

(B.C.30c)

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT  
120 PAINE AVENUE  
NEW ROCHELLE  
NEW YORK

February 19, 1936

Dr. Grace Hebard  
Laramie, Wyoming

My dear Dr. Hebard:

Had I written you a letter every time I have wished to do so, you would have been bored to death. My chief business in life is writing letters to people I do not know and never heard of. They write to ask all kinds of favors; money, jobs, advice and what-not. I think the letters must be acknowledged and so I keep after them.

I am very sorry indeed that you had to have an operation, and that it was not sufficiently successful to have brought you back to health. I think I never knew anyone who had such a will as yours. There is only one thing more you can do and that is to teach the trained nurse how to deliver your lectures.

You certainly have done a good deal for the University of Wyoming, and I have no doubt that all of the University looks to you with great affection. I am sure you love the University too.

The trouble arising from inward growths is a terrible menace to us all at present. I think very devoted work is being done upon the cause and cure. It may come at any time. My difficulty has been a different one. I thought I was passing on very soon, and I went to Johns Hopkins for a diagnosis. They told me that if I had come a few years earlier they could have done nothing for me. I had what is known as pernicious anemia, and until recently no one ever recovered from it, but now the simple remedy of continual doses of liver check it and permit a person to live, probably not so long as otherwise. However, I am here still and in pretty good health considering, but taking 12 capsules of liver every day. Now, sometime a similar remedy can be found *for you* if you can only wait for it. I am rather careful with myself, and this year I came home from the eleventh annual Cause and Cure of War Conference without cold or any illness. This is the first time I have done that for some years and it made me feel quite proud of myself.

Dear Dr. Hebard, I am very happy to have known you and to count you among my friends. I wish you were not so far away so that I could see you oftener. I am sure you must be very much

shut in in Laramie just now. We are having more snow than we have had for many years. The roads are not quite passable and the thermometer in New York where zero weather is very rare insists upon going down in that vicinity. In Laramie of course you always have snow and cold, so you must have more of it this year than usual. Nevertheless, Spring lies ahead.

The outlook is not very good, and everyone seems to have something to worry about. He is a lucky dog if he only has one thing.

I am sending you for your amusement two small books. One is called "The President's Mystery Story". It is quite an amusing book. The preface tells you what and why it was written. The other are some short poems by the Japanese Christian who has been traveling in this country. I have heard him speak and all the high church men were present. They introduced him as the greatest living Christian. This little book are poems written while he lived in the slums of Tokyo.

Blessings on you Dr. Hebard. Be assured that I have long loved you and do so still. If the snows were not so deep and the way so long I should surely drop in some day to pay you a little call.

I would like to tell you of some observations of mine. In my young days I went to speak in Rhode Island. The President was an old lady and she told me that she had had three growths in the breast which had been removed and that another was now growing. She said calmly that one never knows when the end may be. She had three more operations and died at 96 from pneumonia!

In my own town a woman, the mother of a one-time school mate of mine, had a growth in the intestines. She had been given morphine to still the pain, but she tired of it and refused to take it any more. They then knew they must tell her the worst. They did. She was in bed and was not supposed to rise again. I do not remember how old she was when she was informed of her condition. The next Spring we saw her out sowing flower seeds, and she did not go for some years. She must have been about 80 then, and of course that is a fair age for departing anyway.

When a woman has the will that you have, I think of her as remaining among us as long as she is ~~perfectly~~ <sup>usually</sup> normal. She may not be as comfortable, but she stays just the same. Again let me say, I am

Yours lovingly,

Carrie Chapman Catt

(B.C294-cc)

Laramie, Wyoming  
April 10, 1936

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt  
120 Paine Avenue  
New Rochelle, New York

My dear Dr. Catt:

I have been a tremendous long time in showing my appreciation to you for efforts to "jolly me up" in the reading matter which you have sent me carried out in the spirit of hilarity. I was particularly interested in receiving the charming book by Kagawa, Songs of the Slums, and also the President's Mystery Story. Thus far, I have not been able to find the solution of his plot but since I have taken ether my mind does not work as rapidly as yours does!

I am grateful for your cheery letter and although they gave me but two months to live, I have lived sixteen months. However, there is no chance of my ever getting well. I have received very wonderful consideration from state officials, the Board of Trustees and the President of the University. They don't wish me to teach at all and wish to give me my full salary, but I am insisting upon working at the University every morning and loaf in the afternoons. I am brought to and from the University by my nurse in her car. While I am not free from suffering I have nothing to complain about when I see how intensely other people are put down and attacked by a tumor.

As a matter of fact, the nurse and the doctor declare that it is my good heart that is carrying me through. It has not been one beat other than normal during all these months, and hence I have much to be thankful for. Besides the physical condition, the friendships of those I have known in my active life and among whom I class you as "superior," are something to be thankful for.

One would think that when you put across women's suffrage you would be willing to sit down on the curb stone and smile and rest but it seems to me that your activities are greater now than they have ever been. I am appreciative for your friendship and the special consideration you have always given me, and I am signing myself

Lovingly yours,

Grace Raymond Hebard  
318 So. 10th Street

Catt B-C294-cc

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT  
120 PAINE AVENUE  
NEW ROCHELLE  
NEW YORK

April 17, 1936

Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard  
318 South 10th Street  
Laramie, Wyoming

My dear Dr. Hebard:

I have this morning received your letter of April 10. It is not often that I make such prompt acknowledgement, but I want to tell you that before your time comes there may yet be discovered the kind of antidote for your ailment that will keep you longer than you or the doctors expect.

I am not so energetic as you think, but I have kept going several years after I thought I should be laid away. I repeat now what probably I have told you before, but I want you to remember it as a bit of encouragement. I went to Johns Hopkins Hospital for a diagnosis when I could get neither explanation nor help from my doctors. They did all kinds of things to me, then told me that my difficulty was anemia. They told me further that now there was a remedy. At my time of life it might not cure the anemia but it certainly would check it. That remedy was liver and I take 12 big capsules a day. That has kept me alive, and some of the time I have had quite a good deal of health and enjoyment in living. I do not know how much longer it will keep me going but a few years is something. Now, before they discovered the use of liver, pernicious anemia was an utterly incurable disease. I brought my disease along just at the right time to get a further lease on life and of course that is bound to happen some day for your trouble. How I do hope and pray it will come in time. I shall not like this world nearly so well if I were in it and you were not. You certainly have been a brave and courageous soul and have lived a wonderful life. I hope you are being well cared for.

Now it is possible that there is something which could be done for your peace of mind and something to read or to look at, which I might do for you. Of course I know the University has its Library, but if there is anything

you would like that I could supply, I want you to know that it would give me infinite satisfaction to procure it and I hope you will let me know. Have you a supply of bed jackets? If you have your breakfast in bed, as I hope you do, they are nice to slip on over your night-gown. I find them very useful and I could easily find one for you, but if you have 29 now, I do not want to supply the 30th. Do let me know.

Very lovingly yours,

*Carrie Chapman Catt*

CCC/AC

(B.130c)

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT  
120 PAINE AVENUE  
NEW ROCHELLE  
NEW YORK

July 23, 1936.

Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard,  
318 South 10th Street,  
Laramie, Wyoming.

Dear Dr. Hebard:

Your letter has made me very  
happy indeed.

A seventy-fifth birthday, I  
suppose, is a good, round age, although  
I ~~am~~ two years your elder. That is  
nothing. A woman told me ~~the~~ other  
day that her mother was twenty-two years  
older than I. Never mind, it is good to  
live so long as we are comfortable.

I am rejoiced that you think  
you can go back to work for I know you  
like to do that, but I hope you will  
put very little tax upon yourself  
for that will make you live longer.  
I like to think of you as in the same  
world I am, even though we do not see  
each other often.

Blessings on you, dear friend.

Very sincerely,

Carrie Chapman Catt

CCC:HW.