

Komaroch, June 29, 1950

Dear Margaret,

If I could enumber and organize my thoughts and feelings into an intelligible pattern, the letters which I write you would be very much better than they are. What troubles me most about my numbers is that in spite of every effort my activities refuse to take on a regular pattern, determined quite irrationally by accidental events, or what is worse by the prevailing mood at home. The most vivid sensations which distract me at the moment are the discomfort of the chair in which I sit, - causing my back to ache and the brightness of the sun which makes it difficult for me either to read or write. The irregularity of my handwriting troubles me. I do not know its cause. I cannot seem to find the artificial regularity which used to protect me anywhere or in anything.

The place where I now sit is probably the most beautiful in Komaroch, the place where mother hopes our house will be built. It is lunch time. The rock crusher in the valley below has ceased operation and except for the wind in the oak tree ~~over~~ and the birds that twitter all about, everything is calm and silent. Below are apple trees planted in regular rows, their twigs swaying faintly in the breeze. They hide most

of the houses which, though they are not very far away, seem strange and distant, houses of unreal people, or of dolls, ~~also~~ dwarfed by the mountain which towers above them in unerring majesty. The clouds that ~~leisurely~~ float past its summit throw their shadows on the dark green slopes. The sun is almost vertically above, and since neither the trees nor the smaller hills cast visible shadows White Top seems very near and very steep, and glistens with the changing patterns of light and darker green. —

And now it is evening already. - Father had to go - or thought he had to go to a medical society meeting in Abingdon, and I accompanied him. Now I am sitting in the car, parked at the station. In 15 minutes the 8:19 for Washington will come, and it shall take this letter to you. Thank you very much for your letters. They arrive although I never dare expect them and they always make me feel both happy and sad. You should not have been afraid that I would return your German letter "corrected" with a "red-pencil." For one thing, I have no red pencil, and then I felt that there was nothing to correct. The grammatical mistakes were mostly matters of verb position and of the conjugation of the verb to be. The verb ending "st" always denotes second person singular, as in English "thou hast."

But I understood very well what you wanted to say, and I cannot find any thing to correct in that. I ~~so~~ know of no way in which I can thank you sufficiently. Your letter and what it symbolized was certainly the most beautiful birthday present I can remember having ever received. I only wish there were something equivalent which I could find to give you. But I shall look hard, and perhaps I will find something. Please write me as often as you find time and tell me if you think that I write too infrequently. I wonder whether I really have very little to say or whether the things which I would like to say to you are ~~so~~ too difficult, perhaps too intimate to be said.

Now it is almost time for the train to come in. I ~~so~~ wish it could take me instead of only my letter.

Dear
John.