



Despite Ingeborg's paralysis, doctors were able to remove her from the iron lung long enough for birth of her third child—a normal, healthy baby girl named Dolores.

I Am an "Iron-Lung" Mother

Twice she has left a respirator to deliver children; now she vows to leave it forever

By INGEBORG CULLY

FOR THE SECOND TIME since I was stricken with paralytic polio four years ago, doctors removed me from my iron lung last August for the birth of a baby.

For a moment, the team of six doctors let my husband, Army Sgt. Jack Cully, press my useless hand. I knew that for every labor pain I endured, he was undergoing threefold torments.

Through a tube inserted in my neck, oxygen was forced into my lungs during the hour it required to deliver the beautiful baby girl we named Dolores. Next, I dimly remember being rolled back into the iron lung which has been my prison since July 16, 1956, the day before I gave birth to my first son, Jackie.

Today the fears I lived with for months have been replaced by the joys of having a healthy infant girl. And now with my loved ones around me again and with kind neighbors to help, I feel on the threshold of a new career—taking care of my family and of our home in New York City.

I know this career won't be easy. Except for a little movement in my legs, I am paralyzed from my neck down. But since God in His bounty has given us another baby, I am determined to show my gratitude by becoming a homemaker again.

Certainly I am far better off than I was. For one thing, the March of Dimes of the National Foundation has spent almost \$25,000 to bring me to the point where I can think about doing things for others instead of the other way around. Today I can breathe by means of a chest respirator while in my wheel chair or rocking bed, instead of living in the iron lung. And I pray for the success of an experimental artificial muscle which may permit me to move my arms and hands some day.

There already are some things I can do at home. If he holds up the book, I can read aloud to Jackie. And with one foot, I can gently prod him on his bottom when he's naughty. I tutor Helen, 10, our oldest child, with her homework, often while she's combing my hair or exercising my fingers. With National Foundation aid, I have taught myself to use an electric typewriter, using a "mouth stick" to write my parents in Berlin, Germany, where I met and married my GI husband 11 years ago. I can even switch on the TV set with my toes.

These activities may seem meager, even trivial, but I feel they are hopeful steps toward the day I will leave my wheel chair and walk beside my husband and children.

That day I will be a real homemaker again.



With the aid of a chest respirator, Ingeborg can sit up while she tutors her oldest child, Helen, who is now ten.

COVER:

Sweet and sassy, actress Shirley MacLaine is known to fans for the unique talent she has of bringing tears to our eyes or making us laugh with a simple gesture or a few words. Read Shirley's own story on page 8.

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