

January 5, 1951

Dear Jochen,

It is so late and I am so tired that it seems silly to try to go to bed quickly. I will wake up stiff and tired and tense anyway. Tonight the Parent-Teachers Meeting for classes X, XI, and XII took place. Miss Mitchell talked interminably about our air-raid drills. I suppose that she intended to talk the parents out of any hysteria and into a state of complete boredom with our precautions and the things that the school had taken into consideration. The head of the English department, and Englishwoman who lived through the Blitz, snotted and turned her eyes to the ceiling in despair at all this foolishness.

After that was all over the parents of the classes and the teachers of each class met separately. And after those meetings were over individual parents collared me to find out what could be done with their children who only got Passing of Fair. And that is not all there was to my evening. On the way up I got a cinder in my eye and had to stop at a strange little hospital to have it taken out by a doctor with a heavy Polish accent who started out by saying what beautiful eyes they were and finally asked me what Quakers were (I had to tell them my religion in addition to name, occupation, etc.) On the way home a drunk on the Elevated platform had to be held onto to keep him from falling into the path of the train. And I also wrote a letter to the Buckingham School today. With all this activity I have, of course, had no time for any homework.

These letters are very hard for me to write. Today's letter to the Buckingham School took more than two hours. I am so clumsy in every way, in composition, expression, and the typing. Your comment over the telephone, that I was "too businesslike" seems very strange and ironical. If Miss Stedman should be able to give me an appointment on the 13th, I do not see how you could want me to turn it down. She is, you know, the head of the Radcliffe Appointment Bureau. If she liked me and felt able to help me, she could do more for me than any other person. I doubt that she would do everything that she can for me since I am in competition with the women for whom she has a real ~~financial~~ responsibility. Yet even a little help might be everything. I suppose that your tiredness and worry about me and about your examinations made you say what you said without realizing how much it would trouble me.

Friday Morning.

In a few moments I must go to school. I am very tired and the day ahead seems so full of difficult things



The American History Exam is still incomplete. In fact all my school work is in terrible disorder. This afternoon I ~~should~~ go to Bryn Mawr for the Academic Committee Meeting. And I should try to talk to Miss McBride and Mrs. Manning to ask for their help. The only thing I want to do is to go home and go to bed --and perhaps there will be problems there that must also be discussed.

In spite of all these worries and my tiredness, I feel so much calmer and more peaceful than I used to feel. Last night at the meeting I felt very out of place. So many other people behaved in a stilted artificial manner and were so elaborately costumed and disguised. The fact that I look so different and am so different no longer embarrasses me as it once did. I don't think that you would have thought me either superficial or "Too businesslike" if you could have watched me.

Now I really must go to school. Today I am going to talk to my class about Medieval architecture and sculpture. I am glad that I can think about something so nice. It troubles me very much to think how much your examination study will cut you off from the things that you love and need. Please stop from time to time to take a little walk, or to lie down and listen to music. Sei gut. Ich würde bei Dir sein um eine kleine Pause in deiner Arbeit zu machen.

Deine,

Margaret