

Germanstown, August 1, 1951

lieber Tochen,

When I have more time I will try to write to you in German. I feel very strange and very much out of place. I looked hard at Vicky this evening and realized that I felt as grotesque as she looks. Perhaps when I have slept a night in my own bed and when I get up to do my work I will belong more to myself and this place.

I feel a little as if I had awoken after an operation. The past three days are a long, vague dream. It is very bad for me to sit still so long doing nothing. I did try to be nice to Papa and Mother, but so little effort was involved that it was as if I had done nothing. There really was nothing else to do or to be, except nice.

If you had gone such a journey you would probably ~~not~~ have thought a great deal. I did not and could not think. I looked at the mountains and valleys and tried to make myself big enough to hold them, but it was hard. And I sat beside you and watched you, or walked beside you in the beautiful places where we have been. I thought a little of the work which I must now begin on and much more of you. Yet what I think about you is always so much less than my feelings of love and ^{my} gratitude for you.

I talked a little to my parents about your parents and Kinnaroch and you. But although they seem to be very happy about their stay and ~~much~~ to feel much better, nothing much was said. They seem to

wish to wait and see rather than to talk about it. Now the difficult part begins. I must be contented enough to prevent them from beginning to worry again. When I can find out more of what they think or feel I will try to tell you more.

Papa seems much more relaxed than I had anticipated. The reason that our trip took so long was partly because we stopped for several hours in Orange (Virginia) to see Mr. and Mrs. Clark. I think that I told you that Mrs. Clark used to be a patient of Papa's. He used to go out to their home in the country to give her vaccine for her asthma and very persistent cough. That was at least twelve years ago when Mr. Clark was the manager of the hospital. I remembered him as a very kind and pleasant gentleman and her as a charming, aristocratic lady, almost frightening in her strangeness. Her hair was a beautiful auburn, her skin very white, and her voice, soft Virginian. Now the roles are reversed. He is delicate and trembles after several coronary occlusions and she has become strong and protecting. The house is dark and cool, filled with ferns and broad, shiny magnolia leaves and sea shells. The ~~two~~ tell stories about their birds, about Mr. Jefferson, and about the resorts where they have stayed. They are familiar with the birds and Mr. Jefferson, but the resorts are strange and fantastic. They seemed very happy to see us, especially Papa, and I was so glad that he wanted to go and that he was so unnerous about all the time that he was "wasting".

Last night we stayed in cabins on the Parkway just south of Trant Royal. While Papa napped, Mother and I walked in the woods and talked about Alex and Cecile, and you and me. I found this pretty leaf. It was bright red; now it is dark. What will it be when you get my letter. Today we drove to all sorts of unnecessary places just to please Mother. Now she has gone to bed very tired. I must go soon too so that I can get up to have breakfast with Papa and Mother and Alex. He will go over early to work on his project.

My books are all on the shelves, ~~my suitcase~~ unpacked and I have read a little. But I still feel very confused and scattered. Papa played "Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis" during supper. I could neither listen nor converse, but I do not think I was disagreeable.

Here is the Bach Gesellschaft catalog. I have checked off what we do not need.

Deine
Margaret