

1925 INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE,
NEW YORK CITY

IT WAS one thing to decide to hold the Sixth International Conference in New York City. It was quite another thing to organize this conference and to finance it. Much more than a year was required to do this successfully. There was the interminable correspondence concerning details and plans with adherents and possible delegates in many distant countries. There was the problem of languages and interpreters. Even in Europe this is a difficulty, it was far more perplexing here. Then there was the eternal barrier of our laws. Topics that could be freely discussed at the Fifth Conference in London were dangerous and forbidden here. We did not want the dignity of the occasion again destroyed by the intervention of the police, as at Town Hall, nor of the federal authorities. But these complicated problems sank into relative insignificance when compared with that of getting the delegates to New York.

The announcement that I had set the date for the Sixth International Neo-Malthusian and Birth Control Conference

for March, 1925, brought blank or amazed looks from my directors' faces

How much do you think such a conference will cost, Mrs Sanger? asked one of the wealthiest members of the board

Not less than twenty five thousand dollars! I replied none too courageously

Have you any idea of getting that sum? was another question

Certainly I have! I said Activity, constructive activity always arouses interest and brings forth support

Nevertheless, there was only negative interest A meeting was called at the home of one of our directors We invited men and women of such wealth that any five of them could easily have underwritten the total estimated cost Yet this meeting was adjourned with nothing contributed except advice against having the conference It was too expensive Money was needed for our other work already under way, was the decision of my board

Still my faith remained undiminished With undaunted conviction that money would eventually come, I went ahead with the little I managed to obtain, bit by bit I sent this money to the delegates for their passage over It was impossible to send them round fare tickets My hope was that I should be able eventually to get them back to their homes

Despite these manifold difficulties, I had no illusions concerning the importance of the ordinary delegate Experience had taught me that the success of any international conference is dependent upon one of two factors, or both it may depend upon the idea or ideal which animates it, or it may depend upon the presence of a certain outstanding personality whose very adherence elevates the idea into the realm of respectability and focuses national and often international interest upon the ideas under discussion

With this thought in mind, I decided to make a hurried voyage to London to obtain, if possible, the attendance of Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's physician, whose audacious pronouncement at Lambeth concerning love and marriage had

aroused a storm of protest or of Lord Buckmaster, an eloquent member of the House of Lords, whose legal standing would perhaps influence our legislators

Mrs Rublee and I sailed on the *Majestic* on September 27th, and I spent a crowded three weeks in England, returning home in less than a month. It was a delight to renew old friendships, to feel the solid support of the best minds in England behind the movement. Despite the temptation to sink back into the joy of those delightful friendships, to let time pass in luncheons and dinners and teas, I was forced to remember the object of my sojourn, and to arrange for meetings and interviews with those who were in a position to further my ends.

Havelock Ellis gallantly came up from Margate to see us. He was, as usual, removed from the hurly burly activity of life. He did not share in the outward battle of ideas which meant so much to me, yet to meet him again was to return to the battlefield with renewed inspiration.

Then there was a delightful luncheon in Gordon Square with John Maynard Keynes and his wife, the former Lydia Lopokowa of the Russian Ballet, whose piquant performances I remembered with the old Washington Square Players in the Bandbox Theatre on East Fifty Seventh Street. It was indeed one of the ironies of life that I should find this ballet dancer again as the wife of England's most brilliant economist, demurely presiding over the dining table in Bloomsbury while I tried to persuade Keynes to come to an international birth control conference! Keynes was terrified at the thought of coming to America, he was a writer, he expostulated, he could not waste time and energy trying to speak. But his perfect manners, his grace, his charm, all took the edge off my disappointment.

Then I hastened from this luncheon to have tea with Harold Cox, then dinner with the indefatigable Drysdales, staunchly but quietly carrying on their family tradition. They had inherited an idea, as in America one might inherit a fortune, and with praiseworthy loyalty had gone on developing that

idea until it became a reality, then passed the movement over to others to carry on

The following morning I was awakened by a phone call from HG. I ran around to 4 Whitehall Court to find this human dynamo with vitality undiminished, to report my desire to capture for our conference one of England's best, to receive his encouragement and inspiration, to try to set an hour for a longer talk. At the moment, I had to dash off to the Walworth Center to look at the clinic, where I found no less than five tables equipped for instruction. A splendid piece of organization work, truly!

The next day there was a tea in my honor at Harold Cox's. J. O. P. Bland, that penetrating reporter of the Far East, dropped in for a few minutes and even promised to come over for our conference if only to smile approvingly upon it. Mr. Bland was witty and amusing. This man who tells unvarnished truths about the Orient was the very picture of health—and hated to be told so! I met Lord Gerald Wellesley, Lady Wright, Mrs. Graham Murray, Mrs. Alec Rea, Lady Oxford (Mrs. Asquith) and her sister. The lords of this country, I wrote in my diary of that occasion, are far more advanced and independent in thought than the stupid M.P.s.

Despite this incessant activity in the most varied circles, I managed to crowd in a motor trip to Oxford, with lunch at the *Mitre* and a walk through Brazenose and Kings, driving back through Buckinghamshire, where the beeches were turning to bronze and russet, making me regret with a pang that so little of my life could be lived in England.

Eventually, through Mr. Wells's hospitality, I was to meet Lord Buckmaster, charming, affable, but reticent concerning my invitation to come to America. It was at the brilliant dinner given by Mr. Wells to afford me the opportunity of meeting the great men of his circle. I was placed next to Lord Buckmaster so that we might become acquainted. Others at the table were Mr. and Mrs. George Bernard Shaw, Sir Edwin Ray Lankaster, the late Arnold Bennett (whose generous support had been given in the open letter addressed in my behalf

to President Wilson nine years before), Sir Arbuthnot and Lady Lane, Mr and Mrs St John Ervine, Professor E W MacBride of the Eugenics Educational Society, Mr Walter Salter, of the League of Nations, Mrs Rublee, and myself

The occasion was really too brilliant, the conversation too engrossing to get down to a serious conversation with Lord Buckmaster, but Mr Wells, in his tactful yet frankly natural way, opened up the subject for me. The best we could get was his promise to consider the invitation carefully, but the date interfered with the opening of Parliament. Mr Shaw left us so early, on his way to a concert, that I had no opportunity for an exchange of ideas with him. He was in a frivolously facetious mood that evening, and there were other ladies present equally anxious to engage his attention and who succeeded in doing so.

Eventually Lord Buckmaster did not attend our conference. It was, nevertheless, a great satisfaction one year later to learn that he had introduced a resolution in the House of Lords calling upon the peers to allow the Government to give information on contraception and birth control in the welfare centers conducted under the supervision of the Ministry of Health. In an address delivered in the House of Lords in April, 1926, Lord Buckmaster made an eloquent appeal, touching the very roots of the social problem. This appeal he based upon an increased respect for the sanctity of life, with the hope that people will be able to make for their children an easier and better place in the world than they themselves once filled.

Some people, of course, Lord Buckmaster went on, talk about the ennobling effect of a struggle with poverty! The people who talk like that have never known the struggle. Lord Buckmaster, with telling power, continued on in behalf of those in the grip of forces they can neither understand nor stem, upon whom the pressure of civilization falls with such a weight that all happiness, all beauty, all hope are blotted out. He ended this noteworthy address by reminding the peers of Society's bounden duty to its women—the women upon whose bare backs falls the untempered lash of the prime

val curse declaring that in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, the women with the pride and glory of their life broken and discrowned, and the flower of motherhood turned into nothing but decaying weeds and on behalf of the children—the children who are thrust into this world unwanted, unwelcomed, uncherished, unsustained, the children who do not bring trailing behind them clouds of glory but the taint of inherited disease, and over whose heads there hovers for ever the haunting horror of inherited madness

On behalf of them I would appeal, concluded Lord Buckmaster in the silence that had descended upon the House of Lords, and as men who believe in the great future of our race, I beg of you, I earnestly entreat you, to support the motion I seek to move

Today the motion for which Lord Buckmaster made so eloquent a plea has become a reality, and everywhere in England Government welfare centers are functioning, and it is possible for parents to secure, under the direction of competent physicians and nurses, adequate instruction in contraception. Such actualities, we must remember, would be impossible unless every inch of the way had been gained in desperate battle, with theological prejudices to be overcome, ethical hairs to be split, scientific and medical points to be settled. In all of these struggles the gifts of eloquence, of persuasion, of compassion, in the possession of which Lord Buckmaster excelled, are certainly not the least effective weapons

Leaving the brilliant gathering at H G s that night, I realized that to possess even the sympathy, the allegiance of this gallant knight, embodying the finest idealism of his class and his race would in the long run aid our cause far more than more tangible assets—and so in the course of a very few years, I had the satisfaction of finding my intuition verified

Almost before I could realize it, the day came when I was booked to sail home from Southampton. Lord Dawson was just returning from a hunting trip. The only time possible to confer with Lord Dawson of Penn was three o'clock that after

noon, shortly after his arrival. Promptly at that hour I rang the bell of his house in Wimpole Street. His secretary ushered me into the presence of the distinguished physician, and immediately all my misgivings vanished. I found myself in the presence of a courteous, well poised aristocrat of about 45, handsome in an incomparable sort of way. He led me through the spacious hall to his private office. I wondered if I were going to catch the 4.30 boat train from Waterloo, but I dared not express my nervous apprehension.

A fire was burning cheerfully in the grate. Lord Dawson of Penn lounged in a leisurely way on the sofa. For him, apparently, there were not only hours but days in which the interesting subject of birth control might be discussed. He could not promise to come to our conference, interesting as the prospect appeared. What was the attitude of such men as the Mayo Brothers or Dr Lewellys F Barker, he asked. It would be better, far better, to enlist the support of the leading members of the medical profession in my own country. This I already knew, and I recited my efforts to arouse medical interest. Meanwhile, relentlessly, the minutes sped on, and I was finally forced to tear myself away from this delightful gentleman. His inability to come was no peremptory refusal, and his refusal was so deftly worded that I left his house in Wimpole Street with my faith that the miracle would happen still intact.

Then I rushed off to catch the train at Waterloo. An English friend had placed my luggage in a compartment, and no sooner had he helped me into the train than I was on my way.

As soon as the delegates from seventeen foreign countries began to arrive in New York, I was brought to a swift realization that there could be more problems in an international conference on birth control than theories and statistics prove. One of the distinguished delegates from France, Dr G O de Lapouge of Poitiers, was put up at the McAlpin Hotel where the sessions of the conference were to be held. He could neither speak nor read a word of English. One morning the hotel doctor called us up with the information that one of our

delegates had been scalded by the hot water of the shower in his bathroom. He was greatly in pain, and needed an interpreter. Dr Drysdale was summoned and hurried to Dr de Lapouge. He found the poor little man, more than seventy years old, in excruciating pain but carrying on an amusing conversation about the dangers of America's much advertised modern plumbing. He treated his accident with Gallic lightness, however, and attended the sessions of the conference with unflinching regularity.

Then there were the Austrian delegates, Johann and Betty Ferch, incessantly protesting against the high price of the food in these New York hotels. They begged to be relieved from the pain of eating such expensive food. For the price of one meal in the hotel they could get all they needed for the day. I shall never forget the sight of that earnest little couple sitting on a wall bench in a hotel restaurant protesting with tears rolling down their cheeks against the price of a cup of coffee. Thinking of the privation in their own country, they could not indulge in that extravagance in New York. A cup of coffee here cost enough to feed a fellow countryman for a day.

Then there was Dr Ferdinand Goldstein of Berlin. Hard of hearing, he sat always in the front row. He was a specialist in population problems, and the very mention of any new phase of the subject brought him promptly to his feet. Standing directly in front of the speaker, he would cup his ear in order not to miss a word. The only discordant note at the conference occurred when Dr Goldstein walked out at the last meeting because the committee would not embody in its program the endorsement of abortion. He withdrew from the conference and the international movement.

At the pioneers dinner, held one evening after a long day of serious discussion, comedy of an unconscious yet irresistible kind was introduced by Fru Thit Jensen of Denmark. This tow haired, determined little woman of no definite age, who might have been anywhere between twenty five and fifty five, had revived the beginnings of the movement in her own

country She was to relate the difficulties she had had in organizing and arousing interest in Denmark While she made her address in English, courageously enough, it was evident that her address had been translated for her by some one more familiar with American slang than with the technicalities of her subject This English, or American version the dauntless little woman had evidently memorized The audience was soon rocking with laughter at her quaint accent and the serious manner in which she was voicing the latest slang, ludicrously incongruous at that gathering Her face remained sphinxlike in its determined immobility Peals of laughter would interrupt her She waited patiently to go on with her memorized speech Then another ridiculous incongruity would unwittingly be voiced, and the dignified gathering would be set off in peals of laughter again One distinguished biologist from Johns Hopkins, I noticed, was on the verge of hysterics, he could not control his convulsions of laughter Such incidents are always welcome diversions, however

Finally, the publicity of the conference, held as planned, began to arouse attention of serious students throughout the nation I struck a new note in my welcoming address in asking that pensions be granted to those defective parents willing to be sterilized My speech, in part, follows

To delegates from all foreign countries, I wish to apologize—if I may do so without any disrespect—for the obstacles you have had to meet, the obstructions placed in your way by some of the rules and regulations of our American government Not being familiar with all our customs, perhaps you do not know that the government of the United States has enacted laws aiming to exclude from this country all undesirable foreigners These laws, like all such restrictive legislation, make it difficult for *all* foreigners to pass unmolested our famous Statue of Liberty There is a *quota* restriction Only so many foreigners from each country are allowed to enter each month No, this is not birth control, though it is a crude method adopted by the United States to *control* our population It is the latest method adopted by our government to solve the

population problem. And so you delegates from foreign countries have been made the innocent victims of an unsuccessful attempt of the American government to cut down the number of undesirable citizens. I am glad that you have overcome these obstacles. As convinced neo-Malthusians, I knew you would. I welcome you to this conference.

While the United States shuts her gates to foreigners, and is less hospitable than other countries in welcoming visitors, no attempt whatever is made to discourage the rapid multiplication of undesirable aliens, *and natives* within our own borders. On the contrary, the government of the United States deliberately encourages and even makes necessary by its laws the breeding, with breakneck rapidity, of idiots, defectives, diseased, feeble minded, and criminal classes.

Billions of dollars are expended by our State and Federal governments and by private charities and philanthropies for the care, the maintenance, and the *perpetuation* of these classes. Year by year, their numbers are mounting. Year by year, more money is expended. The American public is taxed, heavily taxed, to maintain an increasing race of morons which threatens the very foundations of its civilization. More than *one quarter* of the total incomes of our States is spent upon the maintenance of asylums, prisons, and other institutions for the care of the defective, the diseased, and the delinquent. Do not conclude, however, that all of our feeble minded and mentally defective are segregated in institutions. No indeed. This is a free country, a democratic country, a country of universal suffrage. We can all vote, even the mentally arrested. And so it is no surprise to find the moron's vote as good as the vote of the genius. The outlook is not a cheerful one.

France is making a vain attempt to increase her population by awarding bonuses to those parents who will produce large families. The day is *here* when the government of the United States should award bonuses to *discourage* large families. If the United States government were to spend some of its vast appropriations on a system of bonuses to decrease or to restrict the incessant and uninterrupted advent of the hordes of the

unfit, we might look forward to the future of this country with less pessimism. If the millions upon millions of dollars which are now expended in the care and maintenance of those who in all kindness should never have been brought into this world, were converted into a system of bonuses to unfit parents, *paying* them to refrain from further parenthood, and continuing to pay them while they controlled their procreative faculties, this would be not only a profitable investment, but the salvation of American civilization. If we could, by such a system of awards or bribes or whatever you choose to call it, discourage the reproduction of the obviously unfit, we should be lightening the economic and social burden now hindering the progress of the fit, and taking the first sensible step toward the solution of one of the most menacing problems of the American democracy. It is not too late to begin.

Two delegates attended from France, Mr G Hardy and Dr de Lapouge, three from Germany, Dr Ferdinand Goldstein, Dr Helene Stoecker, Dr Duehrssen, one from Holland, Dr Aletta H Jacobs, the woman who courageously opened the first birth control clinic in the world in Amsterdam in 1878 from England, Dr Drysdale and Dr Haire, from Hungary, Mrs Rosika Schwimmer, from Mexico, Mr Roberto Haberman, from Austria, Johann and Betty Ferch. India, Japan, Italy and China were represented by medical or scientific papers.

The second medical session on contraceptive practice and technique was so well attended by members of the medical profession that an extra room had to be provided in a nearby hotel for the overflow meeting, the two meetings being held simultaneously.

We had a list of foreign vice presidents, representing many countries, as brilliant and distinguished as ever graced the stationery of any group. Besides H G Wells, Harold Cox, Havelock Ellis, J O P Bland, Arnold Bennett, Sir W Arbuthnot Lane, Edward Westermarck, Sir Edwin Ray Lankester, John Maynard Keynes, we also had Julian Huxley, Sir James Barr, M D, ex President of the British Medical Association, Dr Corrado Gini, then of the University of Padua, Italy,

recently made Director of the Bureau of Statistics in Rome, mouthpiece on statistics for Mussolini, E S P Haynes, Sir George Knibbs, Dr Alice Hamilton Lytton Strachey, Raymond Pearl, Dr William Allen Pusey, ex president of the American Medical Association, John Haynes Holmes, Dr Adolf Meyer, Professor William F Ogburn, Professor E M East, Professor Calvin B Bridges, Professor Walter F Wilcox, Clarence C Little, and dozens of others equally prominent in their respective fields

On behalf of the conference, I wrote the following letter to the President of the United States, requesting his co-operation in the great task which we had before us

Hon Calvin Coolidge,
President of the United States,
Washington, D C
Mr President

The Sixth International Neo-Malthusian and Birth Control Conference, now convened in New York City, has aroused world wide interest in the complex problems of national and racial health It has emphasized the biological and economic waste to the American nation involved in the segregation and maintenance at public expense of the delinquent, defective, and criminally unfit classes of our population It has pointed out the organic correlation between an uncontrolled birth rate and the great national problems of maternal mortality, child labor, poverty, mental defect, and crime, and the vast national expenditures necessary to meet these problems

It is imperative, Mr President, that as a nation the United States meet this problem of an uncontrolled birth rate As an American citizen, I respectfully suggest that you, as Chief Executive of the United States of America, take steps toward the formation of a Federal Birth Rate Commission I suggest that this Commission be composed of impartial scientists drawn from the fields of economics, biology, sociology, genetics, medicine, and philan

thropy, and have free access to all facts and statistics as to all customs and conditions now menacing the racial health and economic well being of our country

The formation of such a Commission would, I am sure, win for you the eternal gratitude of all American citizens who carry in their hearts a deep and disinterested love for this country, and who are concerned in its future I believe that all patriotic American citizens, including yourself, Mr President, must agree with me that our Chief Executive cannot willingly or consciously evade problems, upon a solution of which depends the fulfillment of our high destiny in the creation of the future

Respectfully,

MARGARET SANGER

The spring of 1925 closed with the general opinion that the Sixth International Birth Control Conference had been the means of inspiring finer work and of elevating the subject by gaining the scientific interests of biologists, sociologists, geneticists, and statesmen

It had been a great occasion, a splendid achievement No more imposing nor important conference has since been held nor had been held previously to discuss a subject so practical, bearing so deeply on the foundations of social evolution

The results were as I had predicted Funds and contributions to the cause came from all over the country Old friends of the movement rejoiced in seeing so magnificent an array of intellectual opinion and thought gathered to discuss this momentous subject Their contributions were comparatively small, but the vast numbers made up for that, and as usual our financial obligations had all been met by the first of the year, 1926

At the conclusion of the conference, we held an organization meeting in my home to plan for a permanent international association and set the date and place for the next conference. By unanimous vote I was elected President of the International League I declined this honor, and stating that I should like

to see the international movement advanced and led by men of scientific influence I suggested that we ask Dr C C Little, the American educator, or Mr John Maynard Keynes of London, economist, to take the presidency. If both of them declined, then I would accept the honor. This motion was carried unanimously except for one vote, that of Dr Ferch, who insisted that I accept the post. Dr C C Little later on accepted the presidency of the International League.

It was from this humble beginning that the population conference in Geneva in 1927 was eventually formed, from which the permanent organization, the International Union for the Scientific Investigation of Population Problems, sprang. Professor Raymond Pearl was its first president. I think Professor Pearl must now appreciate some of the ups and downs and trials and tribulations I endured in organizing the first population conference in the world.

Small beginnings often have great endings. It took me nearly one year to recover from the strain, physical, nervous and financial, of the Sixth International Conference. But recover I did. Before the year was out I was straining at the leash and impatient of delays in getting the next conference started.

What about your boys? Well, my two sons were growing up. Both boys together were sent to boarding school until they were ready to enter college. Having them away was one of those paradoxical issues which confronts every woman who is left alone to manage the future of her children. Some people criticize mothers who while working to support their children find it necessary to send them away to school. To me it is the supreme sacrifice every mother makes. It is the most unselfish act on her part, because it shows a selfless consideration of the child's good rather than an egoistic self-indulgence in sentimentality. To keep children at home meant New York streets for playgrounds unless one were fortunate enough to send them to good day schools where they are directed in study and play by teachers. In country schools there was constant supervision and direction, regularity of food and rest,



THE ZURICH CONFERENCE IN 1930



SOME MEMBERS OF THE WORLD POPULATION CONFERENCE AT GENEVA SEPTEMBER 1927

Left to right Prof Lucien March Dr F A E Crew Dr C C Little Dr F F Zinn Prof H P Farchild Prof Corrado Gini Sir Bernard Millet Prof Julian Huxley Prof Raymond Pearl Prof A M Carr Saunders Dr Binnie Dunlop Dr J W Glover



THE WAITING ROOM AT THE CLINICAL RESEARCH BUREAU

open air, exercise, and a natural environment of games and sports suitable to their age and development

Sometimes the maternal hunger got beyond control, and then I'd catch the first train to the school and get the shock of finding the children happy at play and after the first excitement of greeting passed they would scamper off to play, quite indifferent to the loving anxiety which brought so unexpectedly to school the busy, overwrought, nervous mother

At times the utter loneliness of life seemed too much to bear Especially was this overpowering when living alone in my studio in Chelsea in New York City I'd come into my rooms late at night after a lecture or an extended tour or trip away for a few days The same book I had left on the table in exactly the same place, the glove I had dropped on the floor, the pillow in the same angle on the sofa—all the same, just as I had left it, for a day, a week or a month Not a cat, dog or bird to greet this homecoming The fire dead in the grate That first chill of loneliness was always appalling

My nervousness before lecturing was akin to illness For the first twelve years it was like a nightmare of agony even to think of a pending lecture I'd promise to go here or there, and then try to forget it until a few days before the time to prepare I'd awaken in the morning with a panicky feeling which, if I thought long enough, grew into a sort of terror As the time approached for the meeting the nervousness increased It was fatal to eat before a meeting Fortunately, this nervousness ceased almost as soon as I stood on the platform, or as soon as I began to talk

I liked best of all those meetings in the early days when at open forums the labor crowd, especially the I W W or Anarchists or Socialists, would challenge my statements as to labor's benefits in practicing birth control My year's study in Europe served me well Facts and statistics were fresh in my mind, and I could answer readily all or any complicated suppositions they were likely to bring up

To every woman there comes the doubt that marriage will fulfill her highest expectations and dreams If there is doubt,

reluctance or apprehension even in the slightest degree in the heart of a girl entering into marriage the first time, these are doubled and trebled in their intensity when considering marriage the second time

My first marriage had failed, not because of love, romance, lack of wealth, respect or any of those qualities which are supposed to be lacking in broken ties, but because the interest of each had widened beyond that of the other. Development had proceeded so fast, that our lives separated because of that very growth which we had so valiantly sought for each other. No life can stop to wait for another. We must grow, expand, develop and *be*

So when in 1920 I came face to face with the realization that my heart was awakening to love again, I was troubled and perplexed. Here was a man born and reared in conditions which differed from those I had accepted as conducive to personal development and liberated thought—a widower with a grown family of three. Born in Cape Town, South Africa, his maternal grandfather was a minister of the Episcopal Church, and his father had been buried there when he was a very young boy. His mother, with the two children, journeyed to America in 1873 and settled in Baltimore.

J Noah H Slee came into my life after he had attended one of my lectures in 1920. At once we both felt a bond of mutual interest and understanding. He revealed the qualities of character that all truly great men—leaders in business, strong personalities—possess: accuracy, promptness, reliability, ability to take full responsibility and to drive things through, interest in detail, quick intuition, unerring judgment of character—all these, plus kindness and the heart of a child! Success had come to reward hard work.

On the other side there is his conservatism—at that time, I had not yet awakened to the sterling merits of true conservatism. JNH was typically American in his conception of life, his religious affiliations, his set attitude toward all liberal movements. But fundamentally he was a spiritual radical and a revolutionist in common sense. A sense of humor, a wicked

desire to tease, and a common love of human achievement and endeavor attracted me strongly to him. Before I knew who he was I was in love with his radiant personality, and soon my misgivings vanished.

Still there were many problems to face. My own children, then in school near New York, were dependent upon me for their education, but more than that for affection and love and guidance. They had already had so little of me as I snatched time to visit them on week ends or on rare occasions when I was speaking or lecturing in the vicinity. As I have already stated, their vacations were spent at Truro, on Cape Cod, in a cottage where my father and sister also lived. Seldom could I do more than spend a few weeks at a time there, when I would be called back to activities. If this was all the time I could give to my own beloved children, how much prospect was there of giving more to a demanding and loving husband?

For me, it was impossible to give up the work until much more was accomplished, and I knew that the cooperation of a man whose business experience had been gained in building up for thirty years a well known business, with such backing and interest as he could give, would help enormously in extending the work and expanding it along the lines I had mapped out on an international scale.

The questions constantly arose. Could I carry on the work after marriage as fully and freely as before? Would marriage interfere with my directing and devoting necessary time to its direction? Would children and a new husband conflict over mother's affection? Should I keep the name I was known by and under which the birth control work was directed?—or take in orthodox manner the name of the new husband? All of these problems, which seemed to be complex, melted away when discussed and thrashed out together. I was dealing with no weakling, but neither was he going to interfere with the progressive march of a movement he was proud to associate himself with. And so we were married!

About two years later we were amused to read in the New York newspapers that we had secretly wed. While this was

old news to all of our friends, I had not considered it of public interest to announce our marriage two years before. Within one week a thousand letters or more—an avalanche—from all over the United States and Canada were asking me for money for one thing or another. One man wrote that he had helped me get up a meeting in San Francisco and now needed a printing press—would I send him the trifling sum of \$3,000 to get it? Another man wrote that I had once had dinner at his home when lecturing in his city, and now that he had painted pictures enough to hold an exhibit he wondered if I would send him the money to do it. Dozens of ministers, old men, old ladies, artists, writers, sculptors, people wanting to go into business, parents wanting to send their children to schools, to Europe, to music school, to sanitariums, God knows what. I never knew people could need so many things. I longed to help them all. I longed with all the desire in me to make out a thousand checks for every need and have a magic wand and say "So be it!" It was impossible to explain the fact that my economic status had not changed because of my marriage. I was not more able to respond to their needs at that time than I was before.

I had not wanted the worry nor trouble of handling money, nor do I want it today. To use it properly and get results is my responsibility. To me it is a messenger to do my bidding—that's all!

If I had one million dollars to spend outright on the birth control plans as I've drawn them up, I believe it would accomplish in fundamental principles of race building more good than any one other agency in social science today.

My elder son, Stuart, graduated from Yale's Sheffield School of Engineering. Grant graduated with honors in biology from Princeton University in 1931 and enters Cornell Medical College, New York City, in September. Their education was not neglected, even though the money saved had been spent in the early days in my endeavor to seek all facts and truth on the subject. I believe with Emerson in the law of compensation.

Seldom has a great truth emerged so truly and yet so sud-

denly upon the horizon of our thought in one generation. The fight by no means is won yet, but if those who believe in the justice of the cause would stand shoulder to shoulder with me in our advance upon Congress to repeal the Federal laws, we would win.

But these intimate confessions are leading me far beyond my story. I must return now to tell of my crusade in the realm of scientific research in that beautiful city of Geneva.