

Cambridge, February 18

Dear Margaret,

This morning Biggs played a very beautiful series of Bach Chorale Preludes; I had to think of you, and I wondered whether you were listening; I wished you had been with me. Now you are probably in church, a place where it is hard for me to imagine you, and where I hope you will not stay long.

Before I start working, and I must start working soon, so that I can get a great deal of work done just in case you should come next weekend, there are several things having to do with your last letter, which I must rid myself of before I can be calm. I have a silly fear of all incongruous and disappointing situations.

Your aunt, as I wrote you, will not be back until late on Saturday, and will not receive your letter until then, because she told me not to forward her mail. (Her address is: Steele Hill Inn, Laconia, New Hampshire.) I write this, in case you were planning to stay here. I am a little bit afraid of your coming, because when you are here, all my resolution melts before you, and I am ~~quite~~ quite helpless, and I have so much work.

But come, do come, if you want to and believe it necessary and good. Only give up such an idea as Natick? Where did you get it? It would be a poor idea, if its purpose was to bring you closer to Cambridge, because Natick is quite difficult to reach, and it would almost be easier to come from New York. Besides, if it is at all like the boarding schools I have known, it will be very horrible, particularly when you want to have a little bit of time for yourself. I cannot judge for you, but I would rather live in many a smelly corridor.

As for your coming or not coming next weekend, it is hard for me to be calm, and it will be even more difficult then. Yet I shall try to be as good as I can. Whatever you do will be good.

P. S - Unless there John
be some particular necessity,
I shall not write this next week, but work
instead.