

New York

Tues. Oct 17, 1956

Dear Tochen,

I must hurry to school in a few minutes - in time to cover the blackboard with enough writing to awe my unruly 8th graders when they come in. My lessons are well prepared today, complete with a nice story of how St. Patrick beguiled the last snake out of Ireland. But I have a great ~~deal~~ many dismal compositions to correct. I fell asleep over them last night and could do nothing but go to bed - not even write to you.

I lay awake most of Monday night thinking about you, troubled and irritated by your plan to add study for your PhD ~~to~~ to what you are now doing - more troubled than I could easily understand. Do you understand?

Now I feel calmer and more patient.

I will come on the same train
(arriving about 7:30) meet me if you can.

Now I must go to work hoping that the
children will be good, that my efforts will
not be lost as they were yesterday, and that
I will not have to glare at them, feeling
foolish and ineffectual.

Deine

Margaret