

8354 Second Blvd.,  
Detroit, Mich.,  
January 17, 1926

Dear Miss Tarbell: -

The article in the Detroit News this week in which you were quoted relative to your views concerning marriage or a career, impressed me to the point of taking this liberty of writing to you.

Like you, I did what seemed best from day to day - always hoping circumstances would change so that I might live the life calling within me for expression, which might have led to a home and all it includes.

Always when those circumstances changed others developed, not only preventing the realization of my desire for a home of my own, but also my advancement in the lines for which I had a natural inclination and capability - mathematics, art, writing. Instead, I taught children in the lower grades in a small town for years. After coming to the city and entering another field it still seemed impossible to break away from the series of circumstances which constantly governed. I have however, studied along the lines which give me pleasure when other duties permitted and still dream of accomplishing something.

When I attended high school I was considered unusually capable and the future seemed to beckon with glad fulfillment. There was nothing to indicate that struggle and disappointment would be making shadows in the vicinity of my fiftieth year. I have, however, clung to my cheerfulness and enthusiasm - and they tell me I look fifteen or twenty years younger than I am, so perhaps I still have a chance!

Sometimes I think perhaps I did not choose wrong after all; regret fades when one considers that a Higher Will planned it so - if not for our own good, then for some other great good we do not understand. Each life that counts is woven through the woof of sacrifice.

Would I have been happier in the path I might have chosen? perhaps not. I try to comfort myself thinking of the unhappy ones who had their way; I wonder if having great joy and great unhappiness is more satisfying than having instead - the emptiness.

My present idea of happiness is to take a place left vacant, mothering a pair of children, their guide and pal - and finding for myself a comrade in their father and joining him in some worthy endeavor. Thank Heaven for dreams! My friends who have - and those who have not - had children say they learn to love the adopted ones as much as if they were their own.

I look about and see so many treading the same lonely way, most of them having come from small towns, and the city life did not furnish the conditions which bring about congenial companionship.

Now, of what use is all this remembering - all the conjecture and observation, if it be not turned into helpfulness for others - before too late - or helpfulness for those who likewise, perhaps regret.

Here is another dream - a club in every city, with a membership made up of those who have no share in home or child life, each member taking a special interest in one or more children in institutions or in poor families, providing a little home pleasure occasionally, or an outing; perhaps all

observing one special day in each season, and birthdays.  
How much that one personal influence -  
the personal interest, sympathy and comradeship  
would mean in the lives and childhood  
memories of these hungry hearts!

Would anything be gained by publishing  
a series of letters from those who have  
missed the home road, offering suggestions,  
or leading to a discussion?

Sometimes when you are not too busy  
to send me a little note I shall be  
pleased to receive it.

Sincerely,  
A part of the Driftwood.