

The original documents are located in Box 4, folder “M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute Dedication, Houston, Texas, October 2, 1976” of the Frances K. Pullen Papers at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

Copyright Notice

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Gerald Ford donated to the United States of America his copyrights in all of his unpublished writings in National Archives collections. Works prepared by U.S. Government employees as part of their official duties are in the public domain. The copyrights to materials written by other individuals or organizations are presumed to remain with them. If you think any of the information displayed in the PDF is subject to a valid copyright claim, please contact the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

Mrs. Ford's Remarks

October 2, 1976 at the

M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute Dedication

I came today with a very simple message to all who worked to create and expand this fine Institute. I want to thank each and every one of you for a job well done.

As one of thousands of former cancer patients in this country, I know without the progress made at Institutes like this one I would not be alive.

In thirty-two years of outstanding patient care and research, the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute has compiled an amazing list of accomplishments. Breakthroughs in drug development, therapy, detection techniques, and treatment advances make the University of Texas System Cancer Center one of the best in the country.

Today this Institute doubles its capacity for research and patient care, and this expansion offers even more potential for advancement against cancer.

Last Sunday I celebrated a special anniversary which gives today an extra personal significance for me. September 26th was the second anniversary of my surgery for breast cancer. I celebrated, because I am happy, healthy and grateful for the checkup that found cancer in time. In a few weeks, I will complete chemotherapy treatments, and that will be another milestone for me.

Since that first year, I have not talked much about my experience with cancer. At that time my mastectomy and discussion about it prompted a number of women to get checkups. It made my recuperation easier to know I was helping others. I make this progress report to help cheer up those who may have just had an operation for cancer and to encourage them to keep up their spirits.

Part of the battle against cancer is to fight the fear that accompanies the disease. This Institute is making great medical strides to find causes and cures for the physical ills of cancer. But all of us can help fight the emotional side effects of cancer.

We can all love and support our friends who have cancer. At last we can speak openly about the disease. We can welcome back to work and to active lives those who have had treatment.

Mrs. Ford's Remarks Cont'd
October 2, 1976

We can also work to support fine facilities like those we dedicate today. Only by the concern and compassion of the people of Texas has such a large portion of this expansion been financed here. Under the leadership of Dr. R. Lee Clark, this center is certainly one of which the people of this great state can be proud.

The M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute is a leader in the medical fight against cancer. It is also a leader in compassion through care to the indigent, special concern for young patients, and understanding of the importance of communication with patients.

This Institute is people---the nurses and doctors, researchers and administrators---and of course the supporters. All of you have a great "heart" and that means great "hope" for all you help.

Let today be the beginning of even greater achievements in this march toward a triumph over cancer.

#

VICCALL'S



**Exclusive: The full story
BETTY FORD WRITES
ABOUT HER SURGERY
AND ITS AFTERMATH**

MASTERS & JOHNSON

What couples
can learn about
making love and
feeling loved

PATTY HEARST

A close friend's
answer to
the puzzle

How our editors
cut food bills

**IF YOUR HOUSE
IS TOO SMALL**

See page 139

Weekend therapy
for tired marriages

MISS TRUMAN AT 90

Pretty spring clothes
you can afford

LAUREN BACALL

Life with Bogart
and without him

"I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN REBORN"

"I think Jerry's real concern was to make me as comfortable as possible—and to express his love. Perhaps he was trying to express it even more so because he realized I might feel disfigured or mutilated." The President's wife writes a moving and revealing personal account of the ordeal every woman fears

BY BETTY FORD
as told to Isabelle Shelton



It was a sparkling fall morning when Nancy Howe and I set out for the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland. The George Washington Memorial Parkway is lined with trees, and the leaves were a glorious jumble of fall colors, much like an artist's paint box. It was the kind of day that made us glad to be alive, and we were enjoying the ride as we headed for what I thought was to be a routine gynecological examination.

I had not been anxious to go because it would take a whole morning. We'd been in the White House for less than two months, and settling a family is no easy task. I also had to organize my staff, cope with mountains of mail and get my husband ready to go to Japan—a trip I was disappointed not to be able to make with him.

I'd had a general medical checkup just seven months before and I never felt better in my life. My husband was happy with his new job, and, because he worked only a couple of hundred yards away, I was seeing more of him than I had in years. Even the pinched nerve in my neck, a problem I had acquired years ago while reaching to open a kitchen window, had almost stopped hurting. The doctor said I was so happily occupied that I just didn't have time to think about it.

Even though the marvelous staff takes care of the everyday problems, such as buying groceries, cooking the meals, cleaning the house and getting clothes to the dry cleaners, the White House still places many demands on its occupants—and my days are filled with staff meetings, social and public appearances and making sure my family is taken care of. And there had been the "Instant Vice-Presidency" (as my husband jokingly called it), our first family wedding (our 24-year-old son, Mike, was married in July) and then the Presidency, which meant moving out of the house in Alexandria that had been our home for 19 years.

I've always tried to go to the gynecologist every six months, so I really was due. But the main reason I went along on that sunny fall morning was that my personal assistant, Nancy Howe, had insisted that I go with her while she was having an examination. Since I knew that she'd never let me rest until I said yes, I decided to kill two birds with one stone and have my regular examination as well. I remember that the most serious thing on our minds was that a few of the trees we passed were dying. The date was September 25—I'll never forget that day—and I'll be everlastingly grateful to Nancy for insisting that I come along.

I was very relaxed when I entered the examination room because there was no reason to suspect anything was wrong. But as the gynecologist was checking my breasts, he suddenly said, "Just a minute, I'll be right back"—and with that, he disappeared from the room. I thought that was kind of strange, leaving right in the middle of the checkup. He returned shortly with

Dr. William Feuly, chief of surgery at Bethesda, who also examined my breasts.

I really didn't understand their concern. You know how doctors are—they just say, "Uh, huh, uh, uh," and things like that to each other. I realize they're reluctant to discuss the problem in front of a patient until a diagnosis is made.

By the time I got dressed, Nancy had already been examined and had been waiting for me for some time. I'm happy to say that she passed her examination with flying colors, and I guess she was wondering what was taking me so long. She told me later she was worried, but we didn't discuss it on the drive back.

I didn't really give the events at the hospital much thought. I guess that's because I've dealt with so many doctors through the years because of my pinched nerve. And when you have four children and an active husband, doctors are always needed for one thing or another. My husband was rarely home when something happened to our three strapping, football-playing sons, so I always treated the medical emergencies as if they were everyday, normal occurrences. Doesn't every mother at some time get a phone call that her son has just been rushed from the football field to the hospital with a broken collarbone? I think we were probably the National Orthopedic and Rehabilitation Hospital's best customers.

Shortly after Nancy and I got back to the White House, I was told to be downstairs in the office of Dr. William Lukash (the White House physician) at seven o'clock that evening. He had told Nancy as soon as we got back from the hospital, and she later told me that Dr. Lukash had a "very sober" look on his face.

During that afternoon I began to have my first suspicion that something might be seriously wrong. But I thought, Why worry before anything actually happens?

At seven o'clock I dutifully took the elevator to the ground floor of the residence to see Dr. Lukash. He was waiting with Dr. J. Richard Thistlethwaite, a professor of surgery at George Washington University Medical Center and a consultant at Bethesda, who was later to assist in my surgery. I went through still another breast examination, and after Dr. Lukash was through, I dressed and joined them in the next room.

I found my husband there, and the concern on his face led me to believe that there really was a problem. I hadn't bothered to tell him about the morning checkup because it had seemed so routine and he had been busy in his office when I returned from the hospital. But Dr. Lukash had told him the doctors at Bethesda had discovered a suspicious lump in my right breast and asked him to be there.

"The doctors told us they wanted to do a biopsy as soon as possible. I said, 'Okay, but I'm too busy tomorrow. I made commitments and have to fulfill them.' I had planned to go the next morning to the

Lyndon B. Johnson Memorial Grove, a lovely park on the Virginia side of the Potomac River that will honor the memory of the late President Johnson. My husband was formally presiding at the groundbreaking ceremonies, and Mrs. Johnson and her daughters were to be there. After that I was scheduled to make a speech at the Salvation Army luncheon. I also had invited the Johnson women to join me for afternoon tea at the White House.

The doctors said bluntly, "Well, you'll do it as soon as we can schedule the surgery." They were extremely intent upon my entering the hospital immediately, while I was terribly concerned about not being able to fulfill my commitments. As it turned out, the surgery was scheduled for Saturday so I was able to keep my Friday appointments.

Actually, I didn't worry too much about the biopsy. According to the National Cancer Institute, of those women who require breast biopsies, nine in ten will be benign—and one in 15 women will develop breast cancer. So you know the odds are in your favor and you don't really believe that you'll be that one woman. I was soon to learn you can't always go by the odds.

My daughter, Susan, and I had a delightful hour and a half with the Johnsons. Luci and Lynda had a great time looking at the rooms and reminiscing about their stay in the White House. I believe in living day to day—or hour to hour—and my only concern at the time was entertaining the Johnsons.

As soon as they left, I took off for the hospital. I knew I was late and had to be prepared for the biopsy at seven the next morning. The hospital staff needed time Friday night to take care of all the preoperative tests.

We didn't tell anyone our plans at that time because we didn't want to cause any alarm. But after I was checked in, my husband's press secretary announced where I was and why. The only people who knew ahead of time were my family, the doctors, Nancy, Lieutenant Colonel Rich Sardo (my husband's military aide who was helping me organize my staff) and, of course, the Secret Service.

The agents had gone out to the hospital in advance to check out all the arrangements. They also took flowers from my husband, Susan and Nancy so that I could enjoy them when I arrived at the hospital.

My good friend from Alexandria, Louise Abbuzzese, had also checked into Bethesda hospital that day to have a baby, and as we drove up at 5:55 p.m., I remember saying, "I wonder if Louise has had her baby yet?" We later learned she was having her baby at that moment. I also remember thinking that we had traveled this same route just two days before—but this time it wasn't for a routine examination.

After I had checked in, I was asked millions of questions about my past medical history, and the anesthesiologist and surgeon told me what would happen the next morning. My husband, / turn to page 142

"I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN REBORN"

continued from page 99

Susan, Nancy, Dr. Lukash, Colonel Sardo and I then had dinner in the dining room of the hospital's Presidential Suite, where I was staying. It was a relatively relaxed occasion. Nobody wanted to take my upcoming surgery too seriously at that point because it was something that had to be done and we didn't want to think the worst. We just tried to put it out of our minds and pretend it was like any other night that we were having dinner together.

Our son Mike and his wife, Gayle, arrived after dinner. They had flown down from the Boston area, where Mike attends the Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary. And after he got there, Mike kept in constant touch with our two other sons—Jack, 22, and Steve, 18—both of whom were in Utah and too far away to come back. By the next morning, Mike's friend, the Reverend Billy Zeoli, an evangelist and also a good friend of the whole family, had flown in.

I think it was just before they wheeled me down to the operating room that I began to realize the odds might work against me and I could be that one in ten. I know that wasn't really logical, but somehow I think I went into that operating room with a pretty clear belief that the biopsy would show a malignancy. I remember being wheeled down on the stretcher to the operating room: It was such a long corridor—all I could see was the ceiling streaming by over my head—and I could feel the people on all sides of me. It felt eerie, because it took such a long time to travel that hallway.

Even though I believe life is pretty well planned for you, and what will be, will be—I admit I was praying. We were all praying.

People asked me later if I realized the implications of a positive biopsy; did I know they would have to remove my breast? Apparently some women don't understand this even if they have given permission, and they are shocked to discover they have lost a breast.

The answer in my case is definitely yes. I fully understood what to expect. My doctors had discussed the whole procedure with me before the surgery and I had had a rather long discussion with Dr. Fouty, who headed the three-man surgical team. He was very understanding and talked about the surgery quietly, rationally and naturally. He told me that if the biopsy were malignant they would have to remove my breast immediately. He strongly recommended the standard radical mastectomy, which he said had the greatest success. In this procedure they remove the breast, lymph nodes in the armpit and the supporting muscle. Dr. Fouty said there was much greater risk with anything less because lymph nodes can't, in many cases, be clinically tested for cancer. I listened to him, believed him and did not really consider any other alternative.

I believe it's essential to have faith in your doctor. Dr. Fouty was recommended to me by Dr. Lukash and, because of my high regard for Dr. Lukash, he auto-

matically had my trust. Not only is he a delightful man, but he has enormous compassion and makes a painful experience as pleasant as possible. When I came to in the recovery room, Dr. Fouty was standing there. He told me the biopsy had been positive and they had had to perform a radical mastectomy. I just said, "Yes, sir, that's fine." We understood each other.

I've read more about alternative procedures now—the way you're inclined to read up on a subject after it suddenly becomes personally important to you—and I have no regrets. You have a scar anyway, so I'd rather have them take the whole breast area and not leave any residue which could cause complications in the future. And when they found that the cancer had already spread to a couple of lymph nodes, it made me even more certain that they did the right thing. What it really amounts to is that the concern should be the cancer—not the vanity of losing a breast.

When they took me back up to my room it was filled with people—Jerry, Susan, Mike and Gayle, Nancy and Reverend Billy—and all my Secret Service agents. One of the agents had had to scrub and put on a surgical gown in order to guard me during the operation. He said I went in smiling and came out smiling.

Because my family comes first, I felt it was important to project a feeling of well-being. I had fortified myself completely with a positive attitude. I knew if I could deal with it my family would be able to as well, and we could go back to living our lives.

Back in my hospital room I felt surrounded by love and support. And I couldn't have had better care. Later, when I was feeling better, the doctors and nurses were a great help in keeping my spirits up. We all did a lot of kidding, laughing and joking.

I was glad it was a happy scene because I felt that Susan, Mike and Gayle particularly needed to be reassured, as they're so young. I feel that God gives us these children and expects us to do the best we can with them for a certain time. Then they are on their own.

But of course you continue to be concerned about their welfare and well-being. I knew that this was a big blow to them, and I didn't want them to fall apart. I had to prove to them that this was not at all the terrible thing it was supposed to be. I think I succeeded—just by being positive and cheerful.

This has brought our whole family closer together. Jerry and I were close before, but this has made us even closer, and the same thing is true with the children. I think children have a tendency to take parents for granted, and it isn't until they are confronted with a danger of serious illness or the possibility of losing them that they learn how much they really care.

Jerry and I had a chance to talk alone that afternoon at the hospital. We were both quite realistic. I think he was more concerned about how I felt and whether I was comfortable than what had happened in the operating room. He knew

what they had to do. And because we couldn't undo what had to be done, there really wasn't much sense in discussing it. I think Jerry's real concern was to make me as comfortable as possible—and to express his love. Perhaps even more so because he realized I might feel disfigured or mutilated. He wanted to reassure me that it made no difference to him; that, after all, we still loved each other and were just as happy after 26 years of marriage.

It did reassure me. And I believe Jerry took it better than most men would because of our very close relationship, and because his mother had had a radical mastectomy done on both her breasts.

Nobody used to talk about it years ago and, even now, few women will admit to having had a mastectomy. One of the things I am most proud of is that we did talk about it openly and as a result I didn't feel ashamed or "dirty" because I had cancer. I've been so glad to see that some other women—Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Marvella Bawn, Shirley Temple Black, Mary Healy and Happy Rockefeller—have admitted they had the same operation and have talked openly about it.

I have received lovely notes from all of them, and Happy and I have been in frequent touch by telephone. We were good friends before, but this has brought a mutual bond to our relationship. You know, her husband said on television that they were grateful to me because she would not have been alerted to her cancer if it weren't for the fact that I had spoken out about my operation.

I had made up my mind that this was something that had to be done, and that maybe if I as First Lady could talk about it candidly and without embarrassment, many other people would be able to as well. I also wanted to feel that something good would come from my ordeal. When I heard the grim statistics, I realized there must be many women across the country who had the same thing I had and were either ignoring it or were oblivious to it. I thought that if I spoke out, I might be able to help those women. And from the letters I got and the television shows I saw, I know it worked out that way.

Even though I've always been religious, this experience has brought a meaning to my life I never had before. For years I have read the Bible or some spiritual writing each day, and Jerry and I pray together sometimes; but I've never felt as close to Christ as I do now. I feel like I've been reborn. When we're put on this earth we all feel as though we should do something worthwhile. And both Jerry and I believe that if you can save the life of one person—just one—then you have accomplished your mission in life.

I not only feel that I've saved one person—but many people. Some of the letters I've received have been fantastic. Women wrote to say I saved their lives by making them go to their doctors in time. Jerry and I both agree that this was a painful period in our lives, but it

helped to know it served some purpose.

Everything has not been easy, though. I had several very rough days after the operation when all I could do was hang on tight and pray a lot. For five days after the mastectomy I refused to give in, but I finally broke down in tears. The doctor said it was a typical postoperative depression and to be expected. Even though he had warned me ahead of time that it would happen, that didn't make it any easier. What did help was that Dr. Fouty was there. He sat by my bed, listened to me and let me cry. I guess he felt I needed it and understood what I was feeling.

I started doing exercises for my arm after a few days, and did them faithfully—especially something called a spider walk, where my fingers crawl up the wall. It took time, patience and hard work. It's painful to move your arm with any sharp jerks—you have to do it slowly. My first great achievement was being able to pick up a cup of tea. And to everyone's amazement, four days after the operation I passed a football to my husband with what he said showed considerable force. It was a present he had brought me from Washington Redskins coach George Allen—a ball they had actually used in a winning game. Everyone was pretty impressed with my powers that day. Chief White House photographer David Kennerly even took a picture of the throw and released it to the press so everyone could see how well I was doing.

Dr. Lukash said one reason my recovery went so well was that the operation was "slightly modified" to leave some strands of muscle. This helped avoid some of the deformity and tendency to swell. My arm is not swollen at all, although it hurts sometimes. It gets tired in the late afternoon, especially after I sign a lot of mail and photographs. I try to rest it on a pillow when I'm sitting in a chair, and I take a nap every afternoon.

I felt fortunate, too, that it was my right breast because I'm right-handed. I went ahead and tried to do things with my right hand—such as reaching—and all the other things I've always done. My habits were working for me.

Dr. Lukash also told me that I was one of the "fortunate ones," that my surgery was "very, very successful" and that my "determination to pursue the exercises vigorously and conscientiously" has helped a great deal. He believes determination and faith mean a lot in the recovery of a patient.

I can't deny that the mastectomy was a shock—both mentally and physically—but I am a very disciplined person. I believe that my experience as a Martha Graham dancer gave me the training I needed to recover quickly from the operation. And even though I haven't danced since my pinched nerve, I've kept in shape. I know it was my willpower—I just couldn't afford at that time in my life to let my family or the public down.

As for the physical wound, I had letters from women who said they couldn't bear to look at their scars, but I didn't feel that way. I knew it was there

and that I couldn't go through life not looking at it, so I might just as well accept it. In fact, I was curious about it. The doctor was changing the bandages on it every day, and I frankly was interested in the progress it was making. Besides, I was taking baths in the hospital after the first few days, and the bathroom was full of mirrors. I can understand why it might be more difficult for an unmarried woman in her 20s to lose a breast, but it wasn't very traumatic for me. I've been married for 26 years with four grown children and it makes no difference to them. I thought my husband was adult enough to understand. I accept it as just one of those things that can happen to a woman during the course of her life.

As for my appearance, that has been worked out so no one can tell the difference. An expert from a local store came to fit me. I have since tried on all my evening dresses and knitted dresses—any of those that are revealing—and I am very happy with the way they look. So no one has to worry about having to go out and buy a new wardrobe.

Women have been so frightened for so long of losing a breast that many of them don't do the things they could and should do to protect themselves. Vanity should not be a consideration—they have to face it. Many women, when something suspicious is spotted by their doctors, say, "Forget it, I'll take my chances."

I have a close friend whose doctor suspected cancer and wanted to take an X ray. She told him, "You can take the X ray, but no matter how it comes out you're not going to touch me." That's hard to believe, I know, but it's true. I'm happy to say my experience changed her mind. She had a biopsy and it turned out to be a cyst. Now look at all the anxiety she's relieved of!

I can't urge women strongly enough to get annual physical examinations, and women over 40 to get gynecological checkups every six months. Every woman should examine her breasts each month after her period; 95 percent of the breast tumors are detected by the women themselves through self-examination. Any doctor can show you how to do it. You should lie flat, put your right hand behind your head and with your left hand gently feel your right breast in a circular motion. Reverse hands, and examine your left breast. Then repeat the same procedure standing up, still putting your right, then your left, hand behind your head. If you notice a lump or thickening, recession of the nipple or dimpling in the area of the lump, go to your doctor immediately. No doctor will think you're silly for coming in. He'll be very glad you did even if he discovers there is nothing there to worry about.

Of course, I don't know what will happen to me in the long run. As of now, clinical tests my doctors have made, including bone-scan X rays of the entire body, indicate that I am free of cancer. But, although the doctors think they caught it all, I am getting chemo-

therapy—just in case. I take several pills a day for five days in a row, wait five weeks and repeat the dosage. This will go on for two years, but I believe it's a small price to pay for my continued good health.

I have to have checkups every three months, and I am faced with the fact that I will be living with the possibility of death each time I go through the examinations. Each time I will wonder if some other spot has developed in my body.

But I am confident I can handle this. I believe that with enough faith in God you can face anything. I feel that very strongly. I know I could face worse tragedies tomorrow. Suppose one of my children or my husband were suddenly in a terrible car accident and crippled for life? That would be a much greater tragedy for me.

As everyone knows by now, Jerry has announced he will run again, and I totally support that decision. I'll be right there campaigning with him.

I long ago released him from a promise that he would run for the last time in 1974—a promise made when he was still a member of Congress. There never was any truth to the stories that he might not seek reelection to the Presidency because of my health. We talked about it before he made his announcement, of course. We always talk over major decisions. But neither of us ever really considered that he would not run.

The first few days after the operation, when everybody was writing those "Will-he-run-again?" stories, we weren't thinking beyond each day's hospital bulletin, plus, of course, Jerry's busy daily schedule. By the time we could sit back and think, "Where do we go from here?" we were getting encouraging news from the doctors so we really never considered the question in terms of his not running.

The most important thing to me is that he does what he wants to do. He is enjoying the Presidency and he believes he is doing useful work. So do I.

This is the last time I will discuss the mastectomy. I want to get back to the support of fields I have previously committed myself to. I can't afford to let this episode become the focal point of my life. I had no choice; it was something I had to do. It is over now. I am recovering well and I have every faith and belief that I will continue my life, and live it to the fullest.

In appreciation of Mrs. Ford's sharing with McCall's readers her thoughts and feelings about her recent experience, this magazine is making a \$5,000 contribution, in her name, to the American Cancer Society.

The First Lady—who had accepted the honorary chairmanship of the society's 1975 crusade last September, before she had any idea that cancer would strike her—hopes that those who read this article will also want to make contributions. The society has local chapters in many communities. Or, if you prefer, Mrs. Ford will pass along your contribution. Send it to: American Cancer Society c/o The White House, Washington, D.C. 20500.

try for
a paragraph
in one page

Dedication, M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute,
Houston, Texas, October 2, 1976

never took
a sentence



I came today with a very simple message to all who worked to create and expand this fine Institute. I want to thank each and every one of you for a job well done.

As one of thousands of former cancer patients in this country, I know without the progress made at Institutes like this one I would not be alive.

In thirty-two years of outstanding patient care and research, the M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute has compiled an amazing list of accomplishments. Breakthroughs in drug development, therapy, detection techniques, and treatment advances make the University of Texas System Cancer Center one of the best in the country.

Today this Institute doubles its capacity/ for research and patient care/ and this expansion offers even more potential/ for advancement against cancer.

Last Sunday I celebrated a special anniversary/ which gives today an extra personal significance for me./ September 26th was the second anniversary/ of my surgery for breast cancer./ I celebrated, because I am happy, healthy and grateful/ for the checkup that found cancer in time./ In a few weeks,/ I will complete chemotherapy treatments,/ and that will be another milestone for me./

Since that first year, I have not talked much about my experience with cancer. At that time my mastectomy and discussion about it prompted a number of women to get checkups. It made my recuperation easier to know I was helping others. I make this progress report to help cheer up those who may have just had an operation for cancer and to encourage them to keep up their spirits.

Part of the battle against cancer is to fight the fear that accompanies the disease. This Institute is making great medical strides to find causes and cures for the physical ills of cancer. But all of us can help fight the emotional side effects of cancer.

We can all love and support our friends who have cancer.
At last we can speak openly about the disease. We can welcome
back to work and to active lives those who have had treatment.

We can also work to support fine facilities like those we
dedicate today. Only by the concern and compassion of the
people of Texas has such a large portion of this expansion been
financed here. Under the leadership of Dr. R. Lee Clark, this
center is certainly one of which the people of this great state
can be proud.

The M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute is a leader in the medical fight against cancer. It is also a leader in compassion through care to the indigent, special concern for young patients, and understanding of the importance of communication with patients.

This Institute is people---the nurses and doctors, researchers and administrators---and of course the supporters. All of you have a great "heart" and that means great "hope" for all you help.

Let today be the beginning of even greater achievements in this march toward a triumph over cancer.

DEDICATION, M.D. ANDERSON HOSPITAL AND TUMOR INSTITUTE
HOUSTON, TEXAS
OCTOBER 2, 1976

THE WHITE HOUSE

THANK YOU GOVERNOR SHIVERS—
AND WITH BEST WISHES
TO MY OLD FRIENDS
MRS. JOHNSON AND MRS. CONALLY--
AND MY NEW FRIENDS
DR. CLARK AND DR. RHUSCHER

I CAME TODAY WITH A VERY SIMPLE MESSAGE

TO ALL WHO WORKED TO CREATE AND EXPAND THIS FINE INSTITUTE. —

I WANT TO THANK EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU FOR A JOB WELL DONE. —

AS ONE OF THOUSANDS OF FORMER CANCER PATIENTS IN THIS COUNTRY,

I KNOW WITHOUT THE PROGRESS MADE AT INSTITUTES LIKE THIS ONE

I WOULD NOT BE ALIVE. —

IN THIRTY-TWO YEARS OF OUTSTANDING PATIENT CARE AND RESEARCH,
THE M.D. ANDERSON HOSPITAL AND TUMOR INSTITUTE HAS COMPILED
AN AMAZING LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BREAKTHROUGHS IN DRUG DEVELOPMENT, THERAPY, DETECTION TECHNIQUES
AND TREATMENT ADVANCES.

MAKE THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS SYSTEM CANCER CENTER
ONE OF THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY.

TODAY THIS INSTITUTE DOUBLES ITS CAPACITY
FOR RESEARCH AND PATIENT CARE,
AND THIS EXPANSION OFFERS EVEN MORE POTENTIAL
FOR ADVANCEMENT AGAINST CANCER.

LAST SUNDAY I CELEBRATED A SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY
WHICH GIVES TODAY AN EXTRA PERSONAL SIGNIFICANCE FOR ME.
SEPTEMBER 26TH WAS THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY
OF MY SURGERY FOR BREAST CANCER.
I CELEBRATED, BECAUSE I AM HAPPY, HEALTHY AND GRATEFUL
FOR THE CHECKUP THAT FOUND CANCER IN TIME.
IN A FEW WEEKS,
I WILL COMPLETE ^{my} CHEMOTHERAPY TREATMENTS,
AND THAT WILL BE ANOTHER MILESTONE FOR ME.

SINCE THAT FIRST YEAR,

I HAVE NOT TALKED MUCH ABOUT MY EXPERIENCE WITH CANCER. —

But AT THAT TIME MY MASTECTOMY AND DISCUSSION ABOUT IT ^{the} I was pleased

To see it ^{large} PROMPTED A NUMBER OF WOMEN TO GET CHECKUPS. —

IT MADE MY RECUPERATION EASIER TO KNOW THAT I WAS HELPING OTHERS. —

I MAKE THIS PROGRESS REPORT

TO HELP CHEER UP

THOSE WHO MAY HAVE JUST HAD AN OPERATION FOR CANCER

AND TO ENCOURAGE THEM TO KEEP UP THEIR SPIRITS. —

PART OF THE BATTLE AGAINST CANCER

IS TO FIGHT THE FEAR THAT ACCOMPANIES THE DISEASE.

THIS INSTITUTE IS MAKING GREAT MEDICAL STRIDES

TO FIND THE CAUSES AND CURES FOR THE PHYSICAL ILLS OF CANCER.

BUT ALL OF US CAN HELP FIGHT THE EMOTIONAL SIDE EFFECTS OF CANCER.

see next page

WE CAN ALL LOVE AND SUPPORT OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE CANCER.

AT LAST WE CAN SPEAK OPENLY ABOUT THE DISEASE.

AND WE CAN WELCOME BACK TO WORK AND TO ACTIVE LIVES

THOSE WHO HAVE HAD TREATMENT.

And most important

WE CAN ALSO WORK TO SUPPORT FINE FACILITIES

LIKE THOSE WE DEDICATE TODAY.

ONLY BY THE CONCERN AND COMPASSION OF THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS

HAS SUCH A LARGE PORTION OF THIS EXPANSION

privately
BEEN FINANCED ~~BY~~.

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF DR. R. LEE CLARK,

THIS CENTER IS CERTAINLY ONE

OF WHICH THE PEOPLE OF THIS GREAT STATE CAN BE PROUD.

And
Those
All over
The world

THE M.D. ANDERSON HOSPITAL AND TUMOR INSTITUTE

IS A LEADER IN COMPASSION THROUGH CARE TO THE INDIGENT,

SPECIAL CONCERN FOR YOUNG PATIENTS, *like their Christmas ^{Card} project in August*

AND UNDERSTANDING OF THE IMPORTANCE OF COMMUNICATION WITH PATIENTS.

THIS INSTITUTE IS PEOPLE---

THE NURSES AND DOCTORS,

RESEARCHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS---

The Volunteers And
AND OF COURSE THE SUPPORTERS.

Where could we go without them?

ALL OF YOU HAVE A GREAT "HEART"

AND THAT MEANS GREAT "HOPE" FOR ALL YOU HELP.

LET TODAY BE THE BEGINNING

OF EVEN GREATER ACHIEVEMENTS

IN THIS MARCH TOWARD A TRIUMPH OVER CANCER.

DEDICATION, M.D. ANDERSON HOSPITAL AND TUMOR INSTITUTE
HOUSTON, TEXAS
OCTOBER 2, 1976

I CAME TODAY WITH A VERY SIMPLE MESSAGE

TO ALL WHO WORKED TO CREATE AND EXPAND THIS FINE INSTITUTE.

I WANT TO THANK EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU FOR A JOB WELL DONE.

AS ONE OF THOUSANDS OF FORMER CANCER PATIENTS IN THIS COUNTRY,

I KNOW WITHOUT THE PROGRESS MADE AT INSTITUTES LIKE THIS ONE

I WOULD NOT BE ALIVE.

IN THIRTY-TWO YEARS OF OUTSTANDING PATIENT CARE AND RESEARCH,
THE M.D. ANDERSON HOSPITAL AND TUMOR INSTITUTE HAS COMPILED
AN AMAZING LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BREAKTHROUGHS IN DRUG DEVELOPMENT, THERAPY, DETECTION TECHNIQUES
AND TREATMENT ADVANCES

MAKE THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS SYSTEM CANCER CENTER
ONE OF THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY.

TODAY THIS INSTITUTE DOUBLES ITS CAPACITY
FOR RESEARCH AND PATIENT CARE,
AND THIS EXPANSION OFFERS EVEN MORE POTENTIAL
FOR ADVANCEMENT AGAINST CANCER.

LAST SUNDAY I CELEBRATED A SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY
WHICH GIVES TODAY AN EXTRA PERSONAL SIGNIFICANCE FOR ME.
SEPTEMBER 26TH WAS THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY
OF MY SURGERY FOR BREAST CANCER.
I CELEBRATED, BECAUSE I AM HAPPY, HEALTHY AND GRATEFUL
FOR THE CHECKUP THAT FOUND CANCER IN TIME.
IN A FEW WEEKS,
I WILL COMPLETE CHEMOTHERAPY TREATMENTS,
AND THAT WILL BE ANOTHER MILESTONE FOR ME.

SINCE THAT FIRST YEAR,

I HAVE NOT TALKED MUCH ABOUT MY EXPERIENCE WITH CANCER.

AT THAT TIME MY MASTECTOMY AND DISCUSSION ABOUT IT

PROMPTED A NUMBER OF WOMEN TO GET CHECKUPS.

IT MADE MY RECUPERATION EASIER TO KNOW THAT I WAS HELPING OTHERS.

I MAKE THIS PROGRESS REPORT

TO HELP CHEER UP

THOSE WHO MAY HAVE JUST HAD AN OPERATION FOR CANCER

AND TO ENCOURAGE THEM TO KEEP UP THEIR SPIRITS.

PART OF THE BATTLE AGAINST CANCER

IS TO FIGHT THE FEAR THAT ACCOMPANIES THE DISEASE.

THIS INSTITUTE IS MAKING GREAT MEDICAL STRIDES

TO FIND THE CAUSES AND CURES FOR THE PHYSICAL ILLS OF CANCER.

BUT ALL OF US CAN HELP FIGHT THE EMOTIONAL SIDE EFFECTS OF CANCER.

WE CAN ALL LOVE AND SUPPORT OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE CANCER.

AT LAST WE CAN SPEAK OPENLY ABOUT THE DISEASE.

WE CAN WELCOME BACK TO WORK AND TO ACTIVE LIVES

THOSE WHO HAVE HAD TREATMENT.

WE CAN ALSO WORK TO SUPPORT FINE FACILITIES
LIKE THOSE WE DEDICATE TODAY.

ONLY BY THE CONCERN AND COMPASSION OF THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS
HAS SUCH A LARGE PORTION OF THIS EXPANSION
BEEN FINANCED HERE.

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF DR. R. LEE CLARK,
THIS CENTER IS CERTAINLY ONE
OF WHICH THE PEOPLE OF THIS GREAT STATE CAN BE PROUD.

THE M.D. ANDERSON HOSPITAL AND TUMOR INSTITUTE
IS A LEADER IN COMPASSION THROUGH CARE TO THE INDIGENT,
SPECIAL CONCERN FOR YOUNG PATIENTS,
AND UNDERSTANDING OF THE IMPORTANCE OF COMMUNICATION WITH PATIENTS.

THIS INSTITUTE IS PEOPLE---

THE NURSES AND DOCTORS,

RESEARCHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS---

AND OF COURSE THE SUPPORTERS.

ALL OF YOU HAVE A GREAT "HEART"

AND THAT MEANS GREAT "HOPE" FOR ALL YOU HELP.

LET TODAY BE THE BEGINNING

OF EVEN GREATER ACHIEVEMENTS

IN THIS MARCH TOWARD A TRIUMPH OVER CANCER.