

Dear America

A Time for Courage



The Suffragette Diary of
Kathleen Bowen



Washington, D.C., 1917

Enhanced E-book Edition



A Time for Courage: The Suffragette Diary of Kathleen Bowen *by Kathryn Lasky*

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**A Time for Courage:
The Suffragette Diary of
Kathleen Bowen**
by Kathryn Lasky

An Interactive E-Book: The Future of Historical Fiction

How to Use this Interactive E-book

Section I. The World of Dear America

Section II. *A Time for Courage*

Section III. Activities inspired by *A Time for Courage*

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- The World of Dear America
- *A Time for Courage: The Suffragette Diary of Kathleen Bowen*
- Activities inspired by *A Time for Courage*
- Background reference materials

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Awards & Praise

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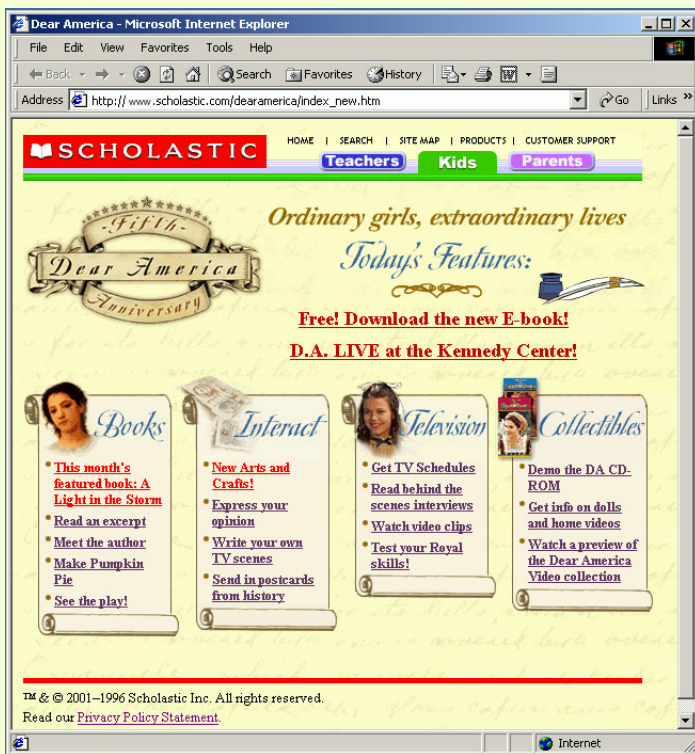
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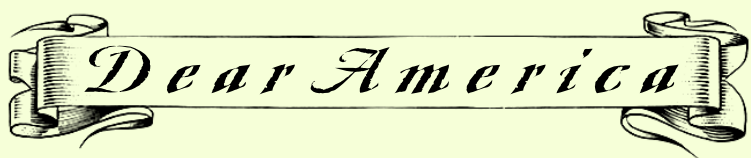
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A TIME FOR COURAGE



THE SUFFRAGETTE DIARY OF
KATHLEEN BOWEN

by Kathryn Lasky

Scholastic Inc. New York



WASHINGTON, D.C.
1917





WASHINGTON, D.C.
JANUARY 1, 1917

Mother gave me this diary for Christmas, but I am really not quite sure what to write in it. I mean, my life seems so dull compared with others. Everyone else has a mission in the world, or if not a mission there is the [Great War](#) raging now in Europe. Mother and Auntie Claire have their National Woman's Party, which keeps them busy all hours of the day, much to Uncle Bayard's disgust and my own father's worry. Nell, my oldest sister, has also joined the Woman's Party. She is the official press secretary. She gets to meet with all the newspaper people and tell them what [Alice Paul](#), the president of the party, is up to. Now, if I were a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old boy, I suppose I would be worrying about America entering the Great War. I might be having soldier dreams of glory and nonfatal wounds, but wounds big enough and in the right place so that the scars are visible — nothing badly disfiguring, just dashing. Oh, yes, I hear these boys talking, especially my cousin Henry and his friends.



But I'm just me — Kathleen Bowen, “Kat” for short, thirteen years old, eighth grade in Miss Pruitt’s Academy for Young Ladies at Fifteenth and L Streets, Washington, D.C., a short walk from my own front door. Alma Minette, born on the same day within the same hour — most extraordinary — is not only my cousin, but also my best friend. Even though we’re cousins we don’t look a thing alike. Alma is very tall and everyone always thinks she is older than me, which can be annoying, except she is so nice. Whereas I have mousey brown hair, Alma has pale red hair. And her face is just more grown-up. But Alma thinks her life is just as uneventful and boring as mine. She goes to Miss Pruitt’s too. Our school is supposed to be very advanced and modern, with a curriculum similar to the one given boys — Latin, geometry, drawing, and not just watercolor and arty things but architectural drafting, that is my favorite course. But my life is still pretty boring. Every afternoon when school lets out, Alma and I walk partway home together. We stop at the Ardmore, a drugstore with a soda fountain, and we sit on high stools and drink ice-cream sodas. Well, not always sodas. In the early fall and late spring and summer when it is warm we have lime rickeys — lime juice and fizzy water with sweet syrup.

In what we call the bumper season, when it is not quite winter or not yet spring, we have ice-cream sodas. In winter, we have hot chocolate with mountains of whipped cream. And then sometimes for a special occasion we share a banana split.

JANUARY 2, 1917

Something exciting has happened. I am going to get to meet The Mosquito, the one who buzzes in President Wilson's ear — Miss [Alice Paul](#) herself, who started the Woman's Party that Mother and Auntie Claire belong to. There is to be a meeting at our house in two nights.

The meeting is to discuss something called the “deputation.” It is a fancy word for going to the White House to see the president, [President Woodrow Wilson](#). The Woman's Party wants to demand [women's suffrage](#), the right for women to vote. President Wilson is very slippery about all this. He often says he agrees with them but he does nothing. In any case Mother has asked Alma and me to help serve the tea and cakes. Rumor has it that President Wilson said that Alice Paul was worse than a thorn in his side, that she was a



bloodsucking mosquito in his ear, because unlike a thorn she makes an incessant noise that could drive a victim mad while sticking one for blood. Mother is worried that Uncle Bayard might not permit Auntie Claire to come. Uncle Bayard is the stubbornest man on Earth. Even Father says so.

LATER

I didn't mean to be eavesdropping, but I heard Father on the telephone in his study. The door was partway open and he was talking to Uncle Bayard. He was saying, "Bayard, it is better that they have this meeting here right under our own noses than go off someplace. At least we can keep an eye on things." I knew he was trying to persuade Uncle Bayard to let Auntie Claire come for the meeting. I am not sure, however, if Mother would have approved of his argument. Just as he was saying this, Nell came up, so she heard him too and actually stuck her tongue out at the door when he said the part about "keeping an eye on them." Nobody better ever try to keep an eye on Nell. Several boyfriends have made attempts — no use at all. She gets rid of any beau who

tries to tell her what to do or breathes a word of marriage. Cassie, my next oldest sister, who goes to Radcliffe College in Cambridge, Massachusetts, thinks a lot about getting married.

JANUARY 3, 1917

Uncle Bayard will not let Auntie Claire come for the meeting and of course he won't let Alma come. I found out today in school. Alma was late and her face seemed very puffy and her eyes all red. She slipped me a note in Latin — I mean, of course, in Latin class, not written in Latin. Hah! What a joke! We just began our term of Latin a few weeks ago and all we know how to say is *ego sum puella* (I am a girl), *ego sum argentarius* (I am a banker), *ego sum nauta* (I am a sailor), and then I know how to say a few things about this fellow, Caecilius, in our Latin book such as "Caecilius is not in his villa and he is in the forum."

But anyway, Alma seemed awfully upset. Then Uncle Bayard sent his chauffeur to school early to pick up Alma so we barely got a chance to talk at all. And that is really too bad because just yesterday we said that it has

been ages since we have had a banana split at the Ardmore, and we were planning to today. I would hate living in Alma's house. There are eight children but it seems like millions. Every year Auntie Claire has a new one. And Uncle Bayard is so stern. Most of the children are boys except for Alma and Clarice. But Clarice, or Clary, has something wrong with her brain so even though she is five years older than Alma she can't speak very well and she doesn't know how to read or write. She is like a very quiet five-year-old. It's very sad, for there is no companionship for Alma. There are two older brothers, Henry and Bayard. Bayard is just like his father — thinks himself quite swell. I even once heard Auntie Claire say that young Bayard was born middle-aged. Henry is disgusting in the way so many teenage boys are. Then there are just rafts of little boys younger than Alma — Gerald, Beauregard, Halsey, and Davis.

JANUARY 4, 1917

Well, I met her! Met [Alice Paul](#). She is not at all like a mosquito nor is she like the bossy general that the newspapers and all those who are against her and the





Woman's Party say. She is so much the opposite of everything I expected. I mean, [Alice Paul](#), this woman of action who has led marches and confronted congressmen and senators, well, what I shall always most remember about her is her utter stillness. She is almost without motion, even when she does move. She is the calmest, loveliest creature. Not a bit unwomanly or manish as the papers often say. She is slender and delicate with an utterly peaceful face framed with wavy brown hair. There is a cunning dimple in her chin that gives her an almost playful look, until you look at her eyes, which are large and gray and very serious. But it is the stillness of her that most impresses. It is not the stillness of a statue nor one of a dead person — hardly! She is most alive. Mother calls it a Quaker stillness, for Quakers are much at peace within themselves, she says, and resolute in their beliefs, and Alice Paul is a Quaker.

I helped Marietta, our colored maid, serve the tea and Marietta let me pass the cakes. When I brought one to Miss Paul she asked me my name and age and what I was studying. She seemed pleased about the Latin and drafting. She said she hoped they would begin to introduce life sciences.

When the meeting began I was supposed to go to bed,



but I came out again in my wrapper and sat in the shadowy curve of our staircase where I can see everything but not be seen. The women talked about what they would do if (1) [President Wilson](#) refused to see them and (2) if he saw them but ignored their demand. There was much talk of a [vigil](#) and then something they called a [picket line](#). I know what *vigil* means — from the Latin *vigilia*, which means watchfulness. But a picket? Sounds like a fence to me.

JANUARY 5, 1917



There was an envelope waiting for me on the mail desk this morning. Mother said it was from Miss Paul. I opened it and there were two pieces of paper inside. The first was a note from Miss Paul saying, “Dear Kathleen, This is one of my favorite speeches ever made by a woman. I have copied it out for many friends and young girls. It was given by a woman named [Sojourner Truth](#), who was once a slave. She could not read or write but she had a keen mind.” Here I am copying it out in my diary because when I read the words they made something stir inside me. They are words that go very deep

even though my life has been very different from Miss Truth's.



"That man over there say that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud puddles, or gives me any best place and ain't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm! I have ploughed and planted and gathered into barns and no man could head me — and ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man — when I could get it — and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me — and ain't I a woman?"



JANUARY 6, 1917

Oh, dear, I am so worried about Alma. You can't imagine what happened this morning. Marietta came knocking on my door early. And it's a Saturday at that! She had a piece of paper in her hand. She said Juby had brought it. Juby is Marietta's sister and is one of the maids in Alma's

house. I opened the note and read it, my hands trembling.

“Please, please invite me over to spend the night. I can’t face another night of this awfulness between Mother and Father. The boys are all on Father’s side and Clary just wanders around clutching her dolly and smiling. I have no one — Alma”

Alma didn’t need to say it, but I knew I would have to think up a good reason for her to come, something her father would approve, and certainly not serving tea to [Alice Paul](#) and the Woman’s Party.

Marietta broke in. She must have been reading my thoughts and she must have read the note. “Tell her she got to come over tonight ’cause I got that cambric for your summer tea dresses and we’ve got to fit them up tonight.” I looked up, stunned at Marietta’s words. A big wide smile cracked her cinnamon-colored face. “I ain’t stupid. After all, Juby tells me plenty and I know that sometimes Mr. Minette act bad, but I don’t believe he is bad.”

“My father doesn’t act bad,” I said, “and I know he doesn’t like all this Women’s Party stuff.”

“Your father, Dr. Bowen, is a gol-darned saint. He’s good to all women. You have to be when you delivers their babies and such.”

“Not necessarily. Father says Dr. Rhinitz is a mean old cantankerous man who should not be let near a woman or child.”

Well, then Marietta and I argued some more. We are famous for our arguments — discussions, really. Mother says that I distract Marietta from her work and that Marietta distracts me from my studies. I happen to like it this way. Half the things Marietta does for me I can do myself, so why shouldn't I go ahead and do them so we get more time to talk? It's just when she stops her vacuuming and dusting that Mother really frets.

JANUARY 7, 1917

Sunday nights are so dreadful. I am behind in my Latin translation and have two more math problems, and then I am supposed to choose an Emily Dickinson poem and write a short essay about it. I am going to choose a short poem. Of course, Alma and I should have been doing homework, but we were having so much fun there wasn't time. I mean, the whole point, after all, was for Alma to get some relief from that house of hers with screaming children, angry adults, and arrogant older brothers.

It was actually Mother who interrupted us just as we were, well, not exactly starting our homework, but considering it. Mother came in with a whole pile of white, gold, and purple fabric and asked if we could deliver it over to [Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's](#) apartments. She lives in New York but keeps large apartments here, not far from us. We are at K and Seventeenth streets and Mrs. Belmont's is just off K near Franklin Park. Mrs. Belmont is VERY rich and VERY grand and she is one of the most important people in the Woman's Party. Because of her money and how smart she is, she has become one of the most important people in the [suffrage movement](#). She gave the money to buy the building for the headquarters of the Woman's Party on Lafayette Square directly across from the White House. There were many other buildings they could have bought, but when the one on Lafayette Square came up she said, "That's it. We'll be right there all the time. The first thing [President Wilson](#) sees in the morning when he wakes up, the last thing when he goes to bed." I am not sure whether this is absolutely true because I don't know if Mrs. Belmont really knows where the president's bedroom is, but nonetheless there is little escaping the Woman's Party when it is right across the street.

When we delivered the cloth we were ushered into an elaborate parlor and then we heard a soft rustling. It was Mrs. Belmont's taffeta afternoon gown. She is a large woman and the fabric for her gown was — well, a lot, so you could hear her before you could see her. She swept into the room like a ship. She reminds me so much of a ship because she has a large, firm bosom that precedes her like the prow of a vessel. Her eyes were merry and she thanked us for "helping the cause." When I introduced Alma a shadow passed across her eyes. "Better not tell your father you've been here."

Alma blushed that insane fiery shade she gets. With her red hair she looks like a haystack on fire. "Oh, don't worry, dear. We're working on him and he is not the only one, you know. I have quite a touch with these men. You know, they are so silly when a very rich woman tells them something. This is one of the best parts about having money."

Went to the Ardmore on the way home. Not in a banana-split mood. We had chocolate ice-cream sodas.

Alma went to church with us in the morning. Then we took her back home. She gave me a squeeze and a kiss as she stepped off the running board of the Hudson. "You saved me. I can face them now." Then she dashed

into the house. I cannot say I felt exactly good. I am just not sure why things have to be this way. Wouldn't it be wonderful if Alma could be Mrs. Belmont's daughter? No! That wouldn't be right. I love Auntie Claire and Auntie Claire loves Alma. Oh, this is so hard.

JANUARY 8, 1917

I love the smell of ironing. There is something so cozy and warm about it. I went down to the basement where Marietta irons after school and took some of the leftover cake from the meeting. Marietta and I had an interesting discussion. I was thinking about what [Mrs. Belmont](#) had said about having money. It was rather shocking. I said, "Marietta, do you think it is polite to talk about having lots of money?"

She said, "I wouldn't have an opinion on that."

I said, "Why not?"

She put down the iron on its back heel and peered at me with those pale brown eyes of hers like I was the dumbest thing in the world. "'Cuz I doan have no money, so why should I have an opinion about talking about it or not?"



"But you must have thought about having money," I persisted.

"Yeah, but if I did I wouldn't be thinkin' 'bout talkin' about it. I'd be thinkin' about spendin' it."

"You should be thinking about investing it." Thus, another argument between me and Marietta was beginning.

She stopped ironing and looked up at me again. Her bottom lip poked way out. "You tryin' to tell me how to spend the money I doan have? Well, that takes the cake, Kat."

"I am not trying to tell you. I am just giving you financial advice."

She rolled her eyes toward the ceiling and then picked up the sprinkle can and wetted down the shirt she was ironing. There was a hiss as the iron hit the sleeve. "Where'd you become such an expert?"

"Uncle Bayard is a great financier."

"I heard." Marietta muttered, "Dat's about the only thing he's great at. Aside from gettin' children on your poor aunt."

"How come Auntie has had so many babies and Mama has had only Nell, Cassie, and me?"

Now Marietta rolled her lower lip back in until her

mouth pressed together into a thin crease. She looked at me hard. "Now, you git this straight, Kat. I am hired to do the ironing and the laundry, and now the cookin' since Pearl's been sick. I do the vacuuming and the dusting and I serve at your parents' dinner parties, but I do NOT explain to you about babies and life."

She is, of course, dead wrong. Most of the interesting things I have learned about life I've learned from Marietta, or her sister Juby, or Juby's husband, Joss. They might not know it but I listen and I hear them talk. Learned about how if you wrap a cut with cobwebs it can stop the bleeding. I asked Father about it and he said he had heard that was what old colored folks often did but that he wasn't going to try it in surgery. I thought I might try it if I get a paper cut sometime or just a hang-nail. In any case I have learned a lot from Marietta and none of it is one speck boring, unlike Miss Pruitt's Academy.



JANUARY 9, 1917

Mother is as mad as I have ever seen her. She came back from that deput-what thing at the White House and she said — well, I couldn't believe it — my mother said one word under her breath about the president that I think I would have been spanked for saying. She called [President Wilson](#) as dumb as — I shall write it here very small — A HORSE'S BEHIND. I cannot believe my very own mother said those words. I simply cannot believe it! And to think I thought there would be nothing interesting to write about. Who needs a mission? Who needs a [Great War](#)? My mother said BEHIND — and she called the president a horse's you-know-what.

Father was so alarmed, he offered her a glass of sherry. Mother shrieked, "Don't offer me a glass of sherry! I am angry and with good reason! That foolish president. To think that he thinks he can so lightly dismiss us and say that he must defer to his party. What in heaven's name has the Democratic Party ever done for women? And never has a Democratic Party leader had more power than Mr. Wilson. To use these facile arguments on us! How simple does he think we are?"

And then once more she muttered The Word. This is



just amazing. As Miss Pruitt says, life can be a wonderful and mysterious thing. She was talking about caterpillars turning into butterflies, and I am talking about . . . oh, it is too funny. My mother!

LATER

When Nell got home I couldn't wait to tell her. And she just scowled at me. "Do you think that is all that happened today? That mother said a justifiably rotten word about our rotten president? Is that all this means to you?" I didn't know what to answer. I had never seen so many angry women in one house. "Well, tomorrow you'll find out."

"What do you mean?" I asked. Then all of Nell's anger seemed to fade and she grabbed both my hands in hers. Her dark brown hair curled around her face. Her dark eyes flashed. "Oh, Kat, it is all so exciting. Do you realize we raised three thousand dollars within two hours of leaving the White House?"

"Mrs. Belmont?"

"No, others. And tomorrow the picket line starts."



“What’s a [picket line](#)?” I asked.

Nell rolled her eyes in disbelief. “Wait and see!” Then she ran out of my bedroom.

JANUARY 14, 1917

I cannot believe that I once did not know what a picket line was. Well, I certainly know now. It is all we eat, think, and breathe — the [White House vigil](#), the picket line. And all that white, gold, and purple cloth Alma and I delivered to Mrs. Belmont’s, well, our fingers are just about worn out from sewing banners for the pickets to carry. Alma helps too. We tell her father that we are staying after school for Latin Club or the drawing and painting circle. Yes, it’s a lie. But Alma and I say no one is getting hurt by our lie and then we go over to the Woman’s Party headquarters on Lafayette Square and help make banners. They need a steady supply for the women in the picket line. And Alma’s mother is in it! Alma said that her mother threatened to tell our Uncle Everett, Mother’s and Auntie Claire’s brother, about a gold mining venture that she thinks is bad but that Uncle



Bayard wants Uncle Everett up in Boston to invest in. It worked, and Auntie Claire and Mother are standing by the White House gates with a dozen or more other women, holding banners that read, THE RIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR ONE-HALF OF ITS PEOPLE IS OF FAR MORE VITAL CONSEQUENCE TO THE NATION THAN ANY OR ALL OTHER QUESTIONS OF MR. PRESIDENT, WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE?, or my favorite, MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE; WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

The weather is bitter cold, close to zero. Everyone expected the women to quit after the first day. The newspaper photographers came and took a few pictures. But the women, including Mother and Auntie Claire and Nell, have been coming back for four days, even today, Sunday. The newspapers who at first referred to them simply as "women participants in a vigil for suffrage" are now calling them "unwomanly and undesirable."

Alma and I bring them hot bricks wrapped in towel-
ing to stand on to keep their feet warm. Father is endlessly fretting about Mother and Auntie Claire getting pneumonia, "or worse." He sent Marietta over with thermoses of hot soup that Mother, Nell, and Auntie Claire shared with the other women. Alma and I went to the

Ardmore and had hot chocolate with piles of whipped cream.

By the way, Nell thinks Cassie should come home from Radcliffe to join the [picket line](#), but even Mother is against this.

JANUARY 18, 1917

The picket line has been going on for more than a week! And people said they would not last a day and the weather still has not broken. What's more, news of the pickets is spreading and more and more women are coming from other parts of the district and some from as far away as Maryland and Virginia. [President Wilson](#) felt so sorry for them in the cold that he invited them in for coffee but they refused. They said they would come in only to talk about a federal amendment for the women's right to vote. No coffee! This made me think of [Sojourner Truth's](#) words about men who help lift women into carriages and over mud puddles — that, of course, is the easy part, just like giving them coffee. Giving them the vote is the hard part.



JANUARY 19, 1917

These days are a little strange. If Father has an emergency or has to go deliver a baby I am often the only one at the dinner table, because Mother and Nell take the late afternoon shift on the [picket line](#). And when Father is there, he and I really don't have that much to talk about because for some reason all is dwarfed by the picket line or yes, the [Great War](#). There is some talk about America entering it, so it is difficult to talk about other things. I mean, Father tries. But the words seem to fall into deep empty spaces, for there is something so insignificant about the usual school-type chitchat: "Kat, tell me how it goes with Latin. Just wait until you get to Virgil — you'll love Virgil."

But I am still in the *hortō* (garden) or the *culinā* (kitchen) with Caecilius's wife or in the *forō* (forum) with Caecilius himself. This evening at dinner we talked about geometry a bit and then about summer. Summer seems so far away. I wonder if the picket line will still be going in the summer. Or will we be in the war?

Oh, Lord, I just had a terrible thought! What if America goes into the war and Father must go too because he is a doctor and Mother is still on the picket line?





And Nell says that if America gets into the war she is going to join the [Women's Ambulance Corps](#). She doesn't even know how to drive! But the point is I shall be left all alone. It is a chilling thought. Imagine me sitting by myself in the big dining room night after night with only Marietta bringing in covered dishes of steamed vegetables and plates of ham and corn bread just for me. I thought the clinking of our spoons in the soup bowl made such a lonely noise tonight in the dim winter light of the dining room. Imagine the sound of one spoon and me occasionally smacking my lips. That is absolutely pathetic. I don't mean to sound selfish, but I don't think I should be orphaned even for a noble cause.

JANUARY 20, 1917

Still worried about being orphaned. Alma says I am a fool. She said she would come over and have dinner with me and lend me some of her baby brothers — thanks, but no thanks. We made two new banners today. Alma said she thinks Uncle Bayard has either given up on her mother or is very worried about business or both. He goes to New York a lot.

JANUARY 21, 1917

I happened to mention to Father that Uncle Bayard was in New York and he raised his eyebrow way high up the way he does when something is perplexing him. "Oh, really!" he said, and I said, "How come you're raising your eyebrow so high up just about Uncle Bayard going to New York?"

The eyebrow came right down and Father gave me a sharp look as if I had caught him at something. "Nothing. Nothing," he said quickly, which I knew really meant that something was going on. Then he said, "Why did you ask?"

"Ask about what?" I said.

He coughed a little. "My eyebrow."

"Oh, nothing. Nothing," I replied right back. We both knew we were lying, but I don't want him to know that I might know about Uncle Bayard's business problems with the gold mine. Children are not supposed to know stuff like that.

I think people lie a lot, not really to deceive or mislead, just to get over the rough spots. There are a lot of rough spots these days. I know that Father is very worried about Mother. I know he really does not think she should be out



there every day for such long hours in the cold. I know he thinks women's suffrage is probably a nice thing but wishes women had never had the idea. But he never really says these things. I think people often lie for love.

JANUARY 22, 1917

[President Wilson](#) made a big speech today about the [Great War](#) and he spoke in favor of what he called "peace without victory," which means that all the countries who are fighting should get together and figure things out and he will help them. Now, why can't he sit down with Mother and Auntie Claire and [Lucy Burns](#) and Mrs. Stevens and [Alice Paul](#), Harriet Stanton Blatch, and all these women who have been picketing for two weeks, and talk with them about voting? Just let them vote. This is so easy next to war.

JANUARY 23, 1917

I have been going nearly every day to take hot bricks and snacks and thermoses of coffee. I know nearly all the



ladies in the [picket line](#). They are all very nice. Some of them seem so frail, like Mrs. Stevens. She is as skinny as a stick and her nose turns bright red in the cold. She stands there hour in, hour out until her replacement comes, but she is always cheerful and seems so energetic.

The oddest thing is that not only have I come to know the women on the picket line but the White House police as well. They are very nice and very sympathetic to the women. Mother was asking Sergeant Reilly how the little one with the croup was and told him what Father always prescribes, and then the next day he told her how well that plaster from the pharmacy had worked and was most grateful. Then he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I might never have learned it, Mrs. Bowen, had you not been here on the picket line asking for the vote."

"Ahh, yes, Sergeant Reilly. You see what happens when women get out into the world."

"You betcha!" He nodded cheerily.

JANUARY 24, 1917

Well, the [Silent Sentinels](#), as the newspaper started out calling the women in the picket line, are now being called



in the paper besides “unwomanly and undesirable,” “dangerous,” “unsexed,” and “pathological,” which I had to look up in a dictionary. It means “caused by or involving disease.” So women are “diseased” if they want to vote. “That’s a fine kettle of fish,” as my Grandma Bowen used to say.

Everybody seems to think that the women should have “gotten over this” by now, as if it were a cold or something — that they should have gone home. But they haven’t and new women come every day. Mother does not have to stand for quite as long, as there are three or four others willing to take her place. Representative Emerson from Ohio called the women’s vigil an “insult to the president” and another congressman called them “iron-jawed angels.” I think it is a stupid term for flesh-and-blood women who merely want the same right to vote as men.



JANUARY 25, 1917

Alma and I are making a list of all the mean, nasty words the newspapers use to describe women, and even some of them that are not so nasty but in many ways are just as bad.

Here they are:

NASTIES

freakish

unsexed

mannish

witches

succubuses on society (had to look up *succubus*: a demon in female form, a she-devil)

NOT-SO-NASTIES

weak

silly

distractible

illogical

dependent

flighty

FEBRUARY 1, 1917

Shocking news! The Germans announced that they will begin “unrestricted submarine warfare” immediately. That means they plan to blow up any ship they want to with their U-boats that sail under the water and shoot



missiles. This is very bad. Now everyone is talking war. Mother and Nell even came home early from the picket line. It was the first time in three weeks that we all had dinner together. Despite this it was a very quiet dinner. It was as if there was more unspoken than spoken. I had the feeling that everyone was having a private conversation with themselves. Father, I imagined, was thinking about treating the wounded. There is a terrible new weapon called mustard gas, and it blinds the soldiers and burns out their lungs or something horrible. So I bet he was thinking about that. And Mother, well, I am not sure what she was thinking, but this cannot help the vigil. Nell behaved very strangely. She had spots of bright color on her cheeks and seemed very nervous. But I think Nell was thinking about joining the [ambulance corps](#). I am sure of it. And I was just thinking about Mother and Father and Nell and what they were thinking about and about becoming an orphan, more or less.

LATER

Hah! Told you so. I heard Nell asking Marietta if she could ask Juby's husband, Joss, who is the chauffeur for Alma's



family, if he would teach her how to drive. We don't have a chauffeur and Nell would never dream of asking Father. That would give away her plans immediately.

FEBRUARY 2, 1917

Last night I went to Nell's room and told her outright that I knew her plans. She suddenly looked really scared. "Don't tell Mother."

"What about Father?" I asked. But it was Mother she was most concerned with. You see, the Woman's Party is against America entering the war. [Alice Paul](#) says, Why should Americans go and fight for democracy abroad when our president does not defend it at home? Nell doesn't quite agree. She feels that the [Great War](#) should be a separate cause from that of [suffrage](#). She says there are actually other women in the party who feel this way too, but not Alice Paul and not Mother and not Auntie Claire. I am not sure what I think. It does seem rather silly to be going all across the ocean and having young men get killed for democracy, when there is a battle right here and those poor women are freezing their feet and getting sick. Mrs. Walter Evans collapsed this afternoon

on the picket line with pneumonia and they say her condition is critical. Is she any less brave than a poor Brit blinded by mustard gas? Is her cause less noble? And I know that this is not very nice to say but what about Nell? Are her ambitions all that noble? Or is she also out looking for adventure and a chance to learn how to drive?

I, of course, am feeling very left out of everything. I am too young to be a [silent sentinel](#) and stand on the [picket line](#). They allow you only if you are over twenty-one. And nobody cares what I think about the [Great War](#), because why would anyone ever ask a thirteen-year-old girl? I am fit only to be an orphan. I shall start reading Charles Dickens. *Oliver Twist*, I guess.

FEBRUARY 3, 1917

Our country and Germany have officially stopped talking. [President Wilson](#) ordered it. And he has also asked for the power to arm all American merchant ships against German [U-boats](#) in case of attack. When Mother came home from her shift she said, "Well, we're like the Germans now, I suppose — for he hasn't talked to us





since we started the vigil. I suppose next he shall ask for the power to take arms against us." I felt as if the breath had been sucked right out of me. As soon as she said it she clapped her hands over her mouth. Her eyes went wide at the horror of her own words. She raced across the parlor and folded me into her arms. She tried to comfort me. But I was stiff with fear.

LATER

Tonight I had not been asleep long when I heard my bedclothes rustle. It was Mother in her nightgown. She was crawling into bed beside me. She put her arms around me and whispered, "Poor Kat." Something burst inside me and I started sobbing. The whole bed shook. Mother just said, "There, there," and patted my head. I knew somehow she understood. I am so glad that she did not try to tell me how everyone had to sacrifice in these times or how noble the cause was. I am sick of noble causes. Good night.



FEBRUARY 4, 1917

Bitter cold this morning. When I woke up there were frost designs on my window. And when I looked down on Farragut Square, which is directly across from our house, it looked as if the statue of the admiral, Admiral Farragut, who won the Battle of New Orleans, had been dipped in ice. Everything is glazed — streets, lampposts, the black limbs of the trees. The sun is harsh and too bright, and its rays fracture into tiny brilliant slivers as they hit the ice-sheathed street. A mean wind from the north creaks around the eaves of our house. When I was looking out the window, I saw this tiny figure moving down the street, hunched against the slicing wind, stepping carefully so as not to lose footing. It was Mother! I looked back at my bed. There was still a hollow in the pillow where her head had rested near mine. I don't know when she left my bed this morning, or maybe it was last night. I felt a twinge of shame that I was relieved that she did not speak to me of noble causes. She need not speak. Look how she bends herself into the wind. She is like a small sailing vessel in a vast and stormy sea as she sets her course for the White House to stand sentinel.



I suppose the Wilsons are having their morning coffee. And maybe some fancy breakfast rolls. They say there is a very good pastry chef in the White House. I wonder what Mrs. Wilson thinks when she sees these women standing out there, bundled against the cold, their faces wrapped with woolen scarves against the wind. I wonder what they talk about to each other. How could the Wilsons completely ignore the women? Have these people no feelings? How could you as a woman be married to somebody like him — [President Wilson](#)? It is not simply that he is against the vote. It is that he can make so small of their cause, that he can go on in his comfort, eating while the women are cold. I think the first requirement to be president should be that the person is human, and the First Lady should be also. I would never sit there stuffing my mouth with pastry as good women freeze outside for their natural rights.

LATER

Made five trips to the [picket lines](#) today to deliver hot wrapped bricks and thermoses of coffee. Father joined

me on one but then got an emergency call from the hospital. I found Alma at my house with Clary when I got back from the third trip and they accompanied me. I think it was good for Clary to go with us and take a break. She has a hard time understanding what her mother is doing. Auntie Claire was so thrilled to see Clary and Clary to see Auntie Claire, for often Clary is asleep or with her special tutor at the school she goes to when Auntie Claire returns. They hugged and whooped. Their heads were swallowed up in a cloud of fog from their breath and hollering. It was so cold that their eyes were watering and then they began to cry. Halfway home I noticed two tear tracks had frozen on Clary's cheeks. We brought her inside my house and showed her. She laughed and when I started to dab them off with a warm towel she said, "No! No!" Then she cried and the new warm tears melted the frozen ones. It was so sad, because she was trying to catch them and keep them like one would a souvenir for a scrapbook. We made her some hot chocolate and I got down my old Mother Goose, which she always seems to like, and began reading her some verses. She seemed fine by the time they left. Of course, we had to give her many instructions

about not telling her father where she had been. She nodded and said, "Ssshhh . . . no tell Papa," and then would smile slyly.

FEBRUARY 5, 1917

President Wilson made a speech in support of self-government for Puerto Rico. Now the women on the picket lines are making new signs demanding that he look in his own backyard and give women the right to vote. It seems to me that the farther you are from the White House and the more in need of democracy, the better the chance that Wilson will come to your aid. Kind of odd, if you ask me.

I went into Nell's room to say good night just a few minutes ago and she was pinning up a picture she had gotten of the Women's Ambulance Corps. They were all standing in front of their ambulances somewhere in France in very snappy outfits. They did look good. They wore belted fitted jackets and skirts that buttoned down the front and high boots. I loved their hats. Flat on top with a patent leather bill. And they also wore gloves. I guess it's easier to pick up wounded bodies that are

slippery with blood if you wear gloves. And the ambulances were modern looking — tall boxy vehicles with doors that fold back and big shiny headlights. It would be heaven to drive one. Oh, and I forgot, the women wear ties just like men do!

FEBRUARY 9, 1917

I hate Uncle Bayard. I think he is the most narrow-minded man I have ever met. Clary has come down with bronchitis. Father is treating her, and Alma and I and of course, Mother and Auntie Claire are all to blame. He found out about Clary going with us to the [picket line](#). Now he is saying that if it hadn't been for this fool "woman's thing," as he calls the [suffrage movement](#), and stupid silly girls (me and Alma) and even sillier women (Mother and Auntie Claire), his precious Clary, who does not have "natural sense" — not that we have any more, he says — would not now be at death's door. He blames Auntie Claire most of all and his words are simply poisonous. Father tried to calm him down. He speaks in such ugly ways. He talked about how poor Clary's brain is "deficient" and how there is a medical

reason for that. Then he wheeled around and hissed at Auntie Claire and asked what the reason for her brain's weakness was, other than being a woman. Then Father interrupted and told him he couldn't have him talking this way to his wife, especially in front of Alma and me. Uncle Bayard just turned to him and said, "Then I suggest you leave."

Father said, "I shall, but I shall return to treat Clary."
This is a terrible predicament.

FEBRUARY 10, 1917

Clary does not improve. We are all gripped with the worst fears. Alma said a disturbing thing. She said that her mother, who no longer goes to the [picket line](#), said she thought Uncle Bayard almost wished Clary would die, for it would in some way justify his hatred of [women's suffrage](#).



FEBRUARY 11, 1917

Clary still fares poorly but Alma reports that she said an astounding thing in her delirium. "Mama," she said, "I'll be coming with a hot brick for you and Auntie Eleanor — just a minute." I nearly cried when I heard this. Clary's life has always been dull because there are so few things she can do. She doesn't know how to read or write. She cannot really follow games well enough to play. She is rather large and ungainly, and when she tries to dance at parties she looks sort of funny, so her father has always discouraged her from dancing in public. She has had comfort in her life but I think very little real joy or any interesting experiences. Carrying those bricks to the [picket line](#) for Clary was a real adventure. We did it for a couple of days after the first time, and the policemen were so nice to her and she learned a few of their names and those of the women.

FEBRUARY 12, 1917

I was kept busy today. Nell sent a note to Miss Pruitt's that as soon as I finished school I should rush to the Woman's Party headquarters because help was needed.

It is all because of Lincoln's birthday, which is today, and the [Silent Sentinels](#) have special banners that they are carrying. I had to help finish stitching them up. [Mrs. Belmont](#) was there and had a number of her maids with her. Everyone was sewing like crazy. Here is what one said: AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, WOMEN ASKED FOR POLITICAL FREEDOM. THEY WERE TOLD TO WAIT — THIS WAS THE NEGRO'S HOUR.

The old colored lady, Mrs. Belmont's upstairs maid stitching next to me on this banner, just snorted. She said softly, "I ain't noticed no Negro hour. I ain't even noticed a Negro minute." I couldn't help but start giggling and she didn't take offense, thank heaven, but seemed to enjoy that I found this funny.

Another banner I stitched on said LINCOLN STOOD FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE 60 YEARS AGO, MR. PRESIDENT. WHY DO YOU BLOCK THE [NATIONAL SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT](#) TODAY? WHY ARE YOU BEHIND LINCOLN?

When we got the banners finished I had to run over with them to the [picket lines](#) at the White House. Mother was there and Nell but not Auntie Claire. She is still trying to keep the peace at home.





I really am very fond of Doris Stevens. She has been a friend of Mother's and Father's forever. She always gives me a special wink when I arrive, and today she was standing with [Lucy Burns](#). Miss Burns and [Alice Paul](#) have worked together from the time they met in England working for women's rights. They were arrested there several times. Mother calls them "some team!" But they are quite different in appearance and manner. Lucy is tall with fiery red hair and is always laughing and making jokes. She is all movement, while Alice Paul is all stillness and repose.

Lucy called me over and said, "Hey, Kat, wanna hear a valentine verse I made up for the president?"

I went over and Lucy bent her head close to my ear. A fiery red tendril whipped across my face in the breeze.

*Roses are red
Violets are pink
President Wilson thinks
Women's rights stink.*

"I love it," I shrieked. And Lucy Burns did a little jig on the sidewalk to keep her feet warm. I made her repeat it so I could tell Alma.

FEBRUARY 13, 1917

Clary is better! We are all so happy, so relieved. I am going over today and taking with me piles of colored paper, paper doilies, and ribbons, and we are going to make valentines with Clary in her sick room. Marietta has baked special little Valentine's cakes. It will be so much fun.

LATER

It was fun. Clary wasn't very good at the cutting at first, but we helped her and she actually improved. She loved pasting on the lace trim. Auntie Claire had some very pretty cotton lace left over from some project. We were all having a merry time, decorating valentines and writing verses and eating iced cakes, when Uncle Bayard peeked in. Oh, he was very cheerful and smiled broadly. "So happy to see all my little girls doing so well. What a wonderful thing, making valentines."

Auntie Claire smiled a funny kind of half smile. And all I could think was, Is this the only way for this man to be pleased with females? I mean, for him to call Auntie



Claire a little girl! She is his wife. She is the mother of his eight children. And Mother says she knows his business as well as he does. I guess this is so if she was threatening to tell Uncle Everett not to invest in the gold mine.

FEBRUARY 14, 1917

Clary has completely recovered and Auntie Claire was back on the line this afternoon. Alma didn't dare come. She said her father is fuming. He doesn't know what he can do about her mother because she has such a powerful hold over him. Not only with what she knows about the gold mine, but she also has threatened to hire an attorney if she has to get her own money out, money that our grandfather left to both Mother and Auntie Claire. But Alma said there is plenty he could do to her. "Like what?" I asked.

"Send me to Ashmont." Ashmont is the old Minette plantation down in Maryland and Alma hates it. Her father's mother lives there. If she were sent there she might have to have a private tutor. Alma says he's been looking for an excuse to get her out of Miss Pruitt's, which he thinks is too "progressive." If she goes to

Ashmont she will be taught to be “a fine Southern lady,” he says.

FEBRUARY 15, 1917

Snowing and sleeting today, but I wouldn't have missed going to the White House this afternoon. The numbers in the [picket line](#) have tripled and we hear that around the country other states are having similar demonstrations. But today was special. It was Susan B. Anthony's birthday, so there were more people than ever. Alma and I had actually helped work on a special [Susan B. Anthony](#) banner for this day. People, thousands of them, stopped and read the words she had spoken during the Civil War: WE PRESS OUR DEMAND FOR THE BALLOT AT THIS TIME IN NO NARROW, CAPACIOUS, OR SELFISH SPIRIT, BUT FROM PUREST PATRIOTISM FOR THE HIGHEST GOOD OF EVERY CITIZEN, FOR THE SAFETY OF THE REPUBLIC.

FEBRUARY 16, 1917

Tonight I was doing my homework. I was having trouble with a math problem. We had to do a problem two



ways — one way using percentages and another way using fractions. I am very good at the fraction way but I really don't understand percentages. I should be getting the same answer either way, but I don't. So I went to Father's study. There was just a little slice of light coming out the door. I heard Mother and Father talking in very low voices. There was a terrible urgency in their tone. I was starting to make out the words and then one word I heard quite distinctly. DIVORCE!

FEBRUARY 19, 1917

I have been beside myself with worry. I cannot believe that Mother and Father would divorce. But maybe Father has had enough of Mother and the [Silent Sentinels](#) and the [picket line](#) and [suffrage](#). I watch them carefully now for any signs. I think perhaps they are not as affectionate as they used to be, although they were never ones for great displays. But every now and then Father would give Mother's shoulder a squeeze or there would just be a certain look that would pass between them. And here I thought I would wind up being an orphan. But the child of a divorce! They both seem freakish. No one gets di-

vorced. Oh, there was once a girl in Cassie's class at Miss Pruitt's and her parents were divorced. And she lived with her grandmother because her mother had to work.

FEBRUARY 20, 1917

I can't mention my divorce fears to Alma because I think she thinks I whine too much. I had told her about my orphan fears and finally she said I was becoming tiresome. And I can't talk to Nell about it because she is all caught up with the Woman's Party convention that is to happen soon, right around the time of President Wilson's inauguration for his second term, which is to be March 4. They are planning all sorts of demonstrations. I was supposed to go over to the headquarters and help make banners but I made an excuse. I play these strange games with myself. When I was walking home from school today, I thought, *I shall close my eyes and when I stop if I am standing on a sidewalk crack it means Mother and Father are getting divorced. If I am between, it means they won't.* I know it's stupid but I just can't help myself.

FEBRUARY 21, 1917

Miss Pruitt says I am distracted. She's right. But what am I supposed to say? My mother and father might be getting divorced. She made me stay after school for extra help in math from her sister, Miss Janet. Her name is Pruitt too but there can't be two Miss Pruitts in one school, so the second one is Miss Janet. Miss Janet helps with the little ones. She smells funny and she reminds me of a soggy old tea bag. She has about three strands of hair on her whole head and still she wears a hair net. She wears a locket around her neck and the rumor among the girls is that she has in it the picture of her fiancé, who was killed in the Civil War.

Apparently Miss Janet is a whiz with percentages, although it's hard to imagine Miss Janet whizzing at anything. She creeps along at a snail's pace and she brushes every paper three times with the palm of her hand before she begins to write. Then she sticks the nib of her pencil on her tongue, and adjusts her spectacles, pats her three strands of hair, and finally in a very creaky voice begins to explain percentages. But I don't really pay attention. You see, I must sit so close to her that I notice all sorts of other odd things about her. She has a mole with a hair

growing out of it on her chin. What a shame. If only that hair could be moved to her scalp. And then her hands are all speckly with purple blotches and her veins stand out maybe a quarter of an inch. Although she is quite thin her feet puff up over the edges of her shoes like balloons. I know this because I dropped my pencil and when I bent over to pick it up I was astonished by her feet. It was as if they belonged on another body.

Needless to say, my knowledge of percentages was not advanced.

FEBRUARY 22, 1917

I ate an apple and threw the core at the trash pail in the kitchen when I got home from school today. I thought, *If it goes in the pail Mother and Father are not getting divorced.* Well, it didn't go in the pail. It didn't go on the floor either. It hit Marietta square in the chest and went right down her dress. She was just walking through! Good Lord, did she squawk. Well, that did it. I started bawling my eyes out.

"What's wrong with you, chile?" She came up and put her arms around me. "What's wrong? What's wrong?" But I couldn't even get the words, or the word out.



Finally I did. "Divorce," I sputtered.

"Who's getting a divorce, chile?"

"Mother and Father," I gulped. And then everything just rushed out, and I mean everything! About being an orphan, my problem with percentages, and how I hated having to work with Miss Janet and the mole with the hair and the feet like balloons. About Nell and the stupid ambulance corps. Finally Marietta blew the air out through her lips so hard that they made that funny vibrating noise — *prrrriipp*.

"Honey, it ain't your folks that be gettin' the divorce." She said this with such sureness in her voice that it made me stop my blubbering. She pushed me back a little in her arms and I looked straight into her face.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"If anybody it may be your Auntie Claire. It ain't for sure they be doing it but Juby done overheard and I guess you done overheard your mama and daddy talking, right?" I nodded slowly.

I felt the strangest mixture of sensations. Relief, naturally, but then oddness. It was so odd. And then it hit me. Poor Alma! And here I had been whining to her all the while about being an orphan, and complaining about Nell and the ambulance corps. How will Auntie Claire



and Uncle Bayard ever get divorced? What will happen to all those little babies and Clary? I think I have been very selfish to be so concerned with my own fears, but now how can I bring this up with Alma? I mean, I am sure I am not supposed to know and maybe Alma doesn't know. I just don't understand why life has to be so complicated and I certainly can't believe that on the first page of this diary, a mere six weeks ago, I said that my life was so dull I wouldn't have anything to write about. Well, it's not as if my life is tremendously exciting, but I sure do have a lot to write about.

FEBRUARY 23, 1917

Alma and I went to the Ardmore and finally had our banana split. When Alma and I eat a banana split together we do it perfectly. I know that sounds stupid but we just know how to eat one together. No one gets piggy and tries to hog all the sauce. Alma knows that I like to eat the banana part first and then get to the ice cream. So she never invades my ice-cream territory. See, we're just so close we know without speaking how to behave toward each other in the most civilized manner. It is no work being with

Alma. It is only friendship and it is as easy as rowing down a quiet, still river on a summer day. When Alma and I grow up and are real young ladies we are going to make a grand tour of Europe together, if there's anything left after the war. We have already started working on the itinerary.

FEBRUARY 24, 1917

Father has come home in a complete dither from his men's club. We shall read all about it in the paper tomorrow, he says. The British have intercepted a coded message between the Germans and the Mexicans. The Mexicans had offered bases to German submarines on the coast of Mexico — on the shores of our continent! This is too close! It is almost as if I can smell the mustard gas. Nell won't even have to go abroad to join the [ambulance corps](#) — just south of the border! It is so scary. Father says the president is hopping mad. The coded message is called the [Zimmerman telegram](#) and it will be published in the paper in the next few days. This really is starting to look like war. My worries about orphandom (for lack of a better word) are taking a backseat to being blinded by mustard gas or blown up by a bomb.



FEBRUARY 25, 1917

Father came home with the evening paper. There it was in the headlines in the biggest, blackest letters I've ever seen. MEXICO SWAPS U-BOAT BASES FOR TEXAS IN DEAL WITH GERMANS. *BRITISH INTELLIGENCE BREAKS CODE OF ZIMMERMAN TELEGRAM*.

Mother and Nell were still on the picket line, but Alma was spending the night. I couldn't believe it but Uncle Bayard let her because she convinced him I needed help with percentages for a math test tomorrow and I will help her with Latin. It was a different evening. We did very little studying but Father seemed happy for the company. He invited us into his study. We discussed the Zimmerman telegram. He says it is unbelievable that the kaiser would presume to offer such a deal to the Mexican government. How could they simply give away a state of ours? I don't understand it. "Well, that means war," Father said very calmly, looking at Alma and me with his steady dark eyes.

My lips moved around the words but no sound came out. I so much wanted to ask a question but I couldn't make my mouth do it. Finally in a small voice I did not even recognize I muttered, "Father, must you go to war?"



He couldn't hear me. Then Alma spoke up very clearly and told him I was worried to death about his going away to war to be a doctor and then with Aunt Eleanor still on the [picket line](#) I would be orphaned.

"Kat!" Father exclaimed. Then he rushed to assure me that first of all he is too old to be called up to go to the [Great War](#). He had already been called in the event of war to help train the younger doctors at hospitals in Washington, D.C. and Maryland because of his experience in the [Spanish-American War](#). He convinced me I wouldn't be orphaned but he said my mother will still be on the picket line. And Alma's too. It is a noble cause even though it is an inconvenient one. Father snorted.

There was this long silence that seemed to widen into a huge gulf and I suddenly knew with absolute certainty that we were all thinking about the same thing: Uncle Bayard. His name hung in the air as big and bold as the letters in the headlines. "I wish," Alma said in a soft but steady voice, "my father could be like you, Uncle Alfred."

All the light went out of Father's eyes and he suddenly seemed old and tired. He paused a long time. "I want you to know, Alma, that come what may, you shall always have a place here in this house." I looked first to

Father and then to Alma. They were locked in each other's gaze. I knew in that moment that it was true. Her parents would get divorced. I think Alma is the bravest person I know.

LATER

Alma and I talked all night long. She said she had been longing to tell me about the divorce although it is not for sure. I feel so stupid about how I have been all wrapped up in myself, worrying about being an orphan. I honestly think she did not want to tell me because she considers me too immature. And she's right! She says her worst fear is that she and her younger siblings will all be sent to Ashmont, her grandparents' plantation in Maryland. But she says she will run away before that. I told her she only has to run away to here. She says she doesn't think her father will ever let her move in here. We are too "Yankee" for him. It is true that a lot of my family came from Boston, but some people, such as Uncle Bayard, just never have gotten over the Civil War.

FEBRUARY 27, 1917

Everybody is getting quite excited in anticipation of the president's inauguration for his second term. The Woman's Party is planning some sort of big demonstration. Women from all over are coming for a convention right before the inauguration, barely a week away on March 4. Mother is quite busy because I guess they will be doing big things for the inauguration. Mother is on the special board to plan these activities, but not Auntie Claire. Nell said that would be the straw that broke the camel's back, meaning Uncle Bayard would split in two, I suppose, if his wife were on such a board. So I asked her about the divorce. I couldn't believe it — Nell's jaw dropped in utter shock. Nell tends to have a kind of know-it-all look, but now her face was blank and those fierce dark eyes of hers just opened wide. "You don't know?" I was stunned. I have never known anything my older sisters, Cassie and Nell, didn't. It felt terrific! You cannot imagine how awful it is being so much younger. You never get let in on anything. Yes, there are definite problems with being the youngest. But I had promised myself that I would not be so selfish in my thoughts and dwell on my misfortunes. As long as I am

not orphaned and there is no divorce in my family I count myself lucky.

FEBRUARY 28, 1917

For our eyes only, diary, I am announcing right now that I plan to be sick tomorrow. Miss Pruitt says one more session with Miss Janet and I should be set with percentages. I say one more session with Miss Janet and I will be either asphyxiated from her mothball-y smell, or bored to death, or have more bad dreams about her mole with the hair.

Father has to go to Maryland very early tomorrow. I can use this ruse only when he is away, because, after all, he is a doctor. But I plan to start it tonight. I shall begin to complain of a headache after dinner. Then I have my own private hot water bottle, and if I time it right and fill it with hot water and put it on my brow for five minutes, I will feel damp and sweaty when Mother comes to kiss me good night. She will then run downstairs to get Father. It will take her at least four minutes to come back with him, and I will have a few more minutes of hot water

bottle application. Then Father will come in and touch my head and feel my glands. I actually have a way of swallowing and holding air in the back of my throat that makes them seem a teeny tiny bit swollen. It is an art that Alma and I have developed. Then he will go and get a thermometer. It of course will register normal because I won't have had a chance to work my wonders on it yet. I can do that only when he is away. But Father will furrow his brow and say, "She might be coming down with something." Music to my ears!

In the morning when Father is gone I shall complain bitterly of a headache and scratchy throat. I will not actually say "scratchy." I find it is more effective to say "dry" or "dusty" or sometimes "sandy." Of course more work with the hot water bottle will be needed. I will be absolutely clammy by the time Mother arrives with the thermometer. Now, when Mother sticks the thermometer in my mouth she always says, "Be right back." Then she goes to make phone calls or instruct Marietta. Needless to say by the time she has returned I will have managed to stick the thermometer under scalding hot water in the bathroom so it reads at least 100 degrees. But Mother keeps me home if it is 99. So that is the plan. I shall rest

comfortably in bed, avoid Miss Janet, and might even practice my percentages. Anything not to ever see those balloon feet and the hairy mole and be engulfed in the mothball smell.

MARCH 1, 1917

It worked! I'm having a very pleasant day in bed. Mother is off at the [picket line](#), of course. Marietta always comes up with cinnamon toast and tea and Jell-O when I am "sick." I love Jell-O. I think Jell-O is the most fabulous invention ever. I think it is right up there with the automobile. Mr. Jell-O should really be as rich as Henry Ford, in my book. I might do some percentages but I am reading *Ivanhoe*. It is a novel by Sir Walter Scott all about a chivalrous knight who returns to England from the crusades. There are two beautiful heroines in it — Rowena and Rebecca, the Jewess. They are both lovely. I can't decide which one I would most like to be, although I know it is difficult being Jewish, then and now. But Rebecca is so beautiful. She has jet-black hair and high coloring. So unlike me. I have mousey brown hair that is perfectly straight and eyes that are no color, although

Mother persists in calling them “grazel” because she says they are not quite hazel and not exactly gray.

LATER

Talked on the phone to Alma and now, because I missed school, I might not play left wing in field hockey. Today was the first hockey practice. Not really practice because it was too awful to go outside but they went over to the gym in the Ladies' Metro Club, which we are allowed to use for calisthenics and they did a walkabout hockey game to explain to the new girls about the positions and how you play them. Posy Elder, who clomps around like an elephant, played left wing. I am so mad. Left wing requires speed and quick thinking, neither of which Posy has. You also have to be able to keep a picture of the entire field and everyone's position in your head at all times. I am not sure it was worth it, staying home. I love hockey.



MARCH 2, 1917

Squeaked through the math test. Thank heavens. Alma and I went over to National Women's Party headquarters to help with banners for the inauguration. They say women are flocking in from all over.

Mrs. Belmont came right over to us and gave an especially warm hello to Alma. I think maybe Mrs. Belmont knows about Alma's parents.

MARCH 3, 1917

This is astonishing. A negro lady and her daughter are picketing on the lines. I saw her when I went over to deliver some soup for Mother and Auntie Claire. Auntie Claire said, "It's wonderful, but there go any hopes for Southern congressmen supporting us."

No school tomorrow because of the president's inauguration.



LATER

Mother has come home early from the [picket line](#) because she plans to rise at four o'clock in the morning to begin to organize for the march. She is in the group that is to go with a delegation to present to the president the resolutions drawn up at the convention that just took place. They all have very high hopes because [President Wilson](#) actually said that he "admired their tenacity." They hope with the great show tomorrow, and so many women coming from the western states, that the president will receive their resolutions and take them to Congress. I think there is a very good chance. To think that this picket line has been going on for nearly three months. Oh, how wonderful it would be to have Mother back. I miss her when I come home from school. She always used to be here to open the door for me. And I think it has been more than a week since she has sat down to dinner with us. Yes, I know I am being selfish. Alma would never complain this way, and poor Alma has only her awful father left at home. I at least have a very fine, loving father who tries hard to understand everybody.



MARCH 4, 1917

It was three-thirty in the morning and I heard something stirring in my room and then I smelled Mother. She always has a powder-fresh scent about her, and she was bending over to kiss me before she left in the pitch-blackness of the new day. "Oh, I didn't mean to wake you. Just wanted to give you a kiss." Mother looked absolutely radiant in the darkness, her brown eyes shining. She seemed to just tingle with excitement. I was suddenly alert and not at all sleepy.

"Oh, Mother, can I go with you?"

"It's awful out there," she said. I turned to the window and saw sleet and rain slashing across the pane. The wind drove the rain so hard it was almost falling sideways.

It was a real gale and my mother, like a stalwart ship, was sailing out right into the teeth of it and with such hopes! I watched her through the window as she walked down the street, lashed by the wind. Two more women joined her at the corner. They walked past the admiral's statue. I am so proud of my mother. She is as brave as any admiral who ever sailed any sea, but Father is right,





it is inconvenient. I pray that President Wilson sees reason. Then all this might soon end.

MARCH 5, 1917

It is late. A terrible gloom has settled over our house and seems to seep out of every crack. I watch Mother. She has sat with her hand on her cup of tea for over twenty minutes and has not taken a sip. She keeps muttering the same words: "The gate where Mrs. Wilson's clothes and other packages are left. That gate — that is where they wanted us to leave the resolutions." Then she squinches her eyes shut tight as if trying to banish the very picture.

You see, what happened was really awful. I even saw much of it with my own eyes, as did Alma. More than a thousand women marched in the procession yesterday morning. Mother, as I said, left at three-thirty in the morning. But Alma and I did not get there until close to nine. There were so many women and so many women's daughters had come to watch that it was not hard to join the procession. It was like a parade, so they didn't have

the rules of the [picket line](#) about having to be twenty-one. Anyone in America can join a parade. And we did. We even helped carry banners on the poles. The poles were so newly varnished that they became sticky in our hands what with all the rain.

We marched up Pennsylvania Avenue. Mother and Auntie Claire were at the head with the women who were to deliver the resolutions to the president. The streets were lined with spectators huddled under umbrellas. The rain never stopped and the gusty winds took many an umbrella or often turned one inside out. Alma and I were as snug as bugs in rugs, for Father had given both of us old mackintoshes left over from the [Spanish-American War](#). He had liked his first one so much that he had purchased two others. Mother had one tailored to fit her just before the picket lines started. Ours did not fit, especially mine. I looked as if I were standing in a hole. Alma's, because she is taller, fit better. In any case, we were warm and dry.

There were bands for the inauguration and they had already started playing rousing tunes like the ["Battle Hymn of the Republic."](#) As we approached the White House we noticed there were hundreds of policemen. The lady next to me said they had brought in police from



Baltimore. "The president must have been scared to death to bring in these coppers."

When we got to the White House gates we were shocked to find them locked. Alma saw an opening in the line to where Auntie Claire and Mother stood by the gates with [Lucy Burns](#), [Mrs. Belmont](#), [Alice Paul](#), and Miss Ann Martin, the leaders of the delegation. Somehow we managed to get very close and heard everything. Miss Martin spoke to the guard very politely. "We have come to present some important resolutions to the president of the United States."

"I have orders to keep the gates locked, ma'am."

"But there must be some mistake. Surely the president does not mean to refuse to see at least . . ."

He cut her off. "Those are my orders, ma'am."

"Will you carry a message to the president that we are waiting to see him?" Miss Martin asked. The guard left for a few minutes and then came back.

"I have orders to answer no questions and to carry no messages." He then directed the delegation to an entrance where they could leave their resolutions, and that was when my mother asked what that entrance was used for.

"Mrs. Wilson's packages — her shopping."



The entire suffrage movement, women's right to vote, had been considered no more important than some department store gewgaw that Mrs. Wilson had purchased on her latest shopping expedition. It was terrible. The women were incensed. But did they stop marching? No. All day through the stinging wind-driven rain they continued, and more and more women joined them. Then late that afternoon the big luxurious limousine carrying the president and his wife rolled out of the White House grounds and through the gates. We were all standing there with our banners. But the president and Mrs. Wilson looked straight ahead as if their heads had been bolted onto their shoulders.

All hopes were dashed in that instant. After three months of picketing nothing has come of it, and my mother, who set out this morning before the break of day so full of hope, looks broken herself now, muttering the same words over and over in the wing chair and not touching her tea.



MARCH 10, 1917

All of us have had the most miserable colds. I missed several days of school but now I look forward to Cassie coming home for a school vacation. The weather is much better. Hockey practice begins next week. I hope that all this nonsense about Posy playing left wing will just disappear. I can't wait to see Cassie. I want to hear about college and her beaux and living in the dormitory at Radcliffe and what Boston is like. Nobody ever talks about anything fun around here. It's all the [picket line](#), women's suffrage, and the [Great War](#). It makes me sound like a very trivial person, doesn't it? Well, perhaps I am. You know, not everybody can be born for great and noble causes. And that's a fact.

MARCH 13, 1917

Cassie has come home and all she wants to talk about is great and noble causes. Yes, she wants to quit college and join the picket line and then Nell started talking to her about the [Women's Ambulance Corps](#). And I wanted to hear about boyfriends and at least Boston and the swan



boats. Yes, they have these boats that you can sit on that are shaped like huge swans and they paddle you around in them on the pond in the Boston Public Gardens. Mother and Father will not let her quit college, however. They are very much in agreement on this.

All right, I know that what I am going to say next would cause Mother and all the women in the National Woman's Party to have conniptions. But Cassie is so beautiful that I think it is a shame that she does not currently have a beau and is no longer interested in going to parties and tea dances. When she came home after her freshman year that is all she talked about and we went to the department store and got her some lovely tea-dancing dresses. Cassie's hair is as curly as mine is straight and it has wonderful auburn highlights. I think it is a complete waste that all she wants to do is join the [picket line](#) and that all she talks about is how none of the boys she knows at Harvard believes in women having the vote. Therefore she will have nothing to do with them. When I tried to reason with her she blurted out, "You want me to end up with another Uncle Bayard?" Of course not, but there must be something in between. She and Nell just sigh wearily over what I guess they consider my ignorance.

MARCH 15, 1917

Young Bayard, or Barney as everyone calls Alma's brother, came over to take Cassie to a country club dance out in Silver Spring. She very reluctantly had agreed to go before she came home. She looked lovely in an old printed silk voile dress of Mother's embroidered with pearls and bugle beads. Of course Cassie would look fabulous in a laundry bag.

LATER

Holy smokes! Cassie came back early from the dance tonight. She was delivered to our door by an absolutely incensed Barney, who said that she had made a spectacle of herself. Cassie fumed at him. "That crowd needs a few more spectacles — no pun intended, but in terms of vision they are absolutely myopic and in terms of social conscience they are Neanderthals."

"You don't shout down the attorney general of the United States, Cassandra," Barney hissed.

"What?" My father stood gasping in his smoking

jacket. I had come down in my robe, and Mother and Nell just stood on the stairs looking confused.

Here is what happened. They were at the country club and Cassie said they were at a table with a group of young people and having a very nice time. A gentleman named Mr. Gregory, the attorney general of the United States, came over to the table to say hello to a niece. He commented on how nice it was to see young women all in silk and dancing and having such a good time and that he was happy that none of them was mixed up with the suffragists who nearly spoiled the inauguration. Cassie says she didn't say a thing until he said, "You know what I would do if I was one of those policemen? I'd just take a hose out with me and when the women came out with their banners, why, I'd squirt the hose on them." There was a lot of tittering around the table. Then he said, "If you can make what a woman does look ridiculous you can sure kill it."

That was too much for Cassie. She jumped up and said, "Mr. Gregory, my mother and aunt were among those women. What right would these policemen have to attack these women? Did it ever occur to you as the highest officer of the law of the land that squirting water from a hose on law-abiding citizens might make you and

the office of the attorney general, not to mention the government, look ridiculous? I think you should resign.”

Well, Mother sank down on the step where she stood and Nell let out a whoop and Father just looked plain amazed. I have to admit I am really proud of Cassie. Imagine calling down the attorney general of the United States of America. I suppose it is more exciting than riding on a swan boat. But Father and Mother are still making her go back to school for the term.

MARCH 16, 1917

Idiot cousin Barney blabbed to his father about what happened at the country club. Uncle Bayard called up Father and ranted on about Cassie's behavior and how it was going to be the ruination of him and his family and that they would all get thrown out of the country club. And now he forbids any contact between the children of his household and ours! Father looked quite gray when he hung up the phone. He muttered something I didn't understand, which was “to forbid is to invite trouble.” I don't know how I am to avoid contact with Alma. We go to the same school.

MARCH 19, 1917

Worst day of my life. Unbelievable that all this could happen on one day. I guess I should list these in order of worldwide importance, which has very little to do with my feelings. (1) The Germans sank three American merchant ships in the last two days so we are going to enter the war. (2) Tsar Nicholas was overthrown in Russia. No more Romanovs after three hundred years of their ruling and people are killing each other in the streets of Moscow. (3) Alma is being sent to Ashmont!

It is very odd to contemplate these three separate things or events. They all are disconnected, but in some way I feel that they might be connected, in ways we cannot see. I feel that we are on the brink of a changing world and maybe it begins or ends in little households like ours and Alma's. I cannot bear the thought of Alma being at Ashmont.



MARCH 20, 1917

She's gone already. Just whisked away. No time for good-byes. All of her schoolbooks and notebooks left in her desk. I could not believe it when Miss Pruitt said Alma Minette had been withdrawn. I never expected it to happen so soon. I couldn't stand it. Still can't. I'm going to do *something*. I'm not sure what. When I found out this morning, I simply could not bear to be in school another minute. I pretended I was sick and asked to go home. So here I am. Marietta, my usual source of information, is out marketing.

LATER

I decided to find out myself what's going on, so I went over to Alma's house. The more I walked the madder I got, until I arrived at Alma's and knocked on the door as loud as I could. Juby came to answer. I could see she had been crying. "What's going on?" I asked.

"Nothing no good," she answered. Then Henry came. Haughty, arrogant — gosh, I hate him. So Henry said he'd handle this.

I demanded to know where Alma was.

"Gone to Ashmont with Clary and the young ones," Henry said.

"Without saying good-bye?"

"No good-byes were needed," he replied stiffly.

What a pathetic response. When he turned to go inside, for we had been standing on the front stoop, I kicked him right in the seat of his pants. He went sprawling. I really didn't know my legs were that strong. I mean, I should be playing soccer instead of hockey. By the way, I am going to be left wing. But it seems to mean very little now in the scope of things.

MARCH 21, 1917

I am being punished for kicking Henry in the pants. It's no punishment, really. I just have to come home directly from school every afternoon for two weeks. It would be too sad to go to the Ardmore without Alma. To eat a banana split alone is unthinkable, and even though lime rickey season is right around the corner, it just wouldn't be the same sitting there all by myself sucking that fizzy greenness through a straw. You know, Alma never

slurped or made sucking noises with her straw. I do. I couldn't stand listening to my own disgusting slurping without Alma's chatter to camouflage it.

The real problem is no one will tell me anything about Alma's "vanishing," as I now think of it. I asked Mother and all she said was, "It's not only Alma, dear. It's Clary and Beauregard and Gerald and Halsey and Davis. Auntie Claire is beside herself."

"Are you going to do anything about it?" I asked.

"I really can't do much. It's a matter for lawyers, really. It's all very complicated."

I decided to have a visit with Marietta the first chance I got.

P.S. A special session of Congress was called. It's all about whether we should go to war.

MARCH 22, 1917

Went up to Marietta's room on the fourth floor late last night. She claims I scared the daylights out of her, tapping on the door. "Thought you were some dang German!" This irritated me. All anybody can think about

is the war. I want to think about Alma. I had forgotten how teeny tiny Marietta's room is. It is one-quarter the size of mine. She, of course, keeps it four times as neat as I do. I just came out point-blank and asked her about Alma.

"He done kidnapped dem children. Evil. No good evil."

This is what I needed to hear. No mincing words. No talk of lawyers. "How did he do it?"

"He done got Joss to stuff 'em all in that Packard and drove 'em down to Ashmont in the middle of the night."

"But what about Auntie Claire?"

"Well, what do you suppose? She started screamin' her head off when she found out. It seems Mr. Minette put some powder in her tea that night when she come home from the [picket line](#) so she slept real sound. She didn't find out until late in the morning when she finally woke up."

Powder in the tea! I was stunned. This was criminal.

"Yep. Juby saw him do it."

I didn't know how she could stand living in that house a minute longer.

But she had gone over to Mrs. Belmont's, Marietta told me.

"Why didn't she come here?" I asked.

"Oh, she probably don't want to drag your mama and daddy into it and I tell you, Mr. Minette, he be scared of Mrs. Belmont. She's one powerful lady."

Told you, diary, when you want to find out something you go to Marietta. No beating around the bush with her. I am not any happier. I mean, Alma is still gone, but at least I know the whole story. I cannot stand adults who do not give children complete information. I shall never do that as a parent. Never never never.

MARCH 23, 1917

Exactly two weeks until my fourteenth birthday and Alma's. We always had a joint celebration.

MARCH 25, 1917

A letter from Alma! My hands are still trembling. I have read it ten times and they still tremble. It was just as Marietta described. Alma is devastated. She is most worried about her mother and the effect all this will have on

her. She says the babies, Halsey and Davis, whine all day. Beauregard is better because they have given him a pony. She says her grandma, Sunday Minette (real Southerners often have strange names), is unbearable. Here is exactly what she writes about her:

“Granny Sunday is the most ill-named woman in the world. She is like a perpetual dark cloud looming on the horizon. She squawks at all of us constantly but gets a particular edge in her voice when she speaks to me. You see, I remind her of that “Yankee woman” — that’s how she still refers to Mother — who married her precious son. She blames all of Clary’s problems on that “thin Yankee blood from up North.” She is going to try to turn me into a proper Southern girl, so she insists that I read less. I told her flat out that I thought first of all this was an insult to Southern women and that I had no intention of reading less.”

I say, Bravo for Alma. Alma is so incredibly smart. She thinks of clever things to say and does not act impulsively like me and go around kicking stupid men in the pants — although I am still glad I did it. I am going to write her right away.

MARCH 29, 1917

It was a real lime rickey kind of day. Hot and sunshiny. The cherry blossoms all bursting out. There is something odd about it all, however — our first real spring day and all anyone talks about is war. I hear about what is happening over there on the front, as they call it. I see the terrible reports in the newspapers and the pictures of wounded, the fire and smoke from bombs. And here in Washington there are pink cherry blossoms bursting in the air. What an odd world we live in.

APRIL 2, 1917

What a strange evening. Went with Father to see the president's motorcade drive up to Capitol Hill. We stood in a soft drizzling rain with thousands of people as we all watched the president escorted by a troop of cavalry go to Congress to ask for war. The Capitol, white and misty in the evening light, glowed like a huge dim pearl. The crowds were unusually silent. Mother stood with a contingent from the National Woman's Party. There were new signs: EVERYONE'S LIBERTY IS SACRED. DO NOT FORGET

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE. Another read FREEDOM ABROAD AND AT HOME AS WELL.

Father shook his head. "They shouldn't be pushing now." I knew what he meant. He felt that the women should step aside in this somber moment, that it would harm their cause more than help it. Nell was not standing with [Alice Paul](#) and Mother and Auntie Claire and [Mrs. Belmont](#). I saw her with another group. I knew that the division within the Women's Party concerning the war was becoming sharper. There were many like Nell who did want the United States to enter the war. I am not sure how I feel.

APRIL 3, 1917

Read [President Wilson's](#) war message that he delivered to Congress last night in this morning's paper. It was very stirring. He wants to make "the world safe for democracy." These are his very words. I copy them from the paper exactly. "We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed." Can't he see that it is not only Germany that

has done wrong, but also that here at home there is a wrong because women can't vote? It is as if there are two sets of rules — one for Europe and one for here.

APRIL 4, 1917

The war resolution passed in the Senate today. Eighty-two senators for it, six against it.

Nell and Mother give each other icy looks. Mother seems to excuse Father more than Nell about his views on entering the war. Auntie Claire came for dinner. Now everyone speaks of her divorce very casually. It is nothing, I guess, next to war. [Mrs. Belmont](#) is helping her get a good lawyer. She might be giving her money, although I think Auntie Claire has a lot of her own because Mother does. They are sisters, after all, and my grandfather would have treated them equally.



APRIL 6, 1917

Today I turned fourteen and America went to war. It's Good Friday. (Hah!)

APRIL 8, 1917

My official birthday celebration was this evening. It was arranged around the war and mother's picketing schedule and Father's schedule at the hospital and an appointment Auntie Claire had with a lawyer. I was squeezed in, so to speak. I don't mean to sound ungrateful, but in truth, despite the nice presents, my birthday seemed a big inconvenience to everyone except myself. Auntie Claire was pretty glum. How could she help but think of Alma, for it's her birthday as well? Marietta did make all my favorite foods. Beans with redeye gravy, mashed potatoes, fried chicken, and NOTHING green. I hate green food — except for lime rickeys, that is. She made a lovely cake. Nothing disgusting in it like nuts or raisins. Just a nice yellow cake all slathered with white frosting. I love frosting. I could tell Auntie Claire was fighting back tears when they brought in the cake all lit up and started

singing “Happy Birthday.” I mean, for fourteen years it’s been “Happy Birthday, Alma and Kat” (alphabetical order).

I sent Alma a whole box of stuff. Mother gave me the money and Marietta took me shopping. The best present was the book *Pride and Prejudice* by Jane Austen. I had just finished reading it myself. It’s a wonderful story and Elizabeth Bennet, the main character, is massively intelligent and lovely in spite of having a very silly mother. And then there is this arrogant young man — well, I can’t give it all away. Anyhow I loved it and went to Frobishers’ bookstore and bought the same copy I have — pale blue binding with gold fleur-de-lis stamped on the cover. I also bought Alma a whole packet of wonderful-smelling sachets and a fashion magazine.

APRIL 10, 1917

They speak of sending an expeditionary force of close to a hundred thousand young men to France. And today I saw pictures in the paper that were really terrifying. Dead bodies, their limbs at odd angles strewn in a trench and above them, men in swirling smoke. There was an-

other picture of a merchant ship in sheets of flames after a German U-boat had struck it with torpedoes, and then another of a soldier carrying a wounded man whose face was covered with blood.

Mother is on her way to the [picket line](#). They will carry signs that fling President Wilson's words back to him: WE SHALL FIGHT FOR THE THINGS WE HAVE ALWAYS HELD NEAREST TO OUR HEARTS . . . FOR DEMOCRACY and so on. I am not sure how I feel about Mother going out with these signs when I see such pictures as I have seen in the newspapers. Are the rights of women this important? I mean, men are dying and soon American men will die. I would even feel sorry for Henry if indeed he had blood pouring from his face as that young fellow in the newspaper.

APRIL 13, 1917

First real hockey practice today. We were supposed to get new uniforms, something more modern, but with the anticipated war shortages we are playing in our same old disgusting maroon tunics with bloomers underneath. I am playing left wing, thank heavens. Deborah Paine is



right wing, and Harriet Wilhelm is center. No doubt about it, she has a very unfortunate last name. Coupled with the fact that she is a very aggressive player it was no time before someone started calling her Kaiser Wilhelm, the awful German king who started this whole awful war. Harriet left the field in tears. Miss Hornsby, our gym teacher and hockey coach, blew so hard on her whistle that her eyes bugged out. She is slightly buggy-eyed anyhow. She called an immediate halt to the game. The next thing we knew, Miss Pruitt came marching onto the field and we were all required to stay two hours after school! The entire team. All except of course Harriet Wilhelm. And this is Friday! Friday the thirteenth, I might add.

APRIL 15, 1917

The entire hockey team was made to write a letter to Harriet apologizing for our behavior. Some of us felt so bad that we invited Harriet to go with us to the Ardmore, and we chipped in and bought her an ice-cream soda. Just when we thought everything was going so well Posy Elder said, "Tell me, Harriet, has your family ever considered changing their name?"

Harriet's eyes widened and she appeared stunned. "Why would we ever do that?" she asked.

"Well, you know, because of the unfortunate connection with the kaiser in Germany — such a brute. You wouldn't want people to think you were related."

"Posy!" I gasped. This was simply unbelievable.

But Harriet was equal to the challenge. "That he is a tyrant has nothing to do with me or my family. My mother stands in the picket line alongside Kat's mother and Nancy Abbot's mother. My father is a doctor in the same hospital with Kat's father. He fought in the Spanish-American War and my grandfather fought in the Civil War. We would never think of changing our name."

Posy flushed a furious red. She looked rather Christmasy sucking on a lime rickey and did not say another word for the rest of the time. Some people have no brains.

APRIL 16, 1917

Received a letter and birthday package from Alma today. What a funny coincidence. She sent me a Jane Austen



book, *Sense and Sensibility*, along with a beautiful scarf. Nothing improves at Ashmont. If anything it gets worse. Granny Sunday's loathsome sister has arrived — Great-Aunt Dolly. Alma says she looks like a painted doll and her eyes even work like those weighted dolls' eyes so that when you tip the doll one way the eyes roll back and shut, when you tip the other way they open. Sunday and Dolly squabble all day long and Dolly tries to get Alma to be on her side. Dolly's fiancé was killed in the Civil War and she has never married and has worn black ever since. She has a digestive disorder that causes her to belch loudly but because Granny Sunday is slightly deaf she is always saying, "What'd you say, Doll?" And Dolly doesn't like to admit she's belched so she just makes up something. The only good news is that Clary seems to be adjusting. She can go outside more down on the plantation. It is safer and there is a large yard and garden where she spends endless hours and seems quite content. But poor Alma is bored stiff. They say they are going to hire a tutor, but so far no one has been hired. She asked about hockey. She used to play left inner, a very important position. She says Uncle Bayard has come to visit only once and spent the whole time talking with Grandma Sunday — about money,

Alma thinks. She has reason to suspect that he is in very bad shape money-wise.

APRIL 24, 1917

I know for sure Nell is up to something. I am not sure what. I came across her talking in a hushed voice on the upstairs phone and she gave me an absolutely poisonous look. I know that in the National Woman's Party a real line is being drawn between those who favor the war and those who do not.

APRIL 28, 1917

We won our first hockey game! It was against the Madeira School. They are very tough and they have a center that makes Harriet Wilhelm look like a pussycat. These Madeira girls are all huge. All ferocious but actually our team is quicker, more nimble, and we play with our heads as Miss Hornsby keeps screaming at us to do. She actually said one day when our line was advancing down the field and we had left a flank open where the

other team could get in, "Play with your brains, you numskulls!" No one took it personally. I actually thought it was very funny.

MAY 3, 1917

Father came home quite excited this evening. General John Pershing has been appointed head of the American Expeditionary Force. Father knows him, not well, but he served in the [Spanish-American War](#) and fought at Santiago. Father had to treat him at a hospital in Key West, Florida, where they brought a lot of the wounded from that war.

"You mean he got wounded?" I asked.

Father hesitated "Er, no. It was more an illness he picked up in the field."

"What?" I asked.

Father blushed slightly. "Dysentery."

"You mean diarrhea?"

"Yes, dear. Very bad water down there."

Not the kind of noble, debilitating war wound one expects from a military hero who is about to command the largest expeditionary force in American history.



MAY 4, 1917

They might pass a Selective Service Act, which will make it possible for the government to call up young men and draft them for the expeditionary force. Millions are needed. Mother and [Alice Paul](#) and [Lucy Burns](#) are furious.

MAY 6, 1917

This is awful. Whenever I see a picture of General Pershing in the newspaper all I can think of is the embarrassing illness that Father treated him for. I really do have a very small and dull mind, don't I?

MAY 7, 1917

Mother came home today so happy! She says that there is real hope for Auntie Claire getting all her children back. Oh, Lordy! If Alma could come home how happy I would be.

I wanted to write her tonight and tell her but Mother



said not to because she thinks the dreadful Granny Sunday might be reading Alma's mail and the last thing we want to do is tip off the Minettes about what actually might be happening. Uncle Everett is coming to town in a few days to discuss things with the lawyer. It sounds as if Auntie Claire might have to buy back her children. Seems that Alma was right about the money problems.

MAY 10, 1917

The dreadful Great-Aunt Dolly is dead! And Alma found her. Alma wrote me the most wonderful and extraordinary letter about it. I think Alma should be a writer. She really has a gift. I am paraphrasing it here but Alma describes going out onto a veranda where Great-Aunt Dolly had been taking tea. Great-Aunt Dolly was sitting in a rocking chair and her head was back and her eyes were open and rolled up. Of course, you don't expect anyone to be dead, even with their eyes rolled up, I guess — and Alma thought they were like the doll's eyes anyway, so she just came up and gave the chair a little rock to tip them back the other way. Then she noticed that Dolly had this very angry, mad look on her face, "as if,"

Alma wrote, "she had been cheated out of something and just found out." Alma did tip the chair but the eyes did not roll back into place. There were crumbs on the front of her dress and a crochet needle had slid off onto the floor. In that instant Alma knew Great-Aunt Dolly was dead. Granny Sunday pitched a fit, Alma said. You would have thought they loved each other dearly and never fought. The fit lasted about two hours. Then she quickly sent Alma to town to fetch her lawyer. The phone wasn't working or something. So Alma went. She says all Granny Sunday cares about is who Dolly left her money to.

MAY 12, 1917

Harriet Wilhelm and I are getting to be fairly good friends. We have twice gone to the Ardmore for lime rickeys. She wanted to share a banana split with me today, but quite honestly I don't have the heart. I think that is something I shall do only with Alma. It just seems disloyal to do otherwise.



MAY 13, 1917

Harriet told me something interesting. She has an older sister who has become a friend of Nell's on the [picket line](#). She said that her sister is for the war just like Nell, and that her mother is against it. Furthermore, she heard her sister talking to Nell the other night on the phone in a low voice, and she too felt her sister Margaret was up to something.

MAY 15, 1917

We won another hockey game. So far we have won two and lost two. We are playing much more aggressively than ever before. I wonder if it doesn't have something to do with the war, or maybe for that matter the picket line. There are at least three or four mothers from school on the picket line now. Maybe we just want to prove how tough and ferocious we girls can be. I am not sure, but we all seem to have this new spirit running through us. Two gentlemen the other day stopped and watched through the fence grating of the park where we play. I was on the bench near the fence, so I could see and hear

them talking. They watched transfixed as Harriet led the way down the field. Her long legs stretched out and she bellowed commands to the flanking inners. She was sleek and fast and powerful. I heard one of the gentlemen say, "So that's what we have to look forward to if all this suffrage nonsense comes to be. God save us, George." I wanted to turn around and say, "You bet!"

LATER

I keep thinking about those two men watching us play hockey, and then I think about how a few weeks ago, when we got in the war I was wondering if Mother should still be picketing. I wondered if [women's suffrage](#) was really worth it. I think maybe it is. I mean, those men standing there at the fence were not looking at us as human beings, but as some sort of inferior thing called "female." If we could just realize we are *all* humans and should have all the rights due to human beings. If women's suffrage can help people see people as people, human beings, well, that is worth an awful lot. I really think [Sojourner Truth](#) said all this best. I am going to read her speech again before I go to sleep.



MAY 19, 1917

The Selective Service Act was passed. Now many young men will be called up to go to Europe and fight as part of what they are calling the First Division.

Father goes almost every day to a hospital in Virginia to help with the training of medics and nurses from the American Red Cross. He is gone several evenings a week. It seems that Nell is out nearly every night. And Mother is substituting for Mrs. Stevens on the early evening picket shift, so I eat dinner in the kitchen with Marietta. It's hard to believe that in another couple of weeks the picket line will have been going for six months!

LATER

Mother came home really angry with President Wilson — as if this is new. The National Woman's Party is now pressing for a women's suffrage committee in Congress, but the president keeps delaying because he says he can attend only to business that has to do with war. But today a Senate committee passed authorization



for an expenditure of ten thousand dollars to build a monument to a dead president! She didn't say which one. She just kept muttering, Imagine ten thousand dollars for a statue of a dead man and nothing for millions of living women. I said she should write it on a banner. She paused a second. Then this funny little smile came across her face and she rushed over and hugged me. "Thank God, Kat, you have a sense of humor. Someone needs one these days." I didn't think I was being funny at all. I was serious.

MAY 29, 1917

Every day it seems that new measures are being passed. They call them "war measures," such as the ones that did not permit us to get new hockey uniforms so as to conserve cloth for the war. Now there are food conservation measures and a war tax bill.

Eleven thousand men so far have been sent to Europe to fight as part of the First Division.



MAY 30, 1917

Mother and Nell had a terrible fight tonight. Mother was defending [Alice Paul](#), who is a Quaker, and the decision of the Woman's Party, which says that those members who want to engage in the war effort must do so as individuals, not party members. Nell was absolutely screaming and Mother, well, Mother does not scream, but there is never any doubt she is angry. I hate this. I HATE HATE HATE it. All right, I'll say it right now: I might as well be a flowerpot in this household. Nobody pays any attention to me. They all go about business that they think is much more important, and maybe it is, but it is simply not fair. I am fourteen years old. I deserve more attention. Nell and Cassie got their fair share when they were fourteen. There was no darned war going on and no [picket line](#). My very own birthday celebration had to be squeezed in between everyone's noble doings. I am too young to be part of anything and too old to enjoy the benefits of being a cute, chubby little baby who just screams "waaa" and gets her own way.



LATER

I went up to Marietta's. I told Marietta exactly how I was feeling. And Marietta just stared at me like I was the dumbest thing in the world. "Why girl, why don't you just go tell them?"

"Go tell who?"

"Your folks."

"Mother? Father?"

"Those be the only folks you got, far as I know."

She was right. It was so simple.

JUNE 1, 1917

I got up very early this morning and went to Father just like Marietta told me. First of all he was shocked to see me up so early. Father rises at five o'clock. So I told him. I thought it might be hard and I was awfully afraid I might cry. But I didn't. As a matter of fact I felt my voice grow stronger. I broke only once when I said I have no one — even Alma is gone. Father was very still and looked at me with great concentration. Father's eyelids slightly hood his eyes like little triangles. I often joke

with him that he has “tepee” eyes — you know, like Indian tepees. But they frame the light in his eyes and that light was like an intense beam focused on me. “Get your wrap,” Father said.

“Why? Where are we going?”

“You can come to the hospital with me.”

“What about school?”

“What about it? There’s less than a week left.”

LATER

What a wonderful day. I watched Father teach and do demonstrations and he let me go with him into certain wards. And guess what? I finally understand percentages. Yes, percentages are very necessary in the medical profession. There are beakers that must be filled with 20 percent saline solutions and when Father drew blood or took urine samples he explained to me how they test for certain percentages of this and that. I mean, I could finally work the percentage problems in school, but it was as if I were doing it by rote, just mechanically, and couldn’t really understand it. It is so funny when you hook up things to real life how much clearer they become.

Father promises to take me with him at least once a week.

JUNE 4, 1917

Harriet told me that her sister Margaret and Nell, she knows for a fact, have been attending some sort of meetings together and they are not National Women's Party meetings. She thinks it is something to do with the war.

"Are they secret meetings?" I asked.

"I don't know. Are you thinking they are spies, Kat?"

Spies! I nearly died. The thought had never crossed my mind. "No, for heaven's sakes."

"Me neither," said Harriet.

We just think they are afraid to tell anyone they are for the war and that is why they are sneaking around. But one thing we did decide to do is follow them to their next meeting. It should be tomorrow, Harriet says, since she thinks they meet on Tuesdays.



JUNE 5, 1917

Nell is gone! Harriet and I didn't even get a chance to follow her and Margaret to a meeting. They are both gone. They left notes. The meetings they were going to were for the American Fund for the French Wounded, which provides emergency relief for the soldiers in France. They explained that they had been helping to pack boxes of surgical dressings and hospital supplies, and something called "comfort bags," which had clothing and pencils and paper. Then volunteers were recruited through the fund for the [Women's Ambulance Corps](#) — the British one. And Margaret and Nell signed up. They are to be stationed somewhere in France. They went to Baltimore last night and shipped out on the *S.S. Fillmore*. Mother is beside herself. She is convinced that a German U-boat will get them mid-Atlantic. Father just holds Mother's hand and says, "There, there, Eleanor."

It is so queer. Less than a week ago Mother and Nell were arguing furiously about whether America should be in this war and now all it comes down to is that Mother does not want her daughter to be in it. I am not saying



that she has abandoned her principles. But the reason she does not want Nell to go is not because of her principles. Mother is really scared. I can see it in her eyes. I have never ever seen Mother so frightened before. It is almost as if I can see a flickering light of terror in her eyes and when I see it, it makes something in me cave in a bit. It is not natural to see your own parents frightened. I know Father is scared too but he is more practiced in hiding it. A veil comes down over the tepee eyes. He must have to do this all the time with patients.

JUNE 6, 1917

Cassie came home from college for the summer. She is very mooney but she knows better than to say anything to Mother or Father about dropping out of school for whatever reason or whatever cause. She is very envious of Nell, I can see that. Harriet has told us that a distant cousin of hers taught Nell and Margaret something about driving and that before they left they had learned how to change tires and do something with spark plugs. That seems utterly amazing to me. Father has invited Cassie

to join us when he takes me to the hospital. I guess it is all right but I preferred when it was just me.

Tomorrow Father is going with Auntie Claire and Uncle Everett to Ashmont to visit the children. I pray that they come back with Alma. Mother thinks there is a very good chance, because Uncle Bayard's lawyer has up and quit and very few lawyers want to take on the case. Although many people are not for women's rights, no one looks kindly on men who whisk a woman's children away in the middle of the night.

JUNE 8, 1917

I cannot believe what I have to write on this page — the words I must set down. It is three o'clock in the morning and I was awakened by a great commotion downstairs and the sound of a woman crying. Cassie and I were out of our beds in no time. I didn't even put on a wrapper but from the top of the stairs I saw Auntie Claire collapsed in Mother's arms, crying. Clary stood there, mute and trembling and then the little boys — Halsey, Davis, Gerald, and Beauregard — screaming, crying, and whooping

around, each in a different state of emotional stress. But no Alma. And then it all spluttered out. Alma has run off. She too has gone to the [Great War](#). She has joined the American Red Cross. She cannot be a real nurse but she is going to work as a volunteer in an army hospital in England. She lied about her age. The worst is that for some reason, Granny Sunday didn't tell Uncle Bayard for two days. Then Uncle Bayard was too scared to tell anyone else and tried to hunt her down himself. But I simply cannot believe it. I cannot believe that Alma has talked her way into the Red Cross, is now crossing an ocean and about to be part of a war. Alma, who is the exact same age as me! I wonder if she thought of me once before she left. I wonder what she is doing this very minute. I wonder if she misses anybody — me, especially. I can't help but wonder.

JUNE 9, 1917

This place is crawling with babies. Halsey came in this morning and started jumping on my bed. Then I heard Marietta on the telephone with Juby telling her to “git on over” and help take care of these “crazy babies.” Auntie



Claire seems to have recovered enough to enjoy what children she has left. She is constantly kissing Clary and telling her that they shall be back home in their house on Sixteenth Street in “two shakes.” Well, maybe three, Uncle Everett said. He and Father are off to have a meeting with Uncle Bayard.

JUNE 10, 1917

Harriet and I took Clary to the Ardmore for a lime rickey. Then we walked by the picket line. Clary was excited when she spotted Mother and Auntie Claire with their banners. But I was shocked. The two women just behind them were carrying a banner that said, KAISER WILSON PREACHES DEMOCRACY ABROAD AND THWARTS IT HERE. I saw Harriet’s brow furrow. There was something terribly shocking about this. We could not help but remember when the girls called Harriet Kaiser Wilhelm. There is something cheap about it — yes, a cheap shot, Father would say. But Clary was so excited. There were other signs, too, demanding that the president do something for democracy at home. We were not the only ones who found it shocking. There were a couple of hecklers in the

crowd who were shouting the women down. Loudly! This has never happened before. Most people in the past months would just come and gawk. But these hecklers were yelling insults. "Worse than Germans." The man next to me shouted that just as Mother and Auntie Claire walked by. Then another. "Monster women!" The words exploded behind me. The crowd was getting more agitated. Clary didn't understand. Harriet and I looked at each other and without speaking knew we must leave and get Clary out.

JUNE 11, 1917

Auntie Claire and all of the children are back in their house on Sixteenth Street. Uncle Bayard is living at his men's club. I do feel very sorry for Clary, though. She just does not quite understand what is happening. She does not do well with too many changes. She is back in her old house but Alma and her father are both gone. She is finding it confusing. Mother has asked that I try to spend a little time with her. I do, but it's really boring. How often can you go to the Ardmore for lime

rickys? And I just do not have that much to talk to Clary about.

JUNE 15, 1917

I had a brilliant idea. When I was visiting the hospital with Father in Virginia where he was giving a lecture to Red Cross nurses on hygiene, I heard one of the nurses talking about something she called a victory garden. I asked her what it was and she said it was a garden to grow one's own food to help save supplies for the soldiers overseas. We don't have much of a yard in Washington, but there is one strip that faces south and Mother always puts in flowers. I think we should grow vegetables. I might even consider eating green things if we did this. I told Father about the idea and he thinks it's "A-number-one." That is Father's favorite expression for something that is really good. So on the way back from the hospital we stopped and bought some seeds and he got me a shovel and trowel. We even went by a farm where he had treated the farmer and got some horse manure in a bag. Father says horse manure is very good

fertilizer. Tomorrow is Saturday and Father says he will work with me all day on the garden.

P.S. Nearly forgot to tell about Cassie. She went and got herself a job as a streetcar conductor! There is a shortage of conductors because so many here in Washington were young men who have had to join the army. She's on the Ninth Street line that goes right by the Patent Office, and then on to F Street. Mother did not seem that upset. I guess she would rather have a daughter riding the district streetcar line than careening around France in an ambulance. Cassie gets to wear a conductor's uniform with a shiny billed hat and carries a money changer on her belt. The uniform cannot compare to the [Women's Ambulance Corps](#). Nell did promise to write. I hope she sends us a picture.

JUNE 16, 1917

Today was one of the best days of my life. Father and I were out in the yard by seven o'clock in the morning. It took us all morning even with Marietta's and Joss's help to turn the soil. We had to dig in the manure and then



Joss went and got some old newspapers that he tore up for us and we dug that in too. He said the torn-up newspaper helps keep moisture in the soil. I wore my hockey tunic and bloomers to work in. They were just right for this job. When we got all the soil turned Father suggested that Joss go and bring back Clary, that she might enjoy it. Father really does think of everything. I then called up Harriet. We all worked together for the rest of the day. Marietta made us cheese sandwiches and lemonade, which we ate outside. After lunch we were ready to plant. We had to give Clary a lot of instructions at the start but soon she caught on and was able to plant a straight row of seeds. We planted sweet peas, two kinds of lettuce, cucumbers, cabbage, tomatoes (we cheated a bit there, for the farmer who gave us the manure gave us some tomato plants), carrots, and potatoes. Marietta showed us how you cut the eyes out of old potatoes and put them in the ground to make new ones grow. Very clever arrangement, I think, or as Grandma Bowen used to say, "God works in mysterious ways." Who would ever have thought those old potato eyes could sprout new life? Oh, we also planted radishes, which I loved. I like red things.

Father whistled the whole time we worked. I rarely

hear Father whistle but he did. It was that new catchy tune written about joining the war, by the songwriter George M. Cohan. And Harriet knew all the words. It goes, "Over there, over there, send the word . . . the yanks are coming."

Late in the afternoon Mother and Cassie arrived home and came out to see what we were doing. I thought maybe Mother would be upset but she seemed very pleased. I said, "So you don't mind?"

And she said, "Why should I mind, dear girl?"

"I thought maybe because of the war and how you feel about Nell and Alma."

Her eyes almost filled and she said, "You are doing a good thing and look how happy you all are." She looked at Father and Clary in particular. "The whole point, dear, is for everyone, no matter what their sex, to be able to participate fully in life. I cannot think of a better way than putting things into the soil to grow. This strip of land was never anything but a scratchy patch. Now look at what you've turned it into — this rich, dark earth and the rows so neatly planted." She turned to Clary and said, "My, what a fine job you've done, Clarice." Clary just beamed and Father, well, Father, his face slick with

sweat, looked radiant as he gazed at Mother. I think they are still after all these years and all the disagreements really very much in love.

JUNE 17, 1917

Cassie says that the crowds are getting rowdier at the [picket line](#). More hecklers yelling insults about how the women are unpatriotic. Mother does not seem in the least disturbed. There are to be new banners made for when a Russian diplomat comes from the new Russian republic. The new republic, they say, is going to grant women in Russia the vote! Harriet wants to go tomorrow to see the Russian diplomat's motorcade arrive at the White House. I would much rather work in the garden. Harriet points out that there will be plenty of time for both, seeing as the garden has just been planted and there has hardly been time for anything to grow yet, including weeds. I guess I'll go.



JUNE 21, 1917

There were huge crowds at the White House gates. The rumors had spread that the suffragists would try something today, a very special demonstration. There were lots of hooligans and roughs in the crowd. One of them turned to me and Harriet and with whiskey-soaked breath said, "I hope you two never grow up to be like them women. It ain't natural." Harriet and I both were simply dumbfounded. We turned to run away but could hardly move because the crowds were so thick. We finally got some distance between us and the loathsome hooligans. We could see the banners that the pickets held. One said, TWENTY MILLION AMERICAN WOMEN ARE DENIED THE RIGHT TO VOTE. RUSSIA, YOU ARE DECEIVED THAT THIS IS A DEMOCRACY! The policemen who for so many months were friendly toward the pickets suddenly looked confused and angry. I was torn between staying and leaving, fearful that something scary might happen.

When Harriet and I both spotted our mothers and Auntie Claire they appeared calm. We dared not wave at them as we usually do for fear of attracting the hooligans' attention, and there were plenty of those around aside from the two we had fled. So many men yelling in-

sults and obscenities. We heard words that were really bad, words that sent creepy shivers through you and made your skin prickle. We finally left before the Russian diplomat ever arrived. We went home to the garden and watered it and checked for any sproutings. It was so peaceful and seemed so far away from all the anger.

LATER

Mother came home and said that there is a rumor that a military zone will be set up around the White House and that there will be a line of guardsmen with drawn bayonets! Not a pretty picture — my mother, Auntie Claire, and Harriet's mother up against the steely points of bayonets.

JUNE 22, 1917

"No!" I screamed out loud, then realized I had been dreaming. I just woke up — woke myself up with this bad dream. It is five minutes to four in the morning. I am writing to try to keep myself calm but my hand

shakes so badly that I can barely write. I had the worst nightmare. They say that if you have a dream of falling from a great height you always wake up before you hit the ground. Well, this dream was not about falling but I certainly “hit the ground.” I dreamed about those bayonets — shiny, glinting in a hot noonday sun and Mother was walking right up to a guardsman who held one straight out toward her stomach. I was standing to the side crying and begging Mother to “stop walking, please, Mother, just stop.” But she didn’t. She walked right through the bayonet. Blood spurted out of her, but she would not stop walking. I think I’ll go downstairs to the garden. I can’t get back to sleep now.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

It is so peaceful here in the garden. I got down on my knees and looked very closely at the rows we had planted. I see some tiny specks of green where we sowed the radish seeds. Little tiny roundish leaves. If fairies had fingernails they would be no bigger than these leaves. I should be happy, so why am I sitting in this garden crying?

JUNE 23, 1917

The first arrests have been made. [Lucy Burns](#) and Katherine Morey were arrested late yesterday afternoon by Major Pullman, the chief of police. They had been holding a sign with President Wilson's own words, the ones about WE SHALL FIGHT FOR THE THINGS WE HAVE HELD NEAREST OUR HEARTS. It is not illegal to picket because of something called the Clayton Act. So instead they charged the women with obstructing traffic. Since they were standing quietly on the sidewalk many wonder how this could be. Father says that it will never hold up in court and that they will be immediately released and never brought to trial.

JUNE 25, 1917

Harriet and I took the Ninth Street trolley, the one where Cassie is the conductor. She pretended she didn't know us! Whenever we tried to talk with her she hissed, "I'm on duty. I must not be distracted." I don't see what there is to be distracted from. All she does is take fares and

give out transfer tickets. It's not like she is driving an ambulance full of wounded soldiers, which I know she would love to be doing. She was such a bore that we transferred after five blocks.

JUNE 27, 1917

Father was wrong. Ten women have been arrested so far, thank goodness not Mother or Auntie Claire or Harriet's mother. But six of these ten were indeed judged guilty of obstructing traffic, warned of their "unpatriotic and treasonable behavior," and sentenced to pay a twenty-five dollar fine and spend three days in jail.

The women said to the judge that "Not a dollar of your fine will we pay . . . to pay a fine would be an admission of guilt. We are innocent." So they have been sent to jail. I feel that I should write their names down here, to mark them somehow for history although I guess that might seem silly, as their names are printed in the newspaper. But the women are Katherine Morey, Annie Arneil, Mable Vernon, Lavina Dock, Maud Jamison, and Virginia Arnold. They come from Delaware, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Virginia, and North Carolina.

Mother says we are having “government by embarrassment.” She says that the real crime was not obstructing traffic but embarrassing a president. They say that Wilson was furious with those signs when the Russian diplomats drove through the gates. It is a very odd notion but I think she is right. Mother said that the women of the [picket line](#) have always been civil and picketed in a peaceful manner, but that the government has now become uncivil through its efforts to save face and not be embarrassed. But through their uncivil behavior they are the biggest embarrassment of all.

JULY 1, 1917

Unbearably hot. Worked in the garden as long as I could. We now have several rows of fuzzy little green shoots creeping out of the ground. Auntie Claire and Mother and Father went down to the station to see Henry off. He is back from an army training program in Virginia and will sail from New York City for France in less than a week. Barney will probably not have to serve because he has asthma. It was the first time Auntie Claire and Mother and Father had seen Uncle Bayard. Father came

home and said they were all “civil” to one another. This word keeps popping up but I think it is a good one and I think about it a lot. I looked it up in the dictionary. The first meaning is “of or pertaining to citizens” and another meaning is “adhering to the norms of politeness and courtesy.” I think the meanings are connected. If you are a citizen you are not a slave or a serf. You are a full-fledged member of a society and that means to me that you have to behave in a certain way but that you can also expect a certain behavior from others. I like this word *civil*.

JULY 2, 1917

I wonder when we will get a letter from either Nell or Alma. They both promised to write. But I suppose it takes a while.

JULY 4, 1917

Mother was on the [picket line](#) but Father drove me and Clary and Harriet out to a spot on the Potomac and we



had a picnic in the cool shade and brought our bathing costumes. We changed in the shrubbery and went swimming in a shallow little cove. We had to watch Clary carefully because she does not really know how to swim. But Harriet and I had races. Harriet beat me every time. She is as good at swimming as she is at hockey.

JULY 9, 1917

Our garden is really coming along. Marietta says we will be able to pick lettuce and radishes in another week.

Cassie told me today that dachshunds are no longer called dachshunds because it is a German word. They are now called Liberty Dogs, and her friend Celia, who also is a streetcar conductor, has one named Fritz and is changing his name to Reginald or Reggie. It will never work. It is very difficult to change a name of an animal or a human. At least if you are a human you can remind people, "Kindly call me Isabel and not Hortense." But if you are a dog, what can you really do about it?



JULY 11, 1917

At last a letter from Nell!

She began the letter on the ship just as they had entered the war zone, off France, but she was quick to assure us that all had remained absolutely tranquil, even the sea, and that if anything should happen they have all been trained thoroughly, for they have had several drills during the crossing. They line up and divide into groups in front of the particular lifeboat to which they have been assigned. They check each other's life preservers carefully to see if they are buckled properly and so on. All sounded pretty boring until she got to the part about the next evening when they were supposed to meet up with what she called their "escort convoy." The convoy could not find them. The weather kept getting worse and the sea wilder, but by dawn all was well and they met their convoy and she is now stationed in Calais.

Calais, she says, is one of the places where they bring the wounded from the front. They take the wounded into a huge hangar, where they put labels onto the men's cots as to which hospitals they are to be taken to by the ambulances. She has so far just assisted in the sorting

out of the wounded, putting the labels on their cots. An ambulance can carry six men at a time. She hopes next week to be assigned to an ambulance. She will not drive one yet, however. Most of the ambulances are driven by British women who are members of a corps called FANY, which stands for First Aid Nursing Yeomanry.

In the evening she spends her time studying a manual on ambulance maintenance. Each team of drivers and their assistants must know how to fix the vehicle if it should break down. She says that Harriet's sister Margaret has been assigned to another field hospital, closer to the front, but that perhaps we should not mention this to the Wilhelms. She says also that there is a girl in her group, Dotty, who was at Radcliffe with Cassie. She adds that there is precious little time for socializing because they are kept so busy. She is thankful that she has not yet seen any wounded suffering from the "ravages of the mustard gas."

The entire time Father was reading the letter Mother just stared into her teacup and occasionally shook her head. Cassie's face was all bright and eager, especially when Father read us the part about two women, Mairi Chrisholm and Baroness Elizabeth de T'Serclaes. Nell says they are the only two women who are actually

right at the front. They are very well known and have worked as close as five yards behind the trenches. Mother grew pale as Father read this part, and Cassie brimmed with excitement.

JULY 13, 1917

It was Cassie's day off and she and I were walking to the Ardmore when we ran into her streetcar pal Celia with the dachshund Fritz. Such a cute little fellow and Celia was very nice too. She said calling him Reggie isn't working. I said why not change it to something closer to Fritz like Frenchy or Frankie. Celia's eyes flew wide open. "Why, that is sheer genius!" I thought this an overstatement. I mean, it seems so obvious to me that you should change the name to something that sort of sounds like the original one.

JULY 14, 1917

Mother, Auntie Claire, and Mrs. Wilhelm have been arrested! Going with Father to court. Will write more later.



JULY 17, 1917

I shall never be able to explain this calmly but I am determined to write about it. I want to set down the truth exactly. It is hard to think about the future at times like this, but someday many years from now I want people, maybe my own children, grandchildren, or great-grandchildren, to know the truth. To know how a court of law can become a court of unfairness and senseless punishment and make a joke of justice. Mother and Auntie Claire and Harriet's mother were arrested with a dozen or more other women. It was Bastille Day, the day that celebrates the fall of the French bastille and the French Revolution of 1789. They, along with others, had marched that morning to the White House gates with banners inspired by that revolution, signs with the words LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY. The police were very cunning. Some were on bicycles and some on foot and they would close in on one or two women at a time. But then as soon as they did another woman would step forward and carry the banner closer to the White House gates. I was not there, thank heavens. I did not have to see my mother herded into the police wagon, but Harriet was there and she said all the heckling suddenly stopped

and the crowd grew quiet as they bodily picked up one tiny old white-haired grandmother and lifted her into the wagon with the banner. They could not pry her hands loose from it at the courthouse.

I found all this out from Harriet. Then I went with Harriet and Father to the courthouse where Dr. Wilhelm met us. The courtroom was hot and stuffy and smelled bad. There was a one-eyed bailiff. I'll never forget that and he called in a low, growling voice for silence in the courtroom.

Then the sixteen suffragists were led in. They refused lawyers and instead said they would speak on their own behalf. The charges were read and this very skinny, bony-faced man who was the prosecutor and reminded me of a dark bird of prey with his beaked nose and slick black hair began to painstakingly explain how these women obstructed traffic on the sidewalk while taking their banners to the White House gates. One would have thought that they had trucks or immense wagons, whereas they were actually walking single file with the banner held high up and were not obstructing anything. But with his oily words, dramatic pauses, and sideways glances the prosecutor spun a web of lies.

Each woman was allowed to speak in her own de-

fense. I was so proud of Mother. Here is exactly what she said. "While you speak of my obstructing a piece of pavement, a sidewalk, my rights as the citizen of a democracy that through the Clayton Act permits peaceful picketing and demonstration have been undermined as you try to pry a banner from an old lady's hands. What a spectacle this must be for intelligent people, to see a country that claims to be a democracy, and indeed goes to war for democracy in foreign countries where the blood of our sons will be shed, to see the mothers and the grandmothers of these same sons thrown into jail."

And that is exactly what has happened. Mother, Auntie Claire, Mrs. Wilhelm, and thirteen others have been sent to the Occoquan Workhouse, a prison for women in Virginia.

JULY 18, 1917

Father's at a hospital for an emergency. Cassie is working overtime and Mother is in prison. So here I sit — me and my radish! Yes, the first harvest from our little victory garden. I feel utterly defeated and alone. I feel stupid too. Here I was at this big dining room table and Marietta came

out, serving me from the platter, mumbling about how she wished people would give her a little more warning before they run off at dinnertime. I, of course, interrupted her muttering and reminded her of the fact that Mother didn't exactly "run off." And she said, "Yeah, and what's I'm to do with all this here chicken and collard greens."

"Don't bring those collard greens anywhere near me," I hissed.

Then she said, "No, you got your radish," and she plunked down some mashed potatoes and a piece of chicken on my plate. "Be back with the spoon bread," she said.

I stared down at the forlorn little radish. It would have been so much fun if Father and Mother and Cassie had been here to celebrate the first vegetable from our garden. To think I was so worried about being orphaned or Mother and Father getting divorced but who would ever have thought of this — Mother in jail. Life is full of awful surprises. Then suddenly I remembered that winter evening when it was just Father and me and that terribly lonely sound of our clinking soup spoons. I stood up, picked up my plate, and walked right into the kitchen. "What's you doin' in here, chile?" Marietta asked.

"I'm not eating in there."

She seemed to understand. In fact, I think Marietta really feels sorry for me. All I ate for dinner was the radish, heaps of spoon bread, and a glass of milk. She didn't even fuss at me about not eating the chicken and mashed potatoes.

I was playing around with the radish on my plate — a little game I had made up kind of like hockey. I was trying to roll it with one scoot of my fork into the rose design on the far edge of the plate. "You gonna fiddle with that radish or eat it?" Marietta asked.

"What's that prison, Occoquan, like?" I asked.

There was a long silence. I looked up slowly from my plate and stared right into Marietta's face. Her eyes met mine. She sighed deeply. She knew I had to know. "First of all it ain't a prison. It's a workhouse."

"Is that not so bad as a prison?"

"I don't know. I never been there. They make them work all the time."

"Are there bars on the windows?"

"I 'spect so."

"Are there murderers, and, you know . . ."

"Mostly colored gals in there. I don't think they done murder. They just poor colored gals who steal or . . ." Her voice dropped off.

“Or what?”

“Would you eat that blasted radish?” Marietta turned and started scrubbing a pot. She had gone huffy on me. I can always tell when she’s fed up with my questions. Her shoulders hunch up and she snorts through her nose instead of breathing regularly.

I try to imagine Mother sharing some cell with bars on the windows with colored women. It would be very strange sleeping next to a colored lady.

JULY 19, 1917

Father has tried to go visit but they don’t allow visitors for the women yet, and no mail may be received or sent out. Father says this is a violation of a prisoner’s rights. He is going to talk to his friend Mr. Abrams, who is an important lawyer.

LATER

Some good news: Harriet said she heard her father say that many important men in Washington have gone di-



rectly to the president to protest the imprisonment of the suffragists, including Mr. J. A. H. Hopkins, a close advisor and friend to the president whose wife, Mrs. Hopkins, is imprisoned at Occoquan. Father still is worried to death. Also Dudley Field Malone, a man that everyone says is the president's closest confidante, is trying to organize a protest among the most powerful men in Washington, D.C., and other cities in the Northeast. He is trying to contact John D. Rockefeller!

JULY 20, 1917

There is a rumor of a pardon — yes, that the president will pardon the sixteen women who are imprisoned and that they will be able to go free. They say this is largely Mr. Malone's doing.



JULY 21, 1917

Must dash — we are going to pick up Mother at Occoquan. She has been pardoned! Will write later.

LATER

This is most confusing. Mother and the other women are not exactly pardoned. They refused to allow themselves to be pardoned because they insisted they had nothing to be pardoned for. The president, however, was so embarrassed by having these fine white women in a prison with colored ladies that he forced them to accept the pardon. But it is really as if they are out on bail. They were made to make certain promises. I overheard all this when Mr. Nathan Abrams came over to the house this evening to discuss the case. [Alice Paul](#) was there too. Mother was very calm. She was stitching a new purple and gold and white banner. I could not see what it said because I was on my perch on the stair landing. But after everyone had gone I crept downstairs and saw the banner draped over Mother's sewing box. It said, WE DO NOT ASK PARDON FOR OURSELVES BUT JUSTICE FOR ALL AMERICAN WOMEN.



JULY 22, 1917

Mother was back on the [picket line](#) before I was up. She must have left at dawn. How long will it be until she gets arrested again? I don't want to think about it. It's a warm, drizzly day. I think I'll just stay in bed and feel sorry for myself. Started reading *Emma* last night by Jane Austen. For such a bossy girl Emma is very nice.

Oh, nearly forgot to mention that Cassie said that Celia, her friend with the dachshund, said that the new name, Frenchy, is working and to thank me.

JULY 25, 1917

Worked in the garden in the rain. It felt nice. Marietta kept yelling at me about putting on a raincoat but I like the feel of the rain on my skin. It soaked through my cotton lawn blouse and my hockey bloomers. I took off my shoes and walked barefoot, the mud squishing between my toes. I wish we had had room to plant watermelons. The carrots are ready for pulling. Last week they were no bigger than my middle finger but this week they are much longer. Tomatoes are swelling up, still green,

however. I had to go get the stakes Joss had brought over because they are getting so heavy. It started to rain harder, and by the time I came in my hair was plastered down and I was slathered with mud up to my calves.

JULY 28, 1917

At last a letter from Alma and just for me. I am pasting it into my diary. Here it is!

Surrey, England, June 14, 1917

Dearest Kat,

Well, here I am in England working in a hospital in Surrey, not far from London. This is what they call a second-level receiving hospital for the soldiers who have first been treated in a more critical-care one. By the time they get here it is assumed that they will make it. The Red Cross sent me along with five other girls who are also not trained nurses to work with the V.A.D. That stands for Voluntary Aid Detachment. It was formed to provide help to the sick and wounded



in case of invasion, but so far, thank God, no invasion. They use us as nurses' aides in hospitals. Our director is the founder of the V.A.D. herself, the countess of Limerick. One would never take her for a countess, however, because she appears so plain in her uniform and wears no makeup and pulls her hair back severely. But to hear her speak is a delight, for she has a lilting Irish accent. And you'll never believe this: She knows that I am not of age and she doesn't even care! She told me that she ran away when she was fourteen with a completely worthless person who drank himself to death by the time she was nineteen. Then she said to me, "You haven't run away. You have run to something, and therein lies all the difference."

There are others like myself who are underage, but as long as we work hard no one seems to care. And we do work hard. My general duties are taking temperatures three times a day, cleaning instruments, and setting up the meds trolleys — meds is what they call medications. I serve the men tea. I am learning about dressings and how to change them. I spend a lot of time lighting their cigarettes. Smoking is permitted when a nurse or aide is in attendance and it seems to be the only solace for many.

Even though I am far from the front I am learning about war. It is frightening. The men are all different but many in some ways are the same. There are the talkers. Talk! Talk! Talk! Not about war but about everything else. "Hey, luv, do you remember the lyrics of that song at the Royal Theatre that Dolly Malone sang? It went something like "If only roses turned blue and stars were green," and whether you remember or not they'll start singing and gabbing about every show they ever saw in London. Or they'll talk about some famous cricket player and some match. Others talk of nothing. They stare wide-eyed all day and often don't even close their eyes at night. It is as if their eyes have been permanently locked open by some horror they have seen. And then some of them are lost in some distant misty memories. There is one fellow, Binker they call him, who was raised in India, and he is always talking about this beautiful garden and his ayah, which I gather is some sort of nursemaid for children, and he talks about a friendly python that lived coiled in a clay jug in the corner of the garden, to which he fed sugar!

This is all so different from Washington. Mother, the [picket line](#), the divorce all seem so far away —

but you don't, Kat. I feel that I can speak more directly to you than anybody else. There are things I simply cannot tell Mother. There are some men with horrible wounds here and there are also men who are mentally very sick. There is a psychiatric wing to the hospital. A man committed suicide last night, and another man is missing half his face. He must be fed through a special kind of straw and tomorrow I am to learn how to do it. I am fearful. I don't know whether I shall manage or not. I must do this. I just must. Their sacrifice is so great and my contribution so little.

Thinking of you, Kat, every minute of every second of every day.

Love, Alma

It is impossible for me to describe my feelings about this letter. Auntie Claire got one too but it was much different.



AUGUST 1, 1917

I keep thinking about Alma's letter. I have reread it at least twenty times. I keep wondering whether I would really want to be there. Could I put a straw into the half-blown-away face of a man? Could I look into the locked wide-open eyes of a soldier whose brain is filled with the images of blood and fire and explosions of friends dying and being torn apart? Whenever I think of these things I wind up in the garden — neatening up, weeding, staking tomatoes, sowing another row of lettuce and radishes. It is the only place I can go to drive these awful pictures from my mind.

AUGUST 4, 1917

On her days off Cassie has been going over to the National Woman's Party headquarters and working on banners. She encourages Harriet and me to go too, although generally we think it is sort of boring. However, they need all the help they can get, for in a week or so the American envoy to Russia, Mr. Elihu Root, is to return from Moscow and visit the president. So we are to



help make signs. The banners say such things as, TO ENVOY ROOT, YOU SAY THAT AMERICA MUST THROW ITS MANHOOD TO THE SUPPORT OF LIBERTY — WHOSE LIBERTY?

While I was stitching on the letters I began to think about how many times I have held fabric between my fingers and stitched the words *America* and *Liberty* since January. Then I think of Alma at the hospital in England. She might at this very moment be holding a different kind of fabric in her hands, winding off bloody bandages as she learns how to dress wounds, listening to tales of a python in a child's garden in India, or hearing the feverish humming of a man trying to recall a prewar ditty from a music hall in London. My fabric is shiny and slick and white, the letters bright purple. I hear the women's voices behind me — [Alice Paul](#) dictating a press release, [Lucy Burns](#) on the telephone with someone from some congressional committee. I look across at Mother's friend Mrs. Stevens, who is stitching another banner. I can guess the word although she is not yet finished: *kaiser*.



LATER

Mrs. Stevens' banner and many others as well say, KAISER WILSON — HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW YOU SYMPATHIZED WITH THE POOR PUERTO RICANS BECAUSE THEY WERE NOT SELF-GOVERNED? 20,000,000 AMERICAN WOMEN ARE NOT SELF-GOVERNED.

I think this is a little bit scary because there is such a fever to fight the Germans now with men being sent overseas. I am really afraid that if the women carry these signs it could be bad.

AUGUST 6, 1917

I have been thinking every day about those Kaiser Wilson signs. They have not yet begun to carry them. But I think something awful could happen.



AUGUST 8, 1917

I decided to tell Mother how worried I am. When she came in tonight I asked her to please, please, please not carry the sign that says Kaiser Wilson. She folded her hands and stared out the window as she sat on the edge of my bed and said nothing. Then I had an idea. This notion had never crossed my mind before, but the moment I had the idea I knew it had been only a matter of time. I said, "Mother, if you promise not to carry the Kaiser Wilson sign I shall promise not to ever think about going off to the [Great War](#) like Alma and Nell."

Mother gave a little gasp and raised her hand to her cheek. Then she set her lips firmly and looked directly at me. "I promise," she said quietly.

AUGUST 10, 1917

It rained today. Rainy days are my favorite for working in the garden. It is just too hot otherwise. Father brought me a poster that he got from a friend of his in the State Department. It shows a lovely lady wrapped in an American flag, striding across a newly plowed field. She

is strewing seeds and the writing on the poster says, WILL YOU HAVE A PART IN VICTORY? EVERY GARDEN A MUNITIONS PLANT. I taped it up in my bedroom.

It's not only raining here but it is raining in Belgium in Flanders, where in June the Allied forces had a very successful attack on the Germans near a place called Ypres. Now they have launched another attack. Father explained that this region lies very low and close to the sea and that the constant rains have turned the countryside into a swamp and made air attacks impossible. It is turning into a real catastrophe for the British and French troops. There was a picture in the paper today of a mounted gun with its wheels stuck in the mud and British soldiers pulling on ropes to free it. I keep thinking of Nell and her ambulance and all that mud. How would she ever get an ambulance unstuck?

AUGUST 13, 1917

Father has been following the action in Flanders closely. He says the costs in human lives will be huge and he just shakes his head. In this evening's paper there was a report on a battle on Gheluvelt Ridge, which took place



on August 10. It showed wounded men on stretchers. In the corner of the picture I could see the front wheels of an ambulance. It all looked awful. The stretchers with the wounded men were nearly buried in the muck and mud. It reported that as of August 3 more than thirty thousand British soldiers had died in these battles in Flanders.

Tomorrow is the day that the envoy to Russia, Elihu Root, returns to report to the president. This is when the women plan to carry the Kaiser Wilson signs. Mother reassured me that she will not carry a Kaiser Wilson sign, but she will picket as usual.

AUGUST 14–15, MIDNIGHT

What date should I write for this, the worst day of my life?

Yes, I know I said that before, but this is worse. Mother kept her promise and did not carry the Kaiser Wilson sign. I saw that with my own eyes. Harriet and I both went to the White House gates this morning. It now seems years ago. The crowds were very rowdy, and some young navy and army boys began tearing at the banners the women carried. As soon as they would tear

one down, however, the women would get another one, as they had several in reserve. But the police would do nothing. They just stood there!

Then President and Mrs. Wilson came driving through the gates. At the same instant two women were knocked to the ground and their banner was torn to shreds. The president and his wife just drove right by. So many banners were destroyed that Harriet and I were sent back to headquarters for more. Soon [Lucy Burns](#) and Virginia Arnold and another lady came back to the headquarters with the remaining banners and hung them from the second- and third-floor windows. Well, three sailors got a ladder from the Belasco Theater nearby and leaned it against the building. I heard Lucy Burns cry out, "Oh, my God, here they come." The sailors had scrambled up an iron railing and begun to tear down a banner.

Georgina Sturgis, a friend of Mother's, was on the balcony and asked them to get down. The sailor looked straight at her and then hit her smack in the face. Her lip bled and she stood there simply stunned. The sailor looked stunned too. She said, "Why did you do that?" And he said, "I don't know." Then he tore down the banner and scrambled back down the ladder.

I leaned out the window and yelled, "Coward!"

But Miss Arnold pulled me back in. "It is too dangerous here for you. Go home."

But it was really too dangerous in the street. So I just stood at the back of the room with Harriet and watched in horror, for we could clearly see [Lucy Burns](#) on the balcony and two sailors pulling at her. She was swaying back and forth. Miss Burns is very strong and managed to hang on until three or four other women came and pulled her back in. In the meantime we could see eggs and tomatoes being hurled through the air and splattering against the windows. I really don't know how long this went on but suddenly there was a terrible crack. A heavy glass window shattered, and we all realized a bullet had been fired right into the office and narrowly missed Ella Dean's head. She had been sitting at a desk trying to call the police. Finally the police arrived and broke up the crowds.

As I write, Father is downstairs in his study on the phone with two lawyers. They are arranging the drafting of a resolution to denounce the administration's policy of persecution against women. They are planning mass meetings to condemn the president of the United States, and this time it is not just women who are behind these

meetings but men like Father and his lawyer Stuart Walcott and Mr. Abrams.

AUGUST 16, 1917

The pickets will never give up. And the police will never do anything to protect them. Yesterday Miss Elizabeth Stuyversant was hit by a soldier and her blouse torn from her body. Katherine Morey was knocked down and her banner wrenched from her hands, injuring her wrist. Maud Jamison was not only knocked down but also dragged along the sidewalk. Father forbids me and Harriet to go anywhere near the White House now, so who knows what happened today.

LATER

This is what happened today. Mother came back with an ugly purple bruise spread across the entire left side of her face. Someone had hit her. She is not sure who, for she was down on the ground and saw only the person's boots as he tried to kick her but she rolled away. Her



skirt is ripped and her stockings are in shreds. It is now said that the administration will begin to arrest pickets tomorrow. But what about the men who punch the women in the face and drag them along the sidewalk?

AUGUST 18, 1917

Mother and Mrs. Wilhelm were both arrested once more with four other women. They were sent to Occoquan again. Father is beside himself. Thank goodness Mr. Walcott is here. He keeps saying, "Alfred, let's keep our eye on the ball here." And then he gets on the telephone and rings up the most powerful men he knows — senators, lawyers, millionaires. They propose to have all these powerful men condemn officially the brutal tactics used against the women.

P.S. Thank Goodness Auntie Claire wasn't arrested this time, because Juby and Joss would have their hands full with Clary and the little ones, but Marietta said she would go over and help out if she could. Uncle Bayard comes over occasionally to visit from his men's club. Father says

that he thinks this separation has been good, that Uncle Bayard seems a bit more reasonable lately.

AUGUST 19, 1917

I did not go to the trial but Cassie did. She said it was a sham. There was nothing mentioned of the awful manhandling of the women by the police officers. The women were sentenced to sixty days in Occoquan. She described the proceedings as absolutely disgusting.

Father and Mr. Walcott continue their struggle and joined with [Alice Paul](#) in going right into Congress and pressing representatives to pass a [suffrage amendment](#). Harriet and I now talk about how our fathers are as committed to the cause as our mothers. It seems that the night Mother came home with that terrible bruise on her face that something happened to Father. You could almost see his brain turn over. A fierce light came into his eyes and a curl of disgust at the corners of his mouth. He spat out one single word: "Wilson!" You see, Father does not blame the man who hit Mother, nor does he blame the police. He places the responsibility squarely on the president.

AUGUST 23, 1917

All of the prisoners at Occoquan are being held “incomunicado,” which, Father explained, is a fancy word that means cut off from any communication. They can send one letter a month and all incoming mail is censored. Father and Mr. Walcott are working to have them declared political prisoners. I don’t quite understand this but I guess if you are a political prisoner it means that you are imprisoned for your beliefs and not because you have stolen or murdered or committed some horrid crime. You therefore are treated better. But I don’t know if it would help that much. There are rumors of very bad food and unsanitary conditions.

AUGUST 25, 1917

Harriet and I went to get school things, because we start in a little over a week. Father gave me money for a real good fountain pen. I also bought a simply gorgeous set of colored pencils and vine charcoal, which we shall need for life drawing. We bought notebooks with speckled covers, pencil boxes, and carbon paper, for we are required to

make copies of all our essays this year, and we both bought protractors for measuring angles because we shall be doing some geometry. Both Harriet and I are eager for school to begin. The days seem so long and hot and empty. I try to write Mother but it is very difficult to write when you know that your letter is being read by someone else who might ink out a sentence here or there.

AUGUST 30, 1917

Our tomatoes have ripened and are absolutely delicious — bright red and juicy and big. Juby brought Clary over this afternoon and we sat on the back steps leading down to the garden. Marietta brought out a shaker of salt and a knife to slice the tomatoes with, but before she could cut the tomato Clary just bit right into it as if it were an apple. Juice squirted all over and it was so funny, but I decided that looked like the tastiest way to eat the tomato so I did the same. I don't think I have ever eaten anything so good, and it was the very best way to eat it. Juby and Marietta were having fits because we were covered in juice and seeds. Our blouses were stained pale red. They were fussing that if we had to do

the laundry we wouldn't be eating like a couple of sloppy old pigs.

Then it started to rain softly and I said, "See, God is helping you do the laundry." Juby and Marietta were shocked because they are pretty religious. But Clary and I were still laughing, and I grabbed Clary's hand and we ran out into the middle of the garden and I said, "Do what I do, Clary." I tipped my face up to the rain, for it was coming down harder, and I let the water wash it.

Then we each grabbed another tomato and ate it and got all messy again. Marietta was squawking out the back door at us but Juby pulled her inside and said, "Let 'em be." I think Juby understood how much fun we were having and she knows Clary better than anybody. She knows that because Clary is slow there are not a lot of things she can join other kids in doing, so she was happy for Clary. I was happy not just for Clary, but because I realized that this was perhaps my single happiest moment in months. For ten minutes I did not think of Mother in prison, the [picket line](#), lonely dinners, or missing Alma.



SEPTEMBER 2, 1917

There was a shocking report in the newspaper today, although Father knew about it last night. Senator Lewis Hamilton, from Illinois, made a visit to Occoquan to see two of the imprisoned ladies who are his constituents. He was quoted in the newspaper as being “shocked” and “appalled” at the ladies’ appearance. A senator who accompanied him, Gilson Gardner, was quoted as saying, “I have never seen prisoners so badly treated either before or after conviction.” Needless to say Father and Cassie and I are worried to death but we are glad this is coming out. Father plans now to go and see his old friend Dudley Field Malone, who is one of President Wilson’s closest friends and advisors.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1917

Father took the train to New York today to see Mr. Malone. He holds a job there to which he was appointed by [President Wilson](#). It is a very important job: the collector of the Port of New York City. Father won’t come



back until tomorrow night. I want to wait up but it is the night before school starts so I really shouldn't.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1917, JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT

I waited up for Father. I am glad I did. He said Mr. Malone is outraged by the president's actions in regard to the suffragists and called it "the great moral blight on his presidency." I love that phrase. How do people ever think up words like that?

SEPTEMBER 5, 1917

School started today. We have a new Latin teacher. She seems nice. But her name is Miss Trout and I hate to say she sort of looks like one. You know, a puckered mouth and eyes, well, not on the side of her head but pretty far apart. The biggest news is that Miss Janet had a stroke over the summer. I really feel sorry for her. Her mouth is pulled around all funny, and when she speaks it sounds very thick as if her tongue is stirring a heavy batter. She has a brace on one leg and uses a cane. As badly as I feel

for her (and I know this is terrible to say but I shall anyway) I hope this means that she cannot tutor me in math if I have problems, which I undoubtedly will. I think I am going to like ancient history a lot. I skipped a little bit ahead in the textbook to the part about ancient Rome.

We have heard very little from Mother. The one letter we received had been so crossed out that there was hardly anything left to read except *Love, Mother* at the end. Every week more women are arrested. They are starting to take them to the city jail in the district. There are rumors that [Alice Paul](#) will soon be arrested again.

Cassie went back to Radcliffe today. I think she was actually happy. Her job as a streetcar conductor was starting to bore her. She is all excited about a classics course she will be taking. She made a pile of money, however, and says that she will take Hammy (short for Hamilton), a Harvard buddy of hers, for tea at the Ritz. Her friends have bet her that he will not let her pay.



SEPTEMBER 6, 1917

A letter with a picture from Nell. She looks absolutely dashing in her uniform and is standing in front of her ambulance with a woman named Gwendolyn Battersby, who is the other driver. Nell now drives. Not only that, she is no longer at the hospital in Calais but at Base Hospital Number 21 in Rouen, France. *This is much closer to the front*, she writes. I have decided to paste her letter into my diary. Here it is:

We travel at night to pick up the wounded, for it is safer under the cover of darkness. The casualties are pouring in from the British offensive at Ypres in Flanders. We have helped set up a dressing station five miles back from the front lines, but now that it is set up we drive the wounded from there to Hospital Number 21. Julia Catherine Stimson is the chief nurse. She is an American from Massachusetts and graduated from Vassar College. She came over in May and is a most amazing person. She has virtually single-handedly set up Hospital 21. When I am not driving I try to help out wherever I can.

Tonight sixty-four men were brought in. We first

give them soup and then take them off to the various wards. Of course, those who must go immediately to the operating theater do. They are tired and dazed and often in terrible pain so we administer morphine. I have learned how to do that — yes, I can now give an injection. One out of every eight casualties needs some sort of amputation. We might have to send for an “emergency group” or surgical team from another unit, as we are quickly becoming overwhelmed with casualties. Today we had fifty-one men to operate on. Yesterday, there were thirty and it looks like more tomorrow.

Keeping ourselves clean is a major problem. We have very little water — just enough to get the mud off the wounded. You cannot imagine how much mud there has been. We have all either cut our hair or if it is really long we wear it twisted up into a knot the Brits call a “pug.” I cut mine. It has been chilly recently and many of us have taken to wearing knickerbockers under our uniforms for extra warmth. And we do get cold, especially on our night ambulance runs. Generally our route is from between the dressing station that is attached to Evacuation Hospital Number 8 to Hospital Number 21. At

Number 8 the men's wounds are first dressed and there is a triage system for sorting them out. The gassed men are driven to a gas hospital that specializes in that treatment — mostly for burns, respiratory problems, and blindness. In some of the worst cases, men are actually operated on right there at the evac hospitals, which are mere tents.

We ambulance drivers carry gas masks, helmets, mess kits, and canteens. We have noticed that we are getting more and more gassed men at the evac hospital. I have heard it said that the Germans are getting more desperate and using more and more mustard gas. It is not a pretty sight. It is unbelievably hard work, but it is also difficult to stop to take a rest. The boys suffer so much worse than we do. We barely break to eat, just grab a bit off the mess cart or a cup of tea as it rolls by in the hospital.

I hope all is well with you. I imagine that by the time you receive this letter Kat will be going back to school and Cassie to Radcliffe. Is the picket line still going? Mother and Father, try not to worry about me. I am being as careful as one can in a war zone. Gwen says I have become a wonderful driver in a short time. She comes from Bristol, England, and is a lieu-

tenant in the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, or FANY. She has been in FANY since 1914, so she is very experienced, and most important, smart. She says, and I am sure this will make you happy, "We do not go in for heroics. We are judicious in all our actions." Sometimes this is hard too for we must make a decision to let a fellow die alone in the mud if it means risking the ambulance, two drivers, and two stretcher bearers to pick him up.

Love to you all, Nell

SEPTEMBER 7, 1917

I reread Nell's letter. I cannot believe how boring my life is in comparison. Tonight I must do a Latin translation from Caesar. I must solve for x in ten equations. I must read a chapter on the Fertile Crescent in ancient history while at this very moment Nell is probably administering morphine to some wounded soldier, or driving her ambulance through the night to the evacuation hospital, or soothing a poor gassed fellow in his blistered pain. It seems almost immoral to be reading about the Fertile



Crescent. History sure hasn't taught us much. They say more than thirty thousand men have died in Flanders so far and Lord knows how many in this [Great War](#). What is so "great" about it? Only the numbers of dead and wounded and those forever maimed. Do they call it great because nearly every country under the sun is fighting in it? As if this is some magnificent achievement!

SEPTEMBER 9, 1917

Dudley Field Malone has resigned from his position as collector of the Port of New York City in protest of the administration's treatment of the suffragists.

We are all so excited. To celebrate, Auntie Claire came over with Clary and then Uncle Bayard showed up. He has changed! He seems much softer, and when he saw how happy Clary was to see him together with Auntie Claire, well, I could see tears in his eyes. Oh, I am really hoping, keeping my fingers crossed that things will work out. I refuse to believe that deep down Uncle Bayard is not a loving person who cares deeply for his family.

So things seem better — except when I think of Mother in that awful workhouse, but maybe this will

change something. It gives us all hope at least. There is a committee on [suffrage](#) in Congress headed by Senator Jones. He has done nothing over the past year, but Auntie Claire said this evening that he is now prepared to make a favorable report to Congress on an amendment to the Constitution. He too visited the workhouse and came away shocked.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1917

The worst thing happened today. Harriet and I were at the Ardmore having a lime rickey when we overheard some women speaking about Occoquan Workhouse. They were saying, "You know, there are rumors that there are worms in the cereal they feed them." Harriet and I both looked at each other and could not take another swallow of our lime rickeys.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1917

The rumors about Occoquan are all true. Women are beaten. The beans, cereal, and rice are all wormy. When



they have soup you can see the worms floating on top. All the prisoners drink out of open water buckets. There is no butter, sugar, or milk allowed. There is something called the booby house where difficult prisoners are confined and fed only bread and water. [Lucy Burns](#) has just been sent to it because she attempted to talk to an old and frail lady who already was in one of the punishment cells, a Mrs. Kendall. There is only a pail for a toilet in the cells. We learned all of this because one matron, a Mrs. Bovee who was kind toward the prisoners, was fired. She went immediately to the headquarters of the National Woman's Party and made a statement and now it is in all the papers. People are enraged.

[Alice Paul](#) has been arrested again. She is in Occoquan while she awaits trial. I think Miss Paul has been arrested at least half a dozen times in her life for the [women's suffrage movement](#), both here and in England, where she was a leader for women trying to get the vote.



SEPTEMBER 19, 1917

Harriet and I both decided that we will write our mothers every day even though it is hard and we know our

words will be crossed out. I feel ashamed that I have written only a few times even though they limit the number of letters prisoners can receive. Let Mother see their crossings out. Perhaps she can somehow sense through the ink what I am saying. I have told her some but not all about Nell because I don't want her to worry. I know Father writes her a great deal. I think he gives her practical advice on sanitation and medical matters.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1917

Cassie wrote today that she won her bet. She took Hammy to tea at the Ritz. I have a feeling she might have made something of a scene. Not as bad as the scene she made at the country club when that stupid man said the thing about turning the hose on women.

Feeling kind of achy. Can't write anymore.

OCTOBER 3, 1917

Struck with a terrible cold. I haven't been to school for more than a week. I am way behind in everything. I think



Caesar has conquered all of Gaul by now. It gives me a headache just to think how many translations I'll have to do, although Miss Trout said I shouldn't worry and she'll help me. She is so nice. I want to do well in Latin just because she *is* so nice. I have no real interest in Latin at all. But if I can make Miss Trout happy, well, what's wrong with that? Yes, I know it is not like driving an ambulance through France, filled with bleeding soldiers who have been protecting democracy, but how many avenues are there for a fourteen-year-old girl who is an excellent hockey player but not an especially talented student?

OCTOBER 5, 1917

Mother, Mrs. Wilhelm, [Alice Paul](#), and several others are being sent from Occoquan back to the city jail in the District of Columbia. We read about it in this morning's paper. There was a riot, or what the paper called a mutiny last night at the Occoquan Workhouse. All we know is what we read in the paper and Father says this is not the complete story. He is on the telephone now calling up Mr. Walcott and his friend the superintendent of health for the District of Columbia. What happened





according to the paper is that a prisoner, Peggy Johns, a good friend of Mother's, was suddenly being taken out of Occoquan for commitment to a mental hospital. As Father says, "Peggy Johns is one of the sanest people I know. How could they be committing her? This smells of something!" It says in the paper that eighteen women tried to attack the acting superintendent of Occoquan and the matron when they heard of Miss Johns' removal. It was a real brawl. They quote [Alice Paul](#) as saying that the women interfered because they were not being told where Miss Johns was being taken and feared that she was to be placed in a punishment cell on bread and water. So now they have removed "the troublemakers" to the city jail. Father says he is going to get to the bottom of this.

OCTOBER 8, 1917

I have by some miracle caught up with my Latin. But now we are supposed to do a term project. It has to be something about ancient Roman civilization — anything, really. Harriet is doing a report on Pompeii and is building a model of the Pompeii forum. I think I am either going to do something on gladiator fighting or the Roman baths.

OCTOBER 9, 1917

This is the most amazing thing. Celia, the owner of Fritz, now Frenchy — well, today I discovered that her mother is a char lady in the city jail, where Mother is now. I never knew this before and Celia didn't know that Mother was being held there. She thought she was out at Occoquan. Celia says that her mother can smuggle in messages for prisoners as well as take them out. Isn't this wonderful news? I am so excited.

LATER

Father is ecstatic about my news of Celia's mother. He says we must invite Celia over for dinner. Celia and I had planned to meet tomorrow at the Ardmores. And Father and I shall have letters ready for her to take.



OCTOBER 11, 1917

We delivered our letters to Celia yesterday at the Ardmore. Harriet came with me for she had letters from herself and her father for Mrs. Wilhelm. It was definitely too chilly for lime rickeys. We're in the ice cream soda season. It made me think of Alma. I haven't heard from her since the first letter. I would be more worried but at least she, unlike Nell, is in England and out of the war zone.

OCTOBER 12, 1917

Hooray! A letter from Alma. I can hardly believe it came just when I was thinking so much about her. She has been switched to another hospital in the north of England. It specializes in gassed patients. She says that there is one fellow, a double amputee who is also now blind, with whom she has become close and she spends quite a bit of time reading aloud to him. She says he is really quite handsome despite the scarring from the gas. He was a student at Cambridge University in England before the war, studying astrophysics. She writes, "It is



so sad. Cyril is incredibly smart but now he cannot read his beloved physics texts, so I try the best I can. It is difficult, and to think he cannot even see the stars now." She says some of his vision might come back.

OCTOBER 15, 1917

I finally decided on a term project for Latin. I am doing chariot racing and am calling my report *Panem et Circenses*, which translates to Bread and Circuses. What the expression really has come to mean is those citizens who give away important rights in exchange for material pleasures. A first-century Roman named Juvenal wrote about all this (unfortunately in Latin, which is taking me forever to translate). He said the Romans were so wild for chariot racing that they cared about nothing else, or something like that, and they gave up certain rights. I thought I would try to relate it to the [suffrage movement](#). But the women haven't exactly given up anything, for they never had the vote to begin with and there certainly is no chariot racing around Washington or anywhere else I have heard of. Oh, well, I'll figure out something to say in this report.

OCTOBER 17, 1917

A letter from Mother! A real uncensored letter. I am pasting it right here.

Dearest Family,

Greetings from cell 21, second tier. Things here in the city jail are not quite so awful as they were at Occoquan. So far no worms in the cereal. The prison warden, Mr. Zinkham, is at least human, which is a great improvement over that beast at Occoquan, Superintendent Whittaker. Mr. Zinkham has actually said that he wishes the police commissioner would allow us to be treated as political prisoners. Father will be pleased to know (well, I am not sure if pleased is the right word) that the wife of his old friend from the Public Health Service, Harvey Wiley, is in the cell next to mine. She is doing as well as can be expected, as am I too. I have had a rash on my left arm and I pick all the lice I can out of my hair. I sleep and I think. We are not permitted any reading or writing materials, but one kind soul has sneaked in this pencil and paper. I am not in despair but I am in a quandary. I wonder constantly how this could be





happening. How can President Wilson countenance this treatment of all these good American women, law-abiding American women who in fact only want to participate wholly in a democracy? We have so much to contribute. Why abuse us and attempt to denigrate our cause and humiliate us? Note I say "try," for I am sure that the president ultimately humiliates only himself and his administration. No matter what achievements are ahead this will be a dark stain on his legacy as president of the United States.

Know that I think of each of you every minute of every hour of every day. My dearest Kat, I hate that I am missing so much of these very important months of your life. Yours and Father's sacrifice is perhaps the greatest in our family — that of the youngest child and the patient and understanding husband. But you both know why I do this. Fear not, I have no despair. I remember the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "God offers everyone his choice between truth and repose. Take which you please — you can never have both." We Bowens are all truth seekers. So there is consequently little repose in sight for now.

Love, Mother

OCTOBER 30, 1917

I haven't had any time to write in my diary, between my chariot racing report, hockey practice, and writing Mother. It is so much easier to write her now that I am sure the letters aren't being censored. I mostly tell her everything I am doing. In addition, I have taken to reading the papers very carefully so I can report on the war and also any articles on the [suffrage movement](#).

OCTOBER 31, 1917

Clary came over and carved pumpkins with me for Halloween. We set out dishes of candy to hand out to trick-or-treaters. I made Clary a crown from tinfoil and got some old silk fringed shawls of Mother's and dressed her up like a princess. I got myself a sheet, which I draped toga-style, and then pulled some ivy growing on the side of the house and made myself a wreath. I am that Roman fellow Juvenal who wrote about the chariot racing. Father took our pictures.



NOVEMBER 3, 1917

The Sixty-fifth Congress of the United States of America, known as the War Congress, adjourned three days ago. Here is what they found time to accomplish: They appropriated forty-seven million dollars for the dredging of rivers and harbors, they passed a law to protect migratory birds, and they voted to establish more federal judgeships. But there was not one bit of action on the [suffrage amendment](#). [Alice Paul](#), who was out on bail and awaiting her trial, led a group to the White House to protest against letting the lawmakers go home. Well, now she is back in jail.



P.S. There was a picture in the paper today of an antisuffrage march in New York showing two women (!!) carrying a sign that says, NEW YORK STATE DENIES THE VOTE TO CRIMINALS, LUNATICS, IDIOTS, & WOMEN. Can you imagine two women agreeing to carry such a sign?





NOVEMBER 4, 1917

Here is what [Alice Paul](#) said at her trial: “We are being imprisoned not because we obstructed traffic, but because we pointed out to the president the fact that he was obstructing the cause of democracy at home while Americans were fighting for it abroad.”

Well, they gave Alice Paul a seven-month sentence! That is the longest sentence ever given. People are up in arms. She has been put in solitary confinement. There are rumors that she might begin a hunger strike and that others will follow. I cannot bear to think of this. I pray that Mother will not join the hunger strike. She has been imprisoned for so long now that I don't think she would last if she began to starve herself. I am completely depressed.

NOVEMBER 6, 1917

I saw Celia today and she said her mother told her an interesting story about Alice Paul in jail. The jail is very stuffy and airless and Alice Paul looked up and asked the matron why a high window wasn't opened. The matron



said if they opened it, it would let a draft in and they would have to give more clothes to the colored prisoners. Alice Paul just snorted and went to pull on the rope that would open the window. Guards came and yanked the rope from her hands, but in her pocket she always carries a book of the verses of the English poet Robert Browning, and she turned and heaved the book toward the window. She was right on target. Yes, bull's-eye and the window broke, letting in fresh air. Miss Paul would probably make an excellent hockey player.



NOVEMBER 7, 1917

Flunked a test on binomial expansions.

NOVEMBER 8, 1917

Did really awful on an ancient history test.



NOVEMBER 9, 1917

Miss Pruitt called me into her office and said that teachers have reported that I am inattentive and seem distracted. She asked if something was troubling me. Is something troubling me? That is the understatement of the century. I just broke down in tears and said, "Yes something is, as a matter of fact. My mother is probably going to starve herself to death in prison." Miss Pruitt's eyes became misty and she stepped around her desk and hugged me. It was like hugging an ironing board. She is very flat and stiff. But I couldn't stop crying. I really want my mother back. I cannot stand to think of her growing thinner and thinner every day in cell 21, second tier.

NOVEMBER 10, 1917

The longest [picket line](#) ever was at the White House today to protest Alice Paul's sentence. Harriet had a cold and didn't go but I went and met Celia there. She asked me if I had any messages for Mother. Suddenly I had an idea. Could Celia's mother somehow sneak me onto the prison grounds and perhaps to a spot where at least I



might be able to see my mother from her cell? I know that she does have a cell with a window. Because she wrote about seeing the sky and how “reading” cloud pictures is the only reading allowed. Celia said she thought it might be done. She will come by my house tomorrow after school.

NOVEMBER 11, 1917

Guess what? Lunatics, idiots, and criminals did not get the vote in New York BUT women did. The state of New York with more people than any state in the Northeast is now a [women's suffrage](#) state. It was passed with a referendum vote. This is really good news. Father says it is really going to put the pressure on [President Wilson](#) and Congress to pass an amendment.



NOVEMBER 12, 1917

I have seen Mother. Celia came around just as she promised. She brought with her a great gray overcoat in which she wrapped me up, and slapped a hat on my

head. We then took the number 24 trolley, switched to the 25, and stepped off in front of the city jail. Celia had alerted her mother, who met us at a gate. She led us past two guards. It was dusk and I stood at the edge of a courtyard sliced by the shadow of a tall chimney. Celia's mother told me to look up at the nearest corner and that Mother would be standing there in a few minutes. It was chilly and that time of evening when everything seems to be darkening into shades of gray, as if all color is being drained from the world. Then suddenly within all this gray I looked up and saw white. It was Mother's face at the barred window. It was a shock. I almost did not recognize her. It seemed skeletal, her forehead very large and bony. Most shocking of all, her hair was white at the temples. Celia gave me a little nudge so I would step out from the shadow of the chimney. I did, and I took off my hat so she could see me. I raised my hand at the very same instant Mother raised hers. "Mother!" I whispered. I saw my name form on her lips. "I'm all right, Mother. We miss you." Just then we heard a guard and Celia pulled me back into the shadows and Mother's face disappeared — extinguished like a small flame.

NOVEMBER 15, 1917



I wrote a letter to [President Wilson](#) today and delivered it to the White House gate. A guard patted me on the head and smiled and said, "Sure, I'll see that it gets right into the president's hands." I am not so sure but it made me feel good writing it. Here is what I wrote.

Dear Mr. President,

I am a fourteen-year-old American girl and my mother has been a picket. I have not seen her in more than two months. I have not been able to tell her that I flunked my test on binomial expansions or got an A on a Latin exam. I have not been able to tell her about certain physical changes in me and I need to ask her some questions because it is simply too embarrassing to ask my father even though he is a doctor. I was not able to carve a pumpkin with my mother this year for Halloween as I had every Halloween since I can remember. I have not been able to enjoy any of the "inalienable rights" as spoken of in the [Bill of Rights](#) because you have imprisoned my mother.

Now, I know you will probably say it is her own fault.



She deprives herself of these joys and responsibilities of motherhood through her own stubbornness. Let me just ask you one simple question: What is so scary about women voting? I think in your stubbornness you have become a kidnapper of sorts — a kidnapper of my mother. I am sorry to put it so bluntly, but this is the truth.

Respectfully,

Kathleen Grace Bowen

NOVEMBER 17, 1917

The hunger strike in the city jail has begun, led by [Alice Paul](#). I am sure Mother is joining it.

NOVEMBER 19, 1917

A message from Mother today. Yes, as I thought, she has joined the hunger strike. She writes that she along with everyone else on her tier is refusing food.



NOVEMBER 24, 1917

There is a terrible rumor that both [Alice Paul](#) and [Lucy Burns](#) are close to death. I cannot bear to think or write anymore.



NOVEMBER 25, 1917

Of all the stupid things, I have won the Latin Term Prize! This seems so ridiculous considering what is actually going on in my life. There is to be a ceremony where I get the award at the annual holiday open house. I didn't even want to go to the dumb open house. I am dreading it because with Mother in jail it will be so awkward. I think I went overboard when I started thinking about how much pleasure my doing well in Latin would give poor old Miss Trout. I didn't think about poor old me.



NOVEMBER 26, 1917

Another message from Mother:

I am all right. I feel quite weak but I have not fainted as some have. They have taken [Alice Paul](#) to a psychiatric ward where they threaten to force-feed her.

I know this is wrong for me to say but I wish they would do that to Mother. I don't want her to die. She cannot die.

NOVEMBER 27, 1917

They have force-fed Mother as well as Mrs. Wilhelm. Mrs. Wilhelm wrote and said it was the worst experience of her life. They stuff a tube down your throat. It hurts and then they pour down liquids with beaten eggs. They poured it in so fast that she gagged. Father looks like a zombie. Tonight he said, "I cannot believe that we are living in America, within the shadow of the White House."

We have decided not to have a Thanksgiving celebration this year. It seems wrong to sit down to a feast when women are starving themselves. The Walcotts invited us



but Father declined. He asked that Marietta just make some soup and corn bread. That's fine with me.

NOVEMBER 28, 1917

The pickets still picket and the police still arrest them. The news is out about the hunger strike, and it is said the hunger strike is spreading to other jails where suffragists are held.

LATER

Finally had a bit of inspiration for my Latin speech for the award ceremony. I was sitting in Father's study at his desk using the big dictionary when there it was, staring me in the face. His degree from Dartmouth College with the college motto *Vox Clamantis in Deserto*, which means a voice crying in the wilderness, or I think it can mean shout or cry in the wilderness. I asked Father about it and he said that because Dartmouth College was started in the wilderness area of New Hampshire with a charter originally to bring education to the Indians that

this is the reason for the motto. Well, I think it might make a good idea on which to base my speech. I can talk about my *mater*, Mother, and Harriet's *mater* and every other woman who has picketed and is now imprisoned for suffrage as voices in the wilderness.

NOVEMBER 29, 1917

Mother is now in the psychiatric ward. That is where they put most of them for force-feeding but she still manages to sneak out messages. She said that Dr. Gannon, who is in charge of the force-feeding, is the most hated man in the entire prison, for he comes in "waving his tubes" and jugs of liquid and often calls them Missy and then says, "I will show you who rules this place. You women think you do. But I will show you that you are wrong."

Father is furious. He has gone to the district board of health and is filing a complaint. He called Mr. Walcott and plans a suit and is going to try to get Dr. Gannon's license revoked for violation of his Hippocratic oath and "gross and inhuman conduct" unbecoming to a physician.



NOVEMBER 30, 1917

There are actually rumors that all the women might be released from jail. I dare not think or even hope. Harriet and I went to the Ardmore and made a pact that we would not speak a single word about it for fear of jinxing it. So this is the last you will hear of it from me.

DECEMBER 1, 1917

More stupidity. I am to be an angel in the Christmas pageant. I so wanted to avoid being onstage this year. If I could only have lurked in the chorus or at best been a shepherd. Shepherds really have very little to do. You sleep at stage left in a heap of smelly old cheesecloth robes with fabric tied around your head Arab-style. Then when the chorus sings, "Shepherds, shake off your drowsy sleep" you get up and lumber across the stage and look at the baby Jesus — this raggedly old doll in a manger. Posy Elder, the clomp-like-an-elephant hockey player, is the Virgin Mary. She is a better Virgin Mary than she is a hockey player, I'll tell you that. We would have won the last game of the season if she had not

completely missed the puck the single time it was passed to her. Anyhow, being an angel is awful. There are three of them and you must stand on this raised platform under hot lights in these satin robes and raise your eyes toward heaven.

DECEMBER 2, 1917

A letter from Alma. I think she might be falling in love with that fellow with no legs that she has been reading to in the hospital. Everything is Cyril this and Cyril that. I know this sounds absolutely terrible and I would only write it here in this diary but I cannot imagine falling in love with someone who does not have legs. I mean, he would have to have a simply fabulously great personality. I know I am a narrow type.

I finished my Latin speech. It is only thirty-five words. I had to rehearse it with Miss Trout. She beamed. Tomorrow night is the holiday open house where I shall be presented with the award. Harriet is getting one for being captain of the hockey team. Susannah Fedders is getting one for proficiency in math.

But none of the other winners has to do anything



special. Oh, yes, Lilabeth Morse won in French and she does have to say something in French.

DECEMBER 3, 1917

I am so furious. Father has been called away on an emergency so he cannot come to the holiday open house this evening at seven. I have to go with Marietta, and Joss shall drive us. I didn't want to get this dumb award in the first place and now I have to go all by myself. Well, Marietta counts but she's not a parent. This is an open house for parents. Harriet's father will be there. Here I am, a virtual orphan. And the holiday season about to start. Where are you, Charles Dickens?

DECEMBER 4, 1917, JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT

I can hardly write I am so unbearably happy. Mother is back! That is why Father and Harriet's father could not attend the open house. All of the women prisoners were released. The president knew that the women were unswerving and would starve themselves to death and if

they did he would have to bear the consequences. So here is how it happened.

I was third in line to get my award. Harriet had already received hers as well as Susannah Fedders for math. I was wearing my nice blue velvet dress with the hand-crocheted collar and a cameo at the neck that had belonged to my Grandmother Bowen. I had my speech gripped in my hand. I didn't think I would have to look at it, I hoped, for I had said it about thirty-five thousand times in the last two days. Anyhow, Miss Pruitt was on the platform and she was saying, "And now for the Cornelia Alder Bennet award for proficiency in Latin and exhibiting a true appreciation of that ancient culture, Miss Kathleen Bowen." Right before she announced my name I heard the doors creak at the back of the auditorium. I didn't pay much attention, for people were constantly taking little kids out who whined or had to go to the bathroom. I got to the platform and received the scroll with my name in gold letters, and then just as Miss Trout told me to do I turned and faced the audience, took a breath, and counted to three before beginning my speech. But then in the back instead of Marietta I saw the tall figure of my father. *So his emergency is over*, I thought, but suddenly the breath I was taking locked in

my throat, for next to him, her face as pale as a lick of white flame, was my mother. I opened my mouth and instead of the words *Vox Clamantis in Deserto* there was a shriek, a cry in that auditorium and the wilderness of the last months dissolved. I jumped from the platform and tore down the aisle. MOTHER! MOTHER! I was screaming. And then Harriet spotted her mother too and it was all pandemonium as everyone in the auditorium burst into cheers and hoorays. I ran to Mother and flung my arms around her. I think I actually picked her up. "Mother, Mother, you're free! You are free!"

And she was so different. Her hair was almost all white and I could feel her bones. We kept holding each other away so we could see each other. It was as if we were drinking in each other's face. It was a miracle — my own mother not dead but alive and before me. I remember having one fleeting thought, which was that I must have grown so much taller, that I never knew how much I'd grown until I measured myself against my mother. Nonetheless when I hugged her again and looked down at her thin white hair I knew that I hugged a giant and that I would still have to grow in ways that could not be measured in inches.

EPILOGUE

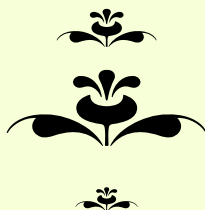


Kathleen Bowen's mother was never imprisoned again, although she continued to work fearlessly for [suffrage](#). Within the next few months the Bowen family was struck by a deep tragedy. The [influenza epidemic of 1918](#) had just begun to break out and Cassie Bowen, who was at Radcliffe, became sick one night and by the next morning was in a coma. She died a few days later. The epidemic, the worst one in history, killed more than twenty million people throughout the world. Miss Pruitt's Academy shut its doors for most of the winter and spring term of 1918. Miss Pruitt's elderly sister Miss Janet died of the illness. Posy Elder, however, was the only student from Miss Pruitt's who succumbed to the influenza.

Far away in Europe the flu raged as well, but Nell continued to drive her ambulance through the mud behind the lines of war-torn France. She returned at the end of the war in 1918 after the armistice and entered medical school. Alma never returned. She indeed had fallen in

love with Cyril Eddington. When she was eighteen they married and she became the Duchess of Eddington. Kat and her family and Alma's family, including her father, who had since reconciled with Auntie Claire, sailed over together for the wedding at the Eddington family estate, Stoke March. Kat and Clary were bridesmaids. Alma continued her work with the Red Cross and the Voluntary Aid Detachment in England.

After the wedding Kat returned to the United States to begin her studies at Radcliffe College. She majored in classics and became fascinated with archeology. In 1922 in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt the tomb of King Tutankhamen had been discovered by Egyptologist Howard Carter. Excavations for this tomb were to go on for several years. Kat tried to get on the excavation team but was refused, because women were not permitted as



official team members. She decided to try her luck going as a journalist to cover the exciting discovery for the *Boston Globe*. So impressed was Howard Carter with her thorough presentation that he invited her to examine a few small artifacts and write them up as a monograph for a scholarly journal. Once more Kat Bowen impressed him with her scholarship, insight, and good writing. Finally, Carter appealed to Lady Carnavon, the benefactor and supporter of the project, and requested that a small stipend be given so Miss Kathleen Bowen could work through the following field season. Kat became one of the most important team members in the excavation of the burial chamber.

She dropped out of Radcliffe for a year and a half to work on King Tut's tomb, but then returned to graduate with honors in 1926. She went on to get a graduate degree in archeology and on another dig in Egypt met her future husband when she was bitten by a cobra and nearly died. Her husband, Dr. Solomon Gershon, was in a group of tourists and immediately knew what to do to prevent shock and heart seizure. She was rushed to the nearest medical station and administered a potent anti-venom drug. Kat lingered in a coma for almost a week and Solomon, intrigued by this unique and daring young

American woman, fell in love with her. It took Kat a little longer. Gershon told her it was love at first sight, but as Kat reminded him, she was in a coma with her eyes closed, so she needed a little more time. They married two years later.

The Bowen-Gershons, as they became known, settled in New York, where Solomon practiced medicine and Kat took a position at Barnard College as a professor of classics and archeology. They had three children — all girls — one named Cassandra. It was Cassandra to whom Kat gave the diary. Cassandra in turn typed it with carbon sheets and gave it to each of her four daughters and to her one son.

Kat had become president of the League of Women Voters in New York City and continued her mother's fight for women's rights until her death this past year. On her gravestone she requested only her name and the phrase "Ain't I a woman?"



LIFE IN AMERICA IN 1917

HISTORICAL NOTE

A small, circular, sepia-toned portrait of Susan B. Anthony, showing her from the chest up, facing slightly to the right.

Although Kat's mother, Eleanor Bowen, is a fictional character, she followed in the steps of some very real people who began fighting for women's rights in the middle of the nineteenth century — women such as [Susan B. Anthony](#) and [Elizabeth Cady Stanton](#), who are credited with the founding of the women's movement. These women fought not only for the ballot but also against other terrible inequalities that perhaps are unimaginable to young readers today.

For example, it was unlawful for a woman to sue for damages. In 1873, a woman in Massachusetts slipped on the ice and injured herself. She could not sue, but her husband was awarded thirteen hundred dollars as compensation for *his* loss of her ability to work. It was easy perhaps to speak of men being gallant and chivalrous, but fine manners gave women no protection in the eyes of the law. They could not vote. They could not get mortgages. They could not sue in a court of law. They had limited rights of property, and

they were often prevented from pursuing higher education.

In 1848, [Elizabeth Cady Stanton](#), a housewife and mother of several children, became very angry about the status of women in America. She decided she had to do something to effect a change. One day Mrs. Stanton began reading the [Declaration of Independence](#) aloud to herself and an idea was born. Wherever she could she inserted the word *women* into this document. For example, “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men and women are created equal.”

Mrs. Stanton decided to have a meeting, a convention for women at which women’s rights could be discussed. The meeting was held in her hometown of Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848. Elizabeth and her good friend [Lucretia Mott](#), a Quaker and abolitionist, planned this conference. Elizabeth had met Lucretia because her own husband, Henry Stanton, was a leader in the abolitionist movement. More than three hundred women and some forty men attended that first meeting in July 1848. Among the men was the former slave and great abolitionist [Frederick Douglass](#). It quickly became apparent that the rights of women and the antislavery movement had a lot in common.



A [Declaration of Principles](#) was signed at the meeting and a resolution was passed, affirming the right of women to vote. The [conference at Seneca Falls](#) is generally thought of as the beginning of the women's movement in America.

The movement began to grow rapidly. During the 1850s some sort of women's rights convention was held almost every year. At a women's convention in Akron, Ohio, a former slave, [Sojourner Truth](#), stood up to respond to some men who had been ridiculing women. She was furious, and although she had never learned to read or write, she gave one of the most stirring speeches in the history of the women's movement when she asked the question, "[Ain't I a woman?](#)"

"Look at my arm! I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me — ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man — when I could get it — and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen most all sold to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me — and ain't I a woman?"

Other leaders began to emerge. [Lucy Stone](#), a magnificent orator, became head of the American Woman



Suffrage Association (AWSA). Perhaps the greatest of all was [Susan B. Anthony](#). She and [Elizabeth Cady Stanton](#) became the two leaders of the National Woman Suffrage Association (NWSA). Anthony organized women to go door to door in the state of New York to gather signatures to submit to the state legislature for three reforms: the right of women to control their own earnings, the right to be the legal guardians of their own children, and the right to vote. There were six thousand signatures on the petition but the state judiciary committee told her that was not enough. So she began again on Christmas Day of 1854 to get more. She went to countless towns, gave innumerable speeches, and distributed literature and petitions concerning women's rights. At one point her feet became frostbitten in the bitter cold and she had to be carried onto the stage for her speech. Eventually she collected four hundred thousand signatures and had raised more than three thousand dollars for the Union effort in the Civil War. In 1872, Susan B. Anthony voted in Rochester, New York, and was arrested and prosecuted for voting illegally. Voting would not become legal until November 1917, when New York became a suffrage state, giving women the right to vote. The western states, however, moved more quickly.





In 1869, the Wyoming Territory adopted [women's suffrage](#) and in 1890, became the first state admitted to the Union as a suffrage state. During the 1890s Colorado, Idaho, and Utah entered the union as suffrage states. The efforts of women in the East were, however, undaunted. The two associations, one led by [Susan B. Anthony](#) and [Elizabeth Cady Stanton](#) and the other by Lucy Stone, eventually merged into a new group called the National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA). A new leader was emerging. Much younger than Susan B. Anthony or Elizabeth Stanton, [Carrie Chapman Catt](#) was incisive and politically minded. She set out a plan at the annual convention of the NAWSA that coordinated the national, state, and local branches of the association in their efforts. She also organized a finance committee. Mrs. Catt became the head of the Organization Committee and of the NAWSA and in 1900, upon Susan B. Anthony's retirement, became president of the association. She made sure that every single state and territory in the union was brought into the National-American. In 1910, Washington was won as a women's suffrage state, and by the following year California had passed suffrage.

In 1912, [Alice Paul](#), who had earned a Ph.D. in social

work, had just returned from England, where she had been studying firsthand the conditions in British tenements and the work of settlement houses, or charity homes, for orphans and poor people. She became involved in suffrage in England and then returned to the United States to Washington, D.C., to work on a federal amendment for women's suffrage. Just as Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton became a team, so did Alice Paul and Lucy Burns, who had also just arrived in Washington. Together they founded the Congressional Union for Woman's Suffrage and later the National Woman's Party. They led many demonstrations in Washington, which already had several women's suffrage clubs, and with the help of the millionaire Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, were able to establish the headquarters of their party in the Cameron House, a mansion across Lafayette Square from the White House. Alice Paul was a great publicist. She organized not only demonstrations in Washington but also in 1915 arranged a motor caravan from San Francisco to Washington that carried a suffrage petition that was eighteen thousand feet long and bearing half a million names.

However, it was in 1917 that she gained the most press attention when she organized the silent vigil of the





Woman's Party pickets at the White House. During this time more than two hundred women were arrested in violation of their civil rights as defined by the First Amendment of the [Bill of Rights](#), which guarantees freedom of speech, and the Clayton Act, which made it lawful for any American to demonstrate. The women were incarcerated and treated brutally. The truth about this treatment was revealed by a former matron, Mrs. Virginia Bovee, who had worked at Occoquan. A hunger strike began in November of that year, and by December 3 all remaining prisoners were released. Other smaller incidents, such as when Cassie asked for the attorney general's resignation, were based on fact. Mr. Gregory, the attorney general at that time, really did suggest that hoses be turned on the women to make them look ridiculous. The August riots in which the women were attacked by young Army and Navy men and during which the three men scaled the wall of the headquarters building and nearly pulled [Lucy Burns](#) off the balcony really did happen. A shot was fired at that time into the headquarters, narrowly missing Ella Dean.

By the end of 1917, six states had won the right for women to vote. In fact, by the end of that year the number of presidential electoral votes in which women had a

share was 215. The pressure was on. Within days after the release of the women from Occoquan and the Washington, D.C., city jail, committees in Congress began acting on the [suffrage amendment](#). They went to [President Wilson](#), who finally agreed to a date for a vote on the amendment. The House of Representatives agreed to vote on the suffrage Amendment on January 10, 1918. The Nineteenth Amendment passed in the House of Representatives but did not pass in the U.S. Senate until 1919. Finally in 1920, the Nineteenth Amendment was ratified by two-thirds of the states, and American women gained the vote.

In anticipation of the passage of the amendment, [Carrie Catt](#) in 1919 formed a new organization called the League of Women Voters to make sure that women really did get out and vote once they had the right. The league also taught citizenship classes in schools, and on election days they would baby-sit and provide rides to the polls for women.

The story, however, of women's rights was and is far from over. In the 1960s and 1970s, the women's movement found vigorous new leaders who fought for issues such as equal pay, better birth control methods, and equal opportunities in the workplace. The [National](#)





Organization for Women was founded by Betty Friedan. Gloria Steinem, a journalist, and Kate Millet, a scholar, were among many women who wrote extensively on the subject of feminism. Although many good bills and laws were passed, such as the Equal Pay Act of 1964, the Equal Rights Amendment failed to win ratification, to the disappointment of many American women. Women today continue to struggle to gain and protect those rights that Elizabeth Cady Stanton whispered to herself as she reread the Declaration of Independence in her home in Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848.





Despite the fact that the world was at war and the [women's suffrage movement](#) was in full force, daily life in Washington, D.C., was quite ordinary. On any given day, two young girls might stop to share a soda at the local fountain on their way home from school.



[President Woodrow Wilson](#) and his wife, Ellen Axson Wilson, did not support the women's suffrage movement until 1918.



Sojourner Truth, a former slave, was an advocate for the abolition of slavery and for women's suffrage. Her famous speech, delivered in 1851 in Akron, Ohio, mocked the idea that women were inferior to men: "Look at me, I have plowed and planted . . . and ain't I a woman? Sisters, if women want any rights, more than they got, why don't they just take them, and not be talking about it?"



Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a housewife and mother who decided that the rights promised to "all men" in the Declaration of Independence must also be extended to women, convened the first women's rights conference in 1848 in Seneca Falls, New York. The ideas discussed at this meeting laid the foundation for the woman's suffrage movement.



Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont used her wealth to further the suffragettes' cause. She bought the Cameron House, a mansion located across the street from the White House, to serve as the Women's Party headquarters.



[Alice Paul](#) fought for women's rights first in England, and then again upon her return to the United States. She led demonstrations all over the country and carried an 18,000-foot-long petition bearing over half a million signatures supporting women's right to vote. In this photograph she is sewing a banner for a vigil.



In 1917, the National Women's Party opened its headquarters (below). From there, they organized a [silent vigil](#) in front of the White House. Four to five hundred women participated (below).





More than 200 women picketers were arrested in 1917. In violation of their civil rights, they were tried and found guilty on trumped-up charges of obstructing traffic. In prison, the women were forced to endure terrible conditions and harsh treatment.



Lucy Burns, one of the leaders of the women's suffrage movement, was among those incarcerated in 1917 for picketing. A fiery orator, she and organized demonstrations all over the nation. She led many of the women prisoners in a hunger strike that eventually led to their pardons and release from jail.



While the women's suffrage movement heated up on the homefront, World War I raged in Europe. Voluntary Aid Detachment Ambulances were manned by Boy Scouts and volunteer nurses. They often drove to the battlegrounds and transported injured soldiers to various field hospitals. The pioneering work these women did contributed to the women's equal rights movement.



Women who volunteered for the American Red Cross also worked close to the front lines. They often put their own lives in danger while helping to save the lives of soldiers and administering to the sick and wounded.



Leaders of the [suffrage movement](#), [Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt](#) and Miss Mary Garrett Hay, finally cast their ballots for president of the United States at a poll in New York City in 1920.



This modern map shows the approximate location of Washington, D.C.

A Timeline of American Women in Politics



1828: Isabella Bonfree, a slave, a feminist, and an abolitionist, is freed. She later takes the name Sojourner Truth and begins to preach against slavery.

1837: The first National Female Anti-Slavery Society convention, organized by Lucretia Mott, meets in New York City.

1838: In speaking to the Massachusetts legislature about the cruelty of racial prejudice, Angelina Grimke becomes the first woman in the United States address a lawmaking body.

1848: The first women's rights convention is held in Seneca Falls, New York, where the "Declaration of Sentiments and Resolutions" is adopted.

1869: National Woman Suffrage Association is created by Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

1872: Thirteen women, including Susan B. Anthony, are permitted to vote after arguing that the Fifteenth Amendment gave them the right. They were later arrested and fined.

1913: Alice Paul and Lucy Burns organize the Congressional Union, which later became known as the National Women's Party.

1917: Jeanette Rankin of Montana is the first woman elected to serve in the United States House of Representatives.

1918: President Woodrow Wilson changes his stance on women's suffrage and delivers a speech to the United States Senate in support of a constitutional amendment allowing women the right to vote.

1920: The Nineteenth Amendment is passed on August 26, granting women the right to vote.

1924: Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming becomes the first woman elected governor of a state.

1932: Hattie Wyatt Caraway is the first woman elected to the U.S. Senate. She represents Arkansas for three terms.

1933: Frances Perkins becomes the first female cabinet member in United States history, after President Franklin D. Roosevelt appoints her secretary of labor

1935: Mary McLeod Bethune organizes the National Council of Negro Women as a lobbying coalition for black women's groups, to fight racism and sexism.

1948: Eleanor Roosevelt heads the United Nations Commission on Human Rights and successfully campaigns for the passage of the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights.

1953: Clare Booth Luce, the first woman to serve as a high-ranking diplomatic official, is appointed U.S. ambassador to Italy.

1955: Rosa Parks is arrested for refusing to give up her bus seat to a white woman in Montgomery, Alabama, triggering the start of the modern Civil Rights Movement in America.

1957: The number of men and women voters is approximately equal for the first time.

1961: President John F. Kennedy creates the President's Commission on the Status of Women. 1963: The United States Congress passes the Equal Pay Act, enacting the first federal law to prohibit sexual discrimination in the workplace.

1964: Patsy Mink of Hawaii is the first Asian-American woman elected to the U.S. Congress.

1966: Betty Friedan founds the National Organization for Women, which led the women's liberation movement.

1968: Shirley Chisholm of New York is the first African-American woman elected to the U.S. Congress.

1972: The Equal Rights Act finally passes in the U.S. Senate, due mostly to the lobbying power of the National Organization for Women.

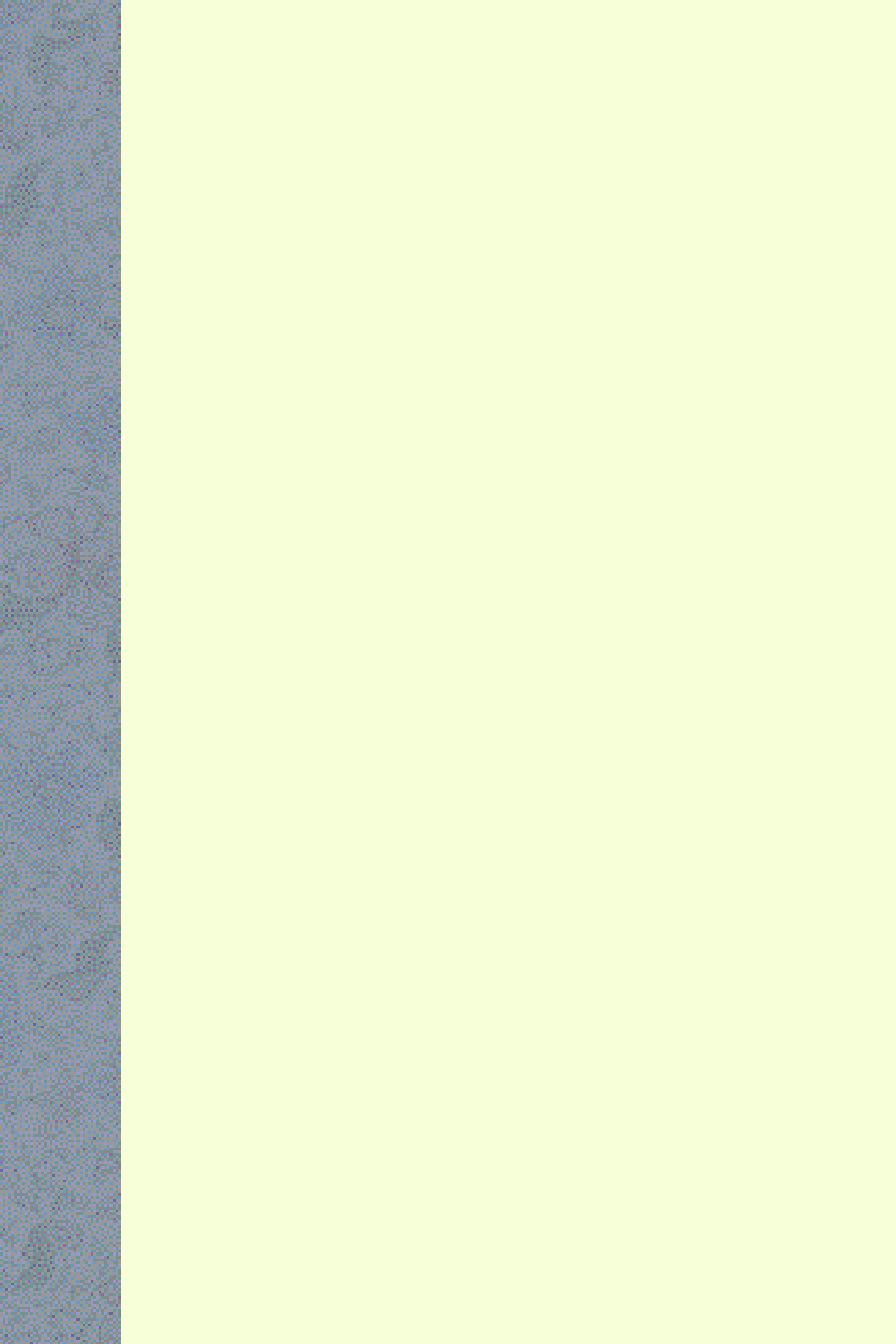
1981: Sandra Day O'Connor is the first woman appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

1992: Carole Moseley Braun of Illinois is the first African-American woman elected to the United States Senate. The first Mexican American woman, Lucille Roybal-Allard of California, and the first Puerto Rican woman, Nydia Velazquez of New York, are elected to the House of Representatives.

1993: A family and medical leave bill, designed largely by First Lady Hillary Clinton, is signed into law by President William Jefferson Clinton. Thirty bills concerning women's issues are passed by the 103rd Congress, which has more female members than ever.

2000: Hillary Rodham Clinton becomes the first former First Lady to run for a U.S. Senate seat and win.





ABOUT THE AUTHOR



One of Kathryn Lasky's early memories is going to the polls and into the voting booth with her mother. Lasky's mother, Hortense Falender Lasky, would have been four years younger than Kat Bowen's mother. Kathryn Lasky describes her late mother as "an independent, strong-willed, fiercely democratic woman who believed in women's right not only to vote, but also to manage money and plan families." Hortense Falender Lasky was a lifelong member of the League of Women Voters and Planned Parenthood, and was a founding member of Common Cause. Unlike many women of her generation she graduated from college and was a social worker for six years before she married.

"My mother," says Lasky, "was not exactly on the front lines like Eleanor Bowen, but she worked quietly and effectively for many women's causes. Perhaps the best example in my own family was the equality with which my parents participated in every major decision, whether it was about me and my sister, my father's large

and very successful business, the stock market, or family finances.”

In terms of writing this book Kathryn Lasky recalled many of the memories that her mother shared with her as a child. One of Hortense Lasky’s most vivid memories was a terrible fear that her father, Samuel Falender, would be called up to serve in World War I. Lasky used this real-life memory on which to base Kat Bowen’s fear of becoming orphaned in that summer of 1917. She also remembers her parents talking about the great influenza epidemic of 1918. Her late father, Marven Lasky, in particular, had very vivid memories from his youth in Duluth, Minnesota. During the epidemic Marven Lasky’s parents sent him as a ten-year-old boy to a logging camp on the Canadian border to escape the ravages of the flu, which were at their worst in the city. Kathryn Lasky’s book *Marven of the Great North Woods* (Harcourt Brace, 1997) recounts this story. The book received the National Jewish Book Award.

Lasky says the most challenging part of writing this book, *A Time for Courage: The Diary of Kathleen Bowen*, was depicting the ambivalence that Kat Bowen felt as a fourteen-year-old girl in the year of the picket line. She says, “It’s not easy being the child of a parent or parents

with noble causes. You want to believe in what your parents believe. On the other hand you're still a kid. You want your mom there for you."

Kathryn Lasky believes that the struggle for women's rights is not over and continues to support the same causes that her mother did.

Lasky is the author of more than forty books for children and adults, including three others in the Dear America series: *A Journey to the New World: The Diary of Remember Patience Whipple*, and NCSS Notable Children's Trade Book in the Field of Social Studies and an American Bookseller Pick of the Lists; *Dreams in the Golden Country: The Diary of Zipporah Feldman, a Jewish Immigrant Girl*; and *Christmas After All: The Great Depression Diary of Minnie Swift*. She has also written two in the Royal Diaries series: *Elizabeth I, The Red Rose of the House of Tudor* and *Marie Antoinette*. Kathryn Lasky won the Newbery Honor for the book *Sugaring Time*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



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OTHER BOOKS IN THE DEAR AMERICA SERIES



A Journey to the New World

The Diary of Remember Patience Whipple
by Kathryn Lasky

The Winter of Red Snow

The Revolutionary War Diary of Abigail Jane Stewart
by Kristiana Gregory

When Will This Cruel War Be Over?

The Civil War Diary of Emma Simpson
by Barry Denenberg

A Picture of Freedom

The Diary of Clotee, a Slave Girl
by Patricia McKissack

Across the Wide and Lonesome Prairie

The Oregon Trail Diary of Hattie Campbell
by Kristiana Gregory

So Far from Home

The Diary of Mary Driscoll, an Irish Mill Girl
by Barry Denenberg

I Thought My Soul Would Rise and Fly

The Diary of Patsy, a Freed Girl
by Joyce Hansen



West to a Land of Plenty

The Diary of Teresa Angelino Viscardi
by Jim Murphy

Dreams in the Golden Country

The Diary of Zipporah Feldman
by Kathryn Lasky

A Line in the Sand

The Alamo Diary of Lucinda Lawrence
by Sherry Garland

Standing in the Light

The Diary of Catharine Carey Logan
by Mary Pope Osborne

Voyage on the Great *Titanic*

The Diary of Margaret Ann Brady
by Ellen Emerson White

My Heart Is on the Ground

The Diary of Nannie Little Rose, a Sioux Girl
by Ann Rinaldi

The Great Railroad Race

The Diary of Libby West
by Kristiana Gregory

The Girl Who Chased Away Sorrow

The Diary of Sarah Nita, a Navajo Girl
by Ann Turner

A Light in the Storm

The Civil War Diary of Amelia Martin
by Karen Hesse

A Coal Miner's Bride

The Diary of Anetka Kaminska
by Susan Campbell Bartoletti

Color Me Dark

The Diary of Nellie Lee Love
by Patricia McKissack

One Eye Laughing, the Other Weeping

The Diary of Julie Weiss
by Barry Denenberg

My Secret War

The World War II Diary of Madeline Beck
by Mary Pope Osborne

Valley of the Moon

The Diary of María Rosalia de Milagros
by Sherry Garland

Seeds of Hope

The Gold Rush Diary of Susanna Fairchild
by Kristiana Gregory

Christmas After All

The Great Depression Diary of Minnie Swift
by Kathryn Lasky

My Face to the Wind

The Diary of Sarah Jane Price
by Jim Murphy

Early Sunday Morning

The Pearl Harbor Diary of Amber Billows
by Barry Denenberg



While the events described and some of the characters in this book may be based on actual historical events and real people, Kathleen Bowen is a fictional character, created by the author, and her journal and its epilogue are works of fiction.

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E-Book Survey

We would like to know more about what you think of this enhanced Dear America e-book. If you would like to share your thoughts with us, please take a moment to answer the following questions. You can either print this form out and mail it to us, or copy the questions, and e-mail your response—whichever works best for you.

Mail surveys to:
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1) Have you purchased an ebook before?

Yes No

2) If yes, how many

1-2 2-3 4-5 5 +

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Yes No

4) What was your favorite feature? (please describe)

E-Book Survey

5) What was your least favorite feature?
(please describe)

6) Are there other books you would like to see made as
enhanced e-books?

7) Have you read Dear America books before?
Yes No

8) How do you choose Dear America books?
By subject In order of publication By time line

9) How many Dear America books have you read?

10) What was your favorite book? Why?

11) Have you ever visited the official Dear America
website? (<http://www.scholastic.com/dearamerica>)

12) If so, how often do you visit?
Once a month Several times a week
Once a week Almost every day

13) Where do you usually obtain your Dear America
books?

- ___ Book Stores (Barnes & Noble, Borders)
- ___ The Dear America My Memories Club (Home Club)
- ___ Specialty Stores
- ___ I borrow them from the library
- ___ I don't

E-Book Survey

14) How do you usually find out about new books?

- ☐ Book Stores
- ☐ The Dear America My Memories Club (Home Club)
- ☐ School Book Clubs
- ☐ Library
- ☐ Web Site
- ☐ Friends
- ☐ Other: _____

15) Are you a member of the Dear America My Memories Club?

Yes No

16) What other kind of books do you read? (Check all that apply)

- ☐ Action/Adventure
- ☐ Romance
- ☐ Sci-fi
- ☐ Popular Fiction
- ☐ Horror
- ☐ Mystery
- ☐ Non-fiction
- ☐ Other: _____

17) Where do you live (City, State)?

E-Book Survey

18) How old are you

☐ Under 7

☐ 7

☐ 8

☐ 9

☐ 10

☐ 11

☐ 12

☐ 13

☐ 14

☐ 15

☐ Over 15

20) If you are over 15, are you a:

☐ Student

☐ Parent

☐ Teacher

☐ Librarian

☐ Other: _____

21) If you are a teacher, what grade level do you teach?

22) Is there anything else you would like to tell us?



*Activities inspired by
A Time for Courage*

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Dear America
Bibliography of Excerpts
& Additional Readings

Encyclopedia Americana

First Ladies: Women Who Called the White House Home, by Beatrice Gormley

Frederick Douglass Fights for Freedom, by Margaret Davidson and Douglas T. Miller

Frederick Douglass: Portrait of a Freedom Fighter, by Sheila Keenan

Girls: A History of Growing Up Female In America, by Penny Colman

Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia

The New Book of Knowledge

Scholastic Encyclopedia of the Presidents and Their Times

Scholastic Encyclopedia of the United States at War

Scholastic Encyclopedia of Women in the United States

Sojourner Truth: Ain't I a Woman?, by Patricia C McKissack & Frederick McKissack

We Shall Not Be Moved: The Women's Factory Strike of 1909, by Joan Dash

Words that Built a Nation, by Marilyn Miller

You Forgot Your Skirt, Amelia Bloomer, by Shana Corey



Salvation Army Donuts

In 1916, during World War I, Salvation Army volunteer women in France found themselves stuck without supplies and ovens for baking. Unable to prepare the cakes and pies for the troops, they came up with the novel idea of frying rather than baking the dough. These sweet confections became a hit, and the age of the donut was born!

Treat your friends to this delicious wartime invention!

INGREDIENTS

2 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 packet yeast	1 stick unsalted butter
6 egg yolks	1 vanilla bean
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour	1 tablespoon vanilla

DIRECTIONS

*Don't forget to ask a parent/guardian before using the stove! Hot oil can be very dangerous.



Begin by mixing together the flour, milk and yeast. Let this sit while you combine the remaining ingredients in a separate bowl. Add the two mixtures together, and let rise in a bowl for 2 hours. If the dough seems sticky, flour the dough a little and pat it down. Let it rise again slightly for about 1/2 hour. When it feels firm to the touch, spoon out a round ball, about 2 tablespoons worth. Heat oil in a deep-fryer to 360 degrees F (180 degrees C). Fry donuts, in batches, turning several times, until golden all over. Using a slotted spoon remove donuts to a rack to drain. Let donuts cool and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

For more activities, Interact with Dear America by [clicking here](#). (internet connection required)



Say It With A Sash and A Sign

During the years leading up to the passing of the 19th Amendment, women marched in Washington, D.C. wearing sashes and hoisting picket signs demanding the right to vote.

In your world today, what do you feel strongly about? Is there an endangered species in your state? Is low allowance bringing you down? School elections didn't go your way? Don't want to wait until Friday for pizza day in the cafeteria? Let others know what's important to you by making sashes and picket signs of your own.

MATERIALS

For a sash:

Approximately 6 feet of wide (3 inches or more) ribbon (try your local fabric or craft store for a variety of ribbon colors)

Scissors

Paint or permanent markers

Safety pins



For a picket sign:

Poster board

Flat stick (paint stirrer, piece of wood trim, yardstick, or similar item.)

Paint or markers

Heavy tape

DIRECTIONS

Trim your ribbon so that it is long enough to wrap diagonally across your body (like a seat belt), starting at your left shoulder and ending on your right hip. After you've measured and trimmed the ribbon, lay it out to write your message. If you are using markers, first test them on a scrap of ribbon to make sure they won't bleed too much. Begin writing on the left end of the ribbon, and make sure you've finished your message by the middle. If you think your message is too long, try putting it on two lines. Then, after the paint or markers dry, fasten the ends together with a safety pin, and sling it over your shoulder. Now you're ready to make your picket sign. Write another message on your poster



board. Then, using the heavy tape, attach the stick to the back, and you're ready to hoist it high. Step out onto the street and strut your suffragette stuff!

Even if your sashes and signs never make it out of your bedroom, it's always important to speak your mind and stand up for your beliefs!

For more activities, Interact with Dear America by [clicking here](#). (internet connection required)



Discussion Guides

Enjoy a more complete and personal Dear America experience with your class or at home, with our book-by-book Discussion Guides. Each Guide features an

Introduction for the discussion leader, a Summary of the book, Questions designed to encourage conversation, a number of Student Activities related to the book and its period, and an Interview with the book's author. To view a discussion guide, click on the title (internet connection required) or visit

www.scholastic.com/dearamerica



Dear America and
My Name is America
[A Thematic Discussion Guide](#)



[A Journey to
the New World](#)
[The Diary of
Remember Patience
Whipple](#)



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Discussion Guides



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[The Girl Who Chased](#)
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[Color Me Dark:](#)
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[Nellie Lee Love](#)



[A Coal Miner's Bride:](#)
[The Diary of](#)
[Anetka Kaminska](#)



[My Secret War:](#)
[The World War II](#)
[Diary of Madeline](#)
[Beck](#)



[One Eye Laughing,](#)
[the Other Eye Weeping](#)
[The Diary of Julie Weiss](#)



[Valley of the Moon:](#)
[The Diary of María](#)
[Rosalia De Milagros](#)

DIRECTIONS

Learn about noteworthy women by visiting these Web sites. Click on the links to find the answers to the questions below. Write your answers on a piece of paper.

1. For what was Elizabeth Blackwell famous?



Click here to find the answer!

2. Who was the first African-American woman to travel in space? On what shuttle did she fly, and when was her mission?



Click here to find the answer!

3. Look for science writer Rachel Louise Carson on the Web site "Distinguished Women of Past and Present." On what did she focus in her book *Silent Spring*? (Hint: Use the Search by Name link and look under C.)



Click here to find the answer!

4. Using the same site as above, find an entry for French heroine Joan of Arc. How did she achieve fame as a teenager? (Hint: Look through names sorted under J.)



Click here to find the answer!



5. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was influential in the fight for women's rights. What was the name of her women's rights newspaper?



Click here to find the answer!

6. Search *Encyclopedia Britannica's* Web site for Amelia Earhart. What was her main accomplishment? (Hint: Use the search field up top. Type in her name and hit the Find button.)



Click here to find the answer!

7. Now do a search for American writer Harriet Beecher Stowe. Why was her novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin* important? (Hint: Use the search field again.)



Click here to find the answer!

8. What important organization did Civil War nurse Clara Barton help found?



Click here to find the answer!

9. Who held two records as the world's fastest woman?



Click here to find the answer!

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For more Activities, click here to go to

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(internet connection required)



Dear America *Mother - Daughter* *Book Club*



The goal of Scholastic's Dear America Mother-Daughter Book Club is to provide mothers and daughters with a way to engage each other and their peers through reading. It can be done in the home or at your local bookstore. A club can be small and intimate or large and vibrant. It is up to you.

The following discussion and "how to" guides will give you the tools to start your own club with your daughter. Shireen Dodson, author of *The Mother Daughter Book Club: How Ten Busy Mothers and Daughters Came Together to Talk, Laugh and Learn Through Their Love of Reading*, has helped us develop the kit, instructions, and questions for the Book Club. We believe in her, the Dear America Mother-Daughter Book Club, and what it can do for you and your daughter.



Mother - Daughter Book Club



Getting Started

The first step is very simple: talk with your daughter about whether she would be interested in starting a mother daughter book club. How you introduce the subject depends on your daughter. If she loves to read, stress all of the wonderful books you could read together. If your daughter is more social and not an avid reader, describe special times you'd share with her friends. You know your daughter, so use whichever approach will make her eyes light up with enthusiasm.

Whom to invite

The hardest part of starting a mother-daughter book club is deciding whom to include. Most girls want more members than would comfortably fit in a small gym! I do suggest no more than ten mother-daughter pairs (20 members) and no less than four pairs (eight members). It is safe to assume that at least one pair will miss any given meeting, and it is hard to have a meaningful discussion with less than six people. Another factor to consider is age. Morgan's group spans three grade levels, while Skylar's group is all one grade level. I recommend that your group not span more than two grades.



Mother - Daughter Book Club



Drawing up an initial guest list can be extra challenging to moms, who must practice listening to their daughters and accepting their choices. As I mentioned before, I firmly believe daughters should get to choose those to invite. It is their club!

When it came to forming Skylar's club, it was hard to follow my own advice. While the majority of the Bookworms came from Skylar's school, she chose several girls whom I did not know. She also left out several girls whom I thought would be perfect and whose moms I particularly liked and wanted to get to know better. But I listened and, again, my daughter proved to have excellent instincts. Bookworms is a wonderfully diverse group of independent freethinking girls and moms.

The First Organizational Meeting

For your first meeting, pick out a book together and send invitations asking everyone to read the book in advance. I suggest choosing a book that has been a favorite at your house. Try to give potential club members at least 30 days notice so they have ample time to read the book.

Next, help your daughter select or make up discussion questions about the book. Girls have wonderful ideas and



Mother - Daughter Book Club

opinions and are willing to share when asked. Also plan a simple icebreaker activity or game. At our first mother-daughter book club meeting, we asked each girl to introduce her mother and tell something about her, and each mother to introduce her daughter. This straightforward activity led to some fascinating revelations and got us off to a rousing start.

Food is also an integral part of our meetings and another way we “experience” the book. We like to serve something that was mentioned or described in the book. When our group read the *Dear America: Color Me Dark*, my daughter and I actually made Mr. John Cooper's Buttermilk Pie from the recipe in the book. It was delicious, and a big hit with the club!

The most important thing about a mother-daughter book club is the sharing and discussion. You do not need a lot of structure and rules. Here are the basics that need to be agreed upon at your first meeting:

- The overall vision of and expectations for the club. Establish a set meeting date and time, as well as the frequency of your meetings. Do not change them. The first Sunday of the month at 3:00 p.m., September through June, works best for one of my clubs. While we found it too difficult to meet in the





Mother - Daughter Book Club



summer, we do select a book in June to read over the summer and to discuss in September. The girls do not mind as the book club book usually can count as one of their summer reading requirements for school.

- Responsibilities beyond reading, such as hosting or arranging guest speakers. Rotating the meetings from house to house creates a warm informal feeling. A library, bookstore or school, if centrally located, would also work. The host mother and daughter send out the reminder notices and decide what refreshments to serve. If the hosts decide that they would like to do a craft at a meeting, they provide the necessary materials. Because the meetings rotate homes so everyone gets a turn at hosting, there is no need for the club to have any formal or informal financial obligations.
- Decide how to lead discussions. In my two clubs the host daughter makes up the discussion questions and facilitates the meeting. I have found that the girls take these responsibilities quite seriously and rather enjoy being in control. During the meeting the other girls, knowing that their turn will come, are very respectful and help the facilitator discuss all her questions.
- Establish the length and flow of the meeting. This



Mother - Daughter Book Club

will change over time, so stay flexible. When our original mother-daughter book club first started, the actual discussion period lasted about 45 minutes. Our discussions are currently running a good hour and a half. When we first arrive the girls go off in a separate area to catch up with each other and have snacks. The moms do the same, and deal with any organizational matters that may have come up. This 30 minute meet-and-greet time deals gracefully with the fact that everyone does not arrive at the exact same moment. It also gives the girls a chance to have hugs and squeals, let off steam, and then calm down before the discussion.

- Establish your book selection process. The host mother and daughter can select the book, which is how the Bookworms do it. The key here is that the meeting notices allow at least 30 days for the club to read the book. We try to have several months of titles identified ahead of time.

Alternatively, the entire club can suggest books and then choose by consensus, which is how Morgan's club does it. The only rule we have is that you can not recommend a book that you have not read. I suggest picking books twice a year in September and May. After fulfilling summer reading requirements, good books are fresh in the girls' minds.





Mother - Daughter Book Club



A nice parting touch for the organizational meeting is to hand out take-home materials. These might be an article about a mother-daughter book club from the newspaper or magazine, a list of the current Caldecott Metal, Coretta Scott King, or Newbery awards for children's literature, the club membership list, a list of phone numbers of area bookstores and libraries, the initial suggested book list for the group, and any reminders.

Congratulations! You now have an official mother-daughter book club. Time to enjoy the journey.

Developing Discussion Questions

Not every book inspires soulful reflections. Some discussions are more memorable than others are for their humor, unexpected reactions or the sudden revelation of a generation or maturity gap. All of them can be satisfying in one way or another if you start with good strong questions.

- Avoid questions that can be answered with a yes or no.
- Ask questions that pull you back into the text to find out how you “know” something. Is it because the author or character said it outright, or have you assumed something? Could there be a different conclusion?



Mother - Daughter Book Club

- Ask about motives. Why did a character do what she did? Or why would she? When in doubt, ask “why?”
- Ask about details. What did the character's clothing or choice of foods tell about him? Why would the author want us to know that?
- Why did characters feel the way they did? Are their feelings spelled out, or do you sense them in some other way? How?
- Explore language. Do the characters talk in a way that tells something about them?
- Explore the setting. The Dear America titles lend themselves to asking some wonderful questions related to setting. Are the characters' decisions affected by the time period in which the story occurs? What insights about the effect of living in a different period of history did you gain?

If you're still not confident you can develop a good discussion question, use the following questions that will work for any book:

- What did you like about the story?
- What didn't you like about the story?
- What was the author trying to accomplish by writing this book?





Mother - Daughter Book Club



- Which character did you identify with the most and why?
- What problem is the main character facing? Is the problem solved in a satisfactory way?
- Would you have solved the problem in the same way? If not, what would you have done differently?

Tips For Success

Naturally as with any book club not everything always runs smoothly. Here are some general tips for keeping your mother-daughter book club on track.

- Set a good example. When the girls hear us sharing thoughts — including different points of view— in a respectful, collaborative way, they're learning about the world of women in a way they won't see in many TV sitcoms, movies or even books.
- Don't feel pressured to demonstrate smart, witty, insightful, sophisticated and sensitive literary analysis. Relax, listen, contribute when it's comfortable and watch for ways to help the girls explore the questions they seem to find compelling.
- In all matters, ask instead of tell, and facilitate only when the girls make it clear they need help. When



Mother - Daughter Book Club

the moms get carried away and start to take over the discussion, politely cut in by saying "Can we get back to our questions now?" If you ask a question and no one responds, wait a moment, and then call on someone.



While being in a mother-daughter book club will not turn the casual reader into a voracious reader it will expose a girl to different genres including historical fiction. The Dear America series has taken historical fiction for young people to new heights. They are perfect discussion books. Using the art of storytelling, they provide fascinating insights into our past as well as different cultures. Since another one of our goals is to keep the mother-daughter book club from bearing any resemblance to school, I don't mention to the girls that they are learning real history.

Whether you read Dear America titles or other books with your club, just remember to keep it simple and keep it fun. You're sure to start a wonderful mother-daughter story all your own.

Shireen Dodson

June 2000

Dear America
Web Resources

Women's History Resources

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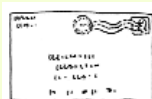
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Background and Reference Materials

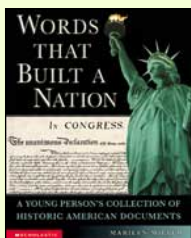
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**A Time for Courage:
The Suffragette Diary of
Kathleen Bowen**
by Kathryn Lasky

An Interactive E-Book: The Future of Historical Fiction

- Section I. The Community of Dear America
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19th Amendment (August 18, 1920)

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

AUTHORS

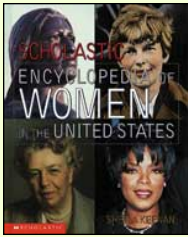
Although they did not specifically write the proposed amendment, Susan B. Anthony (1820–1906) and Carrie Chapman Catt (1859–1947) were among the most influential leaders of the American women's suffrage movement. Born to a middle-class family in Massachusetts, Susan Anthony became a teacher. Through her speeches and writing, she also roused generations of American women to the awareness that suffrage was their right. In 1900 she stepped down from the presidency of the National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA). Anthony chose Carrie Chapman Catt as her successor in that position. The Wisconsin-born Catt, who, like Anthony, was a

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teacher, rose quickly in the suffragist movement. An excellent strategist, Catt enlisted and directed volunteers, spoke everywhere, organized events, and used the media to promote womans suffrage. Over the next 20 years, she led the movement to victory.

RESPONSE

Many activists were satisfied with what they had won. These moderates joined the recently formed League of Women Voters, whose main goal was to educate women on the issues so they could vote intelligently. More militant suffragists felt, however, that they had not yet achieved total equality with men. In 1923, they founded the National Women's Party, which began campaigning for a constitutional Equal Rights Amendment (ERA). Congress finally passed the amendment in 1972, but only 35 of the 38 states required for ratification subsequently approved it. So, by the end of 1982, the amendment died.



Alice Paul

Suffragist, lawyer

Born 1885 – Died 1977

On March 13, 1913, the day before President Woodrow Wilson's inauguration, 5,000 women marched down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D. C. They carried flags and banners or rode on floats, all decorated with the same message: Give women the vote. At the head of the parade was 28-year-old New Jersey Quaker and activist Alice Paul.

Paul and other young activists such as Crystal Eastman had organized the march. It was the largest of its kind at the time and a part of their work for the Congressional Committee of the national American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA). NAWSA's Congressional Committee was supposed to organize the drive for a federal suffrage amendment. Paul felt NAWSA and its president, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, were not aggressive enough. She favored a more radical type of protest, like the ones she had seen while attending graduate school in England. There she was jailed several times for organizing working women into trade unions and demonstrating with militant women suffragists. In England, Paul waged hunger strikes and was once

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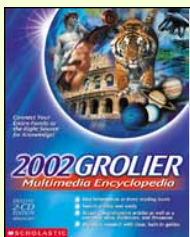
painfully force-fed by tubes through her nose for almost a month.

Paul split from NAWSA in 1913 and formed what eventually became the National Woman's party (NWP) in 1917. She held the Democrats in Congress responsible for not acting on a suffrage amendment. NP lobbied against elected Democratic candidates everywhere. Using protest marches and other forms of direct action, members of the group, including Paul, were repeatedly jailed for their militancy. That did not stop them. "Once you put your hand to the plough, you don't remove it until you get to the end of the row," Paul declared.

In January 1917, the NWP stepped up its campaign to urge presidential support for the Susan B. Anthony constitutional amendment to give women the right to vote. Members picketed the White House daily and more than 265 of them were arrested. To discredit her, Alice Paul was jailed in solitary confinement in the psychiatric ward of a prison. But when the press published reports of the horrible conditions in the prison, national sympathy and support forced President Wilson to pardon all the suffragists. Two months later, he came out in favor of the suffrage amendment. Paul and her radical efforts and other suffragists' lobbying and organizing were both key to passage (1919) and ratification (1920) of

the Nineteenth Amendment, which gave women the right to vote. She wrote the first Equal Rights Amendment, called it the Lucretia Mott amendment, and got it introduced in Congress in 1923.





Battle Hymn of the Republic

Battle Hymn of the Republic, a popular patriotic song was written during the American Civil War by Julia Ward Howe and sung to the tune of John Brown's Body. Julia Ward Howe wrote the words in December 1861 while she was visiting Union troops under Gen. George B. McClellan near Washington, D.C. It was published in the February 1862 edition of the Atlantic Monthly magazine and become widely popular, especially with partisans of the Union cause. The text of the song follows.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

Chorus:

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded Him and altar in the evening dews
and damps;

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I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

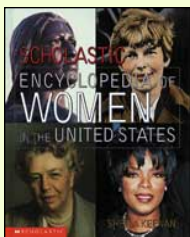
I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in Him bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.



Betty Friedan

Feminist writer Born 1921

“The feminine mystique says that the highest value and the only commitment for women is the fulfillment of their own femininity,” Betty Friedan wrote in 1963 in her groundbreaking book, *The Feminine Mystique*. She said that “fulfillment had only one definition for American women after 1949 — the housewife-mother.” Her book exploded the myth that all women were “happy housewives” and helped launch the second wave of the women’s movement.

Friedan grew up in Peoria, Illinois, where her mother had given up a journalism career to be a housewife. After attending Smith College in Massachusetts, and the University of California, Berkeley, Betty herself became a journalist and studied to become a psychologist. But after getting married, she, too, gave up her career, had children, and became a housewife. Friedan still did freelance writing, and in 1957, polled some of her Smith classmates to find out how they felt about their lives. Many of them were bored and frustrated. The social pressure to limit their goals and ambitions and see themselves solely as wives and mothers was intense. The public image of the happy suburban “mom” was not

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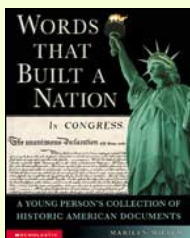
everyone's personal experience. Friedan surveyed and interviewed other psychologists and college-educated housewives. Then she wrote *The Feminine Mystique*.

The success of her book changed Friedan's life personally and politically. She gave up being a housewife and eventually divorced. In 1966, she, Pauli Murray, and several other feminists founded the National Organization for Women (NOW), which became the strongest women's rights group in the country. Friedan served as NOW's president until 1970. The next year, along with other women such as Shirley Chisholm, Fannie Lou Hamer, and Gloria Steinem, Friedan formed the National Women's Political Caucus to bring more women and women's issues into politics. She also helped establish the First Women's Bank and Trust Company in 1973.

Friedan's work in the 1970s became more and more radical as she fought for abortion rights, equal pay for women, government-sponsored child care, and the Equal Rights Amendment. Interestingly, her book, *The Second Stage* (1981) was criticized by other feminists for putting too much emphasis on traditional family values. Friedan claimed that the book was a realistic look at the conflicts women faced in balancing personal freedom with a desire for love. In *The Fountain of Age*

(1993), Friedan challenged the way society undervalues growing old.





The Constitution

(September 17, 1787)

The Bill of Rights

(September 25, 1789)

On May 25, 1787, 55 delegates from 12 states (every state except Rhode Island) met at the State House in Philadelphia to revise the Articles of Confederation. The need for revision was urgent because the government had no power to regulate commerce or tax. Soon, however, the delegates decided to write a new constitution. This version focused on establishing a strong national government and a “checks and balances” system among the three branches of government (legislative, executive, and judiciary). A few individuals objected, arguing that individual rights were being neglected.

In order to gain support for the Constitution, James Madison proposed to add amendments after ratification. Keeping his promise, he presented a drafted set of amendments to the House of Representatives on June 8, 1789, claiming they would protect “the great rights of mankind.” After both houses of Congress passed 12 of the amendments, the states ratified 10 of them and the Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution in 1791.

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The Constitution is the oldest written national constitution in the world. Once the American people soon recognized the document's greatness, universally accepting it as the "supreme law of the land."

The Bill of Rights is universally admired as one of the world's greatest documents protecting individual liberties. It defined and secured the individual rights of Americans without weakening the Constitution. Although the Constitution has been amended twenty-seven times, the Bill of Rights has remained untouched.

AUTHORS

Most of the 55 delegates to the Constitutional Convention were merchants, planters, and lawyers. Some of the nation's finest leaders were represented, including George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and Benjamin Franklin. Of all of the Constitution's framers, or writers, Madison (1751–1836) made the most significant contribution. For this he is called the Father of the Constitution. Advised by Jefferson, he wrote the Bill of Rights during the first term of Congress. He later served as Secretary of State for Jefferson and, in 1809, was elected the fourth president and served two terms.

RESPONSE

A great national debate arose over the ratification of the Constitution during the fall and winter of 1797 and 1788. Many worried about the centralized government having too much power, preferring power to be in the hands of the states. However, on June 21, New Hampshire became the ninth state to ratify it, establishing the Constitution as the law of the land. Within two years, Rhode Island, the remaining state, had ratified it.

Passing the Bill of Rights was slightly difficult as well. Six months after its submission, 9 out of the 10 needed for approval had ratified. But then everything stalled. For various reasons, Virginia, Georgia, and Connecticut held out. It wasn't until Vermont was admitted to the union in 1791 that another state ratified the Bill of Rights. Virginia quickly followed Vermont's lead and the Bill of Rights became an essential part of the Constitution.

THE CONSTITUTION

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote

the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

ARTICLE I

Section 1. All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the People of the several states, and the electors in each state shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the state legislature.

No Person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state in which he shall be chosen.

Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term

of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other Persons. The actual Enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct. The number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, but each state shall have at least one Representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the state of New Hampshire shall be entitled to choose three, Massachusetts eight, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations one, Connecticut five, New York six, New Jersey four, Pennsylvania eight, Delaware one, Maryland six, Virginia ten, North Carolina five, South Carolina five, and Georgia three.

When vacancies happen in the Representation from any state, the executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

The House of Representatives shall choose their speaker and other officers; and shall have the sole power of impeachment.

Section 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote.

Immediately after they shall be assembled in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes. The seats of the Senators of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year, of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and the third class at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one third may be chosen every second year; and if vacancies happen by resignation, or otherwise, during the recess of the legislature of any state, the executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.

No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state for which he shall be chosen.

The Vice President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote, unless they be equally divided.

The Senate shall choose their other officers, and also a President pro tempore, in the absence of the Vice President, or when he shall exercise the office of President of the United States.

The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose, they shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside: And no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two thirds of the members present.

Judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States: but the party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment and punishment, according to law.

Section 4. The times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators.

The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day.

Section 5. Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members, and a majority of each shall constitute a quorum to do

business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner, and under such penalties as each House may provide.

Each House may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two thirds, expel a member.

Each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy; and the yeas and nays of the members of either House on any question shall, at the desire of one fifth of those present, be entered on the journal.

Neither House, during the session of Congress, shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two Houses shall be sitting.

Section 6. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the treasury of the United States. They shall in all cases, except treason, felony and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective

Houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other place.

No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time: and no person holding any office under the United States, shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office.

Section 7. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other Bills.

Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it become a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approve he shall sign it, but if not he shall return it, with his objections to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such reconsideration two thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two thirds of that

House, it shall become a law. But in all such cases the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.

Every order, resolution, or vote to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the same shall take effect, shall be approved by him, or being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill.

Section 8. The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States; To borrow money on the credit of the United States;

To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes;

To establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States;

To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures;

To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States;

To establish post offices and post roads;

To promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries;

To constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court;

To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the law of nations;

To declare war, grant letters of Marque and Reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water;

To raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years;

To provide and maintain a navy;

To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces;

To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions;

To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining, the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the states respectively, the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress;

To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such District (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular states, and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the legislature of the

state in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings; And

To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.

Section 9. The migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.

The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.

No bill of attainder or ex post facto Law shall be passed.

No capitation, or other direct, tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration herein before directed to be taken.

No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any state.

No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one state over those of another: nor shall vessels bound to, or from, one state, be obliged to enter, clear or pay duties in another.

No money shall be drawn from the treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.

No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States: and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state.

Section 10. No state shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility.

No state shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing it's inspection laws: and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any state on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the treasury of the United States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress.

No state shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops, or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another state, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

ARTICLE II

Section 1. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, and, together with the Vice President, chosen for the same term, be elected, as follows:

Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to

which the State may be entitled in the Congress: but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector.

The electors shall meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves. And they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each; which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately choose by ballot one of them for President; and if no person have a majority, then from the five highest on the list the said House shall in like manner choose the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each state having one vote; A quorum for this purpose shall consist of a mem-

ber or members from two thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. In every case, after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors shall be the Vice President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal votes, the Senate shall choose from them by ballot the Vice President.

The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

No person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States, at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty five years, and been fourteen Years a resident within the United States.

In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer

shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.

The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services, a compensation, which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the United States, or any of them.

Before he enter on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Section 2. The President shall be commander in chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states, when called into the actual service of the United States; he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices, and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment.

He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law: but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session.

Section 3. He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both Houses, or either of them, and in case of disagreement between them, with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall

take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.

Section 4. The President, Vice President and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

ARTICLE III

Section 1. The judicial power of the United States, shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall, at stated times, receive for their services, a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

Section 2. The judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority;—to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls;—to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction;—to controversies to which the United States shall be a party;—to controversies between two or more states;—

between a state and citizens of another state;—between citizens of different states;—between citizens of the same state claiming lands under grants of different states, and between a state, or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens or subjects.

In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a state shall be party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.

The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury; and such trial shall be held in the state where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any state, the trial shall be at such place or places as the Congress may by law have directed.

Section 3. Treason against the United States, shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason, but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted.

ARTICLE IV

Section 1. Full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state. And the Congress may by general laws prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.

Section 2. The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states.

A person charged in any state with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another state, shall on demand of the executive authority of the state from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime.

No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such

service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

Section 3. New states may be admitted by the Congress into this union; but no new states shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state; nor any state be formed by the junction of two or more states, or parts of states, without the consent of the legislatures of the states concerned as well as of the Congress.

The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular state.

Section 4. The United States shall guarantee to every state in this union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the legislature, or of the executive (when the legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence.

ARTICLE V

The Congress, whenever two thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two thirds of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the legislatures of three fourths of the several states, or by conventions in three fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress; provided that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article; and that no state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

ARTICLE VI

All debts contracted and engagements entered into, before the adoption of this Constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution, as under the Confederation.

This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the members of the several state legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several states, shall be bound by oath or affirmation, to support this Constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any

ARTICLE VII

The ratification of the conventions of nine states, shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the states so ratifying the same.

The Bill of Rights

AMENDMENT I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

AMENDMENT II

A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed.

AMENDMENT III

No soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

AMENDMENT IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable

searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

AMENDMENT V

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

AMENDMENT VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the wit-

nesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

AMENDMENT VII

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury, shall be otherwise reexamined in any court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

AMENDMENT VIII

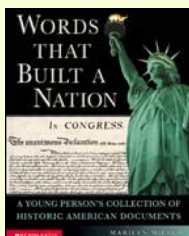
Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

AMENDMENT IX

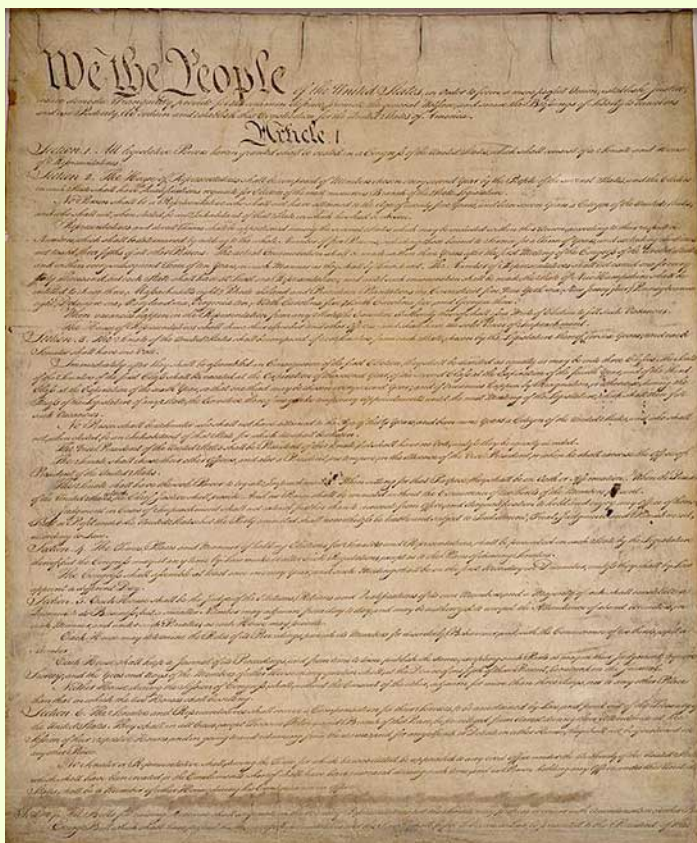
The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

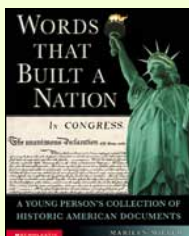
AMENDMENT X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.

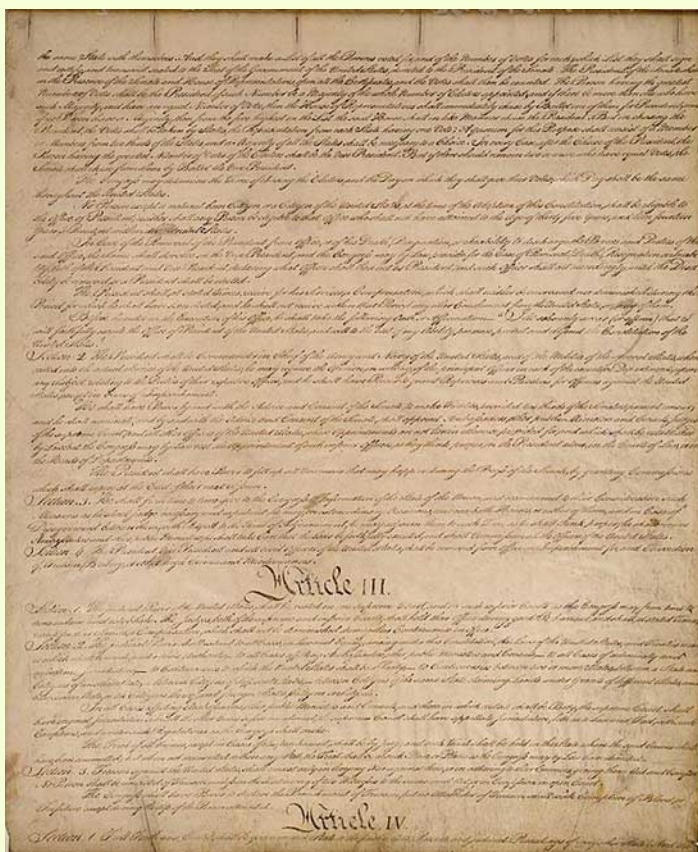


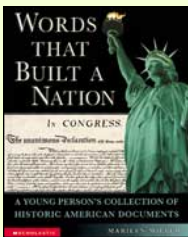
The Constitution (September 17, 1787)





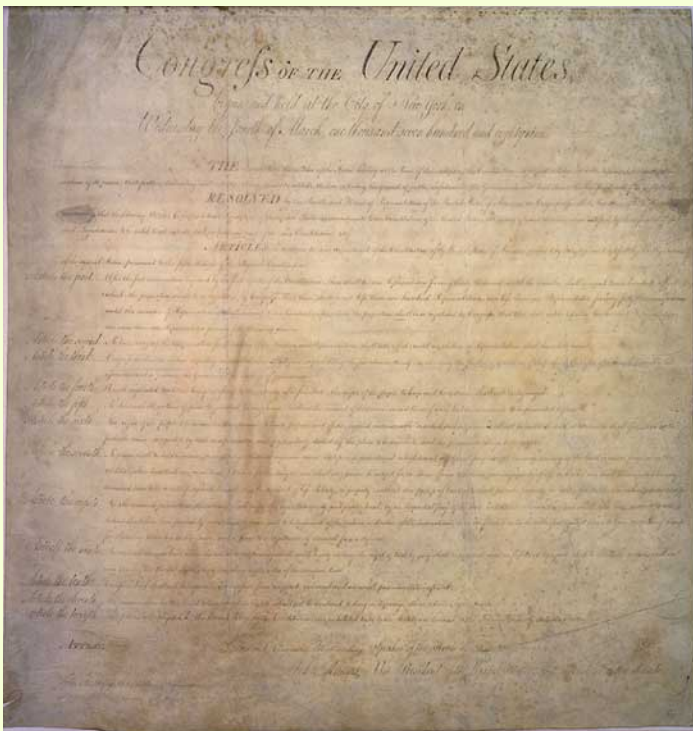
The Constitution (September 17, 1787)

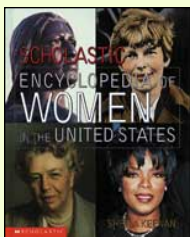




The Constitution (September 17, 1787)

The Bill of Rights (September 25, 1789)





Carrie Chapman Catt

Suffragist

Born 1859 – Died 1947

When Carrie Chapman married her second husband, George Catt, in 1890, their marriage contract guaranteed that Carrie would be free at least four months a year to do her women's suffrage work. And work she did. Catt's Winning Plan helped secure passage of the Nineteenth Amendment giving women the vote.

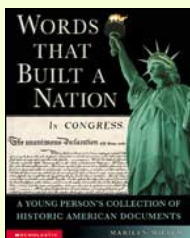
Catt was an experienced suffrage campaigner by the time she was elected president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA) in 1900. Five years earlier, under NAWSA president Susan B. Anthony, Catt had created and headed an Organization Committee to direct NAWSA's campaigns around the country. As NAWSA president, Catt was a careful planner and an imaginative leader. She raised funds, opened new NAWSA branches, and was a powerful speaker. But she resigned from the office in 1904 when George Catt became ill. She was succeeded by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw.

Over the next few years, Catt continued her suffrage work internationally and in New York State. In 1915, the NAWSA re-elected her president. The group had

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weakened under Dr. Shaw's leadership and a radical suffrage group led by Alice Paul had split away. Catt brought new energy and new professionalism to the group. She hired a board of directors, reorganized national headquarters, set up a group to lobby Congress, and came up with her Winning Plan. The plan focused NAWSA efforts on two fronts: getting state legislatures to give women the right to vote, and using the voting power in these states to pressure Congress to pass a federal amendment. NAWSA membership ballooned from 100,000 to over 2,000,000 by 1917.

Even during World War I, Catt kept up the suffrage momentum. She had founded the Woman's Peace Party with Jane Addams in 1915. But when the United States entered the war in 1917, Catt encouraged women to be part of the war effort at home. She thought this would make women look patriotic and help the suffrage movement. Catt herself served on the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. Still, she didn't stop what she called her "red-hot never-ceasing campaign" to get women the vote. Catt's Winning Plan succeeded: on August 26, 1920, the amendment passed, giving women the right to vote. Next she helped NAWSA become the League of Women Voters, so that women would be active, informed voters. As Carrie Chapman Catt wrote, the "vote has been costly. Prize it."



The Declaration of Independence

(July 4, 1776)

On June 11, 1776, the Second Continental Congress appointed a committee to draft a declaration of independence from England. The committee included Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and John Adams. Jefferson was asked by the committee to write the document. His draft justified American independence from England by listing the wrongs the mother country had inflicted on the colonists. Jefferson also sketched a basic philosophy of democratic government.

On June 28, the committee submitted Jefferson's draft to the Congress. The delegates debated and amended the declaration before approving on July 4. Those who signed the document knew that they were committing treason against England and might possibly be executed for their crime. Nevertheless, every delegate to the Continental Congress signed the declaration.

The Declaration of Independence is considered to be one of the greatest documents of all time. The central section of the declaration is a ringing assertion that every

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human being has an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

AUTHOR

Thomas Jefferson (143–1826) was a young Virginia planter and lawyer when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. But he already had the reputation of being a skilled writer. Jefferson wanted John Adam to write the draft, but Adams said, “You can write ten times better than I.” The democratic ideals Jefferson included were popular among liberal thinkers of this time. But they had never been used by a people to justify their right to rise up against their ruler and establish their own independent government. In 1801, Jefferson became the third president of the United States.

RESPONSE

France recognized the new nation in 1778. But the rest of Europe did not, fearing British anger. And of course England itself refused to recognize American independence until it lost the Revolutionary War in 1781. In the 1783 Treaty of Paris, which formally ended the war, Great Britain acknowledged the United States to be “free, sovereign, and independent.”

THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and tran-

sient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the

Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended

LEGISLATION:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

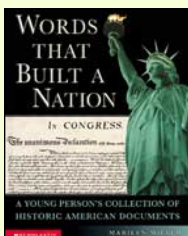
He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions we have petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

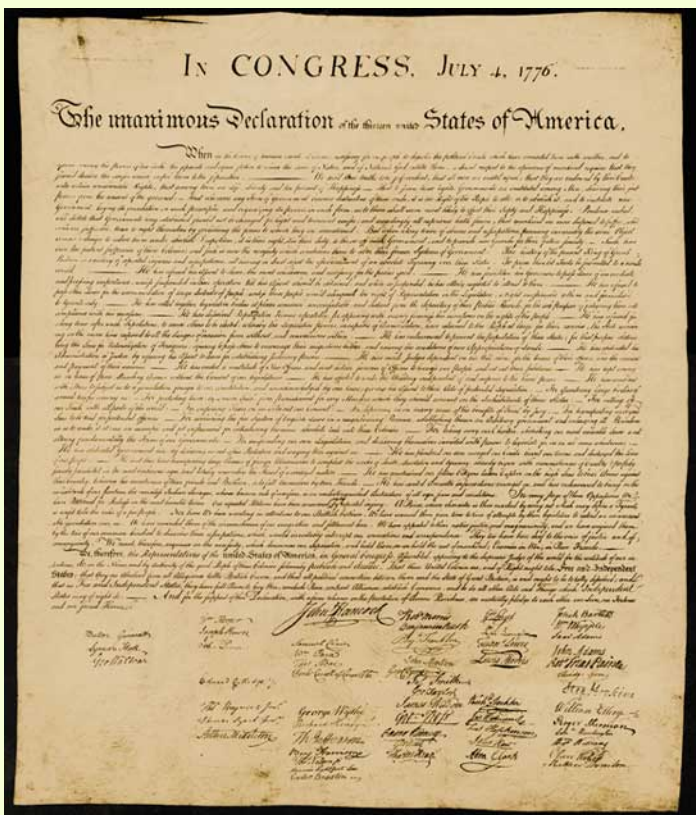
We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances,

establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

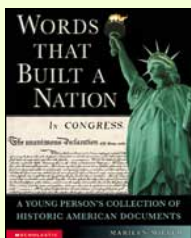


The Declaration of Independence

(July 4, 1776)







Declaration of Sentiments

Seneca Falls Convention
(July 20, 1848)

In 1848 American women had almost no legal rights. They could not own property or gain custody of their children in a divorce. They did not even have the right to vote. Two women, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, organized a convention to discuss women's issues. Nearly three hundred people, mostly women, attended the meeting at Seneca Falls, New York, on July 19 and 20. There, they debated and adopted a "Declaration of Sentiments," which was deliberately modeled on the Declaration of Independence.

The Seneca Falls Convention was the first women's rights meeting in the United States. The Declaration of Sentiments launched the modern movement for gender equality. Feminists fought from then on to gain for women the same political, social, and legal rights enjoyed by men.

AUTHORS

The Declaration of Sentiments represented the combined efforts of the women and men attending the convention.

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However, Lucretia Mott (1793–1880) and Elizabeth Cady Stanton (1815–1902) played key roles. Mott was an abolitionist and a feminist. She went to London in 1840 for the World's Anti-Slavery convention, but became infuriated when she was not allowed to attend because she was a woman. While in London she met Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who had also traveled there for the convention. Influenced by Mott, Stanton went on to become a leader of the women's rights movement. In 1869, Stanton helped found the first organization to push for a constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote.

RESPONSE

Most Americans in the mid-nineteenth century did not believe that women should have the same rights as men. So it was not surprising that the newspapers that reported the convention made fun of it. But the participants felt their meeting was a success, so they planned a second meeting three weeks later in Rochester, New York.

DECLARATION OF SENTIMENTS

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one portion of the family of man to assume among the people of the earth a position different from

that which they have hitherto occupied, but one to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes that impel them to such a course.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men and women are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of those who suffer from it to refuse allegiance to it, and to insist upon the institution of a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they were accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the

same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their duty to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of the women under this government, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to demand the equal station to which they are entitled.

The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

He has compelled her to submit to law in the formation of which she had no voice.

He has withheld from her rights which are given to the most ignorant and degraded men, both natives and foreigners.

Having deprived her of this first right as a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without represen-

tation in the halls of legislation, he has oppressed her on all sides.

He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, civilly dead.

He has taken from her all right in property, even to the wages she earns.

He has made her morally, an irresponsible being, as she can commit many crimes with impunity, provided they be done in the presence of her husband. In the covenant of marriage, she is compelled to promise obedience to her husband, he becoming, to all intents and purposes, her master — the law giving him power to deprive her of her liberty and to administer chastisement.

He has so framed the laws of divorce, as to what shall be the proper causes and, in case of separation, to whom the guardianship of the children shall be given, as to be wholly regardless of the happiness of the women — the law, in all cases, going upon a false supposition of the supremacy of man and giving all power into his hands.

After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if single and the owner of property, he has taxed her to

support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be made profitable to it.

He has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow, she receives but a scanty remuneration. He closes against her all the avenues to wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself. As a teacher of theology, medicine, or law, she is not known.

He has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her.

He allows her in church, as well as state, but a subordinate position, claiming apostolic authority for her exclusion from the ministry, and, with some exceptions, from any public participation in the affairs of the church.

He has created a false public sentiment by giving to the world a different code of morals for men and women, by which moral delinquencies which exclude women from society are not only tolerated but deemed of little account in man.

He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of

action, when that belongs to her conscience and to her God.

He has endeavored, in every way that he could, to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life.

Now, in view of this entire disfranchisement of one-half the people of this country, their social and religious degradation, in view of the unjust laws above mentioned, and because women do feel themselves aggrieved, oppressed, and fraudulently deprived of their most sacred rights, we insist that they have immediate admission to all the rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens of the United States.

In entering upon the great work before us, we anticipate no small amount of misconception, misrepresentation, and ridicule; but we shall use every instrumentality within our power to effect our object. We shall employ agents, circulate tracts, petition the state and national legislatures, and endeavor to enlist the pulpit and the press in our behalf. We hope this Convention will be followed by a series of conventions embracing every part of the country.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, the great precept of nature is conceded to be that “man shall pursue his own true and substantial happiness.” Blackstone in his Commentaries remarks that this law of nature, being coeval with mankind and dictated by God himself, is, of course, superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries and at all times; no human laws are of any validity if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid derive all their force, and all their validity, and all their authority, mediately and immediately, from this original; therefore,

Resolved, That such laws as conflict, in any way, with the true and substantial happiness of woman, are contrary to the great precept of nature and of no validity, for this is “superior in obligation to any other.”

Resolved, that all laws which prevent woman from occupying such a station in society as her conscience shall dictate, or which place her in a position inferior to that of man, are contrary to the great precept of nature and therefore of no force or authority.

Resolved, that woman is man's equal, was intended to be so by the Creator, and the highest good of the race demands that she should be recognized as such.

Resolved, that the women of this country ought to be enlightened in regard to the laws under which they live, that they may no longer publish their degradation by declaring themselves satisfied with their present position, nor their ignorance, by asserting that they have all the rights they want.

Resolved, that inasmuch as man, while claiming for himself intellectual superiority, does accord to woman moral superiority, it is preeminently his duty to encourage her to speak and teach, as she has an opportunity, in all religious assemblies.

Resolved, that the same amount of virtue, delicacy, and refinement of behavior that is required of woman in the social state also be required of man, and the same transgressions should be visited with equal severity on both man and woman.

Resolved, that the objection of indelicacy and impropriety, which is so often brought against woman when she addresses a public audience, comes with a very ill grace from those who encourage, by their attendance,

her appearance on the stage, in the concert, or in feats of the circus.

Resolved, that woman has too long rested satisfied in the circumscribed limits which corrupt customs and a perverted application of the Scriptures have marked out for her, and that it is time she should move in the enlarged sphere which her great Creator has assigned her.

Resolved, that it is the duty of the women of this country to secure to themselves their sacred right to the elective franchise.

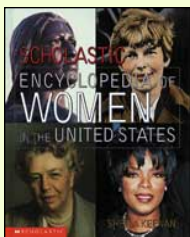
Resolved, that the equality of human rights results necessarily from the fact of the identity of the race in capabilities and responsibilities.

Resolved, that the speedy success of our cause depends upon the zealous and untiring efforts of both men and women for the overthrow of the monopoly of the pulpit, and for the securing to woman an equal participation with men in the various trades, professions, and commerce.

Resolved, therefore, that, being invested by the Creator with the same capabilities and same consciousness of responsibility for their exercise, it is demonstrably the right and duty of woman, equally with man, to promote

every righteous cause by every righteous means; and especially in regard to the great subjects of morals and religion, it is self-evidently her right to participate with her brother in teaching them, both in private and in public, by writing and by speaking, by any instrumentalities proper to be used, and in any assemblies proper to be held; and this being a self-evident truth growing out of the divinely implanted principles of human nature, any custom or authority adverse to it, whether modern or wearing the hoary sanction of antiquity, is to be regarded as a self-evident falsehood, and at war with mankind.





Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Abolitionist, suffragist

Born 1818 – Died 1893

When she was a child, Elizabeth overheard a widow crying in her father's law office because the law said she had no property rights. Elizabeth got a pair of scissors to cut this unfair law from her father's legal books. Her fight for women's legal rights had begun.

Elizabeth graduated from Emma Willard's Troy Female Seminary in 1832 and married abolitionist Henry Stanton in 1840. She insisted the word "obey" be taken out of the wedding vows. On their honeymoon, Elizabeth and Henry Stanton attended the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London, England. Elizabeth was outraged that women delegates, such as Lucretia Mott, were not allowed to speak. The women were forced to sit behind a screen in the gallery upstairs.

When Mott and Stanton met again near Seneca Falls, New York, where Stanton lived, they and three other women planned the First Women's Rights Convention to discuss "the social, civil, and religious rights of women." The historic meeting, organized in barely a week, took place in Seneca Falls in July 1848. To the organizers'

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surprise, 300 people, including 40 men, showed up. Stanton made her first speech: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, tat all men and women are created equal..." Her Declaration of Sentiments was based on the Declaration of Independence. It listed 18 legal areas where women wanted reform. Stanton also included her boldest demand: the right to vote. Lucretia Mott worried that this was too radical. Henry Stanton thought so too. He left town for the weekend when he heard what his wife was proposing, but Stanton stood firm. The suffrage resolution passed by a slim majority.

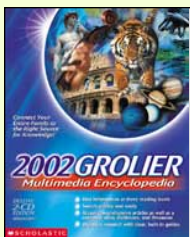
Stanton wrote articles for the New York Tribune and Amelia Bloomer's The Lily. When she met Susan B. Anthony in 1851, they began an intense working relationship to address women's rights and suffrage, temperance, and the abolition of slavery. In 1863, during the Civil War, the two formed the Women's Loyal National League. The League collected more than 300,000 signatures supporting the Thirteenth Amendment to end slavery.

After the Civil War, the suffrage movement split over whether to link female suffrage with African-American male suffrage. In 1869, Stanton and Anthony formed the National Woman Suffrage Association. The NWSA opposed passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, which

gave the right to vote to African-American men but ignored all women. The amendment passed anyway. The NWSA then lobbied for a constitutional amendment giving women the vote. Stanton and Anthony wrote, lectured, lobbied, and traveled across the country to promote women's suffrage.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton spent the rest of her life fighting for women's rights. She became president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA) in 1890, the group that united the NWSA with Lucy Stone's American Woman Suffrage Association. Stanton worked with Anthony on the first volumes of the *History of Woman Suffrage* (1881–1922). She also published *The Woman's Bible* in 1895, criticizing the poor portrayal of women in the Bible.





Frederick Douglass

(Born 1817 – Died 1895)

Frederick Douglass was one of the most dynamic leaders of the abolition movement against slavery in the United States. He was born Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey in 1817 at Tuckahoe, Maryland, the son of a white father and a slave mother. He learned to read and write while working as a house servant in Baltimore, Maryland. Later, he was put to work in the Baltimore shipyards. Determined to gain his freedom, he declared, "I wish myself a beast, a bird, anything rather than a slave." In 1838 he managed to escape north to New Bedford, Massachusetts, where he changed his name to Douglass.

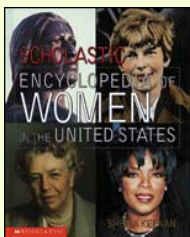
He made his first public speech in 1841 at a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. The audience was deeply moved by the young man's description of his life as a slave. But some people doubted that a man who spoke so well could have been a slave. In reply, Douglass wrote the story of his life, entitled *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* and established himself as one of America's leading orators and writers.

In 1845, Douglass traveled to England to lecture, earning enough money to buy his freedom. After his return to the United States, he settled in Rochester, New York, and began publishing an antislavery newspaper, *North Star* (1847–60). His home also became a refuge on the Underground Railroad.

When the civil war (1861–65) broke out, Douglass organized two regiments of black soldiers. After the war he became a leader of the Republican Party. He was later appointed minister to Haiti (1889–91). He died on February 20, 1895, in Washington, D.C. where today his home, at 1411 W. 11th Street, S.E., is preserved as a national memorial.

Daniel S. Davis

Author, *Struggle for Freedom: The History of Black Americans*



Gloria Steinem

Feminist Born 1934

Gloria Steinem is one of America's most famous women's rights activists.

A founder of Ms. Magazine and the National Women's Political Caucus, she is a veteran of many feminist demonstrations and political campaigns.

Steinem, a graduate of Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, moved to New York City in 1960 and became a writer. One of her first magazine articles to get attention was "I was a Playboy Bunny," published in Show magazine in 1963. It described work in a Playboy Club, where waitresses were supposed to wear skimpy "bunny" outfits and act sexy. By 1968, Steinem was a contributing editor of New York Magazine and had covered the Democratic and Republican national conventions. She was also committed to the struggle for equal rights for women and became one of the movement's most visible speakers. The media liked "glamorous" Gloria.

In 1971, Steinem and five other women organized Ms., a magazine devoted to exploring all kinds of women's issues, including sexual stereotyping. When Ms. first

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appeared as a special December insert in New York Magazine, it sold over 200,000 copies. In January 1972, Ms. appeared as an independent issue with Steinem as editor-in-chief. It featured an ad calling for legalized abortion, signed by more than 50 prominent women who had had abortions, including Steinem, Lillian Hellman, and Billie Jean King. By 1973, Ms. had a circulation of 350,000, and those copies reached a readership of 1.4 million.

Gloria Steinem served on President Jimmy Carter's committee on the Observance of International Women's Year in 1977. She has published autobiographical essay collections and a biography of Marilyn Monroe, and is a consulting editor at Ms. She also helped the Ms. Foundation create an annual event to encourage young women to explore different business opportunities. Ms.'s first "Take Our Daughters to Work Day" took place on April 28, 1993.

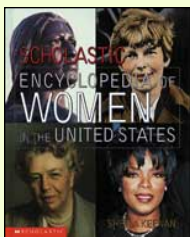


Influenza Epidemic

More than half a million people were killed by the virus in the United States alone. Around the world, 20 million people, many already weakened by [World War I], lost their lives in the epidemic.

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Lucretia Mott

Abolitionist, suffragist
Born 1793 – Died 1880

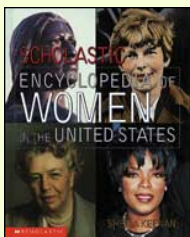
Lucretia Mott, a Quaker minister, practiced what she preached. She was opposed to slavery. She never brought home cotton cloth, cane sugar, or any other product of slave labor, and her home was a stop on the Underground Railroad. She was not allowed to attend the first American Anti-Slavery Society convention in 1833 because she was a woman, so she founded and became president of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society. Then, when Mott and the other American women representatives were denied seats at the 1840 World Anti-Slavery Convention in London, she joined her new friend Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the fight for women's equality. Mott and Stanton were two of the organizers of the first Women's Rights Convention in 1848 at Seneca Falls, New York.

Accompanied by her husband, James Mott, a fellow Quaker, Lucretia crossed the country lecturing on abolition of slavery, equal rights, temperance, and world peace. Some people called Lucretia's public speeches "psalms of life," but others jeered and even physically threatened her. An anti-abolitionist mob once raided a

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meeting of her Philadelphia anti-slavery society and set the building on fire.

Lucretia Mott was named president of the American Equal Rights Association in 1866, a group devoted to African-American and woman suffrage. She continued to be publicly and privately active until her death at the age of 87.



Lucy Stone

Abolitionist, suffragist

Born 1815 – Died 1902

Even as a child, Lucy Stone doubted the popular idea that men were better than women. She planned to learn Hebrew and Greek so she could read original texts of the Bible and see for herself if passages used to support male authority were properly translated.

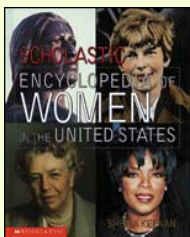
Born on the family farm in West Brookfield, Massachusetts, Lucy paid for her own schooling because her father did not believe in educating women. Lucy worked for nine years as a teacher to save the \$70 she needed to attend Oberlin College in Ohio. Stone supported herself through college by doing housework and teaching.

In 1847, Stone graduated from Oberlin with honors and became a lecturer for the American Anti-Slavery Society. She was an impressive worker who drew large audiences to her abolitionist and women's rights lectures. She attracted fellow abolitionist Susan B. Anthony to the woman's suffrage cause when she spoke at an 1850 Massachusetts convention. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Stone worked for passage of the Thirteenth

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Amendment outlawing slavery. But the question of the Fifteenth Amendment split them apart and divided the women's rights movement.

All three leaders wanted the Fifteenth Amendment, which gave African-American men the vote, to include all women as well. Stone supported the amendment unconditionally. Anthony and Stanton opposed it if the amendment was not rewritten to include women. Stone and supporters such as Julia Ward Howe founded the American Woman Suffrage Association in 1869 to follow their own political agenda. Stone also founded, funded, and edited its weekly newspaper, the *Woman's Journal*. The *Journal* was published for 47 years and was considered "the voice of the woman's movement."



National Organization for Women

In the early 1960's, several things helped produce "the second wave of feminism." (The suffragists who wanted equal rights are considered the "first wave.") African-American and white women who were involved in the civil rights struggle saw how sexual discrimination worked against them. Then in 1961, newly-elected President John F. Kennedy appointed his Commission on the Status of Women to see how the country could make the best use of women's abilities. And two years later, Betty Friedan published *The Feminine Mystique*, a bestseller which said that many middle-class women were bored and frustrated as homemakers.

American women began to examine their social, economic, and personal roles. Like civil rights activists, feminists worked to change laws. When the 1964 Civil Rights Act passed, it outlawed job discrimination based on race, color, religion, national origin — and sex. The Equal Pay Act from the previous year already said men and women doing the same job had to get the same salary.

Women insisted these laws be enforced. Many people did not take them seriously. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC), which was supposed to handle discrimination complaints, treated women's cases very lightly. As a result, the National Organization for Women (NOW) was founded in 1966 to fight for women's equality issues. Some of NOW's early victories included a lawsuit by flight attendants. NOW helped them win the right to continue working — instead of being forced to quit — if they married or when they hit their mid-30s. NOW also forced newspapers to stop publishing help-wanted ads as “male” or “female,” and instead just list them as jobs available to all.



National Organization for Women

National Organization for Women (NOW), a U.S. women's-rights organization composed of men and women who support "full equality for women in truly equal partnership with men." Founded in 1966, NOW seeks to end prejudice and discrimination against women in government, industry, the professions, churches, political parties, labor unions, education, science, medicine, law, religion, and all other areas in American society.

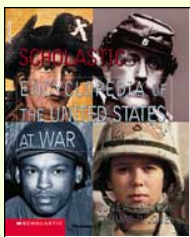
The first president of NOW was Betty Friedan, author of the best-seller, *The Feminine Mystique* (1984).

The organization, headquartered in Washington, D.C., supports legislation prohibiting discrimination on the basis of sex. NOW also supported ratification of the equal-rights amendment to the U.S. Constitution. To achieve its goals, NOW engaged in litigation and became active in politics.

On other issues NOW opposed sex-segregated "help-wanted" advertisements in newspapers, the forced retirement of airline stewardesses at a particular age,

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and advertisements that present an insulting image of women. NOW favors the liberalization of laws relating to abortion and works to increase the number of women elected to local, county, and state offices, including the House of Representatives and the Senate. The organization published *NOW Times* bimonthly.



Nursing the Wounded

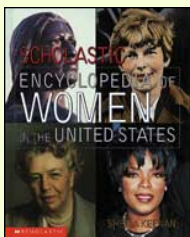
As soon as the call came for troops to serve in Europe, another call went out for nurses to take care of the wounded. The casualties in Europe had been overwhelming. There was little doubt that American doughboys would suffer their share.

The nurses in World War I had some of the toughest medical duty ever. They faced the worst military casualties of all time without electricity or antibiotics. They dealt with men and boys riddled with bullets and blinded and scorched by poison gas. Few, if any, were paid for what they did.

Perhaps the best known Allied nurse of the Great War was Vera Brittain. Brittain lost not only her fiancé, but her brother and two friends in the fighting. From a French hospital in 1917, she wrote to her mother: "I wish those people who write so glibly about going on no matter how long the War lasts and what it may mean, could see a case — to say nothing of 10 cases — of mustard gas in its early stages — could see the poor things burnt and blistered all over... with blind eyes — sometimes temporarily, sometimes permanently... stuck

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together, and always fighting for breath, with their voices a mere whisper, saying their throats are closing, and they know they will choke.”



The Rights of Women

As one century ended and another began, the United States experienced all kinds of growth — and growing pains. This had a big impact on women.

By 1900, only one-third of the nation still worked on farms. Forty percent of Americans lived in cities, with thousands of new immigrants arriving daily. The railroad, oil, and steel companies thrived. As businesses got bigger and richer, workers were squeezed tighter and tighter by pay cuts and the high cost of food and housing. This was especially true for women, because they were already paid less than men.

Many of the millions of working women were recent immigrants from Eastern Europe who had settled throughout the Northeast and Midwest. They worked long hours in unsafe or unhealthy factories, meat-packing plants, and steam laundries. They sewed everything from hats to shoes in cramped, airless sweatshops. And when they finished their 12-to-14 hours days, most of them went home to overcrowded tenements, where a whole family might be crammed into a

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tiny 300-square-foot apartment with no running water. For women of color, jobs and housing options were usually even worse.

LABOR LEADERS AND SOCIAL HOUSEKEEPERS

Many women revolted against these awful conditions. With little support from the male-dominated labor unions, they called strikes, marched on picket lines, and fought for their rights. Women labor leaders found new, if sometimes uneasy, partners in the middle and upper-class women who saw themselves as the nation's "social housekeepers." They believed women were responsible for making sure the nation, in its race to become modern, industrialized, and rich, did not sacrifice the health and morals of its citizens. Through women's clubs and associations and settlement houses, they sponsored programs for "working girls" and provided charity for the poor. Many social reformers turned to politics to fight for minimum wage, shorter work weeks, child labor laws, and industry safety standards. There was often class prejudice between white working women and women from other classes, but there was also often support. Women of color, however, were forced to form their own organizations. And many reform and labor women realized they needed something more to achieve their goals. They needed the vote.

THE WINNING PLAN

By the time suffragist leader Susan B. Anthony died in 1906, the drive to get women the vote had become very complicated. The National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA) was still divided over whether to win the vote state-by-state or launch a national campaign. Some white suffragists did not want to join efforts with African-American woman, because they feared offending the Southern politicians whose support they needed. Other suffragists remained racist, claiming that if women could vote, that would help support white supremacy over African-American and immigrant voters.

Despite all these issues, the women's suffrage movement became more powerful than ever in the early 1900s. It attracted a broad group of middle-class women, young college graduates, and reformers. It gained national attention as suffragists became bolder, louder, and more visible. They gave speeches on street corners and at state fairs, they marched in suffrage parades, and they pressured politicians. Public support grew. NAWSA president Carrie Chapman Catt put her "winning plan" into action. NAWSA members worked at all local, state, and federal levels, building on the voting power women had already won in several states. By

1917, Alice Paul's radical National Woman's Party (NWP), was picketing the White House. The suffrage movement seemed unstoppable, but, once again, war crowded women off the front page.

WORLD WAR I AND VICTORY FOR WOMEN

The United States entered World War I in 1917, bringing new opportunities for women. Thousands of nurses and ambulance drivers volunteered for the Red Cross overseas. At home, women worked in steel mills and on streetcars. They manufactured everything from airplanes to explosives. Many women became government clerical workers. Women learned new skills and received better wages than ever before, although most of these opportunities were not open to African-American women.

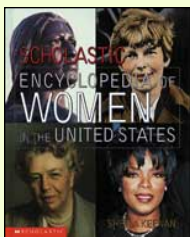
World War I also helped the final push to get women the vote. Leaders of the NAWSA realized that if women were active, public supporters of the war effort, President Woodrow Wilson might help the suffrage movement. They were right. President Wilson eventually urged Congress to pass the Susan B. Anthony (or Nineteenth) Amendment. In January 1918, it passed the House of Representatives with the exact number of votes needed. In June 1919 the Senate finally approved the amendment. In less than a year, it was ratified in 35

of the 36 states needed to make it law. The battlelines were then drawn in Tennessee, the remaining state most likely to approve of the amendment. Suffragists and anti-suffragists flooded into Nashville to lobby for their cause. The outcome hinged on whether a young state representative, Harry Burn, cast a “yea” or “nay.” His mother sent him a reminder to “...be a good boy and help Mrs. Catt put ‘Rat’ in ratification.” Burn voted for the amendment, and on August 26, 1920, nearly 26 million American women finally got the right to vote.

NEW WOMEN IN A NEW AGE

Once women could vote, their influences as a group began to change. Some of the old suffrage networks drifted apart. Many people now worried that labor leaders, pacifists, and feminists were a radical threat to the “American way of life.” Women who had been hailed for their reform work or labor leadership were at best ignored. More often they were denounced and sometimes jailed or deported. The Roaring Twenties with its flappers, jazz clubs, consumer culture, and arts movements such as the Harlem Renaissance, also ushered in much public discussion about the “new woman.” For many women, this meant being independent, educated, employed, but not necessarily feminist.





Sojourner Truth

Abolitionist, Suffragist
Born c. 1797 – Died 1883

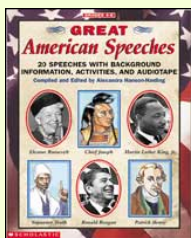
Sojourner Truth always said her name was a divine inspiration: “The Lord gave me Sojourner because I was to travel up and down the land showin’ the people their sins and bein’ a sign unto them... and the Lord gave me Truth, because I was to declare truth unto people.” Her “declaration” made her one of the great figures of the abolition and women’s rights movements.

Isabella Baumfree (Truth’s slave name) escaped from slavery in upstate New York. She and two of her children eventually moved to New York City, where she worked as a servant and joined an evangelical religious group. In 1843, her “voices” told her to take to the road using her new name, Sojourner Truth. She left home with a quarter and a new dress. The 46-year-old woman walked alone through Long Island, New York, and Connecticut, stopping at churches, camp meetings, and street corners to preach God’s message. People should love one another, Sojourner Truth told her listeners. She was tall and gaunt and, as some observers remarked, had “the air of a queen.” She electrified audiences with

her deep, powerful voice and won many people to the anti-slavery movement.

Sojourner Truth visited Northampton, Massachusetts, where she learned about the abolition movement and became one of its strongest advocates. She headed West in 1850, speaking out against slavery, often with Frederick Douglass, another great African-American abolitionist and former slave. Sojourner was often heckled and sometimes even beaten while touring Kansas, Missouri, and Indiana. That same year, she had her life story, *Narrative of Sojourner Truth*, written for her. In 1850, she also took up the women's rights cause. Truth was a frequent—and controversial—speaker at women's conventions. Many people, including some women, did not think an African-American woman should speak in public.

In the 1850s, Sojourner Truth and her family settled in Battle Creek, Michigan. During the Civil War, she urged African Americans to fight for the Union and she collected food and clothing for free black soldiers. In 1864, the famous orator was received by President Abraham Lincoln in the White House.



Sojourner Truth (Born 1797– Died 1883)

Are women too weak and delicate to vote? During the 1800s, some people argued that they were. But a six-foot tall former slave named Sojourner Truth knew different. Sojourner Truth was born a slave at a time when New York was one of only two states in the North to allow slavery. After she was freed (slavery was outlawed there in 1827), she began traveling around the nation preaching and singing about rights for women and African Americans. At a women's rights convention in Akron, Ohio, in 1851, this is what she had to say.

“AIN'T I A WOMAN?” (1851)

Well, children, where there is so much racket there must be something out of kilter. I think that 'twixt the Negroes of the South and the women of the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all this here talking about?

That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best places everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into car-

*From Great American Speeches
compiled and edited by Alexandra Hanson-Harding*



riages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me any best place! And ain't I a woman?: Look at me! Look at my arm. I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and have seen most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?

Then they talk about this thing in the head; what's this they call it? ["Intellect," someone whispers.] That's it honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or Negro's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?

Then that little man in black there, he says women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a woman! Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him.

If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right

side up again! And now they is asking to do it, the men better let them.

Obliged to you for hearing me, and now old Sojourner ain't got nothing more to say.



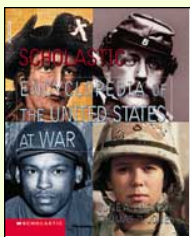
Fifth

Ordinary Girls

Dear America

Extraordinary Lives

Anniversary



Spanish-American War

The Cubans rose up against their Spanish colonizers in 1895. Americans sympathized with the revolutionaries, whose cause echoed American principles of liberty and freedom for all. But war with Spain would eventually put America's desire for control against its own revolutionary ideals.

PRELUDE TO WAR

The Cuban revolution coincided with the emergence of a new force in American politics, the press. In the late 1800's, most newspapers were not as accurate as they are today. Two sensationalistic papers — William Randolph Hearst's *New York Journal* and Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World* — were waging a circulation war. In an effort to outsell each other, the two papers began competing to see which could drum up more support for the Cuban rebels.

YELLOW JOURNALISM

Hearst claimed that “newspapers control the nation because they represent the people.” Newspapers, he

*From the Scholastic Encyclopedia of the U.S. at War by June A. English and Thomas D. Jones. Copyright * 1998 by Scholastic Inc.*

believed, even had the right to “declare wars.” So Hearst and Pulitzer started tainting the reports coming out of Cuba and turned them into horrific tales meant to shock readers.

However, sympathy for the Cuban revolution alone could not produce a war. By 1897, President William McKinley began to pressure Spain to loosen its extremely harsh hold on the Cubans. During the previous year, the Spanish had set up concentration camps in which tens of thousands of Cubans had died. Spain was anxious to avoid war with the United States and gave in slightly, even allowing Cubans a share in running their own country. The Cubans, though, encouraged by the prospect of an American intervention, demanded full independence.

In January 1898, the mood in Cuba turned ugly. McKinley ordered the battleship *Maine* to anchor in Havana harbor to keep a check on the hostilities.

A month later, on February 15, the *Maine* blew up while at anchor, killing 262 sailors. The next morning the newspapers demanded the United States take action against Spain. The *Journal* read, “Remember the Maine! To hell with Spain!”

The United States accused Spain of a deliberate attack. Spain denied the charges, claiming an explosion aboard the ship caused it to sink. But Theodore Roosevelt, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, said, “The *Maine* was sunk by an act of dirty treachery on the part of the Spaniards.” Others, too, were quick to blame Spain, even though no one had proof of wrongdoing. To this day, experts are unsure of what caused the explosion.

To prove their innocence, the Spanish gave in to all the U.S. requests — except complete Cuban independence. The American public, however, was unwilling to let the issue drop. In the end, McKinley, who desperately wanted to avoid war, was too weak to stand against those in favor of fighting. On April 11, 1898, he reluctantly asked Congress to authorize the use of force. By April 21, Spain had severed diplomatic ties with the United States. Congress officially declared war just four days later.

WAR WITH SPAIN

Even before war was declared, Teddy Roosevelt had sent a fleet south. Under the command of Commodore George Dewey, the naval force was instructed to prepare for an attack against the Spanish fleet in the Philippines. By May 1, 1898, Dewey had defeated the

entire Spanish fleet in Manila Bay with only eight American casualties.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

Meanwhile Roosevelt quit his post at the Navy department and formed a calvary unit of volunteer soldiers. Roosevelt's men, known as the Rough Riders, arrived in Cuba on June 21. Upon landing, they headed inland toward the San Juan Ridge.

The Spanish had set up their main defense along the ridge, with key positions on San Juan Hill and Kettle Hill. By July 1, the Rough Riders were poised at the bottom of Kettle Hill ready to attack. Meanwhile, another force was stationed at the bottle of San Juan Hill. The Americans faced a formidable enemy at the top of the hills, but nonetheless they charged ahead.

On horseback and armed with a pistol, Roosevelt led the way up Kettle Hill. His men charged after him, and when they reached the top, the Spanish army raced down the other side in retreat. The Americans also succeeded in securing San Juan Hill.

TAKEOVER IN THE PHILIPPINES

U.S. forces now headed toward the city of Santiago, where the Spanish had 10,000 men ready to counterattack. The Spanish, though, were too weak to defend the city and decided to abandon it.

With the defeat of their fleet at Santiago, the Spanish were ready to surrender, and war in Cuba came to an end.

Dewey, however, was still in the Philippines, facing a somewhat different situation. Filipino rebels, who were also battling it out with the Spanish, had surrounded Manila and were eager to fight for their own independence.

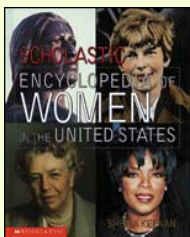
Manila's Spanish governor wanted to make a deal with the Americans. He proposed that if the United States would protect his men from the Filipino rebels, he would give up the city. On August 13, Dewey took Manila without Spanish resistance. Dewey's men hoisted the U.S. flag above the city, signaling the end of the war, but also dashing Filipino hopes of self-rule.

The war had lasted only 113 days and was one of the most popular wars in U.S. history.

AFTERMATH

The warring countries signed a peace agreement in Paris in December 1898. Cuba was granted independence, but in fact remained under U.S. military rule, and Spain surrendered Guam and Puerto Rico to the Americans. In exchange, the United States agreed to buy the Philippines for \$20 million.

Teddy Roosevelt returned from Cuba a hero. He became McKinley's vice president in 1901, and less than a year later, when McKinley was assassinated, he assumed the office of president. In 1901, the Platt Amendment gave the United States the power to veto most of the decisions made by the new Cuban government. In addition, the United States refused to acknowledge the Philippine Republic. As a result, war eventually broke out, and the United States had to crush the rebellion. It would be another forty-six years before the Philippines would win their independence.



Susan B. Anthony

Abolitionist, suffragist

Born 1820 – Died 1906

“Failure is impossible,” said 86-year-old Susan Brownell Anthony at the last women’s suffrage convention she ever attended. She was right. Fourteen years after her death, the Nineteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution was passed in 1920, giving women the right to vote. It is sometimes called the Susan B. Anthony Amendment.

Born in Adams, Massachusetts, Susan was raised as a Quaker and educated at private boarding schools. Susan’s father encouraged her to get involved in reform movements to end, or abolish, slavery and to prohibit the same or use of alcohol.

In 1846 Anthony became headmistress of the Female Department at Canajoharie Academy, near Rochester, New York. She was paid only a quarter of the salary of her male co-workers. Women were not even allowed to speak at teachers’ union meetings. The same thing happened at temperance conventions: Women drove the movement to ban liquor, but men were its public speakers. Anthony was not just active in the women’s rights

*From the Scholastic Encyclopedia of Women by Sheila Keenan.
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movement. But she was angry that as a woman she could not speak publicly. Encounters with two other women brought her into the cause that became her famous life's work. In 1850, she heard abolitionist-suffragist Lucy Stone speak and was inspired by her message. In 1851, Amelia Bloomer introduced Susan to Elizabeth Cady Stanton. They formed a personal and political friendship that lasted more than 50 years.

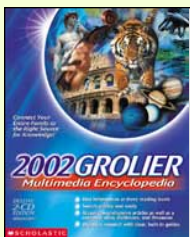
Susan formed the Woman's New York State Temperance Society with Elizabeth as its president. Both women were hardworking abolitionists, though as Susan wrote in 1860, "Many abolitionists have yet to learn the ABCs of woman's rights." Anthony was convinced that women's role in all reform movements was limited because they couldn't vote and had "no purses of their own." Women's rights became her main agenda. She began her long campaign petitioning state and federal legislatures on behalf of women's suffrage and legal status. By 1860, her efforts began to pay off when New York State passed a law improving the property rights of married women. They could now keep what they earned and sue in court.

After the Civil War, Anthony and Stanton had great hopes that both African Americans and women would get the vote. They were quickly disappointed. The

Fifteenth Amendment proposed suffrage for African-American men, but not for any women. Some women's suffragists supported the amendment because they believed the rights of the newly freed slaves had to come first. Anthony opposed passage unless it included women. She, along with Stanton, Lucretia Mott, and others, formed the National Woman Suffrage Association in 1869 to work for a federal law giving women the vote. Anthony traveled across the country, urging passage of the woman suffrage amendment introduced to Congress in 1868. In 1872, possibly inspired by Victoria Woodhull's speech to Congress, Anthony tried to vote in the presidential elections. She claimed the right to vote because she was a U.S. citizen. Anthony was arrested, jailed, and fined \$100, but she refused to pay.

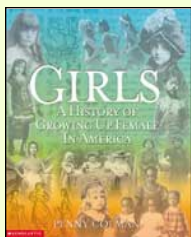
Anthony wanted to make sure that the struggle for women's rights was recorded. She, Stanton, and Matilda Gage began writing the *History of Woman Suffrage* in the 1870s. Four volumes of the 5,000-page work were published in Anthony's lifetime. The last two volumes were published in 1922, 16 years after her death. In 1979, the government issued the Susan B. Anthony silver dollar. It was the first U.S. coin to feature a woman.





“U” Boats

World War I provided the first opportunity to use submarines as attack vessels on a large scale. With its fleet of U-boats (Unterseebooten), Germany came close to severing Britain's overseas lifelines. The British countered with depth charges and hydrophones underwater listening devices and with killer submarines small antisubmarine vessels that could maintain underwater speeds of up to 15 knots for as long as two hours. Finally, merchant sailings were concentrated into large, well-escorted convoys, a tactic for which the Germans had not found an answer by the war's end.

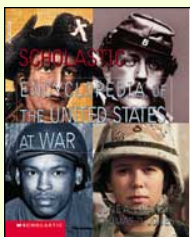


White House Silent Vigil

In 1917, Alice Paul, Lucy Burns, and women of all ages started picketing the White House. Standing in silence, they held banners that read, “HOW LONG MUST WOMEN WAIT FOR LIBERTY?” Hundreds of women were arrested and charged with obstructing sidewalk traffic. More than a hundred women served time in jail. When sixteen jailed women went on a hunger strike, they were force-fed.

“I was held down by five people at legs, arms, and head,” Lucy Burns wrote on tiny scraps of paper that were smuggled out of the jail. As news of the suffragists’ treatment spread, public pressure forced authorities to release them.

*From Girls: A History of Growing Up Female in America
by Penny Coleman*



World War One

More than 100,000 American soldiers lost their lives in World War I. That number was large, but, compared to other countries, the United States got off easy. World War I was a global conflict more brutal than any that came before it. Senseless attacks into the face of machine guns bought graves for millions.

The Great War began in Europe in 1914. The United States, however, didn't enter the conflict until the middle of 1917. American forces didn't arrive in Europe in large numbers in 1918. Given the scope of the conflict, the United States hardly participate at all. Still, the American entry was decisive and helped end the war.

World War I was a milestone in U.S. history. While winners and losers in Europe came out of the war crippled, the United States, in many ways, gained in stature. The nation, at last, had become a world power, with all the pride and hardships that role brought with it.

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PRELUDE TO WAR

At the end of the Franco-Prussian war in 1871, both France and Germany entered into alliances to protect themselves. Germany, the victor, united with Italy and Austria-Hungary (then one nation). France, to guard against Germany, formed an alliance with Russia, and eventually with Great Britain. Though these alliances were designed to protect the peace, they helped to provoke the largest and most destructive conflict the world had yet seen: World War I, known at the time as the Great War.

RIISING NATIONALISM

The war was made possible, and maybe even inevitable, by the great rush of nationalism that went before it. Most of the countries of Europe had their hopes set upon improving their national status. Some sought to mark their own national boundaries; others wanted to add more land to their territory. A few nations wanted both.

What started as national greed grew into a worldwide conflagration. World War I would eventually involve thirty-two nations, destroy four empires, and cost the lives of 17 million people.

The Great War began with a relatively isolated incident. During a visit to Sarajevo in 1914, the Austro-Hungarian Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated along with his wife, Sophie. They were shot to death by a terrorist as they rode through the streets of Sarajevo.

The archduke's assassination, at first, did not raise the prospect of war. But within a month, a series of threats and counterthreats put forward by several different European countries, including Austria-Hungary and Germany, triggered a virtual avalanche of hostility. In the frenzied nationalistic atmosphere, Germany, France, Russia, and Austria-Hungary made their huge standing armies combat ready.

In August 1914, the Austro-Hungarian Empire declared war on Serbia. Germany, as Austria-Hungary's ally, was not committed to the conflict. Russia, Serbia's traditional protector, was forced to its defense. France, then allied with Russia, joined in the fray. The French-English-Russian alliance became known as the Allied Forces. Germany and Austria-Hungary formed the Central Powers.

GERMANY INVADES BELGIUM

In early August, the war began as the German Army smashed through neutral Belgium, defeated its small army, and invaded France. By early September the Germans had gotten within fifty miles of Paris. The French government was so alarmed, it packed up and fled the city.

The combined efforts of the French and British armies managed to stop the German advance at the Battle of the Marne. The price, though, was higher than anyone could have imagined. A million and a half soldiers clashed at the Marne. Casualties were shockingly high. Infantrymen rushed forward in waves, only to be cut down by machine-gun fire. Suffering horrible casualties, both armies realized they needed protection from the ferocious machine-gun fire and heavy artillery. Both sides quickly developed elaborate trench systems (see sidebar, next page).

During the next four years (1914–1918), the Great War was fought on land in several different areas. The Western Front extended from Belgium's North Sea coast through France and to the Swiss border. The Eastern Front ran from the Baltic Sea through Russia, Poland,

and the Ukraine to the Black Sea. More combat took place on the Balkan Front, countries on or near the Balkan Peninsula. The Italian Front stretched along the Alps at the border between Italy and Austria. Other fight took place in the Caucasus and Mesopotamia and in and around Palestine.

POISON GAS

At the end of April 1915, the Germans introduced a powerful new weapon. After a bombardment near Ypres, they began dispersing poison chlorine gas over the British and French trenches. Even though the attack lasted only fifteen minutes, 15,000 men were gassed. The French soldiers were completely unprepared. Many panicked and ran. Others died where they stood, literally coughing to death.

The Germans didn't fully understand what a lethal effect the gas would have. As a result, they didn't use those precious minutes of panic to launch a full-scale attack. The stalemate continued. Both sides, however, now began using gas before their ground assaults.

The victims of those first rounds of chemical warfare had little protection. They wet handkerchiefs and tried to cover their faces. Gas masks eventually provided some

protection. Many victims, though, were permanently blinded by the chemicals. Others had difficulty breathing for the rest of their lives.

THE CONFLICT SPREADS

By 1915, both sides were discouraged by the stalemate that trench warfare had produced. With no end to land warfare in sight, they turned their attention to the seas.

BLOCKADE

England's sea power had virtually halted German shipping. This created problems for the United States, which had been supplying food and arms to both sides in the war. England's progressive blockade, however, first barred war shipments, then food supplies, to Germany.

As Germany's supply routes closed off, its people faced starvation. The German Navy began to use submarines — called U-boats — to torpedo ships supplying England. That included U.S. ships. Germany warned that the waters around the British Isles were now a war zone.

U.S President Woodrow Wilson was alarmed by these developments. The United States had prospered from the

sale of war goods to the warring countries. Now those sales were disappearing. Wilson was also determined that the United States stay neutral. Even though many Americans sided with the Allies after the invasion of Belgium, most of the country was inclined to agree with the president. Americans still remembered the terrible carnage of the Civil War. They wanted to keep far away from the fighting.

GERMANY SINKS THE LUSITANIA

In April, the Cunard liner Lusitania was preparing to leave New York harbor. The German embassy posted a notice in the paper warning passengers that the ship would be at risk of attack. Only one of the passengers cancelled his ticket. On May 7, the ship was passing Ireland on its way to England when the German submarine U-20 attacked it. The Lusitania went down with 1,198 people aboard. Among those who died were 128 Americans.

Germany asserted that the Lusitania had been carrying munitions. Though the United States denied it, there were, in fact, small arms aboard. But the passenger ship was clearly unarmed and defenseless. The attack on the Lusitania enraged most Americans, but the president

was still determined to keep the United States out of the way. Most Americans echoed his feelings.

THE U.S. ENTERS THE WAR

In 1916, President Wilson ran for and won reelection on the slogan: "He kept us out of war." On the radio, Americans listened to a popular tune called "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." The sinking of the Lusitania had brought the war home to the United States, but America still kept its distance from Europe's struggle.

ALARMS IN EUROPE

As Russia braced for the aftershocks of revolution, the German command gave orders for vigorous unrestricted submarine warfare. The German military believed that all-out use of the submarine could defeat Britain in six months. President Wilson had warned the Germans against such a move and was finally forced to break off diplomatic relations with Germany. During a speech to Congress, Wilson suggested that if American ships were sunk, he would be forced to act. He didn't have long to wait.

AN OFFER TO MEXICO

The break in United States relations did not stop German aggression. Instead Germany sent out an offer to Mexico in a secret telegram. If the United States should declare war, the message said, Germany would offer Mexico an alliance. In return for its help against the United States, Germany suggested that Mexico could win back lost territory in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. The telegraphed message was intercepted and made public.

This secret offer was bound to provoke the U.S. Just a year earlier, the Mexican revolutionary Pancho Villa had raided a fort in New Mexico, killing fifteen people.

President Wilson was enraged. As the German telegram made headlines across the country, preparedness parades became the fashion. Marchers carried banners that read: "Kill the Kaiser!" and "Let's Get the Hun!" On March 16, German U-boats torpedoed two American ships, the Illinois and the City of Memphis.

WILSON ASKS FOR A DECLARATION OF WAR

On April 2, thousands assembled outside the Capitol building. Wilson finally spoke: "...w will not choose the path of submission... The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be founded upon the trusted foundations of personal liberty."

When he finished his speech, Wilson received a tremendous ovation. The applause shocked him. He turned to his secretary and said, "Think of what it was they were applauding... a message of death for our young men."

The United States was hardly ready for war, but it did have a leader in mind. General John Pershing had led the force that gave chase to Pancho Villa after the raid in 1916. He was the natural choice to command the American Expeditionary Force (AEF) in Europe.

Pershing's job was already laid out for him. Unlike the European countries, the United States did not have a large standing army ready to fight. Nor did it have planes, ships, and other military equipment in large supply. The first step was to set up a draft system to gather the men needed for the army. A major effort would be needed to assemble the troops and outfit them. While

most of the country was ready to go to war with Germany, there was some stiff resistance.

YANKS IN EUROPE — 1917

At the end of 1917, much of the Allies' hope of ending the war was pinned on the use of tanks (see sidebar) and American soldiers. By June 1917, nearly 200,000 troops were training in France. For the Allies, the Yankee landing didn't come a moment too soon.

U.S TROOPS IN TRAINING

Soldiers from the States had no idea of the kind of fierce warfare they would face in Europe. And they were little prepared for it. But they did have a few very important assets. Unlike the European troops, they were not exhausted. And they believed they could win the war.

Allied generals wanted to use the American troops as replacements in the French and British armies, but President Wilson would not hear of it. He ordered General Pershing to preserve the identity of U.S. troops and keep them under his own command. That independence fostered a pride in the troops and their work. On the other hand, U.S. soldiers had to rely on the skills

of American military officers who knew as little about the war as they did.

American troops did get the opportunity to train at some of the tasks at hand, however. Specialists were sent off to learn about poison gas, hand grenades, and demolition. They learned how to build and stay alive in trenches and about the weapons that they would face. It was all fairly daunting for the “doughboys,” especially because they did not speak French. But they soon learned the important phrases, and their confidence inspired the now desperate French nation.

FIRST FIGHT

The German Army decided to test the resistance of U.S. troops in April near Seicheprey, a quiet section of the French trenches. In the early morning hours German guns blasted the American lines. Then more than 3,000 German shock troops attacked a trench manned by 470 soldiers from Connecticut. Though the Americans were vastly outnumbered, they didn't panic but fought hard against their attackers. The odds, however, were against the doughboys. One hundred and sixty were killed outright; most of the rest were taken prisoner.

By afternoon, though, the battalion's survivors had taken back the lost ground. Seicheprey was hailed as the first Yank victory. It wasn't quite that, but it did prove to the Germans that U.S. troops would not break and run.

More victories — and hardships — would follow as American troops would be called upon to help hold the tide against Germany's last great offensive.

THE TIDE TURNS

In 1918, the Germans were pushing forward in the north, and the British and French had their hands full. They turned to the Americans to take the small village of Cantigny to gain an observation point of the German front. On the morning of May 28, American troops took Cantigny in less than an hour. Sixteen hundred U.S. troops went down in the fight, in a real, but costly, victory for the Americans.

HELP FROM PERSHING

Allied leaders begged Pershing to use some of his troops to stem the tide of Germans heading towards Paris. Although Pershing wanted to keep American troops together, he gave in and offered his soldiers to help hold the French lines.

The U.S. Second Division was brought northward to block the tip of the German advance. As they moved up along the Paris-Metz highway, they met mobs of French refugees on the run from the German guns. French soldiers, their uniforms in shreds, trod the road behind them. Beyond panic and often drunk, the soldiers shouted to the American troops: "La guerre est finie." "The war is over."

One French major even ordered an American captain to retreat. He refused: "We just got here," he said.

AFTERMATH

The official armistice or cease-fire, of World War I came on November 11, 1918. The end of the way brought relief to the exhausted Allies. A million U.S. soldiers who had slugged their way through the Argonne Forest could finally come home.

POSTWAR MISERY

The joy of the Allied victory was short-lived, though. The deadly influenza that had struck during the Meuse-Argonne offensive was now spreading with a vengeance. More than half a million people were killed by the virus in the United States alone. Around the

world, 20 million people, many already weakened by the war, lost their lives in the epidemic.

For Germany, the influenza was just one more bitter hardship to bear. Though the war had ended in November, the Allies continued the German blockade through March. The Allies were afraid that Germany might assemble its forces and start fighting again. The blockage would help prevent that.

For the military, the blockade may have been a smart move. But in Germany, it made a bad situation worse. Many were left with little food or fuel. Cold and hungry during the entire winter, many died of starvation or the raging flu virus.

PARIS NEGOTIATIONS

From January through June 1919, the Allies discussed the official peace treaty, eventually called the Treaty of Versailles.

This accord — and local conflicts in 1920 — would change the map of Europe. Like a great jigsaw puzzle, nations were divided up. Nationalities changed overnight. Serbia became part of the new state of Yugoslavia. Polish people had their country back once more. Germany lost

large pieces of their territory, mostly to France and Poland. Russia had to give up the Baltic states (Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia) as well as Finland.

The treaty divided up the old empires. Austria and Hungary, linked in their dual monarchy, were separated. Much of their land was taken to create the new Yugoslavian, Polish and Czech states. Nearly all of Turkey's Arab lands were taken over by the British and the French.

Little consideration was given to the desires of those living in these Arab lands. In fact, the treaty makes neglected the interests of colonial nations almost entirely. This was true despite the fact that large numbers of colonial soldiers had fought bravely for the Allies during the war. Many expected that their countries would be given independence or at least a say in their destiny, in return for their service.

THE FOURTEEN POINTS

One of the treaty provisions — the formation of a League of Nations — was based on President Wilson's idea. Wilson's points, written while the world war was still being waged, rose above the strivings of individual warring nations. He was looking for a way to stop the

war and achieve world justice. Woodrow Wilson, along with many others, believed that World War I could be the way to end wars. In order for that to happen, though, the way nations behaved had to change. In January 1918, Wilson had outlined a series of proposals that he believed would create a just and lasting peace in the world. They included:

- 1) The end of secret diplomacy; open agreements between nations.
- 2) General freedom of the seas in peace and war.
- 3) Removal of world trade barriers and equality of trade conditions
- 4) The reductions of armaments (weapons)
- 5) Settlement of colonial disputes with approval by both sides.

The last of the Fourteen Points advocated the creation of an association of nations.

STRONG OPPOSITION

The Germans expected the treaty to be based entirely on Wilson's generous Fourteen Points, but they were disappointed. During the war, several Allied nations had made secret promises of land to other countries to get their cooperation. Now these debts were being settled at

Germany's expense. The Allies presented Germany with the finished treaty. There were to be no negotiations.

In some ways this was unfair. Germany had not agreed to an "unconditional surrender" and so (legally) should have been able to negotiate a peace settlement. But the Allies were unmoved. Germany had no choice: either sign or return to war.

The Treaty of Versailles may have solved some of Europe's problems, but it created others. Many Germans were strongly opposed to the treaty provisions, especially payment of reparations to the Allies for the cost of the war and loss of lands. Revolutions broke out in Germany and Hungary in protest of the treaty. These revolts failed, but the bitterness that sparked them did not die.

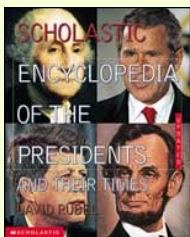
LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The initial hope was that the world would stabilize if some sort of world organization could control local conflicts. The focus of that hope became the idea of the League of Nations. That hope was dashed when the United States failed to join, but the League had other problems as well.

The main goal of the League of Nations was to keep a world war from ever happening again. Great and small nations could cooperate to keep any one country from attacking another. It was a good idea on paper, but in practice it did not live up to its promise.

The main issue was cooperation. If certain members of the League, especially large and powerful countries, refused to cooperate with the League's wishes, there was little hope of accomplishing anything. The League had no way to enforce its will. The failure of the League did not actively lead to the aggression that would overwhelm Europe in the 1930s. Given its weakness, though, the League was only able to watch as Germany kindled the flames of another world war.





Woodrow Wilson

28th President

From 1913 to 1921

Woodrow Wilson set the tone for his presidency in his first inaugural address. In that speech, Wilson outlined the issues facing the nation. He did so in terms of what was right and what was wrong. As the son of a Presbyterian minister, Wilson tended to view the job of chief executive as a moral responsibility.

Wilson began his term as president with tremendous energy, and the first two years of his administration were extremely productive. During that time, Congress passed some of the most progressive laws of the era.

Wilson's early success in convincing Congress to enact his programs proved that he was a capable administrator. Very soon, however, he would also have to prove himself as a leader during two international crises. The first involved U.S. relations with Mexico.

U.S. NEUTRALITY

Wilson had dedicated much of his first term to preventing U.S. involvement in World War I. He shared the

*From the Scholastic Encyclopedia of the President's and Their Times by David Rubel. Copyright * 1994 by Scholastic Inc. Updated 1997, 2001*

public opinion that favored neutrality and did whatever he could to keep the country out of war. Germany often made this difficult, however.

On February 4, 1915, the German government announced that it considered the waters around Great Britain to be a war zone. Therefore, all ships found in British waters — including neutral U.S. ships — would be subject to U-boat attack.

Wilson responded immediately to this violation of U.S. neutrality. He warned the Germans that continued attacks would force the United States to take military action. Wilson's threats helped convince Germany's military leadership that the U-boat attacks might bring the United States into war on the side of the Allies. The Germans suspended the U-boat attacks in the fall of 1915.

ENTRY INTO WORLD WAR I

The world was a much more interconnected place in the twentieth century than it had ever been before. Even the vast Atlantic Ocean could not insulate the United States from Europe's problems. The country was slowly but surely being dragged into the war.

While Wilson's first term was marked by the enactment of his progressive domestic policies, his second term was consumed by the country's entry into World War I. One of the reasons that presidential scholars rate Woodrow Wilson so highly is that he proved his leadership abilities both at home and abroad.

Wilson had long believed that a neutral United States could play an important role in ending the war in Europe. In a January 1917 speech before the Senate, he called on both the Allies and the Central Powers to accept "peace without victory." But Wilson's efforts at peacemaking, while respected, were generally ignored.

The United States moved closer to war when Germany announced in January 1917 that it would resume unrestricted submarine attacks in British waters. This meant that U.S. neutrality would no longer be respected at sea. On February 3, Wilson broke off diplomatic relations with Germany. The American public was outraged by submarine warfare, which it regarded as particularly dangerous and cruel. But the country was still not ready to enter the war.

All that changed on March 1, when the text of the Zimmerman telegram was made public. This telegram from German foreign minister Arthur Zimmerman to

his ambassador in Mexico had been intercepted by British intelligence agents, and a decoded copy was provided to Wilson.

In the telegram, Zimmerman proposed an alliance between Germany and Mexico. In the event that the United States entered the war, Germany offered to help Mexico reconquer its “lost territories” in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. After the text of the telegram was released, public opinion turned quickly in favor of war. On April 2, Wilson asked Congress to declare war on German. In his speech, he said, “The world must be made safe for democracy.”

During much of 1917, Wilson attended to preparations for the war. He ordered General John. J. Pershing to muster an American Expeditionary Force for overseas duty. He also looked to the future. He believed that making a lasting peace would be an even greater task than winning the war.

THE FOURTEEN POINTS

On January 8, 1918, Wilson gave a speech outlining the Fourteen Points upon which he thought peace should be based. These included free navigation of the seas, self-determination for colonies, and arms reduction. The last

point of the president's plan called for the formation of an ambitious League of Nations, which could avoid catastrophic wars in the future by guaranteeing the rights and independence of all the world's nations.

In the spring of 1918, before the bulk of the U.S. troops arrived in Europe the Germans launched a huge, desperate offensive. The attack failed, and by September 1918, there were more than one million Americans in France and Belgium. During the night of October 3–4, the German government sent a note to Wilson asking for a truce and peace negotiations based on the Fourteen Points.

THE PARIS PEACE TALKS

Wilson's goal for years had been to promote world peace based on democratic principles. The peace talks in Paris gave him an opportunity that he couldn't pass up. Not surprisingly, but perhaps not wisely, he decided to lead the U.S. delegation to the peace talks himself.

The president was greeted enthusiastically as he toured England, France, and Italy. He was considered a hero because of his role in ending the war. In 1919, he won the Nobel Peace Prize, becoming the second U.S. president to do so. (Theodore Roosevelt had won

the award in 1906 for his work in ending the Russo-Japanese War.)

Wilson stayed in Europe for more than six months while he helped negotiate the Treaty of Versailles. During his long absence, his health began to fail him. He also began to lose control of the U.S. government. When he finally returned to the United States in 1919 with his precious treaty, the Senate was far from ready to ratify it.

From Wilson's point of view, the most important section of the Treaty of Versailles was the one that established the League of Nations. But his opponents in the Senate wanted to eliminate the League of Nations from the treaty because they believed the United States should stay out of international affairs. These senators were known as "isolationists."

Republican senator Henry Cabot Lodge led a determined fight against the treaty. But Wilson was a stubborn man. Even with his health in question and his patience exhausted, he refused to compromise. He would not negotiate the treaty.

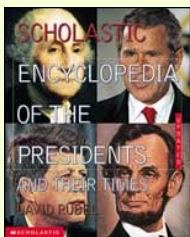
WILSON'S STROKE

Instead, in September, Wilson went on an ill-advised nationwide speaking tour to rally support. After visiting twenty-nine cities in three weeks, he broke down physically in Pueblo, Colorado. Then, after returning to Washington, he suffered a stroke. The president recovered, but never completely.

While Wilson recuperated, he continued to make the most important governmental decisions. But he trusted his second wife, Edith, to handle the lesser details of government and decide which matters were important enough to merit his attention. She reviewed all his papers and ran the White House in the name of the president. Wilson never offered to step down completely, and no one confronted him.

After Wilson refused to renegotiate the Treaty of Versailles, the Senate defeated it in March 1920. Its terms still went into effect, however, because the other Allies had already agreed to them. The terrible financial burden the treaty placed on a defeated Germany would lead to the rise of Adolf Hitler only a decade later. The League of Nations was established but, without the United States, it was never effective. The world was no safer for democracy.





Zimmermann Telegram

The text of the Zimmermann Telegram was made public on March 1, 1917.

This telegram from German foreign minister Arthur Zimmermann to his ambassador in Mexico had been intercepted by British intelligence agents, and a decoded copy was provided to Wilson.

In the telegram, Zimmermann proposed an alliance between Germany and Mexico. In the event that the United States entered the war, Germany offered to help Mexico reconquer its “lost territories” in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. After the text of the telegram was released, public opinion turned quickly in favor of war. On April 2, Wilson asked Congress to declare war on Germany. In his speech, he said, “The world must be made safe for democracy.”



Dear America

Fifth

Ordinary Girls

Extraordinary Lives

Anniversary



A Time for Courage: The Suffragette Diary of Kathleen Bowen *by Kathryn Lasky*

An Interactive E-Book: The Future of Historical Fiction

How to Use this Interactive E-book

Details about the features and functionality of this enhanced e-book

Section I. The World of Dear America

Interactive Timeline of Dear America

Book Series

Awards and Praise for Dear America

Interactive Timeline of Royal Diaries

Book Series

Friend to Friend CD Rom

Dear America and Royal Diaries on Video

Join the My Memories Club

About the Mother-Daughter Book Club

Interact with Dear America on the Web

Section II. *A Time for Courage*

A Time for Courage: The Suffragette

Diary of Kathleen Bowen

Epilogue

Life in America in 1917

Historical Background to *A Time for
Courage*

A Timeline of American Women in Politics

About the Author

Acknowledgements

Other Books in the Dear America Series

Section III. Activities inspired by *A Time for Courage*

Bibliography of Excerpted Works and
Additional Reading

Salvation Army Donuts

Say It with A Sash and A Sign

Discussion Guides

Cyber Hunt

Web Resources

Publisher's Rebate Offer

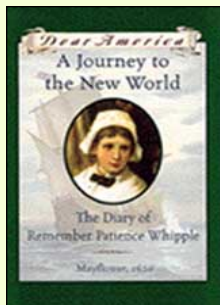
Section IV. Background and Reference materials

Alphabetical compilation of all back-
ground materials linked to the story



Dear America

Books



Dear America: A Journey to the New World: The Diary of Remember Patience Whipple, Mayflower, 1620

by Kathryn Lasky

ISBN: 0-590-22651-7

A Pilgrim girl makes the exciting yet dangerous journey on the Mayflower to a new world, filled with the excitement of meeting Native peoples there, as well as the trauma of a sickness that would take her mother's life.

November 9, 1620

2,950 miles sailed

"Land ahoy!"

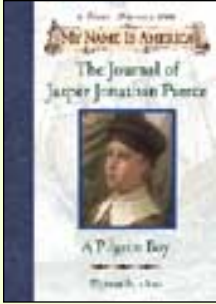
The call from the crow's nest cracked the dawn. Hummy's and my eyes flew open... we all hurried out. Unable to believe the words, our eyes wide in the half-light of dawn. Several of us crowded along the rail. The sailors saw it first, the faint, dark line against the horizon...

But within minutes of searching the horizon without eyes, Hummy and I began to see the same.

We held each other's hands so tightly and almost dared not breathe, but minute by minute, the line became firmer and began to thicken. 'Twas not a wisp of a dream but real. It has taken us all of sixty-five days, but finally we are here. This be the New World and it doth fill my eyes for the first time.



Dear America Books



The Journal of Jasper Jonathan Pierce: A Pilgrim Boy Plymouth, 1620

by Ann Rinaldi

ISBN: 0-590-51078-9

A young orphan journeys on the Mayflower to a new land full of adventure and mystery. When the crew arrives at Plymouth, they find a countryside of magnificent beauty, but also a life of harsh struggle. Jonathan strikes out on his own and forms a powerful friendship with the feared Nauset tribe.

July 18

I am so weary, yet I must write. I have been ashore!... We walked a while along the beach, carefully at first because the elders were looking for the tracks of cloven feet to see if the Evil One was here...

But within minutes of searching the horizon without eyes, Hummy and I began to see the same.

We held each other's hands so tightly and almost dared not breathe, but minute by minute, the line became firmer and began to thicken. 'Twas not a wisp of a dream but real. It has taken us all of sixty-five days, but finally we are here. This be the New World and it doth fill my eyes for the first time.



Dear America

Books



Dear America: The Winter of Red Snow: The Revolutionary War Diary of Abigail Jane Stewart, Valley Forge

by Kristiana Gregory

ISBN: 0-590-22653-3

During the difficult winter of 1777-1778, eleven-year-old Abigail Jane Stewart witnesses George Washington readying his young soldiers for battle on the frozen fields of Valley Forge.

December 19, 1777, Friday

I woke to sleet hitting the window and another sound I'd not heard before.

A drumbeat.

Papa came in from milking and said, "The soldiers are coming."

...Finally, through the gray, we saw them. Three officers on horseback led. We ran outside to cheer, but the men were quiet

and thin. The sight of them took my breath away.

"They have no shoes," Elisabeth whispered.

We watched for several minutes as they passed by. We were unable to speak.

Their footprints left blood in the snow.

As I write this upstairs, my candle low and our room cold, I think I shall never again complain.



About the
Author

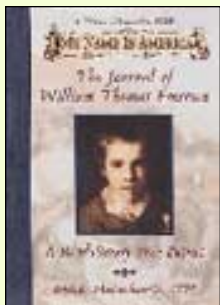


Dear America
Videos



Books &
Timeline

Dear America Books



The Journal of William Thomas Emerson: A Revolutionary War Patriot Boston, Massachusetts, 1774

by Barry Denenberg

ISBN: 0-590-31350-9

This journal records the experiences of an industrious twelve-year-old boy living in Boston as the American colonies balance on the brink of revolution.

My Conversation with Mr. Wilson

Mr. Wilson said that it was most important not to tell anyone about our talk or anything that has to do with the activities of the Committee...

He said that he has observed me carefully since I came to work at the tavern. He said he thought I was a boy that could be trusted...

He is aware that I can hear everything that goes on during the Tuesday night meetings and he knows that I have never betrayed him...

I asked him how he knew this and he laughed. "There is no need to go into details," he said. Certain things had been discussed at the meeting purely to test me. To see if I was a true patriot.

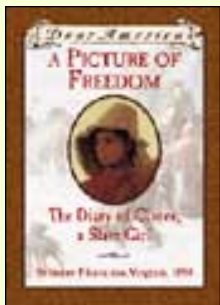
He asked, "Are you ready for your first assignment, William Thomas Emerson?"

"I am, sir," I replied.



Dear America

Books



Dear America:
A Picture of Freedom:
The Diary of Clotee, a Slave Girl,
Belmont Plantation, Virginia, 1859
by Patricia C. McKissack
ISBN: 0-590-25988-1

Having secretly taught herself how to read and write, Clotee, a brave twelve-year-old Virginia slave, witnesses the horrors of slavery and eventually becomes a conductor on the Underground Railroad.

Wednesday, November 23, 1864

Freedom is one of the first words I taught myself to write. Down in the Quarters people pray for freedom — they sing 'bout freedom, but to keep Mas' Henley from knowin' their true feelings, they call freedom "heaven." Everybody's mind is on freedom.

But it is a word that aine never showed me no picture.

While fannin' this afternoon, my eyes fell on "freedom" in a book William was readin'. No wonder I don't see nothin'. I been spellin' it F-R-E-D-U-M.

I put the right letters in my head to make sure I remembered their place. F-R-E-E-D-O-M. I just now wrote it. Still no picture...



About the
Author

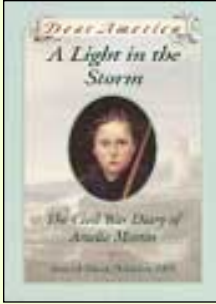


Dear America
Video



Books &
Timeline

Dear America Books



Dear America: A Light in the Storm: The Civil War Diary of Amelia Martin, Fenwick Island Delaware, 1861

by Karen Hesse

ISBN: 0-590-56733-0

The diary of a Union girl living in the divided state of Delaware during the explosive first year of the Civil War.

Thursday, February 28, 1861

P. Cloudy. Wind N.W. Fresh

Mr. Lincoln has arrived at last in Washington...

In one week, he inherits the trouble of this great, unhappy country. In one week, the responsibility will be his — whether we come together again as a Union, or fall entirely to pieces. And here we sit, in Delaware, on the border between North and South, half the state holding slaves,

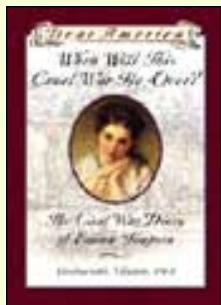
half the state opposed to the practice... It is hard enough to hold a family together. Poor Mr. Lincoln. It is in his hands to hold a whole country together... My hands are calloused and strong from rowing and working the ropes, from lifting and carrying barrels of oil and scrubbing stone floors and spiral stairs, but I do not know if they are strong enough to hold Mother and Father together.

Mr. Lincoln's hands... they must be a thousand times stronger than mine. Please God, give Mr. Lincoln strong hands.



Dear America

Books



Dear America: When Will This Cruel War Be Over?: The Civil War Diary of Emma Simpson Gordonsville, Virginia, 1864

by Barry Denenberg

ISBN: 0-590-22862-5

A Confederate girl records the hardships of Southern life as the Civil War rages at her doorstep and tears her family and country apart.

Wednesday, November 23, 1864

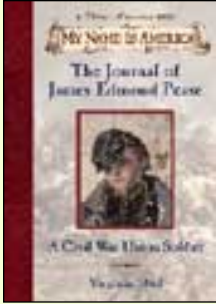
Sometimes I try to remember what our lives used to be like, but it has been so long I have difficulty conjuring up the images. I can, at times, picture the house when it was alive and full of activity — everyone getting ready for a carriage ride into town or perhaps an excursion into the countryside.

Mother giving the servants last minute instruction, Father and Brother Cole seeing to the bags, and me sitting at my vanity for what I am sure must have seemed like endless hours... Those days are gone forever — I am no longer young.

At times I feel like I am a thousand years old — that is what this cruel war has done to me.



Dear America Books



The Journal of Edmond Pease: A Civil War Union Soldier Virginia, 1863

by Jim Murphy

ISBN: 0-590-43814-X

A young man's story of uncommon courage and personal redemption in the face of the Civil War's brutal battles.

4 o'clock

The Rebs was still firing on us and the hissing of lead was all around. Just then the new man went down in a heap ahead of me. That ball was meant for me, I thought, which made me madder still, and then I realized he had just gotten his bayonet snagged on some vines and tripped over his own clumsy feet.

But that didn't make me any less mad at the Rebs. I leaped over the new man and a second later I was right next to the Lt. and heading into the smoke of a recently fired Reb gun.



Dear America Books



Dear America:
I Thought My Soul
Would Rise and Fly:
The Diary of Patsy, a Freed Girl
Mars Bluff, South Carolina, 1865
by Joyce Hansen
ISBN: 0-590-84913-1

An orphan girl becomes an unlikely heroine to the freedmen and women during the Reconstruction Era.

Sunday, August 20, 1865

Sunday, August 20, 1865

Dear Friend,

The children were so happy to see me this morning. They ran over when I reached the arbor. I felt as though my soul would rise and fly, as our song says.

We walked together to the spinning house. I will call it a schoolroom — even though

it's not a real schoolroom, and I am not a real teacher.

I gave each older child a paper with all of the letters and an easy word to match each letter, just the way Annie and Charles's teacher used to do...

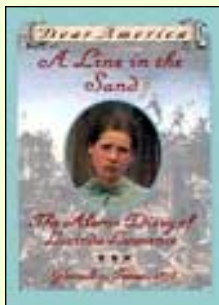
One of the old women said to me, "You such a quiet little thing... but you sho' know how to teach them letters."

I surprised myself when I said thank you without stammering.



Dear America

Books



**Dear America:
A Line in the Sand:
The Alamo Diary of
Lucinda Lawrence Gonzales
Texas, 1836**

by Sherry Garland

ISBN: 0-590-02973-8

The epic story of the Alamo told through the spirited writings of a thirteen-year-old girl whose family is embroiled in the Texan fight for freedom.

Friday, October 2, 1835

Friday, October 2, 1835

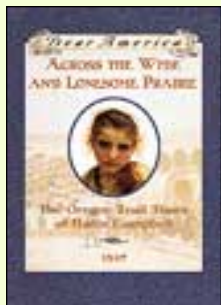
Land o' Goshen! The battle is on! It is just past daybreak and the fog is so thick in the woods and hovers over the river. We are awakened by the most awful shriek. Nothing can describe it. Then came the pop, pop, pop of rifles in the distance. Papa says the scream is the old six-pounder cannon. Lord Almighty!...

The noise is stopped, and I am seizing the moment to make my diary entry. Who knows when I will have the opportunity again. If the Texans lose this fight, I may be in my grave this time tomorrow. Oh, the shooting and noise have started up again. My heart is pounding like a drum. Lord protect us.



Dear America

Books



Dear America: Across the Wide and Lonesome Prairie: The Oregon Trail Diary of Hattie Campbell, 1847

by Kristiana Gregory

ISBN: 0-590-22651-7

A young pioneer girl chronicles her family's rigorous and brave journey westward as they pave the way for the thousands of Americans who will follow.

Friday, October 2, 1835

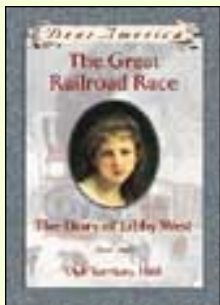
Now that we're in the North Platte River Valley the air feels dry and thin. My lips are so chapped they bleed when I talk. The only thing to do is dip our fingers into the bucket of axle grease and rub our lips every hour or so. It smells bad, it tastes bad, and the blowing dust sticks.

It feels like we must be halfway to Oregon, but Tall Joe says, no, we've only gone five hundred miles. He also says the worst part of the trail is to come. Does he mean more rivers to cross...?

I'm afraid to ask what he's talking about.



Dear America Books



Dear America: The Great Railroad Race: The Diary of Libby West Utah Territory, 1868

by Kristiana Gregory

ISBN: 0-590-10991-X

A fourteen-year-old girl records the momentous building of the Transcontinental Railroad.

Saturday, April 7

Late this afternoon our tracklayers arrived at the Summit! The Union Pacific engine came to a stop with a loud release of steam. Facing it, on another sidetrack, was California's locomotive. Both engines greeted each other with a sharp whistle.

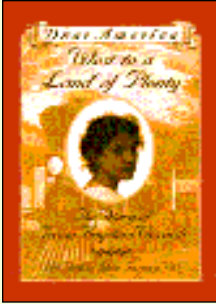
Finally. It was the first time the trains from the Pacific coast and the Atlantic coast had met, and I saw it with my own eyes! We cheered with excitement, men threw their hats in the air, ladies waved handkerchiefs, and Joe ran wild with some other boys...

Everyone was still waiting for Mr. Durant and the others to arrive. Then workers will lay the final half mile - that's just about 2,500 feet.



Dear America

Books



Dear America:
West to a Land of Plenty:
The Diary of Teresa Angelino Viscardi
New York to Idaho Territory, 1883
by Jim Murphy
ISBN: 0-590-22651-7

An Italian family's quest for land
and a new life takes them across
America to a utopian community.

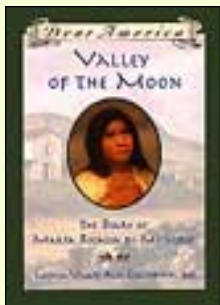
Saturday, April 7

Mr. Anderson came to our car to talk to us right after breakfast. I thought I would dislike him immediately, but did not. He is tall and distinguished looking and seemed not to notice the smell of garlic and sausage and boiled potatoes and cabbage and onions... Mr. Anderson introduced himself and then said,

"...Each one of you is a pioneer in the true spirit of this country..." He told us that the "hardships of the journey will soon give way to the pleasures and pride of new homes and new lives..." I don't know about this as I was perfectly happy in my old home and old life, but Mr. Anderson has a nice voice and the Idaho Territory didn't seem so impossibly far away today...



Dear America Books



Dear America: Valley of the Moon: The Diary of Maria Rosalia de Milagros, Sonoma Valley, Alta California, 1846

by Sherry Garland

ISBN: 0-439-08820-8

Maria Rosalia is a mestizo servant in a Spanish home. Orphaned years ago, she and her brother Domingo work on a ranch run by the stern Senor Medina. Maria's writing captures the intense tradition and culture of the Spanish as she observes the war that Alta California ultimately loses to the Americans.

November 11, 1845

We left before dawn today. I hated to leave Nelly, but my heart is homesick for Rancho Agua Verde. The carts are now filled with American cloth, sugar, flour, dry goods, tools and furniture for the Medina's casa grande."

By dark, we reached the Sonoma hills and looked down at the beautiful valley. Gregorio says that Sonoma is the Indian word that means "valley of the moon." We are spending the night near a creek. The vaqueros unsaddled their horses and rolled out their blankets in front of the campfires. One is playing his guitarra, and another is singing a song of lost love. The music is lovely, and the stars are breathtaking... I am so glad to be back in my valley of the moon.



Dear America

Books



Dear America: Seeds of Hope: The Gold Rush Diary of Susanna Fairchild California Territory, 1849

by Kristiana Gregory

ISBN: 0-590-51157-2

When Susanna Fairchild and her family begin their journey by sea to California in 1848, they are excited at the prospect of new start. But after tragedy strikes and the course of their lives changes as a result, Susanna must stay strong and keep the family together in the face of “gold fever” which affects everything they hold dear.

Sunday, The 13th of May

We are worried about the bear, but more worried about our dry tree catching fire. So on Tuesday we asked one of the storekeepers if he could find some men willing to help us drag the tree away. He came to our cabin that evening with two hatchets and a ball of twine, then apologized that no one else was willing to help.

Never mind. Clara and I have been chopping branches all week. We gathered bundles, tied them with string, then hooked

them onto Lilly's harness. Every couple of hours we rested from our wood cutting by walking with our pet a short distance from camp to dump the wood. If there's a forest fire everything will burn, but at least we won't be trapped in our cabin.

The long tree trunk is still there, but with the branches gone we were able to roll it a few yards away. It is quite heavy. Every day we listen and look out for the bear. Papa's been gone two weeks.



Dear America

Books



Dear America:
My Face to the Wind:
The Diary of Sarah Jane Price,
A Prairie Teacher
Broken Bow, Nebraska, 1881
by Jim Murphy
ISBN: 0-590-43810-7

In the late 1870's many young teachers traveled West to earn money and make a new life for themselves. However, the schools were inadequate at best. Some returned home, unable to endure the hardships of prairie life, but others were more committed. Sarah Jane Price stayed, braving the rough conditions of the West.

February 27, 1882

Slept very little, I was so nervous... Oh, how I wish Father were here to reassure me and quiet my jumpy stomach and say just the right thing. Once, in Pennsylvania, he and I were alone before the first day of classes began.

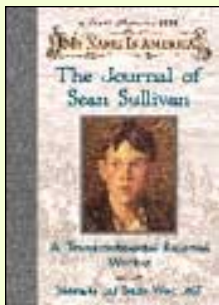
"Every year a new beginning," he said. "Children will walk in here today who can't read or even count. By the end of the session they'll have more in their heads than they ever dreamed of. That's one of the rewards of teaching, Sarah Jane. Passing on these skills."

My reward isn't so lofty. I am teaching so I can earn money to stay in Broken Bow.



Dear America

Books



The Journal of Sean Sullivan: A Transcontinental Railroad Worker Nebraska and Points West, 1867

by William Durbin

ISBN: 0-439-04994-6

The story of a fifteen-year-old who goes to Nebraska to work on the Transcontinental Railroad with his father.

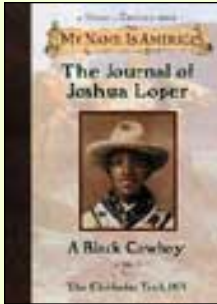
August 17

Last night I found out why the Indians are still so dangerous... Pa and his buddy Bill Flanagan were playing cribbage like they usually do before they go to bed, when a bullet whizzed through the side of our tent. I didn't even realize what had happened until a shaving mug exploded on a shelf just above my head. Then a fraction of a second later we heard the report of a rifle,

followed by a far-off war whoop... Pa and Bill crawled into bed without even bothering to pick up the broken pieces of that mug. They started snoring right away, but I lay awake for a long time after... I couldn't help but wonder how awful it would be to take a stray bullet in the brain and never know why.



Dear America Books



The Journal of Joshua Loper: A Black Cowboy The Chisholm Trail, 1871

by Walter Dean Myers

ISBN: 0-590-02691-7

An African American boy struggles with his first cattle drive and with the racial prejudices still rampant in the post-Civil War era.

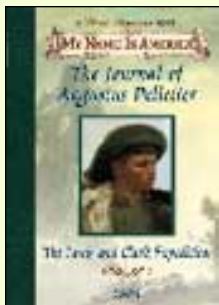
May 4, 1871

I am getting more and more excited and Mama is getting more and more down in the mouth about me going on the drive. Last year when I saw the guys leaving for Kansas, I dreamed I was going with them,

my hat pulled down low over my eyes and my wipe tied loose around my neck. Mama talked about farming and how good it was. I allowed how it was good, but what I dreamed about was being a cowboy.



Dear America Books



The Journal of Augustus Pelletier: Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804

by Kathryn Lasky

ISBN: 0-590-68489-2

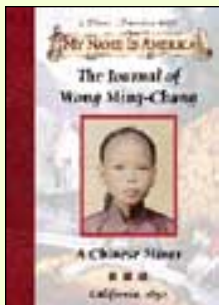
Fourteen-year-old Augustus Pelletier, half French and half Omaha Indian, joins Lewis & Clark on their journey from Missouri to the Pacific Ocean. His story flows with emotion and action as the unknown territory unfolds before him, from the prairies to the snow-capped Rockies to the golden sea.

May 13, 1805

I can't quite believe I am all here because it's just short of a miracle that parts of me aren't floating around in the gut of a grizzly bear... It was the biggest grizzly ever! Least, biggest, I'd seen... it was me who was right in that bear's sights, directly between him and the water...



Dear America Books



The Journal of Wong Ming-Chung: A Chinese Miner, California, 1852

by Laurence Yep

ISBN: 0-590-38607-7

In 1852, during the height of the California Gold Rush, ten-year-old Wong Ming-Chung makes the dangerous trip to America to join his uncle on his hunt for a fortune. In the midst of a lawless, often hostile environment, Ming-Chung manages to forge an international community of friends.

July 18

...the American miners blamed us for everything that had gone wrong in their lives — from lower wages to rain and warts. A month before I came, in other districts, the Americans threw the Chinese out. And some of the American miners here want to do the same thing.

Uncle says that this is proof that gold is a curse. It twists people's minds and makes them act like beasts.

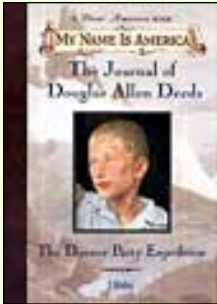
I am beginning to think Uncle is right.

I feel like shivering, but not from the cold.

America is so lovely — yet so frightening.



Dear America Books



The Journal of Douglas Allen Deeds: The Donner Party Expedition, 1846

by Rodman Philbrick

ISBN: 0-439-21600-1

In Rodman Philbrick's first *My Name Is America* book, he tells the harrowing story of the Donner Party through the viewpoint of Douglas Allen Deeds, an enthusiastic young farm boy traveling West with the doomed expedition.

November 4

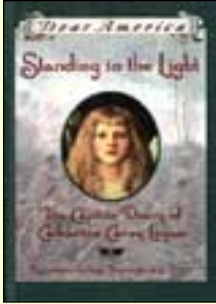
Soon we will eat the frozen cattle... And
then, when that is gone, what shall we eat?

Shall we eat the snow? Shall we eat the
ice? Shall we eat the bark on the frozen
trees? What shall we eat?



Dear America

Books



Dear America: Standing in the Light: The Captive Diary of Catharine Carey Logan, Delaware Valley, Pennsylvania, 1763

by Mary Pope Osborne

ISBN: 0-590-02973-8

The riveting and spiritually uplifting story of a strong-willed Quaker girl whose sudden abduction by Delaware Indians forces her into an alarming and unknown world.

Something strange happened to me today, Papa. Without warning, I began to say all my thoughts out loud. And many of them were most bitter. It happened when I was walking behind the hunter with the eagle painted on his cheek... suddenly my wrath poured out like fire. I told him that I was not a savage like him and the others! I told him that... I despise everything about him and his people...

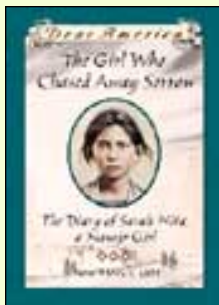
He did not turn back even once to look at me, nor to command me to be silent. Indeed, I began to wonder if he had heard me at all. Then I wondered if I had even spoken. Was I only thinking these venomous thoughts?

I fear I am going mad, Papa. Perhaps invisible too. Worst of all, my ink is nearly gone... now for certain, I will totally disappear.



Dear America

Books



Dear America: The Girl Who Chased Away Sorrow: The Diary of Sarah Nita, a Navajo Girl, New Mexico, 1864

by Ann Turner

ISBN: 0-590-97216-2

Ann Turner brings us the deeply affecting story of a Navajo girl on the Long Walk.

Mean Mouth shouts directions.

There are so many men in blue! They make loud cries, their horses stamp, and all the time the Nakai is shouting directions to us..." Make a line, all together! You can bring your animals."

Kaibah names him Mean Mouth for his tight, skinny lips, and I pull hard on her hand, reminding her that he understands our language and that we must be careful...

Mean Mouth tells us that we are going to the Place of the Soldiers, where we will be protected from our old enemies, the Utes. The white men will help us and feed us, for they can see that we are starving. Now is the time to stop raiding and stealing and become the kind of people that the Great White Father wants us to be.

I am so confused and afraid that the words stream over me like smoke. Where are they taking us? Will they kill us along the way?



Dear America Books



Dear America: My Heart Is on the Ground: The Diary of Nannie Little Rose, a Sioux Girl, Carlisle Indian School, Pennsylvania, 1880

By Ann Rinaldi

ISBN: 0-590-14922-9

A Sioux girl is sent to the
Carlisle Indian School to help
save her people.

February 6, 1880

Names were carved on the boards that
are black...

When my turn came, I asked Mrs. Mary,...
"Why must I take a new name? I have a
name, Little Rose."

"Your old names are hard to say," she tells it.

"Little Rose is not hard to say."

"They tie you to your savage past."

"My past is not savage," I told her.

"You are Sioux. Your people killed Custer.

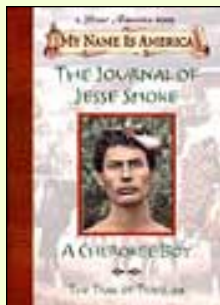
"My under-where is itching me all this time.
I feel silly in my citizens' clothes. I trip on
the skirts when I walk. I am angry..."

Then Mrs. Camp Bell told me not to be
dis-re-spect-ful. And to pick a name. So I did,
for Mrs. Camp Bell. So now I am Nannie Little
Rose. And now I am here. And I have learned
to wear this citizens' clothes and write their
words. But I will never forget my past.



Dear America

Books



The Journal of Jesse Smoke: A Cherokee Boy The Trail of Tears, 1838

by Joseph Bruchac

ISBN: 0-439-12197-3

Jesse Smoke is a Cherokee boy who, along with his people, is forced to abandon his home and head west. Jesse's story reveals the heartbreak and despair of the Cherokee people as they leave the land of their ancestors and start anew with nothing more than a willingness to survive. Tragedy and hardship plague Jesse and his people but together they endure the neverending Trail of Tears.

October 15, 1838

Rode back and forth all day to see progress of other detachments ahead and behind. Just as in our party, they find it hard to rouse the people each morning from their blankets.

It sometimes takes all of the morning to get everyone upon the trail again, moving forward in a slow shuffle. People turn and look back at our mountains with tears in their eyes. Each day at least one person does not rise from their blankets and a grave must be dug by the roadside.



Dear America Books



**Dear America:
So Far From Home:
The Diary of Mary Driscoll,
an Irish Mill Girl
Lowell, Massachusetts, 1847**
by Barry Denenberg
ISBN: 0-590-92667-5

When the potato famine devastates Ireland, an independent girl joins her aunt and sister in America.

Friday, July 9, 1847

Lowell

Mrs. Abbott's house is so near the mills we were able to walk there... I never dreamed earthly hands could make anything that big. It looked to me like all the people in Ireland could fit inside. 'Twas like a fortress. There were smokestacks blowing their blackness heavenward and darkening the sky.

I felt cold although the day was warm. A shudder rippled through my body. There is nothing to be afraid of, I told myself. What could be worse than what I had already seen back in Ireland?

I had to go through those gates.



About the
Authors

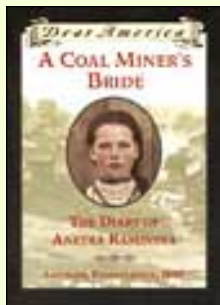


Dear America
Vikam



Books &
Timeline

Dear America Books



Dear America: A Coal Miner's Bride: The Diary of Anetka Kaminska Lattimer, Pennsylvania, 1896

by Susan Campbell Bartoletti

ISBN 0-439-05386-2

Meet Anetka, a 13-year-old Polish girl who comes to America as a promised bride to a Pennsylvania coal miner. Her fascinating diary entries give readers a personal glimpse into what life was like in a coal-mining town during a tumultuous time in our country's past.

Sadowka, Poland

Midnight, After the Rooster's Crow

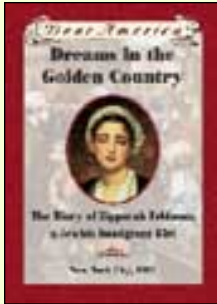
The words in Tata's letter grip my stomach like a fist. Tata isn't coming home. He wants us to come to America! Tata told me about a coal miner named Mr. Stanley Gawrych who wants a young bride from the old country. So Tata told this Mr. Gawrych that I am young and strong and fit for marriage. I have had a good family training and know all I need to take care of a house and a husband.

So now Mr. Gawrych has agreed to marry me. Tata promises that we will make a good match. In return, Mr. Gawrych has paid for our passage to America.

"Oh, Babcia," I cried. "How could Tata have done such a terrible thing? I don't want to be a coal miner's bride... I don't want to go to America... to marry a man I do not love."



Dear America Books



**Dear America:
Dreams in the Golden Country:
The Diary of Zipporah Feldman,
a Jewish Immigrant Girl
New York City, 1903**
by Kathryn Lasky
ISBN: 0-590-25988-1

New dreams and old traditions both clash and complement each other when a Jewish girl and her family emigrate from Russia to America.

March 11, 1904

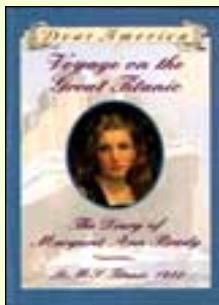
I forgot to tell you that yesterday Boris said to me, "Well, Zippy, maybe some play that is coming up will need children and you can audition." I said, "From your mouth to God's ears, Boris!" Now I can think of nothing else. I told Miriam last night in bed my secret dreams of wanting to become an actress. She squeezed my hand.

It was a squeeze that seemed to say we both have secret dreams, mine the theater and hers love. Then she said, "What is it about this country that makes one dream such big dreams?" I yawned sleepily and said, yes, I knew what she meant, and look at Tovah with her union dreams. There is something in the air here in America that does this to people.



Dear America

Books



Dear America: Voyage on the Great Titanic: The Diary of Margaret Ann Brady R.M.S. Titanic, 1912

by Ellen Emerson White

ISBN: 0-590-02973-8

The heartfelt and gripping account of an orphaned English girl traveling on the maiden voyage of the infamous Titanic.

Monday, 15 April 1912

It was after midnight, and I could still hear people moving about in the passageway. Before I had time to go out and join them, there was a sharp knock on my door. I opened it to see Robert. He was smiling, but his eyes looked urgent.

"Good evening, Miss Brady," he said. "You need to put on something warm, and report to the Boat Deck with your life belt."

Miss Brady? When I heard that, I felt alarmed for the first time, but I was also startled...

"A routine drill," he said. "No need to fret."

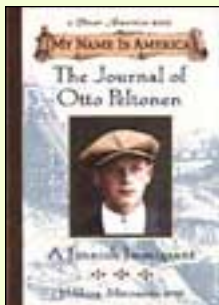
I knew he needed to get on with his duties, so I found a smile for him and nodded... Robert started for the next stateroom, but then stopped.

"You'll not want to take your time, Margaret," he said in a very quiet voice.

It did not seem possible - but maybe this was not a drill.



Dear America Books



The Journal of Otto Peltonen: A Finnish Immigrant Hibbing, Minnesota, 1905

by William Durbin

ISBN: 0-439-09254-X

The year is 1905 when Otto Peltonen emigrates from Finland to Minnesota, where he and his father work long, dangerous hours in the iron ore mines. Otto's experiences strengthen his resolve to find the freedom his family sailed to America for.

July 26, 1906

Climbing into the cage and being lowered back down into that mine was the hardest thing I've ever done... I kept thinking about all the times that Wally and I had passed the very place where those timbers had exploded. The question is, where and when will it happen next?

"You're quitting," was the first thing that Mother said when I got home.

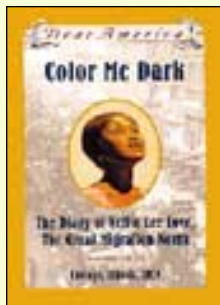
I was ready to agree until I thought it over. It was easy to quit, but what would come next? Would Father quit, too? We couldn't move back to Finland. We couldn't afford a farm yet.

No matter which way I looked at things, the answer was always the same — for now the Oliver Iron Mining Company owned me lock, stock and barrel.



Dear America

Books



**Dear America:
Color Me Dark:
The Diary of Nellie Lee Love
The Great Migration North,
Chicago, Illinois, 1919**
by Patricia C. McKissack
ISBN: 0-590-51159-9

Twelve-year old Nellie Lee's family moves north to Chicago hoping to escape the racism of the rural south. Instead, they find themselves faced with a more sinister form of prejudice — hatred within their own race.

January 2, 1919

Some people are so color struck. They think being light-skinned is better than being dark! Mama says that's nonsense and I think so too. I love it when Mama tells me about her grandmother, Lizzie Palmer. She had been a slave. After the war she was so light skinned, many people thought she was white. But when people asked if she was white, she'd always answer, "No, color me dark."

Daddy won't stand for color talk, either. He says a Colored family is like a bouquet of flowers — all different colors, sizes and shapes. But each one beautiful in his or her own way. We only need to look at Daddy's side of the family to see he's telling us the truth. The Love Family is just like the bouquet Daddy described.



About the
Author



Dear America
Video



Books &
Timeline

Dear America Books



Dear America: Christmas After All: The Great Depression Diary of Minnie Swift, Indianapolis, IN, 1932

by Kathryn Lasky

ISBN: 0-439-21943-3

At the age of twelve, Minnie Swift is living through one of the toughest times in America's history, The Great Depression. She keeps a detailed diary over the span of one Christmas month. Reflecting the sadness — but also optimism — that characterized the time, this is an intimate portrait of a midwestern family's days and nights, ups and downs, triumphs and losses. It is the story of one family's persevering spirit. The Christmas Spirit.

December 4, 1932

This is going to be an odd Christmas, no doubt about it. Instead of sugar plums and stockings stuffed with goodies and stacks of presents under the tree — A Time of

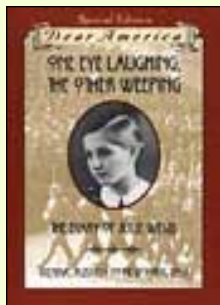
Bounty, I am thinking of this as The Time of Dwindling.

Everything is diminishing — our money, the light of day, and the hours Papa works. But in my heart I know we Darlings are tough... I just know that somehow, some way, this shall be Christmas.



Dear America

Books



Dear America: One Eye Laughing, The Other Weeping: The Diary of Julie Weiss Vienna, Austria to New York, 1938

by Barry Deneberg
ISBN: 0-439-09518-2

For the first time, a Dear America story is being told in two parts — complete in one volume! Julie Weiss's world is suddenly torn apart by a war that will forever change the face of humanity. Her life as a privileged Jewish girl quickly becomes one of humiliation and terror. Julie must leave Nazi Austria for New York, where she begins a new life with her extended family who she has never met.

Sunday, February 20, 1938

At one o'clock today, Radio Vienna broadcast Hitler's speech from Berlin. It was the first time they've ever broadcast one of his speeches. He has an Austrian accent, which shouldn't surprise me since he was born here.

There must have been a lot of people because you could hear them all shouting SIEG HEIL, SIEG HEIL, when he arrived...

Although he sounded crude, there is something about the way he speaks that makes you listen. It was like when I'm on the Ferris wheel at the Prater and I look down even though I know I shouldn't because I'll be scared.



Dear America Books



**Dear America:
My Secret War:
The World War II
Diary of Madeline Beck
Long Island, New York, 1941**
by Mary Pope Osborne
ISBN: 0-590-68715-8

Madeline Beck's world is turned upside down when her father is sent to fight in World War II. As she hears about the ensuing battles abroad, she fears that she will lose her father forever. Then one day the war hits directly home when a German U-boat comes ashore near her small beach town.

June 12, 1942

Tonight I got caught. I'm still shaking. I don't understand what happened, really. I was prowling down the foggy beach.

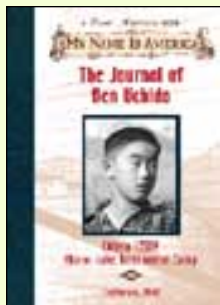
I heard voices and saw the silhouettes of two men near the dunes. I started to run back down the beach, but one of the men called out and shined a flashlight on me, and I froze like a rabbit.

The man told me to halt and he asked who I was and where I lived. I told him my full name and address. He ordered me to turn around. I did and he walked up to me in the dark and shined the flashlight right in my eyes and when I started to turn away, he said, "Look straight into the light, Madeline Beck." And I looked into the light, and I was blinded, and he said, "We're the Coast Guard. You did not see us here. You saw nothing."



Dear America

Books



**The Journal of Ben Uchida:
Citizen 13559
Mirror Lake Internment Camp,
California, 1942**

by Barry Denenberg
ISBN: 0-590-48531-8

Heartbreaking and humorous, this is the story of a twelve-year-old prisoner in one of America's Japanese internment camps of World War II.

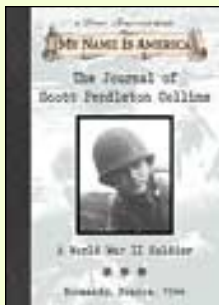
Tuesday, April 21, 1942

I never thought I looked different from the other kids. Never once, even though most of them are Caucasian, except for Billy Smith, who's a Negro, and Charles Hamada, who's part Japanese, part jerk.

But now I realized my face was different. My hair was black. My skin was yellow. My eyes were narrow. It never seemed to matter before, but it sure did matter now. Now my face was the face of the enemy.



Dear America Books



The Journal of Scott Pendleton Collins:

A World War II Soldier Normandy, France, 1944

by Walter Dean Myers

ISBN: 0-439-05013-8

Each harrowing day of battle in France convinces seventeen-year-old Scott Pendleton Collins that he may not survive. In desperation, he records his thoughts, fears, and hopes in a journal he has carried since his first days as a soldier in Basic Training at Fort Dix.

June 7, 1944

I could see Omaha Beach through the smoke and haze as our assault boat rocked in the choppy waters. The noise was unbelievable - shells hissing overhead, great booms along the shore as the navy pounded the Nazi positions... A boat up ahead had been hit. Everywhere there were guys in the water. Some were splashing

their way toward shore as the bullets kicked up the water around them. Others were already dead, their bodies floating against the steel obstacles. As we stopped abruptly on a sandbar, our boat's ramp dropped. I could hear fire from the automatics slamming into its steel sides.

"Okay, this is it! Everybody out! Let's go. Let's go!"

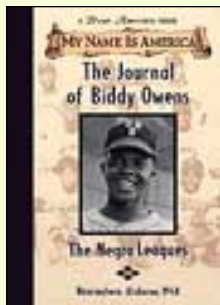


About the
Authors



Books &
Timeline

Dear America Books



The Journal of Biddy Owens: The Negro Leagues Birmingham, Alabama, 1948

by Walter Dean Myers

ISBN: 0-439-09503-4

Biddy Owens is the batboy for the Birmingham Black Barons, one of the best teams in the Negro Leagues. With a supporting cast of characters that includes some of the greatest players ever, Biddy's story covers the games, the grueling road trips, racial segregation, and day-to-day life in Birmingham during this pivotal time in American history.

May 3

It's hard not to worry about white folks ball because now that Jackie Robinson is playing with the Brooklyn Dodgers and Larry Doby is playing with the Cleveland Indians, everybody is thinking about going up.

Just a year ago, Jackie played with the Newark Eagles. Piper said that some of the players were so busy looking around for white scouts, they couldn't find white ball.



About the
Authors



Books &
Timeline

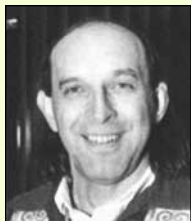
Dear America *Authors*



Susan Campbell Bartoletti, author of *Dear America: A Coal Miner's Bride*, taught eighth grade for eighteen years before becoming a full-time writer. Her non-fiction photo essay, *Growing Up in Coal Country*, won the James Addams Children's Book Award and the SCBWI Gold Kite Nonfiction Honor Award, and was also named an ALA Notable Book. Bartoletti lives in Pennsylvania with her family.

Dear America

Authors



Joseph Bruchac is the author of numerous books for children. His many honors and awards include the American Book Award for *Breaking Silence*; the 1986 Cherokee Nation Prose Award; and Yaddo Residency Fellowships in 1984 and 1985. Recently, his book *The Heart of a Chief* was named a 1999 Jane Addams Children's Book Award Honor Book. Mr. Bruchac lives with his wife in Greenfield Center, New York. *The Journal of Jesse Smoke* is his first book for the My Name Is America series.



Authors



Barry Denenberg has written the Dear America books, *One Eye Laughing*, *The Other Weeping*, *When Will This Cruel War Be Over?*, *So Far From Home*, and *Early Sunday Morning*. He has also written *The Journal of William Thomas Emerson* for My Name Is America. He is also the author of the popular nonfiction titles *An American Hero: The True Story of Charles A. Lindbergh* and *Voices from Vietnam*, both ALA Best Books for Young Adults and New York Public Library Books for the Teenage. His latest nonfiction title for young adults is *All Shook Up: The Life and Death of Elvis Presley*. Denenberg lives in Westchester County, New York, with his family.



Authors

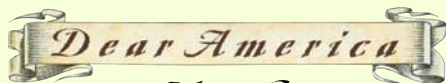


William Durbin is the author of *The Broken Blade*, which won the Great Lakes Booksellers Award and was named to The New York Public Library's Books for the Teen Age List. For My Name Is America, he has written *The Journal of Sean Sullivan* and *The Journal of Otto Peltonen* which was nominated for the Minnesota Book award. Durbin has taught on every level from fourth grade to college. He currently teaches college composition and high-school English and lives in Hibbling, Minnesota.

Dear America Authors



Sherry Garland's interest in the Mexican culture began early on and she draws on her own family ancestry when she writes. *Valley of the Moon* is her second Dear America book following *A Line in the Sand*. She has won the Texas Institute of Letters Award, the California Young Readers Medal, and the Western Writers of America Spur Award. Among her many distinguished novels are *Song of the Buffalo Boy*, *Shadow of the Dragon*, and *Indio*, all ALA Best Books for Young Adults. Garland lives in central Texas with her husband.



Authors

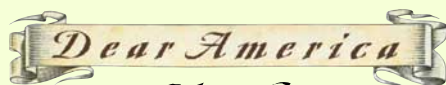


Kristiana Gregory is the author of four Dear America books, *The Great Railroad Race*, *The Winter of Red Snow*, *Across the Wide and Lonesome Prairie*, and *Seeds of Hope*, as well as The Royal Diaries title *Cleopatra VII*. Ms. Gregory has also written *Jimmy Spoon and the Pony Express*, *The Stowaway*, and *Orphan Runaways*. She lives in Boise, Idaho.

Dear America *Authors*



Joyce Hansen is the author of three Coretta Scott King Honor books, *The Captive* and *Which Way Freedom?*, and the Dear America title, *I Thought My Soul Would Rise and Fly*, in addition to many other highly-praised works of historical fiction and nonfiction. An educator in the New York City public school system for more than 20 years, Hansen now writes full-time in South Carolina, where she lives with her husband.



Authors



Karen Hesse is one of the foremost children's book writers in America today. Her Scholastic novel *Out of the Dust* won the 1998 Newbery Medal, the Scott O'Dell Award, and many other awards and honors. In addition to *A Light in the Storm*, Ms. Hesse has written the novels *Just Juice* and *The Music of Dolphins*, as well as the picture book *Come On, Rain!* illustrated by Jon J Muth. She lives with her family in southern Vermont.

Dear America

Authors



Kathryn Lasky is the Newbery Honor-winning author of *Sugaring Time*, as well as many other distinguished books for middle-grade and young-adult readers. She has written several books in the Dear America series, *A Journey to the New World*, *Dreams in the Golden Country*, *Christmas After All*, and *A Time for Courage*. She has also written *The Journal of Augustus Pelletier* for My Name Is America and two books for The Royal Diaries series, *Marie Antoinette* and *Elizabeth I*. Lasky lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with her family.



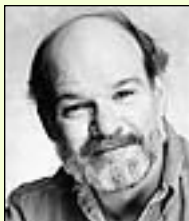
Authors



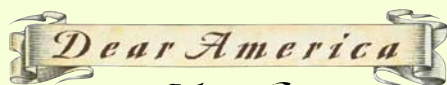
Patricia C. McKissack is the author of two Dear America books, *Color Me Dark* and *A Picture of Freedom* which she was inspired to write because her great-great-great grandmother was a slave. She has written more than 60 books, including *Christmas in the Big House* and *Christmas in the Quarters*. Among her many awards are a Newbery Honor, a Boston Globe/Horn Book Award, a Jane Addams Book Award, four Coretta Scott King Awards, and an NAACP Image Award. McKissack lives in St. Louis with her husband, writer Frederick McKissack.



Authors



Jim Murphy is the critically-acclaimed author of *The Great Fire*, winner of the Newbery Honor Award, a Boston Globe/Horn Book Nonfiction Honor Award, and an NCTE Orbis Pictus Award. Among his many other award-winning books are *A Young Patriot*, *Across America on an Emigrant Train*, *The Boy's War* and *The Long Road to Gettysburg*. In addition to writing the Dear America books, *West to a Land of Plenty* and *My Face to the Wind*, he also wrote the first My Name Is America book, *The Journal of James Edmond Pease*. Murphy lives in New Jersey with his family.



Authors



Walter Dean Myers is an award-winning writer of fiction, nonfiction, and poetry for young people. His many books include *Slam!*, an ALA Best Book for Young Adults; *Fallen Angels*, winner of the Coretta Scott King Award; *Somewhere in the Darkness*, a Newbery Honor Book and a Coretta Scott King Honor Book; and *Harlem*, a Caldecott Honor Book with pictures by Christopher Myers, and an ALA Best Book for Young Adults. Myers has written three My Name Is America books: *The Journal of Biddy Owens*, *The Journal of Joshua Loper*, and *The Journal of Scott Pendleton Collins*.

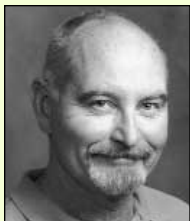
Dear America *Authors*



Mary Pope Osborne is the critically acclaimed and best-selling author of more than forty books for children and young adults including the Magic Tree House series. *My Secret War* is her second book in the Dear America line. Her first, *Standing in the Light*, received outstanding reviews and recently debuted on HBO. She lives in New York City.



Authors



Rodman Philbrick is an extremely talented novelist. He is the author of the acclaimed *Freak the Mighty* which won numerous prizes, including the prestigious California Young reader Medal. It was also named an ALA Best Book for Young adults and an ALA Quick Pick. He is also the author of *The Last Book in the Universe*. *The Journal of Douglas Allen Deeds* is his first book for My Name Is America. Mr. Philbrick and his wife, author Lynn Harnett divide their time between homes in Maine and the Florida Keys.

Dear America Authors



Ann Rinaldi visited the Carlisle Barracks, the former site of the Carlisle Indian School, to write her Dear America book, *My Heart Is on the Ground*. In addition to the Dear America series, she has written *The Journal of Jasper Jonathan Pierce* for My Name Is America. She is the popular author of many acclaimed historical novels for young adults, seven of which have been named ALA Best Books for Young Adults. She lives with her husband in Somerville, New Jersey.



Authors



Ann Turner is the author of *Shaker Hearts*, an American Bookseller Pick of the Lists; *Mississippi Mud*; *Finding Walter*, a Smithsonian Notable Book for Children, and *Learning to Swim*. *The Girl Who Chased Away Sorrow*, which is her first book in the Dear America series.

Dear America *Authors*



Ellen Emerson White, author of *Dear America: Voyage on the Great Titanic*, has written several novels for young adults, including *The President's Daughter*, *Life Without Friends*, and *Long Live the Queen*, which was named an ALA Best Book for Young Adults. She is also the author of the Echo Company series. Ms. White lives in New York City.



Authors



Laurence Yep, author of the My Name Is America book *The Journal of Wong Ming-Chung*, grew up in California and couldn't help hearing about the Gold Rush. He is also the author of The Royal Diaries title, *Lady of Chi'ao Kuo*. Mr. Yep is a highly-acclaimed writer of historical fiction including two Newbery Honor books: *Dragonwings* and *Dragon's Gate*. His other awards include the Boston Globe-Horn Book award and the Jane Addams Peace Award for *Child of the Owl* and the Christopher Medal for *Star Fisher*. Laurence Yep has been a National Endowment for the Arts fellow and a writer-in-residence at the University of California, Santa Barbara. He lives in Pacific Grove, California, with his wife, writer Joanne Ryder.

The Royal Diaries Books



Cleopatra VII: Daughter of the Nile

Egypt, 57 B.C.

by Kristiana Gregory

ISBN: 0-590-81975-5

The captivating diary of young Cleopatra's tumultuous life — filled with opulence and mystery — as the daughter of King Ptolemy Auteles, Pharaoh of Egypt.

3 JANUARIUS, MORNING

I could feel my insides shaking. Would this sister try to poison me? Yes, I believe so. As for my other older sister, Berenice - never! She and I adore each other even though I am eight years younger.

I took the cup and raised it toward Tryphaena as if toasting her, but really I was watching the liquid, looking for oil floating on its surface, or powder sticking to the sides of the cup. If I suspected poison and tossed it into the pool, she would

have her guards behead me on the spot. If it was indeed poison, one sip and I could die...

My eyes closed as I took the first sip, as if savoring such an excellent taste, but really my thought was, O Isis, I am afraid... My stomach turned with nervousness, or was it from a fearsome death beginning in me?



About the
Authors



The Royal
Diaries Video



Books &
Timeline

The Royal Diaries Books



Isabel: Jewel of Castilla, Spain, 1466

by Carolyn Meyer

ISBN: 0-439-07805-9

King Enrique of Spain sees his 14-year-old sister, Princess Isabel, as a pawn to be used to strengthen his rule over the kingdom. He tries to marry her off to any patron who would benefit from his political cause. Luckily, Isabel manages to escape each unfavorable suitor, avert danger from warring forces in the land, and find the one man whom she actually wants to marry.

Segovia — 12th of April 1466

After Mass this morning, I climbed the narrow, winding stone steps to a window high in one of the castle turrets. I often come up here to see what lies beyond my prison. Segovia is surrounded by four thick walls, each with a heavy wooden gate. The aqueduct built by the Romans more than a thousand years ago stretches to the horizon.

Far below the castle, the Eresma River rushes through a narrow gorge. Across the river, flocks of sheep seem to flow like a river themselves. The sheep bleat, their bells tinkle — I know this, even if I cannot hear them. In the fields beyond the walls, little green shoots of wheat are pushing up. How I yearn to be there instead of here.



About the
Author

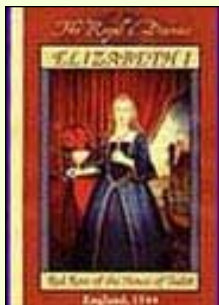


The Royal
Diaries Video



Books &
Timeline

The Royal Diaries Books



Elizabeth I: Red Rose of the House of Tudor, England, 1544

by Kathryn Lasky

ISBN: 0-590-68484-1

A diary that introduces readers to a young Elizabeth I and the intrigue of her father's court from 1544 to 1546.

November 10, 1544

I have been living with this constant fear of exile now for two days. So far I have heard nothing. Plans seem to proceed as normal for our move to Ashridge. This palace, too, is becoming quite filthy, what with all the banqueting and people and gaming

between Michaelmas Feast and the feast of All Saints' Day. The roses bloom in our garden with such vigor, but the stench from the courtyard over the wall outside the kitchen is unbearable.

Kat is mumbling something about baths again. The woman is becoming a fanatic. I think we have had half a dozen baths since summer...



About the
Authors



The Royal
Diaries Video



Books &
Timeline

The Royal Diaries Books



Marie Antoinette: Princess of Versailles, Austria-France, 1769

by Kathryn Lasky

ISBN: 0-439-07666-8

Maria Antonia of Vienna has her whole life mapped out ahead of her. She is to marry Dauphin Louis Auguste, eldest grandson of King Louis XV. As his wife, she will be called Marie Antoinette and will be the highest princess of France. Upon the death of the King, she will become Queen Marie Antionette. But she dreads both new roles.

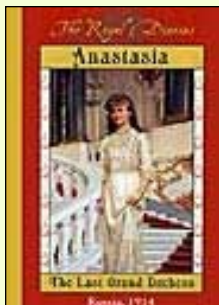
June 13, 1769

It has come at last — the marriage proposal! King Louis XV's personal envoys arrived this morning. I was called immediately to Mama's summer house, The Gloriette, where she works on the hottest days. I did not know what I was being called for. Indeed, I thought maybe Luisa had told

Mama about our picnic and I was to be reprimanded for hill rolling! But as soon as I set foot in the cool marble receiving room, Mama was out of her chair behind the desk and running toward me. She crushed me to her bosom and whispered, "Antonia, you are to be married! You are to be the Queen of France!" Her cheeks were wet with tears and soon mine were, too!"



The Royal Diaries Books



Anastasia: The Last Grand Duchess, Russia, 1914

by Carolyn Meyer

ISBN: 0-439-12908-7

The Story of Anastasia has intrigued the world for many years. Through young Anastasia Romanov's eyes, readers are given a heart-wrenching look into one of the most dramatic times in history, filled with both beauty and desperation.

25 April 1914 — Livadia

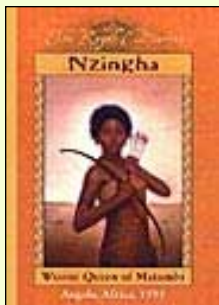
Papa took us on another long walk. Mama and Alexei joined us later for a picnic, although Mama was feeling weak and needed her wheelchair. An odd thing happened. My sisters and I were picking wildflowers in a meadow, and Alexei was lying on a blanket nearby staring up at the clear blue sky, when suddenly he said, "I wonder what's going to happen to us?"

We asked him what he meant, and he couldn't explain it — just that he had a strange feeling that something was going to happen, and that next year we wouldn't be here.

"Nonsense," Mama said, but I wasn't at all sure that he was speaking nonsense. Alexei has a way of sensing things.



The Royal Diaries Books



Nzinga: Warrior Queen of Matamba West Africa, 1582

by Patricia McKissack

ISBN: 0-439-07805-9

Journey centuries back to the West African City of Angola, where Portuguese slave traders are beginning to invade the land. Readers meet Nzingha, daughter of the powerful King Kiluanji. Although she is but a young girl, Nzingha may have the wisdom to help her father and lead a troubled nation.

First Month of Mbangala — The Season When the Grass is Burned

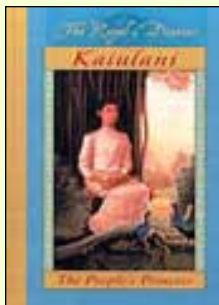
So here I am in the garden writing... If these words have magic, then I will use them to plot and plan a way to drive the Portugues from our land. And maybe one day my pages will tell others that I, Nzingha, first daughter of Kiluanji, was a Mbundu, a powerful people, who are free and unafraid to fight for our homeland of Ndongo in the Kwanza River Valley.

Later that same evening

My sisters have found me. Kifunji cannot resist teasing. She gives a big laugh.
"Writing is good for you, sister. To see you sitting quietly is such a rare pleasure. Isn't it better than hurling a spear, or wrestling some boy to the ground?"... I am accused of being independent. It is true, I suppose. For I would rather be kept in an open basket instead of a lukata — a box.



The Royal Diaries Books



Princess Victoria Ka'iulani: The People's Princess Hawaii, 1875

by Ellen Emerson White

ISBN: 0-439-12909-5

In their hope to restore Hawaii's toppled monarchy — and the Hawaiian way of life — the people of Hawaii turn to Princess Kaiulani, who is only a young girl. This compelling narrative tells of the tumultuous years following Hawaii's forced annexation to the United States, skillfully rendering the voice of the young princess and the unrest of a people.

May 6, 1889

At Iolani Palace, Father and I met with Papa Moi and Mama Moi in the throne room. Papa Moi was solemn, as he reminded me that it will be my responsibility to do as well as possible, and in that way, further the hopes of our nation. I was glad that I have never admitted to him how fearful I am about leaving. I think he would find that petty, as I go off not for myself, but for all of the Hawaiians I will someday lead.

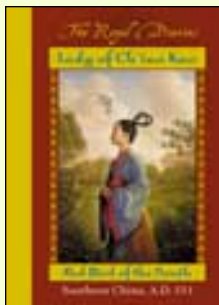
"I will not fail, Papa, will I?" I asked Father once we were on the way back to Aieahau.

"It was not even a possibility," he said, his voice full of confidence.

I wish I could feel that same confidence.



The Royal Diaries Books



Lady of Chi'ao Kuo: Warrior of the South, Southern China, A.D. 531

by Laurence Yep

ISBN: 0-439-16483-4

The Royal Diaries proudly presents two time Newberry Honor author Laurence Yep, whose stunning diary of sixteen-year-old Lady of Ch'iao Kuo takes readers on a remarkable adventure of Southern China in the 6th century, where Ch'iao Kuo, a born leader called Red Bird, is courageous and keenly intelligent.

2nd Month, 3rd Day

...There was a time that the Chinese could just make up stories and write them down. They didn't have to be afraid of the enemies attacking. They could make gardens

instead of forts. They could walk out at night without any weapons and look up at stars. Master Chen calls it "peace."

It is hard to think there really is such a thing. I find it easier to believe that a warrior can fly through the stars in a magic chariot. However, the history books and Master Chen all say peace really existed.



About the
Author



Books &
Timeline

The Royal Diaries Books



Victoria: May Blossom of Britannia, England, 1800

by Anna Kirwan

ISBN: 0-439-21598-6

In her debut title for The Royal Diaries list, historical fiction writer Anna Kirwin introduces precocious ten-year-old Princess Victoria, who is to become the longest reigning queen in the history of England.

It is so provoking, but there's no help for it.
Mama lets me do nothing wherein I might
breathe bad air — but lately she includes
fresh air in her ruling! She is so particular,
this week, about my not catching a cold.
Since it's how my Dear Papa caught his
death, of course I take the matter seriously.
I am not a careless infant.



About the
Authors



Books &
Timeline





The Royal Diaries Authors

Anna Kirwan is a writer of poetry and historical fiction. Ms. Kirwan also conducts adult and youth creative writing workshops for Amherst Writers and Artists, where she is a member of the Board of Directors. She lives with her family in Northampton, Massachusetts.

The Royal Diaries Authors



Carolyn Meyer is a noted writer of historical fiction for middle-grade and young adult readers. *Anastasia* is her second book in the Royal Diaries series following *Isabel, Jewel of Castilla*. Among her historical fiction novels are *Gideon's People*, an American Bookseller Pick of the List; *Drummers of Jericho*, named a Notable Book by SSLI; and *White Lilacs* and *Where the Broken Heart Still Beats*, both named ALA Best Books for Young Adults. Long ago, Carolyn fell in love with the story of Anastasia. She now lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where she does a little gardening, a little cooking, and a lot of reading and writing.



Videos



Standing in the Light
The Captive Story of Catharine
Carey Logan, Delaware Valley, PA,
1763

Caty Logan has always lived a quiet life with her Quaker family. But one day Caty's world is changed forever. The Lenape Indians, who have been viciously attacked by white settlers, retaliate by kidnapping Caty and her brother. Terrified and angry, Caty rejects the Lenape family that tries to raise her as their own. A handsome warrior named Snow Hunter teaches Caty to respect Lenape traditions... and captures her heart. Now caught between two worlds, Caty wonders if she will ever be able to return to her old life.

Title: *Dear America: Standing in the Light*

Item #: MER917968

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Videos



**A Journey to the New World
The Story of Remember Patience
Whipple, Plymouth, Massachusetts,
1620**

Twelve year old Remember Patience Whipple ("Mem," for short) has just arrived with her parents in the New World after a grueling 65 day journey on the Mayflower. Mem has an irrepressible spirit, and leaps headfirst into life in her new home. Despite harsh conditions, Mem is fearless. She helps to care for the sick and wants more than anything to meet and befriend an Indian. Her wish comes true when she meets Squanto, who helps Mem and her family face a year of trial, tragedy and thanksgiving.

Title: *Dear America: Journey to the
New World*

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Videos



So Far from Home

The Story of Mary Driscoll, an Irish Mill Girl, Lowell, Massachusetts, 1847

With the potato famine devastating her homeland in Ireland, Mary Driscoll must leave her parents to seek out a better life in America. Mary finds work in a mill, where working conditions are dreadful. Although her new friends encourage her to join the union, Mary hesitates to speak out for fear of losing her job. When her dear friend, Sean, is falsely accused of murder, Mary must decide if she is ready to face her fears and sacrifice everything to save him.

Title: *Dear America: So Far from Home*

Item #: MER917967

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Videos



The Winter of Red Snow
The Revolutionary War Story of
Abigail Jane Stewart, Valley Forge, PA,
1777

When General George Washington's troops first set up camp near Abigail Stewart's home, Abby believes war is exciting and glamorous. Abby works at Washington's headquarters, where she finds a special friend in Martha Washington, the future first lady. But during the long winter Abby sees for herself the hardships of war, as soldiers are starving, wounded, or dying. Abby must summon a new-found strength to help the soldiers and their loved ones carry on.

Title: *Dear America: The Winter of Red Snow*

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Videos



**Dreams in the Golden Country
The Story of Zipporah Feldman, a
Jewish Immigrant Girl, New York City,
1903**

Zipporah (Zippy) Feldman is a Russian Jewish immigrant living in a crowded tenement on Manhattan's Lower East Side. While Zippy faces the challenge of learning English and making new friends, her older sister Tovah fights to improve the working conditions at her sweatshop and struggles to hide her forbidden romance with a handsome Irish boy. When old traditions clash with modern ideals, family tensions escalate. To save her family, Zippy must find a way to respect their heritage while following her own dreams of the future.

Title: *Dear America: Dreams in the Golden Country*

Item #: MER915600

Price: \$9.95 plus shipping and handling

**To order Dear America and Royal Diaries
videos call toll-free, 1-877-750-7111**



Videos



A Picture of Freedom The Story of Clotee, a Slave Girl, Belmont Plantation, Virginia, 1859

F-R-E-E-D-O-M. Clotee, a twelve year-old slave, is teaching herself to spell a word she's never been able to understand. But no one can find out she can read and write — she could be beaten, sold, or worse. Her friends Spicey and Hince are in love, and when the master decides to tear them apart, Clotee knows she must come up with a plan. She risks everything to help her friends and family, and learns that freedom is more than just a word — it's an entire world.

Title: *Dear America: A Picture of Freedom*

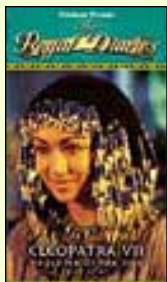
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Price: \$9.95 plus shipping and handling

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Videos



Cleopatra VII Daughter of the Nile, Egypt, 57 B.C.

Princess Cleopatra is caught in a spiral of intrigue at the Egyptian court. Assassination attempts are made against her father, the Pharaoh, and she suspects her own sister of betrayal. Moving in disguise among the common people, Cleopatra witnesses their poverty and feels their anger towards the Pharaoh. Fearful for her father's life, she flees with him to Rome. There, her intelligence and charm win the support of Julius Ceasar. Cleopatra triumphantly returns to Egypt, knowing that while the Romans can help win back her country, only compassion will win the hearts of the people.

Title: *The Royal Diaries: Cleopatra VII
Daughter of the Nile*

Item #: 0-439-26655-6

Price: \$9.95 plus shipping and handling

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Videos



Color Me Dark

The Story of Nellie Lee Love, Chicago, 1919

Nellie Lee Love moves north with her family to Chicago — the land of opportunity — hoping to escape the racism of the rural south. Mamma believes a new start will help Nellie Lee's sister Erma Jean, who stopped speaking after a mysterious but horrifying event only she witnessed. Though life in this northern city is exciting, Nellie Lee sees that racism knows no boundaries. When a group of boys threaten Nellie Lee, Erma Jean finds her voice just in time to fend them off. Through the love of their family, both sisters learn that they possess the strength to triumph.

Title: *Dear America: Color Me Dark*

Item #: 0-439-26653-X

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Videos



**Elizabeth I
Red Rose of the House of Tudor,
England, 1544**

Young Elizabeth yearns for the love of her father, King Henry VIII. And yet, this king is responsible for the beheading of her mother. How can she reconcile her desire for her father's attention with his violent nature? And how will she, the Invisible Princess, gain his favor, when her half-sister Mary foils her every move? As the king starts to turn against Elizabeth's only ally, Queen Catherine, Elizabeth knows she must do anything to save the queen's life. Join the noble princess in the most perilous of royal courts.

*Title: The Royal Diaries: Elizabeth I
Red Rose of the House of Tudor,
England, 1544*

Item #: 0-439-26654-8

Price: \$9.95 plus shipping and handling

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Videos



Isabel Jewel of Castilla, Spain, 1466

Princess Isabel has a terrible decision to make: Should she submit to the tyrannical rule of her elder brother, King Enrique of Spain, and marry a man she does not love, just because it will further his political agenda? Her younger brother, Alfonso, has rebelled against the King, but will Isabel have the courage to follow? When Enrique goes against his every promise to her, Isabel listens to her own heart. She marries the Prince of Aragon — her one true love and a powerful political ally who will help her assume the throne as queen.

*Title: The Royal Diaries: Isabel Jewel
of Castilla*

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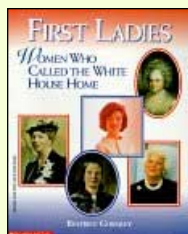


Encyclopedia Americana

Long a standard in school, academic, and public library collections, the Encyclopedia Americana is now available on the World Wide Web, blending the depth and accuracy of the print edition with the currency expected of an online reference work. Its 45,000 articles and more than 25 million words have been contributed by over 6,500 specialists in their respective disciplines and cover all academic fields and curriculum topics. Updated quarterly, the Americana Online can now be used either as a stand-alone source of current information on almost any topic or as a guide to the resources of the World Wide Web.

Dear America

Additional Readings



First Ladies: Women Who Called the White House Home

by Beatrice Gormley

96 pages; Ages 9-12

Scholastic Trade; \$6.99

ISBN: 0-590-25518-5

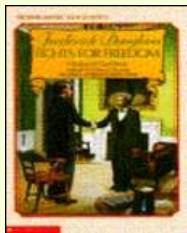
They were athletic and no-nonsense, like Bess Truman; they were sophisticated society beauties, like Jacqueline Kennedy; they were pioneer women, like Anna Harrison. They were artists, like Ellen Wilson, or businesswomen, like Lady Bird Johnson.

Some First Ladies, like Eleanor Roosevelt and Abigail Adams, were independent thinkers who were well ahead of their time, and whose husbands listened to their opinions.

These are the funny, romantic, shocking, and sometimes tragic stories of the women who helped to shape the face of a nation.

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Additional Readings



Frederick Douglass Fights for Freedom

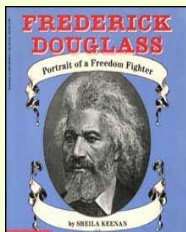
by Margaret Davidson and Douglas T. Miller

Ages 9-12

This vivid biography tells the story of Frederick Douglass and his struggles to free all black men and women from slavery. Born a slave, but determined to be free, Douglass eventually escaped to the North, found his own freedom, and became a famous and influential orator and journalist, fighting ceaselessly and passionately for the freedom of others.

Augmented with photographs, this is an exciting and informative account of Frederick Douglass and his fight to end slavery. Currently out of print, this book is available from Scholastic to teachers or school officials for classroom use only.

Dear America
Additional Readings



**Frederick Douglass: Portrait of a
Freedom Fighter**

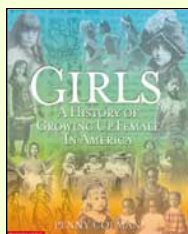
by Sheila Keenan

32 pages; ages 5–8

ISBN 0-590-48356-0

The story of the man who escaped
from slavery and became one of the
world's most famous abolitionists.

Dear America
Bibliography of Excerpts



**Girls: A History of Growing Up
Female In America**

Written by Penny Colman

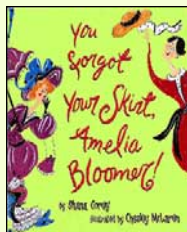
192 pages; Ages 8–up

Scholastic Reference; \$18.95

0-590-37129-0

This book traces the spirited history of growing up female in America from the perspective of girls themselves. Young girls from all regions of this country and from all walks of life are given a collective voice in this true story of girls' everyday trials and triumphs. The author has dug deep into history and pulled out some of the most telling accounts of girls' lives. There are many stirring stories here - from the Navajo Creation story to the story of Virginia Dare, the first baby of English parentage born in America, and from Maria Concepción Garza's account of family life in nineteenth century Texas to Kristen Lems's effort to ratify the ERA in the 1970s. There are stories from the wilderness and the cities, from the fields and the factories, told by girls of different races, ethnicities, religions, and classes, by girls with heartaches and girls with dreams.

Dear America
Bibliography of Excerpts



**You Forgot Your Skirt,
Amelia Bloomer**

by Shana Corey

illustrated by Chesley McLaren

32 pages; Ages 5–8

Scholastic Press; \$16.95

ISBN 0-439-07819-9

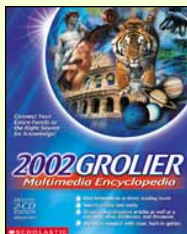
If you like CLOTHES and people with the courage to SKIRT conventions and ADDRESS injustice then Amelia Bloomer and her unFITTING ideas will charm the PANTS off you!

This rebellious reFORMer and early women's rights activist invented bloomers — baggy pantaloons worn with a short skirt over them — which liberated women from the dangerous and opPRESSive clothing of the mid-nineteenth century. No longer would women PURSE their lips in pain from tight steel corsets. No more would they BOW under the weight of forty-pound outfits. When Amelia Bloomer BELTed out her fashion grievances, the world HEELed!

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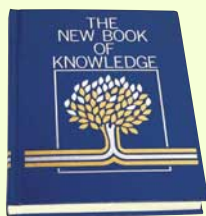


Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia

The *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia* is based on the text of the *Academic American Encyclopedia*. First published in 1980, the latter quickly established itself as a highly respected reference work, combining unequaled currency with an authoritativeness equal to that of more venerable encyclopedias. The *Academic American* was the first encyclopedia to make its text available online, and it was the first to be released on a CD-ROM, which evolved into the Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia. Now, the *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia* is available directly on the World Wide Web, containing thousands of new and expanded articles, extensive hyperlinking, bibliographies and links to other sources of information on the Web. The *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia Online* is updated monthly.

Dear America

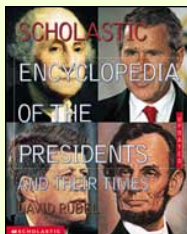
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The New Book of Knowledge

The *New Book of Knowledge (NBK)* has been in print in the United States since 1912. Widely renowned as the first modern encyclopedia for children, *NBK* has long been the leading source of accurate, accessible, and fun-to-read information for use in homes and libraries. With its thousands of articles, written by over 1,880 authoritative contributors, and many special features, *NBK* has been consistently judged the best in its class.

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**Scholastic Encyclopedia of
the Presidents and Their Times**

by David Rubel

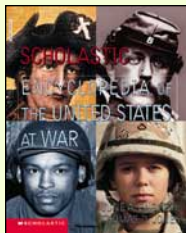
240 pages; Ages 9–up

Scholastic Reference; \$17.95

ISBN 0-590-49366-3

Including the results of the 2000 election and a complete overview of the Bush administration, the latest edition of this invaluable reference tool features a revised cover with updated art.

Dear America
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**Scholastic Encyclopedia of
the United States at War**

by June A. English and Thomas D. Jones

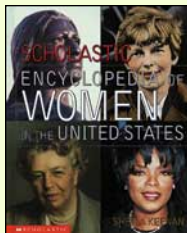
192 pages; Ages 8–14

Scholastic Reference; \$18.95

ISBN 0-590-59959-3

From the American Revolution to the Gulf War, this comprehensive resource explores our nation's involvement in war. Each entry includes a timeline, maps, descriptions of weapons, and eyewitness accounts.

Dear America
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**Scholastic Encyclopedia of
the Women in the United States**

by Sheila Keenan

208 pages; Ages 9–up

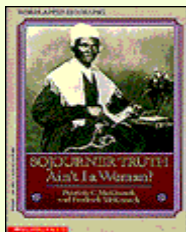
Scholastic Reference; \$17.95

ISBN 0-590-22792-0

From Native Americans to recent immigrants, artists to athletes, politicians to poets, meet more than 250 women who have shaped our history.

Dear America

Additional Readings



Sojourner Truth: Ain't I a Woman?

by Patricia C. McKissack & Fredrick McKissack

192 pages; Ages 8–12

Scholastic Press; \$13.95

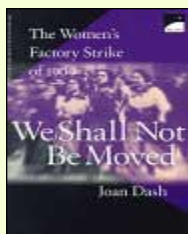
ISBN 0-590-44690-8

In 1797, a slave named Isabella was born in New York. After being freed in 1827, she chose the name by which she has been remembered long after her death — Sojourner Truth. *Sojourner Truth: Ain't I a Woman?* Is the stirring biography of this heroic African-American preacher, abolitionist, and activist for the rights of both blacks and women.

Although she couldn't read, Sojourner Truth could quote the Bible word for word, and was a powerful speaker. An imposing six feet tall, with a profound faith in God's love and a deep rich voice, she stirred audiences around the country until her death in 1883.

In its starred review of this 1993 Boston Globe/Horn Book Award-winner for Nonfiction, Publishers Weekly wrote, "A great deal more than a biography of a remarkable woman... A startling portrait of a pivotal yet appalling era in American history."

Dear America
Additional Readings



We Shall Not Be Moved: The Women's Factory Strike of 1909

by Joan Dash

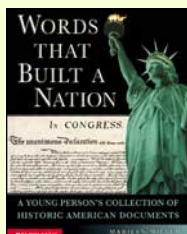
176 pages; Ages 9–12

Scholastic Trade; \$17.95

ISBN 0-590-48410-9

This is an historical account of the women's strike of 1909, which led to the formation of the Women's Trade Union League. The book tells the story of how young women working in appalling conditions found the courage to stand up and create change. Named an ALA Best Book for Young Adults, *We Shall Not Be Moved* is empowering and thought provoking. Dash focuses on key individuals who propelled this strike and were agents for social change, and these women and their struggles are brought to life by Dash's vivid descriptions. The subject matter, presented in a compelling narrative, draws readers into the texture of early 20th-century life. The book includes an index, bibliography, and black-and-white photographs. Intended for 10 to 13 year olds, *We Shall Not Be Moved* is a poignant depiction of how the oppressed can make change by organizing and fighting for what they know in their hearts they deserve.

Dear America
Bibliography of Excerpts



Words that Built a Nation

by Marilyn Miller

176 pages; Ages 9–14

Scholastic Reference; \$18.95

ISBN 0-590-29881-X

The sum of its people and a beacon to the rest of the world, the United States is exceptional in its pursuit of the democratic ideal. From George Washington to César Chávez, Harriet Beecher Stowe to Hillary Rodham Clinton, the words of the men and women in this special collection voice the passionate plans, compelling speeches, and inspirational language that built this country. The documents on these pages represent a living history of this great nation from the arrival of the Mayflower to today.

Words That Built a Nation is unique. It collects and explains documents that have established, reinforced, and sometimes refocused the democratic dream. It should be part of every family's library.