

March 27th

1950

Dear John,

It is five hours since I first tried to go to sleep. It was the same last night. I face ^{I would} my plight with more resignation than if I knew help were near. But there is an undercurrent of desperation when I remember how much energy and concentration it takes to teach well.

I got the magazine you asked for. It seems to contain nothing, but I will send it to you tomorrow. I also have your L. P. catalog, which I will give you when I see you, or mail to you, if you prefer.

I hope that you are being taken care of, properly fed and thought about, and that you feel better. The exhaustion that you work yourself into seems to me a very bad thing.

I know that I am responsible for ⁽²⁾
some of it, but not all of it. I wish
I could help you, but I only seem to
complicate everything for you.

The fog must be lifting. The fog-horns
have almost ceased the terrible bellowings
that have been adding to the awfulness
of being sleepless. I shall try to find
something calming to read and go to bed
in a minute.

I hope that you can come -
Friday or Saturday (The Vienna pictures
would mean so much more to me if
I saw them with you - as almost
everything does) But please do not come
at the expense of so much tiredness; it
frightens me.

good night,
Margaret