

Jumpers Edge, (B-C 294-cc)
Millwood New York
Sept 28, 1920.

My dear Dr. Hebard:

I've been playing hookie and I like it so much, I intend to keep it up. I had hardly got my hat off after getting home from Geneva, before I was summoned to Tennessee and when I got back I was about finished, so I fled to my farm and have only been going in part times and this week I am going only one day. Of course all the world shakes me are through with nothing to do. So bushels of nice friendly letters come in telling us the writers hope we are having a nice rest. Other bushels come telling us that inasmuch as we are through with one job here's another one positively must take ~~over~~ ^{over} other bushels from all the legislators congressmen and senators who have voted for us nor want us to do something for them. There may be some exceptions but at times I think there can't be. Then come the ready superlatives ones demanding first aid from the states where the laws of registration or poll tax or something will not let them in for the November. All the Board are busy electing somebody or defeating somebody except Mrs. Shuler and me who have the bag to hold. Rose Young, always rather frail to look at but one of these nervy folks who stand lots of strain has broken down with a very bad case of neuritis in her right side accumulated in her right arm. We got the Celym fixed up with Miss White as Editor in Chief and Maymie Shuler helping Miss White was Miss Young's first assessor. On Sunday last Miss White must have had a domestic turn for she report is that she fell off a train and hurt herself so that she had to go to a hospital and not be on hand for a month!

A mother of one girl died and another broke down so the staff of helpers is pretty crippled. I guess one at least till it was over then cared in. But all these excuses serve to tell you that there are reasons for not writing you.

I received a black mask (with me for Miss Hay) and probably there was no thanks. Mine arrived just in time to go to Europe with me and has been my nightly bed fellow. When I returned I found there had been a handsome best man of sun flower seed and as we had pealed some, the man didn't know where to put it, so it didn't get down - at least no red ones. However it is a seed which keeps and I shall have the pleasure of placing it. Then there were two Norwegian books, neither of which has I had time to even look at. These came when I was absent, and lastly there arrived some suspicious evidence in the form of photographs. A lady I know has been flirting with pioneers and taking lots of auto just as the auto said me would. She looks nobody but terribly self-conscious. Any body would know that she wasn't used to them! For all these counter gifts plus the letters, all of which have been read with joy, plus the congratulations which are far over flattering as you would know could you see a few copies of "The Woman Patriot", the anti suffrage paper. It is there that I am really immortalized. Such vitriolic hatred really seems to indicate that women are yet poor losers. I should like to tell you the story of Jenn. It is too long and too dramatic to write. I'd like to see it in a detective story. There was plot enough. Old Com came through finely

when the old Governor found an emergency. At any rate we have our 36 feet of trouble, at least law suits we have in plenty

But neither time nor opportunity was afforded us for a real thrill of victory. Bills were running and probably a momentary joy was experienced here and there. The hectic days of a campaign allowed no leisure and before the end all the women who could be coaxed into harness were whooping it up for Harding or Cox each believing that the election of her choice meant the salvation of the country. Those two candidates are an awful reflection upon our production of men and in my judgment instead of salvation, either one is a calamity. That is just between us. We do not seem to quarrel big men, or if we do we do not know how to pick 'em

This is about the last day of Sept. I imagine it's already cold out your way and that fakes are on. Here it is a bit cool at night but shirt waists and open doors and windows during the day are the rule. The squashes and the apples are still growing and will not get through for two weeks more

This letter proceeded only thus far when it was brought to an untimely end. I brought it along to the office and you will get the rest of it in typing.

I wanted to tell you how good I thought it was that there was a celebration in Wyoming of the final ratification, and I wanted to thank you for all the helpful messages and contributions you have sent to this office. I wonder if you have now received back all the material which ought to have been returned to you. I hope so.

Thanking you for everything you are, everything you have done and for your noble character, and regretting only one thing, and that is that you do not live somewhere within visiting distance of Juniper Ledge,

I am, most lovingly yours,

Carrie Chapman Catt

Juniper Ledge
Millwood, New York
September 28, 1920

My Dear Dr. Hebard,

I have been playing hookie and I like it so well. I intend to keep it up. I had hardly got my hat off after getting home from Geneva, before I was summoned to Tennessee and when I got back I was about finished, so I fled to my farm and have only been going in part time and this week I am going only one day. Of course all the world thinks we are through with nothing to do. So bushels of nice friendly letters come in telling us the [writers?] hope we are having a nice rest. Other bushels come telling us that inasmuch as we are through with one job here's another we positively must take on. Other bushels from all the legislators, congressmen and senators who have voted for us now want us to do something for them. There may be some exceptions but at times I think there can't be. Then come the really imperative ones demanding first aid from the states where the laws of registration or poll tax or something will not let them in for the November [election]. All the Board are busy elected somebody or defeating somebody except Mrs. Shuler and me who have the [bag? lag?] to hold Rose Young, always rather frail to look at but one of these nervy folks who stand lots of strain as broken down with a very bad case of neuritis in her right side accentuated in her right arm. We got the *Citizen* fixed up with Miss White as Editor in Chief and [Nettie?] Schuler helping. Miss White was Miss Young's first assistant. On Sunday last Miss White must have had a domestic turn for the report is that she fell off a [illegible] and hurt herself so she had to go to a hospital and will not be on hand for a month!

A mother of one girl died and another broke down so the staff of helpers is pretty crippled. I guess we all lasted till it was over then caved in. Well all these excuses serve to tell you that there are more reasons for not writing you.

I received a black mask (with one for Miss Hay) and probably there was no thanks. Mine arrived just in time to go to Europe with me and has been my nightly bed fellow. When I returned I found there had been a handsome bestowal of sun flower seed and as we had planted some, the man didn't know where to put it, so it didn't get sown – at least no red ones. However, it is a seed which keeps and I shall have the pleasure of placing it next year. Then there were two Norwegian books, neither of which have I had time to even look at. These came when I was absent, and lastly there arrived some suspicious evidence in the form of photographs. A lady I know has been [illegible] with pioneers and taking [illegible] said we would. She looks [illegible] but terribly self-conscious. Anybody would know she wasn't used to them! For all these bounteous gifts plus letters, all of which have been read with joy, plus the congratulations which are far over flattering as you would know could you see a few copies of

“The Woman Patriot,” the anti-suffrage paper. It is there that I am really immortalized. Such vitriolic hatred really seems to indicate that women are yet poor losers.

I should like to tell you the story of Tenn. It is too long and too dramatic to write. I'd like to see it in a detective story. There was plot enough. Old Conn. came through finely when the old Governor found an emergency. At any rate we have our 36 free of trouble, altho' law suits we have in plenty.

But neither time nor opportunity was afforded us for a real thrill of victory. Bells were rung and probably a momentary joy was experienced here and there. The hectic days of a campaign allowed no leisure and before the end all the women who could be coaxed into harness were whooping it up for Harding or Cox each believing that the election of her choice meant the salvation of the country. Those two candidates are an awful reflection on our production of men. And in my judgment instead of salvation, either one is a calamity. That is between us. We do not seem to grow big men, or if we do we do not know how to pick 'em.

This is about the last day of Sept. I imagine it's already cold out your way and that fires are on. Here it is a bit cool at night but shirt waists and open doors and windows during the day are the rule. The squashes and the apples are still growing and will not get through for two weeks more.

[Remainder of letter is typewritten.]

Notes:

- Mrs. Shuler is most likely Nettie Rogers Shuler (1862-1939) who was a writer, suffragist, and a member of the National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA).
- Rose Emmet Young (1869-1941) was a fiction and editorial writer and an advocate for the women's suffrage movement. In 1915, Young was hired by Catt to create and direct the Leslie Bureau of Suffrage Education, the press bureau for the Leslie Woman Suffrage Commission, and NAWSA. The bureau was created with funds from publisher and author Miriam Leslie. Young was involved in the creation of *The Woman Citizen* (later *The Woman's Journal*), a weekly newsletter for women that merged three existing publications: *Woman's Journal*, *National Suffrage News*, and *The Woman Voter*.
- Miss White may be Sue Shelton White (1887-1943) who was state chairman of the National Woman's Party and one of the editors of *The Suffragist* weekly newspaper. She is largely credited with helping win ratification of the 19th Amendment by helping win passage in the Tennessee legislature - the 36th and clinching state for ratification.
- Miss Hay is Mary "Mollie" Garrett Hay (1857-1928), a suffragist, community organizer, and president of the Women's City Club of New York, the Woman Suffrage Party, and the New York Equal Suffrage League. Hay became Catt's close friend and, after Catt's second husband George died in 1905, Hay moved in permanently with Catt and took over household responsibilities.

- The *Woman Patriot* was a newsletter of the National Association Opposed to Women Suffrage.
- Harding and Cox that Catt refers to are Warren G. Harding and James M. Cox. They were candidates in the 1920 presidential election. Republican Senator Harding of Ohio would go on to defeat Democratic Governor Cox of Ohio.