

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 26, 1999

Dr. Hiram Beene Moore
Pine Circle Drive
South Pittsburg, TN 37380

Dear Dr. Moore;

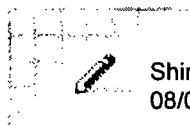
I recently had the opportunity to read an article in the *Tennessean* about your remarkable life and felt compelled to write and thank you for your dedication and service to your country, your community and to the medical profession at large.

I commend your commitment to providing quality health care to the people of your community, regardless of some of their racist attitudes. You have clearly overcome great odds to achieve your goals and your persistence and grace over the years have surely inspired a great number of people. Thank you for all that you do.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Hillary Rodham Clinton". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Hillary Rodham Clinton



Shirley S. Sagawa
08/03/99 11:52:14 AM

Record Type: Record

To: MaryEllen C. McGuire/WHO/EOP@EOP

cc:

Subject: Fwd:

can you do a letter?

----- Forwarded by Shirley S. Sagawa/WHO/EOP on 08/03/99 11:52 AM -----



lynda edwards <sentheru@hotmail.com>
07/21/99 11:01:16 AM

Record Type: Record

To: Shirley S. Sagawa/WHO/EOP

cc:

Subject: Fwd:

Deaar Shirley:

This is my uncle. Give the First Lady's interest in health care for the poor, do you think that she could send a letter acknowledging his commitment to health care and accomplishments in overcoming seemingly insurmountable odds?

Uncle Moore's address is:
Pine Circle Drive
South Pittsburg, TN 37380

Ph (423) 837-6862

Thanks a million. Lynda

>From: Ward E <wardddd@yahoo.com>

>To: Keith Edwards <kedwards@LTVSteel.com>, Keith Edwards

><jedwa60361@aol.com>, Lynda Edwards <sentheru@hotmail.com>, "Lynda "

>Edwards <lynda.edwards@mail.house.gov>, Marsha Edwards

><meppsedwards@juno.com>, Michael Edwards <MEdw252208@aol.com>, Stella

>Edwards <stella@bsfinternational.org>, William Edwards

><wwedwrds@memphis.edu>, "William " Edwards <wwedwrds@msuvx2.memphis.edu>,

>Eward <wardddd@yahoo.com>, Andrew Kemp <andrew.kemp@mailexcite.com>

>Date: Mon, 19 Jul 1999 19:26:25 -0400 (EDT)

>

>hi guys: here is the tennessean's address fo the hbmoore article

><http://www.tennessean.com/sii/99/07/19/doctor19.shtml>

>

>

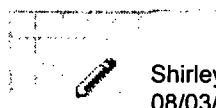
>Do You Yahoo!?

>Get your free @yahoo.com address at <http://mail.yahoo.com>

>

>

Get Free Email and Do More On The Web. Visit <http://www.msn.com>



Shirley S. Sagawa
08/03/99 11:52:31 AM

Record Type: Record

To: MaryEllen C. McGuire/WHO/EOP@EOP

cc:

Subject: Fwd:

here is the background for the letter

----- Forwarded by Shirley S. Sagawa/WHO/EOP on 08/03/99 11:52 AM -----



lynda edwards <sentheru@hotmail.com>
07/19/99 11:40:37 AM

Record Type: Record

To: Shirley S. Sagawa/WHO/EOP

cc:

Subject: Fwd:

Dear Shirley:

I wanted to share this with you. It's about my uncle. When the going gets tough (as I have described developments to you recently) I remember what he and my ancestors went through. It certainly helps me to deal with the ups and downs of my life and the career stuff. Hope it inspires you.

Much love, Lynda

>From: Ward E <wardddd@yahoo.com>
>To: Keith Edwards <kedwards@LTVSteel.com>, Keith Edwards
><jedwa60361@aol.com>, Lynda Edwards <sentheru@hotmail.com>, "Lynda "
>Edwards <lynda.edwards@mail.house.gov>, Marsha Edwards
><meppsedwards@juno.com>, Michael Edwards <MEdw252208@aol.com>, Stella
>Edwards <stella@bsfinternational.org>, William Edwards
><wwedwrds@memphis.edu>, "William " Edwards <wwedwrds@msuvx2.memphis.edu>,
>Eward <wardddd@yahoo.com>, Andrew Kemp <andrew.kemp@mailexcite.com>
>Date: Mon, 19 Jul 1999 10:52:56 -0400 (EDT)
>
>AP wireservice article appearing in local section of today's
>tennessean...
>HEROES
>Black doctor's dedication defeated racial prejudice
>

>Dr. Hiram Beene Moore struggled through life as an orphan to work his
>way through college and medical school. He built a practice in South
>Pittsburg, Tenn., that has lasted more than 50 years. (AP)
> The Associated Press
>SOUTH PITTSBURG, Tenn. -- Without bitterness, Hiram Beene Moore, a
>black doctor in a mainly white town, recounts old indignities:
>
> The wives of Ku Klux Klansmen who agreed to be treated only when
>their pain overwhelmed their prejudice.
>
> The whites who trusted him to deliver their babies, then ignored him
>as he walked by, holding his daughter's hand, to find a seat in the
>back of the bus.
>
>He remembers the risks, too:
>
>The late-night calls for help from the part of Marion County where
>blacks knew not to go. He went anyway, worrying his wife.
>
>In this foundry town on the Tennessee-Alabama border, where a quarter
>of the 3,295 residents are black, Moore, the grandson of slaves, was
>respected behind closed doors, invited into white lives long enough to
>relieve suffering, then pushed away.
>
>But with every baby delivered, every throat swabbed, every earache
>cured, Moore chipped away at the racism that divided him from his
>patients.
>
>Now 85 and semiretired after practicing more than 50 years, he finds
>himself a celebrated member of the community, honored with his name on
>a park and a downtown clock.
>
>"My mind was made up. Ain't nothing going to bother me," Moore said in
>explaining why he endured the affronts and kept practicing. "If you've
>got a determination, nothing is going to get in your way."
>
>In 1945, Moore was among just 3,400 black physicians, 2% of the 158,000
>doctors nationwide, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. He survived by
>being tolerant, even when his patients weren't.
>
>"I've done a lot of unpleasant things but it would have been more
>unpleasant if I hadn't done it," Moore said. "I don't have any
>regrets."
>
>Moore remembers a white woman, in late-night labor, who was surprised
>to see a black doctor answer her husband's emergency call.
>
>"She looked at me and looked at him and said, 'Is that all you can
>find?'" Moore chuckled. "But when those pains got to hitting her just
>right, she said, 'Where is he? Bring him here.'"
>
>The woman had three more babies and each time requested Moore deliver
>them.
>

>Moore easily could have lived an anonymous life of farming and manual
>labor. He was born in South Pittsburg in 1914 and, like his male
>relatives before him, received the name of the man who had owned his
>great-great-grandfather.
>
>He was 8 when his mother fell ill. She died that year.
>
>Moore, his two brothers and a sister were sent to live with an aunt in
>Kentucky. A year later, their father, an iron worker, died of
>pneumonia.
>
>Moore was forced to drop out of fifth grade to join his older brother
>picking tobacco, corn and cotton, dawn to dusk, for 50 cents a day. In
>those hard times, he would think about the kind South Pittsburg woman
>who, after his mother died, served him candy and cookies at her home.
>He wanted to return.
>
>But when the woman, Nora Gaines, and her husband, Ed, sent Moore money
>to come back to live with them, his aunt took it.
>
>"Our daddy didn't want to separate us," he said. "My auntie didn't want
>me to leave. All the money I made, she took. I was censored."
>
>Escape came at age 13 when he joined a traveling two-ring circus. He
>earned \$6 a week raising tents, then joined another circus that
>traveled to smaller towns. He left when the show reached Huntsville,
>Ala., 55 miles from South Pittsburg.
>
>He was 15 when he reached the Gaines family, who took him in and put
>him to work on their farm, sowing soybeans and corn.
>
>"I was a grammar school dropout," Moore said. "I wasn't thinking about
>school. Then I got sick."
>
>The ruptured appendix turned out to be fortuitous. Moore was sent to a
>black hospital in Nashville where his world opened. He was inquisitive
>and the young doctors saw his potential. They urged South Pittsburg's
>black physician, Dr. William James Astrapp, to help him.
>
>"(Astrapp) told me, 'If you give up 16 years of your life, cars, girls,
>everything, you will become a doctor,'" Moore said. "I said, 'How?' I
>didn't have any money. I didn't have a mother or father. He said,
>'You're above-average intelligent.'"
>
>Moore returned to South Pittsburg determined to enroll in school, but
>the idea of resuming fifth grade discouraged him.
>
>Astrapp stepped in.
>
>"He told me, 'You listen. You go up to school and tell the principal
>that you finished the eighth grade in Kentucky and you tell him the
>school burned down and you don't have no records,'" Moore said.
>
>The principal didn't believe the story and put the teen through an

>arduous interview. Moore must have done well; he was enrolled in the
>ninth grade.
>
>"I told Dr. Astrapp, I didn't know if I could handle it," Moore said.
>"But I saw other kids rattling it off and I said to myself, 'They don't
>have any more sense than me.'"
>
>The studies came easily, but fitting in didn't.
>
>Moore arrived at school wearing overalls covered in mud after walking 3
>miles of unpaved road. He was stung by the disdain expressed by
>wealthier students and even some teachers.
>
>"I was poor. I couldn't get no favors," he said.
>
>Still, he graduated second in his high school class in 1933 and
>enrolled in Tennessee State University. To earn his \$20 per month board
>and tuition, he scrubbed pans and floors in the school cafeteria.
>
>"I was going to school with water squeaking out of my shoes and grease
>on my pants," he said. "I went to college like I went to high school --
>dirty and raggedy. Nobody wanted to know me."
>
>Graduation day arrived with a cruel blow. Astrapp had died a few months
>earlier and, at the ceremony, grief swept over Moore.
>
>"I had envisioned myself showing him my degree," Moore said,
>apologizing for the sob that escapes his lips. "At graduation, everyone
>was overjoyed about their degree. But he wasn't there."
>
>Moore enrolled in Meharry Medical College. A while later the Army,
>desperate for doctors to treat World War II troops, paid the way, but
>in the end, didn't need him.
>
>So, in 1945, he fulfilled a promise to Astrapp and opened a practice in
>South Pittsburg, where he brought his new wife Stella.
>
>Moore often could be seen traversing mountain roads in his 1940 Ford
>coupe or crossing the Tennessee River by ferry to deliver babies by
>kerosene lamplight at all hours.
>
>"House calls then were three bucks. He made 10 or 15 a day, from one
>end of the valley into Alabama," said Dr. J.B. Havron, 79, who
>practiced with Moore. "He had more white patients than colored."
>
>Moore won some patients by default. The four white doctors who
>practiced in that part of Tennessee and northern Alabama at the time
>were older and made fewer house calls.
>
>In towns where blacks were not welcome, a white hospital official
>sometimes would accompany Moore, but more often, he traveled alone. He
>said most people welcomed him.
>
>"Sometimes I felt bad about things. Sometimes they made me feel bad.

>But if I hadn't helped, they would have been in trouble. That would
>have been on my conscience."

>

>

>

>

>Do You Yahoo!?

>Get your free @yahoo.com address at <http://mail.yahoo.com>

>

Get Free Email and Do More On The Web. Visit <http://www.msn.com>