

Friday February 13. 1998
174 School St
Belmont MA 02178

Dear Margrit,

Do telephone next week to tell me about Anra's concert in West Jefferson. Your letter came today, the calendar "with the moons" yesterday. Thank you!

I won't try to write much today because I want to get down to the Library to speak to a Children's Room librarian about a possible project for Nathaniel to display some of his coins on a world map in one of the "locked" display cases. He does not know about this yet and it may not be feasible this year.

I also have a packet of copies of poems to mail to the man who brings chocolate and told me about his stove and to his wife, who took me up on a chance description of a microwave cover for our tenant-kitchen mates to prevent splattering bean dinners all over the inside of the microwave over: ~~so~~ Smelly and roach-attracting. I said I was going to order one, but she found 2 for me the next day and mailed them to me! She really wants to be friends. She had asked me whether I would see The Titanic. I replied that I thought about this disaster in the same terms as Hardy and probably would not see the film. But I feel that I should take her inquiries into my intellectual & cultural life more seriously than simply to express my abject disapproval:

so much fuss and excitement about ③ rich people eating, drinking and making merry until suddenly...

If you see the movie, you can tell me what I missed.

Here is this year's Valentine's Day Story:

Laura helped Nathaniel prepare nineteen valentine cards for the 19 members of his class. They had to be completed on Wednesday. This involved ① cutting out squares of white material printed with tiny hearts, ② placing a candy heart in the center of the square ③ tying a silken string, very hard to handle around the neck of the patch. Then ④ threading the silken ~~string~~ strand through a hole in the card and ^{tying} it. Nathaniel could not manage any of these tasks. Rebekah did some of them with my help (cutting squares) we had to leave much of the ~~work~~ ^{work} to Laura who devised the fiendish task. While Rebekah worked, Nathaniel asked her, "Rebekah, when I grow up, do you think I'll be smart?"

Rebekah, who was working hard ③ and trying to be kind and tactful, gave a rather long-winded adult reply of which I only got the beginning: "Well, Nathaniel, that's something no one can know..."

But Nathaniel didn't really listen, he murmured wistfully, "Well, anyway, maybe I'll be rich."

When I was a child in school and got only a few Valentines, when I was a teacher and saw the unhappiness of the unpopular child, I didn't think that Valentine's Day could get worse, but this solution to the expense of giving a card to everyone or giving none was obviously a typheary project and made Nathaniel feel really inadequate.

Love, dandy, round the year,
no Valentines please!

Margaret