Lieber Jochen, Dem Brief ist Schr Schön, viel schöner als ich Dir haute abend sagen Konnte. Ich bin so ganz mide, deprimiert und hülflos, dos alles ist wie in Trown und ich kann nicht tur orde oder sagen was schwieriger aber the ich muss mich, mit allen diesen Einzelheiten.

Today I received a rather nasty little note from Miss Mitchell - a detail of red tape which I had not tred to her satisfaction, though I had done everything to the best of my comprehension of the roles. I have had to spend so much time planning lessons for the last few days that I hardly have time to prepare for teaching them. There are so may people to be consulted of placated. And I have only begin to discuss the midagean with the girls who did badly. In the midst of all this which is very hard and exhausting for me, there are nice things. Two little girls want to read some shahes peare. I managed to teach two girls who failed the midyear, som American History. And they were very grate ful.

difficult. I sat very much alone in a rounful of people.

I said very little last watched the fire and waited for the time then I could go. It makes me feel very girly to be in the midst of so much which is to alien and often hateful I felt a little bit that way while I was at have, and the grilt for that hangs on me even more heavily. This marning when I walked the two blocks to the Elevated I was almost sich; the pavement was So covered with fifth. There is no practicable alternative to remaining here intil June. I know that I can do it, but smetimes I do not know how I will do it. I will go to bed now-early- and try to sleep. Thank you for your letter. I need you very much, but it frightens me to feels so mable to do more than endere. I do not know how to help you when I Real so helpless myself. All I can do is come to you, try to be near you.