

I Refuse To Give My Blood To The A.B.C.C

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"I say I refuse to give you my blood-my own blood. Why do you blame me for it?" I say in a dry voice, conscious that my face is pale with strain.

"You shall not refuse! You shall be court-martialed"

He spoke in broken Japanese somewhat through the nose. The American-born Japanese wearing six-angled rimless glasses is standing before me, threatening me, it seemed to me, like an ass in a lion's skin.

We are in a small newspaper office-my place of work which I managed to find two years after I had my feet, hands and head burned by the Atom Bomb.

While I-an eighteen-year-old girl-am protesting with all my might against the G.I's threats desperately, the grown-ups around us keep silent.

Probably they said in their minds: "If we put in a word, we will be court-martialed That G.I., will be satisfied if she will only give him a little blood. We can't help it. America is a victorious country"

I tried hard to think of a way to get out of this unreasonable difficulty, but the words "court-martial" bore down heavily on me. I could not find the way.

The next day I left home unwillingly without waiting till the jeep arrived which was to come for me. I entered the Red Cross Hospital through the gate with no one to accompany me. (In 1947 A.B.C.C. was in the Red Cross Hospital.)

I went up the stairs which had been burnt by the atomic bomb. At the reception office! mentioned my name. The interpreter who had been impatiently waiting for me to arrive appeared and showed me to the army surgeon. I was crying aloud, regretting having yielded to power. I dared to say to the interpreter. "Why is it that my refusal can't be accepted?" "Our country has been defeated in the war," said the interpreter, "what we say can't be accepted because our country has been defeated."

He seemed to be talking to himself rather than trying to persuade me. While I was listening to what this elderly interpreter said, my vexation to this unreasonable situation-"might is right"-spread in my heart. I cried in my heart, "Having been defeated in the war is to be unable to insist upon even such a trifling justice."

The surgeon examined me and took some data. To my regret, I gave up, feeling desperate losing all hope of escape from being examined.

After the examination, I went out of the building, the white sun shining upon myself in the summer of 1947.

In Hiroshima, a city destroyed by the bomb, there was hardly any work. We three-my mother working in a clinic, my brother who got hurt in the upper half of his body and was in the grip of Death, and I had to find a way to live.

Day after day, I was busy with many jobs to do. I had to put the half collapsed house in order. I had to arrange the slates on the roof. I had to go out into the country for food, and so on. Till that G.I. from A.B.C.C. came for my blood, I had been occupied with only one thing-how we should live.

After the incident, however, in such a busy life, I began to think seriously of what it meant.

—"It is true that we have been defeated but why should I not be allowed to insist on refusing to give my own blood to them? No, I must insist."

—"Admitting that it will contribute to medical science, will the data of the victims of the

—8-atomic air raid really be made use of to make this world peaceful?"

An eighteen-year-old girl protested against giving her blood through a sense of uneasiness and put it into action, which was conduct against the unreasonable. I am now proud of it.

Now Once in two years A.B.C.C still sends a Japanese for me The different things from 17 years ago are that the messenger is now a true-born Japanese and that he is not so impolite as that American-born Japanese was.

Every time he comes for me. I make a point of telling him of the incident of 17 years ago, and refusing to go to A.B.C.C.

My fellow workers say, "I advise you to go. You have only to give a little bit of your blood. That's all"

Now I think it doesn't matter whether or not I'll give them 10c.c of my blood. But it is quite important that I think of my daily conduct in connection with the banning of nuclear bombs a peaceful Japan and a peaceful world. My refusal arises from this point.

However well-equipped A.B.C.C is, and however polite the messenger is, the victims of the atomic air raid are in fact made into guinea pigs and never receive any treatment.

Furthermore, I hear the U.S. is going to make use of the data as materials for their study in preparation for another way.

As long as this continues and they use the data in the opposite direction to the peace of the world. I have decided not to give even a bit of my own blood to them, reflecting how I was humiliated at that time-in 1947.

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