

spoken at Dartmouth Medical College. Two years ago, I spoke at Brown University. I have spoken before high-school classes and rallies. I'm ready to go anywhere to tell my story.

Now I am writing to you. And I want to say this as emphatically as I can.

I could not help those people lying on straw mats surrounded by gray ashes and despair. They were beyond hope, dying from radiation burns inside the bone marrow and the intestinal lining. They were gradually bleeding to death, and their irradiated bone marrow could not produce new red blood cells. I felt powerless.

But I do not feel powerless now.

We are not powerless now.

We have forced our leaders to listen.

Nuclear war has been called unthinkable, but our governments continue to prepare for it. To me, what is unthinkable is not to speak out.

While I am no arms control expert, it seems clear that our work—together—as physicians, citizens, and as human beings, is what brought the Congress to cap the MX missile, for the first time ever rejecting a Presidential request for nuclear weapons.

They heard our voices.

When Physicians for Social Responsibility asked me to write this letter, I was grateful for the chance to speak to you. Having spent a lifetime bringing newborn infants into this world and trying to care adequately for the sick, it seems only right that I give what I can to keep them alive.

I hope you will join me in support of Physicians for Social Responsibility. I do not want physicians ever again to have to face a landscape of six inches of black ashes, twisted metal beams, severe leukemia, and sizzled bone marrow—and know that they can do nothing.

My nightmares—no, our nightmares—do not have to come true.

Sincerely,

Chas. S. Stevenson, M.D.,

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