

Germantown, August 20, 1951

Lieber Jochen,

This can only be a short note. The doctor this morning, painting this afternoon, and getting supper in a few minutes take almost my entire working day. Alex and Mother are arguing downstairs about cutting the grass. Mother had been plunging on from one job to the next, and last night was frightfully exhausted. Today she is giving Elena lessons in feeding Algis. This is less strenuous and probably more worth while than most of the things she does. Elena's mood is uncertain enough to make it rather doubtful whether we shall all be able to go away and leave her Thursday or Friday.

Alex is a little grim today because he expected but did not receive a letter from Cecile. But he is being very nice just the same. We played all the Haydn we could find while we painted and waited for the mail. Our new mailman describes himself as a "long-hair". He is particularly fond of chamber music. Yesterday Alex asked him how he was, and he replied, "Irresistible, as always." Alex is delighted with him.

Thank you for your letters. I need them very much, though I need you so much more that sometimes the letters make me even more aware of the distance. I do not know where I will stay in Cambridge, probably not at the Grahams', so don't bother to send any letters there. Of course, I might have to stay with Elena until the others come back from Maine. Write to me here if you want to. I need your letters even if I get them late.

I hope that I can find an apartment, though if I cannot I am resigned to living in a room. Miss Vaillant said that that was always easy to find for a school teacher. A friend of Janet's and Mary's, who was at the wedding said that she would investigate a possibility for me and offered me a couch to sleep on while I look. I might stay there, but I think I will try Friends' House first. I wish that I did not have to go at all.

Bitte, sei gut und nett zu deinen Eltern. Grüsse sie für mich. Ich möchte ihnen schreiben, aber ich habe nicht genug zu sagen einen netten Brief zu schreiben. Was hat dein Schwester? Sie schreibt mir nicht. Ist sie so deprimiert, oder war mein Brief ein Fehler. Grüsse sie auch und sag ihr dass ich hoffe ein Bett für sie in Cambridge bald zu haben.

Deine,

Margaret

Weisst Du wieviel ich Dich liebe habe? Ich
höre es in jeder Cantate.