

Dear Jochen,

New York, November 6, 1950

The radio in the next apartment is so noisy that my attempts to learn British mercantilism and the triangular trade system have reached a standstill. I am very tired; the teachers' meeting this afternoon showed me that I am the only one that is having real trouble with that giggling section. I did not have to teach them today since the music teacher took the entire period to sing ballads to them. Perhaps tomorrow I will do better.

You must be patient with me. It took me a very long time this evening to figure out the notes on the piano. It will probably take me a long time to master silly little exercises like "Sailing" and "Good King Wenceslas" before I can go on to Bach for Beginners." I also read the only Plato that I could find at school: The Apology and The Crito, but I will get some more this weekend if not before.

I do not understand why I feel so exhausted and why my head aches so. I do not feel so discouraged as I did last week, though I miss you and feel very vulnerable.

Tuesday

I lay awake for a long time last night, why I do not know. I have voted, most of my homework is done. I will reread a little Plato on the Elevated. Please forgive this short tired letter. They will probably all be like this this week.

Deine
Margaret