HIROSHIMA DIARY

The Journal of a Japanese Physician
August 6–September 30, 1945

by

Michihiko Hachiya, M.D.
Director Hiroshima Communications Hospital

Translated and Edited by
WARNER WELLS, M.D.
University of North Carolina School of Medicine

Chapel Hill

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Foreword

The bombing of Hiroshima marked a new era in man's growing skill in the art of self-destruction. During the saturation bombing of Germany and Japan in World War II, cities were destroyed, but the destruction was segmental, requiring days or weeks, so that city dwellers had some chance to flee or find shelter. Moreover, those who were killed or injured had the comfort of knowing they were being killed by more or less familiar and acceptable weapons. But at Hiroshima, on the bright clear morning of August 6, 1945, thousands were killed, more thousands were fatally injured, and the homes of a quarter million people were destroyed, within seconds of the falling of a single bomb. Since that day, terrifying progress in the technology of nuclear warfare and the appalling knowledge that indulgence in atomic weapons may permanently impair the biological future of the human race have combined to emphasize the fact that Hiroshima presented mankind with a fateful choice.

Perhaps it was some sense of this that led me in 1950 to accept an offer to become a surgical consultant to the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission. It was a position that I held for two and a half years. The Commission, operating in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, had been formed to discover if there were delayed effects of the atom bombs dropped on these cities in 1945. Since most of my work was outside the Commission's headquarters, in Japanese hos-
6 August 1945

The hour was early; the morning still, warm, and beautiful. Shimmering leaves, reflecting sunlight from a cloudless sky, made a pleasant contrast with shadows in my garden as I gazed absently through wide-flung doors opening to the south.

Clad in drawers and undershirt, I was sprawled on the living room floor exhausted because I had just spent a sleepless night on duty as an air warden in my hospital.

Suddenly, a strong flash of light startled me—and then another. So well does one recall little things that I remember vividly how a stone lantern in the garden became brilliantly lit and I debated whether this light was caused by a magnesium flare or sparks from a passing trolley.

Garden shadows disappeared. The view where a moment before all had been so bright and sunny was now dark and hazy. Through swirling dust I could barely discern a wooden column that had supported one corner of my house. It was leaning crazily and the roof sagged dangerously.

Moving instinctively, I tried to escape, but rubble and fallen timbers barred the way. By picking my way cautiously I managed to reach the rōka and stepped down into my garden. A profound weakness overcame me, so I stopped to regain my strength. To my surprise I discovered that I was completely naked. How odd! Where were my drawers and undershirt?
What had happened?
All over the right side of my body I was cut and bleeding. A large splinter was protruding from a mangled wound in my thigh, and something warm trickled into my mouth. My cheek was torn, I discovered as I felt it gingerly, with the lower lip laid wide open. Embedded in my neck was a sizable fragment of glass which I matter-of-factly dislodged, and with the detachment of one stunned and shocked I studied it and my blood-stained hand.

Where was my wife?
Suddenly thoroughly alarmed, I began to yell for her: "Yaeko-san! Yaeko-san! Where are you?"

Blood began to spurt. Had my carotid artery been cut? Would I bleed to death? Frightened and irrational, I called out again: "It's a five-hundred-ton bomb! Yaeko-san, where are you? A five-hundred-ton bomb has fallen!"

Yaeko-san, pale and frightened, her clothes torn and bloodstained, emerged from the ruins of our house holding her elbow. Seeing her, I was reassured. My own panic assuaged, I tried to reassure her.

"We'll be all right," I exclaimed. "Only let's get out of here as fast as we can."

She nodded, and I motioned for her to follow me.

The shortest path to the street lay through the house next door so through the house we went—running, stumbling, falling, and then running again until in headlong flight we tripped over something and fell sprawling into the street. Getting to my feet, I discovered that I had tripped over a man's head.

"Excuse me! Excuse me, please!" I cried hysterically.

There was no answer. The man was dead. The head had belonged to a young officer whose body was crushed beneath a massive gate.

We stood in the street, uncertain and afraid, until a house across from us began to sway and then with a rending motion fell almost at our feet. Our own house began to sway, and in a minute it, too, collapsed in a cloud of dust. Other buildings caved in or toppled. Fires sprang up and whipped by a vicious wind began to spread.

It finally dawned on us that we could not stay there in the street, so we turned our steps towards the hospital.* Our home was gone; we were wounded and needed treatment; and after all, it was my duty to be with my staff. This latter was an irrational thought—what good could I be to anyone, hurt as I was.

We started out, but after twenty or thirty steps I had to stop. My breath became short, my heart pounded, and my legs gave way under me. An overpowering thirst seized me and I begged Yaeko-san to find me some water. But there was no water to be found. After a little my strength somewhat returned and we were able to go on.

I was still naked, and although I did not feel the least bit of shame, I was disturbed to realize that modesty had deserted me. On rounding a corner we came upon a soldier standing idly in the street. He had a towel draped across his shoulder, and I asked if he would give it to me to cover my nakedness. The soldier surrendered the towel quite willingly but said not a word. A little later I lost the towel, and Yaeko-san took off her apron and tied it around my loins.

Our progress towards the hospital was interminably slow, until finally, my legs, stiff from drying blood, refused to carry me farther. The strength, even the will, to go on deserted me, so I told my wife, who was almost as badly hurt as I, to go on alone. This she objected to, but there was no choice. She had to go ahead and try to find someone to come back for me.

Yaeko-san looked into my face for a moment, and then, without saying a word, turned away and began running towards the hospital. Once, she looked back and waved and in a moment she was swallowed up in the gloom. It was quite dark now, and with my wife gone, a feeling of dreadful loneliness overcame me.

I must have gone out of my head lying there in the road because the next thing I recall was discovering that the clot on my thigh had been dislodged and blood was again spurting from the wound.

* Dr. Hachiya's home was only a few hundred meters from the hospital.
HIROSHIMA DIARY

I pressed my hand to the bleeding area and after a while the bleeding stopped and I felt better.

Could I go on?

I tried. It was all a nightmare—my wounds, the darkness, the road ahead. My movements were ever so slow; only my mind was running at top speed.

In time I came to an open space where the houses had been removed to make a fire lane. Through the dim light I could make out ahead of me the hazy outlines of the Communications Bureau's big concrete building, and beyond it the hospital. My spirits rose because I knew that now someone would find me; and if I should die, at least my body would be found.

I paused to rest. Gradually things around me came into focus. There were the shadowy forms of people, some of whom looked like walking ghosts. Others moved as though in pain, like scarecrows, their arms held out from their bodies with forearms and hands dangling. These people puzzled me until I suddenly realized that they had been burned and were holding their arms out to prevent the painful friction of raw surfaces rubbing together. A naked woman carrying a naked baby came into view. I averted my gaze. Perhaps they had been in the bath. But then I saw a naked man, and it occurred to me that, like myself, some strange thing had deprived them of their clothes. An old woman lay near me with an expression of suffering on her face; but she made no sound. Indeed, one thing was common to everyone I saw—complete silence.

All who could were moving in the direction of the hospital. I joined in the dismal parade when my strength was somewhat recovered, and at last reached the gates of the Communications Bureau.

Familiar surroundings, familiar faces. There was Mr. Iguchi and Mr. Yoshihiro and my old friend, Mr. Sera, the head of the business office. They hastened to give me a hand, their expressions of pleasure changing to alarm when they saw that I was hurt. I was too happy to see them to share their concern.

No time was lost over greetings. They eased me onto a stretcher and carried me into the Communications Building, ignoring my protests that I could walk. Later, I learned that the hospital was so overrun that the Communications Bureau had to be used as an emergency hospital. The rooms and corridors were crowded with people, many of whom I recognized as neighbors. To me it seemed that the whole community was there.

My friends passed me through an open window into a janitor's room recently converted to an emergency first-aid station. The room was a shambles; fallen plaster, broken furniture, and debris littered the floor; the walls were cracked; and a heavy steel window casement was twisted and almost wrenched from its seating. What a place to dress the wounds of the injured.

To my great surprise who should appear but my private nurse, Miss Kado, and Mr. Mizoguchi, and old Mrs. Saeki. Miss Kado set about examining my wounds without speaking a word. No one spoke. I asked for a shirt and pajamas. They got them for me, but still no one spoke. Why was everyone so quiet?

Miss Kado finished the examination, and in a moment it felt as if my chest was on fire. She had begun to paint my wounds with iodine and no amount of entreaty would make her stop. With no alternative but to endure the iodine, I tried to divert myself by looking out the window.

The hospital lay directly opposite with part of the roof and the third floor sunroom in plain view, and as I looked up, I witnessed a sight which made me forget my smarting wounds. Smoke was pouring out of the sunroom windows. The hospital was on fire!

"Fire!" I shouted. "Fire! Fire! The hospital is on fire!"

My friends looked up. It was true. The hospital was on fire.

The alarm was given and from all sides people took up the cry. The high-pitched voice of Mr. Sera, the business officer, rose above the others, and it seemed as if his was the first voice I had heard that day. The uncanny stillness was broken. Our little world was now in pandemonium.

I remember that Dr. Sasada, chief of the Pediatric Service, came in and tried to reassure me, but I could scarcely hear him above the din. I heard Dr. Hinoi's voice and then Dr. Koyama's.
Both were shouting orders to evacuate the hospital and with such
glor that it sounded as though the sheer strength of their voices
could hasten those who were slow to obey.

The sky became bright as flames from the hospital mounted.
Soon the Bureau was threatened and Mr. Sera gave the order to
evacuate. My stretcher was moved into a rear garden and placed
beneath an old cherry tree. Other patients limped into the garden
or were carried until soon the entire area became so crowded
that only the very ill had room to lie down. No one talked, and
the ominous silence was relieved only by a subdued rustle among
so many people, restless, in pain, anxious, and afraid, waiting for
something else to happen.

The sky filled with black smoke and glowing sparks. Flames
rose and the heat set currents of air in motion. Updrafts became
so violent that sheets of zinc roofing were hurled aloft and re-
leased, humming and twirling, in erratic flight. Pieces of flaming
wood soared and fell like fiery swallows. While I was trying to
beat out the flames, a hot ember seared my ankle. It was all I
could do to keep from being burned alive.

The Bureau started to burn, and window after window became
a square of flame until the whole structure was converted into a
crackling, hissing inferno.

Scorching winds howled around us, whipping dust and ashes
into our eyes and up our noses. Our mouths became dry, our
throats raw and sore from the biting smoke pulled into our
lungs. Coughing was uncontrollable. We would have moved
back, but a group of wooden barracks behind us caught fire and
began to burn like tinder.

The heat finally became too intense to endure, and we were left
no choice but to abandon the garden. Those who could fled; those
who could not perished. Had it not been for my devoted friends,
I would have died, but again, they came to the rescue and carried
my stretcher to the main gate on the other side of the Bureau.

Here, a small group of people were already clustered, and here
I found my wife. Dr. Sasada and Miss Kado joined us.

Fires sprang up on every side as violent winds fanned flames
from one building to another. Soon, we were surrounded. The
ground we held in front of the Communications Bureau became
an oasis in a desert of fire. As the flames came closer the heat
became more intense, and if someone in our group had not had
the presence of mind to drench us with water from a fire hose,
I doubt if anyone could have survived.

Hot as it was, I began to shiver. The drenching was too much.
My heart pounded; things began to whirl until all before me
blurred.

"Kurusbi," I murmured weakly. "I am done."

The sound of voices reached my ears as though from a great
distance and finally became louder as if close at hand. I opened
my eyes; Dr. Sasada was feeling my pulse. What had happened?
Miss Kado gave me an injection. My strength gradually returned.
I must have fainted.

Huge raindrops began to fall. Some thought a thunderstorm was
beginning and would extinguish the fires. But these drops were
capricious. A few fell and then a few more and that was all the
rain we saw.

The first floor of the Bureau was now ablaze and flames were
spreading rapidly towards our little oasis by the gate. Right then,
I could hardly understand the situation, much less do anything
about it.

An iron window frame, loosened by fire, crashed to the ground
behind us. A ball of fire whizzed by me, setting my clothes ablaze.
They drenched me with water again. From then on I am con-
fused as to what happened.

I do remember Dr. Hinoi because of the pain, the pain I felt
when he jerked me to my feet. I remember being moved or rather

* The water mains entered the city from the north and since the Com-
 munications Bureau was in the northern edge of the city, its water supply
was not destroyed.

† There were many reports of a scanty rainfall over the city after the
bombing. The drops were described as large and dirty, and some claimed
that they were laden with radioactive dust.
HIROSHIMA DIARY

dragged, and my whole spirit rebelling against the torment I was made to endure.

My next memory is of an open area. The fires must have receded. I was alive. My friends had somehow managed to rescue me again.

A head popped out of an air-raid dugout, and I heard the unmistakable voice of old Mrs. Saeki: "Cheer up, doctor! Everything will be all right. The north side is burnt out. We have nothing further to fear from the fire."

I might have been her son, the way the old lady calmed and reassured me. And indeed, she was right. The entire northern side of the city was completely burned. The sky was still dark, but whether it was evening or midday I could not tell. It might even have been the next day. Time had no meaning. What I had experienced might have been crowded into a moment or been endured through the monotony of eternity.

Smoke was still rising from the second floor of the hospital, but the fire had stopped. There was nothing left to burn, I thought; but later I learned that the first floor of the hospital had escaped destruction largely through the courageous efforts of Dr. Koyama and Dr. Hinoi.

The streets were deserted except for the dead. Some looked as if they had been frozen by death while in the full action of flight; others lay sprawled as though some giant had flung them to their death from a great height.

Hiroshima was no longer a city, but a burnt-over prairie. To the east and to the west everything was flattened. The distant mountains seemed nearer than I could ever remember. The hills of Ushita and the woods of Nigitsu loomed out of the haze and smoke like the nose and eyes on a face. How small Hiroshima was with its houses gone.

The wind changed and the sky again darkened with smoke.

Suddenly, I heard someone shout: "Planes! Enemy planes!"

Could that be possible after what had already happened? What was there left to bomb? My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a familiar name.

7 August 1945

I must have slept soundly because when I opened my eyes a piercing hot sun was shining in on me. There were no shutters or curtains to lessen the glare—and for that matter no windows.

The groans of patients assaulted my ears. Everything was in a turmoil.

Instruments, window frames, and debris littered the floor. The walls and ceilings were scarred and picked as though someone had sprinkled sesame seeds over their surfaces. Most of the marks had been made by slivers of flying glass but the larger scars had
been caused by hurtling instruments and pieces of window casements.

Near a window an instrument cabinet was overturned. The head piece had been knocked off the ear, nose, and throat examining chair, and a broken sunlamp was overturned across the seat. I saw nothing that was not broken or in disorder.

Dr. Sasada, who had looked after me yesterday, lay on my left. I had thought he escaped injury, but now I could see that he was badly burned. His arms and hands were bandaged and his childish face so obscured by swelling that I would not have recognized him had it not been for his voice.

My wife lay to my right. Her face was covered with a white ointment, giving her a ghostly appearance. Her right arm was in a sling.

Miss Kado, only slightly wounded, was between me and my wife. She had nursed all of us throughout the night.

My wife, seeing that I was awake, turned and said: "Last night, you seemed to be suffering."

"Yes," said Miss Kado, chiming in. "I don't know how many times I examined your breathing."

I recognized Dr. Fujii's wife sitting motionless on a bench near the wall. Her face bore an expression of anguish and despair.

Turning to Miss Kado, I asked what the matter was, and she replied: "Mrs. Fujii was not hurt very much, but her baby was. It died during the night."

"Where is Dr. Fujii?" I inquired.

"Their older daughter is lost," she answered. "He's been out all night looking for her and hasn't returned."

Dr. Koyama came in to inquire how we were. The sight of him, with his head bandaged and an arm in a sling, brought tears to my eyes. He had worked all night and was even now thinking of others before himself.

Dr. Katsube, our surgeon, and Miss Takao, a surgical nurse, were with Dr. Koyama, who was now deputy director. They all looked tired and haggard, and their white clothes were dirty and blood-stained. I learned that Mr. Iguchi, our driver, had contrived to rig up an emergency operating light from a car battery and headlight with which they had managed to operate until the light went out just before day.

Dr. Koyama, observing my concern, remarked: "Doctor, everything is all right."

Dr. Katsube looked me over and after feeling my pulse, said: "You received many wounds, but they all missed vital spots."

He then described them and told me how they had been treated.

I was surprised to learn that my shoulder had been severely cut but relieved at his optimism for my recovery.

"How many patients are in the hospital?" I asked Dr. Koyama.

"About a hundred and fifty," he replied. "Quite a few have died, but there are still so many that there is no place to put one's foot down. They are packed in everywhere, even the toilets."

Nodding, Dr. Katsube added: "There are about a half dozen beneath the stairway, and about fifty in the front garden of the hospital."

They discussed methods for restoring order, at least to the extent of making the corridors passable.

In the space of one night patients had become packed, like the rice in sushi, into every nook and cranny of the hospital. The majority were badly burned, a few severely injured. All were critically ill. Many had been near the heart of the city and in their efforts to flee managed to get only as far as the Communications Hospital before their strength failed. Others, from nearer by, came deliberately to seek treatment or because this building, standing alone where all else was destroyed, represented shelter and a place of refuge. They came as an avalanche and overran the hospital.

There was no friend or relative to minister to their needs, no one to prepare their food. Everything was in disorder. And to make matters worse was the vomiting and diarrhea. Patients who

* It is customary in Japan for the hospital patient to provide his own bedding, food, cooking utensils, and charcoal stove or konro. A member of the family or a friend stays with the patient to prepare the food and provide practical bedside nursing.
could not walk urinated and defecated where they lay. Those
who could walk would feel their way to the exits and relieve
themselves there. Persons entering or leaving the hospital could
not avoid stepping in the filth, so closely was it spread. The front
entrance became covered with feces overnight, and nothing could
be done for there were no bed pans and, even if there had been, no
one to carry them to the patients.

Disposing of the dead was a minor problem, but to clean the
rooms and corridors of urine, feces, and vomitus was impossible.
The people who were burned suffered most because as their
skin peeled away, glistening raw wounds were exposed to the
heat and filth. This was the environment patients had to live in.
It made one's hair stand on end, but there was no way to help
the situation.

This was the pattern conversation took as I lay there and
listened. It was inconceivable.

"When can I get up?" I asked Dr. Katsube. "Perhaps I can do
something to help."

"Not until your sutures are out," he answered. "And that won't
be for at least a week."

With that to think about they left me.

I was not left long with my thoughts. One after another the
staff came in to express their concern over my injuries and to wish
me a speedy recovery. Some of my visitors embarrassed me, for
they appeared to be as badly injured as myself. Had it been
possible, I would have concealed my whereabouts.

Dr. Nishimura, President of the Okayama Medical Association,
came all the way from my native city,* ninety miles away, to see
me. He had been crew captain of the boat team when we were
classmates in Medical School. As soon as he saw me, tears welled
up in his eyes. He looked at me a moment, and then exclaimed:
"I say, old fellow, you are alive! What a pleasant surprise. How
are you getting along?"

Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Last night, we

* Dr. Hachiya was born and educated in Okayama, a large city and cul-
tural center near the Inland Sea east of Hiroshima.

heard that Hiroshima had been attacked by a new weapon. The
damage was slight, they told us, but in order to see for myself
and to lend a hand if extra physicians were needed, I secured a
truck and came on down. What a frightful mess greeted us when
we arrived. Are you sure you are all right?"

And again, without stopping for me to reply, he went on to tell
about the heartbreaking things he witnessed from the truck as he
entered the city. These were the first details any of us had heard,
so we listened intently.

While he talked, all I could think of was the fear and uncer-
tainty that must be preying on my old mother who lived in the
country near Okayama. When he had finished, I asked Dr. Nishi-
mura if he would get word to my mother, and also to a sister
who lived in Okayama, that Yaeko-san and I were safe. He as-
sured me that he would, and before leaving he also promised to
organize a team of doctors and nurses to come down and help
as soon as he could get them together.

Dr. Tabuchi, an old friend from Ushita, came in. His face and
hands had been burned, though not badly, and after an exchange
of greetings, I asked if he knew what had happened.

"I was in the back yard pruning some trees when it exploded,"
he answered. "The first thing I knew, there was a blinding white
flash of light, and a wave of intense heat struck my cheek. This
was odd, I thought, when in the next instant there was a tre-
mendous blast.

"The force of it knocked me clean over," he continued, "but
fortunately, it didn't hurt me; and my wife wasn't hurt either.
But you should have seen our house! It didn't topple over, it just
inclined. I have never seen such a mess. Inside and out everything
was simply ruined. Even so, we are happy to be alive, and what's
more Ryoji, our son, survived. I didn't tell you that he had gone
into the city on business that morning. About midnight, after we
had given up all hope that he could possibly survive in the dread-
ful fire that followed the blast, he came home. Listen!" he con-
tinued, "why don't you come on home with me? My house is cer-
tainly nothing to look at now, but it is better than here."
It was impossible for me to accept his kind offer, and I tried to
decline in a way that would not hurt his feelings.

"Dr. Tabuchi," I replied, "we are all grateful for your kind
offer, but Dr. Katsube has just warned me that I must lie perfectly
still until my wounds are healed."

Dr. Tabuchi accepted my explanation with some reluctance,
and after a pause he made ready to go.

"Don't go," I said. "Please tell us more of what occurred yes-
terday."

"It was a horrible sight," said Dr. Tabuchi. "Hundreds of in-
jured people were trying to escape to the hills passed our
house. The sight of them was almost unbearable. Their faces and
hands were burnt and swollen; and great sheets of skin had peeled
away from their tissues to hang down like rags on a scarecrow.
They moved like a line of ants. All through the night, they went
past our house, but this morning they had stopped. I found them
lying on both sides of the road so thick that it was impossible to
pass without stepping on them."

I lay with my eyes shut while Dr. Tabuchi was talking, pictur-
ing in my mind the horror he was describing. I neither saw nor
heard Mr. Katsutani when he came in. It was not until I heard
someone sobbing that my attention was attracted, and I recognized
my old friend. I had known Mr. Katsutani for many years and
knew him to be an emotional person, but even so, to see him
break down made tears come to my eyes. He had come all the
way from Jigozen * to look for me, and now that he had found
me, emotion overcame him.

He turned to Dr. Sasada and said brokenly: "Yesterday, it was
impossible to enter Hiroshima, else I would have come. Even
today fires are still burning in some places. You should see how
the city has changed. When I reached the Misasa Bridge † this
morning, everything before me was gone, even the castle. These

* A village on the Inland Sea about 10 miles southwest of Hiroshima.
† A large bridge which crosses the Ota River not far from the old Hiro-
shima Castle in the northern part of the city and only a few blocks from the
Communications Hospital.
terrifying experiences on us; and there was no one who would have stopped him, so fascinating was his tale of horror. While he was talking, several people came in and stayed to listen. Somebody asked him what he was doing when the explosion occurred.

"I had just finished breakfast," he replied, "and was getting ready to light a cigarette, when all of a sudden I saw a white flash. In a moment there was a tremendous blast. Not stopping to think, I let out a yell and jumped into an air-raid dugout. In a moment there was such a blast as I have never heard before. It was terrific! I jumped out of the dugout and pushed my wife into it. Realizing something terrible must have happened in Hiroshima, I climbed up onto the roof of my storehouse to have a look."

Mr. Katsutani became more intense and, gesticulating wildly, went on: "Towards Hiroshima, I saw a big black cloud go billowing up, like a puffy summer cloud. Knowing for sure then that something terrible had happened in the city, I jumped down from my storehouse and ran as fast as I could to the military post at Hatsukaichi. I ran up to the officer in charge and told him what I had seen and begged him to send somebody to help in Hiroshima. But he didn't even take me seriously. He looked at me for a moment with a threatening expression, and then do you know what he said? He said, 'There isn't much to worry about. One or two bombs won't hurt Hiroshima.' There was no use talking to that fool!

"I was the ranking officer in the local branch of the Ex-officer's Association, but even I didn't know what to do because that day the villagers under my command had been sent off to Miyajima for labor service. I looked all around to find someone to help me make a rescue squad, but I couldn't find anybody. While I was still looking for help, wounded people began to stream into the village. I asked them what had happened, but all they could tell me was that Hiroshima had been destroyed and everybody was leaving the city. With that I got on my bicycle and rode as fast as I could towards Itsukaichi. By the time I got there, the road was jammed with people, and so was every path and byway.

"Again I tried to find out what had happened, but nobody could give me a clear answer. When I asked these people where they had come from, they would point towards Hiroshima and say, 'This way.' And when I asked where they were going, they would point toward Miyajima and say, 'That way.' Everybody said the same thing.

"I saw no badly wounded or burned people around Itsukaichi, but when I reached Kusatsu, nearly everybody was badly hurt. The nearer I got to Hiroshima the more I saw until by the time I had reached Koi, they were all so badly injured, I could not bear to look into their faces. They smelled like burning hair."

Mr. Katsutani paused for a moment to take a deep breath and then continued: "The area around Koi station was not burned, but the station and the houses nearby were badly damaged. Every square inch of the station platform was packed with wounded people. Some were standing; others lying down. They were all pleading for water. Now and then you could hear a child calling for its mother. It was a living hell, I tell you. It was a living hell!

"Today it was the same way.

"Did Dr. Hanaoka come to the hospital yesterday? I saw him cross the streetcar trestle at Koi and head in this direction, but I can't believe that he could have made his way through that fire."

"No, we haven't seen him," someone answered.

Mr. Katsutani nodded reflectively and went on: "I left Koi station and went over to the Koi primary school. By then, the school had been turned into an emergency hospital and was already crowded with desperately injured people. Even the playground was packed with the dead and dying. They looked like so many cod fish spread out for drying. What a pitiful sight it was to see them lying there in the hot sun. Even I could tell they were all going to die."

* The next village towards Hiroshima from Jigozen.
† Miyajima, or "Sacred Island," one of the seven places of superlative scenic beauty in Japan, where the magnificent camphor-wood torii of the Itsukushima Shrine rises majestically from the sea as a gateway to the island, is plainly visible to the south of Jigozen.
“Towards evening, I was making my way back to the highway when I ran into my sister. My sister, whose home had been in Tokaichi, must surely have been killed. But here she was—alive! She was so happy, she couldn't utter a word! All she could do was cry. If ever anyone shed tears of joy, she did. Some kind people lent me a hand in making a stretcher and helped carry her back to my home in Jigozen near Miyajima Guchi. Even my little village, as far removed as it was from Hiroshima, had become a living hell. Every shrine, every temple was packed and jammed with wounded people.”

Mr. Katsutani had said all he had in him to say. He left our room, but instead of going home, he stayed to help with the wounded.

The stories of Dr. Nishimura, Dr. Tabuchi, and Mr. Katsutani left no doubt in my mind about the destruction of Hiroshima. I had seen enough to know that the damage was heavy, but what they had told me was unbelievable.

When I thought of the injured, lying in the sun begging for water, I felt as though I were committing a sin by being where I was. I no longer felt quite so sorry for those of our patients who were obliged to lie on the hard concrete floors in the toilets.

My thoughts turned to myself.

“If only I hadn’t been hurt,” I mused, “I could be doing something instead of lying here as a patient, requiring the attention of my comrades. Wounded and helpless. What a plight, when all about me there is so much to do!”

Fortunately, my dismal thoughts were interrupted. Who should make an appearance but Dr. Hanaoka, our internist, whom Mr. Katsutani had just told us was last seen at Hatsukaichi.

“Dr. Hachiya, you don’t know how happy I am to see you!” exclaimed Dr. Hanaoka. “After seeing what has happened to Hiroshima, it’s a miracle anyone survived.”

“We have been worrying about you, Dr. Hanaoka,” I replied, “because Mr. Katsutani told us only a few minutes ago that he saw you disappear in the direction of Hiroshima while he was at the Koi station yesterday. Where have you been, and how did you get here?”

“Now that I’m here, I wonder myself,” said Dr. Hanaoka. “Let me tell you, if I can, what happened. Somebody told me that a special, new bomb was dropped near the Gokoku Shrine.* If what I was told is true, then that bomb must have had terrific power, for from the Gokoku Shrine clean out to the Red Cross Hospital † everything is completely destroyed. The Red Cross Hospital, though badly damaged, was spared, and beyond, going towards Ujina the damage is slight.

“I stopped by the Red Cross Hospital on my way here. It is swamped with patients, and outside the dead and dying are lined up on either side of the street as far east as the Miyuki Bridge.

“Between the Red Cross Hospital and the center of the city I saw nothing that wasn’t burned to a crisp. Streetcars were standing at Kawaya-cho and Kamiya-cho and inside were dozens of bodies, blackened beyond recognition. I saw fire reservoirs filled to the brim with dead people who looked as though they had been boiled alive. In one reservoir I saw a man, horribly burned, crouching beside another man who was dead. He was drinking blood-stained water out of the reservoir. Even if I had tried to stop him, it wouldn’t have done any good; he was completely out of his head. In one reservoir there were so many dead people there wasn’t enough room for them to fall over. They must have died sitting in the water.

“Even the swimming pool at the Prefectural First Middle School is filled with dead people. They must have suffocated while they sat in the water trying to escape the fire because they didn’t appear to be burned.”

Dr. Hanaoka cleared his throat, and after a moment continued:

---

* A shrine near the southern border of the Hiroshima Military Barracks in the center of the city and less than 200 meters from the hypocenter of the atom bomb explosion. As the name of the shrine implies, it is dedicated to the defense of the fatherland.

† One of the modern hospitals in Hiroshima, opened around 1940, capacity 400 patients, it was badly damaged and many of its doctors and patients killed although fully 1500 meters from the hypocenter.
"Dr. Hachiya, that pool wasn’t big enough to accommodate everybody who tried to get in it. You could tell that by looking around the sides. I don’t know how many were caught by death with their heads hanging over the edge. In one pool I saw some people who were still alive, sitting in the water with dead all around them. They were too weak to get out. People were trying to help them, but I am sure they must have died. I apologize for telling you these things, but they are true. I don’t see how anyone got out alive."

Dr. Hanaoka paused, and I could see he was anxious to get to work. With what there was to do, it would have been criminal to detain him.

Gradually, what these visitors were telling me began to fit into a pattern. A few comments from this one, a few remarks from another, were beginning to give me a picture of what Hiroshima was like.

Dr. Hanaoka had barely left when Dr. Akiyama, head of obstetrics and gynecology, came in. He was unhurt but looked tired and worn.

"Sit down and rest a few minutes," I said. "You must have been through a great deal. Where were you when the bombing occurred?"

"I was just leaving my home when it went off," said Dr. Akiyama in a tremulous voice. "A blinding flash, a tremendous explosion, and over I went on my back. And then a big black cloud, such as you see in the summer before a storm, began to rise above Hiroshima. ‘Yarareta,’ I shouted; and that was it. What a hodgepodge was made of my house. The ceilings, the walls, the sliding doors—everything—ruined beyond repair.

“Almost at once, injured people began to line up before my gate, and from then until a little while ago, I stayed and treated them. But my supplies are all gone, and there is nothing left to treat them with. Twenty or thirty people are still lying in the house and there is nobody to take care of them. There is nothing anybody can do, unless I find some more supplies.”

Dr. Akiyama, ordinarily easy-going and happy, had the look of a man distraught. Dr. Koyama came in while Dr. Akiyama was talking and so heard most of what he had been saying.

"Knowing you, I can imagine what you have gone through," said Dr. Koyama.

“I don’t know,” sighed Dr. Akiyama. “Today it’s the same as it was yesterday. There is no end to that stream of miserable souls who stop at my house to ask for help. They are trying to reach Kabe,* but they will never get there. And there is nothing I can do; nothing anybody can do.”

Since Dr. Akiyama’s home was in Nagatsuka, I got a general idea of what that suburb was like. The problem there was the same as in the Koi area. I could picture in my mind the wounded people walking in silence, like lost spirits, and answering, when questioned, that they had come “this way” and were going “that way.” I could see them begging for water, hear their moaning, and see them dying. I might have been there myself, so vividly had my friends recounted to me what they had seen.

It was reported that none of the patients had any appetite and that one by one they were beginning to vomit and have diarrhea. Did the new weapon I had heard about throw off a poison gas or perhaps some deadly germ? I asked Dr. Hanaoka to confirm if he could the report of vomiting and diarrhea and to find out if any of the patients looked as if they might have an infectious disease. He inquired and brought word that there were many who not only had diarrhea but bloody stools and that some had had as many as forty to fifty stools during the previous night. This convinced me that we were dealing with bacillary dysentery and had no choice but to isolate those who were infected.

Dr. Koyama, as deputy director, was given the responsibility of setting up an isolation ward. He chose a site on the grounds beyond the south side of the hospital, and with the help of some soldiers who happened along he managed to construct what amounted to a crude outdoor pavillion. What we were trying to do probably was not worth much, but it helped our morale to think we were doing something.

* A town about 10 miles north of Hiroshima up the Ōta River valley.
Dr. Katsube and his staff had an impossible task. There was scarcely a patient who was not in need of urgent surgical care. The doctors and nurses were all busy helping him. Even the clerical staff and janitors, and those among the patients who could so much as get about, were organized and instructed to help. If progress was made, it was hard to see. How Dr. Katsube did what he did was a miracle.

The corridors were cleared enough to be passable, but in a little while they were as crowded as before. One difficulty was the influx of people looking for friends and relatives. Parents, half crazy with grief, searched for their children. Husbands looked for their wives, and children for their parents. One poor woman, insane with anxiety, walked aimlessly here and there through the hospital calling her child’s name. It was dreadfully upsetting to patients, but no one had the heart to stop her. Another woman stood at the entrance, shouting mournfully for someone she thought was inside. She, too, upset us.

Not a few came in from the country to look for friends or relatives. They would wander among the patients and peer rudely into every face, until finally their behavior became so intolerable that we had to refuse them entrance to the hospital.

A new noise reached us from outside. On inquiry, I was told that Dr. Koyama had procured a company of soldiers to clean out the fire-damaged Communications Bureau, so that it could be put in use again as an annex to the hospital.

The pharmacy came to life. Our meager supply of drugs was sorted and prepared for use under the watchful supervision of Dr. Hinoi and Mr. Mizoguchi.

A little order was appearing; something positive was being done. Perhaps in time we could get control of the situation.

Mr. Sera, the business manager, reported. He told me that sixteen patients had died during the night and that he had shrouded their bodies in white blankets and deposited them at the side entrance to the hospital.

"Can we spare those blankets at a time like this?" I thought to myself, reluctant to object openly to what Mr. Sera had done because his action had been prompted by his sense of propriety and respect for the dead. When I discovered, however, that the army detail, dispatched to remove the dead, had thrown the bodies, blankets and all, onto the platform of a truck without any ceremony whatsoever, I seized on this indignity to suggest that our blankets be saved. The living needed the blankets more than the dead.

Patients continued to come from all directions, and since we were not far removed from the center of the explosion, those who came were in a critical condition.

Their behavior was remarkable. Even though the ones in the hospital fared little better than those on the outside, they were grateful for a pallet in the most crowded ward. It seemed to satisfy them if they could get so much as a glimpse of a white-robed doctor or nurse. A kind word was enough to set them crying. For the most trivial service they would clasp their hands and pray for you. All were sufferers together and were confident that the doctors and nurses would do their best for them. Later, word came that this hospital was considered a good place to be in. The remark pleased us, but we were never able to feel that we had done as much as we should.

Earlier in the day Mr. Imachi and those who worked with him in the kitchen managed to prepare some rice gruel which they brought in by the bucketful and dished out with big wooden spoons. For me, this simple gruel made the one bright spot in the day. It was served again that afternoon, and the mouthful I had, and the grain of rice that remained on my tongue, made me feel that I was going to get well. But there were many who were too weak or too sick to eat. In time, the weakness of hunger added to their misery.

Night approached and still the only beds were straw mats laid over the concrete floor. Wounds were becoming more painful, and there were not enough drugs to make them easy. Fevers rose and the patients became thirsty, but there was no one to bring cool water to quench the thirst.
Dr. Harada, one of our pharmacists, was brought into the hospital severely burned, and right after him, old Mrs. Saeki's son in the same condition. Miss Hinada, one of our nurses, had to be confined because of a severe diarrhea that had begun earlier in the day. Since there was no one to nurse her, her mother, despite being seriously burned, was trying to do the job.

Mr. Mizoguchi came in: "Dr. Hachiya, I must tell you that Miss Hinada and her mother have become worse. It doesn't look like either of them will live through the night, and old Mrs. Saeki's son is losing consciousness."

All day I had listened to visitors telling me about the destruction of Hiroshima and the scenes of horror they had witnessed. I had seen my friends wounded, their families separated, their homes destroyed. I was aware of the problems our staff had to face, and I knew how bravely they struggled against superhuman odds. I knew what the patients had to endure and the trust they put in the doctors and nurses, who, could they know the truth, were as helpless as themselves.

By degrees my capacity to comprehend the magnitude of their sorrow, to share with them the pain, frustration, and horror became so dulled that I found myself accepting whatever was told me with equanimity and a detachment I would have never believed possible.

In two days I had become at home in this environment of chaos and despair.

I felt lonely, but it was an animal loneliness. I became part of the darkness of the night. There were no radios, no electric lights, not even a candle. The only light that came to me was reflected in flickering shadows made by the burning city. The only sounds were the groans and sobs of the patients. Now and then a patient in delirium would call for his mother, or the voice of one in pain would breathe out the word *eraiyo*—"the pain is unbearable; I cannot endure it!"

What kind of a bomb was it that had destroyed Hiroshima? Whatever it was, it did not make sense.

---

7 AUGUST

There could not have been more than a few planes. Even *my* memory would agree to that. Before the air-raid alarm there was the metallic sound of one plane and no more. Otherwise why did the alarm stop? Why was there no further alarm during the five or six minutes before the explosion occurred?

Reason as I would, I could not make the ends meet when I considered the destruction that followed. Perhaps it was a new weapon! More than one of my visitors spoke vaguely of a "new bomb," a "secret weapon," a "special bomb," and someone even said that the bomb was suspended from two parachutes when it burst! Whatever it was, it was beyond my comprehension. Damage of this order could have no explanation! All we had were stories no more substantial than the clouds from which we had reached to snatch them.

One thing was certain—Hiroshima was destroyed; and with it the army that had been quartered in Hiroshima. Gone were headquarters, gone the command post of the Second General Army and the Military School for young people, the General Headquarters for the Western Command, the Corps of Engineers, and the Army Hospital. Gone was the hope of Japan! The war was lost! No more help would come from the gods!

American forces would soon be landing; and when they landed, there would be streetfighting; and our hospital would become a place of attack and defense. Had I not heard earlier that soldiers were coming to set up headquarters in the Communications Bureau? Would we be turned out?

Were there no answers?

Dr. Sasada, Miss Kado, and my wife were asleep. That was good, but there was no sleep for me.

I heard footsteps, and a man appeared at the door, outlined in the flickering darkness. His elbows were out and his hands down, like the burned people I had seen on my way to the hospital. As he came nearer, I could see his face—or what had been his face because this face had been melted away by the fire. The man was blind and had lost his way.
You are in the wrong room!” I shouted, suddenly stricken with terror.

The poor fellow turned and shuffled back into the night. I was ashamed for having behaved as I did, but I was frightened. Now more awake than ever, every nerve taut, I could find no sleep.

To the east there was a perceptible lightening of the sky.

My shouting must have wakened my wife because she got up and left the room, I suppose to find the toilet. Before long she was back.

“What is the matter, Yaeko-san?” I asked, sensing she was upset.

“O-tosan, the hall was so full of patients that I could find nowhere to walk without disturbing someone,” she answered, trying to suppress her agitation. “I had to excuse myself every step I took. Oh! it was terrible. Finally, I stepped on somebody’s foot, and when I asked to be excused, there was no answer. I looked down; and do you know what I had done?”

“What?” I asked.

“I had stepped on a dead man’s foot,” she said and with a shudder moved nearer.

8 August 1945

The day began hot and clear. The sun was hardly up before my body was moist with oily sweat that dripped from my armpits and the inner sides of my thighs.

Smoke no longer rose from the second floor.

Dr. Sasada’s face was more swollen this morning than yesterday, and blood-stained pus oozed from his bandaged arms and hands. I felt a wave of pity when I thought how he had used those hands to help me two days ago.

A noise outside the window caused me to recall a patient I neglected to mention yesterday. From time to time during the night I had heard him walking about, and this morning, he was walking again. You could hear him especially well when he stumbled into the fence or against the building.

“Has he been fed?” I asked Miss Kado.

“Don’t worry, Doctor,” replied Miss Kado. “There are plenty of potato leaves in the garden, so I don’t think he’ll be hungry.”

The patient we were talking about was a horse who had been burned and blinded by the fire. Whoever saw him first did not have the heart to turn him away, so he was put in the garden under our window.

This garden had been a tennis court, but some time ago I thought it could be better used as a garden and I planted it in potatoes. My try at gardening caused no little amusement, and my potatoes came to be a joke.

“Miss Kado,” I asked, “don’t you think we had better dig up the potatoes? They must be quite big by now.”

My companions laughed, and for a moment misery was forgotten.

My left ankle began to hurt. Looking down, I discovered that it had become wet and sticky through the bandage. Miss Kado saw my concern and offered to change the dressing, and when she finished, the ankle felt better. While she was changing the dressing though, I noticed a big blister on my left knee. This was a surprise because I could not recollect having received any burns. Later I remembered the hot ember that struck my leg while I was lying in the garden behind the Communications Bureau.

My appetite was better this morning and I seemed to be stronger. Even my spirits were improved, and the dark thoughts that beset me during the night were less oppressive.

Dr. Katsube came early. Instead of greeting him with a good morning, I asked him point-blank when I could get up. He told me again that it would be at least a week before he could remove the stitches and that I was to say no more about getting up until then.
15 August 1945

This was the day for the broadcast.

Despite my resolve to avoid speculation or conjecture I succumbed to a personal debate and finally concluded that the broadcast would announce an enemy invasion on our shores. General headquarters would order us to fight to the bitter end. What a hopeless situation.

I could escape to the hills, but what route should I take? To follow the Sanyō Line * would be dangerous. The safest bet would be to follow the Hamada or Geibi Line into the Chūgoku Mountains. I had friends in many of the little mountain towns: Miyoshi, Shobara, Seijo, Tojo, Uji, Yoshii. It would be best, perhaps, to go to Uji where my son had been evacuated or to Yoshii where my mother was living, but what difference did it make? More than once I had heard Dr. Akiyama, my old friend who participated in the Shansii operation, say that the side which escaped to the mountains lost the war.

The army had been losing the war since April. Many soldiers had no guns and morale was bad. Only children and old people were permitted to leave the cities, and among those who remained all under forty were assigned to the civil defense corps. In case of emergency we would all be drafted. Our comments and actions were watched by the military police and during recent months their domination had become more and more oppressive. In areas designated as fire lanes or escape channels the houses had been ruthlessly destroyed.

Everything had gone wrong, and now, an enemy was to land in Japan. The mere thought made me feel sick.

Hiroshima was destroyed, and here we were working our hearts out to sustain life in the ruins. We had no army barracks and no army. The army had escaped and deserted us. Even the few soldiers left to police the area deserted their posts every time an air-raid alarm sounded. Many hid behind the hospital.

Even before the *pika*, the arsenal and most of the barracks were empty. As early as April the officers’ families had been evacuated, but after April civilian evacuation was prohibited. My petition was certainly denied.

Whether or not the army had barracks and fortifications built in the mountains, one thing was certain; we were deserted and undefended. Things I should not think about kept crowding into my mind.

Word came to assemble in the office of the Communications Bureau. A radio had been set up and when I arrived the room was already crowded. I leaned against the entrance and waited. In a few minutes, the radio began to hum and crackle with noisy static. One could hear an indistinct voice which only now and then came through clearly. I caught only one phrase which sounded something like, “Bear the unbearable.” The static ceased and the broadcast was at an end.

Chief Okamoto, who had been standing by the radio, turned to us and said: “The broadcast was in the Emperor’s own voice, and he has just said that we’ve lost the war. Until further notice, I want you to go about your duties.”

I had been prepared for the broadcast to tell us to dig in and fight to the end, but this unexpected message left me stunned. It had been the Emperor’s voice and he had read the Imperial Proclamation of Surrender! My psychic apparatus stopped working, and my tear glands stopped, too. Like others in the room, I

* The island of Honshu, the principal island of Japan, extends for the most part east and west. Its southern shore which borders the Inland Sea is warmed in the winter by the long rays of the southern sun and the currents and southerly breezes from the Japan current, while its northern shore, separated by a mountain range from the sun and warmth of the south, is exposed to the cold north winds that sweep down across Siberia, Manchuria, and the Japan Sea. In the old days, the road skirting the southern shore was called the sanyō-dō or the “road of sunshine and warmth,” while the road along the northern shore was called the sannin-dō or “the road of shadow and cold.” The names and the roads persist.
had come to attention at the mention of the Emperor’s voice, and for a while we all remained silent and at attention. Darkness clouded my eyes, my teeth chattered, and I felt cold sweat running down my back.

After a bit, I went quietly back to the hospital and got into my bed. Over and over the words “a lost battle!” rang in my ears.

The ward was quiet and silence reigned for a long time. Finally, the silence was broken by the sound of weeping. I looked around. There was no look of gallantry here, but rather, the faces of all showed expressions of despair and desperation.

By degrees people began to whisper and then to talk in low voices until, out of the blue sky, someone shouted: “How can we lose the war!”

Following this outburst, expressions of anger were unleashed.

“Only a coward would back out now!”
“There is a limit to deceiving us!”
“I would rather die than be defeated!”
“What have we been suffering for?”
“Those who died can’t go to heaven in peace now!”

The hospital suddenly turned into an uproar, and there was nothing one could do. Many who had been strong advocates of peace and others who had lost their taste for war following the pika were now shouting for the war to continue. Now that surrender was an accomplished fact, irrefutable and final, there was no soothing the people who had heard the news. With everything lost and no fear of losing more they became desperate. I began to feel the same way—fight to the bloody end and die. Why try to live with a scarred body? Would it not be better to die for one’s country and crown life with perfection rather than live in shame and disgrace?

The one word—surrender—had produced a greater shock than the bombing of our city. The more I thought, the more wretched and miserable I became.

But the order to surrender was the Emperor’s order and to this we could not object. His injunction to bear the unbearable could mean but one thing. As a nation we must be patient. I repeated his words again and again to myself, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not rid my mind of despair. Finally, I found myself thinking of something else.

When war was declared four years ago, no one was unhappy about the consequences, but no one then had thought of this day. Why had the Emperor not been requested to speak then? He was not requested because Tojo was the only actor on the stage and did what he pleased. I can still hear his high-pitched voice ringing in my ears.

To myself, I began denouncing the army: “What do you fellows think about the Emperor? You started the war at your pleasure. When the outlook was good, you behaved with importance; but when you began to lose, you tried to conceal your losses, and when you could move no more, you turned to the Emperor! Can you people call yourselves soldiers? You have no choice but to commit harakiri and die!”

As if echoing my thoughts, someone shouted: “General Tojo, you great, thick-headed fool; cut your stomach and die!”

Goaded by the tumult in my mind and the general excitement, I thought I must flee and had reached the back gate of the Bureau when I was stopped by a voice that exclaimed: “Doctor, what’s the matter?”

This question brought me to my senses and I became ashamed that I had been on the verge of fleeing. I returned to the Bureau and my patients.

My rounds were not professional today. I could not focus mentally on the patients’ problems, but I went to each bed and did what I could to calm their fears.

The nurses were going about duties as if nothing had happened. These innocent figures working calmly seemed to achieve an air of greatness and their presence did much to calm my feelings.

I missed the old lady who had lain near the hospital entrance, so I went to the business office and asked Mr. Sera and Mr. Kitao where she was. After a pause one of them said: “She died last
night. Ba-san died without knowing about the surrender and we are glad she did."

In the corridor, a soldier stopped to ask: "Doctor, what shall we do?"

"I don't know where your headquarters are," I answered, "but you may stay here until you are recovered. Don't worry; leave the responsibility to me."

"When will they land?" he asked.

"It won't matter if they do," I rejoined. "You are a patient. Leave me to explain the situation. If the need arises, I might even help you escape, but for goodness sake don't be upset. You might relay the message to the other soldiers."

"Sir, I will relay your orders!" replied the soldier, a look of relief on his face. Saluting smartly, he withdrew, dragging his blood-soaked trousers.

Supper was served, but having no appetite, I drank a cup of hot water and went to bed. What little spirit I had declined with the setting sun. Everyone on the ward was worrying about the Emperor and I, too, had a feeling of sorrow when I thought of him. Slipping out of bed, I went up to the balcony and, bowing toward the east, prayed for his peace of mind.

I walked about for a while and then sat down on a ventilator where I could gaze out over the ruins. The night was lonely with the river-like Ota River glittering faintly as it made its tortuous way through the dark city. The pitch-black outlines of Futabayama stood out against the dark eastern sky. Even in a nation defeated, the rivers and mountains remained the same. I became overwhelmingly lonely as I experienced the emotions of defeat and thought of the future before us.

* An obi is a long, wide sash worn around the waist.

16 August 1945

The day began bright and clear.

Our ward had a restless night. The desire and will to go on were submerged by the sorrow and sadness of defeat. We wondered when the enemy would come. All were uneasy.

During the night the "Double Zero" air force detachment from Hiro distributed hand bills which read: "Continue the war!" "Don't surrender!"

As these tokens of resistance were brought in, news came that the Imperial Fleet was attacking in the waters of Shikoku. There were some who considered this good news, but I feared it to be an attempt by some of the younger officers to show an act of bravado to satisfy a grudge. Some patients shouted with joy, but I felt sorrow for those who chose death to surrender.

The hospital was divided into two groups, one which confirmed the surrender and the other which denied it.

This morning we had a visit from one of Dr. Sasada's classmates who worked with the broadcasting station in Tokyo before the surrender. He informed us that negotiations leading to surrender had been under way since August 10 and that he left Tokyo with the express purpose of changing his currency into material assets for fear it would be frozen and devalued as in Germany.

I did not have to worry on that score because I had lost everything. Except for my sorrow over defeat, that was one reason I could live so free from worry and enjoy the generosity and bounty of my friends. Before the bombing, there had been some compensation in my position which others in the profession could

* A naval air training station, supply and fuel dump, and plane assembly plant were located at Hiro, a suburb of Kure, about 25 miles south of Hiroshima.