

Autobiography: The Family:

These letters that I am getting from Ada McCormick with intimate notations of the Cabot household, the attitude of one to another. What a terrible person a good woman like Mrs. Cabot can be in her relations with youth. These things have thrown my mind on the family as a subject for a few paragraphs at least in what I am writing. In it there is a closer intimacy with daily living, closer than there can be anywhere else. And a group that can live through it and come out with affection in spite of all the understanding they have of one another *been had* which goes so far.

An education in character, humor, in appreciation. You are more apt to face the reality of things, the reality of people in the family than anywhere else. Of course you must do the thing as we have always spoken of - make allowances. You have got to learn to cut corners. If a group comes out still solid there has been a great education for everybody in it.

These Cabot letters under date of August 20th, 1935 are terrifying pictures of what goes on in the inside in the effort to preserve the unit.

There is no question that part of the so-called women's movement in the younger generation *was* has been running away from the family and making up for it later as a rule by taking on some kind of financial contribution. But what is that compared to the contribution of ones self, the sacrifice of ones self and ones ambitions perhaps, or the achievement of ones ambitions inside the frame of the family. The result of running away as these poor old ladies I have seen around me displaced - pretty shocking.