the face of a human or even an animal? His whole body is slick with blood, his hair and eyebrows are burnt off, his face is scorched and inflamed, indeed his features were those of a clay figure, how can we say that he is of this world?" "Who are you?" I had to ask, even if I thought it was rude. "Noboru Matsumoto." Oh, who can imagine the handsome guy now? I let him hold my shoulder and lay him down at the back of the shelter. "I regret that when I saw three coloured paratroopers from one of the B-29, I thought they looked a bit different from normal paratroopers, and instinctively imagined that they were the same ones as the ones who had fallen on Hiroshima, so ran to the entrance of the shelter, but when I looked up again, I was hit instantly. I am in pain. Do something." His consciousness was clear, but he was excited. Meanwhile, Dr. Seiki and Shiina carried badly burned friends to the shelter. I led them one by one inside and laid them down on their sides, but I had to ask each one's name to be able to recognise them." "Who are you?" "Ikeda." "Tomita, you are not hurt at all. What do I look like? My eyelids are burnt and I can't open my eyes. . .

"What on earth. When I looked back at my uninjured body, I felt sorry for everyone. In the meantime, I deceived them, but it did not help. My colleagues were all enduring the pain from the burns with their hands raised in front of them, and the skin hanging down from their wrists. I could not sit still when I saw them looking up at me, so I would go around with the doctor, Shiina, and others to encourage them. Araki was hit squarely on the penis, and the sight of his agony was unbearable to watch. Miyamoto cries out, as his internal esophagus has already been damaged, "Tomita, go to my lodgings and get me *seirogan* medicine." I moved about 12 or 3 friends into

the shelter. During this time, it was reported that outside the shelter, 11 of my friends followed Ikeda and Shiina up the Anakobo mountainside. It is believed that they have met a tragic end on their way to pain in their entire bodies and burn wounds. Sometime about fifteen or twenty minutes after the explosion, a gust of warm wind began to blow. The wind invited another wind, and the outside of the shelter quickly became a swirl of flame. A heap of timber flew in with the wind, and the strong wind and the fire were getting closer around the shelter every minute. Shiina said, "Tomita, if we stay here, we're going to be steamed and burnt. Let's escape to the mountain." He advised us to evacuate, but I could not leave with more than a dozen of my friends by my side. I sat down at the back of the shelter and said, "My house must have already gone, I'm alone, I can die here." He hesitated for a moment, but then, with the words, "Well, take care," after we clasped our hands tightly together, he disappeared into the smoke. As soon as he jumped out, the shelter was engulfed in flames completely: trees as tall as 3 m flew through the air, and tin sheets as thick as three tatami mats danced and fell like pieces of paper. Smoked pieces of wood filled the entrance of the shelter, and hot air rushed inside. The shelter was so completely smothered in smoke that I could not see more than 30 cm ahead. I took my loincloth, soaked it in muddy water, and covered my mouth. What can I and the doctor do for my injured friends when I see them crying and shouting? As we were throwing the wood buried at the entrance up out of the shelter, a large piece of burnt wood fell on Dr. Seiki's back and he fainted for a moment." "I cannot go on anymore. Please take care of the rest. If you can, go to the hospital to seek assistance. Rescue as many people as possible." The doctor was about to go into a coma. "Sensei, don't sleep. Are you going to let us all just die?" I shook him, but the doctor was only nodding and couldn't speak. For a time, I feared that I was the only living one left, but he was soon revived, so I laid him on his side. From the back of the shelter, Watanabe called out in a broken voice: "Sensei. People don't die easily, do they? It is quite difficult to be able to die." It is a wonder how such beautiful words could have come out of the thin Watanabe. When I turned my eyes, I saw that Tanaka had already died at the entrance to the shelter. He was a baseball pitcher, and he was holding a stone in his hand. It seemed that he was too late to return to the shelter by a few seconds. Murayama was lying face down at the entrance to the shelter, putting his mouth and nose in the groundwater, but was already unconscious. Yoneda and Ejima, two huge guys, were lying on chairs at the far end of the shelter, but did not say anything about suffering. I just felt sorry to see them enduring pain on their peaceful faces.

After two hours of bitter pain, a wind blew away, and there was not a single living thing in the burnt-out remains, which gradually drifted away in the flames. When I saw the doctor, he was even without his trousers. Ikeda (Toshi) started to convulse furiously next to him, so he put his trousers on him. "Tomita, my watch is missing. Look for it," the doctor called me. I was a little disappointed, wondering why he was insisting on his watch, but as I searched under the

red pool of water, I found a Longines watch covered in mud under Ikeda's body. It was still ticking. In hindsight, it was valuable to know how much time had passed thanks to the watch. "It appears that the fire has subsided. We must report to the hospital as soon as possible. I sent Kashiwa out as a messenger a while ago, but he hasn't returned. I am worried that he may have been caught in the fire on the way. Let's go," said the doctor, standing up unsteadily. Both the doctor and I were covered in mud to protect ourselves from the raging fire earlier, so we were both the colour of mud. It was not until two hours after the atomic bombing that I saw the disastrous change in the outside of the shelter. I was more than shocked, I was horrified. The mountains of Inasa were scorched beyond the ruins of Yamazato, Shiroyama, and Matsuyama as far as I could see. The beautiful forest that surrounded the shelter was devoid of a single tree. The forest was made up of large trees, each 30 cm in diameter, but all had been felled from their roots, 60 cm above the ground, and burned out. The sun hung like a black wheel far away in the dust. It was like a Gauguin painting. Dr. Seiki only wept, supported by a 150 cm stick of burnt-out wood as a walking stick. I pushed him from behind as we walked. We could not stop as the soil was burned. We were both barefoot, so there was no limit to the number of times we tripped over glass and nails. The biochemistry library was blowing fire with a ferocious intensity. The numerous books that my father had collected with great effort were also burning and fluttering away, one by one. In the flames, each department's classrooms fell one after the other. We crawled up the side of the Biochemistry Department and down to headquarters. Next to the headquarters, distorted iron helmets and the white shoes of the female clerks were scattered about, testifying to the devastation of the time. There was not a single survivor. Of course, the headquarters' air-raid shelter did not contain any photo of the emperor. When the two of us looked down at the hospital and saw that wards No. 1, 2, and 3 were engulfed in flames and the compound was a pile of debris, we lost all hope of rescue. By then, the doctor was wearing a distorted iron helmet, half-burnt *tabi* socks on one foot, and shoes on the other. I picked up a pair of torn gaiters and a *tabi* sock, which were torn in a potato field on top of a hill. "Tomita, I don't think anyone at the hospital survived. We are in trouble. Who should we ask for help?" He appeared to be thinking only about the faces of the students he had left in the shelter. At that moment, a naked man who seemed to be in his 40s came down from the top of the bank. "Oh, hello, have you seen the doctors and nurses from the College Hospital?" The doctor promptly asked. "Oh, yes. People from the hospital have taken refuge on the hillside three fields over here with a Red Cross flag." "Oh, great. Thank you very much." We are saved. We hurriedly trudged up the bank and up the mountainside with Anakobo on our left. When we reached the middle of the potato field, I stood paralyzed. The thousands of naked men and women were shivering, a mother protecting her child and feeding from her breast with glass sherds piercing it without knowing the infant was already gone, figures calling out to their mothers, husbands, parents, and friends. It was truly out of this world. Here and there, young

men, probably students, are flailing about, shaking their fists at the heavens, and falling in a heap. "Water. Water," countless people screamed and gasped for breath. When we passed by, they would say, "Doctor. Water, please. I am a student at the College. I have heard your lectures." "Please seek relief from the Surgery Department." The voice squeezed out of their stomach becomes a cough, choked in their throat, and inaudible. "All right. I know you're in pain, but wait a while. I will call for help immediately." Both the doctor and I had to answer this way to get away from the dozens of people crawling around us. Our mission is for the lives of the 13 people we left behind in our shelter. Finally, the Red Cross was seen. Under the flag was a black mountain of people. When I looked closely, I saw that it was a blood-stained Red Cross. One student, whose head had been considerably injured, was heroically holding the flag. Finding the President amongst the group of professors lying, Dr. Seiki reported on the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. The President was pale, his head was bleeding, but he appeared calm. He also said to me, "Thank you for your hard work. Look after the students well." Next, we found the Nagai Group in the X-ray Department. As might be expected, this group surrounded Dr. Nagai, who was giving orders one after another. "Nagai-san," "Oh, Dr. Seiki, is that you? I'm glad to see that you are also safe." A firm handshake was exchanged. "No. I left the pharmacy students in the bunker. Don't worry about me. Can someone please help us?" he pleaded with his palms pressed together. As far as I could see, there were no professors or assistant professors who were in good health. I collapsed on the grass, exhausted. As I was dozing off, the doctor said, "Tomita, this is not the time to sleep. We'll be going immediately. On the way back, we'll look for the mountain water." I jumped and woke up. On the way back, we walked in search of water, but we couldn't find it anywhere. When we finally found water in the valley, it was filled with hundreds of dead people. When we were halfway down the mountain, we met Mr. Tsutsui, the College administrative officer, standing with his precious water in a 1.8-liter *sake* bottle. They told him what had happened and, thanks to his kindness, we were able to receive it immediately. We rushed back to the shelter impatiently with tears in our eyes, thinking that we could now make a little amends to our classmates. Inside the bunker, there were voices crying and shouting. However, some of our friends seemed to have already stopped breathing, so there were few voices. A small amount of water was poured from the mouth of Tanaka, who was already dead, into the mouths of the 13 friends in turn. It was a small service before their parting to these beloved friends, who were about to draw their last breath. Still, I saw smiles on my friends' faces as they lay back down again, utterly content with a mouthful of water. My empty head could only think of how much more water I could give them. At that moment, Dr. Seiki said, "I remember now. What were we doing? There must have been a tank next to this shelter. There must be water in there." Until that moment, we had completely forgotten about it due to the strong shock. We rushed to the tank. The lid had already

been opened, and two drowned dead bodies, apparently undergraduate students, were floating, but the water was full. Without hesitation, I pumped up the water with an iron helmet on the side and gave it to my shelter mates, one by one, to drink to their heart's content. It was the only solace Heaven had given us. Friends wept. They were overjoyed and drank in one breath. Most of them drank water twice. Water was forbidden for severe burns, but what else could I do now? It could only give them unsurpassed joy and satisfaction and let them die in peace. The friends who sought life and death in the water died contentedly. The friends with a vigorous life force would call out to their mother, their brothers, and sisters, trying to avoid suffering. The sun was setting, and it must have been around 4:00 p.m. The doctor and I ran again under the flag of the medical team. We had to go and get a doctor and a nurse, no matter what. We wanted to give them at least an injection if possible. Thanks to the efforts of Dr. Seiki and Dr. Nagai, an assistant professor of surgery, four nurses were able to accompany us. The return to the bunker was frustrating, but I was happy. On the way, we met with low-level fire from an enemy airplane in the potato fields and had to get down in the fields several times. "If a bomb falls again, it's over. Kill me if you have to," I was once prepared to die. When we returned to the shelter, it was already dark and we needed light. A nurse lit a bundle of pieces of paper. The kind assistant professor and the nurses diagnosed each of them one by one, but more than half of our friends had already been declared untreatable, and the rest were injected with camphor. There was no anesthetic, and the injection was considered to increase suffering, but in this case, it was the best treatment we could provide. Thirteen of our friends, who had already been lying in the cold earth for more than five hours after being hit, began to tremble from the groundwater coming through their skin. "Cold. It's cold," they shouted. With the help of the nurses, we got the wounded, who were still alive and well, out of the shelter. Matsumoto (Noboru) said, "Oh, the air tastes good. It is refreshing. If I had beautiful water on top of this, clean water, I wouldn't want for anything else," he said with content. Indeed, the wind was blowing gently outside the shelter, and that big fire was now crawling upwards to the top of Anakobo. We thanked the assistant professor and the nurses deeply before they left. When the evening sun was setting in the west, we were also getting cold and thought of the shelter, where the temperature would not be changing and would be protected from the wind, and took our friends inside again. The sun was setting in the west, about to close in a pale violet evening haze. The sky was turning dark red and raining a reddish-brown ash. On a small hill standing out in Urakami was the burning, crimson-hued Cathedral. The red bricks scattered with a loud noise, and the stained glass windows were seen glinting in the flames and then faded away, sadly.

As night fell, we felt the need to meet up with the Nagai Department group for some communication convenience, so we went up the mountain for the third time. As I made my way through the dark field, the bloody wind almost stopping me from breathing, suddenly, a woman stood in front of me. Her skin was burned, and she was covered in cotton waste. "Can someone

please call a doctor?" she asked feebly. The doctor and I followed the woman into a stone chamber. At first, we could smell blood, but as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we could see dozens of white eyeballs staring at us. No one made a sound. There were dozens of men and women standing. What a crowd of the dead would look like. We felt a chill on our skin, so we silently went outside. Outside, the wind began to blow, and between the winds, tens of thousands of voices, far and near, calling out for their parents and children, were echoed, making the scene more and more tragic. A woman's voice, sounding like a mother, came on the wind from the top of the mountain. I had never felt such a clear sense of kinship. By this time, I had already given up and made up my mind that I had lost my home. I had given up on my mother, brother, and younger brother as dead. A chorus of "*Umi yukaba mizuuku kabane...*" was heard. The doctor said, "It must be the voice of the Nagai Group", and he was right. I thought, "Oh, we are saved finally." When I received a packet of hardtack from Dr. Nagai, I was so happy I could cry. Shigemoto and Matsumoto (Tadashi) were supposed to be in the basement of the chemical storage at the time of the bombing. Dr. Seiki said that they might have survived, and that they might have followed the fire to this area. I called out loudly from one side to the other and looked. After some time, a ghostly voice called out, "Seiki *sensei*." "Who is it?" Then it becomes silent and dark again. "It's Shigemoto." Oh, he's alive. Matsumoto (Tadashi) was lying injured. We were to return to the shelter with the Nagai group just in case. It was already quiet in the shelter, but as the doctor and I lay down side by side, it was too cold to sleep, and we could only doze off. I was longing for the dawn. Strangely, not even a single mosquito flew over. I wonder if the swarms of mosquitoes flying in the evening calm, famous in Nagasaki, were also knocked off their wings. The next morning on the 10th, it dawned clear and cobalt-coloured, as if we had forgotten yesterday's nightmare. We let the few friends who were still alive out of the shelter. This morning, there were only a few of them left alive. Yoneda, Ejima, Murayama, Watanabe, and others had already died. It was still around 6:00 a.m. A couple came from far away, shouting "Matsumoto-san" "Matsumoto-san" and crying. They were Matsumoto's landlord, who had a basket full of rice, fruit, fresh aubergines, cucumbers, and potatoes, probably rushed over like parents to feed Matsumoto with these fresh vegetables. I listened to Matsumoto's ramblings as he wandered between life and death, and yet I could not help but burst into tears at the sight of his wholehearted landlord nursing him. He too recognised the landlord and his wife, smiled and shook hands in gratitude. Around 10:30 a.m., he shouted, "Mother. Mother. *Banzai!*" and drew his last breath. By this time, Shozo Okamoto was the only survivor. He was walking around aimlessly, trying to find somewhere to die. Perhaps he was remembering his parents and seeking the warmest place. Suddenly, he came up to me and said, "Hey Tomita, stay by my side until I die. I feel lonely if I die like a dog in waste like this... Ah, I'm tired. Let me lie down," he whispered weakly. I was sorry that I had no clothes to cover

him. The only compensation I could make as a friend was a union of hearts. I put his head on my left arm and lay him down, hoping that it would serve as a soft pillow. He was becoming increasingly fatigued. I had no choice but to shade him with my body to keep him out of the direct sun as much as possible. He couldn't stay still and moved from left to right. Eventually, as if he had a hunch, he said, "Hey, Tomita. Where are you? My eyes are so blurry that I can't see anything. I can only faintly make out the shape of your face. It seems I'm not going to make it. I want to see my mother and father before I die. I'm sure my mother will come looking for me. If you see her then, give her this watch. Give her this watch. Give it to her." Ah. His head stopped moving. His eyes remained open, as if he were searching for his parents in the void, and he even had a smile on his face, until finally, at 12:45 p.m., he sadly passed away. Now that I had lost the last of my friends, with whom I had learnt and worked together, I had no sense of excitement. Seeing so many young men's lives perish so short, I couldn't help but question what youth was all about. In the evening, troops were mobilised from the Kurume Division and began to collect the wounded. At that time, our shelter was the most solid in the College, so several dozen surviving students from the College departments were lying around the shelter in a uniformly miserable state. Soldiers came and informed us to carry the seriously wounded to the main building of the College Hospital. I shouldered the less injured students and carried one by one back and forth across the piles of broken trees, utility poles, and a mountain of hospital ward concrete, which was destroyed. Indeed, it was hard work, but I didn't even want to eat. The sight of a rice ball made me nauseous. The soldiers were amazed to see how I was, and one officer even comforted me. After I had finished carrying the son of manager Eguchi (second-year student), I quietly entered the hospital pharmacy and saw that there were no medicines, just a pile of ashes. On the stairs from the second to the third floor, five or six burnt corpses lay dead, some embracing each other, some leaning against the railing, in the same gruesome state they were in at the time. When I touched their heads, they turned to ash and scattered. It was not even possible to distinguish between men and women. That night, I slept on the ashes of the dead bodies at the entrance to the main hospital building, as the shelter was cold. It was suitably damp, and at the time, it was a far better sleeping place. On the third day, the 11th, thousands of citizens crowded into the hospital headquarters from the morning and were filled, so the seriously injured were accommodated in the main building, which had cooled down somewhat. My colleagues who were lucky enough to be absent that day arrived one after another. I was especially grateful that Honda came back from Kumamoto. Everyone was stunned to hear from me about the devastation at the time. When I was liaising with the hospital headquarters, I unexpectedly met my brother in front of the hospital canteen, and I was feeling much more relaxed as I found out about the situation at home and that my mother was safe. While with the help of my colleagues, Dr. Seiki and I were moving the remains of my deceased friends from the shelter, my older brother was looking for me across the

mountains for Anakobo. When he reached the shelter and discovered that I was alive, my brother, as expected, burst into tears and cried. Together with everyone, I buried our friends' bodies outside the shelter, wrote their names on a piece of wood with charcoal in place of their memorial tablets, and erected them on top. Thus, after the burial of all the victims had finished, Dr. Seiki suggested that we disperse. We all lined up in front of our deceased friends and said our final farewells under the doctor's command, before I headed home on the third day. There was a laundry shop where Hashimoto lodged in Shindaiku-machi, who was a good friend of my landlord, so I dropped in to see him, but he had not returned. I told his landlord that he was carrying earth from the shelter, so I told him that he had probably gone over the mountain with 11 comrades to escape, but that he might have gotten stuck on the way. At home, my mother fainted when she saw me, but even after sleeping for a few days, I was anxious to sort out the rest, so I left for the College again from around 15 August. By late August, bereaved families from all over the country came, and every day I showed my deceased colleagues' families around, and collected the bones together. Besides 13 who died in the shelter, 11 were still missing, and I was so sorry for the families, as I did not know what to say to comfort them.

An account of the atomic bombing

Toshio Terado

This is a recollection from 10 years ago, so there may be some memory gaps in terms of time.

The atomic bombing was preceded by a bombing a few days prior, and one of the bombs hit part of the hospital, resulting in the deaths of several patients, nurses, and others. Given this situation, an air-raid shelter was built on a small hill on the archery range at the time. The shelter was dug down from the surface to the underground and built in a cellar style. The depth of this shelter was shallow, so work to make it deeper was carried out by the school of medicine and pharmacy, taking shifts. It was we, third-year students of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, who had been working there since 8 August, the day before the bombing. The shelter was too small to accommodate a large number of people, so generally four or five of us went inside and dug. I had been assigned to carry the dug-out soil the day before, but on the day of the bombing, we decided to take it in turns, so I volunteered to join several other friends (Ikeda, Shiina, Tanaka, Tomita, Kashiwa?) and went into the shelter. God only knows if the replacement would have turned out to be a fateful crossroads in hindsight. It was hot, and everyone was naked from the waist down. It was just when the air-raid warning had been lifted and the alert had been issued, so the medical students and students from the Special Medical Vocational Department were attending the lectures. However, when we heard the explosive

sound immediately afterwards, we were taking it easy, thinking that it was nothing serious. At that moment, at the far end of the shelter, I felt a flash and heard loud bangs. At the same time, the light that had been pulled into the shelter went out, and as I was hit by a fierce blast, my ears were ringing, and I lost my sight. . . Oh no! A bomb fell near the entrance of the bunker, blocking the shelter, and we are buried alive. This is the end! The deathly intuition flashed through my head. The time was 11:02 a.m., as I later found out. It is hard to describe the feeling I had at that moment, as I believe it was the same feeling that soldiers had facing death on the battlefield. I leave it to the literary scholars to describe the words encountered in such circumstances. After a while, the light smoke in the shelter cleared, and I felt somewhat relieved to see that my friends were all right. We discussed the urgency of somehow getting out of the hole and grabbed picks, shovels, and other tools. However, something is dimly lit ahead of us. Well, the hole isn't closed. Great. We called out to the outside, and there was an answer. We rushed to the exit and found that the hole was as usual. Contrary to our earlier feelings, we rejoiced and said to each other, "Oh, great. We are saved," but were astonished once we stepped outside. Our schoolmates waiting outside did not appear to have been killed instantly, but probably due to radiant heat and the blast, their skin was blackened and thick skins peeled off exposing the redness underneath, and the way they stood and walked, like beggars with tattered rags hanging down, was like an exiled monk in an old tale, wandering around so cruel and so unbearable to look at. We could still hear the sound of explosions in the sky, and were aware of the danger, so we took the injured into the shelter first. Most of them seemed strong enough to walk into the shelter by themselves. The wounded complained of thirst due to severe burns and cried out for water, but there was none, and those who could move drank the muddy water in the shelter themselves. They also seemed to chill and now shouted "It's cold, cold, cold," or "Give me something to wear," but we were almost naked as well, and there was nothing we could do. Regarding the outside, the wooden school building that had collapsed began to burn with radiant heat as soon as it fell, and when the direction of the blast changed, the hot air blew into the shelter, which was unbearable. Each time, we had to run here and there inside the shelter. As the fire gradually subsided, I looked at the situation of the surroundings and was again surprised. If not unlimited, but almost the entire area where I could see was burnt field, the College buildings, of course, but also houses and trees were all painfully burnt to the ground. The bamboo groves are all lying flat on the ground, and there is not a trace of the majestic Urakami Cathedral, which is still the same today since then. We collected burnt-out and wind-blown rags for wounded soldiers sleeping in the shelters, and they were complaining about the cold. We distributed a little of it to each one, but it was only a comfort. The hospital is made of reinforced concrete, so I thought it would be okay, but it may not be, because even the Cathedral was in such a state. The hospital itself has been damaged, and each of us, as students of pharmacy, became victims. How shameful it is. Medicine and the hospital are leaving us so far

behind, but we cannot do anything about it. This has made me realise that medicine can only fully demonstrate its functions from a third-party standpoint in the treatment of patients.

I was with the wounded inside the shelter, encouraging them, but there was nothing I could do to help them. Some of them uttered the last words of “*Banzai* to the Emperor” over there, while others shouted weakly “Help me, mother” over here, and their voices gradually rose higher and higher until the shadow of death was gradually enveloping everyone.

I remember that it was roughly 3:00 or 4:00 p.m. at this time. Four or five hours had passed since the atomic bombing. Tanaka, who was also working in the shelter, did not appear to have any visible wounds, but he was very weak. Later, Tanaka became one of the dead.

Indeed, there were more wounded than survivors, so they were not being treated. We were at our wits end, but as time went by, we were feeling a little more relaxed, and we survivors suddenly felt hungry. We knew that we would only end up killing everyone, so as we agreed on calling for help at the relief station and started to climb up Mt. Kompira after digging sweet potatoes and ate them. Tomita, or maybe it was the two of us, stayed behind.

However, it's not until you start climbing that it becomes a real challenge. Some of our schoolmates who could not be fully accommodated in the shelter climbed up the mountain to find their way out, many were missing, and countless others, including patients, nurses and ordinary people, were rolling all over the mountainside near the entrance to the mountain. There was a middle-aged woman with large packages on her back, trying to stand up and died as it is; some were young mothers lying on the ground with their children firmly in their arms; some were men gripping the sky and looking furious; all were either killed instantly or died within a short time after the atomic bombing.

As we were naked but had not received a scratch on our bodies, countless people pleaded with us for help and water when they saw us, and I wondered how much easier it would have been if we had been similarly injured and felt restless. This is the hell of this world, and even on the battlefield, you probably wouldn't be able to see such a horrific scene.

The view of the mountain as I start to climb it is disastrous. Needless to say, the small trees, but also large pine trees with a circumference of 60 to 120 cm, were broken down from about 90-120 cm above the ground, and were piled up so high that there was no way to climb them. The sheer force of the impact is truly frightening. You can go on and on and on along the roadless paths, but countless people are lying on the ground. When we had almost reached the top, we found a school friend, Matsuno, who had collapsed, so we helped him to his feet and, with a shoulder to lean on, we reached the top.

Looking down from there, the factory areas in the direction of Urakami and Michino'o were burning intently fuming black and white smoke, and smoke could be seen in the direction of Nagasaki Station too, giving the view from the top of the mountain an even deeper sense of the

horror leaving the shape of the land while every burnable things were completely burnt down. There were only embers standing here and there.

On the mountain tops, a cicada perched on trees flapped down, turned over, moved its limbs, and mingled, chirping. Animals and insects were nothing in the face of the power of the atomic bomb. However, the aubergines in the fields had not fallen over and were still bearing fruit. As Matsuno complained of thirst, I took the aubergine and gave it to him, but it didn't seem to cure his thirst much.

Among the people were the wounded who could walk, mobilised students, women and girls of all kinds, all of whom, as you know, were coming up the road dressed in such a way that they could not bear to see twice at all. Here, I parted from other schoolmates because my home was in a different direction, but Matsuno was going in the same direction as me, as we stayed in the same lodging, so I helped him, and we finally reached our lodgings after several breaks. After administering first aid to Matsuno immediately after returning and requesting the people of the lodging to take care of him, as I was worried about my mother, who was waiting for me at home, I rushed home.

Unfortunately, Matsuno had passed away. My house was considerably damaged, the most so in the neighborhood. This may have been because the house was large, and it was exposed to strong winds. The situation was pathetic, but my mother took refuge in a shelter with our neighbor and was not slightly injured and was perfectly safe. What a miracle! I cannot help but thank God that both mother and child were unharmed.

My house was located on the opposite side of the bombed area of Mt. Kompira, which may be about 3000 meters away from the area in a straight line. In Nagasaki, the damage was less severe because the mountains were higher. Air-raid shelters dug inside houses or side holes drilled into the ground were of no use. In my experience, it seems to be possible to avoid some dangers if the tunnel has been dug deep and an underground passage has been created, or, of course, if a long and deep way out has been provided. Remembering back, my schoolmates Tadashi Matsumoto, Shigemoto, Kawanami, and Takeda, who could not dig shelters like us because of their poor health, and who were sorting out documents in the basement of the school's medicine storeroom, were also safe.

On the following day, when we survivors together to the College over the mountain, we found that most of the wounded lying on the mountain had all died within about 10 to 15 hours, and as the summer sun made us feel a deep sense of pity and endless anger towards the enemy country.

I was determined to avenge them. As I went to the school, most of the healthy ones were already there, but there was nothing to be done. We were immediately disbanded, and those who had come from far away went back to their hometowns. We, too, were due to graduate in September, but the survivors went back to their homes to await the day until the graduation ceremony.

I heard that among the many people who came from all over the country to handle the dead and support the wounded, many died of atomic diseases just because they had come to the disaster area, while I survived in the hypocenter area, entered and left the disaster area, and helped the wounded, and yet I did not show any symptoms. I thought it was a blessing anyhow, but then, on a day I can't remember exactly, diarrhea started. Many people suffered the same symptoms at the time, so I thought I was in the same condition and went to see a doctor at a city hospital, but after about a week, the diarrhea gradually stopped. After about a week, the diarrhea gradually stopped. As there was nothing wrong with me afterwards, I thought that I was OK.

Once again, I was saved. Unlike me, my mother did not seem to have any abnormal condition at all. The weather was very wet for a month or two after the end of the war, and my house leaked badly and was badly sloped, making it very difficult to repair, and we were very worried. Fortunately, when I told my relatives living in Karatsu City about our situation, they suggested that we come there, so I decided to accept their support, and we left Nagasaki, where I had lived for many years, and moved to Karatsu. The time was around 10 October 1945.

Since then, I have been living here, and there is no problem with my health. Thinking that I would be all right, I married in December 1952 and had a daughter in November the following year, but my child does not seem to show any signs of illness. I had heard a lot of things about the children of atomic bomb survivors being born with deformities, or in the case of boys, losing their reproductive capacity, or in the case of girls, becoming infertile, so I was afraid of that, but fortunately, I didn't seem to have to worry about that.

However, very recently (since around May 1955), I have been feeling somewhat anaemic and have been taking Mastigen B12 tablets, which seems to have helped a little, possibly it gave me comfort mentally, but not completely. It also seems to be free of duodenal worms, though.

I suspected that it might be a sign of the atomic bomb as there is decrease in white blood cell count, also worried about osteomyelitis, etc., and I began to feel a strange pressure in my abdomen and a strange pain in my liver area, so I decided that I had cirrhosis, ulcer, sarcoma or cancer, although I do not smoke at all and drink only a little alcohol. At the moment, I am taking glucuronic acid, methionine, and other medicines, but I have not seen any clear effects. Whenever I feel something is wrong, I always want to link it to an atomic disease, so I don't feel at ease. At present, I still have an appetite.

The newspapers and other media report that there are still victims among the survivors in Hiroshima, even after 10 years have passed, and that Takeda, a school friend from Nara Prefecture who survived the disaster died of a gastrointestinal illness four or five years ago, so I think it is my turn next although it may be a worry for nothing.

Atomic diseases are more worrying because they do not surface and invade internal organ functions. I have taken the liberty of making this request because I think that a comprehensive diagnosis of the atomic disease by the professors of my alma mater, who are authorities on the subject, would make me understand better.

I have written this article as I recall it, and I would be very happy if this article could be of some help to you.

I pray for the souls of the many alumni who have lost their young lives. . .

About Murayama and others

Masatoshi Muramatsu

That morning was clear and sunny. As a student at the Kamo Naval Medical School, I was lined up with my colleagues on the square in front of the dispensing practice room, waiting for the signal to “begin our duties.” The school was built in the mountains of Hiroshima Prefecture, far from the navy's name, and I, as well as Matsuo, Matsubara, Takatori, Okuno, and Terada, from Choyaku from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, were living at the school. Suddenly, I felt light pressure from behind me on my right. I don't know if there is such a word as light pressure, but that's how I felt it. It was like being hit directly by a photographic flash. We all turned round at once, but in that direction there was only a blue morning summer sky, and we paid no attention to what we thought was a silly lightning trick. “Hey, what's that?” one of us asked, and when we turned to look again, our eyes were met by a huge, light pink pumpkin-like cloud that we did not know when it had formed. It was rising into the blue sky while swelling, and everyone had different opinions as to what it was, but all agreed that it must have been some kind of explosion, as a sound came through the ground. It was nearly evening when we found out that this was the first atomic bomb that mankind had ever received in Hiroshima. “Hiroshima disappeared in an instant. They say, and the corpses were scattered around.” “Anyway, the sight is tragic beyond description,” I remember that the calm and collected naval officer candidate was so excited that he could not sleep that night, even after the lights had gone out.

At the same time, in Nagasaki, my classmates who had left Onoda, where we had been mobilised, were returning to their old schools to finish their final studies. It is reported that half of their time was spent digging air-raid shelters, and on 9 August, since the weather was clear and sunny, they were working hard since the morning. It was a side-hole air-raid shelter, so it was fortunate that a few survived. The shelter was so deep that several teams took turns digging the dugout.

Dr. Seiki, a science and mathematics teacher, dug the earth at the far end, while Tomita and

several others were in charge of carrying the soil. As Tomita took a few steps towards the outside, filling the colander with soil, his body was thrust backwards, and he collapsed on top of Dr. Seiki. “What happened?” Dr. Seiki scolded. (We used to fear his scolding in science and math class.) He crawled out of the smoke and dust and saw that the roof of the collapsed school building was already on fire in the dusk-like darkness.

Classmates who had been working together until now were lying here and there. Okamoto's stomach was ripped open, and he had already died, while Murayama was panting and saying, “Water, water.” Takeda and Matsumoto were not feeling well that day and were in charge of organising the library on the basement floor. Takeda felt a tremendous pressure and was barely able to save himself as the bookshelves rattled and collapsed, but he was stunned by the dust and could not find his way out. But seeing Matsumoto well, he was encouraged and narrowly escaped death by crawling out through a crack which he found on the ceiling. I learned later that Takeda also died a few years later in his hometown of Nara.

Naoyuki Murayama was just after me on the list of names, so we often did everything together, and the fact that our hometowns were both in Fukuoka Prefecture added to our friendship. He was the only son in the family and was a bit selfish due to his upbringing, but on the other hand, he was very friendly, and we often did things together. He loved literature not only reading, but also used to be very emphatic that he would write a great work. He said he would let me read it to me when he finished writing one on the subject of Princess Sen, but I never got the chance. We were also in the same room when we were mobilised to work at Tanabe Pharmaceutical's Onoda plant. When I went to Fukuoka to take the exam for the position of apprentice pharmacy lieutenant of the navy, I was at a loss because I was not familiar with the city and there were few inns at the time, which was near the end of the war, and I was at my wits' end as I was rejected everywhere. I called him up when I remembered that he was on his way home, but it was almost time for him to return to Onoda, and we ran around the town of Hakata together until we finally found an inn. When I entered the naval medical college, he asked me for a memento, so I found a book of American novels, which at that time were not allowed to read openly, and wrote on the back cover, “This is for my brother Murayama, given as a gift from Muramatsu of the naval pharmacy lieutenant.” Even though at that time there was little distinction between battlefield and home front, those of us who were prepared to die and joined the military, and for this reason, we escaped the disaster of the atomic bombing and survived, which makes me feel the mystery of human fate. O soul of my friend who perished young, I pray that you guide the people of the world so that we will never again see that tragedy on earth.

Postscript

I am very grateful for this project, and I have written this memoir without thinking of my

lack of talent, but I did not experience the atomic bombing of Nagasaki, and I only remember hearing about it from my friends who survived. However, we are keeping a record. I thought it would be better if there were many contributions, even if it is only a small matter, so I wrote this, fearing that there may be some misunderstandings in my memory. If there are any factual inaccuracies, please correct them accordingly.

(Graduate of 1945) Muramatsu

The experience of the atomic bomb

Tsukasa Kashiwa

When I think back on what happened ten years ago, only one scene comes back to me in a strangely vivid way, but the events before and after it are hazy, as if they are enveloped in a fog.

On 9 August 1945, at about 11:00 a.m., I was digging with my pickaxe at the far end of the shelter. Rather, just a few minutes ago, Narasaki and I went out to drink water at break, and after drinking together, he went towards the classroom, and I went back. (I had just replaced Tanaka, who had been digging until now.) When I took the pickaxe and hit the soil once or twice, Dr. Seiki said in a loud voice, "Oh, be quiet!" so I stopped and listened carefully. I heard the sound of an airplane descending with a pressuring and metallic sound of explosion, and while I was thinking that it was different from the Japanese airplanes, a blinding flash of light shot into my eyes through many curves in the tunnel, reaching the far end. "Ah," and after a pause of about two seconds, I was shocked as if I had been slapped on the top of my left ear, at the same time, a naked light bulb was smashed with a long-tailed sound. There was a squeaking and ringing in my ears, but it almost didn't come to my consciousness at the time. Suddenly, darkness enveloped me, and my first thought was that a bomb must have fallen near the entrance to the shelter. I wonder if I was buried alive. I was still standing there for a while, stupefied, but as the pickaxe gave me comfort, I clutched it in my hand. After a while, Ikeda said, "Oh, the entrance is open!" When I heard his voice, I thought that I had been saved. I groped the damp clay walls and moved fearfully towards the entrance while sliding on the ground with my feet. I touched someone's palm. We clasped each other's hands and proceeded silently to the entrance. From the entrance comes a dim, strangely reddish-brown, forked, poisonous-looking yellow light. The wall clay, or dry clay, is rolled up by the blast and stands like a fog, so I could not see. I was also confused coming out of the dark place, so I was blinking my eyes for a while. As I gradually got to know the situation of all the directions surrounding me, I was almost overwhelmed by astonishment.

There were bushes with 30 to 40 cm, but they turned into a mere reddish-blown hill. The high concrete walls that we used to describe as prison-like have been blown away, leaving an

unfamiliar landscape leading directly into the mountains and hills beyond. Trees, houses, utility poles, and the like had fallen to the ground and were in a mess. Blocked by two fallen vertebrae, I looked towards the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals classrooms. In the smoke, which was formed neither by dust nor fire, our school building was seen flattened, as if it had been crushed like a matchbox.

When I looked down at my feet, I saw my classmates, their eyes and noses covered in a thick layer of dust and looking like mud dolls, dancing with their legs thrown out and their upper bodies supported by their hands. The transformation was so drastic that I couldn't help but ask if they were the same classmates I had been joking around with earlier. The first person to speak was Ejima. "We were attacked. Paratrooper bomb. Ouch," he spoke disconnectedly. "Pull yourself together. You'll be all right." I encouraged him at least with words. He nodded, "Yes," and then fell silent, as if he were in pain. Ohgi, Watanabe, and others talk to each other in rather cheerful voices. I can't remember what they said to me at all now, but at any rate, I felt very reassured that they were conscience. We began to carry the wounded into the shelters. When we tried to pick them up by their arms, the skin on their upper arms, which had been burnt off, peeled off. "Ouch, ouch," I involuntarily let go and stared down at my classmates in dismay. The thought of Dr. Sugiura, who was in the medicinal herb garden, came to me, so I tried to go there, but the sheer barriers that were collapsed cruelly made me reconsider, and I turned back towards the shelter. A bright red flame and black smoke were coming from the Auditorium behind the shelter.

The daughter of the Director of the Medical College pharmacy, Ms. Nagartani, came running up from the other side of the smoke, covered in blood and with her hair in disarray, and suddenly clung to Dr. Seiki and began to cry. The doctor was patting her on the back as if to soothe a child, saying something like, "Alright, alright," but then turned around and shouted, "Is anyone going to the hospital?" I knew that I was probably the most uninjured person, so I immediately went to the hospital to make contact. The usual path to the Auditorium was impassable because of the fire, so we had to make a big detour from the upper part of the gun storehouse, across the fields, and towards the hill behind the Gubiroga hill, to get out to the side of the hospital. The hospital was already hazy with smoke, and a few bloodstained nurses and students could be seen. As we walked up from the porch, I saw Dr. Nagai (or I may have confused the day with the next day) with a bandage on his head, and asked him to send someone to help us, as there were many injured in the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, then immediately returned. On the way, I stepped on a nail sticking from a board about 3 cm long, so I suffered mild pain. We made a large detour to get out into the valley between hills heading towards the College, avoiding collapsed objects. A boy of about 14 or 15, who was trying his best to lift a pillar, saw me, his face was filled with intense emotion, flew to me, grabbed me by the arm,

pulling hard, ranted and raved, and pointed towards the collapsed house, pulling hard. An old farm woman with half-white hair was trapped under a pillar and was struggling. The boy and I tried to lift the pillar, but it was too heavy. We had no choice but to remove the tiles and other objects one by one, and finally, we were able to pull the woman out from under the pillar.

As soon as I got the woman out, I started running towards the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals. I had never walked in this area before and was barefoot, so I walked cautiously, avoiding obstacles, which prevented me from returning to school soon. When I finally managed to come to the vicinity of the school building, they were surrounded by thick smoke and vigorous red flame, making it impossible to get close at all. The fire spread gradually, and the smoke hurt my eyes. I wondered what had happened to Dr. Seiki and the others, but I didn't know what to do, so I wandered around the fire. Eventually, I noticed people staggering up the mountain in groups. If I were foolish, I might end up in the fire myself. Let's run away to the mountains like others.

First, let's go over the mountain to Katafuchi, where the house I was lodging is located. I made up my mind and started walking. When I had peace of mind to look at myself, I realised that as I was working, I was wearing only short trousers, barefoot and naked from the waist, which was not very good. I walked up the mountain path, picking up half a pair of sandals, a coat, and a walking stick which appeared to belong to an old lady, and walked while my right leg was becoming more and more painful.

On the way, I saw a second-year student, Yoshida, sitting on the side of the road with a bottle, which used to contain sake, in his hand, resting with bloodshot eyes, so I called out to him, but he did not reply and just stared blankly into space.

I saw a bunch of trees blown down from about 30 cm above the ground, and walked wearily, feeling threatened by what I assumed was a new type of bomb. Four or five sturdy-bodied people who look like farmers' wives are walking hand in hand, crying loudly like children, dripping with blood. Three children, boys and girls, followed silently, as if they had forgotten how to cry from the sheer terror. There in the bush, here on the roadside, the bloodied people are moaning, sometimes weakly saying "Water, water." I was walking around, surrounded by the disgusting fresh smell of blood, repeating in my mind, "Damn it, damn it" like a Buddhist chant. The higher up the mountain I climbed, the wider the smoke and fire of the disaster came into view, and more often than not, I stopped astonished, as if I were looking at a picture of hell.

Near the top, there was an anti-aircraft battery bunker, where soldiers wearing bandages were taking in the wounded who were coming up one after another, only those who were seriously injured, and treating them in various ways. They asked for "Water, water." I, too, had a burning thirst. Of course, there was no way I could find any extra water, so I went over the mountain slowly. I turned onto a road where I could have seen the city and prayed desperately to God. Again and again, I prayed to God in my heart that my lodging would be OK, while at the same time

scolding myself so that my disappointment would not be too great because of wishful thinking.

And when I first saw the lush potato fields and trees on the other side of the mountain, and the roofs glimmering between them, I was so happy that I sat there and couldn't move.

There was a field of summer radishes next to me. I rushed madly to it and pulled one out and even saved to wipe the mud off it as it was frustrating, but I bit it greedily. It was the first time in my life, and probably the last, that I had bitten a raw radish through when it was muddy and crunchy.

As I rested, two or three female students and others who appeared to be members of the Volunteer Corps in white headbands passed by silently.

Their summer shirts were missing, leaving a double layer of fabric at the seam, exposing their white skin, and blood dripped from their jet-black hair as they passed by, expressionless. I shudder as if I had seen a midday ghost. What a cruel beauty.

When I returned to my lodgings, I found that the ceiling had been torn down, the clothes I had hung in my room had been blown away by the blast, and the window frames had been torn off. After a short break, I visited three of my friends, Tomita, Terado, and Matsuno, at their homes and lodgings. Tomita was still at school, Terado was absent, and Matsuno had escaped. Now I have decided to take food with me and go back to school over the mountains. The night sky is eerily bright as the raging fire burns up to the City Office area. Voices calling out to each other in the distance, calling names, or "Father!" can be heard, and it overwhelmed my heart. I set out on a dark mountain road towards the College, but perhaps because I was upset, I got lost and had no idea where I was. Eventually, the foot I had stepped on a nail swelled up and began to be painful, making it impossible for me to walk. When I returned to my lodgings, it was almost morning.

On the following day, my foot was so painful that I could not move at all.

On the 11th (or 12th), I went to school again from the mountain behind Suwa Shrine. On the way down, I saw a dead boy clinging to a tree root. His eyes remain open. Reeking of rottenness was already coming from him under the hot sun.

When I reached the shelter, I met Dr. Seiki, Tomita, Shigemoto, Tatsuo Tomita, and others. I was told that all the wounded who remained in the shelter died. Then, I also heard many accounts from Tomita.

(Graduated in 1945)

Atomic calamity

Toshio Amano

On 9 August 1945, Nagasaki, once called a foreign country in the south, was instantly reduced to ashes by the weapon of the century, the atomic bomb, and three flowers, ironically smiled. As the peach-coloured paratroopers were dropped, the city and human life were instantly slaughtered, taking away all life of all living things, and the spirits of 70,000 citizens of Nagasaki ascended to heaven with the flames and permeated the earth with the rain of radiation.

Our fate and encounters, which have miraculously stood amid the fierce radiation. The heroic figures of my late teachers and classmates have scattered and left no trace like flowers, and the dewdrops which have vanished. I feel as if I can still hear nostalgically their voices here and now, but when I think of them, I am even more disturbed by my thoughts. I feel as if they have passed into the past of this world where the water that has passed away cannot return, and the stars in the night sky that have been passing away for 10 years, dream or reality, have become the empty dream of the past. The summer sun reflecting the streams from rivers has not changed this year, but the midsummer sun reminds me of those days again.

While knowing I have limited space for this account, I am writing this humble memory as an offering to the spirits of my late schoolmates and to pray for lasting peace in the world. (Excerpt from "My Memories of the Atomic Disaster")

The midsummer sun shone dazzlingly in the grassy breath of the clovers, and I had to endure the heat that burned my body as I stood still and attended the Imperial Proclamation of War. At 12:45 p.m., President Tsuno'o began his address and spoke about the new bomb. On his way back from a business trip to Tokyo, the train was stopped in Hiroshima, and as he had to walk to the next station while carrying a large rucksack, he saw countless fresh corpses lying around the city, and even a house at the bottom of a valley was exposed to the bomb without any shrapnel or large holes. The story was that we should not relax even for a moment in such a situation.

After returning to the classroom, there was a lot of talk amongst schoolmates about it. Some people had already fled back to Nagasaki from Hiroshima, so the extent of the damage was immediately known. When Usui met Murayama yesterday, he told him that on his way back from Hakata, he rode the train with the victims who told him all about the situation. The classroom was noisy as we discussed, and there was no end to the talk of Hiroshima. Who amongst the young students, who amongst the murmurs, could have foreseen the fate of tomorrow but God? On the 9th, in order to prepare perfectly, the school had been working for several days on a shelter for complete evacuation under the direction of Dr. Seiki, and lectures were cancelled. On that day, we in the sickly team (those who had been sick due to mobilisation) were organising and drying books that had been evacuated to the medicine storehouse. The members were I, Usui, Kawanami,

Iwamoto, Takeda, Yamada, and Matsumoto (Tadashi). The work was all done under the guidance of Dr. Sugiura. Most of our schoolmates were doing shelter digging work in two groups under Araki's command. When it was probably after 11:00 a.m., we heard the sound of an airplane rapidly descending. I clucked my tongue, thinking that another enemy aircraft was coming, and around the same time, I felt a tremendous blast and heat, along with a loud bang. I got down instantly, but it was already too late. I lifted my head as I heard a voice telling me to get out, but I couldn't see at all. I crawled up, groping in the dark. A huge cloud of yellow dust was rising in the pitch-darkness, and a small bluish-purple flame was burning in what appeared to be the main building of the College. I looked around, but there was nothing standing within sight. Streams of people began to flow from all over the place. I followed the flow of people, unconscious, in a half-fainting state, without knowing where I was going. When I came to myself, I was in the sports ground. The area began to burn intensely, and there was even wind mixed with smoke and sand, and with nowhere to stay, I, Matsumoto (Tadashi), took refuge on Gubiroga Hill. The people disappeared gradually, and the entire area was left only to burn naturally in the city. The clouds above us changed into a multitude of colors of white, black, red, yellow, and purple. Alone and hit by the rain, I came to myself and went down to the river that runs beneath a church. On the tatami mats lay Director Takagi, head of the Special Medical Vocational Department. It would have been after 5:00 p.m., I was planning to go to the remains of the school building, to make contact with the schoolmates, but half of them who were fine until this morning were dead and lying in the shelter. Araki was still conscious. When I heard that a temporary headquarters had been set up under Anakobo, I walked through the fire with the intention of organising a rescue team. After making contact with Dr. Seiki, I spent six days in the shelter rescuing all the school friends, placed the deceased in the shooting range, handed over the map of the buried to Director Eguchi, then went to Tacitus and Nagaimo area to search for the missing.

(Graduated in 1945)

Looking up at the atomic cloud

Shisei Hiroshima

I was asked to write my story for the publication of a memoir on 10th anniversary of the atomic bombing, but I declined, as I had no direct experience of the atomic bombing, but I was told that it would be meaningful to describe how those of us who had left Nagasaki knew about the bombing and how much damage we imagined it would cause, so I took my pen.

The material in this text is based on notes and memories of classmates living in Nagasaki at

the time.

One day in June 1945, when the war was becoming more and more intense, we, the second-year students of the former Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, were assembled. And then, at the same time, a mobilisation order was issued for students to go to Plant No. 7042 in Kumamoto Prefecture (now the New Japan Nitrogen Minamata Plant in Minamata City, Kumamoto Prefecture,) and on the spot, the following students were mobilised as wartime student researcher: Gunge, Tanaka, Tamura, Ichibangase, Yasumoto, Kazuma Yoshida, Isao Yoshida, Okabe, Nakaoka, Itami, Hirayu, Nakagawara, Fukuda, Aoki, and Otani were decided to be sent.

On that day, some shared joy holding hands together while some envied others, so the sadness and joy were mixed, but who could have imagined that after 55 days, some of them would be parted forever, and this was a sentence of death for them?

We, 38 members who gathered in front of Minamata Station at 5:00 p.m. on 20 June, then on we believed in the victory of our country and devoted ourselves to the work day after day with the passion of youth.

But on the other hand, I was driven by nostalgia when I looked at the evening primrose blooming under the dormitory window. The head teacher, Dr. Sugiura, who lived with us from the beginning, said, "I will tell your friends in Nagasaki about your life. Please endure until the end," as he returned to Nagasaki, and these words were the last we had heard from him. As the air raids became more and more severe, our spirits rose even higher.

Two of our schoolmates were wounded in the attack on 7 August, and at the sight of their blood, we said to each other in indignation: "This is directly connected to the front line, and our deaths are no different from the deaths of the war." The reason was that the factory where we were mobilised was a gunpowder raw materials factory, and in this respect, we considered our place to be more dangerous than Nagasaki.

There are the following stories. A good friend of one of the students who remained at the College asked his schoolmate who had gone home on holiday at Nagasaki Station as they parted. "Who will die first?" "It will be me at the factory, you take care of the rest if I die." "Okay, I've got it."

This would confirm that our remaining friends in the laboratory were also of the same opinion. When we heard the news that a new type of bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima, I could only feel that it had happened far away over the mountains, as we were busy every day restoring the factory, cleaning up the collapsed dormitories, or digging up the personal belongings buried. At 11:02 a.m. on 9 August 1945, we were sheltering from an air-raid when suddenly we heard a thunder-like sound in the distance. When we turned around to see what was going on, we saw a ray of white cloud like a dragon rising straight up over the Ariake Sea, breaking through the clouds over Amakusa. Eventually, the cloud spread its head, but the cloud's legs snapped off halfway

through. In a moment, it rose quickly and formed a mass, colouring the blue sky red, blue, yellow, and green, like a rainbow in a dream, shining in the midday sun as it passed over our heads. Oh, to think that a hellscape was unfolding under this beautiful rainbow. Soon after the air-raid was over, we gathered one by one, and the topic of conversation was this strange cloud. Some said, "It was an eruption in Unzen," others said, "It was a test of Japan's new aerial mines." However, a schoolmate who had been evacuated somewhere came back at the end and shared with us that the broadcast had said that "All Nagasaki citizens should take shelter" and that "They should all work to extinguish the fire." When we from Nagasaki heard this, we were surprised and excited. Further information came in that "Nagasaki is totally deserted everywhere." "It's a hoax, even our factories have been completely wiped out, here we are, alive and well." "A bomb cannot destroy entire humanity." We couldn't have imagined this at the time, and even if we had imagined it, it would have been only 1/10,000 or 1/100,000 of the reality of Nagasaki. But when I thought that we were fighting in a moment of national crisis, I had to give up my hope to see my former teachers, classmates, and family, even if only for a moment, with my own eyes. The factory manager must have been aware of our feelings as we worked day in and day out, worrying about the safety of Nagasaki, and eventually granted us special leave.

However, the war's end decree was issued following the incident, so they were demobilised and had to leave the factory. The war, to which we had devoted all our youthful enthusiasm, was over, and we parted from the sea of Minamata with tears in our eyes as we sang "*Umi yukaba*." When the sun had already passed over the Shiranui (Yastushiro) Sea and the shadows of the islands were fading into the evening fog, what were our thoughts and feelings on deck? The following day, on the 16th, early in the morning, we left 18 friends at the Port of Miike, and it was a little after 9:00 a.m. when 19 of us landed at Yue in Shimabara. There, we were shown a glimpse of the tragic situation of Nagasaki. A boy with one arm burnt off, and even pus was overflowing. Where is he trying to go? He just wanted to get away from Nagasaki as soon as possible. The only thing he could tell me about Nagasaki was that it was "in ruins" and "a shambles." That alone should not be enough for us. We tried relentlessly to find out from anyone who had the slightest information about Nagasaki, whether they were a local or a passenger in a train. But the conclusion was that the facts were greater than the stories. We imagined the actual situation in Nagasaki in many different ways. But that was only half of the reality. When the train finally passed Michino'o, we couldn't sit still and leaned out of the window to stare at the car. Oh, what a tragedy. How cruel. Is this the beautiful green Nagasaki, or all this brownish-brown place as far as we could see? The steel frame of a factory was bent and broken like candy, and was that painful figure left in the ashes of the College? Hospital. I could not see my school. It had disappeared. What happened to the teachers and my classmates?

Are they one of those who pick up the bones or those who seek a piece of the remains of the household goods? They looked like ants.

Ah, this was the Nagasaki I had dreamt of. The train proceeded quietly and calmly to Urakami and then Nagasaki, probably to wake up the white bones lying on the side of the tracks.

(Graduated in 1947)

Remembering deceased schoolmates from the same hometown

Masaharu Okuno

Time flies, and the world has changed dramatically. It is often said that a decade is a decade. It has been already ten years since the tragic atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, when I instantly lost half of my classmates who shared the hardships and joys under a terrible environment during the war, a truly regrettable and mournful event which never leaves my mind. I was especially shocked when I heard of the deaths of Noboru Matsumoto and Shozo Okamoto, both from Yamaguchi Prefecture, who went to study together in Nagasaki away from home, and had been good friends with me since before their deaths. I was full of anxiety and unreliability when I went alone to the unknown city of Nagasaki to study pharmacy in 1943, but I met other seniors and colleagues from the same prefecture, and the support I received helped to dispel my fears and allowed me to concentrate on my studies. Their lodgings were not too far from mine, so when we returned home after our training, we would get together for a chat, often singing songs along with Matsumoto's guitar, and the nights would pass by quickly. Their humor and harmonious character made my days fun and fruitful. In the autumn of our second year, as the war intensified, students were mobilised, and Okamoto and I were sent to work at the Tanabe Pharmaceutical Factory in Onoda City, while Matsumoto remained in the laboratory, so we lost the opportunity to talk and laugh together, which was regrettable. When I was going to Onoda, Matsumoto came to my lodgings and helped me pack my luggage and carry it to the station. We encouraged each other for our future, which still moves me with a deep emotion. Also, Okamoto and I worked together at the Tanabe factory and shared the same room in the dormitory, where we shared our wartime material and emotional deprivations by encouraging each other, but in April 1945, I entered the Naval Hygiene School, and the day finally came when we parted. Even now, I can clearly recall the image of Okamoto, who sent me waving the Rising Sun flag at Onoda Station. The more than two years I spent as a student were also the years I spent with Matsumoto and Okamoto. When I look back on the years, many things flash back to mind, just like a running lantern. It is utterly impossible to describe them on a piece of paper. I pray for the repose of both their souls as I conclude this memoir. May my late school friends Noboru Matsumoto and Shozo

Okamoto rest in peace.

(Graduated in 1946)

Ms. Teruko Uchino

Kuwasaki Sawa (Maiden name Ueki)

Recollections of working with Teruko Uchino

Upon the student mobilisation, we both served as scientific research assistants under the supervision of Dr. Yokoyama (Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals), who was a lecturer at the time, in the form of mobilisation for his work. We were both admirers of science, so we walked down that green alleyway to the far left of the Pharmacology Department at the end of the building. I don't remember the details of my assignment today, but in spite of standing on my feet all day synthesizing and precisely measuring the chemicals that the doctor had thought of, I continued to work seriously and with joy. Teruko-san, in particular, was very fond of learning, and when she was in school, I saw that she never stopped pursuing her studies. In addition to the two of us, there were two pharmacy students and one person from a pharmaceutical company in the laboratory, and even outsiders such as ourselves helped out. The doctor's research was always shared with Dr. Terasaka and sent for animal experiments. At that time, the Pharmacology Department was also short of staff due to the departure of faculty to the war, so I moved from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals to the Pharmacology Department and became an assistant in the animal (canary, chicken) experiments. Teruko-san worked on synthesis, melting point measurements, and microbalances every day, under the doctor's guidance, and sometimes even assisted him with research on pigments. I assume it was April. I stopped working for a while for family reasons, so I don't know what happened after that, but I can still see her working hard, sweating, and working with drugs while short-handed. I would like to conclude this memoir while praying for the repose of Teruko-san's soul. I also wish I had the time to do so.

Remembering my child

Masaji Gunge

The years have flown by so quickly that it feels like a dream that ten full years have passed since the tragic disaster of the atomic bombing.

This year, not only in Japan but also in many other countries, people have been discussing the damage caused by the atomic bombs and the use of the bombs from various perspectives,

and the consequences of such anomalies on the life and culture of all mankind in the future are to be considered. But for those of us who were directly affected by the atomic bombings, we have particularly painful memories and thoughts filling our minds like clouds.

The University is also commemorating its 10th anniversary this year, and we were encouraged to write something about what we thought of the incident. Even if I have no such ability, I would be very grateful if you could mention what I write at the end of this memoir, if there is any space left.

I would say that I am generally insensitive or indifferent, so during the war, I felt that there was no such thing as an air-raid where bullets would fall directly on my head, which would happen only once in a million. I didn't build an air-raid shelter in my house and didn't evacuate because I thought it was better than worrying about one thing in ten million. However, one day Yoshio, my child who died by an atomic bombing, told his father, me, that he had been designated as an air-defence member or something, and that he was prepared for his death by an air-raid at any time.

On the 8th, the day before the bombing, I happened to be on the train with my child as he went to his College. I stopped at a related factory in Omura from Nagasaki Station and stayed at a brewery in Karatsu, where I had lunch on the 9th, when I heard on the radio that Nagasaki had been hit by air raids and that all citizens had to evacuate. I thought it was nothing serious, so the next day, the 10th, I visited Dr. Yamazaki at the Department of Agriculture, Fukuoka University. I didn't get to meet him because he was away on a business trip, but the way I met Mr. Suzuki, the former president of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry in Nagasaki, was that he told me about the enormous damage caused by the atomic bomb in Hiroshima, but he did not talk about the damage in Nagasaki. I then went to Jojima in Fukuoka Prefecture, stayed overnight at Nakamura's house at the Seiriki Sake Brewery, and was to return to Nagasaki the next morning, but the train did not run due to the air-raid in Kurume, and as the train started in the late afternoon, I stayed at Kashima where I reached by the last train. The next day, on the 12th, I left by train to Michino'o and entered Nagasaki, where I was surprised to see the extent of the damage.

On the 13th and 14th, Norio, my second son, and I searched the laboratory of the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals and Gubiloga Hill to search for the corpses or anything left, but we found nothing, so we prayed the Heart Sutra at the burnt remains of the library. It was a great consolation to see Dr. Yokoyama, who was particularly helpful to Yoshio at school, on the way.

So, as for me, I will be too emotional when I mourn my late child; whenever I remember my child, I immediately recite the Heart Sutra or the Diamond Sutra in remembrance of him. I spend my time thinking that my child is not dead but just sleeping.

I console myself by making the poems as follows.

How was the moment when the atomic bomb fell?

My child must have been awakened in surprise

The souls of my child were awakened by the atomic bomb
 Whatever the blooming flower may look like, his soul
 All that is old is gone, and the new
 The rock gate of the Goddess will open
 The heavens and the earth were opened at the beginning of time

These days, when I wonder as I read the ancient history of “*Kojiki* (ancient Japanese myth and chronicle).”

Whenever I read “*Kojiki*” or the Diamond Sutra, I believe that my child is not dead, but is always resurrected when he comes to our minds. Rather than grieve and feel bitter at the thought of a child's death, if we offer a memorial and pray for our children and use our memories of the atomic bombing in a positive way, I think that we can believe that they are still alive in spirit.

I don't even want to think of him as a victim of the atomic bomb age.

He who falls on the earth shall rise from the earth. I believe that those who fell by the atomic bomb must rise from the atomic bomb. As the damage was tremendous at the Nagasaki Medical College, which instantly returned to the void, I would like to see it revived with a new worldview and as a new cultural centre, focused on the victims and the area that met the disaster.

I believe that Buddhism teaches the way of death, while the Japanese “*Kojiki*” teaches the way of life.

There is a saying in Buddhism that one enters the “*Hokke* (Lotus Sutra)” by embodying wisdom, and it means to see the world of the various Dharma realities of the Lotus Sutra with the wisdom of emptiness. The view of the Lotus Sutra's realities of the Dharma is not so different from the view of the “*Kojiki*.”

In the 23rd chapter of the Lotus Sutra, in the *Yakuo Bosatsu* (Medicine King *Bodhisattva*) story, *Kimi Bosatsu* (*Bodhisattva*) said to *Nichigetukeimei Nyorai* (*Tathagata*), “Rather than making offerings to the Buddha through my divine power, I must renounce my beloved body and make offerings to the Buddha.” This *Bodhisattva* is supposed to be reborn as the “*Yakuo* (Medicine King)” *Bodhisattva* by burning his body with oil. I believe that the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, which was burnt to the ground in the atomic bombing, is the *Kimi Bodhisattva* and the *Soin Bodhisattva*. How should Nagasaki Medical College and the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals appear in the world in the future? The 16th *Muryojukyo* Sutra of the Lotus Sutra explains in detail that the life of the Buddha is eternal. Recently, it has been confirmed that life can transcend time and space due to radioactivity.

Therefore, I hope that the Nagasaki Medical College, as the centre of the atomic bombing, will lead to something like permanent life research in the world of academia. And if they were to plan to install something like a research plan, it would be of great significance to those

directly affected by the atomic bombing, such as ourselves, and we would be able to find joy in it. Indeed, this is a very abrupt intention, but for someone like me who have been discussing the followings of the Lotus Sutra and the *Muryojyukyo* preaching and who are becoming aware of the truth of the significance of the renunciation and burning of the *Yakuo Bodhisattva*, I am expressing my opinion because I believe that there is a mysterious relationship between the Medical College and the atomic bombing.

Or perhaps you could symbolise the *Yakuo Bodhisattva* with a monument of some kind.

In addition, there is a book called “*Ryoin Hisho*,” which may have some connection with the Medical College and Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, and a poem in it praises as follows in the category of *Juryo*’s preaching.

The eight volumes of the Lotus Sutra are only a part of it, and among them, there is nothing more precious than the *Juryojohin*, which is recited and explained.

The Buddha is in the Paradise of Kozan, which does not change, and the body does not change; it is a place far away, and there is no end. Nevertheless, they are all enough of the Lotus Sutra.

When we think that a smoke standing in a shala forest, it was an illusion since the Buddha is always present and is reaching the Dharma at a Mountain.

Preaching regarding “*Yakuo*,” Medicine King Bodhisattva. He changed his body and came into the world twice, after the death of the Buddha, and burned his two arms, which shine a light on many countries.

While seeking the Dharma and serving it by burning his arms as a sign, he has been ranked as a *Bodhisattva* for having shattered the marrow of his own body.

There are strange medicines in this world. It is the Lotus Sutra, Medicine King *Bodhisattva*, who is immortal, who will treat well all who listen to it.

The deceased (Affiliated Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals)

Professor Jiro Yamashita, Takashi Sugiura

Administration:

Sadakichi Iwamoto, Hisayoshi Yokose

Toshiyoshi Yamamoto, Atsuko Ide

Teruko Uchino, Takiko Matsuo

(a) Third-year student

Kazuo Araki, Toshiaki Ikeda, Noritaka Ishida

Osamu Ejima, Hideo Ohki, Syozou Okamoto

Kunihiro Kozone, Kei Suyama, Takayuki Suenaga

Hiroshi Tanaka, Tetsuo Tada, Kazuki Narazaki

Keiji Hashimoto, Toyohiro Fujita, Yoshiteru Matsuno

Noboru Matsumoto, Yasuhiko Miyamoto, Naoyuki Murayama

Tomohisa Yatomi, Takeshi Yamasaki, Yasuo Yamada

Ryohei Yoneda, Hisashi Watanabe

(b) Second-year student

Shigeki Aoki, Tadamasa Ichibangase, Yoshio Gunge

Tokio Tamura, Tukasa Hirayu, Noboru Fukuda

Michio Yasumoto, Isao Yoshida, Kazuma Yoshida

(c) First-year student

Norikuni Takemoto, Shigeru Nakao, Tetsuo Nakagawahara

Mitsuo Nakakura

Memories of Tatsuichi

Tora Dohi

I heard that during the air-raid on Nagasaki on 1 August, the Medical College was hit and his hat and glasses were blown off as the bombs fell, and he slipped into an air-raid shelter. Those who came afterwards were blown away by the blast and hit against the wall, crushed and killed instantly. Since the air-raids were getting worse, I urged him several times to go to Mie Village in Seihi (Nishisonogi-gun), where his parents had been evacuated, but he said he would graduate in a week and that he would be fine, so we parted.

At 11:02 a.m. on 9 August, an atomic bomb fell and I (Tatsuichi's older sister) lived in Tateyama, which is opposite side over the mountain from Urakami, and when I tried to enter the air-raid shelter under the floor seeing a flash, the partitions of the house flew in the room, suffered several wounds from shards of glass and had to have a 1 cm 5 mm square glass removed from under my chin, and had to be cleaned with Mercurochrome over and over again, I went to look for my two children, aged four and two, who were playing in the neighbourhood, and was relieved to find them safe as they were taken into the air-raid shelter in the garden because they saw a flash.

Well, how is my younger brother in the Medical College? I was extremely worried. The sky in the Urakami area was dark like during a total eclipse, and the smell was terrible and suffocating.

Around dusk, injured people who went in the direction of Urakami started to come down. Their kimonos were bloody and torn to shreds, and their faces and bodies were red and swollen from burns, but no one looked like they came from the Medical College. I stood there for a very long time and finally asked two or three students from the Specialized School of Pharmaceuticals, who said there was nothing to worry about, so I was a little relieved and thought he was somewhere else under care, so I kept waiting to see when he would come, but after all, he did not return. I became so worried as the rain fell during the night. I couldn't go looking for him because I have small children, and all I could do was pray for my brother's safety.

On the morning of the third day after the atomic bomb fell, our older brother, who had been evacuated to Togitsu, and our older sister, who had been evacuated to Mie, came to inform me that they had found the body of Tatsuichi. I fought back the tears that were streaming down my face and decided to bury his body where it was, as the air-raids were so bad that we couldn't even carry him. Lying in a grassy area about 3.3 sq. m. on the roadside a little higher up the mountain above Anakobo, he sustained a large piercing wound on his upper left hand, just below the shoulder, probably from a flying medical instrument, also a wound on his head measuring about 10 cm, all well bandaged to stop bleeding, but he must have lost a lot of blood and collapsed. At that time, he was in training at the Kageura Internal Medicine Department before graduation. He was the fifth of six siblings and had good grades since primary school, and both parents and

siblings had high hopes for his future and were looking forward to it, but we had no choice but to give up thinking he was unlucky.

Late Tatsuichi Dohi (Fourth-year student at that time)

Born on 8th April 1919, entered Nagasaki Medical College in 1941

(As the manuscript was submitted later, it is included here.)