By Edward F. Tablak

Snapshots of Courage

Thy women in the 7 books represent a much larger number of courageous women who, in spite of strong opposition, have made and continue to make an impact on our world. .

My hope for this book is to present, in historical fiction form, seven women whose courage was tested and was not found wanting.

The names may be familiar but the background stories may surprise the reader.

Most of the basic information has been taken from material in the public domain, from the internet, embellished just a bit by the imagination of the author.

Book I

VICTORIA WOODHULL

1838 - 1927

A Woman Ahead of her Time

“I shall not change my course because those who assume to be better than I desire it.”

At the time of her birth in 1838 there were no women heads-of-state in any nation as there are in the present time. Women in the United States did not even vote and were conceded a very limited role in public life.

It was rare to see a woman challenge the boundaries of behavior and kick at the traces, knowing that that she would take severe criticism and abuse as a result of such action.

The newborn baby girl was still attached to her mother as the midwife lifted her by the heels and gave her a gentle slap to bring forth the first squeal of life. No one in that room had an inkling regarding the role that little Vickie was to play in changing the status quo.

In 1872 Victoria Woodhull shocked the country as the first female candidate for President of the United States.

Throughout her life, Woodhull made waves with her publicly stated beliefs on ant-slavery, women's rights, civil rights, and free love.

Hers is a marvelous rags to riches story that sees a woman twice remake her life, first as a spiritual healer and secondly as the first woman owner and operator of a stock brokerage firm on Wall Street!

Chapter 1.

Victoria’s beginnings would be desired as disadvantaged, in today’s vocabulary.

Victoria was one of the daughters of Roxanna "Roxy" Hummel Claflin, an uneducated, illiterate homemaker in the early nineteenth century Roxy was an ardent follower of the Austrian mystic, Dr. Franz Mesmer

Animal magnetism, also known as Mesmerism, was the name given by the German doctor in the late18th century to what he believed to be an invisible natural force exerted by animals. He believed that the force could have physical effects, including healing. He tried persistently but without success to achieve scientific recognition of his theories.

The theory attracted numerous followers in Europe and the United States and was popular into the 19th century.

Today, it is almost forgotten but for Roxy Chaflin, it was a survival tool.

Roxy also immersed herself in and the new Spiritualist movement.

As a Spiritualist, she believed that the dead have both the ability and the inclination to communicate with the living. She had a strong belief that the afterlife was not as a static place, but as one in which spirits continue to evolve.

These two beliefs, that contact with spirits is possible, and that spirits are more advanced than humans, led Roxy, like other spiritualists, to a third belief, that spirits are capable of providing useful knowledge about moral issues as well as about the nature of God.

Some spiritualists even spoke of a concept they refer to as a “spiritual guides", specific spirits, often contacted, who are relied upon for spiritual guidance.

Victoria’s father, Reuben "Old Buck" Beckman Claflin, was a con man and snake oil salesman. He came from an impoverished family of Scottish Americans.

He learned early that anyone without education had to use his wits to survive in a community that had no jobs to offer him. He did what he had to, without regard to ethics or morality.

He bottled his own “snake oil” and peddled it as a cure all for certain major diseases.

It was in this family that Victoria was nurtured, especially by her mother who taught her children the elements of Spiritualism and Mesmerism.

Roxy had good intentions for her ten children, but most of them, especially the girls, suffered physically and emotionally at the hands of father."

Victoria was beaten, starved and sexually abused by her father when still very young. Her response was frustration and anger. She struck out in her own way by burning down a cupola in the neighborhood, although she never admitted to the accusation.

Vicky was forced to grow up in a hurry. While still very young, all the children were subjected to the teachings of Spiritualism and Mesmerism and practical way to make use of their beliefs.

Vicky found some refuge in the class room for three years before fate stepped in again.

Shortly after she turned eleven, she came home from school one afternoon to find a deep gloom settled over the family gathering. Her mother gathered her into her arms. "Honey, we are moving away."

"Are you saying that I have to leave school? I can't do that. The teacher wants to teach me lots of new things .She says I am the brightest child in the school and I need to learn a lot of things in order to be successful."

Vicky began to cry and stammering. “I won’t go. I won’t go.”

“Whap.” A smack across the cheek brought an end to the rebellion. She was to learn later that her father, after having "insured it heavily," burned the family's grist mill. . When he tried to get compensated by insurance, his arson and fraud were discovered. He was run out of town by a group of town vigilantes.

The town held a "benefit" to raise funds to pay for the rest of the family's departure from town.

Over the span of the next three years, Victoria became close to her sister, Tennie, seven years her junior and the last child born to the family.

Without help from the father, Roxy and her children were busy eking out a living, mostly with the talent for giving counsel, using their using their contacts with dearly departed family members of their clients.

When her father rejoined the family, he put the two young sisters, Vicky and Tennie, to work telling fortunes and contacting spirits.

A few years earlier, Vicky had the experience of “contacting” a cousin who had died the previous year.

Her mother, Roxy, was impressed and encourages her to practice contacting the spirits.

Vicky’s belief in these extraordinary powers grew through the years as she practiced her profession.

Her father reorganized the family, entering into the alternative healing business, selling lifesaving elixirs, giving massages and offering cures for all forms of illness. He gave specific orders to Victoria.

“Your mother needs to work with Mrs. Marshall and Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. They pay very well. So, it is your job to watch for Tennie while you find some clients.”

Vicky’s heart dropped. She had hoped to make a lot of money and set aside some until she had enough to leave her family. She didn’t know it at the time but her new and close relationship with her youngest sister would be a boon to her future.

It was on her third visit for a séance with Mrs. King, that she struck gold. At the end of the session, Mrs. King, who was delighted with the afternoon’s session, invited Victoria to have tea,

When she returned from the kitchen where she had given orders to the maid, she noticed Victoria struggling to read the County Messenger, the local newspaper.

She had become aware of some of Vicky’s grammatical errors during the early conversations before the séance.

“Miss Chaffin, are you having trouble reading the newspaper? “An embarrassed Victoria nodded affirmatively. “I had to leave school to work. Our family is very poor.”

“You must very bright and insightful. If you would allow me, I would l be happy to help you while we have tea.”

The grin on Victoria’s face was the signal that changed her life.

Conversations with her other clients provided information of current news events. She often asked her clients to give her copies of the County Messenger, the semi-weekly newspaper. She pored over the content, practicing withers new reading skills being provided by Mrs. King.

One day, while returning home, she noticed a trash pile of newspapers and magazines near a large home at the edge of town. She stopped to sort through the pile and took home a cop of “The Monthly Domestic.”

The magazine had pictures which helped her understand the content.

In little more than a year she was grasping the meaning of all the writing that was published in the weekly newspaper and most of the magazines that she scavenged.

She practically inhaled two long articles on the Art of Making Love. She had just made the transition into womanhood.

Victoria was getting desperate to leave her family and find a better world. In what little spare time she had, she found ways to manipulate the eager boys who were just beginning to think about sex.

She was ecstatic to discover that the techniques she learned from her recent reading worked like a charm.

When she was 14, Victoria met 28-yearold Canning Woodhull, a doctor from a town outside Rochester, New York. Her family had consulted him to treat the Vicky for a chronic illness.

Woodhull was practicing medicine in Ohio at a time when the state did not require formal medical education and licensing.

It was only weeks until Vicky, using her feminine wiles, had seduced the good doctor with pleasure previously unknown to him before Victoria.

They were married on November 20, 1853, when Victoria was two months past her 15th birthday.

Unfortunately, she soon learned that her new husband was an alcoholic and womanizer.

She and Canning had two children, Byron and Zulu .Byron was born with an intellectual disability in 1854, and a condition Victoria believed was caused by her husband's alcoholism

As clever as she had been, seducing Woodhull into marriage, she found herself in dire straits once more. This was not the life she was seeking.

It was a young teenage Victoria who had to work outside her home to support the family

After having the two children, she gave up on trying to reform a drunk. She divorced Woodhull but she kept his surname.

A single mother with little or no support from Woodhull, Victoria had to go to work.

Victoria, who was an experienced healing consultant, and clairvoyant, took up where she had left off when she married

A confident Victoria was using all the sills she had learned as a youngster, now polished with wisdom and experience, She was soon making her mark, accumulating a solid reputation.

Once she was accepted by a group of followers of the Spiritualist Movement, life became much easier.

Chapter 2.

Great event were happening around the world and in this country. Commodore Perry opened relations with Japan. The United States was on the brink of a civil war during the 1850's delayed with the great Compromises of 1850 and the Missouri Compromise. The Atlantic cable is laid and then the country is plunged into the Civil War in 1861.

Victoria read the news with interest, broadening her ability to communicate wither new clientele.

She and her sister, Tennie, are into survival mode ad plying their trade as spiral consultants and healers they found Spiritualism to be wide spread, making it easier to make contacts and flourish as consultants.

It took time but Victoria established herself as a clairvoyant and apparently was in demand. She was sought out by women across the country who wanted to be in touch with the afterworld and bring forth the wisdom for use in their daily lives.

Armed with Victoria's strong belief that she could con act the dead and bring wisdom and foresight into the present, the sisters moved boldly forward.

The more contact the sisters had with clients of greater financial means, the more they were motivated to move into higher social circles. They concentrated on

developing their reading skills, personal deportment and general self-education.

Shortly after the end of the war, Victoria decided it was time to make that move upwards. She was selective in her choice of male friends. Within a year, Victoria met and soon married Colonel James Harvey Blood, who also was marrying for a second time.

He had served in the Union army in Missouri during the Civil War, and was elected as city auditor of St. Louis, Missouri. For the present, Victoria had found love and, coincidentally, a step up socially and financially for Victoria

By this time, the bond with young Tennie was strong so that her younger sister moved with the newlyweds to their new home in St. Louis.

It was over the next nine years that Victoria centered her efforts on the women's suffrage movement and the broader concerns of civil rights in general as well as challenging the limited public role accorded women. She became a spokesman for women's education

She also became the target of verbal abuse by politicians and male community leaders who, naturally, feared change and the implied threat to their power.

Victoria was strong. Her life experience had toughened her hide and her spirit. She expected male

opposition to her ideas. When newspaper stories or articles appeared critical of her positions, she laughed and welcomed them, thanking the publishers for mentioning and airing women's concerns.

With the encouragement of her husband, she moved into the role of full time activist with full blown energy. Victoria emerged as knowledgeable and recognized as an articulate spokesman for Women's Rights, Women's Suffrage, Labor Reform and Women's Education

Vicki and Tennie decided to take her skills to a new area and chose New York, a fateful decision that changed their lives dramatically.

They took the train to the great city and took the subway to Harlem. New York was a burgeoning city of exploding population and gangsters. The year was 1868

On the streets, the open sewers competed with horse manure for the stench. The rich intermingled with poor on Broadway in Manhattan; prostitutes rubbing shoulders with the 'haves' that included in their number the richest American citizen, Commodore Vanderbilt, railroad proprietor and millionaire.

Victoria lived on Great Jones Street. Most of the 20,000 prostitutes in New York lived on Green Street.

Victoria and Tennessee began working as clairvoyants and healer for the railroad baron,

Commodore Vanderbilt, who distrusted medically trained doctors.

Over the course of weeks, Tennie became Vanderbilt's lover. He was enamored with Tennie and proposed marriage but his proposal of marriage to Tennessee, apparently met with stiff opposition by his family.

Never the less, intimacy between Vanderbilt and the two sisters continued for years Rumors were rampant by Victoria's critics that she too was personally involved with Vanderbilt, but she denied the allegations and pointed to her personal preference and position of monogamy despite her belief in free love.

The Vanderbilt-Woodhull union proved profitable for both sides. Insights from the clairvoyant Victoria apparently helped increase the Commodore's fortune while his advice and financial assistance help line the purses of the sisters.

In January 1870, the sisters sent out calling cards announcing Woodhull, Claflin. The firm initially was located at the Hoffman House, a fashionable hotel on Manhattan's Madison Square. A *New York Herald* reporter visited and wrote a front-page story on

the women's brokerage, noting that its office had the look of "a ladies' drawing room."

When Woodhull, Claflin & Co., stock brokers opened its doors, the press took excited notice, providing the sisters with such labels as "Queens of Finance" and "Bewitching Brokers." A New York Sun headline put Wall Street bulls and bears on notice that there were now "Petticoats among the Bovine and Ursine Animals."

The firm had financial backing from shipping and railroad tycoon Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of the wealthiest men in America, who had taken to receiving investment tips from Woodhull while she was in a seeming trance communing with the spirit world. He continued to find both attractive sisters a valuable source of tips and gossip, giving him a sound business reason to back their firm

Fame had arrived, and the business immediately took off. Within a month, the operation had moved to larger quarters at 44 Broad Street in the heart of the financial district. Helping manage the firm was Col. James Blood, Veronica's husband, a Civil War veteran who had shown business acumen in the railroad industry.

Among the crowd attending the opening was Commodore Vanderbilt, the political power broker William "Boss" Tweed, the flamboyant broker-speculator Jim Fisk and his escort, famed showgirl Josie Mansfield.

Vanderbilt had profited by selling gold, on Woodhull's advice, just a few months before the Black Friday panic caused by the market manipulations of Fisk and collaborator Jay Gould. Vanderbilt shared that profit with Victoria, who likely had gotten a tip on Fisk's activities from Mansfield.

The new office received an influx of customers and curiosity-seekers alike, such that the sisters put up a sign demanding: "All gentlemen will state their business and then retire at once." In the rear of the new office was a partitioned area open only to women. Women ranging from society matrons and heiresses to showgirls and others of a less exalted background accounted for a large share of the firm's clientele.

The inflow of customer money in a bull market, combined with Vanderbilt's largesse and stock advice, transformed the sisters into wealthy women.

Victoria intensifies her interest in promoting women's suffrage, especially after attending a female suffrage convention in January. She is now a devout believer in the cause.

Not long afterward, she befriended Massachusetts congressman Benjamin Butler, from whom she cajoled an invitation to testify before the House Judiciary Committee.

At the hearings on January 11, 1871, Woodhull declared to the panel that women had already won the right to vote under the recently enacted 14th and 15th amendments.

“Women are citizens”, she argued, and “the citizen who is taxed should also have a voice in the subject matter of taxation.”

Although the committee rejected her petition to pass “enabling legislation,” her history-making appearance immediately propelled her into a leadership position among suffragists.

The simple but powerful logic of her argument impressed some committee members.

Learning of Woodhull's planned address, suffrage leaders postponed the opening of the 1871 National Woman Suffragist Associations’ third annual convention in Washington in order to attend the committee hearing.

Susan Anthony and Elizabeth Stanton saw Woodhull as the newest champion of their cause. They applauded her statement: "Women are the equals of men before the law, and are equal in all their rights."

With the power of her first public appearance as a woman's rights advocate, Victoria moved to the leadership circle of the suffrage movement.

Although her Constitutional argument was not original, she focused unprecedented public attention on suffrage. She was the first woman ever to petition Congress in person.

Numerous newspapers reported her appearance before Congress. One journal printed a full-page engraving of Woodhull, surrounded by prominent suffragists, delivering her argument.

Chapter 3.

In the mid nineteenth century, a woman's place was not in a public forum, speaking on issues of importance but Victoria, as a champion for Women's Rights, was not daunted by such societal rules.

During that period, Victoria she spoke out in person against prostitution, and even considered marriage for material gain a form of prostitution.

On May 14, 1870, Woodhull and Claflin used money they had made from their brokerage to found a newspaper, the *Woodhull & Catlin's Weekly*. Its primary purpose was to support Victoria Claflin Woodhull for President of the United States.

For the next six years, feminism was the *Weekly*'s primary interest, but it became notorious for publishing

controversial opinions on taboo topics, advocating among other things sex education, free love, women's suffrage, short skirts, spiritualism, and licensed prostitution.

The paper faced severe criticism when it printed first English version of Karl Marx’s Communist Manifesto in its December 30, 1871 edition. The paper argued the cause of labor with eloquence and skill.

Virginia’s husband, James Blood wrote the majority of the articles, supplemented by other able contributors.

In 1872, the *Weekly* published a story that set off a national scandal and preoccupied the public for months. Henry Ward Beecher, a renowned preacher of Brooklyn's Plymouth Church, had condemned Victoria's free love philosophy in his sermons.

But a member of his church, Ted Tilton, disclosed to Elizabeth Stanton, a colleague of Victoria, that his wife had confessed Beecher was committing adultery with her.

Provoked by such hypocrisy, Virginia decided to expose Beecher. He ended up standing trial in 1875, for adultery in a proceeding that proved to be one of the most sensational legal episodes of the era, gripping the attention of hundreds of thousands of Americans

The trial ended with a hung jury but the church won the case hands down.

The “good and decent folks” deeply resented and criticized Virginia’s tactics. Other feminists of her time, including Susan Anthony, disagreed with her tactics in pushing for women's equality.

Some feminists characterized her as opportunistic and unpredictable. In one notable incident, she had a run-in with Anthony during a meeting of the National Women's Suffrage Association.

Woodhull learned how to infiltrate the all-male domain of national politics and was branching out into publishing and politics. The sisters have begun publishing Woodhull & Chaffin’s weekly, propounding women’s right to vote, among other causes.

The first issue, dated May 14, 1870, announced support for Woodhull for president.

The next issue announced the candidacy of Tennessee (Tennie) Chaffin for Congress and the papers full support of this candidacy.

Tennie had been and still was a strident suffragette and eloquent supporter of women’s rights. She had the belief that women could serve in the military and was elected Colonel of a "colored" National Guard Regiment.

Of course, she was roundly defeated as a standard bearer of beliefs contrary to the status quo.

Victoria knew she never had any t chance of winning the 1872 presidential election. She had to be aware that she was note constitutionally eligible to hold the office, as she had not yet reached the required minimum of 35 years of age.

Them thee was the matter of her personal life and social views which were apt to generate controversy. Her ex-husband, Dr. Woodhull, was now living with her and her current husband, as were various other relatives.

Victoria regarded this as charity and a way to keep Dr. Woodhull in their children's lives. That fact, however, ran sharply against widely held sensibilities.

So did Victoria's support for "free love," an ill-defined term that could mean reforming marriage laws to protect women's rights but was often interpreted as rejecting marriage altogether or favoring promiscuity.

Her support of free love probably originated as she discovered the infidelity of her first husband. Women who married in the U.S. during the 19th century were bound into the unions, even if loveless, with few options to escape.

Divorce, where possible, was scandalous, and women who divorced were stigmatized and often ostracized by society.

Victoria concluded women should have the choice to leave unbearable marriages. She railed against the hypocrisy of society's tolerating married men who had mistresses and engaged in other sexual dalliances.

She believed in monogamous relationships, although she did state she had the right also to change her mind: the choice to make love or not was in every case

She said, “To woman, by nature, belongs the right of sexual determination. When the instinct is aroused in her, then and then only should commerce follow. The existence, and the intensity and glory of her creative functions will be increased a hundred-fold.

She was not served well, politically, with her infamous "Steinway speech," delivered on Monday, November 20, 1871 in Steinway Hall, New York City; Victoria stated her opinion on free love quite clearly: "Yes, I am a Free Lover. I have an inalienable, constitutional and natural right to love whom I may, to love as long or as short a period as I can; to change that love every day if I please, and with that right neither you nor any law you can frame have any right to interfere.”

The following except from that speech could very well be part of today's debate on relationships.

"To love is a right higher than constitutions or laws. It is a right which constitutions and laws can neither give nor take, and with which they have nothing whatever to do, since in its very nature it is forever independent of both constitutions and laws, and exists--comes and goes--in spite of them. Governments might just as well assume to determine how people shall exercise their right to think or to say that they shall not think at all, as to assume to determine that they shall not love, or how they may love, or that they shall love.

Never the less the memory of that speech and its reference to Free Love were constantly brought to light by the press during the campaign.

In May 1872, Victoria Woodhull received the presidential nomination of the newly created Equal Rights Party. The delegates also nominated Frederick Douglass, the abolitionist and ex-slave, to be their vice presidential candidate, though Douglass rejected this move when he learned of it, citing his support for the incumbent, President Ulysses S. Grant.

Woodhull's presidential platform showed her foresight as she supported issues like an eight-hour workday, graduated income tax, new divorce laws, and social welfare programs that we enjoy today. While many

trade unionists, women's suffragists, and socialists supported Woodhull, she was unable to gain the funds for an effective campaign and could not receive votes from her female supporters as women did not yet have the right to vote.

On Nov. 2, three days before the election, Victoria was arrested, on charges of sending obscene material through the mail. This referred to the latest issue of *Woodhull & Catlin's Weekly*, in which she had attacked eminent preacher Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for practicing the same sort of "free love" that he denounced from the pulpit.

Sisters also faced libel charges over a second article that accused a Wall Street trader of getting two teenage girls drunk and seducing them.

Police took the sisters into custody on November 2, and they remained in jail for about a month. Additional arrests followed, including one after a briefly on-the-lam Woodhull snuck up on stage in disguise in order to give a speech.

The sisters were eventually found not guilty, but not before taking a beating in the press. Their harshest critics included Harriet Beecher Stowe, Beecher's sister and the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who called Woodhull a

"vile jailbird" and an "impudent witch," and cartoonist Thomas Nast, who depicted Woodhull as "Mrs. Satan."

Chapter 4.

Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and other giants of the women's suffrage movement embraced Woodhull around the time of her congressional appearance. But they soon had a falling out, in part over Woodhull's political ambitions and love of the limelight.

She did not get invited to speak at suffrage conventions following her first run for president, and Anthony even advised a British suffrage leader not to meet with her. "Both sisters are regarded as lewd and indecent," Anthony wrote in a letter. Moreover, when Anthony, Stanton and Matilda Joslyn Gage published a comprehensive history of the women's suffrage movement in the 1880s, they essentially left out Woodhull entirely.

When Vanderbilt died in January 1877, his children began fighting in court over his $100 million estate. Rumor holds that Victoria and Tennessee were paid off to not testify at trial.

Either way, Victoria with he sister, Tennie, left that August for England, where Woodhull met her third husband, a wealthy banker. She resided there until her death in 1927, devoting her later years to running a new newspaper and preserving the English home of George Washington's ancestors.

Tennie retired from public life with a marriage to an English business man. She was never far from Victoria, her lifelong friend and partner

Victoria also became an automobile enthusiast, donated money and services to the townspeople around her estate, traveled overseas to run again for U.S. president in 1892, founded a short-lived agricultural school and volunteered with the Red Cross during World War I.

Book II

SUU KYI

Who is Suu Kyi?

Aung San Suu Kyi is one of the ten greatest heroes of the past century and perhaps the bravest and most determined woman among the great woman of all time.

While her name is not a common household name, leaders of many nations have commended her for her determination to obtain civil rights for the people of her country.

Su Kyi was born in Rangoon, Burma (now Myanmar) in 1945, the youngest daughter of Aung San, Father of the modern nation of Myanmar and his wife, Khi Kyi

Suu Kyi's father negotiated the nation's independence from England in 1947 and established the first Burmese army He was assassinated a year later by political rival.

Suu Kyi was only three years old at the time.

Her mother served as ambassador to India and Nepal during Suu Khi's teen years which accounts for her attending the university at Delhi, getting a degree in Politics.

She continued studying abroad getting degrees in Economics and Philosophy at Oxford and later continued study at London University

After graduating from Oxford, she lived in New York City with family friend. She worked at the United Nations for three years, primarily on budget matters, writing daily to her future husband, Dr. Michael Aris, who was in London.

On 1 January 1972, Aung San Suu Kyi and Michael Aris were married.

Living in London, Suu Kyi gave birth to two sons and then continued her education at the University of London. She received a master's degree in Burmese literature

The following is a fictionalized short story version of the life of brave and determined women.

Chapter 1.

Myanmar is a country rich in jade, and other gems, oil, natural gas and other mineral resources.

The income gap in Myanmar, however, was and continued to be among the widest in the world. A large

proportion of the economy has been controlled by supporters of the military government.

According to the Human Development Index , Myanmar had a low level of human development, ranking 150 out of 187 countries. That was about to change.

This situation has been manifested during the fifty plus years of control by a military government.

During a quiet evening at home, in the spring of 1988, Suu Kyi was telling her husband, Michael, “I had a letter today from Minkalin (Mother) she says that living conditions are worsening by the week.

Good food is hard to get and is too expensive with the rate of inflation. The common citizen is having a hard time getting by. Wages are frozen and small businesses are going bankrupt.

The legislature has no power. The oligarchs in the military government set the rules.”

Her voice was trembling and the tears were easing down her cheeks.

Michael took her in his arms, pulled her head to his breast and caressed her arms. He held her close, waiting for her emotions to calm. It was a long wait.

She was an avid student of life in this country, known for years, as Burma. Although she had visited her mother

often, most her r life had been spent outside the boundaries of her country.

When she regained control of her voice, she pulled back and said, “The generals and their friends are raping the country it was bad enough after the coup in ’62 when the country was ruled by the revolutionary council headed by the generals.

Life for the rest of the population got bad when almost all aspects of society, business, media, production, were brought under government control and central panning.”

According to mother, it became w worse when the new constitution was adopted in 1974 and the generals ruled our country through a corrupt one party government system”

I know that we haven’t paid much attention since our life had been so full and pleasant her in London.”

“Meanwhile, in those twenty six years, our homeland has become the most impoverished nation in the world. Something must be done.”

Michael took her hands in his. “Do I get the feeling that you want to do something to help?”

Su Kyi's cheeks flushed as she shook her head affirmatively. "Yes. Recently, I have been monitoring the news about events at home.

Thinking about taking time to do that means being separated from you and our sons, something I dreaded thinking about."

"Minkalin's letter indicates that she is unwell and could use my help. I feel that I must go. While I am there I would like to explore some possible ways I can help our people."

Michael wanted to protest but just a brief consideration told him that she would regret missing this call and probably rupture their family life in a different way.

He said, "We need to have a family conference, Suu Kyi. The boys are old enough to participate in a discussion that will affect their lives as well."

Suu Kyi could hear the tremor in his voice. She shook her head in agreement.

Suu Kyi hugged her sons as they gathered that evening. She made her presentation trying to convince her family that it was her calling to return to Burma. "Someone has to lead the people to recover their civil rights and defeat the military corrupt leaders who are

keeping the citizen in slavery with low wages and limited opportunities for progress."

Silence greeted Suu Kyi's argument for her idea.

Suu Kyi continued. I have been a student of politics and philosophy, getting a degree in both at Oxford. You know that I have done much study of Burmese history and literature. I feel called to do something."

Alexander, the older son broke the silence with, "Dad, I can see by the mask on your face that you are afraid that harm will come to mom. I don't think so. Grandfather is a hero to the masses as the founding father of our nation. The government leaders wouldn't dare harm hi daughter."

Kim, the younger son, with tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "Alex, you can't know that. I wish mom would give up the idea. She should go to take care of Grandmother but stay out of politics"

Both sons loved their parents and wanted no harm to come to their mother but their ideas dominated the discussion.

Michael made a point that Suu Kyi would suffer some retribution for criticizing the leaders but agreed that physical harm was unlikely.

In the end, the vote was three to nil for Suu Kyi to pursue her idea. Kim abstained from voting.

Chapter 2.

There were sporadic protests against military rule during the years of rule by the revolutionary council rule and then during governance by the one party system. Except for a rare occasion, the protests were always violently suppressed.

As an example, just after the military coup, the government broke up demonstrations at Rangoon University, killing 15 students.

The military violently suppressed anti-government protests at the funeral of U Thant, the former Secretary General of the United Nations. Student protests in 1975, 1976 and 1977 were quickly suppressed by overwhelming force.

Early in 1988, Suu Kyi, with a heavy heart, returned to Burma t to tend her ailing mother.

The first three days Suu Kyi devote her time to listening to her mother reveal the seriousness of her illness as well as her understanding of what was happening in the economy.

She finished a long tale with, “The government leaders and their cronies are making fortunes and hiding their money in off shore banks. They pay no taxes and shift that burden to the rest of the population. Something has to be done, my daughter.”

Suu Kyi was surprised to find her ick mother so well-tuned in to the political situation. It was obvious that mother had informants who were close to the leaders.

That should not have been a surprise. Twenty five years ago, before the coup, her mother had been an insider

Coincidentally, not long after Suu Kyi returned to Burma, the long-time military leader of Burma and head of the ruling party, General Ne Win, stepped down. Mass demonstrations for democracy followed that event on 8 August 1988 (8–8–88, a day seen as auspicious), which were violently suppressed in what came to be known as the 8888 Uprising.

Several weeks later, Suu Kyi addressed half a million people at a mass rally in front of the Shwedagon Pagoda in the capital, calling for a democratic government. However, in September, a new military junta took power.

Suu Kyi was strongly influenced by both Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy of non-violence and more specifically by Buddhist concepts. She immediately

sought out leaders of the protests and went to work politically for democratization

She worked to unify various factions of those opposed to the government. Her first idea was to form a political party as the political base for seeking her goal, a democratic form of government.

She helped found the National League for Democracy on early in September, just months after her arrival.

Despite her philosophy of non-violence, a group of ex-military commanders and senior politicians who joined NLD during the crisis believed that she was too confrontational and left NLD.

However, she retained enormous popularity and support among NLD youths with whom she spent most of her time.

In June, Michael arrived for a surprise visit. Given the situation in Myanmar, he came without their sons. It was a brief but tender and loving reunion.

It surprised no one that she was under surveillance by government spies. As her popularity grew with the youth of the nation, the government leaders became anxious. By late spring, the membership had grown rapidly and small peaceful demonstrations were occurring weekly.

Political leaders were frustrated. The small peaceful demonstrations were observed and apparently approved of by those in the crowd of onlookers.

It was time to take action.

Aung San Suu Kyi was put under house arrest on 20 July 1989. Offered freedom if she left the country, she refused.

She was sentenced to house arrest for three years. The length of her arrest period was later shortened to one year.

She had to norm Michael and the boys. Fearing that the censors would red her letter, she arranged for her letter to be sent secretly by an associate to a friend of Michael's.

"Dearest Michael.

I love you and miss you and the boys, terribly I am sending this letter surreptitiously, and fearing that regular mail probably would be confiscated. I have been put under house arrest

As I became more deeply involved, I felt like the government was breathing down my neck. One evening I noticed the presence of a stranger loitering across the street from my residence. That continued night after night.

I also noticed agents of the junta, making no secret of their presence at some of my public appearances.

I have to admit that I was becoming frightened but that only strengthened my resolve.

One morning at about three o’clock, a loud banging on the door awakened me. I hurriedly put on a dressing gown and rushed to the door. Two burly policemen were there. They were the largest and burliest policemen I had ever scene. I began to tremble fearing that I was about to be attacked.

One of them roughly shoved a sheet of paper at me which informed me that I was as of this moment under house arrest and would be jailed if I took one step beyond my property line.

His companion said “Count your good fortune. The only reason you are not put in jail is because you are the daughter of Aung San, the father of our country.

I nodded my understanding so that the police left. I quit trembling and realized that my nightgown was soaking with sweat. I stripped, stepped into the shower and spent the next fifteen minutes trying to compose myself.

Back in bed I tried to figure out the implications of the order, One of the first thoughts was “I will not be able to go to London to be with my Michael and the children.”

I am not sure how I will spend my time, literally in isolation from the world and by believed associates at NLD.

I probably will devote myself to taking care of her mother, spend hours in Buddhist meditation practices and study Buddhist thought.

Thank goodness I have a great library.

I will have plenty of time to devote to writing and planning ways to smuggle the writing out of the country.

Please do not worry for my safety. I am certain that this is as serious a punishment that the junta dares to dish out.

All my love to you and the boys."

During the crisis, the previous democratically elected Prime Minister of Burma, U Nu initiated a plan to form an interim government and invited other opposition leaders to join him to wrest control away from the military.

Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi had signaled his readiness to recognize the interim government. However, Aung San Suu Kyi, when secretly informed, categorically rejected U Nu's plan by saying "the future of the opposition would be decided by masses of the people".

Ex-Brigadier General Aung Gyi, another influential politician at the time of the 8888 crisis, followed suit and rejected the plan after Suu Kyi's rejection.

With secret help from members of the party, Suu Kyi was able to send an occasional letter to Michel, sharing her thoughts and her gleanings from her studies of Buddhism. Naturally she included her frustrations about limitations of political activity

She wrote paragraphs of her love for Michael and the boys and the pain of separation

Great joy abounded in her heart when a rare letter from Michael was smuggled past the watchful eyes of her guards. She missed Michael and the boys but her call to help her people was extremely strong.

She was often reminded by her contact from the junta that she was fee to leave the country. She knew that, if she did leave, she would not be permitted to return.

When she was released from house arrest, Michael was able to visit but always for limited times

Michael' visit in Christmas 1995 turned out to be the last time that he and Suu Kyi met. Suu Kyi remained in Burma and the Burmese dictatorship denied him any further entry visas.

They seemed to believe that keeping her family out would encourage her to leave for a visit after which they could refuse her return.

Michael developed prostate cancer a year and a half after that Christmas visit. Later it was diagnosed as terminal.

Despite appeals from prominent figures and organizations, including the United States State Department, UN Secretary General and the Pope, the Burmese government would not grant Michael a visa.

The excuse given by the government was that they did not have the facilities to care for him, and instead urged Suu Kyi to leave the country to visit him and could return.

She was, at that time, temporarily free but was unwilling to depart, fearing that she would be refused re-entry if she left. She did not trust the junta's assurance that she could return.

Michael died on his 53rd birthday in March 1999. Since 1989, when his wife was first placed under house arrest, he had seen her only five times, the last of which was for Christmas in 1995.

She remained separated from her children, who continued to live in the United Kingdom.

In 1990, the military junta called a general electric, in which the National League for Democracy (NLD) received 59% of the votes, guaranteeing NLD 80% of the parliament seats.

Some claim that Suu Kyi would have assumed the office of Prime Ministers but as she was not permitted. She did not stand as a candidate in the elections.

However, the results were nullified and the military refused to hand over power, resulting in an international outcry.

Once more, Suu Kyi, as the leader of the part that was denied office, was placed under house arrest at her home on in Rangoon.

It was during this period that she was awarded the Sakharov Prize for Freedom of Thought.

It was just a year later the she was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Her sons Alexander and Kim accepted the Nobel Peace Prize on her behalf. She announced that she would use the Nobel Peace Prize's 1.3 million dollars prize money to establish a health and education trust for the Burmese people

Around this time, Suu Kyi chose non-violence as an expedient political tactic. "I do not hold to non-violence for moral reasons, but for political and practical reasons."

Although under house arrest again, Suu Kyi was granted permission to leave Burma under the condition that she never return. Rather than abandon her people, Suu Kyi submitted to house arrest and decided to sacrifice a life with her husband and her two young sons, in order to stand by her people:

"As a mother, the greater sacrifice was giving up my sons, but I was always aware of the fact that others had given up more than me. I never forget that my colleagues who are in prison suffer not only physically, but mentally for their families who have no security outside- in the larger prison of Burma under authoritarian rule."

Her loyalty to the people of Burma and her solidarity with those imprisoned for their pro-democratic acts have earned her deep respect among the Burmese people. She was their hero.

Chapter 3.

The presence of Suu Kyi in Mammary continued to be like a bur under the saddle of the military junta. Since she would not leave the country and continued promoting the case for democratization, something had to hinder her

activity and even remove her from the scene. The important thing was that the action should not be seen as committed by the junta.

Late in 996, a motorcade that Suu Kyi was traveling in with other NLD leaders was attacked in Yangon. More than 200 men attacked the motorcade, wielding metal chains, metal batons, stones and other weapons. The car that Suu Kyi was in had its rear window smashed, and the car with others had its rear window and two backdoor windows shattered.

It was believed the offenders were members of the Union Solidarity and Development Association (USDA) who were allegedly paid fifty cents each to participate.

The NLD lodged an official complaint with the police, and according to reports the government launched an investigation, but no action was taken.

There was a time when the representatives of the media were invited to visit the country but were kept from visiting Suu Kyi, More than one journalist after photographing her, were stopped by customs officials who then confiscated all his films, tapes and some notes.

Aung San Suu Kyi was placed under house east for a total of 15 years over a 21-year period, on numerous

occasions, since she began her political career, during which time she was prevented from meeting her party supporters and international visitors. In an interview, Suu Kyi said that while under house arrest she spent her time reading philosophy, politics and biographies that her husband had sent her. She also passed the time playing the piano, and was occasionally allowed visits from foreign diplomats as well as from her personal physician.

There is a journalist who managed to visit Suu Kyi on several occasions and succeeded in smuggling some of her writings out of the country.

The following is an excerpt of his story.

"I had three deep conversations with her, once early in her political career while I was preparing a profile for a major news magazine during which we struck a very personal relationship.

The second visit was brief and a clandestine one. That was during one of the years that the Junta allowed foreign journalists to visit restricted areas and attend press briefing strictly controlled I snuck off at three in the morning for a twenty minute secret meeting in her back yard to pick up some of her writings for publication in the states.

She used onionskin to minimize the chances of being detected. I had the papers in a double false bottom of my suit case.

Much of those notes were then replicated in other countries round the world.

The other time was just a few years ago when her life-long dream came true with the victory by her party, ending decades of military control of her beloved Myanmar."

I had his permission to use his quote as part of this story. He suggested that I might get an insight of Suu Kyi by reading another letter. He gave me permission to use only part of that long letter

She wrote:

"During the long afternoons in the hospital room, mother, at my urging, told me the story of her romance with Father.

She thrilled me with the story of starry eyed view of this man who was greater than life I remember her saying, "He was handsome and dashing in his uniform. More than anything else he was courageous and unafraid of his enemies.

He had an unbinding determination to free us to become a democratic nation. He was aware of the

opposition, military men who wanted the power and the money as leaders of a country. He realized they had formed a hard core junta while he was organizing leaders interested in a representative form of government.

His rivals were aware of his popularity and took the underhand way to get rid of him by assassination.

He had expected that possibility but in the end, he was betrayed by an insider, in a manner similar to that of Julius Cases."

The Burmese government detained and kept Suu Kyi imprisoned because it viewed her as someone "likely to undermine the community peace and stability" of the country, and used both Articles of the 1975 State Protection Act (granting the government the power to imprison people for up to five years without a trial), and Section 22 of the "Law to Safeguard the State Against the Dangers of Those Desiring to Cause Subversive Acts" as legal tools against her.

She continuously appealed her detention, and many nations and figures continued to call for her release and that of 2,100 other political prisoners in the country.

On 12 November 2010, days after the junta-backed Union Solidarity and Development Party (USDP) won elections conducted after a gap of 20 years, the junta finally agreed to sign orders allowing Suu Kyi's release, and Suu Kyi's house arrest term came to an end on 13 Nov

Congress and the President awarded her special recognition with their highest award for civilians.

Suu Kyi did have visits from government representatives. During a house arrest six year after her arrival, she met the leader of Burma, General Shwe and General Kyunt in September in the first meeting since she had been placed in detention.

The frustration of all the month spent in house arrest took its toll on several occasions during Suu Kyi's house arrest; she had periods of poor health and as a result was hospitalized.

Despite being under house arrest for most of her police career, she chaired her party and stood in strong opposition to the stern governance by the military government.

Despite the junta’s desire to hide her arrests, the word leaked out and therefore, for her work on behalf of her

people she was recognized and applauded around the world

In addition to the Sakharov Prize and the Nobel Peace Prize, the United States Congress and the President awarded her special recognition with their highest award for civilians.

She is listed as one of the powerful women in the world by People Magazine."

Chapter 4.

During any period of freedom from arrest, Suu Kyi's involvement with her party usually ended up with another house arrest.

The United Nations attempted to facilitate dialogue between the junta and Suu Kyi. On 6 May 2002, following secret confidence-building negotiations led by the UN, the government released Suu Kyi.

A government spokesman said that she was free to move "because we are confident that we can trust each other".

Suu Kyi proclaimed "a new dawn for the country". However, year later, in an incident similar to the 1996

attack on her, a government sponsored attack on her caravan in the northern part of the country ended up murdering and wounding many of her supporters.

Suu Kyi fled the scene with the help of her driver, but was arrested upon reaching Ye-U. The government imprisoned her in Rangoon.

After she underwent a hysterectomy in September, the government again placed her under house arrest in Rangoon.

With every year that Suu Kyi remained or was returned to house arrest her support became wider spread and her party gained in membership.

Protests led by Buddhist monks began in the summer of 2007, following step fuel price increases, and continued each day, despite the threat of a crackdown by the military.

In September, although still under house arrest, Suu Kyi made a brief public appearance at the gate of her residence in Yangon to accept the blessings of Buddhist monks who were marching in support of human rights. It was reported that she had been moved the following day to prison where she had been detained in 2003, but meetings with a UN envoy near her Rangoon home on at the end September established that she remand to her home, under house arrest

The United Nations tried to facilitate an easing of the junta's treatment of Suu Kyi. The results from the UN facilitation were mixed. The UN special envoy to Burma, met with Suu Kyi. He resigned from his post the following year, partly because he was denied re-entry to Burma on several occasions.

Over the next six years, the United Nations made a number of attempts to assist in reconciliation between the junta and Suu Kyi, all such attempts meeting with failure.

The United Nations Working Group for Arbitrary Detention published an Opinion that Aung San Suu Kyi's deprivation of liberty was arbitrary and in contravention of Article 9 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights 1948, and requested that the authorities in Burma set her free.

The authorities ignored the request at that time. The U.N. report said that according to the Burmese Government's reply, "Aung San Suu Kyi has not been arrested, but has only been taken into protective custody, for her own safety", and while "it could have instituted legal action against her under the country's domestic legislation, it has preferred to adopt a magnanimous attitude, and is providing her with protection in her own interests.

On 18 January 2007, the state-run paper New Light of Myanmar accused Suu Kyi of tax evasion for spending her Nobel Prize money outside the country.

The accusation followed the defeat of a US-sponsored UN Security Council resolution condemning Burma as a threat to international security.

The resolution was defeated because of strong opposition from China, which has strong ties with the military junta (China later voted against the resolution, along with Russia and South Africa).

One more attempt was made by the UN.

In July 2009, UN Secretary General went to Burma to pressure the junta into releasing Suu Kyi and to institute democratic reform. However, on departing from Burma, Ban Ki-moon said he was "disappointed" with the visit after junta leader refused permission for him to visit Suu Kyi, citing her ongoing trial. Ban said he was "deeply disappointed that they have missed a very important opportunity."

There was no easing of harassment, the junta hoping to break he spirit and perhaps encouraging her to return to her sons in the United Kingdom. She had no way of communicating with the world beyond her fence line. She had no telephone service, no television or radio availability, but she had her work, her writing.

In the spring of 2008, Myanmar was hit by a cyclone. Suu Kyi lost the roof of her house and lived in virtual darkness after losing electricity in her dilapidated lakeside residence. She used candles at night as she was not provided any generator set.

Plans to renovate and repair the house were announced in sixteen months later. Suu Kyi was released from house arrest late in 2010.

It had been nineteen years since Suu Kyi’s return to her homeland. Of those years, more than twelve had en under arrest. More was still ahead of her.

In October 2007 Suu Kyi was temporarily reeled, partially because of solidarity protests held at 12 cities around the world. Soon thereafter she was restricted to her home again.

Her arrest term expired in May 2008 but house arrest was extended for another year, which is illegal under both international law and Burma's own law.

When her time for release approached house arrest extended for 18 more months because of "violation" arising from the May trespass incident.

In May of 2009, an American man, identified as John Yttaw, swam across Inya Lake to Suu Kyi’s house, uninvited and was arrested when he made his return trip three days later. He had attempted to make a similar trip

two years earlier, but for unknown reasons was turned away.

He later claimed at trial that he was motivated by a divine vision requiring him to notify her of an impending terrorist assassination attempt.

His well-intended but misguided conduct gave the junta another excuse to harass Suu Kyi. She was arrested for violating the terms of her house arrest because the swimmer, who pleaded exhaustion, was allowed to stay in her house for two days before he attempted the swim back.

Suu Kyi was later taken to prison where she could have faced up to five years confinement for the intrusion. The trial of Suu Kyi and her two maids began on 18 May.

Diplomats and journalists were barred from attending the trial. However, on one occasion, several diplomats and journalists from Russia, Thailand and Singapore were allowed to meet Suu Kyi.

Crowds demonstrated outside the court house proclaiming Suu Kyi as a sensitive and compassionate leader.

The prosecution had originally planned to call 22 witnesses. It also accused John Yttaw of embarrassing the country

During the ongoing defense case, Suu Kyi said she was innocent but there was no doubt about the outcome, even as the rules were set out.

The defense was allowed to call only one witness, while the prosecution was permitted to call 14 witnesses. The court rejected two character witnesses and permitted the defense to call only one, a legal expert.

According to rumor, the junta was planning, once again, to place her in detention, this time in a military base outside the city.

In a separate trial, Yttaw said he swam to Suu Kyi's house to warn her that her life was "in danger". The national police chief later confirmed that Yttaw was the "main culprit" in the case filed against Suu Kyi

According to aides, Suu Kyi spent her 64th birthday in jail sharing rice and chocolate cake with her guards.

Her arrest and trial received worldwide condemnation by the UN Secretary General, Western governments, even South Africa, Japan and the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (of which Burma was a member)

The Burmese government strongly condemned the statement, as it created an "unsound tradition" and criticized Thailand for meddling in its internal affairs.

On 11 August 2009 the trial concluded with Suu Kyi being sentenced to imprisonment for three years with hard labor. This sentence was commuted by the military rulers to further house arrest of 18 months

Following the verdict of the trial, lawyers of Suu Kyi said they would appeal the 18-month sentence.

In their appeal, Aung San Suu Kyi had argued that the conviction was unwarranted. However, her appeal against of the August sentence was rejected by a Burmese court.

Although the court accepted the argument that the 1974 constitution, under which she had been charged, was null and void, it also said the provisions of the 1975 security law, under which she has been kept under house arrest, remained in force. The verdict effectively meant that she would be unable to participate in the elections scheduled to take place in 2010, the first elections in Burma in two decades.

Her lawyer stated that her legal team would pursue a new appeal within 60 days.

Chapter 5.

Finally, after all the years of isolation, Suu Kyi was allowed to meet with senior members of her party, the NLD, at the State House, these meetings taking place under close supervision.

On the evening of 13 November 2010, Suu Kyi was released from house arrest. This was the date her detention had been set to expire according to a court ruling in August 2009 and came six days after a widely criticized general election.

She appeared in front of a crowd of her supporters, who rushed to her house in Rangoon when nearby barricades were removed by the security forces.

The government newspaper *New Light of Myanmar* reported the release positively, saying she had been granted a pardon after serving her sentence "in good conduct"

It had been speculated in the western press that the military government may have released Suu Kyi because it felt it was in a confident position to control her supporters after the election.

Her son Kim Aris was granted a visa in November 2010 to see his mother shortly after her release. The twp.

had not seen each other for 10 years. He visited again on 5 July 2011, to accompany her on a trip to Bagain, her first trip outside Rangoon since 2003.

Many discussions were held between Suu Kyi and the Burmese government during 2011, which led to a number of official gestures to meet her demands.

In October, around a tenth of Burma's political prisoners were freed in an amnesty. Trade unions were legalized.

In November 2011, following a meeting of its leaders, the NLD announced its intention to re-register as a political party.

The gates were thrown wide open. Suu Kyi began meeting with heads of state and travelled across Europe.

Suu Kyi kept a very busy schedule, meeting with heads of state, foreign ministers and journalists in ever nation she visited.

When at home she was busy conferring withers NLD party associates or speaking at rallies planned by her associates.

Suu Kyi formally registered to contest a lower house seat in special parliamentary elections to be held in April 2015.

She ran against USD candidate, a retired army physician. She campaigned every day, determined to win the parliament seat.

At a large campaign rally in Mandalay, Suu Kyi unexpectedly left after 15 minutes, because of exhaustion and airsickness.

Several days later in an official campaign speech broadcast on Burmese state television Suu Kyi publicly campaigned for reform of the 2008 Constitution, removal of restrictive laws, more adequate protections for people's democratic rights, and establishment of an independent judiciary.

The speech was leaked online a day before it was broadcast because of her feeing that government censors might alter parts of the message

A paragraph in the speech, focusing on the repression by means of law, was censored by authorities.

Suu Kyi has also called for international media to monitor the upcoming by-elections, while publicly pointing out irregularities in official voter lists, which include deceased individuals and exclude other eligible voters in the contested constituencies.

Suu Kyi was quoted as saying "Fraud and rule violations are continuing and we can even say they are increasing."

Those were daring words in light of the junta's desire to see the USD party come out of the election with a big victory.

When asked whether she would assume a ministerial post if given the opportunity, she said "I can tell you one thing, that under the present constitution, if you become a member of the government you have to vacate your seat in the national assembly. And I am not working so hard to get into parliament simply to vacate my seat."

Two weeks before the election Suu Kyi suspended her nationwide campaign tour, citing health problems due to exhaustion and hot weather.

Late on the day of the voting, the NLD announced that Suu Kyi had won the vote for a seat in Parliament. A news broadcaster on state-run TV, reading the announcements of the Election Commission, confirmed her victory, as well as her party's victory in 43 of the 45 contested seats, officially making Suu Kyi the Leader of the Opposition in the lower house.

National League for Democracy MP-elects, including Suu Kyi, said they might not take their oaths because of

its wording; in its present form, parliamentarians must vow to "safeguard" the constitution.

Despite the threat, the National League for Democracy MP-elects, including Aung San Suu Kyi, took their oaths and took office, though the wording of the oath was not changed.

Apparently, Suu Kyi and her colleagues decided they could do more by joining as lawmakers than maintaining their boycott on principle

The constitution barred Suu Kyi from the presidency because she as the widow and mother of foreigners, provisions that appeared to be written specifically to prevent her from being eligible.

The NLD won a sweeping victory in those elections, winning at least 255 seats in the House of Representatives and 135 seats in the House of Nationalities. In addition, Suu Kyi won re-election to the House of Representatives. Under the 2008 constitution, the NLD needed to win at least a two-thirds majority in both houses to ensure that its candidate would become president.

Before the elections, Suu Kyi announced that even though she is constitutionally barred from the presidency, she would hold the real power in any NLD-led government.

In March 2016 she took over the roles of Foreign Affairs Minister and President Htiin Kyaw created a position called State Counselor, de facto Prime Minister for her the position of State Counselor has been approved by the House of Nationalities on 1 April 2016, and the House of Representatives on 5 April 2016. She is now serving that position from 6 April 2016.

Book III

EVONNE GOOLAGONG

Preface

While doing research for a story of another inspiring woman, I discovered this article about Evonne Goolagong, an aborigine from a small township in Australia

She was to astound the world with her drive and her talent by realizing her dream to play tennis on Center Court at Wimbledon.

I thought my readers would appreciate the New York Times reprint of an article originally written in 1971.

Following the reprint, I have added some biographical material to widen the picture of this inspirational woman. -EFT

How the Daughter of an Ancient Race Made It Out of the Australian Outback

By Harry Gordonaug

This article originally appeared in print on Aug. 29, 1971, and is excerpted from the archives in the Aug. 25, 2013, issue of the Times magazine.

BARELLAN, Australia. It does not look like a very special place. The friendly peppercorns, alive with the steady burr of a thousand bees, stand sentry over half a dozen car hulks, rusty monuments to the affluence that came with various peach and wheat crops of the nineteen-forties and fifties. Beside them is a rectangular patch of bare red earth, surrounded by a wire-mesh fence, and inhabited just now by a dozen strolling chickens and three large, bored dogs. Weeds sprout in it and broken bits of

furniture litter it, but it is identifiable as a tennis court, because of the *gappy,* time-rotted net that drapes across its middle.

In all the earth, it would be hard to find a more utterly undistinguished tennis court, except for one thing: If you drew a graph to represent the career of the young woman who rules ladies' international tennis, the beginning point would have to be here. On this dry red ground, with a similar cast of chickens and dogs as her gallery, Miss Evonne Goolagong began to hit a tennis ball sweetly and hard.

She turned 20 a month ago, and the experts are saying she is the most valuable property in the extravagant bazaar of international tennis, that she will earn a million dollars before she is 30. Since she was 11, she has played on a wide variety of manicured surfaces, of lawn and clay and even crushed anthills; the prospect before her is an endless succession of tidy rectangles, each split by a taut net, each surrounded by thousands of people. But this is the starting point, here near the peppercorns and the beat-up old cars. Over nine years, the graph has thrust upward, at varying angles, to a Wimbledon championship and into history.

Evonne Goolagong is an Australian aborigine, the first member of her ancient, tragic race ever to play serious competitive tennis.

“Got to get this place cleaned up,” says Mr. Ken Goolagong, as he strides about the court, and the chickens squawk and flap as he shoos them away. “Evonne comes home this month and she likes to have a hit while she’s back with the family.” He is trying to sound nonchalant, and he is not good at it. Mr. Goolagong, 43, lean- faced and going bald, is Evonne’s father; he is a part-time fruit-picker, sheepshearer, wheat-grader and dismantler of cars, and in recent weeks he has been a full-time local celebrity. The whole town is excited about Evonne, her Wimbledon win, they say, is the biggest thing to have happened here since the great wheat harvest of 1941. “She comes back with presents for everyone, plenty of pictures from Paris and London and all those other places,”

Mr. Goolagong goes on. “She’s a good kid... writes to use every week, never puts on any airs. We call her The Champ when she comes home, and it makes her pretty cranky.”

Later, squatting on his heels outside his crumbling white-timber, asbestos-sheeting and corrugated-iron bungalow, he says he has never watched Evonne play in a big tournament — “except on the telly, we watched every bit of the Wimbledon final on the telly” — but Evonne has watched *him* shear sheep. Last time she was home, she specially asked if she could go along and watch him in the shearing sheds. “I’ve shore overtwo hunn’ert in a day,” he says, “but big sheep knocks you about. I used to

go mad at it, twisting and turning all night. I couldn't sleep after a rough day with the sheep. Don't go so hard at it these days."

Mrs. Linda Goolagong, a tidy, pleasant woman with rounder, more emphatic aboriginal features than her husband, joins him outside the house. "Y'know," she says, "Evonne was squeezing a tennis ball before she was 12 months old, before she learned to walk or talk." Mrs. Goolagong says she does not know one thing about tennis. "All that 40-love stuff, I just don't get it," she confesses." It's a hard game to count. I can't seem to get the hang of the way they count it."

Inside the house the seven Goolagong children still living at home — Barbara, Larry, Kevin, Gail, Kannelle, Ian and Martin (who at 7 is "the baby") — are watching Andy Hardy woo Polly Benedict on television. Framed photographs of Evonne look down from the walls. Evonne serving Evonne smashing, Evonne volleying, Evonne in a backhand, Evonne shaking hands with a vanquished rival. Beside the TV set are two battered suitcases crammed with letters, snapshots, newspapers and magazines — the story of a girl some see as a black Eliza Doolittle. ("Dear gang," says the postcard that came after Wimbledon, "the ball was beautiful...")

The township is Barellan, in the far southwest of the state of New South Wales, and the house is the last one at

the end of a bumpy dirt road. To get here, you drive some 400 miles from Sydney, through red plains pierced by white spear grass an roamed by gangs of kangaroos and swooping, squealing flocks of pink-breasted galahs. Barellan (population 936, including 10 Goolagongs) sits astride the highway in wheat country, on the edge of a lush fruit growing area irrigated from the Murrumbidgee River. The names in these parts have a wonderful aboriginal roll to them — the next town on the highway is Moombooldool, and the nearest high point is Mount Yalgogoring — but it is no longer aboriginal country.

The Goolagongs are the only aboriginal family in Barellan; Ken Goolagong does not know what his surname means (although an anthropologist at Australia's National Museum believes it translates as "nose of kangaroo") and he has never thrown a boomerang. His tribal background has been buried by time, his beginnings as anonymous as those of the car hulks under the peppercorn trees. That is the way he wants it. He is not illiterate (although his wife is), he is accepted in the local pub and he plays golf regularly with a handicap of 17. "I don't think about being aboriginal," he said. "I don't have any reason to. What have I got to be angry about? I've got everything I want."

Evonne feels much the same way. She is an uncomplicated, innocent, very happy girl who is still unaware that problems of race and politics do intrude into

sport. She, too, feels there is no reason for anger. She is doing what she wants, isn't she? She just wants to play tennis, that's all. She relies heavily for advice on every problem, whether to eat two servings of ice cream, whether to wear one of her Tinling frocks, whether to visit South Africa, on her own Professor Higgins — a dedicated 61-year-old tennis coach named Vic Edwards. He plucked her out of the drab obscurity of Barellan, educated her, arranged for elocution lessons and gave her a degree of poise that her brothers and sisters will never achieve, showed her how to become the best woman tennis player in the world and then took her to Wimbledon. He has steered her away from the sharp edge of racism, even to the extent of stipulating before press interviews, "No questions about color, now..."

Unlike the two American Negroes who have reached the highest peaks of tennis, Althea Gibson and Arthur Ashe, Evonne displays no willingness to talk about her race. The difference between Arthur and Evonne is highlighted by South Africa's refusal to allow Ashe into the country, while accepting Evonne and classifying her as "an honorary white." "It's not a matter of personal preference," says Ashe. "If you're born black you're committed in the race war." Evonne says she is bothered when newspapermen ask her about her color. "It's as though all that matters is that I'm aboriginal. I'd much rather people knew me as a good tennis player than as an

aboriginal who happens to play good tennis. Of course I'm proud of my race, but I don't want to be thinking about it all the time."

The essence of the problem of being Evonne Goolagong is simply this: she is a representative of one of the most oppressed, ill-used colored minorities in the world and she has reached the highest level of a game which is one of the last sporting fortresses of the white man. That makes her a racial symbol, whether she likes it or not. One newspaper columnist in Australia, novelist David Marlin, has already called Evonne and Lionel Rose, the boxer, "exhibition niggers." Another, Alan Trengove, warned seriously that Evonne would "destroy herself" if she played in South Africa for segregated audiences — which she did earlier this year. And John Newton, a spokesman for the aboriginal civil-rights movement, said after she allowed herself to be categorized as an "honorary white": "One shouldn't have to elaborate on what an insult this is to her, and to her people at home, and to black people everywhere.

The history of Australia's aborigines is not unlike that of North America's Indians. The pattern, ever since white men came to Australia 200 years ago, has been mostly one of unrelenting shame, degradation and humiliation; they have been robbed of their tribal lands, their culture and their dignity. Like the pioneers who settled the eastern and southern coastlines and the island

state of Tasmania slaughtered aborigines as they drove them deep into the less fertile areas in the west, the north and the "dead" heart of the continent. So genocidal was their fury that not one full-blooded aborigine remains in Tasmania, and in other areas the race is in very real danger of extinction. Even in modern times, aborigines were forced to sit in roped enclosures in some movie theaters, and were unable to drink at bars. In the last 20 years the public conscience has been stirred, and legislation has been introduced to wipe out various forms of discrimination. Even now, though, it is rare for aboriginal children to be educated beyond primary school level, and the infant mortality rate among aboriginal children is seven times greater than the white rate of 18.3 deaths per thousand live births.

In this context, it is not surprising that few aborigines have distinguished themselves. One became an army officer, and went on to command a company of white men in an infantry battalion in Korea; one became a landscape artist of consequence, and was followed by a small army of untalented tribal imitators; one woman has written good poetry and is a major force in the aboriginal-rights movement. But the list is pitifully thin: a singer, a couple of university graduates, several actors, a senator, a pastor, a nun an air hostess. Only in a couple of harsh, physical-contact sports such as boxing and football has there been unlimited opportunity for the aborigine. In

boxing, which has basic requirements that are *really* basic, some aborigines have reached the summits, and one, Lionel Rose, possessed a world title not long ago; but for every champion there have been hundreds of skinny aboriginal boys standing on fairground platforms, grinning docilely in their cheap, bright dressing-gowns while a spruiker has prodded a bass drum and called, “Who’ll take on the black boy?”

Apart from the fact that her own family feels no great aboriginal identity, there are two major reasons why Evonne Goolagong has not interested herself more actively in the affairs of her ancestral people. In a fiercely competitive field of sport, she has devoted the whole of her young mind to the perfection of her skin. And, since she was 14 she has lived as a member of a white family in one of Sydney’s better suburbs on the “right” side of the harbor. She is a lithe, bouncy, biscuit-colored girl with a friendly personality, on and off the court. She giggles to herself when she muffs a shot, never glares at linesmen who make doubtful calls, looks apologetic when she belts an un-returnable ball at her opponent. “She’s one of the nicest kids I’ve ever seen play.” says the former Wimbledon champion Frank Sedgman. “She just wouldn’t know what a tantrum is.”

At times she sounds almost naive, certainly some years younger than her age. “Mum and dad have come to Sydney to see me off on the two trips to Wimbledon,” she

says. “Each time I thought I mustn’t cry ‘cos that’ll start mum off. Each time I really bawled, and then she started up.” When she first reached England last year, she saw snow for the first time. “People thought I was mad. I ran around scraping it off cars, trying to get enough to build a snowman. There just wasn’t enough.” She is shedding her shyness almost visibly, under increasing exposure to the international tennis circuit. “That first time out at Wimbledon last year was really scary.” she said. “All the people and the atmosphere get you all tensed up. I walked around with my head down...too scared to look up.” In her winner’s speech at this year’s Wimbledon ball she was able to make a small joke about the sustained bottom-pinching which caused scores of male spectators at the tournament to be charged with indecent behavior: “It was like a dream winning that title,” she said. “I thought that someone should pinch me to see if it was all true. I’d have only had to walk through that crowd to find out.”

For Evonne Goolagong, the journey to the dream began around nine years after her birth on July 31, 1951, when an aunt presented her with a tennis racket. Until then she had shown talent for sprinting, jumping and ball games, but had always been fascinated by the game of tennis. She used to hang around the local tennis courts, hit a ball against a brick wall with a wooden bat, and sometimes borrow a racket for a game after the members

of the Barellan War Memorial Tennis Club had finished for the day. “I used to sleep with that racket my aunt gave me,” she says. “Then one day one of my sisters burnt it. I cried for days.”

The club president, W. C. Kurtzmann, gave her another. He was the first good judge of tennis to be impressed by her and he later organized funds which bought her clothes and paid for her fares to Sydney. He used to give her pointers, and one day he let her take home a discarded old net and told her to practice as much as possible on the flat ground near her home. The following year when a coaching clinic for beginners toured the district, he enrolled her for lessons.

The traveling clinic was organized by Vic Edwards, principal of a Sydney tennis school founded by his father in 1921. The Edwards institution takes itself very seriously. Its headquarters has a signboard bearing a crest (crossed tennis rackets) and a declaration borrowed from the well-known Roman sports buff Julius Caesar, *“Veni, vidii, vici”* has an almost missionary attitude to the spread of tennis knowledge. With a steady enrollment of 4,000 pupils, Edwards has a well-deserved reputation as a prospector of crude talent; be found champions Bob Hewitt (at 12), Fred Stolle (at 17), Martin Mulligan (at 15) and Jan Lehane (at 11). In Australia these days, there

are legions of little boys and girls who either swim well or swat tennis balls impressively and coaches on both fields claim to be able to spot the natural prospective champions at remarkably early ages.

“It’s a question,” says one of Edwards’s talent scouts, Colin Swan, “of rhythm and pure, intuitive movement.” Swan looks for grace and the ability to move easily, almost unthinkingly, to meet a ball. He is 37 now, and he has been making a full-time occupation of playing and watching tennis for 21 years. “I started with Lew and Kenny, around 11,” he says, in what from someone more sophisticated might sound like a conscious dropping of the names of Hoad and Rosewall.

Evonne Goolagong at Wimbledon in 1971.

It was Swan, a powerful, chunky young man, who discovered Evonne. In Barellan with the clinic, he was impressed enough to telephone his boss and ask him to look at the girl. "There was this aboriginal kid," he now recalls. "She just flowed around the court. She was the kind of natural you see once in a long time. She didn't know how to make her shots, of course, but she was always there in the right place, without even thinking about it." Swan sees nothing especially remarkable in the ability to spot champions at an age when they still believe in Santa Claus. "Even now," he confided only days

ago, “there’s another little kid in the Barellan area. She can make it.” He specifies that she is not black, but does not want to name her...not yet. She is 8 years old.

Edwards drove to Barellan, watched Evonne play, asked her what she wanted to be when she grew up. Maybe a nurse, she told him, but she hadn’t really thought about it. (“Funny kid, she was,” says her mother now. “She hated meeting people. If visitors came into the house she’d run into her room and pull the blankets over her head. When she first met Mr. Edwards, she would hardly say a word. Edwards explained to Evonne how to position herself for a forehand and back hand advised her to hit the ball on her home court as often as possible with her two-years-older brother Larry, and said that next year he might enter her in a few country tournaments. “Really, I wanted to know if she was willing to persist with the game,” he is now. “So often it’s just a passing interest. I wanted to see if she’d keep at it.” Evonne was 10 years old that summer, and had never I heard of Wimbledon.

Throughout the next 12 months, Kurtzmann persuaded many older club players to take on Evonne. Her game matured a good deal and she was waiting for Edwards when he returned the following summer. He asked her parents if he could take her to Sydney for the school holidays; they agreed readily and she took off with a new outfit, paid for by Kurtzmann’s club. She was a

wiry pretty little girl with bobbing, Shirley-Temple curls and a tendency to bow her head and speak softly when addressed by adults. She reached the semifinals of the first tournament she played in.

"Her most impressive quality was her grace around the court," Edwards recalls. And she could hit that ball really hard, right in the center of the bat. She had one home-made shot, a backhand volley, and it was a beauty. She'd taught it to herself, batting the ball against a brick wall. I didn't try to remake it, just built around it." Her only real faults, he says, were a tendency to allow her mind to wander and a lack of killer instinct. When her beaten opponents would cry, Evonne would embrace them, and sometimes even cry a little herself. For two more years

Edwards brought Evonne to his own home in the Sydney suburb of Roseville for the long summer holidays, which in Australia stretch through Christmas into nearly February.

At 13, Evonne was starting to attract national attention, partly because no other aborigine had ever qualified for serious tournaments, but mostly because of her sheer skill and power. When she won the New South Wales state under-I5 championship in January, 1965 (spotting many of her opponents a year in age), there were some critics and coaches who claimed that she showed

more talent than Margaret Smith at the same age. Margaret, who later became Mrs. Margaret Court, had two years earlier become the first Australian girl ever to win the Wimbledon singles title.

To Edwards, it was increasingly obvious that if the girl was going to develop into a real champion, she needed to get away permanently from the restrictive, ambition-killing confines of Barellan. He visited her home and asked her parents if he could become her legal guardian. They accepted the proposal passively, without much discussion, the way they had learned to accept most things. With a wardrobe provided by the tennis club and the knowledge that she could belt a ball with more force and accuracy than just about any girl her age, she left her hometown for good.

The concentrated apprenticeship Evonne embarked on when she moved in with Edwards, his Wife, Eva, and their family was not aimed simply at making her a world champion. Edwards wanted her accomplished in the arts and graces that should go with continuous international travel. He wanted her to speak well — and this represented a refreshing break with tradition; Australian tennis players have tended to come in the Lew Hoad mold, laconic and monosyllabic. Each day after her studies at Willoughby High School in Sydney, which she attended with Edwards's daughter, Patricia, she went to elocution and deportment classes. For a time it seemed

that she was spending all her waking time with either a racket in her hand or a book on her head. Edwards also wanted her equipped with a useful trade other than tennis; when she finished high school, he sent her to a business, secretarial-training college.

With the racket, Evonne's capacity for improvement seemed boundless. Every year, for three years she won every age championship she entered, and by the time she was 16 Edwards was predicting that she would win Wimbledon by 1974. Last year he judged her to be ready for international competition, and she played in Britain, Holland, France and Germany. In England, she promptly beat the No. 5 girl in the world, America's Judy Heidman, to reach the semifinals of the British hard court championships but in her first attempt at Wimbledon she was quickly bundled out, after an unaccustomed bout of jitters, by the American Peaches Bartkowicz. She won 7 of the 21 tournaments she entered on the tour, including the Bavarian and Welsh titles and the All-England Ladies Plate at Wimbledon.

Back in Australia last summer, it was quickly apparent that only one woman had the edge on her — the powerful veteran Margaret Court, who had just made history by winning the Grand Slam (the Wimbledon, French U.S. and Australian titles). Evonne had idolized Mrs. Court; one of the most treasured pictures in the suitcase at her Barellan home

shows her at the age of 11, looking up with unabashed adoration at Margaret, who was then 20, after a tournament in New South Wales

The breakthrough came in the Victorian championships this year, when Evonne beat the older woman 7-6, 7-6, to score what was then the greatest win of her career. The sheer unpredictability of her shots often left Mrs. Court flat-footed and frankly annoyed with herself. Mrs. Court reacted to the beating rather icily, claiming that she had played below her game. Evonne plays better against the top girls, when she has nothing to lose," she summed up. But a few weeks later, in the final of the Australian championship, only a cramp in a calf muscle prevented Evonne from repeating the performance; she was leading 5-2 in the deciding set when the cramp struck. Mrs. Court, who admitted afterward that she had taken advantage of the cramp by making Evonne move around the court, won the next 11 straight games to take the match?

The visit to South Africa of Evonne and Vic Edwards last March caused considerable controversy in Australia. John Newfong of the Aborigines' Advancement League urged her not to go. "Nobody is suggesting for one moment that she should not play tennis today, tomorrow and forever," he wrote. Nobody is suggesting that she is not entitled to the prestige, honor and glory she will accumulate. But what

we, as her fellow black Australians, are suggesting is that she has no moral right to allow this prestige to be used against our interests."

Evonne, in a press conference, commented on the protests:

"I only accepted the invitation because Mr. Edwards said everything would be right. He told me he had stipulated to the organizers that I receive the same treatment I would expect to receive anywhere else in the world as an ordinary player. I don't want to talk about apartheid...I'm going to South Africa to play tennis and to see the country. That's as far as it goes."

Edwards said "We'll pack our bags and be out of the place in two minutes if there's any nonsense. I certainly don't want any of this business where Evonne has to eat in a different place, travel in a different section or use a different lavatory from the whites."

They did not have to pack their bags. Evonne reported during and after the tour that their treatment had been wonderful: "A lot of people have gone out of their way to be especially kind to me, but that is the way every visiting tennis player has been treated." For much of the trip, she stayed at the luxurious home owned by the in-laws of Bob Hewitt, an Australian player who married a South African girl.

Why did she bother to make such a questionable trip to play in tournaments which are not regarded as part of the major league of international tennis? Evonne will say only that her coach advised her to go; she has never questioned one of his decisions. Vic Edwards says: "Evonne wanted to go, that's why. Just about every top player in the world was going-Laver, Rosewall, Roche, Emerson. Why shouldn't she? I know Ashe wasn't going. What were we supposed to do, not go because Arthur wasn't?" Edwards is rather testy about the subject, and will not explain his decision further. But there is little doubt that three factors influenced him: Evonne had just become Margaret Court's permanent doubles partner, and Margaret intended to go; the South African trip offered low-key international experience for a girl who needed overseas competition; it also offered the opportunity for Evonne to make some modest appearance money.

Following her win in the French championship this year, and her crushing 6-4, 6-1, defeat of Mrs. Court in the Wimbledon final, it is relevant to ask just how good Evonne Goolagong is. Unlike Margaret, who blasts blistering services and charges to the net after them in the fashion of the great male power-players, she favors a baseline game that is reminiscent of Ken Rosewall's. Like Rosewall, she has a classic backhand drive which she clips down the sidelines with under spin to keep it low. This and the remodeled version of her homemade

backhand, cross-court volley are her most effective ammunition; her least lethal shot is probably her forehand volley, but she still manages to angle it into comers for winners.

The grace and fluidity which first impressed Edwards and Swan still characterize her play, but her greatest single attribute is her willingness to hit every ball. Most women players, including Mrs. Court, are prepared to block really vicious serves back into play, and to go for their winning shots after the rally has started. Evonne doesn't wait; she belts every ball hard, trying to win points off even the most penetrating services.

"She can be down love-40, apparently beaten, and she's still trying to hit winners," says Mrs. Court. "She just won't play safe tennis, and her shots are quite unpredictable. They're liable to come back in any direction. She never lets up trying to hit for the lines or catch you on your wrong foot. The harder you hit the ball to her, the more she likes it. It's best to slow the game up, rather than try to out belt her. And she loves a wide ball. She'll have a crack at anything."

She plays against males like professionals Fred Stolle and Tim Warwick in practice, but hasn't the power to test them seriously. Despite her first unsettling experience at Wimbledon, she is completely unworried by nerves in match play. She paces herself easily against weaker

opponents, taking the opportunity to get practice on strokes which aren't working well. In these matches, though, her concentration sometimes drifts. Edwards calls this "going walk about" an affectionate dig at the driving urge members of her race sometimes have to go off wandering. He rates this tendency, and the need to sharpen her killer instinct, as her greatest faults, and believes she will not mature enough to achieve her full potential until 1974.

Jake Kramer believes she will rule women's tennis for most of the seventies, and Frank Sedgman sees her as potentially greater than Althea Gibson, Maureen Connolly and Maria Bueno. Certainly she will make more money than any of her predecessors. As a "registered" player, she can take the cash openly. Her prize money from this year's tour, which she started as virtually an unknown player, will total $29,000, and soon it is expected to go to more than $85,000 a year. A firm of London business agents is handling transactions which will put the musical aboriginal name that means "nose of kangaroo" on rackets, balls, socks and carry bags. For the right to interview her for publication. They are demanding fees from £100 to £150 depending on circulation. The experts say that Evonne Goolagong will have $100,000 in the bank by the time she is 21 and that she'll follow Rod Laver as a tennis millionaire by the time she is 30. Not a cent of her earnings goes to Edwards. He

already runs Australia's largest tennis school, and the publicity Evonne wins assures him that it will grow larger still. He pays his own fares to accompany Evonne, and has already invested a chunk of her earnings for her in real estate.

As her 21st year begins, Evonne Goolagong is a relaxed, natural girl who listens to pop music on a transistor radio until she falls asleep, is addicted to hot pants, suede jackets, trendy pajama suits and *discotheques* and calls her coach unfailingly, "Mr. Edwards." He addresses her as "Sweet." She likes boys, but says, seriously. "I haven't had much time to go out with them. Just now I don't think I could stick with just one steady. I've never really thought about marriage. It's not..." She pauses, searching for an apt word "well, compatible with all the tennis."

When she does get around steadying dating, and evening to marriage, the odds are that it will be with a white boy. She has had no opportunity to meet young men of her own race, and the years in a white home have tended to make her mix easily with white youngsters of both sexes. Edwards will not let her play the American circuit until next year, because he considers she is "not mature enough" for it, but has already announced that they will return to South Africa next year. Apart from her twice-yearly visits to the family, the link with Barellan is irrevocably cut. Her self-confidence and

authority are growing steadily, and there is little doubt that during the next few years her reliance on her coach will diminish. The decisions Evonne Goolagong will make in the seventies, particularly those concerning her relationship with her own people, offer one of the most intriguing prospects in sport.

End of the published article.

Born Evonne Fay Goolagong, she is the third of eight children. Her parents, Kenny Goolagong and Melinda, are members of the Wiiadjuri people. She grew up in the small country town of Barellan.

Although Aboriginal people faced widespread discrimination in rural Australia at this time, Goolagong was able to play tennis in Barellan from childhood thanks to local resident, Bill Kurtzman, who saw her peering through the fence at the local courts and encouraged her to come in and play.

In 1965, Vic Edwards, the proprietor of a tennis school in Sydney, saw her potential. He persuaded Eva's parents to allow her to move to Sydney, where she attended high school.

Here, she completed her School Certificate in 1968 and was at the same time competing in the doubles event of the Wimbledon warm up event in Eastbourne

Goolagong married former junior British tennis player Roger Cawley in London on 19 June 1975 while playing in Wimbledon. She continued in the tournament, losing two days later in the final match of the women's doubles.

As the draw had already taken place prior to the marriage ceremony, Wimbledon were unable to record her entry as Mrs. R.A. Cawley in the official draw sheet until the second round.

Following her wedding, the Cawleys settled in Naples, Florida. After living in the U.S. for eight years, the couple bought a home at Noosa Heads in Queensland, where they settled with their two children, daughter Kelly and son Morgan.

When Evonne Goolagong Cawley first picked up an apple crate board to hit a ball against any flat surface she could find, Wimbledon was always the dream.

The tennis-obsessed youngster would play for hours on end against a wall or a water tank, at the time thinking the tournament was merely the stuff of fairy tales.

"I read this princess magazine story," recalls the 63-year-old seven-time Grand Slam singles winner in an interview with CNN Open Court at the Australian Open.

"One story was about this girl who trained and was taken to this place called Wimbledon where she won on this magical court.

"I didn't know it was for real but I learned that this place exists in England'."

From that moment henceforth, the wall or water tank was the net at the All England Club, the concrete under her feet the hallowed grass turf graced by so many past champions.

"Every time I went to sleep at night, I would dream about playing at that magical center court and every time I hit the wall I would pretend I was there."

Evonne's fairy tale came true.

Nicknamed the 'Sunshine super girl' early in her career, Eva achieved exactly that feat in 1971, winning the first of Grand Slam titles.

As well as two Wimbledon titles, Eva also won the Australian Open four times, the French Open, three Fed Cup titles and reached world No.1 in 1976.

During her career she won 704 matches and 86 titles

If the fairy tale came true, there were also many times when the clock struck midnight, with her story marked by episodes where, as with so many Aborigines,- she was often treated as a second-class citizen.

Starting at an early age, Evonne was afraid of being taken away from her parents.

Many Australians thought the best practice was for Aboriginal children to be removed from their families to be given a life away from poverty and given an education in white Australian society.

"Whenever a car would come down the road, my mum would tell us to hide 'or else the welfare man would take you away”.

Even as an adult she was acutely aware of how Aborigines could be excluded from everyday life, even after winning Wimbledon.

"Before I started traveling overseas and I was with a friend and in those days I loved music and I loved disco dancing so she took me out but I wasn't allowed in.

"That happened again in Brisbane and I was with two Aboriginal friends and this was just after I won Wimbledon. I said 'don't worry we'll go somewhere else'. I think it hurt my friends more than me."

The Goolagong family was the only Aborigines in the small town of Barellan in New South Wales.

Evonne was the third of Kenny and Melindra's eight children.

When she arrived in Sidney to live with the Edwards, she had her first tennis dress, made for her by her mother from sheets. Her tennis equipment and wardrobe had been paid for by the people of her home town.

There was no pressure on her to play the sport by her parents and her mother would never ask on her return after a match if she had won, merely if she had had fun.

The pressure came from within.

While Evonne seldom gave thought to the subject of racism, there were no escaping encounters on he travels away from her home township.

Sydney was to provide no respite from the racism Evonne had to face.

She experienced an incident while playing tennis with Edwards' daughter against two older ladies.

One of the older ladies didn't like the idea of two youngsters beating up on them. The youngsters won pretty easily. When it was time to shake hands, the lady said; 'This is the first time I've had the pleasure of playing a Nigger.

Evonne said "I've never heard that before and I started to get really upset."

As her mentor, Edwards did his best to shield her from such prejudice.

"He taught me not to believe in what you read, believe in yourself so I never read anything. I realize now he was blocking me from a lot of things.

"I always just thought of myself as a tennis player. I was protected from a lot of publicity and politics of life."

But her tennis success helped Evonne break down barriers, becoming the first non-white to play in apartheid South Africa.

Even today, she is helping indigenous people in Australia with the foundation she has set up with her husband.

Her motto is, as it was during her playing days, "dream, believe, learn, achieve."

The program encourages the children to play tennis but also to stay in school as they do so.

"The reason why I'm doing this is because I wouldn't be here unless I had the initial support of the townspeople of Barellan. That's why I am doing what I am doing today; trying to help young indigenous kids find their dream."

By the time she arrived as a player at her dream location of Wimbledon, the then 18-year-old, also known as 'La Belle Evonne,' was already well known to the British press.

She was put on the show courts, unheard of back then for an unheralded young player.

"I didn't realize they were writing about me before I got there. They didn't normally put a young person first time at Wimbledon on center court but they did with me."

"It really scared the hell out of me and I wanted to get off the court as quickly as possible and I did."

On her return the following year in 1971, she beat the great Margaret Court, a fellow Australian in the final, although graciously insists that was only because her opponent was pregnant and not moving to the best of her ability.

However, Evonne repeated the feat on the same hallowed turf in 1980 with a three-year-old daughter in tow.

In so doing, she was the first mother to be crowned Wimbledon champion since before the outset of World War I. 'Super girl' had become 'super mum.'

But for all the monikers, titles and accolades, "having fun" was the key motivation.

"I believe that's what life is all about. I certainly had a lot of fun during my career playing tennis, doing the thing I wanted to do and to do it well."

The International Tennis Hall of Fame elected Evonne Goolagong into its organization in 1988. Her greatness on the court, in spite of some dry years, was indisputable.

Eva used her tennis career as a springboard to go on and work at making the world she knows a better place.

Ever since she turned pro, she had been in the spotlight. As a black woman in a sport that then consisted

mostly of the white upper-class, Eva stood out. When she was a young star, like many young athletes of color often do, she chose to let her work on the court speak for itself and remain mostly silent when the microphones where in her face.

At the time, Eva was not interested in the political implications of being an aboriginal black in a predominately white game.

She stirred controversy more than a few times, however, such as in 1972 when, after being invited to play in a segregated South African tournament, she agreed to participate. She had been given the classification of "honorary white," for the event, and many people were irritated that, in addition to the tournament being segregated, Eva agreed to play in the first place. When asked why she chose to participate, she simply replied, "Of course I'm proud of my race, but I don't want to be thinking about it all the time."

In the years since her retirement, however, Eva, who for some time has gone by the name Evonne Goolagong-Cawley, adding her husband Roger's surname to her own, as returned to her origins and, in an attempt to know herself better, has become a student of her people and her native culture.

Looking at the world differently now than she did at twenty, Goolagong has a different take on her

background. "I would like more people to come out and say they are not racist," she told the Adelaide, Australia *Sunday Mail.* She worries about the silence of people and how it gets overpowered by those who are racist. "I can feel the tension in the wider community," she said.

After moving to the United States in the 1970s and living in America for almost two decades (first on Hilton Head Island, then in Naples, Florida), Goolagong, along with husband Roger Cawley and their two children, daughter Kelly and son Morgan, returned to Australia in 1991. They bought a house in Noosa, Queensland. "I realized that I had spent too much time away," she told *Sports Illustrated*'s Jeff Pearlman. "I wanted to know who my parents were who I was… I never knew what it really meant to be an Aborigine. Then two Aborigine elders invited me to participate in a ceremony, one where you looked deep into yourself. It was the first time I felt truly home."

Eva's influence on the budding tennis stars of her home country is strong. "Tennis brought me out of myself and that's why it's been a great education for me," she told the Adelaide, Australia newspaper *The Advertiser.*

This once shy girl now helps other young girls gain ground in a great sport. Goolagong runs the Evonne

Goolagong Getting Started program with Tennis Australia.

Book IV

SHIRLEY CHISHOLM

Preface

In real life Shirley Chisholm had a remarkable rise from a young girl in Brooklyn to America's first African-American Congresswoman. She took on an entrenched system and gave a public voice to millions.

By daring to be herself, Shirley Chisholm shows we how she forever changed the status quo and engaged in a trailblazing bid to be the first woman and first African-American President of the Unit States of America.

Chapter 1.

"Momma, can I invite Elsie, Margery and Nita for a party on my fifth birthday? Are you going to get me a new dress as my present? Will I have candles on my cake?"

Her mother, with tears hanging on the rim of her eyelids, gulped before saying, "I will sew you a new dress, honey, but we can't afford a party. Daddy still is

not working. I will get a nice cup cake and a candle. The five of us will celebrate together."

Shirley burst into tears and dashed out of the house, headed for the vacant lot next door to the tenement building. There.in the skimpy shade of a dying elm tree, she let the tears flow while she vented mentally about how her mean mother was treating her.

She had been to three birthday parties and had dreamed of the one on her coming birthday

At age five, she had no way of knowing what was happening in the adult world. She was unaware that her daddy had lost his job two month ago and was looking for another job.

She did know that her mother seemed to have more time to play with her, not knowing that the reason was that there were fewer demands for her skills as a seamstress.

Shirley was only five years old.

A month earlier, in October 1929, the crash of the stock market signaled the beginning of the Great Depression which was to last for most of the coming decade.

Her mother needed to find full time work as a domestic in order to provide for the family survival. She

wrote weekly to her mother in Barbados and kept Mother Seale up-to-date on their family life. She was aware that her mother had little money to offer as assistance although a few dollar bills were hidden in the sheets of correspondence.

She broke into tears when a letter from her mother brought an invitation for the daughters to stay with Grandma on her farm in Barbados until life was more certain in Brooklyn.

As it so happened, Shirley celebrated her birthday two days early because she and two younger sisters were leaving on a ship for Barbados on her birthday.

She had been able to borrow the money from one of her long time employers, enough to send her children in steerage to Barbados.

The day of the separation was filled with tears, admonition to be good children and give my love to Grandma.

Shirley’s disappointment turned into glee. She was about to meet Grandma Seale, who had sent gifts to Shirley and her sisters last year and always made Momma happy when she received a letter from Grandma.

The sea trip was scary. Waves were high in the midst of a winter storm, causing the children to stay inside during part of the trip but the weather was beautiful on the day of their arrival.

The bus ride to the village in Christ

Church Parish featured a whole new world of a rural island that stood in complete contrast to the crowded neighborhood of Brooklyn, New York.

Grandma Seale enveloped the three girls in her arms when they got off the bus in Vauxhall Village in the southern most parishes on the island.

The two older sisters were soon exploring the barn, the hen house and the equipment storage outbuilding on Grandma's farm, Shirley had no concept of the good fortune that had befallen her as she began a whole new kind of life for the next five years.

She was a five year old and she learned a lot about country life. She was soon scattering food for the chickens in the large enclosed chicken yard and helping Janis, Grandma's helper, to gather eggs in the hen house.

She watched Grandma Milk cows and helped her plant vegetables in the spring.

She found a large tree with low limbs and learned to climb into the shaded tree, pretending she was in her secret hideout, hiding from her younger sisters.

Grandma's special nurture of Shirley began during the times when Shirley was helping with chores. She spoke of the manner in which seeds were converted into food, the food value in milk, the vitamins that came from carrots and the need for land to be replenished in order to produce food in the future years.

During the evenings, Grandma read stories that inspired Shirley, instilling her with desire to read and learn.

In September, before her sixth birthday, Grandma walked her to the village schoolhouse to register as a first grader.

On the walk, Shirley kept looking around for a building like PS 89 near her home in Brooklyn. "Grandma, where is the school?"

Grandma pointed to a wooden building, not as big as Grandma's barn. Shirley's face fell as the building did not meet her expectations of a school.

It was a one-room school house where Miss Jones greeted her with warmth that touched Shirley in a way she did not understand.

She received a great basic education in that one-room schoolhouse where Miss Jones with the help of mothers took education seriously.

When she returned to the States in 1934, Shirley spoke with a recognizable West Indian accent throughout her life, but with a solid basic education.

In her autobiography **Unsought and Unbiased**, she wrote: "Years later I would know what an important gift my parents had given me by seeing to it that I had my early education in the strict, traditional, British-style schools of Barbados. If I speak and write easily now, that early education is the main reason."

Regarding the role of her grandmother, Chisholm later said, "Granny gave me strength, dignity, and love. I learned from an early age that I was somebody. I didn't need the black revolution to tell me that."

Nevertheless, it was great to be home with Momma and Daddy. Hugs and kisses abounded. Plans were created for all the children to return to school. Momma had been saving odds and ends of materials to create dresses for the first day of school. Laughter and happy tears filled the room.

Chapter 2.

Shirley was ten years old when she returned to New York during the height of the Great Depression. It was a time of severe economic hardship when many people in the United States were unemployed.

Soup lines and free food distribution could be seen in every large city as well as the smaller communities in the country. It was so in Brooklyn as well.

Life was not easy for the Chisholm's in New York, but Shirley's parents sacrificed much for their eight children, doing all they could to see that the children were educated.

Shirley attended New York public schools and was able to compete well in the mainly white classrooms. She would attribute that ability to the education she received in that one room school house and the hours of one on one with Grandma Seale. She was also mindful of the encouragement she received from her parents.

She attended Girls' High School in Bedford-Stuyvesant, a section of Brooklyn. Thanks to her mom, who brought home discards from the families she served, Shirley had a decent wardrobe but always was in need of shoes. Like many others, she often used cardboard to cover the hole in the sole of her shoes.

Her folks managed to feed the girls but at a sacrifice to their own health.

Despite the handicap of poverty, Shirley, inspired by her grandmother, had her eyes set on learning and showing the world that she was as good as any other person.

Chisholm won tuition scholarships to several distinguished colleges but was unable to afford the room and board.

Upon graduation, she decided that she had to find work to supplement the meager income that her parents produced and the welfare food her dad brought home weekly.

She felt certain that with her high school grades and skills she could find some work. Her parents were dead set against the waste of such a good mind and the dreams of their oldest daughter.

There must have been heated differences of opinion over that summer but in the end her parents prevailed.

Shirley decided to live at home and attend Brooklyn College. She told her folks that “I will plan to become a teacher. Perhaps in that ways I can help others to set high goals for their futures and in the process help them develop the skills they will need.”

As a student, Shirley became active in several campus and community groups. She developed an interest

in politics and learned the arts of organizing and fund-raising.

Dinner each evening was exciting as Shirley described the events of her day and the new things she was learning

What she discovered at the time was that male politicians believed that women in politics should stay in the background and playa secondary role to their male equals.

That idea rubbed her the wrong way and developed in her a deep resentment. Her grandmother had instilled in her that Shirley was equal to anyone, male or female.

She joined the NAACP, an organization that was formed in 1909 to work for equal rights for African Americans.

It was there and in her other political activities that Shirley found a way to voice her critiques about economic and social structures in a rapidly changing nation.

Shirley joined the varsity debate team and became an outstanding orator and debater, winning prizes in intercollegiate tournaments.

She attained her Bachelor of Arts degree in 1946

After graduating with honors; Shirley began work as a nursery school teacher and later as a director of schools for early childhood education.

While working full time Shirley enrolled in evening classes at Teachers College at Columbia University, where she earned her Master's Degree in Elementary Education in 1952.

Meanwhile, she became active with the Democratic Party and quickly developed a reputation as a person who challenged the traditional roles of women and African Americans.

In spite of her busy life, Shirley found time to fall in love with and married Conrad Chisholm in 1949. They married in a large West Indian-style wedding.

It was no surprise to her parents or her friends that she would have a successful career as a teacher but she had dreams in another direction.

She became involved in several organizations including the League of Women Voters and the 17th Assembly District Democratic Club.

Her professional career blossomed. By 1953 she had moved from teaching to administration, becoming director of the Friends Day Nursery in Brownsville Brooklyn, and of the Hamilton-Madison Child Care Center in Manhattan.

From1959 to 1964, she was an educational consultant for the Division of Day Care. She became known as an authority on issues related to early education and child welfare.

Running a day care center actually increased her interest in politics. She had to become political to get more funding for children's needs a subject close to her heart.

It was during this time that she formed the basis of her political career, working as a volunteer for white-dominated political clubs in Brooklyn, and with the Beford-Stuyvesent Political League as well as the League of Women Voters.

Having attained a successful career as a teacher and school administrator, Shirley decided it was time to move toward her dream as a representative of the people. She had paid her dues as a participant in the political clubs and leagues and it was time to test.

The more than full time schedule she lived left minimal time to spend with her love, Conrad .He, however, was her support and encouraged her to live her dream.

After pondering a new idea for weeks, she asked Conrad, "Honey, what do you think of my possibly running for political office?"

The question did not come as a surprise. He had been encouraging her participation in political activities. Her enthusiasm was so apparent to the man who loved her. The answer to her question was a supportive “yes”.

Neither gave much thought to the strain that her new activity would put on their marriage.

She decided to run for the New York State Assembly. Her ideals were perfect for the times. In the mid-1960s the civil rights movement was in full swing. Across the nation, activists were working for equal civil rights for all Americans, regardless of race.

She ran a vigorous campaign with plenty of support from the groups in which she had done her apprenticeship.

In 1964 Chisholm was elected to the Assembly.

During the time that she served in the Assembly Shirley sponsored fifty bills, but only eight of them passed.

She put her heart and soul into her position advocating for the poor, the black children and for women regardless of color.

One of the successful bills she supported provided assistance for poor students to go on to higher education. Another provided employment insurance coverage for

personal and domestic employees. Still another bill reversed a law that caused female teachers in New York to lose their tenure while they were out on maternity leave.

Shirley was a Democratic member of the Assembly from 1965 to 1968.

It was in August 1968, that her career took a huge leap. She was elected as the Democratic National Committeewoman from New York State.

She tossed her hat in the ring to run for Congress that year and won the seat.

Chapter 3.

A court–ordered redistricting that carved a new Brooklyn congressional district out of Shirley's Bedford–Stuyvesant neighborhood convinced her to run for Congress. The influential Democratic political machine declared its intention to send an African American from the new district to the Congress

The endorsement of the machine usually resulted in a primary victory, which was tantamount to election in the heavily Democratic area. No candidate received that

endorsement. In the primary, she faced three African–Americans.

She roamed the area in a sound truck that pulled up outside housing projects while she announced: "Ladies and Gentlemen, This is fighting Shirley Chisholm coming through."

Chisholm capitalized on her personal campaign style. "I have a way of talking that does something to people, "I have a theory about campaigning. You have to let them feel you."

In the primary in mid–June 1968, she defeated her nearest competitor by about 800 votes.

In the general election, she faced Republican–Liberal James Farmer, one of the principal figures of the civil rights movement, a cofounder of the Congress for Racial Equality, and an organizer of the Freedom Riders in the early 1960s.

The two candidates held similar positions on housing, employment, and education issues, and both opposed the Vietnam War.

Farmer charged that the Democratic Party "took blacks for granted and thought they had us in their pockets."

The election, however, turned on the issue of gender. Farmer hammered away, arguing that "women have been in the driver's seat" in black communities for too long and that the district needed a man's voice in Washington," not that of a "little schoolteacher."

Shirley, whose campaign motto was "unsought and unbossed", met that charge head–on, using Farmer's rhetoric to highlight discrimination against women and explain her unique qualifications. "There were Negro men in office here before I came in five years ago, but they didn't deliver."

"People came and asked me to do something … “I'm here because of the vacuum."

Chisholm portrayed Farmer as an outsider, who lived in Manhattan. She used her fluent Spanish to appeal to the growing Hispanic population in the Bedford–Stuyvesant neighborhood.

The deciding factor, however, was the district's overwhelming liberal tilt. More than 80 percent of the voters were registered Democrats. She won the general election by a resounding 67 percent of the vote.

She did not change her style of behavior, even though she was a freshman on the national scene.

Her welcome in the House was not warm, due to her immediate outspokenness. "I have no intention of just

sitting quietly and observing. I intend to focus attention on the nation's problems."

She did just that, lashing out against the Vietnam War in her first floor speech in March. She vowed to vote against any defense appropriation bill "until the time comes when our values and priorities have been turned right side up again."

She was assigned to the Committee on Agriculture, a decision she appealed directly to House Speaker John McCormack, She bypassed Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills who oversaw Democratic committee appointments.

McCormack told her to be a good soldier. Instead, Shirley brought her complaint to the House Floor and got a reassignment. She was reassigned to the Veterans' Affairs Committee which, though not one of her top choices, was more relevant to her district's makeup.

"There are a lot more veterans in my district than trees," she quipped.

For six years she served on the Committee on Education and Labor, having won a place on that panel with the help of Hale Boggs of Louisiana, whom she had endorsed as Majority Leader.

Chisholm's goals as a congresswoman were twofold. First, when she took office, only nine of the 435 House members were black, so she made herself an advocate for African Americans both in and out of her district. Second, she tried to advance the goal of racial equality. She supported programs that provided housing and education aid to cities, voted to uphold laws that would end discrimination in federally funded jobs, and promoted new antidiscrimination legislation. Abortion rights also became a focal point in her politics. As a state assemblywoman she had supported bills that would make it easier for women whose lives were endangered to have abortions, although she had opposed outright legalization of abortion. But in 1968, with a change of heart, she agreed to be honorary president of the newly formed National Association for the Repeal of Abortion Laws. This would have been a dangerous position for an established politician, let alone a newly elected House member.

Independence of thought was Chisholm's hallmark, however, and the following year she crossed party lines to support Republican mayor John V. Lindsay in the New York mayoral election. Her decision so outraged her own party that some members called, unsuccessfully, for her ouster from the Democratic National Committee. But Chisholm saw the need for revamping traditional politics, supporting foes if necessary, and creating new bases of

power. In 1971, along with such feminist leaders as author Gloria Steinem, she helped found the National Women's Political Caucus.

Through the years she became a power house in the House, serving on the Committee on Organization Study and Review. Her recommended reforms for the selection of committee chairmen were adopted by the Democratic Caucus in 1971.

From 1977 to 1981, Shirley served as Secretary of the Democratic Caucus.

In 1977 she left her Education Committee assignment to accept a seat on the Rules Committee, becoming the first black woman, and the second woman ever, to serve on that powerful panel.

Not unexpectedly, she also was a founding member of the Congressional Black Caucus in 1971 and the Congressional Women's Caucus in 1977.

Her biggest challenge came in 1972.

Shirley Chisholm made history as she announced her candidacy for the White House. Her bid for the top job was short lived, but the symbolism is as powerful today as it was then.

Shirley was a harsh critic of the policies of President Richard Nixon. On the college campuses she was often asked if she would consider running.

At first doubtful that an African American woman would stand a chance, she became encouraged by the growing numbers of blacks serving in elected office.

Initially she received little support, even within black political circles, but following an enthusiastic tour of Florida, she announced her candidacy.

The country had just come through a tumultuous decade of two assignations, major riots, the free speech movement, disruptions at political conventions.

The voting age had just changed from 21 to 18, and millions of new voters were expected at the polls. The Vietnam War was in full swing, as were anti-war protests, a burgeoning women's movement, and the rise of the Black Panther Party.

Into the center of this maelstrom, shocking the conventional political wisdom, stepped Shirley Chisholm. She was an unapologetic liberal black woman with a powerful message.

Her prim manner did not match the determination of what drove Shirley.

Announcing her candidacy for president on the evening news, Walter Cronkite quipped, “A new hat or rather a bonnet was tossed into the presidential race today.”

During campaign stops she asked voters to replace entrenched white male leadership with a new voice: "I am your instrument of change. Give your votes to me instead of one of those warmed-over gentlemen who come to you once every four years."

Believers in conventional wisdom chastised her for running a hopeless campaign but she remained steadfast. "Some people call me a freak for running for the presidency, but I am very glad to be a freak in order to break down this domain."

Despite her popularity with women and young people, her campaign raised limited finances and poor campaign strategy.

She received lukewarm support from black political leaders. By July she had only 28 delegates, almost half of what she had hoped to bring to the National Convention.

Nevertheless, she won the support of the convention's black caucus, and, in a symbolic move, Hubert Humphrey released his black delegates to vote for her. As a result, on the first ballot, she received 152 delegates and addressed the convention.

But the number was far too small to stop candidate George S. McGovern from winning the party's nomination.

Racism and anti-feminism continued to bedevil Shirley. After the election the trouble that had beset her campaign continued. A 1973 report by the government's general accounting office recommended that the Justice Department investigate possible misconduct in handling campaign funds but a 1974 investigation found no evidence of any wrongdoing.

Shirley’s backers were never able to discover the source of the complaint.

In politics, Chisholm found her gender a particular setback, "I met more discrimination as a woman than for being black. Men are afraid of women.”

She had guts, and she made people believe that they too “can be someone, that we are equal, that gender doesn't mean you can't achieve the highest office of government,"

Someone close to her once said, “That desire to break boundaries was what drove Shirley Chisholm to make a run for president in 1972, seeking the Democratic nomination a mere three years after she became a congresswoman.”

Shirley said, "I ran because most people thought the country was not ready for a black candidate, not ready for a woman candidate. Someday it will happen, people used to say. It was time in 1972 to make that someday come."

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Shirley, whose slogan was "Unsought and Unbossed," said she never expected to win but hoped her candidacy would "change the face and future of American politics".

"I stand before you today, to repudiate the ridiculous notion that the American people will not vote for qualified candidates, simply because the candidate is not white or because she is not a male," she told supporters as she launched her campaign.

"I do not believe that in 1972, the great majority of Americans will continue to harbor such narrow and petty prejudice."

Congresswoman Barbara Lee first met Shirley Chisholm during her presidential race, and ended up volunteering for her.

One of her supporters in Brooklyn who volunteered to work for Shirley was quoted, “She spoke to us in Spanish. Then when I said I wanted to work for her she took me to task and made me register to vote first. She

told me if I wanted to shake things up, I better get involved in politics."

She was a pioneer for her generation, a woman of many firsts - the first African American congresswoman, the first African American to run for president, the first woman to run for the Democratic Party's presidential nomination.

Civil rights for blacks, women, and the poor, the U.S. judicial system, police brutality, prison reform, gun control, political dissent, and drug abuse were issues she consistently spoke out on when she ran for the presidency.

George McGovern won the Democratic presidential nomination, but Shirley captured ten percent of the delegates' votes. As a result of her candidacy, she was voted one of the ten most admired women in the world.

After her campaign, Shirley continued to serve in the U.S. House of Representatives for another decade. As a member of the Black Caucus she saw black representation in the Congress grow, and welcomed other black women as US representatives.

She co-founded the National Political Congress of Black Women in 1984 and worked vigorously for the presidential campaigns of Jesse Jackson in 1984 and 1988.

She also served as Purington Professor at Massachusetts' Mount Holyoke College, where she taught politics and women's studies. In 1985, she was a visiting scholar at Spelman College. In 1987, she retired from teaching.

Chisholm continued to work for the causes she had espoused as a community activist. She sponsored increases in federal funding to extend the hours of daycare facilities and a guaranteed minimum annual income for families.

She was a fierce defender of federal assistance for education, serving as a primary backer of a national school lunch bill and leading her colleagues in overriding President Gerald R. Ford's veto on this measure.

However, she did not view herself as a "lawmaker, an innovator in the field of legislation"; in her efforts to address the needs of the "have–not," she often chose to work outside the established system.

At times she criticized the Democratic leadership in Congress as much as she did the Republicans in the White House. She was an explorer and a trailblazer rather than a legislative artisan.

A 1974 Gallup Poll listed her as one of the top 10 most–admired women in America, ahead of Jacqueline

Kennedy Onassis and Coretta Scott King and tied with Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi for sixth place.

But while the presidential bid enhanced Shirley's national profile, it also stirred controversy among her House colleagues. Her candidacy split the Congressional Black Caucus. Many black male colleagues felt she had not consulted them or that she had betrayed the group's interests by trying to create a coalition of women, Hispanics, white liberals, and welfare recipients.

She said, “Pervasive gender discrimination cut across racial lines. Black male politicians are no different from white male politicians. This ‘woman thing' is so deep. I've found it out in this campaign if I never knew it before."

Her presidential campaign also strained relations with other women Members of Congress, particularly Bella Abzug of New York, who endorsed George McGovern instead of Chisholm.

There were times of quiet doubt. Alone in a hotel room, her mind might ask the question, “Is the price I am paying too high? I miss being with Conrad. I have lost the support of my black colleagues and my women colleagues in Congress.”

Any such doubts were erased when she thought about the results she could achieve with her political focus.

By 1976, Shirley faced a stiff challenge from within her own party primary by a longtime political rival, New York City Councilman Samuel D. Wright. Born and raised in Bedford–Stuyvesant, Wright was a formidable opponent who had represented Brooklyn in the New York Assembly for a number of years before winning a seat on the city council.

He criticized Chisholm for her absenteeism in the House, brought on by the rigors of her presidential campaign, and for a lack of connection with the district.

Shirley countered by playing on her national credentials and her role as a reformer of Capitol Hill culture. "I think my role is to break new ground in Congress."

She insisted that her strength was in bringing legislative factions together. "I can talk with legislators from the South, the West, all over. They view me as a national figure and that makes me more acceptable."

Shirley whipped Wright and Hispanic activist Luz Vega in the Democratic primary, winning 54 percent of the vote. She won the general election handily with 83 percent of the vote.

From the late 1970s, Brooklyn Democrats speculated that Shirley was losing interest in her Congressional seat.

[7] In 1982, Shirley Chisholm declined to seek re–election. "Shirley Chisholm would like to have a little life of her own," citing personal reasons for her decision to leave Congress.

Although Conrad had given her support and approval through all the years, the busy schedule of her activates left little time for togetherness. Even their times together were strained as Shirley's mind was focused on her political life.

She and Conrad divorced in 1977.

Now, she wanted to spend more time with her second husband, Arthur Hardwick, Jr., a New York state legislator she had married after divorcing Conrad.

Other reasons, too, affected her decision. She had grown disillusioned over the conservative turn the country had taken with the election of President Ronald W. Reagan in 1980.

Also, there were tensions with people on her side of the political fence, particularly African–American politicians who, she insisted, misunderstood her efforts to build alliances.

While her rhetoric about racial inequality could be passionate at times, her actions toward the white establishment in Congress were often viewed as conciliatory. She maintained that many members of the

black community did not understand the need for negotiation with white politicians.

"We still have to engage in compromise, the highest of all arts. Blacks can't do things on their own, nor can whites. When you have black racists and white racists it is very difficult to build bridges between communities."

Years after leaving Congress she was nominated as U.S. Ambassador to Jamaica by President William J. Clinton, Shirley declined due to ill health. She settled in Palm Coast, Florida, where she wrote and lectured, and died on January 1, 2005, in Ormond Beach, Florida.

"She paved the way for me to be able to set foot on Capitol Hill," says jaclspm-old Kamala Davis, who works for a congressional committee.

Davis is black and secured her job after an internship with the Congressional Black Caucus. Founded by Shirley Chisholm, the Caucus represents black members of Congress.

"It's because of her that I was able to get that internship - it helps young black students. A lot of kids like me; we don't have family connections and privilege."

To those who know about her, Shirley Chisholm is more than a role model, she's an icon and a trailblazer

who deserves greater credit and attention than history afforded her.

Despite her many achievements Chisholm is not a household name in the US.

"She was well known in the late 1960s and 1970s, but if you don't come from that era, it's easy to be forgotten," said KY Evince, a social entrepreneur from Florida's Palm Coast.

A few months ago, Evince organized the inaugural Shirley Chisholm Day. Around 50 people in the area met to celebrate her life.

His goal was to get many of the younger people in the Palm Coast area, where Chisholm retired and spent her final years, to learn about her.

Shirley continued to work for the causes she had espoused as a community activist. She sponsored increases in federal funding to extend the hours of daycare facilities and a guaranteed minimum annual income for families. She was a fierce defender of federal assistance for education, serving as a primary backer of a national school lunch bill and leading her colleagues in overriding President Gerald R. Ford's veto on this measure. However, Shirley did not view herself as a "lawmaker, an innovator in the field of legislation"; in her efforts to address the needs of the "have-nots," she often

chose to work outside the established system. At times she criticized the Democratic leadership in Congress as much as she did the Republicans in the White House. She was an explorer and a trailblazer rather than a legislative artisan.

Shirley's selected quotes.

"When morality comes up against profit, it is seldom that profit loses."

"The emotional, sexual, and psychological stereotyping of females begins when the doctor says: "It's a girl."

"In the end anti-black, anti-female, and all forms of discrimination are equivalent to the same thing: anti-humanism."

"You don't make progress by standing on the sidelines, whimpering and complaining. You make progress by implementing ideas."

“Racism is so universal in this country, so widespread, and deep-seated, that it is invisible because it is so normal.”

“I am and always will be a catalyst for change.”

“Political organizations are formed to keep the powerful in power. Their first rule is “don’t rock the boat.” If someone makes trouble and you can get him, do it. If you can’t get him, bring him in. Give him some of the action; let him have a taste of power. Power is all anyone wants, and if he has a promise of it as a reward for being good, he’ll be good. Anyone who does not play by those rules is incomprehensible to most politicians.”

“When the Kerner Commission told white America what black America has always known, that prejudice and hatred built the nation’s slums, maintains them and profits by them, white America could not believe it. But it is true. Unless we start to fight and defeat the enemies in our own country, poverty and racism, and make our talk of equality and opportunity ring true, we are exposed in the eyes of the world as hypocrites when we talk about making people free.”

"My God, what do we want? What does any human being want? Take away an accident of pigmentation of a thin layer of our outer skin and there is no difference between me and anyone else. All we want is for that trivial difference to make no difference. What can I say to a man who asks that? All I can do is try to explain to him why he asks the question. You have looked at us for years as different from you that you may never see us really. You don't understand because you think of us as second-class humans. We have been passive and accommodating through so many years of your insults and delays that you think the way things used to be is normal. When the good-natured, spiritual-singing boys and girls rise up against the white man and demand to be treated like he is, you are bewildered."

Book V

CLARA BARTON

Chapter 1.

Clara Barton was born on December 25, 1821 in North Oxford, Massachusetts. Barton's father was Captain Stephen Barton, a member of the local militia and a selectman. Barton's mother was Sarah Stone Barton.

Theirs' was a close knit family where love and respect was inherent in their relationships.

Clarice (Clara), was extremely shy but very caring from an early age.

When she was ten years old, she assigned herself the task of nursing her brother David back to health after he fell from the roof of a barn and received a severe injury.

She learned how to distribute the prescribed medication to her brother, as well as how to place leeches on his body to bleed him (a standard treatment at this time.)

She continued to care for David long after doctors had given up. She continued nursing him until he made a full recovery.

Her timidity was a real handicap and her parents tried in many ways to help her overcome this flaw in this brilliant and loving daughter

Her parents tried to help cure her shyness by sending her to a special boarding high school, but their strategy turned out to be a disaster. Clara became more timid and depressed and rebelled by refusing food.

She was removed from the school and brought back home to regain her health.

Her family was relocating just after she returned. The house that the family was to live in needed to be painted and repaired.

Typical of the helpful character that was Clara, she was persistent in offering assistance, much to the gratitude of her family.

After the project was completed, Clara was at a loss because she had nothing else to help with. She didn’t want to be a burden to her family and looked for other ways to assist.

As she prepared to graduate, her parents, trying to help her breakout of her shyness, persuaded her to become a schoolteacher.

She achieved her first teacher's certificate in 1839, at only seventeen years old.

Her parents were delighted when they witnessed her interest in teaching. As a result of her caring attitude, she became motivated to make improvements for the children's education.

Her devotion to making education available to all children led her into the realm of school politics.

She became involved by conducting an effective redistricting campaign that allowed the children of workers to receive an education.

Successful projects such as this gave Clara the confidence needed when she headed a campaign demanding equal pay for all teachers.

Clara had begun teaching in 1838. She worked for 12 years in schools in Canada and West Georgia.

Clara fared well as a teacher and developed the skill of handling rambunctious children, particularly the boys.

As a child, she enjoyed her male cousins' and brothers' company. She learned how to act like them, making it easier for her to relate to and control the boys in her classroom.

It took no time for the boys to learn to respect her.

In 1850, Barton decided to further her education. She took a leave from teaching to pursue writing and languages at the Clinton Liberal Institute in New York.

Two years later, she was contracted to open a free school in Bordentown. She was successful, and after a year she had hired another woman to help teach over 600 pupils.

Both women were making $250 a year. This accomplishment compelled the town to raise nearly $4,000 for a new school building.

Once completed, though, Clara was replaced as principal by a man elected by the school board. They saw the position as head of a large institution to be unfitting for a woman. She was demoted to "female assistant" and worked in a harsh environment until she had a nervous breakdown along with other health ailments.

Because of her love for the children she willingly endured the harsh environment that was perpetrated by her successor.

A run down and ill Clara resigned and moved to Washington D.C.

She took a position as a clerk in the U.S. Patent office. Again she broke new ground. This was the first time a woman had received a substantial clerkship in the federal government and at a salary equal to a man's salary. Subsequently, under political opposition to women working in government offices, her position was reduced

to that of copyist, and in 1856, under the Buchanan administration, eliminated entirely.

After the election of Lincoln, having lived with relatives and friends in Massachusetts for three years, she returned to the patent office in the autumn of 1861, now as temporary copyist, in the hope she could make way for more women in government service.

The one thing that had remained constant since her tenth birthday was her devotion to serve others. Her entire life to this point has been that of being helpful to those who were suffering, who needed help to grow or needed to find new ways to express their lives.

Chapter 2.

Just before her father died, Clara was able to talk to him about the war effort.

“Father, what can women do to be of assistance in the war effort?”

“Other than professional nursing, I see nothing specific but I want you to know that it is your duty as a Christian to help the soldiers.”

When the 6th Massachusetts Regiment arrived in the city after the Baltimore Riots, she organized a relief program for the soldiers.

She started by taking supplies to the young men of the Sixth who had been attacked in Baltimore, Maryland, by southern sympathizers and were temporarily housed in the unfinished Capitol building. Barton quickly discovered that many were “her boys,” as she put it; she had grown up with some of them and some she had even taught.

When Clara learned that many of the wounded from First Bull Run battle had suffered, not from want of attention but from need of medical supplies, she advertised for donations in the Worcester, Mass., *Spy* and began an independent organization to distribute goods.

The effort was successful. Encouraged with the response, Clara made an organized effort to gather medical supplies. The Ladies’ Aid Society helped in sending bandages, food, and clothing that would later be distributed to the front lines.

Clara initiated petitions to the Quartermaster Corps to work in the front lines where they could be of direct service to the soldiers.

She gained support from other people who believed in her cause. These people became her patrons. Her most supportive ally was Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts.

In August 1862, she finally received permission from the Quartermaster to work at or near the front lines.

Their efforts were welcomed in the field. Doctors and nurses were in short supply.

She and her co-workers distributed stores, cleaned field hospitals, applied dressings, and served food to wounded soldiers in close proximity to several battles, including Second Bull Run, Antietam and Fredericksburg. For three years Clara and her co-workers risked their lives with wounded soldiers in close proximity to several battles.

The group was deeply involved in the battle at Cedar Mountain, the second battle at Bull Run and Antiatom.

In 1864 she was appointed by Union General Benjamin Butler as the "lady in charge" of the hospitals at the front of the "Army of the James."

Her work in Fredericksburg, Virginia hospitals, caring for the casualties from the Battle of the Wilderness, and nursing work at Bermuda Hundred attracted national notice. At this time she formed her only formal Civil War connection with any organization when she served as superintendent of nurses in Maj. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler's command.

Her understanding of the needs of people in distress and the ways in which she could provide help to them guided her throughout her life. By the force of her personal example, she opened paths to the new field of volunteer service. Her intense devotion to serving others was the hallmark of Clara Barton.

In addition to providing clothing and assorted foods and supplies bought with donations, she distributed items to the sick and wounded soldiers on behalf of such organizations as the U.S. Sanitary Commission. Clara never formally affiliated with any agency or group. She collected some relief articles herself, appealed to the public for others, and learned how to store and distribute them.

Besides supplies, Barton offered personal support to the men in hopes of keeping their spirits up. She read to them, wrote letters for them, listened to their personal problems, and prayed with them. She knew, however, that where she was needed most was not behind the lines in Washington but on the battlefields where the suffering was greatest.

Following the battle of Cedar Mountain in northern Virginia in August 1862, she appeared at a field hospital at midnight with a wagon-load of supplies drawn by a four-mule team. The surgeon on duty, overwhelmed by

the human disaster surrounding him, wrote later, “I thought that night if heaven ever sent out an angel, she must be one. Her assistance was so timely.” Thereafter she was known as the “Angel of the Battlefield” as she served the troops at the battles of Fairfax Station, Chantilly, Harpers Ferry, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Charleston, Petersburg and Cold Harbor.

Clara was never satisfied when she was ordered to remain with medical units at the rear of the column away from a fight. At Antietam, she ordered the drivers of her supply wagons to follow the cannon and traveled all night, actually pulling ahead of military medical units. While the battle raged, she and her associates dashed about bringing relief and hope to the field. She nursed, comforted, and cooked.

Arriving at the northern edge of the infamous "Cornfield" at about noon, Clara watched as harried surgeons dressed the soldiers' wounds with cornhusks. Army medical supplies were far behind the fast-moving troops at Antietam Battlefield. She handed over to grateful surgeons a wagonload of bandages and other medical supplies that she had personally collected over the past year.

Then she got down to work. As bullets whizzed overhead and artillery boomed in the distance, Clara

cradled the heads of suffering soldiers, prepared food for them in a local farmhouse, and brought water to the wounded men.

As she knelt down to give one man a drink, she felt her sleeve quiver. She looked down, noticed a bullet hole in her sleeve, and then discovered that the bullet had killed the man she was helping.

Undaunted, the unlikely figure in her bonnet, red bow, and dark skirt moved on and on, and on, and on. Working nonstop until dark, Clara comforted the men and assisted the surgeons with their work.

When night fell, the surgeons were stymied again, this time by lack of light. Clara produced some lanterns from her wagon of supplies, and the thankful doctors went back to work.

Her timely arrival at the battlefield was no easy task. Only the day before, her wagon was mired near the back of the army's massive supply line. Prodded by Clara, her teamsters drove the mules all night to get closer to the front of the line.

Within a few days after the battle, the Confederates had retreated and wagons of extra medical supplies were rolling into Sharpsburg.

Clara collapsed from lack of sleep and a budding case of typhoid fever. She returned to Washington lying in a wagon, exhausted and delirious.

She soon regained her strength and returned to the battlefields of the Civil War.

In the face of danger, she wrote, “I always tried to succor the wounded until medical aid and supplies could come up. I could run the risk. It made no difference to anyone if I were shot or taken prisoner.”

The interest she showed in her “soldier boys” gave her a wealth of information about the men and the regiments to which they belonged.

Chapter 3.

After the end of the American Civil War, Clara Barton discovered that thousands of letters from distraught relatives to the War Department were going unanswered because the soldiers they were questioning about were buried in unmarked graves. Many of these soldiers were labeled just as "missing".

Motivated to do more about the situation, Clara contacted President Lincoln in hopes that she would be allowed to respond officially to these unanswered

inquiries. She was given permission, and "The Search for the Missing Men" commenced.

After the war, she ran the Office of Missing Soldiers, at Gallery Place neighborhood. The office's purpose was to find or identify soldiers killed or missing in action. Clara and her assistants wrote 41,855 replies to inquiries and helped locate more than twenty-two thousand missing men.

She spent the summer of 1865 helping find, identify, and properly bury 13,000 individuals who died in Andersonville Prison Camp, a Confederate prisoner-of-war camp in Georgia She continued this task over the next four years, burying 20,000 more Union soldiers and marking their graves.

Congress eventually appropriated $15,000 toward her project.

Towards the end of the war, she was writing to many families who inquired about men who had been reported missing. Here, again, she recognized a pressing human need and did something practical to address it.

In the month before his assassination, President Abraham Lincoln wrote: “To the Friends of Missing Persons: Miss Clara Barton has kindly offered to search for the missing prisoners of war. Please address her,

giving her the name, regiment, and company of any missing prisoner."

Clara established the Office of Correspondence with Friends of the Missing Men of the United States Army and operated it out of her rooms in Washington for four years.

She and her assistants received and answered over 63,000 letters and identified over 22,000 missing men.

Years later, the Red Cross established a tracing service, one of the organization's most valued activities today.

Clara climaxed her Civil War activity when she participated in establishing a national cemetery around the graves of the Union men who died in the notorious Andersonville Prison in Georgia. With the help of Dorence Atwater, who had secretly tabulated a list of the dead during his own imprisonment in Andersonville, and a team of 30 military men, Clara identified the graves of nearly 13,000 men.

After she helped raise the U.S. flag over the Andersonville grounds at their dedication in 1865, she wrote, "I ought to be satisfied. I believe I am." Coming events were to show, however, that she would never be satisfied except by responding again and again to the call of human need.

Chapter 4.

At the same time there were women of the South who labored ceaselessly to care for the wounded. "I have never worked so hard in all my life and I would rather do that than anything else in the world," declared one weary attendant.

A devoted nurse later praised her female colleagues. *"Would that I could do more than thank the dear friends who made my life for four years so happy and contented; who never made me feel by word or act, that my self-imposed occupation was otherwise than one which would ennoble any woman. If ever any aid was given through my own exertions, or any labor rendered effective by me for the good of the South-if any sick soldier ever benefitted by my happy face or pleasant smiles at his bedside, or death was ever soothed by gentle words of hope and tender care, such results were only owing to the cheering encouragement I received from them. They were gentlewomen in every sense of the word, and though they might not have remembered that "noblesse oblige," they felt and acted up to the motto in every act of their lives. My only wish was to live and die among them, growing each day better from contact with their gentle, kindly sympathies and heroic hearts.*

Approximately two thousand women, North and South, served as volunteer nurses in military hospitals during the American Civil War. Seeking convention and direct involvement in the national struggle rather than the domestic support roles to which social minimum career opportunity had traditionally confined the majority of their sex, they experienced at first hand the grim constants of war, amputated limbs, mutilated bodies, disease and death and provided invaluable aid to the sick and wounded soldiers and medical authorities on either side.

Of those so employed a relative few-such as Louisa May Alcott, Jane Stuart Woolsey, and Katharine Prescott Wormeley, recorded their experiences for posterity.

Most, however, unfortunately left little record of their wartime service. They therefore remain in large measure historically anonymous, except for the terse appearance of their names on hospital muster rolls, and consequently the activities and influence of the woman nurse constitute one of the rare aspects of Civil War history that has not been extensively recorded.

That comparatively little secondary material has been written concerning women nurses mutes the significance of their contribution to the wartime medical service. Available evidence indicates that their activities often had important ramifications in both an immediate and broader social sense, and that as a group they deserve attention as full participants in the civil conflict rather than as mere

helpers of the main actors, more interesting than substantial.

In fact, these women often had notable impact upon the men they tended and served under; and, further, the introduction of female personnel into responsible roles in a traditionally male military environment was one significant step in the progress of women toward a fuller involvement in American Society.

Dorothea Dix and Clara Barton were the leaders of a national effort to organize a nursing corps to care for the w wounded and sick. Dix was already recognized for her work in improving the treatment received by the insane when she began to recruit women to serve as nurses in the Army Medical Bureau.

Military traditionalists opposed her, but she prevailed, armed with an indomitable will and a singleness of purpose. One of the standards that Dix established for her nurses was that they be "plain looking" and middle-aged. "In those days it was considered indecorous for angels of mercy to appear otherwise than gray-haired and spectacled," explained one young lady rejected by Dix. "

Such a thing as a hospital corps of comely young maiden nurses, possessing grace and good looks, was then unknown." Recruits nicknamed her "Dragon Dix," but it was a badge of honor. It indicated what it took to succeed

in creating the army's first professional nursing corps.

Chapter 5.

Clara also expanded her concept of soldier aid, traveling to Camp Parole, Md., to organize a program for locating men listed as missing in action. Through interviews with Federals returning from Southern prisons, she was often able to determine the status of some of the missing and notify families. She wanted to recruit others and train them to this task.

Her understanding of the needs of people in distress and the ways in which she could provide help to them guided her throughout her life. By the force of her personal example, she opened paths to the new field of volunteer service.

Her intense devotion to serving others continued long after the end of the war.

After the war, she ran the Office of Missing Soldiers in Washington

The office's purpose was to continue to find or identify soldiers killed or missing in action.

Clara and her assistants wrote 41,855 replies to inquiries and helped locate more than 222,000 missing men.

She spent the summer of 1865 helping find, identify, and properly bury 13,000 individuals who died in Anderson Prison Camp, a Confederate prisoner-of-war camp in Georgia.

She continued this task over the next four years, burying 20,000 more Union soldiers and marking their graves.

Congress eventually appropriated $15,000 toward her project

Chapter 6.

Clara achieved widespread recognition by delivering lectures around the country about her war experiences. She spent two years doing the lectures.

During this time she met Susan Anthony and began a long association with the woman's suffrage movement. She also became acquainted with Frederick Douglas and became an activist for civil rights.

After her countrywide tour she was both mentally and physically exhausted and under doctors' orders to go somewhere that would take her far from her current work.

She closed the Missing Soldiers Office and traveled to Europe.

In 1869, during her trip to Geneva, Switzerland, Clara was introduced to the International Red Cross and Dr. Appia; who later would invite her to be the representative for the American branch of the Red Cross and even help her find financial beneficiaries for the start of the American Red Cross.

She was also introduced to Henry Dumant's book *A Memory of Solferino*, which called for the formation of national societies to provide relief voluntarily on a neutral basis.

At the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, she assisted the Grand Duchess of Baden in the preparation of military hospitals, and gave the Red Cross society much aid during the war.

At the joint request of the German authorities and the Strasbourg Comité de Secours, she superintended the supplying of work to the poor of Strasbourg in 1871, after the Siege of Paris.

In 1871 she had charge of the public distribution of supplies to the destitute people of Paris.

At the close of the war, she received honorable decorations of the Golden Cross of Baden and the Prussian Iron Cross.

When Clara returned to the United States, she inaugurated a movement to gain recognition for the International Red Cross by the United States government.

In 1873, she began work on this project. In 1878, she met with President R.B. Hayes, who expressed the opinion of most Americans at that time which was the U.S. would never again face a calamity like the Civil War.

Clara did not give up .It took years but finally succeeded during the administration of President Arthur, using the argument that the new American Red Cross could respond to crises other than war such as natural disasters like earthquakes, forest fires, and hurricanes.

She became President of the American branch of the society, which held its first official meeting at her apartment in Washington, DC, May 21, 1881.

The first local society was founded August 1882 in Dansville, NY, where she maintained a country home.

The society's role changed with the advent of the Spanish-American war during which it aided refugees and prisoners of the war.

Domestically in 1884 she helped in the floods on the Ohio River, provided Texas with food and supplies during the famine of 1887 and took workers to Illinois in 1888 after a tornado and that same year to Florida for the yellow fever epidemic.

Within days after the Johnstown Flood n 1889, she led her delegation of 50 doctors and nurses in response.

In 1897, responding to the humanitarian crisis in the Ottoman Empire in the aftermath of the Massacres, Clara sailed to Constantinople and after long negotiations with Abdul Hamid, the II, opened the first American International Red Cross headquarters in the heart of Turkey.

She herself traveled along with five other Red Cross expeditions to the Armenian provinces in the spring of 1896, providing relief and humanitarian aid. She also worked in hospitals in Cuba in 1898

She was seventy-seven years old.

Her last field operation as President of the American Red Cross was helping victims of the Galveston Hurricane in 1900. The operation established an orphanage for children.

As criticism arose of her mixing professional and personal resources, Clara was forced to resign as president of the American Red Cross in 1904, at the age of 83.

She had been forced out of office by a new generation of all-male scientific experts who reflected the realistic efficiency of the Progressive Era rather than her idealistic humanitarianism.

This was the third time that the mistaken idea of male superiority had demeaned her ability as head of an organization that she had founded.

After resigning, Barton founded the National First Aid Society.

Book VI

GOLDA MEIR

Iron Lady of Israel

Chapter 1.

Golda Meir's deep commitment to the cause of Zionism was evident throughout her life. Born in Russia, she and her family moved to Wisconsin when she was eight. Fifteen years later, 23, she and her husband immigrated to what was then called Palestine.

Once in Palestine, Golda Meir played key roles as an advocate for a Jewish state. Her wavy successful raising money for the cause.

When Israel declared independence in 1948, Golda Meir was one of the 25 signers of this historic document. After serving as Israel’s ambassador to the Soviet Union, minister of labor, and foreign minister, Golda Meir became Israel's fourth prime minister in 1969.

Golda Mabovitch (she would later change her surname to Meir) was born in the Jewish ghetto within Kiev in the Russian Ukraine

Her dad was a skilled carpenter whose services were in demand, but his wages were not enough to keep his family fed. This was partly because clients would often refuse to pay him, something he could do nothing about since Jews had no protection under Russian law.

Russian Czar Nicholas made life very difficult for the Jewish people. The czar publicly blamed many of Russia's problems on Jews and enacted harsh laws controlling where they could live and when, even whether, they could marry.

Mobs of angry Russians often participated in pogroms, which were organized attacks against Jews that included destruction of property, beatings, and murder

By 1903, Golda's father knew that his family was no longer safe in Russia. He sold his tools to pay for his passage to America by steamship; he then sent for his wife and daughters just over two years later, when he had earned enough money.

In 1906, Golda, along with her mother and sisters, began their trip to Milwaukee to join the father, Moshe. Their land journey through Europe included several days

crossing two countries to Belgium by train, during which they had to use fake passports and bribe a police officer.

Then once on board a ship, they suffered through a difficult two week trip across the Atlantic.

Once safely ensconced in Milwaukee, eight-year-old Golda was at first overwhelmed by the sights and sounds of the bustling city, but soon came to love living there. She was fascinated by the trolleys, skyscrapers, and other novelties, such as ice cream and soft drinks, that she hadn't experienced back in Russia.

Within weeks of their arrival, her mother started a small grocery store in the front of their house and insisted that Golda open the store every day. It was a duty that Golda resented since it caused her to be chronically late for school. Nevertheless, Golda did well in school, easily learning English and making friends.

Golda was a strong leader even before her teen years. At eleven years old, Golda organized a fundraiser for students who could not afford to buy their textbooks. This event, which included Golda's first foray into public speaking, was a great success.

Two years later, Golda graduated from eighth grade, first in her class.

Golda Meir's parents were proud of her achievements, but considered eighth grade the completion

of her education. They believed that a young woman's primary goals were marriage and motherhood. Golda disagreed for she dreamed of becoming a teacher.

Defying her parents, she enrolled in a public high school, earning money for her supplies by working various jobs.

Her mother tried to force Golda to quit school and began to search for a future husband for the fourteen year old. Desperate, Golda wrote to her older sister Sheyna, who by then had moved to Denver with her husband. Sheyna encouraged Golda to come live with her and sent her money for train fare.

One morning Golda left her house, ostensibly headed for school, but instead went to the train station, where she boarded a train for Denver.

Although she had hurt her parents deeply, Golda had no regrets about her decision to move. She attended high school and mingled with members of the Jewish community who met at her sister's apartment.

Fellow immigrants, many of them Socialists and anarchists, were among the frequent visitors who came to debate the issues of the day.

Golda listened attentively to discussions about Zionism, a movement whose goal it was to build a Jewish state in Palestine. She admired the passion the Zionists

felt for their cause and soon came to adopt their vision of a national homeland for Jews as her own.

Golda found herself drawn to one of the quieter visitors to her sister's home, a soft-spoken 21-year-old Morris Meyerson, and a Lithuanian immigrant.

The two shyly confessed their love for one another and Meyerson proposed marriage. At 16, Golda was not ready to marry, despite what her parents thought, but promised Meyerson she would one day become his wife.

In 1914, Golda Meir received a letter from her father, begging her to return home to Milwaukee; Golda’s mother was ill, apparently partly from the stress of Golda having left home. Golda honored her parents' wishes, even though it meant leaving Meyerson behind. The couple wrote each other frequently and Meyerson made plans to move to Milwaukee.

Golda's parents had softened somewhat in the interim. This time, they allowed Golda to attend high school. Shortly after graduating in 1916, Golda registered at the Milwaukee Teachers' Training College.

During this time, Golda also became involved with the Zionist group Poale Zion, a radical political organization. Full membership in the group required a commitment to emmigrate to Palestine.

Golda made the commitment while still in school that she would one day emmigrate to Palestine. She had not yet reached her eighteenth birthday

Chapter 2.

As WWI progressed, violence against European Jews escalated. Working for the Jewish Relief Society, Golda and her family helped raise money for European war victims. The Mabovitch home also became a gathering place for prominent members of the Jewish community.

In 1917, news arrived from Europe that a wave of deadly pogroms had been carried out against Jews in Poland and the Ukraine. Golda responded by organizing a protest march. The event, well-attended by both Jewish and Christian participants, received national publicity.

Golda decided that she had no choice except to try to make the Jewish homeland a reality. She left school and moved to Chicago to work for the Poale Zion. Meyerson, her boyfriend, joined her in Chicago.

In November, the Zionist cause gained credibility when Great Britain issued the Balfour Declaration, announcing its support for a Jewish homeland in Palestine. Within weeks, British troops entered Jerusalem and took control of the city from Turkish forces.

Passionate about her cause, Golda now 19 years old, finally agreed to marry Meyerson on the condition that he accompanies her to Palestine. Although he did not share her zeal for Zionism and didn't want to live in Palestine, Meyerson agreed to go because he loved her.

The couple was married in Milwaukee. Since they didn’t yet have the funds to emigrate, Golda continued her work for the Zionist cause, traveling by train across the United States to organize new chapters of the Poale Zion.

Finally, in the spring of 1921, they had saved enough money for their trip. Tears flowed as they said farewell to their families. Golda and Meyerson, accompanied by her sister Sheyna and her two children, set sail from New York in May 1921.

After a grueling two-month voyage, they arrived in Tel Aviv. The city, built in the suburbs of Arab Jaffa, had been founded in 1909 by a group of Jewish families. At the time of Golda's arrival, the population had grown to 15,000.

Golda and her husband applied to live on Kibbutz Merhavia in northern Palestine, but had difficulty getting accepted. Americans were believed too "soft" to endure the hard life of working on a kibbutz.

A kibbutz is a communal farm.

Golda insisted on a trial period and proved the kibbutz committee wrong. She thrived on the hours of hard physical labor, often under primitive conditions. Meyerson, on the other hand, was miserable on the kibbutz.

Admired for her powerful speeches, Golda was chosen by members of her community as their representative at the first kibbutz convention in 1922.

One of the foremost Zionist leaders David Ben Groin, present at the convention, also took notice of Golda's intelligence and competence. She quickly earned a place on the governing committee of her kibbutz.

Her rise to leadership in the Zionist movement came to a halt in 1924 when Meyerson contracted malaria. Weakened, he could no longer tolerate the difficult life on the kibbutz. To Golda's great disappointment, they moved back to Tel Aviv.

Once Meyerson recuperated, he and Golda moved to Jerusalem, where he'd found a job. Golda gave birth to son Menachem in 1924 and daughter Sarah in 1926.

Although she loved her family, Golda found the job of caring for children and keeping house very unfulfilling. She longed to be involved again in political affairs.

In 1928, Golda ran into a friend in Jerusalem who offered her the position of secretary of the Women's

Labor Council for the Labor Federation for Jewish workers in Palestine. She readily accepted. Golda created a program for teaching women to farm the barren land of Palestine and set up child care that would enable women to work.

Her job required that she travel to the United States and England, leaving her children for weeks at a time. The children missed their mother and wept when she left, while Golda struggled with guilt for leaving them.

It was the final blow to her marriage. She and Meyerson became estranged, separating permanently. They never divorced; Meyerson died a dozen years later.

When her daughter became seriously ill with kidney disease in 1932, Golda Meir took her, along with son Menachem, to New York City for treatment. During their two years in the U.S., Golda worked as the national secretary of Pioneer Women in America, giving speeches and winning support for the Zionist cause.

Following Hitler's rise to power, the Nazis began to target Jews, at first, simply for persecution but later for annihilation.

Golda and other Jewish leaders pleaded with heads of state to allow Palestine to accept unlimited numbers of Jews. They received no support for that proposal, nor

would any country commit to helping the Jews escape Hitler.

The British in Palestine further tightened restrictions on Jewish immigration in an effort to appease Arab Palestinians, who resented the flood of Jewish immigrants.

Golda and other Jewish leaders began a covert resistance movement against the British.

Golda officially served during the war as a liaison between the British and the Jewish population of Palestine. She also determined to help her brothers and sisters in Germany

She worked unofficially to help transport immigrants illegally and to supply resistance fighters in Europe with weapons.

Those refugees who made it out brought shocking news of the concentration camps. In 1945, near the end of WWII, the Allies liberated many of these camps and found evidence that six million Jews had been killed in the Holocaust.

The news deeply saddened Golda but also reinforced her determination to fight for the new home land

Still, Britain would not change Palestine's immigration policy. The Jewish underground defense

organization, Hag bah, began to rebel openly, blowing up railroads throughout the country. Golda and others also rebelled by fasting in protest of British policies.

As violence intensified between British troops and the Havana, Great Britain turned to the United Nations for help. In August 1947, a special U.N. committee recommended that Great Britain end its presence in Palestine and that the country be divided into an Arab state and a Jewish state. The resolution was endorsed by a majority of U.N. members and adopted in November 1947.

Palestinian Jews accepted the plan, but the Arab League denounced it.   Fighting broke out between the two groups, threatening to erupt into full-scale war.

Golda, now a recognized figure in the battle for a new home land, and other Jewish leaders realized that their new nation would need money to arm itself. Golda, known for her passionate speeches, traveled to the United States on a fund-raising tour; in just six weeks she raised 50 million dollars for Israel.

Amid growing concerns about an impending attack from Arab nations, Golda undertook a daring meeting with King Abdullah of Jordan in May 1948.

In an attempt to convince the king not to join forces with the Arab League in attacking Israel, she made a secret journey to Jordan to meet with him, disguised as an Arab woman dressed in traditional robes and with her head and face covered. The dangerous journey unfortunately did not succeed.

On May 14, 1948, British control of Palestine expired. The nation of Israel came into being with the signing of the Declaration of the Establishment of the State of Israel, with Golda Meir as one of the 25 signers.

First to formally recognize Israel was the United States. The next day, armies of neighboring Arab nations attacked Israel in the first of many Arab-Israeli wars. The U.N. called for a truce after two weeks of fighting.

There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Golda Meir was headed for the top rung of Israel's leadership.

Israel's first Prime Minister, David Ben-Gurion, appointed Golda as ambassador to the Soviet Union in September 1948. She stayed in the position only six months because the Soviets, who had virtually banned Judaism, were angered by her attempts to inform Russian Jews about current events in Israel.

She returned to Israel in March 1949, when Ben-Gurion named her Israel's first Minister of Labor.

Golda accomplished a great deal as labor minister, improving conditions for immigrants and armed forces.

In June 1956, Golda was made Foreign Minister. At that time, Ben-Gurion requested that all foreign-service workers take Hebrew names; thus Golda Meyerson became Golda Meir. ("Meir" means "to illuminate" in Hebrew.)

She dealt with many difficult situations as foreign minister, beginning in July 1956, when Egypt seized the Suez Canal. Syria and Jordan joined forces with Egypt in their mission to weaken Israel.

Despite a victory for the Israelis in the battle that followed, Israel was forced by the U.N.to return the territories they had gained in the conflict.

In addition to her various positions in the Israeli government, Golda was also a member of the Knesset, Israeli parliament, from 1949 to 1974

Chapter 3.

In 1965, Golda retired from public life at the age of 67. A few months later she was called back to help mend rifts in the Mapai Party. She became secretary general of the party, which later merged into a joint Labor Party.

Israel, mindful of the enmity of the surrounding Arabic nations, began the creation of a powerful Air Force

Conscription of civilian men and women into the armed services created a large military ground force reserve, which was highly trained and motivated, subject to call from civilian occupations to defend their nation

In May of 1967, the tentative peace agreements were eroding.

Egyptian forces were mobilizing along the Israeli border in the Sinai Peninsula after making it difficult for Israeli shipping to enter into the Mediterranean

Expecting invasion, Israel launched a series of preemptive airstrikes against Egyptian airfields. The Egyptians were caught by surprise, and nearly the entire Egyptian air force was destroyed with few Israeli losses, giving the Israel air superiority.

Simultaneously, the Israelis launched a ground offensive into the Gaza Strip and the Sinai, which again caught the Egyptians by surprise.

After some initial resistance, Egyptian leaders ordered the evacuation of the Sinai. Israeli forces rushed westward in pursuit of the Egyptians, inflicted heavy losses, and conquered the Sinai.

Nasser, Egypt's leader induced Syria and Jordan to begin attacks on Israel by using the initially confused situation to claim that Egypt had defeated the Israeli air strike. Israeli counterattacks resulted in the seizure of East Jerusalem as well as the West Bank from the Jordanians.

Israel's retaliation against Syria resulted in its occupation of the Golan Heights, the everlasting threat to Israel.

On June 11, a ceasefire was signed. Arab casualties were far heavier than those of Israel: fewer than a thousand Israelis had been killed compared to over 20,000 from the Arab forces. Israel's military success was attributed to the element of surprise, an innovative and well-executed battle plan, and the poor quality and leadership of the Arab forces.

Israel seized control of the Gaza Strip and the Sinai Peninsula from Egypt, the West Bank and East Jerusalem from Jordan, and the Golan Heights from Syria. Israeli morale and international prestige was greatly increased by the outcome of the war and the area under Israeli control tripled.

However, the speed and ease of Israel's victory *would lead to a dangerous overconfidence within the ranks of the Israel Defense Force, contributing to initial Arab successes in the subsequent 1973 Yom Kippur war.*

The displacement of civilian populations resulting from the war would have long-term consequences, as 300,000 Palestinians fled the West Bank and about 100,000 Syrians left the Golan to become refugees.

Across the Arab world, Jewish minority communities were expelled, with refugees going to Israel or Europe.

When Prime Minister Levi Eshkol died suddenly on February 26, 1969, Golda's party appointed her to succeed him as prime minister. Her five-year term came during some of the most turbulent years in Middle Eastern history.

She dealt with the repercussions of the Six-Day War in 1967 during which Israel re-took the lands gained during the Suez-Sinai war.

Israel was not about to return the added territories. The victory led to further conflict with Arab nations. It also resulted in strained relations with other world leaders and Golda faced the task of repairing the damage.

Golda was also in charge of Israel's response to the1972 Olympics Massacre, in which the Palestinian group, called Black September, took hostage and then killed eleven members of Israel's Olympic team.

At the Olympics in Munich, Germany eleven Israeli athletes were taken and eventually killed, along with a German police officer, by the terrorist group.

Shortly after the crisis began, they demanded 234 prisoners, jailed in Israel, and the German-held founders of the Red Army.be released.

The attack was motivated by secular nationalism, with the commander of the terrorist group having been born to Jewish and Christian parents.

Police officers killed five of the eight Black September members during a failed rescue attempt. They captured the three survivors, whom West Germany later released following an airline high jacking by the same group.

Golda continued to work hard to bring peace to the area throughout her term, but to no avail. Her final downfall came during the Yom Kippur War, when Syrian and Egyptian forces waged a surprise attack on Israel in October 1973.

The war began when the Arab coalition launched a joint surprise attack on Israeli positions in the Israel held territories on Yom Kippur, the holiest day in Judaism, which also occurred that year during the Muslim holy month of Ramadan.

On October 5, 1973, Golda received official news that Syrian forces were massing on the Golan Heights. Golda was alarmed by the reports, and felt that the situation reminded her of what happened before the Six Day War.

Her advisers, however, assured her not to worry, saying that they would have adequate notice before a war broke out.

This made sense at the time, since after the Six Day War, most Israelis felt it unlikely that the Arabs would attack.

Consequently, although a resolution was passed granting her power to demand a full-scale call-up of the military, Golda did not mobilize Israel's forces early.

Soon, though, war became very clear. Six hours before the outbreak of hostilities, Golda met with Minister of Defense, Moishe Dayan and the top general. While Dayan continued to argue that war was unlikely and thus was in favor of calling up the air force and only two divisions, Elazar, the general, advocated full scale army mobilization and the launch of a full-scale preemptive strike on Syrian forces.

Golda approved full scale mobilizing but sided with Dayan against a preemptive strike, citing Israel's need for foreign aid. She believed that Israel could not depend on

European countries to supply Israel with military equipment, and the only country that might come to Israel's assistance was the U.S.

Fearing that the United States would be wary of intervening if Israel were perceived as initiating the hostilities, Golda decided early on October 6 against a preemptive strike.

She made it a priority to inform Washington of her decision. U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger later confirmed her assessment by stating that if Israel had launched a preemptive strike, Israel would not have received "so much as a nail".

Egyptian and Syrian forces crossed ceasefire lines to enter the Sinai Peninsula and the Golan Heights respectively. Both the United States and the USSR initiated massive resupply efforts to their respective allies during the war, and this led to a near-confrontation between the two nuclear superpowers.

The war began with a massive and successful Egyptian crossing of the canal. After crossing the cease-fire lines, Egyptian forces advanced virtually unopposed into the Sinai Peninsula.

After three days, Israel had mobilized most of its forces and halted the Egyptian offensive, resulting in a military stalemate

. The Syrians coordinated their attack on the Golan Heights to coincide with the Egyptian offensive and initially made threatening gains into Israeli-held territory. Within three days, however, Israeli forces had pushed the Syrians back to the pre-war ceasefire lines.

The Israel Defense Force then launched a four-day counter-offensive deep into Syria. Within a week, Israeli artillery began to shell the outskirts of Damascus

As Egyptian President Sadat began to worry about the integrity of his major ally, he believed that capturing two strategic passes located deeper in the Sinai would make his position stronger during post-war negotiations.

He therefore ordered the Egyptians to go back on the offensive, but their attack was quickly repulsed. The Israelis then counter-attacked at the juncture between the two Egyptian armies, crossed the Suez Canal into Egypt, and began slowly advancing southward and westward towards the city of Suez in over a week of heavy fighting that resulted in heavy casualties on both sides.

On October 22, a UN-brokered ceasefire quickly unraveled, with each side blaming the other for the breach. By third week of October, the Israelis had improved their positions considerably and completed their encirclement of Egypt's Third Army and the city of Suez.

This development led to additional tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union. As a result, a second ceasefire was imposed cooperatively on October 25 to end the war.

The war had far-reaching implications. The Arab World, which had experienced humiliation in the lopsided rout of the Egyptian–Syrian–Jordanian alliance in the Six-Day War, felt psychologically vindicated by early successes in the conflict.

In Israel, despite impressive operational and tactical achievements on the battlefield, the war led to recognition that there was no guarantee that Israel would always dominate the Arab states militarily.

Israeli casualties were high, leading to a call for Golda's resignation by members of the opposition party, who blamed Meir's government for being unprepared for the attack. Golda was nonetheless re-elected, but chose to resign on April 10, 1974

Golda, who had been privately battling lymphatic cancer for 15 years, died on December 8, 1978 at the age of 80. Her dream of a peaceful Middle East has not yet been realized.

Book VII

GLORIA EMERSON

Preface

Words spoken at an informal memorial service by a close friend:

"Gloria probably knew me, as she knew many of her friends, much better than we knew her. She always changed the subject when one asked after her, but no one could avoid her questions. She was so intensely interested in other people, in almost anyone whose path she crossed."

Gloria Emerson, journalist, born New York 19 May 1929, twice married, died New York 3 August 2004.

Gloria was an American journalist and writer, who with passion, insight and art documented some of the darkest scenes of our times. Her compassion for the victims and the suffering ones is displayed on her "sleeve", so to speak because it is so evident in her articles sent to the New York Times.

Chapter 1

She was best known for her award-winning reporting of the Vietnam War for the New York Times.

Gloria was born into a wealthy and, as she recalled, alcohol-impaired, New York family.

Growing up, she lived the life of a "little rich girl, including being a "debutante" and celebrating her "coming out".

After graduating from secondary school, she refused her parent's wishes for higher education.

Disappointed that she could not reach or be reached by her parents, She "ran away from home" to travel and work as a journalist. The people on the edge would become her family through the next fifty plus years of her life.

Among the many places to which she travelled, Asia was her favorite. She fell in love with Vietnam where she lived for a while in 1955.

Wherever she travelled, her primary focus was on people. Among her early experience she managed an interview in India with Prime Minister Nehru, who assumed that she was a relative of Ralph Waldo Emerson (possible).

Nehru told her that he dreamed in English.

Gloria led a vagabond life of travel and worked as a free-lance reporter-journalist until she returned to New York in 1957. There she joined the New York Times to work on the women's page but loathed the trivial subject matter.

She left the paper in 1960 to live in Brussels, but rejoined the Times in the mid-1960s as a foreign correspondent, based first in Paris and then London.

She covered the early days of the troubles in Northern Ireland. She was there to witness and write about the first civil rights march.

In August, 1968, she witnessed and reported the Nationalist sponsored civil rights movement and its first civil rights march from Coalisland to Dunganion Many more marches were held over the following year.

During this first march, Loyalists attacked some of the marchers and held counter-demonstrations in a bid to get the marches banned.

Her sympathy for victims was evident in her reports of the lack of police reaction to the attacks, Nationalists saw the police, almost wholly Protestant, as backing the loyalists and allowing the attacks to occur.

In October, a civil rights march in Derry was banned by the Northern Ireland government. When marchers defied the ban, Constabulary officers surrounded the marchers and beat them indiscriminately and without provocation. More than 100 people were injured, including a number of nationalist politicians.

The incident was filmed by television news crews and shown around the world. It caused outrage among Catholics and nationalists, sparking two days of rioting in Derry between nationalists and the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

A few days later, a student civil rights group was formed in Belfast. In late November, the Prime Minister promised the civil rights movement some concessions, but these were seen as too little by nationalists and too much by loyalists.

Gloria covered the January 9th People's Democracy's four-day march from Belfast to Derry, which was repeatedly harassed and attacked by Loyalists.

When the march reached Derry City it was again attacked. The marchers claimed that police did nothing to protect them and that some officers helped the attackers.

That night, Constabulary officers went on a rampage in a special area of Derry, attacking Catholic homes, attacking and threatening residents, and hurling sectarian

abuse. Residents then sealed off the area with barricades to keep the police out, creating 'Free Derry."

While covering these and other stories of the crisis, Gloria kept appraised of action in Vietnam and constantly applied for reassignment. Her work was in Northern Ireland but her heart was in Vietnam.

Her own journalism career had been inspired in part, by Margaret Bourke-White, the very first war correspondent.

She was the only foreign photographer in Moscow when German forces invaded. Taking refuge in the U.S. Embassy, she then captured the ensuing firestorms on camera.

As the war progressed, she was attached to the Air Force in North Africa, then to the U.S. Army in Italy and later in Germany. She repeatedly came under fire in Italy in areas of fierce fighting.

What also had inspired her was seeing the published Vietnam photographs by Dickey Chapelle. She had read all she could find about Chapelle, who was probably the first woman journalist to serve in Vietnam. She had been one of the earliest women photographers to accompany the military in combat during WWII, during the fierce fighting on Iwo Jima.

The more she learned about this courageous woman, the more she agitated for an assignment in Vietnam.

Dickey, as she was known, wanted an exciting life. She didn't want to be a kid from an ordinary suburb of Milwaukee, and Gloria didn’t want to be known as that debutante from New York.

As one of the first, if not the first, female journalists covering the Vietnam War, Chapelle had to cope with attempts by military leaders to ban her from missions. In 1962 an officer tried to deny her access to covering a field operation, arguing that there were no toilets for women in the jungle.

According to one story, a high ranking officer was attempting to deny her passage to a battle zone. Dickey, in her olive drab field gear, and her feet firmly planted on the ground, snarled at him, 'Listen, soldier, don't worry about me, and when I have to I can piss standing up straight just like you do!'

“Of course, Dickey went on the patrol," Arnett recalled in an email interview.

Gloria learned that Chapelle returned to Vietnam in October and November 1965.on assignment for a story about a Marine company, following the unit from training and into battle.

A photo of Chapelle getting the last rites from a chaplain, along with a picture of Chapelle holding a camera and wearing Marine fatigues, were sent out by AP and widely printed shortly after her death.

What was different about Vietnam is that photographers had incredible access to the war thanks to the U.S. military and particularly helicopters," said Hal Buell, who supervised AP photo operations during the Vietnam War.

"If you were accredited, and she was, if you heard there was a battle, all you had to do was hop aboard a chopper and off you went, you were in the middle of the battle. That's different compared to World War II and Korea and subsequent wars. She really took advantage of that and saw a lot of action

It was obvious that Dickey loved the Marines, her fondness stemming from her first visit to the front lines on Iwo Jima. She called them "her Marines" and they responded in kind to the slender woman who didn't mind digging her own foxhole and ate the same chow as they did. Marine representatives will attend the Milwaukee Press Club hall of fame induction ceremony for Chapelle next week.

Perhaps it's fitting that she was with her beloved Marines when she was killed.

Gloria, aware of the kind of dispatches coming from Vietnam, wanted to do the prose version of Chappelle's photographs, focusing on the men in the field and the people of this war torn country.

She returned to the Times London office

In December, Gloria conducted a very contentious interview with John Lennon and Yoko Ono, during which she disputed the effectiveness of Lennon and Ono's anti-war campaign. They were campaigning at great professional and financial cost.

Gloria's skeptical approach enraged Lennon. Ironically, given her own anti-establishment positions, the interview became famous as an example of the establishment press resistance to the Lennons' peace movement.

Gloria said at the time and repeated decades later that she believed the Beatles and Lennon "could have stopped the war" had they performed for U.S. troops in Vietnam.

In 9700, she finally got her wish. As she later recalled, "I was allowed to go to Vietnam because the war was supposed to be over, so it didn't matter if a female was sent".

Gloria had previously lived in Saigon as a freelance journalist, when it was still under French control. She was shocked by its appearance on her return.

"There were so many little hideous places on what had been the Rue Catinat, like- Big Boy Hamburgers. The war had cut down the trees to widen the streets for military traffic. That was so sad and so painful. The city had been deformed in a hundred different ways.

It had a kind of sepsis. The war had gone into every corner of every life. The Vietnamese value harmony very much. There was no harmony, there was no order. There was no calm."

By this stage, of course, the administration in Washington was rapidly reducing America's involvement in the war, so the military burden fell increasingly on the Vietnamese. Gloria concentrated her reports on the effect that this was having on the people.

She cut away from the main press corps, becoming such a maverick that her bureau chief swore she would give him a heart attack

As she moved closer to the people, she was in deep empathy with their plight. She found a way to persuade airline crews to smuggle antibiotics into the country to treat injured children

Some of the most heart wrenching experiences was the discovery of families divided by their loyalties to the Viet Cong or to the Nationalists

Her tears were intermingled with the widows who had lost two sons, each fighting on opposite sides during the same battle. She was under suspicion of harboring the enemy.

Gloria was never an easy personality. Unusually tall, she had her lighter side and was often extremely witty, but she could be overbearing and protective of what she claimed as her own territory.

After all, she was a woman working in an excessively macho culture. She had difficulties with photographers, constantly interfering with their work in the apparent belief that their brief images would overshadow her carefully crafted stories.

Gloria was deadly serious when it came to caring about the residents, the real victims of this crazy war which started out as advisory but now was a burden to those whose lives were subject to the actions of the U.S. military

Chapter 2.

Gloria wrote about the impact of the war on the people and the soldiers while her male colleagues were swept up in the statistics, hardware and strategy. She focused on the suffering of ordinary soldiers and marines and South Vietnamese civilians, not unlike Ernie Pyle in WW II.

Her experience with the military in Vietnam was extremely negative.

She blew the roof off as a little-known secret with her exposé of American officers falsely awarding themselves medals.

"I could not abide high U.S. military officials. I saw them as very dangerous, treacherous people who would lie at the drop of a hat. And they weren't so crazy to see me, either. They didn't like women floating around.

They were collaborators in the fraud, the military," she told a PBS documentary in 2003. "There were one or two officers who might have been marvelous, but it was not my good luck to know them."

At a 1981 conference on the Vietnam War, Gloria declared the U.S. spokesman and host of the Five O'clock Follies, what the journalists called the Saigon briefings, was "a determined and brilliant liar.

In another contrasting brief story, she showed young, exhausted men attempting to maintain control of their destiny in a place of sudden death.

Though she said she lost count of the number of young Americans she comforted in their final moments, she never became inured to the suffering around her.

Gloria said that she wrote for herself, She wanted to return to Vietnam "because she had been in that country fifteen years ago and wanted to go back to write about the Vietnamese people and the immense unhappy changes in their lives, not a subject widely covered by the huge press corps who were preoccupied with covering the military story."

Among her first reports for The New York Time*s*, Gloria exposed false "body counts" and the use of hard drugs by American soldiers.

She also began reporting on the suffering of the Vietnamese people as well as the long term effects on our soldiers.

She was warning her reader of the emotional impact that this war was having on many of soldiers and marines.

Her warnings, not too well heeded, really predicted the post war life of thousands of returning veterans.

Mentally exhausted veterans, returning home to find hostility instead of welcomes, paid the price of homelessness, loneliness and separation.

Back home she did some follow ups on men she interviewed on the battle field. One such was (Teddy) Humber Jr., who lost both his legs in a mine explosion in 1972 and came home to his family in Westboro, Mass. "Teddy did not seem to always know what the others were saying," she wrote. "He seemed busy with something else; perhaps it was pain. He sat at the table without moving, often without hearing."

Her empathy with the sufferings of the fighting men stands in stark contrast to her feelings about the war.

The following are excerpts from the Washington Post Gloria Emerson obituary

“In her self-written obituary, which reporters at the Times discovered on the day she died, Gloria described the plaudits that came her way.

Her dispatches from Vietnam won a George Polk Award for excellence in foreign reporting, and, later, a Matrix Award from New York Women in Communications.

One of the most quoted parts of her book, Winners and Losers, was her condemnation of "killing at a distance.”

“Americans cannot perceive, even the most decent among us, the suffering caused by the United States air war in Indochina and how huge are the graveyards we have created there. To a reporter recently returned from Vietnam, it often seems that much of our fury and fear is reserved for school busing, abortion, mugging, and liberation of some kind. As Anthony Lewis once wrote, our military technology is so advanced that we kill at a distance and insulate our consciences by the remoteness of the killing.

Her articles from Vietnam, many reported with the help of Nguyen Ngoc Luong, her interpreter, brought alive for many readers, people who had been an abstraction, the Vietnamese whose "hearts and minds" the United States went to war to win, but lost to Communist adversaries who prevailed despite millions of casualties.

One of her articles after the unsuccessful South Vietnamese attempt to cut off North Vietnamese supply lines in Laos in 1971 reported how Sergeant Co, an infantry platoon leader, clung to the skids of an American helicopter to get out alive. "'Each helicopter could have been the last one, so what choice was there for me?' he

asked. 'Only the madmen would stay and politely wait for the next helicopter.'"

Her literary voice was always gravely serious. In person, she was well dressed, precise in speech and eccentrically funny.

She was constantly giving money to veterans, refugees and street beggars. She could be possessive and domineering, especially toward the photographers whose work she thought would outlast her articles published with them; the words she compared to ice cubes that melted in the sun.

Her respect was at its highest when she spoke of all the Vietnamese women in the South who risked torture and death and the American nurses who cared for the soldiers." In her own book, she wrote: "During the war I was equal at last, and often it was too much to bear."

Despite her obsession, she did not glamorize war, nor was she a reporter who arose each morning eager to face the "bang-bang."

"I ate breakfast like a woman with a wired jaw, so much did I dread having to leave that room and face it all," she wrote for a 1973 Playboy story. "There are other stories I could tell, about the living and the dead, much more than I have told here, but so very much has already

been written, and none of it ever made any difference at all."

In 1982, she was one of six U.S. journalists, acting under the umbrella of the Committee to Protect Journalists, who issued a report that condemned the suppression of press freedoms and the acts of intimidation and physical violence against reporters in Guatemala, Nicaragua and El Salvador."

End of Obituary.

Chapter 3.

Gloria was a skilled interviewer who swiftly extracted illuminating details from the people she encountered, whether the formal subject of a story or that morning's taxi driver, yet friends knew little of her private life. She was married, unhappily, twice, to a Pole named Znamiecki and an Italian named Brofferio.

She fended off further enquiries by explaining that they were Europeans and she "married them for their history."

What was important to her she freely volunteered to the world: her keen sense of justice and sympathy for the oppressed. When those oppressed were the people of the

Gaza strip, with whom she spent the year 1989, her compassion cost her friends.

Speaking of respect and concern for Israel's enemies were not acceptable at many levels of American society.

Her experience in Vietnam had a strong impact on her ideas of what was important. What seemed to be important to people was of little consequence to Gloria.

For instance, she disdained feminism, once writing that no woman who has witnessed how the Army can crush and humble an enlisted man can ever muster any sympathy for the women's movement. "The real victims of men," she concluded, "are other men."

Some of her ideas were to change as she moved beyond the immediacy of her Vietnam experience.

Six feet tall, thin, and a frenetic smoker, Gloria did not suffer presence or foolishness. She was the sort of New Yorker who thought nothing of intervening in the overly loud conversations of others with a strident "Oh please." and pointing out if they were in error.

According to her friends, despite her sometimes ferocious exterior, she was a devoted and funny friend and a generous and inspiring teacher. In the 1980s she became a familiar figure on the campus of Princeton University, where she served three spells as a Ferris Visiting Professor of Journalism. She also taught creative

writing to Vietnam veterans through the William Joiner Center for the Study of War and Social Consequences at the University of Massachusetts in Boston. She remained in touch with and continued to help many of the people she had written about.

Her friend from days as a Manhattan "deb" Jackie Kennedy Onassis once remarked, “If I hadn't married I might have had a life very much like Gloria Emerson's."

In a letter to Gloria written in April 1994 as her own death approached, Jackie said: "I think you are more incredible than anyone in the street thinks I am."

Gloria Emerson felt the burden of her experiences too deeply to imagine anyone seriously envying her career. She was haunted by the things she had seen, and joked about someday requesting a lobotomy to help her forget. But she never forgot the Vietnam War and was dispirited by the news from Iraq.

Acknowledging that she had spent a third of her life covering wars, Gloria observed ruefully that nothing she had ever learned from it had been of any benefit. "I think that writing about war is a way of raising the dead and hoping you will see them again." She left no surviving relations.

Note: See appendix for comments from close friends, providing more insight into Gloria.

Appendix

1. War as she wrote about it was not ennobling but debasing, a misery that inflicted physical suffering and psychic damage on civilians, children and soldiers on both sides.

Emerson wasn't merely the war's reporter, she was its conscience. She probably wouldn't say that about herself, but she almost did when she said:

Vietnam is just a confirmation of everything we feared might happen in life. And it has happened. You know, a lot of people in Vietnam—and I might be one of them—could be mourners as a profession. Morticians and mourners.

She is herself trapped by her inability to move beyond the war, and at points in *Winners and Losers* her tone becomes a little holier-than-thou when she writes of her own anguish. The book is an effort to exorcise her

own memories, as well as an effort to jog those of other people; to this extent, Walls's comment is a fair one. But the book she has written is not, as Wills suggests, ineffectual protest; it is a powerful reminder of the agony caused by a senseless war that dragged on and on because no one would admit to making the initial mistake. So its personal tone may be one of the major elements of the book's power: Emerson is herself an example of the phenomenon she is describing, an odd thing not yet forgotten, someone whose life will never be the same. The war's effect on her--a complete revision of her view of her country--may be indelible.

2. I've known her since 1971, when we were both in the Saigon Bureau of "The New York Time". She was unsettling, then and later. She did not come to comfort, but to discomfort. I did my best with the obit. I don't pretend it was anything more than adequate, and it left out a lot of things, as she did.

3. I am a physician but contrary to what was written in the NY Times, (one of their rare misstatements, I am sure), I was NOT Gloria's physician. Gloria was my closest and most beloved friend for well over two decades. I wanted you to know that not only was she an

inspiration to thousands against the Vietnam war, not only did she endlessly try to help the most damaged victims of wars and violence, not only was she a brilliant and courageous writer, but she was the most generous, thoughtful and giving friend there ever has been. She was my intellectual and ideological soul mate, and the person who cheered me on through every life decision that no friend or family member could possibly, in good conscience, have encouraged.

I met Gloria at the home of Vivian Cadden, an old friend of my mother from college, radical politics and anti-Vietnam war organizing days. I was getting perilously close to my thirtieth birthday and showing no signs of interest in marriage, or even a steady romance. I am afraid that my mother nagged at poor Vivian until she finally invited me to dinner, presumably to meet some suitable young man. Although I know there was a suitable young man present, so were Gloria and I hardly needed to tell you who made the bigger impression? It was love at first rant and rant we both did, soon pretty much ignoring everyone else present to launch into conspiratorial tirades about Ronald Reagan, Ed Koch, the increase in homelessness and urban poverty and the war in El Salvador.

I was in the middle of my residency at Harlem Hospital and there was not one single sordid detail in

which Gloria was not interested. We had endless telephone conversations late at night, occasional dinners and one day she insisted on coming to spend the night with me when I was working an ER shift from 10 PM until 8 AM to see if it really was as awful as I said it was. As I am sure you can imagine, tall gangling Gloria tripping around the ER in her elegant clothing didn't exactly blend in, but of course, she got everyone, patients with asthma, diabetics emerging from coma, nurses, aides, housekeeping staff to talk to her as if it were perfectly normal for this absurdly well-dressed woman with her upper class accent to be chatting with them at 3 AM.

I never understood why she was so eager to spend a hideous night in Harlem Hospital. Years later, a mutual friend told me that she wanted me to believe that she really understood how awful it was. When I was taking care of AIDS patients throughout the 80s and 90s, not doing much more than helping them to die, Gloria would call me nearly every night to ask me how things were going in the house of death. She was the only person who could bear to listen and actually managed to convince me that she was interested in the infinite sorrows of the dying. We talked about death quite a bit in those days. She told me about so many of the young men she had known who had died, how their families had reacted, how those individuals and their fate had been seared into her

brain and enabled her to remain angry and focus that anger. We talked about the absence of anger among the poor who were dying of AIDS and she listened to countless sad, awful tales of young lives ending in torture. We certainly were a jolly pair.

I don't want to dwell on Gloria's last year, but I don't want to pretend it didn't happen. Gloria was unhappy in ways that are very difficult to think about and very difficult to bear. I did not want her to commit suicide, and I begged her for weeks and weeks not to. Of course I have brooded over this for months, and while initially angry at her for not listening to me, I am now left with the most terrible sadness and remorse.

Not guilt, as I truly believe that Gloria wanted no one to ever feel guilty about her death. But remorse that I was unable to do anything to help her in her pain or to ease the unhappiness she felt during the last months of her life. I hate the term closure. No matter what anyone says, death is horrible, it can't be fixed and the pain we feel will not and should not be assuaged by platitudes.

The Egyptians painted beautiful scenes on the walls of their tombs and built the pyramids. Medieval Christians constructed Notre Dame. Late 20th century Americans invented closure. Maybe these are accurate reflections of the respective civilizations, but somehow, I can't really hear Gloria wishing us all to find closure.

Certainly Gloria will remain a part of me and my family forever, and the best that I can hope is that eventually, I will miss her less sorely. For the present, her loss simply has to be borne.

4. The only sliver of solace I could take from the news of Gloria's untimely departure was that I wouldn't disappoint her any more.

I've been disappointing her for a quarter-century, ever since we both washed up at the Meikles Hotel in the spring of 1979 in what was called, for a brief, hyphenated moment, Salisbury, Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. I was there for the New York Times; Gloria was on a freelance assignment for Esquire.

She was usually-- but not always-- too polite to express her disappointment in words, but the pained and exasperated expression on her face was all too easy to read, whether I had given the Meikles bellman an insufficient tip -- he, after all, had a sick sister, an aging mother, a deceased father and wanted desperately to go to college to become a translator (How did she know so much about him? We'd only just checked in.) -- Or I'd been insufficiently alert to the funeral of a white farmer whose obit she'd just read in the local newspaper, having been up for hours. Never mind that covering such things

for a newspaper was my obligation, no longer hers: Lets go, I've hired a car, were going to be late, she commanded-- it was palpably clear that once again, I'd let her down. Clearly, I didn't care enough, didn't try hard enough, and didn't want to do the right thing badly enough. I should be smarter, kinder, and more professional.

She was never late. In fact, she was invariably early, so even if you met her on time, she was there first and you felt guilty for having made her wait. That looks again.

There was also, mercifully, the other Gloria, the one who laughed too hard at your attempts at humor or agreed too enthusiastically with your warmed-over insights and credited you with a wit and perspicacity you never realized you had. And didn't.

She was vain about her hair -- thick brown hair- and spent too much money having it cut and shaped, and in the last few years, I suspect, colored. And she smoked too much, as I was always happy to point out, especially after I'd disappointed her yet again.

More than anything, Gloria was fun to be with. She knew everybody, had read everything. She had opinions. She was witty and had something original to say about everything -- certainly about anything that had been

on the front page of the New York Times in the last week, or month, or for that matter, since the Korean War.

She bore her burdens-- a broken leg that never properly healed, some unfortunate investments, her disappointments in her friends and acolytes -- with uncomplaining courage and wry, dark humor. Gloria Emerson was smart, funny, generous, brave-- incredibly brave-- and caring-- far and away the most compassionate person I have known.

She wasn’t perfect; she smoked too much.

5. When I've seen Gloria over these past couple years, inevitably we would talk about Iraq and Vietnam and she often compared the two.

"It's absolutely disgusting, isn't it?" she'd say. "There's no hope at all. It'll be just as bad as that was, I can't bear to think of it." Yet she did, a great deal; she followed it religiously, she watched every major network and most of the cable news programs on it, read everything we wrote about it, even had computer-using friends print out web stories on it for her. It wasn't her war the way Vietnam was, of course. The last time I saw her, in July, she said, with some regret, "I'll never be able to go there," and then immediately she changed the subject to Gaza, where she

had gone, and having gone, had made it her cause. She wanted to talk about the second intifada and I'm afraid I wasn’t really interested, because I am doing Iraq these days, and not really following Gaza. And she was a bit put off by that in a way that she is sometimes. She had embraced Vietnam and Vietnam vets and Gaza and every righteous cause and every needy or deserving person she had ever come across. Her capacity to embrace so many different issues and hold onto them is amazing and I've seen sides of her, listening to everybody here tonight, that I didn't even know existed, but they all sort of fit. Whenever I saw her she'd pepper me with questions about Iraq, and then browbeat me, saying you mustn't keep going there, and then finally she'd add, "but of course you have to, dear," and just as abruptly she'd change the

6. Gloria probably knew me, as she knew many of her friends, much better than we knew her. She always changed the subject when one asked after her, but no one could avoid her questions. She was so intensely interested in other people, in almost anyone whose path she crossed. I'll never forget watching her give a talk to a group of long-term convicts at a Massachusetts prison, about literature and great books, and how that could elevate their minds and help to fight the boredom and misery of their time inside. Her talk was brilliant and inspiring, vintage Emerson, but more than anything else, these

hardened men responded to this strange, passionate woman because she took them so seriously, honored their intelligence and dignity, whoever and whatever they were. She was a person who always knew the names of the doormen and the waiters, the drivers and clerks and all the little people she came across, and usually knew a lot more than their names.