

Tuesday, November 29

Dear Jochem,

I feel a little discouraged by all the running around I have had to do yesterday and today and the little that seems to be accomplished by all this effort. The school is still limping along without Mrs. Leahy and with far too many distractions like plays and assembly programs. Tomorrow I am to run the slide projector for Professor Willey's lecture on anthropology. The school has been such a shambles today that I am hardly surprised by this ridiculous arrangement. Late this afternoon a large gentleman named Mr. Minot came to demonstrate

this new and monstrous machine
purchased last spring. He had some
difficulty getting it together himself, and
of course we had no slides to put into
it so that I could ^{not} practice focusing. I
guess he could see I was a little worried
because he assured me he would
come right back tomorrow morning (at five
minutes' notice) if I got stuck.

As soon as I have mailed my
letter to you I will start on the real
work of the day, correcting papers, reading
Marlowe, and learning about Pyramine
art and civilization. If I can demonstrate
the construction of Sancta Sophia
on the blackboard tomorrow I'm sure
that tomorrow's class will be better than
today's dreary excursion into the Dark Ages.
Easier said than done!

The night is clear and very cold. I
shall be glad of another glimpse of the
same moon that is probably shining
on the white mountain tops in Iceland.
I miss you ^{at} best I am well and not
at all dazed, just a little distracted.
By tomorrow or Thursday my classes will be
better as I became surer of what I
am doing and get used to my schedule.

Deine,
Margaret