

Thursday September 28

1950

Dear Jochem,

It is ten o'clock. I have just come back from having dinner with Joy and Marty. I am tired but I must work for a little while before I can go to sleep. The first day of teaching was tiring and a little discouraging. The eighth grade remembers my laxness of last year and is inclined to be a little silly. I must begin my program of firmness immediately. The American History class will be a little difficult. The tenth grade members, I am told, are all "slow readers"; some of the twelfth grade members are good students, others are also "slow." But I still do not believe it will be a difficult year. Things will straighten out when I get organized. There is so much material in

the library and the library files²
that I am apt to become submerged.

I am playing the Concerto No. 5
in F Minor (which you gave Papa and
told him that it was for him and not
to lend.) I remember how you looked
when we sat in the hot little booth
at McKenna's and heard it for the first
time. When it is finished and my
letter is mailed, I will bathe. Then
perhaps I will be quite clean of
the ugliness and vulgarity of the
Times Square Area through which
I had to walk tonight. Then
I can go to bed and fall asleep
with my Cape Cod pebble in my hand.
Bin ich nicht sehr kindisch?

Deine Margaret