



MARGARET'S NEW ADMIRER

The new man was Angus Snead MacDonald, and at first glance he might seem a poor rival to Hugh. Hugh was handsome and demonstrative, Angus was homely, with prominent teeth and near-sighted eyes. He was also exceedingly shy. Nevertheless, he was a few years younger than Margaret, intellectual, and of an original turn of mind.

Angus was born in Louisville, Kentucky. His father had deserted his mother, and a childless uncle, Eudolphus Snead, had raised him and his older brother in his strict Scotch Presbyterian home. The Sneads went to church four times on Sunday and wore a black arm band for a year, even when the most distant relative died. It was a wealthy home, however. Snead and Company, the firm that "Uncle Dolph" headed, was composed of prosperous iron-mongers who had moved from Louisville to Jersey City because there were more immigrants in Jersey to provide cheap labor.

In 1904 Snead and Company bid on part of the construction of the great Carnegie Public Library being built on Fifth Avenue between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets. Their job was to furnish the metal for the bookstacks, though after Angus studied architecture, he criticized the main reading room as "too regal and wasteful of space," saying that he would have preferred a lower ceiling, intimate reading nooks, and cozy lounge chairs, or even—what was then a novelty—an open-air reading room on the roof.

Angus got his degree in architecture from Columbia University and soon found a job with a good architectural firm. After a year as a draftsman, during which he worked on the plans for the prestigious new building of B. Altman and Co. at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, Angus' older brother, who had been destined to become the head of Snead and Company died. His mother persuaded him to drop architecture and become the New York sales representative for his uncle's firm instead. Overly conscious of his great height and plain face, he was not cut out to be a salesman. However, after a short time, he found a way of combining architecture with the steel business. He developed the first modular system for storing rare manuscripts in special stacks, designing these for the Low Library at Columbia University and the Library of Congress in Washington.

Yet, though happy in his work, Angus was a lonely man. Separated from his wife and two teenage daughters who lived in Connecticut, he had kept pretty much to himself. But one day in 1933, he saw Kitty Marion on the street holding up the *Birth Control Review*. The words birth control startled him as they had many others, that evening, with nothing particular to do, he wandered into a birth-control lecture. Listening to the fervent, petite woman who was speaking, he was fascinated, he felt that he was entering a new and freer world. Soon he contrived to meet her and ask her out for cocktails and dancing, for in spite of his large frame he was extremely light on his feet. In a short time he found himself seriously committed to her.

Meeting alone was easy. While Margaret admitted she had a husband and home up the Hudson, she continued to keep the top floor of the Research Bureau as her private hideaway. She could disappear there daytimes without even telling her secretary where she was, in the evenings she could always telephone J. Noah and make an excuse to stay away overnight. And Angus, who had no local ties, could meet her there for a long evening by the fireside that often lasted until near dawn.

Soon their night dates were more and more frequent as Margaret became impressed by his immense vitality. While working in Washington on the Library of Congress job, he would bound up to the top of the Washington Monument on foot while his associates took the elevator. As this kind of energy was partly due to Margaret's presence in his life, it made her exclaim "What a man you are, my Angus!" Soon she was writing him from Willowlake.

Angus dear, what a power-dynamo you really are! Nothing can stop your innate masculine charm The dancing evening at the Cascades was perfect, never have I known you to be in better form Never so close to my heart in the fullness of your understanding It seems now that we leaped the very centuries & came to see the problems of the other in a most miraculous way

She went on to tell him she didn't know when she could see him again as she was still busy with her Federal work "If you really want to have a peaceful life, you will not bother your dear head as to the when's, where's and why's of my getting to town I'll call you Wed morning, but I won't hope to see you in the physical "

Every year was now a busy year for Margaret, 1933 was no exception Early in January she had gone to the coast with J Noah to do a series of lectures and defend the will of a woman, Viola Kaufman, who had left all her lifesavings to birth control "Her brother & nieces claimed I had influenced her against them," she wrote Havelock

The case was well prepared but the other side failed to make good or to appear at all Now my hope is that the lawyers & executors will not take all she left We need money desperately, and contributions are *low*

My telephone began at 7 30 A M & was still going at ten P M Poor husband! He had his own room, but the calls followed him too & he is about "fed up" (he says) with a busy wife and birth control

A few days later she was at her Park Avenue apartment, writing Hugh on stationery with, for her, an unusual heading Mrs Margaret Sanger-Slee

Hugh darling This is my Sunday in bed to rest & answer letters to my beloved ones I start off with you, dearest of dears I never knew my life to be so crossed by deceptions Intrigues are still going on But I say this prayer often "In the quietness & confidence of the all knowing spirit within me, I am established in Wisdom, understanding & love "

That helps me a lot You don't need prayers or to pray, but this woman *do*

By Febuary first she was back in Washington making quick diary entries

Saw Hastings, Borah and Bang bang bang! Hatfield no Tried Hatfield again—no luck

Febuary 3—Sen Norris—loads of letters & telegrams arrive—worked until 12 P M delivered folders re replies Judaism to Hastings Ran back to N Y & Juliet's for weekend Now back to Wash for Judiciary Committee—"Catholic Safe Period Challenge" story in *Tribune*

March 13—To Wash again after rest at Willowlake & glorious snowstorm Bill S 4436 voted on—but failed Discouraged, sailed to Nassau for a month with J N

March 20—Managed to get speaking engagement at Student Forum of Mt Holyoke College, So Hadley, Mass "

Meanwhile, Harold had reread her autobiography and was thrilled as ever "Your book has revealed so much to me that I guessed at but I didn't really *know* about that marvellous soul of yours, and that soul isn't the only thing about you that I think wonderful," he wrote on March 18

She was put out by the last remark, and wrote back accusing him of being vulgar For all her belief in free love, her friends had never heard her make an off-color remark or tell an off-color joke

Soon she was writing Hugh again

Your letter came yesterday Juliet is here for a few days She asks of you frequently & when we are together long enough she talks of you & your loving & great qualities

I know you have gone through hell itself with worry and anxiety Now it is our turn to do the same The banks are all closed & the scoundrels have mostly run to cover with their "boodle" leaving the honest fellow to take the loss We (J N) did not draw out anything before the crash, tho we were warned to do so J N's pa-

triotism would not allow him to have such fears! So we are without cash, & thank God grocers & others let us get what we want for the present Juliet too has had a tragic year—Everything gone except her house & that too expensive to keep going, but no one will pay to rent it

Willowlake was also too expensive for Margaret and J Noah to keep up, and no one would buy or rent it either So in April 1933, they bought a house in Tucson, Arizona Stuart had already gone to Tucson because of his persistent ear infection, hoping the desert climate would dry it out J Noah willingly followed because of his arthritic stiffness and the fact that Arizona had no state income tax, while Margaret thought it might help her bronchitis as well as lessen her fear of T B

The Tucson house was on the outskirts of the city in the section called the Foothills, and while it was smaller than Willowlake it was hardly less grand Margaret had her own apartment on the ground floor toward the front, and J Noah another in the rear This set-up would allow her to have visitors unseen by her husband, particularly at night They had a maid, butler, cook, and chauffeur as before (Her story to Hugh about not having enough money for groceries was another of her romantic exaggerations) Once settled, Margaret left J Noah for the hundredth time and ran back to New York for a Town Hall luncheon and the legislative work that was becoming more and more frustrating Surprisingly, however, many conservative newspapers had come over to her side

On June 18, 1933, for instance, the *New York Daily News* ran an editorial on the decline of the birthrate

Some people are worried because they see only 131 million people in the U S in 1940, against 400 million Chinese and 80 million full-blooded Japanese But if this is true, don't blame Margaret Sanger, the priestess of the (B C) cult The phenomenon is probably due to women's desire for more public life, and men's for less responsibility, plus economic uncertainties

In the same issue the *News* ran a big ad for contraceptives "Stop being Frightened by the Calendar! Use Lysol disinfectant regularly and intelligently for intimate personal daintiness " It was hard to believe

that, not so long before, Carlo Tresca had been given a year in jail for running a similar ad in his small radical paper

On June 4, Mother's Day, Margaret had what was for her as unusual a speaking engagement as the one before the Ku Klux Klan. This one was at the Abyssinian Baptist Church on West 138 Street in Harlem. A diary entry tells of the engagement for that Sunday "3000 people expected. No fee."

And so the year moved on, with Margaret making more lectures than ever to a wide variety of groups. Then came the long summer break which she spent at Willowlake, from which she could easily travel to New York.

On August 1, she wrote Angus a letter from New York headed, *Hot As The Bad Place*

Dear Angus, et al. It's too hot for anyone to be pleasant, so I'm dashing off home after a full day of worries, troubles, plans, hopes.

I've set a man to catch you and bring you into the New Jersey State work. I hope you will look into it, then I shall find it positively necessary to consult you often—very often. I want to elope! Cast off all the clutches & break loose—yes? If a wish can be powerful enough, it will be realized. Anyway, you're a precious darling.

Angus shrugged off the mention of elopement as he didn't even have a divorce, but he answered on August 9, calling her what he would always call her after that—"Glorious Margaret." He wrote

I find myself loving you more (and longing for you more) all the time. Your influence has been such that the world seems very good to live in, so good that I want it all, particularly you. You are a great leader and the greatest woman that ever lived, and the most lovable (and impossible).

Toward the end of August Margaret went to see her brother Joe who was ill and still living in Corning. She took Grant with her, something she seldom did, and then persuaded him to stay with her when she went on to Detroit and Chicago. It was as if she feared being alone.

Her diary is blank until October 3 when she made an angry entry "Row with Dr Dickinson over book " She was referring not to a book of hers, but one on the Research Bureau, about which she had told Have-lock

Shocks seem to come to us from near & far these days, I always feel that death shocks are easier to bear than deceit or petty behavior in persons considered big Just now I am having problems with Dr Dickinson You may not know that the study of 10,000 case histories of the B C Clinic is nearly off the press Three years ago I employed Miss Kopf (Swiss) as statistician to work on our history cards & to compile the data I got money from the Bureau of Social Hygiene for this study After a year Miss Kopf worked her way into the Secretary's friendship (Social Hygiene) & thereby hangs a story of the way Europeans trick us Americans at every turn It's really amazing how trusting we are & foolishly stupid

Now the statistician Kopf calls herself *Author* of the study & Dickinson who is on the Committee backs her up It's a mess, as I got the money & finally got a publisher to take it

Now Dickinson who dominates the Medical Committee says they will withdraw their names if my name goes down as "Director" of the Clinic—not as author or co-author which I do not wish—but as Founder & Director of Clinic The reason is that these gentlemen can not associate their names with a *Propagandist*! So the world does *not* move after all

Margaret was nothing if not inconsistent A few months before she had admitted to Dickinson she was "neither learned or scientific enough" to be connected with a scientific publication, yet she insisted again that her name be included, even though Dickinson was leaving his name off

To soothe her wounded feelings, she took a quick trip to Paris and London In Paris she saw Harold "Harold heard I was in Paris and hopped over to see that I did not swim the channel," she informed Hugh And in England she saw Hugh, then wrote him "Darling Harold Cox came up from Kent to spend twenty minutes (with me) Another treasure You Englishmen know how to make women adore you "

Then she whisked home again, refreshed, to prepare another Western states conference

On October 18 she wrote Hugh again

I've been wicked not answering your adorable letter of ages ago—the one that bubbled with the elixir of life written after your new book was finished

Goodness I know what you felt like I've got it too after a big lecture where I've been scared to death Then I want to fly, or soar, and love the nicest man that walks the earth Nothing is impossible at that time, but usually everyone wants me to drink hot milk & go to bed! I could scream at their stupidity, but now that I know you've got it too I will never be alone on those heights again Yes you would dance to the moon & make love to the stars en route Oh that I could have been with you & forced hot milk at you & said "there there" as tho you were about to be ill

Ah dear darling precious one—what book is it? Why did you not tell me anything about it? Yes I know why—because when we were together alone I did all the talking—ye gods What a dum-belle!

And later

The (Western states) Conference was a *whiz* I was so nervous & tempermental & husband *would* come out for it & found me like a horse before a race & never knew a woman got like that & was worried over having married her & went home He is really a darling & wants me to be happy He cannot understand anyone doing this work, getting nervous, not eating, sleeping or enjoying a walk or anything & yet *keep on doing it*!

Margaret wanted to say something to Hugh also about Harold, but didn't know quite what She had long ago forgiven him for "not loving her" and didn't know whether to admit she knew about his quarrel with Hugh over his marriage Harold, after not writing for six months, forestalled her, however

Margaret Darling, I shall certainly call you that, although it may be for the last Time!

Dearest, have you heard at all from Sand Pit? And have you heard that next year I hope to—(take a deep breath)—get married again, & to a woman with whom I was in the Divorce Court last Saturday? I don't want to worry you with it all, but if you have heard about it from Sand Pit, you may have heard a version which is, shall we say a little one-sided? The truth is that after ill-treating her for thirteen years & being a dangerously bad influence on the children, her husband insisted on turning the three out & having the home to himself, and when the lawyer looked into it, they decided (our divorce laws being what they are!) that much the cheapest & safest way was for him to divorce her. Whereupon she & I jumped at the chance, & the undefended suit went off without any press. So I get all sorts of things I have been wanting for some time, including two adorable little step-daughters (did you know of my passion for little girls?—I wish they never grow up!) But I lose pretty heavily too, because Hugh & Bridget have decided that I am henceforth unfit for human food.

How I chuckled over your story of the flight to Nassau! You *are* a packet of mischief, you Irish rogue, you & the very thought of you sets me smiling—when I'm not lost in adoration of one of the world's real heroines. I do hope the bill *will* get through. It would be the crown of your life's work.

Harold's admiration may have stemmed from the fact that he saw in Margaret a combination of a great woman and a little girl who would never grow up. Angus was not so perceptive, he worshipped her unquestioningly. On September 29, addressing her simply as G M D for Glorious Margaret Dear, he wrote

Went to the Astor last night to hear you speak but lost out. However I had a nice little visit at your booth and my heart was warmed to hear the words of love and admiration with which your staff spoke of you. You are a great leader, and a most adorable woman.

At this point Margaret badly needed to be heartened by the men in her life. The Washington battle was nearing a climax, she was forced to turn over more and more of the legislative work to Mrs. Hepburn and devote herself to the harder job of fund raising. In one of her de-

pressed moods she even made notes for a will, speaking as if J Noah were already dead, and leaving his portrait to his son. While to Havlock she complained

The world scarcely seems worth bothering about. Liberty is once again on the run & no new continents emerging for her on which to rest her weary feet. So she may die & let the devils have it (Catholics & Militants). Sometimes I want to leave the country and never return. Anyway, the cause of B C marches on!

But once again some end-of-year cheer came from an unexpected source. Dickinson, refusing to be put off by her tantrums, sent her another of his courtly notes at the end of 1933, suggesting that she have her portrait done by a painter who was doing distinguished portraits of physicians, so that she could be included in a book on the history of contraception.

"What have you done to the gentleman?" her secretary Florence Rose scrawled at the bottom of the letter.

Charmed him, that's what.