

New York, October 27th 1950

Dear Tochen,

I have been correcting tests for the last three hours. The radio ~~next~~ next door became so loud and insistent that I turned on W Q X R in self-defense. It is playing Vivaldi so nicely that I cannot concentrate on my tests — so I will write to you; that should have a nice background anyway. I thought of you this afternoon while I was quietly working in the library at school and wondered if you were at the Bach concert. I hope so.

The eighth grade tests are a little baffling. One section, the one that took the test in the first period today, has done very badly. The other section, which took the test some periods later, did very much better. — so much better that I am a little troubled. And yet the first section was so naughty during the review lessons — and ~~in~~ in fact during the past month — that the difference can perhaps be explained by this alone. And if I had to pick the honest and straight-forward

girls in the class, I think I would ²
choose more from the second section.
Still I am troubled.

I am aware, as I work on the tests,
of the fact that I have learned to do
some things more efficiently. Perhaps it is
that that keeps me from feeling too
disheartened by the poor tests. Or perhaps
it is the sleep of last night which
~~it~~ was sounder and longer than usually.
At any rate, the weekend does not seem
so frightening as it did last night.

The moon is shining almost full. We
should be together in some beautiful place
tonight. I know the place that I
would choose even though it would be
very cold and windy.

Deine
Margaret