

Germentown, October 14, 1950

Dear Tochen,

I am sitting at the green "lunch-counter" in the kitchen. Mother is typing, letter by letter, a long series of instructions which Papa is sending to a doctor. Papa is playing the old version of the Mass. He has been very cross tonight, at the feeder arm of the record-player because it slips from his grasp and scratches his records, at Vicky because she chews her cushion, and at Robert Shaw because his Mass has no feeling for the meaning of the words and music. Vicky wanders from one to another. She probably wishes that you were here. So do I.

I was very homesick for you when I went out to Bryn Mawr today. I came out of the library with the Cherubinischer Wandersmann instead of a History book. I wish that you could tell me of some other simple things to read which would mean as much to me as this or the Hesse story.

It is very hard to concentrate here, but I think that I should stay here instead of going upstairs. Mother and Papa have been more lonely than I had allowed myself to imagine. Although I slept badly last night, I am so much healthier and more cheerful than I was last year that I think they are much reassured. Alex wrote them a

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nice letter last Monday in which he said that I seemed quite happy while I was there. The fact that you are a Good Thing for me is becoming evident even to my family.

Your letter was waiting for me when I returned from Bryn Mawr this evening. I have read it very carefully and I have thought about it. I do not know what to say to you except that I am very glad that you do not feel that it is impossible to write to me of these things. If I were with you I would have no more to say than I have now, but I would put my arms around you and hold you until you fell asleep.

Gute nacht,

deine

Margaret