

Saturday, December 10th
1955

Lieber Jochen,

I have spent most of the day in your study peacefully reading Macbeth, Thoreau, and medieval history. Now that the television set is on and I am getting cold even inside my thick cocoon of blankets I shall probably retreat to my desk to correct my papers. But it is nice to sit here in your chair looking at your pictures and books and, hoping that the empty spaces in the bookcases will soon be filled.

My school work has been going fairly well, but for various reasons I don't feel that the senior English course this year has been as good as it should be — not enough writing and the wrong sort of reading; or perhaps it was just that I didn't know how to carry out the ideas that I had. This has been particularly true ~~since~~ during the last two weeks.

Yesterday evening I went to see Aunt Priscilla. She was alone and lonesome, glad to see me. Tomorrow I am to have dinner (noon) with Mrs. Stowe and her family, and of course Peter will come to supper. The time between slips away too easily in daydreams, but happy ones. In only a week we will be together again.

Love,

Margaret