



RUNNING, RUNNING

For the rest of her life, ill as she was, Margaret was too restless to stay put in Tucson. She took her granddaughters on a pleasure trip to Japan which she had come to love. She planned a trip to Java because it sounded like a romantic place, though when her astrologer said she shouldn't go, she didn't. She did go to Hawaii in March 1956, though she had such pains in her heart on the way that she wrote in her diary, "I am in agony." Added to her heart pains was what she called her bursitis. "It is painful to move night and day. If it is not better in the next ten days I will return home and settle down to endure it, which I do not like to do." The bursitis got better and she went to Waikiki where Doris Duke entertained her in a home out of the Arabian Nights.

In May, after a short rest at home, she was relaxed enough to accept an invitation to speak in Kansas City and plan a long lecture tour. "Darlings," she wrote to her granddaughters, "it is an utterly mad notion of mine to go on lecture tours again just because I feel better. Well that's MS & no one can change her but God." But just as she was ready to start the tour she had a really bad heart attack and was forced to abandon the plan. Yet the following summer she and Juliet went on a holiday jaunt to their beloved England, and Margaret handled it surprisingly well for a woman of seventy-eight.

Back from England, she went to the Hawaiian Islands again, writing home with name-dropping pride. "I delayed leaving Honolulu until

Sunday as Admiral and Mrs Stump wanted me to have lunch with them at Pearl Harbor It is not always one can have lunch with an Admiral ”

She took Jonathan Schultz along on the Honolulu trip, and saw to it that the passenger list read, “Margaret Sanger, LLD, RN,” followed by, “Jonathan Schulz, BA, LLB,” though it is hardly customary on a ship to list one’s degrees, particularly when, as in her case, one was honorary and the other imaginary Yet it was another touch of ego she couldn’t resist

Since she always traveled in the utmost luxury, using the presidential suites on ships and the best hotels on shore, as well as taking along companions whose way she paid, her money was beginning to disappear fast For wherever she went, she also shopped for dresses, handbags, and trinkets for her granddaughters, dresses, shoes, costumes, and expensive jewelry for herself If she found no room for these in her trunks or closets when she got home, she gave them away to anyone who popped into her mind Dorothy Brush remembers her surprise at suddenly receiving in the mail a replica of a Japanese sailing junk made entirely of fine pearls And Margaret expected extravagant thank-you notes in return for her gifts After Margaret II was married, her grandmother packed a huge barrel of gold-leaf china and shipped it off to her As Margaret II was only eighteen and was living very moderately, with no possible use for that kind of china, she wrote her grandmother a simple note of thanks Margaret was enraged, she demanded and received an extravagant note

Try as she might, though, she couldn’t keep traveling Her heart pains and chest pains kept returning even though she tried all kinds of bizarre treatments for them One treatment she took in Honolulu she described to Gregory Pincus as a “cosmic ray treatment ” When Stuart heard about it, he insisted she come home and substitute thyroid-iodine treatment She agreed, but demanded her dose of Demerol as well “I had been having attacks (of angina) night after night, and only Demerol could stop the agonizing retching at the throat & left side of the chest,” she wrote Pincus in February of 1957 “I have finally had a good night of drugless sleep, & no angina pain for six weeks—I cannot tell you what this means, Gregory ”

Yet she was ready to go to New York when the chance came to get a really big break—an interview on the “Mike Wallace Show” on nation-

wide television She had been hoping for something like this for years, and finally managed it on September 21, 1957 She wrote Margaret II "I spent Saturday with Mike Wallace Then I got the *New York Times* and a TV editor after him, and I was in"

Her appearance on television, even though she spoke in the most general terms, brought out the opposition in full force For the first time in her life she didn't want to open her mail because so many sacks of it, forwarded to her from NBC, said things like, "I pray every day that you may fry in Hell forever," that, after glancing at a few, she told them to throw the rest out But she did read a bitter editorial in the September 27, 1957, issue of the Catholic *Evangelist* called *TV Boom or Bust?*

A graphic instance of the need of vigilance and prudent supervision of television programs was provided last night in The Mike Wallace Interview with Margaret Sanger In permitting Wallace to give vent to his offensive sensationalism, the National Broadcasting Company and Philip Morris cigarettes, the sponsor of Wallace's program, pervert the aim of television as a medium of culture, education and entertainment

Wallace, who claimed "to explore the economic, moral and religious aspects of birth control" was the instrument whereby Mrs Sanger, veteran proponent of barnyard ethics and race suicide, was given entrance into millions of decent homes to taint them with her evil philosophy of lust and animalistic mating If Margaret Sanger had her way, the ultimate result would be no audience for TV and no rising generations to "Call for Philip Morris "

Margaret wrote in her diary in a hand so shaky that the words are almost unreadable

The R C Church is getting more defiant and arrogant I'm disgusted & worried No one who was a worker in defense of our Protestant rights has got to accept the Black Hand from Catholic influence Young Kennedy from Boston is on the Stage for President in 1960 God help America if his father's millions can push him into the White House

By 1958 Margaret had definitely slowed to a walk At times she was full of plans for the future of International Planned Parenthood At

other times she was impatient and would get angry at even her most loyal friends. When Ellen Watumill wrote to Margaret's brother Bob for "a special few words about Margaret" for an article on her, Margaret wrote him "I do not know why Ellen Watumill should write you about me. All that is important about me is set down in print in my autobiography *My Fight for B C*."

Then she would become light-hearted again. One weekend she went off on a painting trip to Nogales but refused to have the necessary vaccination for re-entry into the States. When the inspector refused to let her come back without it, she let him give her the vaccination, as soon as she was over the border, however, she sucked out the vaccine while he was watching, then looked up and grinned at him like an imp. At another time she advised the PPFA, which was about to hold its annual luncheon meeting in New York, that she definitely was too ill to leave Tucson, but in the middle of the lunch made a dramatic stage-entrance on the arm of Juliet Rublee.

But after such incidents she would slip back. She was on Demerol steadily now, often combined with wine, and would wander out into the streets in her nightgown, sometimes falling down and arriving at Stuart's house with her face all black and blue. Stuart tried setting up a hospital room in his home, engaging nurses to control her drug dependence, but she would not listen to either him or the nurses. She would get up and wander around the house in the middle of the night, turning on the radio or TV full blast so that no one could sleep. Or she would discharge the nurses in the middle of the night, and lock herself in the bathroom while he frantically begged her to come out. He found he had no choice but to send her back across the lawn to her own home.

Her money was now almost gone. Aware of what was happening, some of her servants stole from her regularly. As Demerol kills the appetite, she was eating practically nothing, yet the servants ordered great quantities of food and liquor which they took home with them. Or they gave big parties in the kitchen for their friends. The result was that food and liquor bills of close to a thousand dollars came in at the end of each month. Stuart had no choice, he had to pay these bills on her behalf. Then she lent her airline credit card to a friend, ostensibly for a short trip. The friend flew around the world, taking several buddies with him. This bill amounted to many thousands of dollars. Stuart had to pay again.

Next she started giving away her jewelry, some of it very valuable.

When she gave valuable pieces to Dr Jackman Pyre, he handed them back to Stuart. When she gave them to her maids, they did not. She had had five million dollars when J Noah died, now only a fraction was left. Stuart had to do something before every penny ran out.

First he discharged the many servants, keeping on only the faithful Lisa as a combined housekeeper and nurse, and her husband John as butler. But they couldn't handle the situation. They slept in J Noah's former room next to Margaret's. Often at night they would be awakened by a thud, it was Margaret falling out of bed, and it was hard work to get her back in without injuring her. Or they would be ordered to prepare an elaborate dinner for many guests, only to discover after the table was set and everything ready that Margaret had forgotten to invite any guests. Frustrated and unhappy, John and Lisa decided to leave, and Stuart had to get whatever help he could.

"The whole situation had become a mess," Stuart summed it up.