

5321 BAYNTON STREET
PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

August 18, 1951

Lieber Töchen,

When Papa and I came home
this evening, the Christmas Oratorio had been
played half way through. Now Papa
has gone upstairs, Janet, Robert, and Alex
to a party. Mother is putting things
away in the kitchen. The Oratorio
is almost over, and when it is
I must go upstairs to work because
I have done very little today.

But I have been good, very
good. Although I could not go with the

family last night to the Arnetts, today I went to the wedding of Mary Flanders and Ned Arnett. I was nice to every one and talked more than I have all week. My niceness got me invited to the party where the others are, but I wigged out - as ungracefully as Vicky.

After the wedding, Papa and I paid long visits to several widely scattered patients. I think he was very glad to have me come. It was much easier for me than our daily encounters at meals. The violence of his friendliness to me on those occasions is very hard for me to meet.

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2

Alex tells me that he is going to write to you. He would like to lend you the phonograph which you built for him. He would like to use it himself, but he thinks that the Grahams might be offended if he had his own concert hall. If you do not want it, I do. He wants to make a friendly gesture. Remember that, even if his letter is badly written.

He has been very nice to me, friendly and considerate. Yesterday and today everyone but Papa and ~~me~~ I were hard at work sanding the ~~the~~ porch with a monstrous, noisy machine

It was hard and unpleasant work from which Alex excused me on account of my studying. However, I suppose that I will have to help with the printing.

Tomorrow I want to try to write the American History test for my Bereanley students. I have been trying to get to that point for several days, but the book (that green book we looked at this spring) makes me so annoyed that I cannot ~~do much~~ spend long on it. So I have turned from it to reading essays and to trying to figure out some kind of sensible plan for the senior English course. I seem to get very little done.

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Please do not blame me if I
write short letters that say very little.
Some days it is better not to try to
tell you how I feel, better not to
notice it at all, but simply to work.
If I were able to do my work
better, I could tell you more about it.

Now I will mail my letter and
walk in the garden with the moon and
the roses. Will we see the next moon
together?

Deine Margaret