

5321 BAYNTON STREET
PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

3-4-50

Dear John,

This has been a very peaceful day. Some records of something quiet and pianoish are being played downstairs. When I have finished this I will take it out to the mailbox in the bright moonlight and then go to bed - I hope to sleep.

The strain of the week finally caused my physical machine to go completely wild. I didn't sleep at all Thursday night, and walked around school in a complete fog on Friday. Today I bathed, washed my clothes and hair and tried to sleep.

But when I lay down this afternoon I began to think of you; you do not have a sedative effect.

The Marshes are away in Boston for a few days. Janet is here, but without Bob. Tomorrow is Mother's birthday; Janet now fulfills the duties that I used to bear alone - the shopping and setting the table, etc. - and some of the gaiety, though I have been fairly responsive in spite of my tiredness.

Peter asked me how I felt today; I said "better" and he looked at me wisely and remarked that "A person usually does feel better when

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he wants to feel better." He is right. The stupid and unmechanical way in which I work to the point of complete breakdown is as bad as any other excess. I have known this a long time, but it is hard to change. I do not know the way to begin. Even plan books do not solve my problem. They merely provide an orderly way of planning the impossible.

Poor Papa is losing his temper over Peter's silly dog. I am glad that Peter is at dancing school. The wrath will have abated by tomorrow.

Now I shall take "The little Flowers of St. Francis," my next piece

of work with the eighth grade,
and go to bed. Bach organ music is
coming up the stair well.

Sleep well.

Margaret