

Monday, May 22, 1950

Dear Jochen,

I like to think of you working in the midst of all that sound, which expresses and enhances the solitude of the place where you are. This will probably be a very short letter; I am very tired and my eyes hurt and sting. Joy is rattling away at the typewriter, but soon I shall close the sliding doors and try to relax and sleep. I shall think of the waves washing the beach, erasing everything, even their own traces.

It is difficult to say anything that will not be an anti-climax to the weekend. I lay here for more than an hour when I came home, trying to decide what it had meant and how its meaning was connected with whatever meaning my life here has. Then I tried to work. I must write "personal evaluations" of the girls in the 11th grade whom I taught this year; these will be the basis of college recommendations. I should have started them over the weekend, but my attention ~~was~~ ^{was} too ^{much} concentrated on you to make judgments of the "perseverance", "maturity", "intellectual curiosity", etc., of these children. I am very fond of this class, but I am very tired and it is hard to chop them up and put them in these little category-boxes. Instead, my mind wanders backwards and forwards, sometimes anxiously and sometimes only searchingly.

I am glad that I did not come with you yesterday; I was even more tired than I knew - so tired that I fell into a doze ~~for~~ lying in the sun, in my bath, over my books, and in the train. Meeting, the afternoon at home, and the trip back on the B. and O. formed a familiar mould ~~into~~ into which I could pour the little that was left of me. I worked very hard today, making many exhausting little mistakes, but no very big and serious ones. The work for the rest of the week will mostly be quiet - marking notebooks, writing reports, and proctoring examinations. There will be time to try to understand the meaning of the separate pieces.

Fortunately, I have no responsibilities at school on Friday. I shall work at marking exams Thursday afternoon and then probably go down to Philadelphia to sleep. Come as soon as you can. I know you will want to work hard as long as you can, but it would be good to have a little time together before driving to Bethlehem.

Mother asked me why I had been so obviously apprehensive about the weekend. As you could see, she liked your parents very much. I could not answer her. I suppose ^{about} that this coming weekend is really more to be worried; but whether from tiredness, or something else, I have not yet begun to.

Good night, sleep well,
Margaret