

New York, October 4, 1950

Dear Jochen,

I have spent the whole evening trying to devise an easy and efficient way of recording marks; I have done so many stupid things. Now I am so tired that in spite of unfinished work I will go to bed. My classes today were awful. I seemed to grope through a fog. Perhaps it is just tiredness.

Don't worry about me. I wouldn't write at all tonight except for the fact that you might be puzzled by a letter the lack of a letter and assume that something awful had happened or that I didn't care. You are always so ready to think the latter.

I will be good this weekend, but you must also be good. You must let me do some cooking and housework, and you must put me to bed early enough so that I do not become completely exhausted. I want so much to be with you; I need you so much, but if I were with you tonight I could only lie down and close my eyes and hold your hand.

Gute nacht,
Deine

Margaret