



## MACARTHUR SAYS NO

In 1949 Japan had reached the lowest point in its history. It was a defeated and occupied nation, with General MacArthur installed as Allied Supreme Commander and the Emperor almost powerless. In addition, the yen had been devaluated, taxation was heavy, and people were living from day to day with great uncertainty. This resulted in a huge population boom. With jobs scarce and little money to spend on geisha girls, the men were home more, getting recreation and asserting their manhood by demanding frequent intercourse with timid wives. In 1950 there were eighty-five million people packed onto the tiny island compared to sixty-six million in 1922, the population density was 529 per square mile compared to 44 in the United States. Self-induced abortion and infanticide were common despite a Eugenics Protection Law, in effect since 1939, which allowed doctors to perform abortions for medical and eugenic reasons, and which in 1946, had been extended to include economic and social reasons as well.

But the Eugenics Protection Law had not had much publicity, and many women did not trust the generally incompetent Japanese doctors who were performing abortions. As a result, twice as many abortions were performed as were reported.

Eager to get going again after her prolonged illness, she managed to get an invitation from the President of the *Yomiuri Press*, the largest daily in Japan, to come and lecture at its expense. She assured him

that the Chief Cabinet Secretary and other high officials of the Ministry would also support her visit since Mrs Schidsue Kato (formerly Baroness Ishimoto, she had lost her title after a new marriage) had already approached them and gotten a positive answer Jubilant, Margaret packed samples of contraceptives to demonstrate to doctors as an alternative to abortion, made elaborate notes for speeches, and in July 1949, prepared to sail

But she hadn't counted on one obstacle, MacArthur himself Though the Allied Occupation was spending a million dollars a day to feed the hungry, and a survey had shown that the Japanese people wanted contraceptive advice, her application for a visa was denied MacArthur ignored the comments of one Japanese doctor "The papers run page-wide ads for contraceptive creams and suppositories, ads permitted by the government, but the people can't afford to buy them even if the medical profession was prepared to give advice on how to use them " Margaret *was* prepared, but MacArthur stood firmly against her, saying that he "couldn't interfere with Japanese internal affairs "

Margaret referred the matter to Charles E Scribner, the lawyer for Planned Parenthood He wrote to the Pentagon, there was no reply Mrs Roosevelt wrote a column supporting her friend, and the *New York Times* ran a story, neither had any effect Scribner persisted, and in February 1950, MacArthur replied personally, admitting that there was a population problem in Japan as indeed there was in many places, but that letting Mrs Sanger enter would imply that the occupation "had the political motive of keeping down the Japanese population while in America it remained largely unchecked "

MacArthur was sure, moreover, that even without her help the Japanese population would stabilize itself in twenty years through the Eugenics Protection Law Then he revealed the real reason he was denying her entrance He said that the subject was so controversial the *Tokyo Times* had recently run a series of letters from non-Japanese readers, and the arguments back and forth had become so heated that the series had to be stopped

Scribner picked up the key words "non-Japanese readers," and told MacArthur that evidently there were no objections on the part of the Japanese, only from "a religious body that's essentially foreign to Japan " He also quoted a recent dispatch from MacArthur to the American press saying that in view of pressure from Catholic Church groups,

he believed it was impossible for him to allow Mrs Sanger to lecture to Japanese audiences without appearing to subscribe to her views, though there were only 180,000 Catholics in Japan compared to 80 million Japanese

Scribner also said that only in two states in America—Connecticut and Massachusetts—were there still laws prohibiting the giving of advice on contraception, and that in these states, it was the very same Catholic group who stood in the way

MacArthur refused to reconsider his position He now added fuel to the fire by quoting from a letter he had received from a woman he refused to name, but who, he said, far from being an outsider, was "one of the foremost advocates of the birth-control movement "

This woman had seen an article in the *New York Herald Tribune* about his refusal to admit Mrs Sanger, and agreed it was a wise move She knew what she was talking about, too, as she had been a lecturer at the Imperial University on scientific subjects and had founded the Tokyo Ladies Club More, he said, she had been the founder of the first birth-control clinic in the world, though, unlike Mrs Sanger, she was not a troublemaker When Mrs Sanger had gone to Japan many years ago she had caused angry scenes, associated with the wrong people, and hurt rather than helped the cause, he was afraid that this might happen again Indeed, the smart thing now would be to lie low and let the Japanese themselves come to a sound attitude on the subject or so the unidentified lady fervently hoped

Margaret needed no crystal ball to guess the name of the unidentified lady Across MacArthur's impressive letterhead she wrote in bold letters "MARIE STOPES—THE VIPER "

Scribner kept trying, but he simply couldn't get her a visa His failure sent her into one of her old-time depressions She felt better, though, when Hugh started writing to her again He told her of a book he was reading called *Facing Both Ways*, written by a Japanese Marquise who talked of Margaret the Invincible, adding "Go to it when you can, Invincible " He ended with his favorite quotation from Blake "We can abide life's pelting storm/which makes our limbs quake/if our hearts keep warm "

In her answer to Hugh, she thanked him for returning her letters as she had asked. She was rereading them, comparing the present with the past.

I did not mean to open up veins of sadness, yet the sadness is there I know, and memories dim slowly. I went East to spend Xmas with Grant and his darling four boys. (The trip) was a test for me, and I stood it very well. So now I do not worry about a heart-condition any more. I love my new house with all the mountains showing off their rose copper hues at sunset. Then Stuart's house and pool are next door, and there are open lawns between us.

With her medical worries seemingly ended, she got ready to go to Chicago to attend the Pioneer luncheon. She was also busy on something far more important—a search for a better contraceptive, hopefully something as simple as an inoculation for smallpox, which could be taken anywhere, at any time.

She started her search by renewing her correspondence with a remarkable woman, Katherine Dexter McCormick, a Boston Brahmin and in Margaret's eyes a Great Lady to the core.

Katherine Dexter McCormick was the wife of Stanley McCormick, whose father was Cyrus McCormick of International Harvester fame, Mrs. McCormick's father in turn had been an outstanding lawyer in Dreiser's bustling Chicago, her grandfather had been a Harvard graduate and lawyer, as well as founder of the town of Dexter, Michigan, and her great-grandfather Secretary of Defense under President John Adams. Stanley McCormick had been a varsity tennis player and honor student at Princeton and a gifted amateur painter and comptroller of his father's company. He met tall, handsome Katherine Dexter in Boston at a tennis match. She had attracted him, not only because she was a fine athlete, unusual for a woman in 1900, but because she was a fine student too—a biology major at college and one of the first women to graduate from M I T.

They were married with high hopes in 1904, but within two years Stanley was declared legally insane. By 1950 they were spending their summers in Boston or Switzerland, and their winters on their huge estate in Santa Barbara where she hoped the quiet surroundings might calm him. In Santa Barbara she employed forty gardeners to keep the

grounds immaculate for his pleasure, plus six musicians to entertain him at dinner. But nothing had helped, he remained hopelessly schizophrenic.

They had no children, and since the Mendelian theory that madness could be inherited had recently been revived, Katherine resolved they never would have any. Still, since he was very demanding, she undoubtedly continued to have marital relations with him.

Hearing that Hudson Hoagland of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Institute of Biology, was doing research on the biology of madness, she now endowed his work to the best of her ability. She could not do much as her hands were tied. As soon as his son's illness had become permanent, Cyrus McCormick had begun working to regain control of the millions he had regularly been giving his son, so Katherine had only a limited amount at her command.

With few goals upon which to lavish her many talents, she worked briefly for Woman's Suffrage, then met Margaret and had done a little work for birth control. But none of this had been enough, she had more time and energy than she knew what to do with.

In 1950 she heard through Hoagland that Gregory Pincus, his colleague at the Worcester Institute, was doing some remarkable new research. Pincus was probably one of the first biologists to notice that when too many rats were confined in a cage they became socially upset, devouring each other no matter how much food they had. This suggested to him that human overcrowding might have a similar effect.

A dark, handsome man so devoted to his wife that he would compose a few lines of poetry to her and leave them pinned on her pillow in the early morning before he left for the laboratory, Pincus had his Doctorate in Science from Harvard. In 1930 he began to study the process of ovulation in rabbits, discovering that ovulation could be stopped with injections of a combination of female hormones administered at certain times of the month. By varying the doses and times of injections, he found that he could stimulate ovulation as well as stop it. It was a momentous discovery, for without ovulation there could be no conception, with it, once infertile rabbits could become fertile.

Margaret was tremendously excited when she heard about his work through Katherine McCormick, she begged him to proceed with his research as quickly as possible. Maybe he would discover a birth-control method for women that would be easy and effective. The problem was that Pincus needed two things before he could continue. The first was a

"front man," preferably a medical doctor of the highest rank who would be willing to publicize a new birth-control method for women if he ever found it. The second was money—a lot of it—as the actual breakthrough might take years to accomplish.

Margaret quickly got some money from the Brush foundation, then wrote Mrs McCormick asking for one hundred thousand dollars more, hoping to get at least twenty-five thousand dollars right away. But Mrs McCormick replied sadly that five thousand dollars was all she could muster up at the moment, she enclosed a check for the five thousand, telling Margaret to spend it any way she thought best.

Margaret answered in her ebullient style: "My joyful thanks to you, dear Mrs McCormick, for this helpful 'lift' to my future efforts." Rather surprisingly, she decided to use the five thousand dollars to plan a birth-control conference in India in 1955. With MacArthur blocking her in Japan, she was determined to prove to him she could at least get *there*. Meanwhile, she and Mrs McCormick agreed to keep Pincus' research secret, as birth control was still an explosive issue in Massachusetts.

Mrs Loraine Campbell tells a story pointing up the secrecy. One evening she and her husband were invited to the McCormick home. Just as they were about to leave they received a phone call asking, "Are you sure you aren't too tired to come?" Of course they weren't too tired. They were received rather coolly by their hostess and seated at an elegant formal table though Margaret was the only other guest. While they were eating, the phone kept ringing, and the maid put messages on Mrs McCormick's plate. She in turn handed them to Margaret who silently read them and slipped them under her wine glass. Finally coffee was served and the Campbells were politely but firmly ushered out.

Mrs Campbell guessed later that the notes were from Gregory Pincus saying he was coming over that evening to report on what he was doing, and the two women wanted no other guests.

Meanwhile the search for the impeccable "front man" to work with Pincus continued. The most likely candidate was Dr John Rock, Chief of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Harvard, a man with five children and fourteen grandchildren who was famous for his own work on human fertility. But Rock was a Catholic, and the pressures on him to stay out of birth-control research were enormous.

While awaiting further developments with Pincus and Rock, Marga-

ret kept busy Again she invited Hobson Pitman to Tucson Again Juliet warned her

For Heaven's sake don't let H P get hold on you again! You know what a very limited self-absorbed, selfish, helpless person he is and to have that kind of person hanging on to you, demanding sympathy, constantly complaining, asking for advice and not taking it, would be terrifically exhausting!"

You don't seem to realize that the slightest word from you starts him up again And you occasionally send him a provocative word that puzzles him and gets him going, trying to read the devotion and admiration he thought he had from you and *cannot* understand where it is gone!

I know you need mental and emotional stimulus and excitement, but to get mixed up with the wrong kind is worse than to be empty for a while

For a change, Margaret listened to Juliet, as she was now feeling very exhausted indeed Suffering again from a thyroid problem which caused her energy to radically surge and ebb, she went on one of her "purifying diets" which she hoped would recharge her She cut out coffee, meat, cigarettes, and alcohol But, as might have been expected, the diet didn't last long, nor did it recharge her at seventy-one She came to a reluctant decision She would simplify her life by selling the Sixteenth Street Bureau to Dr Abraham Stone who had been running it since his wife died She realized he could now manage it better than she, since she was so far away

The sale was set for June 1950 at a price of just under a hundred thousand dollars All there was to sell was the building Although it was located on a valuable piece of land, it was badly in need of repair The usual "goodwill" was not worth much with Margaret, whose name meant so much to patients, out of the picture

Dr Stone had very little money, so he formed a corporation, whimsically called The Humfert Corporation, from the words "human" and "fertility," and sold stock in it to raise the cash Meanwhile, Margaret went East to undertake the long, exhausting job of clearing out her papers

Her stay in the East was brief She heard that Stuart was thinking of rejoining the army as a tropical disease specialist and hurried home

to Arizona to dissuade him. She went up to his lakeside cabin and got a new idea there for herself—maybe she would start a dramatic school in Tucson with Anna Duncan, a follower of Isadora Duncan who had taken her teacher's name, as headmistress. Margaret expected Anna to pay her own way West, and since Anna was too poor to do that, nothing came of the idea. It seemed there was little left for excitement other than her September twelfth birthday which she celebrated with a frantic party in her fan-shaped house.

Between the drinking at the party and the wrench over the sale of the Bureau, Margaret had another heart attack. Again she had to undergo a long hospital stay. Worse, she was again having horrible dreams which made her, she told Juliet, "depressed, lonely and without pep." She was taking pills constantly to make her sleep. Juliet replied, "I also have been taking too many little pills to woo gentle sleep."

In October 1951, Margaret was given the Lasker Award, a thousand-dollar cash prize given each year by Mary Lasker, widow of an advertising executive, for outstanding achievement in a field connected with medicine. Margaret, who was convalescing, was still so depressed she wasn't sure whether she wanted to go to New York to accept it or not. Finally Grant accepted it for her. Juliet was jubilant. "Can you use that thousand for fun? You *must*."

The only fun she could think of was startling the Tucsonites by marrying a much younger man. Again she considered Hobson Pitman. Now Juliet put her foot down hard, "(You say) he is apparently quieting down, more peaceful & much better in tone and atmosphere. He wants you to know he is lonely (Isn't everybody!)." Darling, he is *not* really in love with you. It's merely a case of your inloveness. It was *your* lovely letter, as always, that brought out his." Juliet was right when she spoke of Margaret's "inloveness." For if Margaret was still in love with sex, she was also in love with love. Hugh, Harold, Havelock, and H. G. had all been professional wordsmiths, and their adoring letters meant as much to her as their physical acts. Bill Sanger was not a professional wordsmith, but his overwhelming ardor made up for it. Even J. Noah, in his clumsy way, had thrilled her when he cried out as she dramatically entered a room, "Look at my Margy! Look at her!" All of this she had found exciting and highly romantic. To substitute a man like Hobson Pitman for any of these didn't make sense, and she finally knew it.

Her loneliness increased, however. She tried to fight it by subscribing to a dozen "women's magazines," and reading all the love stories in each. She went to the movies and saw the same romantic pictures over and over. Nothing helped, especially after hearing from Janet that Hugh was back in the nursing home.

After this Margaret didn't even pretend to be cheerful. Her heart began to trouble her again and she stayed home in bed with nurses attending her around the clock. Lying in bed, she devised a new scheme. When she got better, she would buy a plot of land and build herself a second new house in Monterey, California. Juliet stopped her once more, reminding her that "A house is not all fun. It always takes more money and energy than you expect. I know how difficult it is to be patient, but do please try."

So she cheered herself by sending extremely expensive food parcels to Hugh and Janet for Christmas, but by this time Hugh had taken a turn for the worse, Janet had had to bring him home to care for him herself, and neither of them were giving much attention to food. Margaret's reaction to this was to turn more and more to Demerol, it was the only thing that soothed her and made her forget her worry and pain. Under its effect she tried to write a light-hearted letter to Angus, "So here I am with three nurses, oxygen tents and tanks, and merry old time, says I." Angus flew out to see her as soon as he could, and wrote her as soon as he got home. "Glorious Margaret, without your having come into my life it would have been drab and hardly worthwhile. You have the Godlike power to touch a soul and make it bear better fruit than seemed possible."

When the pain was unbearable or when Margaret, a good actress, convinced Stuart that it was, she got more Demerol. Not knowing what else to do, Stuart wrote out prescriptions for the drug, to be given every four hours as needed, specifying an amount in each prescription that should have lasted a week. But somehow, two days after she got a prescription, she told him that particular bottle had fallen and broken, spilling out all its contents. No other bottles, always that one.

Stuart spoke to other doctors and found they were hearing similar stories. Their patients' Demerol bottles were mysteriously falling and breaking ahead of time. Demerol, it seemed, created far more dependence than they had believed.

Now Stuart began to observe his mother more closely. Soon he learned that she was demanding Demerol, not every four hours as pre-

scribed, but every three hours, then every two hours, then every hour. If a nurse refused to give it to her, she would simply grab the syringe and inject herself.

He tried to reason with her, but her answer was, "You must look after me because I am your mother." "No," he replied, "I must look after you because you are my patient." He decided to try another tactic. Demerol is a clear white liquid, he would dilute it. He went to every hospital and drugstore in town and had them save their empty Demerol bottles for him. He filled them partly with the medication and partly with sterile water, gradually increasing the amount of water until there was no Demerol at all.

It worked for a while, then Margaret caught on and demanded that the full amount of Demerol be restored, repeating in her most arrogant manner "I am rich. I have brains. I shall do exactly as I please."

He tried turning her over to other doctors, but as soon as the new doctor managed to cut her down, she left his care and found someone else. She even found a quack who told her what she wanted to hear. "If I were you, and had your pain, I would rest with a bottle of Demerol next to my bed day and night." When Stuart fired the quack, she found another. Finally he discovered she was injecting herself every half hour with pure water. She had become psychologically dependent on the needle itself.

She continued to function, however. She got out of bed to lecture in nearby Phoenix on "preventive politics." She traveled East to clear out more of her papers at the Sixteenth Street Bureau. She even did her first radio broadcast.

But everything exhausted her. Soon she had no choice but to stay put in Tucson, she simply had to stop for a while.