

c/o Konnarock Medical Center
Konnarock, Virginia

Dear Joy and Marty,

I enclose these letters from Dorry. Will you drop a note to her friend, Dr. Colle, to let her know the status of the apartment? By the way, what is it?

Last night I telephoned Papa and Mother and learned that Alex's friend is in New York for the Columbia Summer School, I suppose to make up the work that she failed at Harvard. I suggested, without thinking, that if the apartment were not occupied, he might be able to stay there (paying you rent, of course). But on second thought, even if the apartment is vacant, I really would prefer not to have him there, and you would do me a favor if you looked further for an occupant. All my internal debate on this subject is probably quite unnecessary since you have undoubtedly found some one.

How are you? I happen not too hot. Even the hot days here are followed by cool nights. In the evening Jochen and I, accompanied by the nice dog that adopted him, walk up the hill and stand in the oat field where the new house will soon be built. The dog bounds happily through the oats, growling fiercely over his quarry, a stick. The sun sets behind Straight Mountain and is reflected in the cloud that covers White Top. When we come home again we sit down to study or to listen to music.

My work goes very slowly, but I have almost recovered my balance (whatever I had). The year ahead seems very strange. The books that Miss Vaillant has sent me help, but I wish that I had been able to spend a day in the Buckingham Library before coming here. Probably I put too much emphasis on such things. I expect to be here until the end of the month, then to go home to be with my parents during August, and then go to Cambridge at the beginning of September to find a place to live and look over the books at Buckingham.

love,