

October 17th

Dear John,

As you have probably guessed or Alex told you, I am coming to Cambridge on the 28th. I will try to arrange to see my friends on Friday evening or Saturday morning and leave the rest of the time ~~to be with~~ The Graces, Alex and you. I know you want to escape from the Halloween party, but perhaps I should offer my services to Aunt Priscilla - though I am sure that she will have it all beautifully organized.

Being at home this weekend was good but there was not enough of it. There are very difficult tensions between the Marshes and Papa. That bothered me some but not

nearly so much as my own continuing irritation with Janet. Perhaps it is all the tension engendered by my job which continues to be formidable. I do not know. I am very tired, glad that Monday, my worst day, is over and that I can lie in bed to read Beowulf and study geography and try to think of a way to explain the wars of the 18th century.

It is just as well that you are so far away. If you were near me I would probably lean on your sympathy until you went away, bored and disgusted.

It was good to see Alex. His reassuring cheerfulness and kindness make me feel quite immature and humble.

Margaret