

Germantown
August 4, 1950

Dear Jochen,

I enclose a carbon which summarizes my week's work. The mountain has labored and brought forth a mole. When you have gazed sadly at my awkward and ungracious little mole, will you return him to me so that I will not imagine him any worse than he is.

I thought of you this morning when I sat trapped in Meeting. In order to be cozy and Friendly the Coulter Street Meeting meets with the School House Lane Meeting in their little box during the hottest month of the year. The School House Lane Quakers are Hicksites (Jesus wasn't divine; he was just a good citizen), and they are much less convincing and more confused than Coulter Street. We were very polite this morning and let our hosts and hostesses do all the talking. One lady gave a brief lecture about a school which Schweitzer is sponsoring. She read us a statement by him, repeating the important parts so that we would understand. The point of her talk was that this great genius and man of action believed that love, tolerance, and meditation were of primary importance. She had a very school-teachery manner, and Papa told me (without my asking) that that is what she is. Another lady said that it was a Very Good Thing that West Point had expelled all those cheating cadets. Very Encouraging. In order to be leaders you've got to have integrity, and that goes for the whole country. It used to be that the educated man was a scholar and a gentleman, and it certainly is a bad thing to subsidize the football team. At the end an old gentleman began by saying that every man and every woman had something in common. The urge (in Quaker version of pulpit tome) for Satisfaction. Some sought it in power, some in rest, some in showing off, but etc.

Would you have laughed or cried? I wept a few dry tears and blushed because I would probably sound just as silly. I spent most of the time grieving over my inefficiency and working up the determination to finish my letter to Miss Vaillant.

I think about you a great deal. In the morning I think of you lying asleep, and I worry because you are so pale and tired looking. Why doesn't your father give you your check up? And then you get up and you don't eat an egg, nor do you take your vitamins. But perhaps you behave much better when I am not there. Are you being good? nice to Margrit? I try very hard to be good, though sometimes Papa's insistent statements that I am wonderful, beautiful, that he loves me, etc. turn me to ice, and I wish that you were here to tell me how lazy, aged, and superficial I am. I am being much more self-controlled, more cheerful, and less depressed than I was last winter and last summer, but I feel very dried up. I hope that when I have done more work I will be better.

Deine,

Margaret