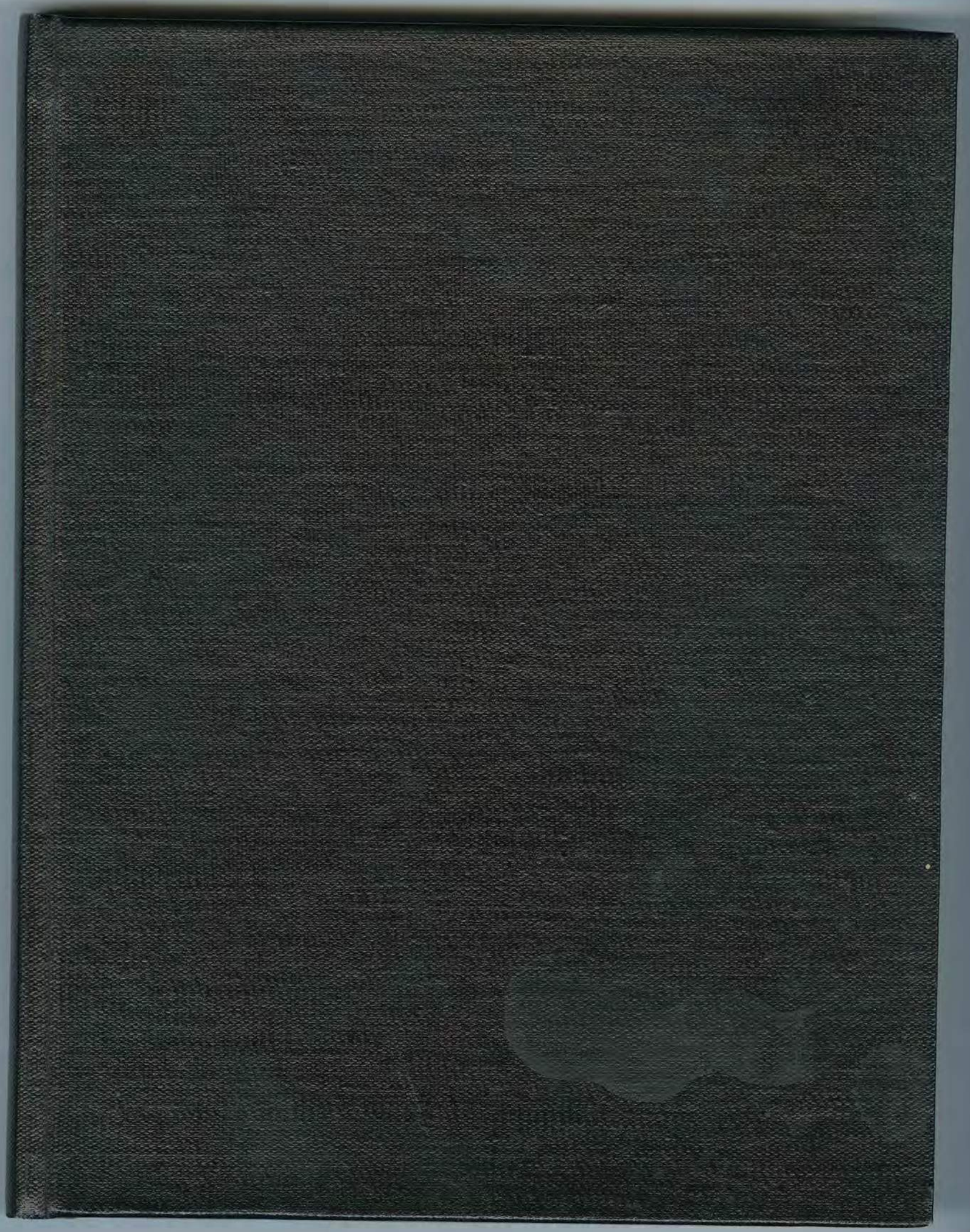


INVOLVEMENT: A FOOT IN THE DOOR

by

Nancy Miller Marshall

1981

Nancy Miller Marshall
307 Robin Road
Mount Airy, N.C. 27030

40,800 words

Involvement: A Foot In The Door

by

Nancy Miller Marshall

CHAPTER I

We are back at the beginning, back at what Dylan Thomas, the great Welsh poet, called "the first spinning place" - New York City. Most of us think of New York City as a fun place, a place to forget our troubles, which makes it a delightful place for a holiday--the best and latest in plays and musicals, the most sophisticated styles, and on the dark side, its share of crime and now the extravagances and mismanagement of those in authority. Yes, she has all of this, but much, much more. Many great humanitarian causes are born and nurtured in this great city, and since she is the gateway to Europe, it falls to her lot to be hostess to all who come her way. That invitation, extended by the symbolic Goddess of Liberty to the peoples of the world, is supposed to be from the "Mother of Exiles"--America--all of us, but New York City is the first to greet all comers; the people like what they find and stay! Then, when our own citizens find themselves without jobs and destitute, they too take off for the city with the big heart! Moreover, New York City must be the hostess when "Johnny Comes Marching Home", and when each and every national hero is to be given a royal welcome, only Broadway with all the

bands and confetti will do; but who pays the bills—security and garbage collectors? Is there any wonder our largest city, the Hostess With the Mostest, finds herself bankrupt in the year 1975?

New York was the birthplace of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; the organization destined to play such an important part in the birth and development of what was ultimately to become the American Cancer Society.

The Sorosis of New York City became one of the first Women's Clubs in America. The organization of this club came about as a public protest against sex discrimination. Charles Dickens, the most popular and perhaps the greatest of English novelists, had arrived in America in November 1867 for speaking engagements. On the eve of his departure for London in 1868, the New York Press Club gave a banquet in his honor. With great care the wives and friends of the press club members supervised the preparation of the dinner and the decoration of the table. They felt it an honor to do this for the author of such books as Oliver Twist, The Old Curiosity Shop, David Copperfield, A Christmas Carol, and others —books which they had read and reviewed many times.

Some brave ones among them, including press reporters and writers, asked permission to hear the toasts and after dinner speakers. Such a natural desire! Such a simple request! Not to sit at the banquet table, but in an anteroom. Their request was denied. The fact that women were to wait another half century for the right to vote did not deter them in their determination to fight back. It was approximately one hundred years since America had gained her freedom from England. These women, led by

Jennie June Croley, had no doubt as to who they were, for they were the granddaughters of those brave soldiers, and equally brave wives, who had won this glorious freedom. Then, too, they had been nurtured and inspired by such men as Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, as well as the story of the great Boston Tea Party and the exploits of Paul Revere, especially his midnight ride. Rebellion was inevitable! They resolved that night to organize their own club and have their own speakers. If Charles Dickens could have only known what his presence started—the women's club movement which was to become international in scope, and its members to serve as lay founders of the American Cancer Society.

It is now 1889, and Sorosis is observing her twenty-first birthday. It was decided to make it a gala occasion by inviting women's clubs from all over the nation to her birthday party in New York. Invitations were sent to widely scattered clubs. Delegates from sixty-one clubs accepted the invitation. The twenty-first birthday of the Sorosis marked the birth of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, for these sixty-two organizations, including Sorosis, became federated and chose this name. The club movement was given great impetus from the publicity of this meeting.

Perhaps the most outstanding recognition of the value of women's clubs in the early years, came when President Theodore Roosevelt sent Miss Helen Boswell of New York to organize clubs in the Canal Zone. The construction of the great waterway, the Panama Canal, had become a combination of industrial and social problems. The skilled men in charge of the work were not happy

without their families; and the unhealthy climate, aggravated by the absence of social life, made their families reluctant to stay there. Between the Panama Canal and the Women's Club there seems no connection, yet by this means the problem was solved. The result was entirely satisfactory both from an industrial and a social viewpoint. The Canal was completed ahead of schedule and at a price less than had been anticipated. August 15, 1914, was a great day, for it was the day that the first ship passed through the Canal. Today, there is a Canal Zone Federation affiliated with the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Delegates from this Federation attend the conventions of the mother organization as voting members.

As we give the women's club movement time to grow and expand, let us turn to another vital subject, cancer. From the beginning of time, man has been struggling with cancer. Its causes, therefore its cures, have eluded him. Science is a precise and classified knowledge; and the lack of knowledge of cancer had produced doubt, suspicion, mistrust, and even hostility. It was everybody's game—a fertile field for charlatans, better known as quacks.

The year 1913 marked the birth of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Through his hostess and daughter, Mrs. Robert G. Mead, Dr. Clement Cleveland invited the New York City doctors who were so vitally interested in cancer to their home to work out preliminary plans for a national organization. Later in the month this same group of doctors, with many more from various parts of the country who joined them, met at the Harvard

Club of New York where a national society to be known as the American Society for the Control of Cancer was formed.

Mrs. Robert G. Mead, working under the guidance of her father, had been most active in the cause, and by invitation of the doctors, became the first woman member of the Society. This was the organizational meeting, and she joined with the doctors in becoming one of its founders--a lay founder. A budget of $10,000 was adopted. This sum sounds indeed modest but we were not so rich then! Furthermore, across the seas our allies were fighting World War I, and the war effort was claiming the attention of more and more Americans.

Mrs. Mead was made Chairman of Ways and Means of the Society. Before too long, she announced that she had exceeded the adopted quota. The Ways and Means Committee was changed to that of Finance. Mrs. Mead remained as chairman while the budget increased from year to year.

Perhaps at no time present or past did we have a more dedicated group of doctors concerned with the disease, cancer, than the medical founders of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. The names of a few of these men will give an idea of the caliber of the medical men who directed this program:

Dr. James Ewing, Memorial Hospital, New York City
Dr. Joseph C. Bloodgood, Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, Md.
Dr. Charles W. Mayo, Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn.
Dr. Harold C. Taylor, New York City
Dr. Clement Cleveland, New York City

These doctors and the other twenty on the Executive Committee and

the Board of Trustees of the Society, which included members of the newly organized American Gynecological Society, were seeing and treating the majority of the cancer patients in the United States; and they, most of all, knew the importance of educating the doctors the press, and the general public about cancer.

Radium was discovered in 1898 by Pierre and Mme. Marie Curie, but it was very expensive and its use in the treatment of cancer exceedingly limited. Indeed, great care in its use had to be taken for the safety of both the doctor and the patient. X-ray, which was discovered by a German physicist, three years before radium, was being used more in conjunction with surgery. The x-ray discoverer was William Konrad Roentgen, who became a Nobel Prize winner in 1901. However, the majority of the medical profession agreed tht the only remedy known to science for a cure of cancer was the complete surgical removal of the affected parts at the earliest indication of the disease. Therefore, surgeons were the most involved and interested in cancer. It is not surprising that in 1916 we find over one hundred Fellows of the American College of Surgeons becoming members of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

It was not too many years before an Endowment of a Million Dollars for the Society was proposed. The president of a large business firm offered $250,000 as a memorial to his wife, a victim of cancer, provided that other collections reached $750,000 by a fixed date. Mrs. Mead accepted the challenge! With the help of Mrs. Samuel Adams Clark, Miss Carol N. Rhodes, Miss Susan M. Wood, and many others, the goal was reached, all this during

the first world war! (Perhaps if New York City had used some women executives in recent years, their financial plight today would not be of world concern; if bankruptcy threatened, with another Mrs. Mead, ways of raising the needed funds to pay off the bonds might have been found).

While Mrs. Mead was busy providing funds for the operation of the Society, another leader and pioneer, Ella Hoffman Rigney, or better known among her co-workers as Mrs. Francis J. Rigney was devoting her time and talents to other phases of the cancer program. It was largely through her efforts that the New York City Cancer Committee of the Society was organized and functioned so efficiently. This Committee represented only a small geographical area, but its activities were to serve as a guide and inspiration for work in the other boroughs of the city and, indeed, for many states in the years that followed.

The Ladies Home Journal was the first national non-professional magazine to publish an article on cancer. This article appeared as early as 1913, the year the American Society for the Control of Cancer was organized. It was six years later in 1919, when an article, "What Every Woman Should Know About Cancer", was published in the Woman Home Companion. This article was written by Dr. Francis Carter Wood. At the same time, he was stressing the need for educating the physicians on the value of routine physical examinations of apparently healthy people as a means of discovering early cancer. As a step toward accomplishing this, the 54-page pamphlet for doctors, "Early Recognition of Cancer", was published and distributed by the American Medical Association.

The desired result was to shorten the interval between the time of diagnosis and proper treatment of the cancer patient. It was becoming apparent more each day that if there was to be a reduction in cancer mortality it would require team work--not only educated and skilled doctors, but also an educated lay public.

Perhaps the experiences of these two women illustrate this truth. A woman who lived in a western state was having some intestinal trouble. She had lost two sisters to cancer; and, because she knew the symptoms and the need for prompt action, she went without delay to the Mayo Cancer Clinic. With a major operation which included the removal of much of her small intestine she lived a full and happy life. The second who had one of the most curable cancers, cancer of the uterus, had never known the symptoms and delayed. Then, she went to her family physician. His medical training had not taught him much about cancer, and he had not availed himself of the latest knowledge. Finally, the patient was taken by her son to Dr. Joseph C. Bloodgood at Johns Hopkins. The cancer was so far advanced that even the most skillful doctor could not save her life.

We have seen that the first woman had two apparent strikes against her, an "inherited tendency to cancer", and a more fatal type of the disease enclosed with the abdominal walls. But the first strike, which made her so keenly aware of grave danger, sent her scurrying to the doctor, turning this liability into an asset. Otherwise, the doctor's skill would have been as of naught!

The knowledge and promptness of the potential cancer patient

(all of us) and the knowledge and skill of the doctor--these were and still are the requirements if the cancer mortality rate is to be reduced.

The American Society for the Control of Cancer, whose stated purpose is to save lives from cancer through education, has seen how a few talented and dedicated women, under the guidance of world renowned doctors, and working in a small geographical area of New York City, have developed the nucleus of a great program. But the time has come for expansion. All information gained in New York, and much more, must be carried to every nook and corner of the United States and even into foreign countries. What organization could give wings to this program?

It is the year 1935. It has been forty-six years since Sorosis of New York City called together sixty-two clubs from widely scattered sections of the country. They became federated and called their organization the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This name was chosen because their interests were of a general nature and included all phases of life. It is now the largest women's organization in the world with a membership of more than two million. The sun never sets on the women's club movement, for these clubs have been organized in every part of the globe. It is, indeed, an inspiring and colorful evening at the convention of the Federation when the delegates from all these foreign clubs march in a processional to the platform, each one dressed in her native costume and carrying her country's flag.

The doctors of the American Society for the Control of Cancer reasoned among themselves that women are the guardians of the

health of the home, and being aware that through the ages women have been known as messengers (indeed, in the Christian religion they were chosen to carry the greatest message of all--that Christ was not in the tomb but was risen from the dead) asked this mighty organization of women to carry the profound message of hope, that diagnosed in time and properly treated, CANCER CAN BE CURED!

CHAPTER II

It was generally conceded that the General Federation of Women's Clubs never had a more dynamic, intellectual, and influential leader, both here and abroad, than Grace Morrison Poole, whose term of office expired in 1935. The Federation gained great prestige during her administration. It was through Mrs. Poole's influence that the General Federation adopted the program of the American Society for the Control ot Cancer.

To succeed Mrs. Poole, Mrs. Roberta Campbell Lawson, with the blessing and support of loyal Indian friend, Will Rogers, was elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. In addition to her many talents as a cultured and dynamic clubwoman, there was the added special charm of the Indian Princess. Her grandfather, the Reverend Charles Journeycake, was the last chief of the Delaware tribe of Indians. Mrs. Lawson and the world was to lose this beloved friend, Will Rogers, so soon after she became the leader of this, the largest group of organized women in the world. It was on August 15, 1935, that Will Rogers and Wiley Post, the well-known aviator, lost their lives when their plane was forced down in the wilds of Alaska.

It was now April, 1937, and Mrs. Lawson's successful term of

office was drawing to a close when the Council of the Federation, a much smaller group than the Convention, was invited to meet in Tulsa, Oklahoma. This city was not only the home of the president of the Federation, but the homeland of that greatly missed harbinger of peace and goodwill, Will Rogers. It was suggested that had Oklahoma's beloved son been there to welcome us, he would have spoken of Tulsa as a suburb of Claremore, his home town!

Tulsa held so many attractions for the clubwomen, including a most complete museum of Indian art and artifacts owned by Mrs. Lawson and valued at $250,000. We received a gracious welcome, both from the clubwomen and the city officials, and many courtesies were planned for our enjoyment.

But there was great apprehension on the part of all delegates for the president of each state federation had received, with the call of the meeting, a resolution opposing the stand of the President of the United States on the Supreme Court. She was asked to poll each club in her state, have that club call a meeting of its members and vote for or against the resolution. The people who loved Mr. Roosevelt loved him deeply, and those who hated him hated him with a vengeance. Most of the southern state presidents felt that with the injudicious wording of the resolution—"intent" and "implication"—that it would be a mistake to take such a vote, for it would only stir up strife. Therefore, this resolution was treated as the other resolutions to be presented, that is, with our elected delegates casting their votes. These states thought it better to lose the resolution than to lose members.

From the moment we reached Tulsa there was a feeling of

excitement in the air, not like any sedate Council Meeting we had ever attended. Many strangers, both men and women, were everywhere. When it was announced that Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, a Democrat, but one of the leading opponents of the President on the judiciary question, was to represent the affirmative side of the Supreme Court resolution, we knew the "fat was in the fire!"

The original wording of the resolution questioned the motive of President Roosevelt. In turn, Mrs. Lawson's motive was questioned, when charges were made by several Democratic leaders in one of Tulsa's papers saying that "Mrs. Lawson's disloyalty to the Democratic party was prompted by her disappointment in not getting the post of ambassador to Denmark." This charge was followed by such headlines in the papers as these: "SESSION INFLAMED BY FIERY REMARKS; EXCITEMENT AT HIGH PEAK AS DELEGATES CLAMOR FOR RECOGNITION; DEMOCRATIC PARTY LEADERS MOBILIZE AT OKLAHOMA CITY FOR COUNTER ATTACK ON CLUB ACTION."

But perhaps the most shocking action came when the chair declared the greatly beloved and gracious former president of the Federation, Mrs. Percy Pennypacker of Austin, Texas, "OUT OF ORDER" while a fiery male politician was greeted with open arms and great applause, in speaking <u>for</u> the resolution.

We could not believe we were attending a Council Meeting—a group of people assembled for consultation—and many of the state presidents agreed that nothing like this could be allowed to happen again.

Will Rogers—America's great ambassador of good will! It

was never necessary for any president to appoint him as such, for truly he was "to the manner born" and his friend, Roberta, sorely needed him when she planned this meeting!

Yes, there were benefits to be derived from this experience in Tulsa. In spite of the many regrettable things that were taking place, there were many thoughtful and great women there planning for the future. The organization seemed to mature almost overnight. We had never failed to face with the fact that there is a thin line between what is political and what is not. This is important for a non-partisan organization. It seems that our president and her Resolutions Committee had forgotten our customary way of handling controversial subjects. Our youngest club members soon learn that resolutions should be presented in an objective, impersonal manner. When outsiders are asked to speak or debate the subject under consideration, the opposing sides should be equally well informed, and it is usually safe to have time left at the end of the debate for a question and answer period. Then, the members are ready to draw their own conclusions and cast their votes.

Yes, we had been drawn up in a maelstrom of discontent, and while this is not the most glorious page in our great history, it should not be swept under the rug, but rather, called to mind often enough to avoid such errors in the future.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, composed chiefly of housewives and mothers, therefore not competing in the business and professional world, was never a militant organization. In fact, Clare Boothe Luce, world famous author and former ambassador

to Italy, in her feature article in Britannica's 1973 Book of the Year, observed that: "Many women's clubs and organizations refused to support it" (the Equal Rights Amendment). She continued, "this was par for the feminist course; in 1912, a decade before women's suffrage was passed, the General Federation refused to endorse votes for women."

Being familiar with this background, there was an expressed fear that in order to placate feelings as a result of the Tulsa meeting, our leaders would become much too conservative and we would lose some of the spirit and dynamic power the organization had gained.

However, we left the meeting knowing that there is, indeed, a long and rough road that leads to the heights of greatness, both for an organization and an individual, but we were convinced that this great body of women could take the "thank-you-ma'ams"[1] as long as we marched forward and kept our ideals and goals ever fresh before us.

---

[1]"Last week we had a sleigh ride with six white horses. We went like the wind over the hollows in the snow; the driver called them "thank-you-ma'ams" because they make everyone bow." — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

CHAPTER III

Because of its size and diversity of interests, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, with as many as 6,000 in attendance had no difficulty in securing eminent guest speakers for the conventions. However, in 1930, when the owners of the New York Herald Tribune, Mr. and Mrs. Ogdon Reid, suggested that their paper present a yearly series of "Forums of Current Problems" with women as their special guests, the Federation gladly accepted, as did the International Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

At no time has any newspaper made such a remarkable and far-reaching contribution to womanhood, as did the Herald Tribune. These sessions were held at the Waldorf-Astoria and continued for some eight years, or until our involvement with the Second World War.

The guests of the forum were not limited to American women. Many distinguished women from foreign countries were present. While these meetings did not have TV coverage, they did have wide newspaper and radio coverage, which was carried beyond our shores and focused the attention of the world on these problems which plagued almost the entire free world.

All members of these two large organizations of women, as well as members of smaller women's groups who attended the sessions, had for many years known the joy of serving others; many had learned it from their parents or through their churches, but the forum served as a stimulating rededication to that ideal of service. For this reason the writer, who attended four of the eight yearly forums and made a scrapbook of each, would like to share with you some of the timeless messages.

1936 was a presidential election year, and all seven candidates for the office of the President of the United States, almost as many as there are today, or their representatives were guest speakers of the forum. In addition to the two major parties, there were the Socialist, Communist, Prohibitionist, Socialist Labor, and Union Party. James A. Farley, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee and John D.M. Hamilton, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, spoke for their respective candidates, Mr. Roosevelt and Alf Landon.

The third session of the seventh forum (1937), with a general theme "The Road Forward," had Bruce Barton as the keynote speaker. Here are the highlights of his message:

"Quoting the words of Paul, 'Abide together or all shall be lost ...' Tonight we are to talk of "exploration". Those eminent authorities on the forum program are each to lift the curtain and let us look into the unconquered area of his own domain. As the so-called keynote speaker, I ask you to think with me for a few minutes about the most exciting of all explorations, perhaps the most daring and important adventure in human history. I refer to the

voyage of the good ship America, which only a little while ago set sail to explore the unchartered possibilities of a freer, richer, and more splended human life...I shall speak not in terms of measures but of morale..."

The speaker then told of another ship that set sail some 1900 years ago from Alexandria on its way to Italy with a Roman centturian in charge. There were many soldiers on board to guard a single prisoner, a man named Paul. We were reminded of the great storm that lasted for thirteen days until all on board began to think themselves lost. Then one night, under cover of darkness, some of the sailors, who had previously thrown out four anchors to keep the little boat from being dashed against the rocks, went overboard, pretending to make the anchors more secure. In reality they had launched lifeboats and were climbing into them when Paul appeared and sensed they were indeed deserting the ship. He warned the centurian of what was taking place saying, "Except these abide in the boat ye shall all be lost." The seamen were ordered back into the boat and lifeboats cut adrift. With one accord the crew and passengers set to work together repairing the ship and brought it safely into port.

Mr. Barton said, "My criticism with our present situation is not with the measures being employed but with the spirit directing their employment. Where unity is needed, dissension has been sown; where mutual confidence is the first essential, distrust has been spread; where faith is vital, the faith of each group in all the others has been systematically undermined." He pointed out that each group was busy seeking its own security and saying,

"We have no faith in the Captain..."

"We find millions of insistent hands stretched forth to take out of the United States Treasury and too few who have regard for the citizen's high privilege of putting in...In all of this welter of selfishness and confusion, government should not be the divider but the uniter...We shall all go up or down together. Except we all--rich or poor, capitalist or worker, farmer and city man--abide in the ship and do our share, we shall all of us perish. My generation was born in one of the golden eras of American life--the (18)70's, the '80's, or early '90's...We were born in a time when it was easy to believe in God, in the eternal importance of human life...Then suddenly the war (World War I)--a shell-shock from which our generation has never really recovered...Yet, we have seen one spectacle in our lives which is the basis of unquenchable hope. We have seen in the years 1917 and 1918 a nation of 120,000,000 people dedicated selflessly to the service of a great ideal. The ideal proved to be unattainable. The brave crusading war to end all wars had not ended them; the battle to make the world safe for democracy has been followed by a fresh epidemic of dictatorships.

But the ideal was magnificent, the achievement which it fostered was something greater than the world has ever seen. One hundred and twenty million people forgot themselves, forgot their selfish interests, forgot about <u>getting</u> anything and devoted every waking thought to <u>giving</u> something for the safety and preservation of the United States...Who dares to say that America is finished? It has hardly begun...

But one thing we know is that this nation is not materialistic at heart. The war proved that. It is the most idealistic nation on the face of the earth. It does not want to think forever of its belly and its purse. It will not be contented long to be appealed to on the basis of economic advantage of class or group. It awaits today the clarion call of fresh idealism and larger sacrifice. It needs the voice of a prophet crying, "Only by the security of all can any be sure." Crying as Paul cried, "Abide in the ship all of you"--each separate class and section and group. Be willing to lose your lives and you shall save your lives. Forget yourselves and you shall find yourselves. Be no longer class-conscious or group-conscious, be American-conscious and there lies ahead of you the thrill of nobler explorations, the goal of a truly more abundant life."

CHAPTER IV

The forum of 1938 was opened with greetings from Mrs. Ogden Reid followed by a warm welcome to the city of New York by Mayor La Guardia. Mrs. Roosevelt's greetings came in a broadcast during her western speaking tour.

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Chicago University, was the keynote speaker of the first session. His subject was "The Free Mind". Dr. Hutchins was welcomed with great admiration and enthusiasm. Truly, the attention of the world was turned upon him when at the tender age of twenty-six he was elected president of one of our greater universities and now, fourteen years later at age 39, he was still young for such awesome responsibilities. When he had finished his message the forum members knew that he was more than equal to these responsibilities. Here are the highlights from that message:

"When we talk about freedom we usually mean freedom from something. Freedom of the press is freedom from censorship. Academic freedom is freedom from presidents, trustees, and the public. Freedom of thought is freedom from thinking. Freedom of worship is freedom from religion. So, too, civil liberty, the disappearance

of which throughout the world we watch with anxious eyes, is generally regarded as freedom from the state...(There are) those who look upon the activities of government as an evil...hence the attraction and power of the slogan, 'that government is best which governs least.'"

Dr. Hutchins continued, "This notion of government and its role is based on a myth, on a misconception of the nature of man and the nature of the state. It is not surprising that a doctrine is absurdly grounded and workable only in countries of vast and untapped resources should contain in itself the seed of an opposing doctrine, the doctrine that the state is all, that men are nothing but members of it, and that they achieve their ultimate fulfillment, not through freedom from the state, but through complete surrender to it. This is Fascism. It ascribes to the political organization qualities that can only belong to God...It deprives man of the characteristics that raise Him above the beast, His reason...and glorifies a specifically subhuman attribute, namely force.

These are the consequences of thinking of freedom as freedom from something. Freedom is not an end in itself. We want to be free for the sake of being or doing something that we cannot be or do unless we are free. We want to be free to obtain the things we want. Now, the things we want are good things. First...our economic well-being...second, the common good: peace, order and justice. But most of all we want a third order of goods, our personal or our human good. We want, that is to achieve the limit of our moral, intellectual and spiritual powers. This personal

human good is the highest of all the goods we seek..."

He continued, "We are concerned this morning with free minds... The proper task of education is the production of such minds... we are not likely to produce them by following the recommendations of the more extreme of those called progressives in education. Freedom from discipline, freedom to do nothing more than pursue the interests that the accident of birth or station has supplied, may result in locking up the growing mind in its own whims and difficulties.

For the great problem of our time is moral, intellectual and spiritual. With a superfluity of goods, we are sinking into poverty. With a multitude of gadgets we are no happier than we were before. With a declining health rate we have yet to discover what we should do with our lives. With a hatred of war, we are headed inevitably toward it. With a love of liberty, we see much of the world in chains.

"How can these things be?" He answered his question by saying, "They can be because we directed our loves and our education to means instead of ends. We have been concerned with the transitory and superficial instead of the basic problems of life and society.

If we look at our difficulties in this light, we see that the New Frontier is neither geographical nor economic. The New Frontier is the frontier that separates the realities of human life from the aspirations of the human spirit. If we are to conquer this frontier we must have intelligence and character, wisdom and will. We must discipline ourselves to understand what is good and the order of

goods. The conquest of the New Frontier must be the work of free minds."

Mrs. William Brown Maloney, our gracious hostess, closed the session by saying:

"In the first discovery of America, a woman, Isabella of Spain played a leading role...but in the second discovery, or rediscovery, of America, millions of women will participate. That very fact is in itself one of the richest of America's treasures and one of the sources of her strength.

'The Herald Tribune Forum on Current Problems' was born of the belief that the women of America are thinking in terms of their country's welfare today, and that as action grows out of this thinking, so will America remain strong."

Mrs. Meloney, Editor of This Week Magazine, the Sunday magazine of New York Herald Tribune, had much to do with bringing the forum into being. She had shown her belief in, and respect for, the power of women, as well as her interest in cancer control, when in 1920 she raised money for a gram of radium to present to Mme. Curie in honor of the women of America.

I realize that in sharing with you the messages of Bruce Barton and Dr. Hutchins that I have given you many serious things to think of, but I dare not close my record of all the messages of these forums without relating the realities of 1938.

The world was on the brink of war, but it was difficult for these women, numbering between three and four thousand, and enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of the finest hotel in America, to believe it. Lena Madison Phillips, President of the International

Business and Professional Women's Clubs, in her stirring, vivid message brought us out of our complacency and face to face with the agony of Europe. Miss Phillips was a professional woman having served as Editor of Pictorial Review for many years and as a successful attorney in New York City. She had recently returned from the Biennial Congress of Business and Professional Women's Clubs which was held in Budapest. This congress had been planned for two years but she was advised and urged by some not to hold the meeting. She retorted:

"But, we are a group of experienced business and professional women. Our organization has never been partisan. It is based upon the conviction of women's right to work and has as a fundamental purpose the protection of her contribution to the community and to mankind. This was no time for women to quit. We, therefore, went forward with our plans.

The struggle of Europe as I saw it this summer was a death struggle against the organized destroyal of millions of lives, hundreds of millions in property value, and the culture which mankind has so slowly and painfully developed...But it was in central Europe that one found the breakdown of the normal ease and efficiency of other years. In Vienna, seven times we were cut off in a telephone call to a travel bureau. We heard there was official intervention with every message...The currency of any country crossed has usually been acceptable in paying for meals on a through train. This year a member of our party traveled from Budapest to Gydania, Poland. She had lunch in the diner while passing through Czechoslovakia. Her Hungarian money was

refused in payment and she cashed a traveler's check, receiving the balance in Czechoslovakian currency. By dinner time the train was passing through Poland and the money of both Hungary and Czechoslovakia was refused for the second meal. The breakdown in such usual procedures in international travel bespoke fear, suspicion, need.

"But," she continued, "This is not to be compared with the helpless, hopeless despair which injustice and degradation had left as the pale human corpse drained of the life blood of hope. The humility and resignation of many such were beautiful as might be the banners of the dead marching unseen in an alien world... There was no railing, no violent complaint among those with whom I talked. Even bitterness seemed too strong an emotion to survive in a nature whose very soul was stunned in incomprehensibility...

And yet, because of the turmoil in Central Europe many members were afraid to attend; afraid for their own safety in crossing certain countries; fearful of what might happen while we were in Budapest. But we held our meeting and nothing adverse happened... To be sure there were several vacant chairs. Our branch in Berlin had long since been submerged...There was also for the first time, a vacant chair marked "Italy"...As for the tragedy which has come to our active, successful branch in Czechoslovakia, all the world now knows...'Czechoslovakia has been partitioned.'"

The forum had listened with rapt attention to this message. Here was dedicated leader who had left the safety and security of her own country to attend a club meeting in an unsafe and

insecure foreign country; to learn at first hand what was happening to her club members scattered over central Europe, and to sustain and reassure them of American women's deep and abiding concern. By going there she could get direct messages from many who could not attend and send some word back. The fact that this meeting was held and clubwomen from twenty-five countries could attend and return home safely was convincing evidence that this great organization of women was, truly, non-partisan. This leader reminded us of The Good Shepherd. She was not satisfied with knowing of the safety of her big flock in America, but sought the safety of all.

However, the greatest contribution Lena Madison Phillips made in connection with her Budapest meeting was this message to the large audience at the forum. She made us feel that we had traveled with her and experienced everything she had experienced. The General Federation had affiliated clubs scattered all over this part of Europe, but whether these women were members of one organization or the other, or no organization at all, the feeling of great anguish and concern was the same for all mankind.

We agree with Isaac Asimov when he recently stated, "Society will have to take for granted that learning is a life-long privilege; that education is not a task to be completed, but a process to be continued." This has been a fundamental conviction of clubwomen since Sorosis was organized in 1868. Now, such a statement as this sounds like a truism. The theme adopted by the General Federation in 1935 was "Education for Living" and the Herald Tribune, through these yearly forums, made continuing education not a task,

but a great privilege.

CHAPTER V

Now it is February 17, 1941, and in leaving New York at this great moment, when we were so near the second world war, we were all determined to do something to help in some way. The soldiers were leaving home. It was a comfort to them and their loved ones to know that someone was interested in the health of those they were leaving behind. I had been asked to accept an appointment as State Commander of the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer in North Carolina. It was exceedingly difficult to begin a program almost from scratch. The Tar Heel State was near the foot of the class in the development of the cancer program. She had had two state commanders, and they had performed a yeoman's service, each one serving approximately 18 months, but there were no volunteers from these services, and the bank account was very slim. D. C. Rector was appointed state treasurer by the Cancer Committee, and the $1,200 which was the balance from the former campaign was deposited in the First National Bank, of which he was president. This amount was supposed to last until after the next campaign. The State Commander in thinking of her assets, realized that she had some which money could not buy; the most important was a husband who

had lost his mother to cancer and was willing to help in any way possible to reduce the death rate from this disease. The other great important thing that inspired her to take this arduous task was her complete knowledge and confidence in the people of her own county and town.

In 1928-29, it was through the citizens of Surry County that we had been able to conduct the Night School for Adult Illiterates; and their great success had resulted in the Woman's Club, of which I was president, receiving a $100 award offered by the Asheville Chamber of Commerce to a Woman's Club for the best civic work in the state. The Club Women, 208 strong in Mount Airy, led this program, but the two men's clubs, Kiwanis and the Lion's Club, helped in every way possible. Great honor is due the city and county school systems for the use of their heated buildings and the teachers, who after being in a schoolroom all day, came back at night and helped with the teaching of adult men and women who had not had a chance for an education in their youth. These students, too, had worked hard all day, but they came in wearing clean clothes and with great eagerness to learn. The school was opened each evening with this verse:

"Somebody said that it couldn't be done
but he with a chuckle replied,
That maybe it couldn't
but he'd be one who wouldn't say
so until he tried,
So he buckled right in with a
trace of a grin on his face.

If he doubted it, he hid it
as he tackled the thing that couldn't
be done, and he did it!"

The spirit of the school was expressed in this little ditty.

The first order of learning was "Write Your Name Campaign." Teachers carefully wrote the name of the person at the top of their notebook, and the pupil copied it until it looked somewhat like that of the teacher. One night a man became very excited about his successful copying of his name. He stood with great excitement and pleasure and announced, "Thar, boys, that's my name. I can write 'er, but I can't read 'er!"

When the pupils graduated from this special school, the one who had done the best work was selected to join other pupils in the state and go to Washington, D.C. The teachers had bought post cards of all the public buildings they would see, beginning with the Union Station and including the White House, the Capitol, the Supreme Court Building, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier where they laid a wreath, the Lincoln Memorial, and others. After seeing the buildings they prepared a notebook using the post cards and describing in their own words what they had seen. Of course, their greatest joy was experienced when the President took time to come out and greet them. Truly, nothing could have brought more inspiration for a difficult task, such as organizing the state of North Carolina for cancer control than the great enthusiasm gained through the contact with the underprivileged and self-sacrificing people who had had a part in this program of education.

With "Education for Living" as the Federation's national theme, we knew we could not undertake any program that would be more meaningful than a library. Therefore, the second year of my administration the key project of the club had been announced as a library for Mount Airy and Surry County. Many clubs in the state were establishing libraries, and we knew if we were to continue with an educational program for all our people, old young, those of higher education and those that had just been awakened to the need of continuing their education through life, there was no bettwr way to accomplish this than through a public library serving all our citizens.

This small beginning was started off with a real bang! The use of the Grand Theater on Sunday, February 23, 1930 was sought and granted, and we secured no other than the beloved and highly respected Dr. Howard E. Rondthaler, President of Salem College as our speaker. We also had the honor of presenting the districts' U.S. Congressman and our own citizen, John H. Folger of the House of Representatives. At the close of his message, as the presiding officer of the Woman's Club, I had asked him to introduce our guest speaker, Dr. Rondthaler.

By word of mouth and through the press this meeting was made known, and the theater was filled with eager anticipating Surry citizens. Mr. Folger was made aware of the activities of the Woman's Club through his wife, Mrs. Folger, who was a member of the committee which had purchased the building.

Buying, selling property and investing money was something entirely new to the women of that day. They <u>did not know</u> but they

had one thing in their favor, they knew they did not know. Therefore, they sought the help of a man who was the best business man of that day, Mayor Sydnor--he became an honorary member of the Woman's Club and through his knowledge and Mrs. T.N. Brock's faithfulness in seeking his advice, the William E. Merritt house on Rockford Street was bought.

It just happened that the last president of this early Woman's Club was also a Sydnor, the Mayor's daughter-in-law, Caroline.

When this first library was opened May 12, 1930 with Mrs. Poindexter as librarian, we saw how eager young children were for books. They gathered on the sidewalk in such long lines that the doors had to be closed for a while. By the end of the second day there were only 12 books on the children's shelves!

We cannot overestimate the voluntary contribution of the club women in their personal sacrifices they made to begin this library movement. The ways and means committee was constantly looking for new projects which would bring in money to maintain and expand this modest beginning. Hours and days were spent by them at the fairgrounds where they always had a booth, and it was known by the local people as well as those connected with the fair that if you wanted something good, go to this booth for it. Hundreds of gallons of homemade soup were served there as well as sandwiches by the score and added to that was homemade pies, cakes, and cookies.

It was widely announced that if you were subscribing to a magazine, you had better get it through the Woman's Club for this group of women had the agency for almost every magazine worth reading.

Almost every week a benefit bridge and rook party was held at the Club House--called the War Memorial Building in memory of Surry Soldiers lost in World War II.

The largest amount of money was made in the publication and sale of the Mount Airy Woman's Club Cook Book, a product of the American Home Department. Advertisements paid for the publication and a profit of approximately $1,000.00 was realized. The money made on all such projects was used to reduce the debt and maintain the building.

We had not heard the term "Senior Citizens" at that time, and all ages were involved in this great project. The older women were welcome for their judgement and advice, he middle age for their active participation and the juniors for their enthusiasm. Our membership at that was 208 strong.

This effort required complete dedication, and we were aware that we could interest people only to the extent of their participation. People must be involved.

Their first library effort had grown and grown. First the Clubwomen changed places with the library giving them the much larger space but it wasn't too long before they had to have the entire building. It was almost inconceivable; the growth of this project--eight short years from the day it was opened when the children were standing in line for books and the following day there were only 12 books left on the Children's shelves, to this day when books were stacked to the ceiling even in the bathroom.

One of our most interested Clubwomen who had helped with all of our projects was now Mrs. E.H. Kochtitzky. Knowing of the

would not have one of the most complete and beautiful municipal buildings in North Carolina, the lovely Andy Griffith Playhouse and definite plans for a public library which is estimated to cost one million two hundred fifty thousand dollars ($1,250,000) with a solar heating system which has been approved by the Federal Energy Department. A grant will be made by this department to implement the system and it is understood that this special system will be used as a demonstration for those towns of like size interested in solar heating.

When the library is moved from the Kochtitzky home back to Rockford Street, can we still have little children like we had before carrying their little paperback books with a photographer taking a picture of them and a police escort to see that they are not hurt?

Today there is a summer reading program at the present library numbering in excess of 600 boys and girls from kindergarten through the sixth grade. Mary Combs and her efficient and creative staff have organized this group and are following Governor Hunt's suggestion of teaching the children as much as possible about the state of North Carolina from Murphy to Manteo.

The interest in books grows so fast, is it inconceivable that these children's children will require and demand more library space? If so, I'm sure that sufficient room is being provided for any needed expansion.

I stopped at this time and began to reflect on what had brought me thus far. What had been the driving force that had caused me to choose such a program as cancer control and a program of organization?

So many of our young people of today speak of "finding themselves". Well, this idea isn't something new, for long ago, Matthew Arnold suggested that, as individuals, we should resolve to be ourselves and know that he who finds himself, loses his misery.

My husband had lived in Mount Airy for a number of years before we were married. Because he was traveling a great deal and we had no children, we boarded at the Blue Ridge Hotel, which was the center for many social events.

Not because of my popularity but because I was so available, I was going to parties, filling in at the last moment for bridge clubs, and sometimes playing morning, noon, and night. Someone has said that first you assert yourself--like young people of today do, then you may get disgusted with yourself, but to accomplish anything worthwhile, you must <u>forget yourself</u>!

Indeed, I thought surely, I must have some <u>hidden</u> talent, and with the approval of my husband, I went to Salem College to take voice. There I found Miss Lillian Beaty; and took my first voice lesson. She suggested if I would organize a voice class of not less than ten, she would come to Mount Airy each week and give lessons. I came back and immediately contacted each member of the choir of the First Baptist Church. Soon, I had the minimum number she required, but the problem of where to give these lessons had not been solved. I asked my good friend, Mrs. Mamie Jackson, who was away from home all day selling her lovely clothes to the women of the town, if I could use her living room for this purpose. She agreed and even joined the voice class!

I called Miss Beaty after getting her minimum number and

asked if she would spend the night in Mount Airy and direct the choir of the First Baptist Church. She said yes, she'd be glad to. I immediately called the Methodist Church, and asked if they would like to have Miss Beaty direct their choir. Their board of governors, along with the same responsible people of the Baptist Church, accepted this plan with enthusiasm. She came and carried out these plans for four years, and I was kept quite busy during those years making sure that the churches and the large living room where she gave her private classes were made comfortable and everything in order for her.

Miss Beaty, a native of Boston, had no fear of snow and ice. There were only a few times when she had to cancel these appointments because of the weather. On the few occasions when not even buses were running, and she could not make the trip, I had to notify all of these people of her cancellation. However, I was able to persuade each person I called to help by calling another. In spending the night, it fell to my lot to find a place she could stay for free! Another yankee and a good friend of mine, Mrs. Sargent, filled this need, and Miss Beaty just loved the "downy puff" on her bed!

I was elected chairman of the choir committee and while I did not discover any hidden talents like a great voice, I was able to interest the church in appropriating sufficient funds for our sheet music, and within a short time we bought a new organ. This organ replaced an old organ presented the church by Andrew Carnegie over twenty-six years prior to this. We were fortunate in having as a member of the choir committee, a gifted and artistic

draftsman from the quarry who used those talents in making the woodwork around the organ blend with the pulpit furniture. The night the organ was dedicated, I had invited Dr. George Thompson, head of the department of music at Woman's College in Greensboro, to be our special guest. In making the decision of the type of organ we should buy, his advice had been requested and gladly given. Dr. Thompson was well known by a number of his students in the town and his name and reputation filled the church the night he was our guest.

My hidden talent was not the great voice I hoped it would be, but perhaps it was in leadership and the ability to organize, and this was what I would need in my work the rest of my life.

Certainly for these four busy years when I felt I had found something worthwhile to occupy my mind, I had as Matthew Arnold said, lost my misery, but later the misery came back! The return of that misery got me involved in club work.

One pretty afternoon when I was going down the street praying for something worthwhile to do, I came to the Methodist Church on Dixie and Franklin and realized from the parked cars, that the Woman's Club was meeting there. I really didn't want to go in, because I did not think this was the answer to my prayer, but I had nothing else to do and found myself seated toward the front of the small auditorium. All the seats, as usual, in the back of the room were filled. This was the date when officers were scheduled to be elected. However, I did not know about this. Much to my surprise and chagrin, I was nominated recording secretary--an undesirable job in any organization. I thought of withdrawing my

name, but a prominent, wealthy woman had also been nominated, and I was quite sure she would be elected. I was mistaken, and went out with this job, and oh, what a difference that day made! I served in this office for two years, nd was elected president of the Mount Airy Woman's Club, another office which I held for two years. Then I was elected district president of the State Federation. This too was a two-year term, but I served only one year and was promoted to second vice-president, which made me chairman of the 16 districts in the state. I served two years in this office, and was nominated president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. I declined this office, for I felt that I was coming along too fast and wanted to know more about what I was doing. I was nominated and elected Chairman of the Educational Department and served two years in this office and was for a second time nominated and elected President of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. During my second year in this office, I presented to the Federation a motion that we adopt the American Society for the Control of Cancer as our special project. This was adopted unanimously. I believe now, as I was led to believe then, that all of this was brought about through my prayers. Here is the prayer I made while walking the streets and before finding myself seated in the parlor of the Methodist Church where officers were being elected:

"I seek, O Lord, some purpose in my life,
Some end which will my daily acts control.
So many days seem wasted now to me--
All disconnected hours that by me roll.

Help me to choose, O Lord, while I am still young,
Something to keep before me as a goal."

CHAPTER VI

The state commander had no office and nothing to put in it, but hoping to eventually change this, she asked her husband if he could divide his office space with her, let her use his typewriter, typewriter table, one filing cabinet, and his adding machine. Every penny had to be watched with great care, so his gem clips, rubber bands, pencils, stapler, and such were greatly appreciated! Then the problem of a car was brought forcefully to his attention. He carefully selected a second-hand Pontiac and made the down payment. Later on he made the other payments. I had been driving a car since 1917 when he told me that the new one he bought was my wedding present, but I had never driven alone for any distance. During the years that I held an office in the State Federation of Women's Clubs, I always had an eager group of enthusiastic women going with me. I had no words to describe my fear and great loneliness when I started out alone to talk to Tar Heel citizens about cancer control. The world was a very much safer place then, than today. My husband had been a member of the U.S. Forest Service for a number of years and was accustomed to taking his car to remote sections of the forest. When it needed

repairs he had to do it, so he knew a great deal about automobiles. I depended on him to check my car each week, before I started on a trip. It was filled with gas, and my plan was not to stop at any filling station until I was safe within the city where I was going. Over the years I had to learn that people in filling stations along the way were safe to deal with, and that they were interested in cancer, too. This was an opportunity to talk with them and to leave some literature for them and their families.

At that time, cancer literature was a great part of the program. The National Society credited us for a reasonable amount of the literature but not enough to do much in the way of putting it in the hands of the people we were organizing. We got around this problem by asking the Mount Airy Merchants Association to mimeograph copies for us. They responded in a fine way, and as each county was organized we asked the leaders to do the same.

Without the funds for travel I sought the help of Forsyth County, a near neighbor with an enthusiastic Junior Woman's Club. I learned they would sponsor the campaign and had named Aileen Hepler as campaign chairman. Aileen had invited me down for lunch, and she prepared it with all ease in spite of the fact she had four or five small children.

We started out to contact as many people as possible. The carriage held two babies with one walking beside it until he became exhausted, then he was put in the carriage. We met and talked with many prominent people that afternoon, and before leaving her, I realized what a powerhouse I had in her. She had the full support of her club, and this Junior Woman's Club remains

today, 1980, one of the most active clubs in North Carolina. Aileen Hepler also had the medical support through the active participation of Dr. Coy Carpenter. Dr. Carpenter had served as the first appointed Chairman of Cancer Control of the State Medical Society, and no doctor had shown more interest in it. Now, he was the first dean of the School of Medicine at Bowman Gray in Winston-Salem. He had been able to build this medical school there because of his great influence with the people of wealth in the city. Aileen Hepler could draw on this influence in organizing her county. She put on a most successful campaign. The total returns for Forsyth County this first year was $1,675.76. At the same time Surry County raised $256.95, which was more than Forsyth in proportion to the population. These figures seem exceedingly small today, but this was when, using a cliche, the "Almighty Dollar" was <u>really almighty</u>. From that time on, as we well know, it has been on the "skids" downward.

The state was handicapped in 1941 by having a leader appointed so near campaign time. My appointment came February 17, 1941, but this handicap did not compare with the terrific shock which we received on December 8th of that year. I was in Williamston, North Carolina hoping to organize that town and county. We heard over the radio of shocking news of Pearl Harbor. The hotel where I was staying was at an intersection which proved to be a most important one that night and for days to come, for it was the route used by the Armed Forces who were on their way to Norfolk, Virginia. This hotel had been a large colonial home. The Highway Department in order to build a road had done almost everything

to this home but demolish it. The turn here to Norfolk was at right angles and the armed forces had to stop and make adjustments before they could move their heavy equipment by. The guests were up most of the night watching and listening to necessary military orders, as the forces passed our corner. Being in that hotel was as near being a part of that great army as one could imagine!

Certainly, no one was interested in hearing about deaths from cancer at that time, and knowing this, I started for home the next day. Needless to say, there was not very much money collected in 1942. However, Surry County was just $6.00 short of what she had collected the year before.

From the time that George divided his office space with me and permitted me to use his telephone, provided I answered his calls when he was out, Mount Airy was known as State Headquarters of the Cancer Society. Having observed the excellent program which was being conducted in New York, I was convinced that North Carolina would have to offer something other than an educational program if we were to recruit and retain the interest of the people in cancer.

During this year of great shock, 1942, I contacted Dr. Thomas Parron, Surgeon General of U.S. Public Health Service, to ask his suggestions for such a program. He stated that they had no particular program that they would suggest for any state because the needs of states were different. He gave me a list of states that had good programs and suggested I write them for particulars. The findings of this survey resulted in a three point program for cancer

control on a statewide basis. It was as follows:

1. Statewide education for Cancer Control.
2. Legislation for Cancer Control--a bill to authorize the establishment of a Cancer Control program in the State Board of Health.
3. A statewide program of cancer clinics to be organized by doctors and under the supervision of the Cancer Committee of the State Medical Society for the diagnosis of cancer. The clinics were designed for all persons. A meeting of the executive committee was held in Raleigh, and the program was adopted unanimously.

Now we had goals to work toward, and soon every part of the state wanted a cancer clinic. Women who were afraid to go to their own doctors--for some of the doctors discouraged the special concern about cancer, accusing them of having cancer phobia from this educational program--would join four or five other women and gladly go. It is generally known we lose a great deal of fear when we move in mass. The soldier on the battlefield faces death with his buddies, but wouldn't be so brave if he were all alone. With the first visit to the clinic, the patient loses some fear, regardless of the outcome of the examination. After this it was much easier to make an appointment and go alone to the family physician.

Clinics were manned by doctors in the state who had shown special interest in the subject of cancer. The clinics did not treat cancer, but advised the patients to return to their own doctor or a hospital if they needed further studies. They were given the findings by the cancer clinics, whether they had any

symptoms of cancer or not. We found that the doctor was benefited by serving in the clinic. He had the benefit of group consultation and saw many more cancer patients than he would have in his own office.

In addition to saving lives by discovering cancer in the early stages, when there is hope for a cure, the Society realizes the educational value of these clinics and believes that they were a dramatic and decided step toward making Every Doctor's Office a Cancer Detection Center.

No county in the state had been more thoroughly educated than Forsyth, in the cancer program. Every group had been involved from the mayor to the paper boy. The story was told about a young boy whose mother and father were exceedingly active in the cancer program, so he decided that he would have a part too. In delivering his papers, he solicited his patrons and as a result turned in $50. The last campaign put on as representatives of the American Society for Control of Cancer was sponsored jointly by the Junior Woman's Club and the Junior Chamber of Commerce. They used every educational gimmick, including films, literature, and little cancer warning signals attached to every advertisement from the person selling a loaf of bread to the sophisticated Ladies Ready to Wear, Montaldo's. Perhaps, if any county could afford to ask that the health agency be included in the Community Chest campaign, Forsyth could. The Heart Association was beginning to bloom and the businessmen knew that something had to be done to limit such campaigns. But with a strong conviction by the National Society and the State Division that much of the

educational program would be lost if this Health Agency were included in a Community Chest, or as it is called today, The United Way; we were not permitted to accept any funds collected in this joint effort. There was a group of Junior Club Women who felt that this policy was right and agreed to put on the campaign. Mrs. Hepler was no longer with us, but there was a group of young club women who held their organizational meeting in one of the homes in the city, and the press as usual was invited to attend. The Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel denied this right to the reporters, saying they would support only campaigns included in the Community Chest. After attending the meeting in the home of these gracious and brave women, I went by the office of the newspaper. I was never more angry or "flabbergasted" than when I realized what that paper had done! Reporters and newspaper editors are known for their fight for freedom of press, and here was one of our best known state papers refusing this freedom to their citizens. This was just "beyond the pale." I guess they had forgotten what the great Voltaire had said many years ago: "I do not agree with a word you way, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." Had this paper gone to press through its editorial page and criticized the Cancer Society for its stand on a separate campaign and at the same time giving the Society an opportunity to answer their criticism, this would have been freedom of press. After venting my feelings, the women reporters gave me a real lift as I passed by their desks; I saw their hands silently applauding what I had said.

This was the night that the cancer clinic at the Baptist

Hospital was to be opened. I had been invited there as their guest. I asked the editor if they expected to be present at this opening. His reply was, "Oh, yes, we'll be right there."

This was the first clinic to open in North Carolina. It was solely operated by the doctors at the Baptist Hospital. The clinic bore a plaque identifying it as:

Tumor Clinic

Supported by: Forsyth County Unit

Field Army, American Cancer Society,

Sponsored by:

Winston-Salem Junior Womans Club

Established April 4, 1944

This clinic was established in memory of one of Winston-Salem's most beloved women and the first president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Lindsay Patterson.

Speaking of newspapers, the Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel, under a different publisher and a few years hence, was to play a big part in saving the cancer clinics operated by the State Board of Health. The doctors of Forsyth County reflecting the work of Aileen Hepler and her loyal volunteers were to show their concern for cancer by conducting annual Symposium. These one day meetings sponsored by the Forsyth County Medical Society in cooperation with the Forsyth Cancer Service, brought to this section of the state the most knowledgeable doctors from Harvard, Columbia University, New York College of Medicine, Temple University, etc. I am aware that these symposium started in 1951 and went through 1955. They may have continued, but I have no record of it.

The time came when Aileen Hepler's children were beginning to grow up and with the help of her mother, she began teaching at Reynolds Senior High School. Her teaching career began in 1958 and went through 1976.

She was especially interested in the German language and continued her studies until she gained her Master's Degree with a major in German. She soon got involved in a most interesting and exciting program. A plan was worked out which involved taking some of her best pupils along with other high school students, who wanted to expand their knowledge in German, to Germany with their teachers for a part of the summer. There they would hear the language spoken correctly and would learn to speak it fluently. She continued these trips, and the last year or two she chaperoned all the students from various high schools. She never failed to write me each year of her interesting experiences and the side trips they took.

CHAPTER VII

The Executive Committee had insisted I employ some help in the state office. Up until this time I had served as the secretary and the janitor. I learned that a very efficient woman, Ruth Sargent Martin, had resigned her position with the Mount Airy quarry. I persuaded her to help in our great cause by giving me three hours each morning at $1.50 per hour.

In the spring of 1943, my mother, who had a heart attack the year before, became quite ill. In trying to spend some time in Atlanta with her and still not neglect the April campaign, I asked Ruth to schedule each week's appointments so that I would be as convenient as possible to a train that would take me to Atlanta on Friday night. The precision with which she did this and the number of meetings she had me attending, with a marked map, was really astounding and a work of art. She had me scheduled to speak from three to five places in one day with the number of miles between each place and the number of minutes worked out for each speech. She had impressed those counties who had invited me with the importance of being prompt in their arrangements. I can scarcely believe it now, but I filled every appointment.

Included in these appointments was one that Miss Gertrude

Weil of Goldsboro had arranged. She wanted me to speak at one of the schools. Miss Weil, at this time, was ninety-one years old and had terminal cancer. The Weil family was well known in North Carolina and had meant so much to the growing university at Chapel Hill. She and her brothers sponsored the Weil lectures each year, which brought to the state the most learned people in their specialties. Miss Gertrude was a strong supporter and an untiring worker in gaining for women the right to vote or women's suffrage. Over the years, Miss Weil had led the fight for her county in cancer control.

At this special time her show of courage and fortitude inspired her county and the entire state. Indeed, it made me forget my tight and demanding schedule. Needless to say, her death was a great loss to the state of North Carolina.

One week my mother, in all of her illness, noticed how pale and weary I was and insisted I not come back the next week, but spend the weekend in bed.

I lost my mother April 10th of that year (1943). This was just the beginning of personal losses that would face me during the next two years. My brother, who was like a twin, only nineteen months difference in our ages, died in January of 1945 and my husband in June of that same year.

Now I had three jobs. George had been very sick for three weeks, and orders for lumber, which had not been filled were becoming of prime importance. Then too, it was spring and the farm activities which had been neglected during his illness just had to be taken care of. The sheep had to be sheared and many

of the ewes had to be sent to the market, and now was the time for spring planting.

George had a wonderful person to ship his lumber, but before this could be done, a complete inventory had to be made of what he had and where it was. This meant I had to go with Mr. Turner to locate George's possessions.

I recall that the farm hands were transferred to the lumber yards when that seemed most urgent and then they were transferred back to the farm when the urgency there seemed more intense.

I asked both the state and national office for a leave of absence to get these matters settled, but they wanted me to stay on and feel free to take time out for these other jobs.

That summer I asked my sister, Ethel Miller, with a salary paid by me, to help with my added responsibilities. I knew I had a most capable person. She was a highly regarded teacher of North Fulton High School in Atlanta, Georgia, with a Phi Beta Kappa Key from Emory University. She had majored in history but had been teaching Latin and Mathematics for a number of years.

When I needed her help in the cancer program, she moved into that office and took care of my needs. If I needed her more in the lumber business, she fitted into that; in fact, she taught me how to read a lumber tally, or if I needed her help on the farm, she could assist there, too.

As Shakespeare said, "Beware the Ides of March," and it seems so much occurred from this time through April. I recall prior to this that my sister was in charge of study hall at North Fulton High School and upon closing the heavy door of the auditorium,

the door knob came off in her hand and she fell backwards, breaking her hip. The students were very much concerned, but she asked them to just call an ambulance and not move her because she thought she had a broken bone.

It was campaign time, and I could not be with her any length of time, so made arrangements with Maryfield Nursing Home to bring her there. This proved to be a most delightful place to recuperate, and when I went by to see her from time to time, I was amazed at the lovely gifts she had received from the students at North Fulton High. I enjoyed seeing Mother Superior and all the nuns when I went down, and they were exceedingly considerate of me, knowing that I was on the road constantly putting on the April campaign of cancer control.

One beautiful day while I was there, two of the nuns came to my sister's room and were admiring the lovely gifts which had come from the students. One of them, a young vivacious person who always kept us laughing, decided she wanted to see just how that soft silk would feel next to her body and decided to try on one of the gowns. I was posted at the door to watch for Mother Superior while she made the change. This was just for a second though, because she didn't dare let Mother Superior come and find her. Soon she was back in her habit.

Maryfield at that time was housed in a large home or what they might have called the Penny Mansion. Ethel's room was on the front, and when the two Sisters left the room, we saw them walking over the front lawn saying their Rosaries. We had the feeling that there was a fervent prayer with this ritual for any

possible offense to their dedication.

I hope I never have to go to a nursing home, but if I do, Maryfield with the tender loving care of those dear nuns would be my choice.

The lovely gifts from the students at North Fulton High School showed their feelings which were to be demonstrated again later.

This high school, North Fulton, located in the northern section of Atlanta, where families of means had their homes, served not only this district but many students from the city. The senior annual, always decorated with its Coat of Arms, measured approximately nine by twelve inches. There was an enrollment of one hundred seventy-five seniors in 1954 with a faculty of something in excess of fifty. At no other time when I saw an annual was it dedicated to an individual, but always to a Christian ideal, sometimes by a verse and praying hands. Remember, this was 1954--now, 1980, I doubt if such emphasis would be placed on Christianity, for the great emphasis is on separation of Church and State. The dedication is as follows:

"To a teacher who has helped to lead us forward on our highway
of school life;
To a friend whose spirit has challenged us to greater things
for our future journeys,
To a Christian Lady whose patience and courage in misfortune
have been an inspiration to all,
The Senior Class, in sincere appreciation,
Dedicates this 1954 Hi-Ways to Miss Ethel Lynne Miller."

These students had watched my sister's complexion gradually turn from a perfect blonde to slate color due to overdoses of Nitrite of Silver sprayed directly into her sinuses. In the beginning they and the teachers thought her condition to be heart trouble and insisted on carrying her books up stairs for her. It has been only in the last few years that we have known the effects of nitrite in the curing of meat but even the use of argyrol, a derivative of nitrite of silver, as a relief of pain in connection with a sore throat was well known and extensively used then.

My sister never referred to her misfortune, but bore it with grace and fortitude. No doubt, she was reassured by Edmund Burke's "Assets of Greatness."

It was surprising to see how many of her former students had depended on her to get them over hard places. She had been invited to a town in Georgia where she had spent many years teaching. The church was having a centennial celebration and one of its members, an attorney with grandchildren, recalled how she had made it possible for him to study law. As a student, he had needed a lot of extra help on his Latin and recalled how they had sat on the front steps after school was out and with her drilling, he had learned "Virgil" and had really <u>enjoyed</u> it! Another former student who is now not too far from Mount Airy and is headmaster of his school, had kept in close contact with her his entire adult life. He had been her student in R.L. Hope Grammar School in Atlanta, and it so happened that she was transferred to North Fulton the same year he went there. In one of his letters he wrote, "I have always tried to emulate Miss Miller and she is

never very far from my mind."

At a sad moment, I was to learn when meeting with the Clerk of the Court, to examine the contents of her lockbox following her death, it is desirable or required that the attorney or person witnessing a will be contacted to verify their signature. When the well-known law firm in Atlanta was called for this purpose, the lawyer said, "Yes, this is my signature, and Miss Miller was one of my teachers."

My sister's misfortune, a living sorrow, which all of the members of her family shared, made her contribution to young people even more blessed.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.
It is twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that gives and him
that takes."

CHAPTER VIII

Now, there appeared in the Greensboro Daily News, under "Today and Tomorrow," Walter Lippmann's Rules for Success. They were as follows:

"A keen sense of need and enthusiasm; that sense of a special mission which carry men above and beyond themselves. This is the proven way in which any art is mastered and brought to its fullest development. We must be zealots for our cause, and be in a position to make ourselves a nuisance to those who do not pay attention to us."

I not only took these rules as my own guide, but suggested that others who were equally as devoted, do the same. These rules stood me in good stead in my many visits to the newspapers of the state and some of the doctors offices.

The Greensboro Daily News enjoys a circulation in North Carolina, perhaps greater than any other paper in the state. The town or city is centrally located and is surrounded by colleges and universities. It has been said that this section is the "Gateway to the South." I had subscribed to this paper for many years and personally knew the Jeffress, Mr. Kendall, and William D. Snider, and visited the office quite frequently on my trips over the state.

Likewise, I sought the support of the other newspapers of North Carolina when I was in their area.

In other words, perhaps I was taking the advice of Greensboro's prestigious columnist, Walter Lippman, making myself a nuisance. For I found that this paper as well as others in the state were following the usual custom of announcing that patients who died of cancer had died of a "lingering illness." I believe this attitude on the part of people in general kept the patient from going to the doctor in time for help. There was such a hopeless feeling, and some even thought that "nice people" did not have this trouble. This was the same attitude that caused beloved mothers and wives to speak of their trouble, CANCER, as female trouble. It was my plea to this paper that we remove the shroud from the departed loved one and in so doing help to save the life of a dear one ill with female trouble!

Soon the Greensboro Daily News was to become one of our strongest supporters in the total program of cancer control.

In addition to this fine interest in cancer I recall the beautiful articles written by William D. Snider, describing his journey into Western North Carolina in the fall of the year. There is a Chinese proverb that says, "one picture is worth more than ten thousand words." Mr. Snider had the rare gift of painting pictures with words.

Now we are involved with pictures but of a different sort. We had made arrangements with the King Cotton Hotel for a district meeting and had much more room upstairs than we had people to fill the space. But there was a balcony just outside the room which

overlooked the lobby. In trying to call attention to that word CANCER, I placed posters on the balcony so that guests below could see them. This hotel was a popular eating place for local residents as well as the traveling public, but before lunch time, the manager came to me and asked that our posters be turned so that his guests would not see them in going into the dining room. We all realized that these posters did not sell our cause because they didn't sell it to any of us. They were gruesome and might have been more appropriate for a medical meeting. The women in all states began to murmur about them. This led to the production of artistic posters and changed our type of films, so there was no danger of a woman fainting in viewing a film as happened in those early days. The most attractive poster which was developed was the one produced by the great artist, Albert Dorne. The title of this poster was "Guard Those You Love - Give to Conquer Cancer."

One of the successful tools used at this time and carried all over the state was a mechanical woman. This was a life-like and size mannekin demonstrating with an electric light how a cancer of the breast, if not discovered and arrested in time, traveled through the lymph nodes to other parts of the body. It was difficult to take from district to district, but it was a most dramatic and successful demonstration of how a certain cell is carried from place to place.

The first person I came in contact with who had advanced cancer was in Mount Airy. I went to his home, not knowing what to expect, but I have never seen such a pitiful situation. The

people were very poor and the only dressing he had for his wounds were dirty rags with newspaper wrapped around them. I made up my mind immediately that surgical dressings had to be made. I called together some of the people who were making dressings for the Red Cross, and they consented to make some for the Society and told me when they would be ready for distribution. I saw that this man had plenty, and the County Health Department was also supplied. This was the beginning of one of the biggest programs we sponsored throughout the years.

Even before one single county was organized in North Carolina for cancer control, I started writing to Duke University about a cancer program. These letters were a constant reminder to them that Harvard University had a most challenging program which the university had founded in Massachusetts. My suggestion to Duke was that they could do the same for North Carolina.

Very soon I was greeted with a chairman of the Medical Society who was also chairman of the cancer committee of Durham County. My visit to this county led me to the most attractive, young and vivacious doctor, who was eager to do everything possible to promote cancer control. His name was Randolph Jones. It was a real inspiration to see him in action and as I headed east on my trips over the state and needed a spiritual lift, I had only to come by Duke University and talk with Dr. Jones of the surgical department. You can imagine my great shock when I was informed of his tragic death. We have had devoted doctors in North Carolina but never found anywhere the likes of "Randy" as he was affectionately known by his colleagues at Duke.

Mrs. Lenox D. Baker, daughter of Dr. Flowers, president of Duke University, realizing that I was having difficulty in getting a group to take an active part in Durham County and at the same time trying to fill the void made by the death of Dr. Jones, had a luncheon and invited me to it. Her guests were the wives of doctors at Duke, and a cancer unit was established there. We continued over the years to have a close relationship with the school of medicine under the leadership of Dean Deryl Hart. Later I wanted to get clinics established in the state for the diagnosis of cancer. The next dean of the school of medicine, Dean Davidson informed me the tumor clinics under the supervision of radiologists at Duke would be conducted at regular intervals in surrounding communities.

No one person from Duke served longer in the cancer program than did Dr. Robert Reeves of the Radiology Department of Duke.

Dr. Charles Wayne Rundles and Frank Engels, with a joint project, qualified, requested and received more of our funds and more of National's for research than any other scientist. However, Dr. Marjorie A. Swanson had a research program going on at the Bowman Gray School of Medicine and it was my pleasure to go there and present her a grant in aid for this approved project.

In the early forties in one of my visits to Winston-Salem, Dr. Coy C. Carpenter, Dean of the School of Medicine, Wake Forest University, offered me space in his crowded quarters for my state headquarters. I was aware that mail going out from here would carry more prestige than mail from Mount Airy. He explained that he would not have any space for the shipment of literature, but

that I could find a place for that at a reasonable amount. I thought about this several days before giving him an answer but finally decided it would be best to leave headquarters in Mount Airy, because I wanted the interest of other hospitals.

During the years I watched Dr. Carpenter build his great school of medicine. On August 6, 1972, Chester S. Davis wrote, "The Wake Forest University Medical Center is the product of Two Miracles. The first occurred in the forties when the late Coy C. Carpenter, having been told a minimum of $10 million would be needed to open a new medical managed the job on a $600,000 shoestring." Mr. Davis went on to say, "The second just completed miracle was the United North Carolina Baptist Hospital and the Bowman Gray School of Medicine into a cohesive, modern medical center at the pricely cost of $44.3 million raised by the two institutions when they were both bankrupt!" I have wondered aloud and silently why couldn't some part of the new medical structure have been named for Dr. Coy Carpenter, the one man more than any other who made the first miracle possible and therefore created the need for the second miracle? I would still like to know the answer to this question.

This man played golf plenty of times when he was too weary to go to the course, but it gave him an opportunity to talk to people of means about his great dream.

The State of Virginia had a very active program which had been in operation for a number of years. In the spring of 1942, I received an invitation to attend their annual meeting being held in Roanoke. I gladly accepted. Mrs. Lucille Alexander, State

Commander for Virginia, and I had become good friends, and I wanted to know more about her program. The weather was beautiful and Mrs. Mamie Jackson was persuaded to go with me. In our trip over, Bent Mountain held no fears for us, but about the middle of the afternoon, a sudden, terrific snow storm came and now this mountain became a major hazard. Although we started up that mountain, we were forced to turn around and come back. The roads in every direction in Roanoke were being covered with snow and ice, and the highway patrol was advising everyone to stay off them. We again registered in the hotel to spend another night. We had no idea that the snow and ice would continue for days, and that we would not be able to get back to Mount Airy.

We took our lives in our hands after three days and decided to come home. Roads to Stuart, Virginia, had been cleared, but when we left Stuart we came to a fork in the road. One was to Winston-Salem and one to Mount Airy. The fog was so great, neither of us could read the sign when we got to it, but Mrs. Jackson got out of the car and went to the sign to read it. She was just dying to get home! When she got back in she said, "It is just a sheet of ice on this ground!" When I got in town, I realized I would have to take her home, which was on the outskirts of town before going to my apartment. I made the trip safely and parked in front of my apartment. The granite steps and the walkway were covered with ice. I recalled I locked the car and left everything except my pocketbook and crawled up those steps! I was never more thankful to be safe again, but despite this, I feel I profited by seeing Lucille's state in operation. I heard later that my husband

had been in great danger in Carroll County from this same snow-storm.

I do not recall anything else about Lucille's meeting, but I was impressed with the feeling which she expressed in these verses:

"You have to have a "glory" in the work you do,
A Hallelujah chorus in the heart of you,
Paint or tell a story,
Sing or shovel coal,
You have to have that glory,
or your work will lack a soul.
Oh, Lord! Is it too much for you to give?
For I have to have that Glory,
or I just can't live!"

Author Unknown

Lucille and I were to share another harrowing experience. A National Meeting was being held in Miami in a beautiful hotel on the waterfront, when a hurricane came in. Mother Nature was really kicking up a storm. We had had meetings all day, and I was stretched out on the bed for a restful nap, when the wind and water came like fury. It lapped upon the side of the hotel and one only had to look out of our window to see the great and furious waves. Soon the lights were all out and an attendant was coming through the halls with a lantern and telling us to turn on the bathtubs and save all the water we could. However, Lucille had had time for her bath and had dressed herself with unusual care. She was thoroughly disgusted with me, because I had lingered

on the bed and her comment was, "Nancy, how can you stay there like that? When I meet my Maker, I want to look the very best I can!"

Our meeting was not completely over, but the next morning with the first floor in complete shambles, every person was wading the water and getting out the best way she could. She had to find some breakfast and then rearrange her schedule for transportation home.

This was a meeting that was never officially adjourned!

CHAPTER IX

It was customary for the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs to hold district meetings (there were sixteen of them) each fall of the year. Now, we were in a war, and gasoline was rationed. Mrs. Highsmith, the president of the Federation, had tried to arrange a schedule so that she could get to these meetings by using the bus or train. This just didn't work out. I was in Raleigh at that time, and she told me of her difficulty. I said to her, "Well, as a health agency, I have no trouble in getting gas; so if you will let me have time on your programs to present the cancer cause, I will use my car and take you to the meetings." This reminded me of a story which was told about the two men who found themselves at a rough crossing. One man was blind but could walk; the other man could see but was crippled. So they worked out a plan which took them across this difficult place. The man who was blind but could walk took the man who was crippled but could see on his shoulders, and they, working together, reached their goal.

The women's clubs and the cancer cause working together this year advanced both causes. In October of 1943, the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in Greensboro was

celebrating its 50th anniversary, and I received an invitation to attend. I had many friends on the faculty. Chief among them was Dr. Harriet Elliot who had accepted my invitation to be my advisor during the two years that I was president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. As a speaker at my last convention in Charlotte, she remarked, "I have been a member of the Federation for many years, but have enjoyed the past two years more than any other time." In describing her enthusiasm for the two years, it seemed to me that she was trying to tell us that she had had a "swell" time. This was her pet expression.

One lesson we learned in dealing with the human race that the more we involve people in the things we are doing and the more they become a part of it, the more interest we create.

We had a number of faculty members serving as chairmen of different departments of the Federation from this great institution, and our official club magazine was published by the Extension Department of this college.

North Carolina did not wait for bells to be rung and all the glamorous things used later. John W. Kerr, Jr. of Warrenton was our first man campaign chairman, and in my opinion remained the best and the most active throughout my years as State Commander. He took his job seriously although he was a busy and popular member of the state legislature. He felt it was his duty to secure the county campaign chairman and constantly checked with me and my office files to know which counties were still unorganized. Very often he appointed his colleagues in the legislature to serve. If this was not possible, he asked them to secure someone

from their county. This stood us in good stead when we were to appeal to the Legislature for funds to establish a Division of Cancer Control in the State Board of Health. So many of these members were active in the program and interested in establishing this Division. It was during the time that he was campaign chairman that I asked the churches in Mount Airy to give a doctor time at their Sunday morning service to present the cancer program. This request was gladly complied with. This was also the year when on Saturday before Mothers Day I happened to be down the street and saw people searching for red and white roses. I got in touch with two of my best friends, and in no time they had one of the vacant stores with containers holding water and hundreds of roses ready to be pinned on every shoulder. Pretty young girls were used to pin these roses on. When the roses started getting low, a call was sent out to the homes begging for more. They had volunteers to pick up the roses so they were on the shoulders of the people of the street post haste. This was one of the most popular volunteer services I witnessed, and it made more people happy than one could imagine. Everyone on the street was wearing a red or white rose and had the added joy of knowing they were supporting the cancer program.

The first state training school of the North Carolina Division of the American Society for the Control of Cancer was held in Chapel Hill during the month of March. Dr. James B. Murphy, head of research at Rockefeller Foundation in New York, was the featured speaker at our evening banquet. He was a member of the National Executive Committee, and had previously told me that if

he could help me in any way to let him know.

He was born in North Carolina and had received his B.A. degree at Chapel Hill. For this reason we felt that he could exert more influence on Tar Heel doctors than any other one person. We had sent personal invitations to every doctor in the state, and many of those who could not attend wrote letters expressing their personal appreciation for the invitation and their interest in the program. I had asked Dr. Murphy to prepare a message to be included in the Medical Journal, and the request was granted so those doctors who could not attend would be able to read his message. I recall to this day what he wrote and mailed to me with this article: "Please feel free to make any changes you think best. I have no pride in authorship." My! I would not have dotted an "i" or crossed a "t" in an article by a man of such high regard and esteem, but was cognizant that only a great man would have said this.

Dr. W. Reece Berryhill, dean of the School of Medicine at Chapel Hill, was host for the state meeting.

We were delighted to greet Dr. Paul Whitaker as president of the Medical Society of the state of North Carolina. This was particularly true for we knew of his attitude toward the work of the Womens Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, which he had previously stated in a meeting of the Medical Society. He reiterated this attitude in these words, "I have investigated the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer and believe its purposes to be sound"... "it should receive approval and cooperation from both the doctors

and the public..." During the meeting he further stated, "The Women's Field Army has effectively called attention to the need for a constructive program in North Carolina to combat the cancer menace," and said to the doctors present at this meeting, "I urgently recommend that we endorse and actively support this program as a measure of social progress." There is no doubt in my mind that this meeting representing doctors throughout the state was the turning point in their attitudes toward this group of organized women. A high degree of appreciation was due the host, Dr. Berryhill, for its success.

The world was not greatly shocked at the death of President Roosevelt in 1945, but it brought back to my mind happier days when I sat in bleachers cold and anxiously awaited for his first inaugural ceremonies. It was really shocking when the President came by, riding in an open car with Mrs. Roosevelt sitting next to him, and sleet falling on his bare head. We were wondering if he would live to spend much time in the White House!

Through a North Carolina Senator I had received tickets to all the various functions of the inauguration. President Roosevelt remained a very popular leader for the many years he was in office.

Mrs. Roosevelt entertained the Board Members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs with a tea each year, and it was on the occasion of one of these social functions that the "President Crashed His Wife's Party." She did not know that he was coming in, and her guests were enjoying their refreshments and talking to each other when suddenly the large double doors entering the

dining room were thrown open, and his attendant announced in a big voice, "The President of the United States." We all forgot what we were saying to each other and stood aghast at this man who was in a wheelchair. I happened to be near enough to see how, with dexterity, he manipulated each brace and was ready for his attendant to help him stand. After his warm greeting he told us that he would like to speak to each one of us individually, if we would file by. The President of the General Federation introduced each and told what state we represented, and he had an appropriate greeting for each one. As he manipulated his braces on leaving the group, there were tears in eyes of most of the women, but I heard low murmurs from some of those close to me, "He would, it's election year," and it's true, he would!

I had been to the White House for these yearly teas, and was asked by Mrs. John D. Robinson to accompany her when she invited Mrs. Roosevelt to a Strawberry Festival which was to be held in Wallace, North Carolina. Mrs. Robinson planned to entertain Mrs. Roosevelt and many of the out-of-town guests during this festival. We entered the White House through the front entrance, and were almost immediately relieved of our coats. Mrs. Robinson had a package tied with ribbons, and when the attendant wanted to inspect it, she brought forth a smile from him when she said, "It's nothing but a jar of strawberry preserves." He replied that he would see that Mrs. Roosevelt got the jar of preserves, and we went on our way.

After we had talked about the plans for the festival and our allotted time was up, an attendant came to the door as customary,

and we stood to leave. Mrs. Roosevelt excused him and said, "I will see them to the door when I am through with them". Now we could relax, for we knew the situation was in her hands. The next day we found ourselves in her column, "My Day."

My most delightful and exciting visit to the White House was for a luncheon. Mrs. Roosevelt was entertaining the wives of diplomats that day, and word had gotten to her that I had been of some service in trying to defeat the resolution that was presented to the Council meeting in Tulsa. That story is told earlier in these pages.

The reader might be interested in the formalities that were used at the White House at that time. For planned receptions, the guests entered through the East Room, but for a luncheon or dinner the guests came in through the front entrance. At this time a uniformed aid met me and offered his arm to take me to the proper place. I had been given a card showing where I would be seated at the luncheon table, so indicated by a cross mark. The aid took me to the exact spot where I was to stand until all the guests had been placed in their allotted positions. When the last guests had entered the room, Mrs. Roosevelt entered on the arm of an aid. He introduced each guest as she circled the room. This brought her to the door of the dining room where she entered first and the guests followed in their positioned order. The long dining room table was wide enough to seat two guests at each end. I felt I was fortunate in being seated at one end with my good friend, May Thompson Evans, where I could see each person at the table.

Nineteen forty-five was an extremely eventful year. The state had invited District Number 3 to meet with us. Twelve of the states in this region sent representatives. Mrs. Howard V. Milligan, our national commander, and Mrs. H. B. Ritchie, our regional commander, both attended. North Carolina was very proud to present Dean Milton J. Rosenau of the University School of Public Health, who had come to the University of North Carolina to lend his great knowledge and experience to perfect the establishment of the School of Public Health. He had recently retired after having superb training and vast experience in this field.

There were other important people at this meeting. We were particularly pleased for the fine support and participation of the deans of two schools of medicine in North Carolina, Dr. Deryl Hart of Duke and Dr. C. C. Carpenter of Bowman Gray. Our most prominent doctor from out of state was Dr. Alton T. Ochsner of the Ochsner Cancer Clinic of Tulane University.

The name Eric Johnston was almost magic in the country. We had heard of his great accomplishments as President of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Therefore, we were delighted when he accepted chairmanship of the 1945 National Campaign of the American Cancer Society. He brought with him not only the heads of business and manufacturing companies, but the support of the labor unions. It was a great turning point in the amount collected in each state which added up to the total in the nation.

North Carolina increased its total returns by more than 500 percent and had no difficulty in securing businessmen to lead the fight for cancer control.

A few years prior to this, we had moved State Headquarters of the American Society for the Control of Cancer from the crowded space which we first occupied to a much larger space on the same floor. We were able to persuade my husband, our early "guarantor" to come with us and occupy part of the space. Now again, this helped us with our expenses.

The packages of literature due to be delivered to our office, so often came in the early morning before anyone was there, and since our guarantor was out of town so much of the time, they were left at the foot of the steps. This also included posters. The Sheriff's office was at the top of the steps, and the Sheriff showed his interest in the cancer program by telling me never to take this material upstairs, for he and his deputies would always bring it up for us. This was the thoughtful sheriff who suggested I accept and carry with me at all times, a certificate showing that I was a member of the State of North Carolina Sheriff's Association. He felt that such a card might stand me in good stead if I were in a situation where I needed help and was not known by the law officer. I with gratitude accepted it, and it is still in my billfold, but I am thankful I have never had to use it.

Years later, after the name of the Society had been changed from the American Society for the Control of Cancer to the American Cancer Society, we moved our office to the Haynes Building, and erected a sign showing that it was State Headquarters of the American Cancer Society. This birthplace of the American Cancer Society was marked and included in the Historical Sites of Surry County, published in 1976.

Many of our cancer meetings were given a lift by the happenings of events not on the program. One of them took place at the Carolina Inn in Chapel Hill. After our morning session, we came to the dining room for lunch, and much to our amazement, we spied Raymond Massey and Charles Laughton having lunch in the same room.

The county commander from Forsyth County, that vivacious Hannah Williams, suggested we invite them to come to our afternoon session and bring greetings. I agreed that it would be quite interesting and appointed her to extend the invitation. This she was eager to do, and came back to the group reporting that Raymond Massey had accepted with pleasure, but Mr. Laughton felt that one of them would be sufficient. Raymond Massey came to our meeting and brought an inspiring message on cancer control. They had been in Greensboro and were now in Chapel Hill in the interest of the repertoire theater. Such rich experiences as this contact made those cancer leaders who were not present envious of our treat and determined that they would come the next time.

During the next few months or perhaps the next year, the personnel of the National Society was in a state of flux. Many highly trained doctors who had been in the Armed Services and had been released, now coming home and trying to orient themselves into civilian life, dropped by Headquarters to see how they could fit into this cancer service while they looked for something permanent. First, we would be writing to a Major General, then a Colonel, and then an Admiral. During this period, the Charlotte unit of the Society requested the presence of the highest National

Officer to discuss their problems and answer their questions. Admiral Stephenson came after the approval of the State Division. He had requested that I meet him in Charlotte for this discussion. During our stay there, we had a number of sessions with the local unit. I recall how queer I felt at the end of each session, when he would rise in all his splendor and say, "Good evening, Gentlemen!" Now, without a word I stood (almost prepared to salute) and followed him out of the room! What more could I do! Of course, I felt this was an awkward and foolish way of dealing with volunteers and when hearing that he had left the New York office, I was delighted.

But this year did not bring all bad luck in the National leadership, for it was announced that Dr. Charles S. Cameron had been appointed assistant medical director of the National Society. His picture, which appeared in the Field Army News, showed him in his Navy uniform as Commander in the Navy Medical Corps.

Another man who was to have a great influence on the North Carolina Division was Douglas Poteat. He served as Administrative Director of the Society. Mr. Poteat was the son of Dr. Poteat, president of Furman University in South Carolina. His grandfather was the founder of Wake Forest College, now Wake Forest University, and his brother, E. McNeil Poteat, the well known and beloved pastor of Pulliam Memorial Baptist Church in Raleigh, North Carolina.

We see later that these two men, Dr. Cameron and Douglas Poteat, were not using the Society as a stepping stone, but had come with a great interest in cancer control and remained. Their

first meeting with us was in Biloxi, Mississippi. Dr. Cameron, more than any other speaker we enjoyed, set a spiritual tone to the meetings, and inspired those who heard him to rededicate their services to the cancer patient and the potential cancer patient.

Douglas Poteat showed a special interest in the North Carolina Cancer Society because his roots were here, as well as in South Carolina.

It was a great sorrow to us when we learned he had terminal cancer, but we knew that he would have the best treatment and nursing care available anywhere at New York Memorial Hospital.

CHAPTER X

I was hearing more and more about the activities of the doctor who was an M. D. and lived a few miles across the North Carolina and Virginia state line. He was gathering herbs, grasses and roots and had difficulty in keeping a supply of the liquid made from them. Rosemary Kent (this was before she became a Ph.D.) and I were at a well known hospital one day, and one of the doctors asked us to see if we could get a sample of this liquid and offered to pay for it. People were coming from far and wide to get this "cure" for cancer. We agreed to try. I drove my car and parked it some distance and out of sight of his office. Rosemary walked down to put on her "act"! I don't believe Hannah Williams could have done as well. Suddenly, her language became as "backwoodsy" as any patient who might come to him. She told how Ma had heard about his great cure and wanted some of it. I have never seen such a satisfied grin on any person's face as she had when bringing that gallon of water flavored with herbs to the car. I asked her to put on her act for me while it was still fresh in her mind, and it really couldn't have been better. The next day we were glad to take it to the hospital which had requested it. The doctor's test proved that it was absolutely without any

benefit. Here was a man who had finished medicine at a first rate medical school in Virginia and was permitted by the doctors in his town, the Medical Society of Virginia, and this well known hospital to continue to sell something that was absolutely worthless to cancer patients. There was never any estimate of the number of deaths this quack caused or the huge amount of money he made. Over the years, I was to learn that it was a rare case indeed, that doctors bring suit against other doctors, but I am sure that if the Cancer Society had been further along in its development, that Rosemary Kent and I would have reported our findings to the Medical Society of the State of Virginia and asked that their representative visit this doctor's office and close it.

In this year of great activity our leading doctors, especially those from the three schools of medicine, realized the importance of the doctors of the state being ahead of the general public in their knowledge of cancer control. The North Carolina Division of the Cancer Society purchased from the parent organization the handsome and comprehensive booklet especially for doctors, entitled "C.A.", which was published bi-monthly and sent to every doctor in the state. In addition to this, the Society helped to organize and finance a symposium on cancer. These meetings were financed by the Medical Societies, the local units, and the State Division of the Society and were held in strategic parts of the state to be readily available for doctors to attend. Special men in the state who were particularly interested and informed on the subject of cancer were used in these forums. To lend greater emphasis, visiting doctors from such schools as Harvard, Yale,

Jefferson, and others were invited to participate.

Medical colleges were giving special courses on the subject of cancer, and postgraduate medical courses were now becoming extremely popular. They were being conducted in four centers and later those centers were extended. Doctors from out of state with the North Carolina Cancer Society paying their expenses, were being added as insturctors in these courses. Average attendance was close to 90 percent of the enrollment. The popularity of these courses led to plans for additional courses in the future.

Biloxi, Mississippi, was the place of our National meeting in 1946. Now, we celebrated the Tenth Anniversary of the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

At this time, highest praise was given the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the organization which had brought the cancer movement into being. Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole Reynolds, the most dynamic woman in the world, was president of the General Federation when the Women's Field Army was organized. She and Mrs. Illig, Chairman of the Division of Public Health, in the Federation, put the organization on its feet. Mrs. Illig served as the National Commander for several years and was forced to resign because of ill health.

Our new national commander was Mrs. Harold V. Milligan, a woman of great talents and highly respected. She was the daughter of Anna Steese Richardson, editor of the "Woman's Home Companion". In that age the two national women's magazines which were recognized as being the voice of women were the "Woman's Home Companion" and the "Ladies Home Journal."

Mrs. Milligan was president of the National Council of Women, and was on the advisory committee of the Women's Division of the War Department. She held the same position on the National Broadcast Company, on the Mutual Broadcast Company, and on the Children's Programs of Columbia Broadcast System. She was on the advisory committee for the New York Times Women's programs. Many of us had listened to her "Curtain Talks" which took place between the Metropolitan Opera Company broadcast. It was a great privilege to have her as our National Commander.

Harold V. Milligan, her husband, was a well known figure in the music world, and for many years was organist of the Riverside Church in New York.

Dr. Frank E. Adair was now president of the American Cancer Society. He was greatly respected by the medical profession and beloved by the Women's Field Army. This was his greeting to the Women's Field Army on its Tenth Anniversary: "Congratulations to the Field Army on your Tenth Anniversary! The loyalty of its leaders is rare, its ability unequaled, its vision and future without a parallel, an opportunity for good. My highest praise for your past achievements and best wishes for the future!"

While we were in Biloxi, one day was named New Orleans Day. On that day we traveled by car or bus loads the 74 miles from our hotel to New Orleans. There we attended the Ochsner Cancer Clinic which we found of tremendous interest. Following the visit to the clinic, we went on a round of sightseeing in this famous old city which included a visit to some of the restaurants famous throughout the world and had our evening meal in one of them.

Now we are back in North Carolina and it's near election time. Charles Johnson was running against W. Kerr Scott in the Democratic primary for Governor of North Carolina. Mr. Scott was at that time State Secretary of Agriculture, but it had not occurred to the democratic machine that he could possibly be elected Governor of North Carolina. Mr. Johnson had full approval of that machine, and when I was approached and asked to serve as head of the Women's Division for his election, and upon hearing this, the executive committee of the State Society with the exception of one person, urged me to take a leave of absence and serve in this capacity. This person who was adamant to the proposition was a highly respected doctor of the University at Chapel Hill. The second person who felt the same was Mr. Douglass Poteat of the New York office. In the minds of the doctors who were in favor of my leave of absence for this purpose, there was no doubt but that Johnson would be elected and the Society would have his full support.

Mr. Poteat, who had reminded me from time to time that his office was as near as my telephone, kept in close touch with me in those hours of decision, saying there was no way for the State Division to win, for if I entered the fight, I would lose friends for the Society from the opposition. I really felt the same way, and it would not be fair to use the friends over the state that I had made in promoting cancer control for any political purposes. I declined this appointment.

However, when we were being entertained at the Governor's Mansion and I was made aware that Governor Scott knew that I had

been asked to serve in this capacity, I jokingly said to him, "After all, Governor, I may have helped you more than you realize when I didn't accept that invitation to oppose you." He laughingly agreed. No governor gave us greater support than did Governor W. Kerr Scott.

E. J. Floyd of Raleigh, a good friend of the Governor and long known for his interest, spearheaded the April Campaign of 1949 and should be given credit for our warm reception at the Governor's Mansion when we were entertained there. Five hundred and fifty women came to this tea and we were most surprised to see the remote corners of the state represented. The Raleigh unit of the Society graciously assisted in entertaining us.

A few months after I accepted the appointment as State Commander of the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, I received a telegram from the Federal Power Commission's Office of General Counsel in Washington, D. C., asking me to come to Washington for a meeting with them. You may recall that earlier I had an opportunity to render a service to the Democratic Party in my opposition to a resolution, which the General Federation was considering, concerning the question of President Roosevelt's appointment to the Supreme Court. In my attitude to this resolution, I was in no way playing politics. In fact, I was trying to keep a non-partisan organization <u>out of politics</u>, but when the telegram reached me, I had a feeling that the invitation did not come by accident. However, I was flattered and took a plane (my first airflight) to this stated meeting.

I saw the following people who were at the Mayflower Hotel:

Edward J. Noble, former U. S. Senator, Connecticut, and the other three gentlemen represented the Federal Power Commission, Whiting, Willaner, and William S. Young. They had worked out maps and detailed plans for a Saint Lawerance Waterway and were looking for someone who could go to the larger newspapers of the midwest, particularly the Chicago Tribune and gain their support for this project. This was a marvelous dream, but it was just six months before we were involved in the second World War, and the dream was put on the back burner until approximately 1958.

On April 25, 1959, the Saint Lawerance and Great Lakes Waterway was opened. It is the largest inland navigation system on the Continent and extends from the Atlantic Ocean to Duluth at the western end of Lake Superior, a distance of 2,342 miles. Ocean carriers penetrate the Canadian interior and the American midwest. With sixteen locks they overcame a drop of 580 feet, from the head of the lakes to Montreal. It is opened to 80 percent of the world's salt water fleet.

Those of us in the South who are not greatly benefited by this waterway are prone to forget how great it is, but the farmers and people of the midwest are thoroughly aware of its significance and are glad that the Power Commission, on May 5, 1941, had such a wonderful dream. It was not the impossible dream but only a delayed dream.

It was in 1947 after listening to Dr. Lucy Morgan tell of her training for health educators at Chapel Hill and the warm acclaim from Mrs. Milligan, that I approached the Executive Committee on the possibility of our adding to the staff a health educator. My

dream was that we could establish at the State University, which every citizen of North Carolina could claim, a health education headquarters. The Executive Committee knew that I was in need of some kind of assistance, and expressed their willingness to go along with this plan, but reminding me that at no time could any employee receive a salary in excess of mine. They said in the future when making budgets, do not list salaries, for we will take care of that. In the past, I had always listed my salary the same as the year before. This started with $450.00 a year or $50 a month for nine months. This is when I had offered and expected to be a volunteer. The Chairman of the Cancer Committee of the State Medical Society, Dr. H. B. Ivey, of Goldsboro, stated the Committee had decided not to use a volunteer in this office in the future, but with limited funds he agreed to accept my offer limiting my salary to this amount until more funds could be raised. He laughingly said, "This may pay for your dry cleaning but not the wear and tear on your clothes!" For two years this was my annual pay, and the amount was gradually increased as more funds were raised.

I told Dr. Morgan that we had decided to employ a health educator. She could demonstrate to the Society just how her training could be used in this particular health agency. Dr. Morgan replied, "Well, if this is to be a demonstration, we must use the best we have, and call Rosemary Kent in for a conference." When I left Dr. Morgan's office, Rosemary had accepted the position.

On my next visit to Chapel Hill, I asked Dr. Frank Graham if I could have a space in Swain Hall, the Extension Department of

the University. He said, "Go over there and tell Russ Grumman to give you anything you want." I had known Mr. and Mrs. Grumman for years, and both of them had been active in the Cancer Society program. When I went in and told him what Dr. Graham had said, he replied, "He knew he was perfectly safe in telling you that, for he knew we were crammed full over here." This was the Extension Department of the University. Now, since ours was an educational program, I thought that the State University should be doing something about it. Mr. Grumman said to me, "You see that space at the top of the steps; there will be room for a desk up there if you want that." I accepted with pleasure. This was where Rosemary sat at her typewriter and was later to contact many people through correspondence, meetings, and the North Carolina Cancer News. From that day on, I had designs on the rest of the space on that floor.

We had been employing, as many of the states had done, Jack Bondurant and partner, to do our publicity. In thinking over the situation, it came to my mind we had something in the Communication Center upstairs next to Rosemary's desk that should be used rather than employing this couple from out of state. I approached the communications department with the idea and they agreed. Quoting a phrase from Churchill, "This was our finest hour." The Communications Center began writing our scripts and preparing everything they had in the way of good publicity for the county units. The medical scripts which were used were approved by the National Medical and Scientific Department, but it was required that radio scripts for laymen be approved by Mrs. Kent. She was worried about

one of her writers. He just would not give her an outline of his radio scripts before writing them, and this annoyed her to no end, but in spite of this, his scripts were the most popular with the county units. I guess you would call him an inspired and creative writer, for he wrote a number of books after he left the University. Three of his books have won the Sir Walter Award for the best fiction written by a North Carolinian and "The Free Man" won the Mayflower Cup for the best non-fiction written by a North Carolinian. This man's name is John Ehle.

CHAPTER XI

Doctors, Ivey, Carpenter and Proctor were the three members of the Executive Committee for the Society when I presented my findings on cancer programs of various states. They adopted, unanimously, the program which included education, a division of cancer control in the State Board of Health and Research. Through the division of cancer control in the State Health Department, we expected to establish cancer clinics. A doctor who accepted an office in the State Medical Society which placed upon him the responsibility of preparing all medical legislative bills had been instructed to present this cancer bill to the legislature. I had been wondering what had happened to it when I saw in the state paper that the appropriations committee had made its report, and realizing that no word had come from him about this bill, I hurried to Raleigh to investigate. Within the next few days, I was exposed to quite a lot of politics. I learned the name of the representative of the county where the bill was supposed to originate, Buncombe, and asked to speak to him. He said, "Yes, Mrs. Marshall, the doctor gave me that bill, but he didn't show any interest in it, and I have it here in my desk." I asked, "Who would you suggest as a good person to present it?" He replied,

"I know just the right man. I will send him out to talk to you." In the meantime, he had given me the bill. When the man he had suggested as a good person to present the bill came out and I told him what I wanted him to do, he replied, "Mrs. Marshall, I'm very interested in cancer control, and I want to see that bill introduced and passed, but I am of the "minority faith" (Republican) and I wouldn't do you a bit of good. However, I recommend a woman from the western part of the state who is most popular, a Democrat, and interested in this program." When I talked to her, she agreed to serve, and the advice of the honest man of the "minority faith" proved to be true! Not knowing much about the workings of a legislature, I was discouraged and wondered if it wasn't too late to present the bill. My visit to Governor Broughton's office changed my mind. He advised, even though the appropriations committee has already made its report, "Get the bill passed, get your foot in the door, for if you can do this now, at their next session, they will have to vote funds to finance it." An hour had been set for a hearing before the legislative committee, and they invited me to present my cause at this time. It was up to me to get enough influential people at this hearing to convince them that we really wanted a Division of Cancer Control in the State Board of Health. First I talked with Dr. Paul Whitaker of Kinston, president of the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina, telling him of the situation and what I had been advised to do. He agreed and assured me I would have his support. It was fortunate that a large number of women's organizations had their headquarters in Raleigh, and I called the leaders of all of them:

The State Federation of Women's Clubs, Home Demonstration Clubs, the Pilot Club, D.A.R., the State Nurses Association, Medical Society Auxillary, etc. They came and made strong pleas. The bill was introduced and passed.

There were several lessons which I learned with this experience. First, the value of a good governor's opinion, the value of women's voices and the functioning of the State legislature. I also learned how one man, even in the State Medical Society, an important office, can override the wishes of the majority. For the first time I had learned what doctors called such men as this particular stubborn doctor, who was responsible for the delay in presenting this bill. That title is the "Old Goat", and here was the beloved doctor, Paul Whitaker, spoken of by most of the doctors in the state as the "Prince", rightly calling one of his colleagues and a past president of the Medical Society, the "Old Goat"!

I guess women can be stubborn too—for being eager to get a program in the State Health Department, I suggested to the Executive Committee that the Cancer Society grant the State Board of Health $25,000 to activate this department.

We agreed that Dr. Ivan M. Proctor would be the very best person for that place if we could persuade him to serve. Dr. Proctor had enjoyed a very active practice in Raleigh, but was forced to retire after a heart attack. He seemed much better, and we were sure that he, having been in private practice, would be able to get doctors to work with him in the program. He finally consented, and this was a great day for cancer control in

North Carolina. He wanted the best help he could get in organizing and setting up these clinics, and asked Dr. Mildred Schram of New York to come down and help with the clinics. She had broad experience in organizing and operating such clinics. She stayed in North Carolina as long as she was needed.

We heard in Sylva that Lady Astor was to be in the small but prestigious town of Tryon and was to speak to a few of her friends. We were so excited and anxious to hear this great woman speak, but doubted if we would be able to do so. However, we called and were given assurance that we would be welcomed.

Tryon published the Tryon Daily Bulletin, which measured 4½" x 7" and this daily paper reported her visit. Here are some of the highlights:

"The meeting was held at a small parish house."

"The distinguished guest was introduced by Mrs. Carroll Rogers. Both speakers requested that nothing be reported in the press quoting Lady Astor on account of the coming election, as she was the representative of a foreign government. So this reporter can only report briefly what he saw and nothing that he heard. As usual, Chairman C. J. Lynch had everything arranged smoothly. The stage was attractively decorated with flowers, and the flags of the United States, Great Britain and North Carolina..."

As informal as if she were talking to a group of friends in her living room, she won the hearts of her audience immediately and kept her listeners entertained with friendly wit as she brought them in contact with international problems and other great personalities. She was a friendly, understanding fellow

citizen urging the cultivation of a universal brotherhood of unselfishness that would help all peoples to work for their mutual benefit. The thrilled audience responded with enthusiastic applause. Tryon and visiting friends enjoyed a rare treat for which the community is indebted to Lady Astor's sister, Mrs. M. B. Flynn.

Again quoting from this paper, "Mrs. George E. Marshall of Mount Airy, North Carolina, president of the North Carolina State Federation of Women's Clubs, and Mrs. J. D. Robinson, vice-president, drove to Tryon to hear Lady Astor Sunday evening."

This recognition of our presence was pleasing to us personally but we were aware of the fact that, indeed, it was a recognition of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs and the organization which would become the leading force in cancer control.

As we said, Tryon is a unique town. It is in Polk County, nestled under the hills and a delightful place for people of wealth who have retired.

I had to wonder in 1947, if this visit I had to Tryon had anything to do with a delightful visit paid me and State Headquarters by Mr. and Mrs. Ned Reynolds of Tryon. One day in November of that year, these two delightful people appeared at State Headquarters—and this was in Mount Airy a few miles from the Virginia line, while Tryon was almost on the South Carolina line. This distance did not dampen their enthusiasm for after looking over our headquarters, they assured me on this November day that they would see that Polk County raised its quota in April of the next year. To say this was most unusual was putting it mildly!

In the meantime, great plans were being made for the state leaders, about one hundred in number, for a most unusual national training school. Dr. C. C. Little, director of the Cancer Research Center in Bar Harbor, Maine, was made managing director of the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer in 1944 and continued as such, after the name was shortened to the American Cancer Society. He, the New York office, and Dr. Charles S. Cameron, medical and scientific director of the Society, made great plans for the state leaders. These plans were to include one week at Bar Harbor, Maine, and a second week in New York.

Our first week was spent at the Research Center at Bar Harbor, Maine, with Dr. Little as our instructor. The school opened at 9 o'clock each morning, and for three hours we listened to his lectures. He had the aid of a trained assistant, who with her diagrams placed above the podium as he talked, added so much to our conception of what he was trying to teach us. In the morning sessions we heard what we would see in the afternoon sessions at the Roscoe Jackson Memorial Center, which was Dr. Little's great love.

We were interested in looking through his mocroscope and learning how to differentiate between the malignant cell and the benign cell. Included in his studies were families of mice that had been in his experiments for many, many generations. It was interesting to note their tendency to certain types of cancer.

It was not all work while we were in Bar Harbor. A portion of each afternoon was given for sightseeing, and what a beautiful

place to sightsee!

The second week of the training school was held in New York. Arrangements had been made for us to stay at Bard Hall of Columbia University. Buses were made available to take us to and from Memorial Hospital, on field trips and planned social events. The writer had been introduced to Dr. James Ewing by her own family physician, Dr. Roy C. Mitchell. Prior to this, one day Dr. Mitchell announced, "You cost me $15 today," and when I inquired as to how that could have been, he replied, "I knew you would be asking me questions about cancer, and I wanted the latest and the most authoritative answers, so I bought Dr. James Ewing's book, Cancer and Neoplastic Diseases."

You can imagine my great joy when the first session of the training school in New York opened, and there stood Dr. James Ewing as our first speaker. He lingered for all of us to speak to him, and when I told him how much he was admired by my family physician in the small town of Mount Airy, he was much pleased. This was the morning of June 14, 1948, and our sessions were being held in Memorial Hospital auditorium. Dr. Ewing's greeting to us was followed by such men as Dr. Hayes A. Martin, Dr. Frank E. Adair, Dr. George T. Pack, Dr. Howard C. Taylor, Jr., Dr. Victor F. Marshall, and Dr. Gordon McNeer. These doctors spoke on cancer of the various parts of the body, and said they were the same lectures they gave to second year medical students. The first four lectures were given before noon, and arrangements had been made with Memorial Hospital for lunch to be served there.

Dr. L'Esprance and her sister had established the Strange

Clinic in memory of their mother who was a victim of cancer. This clinic, which was free to all, was at Memorial Hospital, and on the afternoon of June 15, the women attending the training shcool were asked to visit this clinic for their own personal physical examination. These visits were designed to serve two purposes: the personal physical examination, to be assured none of these leaders had early cancer, and the opportunity to learn more about such clinics. Dr. L'Esprance, because of her deep and abiding interest in her cancer patients, maintained at her own cost, a bus to pick up women in the city that had transportation problems and bring them to the clinic.

There were days during our week in New York that our meetings were held in an amphitheater of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. We heard lectures at this time, but we also saw operations.

We visited the Sloan Kettering Institute, which is very near Memorial Hospital and learned of a great deal of the research that was being done there. In looking over the program which I have saved, I find that all of the doctors who participated in this training school were of equal stature to the ones listed as the speakers of the first session.

On our visit to Montefiore Hospital one afternoon, we heard for the first time a patient who had had his larynx removed, speak to us. It was marvelous to see how he swallowed air, and gradually released it enabling him to speak. One of our doctors spoke on the present status in modern trends in cancer research and another on the psychological aspects of cancer control. In all of

this intensive training, sufficient time was left for the National Society to get in their words of wisdom.

While we were in New York, a uniform was adopted for the state and county leaders. It was explained that since cancer was a deadly enemy, and we had adopted the name Women's Field Army, that it was most appropriate that we have a uniform. Well known designers had been approached, and as a result we came up with the Dache hat and the Adrian uniform at a nominal price. Those who wore them usually paid for their own.

CHAPTER XII

There were many times the cancer movement needed help and this was one of them. We had worked diligently for the detection clinics in North Carolina. We had contributed $25,000 to set up this program in the State Board of Health. It was exceedingly successful and it was discouraging and even ridiculous that all of our efforts to save lives had to be curtailed every now and then, to save the clinics from being completely destroyed.

This was one of those times that Dr. James F. Robertson, chairman of the cancer committee of the State Medical Society, called me from Wilmington and stated that the Medical Society of the state of North Carolina in their meeting to be held at Pinehurst immediately following the annual convention of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, planned to close all the clinics which had been established in the state and asked me for help in fighting this movement. Dr. Robertson was head of the first clinic to open in North Carolina and believed in its value profoundly.

I contacted the chairman of the Resolution Committee of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, and asked if I could present an emergency resolution. This was gladly granted.

Sandford Martin, one of the most influential editors in the state, was editor of the Winston-Salem Journal. I called to know how he could help us. I was due to leave for the convention the next day, but prepared my resolution posthaste. He suggested that I come by his office and bring a copy of the resolution. Then I was told to let him know immediately, by phone, the action of the Federation. I was happy to call and tell him that the resolution was adopted unanimously, and a copy of it was being sent to the president of the State Medical Society. Mr. Martin immediately used this resolution on his editorial page supporting the club-women and challenging the Health Department to take an active part in this great program. We were to learn from Dr. Robertson that no mention was made concerning the closing of the clinics at the Medical Society meeting at Pinehurst.

You may recall in one of the earlier chapters, North Carolina was compared by our speaker, Dr. James B. Murphy, with Georgia reporting financial returns of almost $23,000 and with Virginia's total returns of $43,000 against North Carolina's $4,581. The more I worked with the Tar Heel state the more aware I became of Virginia's old and well established medical school at Charlottes-ville and its influence on the advancement of any medical program. During the years I attended the national meetings, there was no doctor more highly regarded than Edwin P. Lehman. He and Dr. Charles C. Lund of the Medical School of Harvard University always worked closely together.

When the North Carolina Medical Society had made up its mind to close all clinics and when such measures as a resolution from

the State Federation of Women's Clubs and an editorial had to be used to stay the hands of those interested in closing them, could we say like doctors, like women, "convinced against their will are of the same opinion still!" No, these doctors were just biding their time for a more convenient day. They did not have to wait too long before closing all the clinics in the state and discontinuing the division of cancer control in the State Board of Health. There were few doctors like T. Leslie Lee who were so profoundly interested in the aims and purposes of the Cancer Society and equally as interested in harmony in the Medical Society.

Speaking of Dr. Robertson--few doctors had more influence on the development of the cancer control program than this doctor from Wilmington. He was head of the first and one of the very best cancer clinics in the state with a most efficient and interested county commander, Mrs. N.L. Foy. The clinic also enjoyed an Information Center, manned by a paid secretary with plenty of volunteers to assist in its broad program.

As chairman of the Cancer Committee of the Medical Society in 1951, Dr. Robertson took time out to do the following:

1. To honor the State Commander with a celebration of her ten years of continued service to the American Cancer Society, and to present her with a lovely Gorham silver clock.
2. To seek, find, and help develop a nursing home at Lumberton.
3. To encourage and assist in the development of cancer clinics in strategic parts of North Carolina, never forgetting the importance of the educational program.

The moving of his residence to another state was a distinct loss.

Perhaps the newspaper columnists and publishers contributed to the willingness of people to face cancer more than any other group.

In the early development of the cancer program in North Carolina, John Gunther produced a film based on his best selling memoir, Death Be Not Proud, and gave his consent to the American Cancer Society for the use of it. This was an emotional, true to life drama, and is based on the last months of his son's life. Gunther felt that he had never known his son, and in the months the young man was ill with tumor of the brain, his father tried in every way to keep him alive, which gave him precious time to better know his son. The film was shown in the state, but we were required to collect it immediately and return it to national headquarters.

Many of us remember that Gertrude Lawrence, Eddy Duchin, Susan Ball, and Babe Ruth, just to mention a few well-known figures, died of cancer, and even later the world was to grieve over the loss of that highly respected columnist and author, Stewart Alsop, as well as the well-known news reporter Chet Huntley, and later one, beloved John Wayne. Again, we join them in saying as did the grief-stricken father John Gunther, "Death Be Not Proud." These great men set a wonderful example for all of us in their courageous attitude toward cancer.

CHAPTER XIII

In the first chapter of this book the author told of the birth of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. As you may recall the Sorosis of New York City was the first Woman's Club organized in the United States. Wilmington, North Carolina organized the first Woman's Club in North Carolina and named it Sorosis. It was operating well when the State Federation of Women's Clubs was organized in Winston-Salem. This club held a very special place in the Federation and was later to become the first in the cancer program. The Sorosis of Wilmington sponsored the cancer program and this was a guarantee of the Cancer Society's success.

The distance between Wilmington and Lumberton is not too great and soon after we failed to get a centrally located place for a nursing home, Dr. Robertson heard of this lovely building which at one time had been headquarters for the County Welfare Department and had been vacated when their new quarters were built. He investigated and learned it could be used for a nursing home for terminal, indigent cancer patients. He asked me to come down for inspection of it. I was pleased with the location, as well as the lovely building itself. I requested the State Division to make a grant in aid for its maintenance and found it lent

itself beautifully for out purposes. The State Legislature had previously appropriated $50,000 to remodel the colonial building there.

Every cancer volunteer was interested in this project and looked forward to the opening date. It was a source of real regret that Dr. Robertson was not present when the home was dedicated.

Those of us who knew Dr. Charles S. Cameron, Medical and Scientific Director of the National Society, knew that he would be the one and only person we would want to dedicate the home. We had a fine attendance from all parts of the state, despite the fact that it was a day that brought showers often. He opened his remarks by saying:

"Sunday--a proper day--something of the sacramental in dedicating this seat of mercy. The establishment of such a refuge for the pain ridden bodies and depressed minds, frustrated spirits of men and women with cancer is in the highest tradition of Christian charity. This institution is another block in the structure of cancer control being created in North Carolina, a state already enjoying a signal position in our country due to comprehensiveness of its cancer control effort. Indeed, the North Carolina Division of the American Cancer Society is among six of the sixty-one divisions of the Society which, in my mind, are properly exemplary of the work of the American Cancer Society. What you have accomplished here in a few short years is an inspiring and stimulating demonstration of what can happen when people of vision, whose spirits are pervaded with a concern for the distresses and

misfortunes of their fellow men, work as a member of one body..."

He continued, "This institution is one of four in the United States operated for the specific purpose of caring for the terminally ill cancer patients--four in a country of 150 million persons who die from cancer each year will benefit from, if they do not require - properly administered institutional care during the last few weeks of cancer."

His last quotation seemed so appropriate as the gentle rain fell softly on the windowpane, he said,

""The quality of mercy is not strain'd
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
upon the place beneath.'"

I wanted this home and was willing to put forth every effort to provide funds for its support but dreaded the prospect of coming in direct touch with the patients there. I was to find from the day it was dedicated to my last board meeting, the greatest inspiration, the work with the cancer program had provided. There was a great show of courage and optimism on the part of the patients and as you went from one bed to another, you felt this.

The story of the Insitute is more than a series of dull ledger sheets. It's the story of men like George and women like Susie.

George, a sixty-seven year old carpenter, came to the Institute with an advanced case of lung cancer. Doctors and surgery and radiation could no longer help him.

George became a sort of staff member emeritus. Odd jobs were his specialty, the minor repairs that are always needed around an

institution. Cheerful until his death, he visited the other patients as long as he was able, encouraging those who were discouraged in their own battles for "dark victories."

Susie was a young housewife from a piedmont county. As if advanced breast cancer weren't enough, she had domestic problems and was a spastic. Walking was a chore for her but she managed to get around the institute, offering other patients help and words of encouragement. Only in the privacy of her room would she give way to her pain and weep.

It's a story of people like lovely Edna Hyde of Asheville, North Carolina who is shown here receiving tender loving care by one of the registered nurses. It is a story about county units who raised funds and sacrificed to donate $12,000 to the maintenance of the home. It is a story about the wonderful people in Lumberton who ministered constantly to the patients at this home. The doctors who gave their services, the minister who came often, the club groups who made thousands of dressings and saw to it that there were always surgical dressings to take care of the needs of these patients, and always a happy remembrance of birthdays of each patient as well as the celebration of holidays. But to me, one of the greatest demonstrations of the love and care of Roberson County is this story which follows.

I called attention to the Lumberton citizens of the need for a place where families of the patients could stay when they came such long distances and had to spend the night there. They slept as best they could in their cars. This need was met forthwith. They got permission from the County Welfare Department to renovate

additional space for these relatives. Builders and lumber dealers who wanted to have a part in the program were delighted to give of their materials and labor. Soon an apartment which included a bedroom, bath and kitchenette was ready for occupancy. The grocery men saw that groceries were always available for snacking and for a good breakfast. This apartment was for the white race, but by the time it was finished the Negro race, having the same needs, asked for quarters of the same type and received it. Now, keeping in mind that Robeson County has a large population of Indians, an Indian group wanted similar quarters, and soon these three quarters were ready for relatives of those coming to see their loved ones.

We recall that Dr. Cameron had said that in establishing such a nursing home, we must remember that one is a place where cancer victims are put away--out of sight; even a "house of gloom" as a medieval pest house. This home was far from that. It brought forth this remark from the speaker, Dr. Cameron, that with North Carolina's total program of cancer control, "I can wholeheartedly say, if I have to get cancer, I had rather get it in North Carolina than any place I know."

The dear understanding people of Lumberton and Robeson County had such a big part in making this evaluation of the program possible.

North Carolina was invited by the National Society, along with three other states, to give the highlights of the program at the annual meeting at the Commodore Hotel in New York. This was in November, 1948. The representative, extending the invitation, had

written he had visited North Carolina and was very much impressed with the work being done and the leadership which he considered to be high class. The Communications Center of the University of North Carolina invited me to sit down and tell them in my own words, the story of the State Cancer Program from the time it was established in Mount Airy in 1941 up until 1948 - seven short years. While I was telling the story, an artist in the Communications Center was making my words visual, by using large posters as I moved from one stage to another. Each time a new project was introduced another chart would be sketched. Later, color was added to the charts, and they were made most attractive. I recall one chart really told it like it was. This was our effort to get a bill through the legislature, creating a division of cancer control in the State Board of Health. The poster showed a life-like likeness of the State Capitol with three figures sitting on the step - one woman and two men. They were depicted as representing the State Commander of the American Cancer Society, the State Board of Health and the State Medical Society. This was a different kind of presentation than had ever been given. The other three state representatives, as usual, read their reports. Because of the tremendous help of the charts, provided by the Communication Center of North Carolina there were very few people left seated in the auditorium, for they came up to see this beautifully illustrated report.

Two doctors had come to this meeting hoping to learn enough about the Society to go home and organize an American Cancer Society in Mexico, but they were greatly handicapped, in that they could

not speak or understand the English language, and it seems the National Office had not provided them with an interpreter. Again, if it is true that one picture is worth ten thousand words, these two Mexicans with their huge hats and all of the beads and decorations they are noted for, in looking at these charts got some idea of what it was all about. Before I left New York I had been beseiged by them to come to Mexico and help them organize a Cancer Society in their country. They did not cease their pleas when they got home, but here came one letter after another. I could not read Spanish, and was on vacation at my mountain retreat, so I had to make a journey to Mount Airy each time a letter came. I learned that an employee of the granite quarry spoke Spanish and took my letters to him for translation. This had been my busiest year, and I did not feel I could go to a hot climate, but needed a cool place like the mountains to recuperate. However, I have always regretted that I did not accept this invitation. Perhaps I could have created a little good will which is sorely needed in that country.

At the following convention of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, I was asked to bring my charts and present the program. Two large pages were given in the North Carolina Club Woman giving the entire report. They said that these cleverly designed cards, vividly pictured the growth and interest and support of the cancer program of the North Carolina Division of the American Cancer Society. This report included a letter which I had received from the son of our beloved past president, Lucille Hobgood, former president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. Lucille's message was addressed to all citizens

of her town through the representative of the Farmville Junior Woman's Club who was sponsoring the cancer program and campaign. She wrote, "To all of Farmville, remember cancer is what is taking too many of our citizens and may take more all along. Give like Christian Farmvillians have always given. Back Nancy Marshall as a Christian Federation. Please pardon this scratchy epistle. I'll be backing you. See you tomorrow, and there will always be one. God bless you, Lucille Hobgood."

This could have been used as a memorial to her, since she died on March 7, 1949. Lucille was a victim of this great killer, CANCER, but I agree with her statement, "There will always be a tomorrow."

As you see, it was known by the Federation and the general public that Lucille was a victim of cancer. This is also true of our organizing president, Mrs. Lindsey Patterson, for a clinic was established in the North Carolina Baptist Hospital in her memory.

The law of averages tells us that many more of them died of the disease and that the future will reveal even a higher percentage.

CHAPTER XIV

We have spoken of the state of flux that the National Society seemed to be in immediately after peace was declared. This is, of course, in regard to the second world war—how some of the very best trained men dropped by the National Office looking for some position to tide them over until they could find something they really wanted, but in North Carolina we were most fortunate for we secured for our 1951 Crusade Chairman Major General I. T. Wyche of Pinehurst. He was spoken of as "a campaigner" of unparallel qualities. He had served as commander of the Eighth Corp in Germany, and was later appointed the Inspector General of the Army and remained on duty in that high post until he retired in 1948. He became tremendously interested in the work of the American Cancer Society. He stated: "education comes first, in fact, our most active operation is educational. We must integrate any fund activities into the total task or—an organization like this, for the public good should be participated in by every man, woman, and child. Each must feel a responsibility and a sense of ownership. Each one must be interested in Cancer!"

It was not long after Major General Wyche's appointment before we were having a meeting in Fayetteville. At the speaker's

table, and actively involved in the Cancer Program, were several army officers of high rank from Fort Bragg. I had never seen so many medals of honor and distinction and there were plenty of stars on their shoulders.

Later, the Marine Air Service at Cherry Point which had in the past, given a token contribution of a very small amount but had not taken an active part in any of the campaigns, was visited by one of the health educators, Mitzi Alexander. I was in that vicinity, later attending a meeting. I found that this group of armed services at Cherry Point were interested in knowing all about the purpose of the American Cancer Society. On that occasion I met Major Donald T. Rohrabacher and learned why the base there had suddenly become so interested in the work of the American Cancer Society. Major Rohrabacher had, a short while before this, been operated on for cancer. He was interested in our program and so were his many friends, for over the next weeks and months, the men under him were to demonstrate their love and affection for him.

Late one afternoon I received a telephone call from Major Rohrabacher asking me to meet him the next day in Winston-Salem at the Reynolds Airport stating, a certain hour when he would arrive with a check from the Marine Air Base. The thought occurred to me, "this is unusual, it is customary for checks to come by mail." So I said, "this sounds like a very important occasion, one in which I should have a reporter and a photographer with me." He replied, "that won't be necessary, we're bringing our own," and this is what he did!

Knowing Hannah Williams love of the unusual, I called her and asked if she would like to be out there with me. Nothing short of a broken leg would have kept her from coming, and we waited with anticipation for this big jet, which then was a rare sight, to come into view.

Now, dear tax payer, don't criticize this use of the plane for the air corp had to do a certain amount of flying every day, and this was credited as one of their routine flights. Today they might not be able to get enough gas to make a routine flight!

When the great plane came into sight they waved to us and we waved back. As soon as they landed their photographers were taking pictures of the four of us, and I was holding the check in the amount of $5,335. This was more than we had ever received from any military installation, and we were overjoyed. A short time afterwards we were to receive another check making a total of $6,391 and now still later we were to receive a third check which represented contributions from the service men who were away at the time of the campaign but insisted on having a share in it.

This was just the beginning of our relationship with the men at the base. I knew that no one could appeal to the general public for funds and dedication to our program more than a soldier who was ready to give his life for his country and at the same time fighting a personal battle for his own life. Therefore, I asked the Major if he could attend all the scheduled district meetings and bring the message to our people. He agreed and the state fell in love with him. He always came by plane and I made arrangements to have someone meet him at the airport.

Later we heard that Major Rohrabacher had been assigned to active duty in another section of the country, so perhaps this was another case of a cancer caught in time for a cure.

He always had a message of hope and in one of his letters, he stated "the good Lord has been my Pilot for seventeen years," and expressed confidence that he would continue to be.

Captain Shank, who had directed the campaign at Cherry Point wrote: "A million thanks again to you and the Society for a pleasant luncheon and afternoon this past Sunday. We feel that we have met new friends to whom we will never be strangers. That is a welcome and warm feeling." Then again in a letter from Captain Shank: "I may not have the opportunity to help in future drives from here as my services will be needed in Korea. So, at this time I wish to say it was a great privilege to have worked with the Society. May I express my sincere wishes for success in the Society's work in such a worthwhile cause."

When I accepted the leadership of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, it did not occur to me that I would be corresponding with a soldier in active combat with the enemy. However, one letter from him at the front in Korea, always seemed to call for an answer, and he finally asked me if I would write his mother a message of hope and encouragement. I learned that much of his concern included his mother's welfare for she had had an operation for cancer and had received the good word that it was discovered in time for a cure. I wrote this letter praying that I would say the right words and sent him a copy of it. He expressed his great appreciation. He continued to write until the conflict was over,

and he was getting ready to go back to his home and looking forward with all eagerness to seeing his wife and children, as well as his mother. This was the last letter I had from him, but it was my hope and prayer that the Cancer Society had proven to him that he really did have friends in this great organization that wanted to merit his friendship and the friendship of all the others.

In looking over the experiences with the war effort, the frightening experience which I had in New York in the early days of the war fades into insignificance, but while it lasted it was exceedingly terrifying.

The National Society was holding its annual meeting at the Commodore Hotel when suddenly all the lights went out in the building and in the city. A knock on the door told us to come at once, bringing only our pocketbooks to the bomb shelter. We followed and it seemed that we would never get down all the flights of steps. While we were down there, not one sound did you hear from the horde of people. Each second seemed like an eternity! When all was clear we were so delighted to have the elevators taking us back to our rooms. The city had been warned that a plane, thought to be an enemy, was moving toward the city. However, this proved to be false but for that short while we could appreciate, to some extent, what England was going through every night.

I believe I can rightly say that no state in the union was the cancer program more involved with the war effort than North Carolina—from that tragic date of Pearl Harbor when I was in

Williamston watching the soldiers leave for the war zone—to the frightening experience in New York—the Major in his great bomber, bringing the check—the boys at Cherry Point—the boys at Fort Bragg—the boys at Camp Lejune—to the one dough boy in Morganton—and I must tell you my experience with him!

On one of my visits to Morganton, N. C., I came face to face with a dough boy. I had on my uniform, cap and all, which had been adopted by the National Society. We had been told not to salute but much to my surprise, he saluted me. This was a new experience, and we just stood and grinned at each other. Why in the world didn't I use this opportunity to tell him about cancer and give him a piece of literature!

My mind went back to New York where this problem had not presented itself. We did not seem to come in contact with dough boys and when we met officers, they inspected with quick eyes, our uniform to make sure we were not members of the womens armed services.

The manager of the hotel where I was staying in Morganton was a retired army officer. When I told him what had happened, he said, "Oh, Mrs. Marshall, don't go out again until you have learned to salute! This young man was speaking to you and you didn't return it." The manager gave me some lessons, and I felt like I could go out on the street once again. To this day, I remember the smile and the expression on the soldier's face.

Indeed, my greatest joy in those days was coming to a stop-light and seeing the eyes of love and respect in which these people, waiting for the light to change, held for women in the

armed services. This was what such a uniform meant to them.

During all this war period my great personal concern was for an Air Force officer who at twenty-one had been made commander of a bomber and was flying over the Pacific and dropping bombs on the enemy. He was my husband's grand-nephew, but he had spent every vacation with us from the time he was six years old until he completed his second year at Maryland University. This was the year he got his wings, married, and was made commander on these missions. He wrote many times his feelings were in reality, COMING IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER."

When this boy was a youth, his picture was carried in the "Club Woman" of the North Carolina Federation as the postman who used the familiar quotation as his own: "Rain or shine, the mail must go through."

When we were at our summer home, the mailbox was at least a mile from the house, and he especially loved walking in the rain for the mail.

This young member of the Air Force, Lieutenant Erle Marshall Stacy, came home safely.

It seems most appropriate that we close our discussion of soldiers and their services with the greatest soldier of all. Since there was only one George C. Marshall and he spent much of his time at his retirement home in Pinehurst, this was our big <u>plus</u> which no other state could claim!

We recall that, so far as rank was concerned that George Catlett Marshall, a five star general was due to head the forces in Europe, but President Roosevelt felt he needed him by his side

to help him direct the conflict from the United States. He wanted him, not only as a high ranking member of the armed services, but at Secretary of State.

The war was now over and General Marshall, on June 5, 1947, speaking as Secretary of State, revealed a plan at Harvard University. This plan proposed that the United States would extend financial aid to European countries which were willing to assist in the task of recovery and restoring economic health to free Europe. It was also hoped by him that it would halt the spread of communism. Billions of dollars were spent on this program and it became known as The Marshall Plan.

We see victory, the soldiers are coming home, they are headed for a great reception in New York City where all "heroes" are welcomed home. But there was no welcome comparable to that of General Dwight D. Eisenhower, and among those that stood and applauded him was General George C. Marshall who sat next to President Roosevelt. This man who had worked behind the scenes with the President was never to know such a thrill as "Ike" was receiving nor as Ike would receive later when he was announced as "The President of the United States", but through the Marshall Plan, General Marshall was to be known as the healer, for he bound up the wounds of free Europe.

The Marshall name which I carry could not lay claims either to the kinship of the renowned Chief Justice Marshall, nor General George C. Marshall; however, I fervently say that it was all of the Marshalls; and there are many of them indicated by telephone directories in America, plus all of the Browns', the Jones', the

Smiths', and even the names that are difficult to pronounce (for truly America is the melting pot), that created a need for such a great man as Chief Justice Marshall and later for General George C. Marshall.

The Marshall name, you will see from this day forward, was one to be reckoned with in North Carolina. On this particular day when we dedicated the nursing home in Lumberton and had driven from Lumberton to Rockingham, North Carolina, filled with a spirit of humility, but with a great feeling of inspiration, that we stopped to spend the night at a Howard Johnson Motel. This was a newly erected place of comfort and relaxation and the three of us, who were traveling that night were seeking a comfortable place to lay our heads.

I was driving as usual, and suggested that the two girls who were with me take our bags in and register. When I went in I was quite surprised to see such lavish quarters and later more surprised when the hostess brought in refreshments for us. I had to wonder if she had had intimate contact with cancer or if she applauded what we were doing for the program. We checked out the next morning with a feeling that we wanted to tell everybody about this lovely place.

A year later, when I stopped there alone, I was to learn that she had thought I was Mrs. George C. Marshall (the General's wife). When I told her who I was and what I was doing, she showed her disappointment in almost contempt by sending me to the last room at the end of the motel. She told me that she had told people who came, that Mrs. George C. Marshall had slept at her motel.

One of the most amazing things about the loss of my identity occured when a member of the staff visited one of the county units in the far eastern part of the state. This woman had been one of our earliest volunteers and had worked with the program for years before General Marshall retired and came to Pinehurst for a part of each year. But now in talking to this representative, she was quite sure she had been working for Mrs. George C. Marshall all the while. As I went from one part of the state to another and as we held county and district meetings in various sections, we were to experience the following incident time and time again: Here would come handsomely dressed women into the meetings—women we had never seen before. As soon as the meeting was over they would rush up to the podium to tell "Katherine Tupper Marshall" (Mrs. George C.) how much they had enjoyed her last book! Now, I was about to spoil their day for there was nothing for me to do but to tell them I was very sorry to disappoint them, for I was not Katherine Tupper Marshall. I always invited them to stay and have lunch with us but they could not get away from the meeting fast enough and I was so sorry I had to take the wind out of their sails. This happened so frequently, but on the following occasion, I was to gain rather than to lose by the mistaken identity.

We had been attending district meetings in the eastern part of the state. Our state campaign Chairman, Joe Johnson, lived in Greensboro. We left him off there for the weekend while the health educator, Barbara Blackwell, and I came to Mt. Airy to stay until Sunday afternoon. We were to pick up Mr. Johnson in Winston-Salem and drive to Asheville for a district meeting there.

When we got to Winston-Salem I told Mr. Johnson, I was having some trouble with my car and we should have it checked before leaving for Asheville. There was a service station just across from the Robert E. Lee Hotel, which was open and we pulled in. He got out of the car and said he would see if he could find somebody. Soon he was out of sight at the back of the garage and very soon after he disappeared, here came a mechanic. He walked up like he was greatly honored to do anything he could for "Mrs. George C. Marshall." Now Joe was a large imposing man with a keen sense of humor. I said to him as he got in the car, "Um hm," the mechanic was so near I couldn't say anything else but he replied; "I did not tell a story." I said, "yes, you just acted it." The young mechanic who had been working on a car for a man who had a young baby and wife dropped everything to help the wife of a high ranking General! No doubt he had not been discharged from the armed forces very long. He was so gracious in his attitude toward me but I tried to think of the importance of the district meeting the following day and that eased my conscience about this deceit.

Soon, we were on our way to Asheville and had no further trouble and there was no bill for his services.

I was living at the Willow Hotel in Mt. Airy and one morning dressed in my uniform, I came by the desk at the hotel where I left the key to my room. There stood a man checking out. I noticed that he looked at me with such awe and approval and learned why this admiration showed so vividly in his eyes upon my return. He lingered long enough after I left to tell the manager of the hotel who I was and all about me. I was Mrs. George C.

Marshall and he thought it was wonderful what I was doing for the cancer program. He left thoroughly convinced he was right because he did a lot of traveling that the local clerk did not do and the clerk was just ignorant of the facts!

But the most ridiculous position I was ever in was when I found myself at Montaldo's in Winston-Salem looking at some new clothes. I always had the same clerk and she waited on me that day. It was two or three days after the death of General George C. Marshall and the clerk felt compelled to offer her condolences in the loss of my husband. I told her my husband had been dead for several years but she said, "Oh no, Mrs. Marshall, it was in all of the papers." I said, "You know you do not think that I am the General's widow? I have been trading with you for years and you know I live in Mt. Airy, since I have a charge account here!" In spite of this she said, "I honestly always thought you were Mrs. George C. Marshall!!" I left the store thinking there might be other such people around and I had better get home and go in mourning for a few days till it was decent for his widow to get out!

Let me go back now to 1949 when I made every effort to convince people over the state that I wasn't Mrs. George C. Marshall. I finally made a call with intentions of asking Mrs. George C. Marshall to serve the Cancer Society as Honorary State Commander. Even though, I had anticipated the possibility of the General answering the phone, I had not anticipated having to tell him the purpose of my call. I was not aware of it but at this time Mrs. Marshall was suffering from shingles in her eyes. The General

said; "My wife is not too well and is lying down. May I take the message?" I said to the General; "I know you will think this is foolish but I am having trouble with the name Mrs. George C. Marshall. I thought I was reasonably well known throughout North Carolina having served as an officer in the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs for many years and as State Commander of the American Cancer Society for the past eight years. Since you and Mrs. Marshall have made your home in Pinehurst my identity has been completely wiped out. I'm not too concerned about my identity and join all Tar Heels in my joy and delight in having the two of you as residents of the state, but I have become quite concerned that the impression might become general that I'm traveling over the state, impersonating Mrs. Marshall. When I have denied this false identity and this has been done each time where there is some confusion, I have seen expressions of great disappointment. Now, since Mrs. Marshall is "getting credit" for all the work I'm doing I am calling to ask if she will serve as Honorary State Commander so there can be two Mrs. George Marshalls'." The General laughed and said; "It may be more confusing than ever but you will hear from her immediately."

The mail came through more promptly then and I received a letter the next day accepting the appointment with pleasure. She said that she could not be very active in the program including traveling or organizing, but she wanted to have all the literature and become familiar with what we were doing and would from time to time send a message to the cancer units of the Society. And if the use of her name could help in such a worthy cause, she

would be delighted.

We planned our next district meeting for Pinehurst with Mrs. Marshall as our honored guest. Yes, reporters were there from all of the large state papers and the attendance was very gratifying. Pictures were made of the two Mrs. Marshall's, but I am convinced from this that people build up fantasies and believe what they want to believe. For as you have seen all the publicity about the two Mrs. Marshalls' did not destroy the fantasy, and Mrs. George C. Marshall was buying clothes in Montaldo's a few days after her husband's death!!

CHAPTER XV

Looking back upon the development of the University's Public Health Department of Chapel Hill and their good fortune of getting a man of such renown, wisdom, training, and experience as Dr. Rosenau, I feel I can relate personally to those who came under his leadership.

My education was limited to a junior college in Valdosta, Georgia. This college was an expansion of the University System of Georgia. A call from the Superintendent of Public Instruction, who happened to be an uncle of mine, and from the Board of Directors for help in getting this school on its feet brought forth such educators as Stella Stewart Center, New York University and an equally renowned head of the history department. Both of these educators were retired. Miss Center brought literature alive and you never wanted to leave her class. She was later to write a number of books such as, Reading and Thinking, The Art of Book Reading, Teachers of English 1931-1932, and others.

A well known educator, Dr. R.H. Powell was President of Valdosta State College.

Can one find a senior in a high school who does not feel that he or she has really arrived? I recall the girls in my senior

class at South Georgia College in McRae, Georgia, got together and decided that since we were seniors we didn't have to stand to recite (this seemed so childish to us) and we agreed among ourselves that the next time one of us was called on that she would just remain seated and give her answer. We had an instructor who had a keen sense of humor, and always enjoyed getting a laugh out of the boys in the class when he got something on the girls. It just happened to fall my lot to be asked a question first. When I failed to stand, Mr. Strosier said with a twinkle in his eyes and looking at the boys, "Rise, old lady, rise." Of course, this was hard for me to live down and now as I grow older I find these instructions harder to carry out!

Into this classroom came a new instructor one day. He was only eighteen years old, the average age of most of the members of the class, but he had already gotten his A.B. Degree from Emory University. He was not only handsome, but his clothes were impeccable and he walked with a real spring in his steps. We knew he was something extra special when we saw him in the doorway. He represented another world and our spirits were lifted but almost at the same time they were depleted and we saw our shabby selves as we really were, not only in appearance but most of all in mind and spirit. This eighteen year old boy, later to become a very prominent man, was Dumas Malone. His education was continued, first at Yale University, Columbia University, Oxford University, and various other schools where he specialized in history and won in addition to many others, Phi Beta Kappa. He was a biographer in residence at the University of Virginia where he produced four

volumes of Jefferson and His Times. Later, he became editor of the Dictionary of American Biography, Volumes 4 through 9.

There was a beautiful rich girl in our town to tried to capture him and made some headway in her efforts, but he was to delay his marriage until he was thirty years old. One wonders, with all of his writings, how he managed to have time to go to the altar!

Each of us is influenced by those with whom we come in contact, not only our parents but relatives, teachers, writers, and columnists who are constantly keeping their views before us. My mother's influence on my life was the greatest of all. She was a musician, and I inherited a love of good music from her. My mother and my sister saved their money and bought season tickets to the Metropolitan Opera when it was scheduled for Atlanta. They knew I would want to be there too, and I arranged my visit with them for that time. Among some of the wonderful singers who impressed us so much were Enrico Caruso and Amelita Galli-Curci.

Today, because of the great expansion of the University of North Carolina's television extension, our citizens and many others outside of the state can sit in their comfortable homes and watch Metropolitan Opera over the University's television program.

When my father died at such a young age from appendicitis because the doctor had no experience in surgery, my mother became all in all to her children--with the youngest being only two yeare-old. For the first time we were living without the protection of a man but I was quite sure we had great protection if my mother never failed at the end of her prayer in the evening to say,

"Watch over and protect us during the night that no harm shall come to us." I was quite sure after this prayer angels were at every door and window and could go to sleep with that assurance. Since then, her guardian angels have protected me when I've been on the highway alone or when I have lived alone.

In my active years such men as Walter Lippmann, James Reston, Edward R. Murrow, with his familiar "Good night and good luck", Albert Schwitzer and how could one ignore Aleksandr Solzhensitsun when in December 1975 his article "Wake Up! Wake Up!" was carried as the first article in that issue of Reader's Digest. If we had taken his advice would we be where we are today?

Of all the women leaders in this time, I believe my greatest admiration was for Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Mrs. Golda Meir. Looking back a few years—come to think of it, Edith Bolling Wilson was no "Slouch"—as President!

We have in West Jefferson, N. C., a unique woman. For many years she has been editor and publisher of a number of newspapers including the Skyland Post. During these years Mrs. Ed. M. Anderson (Stella) put on the campaign of the American Cancer Society and usually raised the quota for her county the first day of the drive, but she had been elected president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, and the club convention over which she would preside, had to be called to order the first day of April. Do you think she let that fact interfere with her long devoted committment to the cancer cause? No, before leaving home she had raised her quota in full. Is there any reason why I would not appreciate and admire this great and good woman?

The two women in North Carolina who made the deepest impression on me was Harriet Elliot, Dean of Women of the University of North Carolina in Greensboro and Mrs. Preston Thomas of Asheville. Mrs. Thomas was like the Rock of Gibralter. I found her to be the same type of person whether she was representing the D. A. R., the State Federation of Women's Clubs, or the American Cancer Society. She stood four square for what she believed and no one dared try to influence her thinking. Before you got to Asheville for a meeting of any kind you knew you had to reckon with this woman. She had no confidant with whom she planned what to say or do and it made no difference to her whether she was in the majority or minority. As district president of the State Federation of Women's Club and later as District Commander of the American Cancer Society, she represented the counties in the far western part of the state and these were the counties noted for their rugged individualism.

Mrs. Thomas deserves most of the credit for this Asheville doctor's assessment of the cancer program. He wrote me in 1953; "I wish to thank you for the privilege of working with you, even though at some distance and some of the ideals and principles of cancer work which I have acquired in my two years in Asheville. The latter will remain with me. Should I explain all that I have learned and accepted in contrast to the little scientific medical school aspect, I would pay you the highest of compliments."

We have so many opportunities to enrich our minds. Each person with whom we come in contact, large or small, adds to our store of knowledge and I still believe that if great educators

can create a desire and yearning on the part of their students for knowledge, this is all that is required.

I still wonder why I have waited until now to finish this book but I am convinced I was doing like the man, Christ found waiting so long at the water's edge to be placed in it by a friend at the right moment to be healed. He was waiting for the impossible and it never happened, but when Christ came along and saw him and said; "Pick up thy bed and walk", he immediately picked up his bed and walked. This bed, which we all carry, a bed of fear, doubt and indecision is a bed of our own making but instead of waiting for someone else to carry our burdens, if we will only pick them up ourselves we will find they are indeed light enough to carry for we have Divine help. If we could convince people as they grow older to handle their difficulties in this way, most nursing homes would be closed and our senior citizens would be productive.

It has been said that; "a man's real possession is his memory. In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor." I have been blessed by having a keen memory. The retired Secretary of the State Board of Health, Dr. Roy Norton, wrote to me recently; "You made the cancer program so attractive." I say; "everyone working in this program including Dr. Norton made this program attractive."

This is my first experience in writing a book. However, I have had a variety of experiences in writing many articles for magazines, some of them on a national level. On two occasions, I provided information to an interested editor of one of North

Carolina's leading papers. I was surprised to find that he used them on different occasions on his editorial page. He told me his editorial page was open to me anytime I wanted to use it. I never took advantage of his generous offer.

I have served as a trustee on one of our state institutions. My first appointment as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School was made by Governor Hoey. When this term expired, I was appointed by Governor J. Melville Broughton for another term of four years.

In 1962 I was included in "North Carolina Lives"--the Tar Heel Who's Who by Dr. William S. Powell.

CHAPTER XVI

You're looking at just one corner of our shipping room in Mount Airy, North Carolina. All crusade materials were shipped from this headquarters and went to the one hundred counties in the state. Just imagine what went on before this particular morning, what will go on each day of the campaign and what is in the other corners of the room and cannot be included in the picture—and you will have an idea of the enormous amount. We have shown you this picture, for we believe the Chinese Proverb is true that "one picture is worth more than ten thousand words." Just remember this picture does not include materials that go and come by mail.

The order for materials increased each year—now, the enthusiasm for the program is not confined to the month of April but streams of letters, telephone calls, and telegrams received at state headquarters thrills us. Everyone wanted something by return mail and the girls could no longer carry or bring the mail from the Post Office but had to take a car to haul it.

This particular picture gives you a view of the young women (aren't they pretty) who made up most of the staff at State Headquarters. One by one they represent some of the most active,

efficient and dependable women in the work force today.

There is one young woman in this group—an extremely gifted musician who married a musician of unusual talents. With their gifted children, all tremendously interested in music, they can have an orchestra of their own, without any outside help, or take over a church choir if necessary. The insert pictures are of Madie Early and Sue Sutphin who are holding down the office and taking care of the first class mail. Clara Allred was a valuable employee of the State Division and went to Raleigh to help organize the staff there when the office was moved to the capitol city. Her tragic death was a source of regret.

I believe this unselfish devotion to the cancer cause which put extra demands on our employees and beckoned them to go the second mile, continues to be the force that has made them so extremely successful today.

As I may have said before, my own county, Surry, was the only county in the state that had a perfect record in going over the quota each year that I was in charge of the program. Indeed, we did not have a Chamber of Commerce at that time but looking at this picture and realizing every piece of literature during those fifteen years, had the proper office address with Mt. Airy on it, I challenge you to tell me what <u>better</u> and <u>more extensive</u> coverage could any Chamber of Commerce have given our city.

As the boundary lines were extended for the University of N. C., likewise, they were extended for the town of Mt. Airy. Even the doctors in Mexico received a sample of all the literature we had.

In the first chapter of this book, the story was told of the birth of the Sorosis of New York City, which was later to become the Mother of the General Federation of Women's Clubs as well as the lay founder of the American Cancer Society. As the cancer cause grew, it required more and more nourishment by what was later to become the General Federation of Women's Clubs, for this Sorosis had become just that.

Now, this organization has grown to be the largest women's organization in the world with 2.5 million members. Perhpas you will recall I spoke of the special night when delegates from the various countries in native costumes carrying their countries' flags marched in, and what a lovely picture this made on the platform of the convention. Most of the state commanders were recruited from this group, and through all the early years the women leaders were assured of support from the parent organization.

It was during my last year as President of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs that I had introduced a resolution pledging the active support of club women in the fight against cancer—this was unanimously adopted and the North Carolina Federation never failed to give their support in all our special projects. Anytime our clinics were in danger of being closed by the Medical Society, the State Federation of Women's Clubs adopted resolutions which stayed the hand of those who would close them, and when I called for help it was given in a wholehearted way. So many of the clubs, both Junior and Senior, accepted the cancer program as their special project.

At the convention of the Federation, after I had given my

chart talk at the annual meeting of the American Cancer Society in New York, I asked the President, Mrs. Gupton, if she could make any time on her tight schedule so that I could present this chart talk to her club women. She was one of my strongest supporters of the Cancer Society and gave me an excellent time for this. The club women said they felt they knew more about the cancer program after seeing the chart talk than they had ever known before.

It was the General Federation's official action that brought about the month of April being declared through an act of Congress, Cancer Control Month. The Federation asked Edith Nourse Rogers, Congresswoman from Massachusetts, to present the bill and she was glad to do so.

No other past president of the Federation depended so much on the Federation for success of her program and no other past president experienced the great joy that came with that support!!

North Carolina's own club woman, Juanita Bryant (Mrs. Frank Bryant) was installed as President-Elect of The General Federation of Women's Clubs at its convention in St. Louis, Missouri in June.

Juanita's home is not far from our town. It is Boonville, North Carolina. She had no opposition this year, which assures her of becoming president of the largest Federation of Women's Clubs in the world in 1982. This may be the first time a Southerner has ever been elected to this high office. It is the first in my memory, anyway. Observing her tremendous interest and energy, I told her when she became President of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs that someday she would be president

of the General Federation. Juanita has come up through the ranks and truly has given of her very best knowing that:

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we climb.
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

She not only had the patience to build and climb like this, but she helped other women to climb with her.

Juanita Bryant will serve the General Federation with distinction and that service will reflect great honor upon our state!

But regardless of the size of an organization or the zeal of its leaders, we find ourselves dependent on other groups in the state. The University Extension Department, the American Cancer Society, and club women working together carried all three of these great movements with their varied interests to every nook and corner of the state, but as you have read before, the same group carried it to every state in the Union and even to countries outside America.

Perhaps no one doctor has contributed more to saving women's lives than Dr. GEORGE N. PAPANICOLAOU. We are indebted to Greece for this great man. Laywomen attending the National Society's annual meetings were invited and encouraged to sit in on the medical discussions. On one occasion Dr. PAPANICOLAOU was a special guest of the Society. We listened to his explanation of the use and value of what has become commonly known as the "Pap Smear". This man was a cytologist and as such, found that cancer could be hidden behind the wall of the uterus. The word for this, <u>in-situ</u>,

meaning in its original place or hidden from view as he explained it. He had discovered that by taking a smear from the vagina he would at times find cancer cells from the uterus.

Every woman now is urged to go regularly for a pap smear and not wait for cancer to move from its original place and develop into a full-blown cancer when life would be greatly threatened.

It seems a pity that because this man had a name that was difficult to spell and for the average person to pronounce, that his identity has been completely lost. Most women go early for a pap smear but do not realize that there was a great doctor who studied and made this method of discovering cancer early a possibility.

In thinking of names for hospital buildings, any medical institution would honor itself to name a building for Dr. PAPANICOLAOU, for we realize that many women in the past, the present, and the future owe or will owe their lives to the Discovery made by this great man.

Dr. T. Leslie Lee was with us only a few years, but he contributed more to the stability of the Society than any other one doctor. He had a heavy practice and was as conscientious about taking care of his patients as he was in looking after the affairs of the cancer program. He knew there were doctors in the state who were genuinely afraid of what some woman or group of women would do with a medical program. I recall a special Sunday afternoon when he was very much upset. He called and explained that a certain doctor in a certain county had discovered that a chiro-

practor had read a medical script over the radio. When I called the commander of that county and she was one of the most loyal and interested women in the state, to learn what had happened, she told me the full story. The doctor who had called Dr. Lee had been appointed chairman of the cancer committee by the County Medical Society. He had accepted this appointment but had not shown any interest or responded to any request made by this lovely little commander. This woman had asked every M. D. in the county to go on the radio and use the script prepared by the Medical Committee ot the New York otfice. Now he was up in arms demanding that she be fired at once and almost threatening to fire me because I had not warned her against using a chiropractor. Well, it just did not occur to me that any person serving under the medical profession and especially being as intelligent as she was, would dare use a chiropractor in those days, but since the M. D. was supposed to be in charge ot the medical aspects of the program in his county, I wondered why he had not informed her not to use a chiropractor. (Now the attitude toward the chiropractor by the medical profession has become much more liberal).

The M. D. demanded that this woman be fired and this was done that Sunday afternoon. She and I were both in tears and Dr. Lee was very tense. This is just one instance where our beloved Dr. Lee was put over a barrel.

Later, the doctors who were active in the cancer clinics soon became "cancer specialists" in the minds of the general public. As one would expect there developed a lot of jealousy and our Dr. Lee had to cope with this. In spite of this, he kept

the Medical Society together and pushed on to great accomplishments in developing sound cancer programs for the state.

I believe that his responsibilities in connection with the Society might have shortened his days, but it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for us to have found a more dedicated man for his position at this time. The Medical Society felt reasonably safe as long as the cancer committee of that society was in charge of the program of cancer control, but when the National Society changed the name in 1944 from the American Society for the Control of Cancer to the American Cancer Society and was incorporated as such, the doctors in the state division became apprehensive. It was not until 1948, or four years later that the state division changed its name and became the American Cancer Society, North Carolina Division, Inc. No doctor in North Carolina was particularly anxious to accept the responsibility of what might develop from this great change and for that reason I found that the active doctors in the state program were always glad to give me the credit or "blame" for organizing the American Cancer Society in the state.

Dr. Lee watched the activities with pride and some apprehension. He died in 1949 at the age of 48. It was his responsibility among other things to approve every bill that was made by the North Carolina division, and it was required that both the signature of the treasurer, Mr. Rector, and the state commander be on every check.

In a letter Dr. Lee wrote me not long before he died, he said, "Let me assure you that it has been a real pleasure and a

rare privilege to give whatever time and thought I may have to such a worthy cause. If my efforts and thoughts could mean the diagnosis of one very early cancer, then I would feel repaid for any service I may have rendered."

As time moved on, it was amazing how everybody wanted to get into the program of cancer control. Here were Wake Forest pre-medics, under the able direction of the professor of radiology, "pitched into cancer", in a big way forming a speaker's bureau. They transcribed their productions and made them available to all who wished them. The University of North Carolina Medical School and the Extension Division held post-graduate medical courses in four sections of the state with 283 physicians, or 24% of the forty county area covered, enrolled. The popularity of this course gave rise to the need and request for more such programs. School programs were developing in many parts of the state, including Surry County. Those of us who had to contend with paying income tax couldn't imagine the head of this department in Greensboro getting so involved with the cancer program, but Mr. C. H. Robertson of the U. S. Treasury Department, Greensboro, ordered campaign supplies for 66 federal organizations in the state. This service to the campaign reached some fifty-four hundred employees.

The development of the clinic program was going along in a fine way and the development of the information centers were increasing. Three thousand six hundred dollars of the State Division's budget went for professional education. The State Division shared 50-50 with county welfare departments in the

treatment of their indigent cancer patients where those counties were too small to maintain a year round program. A cancer loan and gift closet was established and printed on the fly-leaf manual was the following: "Teach us all to render the deeds of mercy". Every commander was urged to order a copy of the leaflet from state headquarters.

The large and comprehensive cancer exhibits at the State Fair in Raleigh were reviewed by thousands including Governor-Elect, W. Kerr Scott. This booth reflects the many devoted hours put into its preparation by the Wake County Unit.

In 1949 I had the pleasure of attending a kick-off meeting of the Mecklenburg County Unit with Mrs. Lubbe as County Commander and Mrs. Duncan as District Commander and was assured of a most successful meeting. We have noted elsewhere that the Charlotte Woman's Club had incorporated in their by-laws that cancer control was their special project. We knew of no other county in the country which had taken such a step, and I looked forward to this meeting with a great deal of pleasure. A newspaper announcement had gone out that Miss Minnie Cranford "Had Done It Again", meaning that she, prior to this meeting, had collected $10,000 to this campaign.

There was another fact that was equally as astounding, for in 1949 the women in this group had chalked up 11,356 surgical dressings for those dear people who would find them a comfort. These dressings were carefully sterilized before use.

To my mind the nurses workshop of cancer nursing was one of the best contributions the state society made. Fifty-eight nurses

registered for the workshop of cancer nursing conducted on the campus of the University of North Carolina's School of Public Health. The State Division of the American Cancer Society financed the service of the guest instructor. She was Miss Katherine Nelson, Professor of Nursing at Columbia University and Director of Nursing Education at New York's Memorial Hospital.

A similar workshop for nurses with the wonderful Katherine Nelson was conducted a second year with the State Division paying her expenses.

Four years after the bill was established creating a Division of Cancer Control in the State Board of Health, the Advisory Budget Committee of the General Assembly approved $140,000 for this established cancer division. You will recall that Governor Broughton at the time this division was established, had so wisely advised us to get our foot in the door—in other words, get the bill passed creating a Division of Cancer Control in the State Board of Health, despite the fact the Appropriations Committee had made its report. He said, "If this is done, the next session of the legislature will have to provide funds for its support." Now, the large amount recommended reflects the great interest of Governor Kerr Scott in cancer control. Indeed, this indicates just how fast the cancer program had developed in North Carolina. There is another indication of its growth and development which comes from the state government, for cancer has been made a Reportable Disease.

In thinking of the spread of this enthusiasm for the cancer program, we find two young men from Wilmington, North Carolina,

talking on the radio (no TV then) for seventeen and one-half hours without stopping. Just wonder if they went on to become congressmen who could defeat a bill!

We had several Negro units of the Society organized in the state and the very knowledgeable and attractive Negro, Mrs. Alfonzo Elder was on the board of directors for many years. The Duke doctors organized the first group of Negro doctors in the state. These recruits were from one of our best Negro medical schools. In the meantime, Mrs. Elder was gaining more and more support of the people of her own race as she contacted them. We also find Miss Laura Millan, who had received her degree as M. S. from North Carolina College at Durham was employed by the Charlotte Health Department.

The Raleigh News and Observer with the well-known Josephus Daniels as publisher, gave the Cancer Society his full support. He was present and introduced Douglass Poteat when Mr. Poteat was guest at the Woman's Club in Raleigh in 1949.

Dr. Poteat had very close ties with both North and South Carolina. He had graduated from Furman University in his teens. This University was headed by his father. His brother was Edwin McNeil Poteat, who needed no introduction in North Carolina. Through his ministry at Pulliam Memorial Baptist Church in Raleigh and his inspiring messages carried in the state papers, all of us gained a great lift.

Douglass Poteat was at one time Professor of Law at Duke University. There are many things that could be written about his training and activities before he was connected with the

American Cancer Society, but my personal appreciation of him was that he was ready to help and advise me at any time, as he said to me, "I'm as near to you as your telephone." On one occasion this stood me in good stead when I had to make an important decision which not only involved me but the entire Cancer Cause.

The North Carolina Division prepared at State Headquarters an Operating Handbook and sent it to every County Commander. In our opinion it was one of our greatest educational tools. I am still amazed at the wonder of it. Upon the resignation or change in the county commander, she was requested and expected to hand over the handbook to the incoming commander; however, if she failed to do so, the new leader received one from the state office. This book was indexed with different colored tabs showing where to find the answer to any question. It was particularly helpful to chartered county units. It was not only a big help to the county units but made it possible for the office staff to use their time to better advantages. Included in this handbook was a list of the contributions of every county in the state, beginning in 1941 and brought up to date each year. The last one recorded in the book I have was in 1954, the year I retired.

There was a special leaflet on the North Carolina Institute (the nursing home), on the rules and regulations for admitting patients. There was one on the loan and gift closet and one on dressings and how they were made.

The old mimeograph machine which we had at State Headquarters was certainly working overtime and so were the gals there.

One of the most interesting health educators was Emma Carr

Bivens. She was first a writer and among other magazines, she edited "Better Health, The Magazine For Better Living." She later decided to enter the School of Public Health at the University of North Carolina for training as a health educator. After finishing that course, she was employed by the State Division with the understanding that she would be stationed in Mount Airy. There was never a dull moment when Emma Carr was around, and we continued our friendship after she went with the State Board of Health in Raleigh. I recall that one of her assignments was to Afghanistan. The letters she wrote to me while there were extremely interesting and when she came back, we got together for a day and night session. She is still with the State Board of Health.

President Dwight D. Eisenhower launched the 1955 April campaign at 9:30 a.m. March 31st. At the White House ceremony, Leroy Curtis, a six year old boy who was cured of cancer and came from Denver, the President's summer home, presented a Sword of Hope to the President. He was introduced by Wisconsin's governor, Walter S. Kohler, chairman of the American Cancer Society's Board of Directors.

A call for church bells to sound throughout the country in solemn but inspiring appeal for support in the Society's educational and fund raising crusade was broadcast. Men and women were asked to bow their heads in meditation and then rededicate themselves to the fight to save lives from cancer.

Many famous bells were rung that day such as the Catholic Cathedral at St. Augustine, Florida, oldest church in the country;

Boston's North Church where lanterns signaled Paul Revere; Trinity Church in New York and many others. Many local units followed this example and church bells were rung in their communities.

Perhaps the reader will recall Dr. James B. Murphy was our special guest at our state meeting in Raleigh when all the doctors in the state received an invitation to be present for the dinner meeting. As I said, he was born in North Carolina and had many relatives here. At the time he visited our state, he was head of the Rockefeller Research Foundation. He had a son who was also a member of that foundation. It was quite shocking to our state when it became known worldwide that Margaret, known as "Happy", was divorcing the son (Dr. Murphy) to marry Nelson Rockefeller. She had several children and her youngest was an infant. The youngest went with her to Mr. Rockefeller's home but the father kept the other children. We who had known the generous, gracious Dr. James B. Murphy were glad to know he had died several years prior to this unhappy situation for his son and grandchildren.

As I look over the list of county commanders, campaign chairmen, chairmen of the executive committees, the amounts raised by each county for the fourteen years I was in office, I know that it would take a large volume to cover even this portion of the history and for those or members of their families who knew of their great effort in this humanitarian cause, I offer my apologies if they are not included.

I am reminded of a letter which I received from a woman years after my retirement, who was recruited years before I retired in

1954. She wrote of continuing effort in the cause and said she was particularly interested in the service aspects of the program. There were patients from her home going back and forth to Chapel Hill for treatment. The established policy of the Society under the new administration was to pay all approved bills direct from the state office. This policy, which said much for efficiency, she claimed was a hardship on her, for she found herself advancing money for round trip tickets to the hospital. However, her interest in the special people made her continue to do so. This woman, who through her educational program, had convinced these people of their need to seek help promptly, went the second mile and advanced the means for them to get to the hospital and back. This, it seems to me, is a service of the highest type.

Can the work of the health educators, who had been employed by the State Division and I know the many times they burned the midnight oil, the loyal staff members, the fine work of the District Commanders, the doctors who were the directors of the various cancer programs, and even the members of the State Executive Committee and board members whose steadfastness and stick-to-itiveness which was a hallmark of their devotion be measured?

Many of them are not in this volume but most of them have been featured in the North Carolina News, the first history of the Society and other publications. The Cancer Society proved to be only a stepping stone to services of far-reaching importance. To feature them would be like "carrying coals to Newcastle."

When we accepted Mr. R. M. Grumman's offer of a space large enough for a chair and desk at the top of the stairway in Swain

Hall, which was at that time the University Extension Department, we did not vision the American Cancer Society as contributing toward the dream of the late Edward K. Graham as expressed in his installation message as President of the University of North Caroline in 1914. One of his great ambitions was to make the boundaries of the University campus and the state coterminus (same bounds).

Our first step was employing an educational director to use that desk and chair, and later I was to interview the communication center which occupied all the rest of the floor and asked them to serve as the state's publicity group. Included in their service to the society was the preparation of radio skits, films, etc. Their representative went to every district meeting with us and told of his services.

Beginning with the Medical Profession, the first member of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, the group of organized women who agreed unanimously to sponsor the cancer movement and then to the first member of the American Society for the Control of Cancer who could join the Cancer Society by paying a dollar a year for membership, a great program of cancer control was built.

We have seen these groups working together and have witnessed the great results which came about. Continuing this summary may I say, we are faced today with cancer of more devastating types. Perhaps much of it is brought on by our priorities of love of ease, comforts and conveniences; in other words, our greed has caused us to risk life itself to have these luxuries, and now our water and the very air we breathe is so often contaminated with cancer-

causing elements. At that time we had eleven clinics and twelve information centers in the state. The cancer clinics had a two-fold purpose; first was to educate the general public about cancer and to persuade our citizens to seek help by having a checkup; the other was equally as important--to make every doctor's office a cancer detection center. In some of the states there were as many doctors at the clinics as there were patients. An answer to one of the questions, "Has every doctor's office been made a cancer detection center?" is given here.

In 1959, five years after the writer retired from the American Cancer Society, a letter came to me in Virginia from a doctor at Chapel Hill, and I am quoting one paragraph which would indicate that every doctor's office had not at that time been made a cancer detection center. He said:

"This morning I saw a woman from a certain town, who because of pain in her lower abdomen went to see a physician who failed to examine her but gave her pills for several months. She went to see two physicians in another town nearby, received a number of X-rays but no pelvic examination, and finally she came to Chapel Hill at which time it was found that she had Stage IV carcinoma with involvement of her bladder and rectum. This woman had spent sizeable amounts of money on physician care; there was no financial reason for the patient not having early diagnosis and treatment. However, we can only offer her palliative radiation at present."

Perhaps you know of someone, maybe a loved one, who did not receive diagnosis and treatment in time for a cure. Will the time

ever come when an intensive educational program is not required for both the doctor and the layman?

Wouldn't it be wonderful if the peoples of the world could learn to live at peace with one another so that we would have the time and money to get on with our search for cures for cancer?

Since the public announcement not too long ago that Elmer Bobst and President Nixon were good friends it may be that Mr. Bobst influenced President Nixon while he was in office, to set up that huge sum of money for research so that the human race wouldn't have to wait to learn all the secrets about the causes and cures of cancer, but with such money as that, the scientists could get on the job at once. Is it not true that people who have always been able to get what they wanted if they had enough money to buy it, could feel this was true in regard to cancer? The American Cancer Society and the United States Public Health Service, knowing that there was a limited number of trained scientists knew this was not true and expressed a fear that some of these funds would be wasted.

Recently, a scientist working through the United States Public Health Service gave a most interesting report of his project on television. He told they had discovered what seemed to be the indivisible cell which he called the quork. He said that in every human body there were these cells and if and when the time comes if enough of these indivisible cells are produced for use in cancer patients, we might see a great change and reason for hope of control. He promised nothing definite but continues to work on the problem.

No person was a greater comfort and assurance than Bob Madry. We knew that our newspaper publicity would be exactly right. Here was another time we had to thank the University of North Carolina for this gifted writer who was so highly respected, not only by the University Board of Trustees of which he was a member, but by every publisher in the state. When he sent an article to the paper, there was no question as to whether it would be used or not. He, a victim of cancer, was never to be replaced by the University or the Society.

In 1953 we had called "Bill" Friday from Asheville insisting that he let us present his name as first vice-president. He reluctantly accepted, not because of his lack of interest but because of his lack of time. He was not President of the University of North Carolina then but he was secretary to the President, and as many of us know, this was a time of transition for the University and his responsibilities were great. At the 1954 annual meeting of the American Cancer Society, North Carolina Division, Inc., he was elected president.

When Gordon Gray resigned from the University of North Carolina there appeared to be many problems concerning its management in the future. This was some twenty odd years after Governor O. Max Gardner's vision for the University, "consolidation", and now there was debate among the trustees, the General Assembly, faculty and the alumni as how to manage what had become such a large and diverse group of colleges.

An editorial appeared in the Greensboro Daily News entitled, "A MAN FOR A MISSION."

William C. Friday had served as secretary to Frank P. Graham and as an assistant to Gordon Gray. From the time he graduated with an A.B. Degree from the University and began his work in Dr. Frank Graham's office, he was recognized as a persuasive person when it came time to appear before the state legislature for funds to support this big and wonderful group of colleges.

On May 8, 1957, William Clyde Friday was inaugurated President of the consolidated University of North Carolina. Now there appeared in the Greensboro Daily News another editorial entitled, "University's Day of Hope."

It has been interesting to all of us who have come in contact with President Friday to see how he handled the affairs of what was a consolidated University and what is still a consolidated University.

The growth and development of the University during these years seems to me almost unbelievable. Looking at his face while interviewing his guests each week tells you alot about the man. Using an old cliche, he seems to "play his cards close to his chest." In all of his services, he must have had a Board of Trustees that did not waver in its support of him.

But as Edwin Markham said:

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall,
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty for all.
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace,
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place."

During Dr. Frank Graham's administration, it was a more leisurely time and his spirit and philosophy blessed all who

came in contact with him, but could he have done for the University what has been required since 1956? It seems to me if there was a need for further tests of William C. Friday, "The Man For A Mission", this has come in his continuing dealings with Health and Human Services, a government agency with a budget of 226 billion dollars a year. This budget is exceeded only by Russia and the United States! This problem continues to be a big one.

Taxpayers have received so many blessings beginning with Russ Grumman's Extension Department at Swain Hall and now enjoying through that same extension among other benefits, a highly regarded television program which is observing its twenty-fifth birthday. They are programs which from time to time appeal to people of different ages and tastes but still retain that high standard.

This may sound presumptuous on my part, but because Bill Friday as a very young man got his experience presiding over and directing our cancer program, I have taken the liberty to express my opinion of his services through the state. Because of Bill Friday's youth he will have many more days to work on the stone which has been given him and his place in the history of the University will be assured.

O. Arthur Kirkman was a most capable and tremendously interested president of the Society the year I retired. He was from High Point and had served as mayor of the city as well as State Senator from Guilford County. In an editorial of the Greensboro Daily News in March 1960, he was highly commended saying that

North Carolina and Guilford County could use more "Arthur Kirkmans"!

The National Society has a greatly prized and beautiful award which could be granted to volunteers who merited it. It usually went to doctors, but the State Executive Committee, remembering the number of years I worked for practically nothing--$450 the first two years, $900 the next two years--considered me practically a volunteer asked that it be granted to me as retiring Executive Vice-President. When the committee learned that this could not be done, they got busy on this Sunday morning, and it was most surprising what they produced in such a short time. They were in touch with the best jeweler in Raleigh and in no time had a beautiful gold bracelet with a charm and inscription on it. On one side of the charm was engraved the map of North Carolina with a lovely little diamond designating Raleigh as our meeting place. I had learned upon retirement of a president of the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina, he is given an award which includes a jewel. The doctor who was vice-president was a retired president of the Medical Society and it was he who said, "The gift must include a jewel." I accepted this gift as a token of appreciation for all the work in the state by these wonderful volunteers, 40,000 in number and for the 66 out of 100 counties that had raised their quotas 13 out of the 14 years I was in office. Now, you can evaluate the high standard of volunteers which we had and their constancy in the program. North Carolina had gained the reputation of being almost religious in its support of the cancer cause.

Dr. Cameron paid high tribute to the volunteers saying that he had never known of any state endowed with more attributes of mind and heart in the fight against cancer.

There was another certificate awarded to me on this day which I prize very highly (Those were extravagant expressions, but don't we all like to hear them!).

Later, I was invited to be at the meeting of the National Society in New York, which followed my resignation, to accept a Distinguished Service Award as one of four pioneer women in the United States. After Mrs. Milligan pinned a green orchid on my shoulder, the award was presented to me by Walter S. Kohler, Chairman of the Board. The other pioneers who received the same award were Mrs. H.V. Milligan of New York, National Commander; Mrs. H.B. Ritchie of Georgia, district commander; and Mrs. Harry V. Smith of New Hampshire, the first state commander appointed.

I was greatly surprised to receive this award, and in accepting it I remembered with gratitude all the work the people in North Carolina had done to merit it.

The world is changing so fast--everything about it; therefore, it is to be expected that our health agencies - all of them - are quite different from what they were in the forties and middle fifties.

In these pages, I have tried to tell you, "The Way We Were"! We all know that the future belongs to the active leaders of today and indeed to the youth, but I still challenge these leaders, using the same words as I used the day I went out of office:

"There is no conquest all complete,

No stopping place for human feet,
No final goal.
Onward and upward we ascend
And none of us shall see the end
of glory's scroll,
But small and trivial is the past.
It is the future which is vast."

"The End"

Note:

Nancy Miller Marshall is:

(1) a member of the N.C. Literary and Historical Society

(2) a member and sponsor of the N.C. Council of Women's Organizations, Inc.

(3) honorary President of the N.C. Federation of Women's Clubs

(4) a member of the First Baptist Church of Mt. Airy, N.C.

During my term as president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, I had the pleasure of visiting what I thought was the most peaceful and loveliest town in the state. This was Faison. It was really a small village, but many people of wealth lived there.

I shall never forget a delightful street with large colonial frame homes about the same distance from the street on each side. The beautiful trees near the street formed a complete canopy as far as one could see. It was a place where a weary traveler was exceedingly reluctant to leave.

I had been invited to speak to the Sesame Club; such an appropriate name for a club in this town! My hostesses were Mrs. Marshall Williams and Mrs. Ben Witherington. I recall the lovely antique furniture in my room and was impressed with the matting on the floor.

Miss Sallie Hill and her sister-in-law gave me a real treat the next morning. They took me to their newly organized pickle factory. Their brother, the well known John Sprunt Hill of Durham had been instrumental in getting this pickle factory for Faison. I was shown through it by these two delightful women going from one vat to the other and having them explain to me all about the operation. Remembering how fresh and beautiful the cucumbers were as they were brought in from the farm land, I'm not surprised that today, Cates Pickles continues to be one of the best sellers.

For many years now, Mrs. George Cates (Norma) has been one of our most beautiful and gifted past presidents of the Federation. She continues today as Chairman of the Board of Trustees. She

INVOLVEMENT A.M. MARSHALL

NC
367
M

Names of persons who could be needed if this book is published

Miss Clara Allred, 9-3381

Mrs. William J. (Venita) Anderson, 6-4282

Mrs. John H.(Betty) Brown, office 6-4509)

Miss Polly Hull, 3300 Central Ave., Apt B-12,Bentwood arms, Charlotte, N. C. 28205

Miss Pat Hart, 813 Monroe Rd., Mount Airy 6-2652, Off. 9-2118

Mrs. Wallace (Paula) Johnson6-7671

Mrs. E. H. Early(Madie) 6-7011

Mrs. Bobby Loftis, 102 South Kanawha Street,

Buckhannon , West Va.

Mrs. Ruth Sargent Martin

6-6000

Mrs.James(Dug)Simmons (Lella) 6-8534

Mrs. Hugh Sutphin(Sue) 530 Fairlane , 6-7652

Gaye Hennis, 62726

William S. Powell, UNC , Chapel Hill

Matt Hobgson, Director UNC Press, Chapel Hill

Blair Publishing Co. John Fries Blair, Winstin Salem, N. C.

J. Patrick Kelly, 939North Stratford Road, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Now with Baptist Hospital. Experience: 1947 , Raleigh Times, Mg. Dr

Winston Salem Mgn Editor Journal until paper changed hands.

Chester Davis and Roy Thompson, Writers for W. S. Journa l,

Paper's Number 725-2311

Burke Davis, Williamsburg, Va. John Ehle Successful writer

University News Bureau (The late Bob Madry)

Charles Laughton and Raymond Massey were at Woman's College

and U. N. C. Chapel Hill(year ?) in interest of Reporitory Theatre . Massey, upon invitation spoke to us at our Annual Meeting (Year ?)

John Ehhe(Where is he) ?

Mrs. Charles Tillett, Sr., Charlotte, N. C.

"Equal Writes Amendment"

Edward J. Spanski, Jr., Executive Director , American Revolution Bicentennial Commission , Surry County.

"Harvie" a manikin with a "heart" reminds me of "THE CANCER WOMAN" a manikin (full size) of years ago who had cancer of the brest . It was electrified to show how the unchecked cancer spreads through the lymph node to all parts of the body. Perhaps we should get the manikin out, dust her off, of the moth balls, and put her on the road to continue to educate the women!

Some special events and people in the life of the society.

General George C. Marshall. Mrs. Marshall Hon. State Commander. Our special guest in Meeting ~~X~~ Some of her letters, Everyone wanted to believe there was only one Mrs. George Marshall and that was the General's wife!

Royal treatment at meetings and Motels! Johnson and Mchanic!

James B. Murphy, Dr. Ewing & Dr. Mitchell- the BOOK.

Dr. Charles Cameron, President Hahamann Medi cal College & Hospital, Philadelphia, Penn.

"Tenets of responsible leadership".

My Uniform and attention it received. Active support of all branches of Armed Services. Marines at Cherry Point

Random House Publishing Co, New York