

The dormitory was burned to the ground and nothing was left, not even a piece of wood. Then I went through the south lawn of the South Ward, down the stone steps and came out in the East Ward of Shirabe Surgery. The South and East Wards were gutted and only the empty structure remained standing.

Sato Katsumi was in the south terrace of Shirabe Surgery. He offered me a small scorched kettle of water, saying that the water had collected from the drips of the boiler in the power house. "It should be okay !" he said. It was pure and delicious, different from the water from the valley stream I drank yesterday.

Already, Chief Sato had arrived when I got to the tunnel shelter behind the hospital kitchen, and she and two assistants were cleaning the rice for cooking. I asked Sato to help them and returned to the East Ward.

Going into my office, I found that everything had burned and that nothing was left. The books on the shelf were still smoldering. The losses were as follows : futon (bedding), a Brunswick phonograph, and a Londin watch (this was a memento of my brother, obtained from my sister after his death for one hundred yen. It was very accurate) and a leather brief-case (this had contained Koji's bank book, which showed a balance of 1,500 yen). I also lost my books, records of published papers and resources. (Placed in both my office and the library, these included complete back issues of the Japan Surgery Association journal, Japan Orthopedic Surgery Association journal, the magazine *Geka Hokan*, and other publications. I deeply regretted losing them. There was also a large number of books from Japan and abroad.) It was particularly troublesome at that point to have lost my watch and the bank book.

I went around the second floor. Only part of the operating room was left; the other rooms were totally burned out. It was still hot. I came down from the second floor and went to the basic science campus from the rear gates of the university hospital.

Professor Koyano was in front of the cave shelter, fortunately, and I asked him, "Would you wait here for a while? The university president is coming down soon." And I went further, passing behind the gynecology department. I had difficulties passing through the debris and fallen wood from the rooted trees. I was stopped by a wounded woman at the rear gate asking for help. She must have escaped from the gynecology patient ward. She was wounded with burns and bruises over her whole body, and she was walking slowly, virtually crawling.

I had trouble crossing the road strewn with fallen trees between the ophthalmology and pediatric departments. Neither department was burning, fortunately. I kept moving forward to the university after coming out from the rear gates. The place had changed so much that it was hard to recognize the road. The university gates were knocked down. Two or three students were walking as if they were sleep walking.

One of them asked me, "How is Shirabe (my son)?" He had recognized

me by looking at my name tag and expressed concern about Koji. "I don't know," I replied and advised them to go to the university hospital.

The basic science buildings were all burned out. Only the concrete buildings were standing, spitting flames here and there. Looking at the burned out site of the main building, I saw that there was a corpse in the administrator's office. It must have been the administrator himself. I went to the burned out site of the forensic medicine department. There was also a corpse lying in the room of Professor Kunifusa. It must have been Professor Kunifusa. I was speechless.

After that, I went to the anatomy auditorium where I thought Koji must have been. I found out later that the room I saw was a laboratory. There were three half-scorched bodies. These were probably students who escaped from the auditorium, trying to get to the ground, but who lost their strength and burned to death. Their faces were unrecognizable, but from the size of the bodies, feet, shoes, etc., I could guess that none of them was Koji.

Next I came out on the sports ground. Faintly breathing, terribly burned, dying people were lying below on the stone steps. They must also have come from the anatomy classroom. There were four or five women's corpses in the field, side-by-side. When I was returning, an assistant in the Radiology Department, came looking for the nurses. I heard that four or five first-year student nurses had been working in the field. Their faces had changed and were unidentifiable. He spoke in a somber voice: "Probably, this was Miss... hat must be Miss..."

Then I went to the shelter of the pharmacy school where Dr. Nagai's group was. The nurses were hard at work, cooking. This shelter had been dug three meters under the ground and in a fork shape. They were strongly built shelters.

I left these people and went alone to the university shelter. The pharmacy school, the pharmacology department, the biochemistry department, physiology department, large auditorium, and library were all burned out. The bacteriology department, public health building and the main building were all in the same state. The shelter was intact, but the gymnasium in front of it was burned out and desolate. It was not a place where I could stay. Even so, I heard somebody's faint voice. I returned to the tunnel shelter of the hospital without checking who it was.

"It looks like the president has not come down yet", I shouted. "Bring him down to the hospital shelter rather than the university shelter."

When I was passing in front of Mie Hall, a student in front of the water reservoir pointed at the tunnel shelter below the psychiatric department and said, "Professor Yamane is at the bottom of this tunnel." Inside the tunnel it was dark, and we could not see anything. I told the student to bring him out, and I waited, prepared with bandages. Professor Yamane came out wrapped with stripped cotton cloth. It looked like both his arms and back had been wounded. The wound on the left side of his skull was severe and would bleed if I took off the bandage. His pulse was

weak. I did not think I could treat him there. I treated the wounds on his forearms, gave an injection of a heart stimulating drug, and went to the hospital shelter to report Professor Yamane's critical condition to Professor Koyano.

Soon, the president's stretcher was brought down and taken into the tunnel shelter behind the hospital kitchen. There were already several patients in it. These people were transferred to the other shelter, so that the president could be received here alone. After that, Professor Takagi came down, but he was not lively. I gave him an intravenous injection of Lodinon 50 cc and let him drink 50 cc of the same solution.

In the shelter, university president Tsunoo appointed Professor Koyano acting president and asked him to take care of all administrative matters. Onizuka of the school affairs department brought a scorched desk and chair, and a makeshift university headquarters was set up behind the hospital kitchen.

Breakfast was rice balls prepared by Sato. After that, Sato went to see her home for the first time and told me in sorrow after she came back about noon that her family had perished. I felt so sorry for her. Then, about 20 members of the civil defense corps from Arie brought stretchers. I asked them to bring Professor Kaneko here from near the seminary where he was believed to be lying and wounded.

Wondering how I could give adequate treatment to President Tsunoo and the wounded students and nurses, I got an idea to set up a relief station in the house in Nameshi to which my family had evacuated prior to the bombing. We should bring all of the wounded and call on the help of Dr. Kido and doctors, nurses of Shirabe Surgery and students. Some medical supplies were stored in my house. I discussed this immediately with Professor Koyano and got his consent. I decided to go back to my house alone and prepare for it. It seemed to be a little past noon, but it may have been as late as 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I went home on foot.

The university had been reduced to ruins as described briefly above. The hospital was built of iron-reinforced concrete and its structures remained, but the insides were almost totally burned out. Very little was left.

The following is a summary of the damage :

Totally burned :

Hospital Outpatient Clinic of the Main Building

Pharmacy

Internal Medicine Ward

Ear and Nose Department

South Auditorium

Shirabe Surgery East Ward

Middle Auditorium

Koyano Surgery Operation Room

Second Middle Auditorium

Gift Shop
 Gynecology Department Operation Room
 North Auditorium
 High South [Tuberculosis Ward]
 Nurses' Dormitory
 Mie Hall
 Rear Gate House

Half burned :

Both Surgical Wards (third floor of the library, professors' offices, part of the first floor) Gynecology and Obstetrics Ward Dermatology Department Hospital Kitchen

Remaining structures (ceiling, wall structures, and furniture) :

Ophthalmology Department
 Pediatric Department
 Psychiatric Department
 High North [Infectious Disease Ward].

Structures remaining in the university's basic science campus :

Library second floor
 Biochemistry Department Basement.

Except for a few evacuated goods, the books in the surgery and other departments had all burned up. It is also very regrettable that most of the drugs, surgical supplies and instruments (microscopes, etc.) in the remaining buildings were stolen. Nagasaki was infected with hundreds of night-crawling devils. It is said that several dozen rice bales were left unburned, but we could not retrieve even half of them. It is no exaggeration to say that nothing was left intact to save. I have hardly any tears left to cry. All of the university belongings, except for a few things moved to Hizen Kashima and to my house, were gone.

3. About Michinoo Temporary Relief Station

The reason I set up a temporary relief station in the Michinoo Iwaya Club, staffed by the Shirabe Surgical Department, is, as mentioned above, that I wanted to provide adequate treatment for the university's wounded. It would not be possible to give good patient care in the ruins. There was a danger of disaster for the doctors and nurses if they had to work in such terrible circumstances. The Nameshi and Michinoo areas were not damaged, so the care providers would have good working conditions, and the wounded would be better off sleeping there than on the bare earth or

concrete floors in the ruins.

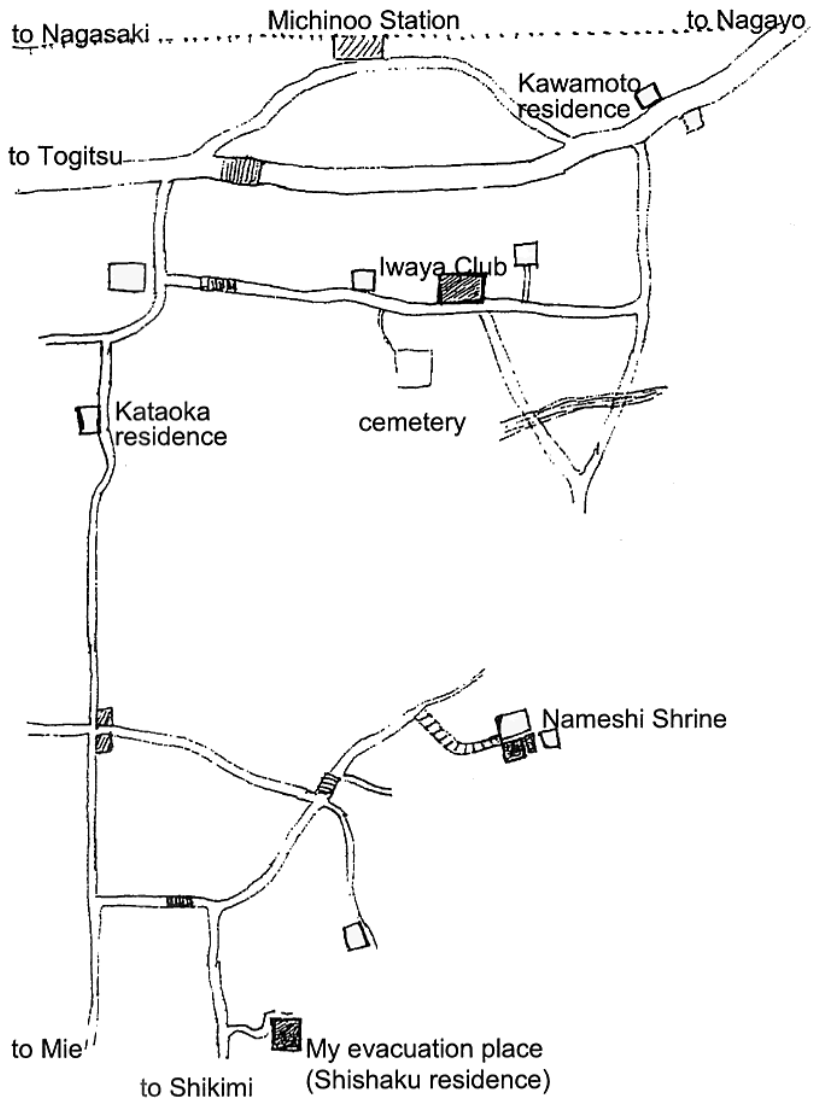
The first care station I envisioned was the Nameshi Shrine. Let President Tsunoo and Professor Yamane stay in the worship hall there, I thought. With students and nurses lodged in the shrine's office, we could receive about 30 patients. The doctors and nurses would stay in my house and in the shrine storage room.

On August 10, on the way home, I went to discuss with Mr. Kataoka of the town association the matter of using the shrine. To my regret, I learned that the shrine office had already been loaned to the military that morning. Troops had been staying in Kaisei School but had come to the shrine because the school's roof tiles had been blown off by the atomic bomb explosion. Altogether there were 80 soldiers, and they were making a defensive position over the Mie pass. I was told that if I really needed the shrine, I should make arrangements with the military headquarters. I had no other choice. I decided to try contacting the military headquarters and went home. On the way home, I met Mr. Wada, the Eighteenth Bank Branch manager. He told me that one of my children was back home. I hurried back home, wondering which one it was.

When I approached the house, my wife, Sumiko and all three of my daughters came out, tears in their eyes. Seiichi came out last with a bandage on his head and hands. The "one child" who had come back was Seiichi. All of us had returned home except Koji. Perhaps he had burned to death in the auditorium. It was a very painful thought, but nothing could be done. Now that Japan is in the middle of war, the death of medical students attending class was to be regarded the same as the death of soldiers. Koji was not the only one to die, though. I had to focus on the fact that one of my sons was still alive ; it was good fortune in such an unfortunate situation.

Right away, I examined Seiichi's burns. The burned areas were the neck, entire back, right forearm and back of the hand, but it was less than one third of the body surface. He should not die. I was relieved to see that his face was not burned.

When I was taking lunch, Tazoe came with a military man. He was a gentle man, a low ranking officer. He expressed his regrets and asked for my cooperation. I could not refuse the military troops. I again went to discuss the matter with Mr. Kataoka, who suggested the use of the branch school and Iwaya Club. To use the branch school, it is enough to just inform the teacher, Eguchi, and the city branch office. I did not want to borrow a house in Nameshi town, so I went to see the branch school first. The building was falling apart. It was too dangerous to go inside the building. Having no other choice, I went back to the Iwaya Club. The building's roof tiles had almost all been blown off and the ceiling was damaged, but the pillars were strong and would not collapse. It could be used after we brought out the furniture and did a little repair work on the floor.



I stopped at the house of Mr. Eto, president of the town association on the way home and negotiated with him for the loan of the club. He understood and gave me permission to use it. I met Mr. Kataoka and Mr. Takagi, chief of the city government branch office, in front of Mr. Kataoka's house. And, again, we three went to see Mr. Eto and expressed our gratitude. I came home at dusk.

On the evening of August 10, Nurse Murakami, with Go Gensen [a Taiwanese doctor], and his wife came in suddenly. Murakami had been home in Sakito because her father was ill, but she returned when his condition improved. On the way back to the university, her train stopped as a result of an air raid at Nagayo, and she stayed over last night in the house of a former patient of Shirabe Surgery.

Yesterday, Go Gensen had sensed that coming to work would be dangerous and took the day off. He rested in Kikitsu. It was on the way home for Murakami. Go went to Nagasaki to see if his friends were safe. He went home, but Murakami decided to stay in my house. I told her about my plan, asked for her cooperation, and brought her to the ruins of Nagasaki Medical University the next day, August 11.

(August 11)

The plan for August 11 was to report the result of the negotiations to Professor Koyano and make arrangements for transporting patients. The other plan was to recruit nurses to work alongside Dr. Kido in bringing the medical supplies. I asked Mr. Saku of the neighborhood association to bring a bicycle-drawn cart belonging to Mr. Kinoshita to the university hospital. In the university we spent time selecting wounded patients and making arrangements for their transportation. In particular, setting up transportation posed many difficulties. It seemed that transportation might not be available tomorrow, but it became possible in the evening. I negotiated with army medical officers Akamine and Matsunaga, graduates of our school, for a truck to transport patients. They agreed to provide a truck and to make three trips to transport patients. They came and treated victims in the military aid station set up in front of the hospital main building this morning.

The medical supplies were brought up from beneath the burned out floor of the Shirabe Surgical Department. Seven or eight nurses were recruited, but the only available physician was Dr. Kido. Dr. Sato Katsumi was at home in Shimabara. We looked for Dr. Hidaka in his rooming house, but he could not come because the sister of Dr. Nishiya, his roommate, was at home with burn injuries. Dr. Nishiya was a staff member of the Shirabe Surgical Department at one time, but had been drafted into military service. Dr. Hidaka said he could not come until Nishiya's sister got better.

When I started to go home after changing the president's dressing, head nurse Murakami came in with her face painted with white tincture oil. She said, "I am sorry. I cannot go to Michino now. I will come

back as soon as my burns are healed." Then she went to Konagai.

Professor Takagi, lying beside the president, expressed anxiety as his general condition worsened. His hopes of returning to his home seemed impossible according to Professor Sano. He also wanted to bring Professor Sofune by stretcher to his house.

A first year medical student who had escaped from the anatomy auditorium brought a child in grave condition. The child had a subdural hematoma due to a skull fracture and was hopeless. I called for a consultation with Dr. Yokoyama of the pediatric department, but he was in critical condition, dying from acute peritonitis due to the rupture of internal organs. I reported to Professor Sano, and he gave the patients injections of heart-stimulating drugs.

Professor Yamane and Associate Professor Ishizaki were in the tunnel shelter of the Koyano Surgical department. They were silent and looked in critical condition. While in the university, I almost choked at the sight of continuous scenes of tragedy. I assembled the group and left the university at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Saku was still waiting on the slope. I ordered several nurses to go with him. Murakami and I walked along the railroad tracks to Michinoo. Dr. Kido and the nurses would be late making a list of wounded patients. There are about 70 patients in the university campus, and the number is increasing.

On the way home I stopped at the house of Mr. Kawamoto, a university hospital pharmacy employee, and asked for his assistance at the temporary relief station. I was happy to hear his eager promise to help. Also I asked Tanaka Tatsuhiko and Tanimoto Hiroshi to clean the Iwaya Club. It was late in the evening, so I did not stop over at the club.

Tanaka was a fourth-year medical college student who had come to my house to borrow a water canteen. I also gave him a white shirt yesterday.

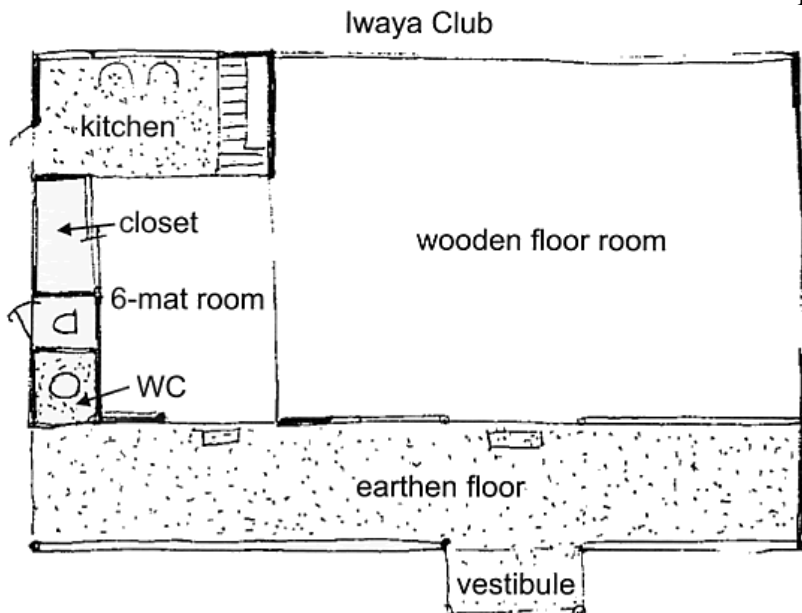
Supplies had already arrived early at Shishaku's house*. The nurses who had also come were Miyazaki, Abe, Honda, Deguchi, Sasakawa, Sakai and Yaguchi; and with Murakami and Kida that made a total of nine. Including Dr. Kido, ten people will sleep in the six-mat room in my house. Although burned and injured, Seiichi was unexpectedly cheerful. Night arrived but Dr. Kido and Nurse Kida did not come back.

(August 12)

In the early morning of August 12, I went with Nurse Murakami on a house call to Mr. Yamashita and met both Dr. Kido and Nurse Kida. I was told that they had stayed overnight at the branch school because it had been too late to return. I wondered how they could sleep on the debris and glass in the darkness with no electric lamps.

The plan for today was to clean the Iwaya Club and shrine and receive wounded patients there. Both Dr. Kido and Nurse Kida went to the

*Publisher's Note : This is the house to which Dr. Shirabe evacuated earlier with his family.



university to arrange patient transfer. A few remaining nurses were sent to the Iwaya Club, and the rest of them went to the shrine to clean.

I went to the Iwaya Club after changing Seiichi's dressing. At the house of Mr. Kataoka, I found Kawamoto perplexed about the rice rationing. She was told that we could not get a ration of food even though we had more than ten doctors and nurses here. We could buy other foods from farmers, but we could only get rice from rationing. Actually, the rice was in a neighbor's storage house in Hizuka, but the policeman guarding the storage house insisted that he could not give any away without permission from headquarters. Having no other alternative, I asked Kawamoto to make arrangements and went to the club.

Arriving at the club, I found the nurses and four civil defense corps members resting without doing anything. They had been waiting for my arrival to receive my orders, and it seemed that they would not work unless I led them. As leader, I started to clean the inside of the house. Everybody followed me. I repaired the Shinto altar and set it in a suitable place. The fallen ceiling and damaged floor were repaired. The wooden floor, tatami mat room, and bare floor room were cleaned. Their appearance changed dramatically.

The morning hours passed quickly, but the truck from Nagasaki did not arrive. The cleaning was completed by 4 o'clock, and I took Tanaka, Tanimoto, Ishigami, and the nurses to my home. On the way we ate a meal cooked at the Nameshi Branch School. Food was given to each student. We ate at the school. Ishigami was staying at Mr. Tazoe's house for two or three days, but he asked my permission to stay in the Iwaya Club because he had difficulty walking due to an injury. I gave

him permission. I said farewell to the other students and went home.

Both Dr. Kido and Nurse Kida came back from Nagasaki. The truck did not even come to the university, and so we could not bring the patients to the relief station. It was reported that a truck from Kawanami would come to transport President Tsunoo tomorrow morning, but only for one trip. I do not think we can bring enough students and nurses here. I am troubled, but there is nothing I can do. I have to let it go; whatever is going to happen will happen. I lay down tired on the bed roll. Dr. Kido was happy. He said that this was the first time he was able to sleep on a bed roll since the bombing.

Written on July 5, 1970

My diary immediately after the bombing ran from August 9 to August 12. The following four days were left blank. I resumed writing sometime between September 24 and 26, and so 42 days were left blank. I deeply regret this. The reasons I left the pages blank are as follows.

- a) Work at Nameshi relief station suddenly become very busy.
- b) Nine people stayed at my evacuation site, the house of Mr. Shishaku Shuji at 1518 Nameshi-go, Nagasaki City. Therefore, I did not have time to write quietly during the day or night.
- c) I myself fell sick from atomic bomb disease.

However, I left pages 26 to 50 blank and planned to fill them in later. Eventually, though, I wrote entries for the last 10 days of September only. My reasons for leaving the pages blank are as follows :

- a) I was too busy with superintendent duties.
- b) I had not completely recovered from the symptoms of atomic bomb disease.
- c) I forgot about the diary because I was devoted to my commitments as a surgical professor.

This diary was in my bookcase and forgotten until being borrowed by Nakamura Iwao of Reader's Digest on July 13, 1967. The circumstances of this loan are as follows. Mr. Chinnock, an American journalist, perhaps from Reader's Digest, came with Nakamura and asked me questions regarding the Nagasaki atomic bombing. The bombing of Hiroshima was well known in the United States, but that of Nagasaki was little known. So Chinnock wanted to write and publish a book. It was a splendid idea. I promised my cooperation. When I told him about the diary, he asked to borrow it for a while; therefore, I loaned it to him. Last year, I wrote a letter asking for the return of the diary. Nakamura called me and promised to send it back in a few days, but nothing happened.

On February 28 of this year (1970), Mr. Kano Doichi of Nishida Memorial Foundation and another person, Aihara Hidetsugu, suddenly came to visit me. The topic of the diary came up at that time. Kano said he would get the diary back from Nakamura. I felt that both were respectable men and so entrusted the matter to them. Also I gave them a