

Dear John,

Monday
12:00

Thank you for your letter. I feel distracted and confused and tired, but your letter helps. I am uncomfortably far behind in my work, and new things continue to pop up. I try to console myself with the fact that I have very little more responsibility for the wedding preparations and that I will see you in a very short time. Unfortunately, this is less real for me than the things which press about me and which I handle so awkwardly.

This afternoon, partly in an attempt to calm myself, I went again to the Vienna collection. But it did not succeed. I could not stand long enough in front of any one picture — as your presence would have held me; and so I wandered around, looking and looking but not finding.

If only I could finish some of this work which seems to stand around for days, which I carry back and forth from school but never have time to complete.

I am sorry to write means and complaints to you and little else. Having so little to say, and that so confused, I would say nothing and write nothing if I did not think that the lack of a letter would worry and hurt you.

Tuesday, 6:30 AM

This morning I feel a little better. Some of my discouragement has been slept off, and I suddenly realized ~~so~~ when I first awoke this morning, before I could begin worrying, how short a time it is until I will be with you. It is strange how burdened I often feel by responsibility and guilt for problems which I can do nothing to solve. The American History long papers are still to be graded; I have read enough of them to know that they are very dull and that I cannot give good marks, even though the girls are good students. Yet they worked so hard. And the stupidity and dullness of some of my classes is a constant burden, even though I know that the particular girls with which I have difficulty are a problem to all their teachers. Now I must work on these papers. Please forgive this confusion.

Margaret.