

day that Dr. Tsunoo died.

After completing the transfer of patients to the shrine, I am quite certain that I returned to Iwaya Club and engaged in duties such as attending to the wounded and making house calls. But I am also sure that I went to the shrine twice every day, in the morning and evening, to check on Dr. Tsunoo.

[August 14]

In the morning I went to the shrine. The president's condition was not critical. His temperature was a little high, but he was in unexpectedly good spirits. Professor Yamane's jaw stiffness, gradually starting since yesterday, had worsened : whole body convulsions started to appear. Every time people came to the shrine for worship and rang the bell, he developed a strong opisthotonus [spastic muscle arching of the back]. I don't know how the president acquired it, but he gave me a bottle of antitetanus serum, saying "Give (Yamane) an injection." Right away, I injected half of it (40 cc) intravenously and another half subcutaneously around the wound, but I did not expect Yamane to suddenly be better. Anyway, I had no alternative. I decided to observe his condition for a while.

The worst thing was that Professor Yamane, realizing that he was in a terminal stage, persistently requested liquor. I knew he was a drinker, and I wanted to do something for him, but it was war time; there was no rice available due to government restrictions. I gave him diluted alcohol, but he went into spasms as soon as he sipped it. He just could not drink it. He requested that we give him the alcohol by inserting a feeding tube for food passage. Dr. Kido tried, but he developed spasms as soon as the tip of the tube reached his pharynx. He pulled it out by himself and wept with a faint voice, "It is no use." I felt very sad.

Most of the wounded patients in the club were suffering from severe diarrhea. Moreover, the stools were bloody. Suspecting cholera, we moved these patients to a corner of the room to isolate them. Their temperatures were high, above 40 - C, and their condition was getting worse. Today, two of the students died. The students taking care of them mourned their friends' deaths, piled up their corpses in a vacant lot, and devoutly watched the flames of cremation. I am not sure how many people died on this day.

[August 15]

Professor Yamane's condition only became more critical as time went by.

Around August 15, I counted Seichi's red blood cells with a blood counter, which had been brought home earlier by Koji from his hospital training. His red blood cell count was very low. I do not remember the exact number, but the white blood cells were in broken shapes or like dust. There were no normally shaped white blood cells. I thought the reagent was out of date or spoiled. I regret not testing non-victims as a control.

He lost his appetite, then his consciousness became dim. He was just waiting for death now. None of his relatives came. Finally, he expired. The time was past 7 o'clock according to my records (Tsuioku, p. 7), but according to notes by Head Nurse Maeda it was just before the Emperor's noon broadcast to end the war (Tsuioku, p 68). The broadcast of the Emperor was at noon, so Yamane's death would have been in the morning. But the shrine had no radio ; therefore, Maeda would not have heard the Emperor's broadcast. I was walking on the road, and I did not hear the broadcast. I learned about it from people passing by. I don't know the exact time Professor Yamane died, but it was certainly on August 15. Also, I do not remember how and where he was cremated.

The condition of the president is described in Head Nurse Maeda's notes (Tsuioku, p. 68). I think her description is correct. Head Nurse Maeda went home after meeting the president's wife there. I do not remember when that was. However, she writes that the president stood up to say farewell to her. The day is probably well before August 22, the day of his death. Perhaps it was August 16 or 17.

In the Iwaya Club, patients died continuously. We were kept busy doing cremations. Nurse Kido remembered a patient who needed a lower extremity amputation. We did not have the surgical instruments, so we borrowed an ordinary saw from civilians and cut the bone after we sterilized the saw in a face washing pan. I recall the event. I remember that the sterilization of syringes was done with water in a pan put on a fire or charcoal burner, because we did not have a surgical sterilizer.

[August 16]

After the death of Professor Yamane, the president was alone in the shrine. The head nurse was still with him, but his diarrhea became more frequent. I asked Associate Professor Osajima to come. The president received medical treatment in accordance with his discussion with Dr. Osajima. I only took part in the surgical treatment of the wounds.

At the house, Seiichi's condition deteriorated. His burn wounds produced a thin murky black secretion, instead of the clear yellow pus of septicemia (blood poisoning). His pulse was fast and weak. His mind was still clear, but his face was black with cyanosis, and he realized that the time of his death was coming. He expressed gratitude to his parents, apologized for his early death, and said that if he was reincarnated, he would take revenge on our enemy. He appeared calm, but later began to show a little anxiety.

I worried for the president and the students of Iwaya Club, but I could not leave my son. Seiichi's condition was very bad. He could die at any time. I stayed at his bedside even though I knew it was hopeless. Junko gave words of encouragement, but Seiichi's voice gradually became faint, and he expired peacefully at about noon.

The remains were cremated on Mr. Taira's hill. A man carried Seiichi's body on his back and climbed to the middle of a hill, and his

remains were cremated on top of a pile of wood. He was 18 years and 8 months old. It was a short life. I grieved for him.

After the cremation, I again went to see patients in the shrine and the Iwaya Club and responded to the house calls that were being requested endlessly. This situation did not allow me to stay in my home for my personal concerns. Today, also, several corpses were cremated. We were running out of lumber for cremations.

There was the case of the Yamashita family, a relative of the Shishaku family. Their child, a 14 or 15 year old boy named Yamashita Kunio, worked in a locomotive engine shop at Nagasaki Station. He suffered 2nd or 3rd degree burns over his entire back but managed to return home after the atomic bombing. I remember making several house calls to see him. The first was on August 13 or 14. The entire back of his body had been coated with sesame oil, and a layer of thin bamboo bark, which has a white membrane inside, was applied to the skin surface. I had never seen this kind of treatment, and I admired the idea. This child was a relative of the Shishaku family. I visited him daily and gave him glucose injections. He miraculously survived.

Later on, he developed keloid scars. I admitted him to the Omura Naval Hospital, where we started treatment in late September. I dissected part of his keloid and performed a skin graft. The keloid on his back was too big, so I did not perform surgery on it, but it gradually healed. It is almost gone now. His daily life was not disturbed. He healed well. It is perhaps because Nagasaki Station is located 2.5 km from the hypocenter that his radiation injury was not as severe as Seiichi's.

Mr. Fukuda Yoshio, director of the arms factory, also survived even though he had suffered several wounds on the face in the same building as Seiichi. Also, Miss Yamaguchi, 18 years old at that time, survived. I met her recently. She was on the third floor of the same building. She survived despite burns on both of her forearms. In contrast to Seiichi who was exposed to radiation rays on his back through an open window, both people perhaps survived because they were shielded by a concrete wall. I also heard about a boy sitting behind a concrete wall between two windows who had survived. The difference between life and death was only paper thin. It might be said that it was simply a matter of luck.

[August 17]

The condition of President Tsunoo seemed to be deteriorating. The president's brother, Dr. Tsunoo Shigeru, professor of pharmacology at Showa Medical School at that time, came from Tokyo and took care of him. "He took the president's temperature but when asked by him, "How

The fact that "I examined Yamashita Kunio early in the morning on August 12" is evident from my record of that day (page 18, lines 6 and 7 from the bottom).

high is it?" Shigeru replied "39 .". He showed me the thermometer, and it showed 41 . If Shigeru had told the truth, the president would have been worried. The president lamented, saying, "If I sweat, my fever will come down, but I cannot seem to sweat." I admired his medical expertise.

When his wife arrived, he said in a faint voice, "Miyō-san, we shall go back to Ibaragi and enter private practice after I recover." When such a great scholar confesses his true thoughts, he must realize that there is no hope, not only for the Nagasaki Medical University, but also for Imperial Japan. I thought deeply about his feelings of resignation.

During the day, I was very busy without a break, treating patients at the Iwaya Club and making house calls as usual. After a lonely supper at home without Seiichi or Koji, I was requested to make a house call to Okubo, our neighbor. I was tired, but I went alone. There was an old man lying in a pool of blood. An area of more than two tatami mats was stained red with fresh blood. There was a big cut on his left cheek, still bleeding. He was almost dead. I was told that he had gotten into a fight over rationed rice and had been slashed with a Japanese sword. The laceration extended diagonally for about 10 cm from the corner of the eye and under the right cheekbone. It was still bleeding slightly. Shocked at the sight of it, I took what cloth there was at hand (I think it was gauze but I cannot remember for certain) and pressed this against the wound, then told one of the young family members to run to Iwaya Club and fetch my suturing equipment. He did not bring everything I needed the first time and so I had to make him go twice. In the meantime I kept the cloth pressed against the wound. After about an hour, at eight o'clock I think, Kataoka Shun'ichi (chairman of the neighborhood association) appeared in the garden and said, "Dr. Shirabe, I suggest that you ignore that patient and flee as quickly as possible. The police at Sumiyoshi were the first to run away when rumors started going around about the landing of American troops." It was kind advice, but as a surgeon I couldn't leave a dying patient. I replied, "He may die if I leave him. I cannot stop my work. I will think about it after suturing," and I finished the job alone. I sutured the wound after I got all the surgical supplies. I did the surgical operation without the assistance of Dr. Kido or a nurse. I do not know why they were not there. Perhaps they were in the Iwaya Club.

This patient's wound healed completely without infection. After his recovery, I remember that he brought a chicken, killed and plucked, to express his gratitude.

[August 18]

In the Shishaku house, three people—the mother, daughter and granddaughter—were preparing to flee to Mt. Iwaya. We were also advised to take refuge, but I left word to my wife and children: "It is alright. Stay home until I get back." And I went to the Iwaya Club, accompanied by nurses. On the way there, in front of Mr. Kataoka's house, there was a big cart carrying belongings and people. He said they

were escaping to the Muramatsu area now.

At the Iwaya Club, the nurses were requesting, "Please let me go home. I am afraid," with tears in their eyes. I thought that I would have no excuse to give their parents if anything happened to them after surviving the atomic bombing, so I decided to close the relief station and prepare to transfer the patients.

The destinations were Tokitsu, Isahaya, Omura, etc. I do not remember how many patients were still alive at that point or where or by what means they were carried away, but I do recall that Akira Fujiwara, a fourth-year medical student, was among them. He had not suffered burns; if I remember correctly he had a fractured elbow. He departed alone, saying that he had a relative living in Okusa and that he intended to go there. I had the opportunity later to make the acquaintance of that relative, whose name was Fujiwara Masaharu. Fortunately Dr. Fujiwara survived and today is a private practitioner in Sendai, Kagoshima Prefecture.

All of the nurses went their own way. Some returned to Tokitsu. Some went together for an overnight stay in their friends' homes. People returning to the Goto Islands crossed the mountains and went towards Shikimi and Mie. They probably had to stay overnight somewhere and find a ferry to return to their homes. A nurse named Abe had suffered a large laceration from the left side of her mouth to her cheek in the bombing. I stitched the wound carefully. I do not remember when she left or where she went.

A big man, a victim of the bomb, was alive, yet because of his critical condition we could not transfer him to another place. He was left alone in the club. He died the following morning. Two or three people carried the body to the cemetery. Kawamoto of pharmacy and a Taiwanese student were among the porters. I remember that we pushed the cremated remains into somebody's big tomb. I felt badly, but we had no other choice at the time.

On the evening of August 18, the nurses were all gone and the treatment of the wounded was almost complete. I gave a farewell party at the house of the Shishaku family. Two chickens that had been raised by Koji were cooked and a quart of Japanese wine was provided by the Hizuka Winery. At first we asked for two quarts, but the store manager would not give them to us. I told him that goods would be confiscated by the American forces anyway, so he gave us one quart. We had a party at the Shishaku family house in the village where not a single villager remained. Who was there though? I remember that Associate Professor Kido, Ueno (third year medical school) and Katayama were there for sure, along with perhaps three or four others. Altogether, there must have been six or seven people. Among them, three people stayed in my house till August 24. The others went elsewhere. Our daughters welcomed the guests after the loss of the two boys in our family.

[August 19 to September 2]

Regarding President Tsunoo, Takahashi Hiroshi (*Tsuioku*, p. 60) has described his condition in detail, as well as Head Nurse Maeda Harue (*Tsuioku*, p. 63). I will avoid repeating their testimony. When the president died, neither of the above people were there. My record is the only other document available (*Tsuioku*, p. 5, 6).

According to my records, President Tsunoo died on August 22 at 10 o'clock in the morning. The people at his bedside were his wife, Dr. Tsunoo Shigeru, Professor Koyano and department staff members (perhaps, Associate Professor Osajima and others). Maybe my wife, Sumiko, was there as well. Associate Professor Kido, Ueno, Katayama were still staying in my house (*Tsuioku*, p. 84, written by Shirabe), and so they may have been there too. At least Dr. Kido was there.

While Dr. Kido and others were still in my house, Junko enjoyed playing with them and pulling out Ueno's hair on the porch (Junko was 8 years old at that time). I stopped her immediately because Ueno's loss of hair was a symptom of atomic bomb disease.

Kido, Ueno, and Katayama were still at my house on the following day, August 24, and were present for the president's funeral on August 23 (*Tsuioku*, p. 84). They all subsequently suffered from atomic bomb disease.

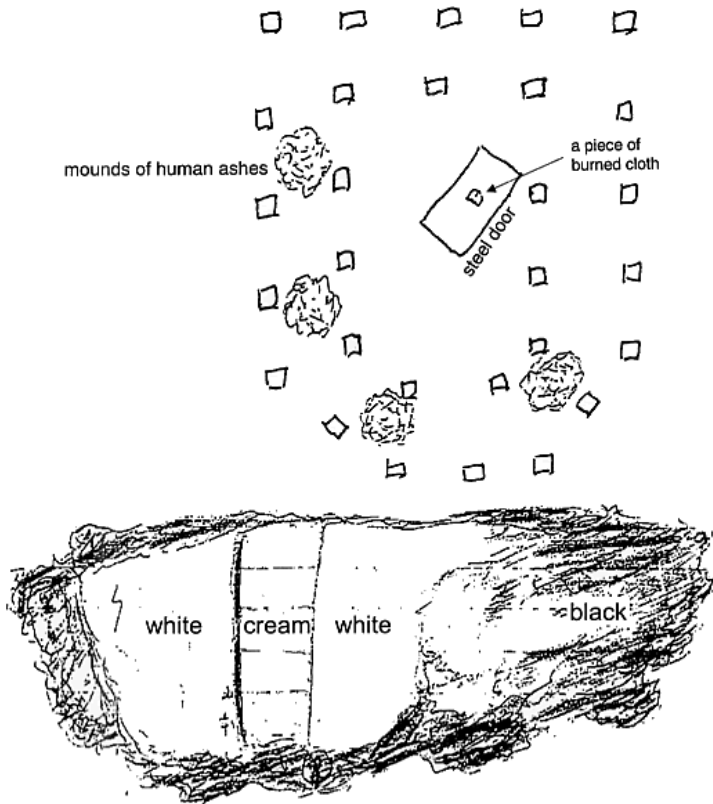
[August 28]

When the relief activities were completed, Sumiko and I, with our three daughters, went to the university hospital to investigate Koji's fate. He had not come back for three weeks after the bombing. His whereabouts were unknown. I guessed that he had burned to death during class in the anatomy auditorium. The hill of the basic science campus was completely gutted, with only the base of the wooden building remaining here and there.

Several hundred crows were flying in the sky, looking for carrion flesh. Their voices were angry, as if they were cursing the souls of the dead. It was an uncanny scene. We five, parents and children, went to the site of the anatomy auditorium. The wooden floor had burned up, leaving only the remains of the concrete bases, each about 1 meter high (30 cm × 30 cm × 100 cm), as shown in the drawing. Three or four mounds of human ashes were piled between the inner and outer rows of bases.

These mounds were either those of the helpless students who grouped together and burned to death or the work of somebody who came and collected the scattered ashes.

In this situation, I could not identify any of the remains. Junko called us, "There is something here," and I went over. There was a piece of burned cloth attached to the steel door falling apart in the middle of the auditorium, perhaps an entrance door, as shown in the drawing. I looked at it. It was a white cloth, the fabric worn in front near the hook part of blue serge trousers. The white cloth was attached to the steel door in



(seen from the back; the front is navy blue cotton)

reverse and "Yamamoto" was written in black ink on the edge of the cloth.

Yamamoto was the only son of my eldest sister, Tamano. He had been drafted to serve as a naval medical officer after graduating from Kyushu University Medical School and was stationed in Rabaul, a naval base in the South Pacific. My son had obtained a student uniform from his cousin. At that time, all of the students were wearing khaki workman's jackets. Koji was the only one wearing a blue serge student uniform. I knew this was no coincidence. Perhaps he fell face down at the door and burned completely. Only a part of his trousers was left from the fire.

The death of Koji was thus confirmed. The hope that "he may come back from somewhere" was gone. We went home disheartened. Of course, we picked up his ashes from beside the door. After that, I was totally drained of energy; I had no courage to do anything. I spent several days making house calls to victims at the encouragement of my mother, Sumiko, and my children. I walked slowly and staggeringly like a sleep walker.

[September 3 to September 25]

This was a period when I also suffered from acute atomic bomb disease. I was lying in bed in critical condition until I got better and was able to go to Omura Naval Hospital.

Around September 3, my general malaise was severe : I was in such a condition that even walking was impossible. At that time, I thought I was just tired, but the truth is that I had radiation sickness from the atomic bombing. That day, I was called to the university headquarters for an emergency meeting. It was an important meeting regarding the university's re-establishment, but I do not remember anything. I am sure that it was not the matter of moving to the Omura Naval Hospital. I did not know about moving until the end of September (cf. page 41).

That day, I decided I could not go out by myself. I took Choko as my companion and left Nameshi. I am sure that I went to Nagasaki Station by train from Michino Station. I went from Nagasaki Station to the Chamber of Commerce and Industry, a two-story red-brick building in Sakura-machi. The university headquarters was there. The building was later demolished (in 1959). In Ogawa-machi, I remember seeing Associate Professor Osajima walking five or six meters ahead of us. He walked in slow, unsteady steps, the same as me. It might even be best to describe them as cow steps. I tried to catch up to him, but I could not reach him. I tried to call out to him, but I could not shout. I remember that we kept moving at the same distance apart from each other until we arrived at the building. Dr. Osajima was weak, just like me.

I chatted with a Kumamoto Medical School professor on the street at Sakura-machi Park, but I am not sure if the meeting was that day or not. Also, I am not sure if this day was the day of heavy rains. Idori-no-kuchi was flooded. I had to walk along the road under the cliff of Mezamemachi. I remember that white smoke was blowing up from the acetylene gas downriver. However, I also remember that the day I went to Nagasaki from Nameshi was August 23, the day of President Tsunoo's funeral. August 28 was the day I searched for Koji's remains. And September 3 was the day of the emergency meeting.

From September 4 (or would it be correct to put the date from the afternoon of the 3rd?), I fell sick and was in no condition to get up. Around this time, I discovered numerous millet grain size subcutaneous hemorrhagic spots on my upper arms and thighs. I could not tell Sumiko, but I was very much afraid. I thought, this time it was my turn. Professor Kitamura came to visit me from the porch. I showed him my spots. He said, "I also have them," and showed me his spots. He was in good shape. My spots were also seen by Sumiko. She said, "It must be flea bites. I also have small ones." Suddenly I became fearful. I had Choko give me an intravenous vitamin C injection. She also gave me an intravenous injection of 20 cc calcium for my sore throat. I got these injections while teaching her the method, which she did with great skill. However, the site of the injections became spots and would not fade away.

Choko was 14 years old at that time. I praised her for how well she could do intravenous injections.

For a week I was looking at the spots on my arms and thighs and thinking, "What is going to happen after I die? Should I make a will?" I had a hard time. I had no appetite. My body languished, and I could not even turn over in bed. I could not speak out loud and became speechless. After a week, the spots of the injection needle sites became faint for the first time. I looked thoroughly at the spots. Starting with the small ones, the spots were changing color from purple to blue, then to yellow gradually. I started to think "I may survive" around September 12 or 13.

I think it was around September 16 that Fujii Hiroshi came in. He brought me a beer bottle filled with soup of beef bone extract. It was delicious. I forget if it was on that day or the next day, but Fujii also brought a blood counter and checked on me. The result of my blood cell count is as follows : 3.5 million red blood cells and 2,400 white blood cells (below normal).

One day during that time, Koda, a third year medical school student and the one who came up to the top of the hill carrying Professor Takagi on his back, suddenly came in and asked to stay overnight. I said, "We are lonely after the deaths of our two sons, so it is okay for you to stay." However, he was a chatterbox. He kept talking. In the beginning, I listened to him, but I got tired later. I hoped he would fall asleep soon.

Then, Koda found a bottle of alcohol in the vestibule and asked, "Doctor, can I have a drink?" "If you die as result, don't hold me responsible, I replied." He added glucose to the alcohol and drank it with joy. He then said, "How about a drink, Doctor!" I thought I shouldn't drink because of the damage to my liver, but when he persisted, I tasted a small amount of it diluted with glucose in a wine cup. It was delicious. I felt my body warm up. I got more strength to talk. I felt so good that I decided to drink a small cup at breakfast and dinner every day. I became more cheerful because of this. Sumiko also said, "You look better."

Well, if I could heal my illness with wine, which I did not dislike, that was very good. The bottle of alcohol in the vestibule suddenly seemed like a precious commodity. For me, it was a savior. I regained my strength and became more confident after starting to drink. And the spots on my arms and thighs disappeared on about September 20. However, the color of my skin was not good; it had no luster and was wrinkled. I did not suffer from sweating because I did not have fever, but my skin was dry.

After I escaped from death, I had nothing to do in Shishaku's house but to think. I had managed to survive, but Seiichi and Koji would never return to enjoy their youth. What would become of the Shirabe family? Aside from that question, what was the future of the ruined Nagasaki Medical University? Could I get my job back after the re-establishment

of the university hospital?

I was depressed and did not have even a single day when I felt cheerful. I did not have the energy or courage to visit the university until September 24. (Continued on page 41. Noted on the morning of July 23, 1970.)

The posthumous Buddhist names of Seiichi and Koji are as follows :
Seiichi-*Chishoin Shakushojin Koji* (died August 16, 1945, aged 18) Koi-*Junshinin Shakukodo Koji* (died August 9, 1945, aged 16)