

KILLER ANGEL

A Biography
of Planned Parenthood's
Margaret Sanger

25TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

5TH EDITION

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canonpress
Moscow, Idaho 

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FOREWORD

by Michael A. Milton

“Cry aloud and spare not!” was the command of God to the prophet in the Old Testament in speaking to the culture that debased humanity in the idolatry of unbelief. The prophetic mantle of those few fell not only upon the Apostles in the New Testament, when St. Paul preached against the idolatry of the cult of Diana, but also when our Lord Himself spoke into the kingdoms of this world and called Herod “that fox” and condemned the practices of a culture that were debasing human beings, the little ones He had created. Throughout the Christian era, Wycliffs and Luthers, Wilberforces and Henry Luke Orombis, Bonhoeffers and Martin Luther King Jrs and a host of anonymous, godly pastors and other believers have lifted the bejeweled veil of cultural icons to reveal the hideous cultural beasts that seek to devour, not only Christians, but humanity itself.

No one that I have known in my ministry and life has done this so well and so consistently as my friend and co-laborer, Dr. George Grant. That he is a premier educator, a prominent pastor, a gifted orator and an entrepreneurial missionary, whose contributions have touched ‘the least of these’ through ministries of mercy and justice around the world, through the establishment of schools,

missions, and churches, is uncontested. Yet, I believe his most enduring contribution—and costliest to himself—has been to expose the ungodly beasts that lie at our cultural door step through his prodigious and perceptive writing. Now he has done it again with a biography of one of the most influential persons of the twentieth century: Margaret Sanger. In his new work, *Killer Angel*, Dr. Grant expands on his previous research to lay out the facts about “the champion of reproductive rights” and reveal a complicated, yet sadly singularly-minded individual who was responsible for a movement that metastasized to where we are today: an evil legacy that has taken the lives of millions of unborn children and left an equal number of emotionally hollow women in desperate need of hope and redemption.

For those who must admit that they possess only a peripheral concern about the atrocity of abortion, this book will do what it should do: awaken you to the Hellish, Satanic reality that is behind the Planned Parenthood movement and cause you to pray and speak out for the defenseless as well as seek ways, personally and corporately, to comfort those women (and men) who live with the terrible burden of abortion. For those of us who are broken by this already and who have refused to allow the sanctity of human life to be hijacked by the cultural elite as a “political issue off limits to the Church,” *Killer Angel* is the right book at the right time by the right man to startle us to recommitment; recommitment to a movement that must go forward.

It is my honor to commend *Killer Angel* by Dr. George Grant with a prayer of dedication that it is read by all Christians and by a host of others who are concerned about the plight of the sanctity of life in our generation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

“I am riding my pen on the shuffle, and it has a mouth of iron.”

G.K. Chesterton¹

Hilaire Belloc, perhaps the most prolific curmudgeon of the last century, once quipped, “There is something odd book writers do in their prefaces, which is to introduce a mass of nin-compoops of whom no one has ever heard, and say, *my thanks is due to such and such*, all in a litany, as though anyone cared a farthing for the rats.”²

Needless to say, Belloc did not place high stock in either gratitude or accountability. His fierce self-assurance and autonomy as an author was defiantly unflappable. I would hope that I know better.

A number of friends and fellow-laborers encouraged me to pursue this project—when the first edition was published in 1995, again when a second edition came out in 2000, and now in 2013 with this newest edition. The families of Parish Presbyterian Church and the yokefellows of the Franklin Seven guided me through many a rocky shoal with their wise counsel and friendship.

Mike Hyatt first suggested that I consider turning my writing proclivities toward biographies. Jan Dennis, David Dunham, Jim Bell, and Ron Pitkin gave me my first opportunities to try my hand at this rather demanding art. Otto Scott and Aidan Mackey

pointed the way for me by providing the appropriate models from which to learn. Ernie Yarbrough, Andy Jenkins, Joel and Jeff Dokkestul suggested this newest, updated edition.

A host of pro-life heroes have been vigilant across the years to expose the horrors of Planned Parenthood in general and the legacy of Margaret Sanger in particular. I am especially grateful for the work of Michael Schwartz, Jim Sedlak, Patricia Bainbridge, and Doug Scott. Each has been amazingly gracious and kind to me in sharing their insights, resources, and information.

The soundtrack for this project was provided by Nathan Clark George, Matthew Perryman Jones, JohnnySwim, and HEM while the midnight musings were provided by John Buchan, Colin Thubron, Samuel Johnson, and of course, G.K. Chesterton.

To all these, I offer my sincerest thanks.

I probably ought to mention as well the Nine Muses, the Three Graces, and the Merry Band of Joyeuse Garde, but the fact is my greatest and best inspiration comes from my family. Karen is without a doubt a “help meet” for me. And Joel, Joanna, Jesse, Nolan, Jackie, David, Elijah, Santi, Luca, Cristiano and Mateo are the pride of my life. Their love and unwavering faithfulness remain my greatest hope and richest resource. To them I owe my all in all.

King's Meadow
Summer 2020

INTRODUCTION: NEFARIOGRAPHY

*“For all the apparent materialism and mass mechanism of our present culture,
we, far more than any of our fathers, live in a world of shadows.”*
G.K. Chesterton³

On January 1, 1900, most Americans greeted the twentieth century with the proud and certain belief that the next hundred years would be the greatest, the most glorious, and the most glamorous in human history. They were infected with a sanguine spirit. Optimism was rampant. A brazen confidence colored their every activity.

Certainly there was nothing in their experience to make them think otherwise. Never had a century changed the lives of men and women more dramatically than the one just past. The twentieth century moved fast and furiously, so that those of us who lived in it feel sometimes giddy, having watched it spin; but amazingly, the nineteenth moved faster and more furiously still. Railroads, telephones, the telegraph, electricity, mass production, forged steel, automobiles, and countless other modern discoveries had all come upon them at a dizzying pace, expanding their visions

and expectations far beyond their grandfathers' wildest dreams.

It was more than unfounded imagination, then, that lay behind the *New York World's* New Year's prediction that the twentieth century would "meet and overcome all perils and prove to be the best that this steadily improving planet has ever seen."⁴

Most Americans were cheerfully assured that control of man and nature would soon lie entirely within their grasp and would bestow upon them the unfathomable millennial power to alter the destinies of societies, nations, and epochs. They were a people of manifold purpose. They were a people of manifest destiny.

What they did not know was that dark and malignant seeds were already germinating just beneath the surface of the new century's soil. Josef Stalin was a twenty-one-year-old seminary student in Tiflis, a pious and serene community at the crossroads of Georgia and Ukraine. Benito Mussolini was a seventeen-year-old student teacher in the quiet suburbs of Milan. Adolf Hitler was an eleven-year-old aspiring art student in the quaint upper Austrian village of Brannan. And Margaret Sanger was a twenty-year-old out-of-sorts nursing school dropout in White Plains, New York. Who could have ever guessed on that ebulliently auspicious New Year's Day that those four youngsters would, over the span of the next century, spill more innocent blood than all the murderers, warlords, and tyrants of past history combined? Who could have ever guessed that those four youngsters would together ensure that the hopes and dreams and aspirations of the twentieth century would be smothered under the weight of holocaust, genocide, and triage?

As the champion of the proletariat, Stalin saw to the slaughter of at least fifteen million Russian and Ukrainian *kulaks*. As the popularly acclaimed *Il Duce*, Mussolini massacred as many as four million Ethiopians, two million Eritreans, and a million Serbs, Croats, and Albanians. As the wildly lionized *Fuhrer*, Hitler exterminated more than six million Jews, two million Slavs, and

CHAPTER 1: ROOT OF BITTERNESS

“Happy is he who not only knows the causes of things, but who has not lost touch with their beginnings.”

G.K. Chesterton²⁰

Margaret Sanger was born on September 14, 1879, in the small industrial community of Corning in upstate New York, the sixth of eleven children. The circumstances of her home life were never happy—a fact to which she later attributed much of her agitated activism and bitter bombast. If it is true that “The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world,” it is equally true that “The hand that wrecks the cradle ruins the world.”²¹

Her father, Michael Higgins, was an Irish Catholic immigrant who fancied himself a radical freethinker and a free-wheeling skeptic. As a youngster he had enlisted in General William Sherman’s notorious Twelfth New York Cavalry, and proudly participated in the nefarious campaign that ravaged and ravished the South, across Tennessee, through Atlanta, and to the sea. He achieved notable infamy among his peers when he was honored by his commander for special treachery in fiercely subduing the recalcitrant captive population. Not surprisingly that cruel and inhuman

experience apparently hardened and embittered him. Triage and genocide are not easily forgotten by either victims or perpetrators. His criminal inhumanity constituted a kind of spiritual calamity from which he, like so many others of his region, never fully recovered. Forever afterward he was pathetically stunted, unable to maintain even a modicum of normalcy in his life or relations.

He worked sporadically as a stone mason and a tombstone carver but was either unwilling or unable to provide adequately for his large family. Margaret's mother, Anne Purcell, was a second generation American from a strict Irish Catholic family. She was frail and tuberculous but utterly devoted to her unstable and unpredictable husband—as well as their ever-growing brood of children.

The family suffered bitterly from cold, privation, and hunger. That was the common lot of thousands of other families in nineteenth century America. But the Higginses also suffered grievously from scorn, shame, and isolation—because of Michael's sullen improvidence. And like many a man who is proudly progressive in public, he was repressively remonstrant at home. He regularly thrashed his sons “to make men of them.”²² And he treated his wife and daughters as “virtual slaves.”²³ And when he drank—which was whenever he could afford it—his volatile presence was even more oppressive than it normally was.

That is the paradox of dogmatic liberalism: though it loudly declares itself a champion of the weak, it is actually an unrelenting truncheon of the strong. Ideology inevitably resolves itself in some form of tyranny.

Sanger later described her family's existence under the unenlightened and inhuman hand of Michael's enlightened humanism as “joyless and filled with drudgery and fear.”²⁴ Even as an adult, whenever she was on a train that merely rode through Corning, she got a sharp pain in the pit of her stomach. She suffered, she said, from “Corningitis.”²⁵

CHAPTER 2: THE WINTER OF HER DISCONTENT

“The special mark of the modern world is not that it is skeptical, but that it is dogmatic without knowing it.”

G.K. Chesterton²⁸

William Sanger wasn't exactly rich, but he was financially secure—and that was close enough for Margaret. He was a young man of great promise. An up and coming architect with the famed McKim, Mead, and White firm in New York City, he had already made a name for himself while working on the plans for the resplendent Grand Central Station and the landmark Woolworth tower in Midtown Manhattan.

He met Margaret at a party in White Plains in 1900 and immediately fell head over heels in love. He was a tall, dark-haired man with intense coal-black eyes and a thin set mouth turned down like an eagle's. Now almost thirty and entirely dedicated to his work, he had sorely neglected the social side of his life for several years. But he was smitten by the girlishly slim, red-headed beauty he met that day.

He courted Margaret with a single-minded zeal, promising her devotion, leisure, and a beautiful home—the fulfillment of her most cherished dreams. He plied her affections with flowers,

candy, jewelry, and unremitting attention. As for her part, she was willingly—even enthusiastically—courted.

Within just a few months, they were married.

The Sangers settled into a pleasant apartment in Manhattan's upper east side and set up housekeeping. But housekeeping appealed to Margaret even less than teaching or nursing. Though she busied herself collecting pots, pans, and dishes, she quickly grew restless and sullen.

Her doting husband tried everything he could think of in a determined effort to find a way to satisfy her restless and unresolved passions. He sent her off for long vacations in the Adirondacks. He hired maids and attendants. He bought her expensive presents. He even designed and built an extravagant home in the exclusive Long Island suburbs. Nothing seemed to suit his temperamental bride.

In short order they had three children, two boys and a girl. Like so many before and since, Margaret thought that having babies might bring her the fulfillment she so longed for. Raising children is not exactly a hobby to be taken on a whim by the discontented. It is a responsible commitment requiring diligence, long-suffering, and hard work. Margaret had never been one to apply herself to such disciplines. Alas, even her children proved to be but temporary diversions.

Once again, she demonstrated the telling truth of tired truism: like father, like daughter.

After nearly a decade of undefined domestic dissatisfaction, she convinced William to sell all they had, including their comfortable suburban estate, and move back into the brusque and cosmopolitan Manhattan hubbub.

She quickly threw herself into the fast-paced social life of the city: shopping, dining, reveling, and theater-going. She attempted to drown her rootless discontent in the wastrel champagne of

CHAPTER 3: THE WOMAN REBEL

“What seems to infect the modern world is a sort of swollen pride in the possession of modern thought or free thought or higher thought, combined with a comparative neglect of thought.”

*G.K. Chesterton*³⁵

At first, William was thrilled by Margaret’s sudden conversion. It seemed that his bride had at last found her long-sought-after meaning, purpose, and fulfillment. She was now forever hatching subversive plots, railing against hidden conspiracies, inciting invectives against the authorities, and ingratiating herself to the foremost radicals of the day: John Reed, Eugene Debs, Clarence Darrow, Will Durant, Upton Sinclair, Julius Hammer, and Bill Haywood. Like a sycophant courtier, she was an omnipresent whirlwind of energy and starry-eyed adulation.

She joined the *de rigueur* Socialist Party and attended all of its functions. She even volunteered as a women’s union organizer for the Party’s infamous Local Number Five, speaking at labor organization meetings and writing editorials and reviews for the Party newspaper, *The Call*.

By this time, virtually all of the most extreme revolutionary elements of American political life had been unified in the Social-

ist Party: the Radical Republicans, the Reformist Unitarians, the Knights of Labor, the Mugwumps, the Anarchists, the Populists, the Progressivists, the Suffragettes, the Single-Taxers, the Grangers, and the Communists. Though it never moved much beyond the fringes of the nation's electoral experience, it was able to tap into the anomie and ennui of a significant segment of America's disenfranchised class.

From ten thousand members in 1901, it had swollen to fifty-eight thousand by 1908. More than twice that number was recorded four years later. And its voting strength was many times greater even than that, accounting for more than six percent of all the votes cast in the disastrously fractious national elections of 1912.

When Margaret and William Sanger entered the fray that year, the Party had elected twelve hundred public officials in thirty-three states and one hundred and sixty cities, and it regularly published as many as three hundred tabloids, broadsides, and periodicals. It was progressive. It was visionary. And it was making headway among voters whose interests and fortunes had waned under the monopolistic grip of industrial mercantilism. Socialism has always been a peculiar temptation for disenchanted American voters for whom brash talk of equality is a tenet of faith and justice is a badge of honor.

Not a little of the attraction during Margaret's halcyon revolutionary days was the personal charisma of the "silly silk hat radical," Eugene Debs. A former railway worker and union organizer, Debs had become the personification of socialism for most Americans. He had run at the top of the Party's ticket in five different presidential campaigns--spanning a quarter century of the nation's greatest unrest and upheaval. He became wildly popular among the disaffected as a thoughtful and plain-spoken champion of the ordinary worker.

CHAPTER 4: MADONNA

“Clichés are things that can be new and already old. They are things that can be new and already dead. They are the stillborn fruits of culture.”

G.K. Chesterton⁴³

Emma Goldman was a fiery renegade who had close connections with revolutionaries the world over: Bolsheviks in Russia, Fabians in England, Anarchists in Germany, and Malthusians in France. She lectured all across the American heartland drawing large crowds, discoursing on everything from the necessity of free love to the nobility of incendiary violence, from the evils of capitalism to the virtues of assassination, from the perils of democracy to the need for birth control.

She made her living selling her Anarchist magazine *Mother Earth* and by distributing leaflets on contraception and liberated sex. Known as the “Red Queen of Anarchy,” she was baleful and brutal. But she was brilliant—and she was more than capable of communicating that brilliance to vast throngs in her political rallies. Her spare, Spartan appearance proved an apropos guise for her mechanistic dogma of dystopic disruption.

Margaret was completely taken by her erudite discussions of philosophical profundities and ideological certainties. She hung

on Goldman's every word and began to read everything in Goldman's wide-ranging library of incendiary literature including the massive, seven-volume *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* by Havelock Ellis, which stirred in her a new lust for lust.

Goldman disciplined the young reformer, introducing her to the concupiscence of Ibsen, Tolstoy, Voltaire, and Kropotkin. She taught her the grassroots mobilization tactics of the great revolutionary cabals of France, Austria, Poland, and Russia. She tutored her subversive impulse with the Enlightenment catechisms of Rousseau, Babeuf, Buonarroti, Nechayev, and Lenin. She reacquainted her with the subversive strategies of the Radical Republicans during the Reconstruction subjection of conquered territory following the American War Between the States. She schooled her in the verities of Humanism—the fantastic notions of the self-sufficiency and inherent goodness of man, the persistent hope of perfectibility, and the relativity of all ethical mores. She desensitized her to the most extreme ideas and the most perverse confabulations ever devised by men. She initiated her to their collusive mumblings as a druid would beadle an acolyte into the deepest darkness.

It was not long into this ritualized initiation into the occult of ideological revolution, that Margaret told her bewildered husband that she needed emancipation from every taint of Christianized capitalism—including the strict bonds of the marriage bed. She even suggested to him that they seriously consider experimenting with various trysts, infidelities, fornications, and adulteries. Because of her careful tutoring in socialist dogma, she had undergone a sexual liberation—at least intellectually—and she was now ready to test its authenticity physically.

He was shocked. And not surprisingly, he was deeply hurt.

In a desperate attempt to save their marriage, he rented a cottage on Cape Cod and took Margaret and the children for a long vacation. They rested and relaxed and played. They ate and

CHAPTER 5: ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

“Unless a man becomes the enemy of an evil, he will not even become its slave, but rather its champion.”

G.K. Chesterton⁴⁶

Everyone seemed to be delighted by Margaret’s explicit and brazen talks. Everyone except her husband, that is. William began to see the socialist revolution as nothing more than “an excuse for a saturnalia of sex.”⁴⁷ He decided he had best get Margaret away once again.

This time, he took Margaret and the children to Paris. He could pursue his newly developed interests in modern art. Margaret could study her now keen fascination with the advanced contraceptive methods widely available in France. And together they could refresh their commitment to each other in the world’s most romantic city.

At first, the ploy seemed to work. Together they enjoyed the enchantments of the chattering solons, the quaint artists’ colonies, and quirky galleries that dotted the Left Bank in those pre-holocaust halcyon days. They were awed by the magnificent fountains which even today fall with hallowed delicacy into the

framing space of the Place de la Concorde. They gawked as blue hues crept out from behind the Colonnades in the Rue de Rivoli and through the grillwork of the Tuileries. They marveled at the low elegant outlines of the Louvre—a serious metallic gray against the setting sun. They strolled under the well tended branches hung brooding over animated cafes, embracing their conversations with tender intimacy. They reveled in the sight of the long windows that opened onto iron-clad balconies in marvelously archaic hotels, while gauzy lace curtains fluttered across imagined hopes and wishes and dreams. Romance wafted freely in the sweet cool breezes off the Seine—and they embraced it deeply and passionately.

They took an apartment in a wonderful eighteenth century building replete with high ceilings, ornamented plaster bas-relief across one wall, huge shuttered windows, antique furniture, and loads of dusty old books. They surrounded themselves with all the odd trappings of an ex patriot's existence.

On their tight budget they couldn't afford the typical Grand Tour initiation to the city—sitting in the chic cafes along the Champs Elysees for hours sipping champagne at twelve dollars a glass, or buying leather at Louis Vuitton at a thousand dollars per garment, or snatching up two hundred dollar scarves at Hermes, or eating at the Epicurean five-star Bristol Hotel at more than three hundred dollars a meal—but the pleasures of Paris could be had on an economy scale nonetheless.

Each day, they would wander over to the Pont Neuf bridge to explore the wares of the *bouquinistes*—the traditional French booksellers who had pioneered their unique brand of transportable trade early in the seventeenth century. They would then visit one of the many magnificent museums or perhaps eat a picnic lunch in the Bois de Boulogne, the huge park along the city's western ridge. Often, they would end up soaking in the jubilant carnival atmosphere at the Champs de Mars just below the Eiffel Tower.

CHAPTER 6: BABYLONIAN EXILE

*“Under all its parade of novelty, the modern world really runs to monotony,
partly because it runs to monopoly.”*

G.K. Chesterton⁵⁷

Margaret spent more than a year in England as a fugitive from justice. But she made certain that the time was not wasted. She had found her key to the cause: revolutionary socialism. She had found her niche in the cause: sexual liberation. And now she would further the cause with a single-minded zeal.

As soon as she came ashore, Margaret began to make contact with the various radical groups of Britain. She began attending socialist lectures on Nietzsche’s moral relativism, anarchist lectures on Kropotkin’s subversive pragmatism, and communist lectures on Bakunin’s collectivistic rationalism. But she was especially interested in developing close ties with the Malthusians.

Thomas Malthus was a nineteenth-century cleric and sometime professor of political economy whose theories of population growth and economic stability quickly became the basis for national and international social policy throughout the West.

According to his scheme, population grows exponentially over time, while production only grows arithmetically. He believed a crisis was therefore inevitable—a kind of population time bomb was ticking that he believed threatened the very existence of the human race. Poverty, deprivation, and hunger were the evidences of this looming population crisis. He believed that the only responsible social policy would be one that addressed the unnatural problem of population growth—by whatever means necessary. Every social problem was subordinate to this central cause. In fact, Malthus argued, to deal with sickness, crime, privation, and need in any other way simply aggravates the problems further—thus he actually condemned charity, philanthropy, international relief and development, missionary outreaches, and economic investment around the world as counter-productive.

In his magnum opus, *An Essay on the Principle of Population*, published in six editions from 1798 to 1826, Malthus wrote:

“All children born, beyond what would be required to keep up the population to a desired level, must necessarily perish, unless room be made for them by the deaths of grown persons. . . Therefore. . . we should facilitate, instead of foolishly and vainly endeavoring to impede, the operations of nature in producing this mortality; and if we dread the too frequent visitation of the horrid form of famine, we should sedulously encourage the other forms of destruction, which we compel nature to use. Instead of recommending cleanliness to the poor, we should encourage contrary habits. In our towns we should make the streets narrower, crowd more people into the houses, and court the return of the plague. In the country, we should build our villages near stagnant pools, and particularly encourage settlements in all marshy and unwholesome situations. But above all, we should reprobate specific remedies for ravaging diseases;