

January 7, 1951

Dear Jochen,

Both your card and your telephone call helped me a great deal this evening. All day I have felt very troubled and apprehensive, without knowing why. Perhaps it is simply because I was so tired by the end of the week and because I have done so little work over the weekend. All day I have been thinking of frightening things, of the war, of not finding a job, of my parents' worries and unhappiness, and of a pamphlet on cancer put out by a drug company, which I was silly enough to read. Some of my fears are very real and concern things that should be thought about; others are childish, but I cannot disentangle one from another. I need you so much.

Now I am exhausted, and yet I have done almost nothing ~~all~~ evening except to try to straighten out some papers, pay my telephone bill, and figure out last week's expenses. I do not think that I will be able to keep a regular account of expenditures (I do not even know how) but I will try to keep some track so that I will have a general idea.

I did a little work over the weekend, but not much. I was so tired at the Academic Committee Meeting on Friday that I said almost nothing. My teaching had been good that day, but it had left me with almost no voice. Finally, Miss McBride asked me if I didn't have something to say. I'm afraid I must have seemed rather stupid. Unfortunately, I am now too old and experienced to be thought shy. I will probably have to do some more work this week with the Committee head in drawing up a new report. Perhaps I can at least redeem myself with her.

Saturday Mother and I went in town to shop for Aunt Martha's birthday. It seemed to me that I should go with her since she was feeling so discouraged. I spent the evening listening to the Oratorio and sewing and thinking of you.

January 8, 1951

I did not feel worried by the time I went to bed. Nevertheless, I lay awake almost all night, and now I feel stupefied and also a little cross for having wasted so much time. Now I must prepare myself hastily for my classes. The trip to the Cloisters has been postponed at the last minute because the teacher who was planning it discovered at the last minute that the museum is not open on Monday. Since I helped her to plan the trip everyone will probably think it is my error—and in a sense it is. That does not matter, but something not too burdensome must be found to teach to the thwarted eighth grade.

Perhaps if I feel enough in command of the situation I will try to explain the Unicorn tapestries. If not I will fall back on the grammar test that must be given soon.

I am sorry this letter is so empty. The only thing that gives much meaning to my life now is that I must work very hard and try to do a good job and that I will be with you this weekend. I have not had time to practice piano but I have read some Rilke. . I think about it. I do not know that it makes the hardness of living here any easier or more understandable, but I try very hard to understand.

Deine
Margaret