

1/30/50

Dear John,

Allittle while ago WQXR was playing that concerto which you gave Papa for Christmas. It was the nacest thing that came into my day. I spent almost the entire weekend correcting examinations and bitterly regretting the difficulty and unfairness of some sections of the exams. Then today I handed them back, and there were grim little interviews. I feel about as discouraged about my teaching as I can get. The worst moment came in rereading a question which I had graded "Passing" and which I saw clearly should be at least a "Fair" and yet could not change the mark because the complainant is bright, lazy, and aggressive; both of us would suffer if she had won. So I split hairs, confused the issue -- and felt very sick; it was so unjust.

I am so tired that I am unable to do the necessary studying for tomorrow. I do not see how I can continue, and I do not think I can get out. I wrote two letters tonight to the only two schools which my agency thought were possibilities. They made my training and experience sound so thorough and well-planned, but everything is as it has always been, desperate and confused.

There were two beautiful things in my weekend. They should make me happy, but they are too remote. Friday, I went to a special Rembrandt exhibition. I could only spend enough time to know that I must go back and stay longer. Last night Joy and I went to hear "Sleepers, wake", "God's Time is Best, and another cantata.

Tuesday

I feel so much better tonight. The tiredness and the sense of futility are pushed into the background. I see them in the distance and know that I will come back there again. I was given the beautiful present of an afternoon today. I had expected to have to go to a teacher's meeting this afternoon as well as tomorrow and suddenly discovered that I did not have to. So I came home and cleaned the apartment. Now that I sit down I am again exhausted and dizzy and I cannot describe to you the things I wanted to tell you about.

Only this. I telephoned Alex tonight; he was nice and gay and promised to come for me Friday. I will probably be in Philadelphia until Sunday afternoon. If you come, I will be happy, but if you don't I will be all right, and will spend all my time trying to be nice, or at least decent, to

Janet and Bob who will almost certainly be there.
It will be harder than being with you--perhaps for
that reason, a more worthy endeavor, but I doubt it.

Good night,

Marybeth