

Monday, January 24

Dear Bob -

From time to time I'm proctoring the 3 out of 23 kids (and 2 out of 23) who didn't finish the 3 hour American History exam in 1 1/2 hours. Even if they (the remaining 2) should stay until the bitter end, it would be easy for me. They are widely separated and easily seen - and I have work with me. I have no papers (we gave mid-years this year only in regents and half year subjects (I have just left). But, of course, I do have plenty of compositions and class tests to grade. (The last test left - 1 hr. + 50 minutes).

Don. Didn't get very far in school - home now, dinner just finished and I'm very full of chicken, squash, and savory pie. I have a concert tonight - and Jan + Gary are away, I should make quite a few pages. I need sleep - and it's a string quartet playing Beethoven and 2 moderns (one of them Bartok).

Don't worry about the applications - they will go out early next week, probably Monday afternoon, after I've asked Dr. Murray and Dr. Threlkeld (I believe in being ecumenical) for recommendations. I've already asked Mrs. Wechsler, so I should be set.

I won't ask Lucia to go to Meistersinger until I have heard from you that you definitely will not be home on the 9th - I know what Lappens to plans.

I'll have to stop for a while - I have called Betty, who is just back from Sandra - The divorce is definitely going through, Sandra says - And I am absolutely boiling mad about my selfish, infantile cousin and her ditto husband who think a "personality conflict" is justification for destroying a family, denying vows, and so forth. I've seen too much of what any divorce does to kids, especially

boys - and divorces in which the children still see the other parent (as Sandra and Pete intend) seem to cause the greatest number of problems. Anyway, I can't think straight because I'm so mad - not a good frame of mind for marking papers, either, so I think I'll read a few pages of "Miss Goad" (the gentle English schoolteacher wrote about - another book), then take a shower - and then come down to tea and papers.

I still think marriage to the right man and children are wonderful and desirable - and I'm - well, neither vain nor conceited is quite what I mean but all I can think of - enough to think I could do a very good job of it - but I also think that an unmarried life of the kind I'm beginning to build for myself is far better than more than half the marriages around, especially for someone my age who is old enough to be rather hard for someone else to mold.

There was a short article in the Sunday Press about several experiments with animals and children which indicate that the "Protestant work ethic" is very sound psychologically. In both cases, given the opportunity to obtain the same thing either with no effort or by some work, the invariable choice was to do work for it. Perhaps the tide will turn and Protestant will no longer be the pejorative it has become. I wonder sometimes if the real difficulty is not in memories of discrimination by the Protestant majority but in the

much more simple and, one hopes,
temporary fashion for the
ethnic. Protestantism - except
for black churches - simply
isn't chicly ethnic. You can't tell
a Protestant joke with an accent. You
can't even tell a Protestant joke and
have anyone understand it.)

I've cut out an article and a couple of
reviews of Vivat! Vivat Regina! to send to
you - I really do want to see it. A Man for
All Seasons has been revived, too, in the
city (the movie of it). And, every review
I've seen of The Boy Friend, believe it or
not, makes it sound delightful.

I really must get back to work
now. I won't be much longer
until you'll be home - and
calling for tea - and keeping me
from my work.

Remember - let me know when
your plans are definite.

Love,
Luis