So Far: Life Stories

by

Members of the Triangle Older Women's League

Edited by Polly Williams

Photographs by Anne Mackie

OWL Press
622 Woodburn Road, Raleigh, NC 27605
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Dedicated to the memory of
two wonderful older women,
Charlotte Warden and Lillie Caster

Foreword

OWL is a national membership organization that strives to improve the status and quality of life for midlife and older women.

"What a remarkable group of women!" exclaimed one of our younger members as we left a lively meeting of Triangle OWL (Older Women's League). We had discussed some of the problems facing women as they age, and at times the discussion was quite heated. "Yes," I responded, "When they were young some of these women had to struggle to achieve their goals in a male-dominated environment, and now that they are getting old they face other problems. For some time now we have urged our members to write about their experiences before it is too late. Those of us who are old brought about many changes that today's young women take for granted. This should not be forgotten."

After much thoughtful deliberation, fifteen women responded to our request for memoirs, and their stories are presented here. When we asked for participation in this special OWL project, we stressed that we would not provide strict guidelines, but we indicated an interest in those events that were most important in shaping their lives. We asked them not to be timid, but to tell us of their accomplishments as well as their failures. We wanted to know where they came from, who influenced them in what way, who helped them achieve their goals, and whom, in turn, they were able to help. We also asked whether they were feminists, a term that had fallen into ill repute even in the women's movement.

The result is a kaleidoscope of experiences, probably not representative of an entire generation of women, but perhaps typical of the changing face of the Triangle area, that is, Raleigh, Chapel Hill, and Durham. Our women come from very different backgrounds, both socially and geographically. There are considerable differences in educational and occupational achievement, but an unusual number have higher degrees, and some became prominent in their chosen profession. However, although there are great differences, it can be said with certainty that these women share an abiding interest in the social, economic, and psychological well-being of people in general and older women in particular. We are grateful for their willingness to share their experiences and hope that their example will encourage others to do the same.

Three OWL members were responsible for completion of this project. We are especially grateful to Polly Williams, who not only edited the stories but took care of most other production details and arranged for periodic readings of completed sections. Anne Mackie made many trips from Savannah to the Triangle to take the portraits that accompany each autobiography. Eva Gerstel initiated the project and acted as project leader. The three of us wish to thank the North Carolina Humanities Council for its support. We are also grateful to Dr. Pamela Tyler, Associate Professor of History at North Carolina State University, for her review of the introduction.

Eva Gerstel

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Introduction

This book contains abridged accounts of some very long lives by women whose time was one of transition in traditional roles for a woman—from dependent homemaker to breadwinner and equal partner. Though bound by their culture, they were never imprisoned by it; and, indeed, they did not simply mirror cultural change but were leaders in gaining new independence for themselves and for other women. They didn't just join women's organizations, they founded them. They shaped, as well as reflected, the history of their time.

Most of them were born within five years or so of 1920, the year of the 19th Amendment extending suffrage to women. This was the climax of the long effort sparked in 1848 by the Woman's Rights Convention in Seneca Falls. By 1920 a number of the rights to education and property demanded in the Declaration of Rights and Sentiments had been won. There followed something of a lull before a new wave of feminism. There was a next step, however, envisioned by Carrie Chapman Catt as she founded the League of Women Voters: to educate women to use their new power of the vote wisely. Most of the women whose stories are included here have been members of the League, which gave them their training in public policy. (The 19th Amendment, incidentally, was not ratified in North Carolina, where all of them now live, until 1971.) These women not only belong to a generation of voters but have given political leadership and sometimes held public office.

With a few exceptions too young to have known anything of the first World War, which their fathers served in, they also missed out on flappers, bathtub gin, and the Charleston, as did everyone in the small towns women like Eloise Cofer, Isabelle Buckley, and Betty Wiser grew up in. The most severe external impact on their early lives came from the Great Depression, which kept Eloise from medical school, killed Martha McKay's father, and turned me and my best friend into Communists. I mention in a parenthesis that "this was in our Communist period." The story behind those six words begins with men who sometimes stopped at our house to ask for food. My mother always provided a glass of milk and a huge sandwich. My friend and I read literature like Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing* and Josephine Lawrence's *If I Have Four Apples*, and we followed the news of bread lines, a Washington encampment broken up by soldiers, and other signs of economic misery. Social Security and the NLRA didn't convince us that anything but total change would do, and after reading a book on Socialism and *What Is Communism?*, by Earl Browder, at age 15 we determined to be communists. (Browder informed us that revolution was unnecessary.) Eva Gerstel at age 16 in Berlin was a radical socialist. Radicals were all around, here and abroad.

We never got over the Depression. Although Triangle OWL members are in comfortable circumstances, they exhibit no sign of showiness. They live in nice houses, often with beautiful gardens, but not mansions, and they drive ordinary cars. And their comfort has been achieved in part because they learned early how to be careful with money.

At that time daughters didn't always go to college even in families in which sons went automatically, but most of these girls did. Sometimes their education was sporadic (Anne Mackie's three years studying photography at the Savannah College of Art and Design ended just this term), but almost all have college degrees, and a number have advanced degrees. What did they study? Well, often home economics. Child development. In Israel at the kibbutz, Eva Gerstel learned how to weave. Note what Eloise Cofer says about Stephens College: the curriculum was shaped by "data that showed that 85% of the graduates would marry, have families, and become community volunteers." Let's understand, though, that these women recognized that home economics was a field in which they could advance and have real careers.

Occasionally these women brought about changes in the programs in which they were studying or took them in new directions. Anne Mackie led other graduate students in creating a specialization in administration in her Social Work program. Barbara Jackson tells us that she "was the first occupational therapist to do graduate work at Berkeley in Public Health and led the way on the West Coast in achieving an advanced degree for occupational therapists."

Although they were studying in traditional women's fields, they were staking out new territory.

Almost everyone on our list has been a teacher at one time or another, whether it was Isabelle Buckley teaching farm girls not only cooking and nutrition but how to behave in town, or Lofi Hirschman teaching Girl Scouts, or Martha McKay teaching graduate students at Duke and Carolina. This turned out to be work for which they were all well suited.

Another form of life-long learning has been travel; they love to be on the go, and they still are. A number have lived in other parts of the world. Note how Betty Landsberger titles her life-story: "An American Woman Becomes Internationalized." They accompanied their husbands all over: Libby New to Korea and Hong Kong; Isabella Cannon to Iraq and Liberia; Betty Landsberger to England, Chile, and Ghana. Betty Wiser spent a year in India. However narrow their early lives may have been, these women are now anything but provincial, and their interests tend to be global. Eloise Cofer works with a group from Cochamba, and Isabelle Buckley is president of the local United Nations Association. Some came the other way: Eva Gerstel to the US from Israel; Gabrielle Falk from Switzerland; Isabella Cannon as a child from Scotland. Not one of the women represented here was born in Raleigh. A sign of present-day population mobility, especially in the Triangle area, is that almost everyone you meet is from somewhere else.

Some of these young women were in school or college when the nation plunged into World War II. They didn't go to it when their brothers, boy friends, or husbands did. They might have joined the WACs or the WAVEs, but they didn't; truth to tell, their families might have objected owing to widespread rumors about the promiscuity of the recruits. Familiar story. But these young women were involved and doing more than rolling bandages, though some of us did that, too. Education or a career might be disrupted, as Eloise Cofer's was when she went back to West Virginia. I worked in a war plant in New Jersey, while Martha McKay worked in a shipyard in Wilmington. Isabella Cannon worked for UNRRA. Even earlier, Eva Gerstel and Gabrielle Falk found their families' lives wrecked during the Hitler era: Eva's through inflation and then arrest in the Nazi time, followed by flight to Israel; Gabrielle's by the disruption from persecution in Germany by the Jews, ending in the incarceration in camps of her mother, father, and grandmother, at a time when she was separated from them in Switzerland.

Those of us who, during wartime, had held jobs formerly held only by men were let go in a hurry as the war ended, and men returned. Except for two, all of the women whose stories are here were married and had children. The 50s and early 60s, as we all know, were the time of domesticity, crinolines, PTA, and teaching children how to use a hula hoop. Most of us settled in. It was a good time really, when we could give full attention to household and children without the pressure of jobs and commuting. I think we were lucky to have that space before we revved up again. Of course, a number of us were active in organizations, and some of us were undertaking college and university studies at that time—and Eva Gerstel was a founder of a child care center, whose center was her living room.

Our group was part of the civil rights movement early. The League of Women Voters became integrated, though the president resigned, and, after some negotiation, we actually integrated the Sir Walter Hotel, bastion of the privileged. Our luncheon was in a private room, however, and certainly attracted little notice. I can remember being in a civil rights march on the legislative building in May 1964. We were harassed by a noisy, jeering, spitting crowd. Being outspoken was risky: you could lose your job. Our Chancellor at N.C. State was clearly torn; he couldn't tell us not to work for civil rights, but he did plead with us to be as quiet about it as possible. Her work was especially risky for Martha McKay, who was monitoring civil rights compliance for the Office of Economic Opportunity. She traveled through southern states like Alabama and Mississippi, and, as she tells you, had to meet one person at a gas station and afterward found her car being followed to the county line. Where integration was enforced, as it was in the University's Extension Service, people like Eloise Cofer and Isabelle Buckley, who were in charge of seeing that all went smoothly, had their work cut out for them—and performed with great skill and aplomb.

The civil rights movement was a warm-up for the women's movement, which we were all involved in whether we knew it or not. Eva Gerstel, who dreamed

up this autobiography project and nurtured it and brought it to fruition, expected a strong feminist statement from everybody. She didn't get it. Alice Boston simply forgot to mention feminism. Libby New said she had never thought whether she was a feminist or not, and Eva was certainly taken aback by that, since Libby had gone with her to Washington to march for NOW. For others of us, reading Betty Friedan or Simone de Beauvoir was like being struck by lightning. We had all known strong women, sometimes our mothers and grandmothers as you can read here. But some of us were slow to realize that women were unequal and ought to have rights and that we had to do something to achieve them for ourselves and for everyone.

My definition of a feminist is a person (not necessarily a woman) who believes in equity for women and is willing to take action to get there. For example, Mary Ettinger, a musician and composer, became first president of a NOW chapter when the convenor succumbed to drugs and booze. Some of us represented our organizations on the ERA coalition, North Carolinians United for ERA. Betty Wiser and Martha McKay between them have founded more women's organizations than you can count. Read Martha McKay's autobiography for a remarkable record of accomplishment and a remarkable history of working to help women accomplish more than they thought they were capable of. And she is still not satisfied. In a different area, Lofi Hirschman has been teaching Girl Scouts to be resourceful and independent for forty years. These women, trained to accept conventional women's education and conventional women's roles, filled those roles—and then some. They went beyond where women were supposed to go and accepted responsibilities they weren't always supposed to have. Eloise Cofer and Isabelle Buckley did groundbreaking work in their field—and they give credit to their mentors and predecessors, who were also leaders. Compared to men, we were underpaid, and we often met bias or outright discrimination (as in, "We don't hire women"). These life-stories offer examples of courage, independence, and success.

Some of these women moved into important positions in the political world, after plenty of training not only in the League of Women Voters but hands-on and door-to-door work in the political trenches. Betty Wiser served three terms in the state legislature, Martha McKay was prominent in state politics, and Isabella Cannon—well, she has been simply a star. Her name is inscribed on the Wall of Fame at Seneca Falls. When at age 73 she was elected the first female mayor of a capital city, she was besieged by the media and received national and international attention. No question, she has a colorful personality. And no question but she accomplished a lot for the city of Raleigh.

Some members of Triangle OWL didn't get around to writing their autobiographies, though they too would furnish a record of accomplishment. Also, we know other women, not OWL members, we would have liked to include. But these fifteen stories, even though they show only bits and pieces of very full lives, illustrate what we wanted them to: how, in an age of transition, women found and seized opportunities in different ways to live responsible and independent lives, work for equality for women, and help other women around them to succeed.

On her 74th birthday, Susan B. Anthony, with woman's suffrage not yet achieved, said to her audience:

> We shall someday be heeded, and when we shall have our amendment to the Constitution of the United States, everybody will think it was always so, just exactly as many young people believe that all the privileges, all the freedom, all the enjoyments which woman now possesses always were hers. They have no idea of how every single inch of ground that she stands upon today has been gained by the hard work of some little handful of women of the past.

That hard work has continued past Susan B. Anthony's time, and the women represented here have done some of it. They deserve credit, but I don't think most of them care a lot about that. They want to see the work carried on by others.

And they are just busy. They are now examples of the new elderly woman, who as the years pass doesn't seem to get older. Isabella Cannon, now in her nineties, has a list of activities that is exhausting to think about. These women read, cook, garden, send and receive e-mail, go to meetings, and call their legislators. It was hard to get them to sit down to write their stories. We believe the effort was worthwhile.

Polly Williams

Alice Boston

August 9, 1974

I'm worn out from running through the streets of Kensal Green, west London, dressed in a clown costume. It is the second month of a new intensive course on Theatre-In-Education run by New York University in England. We have studied in various theaters and drama centers throughout London and environs where drama is a part of all levels of education. This week at Brian Way's Theatre Centre we are involved in story-telling and street theater for children; hence the hot and exhausting stint as Daisy the Clown.

I applied for this course after about four years of teaching drama to integrate basic skills for children with learning disabilities. I've been living in the D.C. area for the last twenty-five years with my husband and two children. Kathy is now at Bryn Mawr, and Ralph has a job this summer working for his school, Hawthorne, in D.C. After four years at the Lab School of the Kingsbury Center—a school for bright children with severe learning disorders—where arts are central to the curriculum, I felt a need for refreshing my own ideas.

Since 1968 I have also been a member of, and for several years led, a multi-arts teaching team: music, art, dance, and drama, which has worked under a grant from the Virginia Arts Council in both public and private schools. And I've done drama with patients at the Northern Virginia Mental Health Institute and at Camp 30 of the Virginia State Prison System, as well as with numerous church and community groups. Cavorting as a clown on the streets of London does not seem utterly strange to me.

Before teaching I was a performer in college, university, summer stock, and community and dinner theaters, as well as being occasional director, stage manager, set painter, make-up artist, and general dogsbody. But I have to admit, now that I'm forty-five years old, my energy level is not what it once was.

Tonight I look back and wonder how, at twenty-one, newly married, I thrived in a basement apartment in Chicago, where I simultaneously worked in theater, took my MA at the University of Chicago, and did door-to-door survey work for Kellogg and Co., which was testing its new idea, a cereal with sugar built in, to be named Corn Pops. At the same time, many of my nights ran very late as some of my stage-struck group read plays together and started a new theater—later to become Compass Theater and Second City. Some of my stage-struck friends being Mike Nichols, Fritz Weaver, Paul Sills, and Ed Asner.

Here in London I am now listening as Richard Nixon bids farewell to the Presidency. A strange time to be an American here. Everything seems distant and unreal. Even the years of activity with the League of Women Voters, the Democratic Party, and various community organizations seem long-gone and irrelevant tonight.

I wonder what Dorothy Bell would have thought of this turn in my education. She was the first woman in a position of authority above that of a teacher whom I had ever known. She was President of Bradford Junior College, where I went my first two years away from home, and a graduate of Oberlin College. She persuaded me to take my degree from Oberlin also. Did my study of English literature lead directly to a clown suit at the Adventure Playground?

Tomorrow I shall desert the group, who will be making videos, and spend the morning shopping at Harrods.

May, 1977

It turned out that the London experience, while stimulating and satisfying, did not relate directly to my work here at home. And now that Charles C. Thomas Co. has accepted for publication the book on drama for the classroom, which Marcia Behr, Anna Clopton, and I wrote, I feel I've finished with a chapter in my own life. Funny how it often goes for me in seven-to-ten-year cycles, then another transition. First the years of child-raising and community service, then the years of teaching.

Now something new: we are moving our empty nest to Grosse Pointe, Michigan, where my husband will start a second career. Can I transfer my own work out there, I wonder?

Possibly the drama classes can be begun anew under new auspices, but what about the Alice-and-Viv Company? Vivian Smith and I have been writing and performing special programs for special events. There was a big one last year for the Bicentennial, with a large cast, music, and a choir. We have performed our current program, **Mind Clutter,** a humorous look at the information explosion, for groups from Rockville, Maryland, to Belle Haven, Virginia. And to our delight and surprise, for increasingly worthwhile remuneration. Without Viv this cannot be transported to the Detroit area.

November, 1987

It turned out that not much of my varied work would transfer to Michigan; the area is too different socially, culturally, and economically. I have done a few drama jobs for school and have run a continuous series of classes for a Recreation Center in St. Clair shores.

One winter, after separation from my husband, I worked for Recording for the Blind at Wayne State University, where reading on tape was a pleasure, and dubbing tapes to be sent out was the excuse for hiring me.

Today I have arrived in Raleigh, North Carolina. When Ralph, now in his twenties, and I drove across the gray frozen fields of Ohio, over the snowy West Virginia turnpike, and came into warm sunshine and golden leaves at Mt. Airy, North Carolina, I knew that I had made another transition.

"I believe the true function of age is memory. I'm recording as fast as I can." — Rita Mae Brown

■

"Remember always that you have not only the right to be an individual, you have an obligation to be one. You cannot make any useful contribution in life unless you do this." — Eleanor Roosevelt

Gabrielle Falk

I was born on April 20, 1923 (this turned out to be Hitler's birthday too—in 1889), in Breslau, provincial capital of Silesia, Prussia, Germany (since 1945, Wroclaw, Poland). My father was a pediatrician and head of the municipal hospital for infants and young children. My mother had trained to be a baby nurse in his hospital—after having been an actress and entertainer, accompanying her alto voice on the lute. She was half my father's age, 24, when they married. It was his second marriage, her first. He had two sons whom his first wife took abroad before the first world war. The older one entered our lives when I was around six.

My paternal grandparents I never knew. My mother's parents lived nearby. They frequently visited on Sunday mornings. When my brother, 23 months younger than I, was about four, my grandfather began to teach him to play chess. That is my earliest memory of gender discrimination.

I attended, with great delight, a Montessori kindergarten, and then, for the first six months, a private school. Sometime during the first week, someone came to the classroom and asked all Catholic children to come with him. Then another person arrived and took along the Protestant children. Yet another person entered to talk to the rest of us. I came home and asked my mother, "Am I Jewish?" My mother said yes but had me excused from religious instruction at school. Instead, after we moved and I started attending public school, she arranged for me to have private instruction once a week. I went to a lady's house. She had great art books. My first lesson consisted of looking at the Michelangelo Sistine Chapel frescoes of the creation. We always had a "Weihnachtsbaum" (the word "Christ" wasn't part of it). It didn't seem to have anything to do with religion.

I was almost ten when Hitler came to power. My father did not immediately lose his job; he was allowed to stay on for one more year when he would be retired with a pension. I knew we were non-Aryan. Things at school became unpleasant. Still I liked most of my classes, especially math. A girl I met on the streetcar became my friend. She was one grade ahead of me. We talked books and math. I invited her to come to my house after school. She loved the idea. During recess the day of the intended visit, she told me her parents had forbidden her to come. Someone might see her entering our house. I was welcome to visit at her house though. I was crushed. That day my mother told me that my parents planned to send me and my brother abroad to school. We were twelve and ten. They investigated boarding schools in Czechoslovakia—returned undecided—Holland—ditto—and Switzerland. It was there that my mother realized she hated boarding schools. She talked about it to my father in the waiting room at the Zurich railroad station. A lady sitting nearby got up, apologized to my parents for overhearing their conversation, and told them about the cantonal school Trogen in the rural canton Appenzeld, where the local children did not fill up the academic track, and people from other parts of Switzerland and abroad sent their children. The teachers and village people, depending on the size of their houses, took boarders; some were coed. This was it. By April 1936, now 13 and 11, we started school there. It was still possible to transfer monthly sums to Switzerland for our schooling.

My parents stored everything in Breslau and spent a few months deciding where, near the Swiss border, they would move. They chose Freiburg at the edge of the Black Forest, less than an hour by train from Basel, Switzerland. We spent every school vacation with them until the war broke out on September 1st, 1939.

The day after the Kristallnacht, two functionaries came to my parents' apartment. One sat down at my father's desk to examine his income tax returns in order to determine how much he would be asked to contribute to the cleanup and repair of the damages caused during the pogroms of that night ("die Juden abgabe"). The other man followed my mother around the apartment and took with him everything of value. He gave her a receipt, very legally. From then on my parents had a very limited amount of their own money that they were allowed to touch. My mother became quite paranoid after this experience (except that all along she was right about needing to leave the country, and my father, who sounded cool and rational, was quite wrong). My parents did apply for a visa to the US at that time, but the waiting list was around 55,000, involving something like a five-year wait.

We could not transfer any more money to Switzerland. The widowed mother of a classmate and friend of mine invited me to stay with them. A colleague of my father's in Zurich loaned us money for my brother. I had to sign for these loans every quarter. It felt a heavy responsibility.

In October 1940 my parents were deported from Freiburg, along with about 7000 Jews from the region, to Gurs in the then non-occupied France. This was a camp in the Pyrenees, established for Spanish refugees from the Spanish civil war and Basques. (Not meant for 7000 though.) Since my mother's mother was visiting, she was deported, too. Grandfather had died in 1932.

Friends in the US got my father a professorship at Tufts Medical School. He was allowed to move to a camp near Marseilles and visit the consulate in spring 1941. At that point I was close to my final exams. A small group of the oldest in the class were allowed to take their exams in June instead of September in order to start basic training. I was allowed to join them in the hope that the visas for the family would come through soon. So eight of us celebrated. I was the only girl. Eventually some were quite drunk and passed out. About four of us got into interesting discussions, including how they viewed me: not as a person one might date, for instance. I had only dated people not in my classes. It was an eye-opening night. I loved school; I did well. However, I did want eventually to be a wife and mother, and it became quite clear to me that with the next batch of fellow students I would need to be somehow less intimidating.

I wonder what it would have been like to have had a mentor, a female a bit older to talk to. The Swiss women I had met were no role models. My mother had been one, up until her mind played tricks on her. She continued with her music after she had her two children. There were a cook, a maid, and a governess—a most outdated situation—not applicable.

Meanwhile, my father was close to getting his papers at the US consulate when Pearl Harbor happened, and the consulate closed. My mother had attempted suicide in the only place in the camp where there was no barbed wire but a fast mountain stream. She was unsuccessful, got washed a ways downstream, rescued, and brought to a convent/hospital in Lannemezan. From 1941 to her death in 1976, she was institutionalized. My grandmother moved to a camp in Noe nearby. My father was taken to Rivesaltes, one of the camps from which people were shipped to the so-called labor camps in the east. A friend's sister in Basel volunteered with the Red Cross or YMCA to hand out canned milk in Rivesaltes and met my father. One night she saw him in the line-up for the trains. She stood next to the deputy commander, whose wife liked Swiss chocolate. She pointed to my father, saying, "Isn't he too old for a labor camp?" He said, "You may be right," and put another in his place. My father lucked into Le Chambon-sur-Lignon, a Huguenot village where Resistance people and Jews were being hidden. One Resistance woman took him and another across the Swiss border—in January 1943. He rejoined me in Basel. Friends supported him. None of us had work permits.

Along the way I had resolved to be pleasant. How else to have people like me enough to offer me a roof over my head? It mostly worked.

I enrolled at the university in classics. I could get tuition waivers, but lab fees were another matter—that eliminated pre-med. I had "discovered," so I thought, what turned out to be the binomial theorem when I was 15 or 16. However, someone else had

been first. I concluded that I couldn't live up to Madame Curie's motto, "One needs to believe that one is gifted in a particular thing, and that thing one has to accomplish no matter what" (my clumsy translation).

If you wanted to work as a maid, you could get a work permit. I did that for a family for a year and then worked for the mother of a fellow student who promised to arrange my work so as to allow me to pick up my courses again. Then my father got very sick, and I dropped everything to take care of him. He recovered—he was in the process of translating Shakespeare's sonnets—and finished; had them published, too.

I learned typing and shorthand; a new law: if it prepared you for leaving Switzerland, you were allowed to practice some skill in a temporary job. I got to do correspondence for the director of the zoo. He had my permit renewed several times. Then he received a sarcastic letter to the effect that if he tried a bit harder, he could probably find someone to replace me. Something clicked: even though another new law permitted my father to finish his days in Switzerland and for me, if needed for his care, to continue there until his death, I decided I would try for a visa to the USA on my own. My father understood that, just as he had not wanted to start a new life abroad past his prime, I didn't want this either—and I hoped he would live a long life.

I left in the spring 1948, arriving by the Mauretania May 24, 1948 in New York. My Philadelphia relatives suggested I become a Swiss governess for a rich New York family, but I wanted no part of it. After visiting with another set of relatives in Chicago, I found a job with Standard Oil (Indiana) in their new Engineering Research Department, rented a room (later two rooms and a kind of pantry), and my father came to join me the following year. I met my husband, and after we got married, my father decided to return to the very place from which he had been deported, Freiburg. He wanted to pursue his attempts at having his pension reinstated—more likely to be successful if he were close by. Besides, he did not like living in Chicago in the lifestyle we could afford. He enjoyed living in Freiburg for about 18 months. I was notified when he got very ill and arranged to see him for a few days before he died. Watching him die rearranged some priorities in my head.

My second job was at the University of Chicago, as secretary to Enrico Fermi. More glamorous, but much less fun than Standard Oil, where they let me do a variety of interesting things like researching backgrounds for patent disclosures, working in a physics lab doing graphs and lettering, and a bunch of other things. Fermi had post docs and grad students to do the interesting work. I mostly had to protect him from unwelcome visitors. But I met some of the subsequent big shots in nuclear physics.

We moved to Southern California, and I had two boys 19 months apart. As a mental health measure, I started taking math courses at UCLA at night, 3 credit hours a semester. Eventually I took Fortran I, and then everyone had a manager who wanted to interview me, and I got a job with Marquard in early space research. A few months later, we moved to Bethesda, MD, and I had son #3 (1962). Decided to take the kind of courses I had never had: English literature, American government, American history, and a terrible course in public speaking (preparation for salesmanship it seemed to me). I took one math course, Foundations of Mathematics, in which I got a "D." I had been sick and missed several classes but didn't know how to drop out at the right time. I was crushed. I taught several times a week at a Florence Crittenden home (for unwed pregnant women): geometry, Latin, German, French. And I joined the League of Women Voters (one of my neighbors borrowed some chairs one evening, saying "And you are welcome to join us").

When we moved to Raleigh in 1968, I attended a League of Women Voters housing committee meeting, and Betty Doak had me present their study a month later. I joined her board (human resources), then our state board. Meanwhile, I headed a related Hunger Task Force and a Tenants' Rights Organization, worked on the ERA ratification campaign, and shared frustration with many wonderful women. Through my interest in public transportation, I got appointed to the Raleigh Transit Authority and served three two-year terms. And my enjoyment of listening to chamber music ended up in service on the Raleigh Chamber Music Guild board for many years. We started

attending the Durham series so as to really enjoy the music without worrying about musicians' idiosyncrasies and latecomers. And then I headed up the NC Bach Festival for a few years.

After my husband got sick in 1980, I realized that my various activities did not add up to job preparation. NCSU had begun a certificate program in Computer Programming; so I started into that. After a year they changed the teaching language from PL-1 to Pascal. They offered a crash course in the summer for lab instructors. I took it and became a lab instructor Next I had a temporary part-time job with IBM (real money—it was nice!). Then my husband's illness consumed pretty much all my time, and when he died, I didn't want to go back to programming at all. Around that time PCs came along anyway. But I had only moderate interest in those.

Instead, I started taking courses at NC State in anthropology, art, literature, medical ethics, environmental ethics. I did quite a bit of traveling.

In the seventies I had learned to co-counsel, and re-evaluation counseling became part of my life. Around the same time I started to practice yoga. After a ten-week class at the Y, I put together a sequence of warm-ups and postures and by and by inserted a few more. With a few exceptions I do this routine every morning.

In early 1994 I moved to Durham to the edge of the East Campus of Duke University. Now many things are in walking distance: DILR classes (Duke Institute of Learning in Retirement), concerts in Nelson and Baldwin. The West Campus is a shuttle bus ride away: American Dance Festival, more concerts, theater, etc. Brightleaf and Northgate for shopping, and of course Ninth Street, a culture all its own.

I acquired three daughters-in-law (now reduced to two) and three grandchildren. I feel responsible for my husband's sister, 12 years older than I, who lives in Chicago. My own brother, who survived tuberculosis before penicillin in the fifties, died of cancer two years ago.

For decades, becoming independent was a top priority for me. And becoming a US citizen in 1954 was an important step for a stateless person. I worked some political campaigns, mostly losing ones. A switch: when I was Betty Ann Knudsen's volunteer coordinator in her first and second campaign for county commissioner, I found out that winning is pretty nice.

Now I felt like writing this, after resisting for many months, because in the last few weeks I seem to have lost my grip on things. The thought of some of the neurological diseases we know about is pretty scary. I've now done things like redoing my will and, for the first time, executing a power of attorney. The Living Will and Health Care proxy I had done a good many years ago. As someone pointed out to me, "You are in good shape for dying—less so for becoming incapacitated."

One of the most enriching parts of my life is the relationships with—mostly—women formed through work in the League of Women Voters and other organizations.

A class which is becoming another "home" for me is the Focus on Women, part of Peer Learning in Chapel Hill. Not in walking distance, but worth driving to.

And I saved OWL for last. The Older Women's League is a remarkable collection of wonderful female people. Bless them!

"The great thing about getting older is that you don't lose all the other ages you've been."—
Madeleine L'Engle

Martha Clampitt McKay:

The McKay Story

I'd like my life story to be of benefit to women coming along. When you come to an AHA! learning or experience, grab it for your personal file and apply it as needed.

Who am I, anyway? For starters, I am a feminist, civil libertarian, fighter, politician, former business owner, Fed and shipyard worker. I am a tutor, board member, trainer, friend, mother, sister, grand, great grand, and septuagenarian racing toward octogenarian status unperturbed. I am also stubborn, sometimes outspoken, often a contrarian. I am an inveterate reader, lover of art and jazz, wearer of purple, tennis shoes, and hats, and lover of parties! Here's my story:

"Elected a Governor and Became One of the 'Men Around Terry Sanford'"*

(*Story Caption in Durham Morning Herald)

Public education in North Carolina was a major issue during the Fifties. Women were angry beyond belief and worried about the future of their children. Lots of people asked former State Senator Terry Sanford to run for governor. I begged him. (We were college mates.) He decided in our favor in late '59.

Asked to help, I became the only female member of the campaign steering committee, set up an office in Chapel Hill where I lived, and established a statewide committee of women to plan, organize, and review and articulate issues important to women in the state. Then, with full support from Sanford and his campaign people, we made his "Crusade for Education" a women's issue, organized women statewide and elected Terry Sanford North Carolina's first education governor since Aycock. During his term, Sanford boosted education at all levels, created the Community College System, raised teacher salaries by 22+%, energized support for the arts, put women on previously all-male boards and commissions (I monitored openings and recommended appointments to the Governor), established the NC Commission on the Status of Women (first in the nation), opened the ranks of the Highway Patrol to African-Americans, and created the North Carolina Fund to break the cycle of poverty in the state. Sanford appointed me to the Democratic National Committee; I was elected to the Executive Committee of that group and served under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

In North Carolina I had a column in my party's statewide monthly newspaper in which I wrote about women's issues; the needs of the poor, elderly, and minority citizens; and the need for equity for these people. Women gained both jobs and status in state government and in their party during this time. Our voices clearly were heard, and we had avenues of access through previously closed doors. And, as some would say, we haven't been silent since!

Serving the South's Poor

I brought gender integration to the OEO (Office of Economic Opportunity) Inspection Office. In 1965 and '66, traveling the Southeast, I monitored civil rights compliance and performed program evaluations. I created the "Community Profile," a qualitative assessment of the location, its self-image, problems, key players, and decision-making processes. I learned much about power, power structures, community biases and patterns of discrimination, e.g., red lining. The people I saw were surprisingly willing to talk. In Mobile, for example, a top executive pointed from his office window to the smoking city dump, saying that 4,000 people ate there daily. "A load of

tainted fish disappears in 15 minutes," he added. A mid-western corporate CEO told me that he had inherited his manservant from his father and that this person "represents the poor" on his community action program board. After reading one of my reports, Sarge Shriver, head of OEO and Kennedy brother-in-law, dubbed me "007." He came to rely on my judgment, fairness, and integrity, I was told.

I visited and talked with many African-Americans during this time. Some were strong and resolute; others, sad or angry. Some wondered what white folks thought about as they walked to church with their Bibles under their arms. Most were wary and for this reason inspectors had impressive-looking credentials and were careful about meeting places. In Mississippi I was once observed by the Klan while talking to an African-American leader, my contact said. Afterward my car was followed until I left the county.

In late '66 I went from OEO to the North Carolina Fund, headed by George Esser, where I did evaluation and research, wrote the proposal, and got the major grant ($1 million) for the NC Manpower Development Corporation (now MDC), put together a temporary board, helped with a search for the executive director, George Autry, and then went on staff to help MDC—at present a nationally known research and program innovator—get started.

My next two years '69 and '70 were spent with the US R&D Corp. of New York as a trouble shooter, advisor, evaluator, and program director. I ran, and eventually saved, one of the most troubled of OEO's Community Action Programs in Jacksonville, Florida. Staff organization and management development centers were another responsibility. My brother Bob, a major confidant and wise advisor to me for all his life, was a principal in this company. Actually, I should add that Bob was a solo support network for me, and, like my parents, he believed that Sis could do anything she set her mind to. The value to me of his role is inestimable. GET A MENTOR—NOW!

My Own Company

In late 1970 I formed McKay & Associates and began to specialize in developing community profiles for corporations, training, minority economic development and creative problem solving. Clients included Western Electric, Xerox, Gannett, the Memphis and Dallas Chambers of Commerce, AT&T, the Southern Regional Council, the Black Economic Union of Kansas City, and others. At AT&T McKay & Associates developed, installed and led, over a period of six years, a management development process for women managers and their supervisors. This work was written up in a major story in the New York Times Magazine, an article in Mademoiselle, and in training publications.

The process put in place at AT&T was called WOMANAGEMENT and involved the first extensive look at women managers—and their supervisors—on the job, inside the corporation.

Through workshops, speakers' series, one-on-one consultations, simulation, and other techniques, such as the use of instruments, evaluations, and feedback, the women managers learned these things: TO ACCEPT THEIR SELF-INTERESTS AS VALID; establish and MAINTAIN NETWORKS; seek information and DEVELOP SUPPORT SYSTEMS, give, receive, and MAKE GOOD ON CHITS, i.e., favors, assists; learn and practice STRATEGY, and understand that ONE IS NOT FORCED TO PLAY BY THE RULES (of the corporate culture or organization game), but that ONE MUST LEARN THE RULES IN ORDER NOT TO BE CONTROLLED BY THEM. The women managers proceeded then, with the help of a great male vice-president and other managers, to write down the "unwritten" rules of the organization, e.g., "never ask permission to do anything—just do it." Results included a higher percentage of promotions in the participants' group than for those in a selected control group. The women managers in the program had (been given) PERMISSION TO BE FOR THEMSELVES!

Advice: create and build a support network, get a mentor, give yourself permission to be yourself (who you are) and thereby gain power.

The Women's Movement

Simone de Beauvoir, in her classic book "The Second Sex," said that woman is defined by man only in relation to man, that "she is simply what man

decrees . . . she is the incidental, the inessential as opposed to the essential. He is. . .the One. . .the Absolute. . .she is the Other." I talked of de Beauvoir's book to a group of women at UNC in the early '60s. By the time I had accumulated substantive files on the status of women, had read Betty Friedan's book and talked with her in New York (early '70s, met her through my brother), I was ready for action. Friedan pushed me hard to organize a political caucus among N.C. women and as a result of our conversations . . .

. . .I disappeared into my basement office and wrote a letter to about 30 key women asking if they were tired of being discounted from the neck up in the political world and, if so, "Are you ready to do something about it?" The response was overwhelming. Before the time of our meeting, thanks to a leak, the plan was laid out in "Under the Dome" in the N&O. A reporter called and asked who might come. It was instant decision time—and I responded that we did not intend to proceed with locked doors and smoke-filled rooms and that the meeting would be COME ONE, COME ALL!

So just before Thanksgiving in 1971, 125 women came to the Methodist Student Union building in Chapel Hill; Professor Anne Firor Scott of Duke gave a rousing opening address, and we were off! Working like fury, an executive committee and a cadre of women in Chapel Hill pulled off a glorious meeting on January 27, 1972. Over 1,000 women came to Duke University Auditorium, including Native Americans, African-Americans, seniors, students, prisoners, Republicans, Democrats, independents, and one honest-to-goodness Suffragette!.. The NC WOMEN'S POLITICAL CAUCUS (NCWPC) WAS BORN!!! Our signature button was "Make Policy Not Coffee" and we were credited nationally with the best opening Caucus convention in the United States. Later that year or the next, volunteer June Howard of Chapel Hill put together a manual of Caucus materials—my original letter, flyers announcing the '72 meeting, a host of news clippings, and other relevant information—that was sold as a "how to" book all over the country, both to individuals and caucuses. My copy is now with all my papers in the Southern Historical Collection at the Wilson Library in Chapel Hill.

We felt powerful and we had power. That fall a small group of us met with incoming Governor Jim Holshouser about bringing women into his administration. He subsequently made Grace Rohrer (former Vice-Chair of the Republican Party and candidate for Secretary of State in 1972) the first woman cabinet officer in NC history, gave the NC Council for Women a budget line item (another first) and was open to Caucus issues. Grace was a stellar Cultural Resources Secretary and kept our agenda items before the Governor and top state administrators during his term. Ten years later, Grace was named to a second cabinet position by Governor Martin, another first for women.

Similarly, in 1976 I was one of a group of women who met with a very responsive Governor Jim Hunt, who subsequently appointed not one but two women cabinet officers and eventually a third and fourth. His four terms as governor have been marked by the ground he has broken with his appointments and employment of women. In addition to Cultural Resources, women have led the departments of Human Resources, Administration, and Revenue, all cabinet posts.

In 1976, feeling the need to bring powerful women together to exercise their power more fully, Grace Rohrer and I, along with several others, formed the Women's Forum of North Carolina, patterned on the New York Women's Forum, whose meetings I had attended. The NCWPC and the Forum continue to exist, and neither discriminates on the basis of creed, race, or anything else.

I was first chair of both groups and had this experience: the more I declined to take power, the more power was thrust upon me by the group. Given this learning, I was very careful never to make decisions out of hand or to assume that I knew the will of the group without consultation. To be candid, I must add that in my Forum experience these things were clear: women tend to back away from power (we have been extras in the movie for too long), and in a group women do not like to be selective. Our life learning is that to succeed we must smile and be liked. (This year, 1999, the Forum has made a power move by writing a gender equity bill and causing it to be introduced in the General Assembly.) In 1972 I also

served as co-chair of the National Women's Political Caucus, as a delegate to the Democratic Convention in Miami, and to the National Women's Convention in Houston (the first since Seneca Falls in 1848).

Becoming a Bureaucrat

The years from late 1979 through 1984 were spent first with State Personnel, where I was director of Affirmative Action, and then with the NC Department of Administration, where I was Assistant Secretary for organization and human resource development and productivity. The AA Division produced ground-breaking research and reports, e.g., "Pay Patterns in North Carolina State Government," and developed a method of converting state job classifications into Standard Occupational Coding that was soon followed by state AA officers nationwide. The pay study showed that at every level in every state job category, men were paid more than women and minorities, and also that there were more women than men in positions for which they exceeded minimum job requirements, and more men than women in positions for which minimum requirements were not met. As Assistant Secretary, I, along with my staff, established employee and supervisor training, a review of all job classifications, and Quality Circles. Secretary Jane Patterson and I worked hard on a plan to establish pay equity in state government—to no avail, since the project was dumped by the General Assembly the following year.

The year 1985 and early '86 gave opportunity for a resumption of my life as a consultant. I went on retainer with the NC Association of Educators, worked with the Public School Forum, and the Z. Smith Reynolds and Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundations. Also, I worked with Jane Patterson in her successful effort to found NC Equity and served on Equity's initial board. The Equity goal is economic parity for women; it is now a substantial and important group that has made and is making an observable contribution to women of all races.

In June of '86 I rejoined forces with Governor Sanford in his run for the US Senate and went with him to Washington the following December, working as special assistant on Capitol Hill and as finance chair in a separate office in town. I assisted with constituent liaison and women's, elders' and minority affairs. Although it was exciting to be in Washington, our most beautiful city, the Senate seemed to be stymied. These were Reagan years and the backward judgment is that the rich grew richer and the poor grew poorer.

Odds and Ends

Late '72 and early '73 saw an all-out but unsuccessful effort to pass the Equal Rights Amendment in North Carolina. As we know to our sorrow, the Constitution of the United States is not applied to women, who remain "special categories of persons" under the 14th Amendment. Women wanted then and want now equality under the law. The late Representative Claude "Kitch" Josey of Halifax, Chairman of the House Constitutional Committee, who called in "sick" at the last minute and was excused by the ERA bill's sponsor, gets the blame (or credit) for this. His move threw the bill into the Senate where lobbying had only just begun. Sharing this blame/credit is the pre-session pro-ERA Senator Gordon Allen of Person County, whose switch from yea to nay on the Senate floor put the bill in the ashcan for good. The next day, the House sent the Senate a huge bouquet of roses. The card read, "With Thanks from a Grateful House." And so my in-progress roman-a-clef has to do with these acts of betrayal, which have left a bitter residue and send women into the 21st century in their previous and continuing status of second-class citizens.

In 1971 I became the first woman elected to serve as a director of the Public Affairs Council, composed of corporate public affairs officers and headquartered in Washington, DC. During my 12+ years as a director, urban affairs and "corporation and community" came to the fore in this country. I had the opportunity to make several presentations to corporate members and to participate in policy discussions at board meetings. "Urban problems," of course, included the position and status of minorities and women both in the community and the world of work. According to a senior staff member, I succeeded in asking questions

and making input that helped create a constituency for corporate social responsibility among staff and board members.

It has been my privilege both to serve and learn in three teaching stints: the New School for Social Research in New York City, winter '77, "Women Power, and the Corporate Culture"; UNC-CH School of Business, spring '79, workshops for women MBA candidates centered on corporate culture, making career decisions, confidence-building, and preparing for success; Duke University Fuqua School of Business, '81-'83, a series similar to that at UNC and as adjunct professor, "Personnel Affirmative Action and Personnel Decision-Making."

In Governor Hunt's earlier terms, he sponsored, and the Council for Women implemented, strong efforts to identify, develop and train women leaders. I participated in the lead-off conference and led many workshops around the state. I've led workshops and given speeches before many groups inside and outside the state and in Canada, some for profit but many for expenses only—the latter including a presentation before over 1,000 home economists with whom I was snowed in at the Washington Sheraton.

My past board service includes the NC Good Neighbor Council (now Council on Human Relations), NC Council for Women, NC People for the American Way, Council on Municipal Performance in NY City, and others. I am presently on the board of Children's Express, Washington DC; NC Center for Fair Housing, Raleigh; Urban Solutions (advisor), Minneapolis; and TTI, Inc., a for-profit telecommunications company in Maryland.

Over the years I have worked for justice for minorities, the disadvantaged and persons with disabilities, as well as for women—but more than anything else, I have worked for change through the political system. I have actively supported and contributed to many candidates, women and men, black and white—and there have been changes, however slow. When we formed the NC Women's Political Caucus in '72 , there were TWO women in the NC General Assembly. As of early 1999 there are THIRTY-ONE! There are two Congresswomen from NC, Eva Clayton, an African-American woman, and Sue Myrick. Further, a North Carolina woman, Elizabeth Dole, is being urged to run for President in the year 2000. In 1963 Governor Sanford named Susie Sharp to the NC Supreme Court, but she was almost alone for many years. As of today, women judges sit on both appellate courts, along with women elected to district and municipal courts.

Honors

I was a member of the first group of Distinguished Women of North Carolina honored by the Governor and the Council for Women, and in 1996 I received the North Carolina Award for Public Service, the highest honor the state can bestow and one beyond any dreams that I had ever had.

What Made Me an Achiever—and a Fighter!

The generation born in 1920 or thereabouts, of which I am one, is currently the subject of a best-selling book, "The Greatest Generation," by Tom Brokaw. It is the author's thesis that this group, like Sidney Carton, has lived in the worst of times and the best of times and been tempered, toughened, made courageous, resilient, and blessed with a strong sense of values by the experience.

The Great Depression

The October 1929 crash on Wall Street, which saw some people jumping from tall buildings, followed a period of high living and prosperity unequaled in this country. In St. Petersburg, Florida, where I grew up, my Uncle George, an insurance man turned realtor, was pictured in the St. Pete Times with one foot on the running board of a Model T Ford and the other on the running board of a Pierce Arrow phaeton, a very expensive car. The caption read, "From Ford to Pierce Arrow in One Day!" At age eight I learned to do the Charleston, a frenetic and wildly popular ballroom dance, a rendition of which—at the beach—was captured on a home movie and shown forever, to my acute embarrassment.

We had a relatively new house. First the banks took that and then they failed, losing everybody's

money. We moved to a rented place on a street paved with shells. My brother and I played with kids on the street and felt lucky if we got a dime for a cowboy movie and serial on Saturday. We got awfully tired of spaghetti, but we always had enough to eat, and on most Sundays we devoured (!) fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy and green beans at my grandmother's. No cards, dancing or movies on that day. President Hoover kept saying he would put a car in every garage and two chickens in every pot, and "Prosperity is just around the corner," but it never came. President Roosevelt was elected in '32 and right away declared a bank holiday, which helped. Later, he said, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." But in the fall of that year, my father died, killed by the Depression at age 45. I was 12 years old, and my brothers were aged 10 and 5.

I remember my father quite well and loved him very much. He made up stories that he told us kids every night. They were all "to be continued." He wrote us letters individually when he was away. In one he wrote me that I could be anything I wanted to be, up to and including President of the United States. Actually, both my parents not only encouraged all my aspirations but led me to believe I could achieve whatever I wanted—and serve others as well.

My grandmother lived in Tennessee as a child. Her father, Captain John Bryan, a Civil War veteran, did not allow her to attend the local school. Because she so missed learning all her life, she vowed that all three of us children would go to college. Re discipline: I think none of us was punished physically. At least, I remember no such event, though my grandmother told me she had switched my legs with pepper grass when I was little.

Mother was a Works Progress Administration (WPA) artist and later opened the first art school in St. Pete. She was ingenious at trading off art lessons for things she wanted for us (piano, dancing, one year in a private school). She loved opera, to which she was exposed in Boston while in art school, and named me after one of her favorites. She also loved books, as do I.

I had marvelous teachers in school from Miss Ripple in 5th grade to Miss Story (algebra, geometry, trig in high school and astronomy in junior college); Miss Dumas, who made Latin come alive, and Miss Parker (English), a lover of literature. I wrote the high school column for the St. Pete Times and wanted to be a criminal lawyer. In junior college, I continued my Times column, was co-editor of the annual, and got the best advice for college ever from my literature professor, "Doc" Bowers, to wit: "Choose the professor and not the course." I thanked him many times over during my two years at Chapel Hill.

At the University of North Carolina we were free and had to learn responsibility, i.e., grow or die. I wrote a column for the Daily Tar Heel, worked on the Carolina Mag, served (with Terry Sanford) in the student legislature, and dived into campus politics, becoming part of a network that survives to this day. I changed my major from journalism to economics, a move both discouraged and disparaged by my faculty advisor. "You know, Miss Clampitt, it makes no difference what you major in—you will just get married when you get out," he said. Nonetheless, he failed to deter me. Also I had a good time, I swam (got a letter), played softball, dated, went to dances (we had Tommy Dorsey—with Sinatra, Jimmy Lunceford, and Glenn Gray in one year), served as a nurse in the student union building during a widespread flu epidemic, studied in the library from Sunday through Thursday nights every week, went to wide-open discussions at "Y" director Anne Queen's house, and met my husband, grad student Hotch McKay from Dunn, NC, my senior year. I was very much influenced by Dr. Frank Graham, president of UNC. I applauded his egalitarian views on minorities and his stand on labor unions. I worked hard for him when he ran for the US Senate, when he was the victim of a very dirty, mean, racist campaign, including anonymous ugly phone calls at home to me and my family and tampering with my car engine wires at night.

The Second World War (WWII)

I graduated from UNC in June of '41, got job offers from the CIO and IBM but got married instead because we felt the "Year and a Day" draft was imminent. We moved to Reidsville, NC, where Hotch taught history to 12th graders. On December 7 that

year, a Sunday, we sat glued to our radio, listening to reports of the infamous Pearl Harbor attack. In June we moved back to Chapel Hill; I got a job with the university, and my husband set out to enlist in the Navy. He had a bad eye, but he felt sure he could teach recruits. However, he was turned down everywhere, so we removed to Wilmington, NC, and the shipyards of NC Shipbuilding Company. He went to the piece work section, while I worked with IBM machines in the accounting department. About half a dozen machines did what a computer does today. Two shifts ran the place 24 hours a day. I thought we had been reborn in the Dark Ages! Eventually we had three shifts. We lived in a tiny one-room, one-bath, pre-fab converted army barracks and were glad to get it. In time I took over payroll controls at the yard from a man who had been drafted—at a lower salary! When I asked my friend the Comptroller why, he said, "That's easy. It's because you're a woman." Such was my introduction to the female world of work. If you're wondering what I said, it was just, "OH." But this was a feminist seed that grew! Later the Comptroller promoted me to his staff (with a raise), where I was the only non-accountant. So I wasn't Rosie the Riveter, but I did see that she got her check! Actually, women took over men's jobs everywhere and the poster showing women arm-in-arm in work clothes, captioned, "We Helped Save the Free World" is totally correct. At NC Shipbuilding our production increased until we were putting out one Liberty Ship a week. (There were nine ways.) These sturdy ships took supplies, food, medicine, and other necessities to our troops in England, Africa, Europe, and the Pacific. They also got supplies to ships making that very dangerous and icy run to Murmansk, Russia.

The war period was tough. Food was sometimes scarce, many items were rationed, including gas and sugar, and one had to stand in line for almost everything. I killed and plucked a chicken for the first time in my life and vowed, NEVER AGAIN! I remember thinking the war would never end. We followed what was going on, of course, and it was often discouraging. I will never forget the shock of Franklin Roosevelt's death. He had saved us from the worst depression in our history and led our country in a strategy that literally saved us all—and England and Europe too. Along with many others, my husband and I were distraught, felt terribly bereaved—and frightened as well.

Our first child had been a war baby, born in Wilmington late in '44. In June of '45 we moved back to Chapel Hill to try to take up where we had left off. My husband went into business; we had two more children, and after a few years I began my political and work career. My initial work was part-time and on my own terms, and we were fortunate enough to have good full-time help until my offspring were gone. I was not away weekends but still could not have done all that I did without my husband's support. He did not define me as an adjunct to himself but as a whole person, a "One," not an "Other." And certainly I did not take on major work without a joint planning session with him. He shared my political philosophy and, at times, my gallivanting in NC. What made it all worthwhile for him was that once he met Harry Truman, a very real hero to this lifetime student of history.

Progress for women is two steps forward, and one step back and will continue to be, I predict. Most institutions in our country, public or private, are essentially run by white males, not excluding the church.

At least a part of what women must do is to discover the extent to which their own behavior is role-socialized and prepare themselves to deal with the institutional culture as it exists today. In many organizations, especially large ones, it is helpful to have a mentor, female or male. Wise executives, managers, and bosses want very much to release and use the talents of women—it's a bottom line matter. But we must educate, organize ceaselessly, speak out, seek and get power!

Here's a quote to remember: "As women in this world, we are all in the same boat. Some of us are in first class. Others are stuck in the kitchen, and others can't get out of the cargo hold. Yet women's fates have a common thread. None of us is captain" (Leslie R. Wolfe, President, Center for Women's Policy Studies, Washington, DC). You have company! Great good luck!

Lofi Hirschman

Special Notes: My reason for working for the rights of women, the elderly, and other groups is different from most people's. My reason: I was denied the right to an education to prepare me for the future. This education was impossible because I had learning disability problems, attention deficit, and hyperactivity. Of the 27 items the Mental Health Consultants list for these three problems, I fit all 27. But that is today. Sixty-five years ago, when I started school, no one could diagnose or even try to treat the problems. I still have them to varying degrees, but over the years and even today I am developing strategies to accept or improve my skills. No one really could imagine the terrible frustrations of desperately wanting to learn when you are prevented by forces that no one understands.

As a result of being "different," I developed a lifetime goal of helping people and helping them to prepare to meet challenges. Through the Girl Scout program, I tried to provide ways for girls to develop the skills and values they would need to live a self-implementing, happy adult life, coupled with a lot of service and an attitude towards helping each other and being helped.

Bars have always been erected to lock people out from activities as a result of arbitrary and senseless classifying—sexually, religiously, politically, or educationally. Seeing anyone being denied rights or teased for sport or self-gratification has always made me very uncomfortable; I literally feel as if it's happening to me. So I would become a "White Knight" and rush to help the situation. This wasn't always appropriate, but it was simple from my point of view. It was good for my ego to help others and gave me a sense of my worth—but most important I was helping them.

For the legislature I helped write and get through two bills on Children with Special Needs. I saw my job as getting the legislators to understand these children so that when an advocate with all the numbers and facts went before a committee, the legislator would listen. After my time at the legislature I served as a member of the Dorothea Dix Human Rights Committee, for several years as its chair. This also fit my situation, since the secretary to the doctor who was the administrator made notes and prepared minutes—the part I could not handle. As an adult I learned early that the jobs I could do had to be able to be organized into small bits that weren't too challenging from an organizational standpoint. The holes in my education made me learn to cope in may ways. I either accepted my inability to do some jobs and tried to do the other parts better, or I had to forgive myself for being unable sometimes to perform in ways I thought acceptable .

Some Autobiographical Notes:

I came from the era of stick ball in the street.

Do you remember the elation when YOU were the one that finally got the ball out of the black muck at the bottom of the sewer?

Do you remember riding in the trolley or bus downtown to buy your holiday gifts at Woolworth's—and then coming back home at dusk as the silent snow spread its special silence on the whole world?

Do you remember when radios were scarce and very big because of the tubes? The whole family sat down to listen.

Do you remember when milking a cow was done completely by hand?

Do you remember when we didn't have school buses and had to walk home at noontime for lunch?

Do you remember when you were safe riding your bicycle on any street in town?

Do you remember the taste of top milk on your cooked chocolate pudding? You had to go through the skin on top with your spoon to make pretties down the sides.

"Famous Funnies" was only ten cents, and you bought it at "The Goody Shop," where there was a glass case with several rows of candy, mostly penny candy, and you would go in with a few cents to get a little of "deses, dem, and dose."

What fun to watch the druggist measure out the powders and so very carefully roll them or put them into a capsule. The drug store often had a soda fountain, and the smells were special. My mouth still waters at the thought of a Victory Split. (That was a banana split without the bananas and two straight pretzels in the form of a V sticking out of the middle ball of ice cream.)

We had a wonderful vine to swing on in the wooded areas next door and three outcroppings of rock left by the glaciers. One was my "ship," my thinking place; one had a face that couldn't be climbed but had a sliding pipe about ten feet tall; and the third was a great climbing rock and you could pick mica off it.

At the end of the street there was a low area which flooded right up to the hubcaps and came right down the road. But after a few hours you would never have known it had been there. If it was very hot, the tar lake would appear with all its bubbles. The idea was to pop the bubbles without getting any tar on you. The best bubbles were full of warm water and had a crisp, crackly top. Touching a bubble with your toe would pop it, and the warm water would whoosh out of the black tar holder.

It was just by this tar lake that I had my initiation into Politics, accompanying my sister while she collected for the NRA (National Recovery Act). Since my father's politics were rather conservative, you can imagine the excitement in our house for the next few days. Of course, I was the one who campaigned for "the big man with the little dog."

I was definitely a people person. Everything I did was people-oriented, though not done with people particularly. I couldn't join groups. I didn't understand that anyone could like me. I was supposed to be a failure.

My time in the classroom was of little value. Around second grade I discovered what my contribution to society was to be; it was to be wrong ALWAYS. That way others could feel better when they had someone to blame and tease and call stupid or dumb. Yet my IQ tests continued to run in the high 120's to the low 130's. Although some early research perhaps was being done, it never got to those who were trying to find a way to help me.

Quite early I learned how it felt to be "different" in others' eyes and be barred from places to go and things to do. I could understand the frustration of those who were prejudged by others using arbitrary standards of any kind. My ways of coping with my frustrations of wanting education and knowledge—wanting to be RIGHT—wanting to be accepted—these ways have changed over time and situation, and I am still struggling. I still use most of the coping mechanisms but to a lesser degree that when I was 20 or 30 years old, or even 50 or 60.

When I look back I feel I have done well. War work with the Girl Scouts as a girl, and as a messenger during air raid drills. Working with the Crop Corps. After the war working for Union Now (pre-UN organization out of England). Later we supported Dumbarton Oaks and the UN.

Many years as a wife and mother. As an adult 51 years of working with Girl Scouts, training and leading troops. Working for children with disabilities and the PTA. Teaching religious school and serving in a number of smaller groups through the years, mostly people-oriented and often working to foster better understanding in groups that are "different" from others.

And today OWL seems a natural outgrowth of my interests. I came to it because of my poor education and its effects on my life. In OWL I want to serve by motivating people to join. Writing is difficult and learning new material is as well, but I can contribute in discussions and learn more to pass on to others.

I will continue to help girls and women understand their rights as humans and will try to help OWL continue its program.

Lofi Hirschman

Feminism: As a girl, the only place I found acceptance was in Girl Scouts, and so I have continued in Scouting. In this capacity you could say I have been a feminist. Before women's rights or feminism were popular, I concentrated on helping girls prepare themselves for a world where they could go into any field they wished as long as they could do the work. I helped them to be proud to be female. I gave them opportunities for leadership and helped them develop skills.

But because I am involved in other issues and different situations, I think a broader term is needed: "Peopleist" or "Situational Feminist": I feel that women must be able to stand up and be counted as individuals, living as they choose and their circumstances allow. A woman must be allowed to choose, BUT so must the elderly and the poor, the single parent, the handicapped, and all of us. So perhaps you need to call me a "peopleist."

"You gain strength, courage, and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face.... You must do the thing which you think you cannot do." — Eleanor Roosevelt

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"The first idea that the child must acquire, in order to be actively disciplined, is that of the difference between good and evil; and the task of the educator lies in seeing that the child does not confound good with immobility, and evil with activity. Our aim is to discipline for activity, for work, for good; not for immobility, not for poassivity, not for obedience." — Maria Montessori

Mary Ettinger

I was born in St. Louis of a Victorian mother with a few doubts. She used a midwife because male doctors weren't sensitive. My father had had a serious operation, but she was not allowed to take a job; however, when I married, she insisted I continue with my music. Growing up I had an unusual experience because I came from a German family that got together a lot; the men ate first and then the women, and since I found the women's talk boring, I went into the room with the men to hear their discussions. None of the men ever objected.

I had one of my best experiences in the seventh grade when a math teacher gave me a feeling of independence from the peer mob, the 45 children in the class. Although the class, working together on a problem, laughed at me for subtracting instead of adding, I was the one person who got the problem right. That was a good lesson for me: if you think you're right, you shouldn't let other people influence you.

In high school I had no time for dating. I took organ lessons beginning at 13, was valedictorian at 16, and won a four-year unconditional scholarship to Washington University in St. Louis. I wanted to be self-supporting, though my parents were more interested in my marrying. I made the honor roll my first year but did less well the second year because I did poorly in math on account of taking a big part in a play that demanded my time. My father said a woman didn't need math anyway. My family was musical and encouraged my music, but discouraged me from law. Ironically, I now have a daughter who teaches math and a son who is a lawyer.

I put off marriage. At 21 I had quite a love affair, but in those depression times it didn't work out. Like Scarlett O'Hara, picking up a handful of earth and swearing never to be hungry again, I determined never to love like that again. My brother and male friends went off to the Second World War. The man I was questionably engaged to wanted to get married, but I decided against it when he was drafted early, even before Pearl Harbor. I decided to take a trip to the Rockies and Alaska, enjoying my freedom. I had my postponed adolescence when the men returned, with lots of dates, dinners, theater parties, night clubs, plenty of petting but no date rape. I decided that the time had come to get married if I were to have any hope for a child. I met my husband Morris on a trip west and had my son Albert at 41 and my daughter Carolyn a year and a half later. We thought they should be weaned early and become independent in case something happened to either one of us.

In Cincinnati I had a very demanding job as a church organist in a big church with many services, and I decided it was easier to teach school than do all that. I did teach school and did some private piano teaching. I taught fourth grade, though I took one year off when my son was goofing off. He graduated from the University of Michigan Law School magna cum laude, however, so I tell women to take heart; the kids will turn out all right.

With respect to discrimination, I had just two experiences of that. I was a substitute organist at a Jewish temple and was not considered for a regular job there because I was female. The same thing happened at a church. On the other hand, I experienced reverse discrimination: I was an organist and choir director while I was still in college, hired because my good-looking male predecessor got a couple of the women in a feud over him—and it was thought I would attract men to the choir. My brother, a big band era musician, was a big help and brought some of his young friends who were fine singers into the choir. Of course, the better the group, the more it

attracts good members. Vocal teachers sent some of their best pupils of various religions. No blacks.

I was successful as a public school elementary music supervisor in a suburb of St. Louis: the children loved to sing. At Christmas I would have to write and arrange four or five PTA Christmas programs and in spring a big area concert.

In St. Louis I was an accompanist and teacher and had glory when I was young, winning the scholarship, giving a concert, and being a local winner in a National Artists competition in the organ division.

We moved from Cincinnati to Midland, Michigan, and Morris took early retirement. I could have taught, but I opted for substitute teaching and a church organist job.

Women were stirring things up in the mid-70s. A woman who had been badly treated by her husband through a divorce advertised in the newspaper for women interested in discussing problems of women to meet at her house. A few came, and we kept up. This was the beginning of a NOW chapter. This ill-used woman became so depressed she stayed in bed on pills and wine, and the job of convenor was left to me. We had luncheon meetings, and one talented woman took over the newsletter. I went to the district convention in Minneapolis in 1973. When we went through the hotel lobby, we would hear men make unpleasant remarks about lesbians. Our chapter took off, more in influence than in numbers; we were called on for talks and other information. We made a big push for ERA and legalized abortion. Since I was a little more conservative, I passed on the job of president.

We moved to Raleigh, and I marched for all the causes. I am disillusioned now, seeing too much emphasis on free sex, abortion, and lesbianism—and trying to change men's nature immediately and bringing too many sexual harassment cases. I continue my stand on feminism in as subtle a manner as I can. At the Women's Club, they used the husband's name on the place cards, and I used to ask the women, "Do you have a name?" My crusade was successful, because now they use women's names. I try to understand the male viewpoint and temper commonsense with continued work for women's rights. I'm violently opposed to the religious right. I want women to have respect and equal opportunity, and I try to change nonfeminist women to believe in their own capabilities and prepare for their own independence.

I'm a little disappointed in my lack of reputation as a composer in Raleigh. In Midland I knew a woman who gave me a push and had me performing at the college and other places. In 1992 she had me come to Lansing, Michigan, to perform some of my original music for the celebration of the tenth anniversary of women's studies in the state. I haven't had that here. I wrote a musical version of "The Juggler of Notre Dame," about 25 minutes long, and gave it for the Music Club and have been asked to present it at other places, but it's hard to get the cast together. James Rochelle, a baritone, sang my songs and interpreted them just the way I wanted them, but he died very young. I write a little bit, and my friends play and perform some of my music. I gave a program for OWL and play at the Woman's Club and nursing homes. I have a new setting for a poem I like a lot.

"'Anonymous' was a woman."
— Virginia Woolf

Betty Hutchinson Wiser

In 1931, during the Great Depression, I was the eldest child of a farm couple. Twin brothers came along fifteen months later. My early childhood was a pleasant experience on a farm not far from the farm homes of both sets of grandparents. Until I was six years old, we had no electricity, and I enjoyed carrying a lantern to the barn to give light to my father as he milked the cows. Saturday night was bath night for everybody. Our family fun was simple: jigsaw puzzles, Chinese checkers, making fudge and popcorn. No movies. Besides my two brothers, I had six male cousins to play with at family get-togethers.

We had lots of hard work, too. Everything we had was produced on the farm, and my parents said they purchased only sugar and salt during a couple of years in the 30s. My father was always improving his farming practices, and my mother, a former school teacher, was a community volunteer leader—president of the Farm Women's Clubs, 4-H Club leader, Sunday School teacher, and census taker. Naturally I grew up searching for new activities and new ways of doing things as well. I became involved with 4-H projects, which taught me a lot, especially about leadership and looking beyond everyday life on the farm. My adolescence, however, was a mixture of pleasant times and painful ones when I felt alone without any close friends. The few times I spent time away from home—at a one-week church conference and a few camping trips with 4-H camping groups and the American Youth Foundation—were exciting partly because I was with people different from my family. They stimulated my curiosity about the world.

College years at the College of Wooster and then Ohio State also were full of excitement: of learning, new friends, sexual development, and travel. Home Economics was a natural major for me because home demonstration agents and teachers had been my role models. But I was also looking farther afield. At a sorority rush party in my sophomore year, I learned about an opportunity to spend a winter quarter in Mexico at Mexico City College, and I did that. The following year I spent six months in Italy on an International Farm Youth Exchange program.

Foreign travel in college was only a beginning. After a few months teaching in a Portland, Oregon, high school, I went into the foreign service, serving two years with International Voluntary Service, a forerunner of the Peace Corps, in Iraq. There I worked in community development and village life improvement among the Kurdish mountain people with a team of eight Americans, one of whom I later married. My role was a combination of home economics agent, public health nurse and teacher. My best contribution there was developing a school for girls in one of the villages.

Two years later when I returned to the U.S., I experienced cultural shock and frustration for about ten months while I taught school and began graduate work. That December, 1957, I married Edward Wiser and moved to Raleigh and a new way of life. I had a few frustrations finishing a master's degree in Family Life and Child Development by long distance from Columbus, Ohio. Since I didn't find a good job, I continued graduate work. From 1958-1961 both Ed and I were in graduate programs, he in agricultural engineering and I in sociology, a field chosen because of the interest in community development I had acquired in Iraq. Everything in my career built on what had come before. In 1961, an eventful year, I

completed my master's degree in sociology, held a state job in child welfare research for nine months, and gave birth to my first child, a daughter. Nineteen months later our son was born. I enjoyed being a mother but couldn't give up my desire for a career.

The decade of the 60s included rearing children, a part-time job teaching sociology at NCSU, developing a summer pre-school at my church, and civic work in the League of Women Voters. I was intensely happy and frustrated too. Also, there were special friends—Leaguers and other mothers—, a summer in Princeton, NJ with numerous trips to New York to visit a special aunt and uncle, and a long family trip to the west coast.

In many ways I was the kind of woman Betty Friedan wrote about in the late 60s. I had the energy, ability, credentials, and linkages to take on a leadership role in the woman's movement in North Carolina, and this I did during the 1970s. I had received no encouragement during my ten years of part-time teaching in the male world of the university, and I turned to civic work and areas where there was female leadership. In 1971, I had the opportunity to be director of a Title I project on volunteerism with the Community Services Center of NCSU. This opened up a new field—administration and grantsmanship. What I learned I was able to use in both civic work and career positions, and the two combined produced new opportunities. I served two years as state president of the League of Women Voters of North Carolina and followed that with two years as President of the North Carolina Council of Women's Organizations. I was first president of WEAL (Women's Equity Action League) in North Carolina and subsequently spent two years on WEAL's national board. I helped found the North Carolina Woman's Political Caucus, North Carolinians United for ERA, and the Women's Forum of North Carolina, and met weekly with a woman's group, called a support group by some but a friendship group by me.

I secured funding and began and developed the RSVP (Retired Senior Volunteer Program). This work led to my being asked by Dr. Ellen Winston to serve in the position of executive director of the Wake County Council on Aging, and I did. By 1982, having completed my doctoral degree and six years with the Council on Aging—and with our children grown, having spent a year in India—, I had established a retirement planning business. Then some friends urged me to run for a seat as a Representative in the state's General Assembly. With all my work on political issues, I thought I had the background to be a legislator and would have an opportunity to work for legislation that would help the elderly. In 1984 I was elected one of the 20 women in the state legislature and served in the House for six years. Forty-one of 42 bills I sponsored, mostly on aging and health issues, were enacted, and in 1989, after participating in a legislative coup that elected new leadership, I became chair of the Human Resources Committee, as well as co-chair of two independent Study Commissions, one on Aging and one on Public Health.

My commitment to the elderly has not wavered, and I have recently served as president of the North Carolina Senior Citizens Association. I am now Director of the Older Adult Health Program in the NC Department of Health and Human Services. My chief concern is health promotion and disease prevention for older adults. I organized and co-chair the Osteoporosis Coalition of North Carolina, and have organized educational conferences on health issues and advocated for increased funding from the legislature for broader efforts to improve the quality of life for older North Carolinians. Now I am looking to organize an arthritis education and prevention initiative.

My family, especially my grandchildren, are special in my life, and I enjoy traveling. Another special interest is helping younger women develop their talents and achieve leadership roles in their chosen fields. As always, I am building on what has gone before.

Anne Mackie

My first contact with feminism was Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*. I read it cover to cover in one day in the early 1970's. Nothing could have forced me to put that book down. Friedan told truth I needed. My own personal problems were revealed as political issues—common experiences of most women caused by our having been surrounded by sexism imbedded in every institution of our society—media, health care, religion, education, government, politics, and our closest loved ones.

I was a charter subscriber to *MS* magazine and read each issue the day it arrived. Articles exposed sexism in its many aspects, often with the superimposed word "click" over an image or quote. "Click" by "click," I felt less crazy.

In 1973, having failed in a two-year effort with the Wake County League of Women Voters to get the Raleigh City Council to adopt both a flood plain zoning ordinance for Crabtree Creek and the Greenway Park Plan, I entered the School of Social Work at UNC-CH hoping to learn community organizing skills. While I was still a student, the City Council adopted both measures. Betty Ann Knudsen, Betty Doak, and others participating in the "Goals 2000" program worked with city planners to bring this about. I like to believe they built on our earlier work. I learned that change takes time and patience.

By early 1974 I advocated with three other students for expanded course offerings at the School of Social Work. We sought to add administrative skills to the curriculum, which to that point trained social work students only to provide services to individuals and small groups. The great majority of students were female. "Click." I graduated in 1977 with a concentration in Administration and Management in Human Services.

My sons and I planned my graduation trip across the United States for the summer of 1977. Rob and Ken and I camped our way to California and back in six weeks. My husband Dave joined us for a week in California, but for the rest of the trip we were on our own. Many of our neighbors, male and female, expressed their amazement that Dave had "let" us make such a trip. "Click."

I became president of the Wake County League of Women Voters as the second round of state ratification battles for ERA (the Equal Rights Amendment) was beginning. Except for a study of Raleigh's use of federal funds for housing and small business development, led by Sheila Nader, by Board policy the Wake County League focused all of our energies on the ERA.

I recall bumping into women at the Legislative Building who accused us of wanting unisex toilets and far worse. Their attitudes, based on misinformation and fear, were disturbing. One day I engaged in a conversation with an anti-ERA advocate who seemed genuinely interested in understanding my position. Before we had exchanged a few sentences, crowds of angry women were yelling so loud neither of us could hear a thing. Sadly we agreed to walk away. Internalized sexism at play. "Click."

I will never forget the day local ERA advocates received a call to the Legislative Building in the third ERA struggle. The committee meeting was just starting, and as I worked my way toward the committee room through the press of people in the hall, Beth McAllister came out and said, "It's over. They betrayed us. They won't even discuss it." We could hardly believe it. As we were leaving the building, a friend and I met a latecomer we didn't know well. There in the parking lot under the building we told her the news. Without a word, we three embraced and

sobbed. These were lawmakers we thought we could trust. "Click." I think now, "Why weren't we absolutely furious instead of so deeply disappointed?"

Soon after that, the ERA failed also in Illinois and Florida, the last two states where a possibility for ratification existed. That evening I watched a TV story by Bruce Morton, showing three Congresswomen meeting in a hotel lobby right after they heard about the defeat. They too embraced and openly sobbed. My appreciation grew for the patience, courage, and pain associated with the far longer and more fierce struggle fought by our foremothers to win our right to vote.

In the late 1980s I served four years on the state board of the League of Women Voters. During our first board retreat we discovered that many of us had immigrant parents or grandparents who inspired our commitment to voting. When I was a child, my mother always took me along when she voted. She lectured me each time on the importance of active citizenship. Mother was born in 1900, the eleventh child of Scottish immigrants. As a child she saw her mother and older sisters locked out of the electoral process. At age 21 she herself was denied her right to vote. But two years later in 1923 she exercised that right for the first time. She insisted that I understand the importance of the women's suffrage movement.

Since 1973 I have been learning a counseling theory and practice called Re-evaluation Counseling (RC). In the late '70s RC began developing methods to free participants from internalized oppression (such as sexism, racism), but also from the pain of having been conditioned as young ones to hold dehumanizing attitudes toward people different from ourselves. I began to discover and shed passivity imposed on me as a female child, which in turn increased my assertiveness in standing up against other forms of prejudice and injustice. At age 39 I was at first disbelieving and gradually accepting of two long-occluded memories of sexual abuse at ages three and four, first by a staff member in the hospital where I had my tonsils removed, and later by a close family member. On two separate occasions the family member later confirmed the abuse with deep regret. I also began to realize that as a girl or young woman, no one had expected anything excellent from me. "Click." The value of holding high, relaxed, confident expectations of all human beings, at any age, is now clear.

I also recalled the time my best girlfriend first betrayed us due to her growing internalization of sexism. As new seventh graders, we rode our bikes four miles to a football pep rally. As we approached the rally, two boys in our class expressed shock. "Gosh, you girls rode all the way over here from the other side of town?" (We had ridden three times that far easily on many occasions.) She replied, "Well, it was pretty hard for us. We probably were stupid to try it." "Click." I could have punched her.

A year earlier at the beginning of sixth grade, most of my best friends (boys) with whom I had played football for the past three fall seasons, who knew I was as skilled, fast, and strong as any of them, said, "You're not allowed anymore, you're a girl." "Click."

In the early 1980s I began leading Re-evaluation Counseling weekend workshops for women around the Southeast. I always look forward to the next workshop until the first evening when I realize again that I will be listening to stories of mistreatment and abuse from normal, well-functioning women. I always ask myself, "Why in the world do you do these workshops?" but soon rediscover that revealing the true struggles of our lives (which, if hidden, leave us disconnected from our own sense of reality) builds our self-confidence and binds us together for the next personal challenge or political struggle. We are survivors. As we discover our commonalties, we also learn how class, race, religion, age, sexual preference, physical ability, and nationality have been used to hurt individual women for whom we care. We become eager allies across all forms of prejudice and injustice. This understanding led me to train as a National Coalition- Building Institute Facilitator so that I could conduct training for people seeking to build bridges among diverse constituencies.

In 1987 Betty Ann Knudsen and I discussed that fact that North Carolina legislators needed to have more information about what women wanted in the way of legislation. We formed a steering committee in spring 1987 with the help of former State Senator Wilma Woodard, Representative Sharon Thompson, and a number of state women's organizations to build an organization of women around common concerns.

From then until July 1995 I poured all of my energy into gathering and distributing accurate information about issues disproportionately affecting North Carolina women, and organizing women to influence state legislators on those issues. The result was the NC Equity Women's Agenda Program, which continues today. Many women played key roles. Women from their early 20s to their 80s, wealthy, poor, middle class, working class, formerly wealthy, gay, expert professionals, total novices to social action, from many ethnic and racial backgrounds, from cities and towns across North Carolina. They won my heart and my respect. Together we won legislative victories.

During those years I spoke to women's organizations several times each month, organized women in 41 communities across the state to hold priority-setting conferences, and mobilized hundreds of citizen lobbyists to call their legislators on issues such as workplace safety, day care, health insurance, nursing home regulation, funding for displaced homemakers programs, rape crisis programs, sexual assault programs, scholarships for part-time students, and more. We published the *NC Equity Women's Agenda*, which contains facts about issues and proposals for sound legislation. In 1991 a *News and Observer* editorial said it was "not only a women's agenda, but a people's agenda."

In July 1995 I decided to nurture a long-neglected but still hopeful artist within me. I moved to Savannah, GA to attend the Savannah College of Art and Design. After two years of undergraduate art classes, I was accepted as a candidate in the graduate photography program in fall 1997. Before the year 2000 I expect to return to the Old North State.

"Lying is done with words and also with silence." — Adrienne Rich

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"Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has." — Margaret Mead

Barbara Jackson:
My Story

I am what is known as a "Native Californian," since I was born in San Jose and lived most of my childhood there—when I wasn't living on a ranch in Arizona. During the depression, I was fortunate to live on a large estate, where my father was the manager, and later on an Arizona ranch with a one-room schoolhouse and one teacher for all eight grades. I remember listening to the classical music of Walter Damrosch on the radio and taking field trips to learn more about the different Native American tribes and their cultures. From those early days I acquired a love for travel and education which has stayed with me throughout my lifetime.

My father's family had come from Boston, and my parents thought my sister and I should have the "Eastern" experience. Through a mutual friend whom my mother had met while we lived in Palo Alto, my parents learned about a progressive coeducational school in Vermont called the Putney School. It was a "work/study" school in that, besides rigorous academic studies, we spent part of each day working at a farm chore (milking cows and painting houses were my favorite choices). We also had an elective evening program (e.g., madrigal singing, weaving, ceramics, newsletter writing). It was run by a dynamic woman, Carmelita Hilton, who had a dream that education should be holistic, not just academic. It was rare for a woman to be headmistress of a private school at that time and even more rare for it to be a coeducational boarding school. This was my introduction to the concept that one person (even a woman!) could make a difference!

After I graduated from Putney, I returned to California to attend Stanford University, where both my parents had gone. At that time you could take up to 21 units each semester, and I luxuriated in getting a multi-faceted education, with three majors. I had hoped to get into the medical field as a doctor but was unable to learn the required advanced science courses, and so I concentrated on English, political science, and American history.

When I graduated from Stanford, I was offered a job with the World Affairs Council in San Francisco but decided to go back to Boston with a college friend. This led to a research job at Massachusetts General Hospital, testing subjects prior to lumbar sympathectomy surgery, during surgery and three months after surgery to see if there were an increased blood flow to the peripheral vascular system.

While I was in Boston, I learned about occupational therapy through a career counseling center. One of the few occupational therapy schools in the country at that time was located in Boston. I decided to enroll there in the fall, after going on a bicycle trip through England, Belgium, France, and Germany. I met my future husband on a slow boat to England, and we were married a year later.

While my husband was in Quantico in basic training with the Marine Corps and later in Florida as a communications officer, I had to wait to do my required clinical training. At that time all clinical work had to be carried on in the Boston area; now it can be done all over the country, even the world! I was fortunate to have found in occupational therapy a blend of medicine with my love of the arts.

My early married days were spent in Virginia, where I attempted to teach school to unruly farm boys, and Florida, which was notable in that it rained almost every day, and I could never get my clothes to dry on the line. We returned to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where my husband studied at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, and I finished my occupational

therapy clinical work. My son Nathaniel was born in Boston and my daughter in New York City, where my husband was studying for a doctorate at Union Theological Seminary. I was fortunate to find a grandmotherly woman to watch my children one afternoon a week so that I could go to matinees and museums, or just ride a bus to learn more about the various cultures of New York City. The four years went quickly, and we were off to London, Ontario, to teach Old Testament at the college there.

While there, our marriage fell apart, and I returned to Cambridge to work in familiar surroundings and bring up my two small children. Later I moved to California, where I was fortunate to get two HEW fellowships for graduate work (an M.S. degree in Occupational Therapy Education and Administration at San Jose State and a Master's in Public Health from USC-Berkeley). I was the first occupational therapist to do graduate work at Berkeley in Public Health and led the way on the West Coast in achieving an advanced degree for occupational therapists. At this time I was also elected president of the Northern California Occupational Therapy Association and so was able to visit various parts of Southern California and see different occupational therapy practices (rural, schools', hospitals', and rehabilitation centers'), and specific disability clinics, such as C.P. or mental health.

I have always enjoyed writing about emerging aspects of occupational therapy. My M.S. thesis described the role of occupational therapists in Extended Care Facilities (later called Skilled Nursing facilities), which had just been developed as a new health delivery system after the advent of Medicare in 1968. In defining the role of the occupational therapist, I was able to educate my oral dissertation professors, as well as defend my thesis. The next area which I wrote about was the occupational therapist's role in neighborhood health centers.

My professional focus has been on community health, and particularly with the elderly in their homes. Because of my long association in this particular field, starting in 1982, I was asked in 1987 to help write the National Guidelines for Occupational Therapists in Home Care for the American Occupational Therapy Association. I also contributed chapters in a book on Home Health for Professionals, publications for the North Carolina Association of Home Care, and other professional papers.

When my son graduated from Duke, he decided to enter the Peace Corps and was sent to Gambia in West Africa. When he had been at this location for about a year teaching small business practices, I decided to go alone to visit him. His village had a predominantly Moslem population, and men had multiple wives who kept their own homes within a large compound, where the man made his rounds at will. Such a Moslem society had difficulty in understanding that a middle-aged single woman would go alone halfway around the world, to be with her son and then travel with him, using local "bush" taxi transportation. However, they could not have been more hospitable, and even killed a precious pig for a feast with ceremonial dances and presented me with a colorful traditional woven sarong before I left.

During the last 25 years in Raleigh, North Carolina, my life has been a mixture of working as an occupational therapist in home care, traveling to see my children and grandchildren in Boston and Washington, DC, taking various courses to enrich my knowledge about new idea and therapies, and making trips in the United States and overseas to Australia, New Zealand, Scandinavia, East Africa, and Yugoslavia. It has been a long and varied life, full of adventures; I am grateful to have been able to share it with many others. I hope that my legacy will be that of professional mentor and caring individual.

Isabella Cannon

To compress almost 95 exciting years into a few pages is a daunting task, especially since my life has been lived in compartments that do not overlap.

My early life began in Scotland, where I was born in Dunfermline, the ancient capital of Scotland. The Abbey there, which was built about 1100 AD on the foundations of an ancient kirk going back to 500 AD, is still in active use. Our great Scottish hero, King Robert the Bruce, is buried under the altar, and so many kings and queens are interred there it has been considered the Westminster of Scotland. In more recent times Andrew Carnegie was born there and endowed the town generously. It is known as "The Auld Grey Toon," since it is built from grey stone—buildings, streets, houses, sidewalks.

When I came to the United States at age 12, during World War I, my ship was chased by a German submarine. I was terrified to stand by a small boat, seeing the immensity of the ocean in case we were sunk

Coming to the small mill town of Kannapolis, North Carolina, I had no reaction to the first black faces I'd ever seen, but the Southern heat was matched only by my shock at seeing wooden buildings. I was afraid to set foot in one in case it would collapse. This small town was a good introduction to North Carolina, with its gentle southern friendliness in spite of my strange accent. Its charming white wooden houses, the luscious foods—tomatoes, peaches, and melons—were delightful. I attended a small country school, since Cannon Mills did not provide high school for the mill town.

Elon College was next after I graduated at age 15. The excitement of learning, the stimulus of being on the debating team and unexpectedly meeting the faculty member who later became my husband, was challenging. My mother decided to return to Scotland at the end of my sophomore year, so I became the only married woman student in college. This was unheard of in those days (the early 1920s) and a slight problem, since I was married to a faculty member.

I taught at the local high school, then returned to college for further study to become Director of Religious Education at the college. Later I became cashier of the local bank during difficult depression years. I was held up in the bank by armed robbers and forced into the vault while they fled. Later, when they were caught, I was the main witness in a dramatic court trial, which resulted in their conviction based on my testimony. It was a frightening experience.

My husband, C.M. Cannon, who had been Registrar and Business Manager at the college, now went to work with the US government in the Works Progress Administration (WPA). This meant moving to Raleigh, and I fell in love with this city, a lifelong love affair. I had been involved with church matters at Elon and became active in the United Church of Raleigh, a liberal and socially concerned group, which developed the Institute of Religion with national speakers. I worked on the committee which secured speakers like Eleanor Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, and similar national figures. This church motivated my concerns for civic and political action for the rest of my life.

C.M. became an executive of the National Youth Administration, which was founded to create jobs for youths during a depression crisis. His work as head of five states resulted in his being invited to come to Washington with the national Marshall Plan to set up office procedures throughout the entire world, as the United States assisted war-devastated countries to become economically viable. We went to Washington

expecting to go overseas, but it was a year later when he was sent to India, then to China. I was not allowed to go, as China was in the midst of a revolution. I went to work with Russian Lend Lease, and then joyously to the French Purchasing Commission, also Lend Lease. One special memory was meeting General DeGaulle at a Bastille Day celebration when Paris had been recaptured from the Germans.

Meantime, C.M., now in Shanghai, suggested I go to work with the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) in Washington with the thought that I might be able to come to China. I loved my work as Finance Officer at UNRRA. It was fascinating to have contact with people all over the world, the most challenging and exciting work I ever had.

Just as it appeared I might go to China, C.M. was transferred to Liberia on the West Coast of Africa. Again I was not allowed to go; no women could go because of lack of housing and serious health problems. There my husband had a major heart attack without medical attention, since there were no medical facilities. This was the first of a series with little or no medical care—while I was still in Washington.

It took me two years to get to Liberia, owing to lack of transportation. My three-week voyage on a freighter was almost a tragedy. Severe storms caused a ship near ours to be wrecked with loss of life, but we finally made it to Monrovia, the capital named for President James Monroe when freed slaves landed there. Liberia seemed a tropical paradise with beautiful fruits and flowers, but we had great difficulty in getting food, which we finally had to have shipped from the States. Worst of all, we had no books, no newspapers, no radio, no recreational facilities, no roads to go anywhere, no vehicles except a jeep for emergency use. Frustration and boredom and high level of stress resulted in three people committing suicide during my two years there.

C.M. had built a small one-bedroom cottage for us, but we lived mainly in the Big House with a floating population of a dozen or so men, highly trained and educated professionals such as engineers, botanists, foresters, and agricultural agents. Our cottage, with 32 windows but no glass, had a thatched roof which harbored rats and snakes.

I made trips through the jungle with a man in front to cut down snakes. C.M. and I almost lost our lives when in a big dugout canoe the paddles broke, and we were nearly swept out to sea. Only a lucky eddy to the bank saved us. I am writing a book about the remarkable life we led in Liberia.

We came home on leave after my two years (he had been there five years), and back in the U.S. he had another severe heart attack. The US government does not cover illness on home leave, so we were faced with huge medical expenses as well as physical problems.

Washington decided not to send us back to Liberia but posted us to Baghdad. At that time no one knew where Baghdad was, in contrast to our current awareness of Saddam Hussein. All our belongings had to be sent from Liberia, as we had gone to Washington with suitcases only.

In Baghdad we were housed temporarily in former British officers' quarters where we slept on the roof, which sagged threateningly as we walked across it to bed. Later we leased a three-story house, where again we slept on the roof, taking our slippers into bed under the mosquito nets so that scorpions would not be in them in the morning. The excitement of being in this Muslim culture and living in the 115-120 degree heat of the Arabian desert was challenging. I loved the Arab people and still remember some Arabic I learned there. Again, I hope to write a book from the hundreds of letters I sent home. We traveled to all the Biblical places, Nineveh, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Jerusalem, and of course Beirut of crusaders' fame. History comes alive there.

We were in peril when the Shah of Iran died, and there was a possible evacuation across the desert if the Russians had invaded. C.M. was in charge of security, and we faced real danger. Our car was loaded with gasoline and water—no food—in case we had to flee across the scorching desert if the Russians came.

C.M.'s health continued to deteriorate, and he was supposed to be sent home, but no replacement arrived for a year; then three people were sent to replace him. It was November when we were sent home, just in time to be terminated by Eisenhower's cuts in the Foreign Service. We always said we were F.B.I. (fired by Ike!).

We faced great difficulty. C.M. was in his mid-fifties, his work had been specialized, and his health was bad. We looked for jobs and somewhere to live in North Carolina from the mountains to the coast. Finally we bought a house in September in Laurel Hills, at that time on the outskirts of Raleigh. He was so weak he could not help with unpacking our huge freight-sized car of belongings, so my mother and father came to help. In October I found a lump in my breast, and an operation followed. On Sunday after Thanksgiving C.M. had a major heart attack and died in February. Neither of us had ever worked under Social Security, and he had not been in the permanent Foreign Service long enough to be vested, so I was faced with a house to pay for and no pension nor social security. I sold the house and moved into Raleigh after disposing of the huge amount of furniture we had brought from Baghdad. I definitely had to find a job, and since I had been out of the country for so long, it was difficult. I took temporary jobs, then a job in the library at NC State University, not as a librarian but in budget, personnel, and finance. I was urged to go to library school and get my master's degree, but I was more of a statistician than a librarian.

After retiring from the library in 1974, I turned my energies to city government. As chair of the Wade Citizens Advisory Council, I was so outraged by the attitude of the mayor to citizens that I decided in 1977 to run for the City Council seat from my district. However, the night before the deadline for filing, Betty Ann Knudsen called and asked if I would consider running for mayor. I was both astonished and excited. I filed the next day, ninety minutes before the deadline. No other person had filed against the incumbent mayor. The whole city was astonished, and my years of involvement brought immense support. To the complete surprise of the local politicians, I won the election. There was unexpected and incredible publicity from all over the world. Calls from British papers, Baghdad, Germany. More than 50 national and international papers called, and all major magazines such as "Time" and "Newsweek" interviewed me. TV coverage on "60 Minutes," "Donahue," and other programs created more publicity. My age—73—the fact that I had not run for office before, and my international background brought requests from every major magazine and television and radio network.

As mayor I worked extremely hard, going to City Hall as early as 8:00 a.m. and staying till midnight and making dozens of speeches, as many as eight in one day. My accomplishments were important, such as the Long Range Comprehensive Plan that was fought bitterly by developers but still to this day guides Raleigh's planning. Revision of the City Charter to bring it into compliance with the state of North Carolina, getting benefits for police and firefighters and hiring the first women firefighters were other changes. I had announced twelve goals when I went into office, and I accomplished ten of them.

When my two-year term was concluding, I decided at the last minute to run again. I had not maintained a political organization, and I lost by a small margin of 800 votes. My election established for the first time in local government the power and importance of neighborhoods in city governance, as contrasted to the usual developer power. I am still the first and only woman mayor of Raleigh and until recently of any other state capital.

During all my years connected with Raleigh, the history of the area has been a deep involvement for me. My passionate belief in democracy in contrast to other governments I have lived under has been a motive in many of my speeches. While mayor I was strongly instrumental in bringing the historic chapel from Pittsboro to Mordecai Park. I served on the Mordecai board as well as being a docent. I also served for four years on Raleigh's Bicentennial Commission from 1988 through 1992, which brought the copper acorn as a symbol of Raleigh as the City of Oaks. We also sponsored the original First Night celebration on New Year's Eve. During the Bicentennial Year of 1992, I made 25 speeches on Raleigh's history to groups from first graders through senior citizens.

Awareness of history has been a factor in my life from childhood in Scotland to life in the area of the world where much of our civilization began—along with medicine and astronomy—in ancient Babylon. Also in the primitive life of Liberia, as well as in my love for the history of Raleigh. Feeling the flow of the ages has increased my passionate belief in democracy and my constant emphasis on it in my speeches.

Another longtime involvement has been the Raleigh Little Theatre. I was on the board as Vice-President when we decided to build the present building. We had incredible problems of bureaucracy before it was a reality. I had the lead in the first play in the new building and acted in fourteen plays before I left to go overseas, often as the lead. I was Director of the Workshop, which was on the fourth floor of the Briggs Building, since we had no home place, and I produced monthly one-act plays, often original works by local writers. I have also acted with Meredith and Theatre in the Park, which conferred its rare Lifetime Achievement Medal for this and other work with the arts in Raleigh.

After being mayor, I established the University Park Homeowners Association, which is a continuing influence in city matters. Many initiatives such as two-hour parking, and policy boundary lines are some of our activities. A continuing concern is the explosive growth of NC State University and its impact on the residential neighborhood because the institution does not furnish housing for most of its 27,000 students. Our effort to maintain a livable area for our citizens, which is important to all parts of the city, keeps the association active and challenging.

All my adult life I have made literally hundreds of speeches to every type of group: educational, charitable, political. There have been issue-oriented speeches (for instance, on women's issues or the importance of democracy) made to every kind of audience from commencement audiences to senior citizens. I have never charged for these speeches despite the time and effort they have taken. This is one of the less-noticed parts of my service to the city. The speeches are now catalogued in a large volume under four categories.

I have published a study of the Swift Creek area which is now on-line in various libraries—"The Oral History of the Macedonia Area." Articles in "The News and Observer," such as my contacts with Agatha Christie, have been published.

I am greatly honored that the prestigious Southern Historical Collection in the Wilson Library at Chapel Hill has offered to be the depository for my papers. I regret there has been no place in Raleigh for them. I am currently assisting in raising funds for a Raleigh museum in the Briggs Building that will have a place in the future for Raleigh's historic artifacts.

Throughout my life I have worked with and been honored by too many organizations to list here, both local and national. Most recent and most prestigious is being honored by having a plaque on the National Women's Wall of Fame at Seneca Falls, New York, where the woman's movement began 150 years ago.

Currently there are six areas to which I devote my time and resources. The most important is the Isabella Cannon Leadership Fellows program at Elon College, a four-year program which is receiving widespread interest. The impact of this program on student life is my legacy to the future. Elon College has also honored me as Distinguished Alumna of the Year (1983), granted me an honorary LLD, presented me with the Elon Medallion (the first woman to receive it), established two scholarships in my name and created the impressive Isabella Cannon Room in the Fine Arts building. The Isabella Cannon Leadership Fellows program is foremost.

Second is the establishment of an internship at the J.C. Raulston Arboretum at NC State University, the first of its kind. The value of the arboretum to North Carolina is something to which I am dedicated.

The third is the University Park Homeowners Association, with its importance to the residential life of Raleigh. Through the years I have served as president and member of the board.

Fourth is the Community United Church of Christ, with its guidance in the social gospel and my religious life.

Fifth is my continuing dedicated work in the political arena. I have served in every precinct office as well as on commissions appointed by the Governor, and national bodies, and I am always active in every political election from the municipal to the national level.

Sixth is my attempt to write in one or more books the story of people I have known and the excitement of my life. I have written voluminously all my life.

Finally, my garden and my joy in nature and my response to and love of people and enjoyment of their diversity and cultures complete my happiness in a wonderful life. I love life, I love nature, I love people, and rejoice in all the joy these bring me daily.

Polly Williams

Non ministrari sed ministrare: That was the motto of the women's college I attended. Not to be ministered unto but to minister—in other words, we were to live our lives in the active voice but shouldn't expect to be in charge; we were to be dedicated to service. We heard a lot about this all through college: because we were privileged, we owed a lot back. **Noblesse oblige** we called this message in our cynical fashion and thought we weren't impressed by it. But this was the same kind of mixed message I had absorbed all my life. My father was proud of my good grades, and he wanted me to have a career. His son was the child that really counted, however, and any career I might have was intended to be subordinate to marriage and children.

That was ok by me; in the wartime atmosphere of 1943, at age 19, I had already eloped to New Hampshire. After graduation I moved to New York and took a job as a business methods analyst, a job that only men had held before the war. But at war's end, my husband decided to finish at Harvard, and employees who hadn't been in the service were being replaced anyway. We had a big pair of scissors in the office which we used to twirl every day to predict who would be laid off next. My boss said not to worry; he would get me a transfer to the Western Electric plant near Boston. No such luck; as it turned out, the plant didn't hire married women. In Catholic Boston no other big company did either. I really had to scratch for a job, ending up as a program director at the YWCA. After a couple of years, my husband had his degree but no job, and I was pregnant. So we moved back to New York where I couldn't work, the doctor said. I hated giving up a salary, not having my own money anymore. That was the end of my career for many years.

When the twins were eight months old, we moved to Westbury, Long Island, from our New York City brownstone tenement, where I had had to air the babies on the roof, while soot fell around us. It was wonderful to have a house and a car and a yard. My life was tending the family. I thought I had no identity except as wife and mother of twins, and I decided I didn't mind. We referred to the Levitt development where I lived as "the reservation"—hordes of women and screaming children, with at night the braves coming home from the hunt. Joining the League of Women Voters meant a lot to me—the friendship of active, intelligent women and lots of mental stimulation. We went all over Long Island giving talks on combating inflation. When I was seven months pregnant, I was standing in front of audiences explaining how commercial banks extend credit.

Back when I was a junior in high school, my best friend and I had decided that if at age 30 we were living lives like our parents' ("bourgeois lives," we described them, since this was in our Communist period), we would commit suicide. On my 16th birthday, Joanna sent me a telegram that said, "Only 14 more years to go." "What is this?" asked my mother testily; she always got telegrams over the phone ahead of the recipient. As usual, I didn't bother to answer. "Nothing," I said. It was nothing, all right. How many times did I think of this, when I reached 30 on the Levitt reservation with three little girls and a day filled with washing, cooking, and cleaning. (I cleaned all the time and waxed the floors every week.)

At the time my husband was transferred to Raleigh, I was pregnant with my son. When I came home from the hospital, I had four children under seven, three of whom developed chicken pox right away. Luckily there was a developing League of Women Voters here, and I became action chair, as well as room mother for one or more classrooms..

A couple of years later (in 1957), what seemed a catastrophe turned into a piece of luck, looking at the bright side now. My husband and I were separated, and on the advice of a man friend who taught at NCSU, I enrolled in a summer graduate course at UNC. My husband came back for another two years, but I kept on taking courses here and there, earning the tuition by tutoring seven-foot tall basketball players. Then my husband and I separated for good. If we had stayed together, I would never have had a real career.

We're not supposed to look at our lives as a series of lucky chances, but I have to. I'd never thought about doing graduate work or teaching and probably wouldn't if I hadn't been dating a crazy Hungarian with two Ph.D.s. And I probably wouldn't have thought of going on for a Ph.D. if, just as I was working on my Master's thesis, I hadn't read of some fellowships being offered through Wellesley College for graduates to get doctorates. At that time going back to school was not at all what women were doing. I made a trip to Washington to visit a man friend; the question in my mind was, should I marry Fred or go on for a Ph.D. I decided to go for the degree. I was also lucky that I was already attending a university with a good reputation that was cheap. So I got a Ph.D. in the corners of my days, which were still occupied with keeping the household going.

In 1962 I went to work as a Special Lecturer in the English Department at NCSU. There was just one woman at that time in a professorial position; she was only an assistant professor, though she had a Ph.D. and some years of service. At that time men could advance without the degree. I spent eight years as a Lecturer, grinding my teeth and telling myself that I had a job, whereas the men had a career. I was still A.B.D. (All But Dissertation), but had no compelling reason to finish when I needed to teach summer school to fix the roof and still had a household to run and children to educate. Once when a new male faculty member was given a course I was far more qualified to teach, I pitched a fit that was probably heard downtown. My department head, an elderly bachelor who hated women making scenes, flapped around his office like a huge bird, and finally said that of course an injustice had been done and I deserved the course, pretending that courses were assigned from outer space. But when the "third floor ghetto" was established, my desk was on it.

What happened to change my life was that Congress passed Title IX, an amendment to the Education Act, calling for educational institutions receiving federal money to give women equal treatment. By this time we had a new department head, I had finished my degree and become an assistant professor with tenure, and was actually teaching an advanced course. Affirmative action was now in vogue, force of necessity, and I profited from it. In due course I became an associate professor, and then in less than half the usual time, a full professor. Of course I had already been teaching 15 years there and had had a book published, along with some books I co-edited and a number of articles. Far from being embarrassed and wondering if I really deserved this promotion, I thought I was finally getting my due. At that time, of about 1200 teaching faculty, the largest proportion was in the rank of full professor, yet there were only three who were female, and two of those did not teach (one was Eloise Cofer). So I made four and was the first female full professor in the English Department ever.

"I want you to know that you were promoted in spite of your activities, not because of them," my department head said sternly. The activities he referred to were my attempts to advocate for equality for women on campus through AAUP's Committee W (on the Status of Women). We operated in a number of areas, but especially on salary equity after we managed to get hold of figures that showed how serious the inequities were. Through our efforts we eventually succeeded in getting an annual salary equity study, a women's studies minor, a sexual harassment policy and procedure, and a good maternity leave policy.

I didn't start out as a feminist, but in view of the discrimination I experienced myself and saw others experiencing in the workplace, as a graduate student, and in the university where I taught, I really couldn't fail to become one. Much of the discrimination was never recognized by the people who practiced it because they were so thoroughly accommodated to

the system as it was and had always been. Naturally I tried to change the system. I was lucky to have wonderful women on campus to work with. I also benefited from a feminist theology group, the Letty Russell Study Group, and later the Read and Feed book club (which reads only books by women).

By the time I retired in May 1993 I had taught for 31 years. I had served on the Good Neighbor Council, the Human Relations Committee, the Title IX Committee, the Affirmative Action Committee, and a few more that were charged with bringing about change. Also I had been President of the North Carolina Conference of the American Association of University Professors. I felt good about what I had accomplished. I'd taught many excellent students and had been friends with those and a lot of others, too. Was this a life of service? Not so far as I was concerned. The only job I took on out of obligation was that of working with sexual harassment cases for eleven years, and that was the worst unpaid job anyone could have. Otherwise I was doing what I enjoyed, teaching Shakespeare and other British writers, working with intelligent and witty people, and being around students who were a lot of fun. Also, my children had all turned out well, and so had my three grandchildren.

I decided that when I retired, I would start a new life by becoming a volunteer with NC Equity, working with Anne Mackie and finding out about aging issues. NC Equity has been a wonderful base for me and has provided me with many opportunities. As I often say, I'm trying to get the long term care system shaped up before I get into it. There's a lot to do, and I'm grateful to have good health so that I can keep going. You never know exactly what, if anything, you accomplish, but good changes do occur.

"No matter how cynical I get, I can't keep up." — Lily Tomlin

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"Do not call for black power or green power. Call for brain power." — Barbara Jordan

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"It is the creative potential itself in human beings that is the image of God." — Mary Daly

Isabelle Buckley

My first childhood memory is of Daddy's newest hobby—radio. I repeated "KDKA, Pittsburgh" and ran to the radio whenever Daddy turned it on. He was the first in our little village to have a radio and the first to have a car, a Model T Ford. It was the only one at Mother's and Daddy's wedding. Everyone else came by buggy or horseback. In this village of two stores, with a post office inside one of the stores, there were a few houses, including the doctor's house, and two churches collected around the railroad. The unpaved road was used by wagons mostly.

The railroad was exciting for my sister Martha and me. We were two little preschool girls who had nothing much to play with. When we heard about a far-off train wreck, the grown-ups talked as if it was really exciting, dangerous, and fearful. Martha thought it would be wonderful to have a train wreck right in our place. We carried pebbles and a few big rocks and carefully placed them on the rails, then hid in an out-building, peeping through the cracks. At train time the postmaster came out with a bag of mail and hung it on the hook for the train mailman to grab it. Oh, it was so exciting we just quivered; soon we would have our train wreck. Then the postmaster spied that little pile of rocks, walked up, and kicked them off the rail. I can still see how angry Martha was; she had been cheated out of the excitement of a lifetime. We never tried to wreck the train again.

My School Years

In first grade my teacher's name was Miss White. I made a booklet and still have it 75 years later—my first printed work and art works—of course, it was Mother who kept it for me.

Daddy was school principal He put a wooden box under my feet because they swung several inches above the floor. They still do unless I use a book or pocketbook to relieve the stress.

Daddy showed the teacher how to turn the paper in the opposite direction so that I learned to write like other children even though I was left-handed. Later I noticed how left-handed children had to write upside down, smearing their ink.

From fourth grade on I attended school in Rural Retreat, VA. I lived near enough to walk. My classmates who rode the school bus went to the rest room to clean their shoes. They washed off the mud with wet toilet paper and used liquid shoe polish. This was a daily morning ritual. I remember the names of the five classmates who didn't ride the school bus. Sadly, one of the boys was killed in World War II, an awkward left-hander.

I took home economics in high school, along with the usual algebra, geometry, chemistry, English, and civics, which was about government that I didn't understand and didn't care about. I needed that course after I became 21, and today I am very interested in how government works.

My brother wanted to play football, but he was so skinny, always had been. The coach said, "Boy, you can't play football; those big boys would make sausage meat of you." Bill didn't care if they made sausage meat of him; he wanted to be on the team. Daddy asked the coach if Bill could be a water boy.

The coach and the home economics teacher boarded at the same house. The teacher decided that Isabelle would take her brother for a home economics project to help him gain weight and make the team. This project appealed to me and made a big hit with the family. Bill was pleased. The teacher supervised the menus very closely. Orange juice was on the breakfast menu, but we didn't have it; it would have

to be bought. That presented a problem in a depression year. Daddy knew chemistry, and we were able to substitute tomato juice, which we had plenty of, for Vitamin C. The entire family had the same menus. Bill cooperated, though he made certain demands, such as a clean dish for each food so that food liquids wouldn't mix. Mother had spoiled him. (Years later when he came home from the Marine Corps, he tipped his plate forward and spooned up the mixed juices of cooked cabbage and tomatoes. We looked and gasped but didn't say a word.)

Part of the project was sending him to school clean and neat. I washed his face and neck and brushed his hair. He would look so sweet, freshly clean, that I would just kiss him on his nose, whereupon he would rub the kiss off with a towel. Today the kiss is what he remembers and tells everyone about. Bill did gain weight thanks to all that concern and attention. He made the team, became football captain, and made the Marine Corps. The family ate everything repeatedly that I had learned to cook at home economics class. The special attention to nutritious, balanced meals was good teaching strategy.

My Career Years

I graduated with a degree in home economics from James Madison University in Harrisonburg, VA. I was a very young little girl among mature, sophisticated girls from the North. My career of teaching home economics began in 1939 when I accepted a job in the mountains of Virginia near the Kentucky line, which paid $100 per month, $20 more than the job offer in my home county. Daddy was very much against my going there; he thought he would never see me again.

I needed a car to visit my students' home projects, and I couldn't even drive. My brother furnished the money for the $300 used car, earned by helping Daddy with the milking. We girls did housework without getting paid. I had a few driving lessons before I left home; then my brother drove me the 150 miles to my school location and took a bus back. He didn't like leaving me there—didn't like the looks of the men there.

War was raging in Europe. After supper we would drive to a mountain top overlooking the range of mountains and valleys to watch the sunset, while Kate Smith sang "God Bless America" on the car radio. We seemed far from war, far from Washington and safe. But the young men were worried; they knew that Uncle Sam could find them even in the hollows. Within two years they were all gone.

On the first day I began exactly as my own high school home economics teacher had taught me. We had cottages separate from the school building to teach in. In this first cottage I had to build a fire in a wood stove and keep it going without burning down the house. Later my students told me I was a good teacher, but looking back, I think I was rather strict. After two years in the mountains, I was offered a position in Salem, VA. Girls were recruited from the hills and hollows to work in defense plants, making military uniforms on power sewing machines. We taught them institutional cooking and food buying, and they learned auto mechanics on the job. Eventually they made tanks and weapons. I remember teaching them how to use a pay telephone and how to get on the city bus. We went shopping with them to spend their first pay check of $10.21 to buy a dress, bra, panties, and lipstick, with a few cents left for bus fare. The girls lived in an abandoned TB sanitarium. Boys arrived out of the woodwork in no time. The girls had to be warned about dating etiquette and pregnancy prevention; this, too, was the job of the home economist along with the nurse..

After Pearl Harbor our whole world changed. I moved on to a teaching job in Fairfax, VA, near Washington. That job was a challenge. Just as we started class, an announcement over the intercom would tell us that the bus had arrived for all students planning to help Farmer Brown pick apples. There was a labor shortage, and the apple crop had to be saved. During the last period students swept the halls and classrooms, and the rest of us cooperated as best we could. I had to buy organ meats because home economics classes were not eligible for meat nor sugar rations. We made pork chops from cooked mashed soy beans, egg, and bread crumbs seasoned with sage. Tasted good, I thought.

My father died from a massive stroke that year. My brother left college for the Marine Corps, and it was my younger sister's turn to go to college, so I went home to teach. That summer I canned beans for the agriculture teacher using a wood stove and an iron pot—canned so many that to this day I cannot tolerate the smell of canned beans.

After the war two boys who came back to the high school where I was teaching wanted to take home economics. One insisted on making a pair of pajamas, the hardest sewing project. He finished them; perhaps he had never had a pair before. The boys were interested in nutrition and cooking, too.

In 1948, after I had taught nine years, I felt the need of a change. Not all of the men could return home from the war, and I was unhappy and thought about graduate school at the University of Tennessee.

Instead I took a job in Leaksville-Spray, NC, teaching adults who worked for Fieldcrest and the other mills there. I was paid by the school system, and the mills reimbursed the schools. There was a clubhouse with a maid where the mill workers took showers because they had no indoor plumbing in the mill houses. I taught whatever home economics people wanted to learn. We went on trips, and I secured a bridge teacher or an art teacher if they chose. I started a nursery school and became involved in a Family Life Council with youth before there was any such program in the high schools. We attended the NC Family Life Council when it was first organized, since Katherine Dennis was my state supervisor.

A yard improvement contest judged by the county extension staff brought about another career change. I became the 4-H agent for Rockingham County. This was about the time that television came into many homes. The children and their mothers learned how to dress, and the kids learned modern dances and sang popular songs. It was fun watching them mimic what they saw. I liked extension better than school teaching because there were specialists to help prepare lessons and provide ideas for programs.

I had started taking classes at UNC-G (formerly Woman's College) as soon as I arrived in North Carolina. I had almost enough credits for a master's degree when Dr. Boone and his Adult Education curriculum for Cooperative Extension arrived. At that time I discovered I wasn't registered in the graduate school, and none of my courses counted. I registered and started over, taking most of my courses at UNC-G. I earned my master's degree in home economics education: Child Development and Family Life.

I had built a house in Reidsville that I liked. But I had been in Rockingham County 19 years in two jobs and had built up a very large program. We had been through a difficult, but in the end smooth, process of integration as a result of the civil rights movement. It was time for a change again.

The NCSU extension director, Dr. Hyatt, served on the Governor's Council on Aging, and Dr. Eloise Cofer had attended a White House Conference on Aging. They agreed that a specialist in aging was an important addition to the staff because extension had so much good information to share with families. I qualified. I was asked to take the position as Gerontology Specialist.

I never dreamed how difficult the job would be. I did not realize how much prejudice attached to the word OLD. Old people belonged to the Welfare Department, I was told by one county chairman. At age 50 I found my self-esteem damaged, though I had some encouragement and was able to take seminars at the University of Southern California and Duke.

So in spite of the other home economics specialists resenting me at first, and some country extension staffs not wanting to touch OLD AGE, they gradually came to appreciate aging family members. The 4-H youth learned through our "Youth Looks at Aging" project that age makes no difference when you share interests. I produced many fact sheets and changed some attitudes toward a healthy old age. The other specialists came to realize there were gaps in their programs. Older people did have some special physical needs for professionals to focus on. I won three or four awards for my perseverance and dedicated work. One problem in the 1960s was that age got mixed up with poverty and race.

Retirement

Now to retirement, a change in life that women who did not work outside the home had not known.

They just kept on doing housework. My mother stopped doing yard work and vacuuming at 80-plus but continued to do some cooking until about 87 when she had to use a walker. I retired because of the stress of sometimes being as many as 300 miles from home, while my mother, who lived with me, was at home most of the day alone. She had a serious heart ailment. A college student and a two-hour daily homemaker service cared for her part-time.

Getting ready to retire nearly killed me. Since I had not finished my plans, I tried to do too much in too short a time, finishing teaching materials, putting files in order, and redecorating my house for my retirement party.

During the first month, I took Mother to doctors, overhauled the yard with a new fence, trimmed shrubbery, and put in new azaleas. I needed a new roof, a new carpet, paint and paper. I did the papering myself. Later I added a sun room. Since I was a home economist, I had to have a remodeled kitchen—and then a neighborhood supper to celebrate. The stress of my retirement activity brought on an attack of shingles. Zovirax hastened my recovery. At the church I was installed as program chair of the Glad Elders. I graduated to president, then went on to Global Concerns for the United Methodist Women, then to the District UMW for Mission Education and now Social Action Coordinator. I was already on the Homemaker Services Board where I served three years, then served three more on the Council on Aging Board, three years on the Adult Daycare Board and three years on the Nursing Home Advisory Committee. Then I graduated myself out of the senior adult care field.

The University Park Homeowners Association was the organization that helped me feel that Raleigh was my home for the first time, even though I had owned the house in which I lived. I was now part of a neighborhood. Two years after retirement and after Mother had died, I was away from home on the wrong night, and my house was broken into and ransacked. I added bars, deadbolt locks, and floodlights. I took a more active part in the Homeowners Association and organized the Fairmont Community Watch group, getting acquainted with the city's police squad and all the neighbors. When I resigned to take another office, the Chief of Police wrote that Fairmont was the best Community Watch in the city.

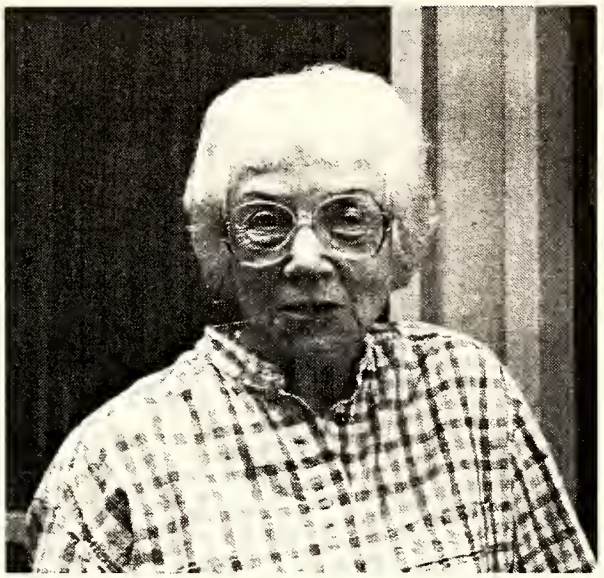
Another organization in which I had a national membership was the Older Women's League. When Eva Gerstel revived a chapter of OWL in the Raleigh area I was invited to join. I have enjoyed the group, with its interesting mix of talents and experiences.

When I first retired, I could not let go the close relationships formed at work, my career, and my black friends who go to different churches and are members of different organizations. I collected names, telephoned, and formed the Home Economics Pacesetters, which meets for fellowship and a broad range of programs on home economics education and community service. I have served as president twice.

It has been interesting to me that I have considered myself too old to take on a particular office and absolutely refused because of my age—then when a mission or issue has attracted my interest, I've forgotten my age and used energy I didn't know I had. This has happened again and again during my retirement. The United Nations Association captured my interest six years ago when I thought the time had come to quit. The UN is so vast that learning about it is unending. Learning something new fascinates me, and the need for UN advocates is great. I believe that a global peace organization is absolutely necessary and that others will eventually see the light. I am now serving my third term as president.

Other interests at present are Woman's Club (International Projects), Peace Action, and working to pass CEDAW (the UN Covenant o Eliminate Discrimination Against Women). ENCORE classes at NCSU I cannot resist; however, I am realizing that I have already picked up a lot about subjects that I think I know little about. My most recent projects are exercise at Rex Wellness Center and learning to use my new computer. Soon I will have been retired for 16 years. My house needs redecorating already. No time to do it, unless I cancel something. Yes, I do go to plays and symphony and have been on many trips. Today I enjoy being at home when I get a chance to be here.

Eva Gerstel



Am I a feminist? You bet I am!

There are many routes to feminism. For some the wake-up call comes suddenly through the writings of feminists. For others it is a gradual process. I became a feminist because of personal experiences which made me aware of inequalities in the lives of men and women and the realization that improvements in the status of women, especially older women, come about only through political action. For me, responsibly exercised political action is the essence of democracy. Here is my story.

I was born in the suburbs of Berlin, Germany, several months after the start of the first world war. I was, according to my mother's diary, the "anxiously awaited" first-born of a young couple living in comfortable circumstances. But my father was soon conscripted, and my mother had to move us into her parents' home. For the four years of the war my father is only a dim memory with visits either in Berlin or the port where he was stationed. My brother was born during this period.

After the war my parents reclaimed our apartment. As was customary in those days, my father's dental practice was an integral part of the living quarters, occupying rooms close to the entrance. These rooms, including that of a female assistant, were taboo for us children. For good reasons or not, my mother did not like the presence of another woman in her home.

My memories of these first years after the war are happy ones. Both my parents seemed quite content. We spent summers at the seashore, and during the winter our home was filled with music. My mother played the piano and sang—she had a lovely voice. My father played the violin. I remember evenings of chamber music with their friends. If they performed in our home, I was permitted to stay up later than usual as long as I sat very quietly in an alcove of the music room

My formal education began quite early. A neighbor had started a Montessori program for her children and those of her friends. I was invited to attend. This experience had a lasting influence as the school emphasized sensitivity to color, texture and sound. One year later I was enrolled in private first grade. I shall never forget the excitement of learning to write. I remember vividly sitting at my little desk after the first school day and filling page upon page with the letter "i," this being the first letter we had been taught.

My best friend in this school was a boy with a vivid imagination, the son of a film director who tried to impress me with the mysterious rituals of his Catholic background. I tried to reciprocate with made-up stories of Jewish rituals, although I knew nothing of such things. My parents seemed to have no interest in providing a Jewish education for their children. The only holiday I remember is Christmas, which we celebrated with presents and singing around the tree bedecked with real candles, which once set the curtains on fire. My father never seemed quite at ease with these celebrations, although I do not remember that he ever stopped my mother who so much enjoyed the preparations for all festivities. Perhaps his Jewish upbringing got in the way.

I attended private school for four years. During these years our home life gradually disintegrated. The reasons are not entirely clear to me. Germany went through a terrible inflation. The value of the currency deteriorated almost as fast as it was printed. My father's patients were unable to pay their bills, and often we could not pay our rent on time. When this happened, my mother took her silver to the landlord as insurance that the rent would be paid. But financial

circumstances probably were not the only reason for my mother's unhappiness. My father had moved his practice, and often there were bitter arguments when he returned home. Finally, he did not come home at all.

My mother was a resourceful woman and decided to take charge, although she was completely unprepared for this. To make ends meet, she started to give rhythmic dancing lessons to groups of children. I loved to dance and took part in all lessons and dance performances my mother arranged. Apparently I was a promising student and was offered the opportunity to train with a well-known dance company. Today I am glad that the family did not accept as it would have meant moving away from home at a very young age.

When I was eleven, my eight-year-old brother and I were sent to a summer camp to give our mother some rest. I hated to be away from home, was longing to go back, and joyfully welcomed an older cousin who was sent to pick us up. On the long train ride home, she attempted to prepare us for what lay ahead, but we did not understand what she was trying to tell us. When we arrived at the Berlin station, we saw only our father. I shall never forget his drawn pale face when he told us that our mother was dead. Our father died six months later, two days after my twelfth birthday.

To this day it is not quite clear to me why my parents died so young. I learned much later that my mother took her own life. Her diary tells me that she felt other people would take better care of her children than she was able to do. She may have known that my father was ill and would die soon. The cause of his death is not known to me, but I do know that my mother's relatives blamed him for her death. Although I really did not get to know my father well, I loved and defended him and blamed my mother instead. Only when I began to understand the rationale of feminism did it become clear to me what a courageous and (for her generation) unusual person my mother was. I believe today that the early loss of my parents and the example of my mother forced me to become a strong-willed, resourceful and independent person.

My brother and I stayed with my father until he was taken to the hospital. Then my eight-year-old brother was placed with childless friends and I with my mother's parents. My paralyzed grandmother's nurse was to keep an eye on me. I loved my grandmother, who never spoke to anyone but me. I hated my grandfather, who insisted on talking about my father's failings.

My one great pleasure was my schooling. I was sent to an all-day school located in the forest outside the city. At first I was very shy, but as I made friends I gradually came out of my shell and began to take part in extra-curricular activities. My "best" friend was the son of a congressional representative of the German labor party, the Social Democrats. My friend's parents befriended me and soon made me feel more at home in their house than in my own. Although I was still quite young, I was often asked to stay for dinner. Other dinner guests included political figures who discussed the important issues of the day. My friend and I listened politely most of the time but when asked did not hesitate to offer our opinion. We, and especially I, felt that the Social Democrats were too timid in their response to the Nazis. I am still surprised that anyone was actually interested in our more radical point of view, but this marked the beginning of my political interest and action.

Those were tumultuous days in Germany. The whole country had moved to the political right, Hindenburg, the old general, was President, and Hitler, at that time still ridiculed, loomed on the horizon. I joined a political youth organization and started to take an active part in their program. My grandparents had died, and I moved into the home of an aunt. I was also moved to a public girls' school close to my new home. This was an entirely new experience: most of the teachers were very conservative, and I was constantly involved in controversies, especially with our so-called art teacher, who, instead of teaching, told war stories. I was a pacifist and remember asking my homeroom teacher what she thought about war. She asked me in turn whether I thought dying of cancer in bed was better than dying for your country on the battlefield—I was and still am dumbfounded by that reply.

Fortunately I was given permission to move to a public school in another district. The school primarily catered to gifted children of working class families who were being prepared for college. Although I did not quite fit the pattern, I felt very soon at home. I had excellent teachers, made lifetime friends, and was able to continue my political involvement for which I found quite a bit of support in my new school. This was not without risk—we had Nazis even in this school, which was named after Karl Marx.. One night I came home and was told that I could no longer stay with my relatives. The police had searched my room and confiscated some socialist literature that I had borrowed from a school friend.

The following year remains in my memory as perhaps the most confusing and difficult period of my life, too difficult to record here in detail. I worked at odd jobs, moved many times, experienced repeatedly hunger, cold, and physical danger. One of my close friends was beaten to death by the Nazis. Perhaps one of the most vivid memories was the witnessing of Hitler's triumphant march, the seemingly endless throngs of Brown Shirts marching through one of the most historic districts of Berlin, with myself and friends having to stand by, completely helpless. If I remember correctly, the date was January 22, 1933—the day of my 18th birthday.

Like all orphans in Germany, I had a publicly appointed guardian, an attorney whom I had never met. I was broke and did not know what to do next, so I turned to him for advice. This man was an ardent Zionist who did not approve of my political orientation, insisted that I needed some training, and sent me to a home for girls, where I was to learn home-making skills, far from my beloved Berlin. I had no choice but to follow his advice, as much as I disliked it. I shall never forget my departure by rail with all my good friends gradually receding from my view. Some of these friends I was never to see again.

I hated at first the confinement of my new home, but this move probably saved my life. We lived in isolation in a mountain resort—in stark contrast to the large city I had left behind. There was nothing to do but make the most of the learning opportunities offered by the home. We had two teachers, a young woman who taught home economics, and a young man who taught Hebrew and was to prepare us for the possibility of settlement in what is now Israel. I knew nothing of the roots and goals of Zionism but was fascinated by the stories of idealism of the early pioneers and especially the kibbutz movement that was so close to my own socialist ideals.

To make a long story short, I emigrated in 1934 at age 19 and joined a new kibbutz at the outskirts of Tel Aviv. The members of this kibbutz had a special mission. They were to learn civic occupations largely held by Arabs—women were not permitted to hold such positions in the colonial environment of the day. For me this was an early lesson in sexism.

My kibbutz was very poor. We lived in large army surplus tents furnished only with cots and orange crates. There was no separation of the sexes or privacy in these living quarters. Most of our belongings were turned over to a distribution center that provided us once a week with clean clothes, not necessarily our own. We had only the very minimum in clothes, food and other necessities, but we were young and felt that sacrifice was necessary and, hopefully, temporary.

The kibbutz membership grew very rapidly, and with growth came adjustment problems. I was given the responsibility of assisting those with special problems, a task for which I was ill-prepared. I also worked at income-producing jobs, mostly in local factories. To my great joy I was selected to learn hand-weaving in another kibbutz. When I returned after several months, we opened our own studio, where we produced drapery and upholstery materials that were sold mainly to private customers. This craft helped me through many difficult times even in later years.

In general, the division of labor in the kibbutz tended to follow traditional patterns, although an effort was made to assign both men and women to kitchen duties. Important leadership positions were almost exclusively held by men. While I did not yet think of this division of labor as unfair—much less sexist—I wondered why so few women were willing to take charge.

Dan was a member of the same kibbutz. Although of similar German-Jewish backgrounds, our life experiences were not the same, but we fell in love and left the kibbutz. Dan, above all, wanted to study and

was advised to study genetics because this field was needed for agricultural development of the country. In those days Israelis who wanted to study had to go abroad, and those who wanted to study agricultural fields went to the University of California because of climatic similarities. Dan was fortunate enough to have an American relative who made it possible for him to study in Berkeley and for me to come along if we would get married, which we did in a hurry.

Both of us worked hard at unskilled jobs to support ourselves while Dan was in school. It did not occur to me at that time that I also could have attended college. Student wives in those days often disregarded their own needs while they helped their husbands through school. The end result often was divorce because of unequal status after the husband had attained his goal. I became aware of this dilemma only after Dan finished his Ph.D. and had accepted employment. Dan's coworkers and their wives, all highly educated, became our friends, and I started to feel very inadequate, not even having finished high school.

We decided to have children after Dan finished graduate school. Our son David was born in 1945, the year Dan got his Ph.D. Our daughter Naomi was born three years later. She was six months old when I decided to attend college on a part-time basis. It took me twelve years to graduate and another four to complete the M.S. in sociology, while working half-time as research assistant at NCSU. I was later awarded an assistantship at Duke University and worked there half-time while preparing for the Ph.D.

My greatest problem while attending school was child care. We had moved to Raleigh when David was five and Naomi nearly two years old. The only child care available at that time was in church-sponsored kindergartens stressing religion and discipline. I wanted my children to have a happy preschool experience without religious indoctrination and therefore started a small cooperative preschool in our home. This school was taught by a friend of mine who was a trained kindergarten teacher. She also had small children and felt the way I did about preschool philosophy.

We first met in the bedroom of my daughter and later turned our living room into a playroom. Our teacher was paid a small salary, and the parents took turns in assisting her during school hours. We often met after hours to discuss the progress of the children and made all important decisions cooperatively. The school soon outgrew our home, and my children outgrew the school. But it still exists, and it gives me great pleasure to know that despite many changes the school has basically retained its cooperative nature. I only regret that cooperative schools are still rare in this state, although the model could easily be adapted to the day care needs of today's working mothers.

I had not completed my work for the Ph.D. when Dan was offered an appointment in Israel. After much deliberation, we decided to accept for a year on a trial basis. Although I resented having to interrupt my education, I felt that I owed this year to my husband and my children for whom this turned out to be a great adventure. The fact remains that I was never able to finish the Ph.D.

When we returned to North Carolina, our son was about ready for college, and we were nearly broke. I decided not to return to school and instead to accept a position that had been offered to me by Dr. Ellen Winston whom I greatly admired. In the 1960s she was one of the few highly placed and influential women in North Carolina's and later the U.S. government. She was intelligent as well as gracious. She never failed to promote other women, but in turn expected much from them. She was a role model for me even after I no longer worked for her. In 1970 she asked me to chair the North Carolina Task Force on Research and Demonstration in preparation for the White House Conference on Aging. Upon her request I served two terms as vice-president of the State Council for Social Legislation. In 1981 I was appointed by Governor Hunt to serve with her on the Governor's Commission on Housing Options for Older Adults.

My best working years were spent at Research Triangle Institute in the Research Triangle Park, where I had an opportunity to develop other research interests. I was the only professional woman in my division

and generally treated with fairness. I insisted on equal pay for equal work and did my best to also promote the interests of our research assistants and secretaries, all of whom were younger women. I remember telling them that if they wanted to advance, they must choose between wanting to be respected for good technical work or being loved for making coffee for their bosses. My male colleagues did not appreciate my interference.

My interest in politics, sparked during my youth, never waned. I joined the League of Women Voters in 1950 when the Raleigh chapter still had provisional status. I demonstrated for abortion rights with NOW in Washington and for the Equal Rights Amendment in Raleigh. I served as President of the N.C. Association of Jewish Women and as officer of more organizations than I wish to name here. Since I became an American citizen more than 55 years ago, I have voted in every election.

As I grew older, OWL (the Older Women's League) became my main interest. I realized that the problems of women did not diminish with age. On the contrary, while the status of young women improved even without the ERA, old women continue to suffer from the lack of opportunities available to them during their younger years. On the average, they live longer but are poorer than men. They are not often entitled to pensions, nor to adequate Social Security payments based on their own work records. They tend to be patronized when seeking services and populate the nursing homes because of ill health. There is plenty of reason for me to say in my old age: Am I a feminist? You bet I am and will be till my dying day.

"Modern invention has banished the spinning wheel, and the same law of progress makes the woman of today a different woman from her grandmother." — Susan B. Anthony

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"No woman can call herself free until she can choose consciously whether she will or will not be a mother." — Margaret Sanger

Betty Landsberger:
An American Woman Becomes Internationalized

Throughout my life I have been aware of the many advantages I have enjoyed as I grew up: my education and my early career as kindergarten teacher and director of demonstration nursery schools in universities. The most important of these advantages has been the quality of personal relationships, first in my family of origin, with my mother, father, and older sister—and later with my family of procreation, with my talented husband and his great sense of humor and with our wonderful children.

Other advantages: doing well in and enjoying school, violin playing in high school and college orchestras, and membership in an active and progressive church. Next a college experience with good professors and leadership positions in extracurricular activities and lastly, graduate study leading to a Ph.D. and excellent job opportunities. And from the beginning, good friends.

In my 30s and 40s I came to realize that something important for me had been missing in my busy and interesting all-American life. The missing piece was an acquaintance with other peoples, other places, other cultures. My introduction to the outside world came through my falling in love with Henry Landsberger, a German Jewish fellow-graduate student at Cornell, who introduced me to a broadened world. My children, who have taken on the wider world from childhood, now live in Alaska and Los Angeles with our three lovely, exciting grandchildren. Sam, a longtime follower of Zen Buddhist practices, has a beautiful Japanese-Korean wife, while Ruth, a physician, is married to an engineer whose family, originally from India, have been living for two generations in Malaysia. Daughter Margaret and her husband Conner, both lawyers, are the Alaskans.

In 1951 I completed my Ph.D. in Child Development, while Henry finished his degree from the School of Industrial and Labor Relations a few years later. In 1955 we left with all of our belongings for England where Henry had lived for ten years, from the age of 12, to escape the Nazis. Later his mother, father, and half-brother were able to go to Chile, where they lived in Valparaiso. In Oxford I had a great opportunity to work as a Children's Visitor in the county Children's Department. This gave me a "short course" in coming to know a diverse group of English men, women, and children from many walks of life. Through our jobs we both formed lifelong friendships.

We returned to Ithaca in 1956 but stayed only a few years, during which our children were born, and then in 1961 went to Chile, where we remained for four years. All of us loved our life there, learned Spanish, and often spent weekends with Henry's parents. Again we formed friendships with Chileans and with members of Jewish families originally from Germany. We benefited greatly from the presence of our two able household helpers—*empleadas*—who worked for us; one, Carmen Gomez, came back to the U.S. with us.

During our years in Chile I often made visits to my parents and my sister in my hometown in Florida. With the children and Carmen, I went to Florida a month or two before Henry. It was good that we were there a short time before my sister died of cancer. Just a few week after her death, my mother died, very suddenly, with a stroke. We spent some months there with my father for whom these two deaths had been a hard blow.

Back in Ithaca in 1965 we were able to buy a fairly large house with a wonderful view of the town and the lake. The children were enrolled in a nearby elementary school where they learned to play the violin by the Suzuki method. Henry was busy with research and teaching; I served as treasurer of the Friends of the Library and then worked half-time as a Research Associate for a project studying relationships between family life and school achievement in three locations. After three years we left for Chapel Hill, where Henry became a professor of Sociology at U.N.C.

By 1968 we were actively protesting the war in Vietnam. We visited our Senators and Representatives in Congress. We have continued such contacts within the state as well as in Washington. These experiences led, ten years later, to my organizing with other faculty members at the School of Nursing and our graduate students, a trip to Washington to see our members of Congress and to meet and hear from various associations and lobbying groups important, in one way and another, to nursing and to public health. This Washington visit was continued for many years—it was fun and a challenge, because we did so much on a shoestring! Many students, before and after their graduation, have said that this was the high point of their graduate study.

We found Chapel Hill to be a great town. I had the good luck to find a job with LINC, the Learning Institute of North Carolina, established during the governorship of Terry Sanford. Its mission was to work with school systems and the state Department of Public Instruction to develop innovations in education to meet generally recognized problems. A big order! One early project was to establish the first kindergartens in North Carolina's public schools. The model program set up one kindergarten in each of eight educational districts. My niche was to select and provide plans for instruction in administering the assessment instruments we chose for studying each child's development before school started and again at the end of the year, in order to evaluate our program. This was exciting and rewarding work, very satisfying to all of us.

During 1972 our family again took to the road: to Manchester, England for three months, to Switzerland for two months, and finally to the University at Cape Coast in Ghana where Henry was a Fulbright professor. The children were enrolled at a boarding school in England and joined us in Switzerland. In Ghana they attended schools that were strange to them. I began teaching in the School of Education; then I received a telegram from Dunedin, saying, "Hughie's brave heart stopped beating at 3:15 a.m. today." My father, Hugh Hatch, had died, and I flew to attend his funeral. This was a sad event for all of our family.

When the school year in Cape Coast was over, we gave ourselves a great treat: a two-week stay in France for a sojourn among the chateaux of the Loire where we did sight-seeing and reveled in the opportunity to eat at our French hotel. (The diet in Ghana had not been one of the country's charms.)

Back in Chapel Hill after a year and a half, we settled into the comfort of our home. During the next years the children went off to college, and Henry began comparative studies in health policy questions. I, too, got into the world of health, beginning with a job at the state Health Department developing a preschool screening program. Contacts with personnel in county health departments opened my eyes to the great role that nurses play in advising and educating parents of infants and young children. Was this a good place for me to teach I wondered.

In 1976 I screwed up my courage to talk with the Dean of the UNC School of Nursing about teaching infant and early childhood development. Luckily Dr. Laurel Archer Copp was that Dean, and she encouraged me to apply, although it was unusual for a non-nurse to teach in that school.

The next term I began teaching the intended courses about infants and young children. Then I found myself in the midst of material related to curriculum change—material dealing with public health policy, epidimiology, and new forms of prevention and health improvement interventions. Courses in these subjects, under the title "Health of Populations," for example, were offered at graduate and undergraduate levels. At this time I began moving our

graduate students into the relevant debates in the political world.

With a group of faculty members, I began to study health problems of older people and the responses of the health system to them. This group, labeled Gerontological Nursing, received input from faculty members from other schools: dentistry, pharmacy, public health, and medicine.

At the same time I became a member and chair of the Orange County Department of Aging, and found an interest in the Older Americans Act and the steps being taken a the county, state, and federal levels to meet the problems of elderly citizens.

My husband Henry was taking his investigation of health policy to England and Germany. Consequently, when I was granted a leave to study in England and Europe, I pursued research into long term care and the programs and institutions in various countries to meet the problems of their older population. This led to a book published in Britain, *Long Term Care for the Elderly: A Comparative View of Layers of Care.*

From learning about the special problems of older women, and through meeting Tish Sommers, the founder of the Older Women's League, at a national meeting, I drew together material for a course for nursing students and Women's Studies students: "Women Over Fifty in Contemporary Society." Each time the course was taught, it brought together a diverse group: undergraduate and graduate students from the School of Nursing, together with women close to and over fifty.

Teaching this course led in 1988, when I retired, to my becoming a Women's Initiative spokesperson for AARP in North Carolina. There were 30 or so of us, from Maine to California, with a variety of backgrounds. We met together at least once a year with national AARP staff. Many of us also worked in our states to present AARP's health care reform program, during the early nineties.

Henry, now retired, became engaged in various interests in Germany—both East and West—and we spent much time there, as well as in England, especially in summers.

Margaret, Sam, and Ruth, all married now, had finished their various studies and were located in California and Alaska, so we have traveled often to visit them. The past two years have been in many ways the best, the icing on the cake for us. In all three families a baby was born between spring 1997 and spring 1998. This means three wonderful babies: Chellam, the daughter of Ruth and her husband Hari, the oldest—then Maisie, the daughter of Margaret and Conner—and last Huws Yoshito, the son of Sam and his wife Miko.

I can't imagine a better end to this account of my life—our family life—than these great additions.

"To think that all in me of which my father would have felt proper pride had I been a man, is deeply mortifying to him because I am a woman."
— Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Eloise Cofer:
Untitled

The top of my computer screen notes this document as "Untitled," and I have decided to accept that title, for it gives me opportunity to reminisce. My father was a mining superintendent with a special interest in mine safety. My mother, a former teacher, always found learning opportunities for my brothers and me. The early memories are of the sounds and sights of small mining camps in which we lived in West Virginia. There was the early morning blast of the horn that sent the message that the miners had entered the mine for the day's work. The whistle of the C&O coal-fired engines as they approached the crossing above our house punctuated the activities of the midmorning and late evening hours. The camps were small, and we could view many activities from our front porch. At any time of day there were people going to the company store. Since this was the only source of food and supplies for the camp, there was constant traffic there. At some distance beyond the store were the cafes and shops that catered to the various ethnic citizens, for the mining camps were rich with cultural diversity.

Many of the Greek, Polish, and Italian families shared their festivities with us. The weddings, christenings and special festivals were great experiences for our family. There were no established churches, so preachers and priests came from Beckley or Charleston for these occasions. There was a Protestant church, but no regular minister or church activities. My parents supplied us with books of Bible stories and read the Bible to us as a part of our early education. Each summer a missionary came to the camp for a daily vacation Bible school. We had such activities as learning a Bible verse for each letter of the alphabet.

Major events in those years were trips by train to Charleston, the capital city, to hear Madame Schumann-Heink, the great opera contralto, and Billy Sunday, an evangelist. The day in Charleston included lunch and shopping at Coyle and Richardson's department store. A special treat was the gooseberry pie at Coyle's. Summers included trips to Virginia to visit our grandmothers. Those memories are dear, but too long to recount.

Our parents had our education in mind throughout the years. Mother let my older brother and me play school with her as teacher, using first grade books for reading, spelling, and simple arithmetic. As a result, at age seven when I entered school, I was put in the third grade because I could read and spell "machinery" correctly! We moved to Alderson in southern West Virginia, the site of the new Federal Institution for Women. Alderson was a small village with good schools, denominational Protestant churches, and the various merchants and medical professionals that the mining camps lacked. My father found it necessary to return to his career in coal mining, leaving my mother to rear my brothers and me. These were hard years for all of us, for my father was away for long intervals.

In Alderson I discovered the 4-H Club, which I joined when I entered high school. The county 4-H agent was a great mentor, introducing me to home economics as a profession. Exhibiting and competing for blue ribbons at the county fair was a wonderful incentive for high standards of achievement. Through the club project program I became interested in food preparation. My mother was glad to turn over the baking to me, for she had found a talent for sewing and weaving.

College was a given with my family. While I wanted to attend medical school, the years of depression and maintaining two households prevented my parents from saving any of their income. I entered

Marshall College (now Marshall University) in 1933. My parents were able to pay for tuition and books but not for boarding. As did many students, I lived with a Huntington family and worked for board and room. I had no opportunity for college social life, but I learned about many aspects of housekeeping and entertaining in the years I lived with the Edward Thornburgs. Mrs. Thornburg was a great civic leader, club woman, and hostess, and her husband a successful business man.

At Marshall I entered the Liberal Arts Department, majoring in chemistry and social studies. In my junior year I switched to home economics with a special interest in nutrition. In addition, I took courses in clothing, home management, child development, and housing. Since teaching was a principal career for women, I elected courses in education so as to be eligible. By attending summer sessions for three summers, I was able to complete the chemistry and social studies majors and the home economics education minor. My college mentor, Gertrude Mudge, a professor of Nutrition and Child Development, opened several doors for me. Dr. and Mrs. Mudge invited me to live in their home while I attended summer school. The Mudges were from the Northeast and provided me with new and enriching experiences. Under the influence of Dr. William Mudge, a classical music fan, I learned to love opera, especially Wagner's music dramas.

Mrs. Mudge, with a graduate degree in nutrition from Teacher's College, Columbia University, was influential in getting me a fellowship in 1937 at Teacher's College, to study under Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, an outstanding professor in the field of nutrition research and education. As a part of my fellowship, I helped develop and teach classes in nutrition to gifted 4th and 5th graders in one of the New York City schools. This project was led by Dr. Bertlyn Bosley, who later came to North Carolina as head of the Department of Health's nutrition program.

After receiving a master's degree at Teachers College, for three years I was an instructor in foods and nutrition at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri. The focus of the college was based on data that showed that 85% of the graduates would marry, have families, and become community volunteers. Home Economics and other departments planned courses with this career in mind. The classes in food preparation and child and family nutrition had a practical aspect, built on a solid foundation of knowledge. A popular class in child nutrition had as a laboratory the preparation of lunches for the children who attended the pre-school. On December 7, 1941, as I read the Sunday New York Times, the radio announcer reported the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Many of the Stephens College staff were torn between loyalty to the college and students and the desire to be near family in this time of war. We were a close-knit community at Stephens, and friendships from those years continue.

In the summer of 1942 there was a position open with the West Virginia Extension Service to teach canning to homemakers who were enrolled in the Victory Garden program. Spoilage of home-canned food was very common, and the summer program was designed to prevent this loss. The Extension Service, as in other states, was a part of the land grant college's Department of Agriculture. I was accepted and reported to Miss Gertrude Humphreys, the state leader for Home Economic Extension at the college. Under her guidance, in cooperation with home economics agents in the counties, I taught groups of rural women and 4-H Club youth the techniques for preventing canned food spoilage.

Working with the Extension specialists and agents proved so enjoyable that I decided to apply for an agent's position. Since I had a graduate degree, I was offered the recently vacated position as a state Specialist in Food and Nutrition. I held this position for twelve years, working with the clothing specialist, the home management specialist and child development consultants to prepare lessons for homemakers' clubs and projects for the 4-H Club members. We also developed bulletins for general distribution. We held subject matter training sessions for country agents, a yearly program planning meeting for leaders of homemaker clubs, and classes for 4-H youth during their summer camp sessions. Women in those years did not have the resources now available for learning the skills of homemaking, and the local home

agent was a valuable source of homemaking information. We state specialists were their back-up team. Our work sent us all over the state, and our colleagues in the agricultural and 4-H programs became friends with whom we socialized as well as worked. Opportunities to work with other agencies came through the health committees and councils that had a nutrition component. Those were happy and fulfilling years, and the specialists with whom I worked share a camaraderie dating from the years when we were young together.

One day I learned about a fellowship in Nutrition Education at the University of Chicago, and I said to a colleague, "When the war is over, I'm going to apply for one of the fellowships." In 1946 I applied for and received a fellowship in the Home Economics Department at the University of Chicago to study for a doctoral degree in nutrition. I was granted a leave of absence from the Extension Service to accept the fellowship. The university had an internationally recognized program in the field. Dr. Thelma Porter was chair of the department, and I felt fortunate to study under her leadership. My fellow students were interesting, challenging, and future-oriented. They had studied and worked in universities, federal governments, and the private sector throughout the United States and abroad. Our classes were in the home economics, chemistry, and biological science departments and in the medical school of the university. At the International House where I lived, we had a rich culture with students from throughout the world. We built friendships at mealtimes, in the lounge, and at planned lectures and social occasions.

In summer 1947 I returned home when my mother became ill with Parkinson's Syndrome. I continued as Food and Nutrition Specialist with the West Virginia Extension Service, visiting my home in Alderson whenever possible. In 1952 after my mother's death, I returned to the University of Chicago, continuing my studies and the research for my dissertation on "The Effects of the Withdrawal of Estrogen on the Nitrogen, Calcium and Phosphorus Metabolism of Post-Menopausal Women." When the research was completed in 1954, I returned to West Virginia Extension Service, wrote the dissertation, and was awarded the Ph.D. degree in 1955.

That fall I was invited to join the staff of the Agricultural Research Service of the US Department of Agriculture in Washington, DC, as a Food Economist. The head of the Family Economics Division, Dr. Faith Clark, was a friend from the University of Chicago days. My responsibility was to plan food budgets on different levels of family food consumption. These food budgets were priced quarterly, using Bureau of Labor Statistics data and were used to measure four levels of family food consumption, based on an adequate diet: (1) below the poverty level, (2) low cost, (3) medium cost, and (4) liberal cost. They were widely used in setting welfare income allotments and to help families budget for food. Teachers and extension workers used them in teaching food management. I also collaborated with colleagues on journal articles and lectures. The eight years there gave me opportunity to know other professional women and men in nutrition-related areas in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, in the Federal Extension Service, in the Bureau of Labor, and in various public organizations and associations. Those years were memorable as well from participation in the young adult programs of Christ Episcopal Church, Georgetown. We were, for the most part, single and away from home. We had a spiritual home, friends, and an opportunity to respond to some of the social issues of the community.

When Ruth Current retired as Assistant Director for Home Economics with the NC Agricultural Extension Service, Virginia Wilson, the Extension Nutritionist, and a friend from my West Virginia Extension Service days, nominated me for the Assistant Director position. After interviews and much consideration on my part, I accepted the position. My father and I arrived in Raleigh in January 1963 to begin my new career at North Carolina State University. It was a new and challenging opportunity for me. I felt humbled knowing that I was following two nationally known state home economics leaders, Dr. Jane S. McKimmon and Miss Ruth Current. They made a great impact on the lives of North Carolina farm women and their families. There were many opportunities for me to meet my new colleagues in the Extension Service and the university. The county

home economists invited me to their counties to meet the women and families with whom they worked.

The Extension Service is rather like the military. You change positions from one state to another and find that former colleagues have preceded you, in my case two colleagues from West Virginia. One, Dr. George Hyatt, became director of the North Carolina Agricultural Extension Service the year I arrived.

I was a part of the state staff that included the director and assistant directors for agriculture, 4-H programs, community development, and home economics. The Home Economics staff included specialists in foods and nutrition, textiles and clothing, housing and home furnishings, child development and family life, home management, and family economics. The specialists provided educational resources for county programs, state seminars and bulletins in their fields. Other staff members worked regionally to help agents plan and develop their programs.

The Extension Homemakers Associations and the 4-H Clubs in the counties were core audiences for home economics programs. The annual state meetings of the Homemakers Association gave an opportunity for introducing new research and discussion of issues related to family and community life. We continued many of the fine programs Ruth Current had started, including a book club, programs on the United Nations, and excursions to UN Headquarters in New York. The Extension Homemakers were represented on the NC Council for Women's Organizations, an influential council of 24 women's organizations. The women in the clubs were very influential at the county level as advocates for important legislation. It was through their initiative and persistence that the Jane S. McKimmon Center was built. They gave $100,000 as seed money for the building of the conference center and monitored the legislature as funding for the center was debated. On several occasions when the legislators seemed ready to give up the project, club women in the counties were able to convince them that the funding must be provided—and it was!

During these years integration became a big issue for the Extension Services, for in the South we had separate services at the university and county levels for African-American and for white citizens. A&T State University in Greensboro was the headquarters for the African-American staff.. We complied with national guidelines and over time integrated the staff and provided for integrated meetings for the homemakers. Ada Dalla Pozza gave leadership to the implementation of the Homemaker Club integration. Dr. Minnie Miller Brown, state leader for the Extension Home Economics program at A&T University, came to Raleigh as Assistant State Leader responsible for the expanded food and nutrition program. This program employed aides who were trained to teach low-income homemakers food buying, preparation, and nutrition. Black specialists and district leaders were integrated into the staff, enriching the programs in every instance.

During these years I worked to improve the salaries of the staff and give staff members opportunities for graduate study. When I pointed out to Dean Brooks James the inequality of the women's salaries in comparison with the men's in the agricultural and 4-H areas, he was not aware of the disparity. Over the years he and the Director of Extension, George Hyatt, helped to improve women's salaries. With the aid of the Department of Extension and Continuing Education under the leadership of Dr. Ed Boone, many extension staff members were able to study for a graduate degree while continuing on the job. Specialists in Home Economics took leaves of absence and studied at UNC-Greensboro or elsewhere, in this way keeping up with research and new types of program skills. In the late seventies the University gave academic rank to Extension staff members who were qualified academically and professionally. This was a real mark of progress for women staff members, for when I came to NC State University, I was one of three women with a full professorship, and no Extension women had academic rank. In my position I was an active member of various state-wide organizations, such as the NC Council of Women's Organizations, the NC Conference for Social Service, and the NC Adult Education Association, in which I held various offices including the presidency. These were rich experiences working with such pioneers as Dr. Ellen

Winston and Dr. Guyon Johnson. Since 1976 I have been a member and sometime board member of the Women's Forum, an organization whose members work together to empower women to achieve equality.

Thanks to membership in various professional organizations, I was able to travel to conferences in the United States and abroad, to England, Finland, Ireland, Canada, the Philippines, and Norway. In 1974 I had a trip to Japan to promote the employment of home economists by Japanese companies. I met with business leaders, enjoyed sightseeing, visited the Japanese Extension Service research and training center and altogether had a wonderful experience.

After retiring in 1980 I was able to spend more time with my father, who was an enjoyable companion and a great gardener and craftsman. I was a board member of an organization planning for a health education center for Wake County. I became more active in the Woman's Club of Raleigh and continued as an emeritus member of Altrusa International, a woman's service club. I volunteer for club projects at the Urban Ministries clinic and homeless center. Another significant involvement has been with North Carolina Partners of the Americas. This state's partnership is with Cochacamba, Bolivia. Members of the Cochacamba Partners Club come to North Carolina to study, perhaps in a short course at Duke medical school, or in other opportunities. North Carolina members provide housing, meals, and transportation while they are visiting. In turn our Partners go as consultants and teachers and to identify projects. Partners of the Americas was established in 1964 as the "people to people" component of the Alliance for Progress as a peace-making initiative. Forty-five states have similar partnerships in South and Central America and the Caribbean.

Christ Episcopal Church, where I have been a member for 35 years, has been an important part of life, and I have been active in various church guilds and as a member of the Vestry. Presently I am a member of the Christian Social Ministries Committee, the Altar Guild, Episcopalians Against Racism (EAR) , and the Diocesan Committee on Honduras (a mission committee). For the past five years I have been on the board of Triangle Music International, serving presently as president. With Jessie Cannon as executive director, we book ethnic musicians for concerts in various Triangle venues.

There is still time for gardening, food preparation, and musical events. The symphony, chamber music, opera and ballet are continuing enjoyments. I can be out and about because I have had no family to tend and nurture since my father's death in 1985. I miss caring for him and having his help and concern for me. My friends know that I have a spare room and bath and that I welcome visitors for bed and breakfast!

It has been enjoyable to outline my life's journey and to remember the experiences that accompany each work-a-day phase described. Little space has been given to family and friends or the loves and losses that bring joy and sorrow to life's experiences. Those stories are for another narration.

"I do not wish women to have power over men; but over themselves."
— Mary Wollstonecraft

Libby New

I am a feminist, if that means to improve woman's position socially, educationally, and legally. As a young girl, I learned to be equal to the boys in sports and games in the neighborhood. I thought I would be able to do the same things boys did. With my womanly development, I was told to act like a lady. No more tackle football.

I grew up with two brothers, and we were all expected to do dishes and help with household chores, along with taking turns making breakfast. I did help more often than they did because girls should learn to prepare meals and keep house. From my father I learned to do many repair jobs. I expected to be as free as my brothers, to come and go as I pleased. But I was told young women couldn't do that. Women were not expected to take care of themselves.

My parents did think a daughter should have an education as well as the sons. Over the objection of grandparents, who asked why educate a girl just to get married, I entered Carnegie Tech (in Pittsburgh, PA) and graduated as a hospital dietitian. During my senior year I did marry. I left Pittsburgh to start our life in Harrisburg, PA, living with my in-laws. Within two months we moved to York, PA, where my husband worked with his father selling Quaker State Motor Oil and selling and installing overhead garage doors. We found an apartment, and soon after I was hired as a dietitian in a private hospital. I worked with farm women as kitchen helpers and learned what happened to women when their husbands died, and they needed to support themselves. Sure, they knew how to cook for farm hands, but they needed to learn about meals for patients, some with special diets. They were terrific workers and learners, and soon we had a smooth-running department. I often had to run interference for them when some professional staff person tried to change my orders while I was busy. The women feared for their jobs. This was the first time I saw women with "lowly" jobs facing discrimination. The situation cleared when the interfering persons were fired, and the kitchen workers stayed on.

I left my women friends and the hospital, hoping that with less tension, I would become pregnant. With time on my hands, I joined the synagogue. That began a long relation with the sisterhood, the women's arm of the synagogue. Over the years I worked with women in every capacity to learn and teach others and worked to improve the religious school. Women could raise monies for education and special projects, but were not counted in a minyon (ten were needed for certain prayers). Nor were they called up to read Torah (the Holy Book) or given the honor of carrying a Torah because monthly periods meant that they could be unclean. Women had to pray at their seats. Boys were prepared, through Hebrew school, to take their place during prayer time. Girls were taught the history of the Jews with the boys and learned how to be good Jewish mothers.

I also was a Girl Scout leader for twelve years. We had a large active troop. And "what was good enough for my grandmother is good enough for me" was a no-no in my troop. The girls learned much about themselves and what they could do with the abilities they had. Girl Scouts have remained independent and not joined with the Boy Scouts.

As I said, I had the time, so I also joined a newly formed League of Women Voters. I joined to learn and teach others about candidates and issues. Women should be informed and vote on their own.

After seven years of marriage, our son was born. We built a house in the suburbs, where I became a gardener, too, along with my religious, community, and personal commitments.

I taught in a sheltered workshop, teaching women to cook. I had to find ways for them to understand picture recipes and to explain how to do something without taking over and doing it for them. A volunteer was trained to observe and write down what and how each woman worked. A sociologist evaluated the comments, and we worked out a better way to present the work again. The women now run a small luncheonette for local business people.

I also taught part-time in a vocational technical school program for women heads of households to become licensed practical nurses. Most of the women had one or two children and no husband. They learned about foods and nutrition, about family living, and about themselves. They were 18 to 50 years old. I had many hours of preparation, yet I was paid only for the hours I taught. They all passed their state tests.

After I was divorced, I needed a full-time job. Most of my volunteer work was put on hold when I became a 9th grade Home Ec teacher. I taught cooking to 7th graders, sewing to 8th graders, and more-involved sewing and cooking to 9th graders, with some child care and family-living courses. In the summer I took courses for certification. I had several 9th graders who had one or two children that someone cared for while they continued their education. After school they were in charge—and were resentful of not being able to date much. In the 60s no one talked about abortions. The young mothers thought babies were cute. Most of the girls thought so little of themselves that they could be talked into anything. Our classes were excellent and much to the point.

I was remarried—to a man who used to live in York and had lost his wife to cancer. His grown son was in college, and his daughter was a year ahead of my son in high school. I continued to teach until they had graduated and started college. Until then, my husband lived in Matawan, NJ all week, working in New York and we commuted on weekends, depending on where the children had their activities. Upon my son's graduation, I moved to Matawan. I thought I'd get to know the area on a slow basis. But within a month of this consolidation of our two homes, W.T. Grant closed their quality control department, which my husband headed, and he was looking for a job. One day he came home and asked how I would like to live in Korea. And thus I started another adventure, this time learning about "women's place" in another culture.

With two children in college and the older son married, I again had to make a lot of decisions, about selling another house, about what to take for the apartment in Seoul, what to send to his daughter who had moved into an off-campus apartment, what my son could use, what to store and what to get rid of. This was the only time I was neither a volunteer nor a full-time worker. That didn't last long.

I learned a whole new set of do's and don'ts for women. The women of Korea are slowly elevating their positions. They can be educated if they can pay, but jobs were not always available. Women handle the money, and men get a generous allowance—for their pleasure. Children belong to their fathers. I learned first hand the big difference between city and country life. Though the women worked very hard in both cases, some just for survival, I couldn't believe that country women were still washing their clothes on rocks in the stream.

After two years we moved to Hong Kong. Again I wanted to learn about the community and its citizens. Hong Kong was a British Crown Colony, now part of China. Two weeks after we arrived, the government ordered that a man could have one wife only, and that the marriage must be registered at City Hall. Couples continued to be married in the Chinese way on a favorable day and paid for their wedding dinner guests. Then at some convenient time they were married at City Hall. Hong Kong's citizens were from many different provinces in China. Women from each area had specialized jobs; for instance, the Hukkah women of China always dug the foundation supports for the high rise buildings. The women were restricted by their traditional Chinese mores. Boat women and families lived and worked on their junks; women worked very hard, with babies on their backs, right along with the men. The government was building high rise buildings to move some of them off the junks to better their living conditions.

I joined the American Women's Association to meet people and support their school scholarships and work projects. Even though there were two universi-

ties, a Baptist college, and a polytechnical school, more students were applying than there were places available. Great pressure was put on all students to excel. I was told that every student had to have a tutor. I saw parents using flash cards for three and four-year-olds so that they would score well on entrance tests for kindergarten. Also, the American Women's Association raised a lot of money at a bazaar with products their workshop members made, with the proceeds to be used for work projects. After a full research of each request, money was allocated to a village or a group, which, with a new product, could be self-supporting. One example was that if they were provided with a new motor for their boat, the villagers would have transportation for their products to market and could be self-sufficient. I met women doing many different jobs. There were few social agencies. Families did for each other. I did visit homes for older women without families. Planned Parenthood was new. Religious organizations administered government or church hospitals, clinics, and schools. Government schools were free through 10th grade, but matriculation to university must be paid for. Both parents worked hard for education—and boys and girls were expected to study hard to pass all exams in order to matriculate at the universities. The official languages were English and Cantonese.

The American Women's Association joined the Hong Kong Council of Women and the Chinese Women's Association to produce a conference for women during International Women's Year. I worked on the plans with women from many countries with a wide and varied agenda. We learned how different the lives of the women were from Japan to Thailand. Each went home with her own future projects to help women of her community.

Perhaps the time I got the most smiles was when I taught hospital patients to knit, in my limited Cantonese (a project of the American Women's Association).

When my husband was ready to retire, we traveled through Asia, the subcontinent, and some of Europe before returning to the states. We made the wise choice of Raleigh. This move was very different. My husband was home all day so that after six months of togetherness, it was time to get to know women and learn what they were doing. The Temple and League of Women Voters were good places to start. And so I began again to work with women on women's causes—like ERA, including the ERA committee of the Council of Churches. If I were going to call Raleigh home, I wanted to be active in the community. And of course I started gardening again for relaxation. I was very active in both the League of Women Voters and the Temple. I became sisterhood president and later president of our Temple board.

Raleigh was a good place to come to, and it is home. As a senior citizen I'm more interested in problems facing older women. I do not make as many personal contacts as I once did but support in many ways women's needs for changes in the law. I'm happy to see four legs in the voting booth less often; her husband doesn't need to tell her how to vote.

To me, all that I did to support women and their fight for equality says that I must be a feminist. And, now, I say: I am a feminist.

"We are now at a point where we must educate our children in what no one knew yesterday, and prepare our schools for what no one knows yet." — Margaret Mead

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"Sure, I'm helping the elderly. I'm going to be old myself some day." — Lillian Carter, who was in her eighties when she said this