

German town

Wednesday August 8, 1957

Dear Mutz,

I have been to the post office to mail a little present to you. Now I sit in the library where I have been reading about writers of the eighteenth century, and in a few minutes I must go home to supper.

I hope you will not be offended because I address my present and my letter to Jochen rather than to you. You are a modest little dog, and I do not wish to call you to the attention of the owners of der Wasserhund. I hope your manners are still as good as I remember and that you will share your present with the rest of the family.

As a matter of fact, I did not make it at all. Mother did.

2.
I am very stern and unbending and
refuse to become involved in elaborate
kitchen adventures. Mother decided to
make something nice for neglected Peter
(Do you remember him?) and for
Alex's friend who is going away.
I think she was overcome with
remorse that she hadn't brought
you any present during her recent
visit - and so - you will see.

I hope you are as fat as you
were when I left. I am, but it
isn't so becoming to me as it is to
you. When I look at Vicky I
get the horrors, and think seriously
of reducing. But you know how this
compensating eating is. Or do you?

I expected to be much more
lonely and unhappy about not being
with you than I actually am.
I think back to our walks
together and our games. Mooooo

3.

I would probably yearn more to be with you except for the fact that I have so much work that I get quite scared when I realize how short the time is until I must stand up before a class and conduct ~~an~~ intelligent discussions about mountain-making, Pope, Sheridan, etc. I guess you know that I'm much better at cooking and listening than I am at thinking and ~~thinking~~ ^{talking}.

I hope that you are being a good listener. You are probably even better than I am because you never say anything silly.

Will you give Tochen a few messages? Or better yet. Gib ihn ein grossen, nassen kuss von mir.

Deine
Margaret