

Cambridge, September 17, 1950

Dear Margaret,

It is late Sunday afternoon. The air is cool and the sun is warm, and one might almost think it were spring instead of autumn. Except for Biggs, who played the cuckoo and the nightingale concerto by Händel, and a walk this afternoon, I have been in my room all day, writing a moderately detailed letter home, playing violin, and reading Arnold, Mann, and Leibniz. In the library I have also been reading Pope's Essay on Man with much pleasure.

I think of you often, too often, and wonder what you are doing and whether or not Alex is going to have room enough for you in his car. When does your school begin? On the 25th there will be a very good all Bach Organ concert in Boston, compensation for the fact that next Sunday Biggs plans to devote his energies to English and Canadian composers. The Canadian composers have a similar effect on me as the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, the "Buvez Coca Cola" tradition.

The past few days have seen me more content than before. The combination of work in the library and the prospect of being together with you soon, and the absence of any inner conflict, the important task of managing medical school just ahead, all these add to making me less unhappy. And no Aunt Priscilla, think of that, not Aunt Priscilla!! My only worry concerns the scholarship situation, and ~~it~~ ~~my~~ concern about that does creep over me now and again. But it is really far too practical a matter to interest me for long. Time will bring its own solution, and besides there are too many books that must be read before you arrive to interrupt, distract and confuse me. Please give my regards to you parents and to Alex. Tell Alex to drive carefully and show him the enclosed clippings if he has time for such things at the moment.

Please be good. I will not write again unless I hear or discover that you are not coming. I will let Alex do whatever conferring with Hall seems to be necessary.

In Gedanken nehme ich Dich ganz ganz fest in den Arm.

Dein

Jochen.

P.S.

Why don't you write to Margit tonight - if you have time. A letter from you would make her very happy.