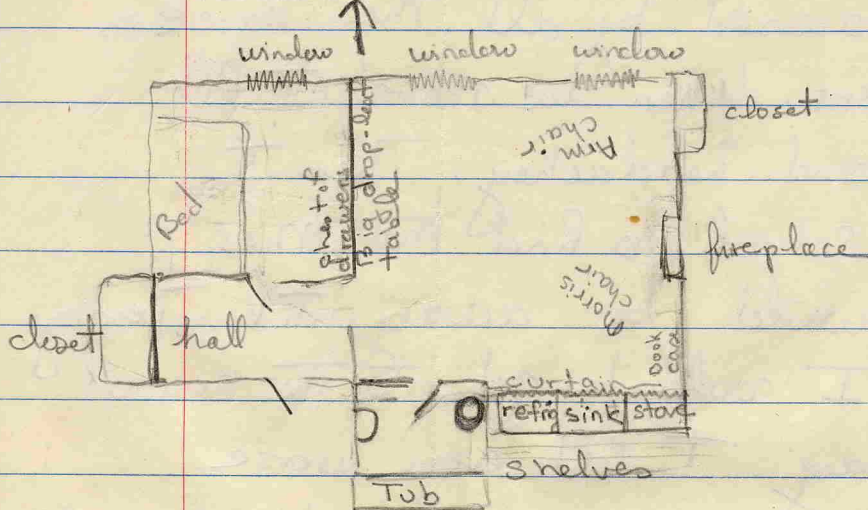


"The gardens of Beacon Hill"



High ceilings
oil heat

Rather old, tan wallpaper

D-C

Some kitchen utensils
and dishes left

↓
Brimmer Street

A Maine Motel, Aug. 27, 1951

Lieber Jochen,

Will you show this plan to Margrit and your parents? There is a collapsible cot for Margrit. I hope that she will come and sleep on it before school starts and many times after that.

I will give you a brief synopsis of what has happened since we left home. You can imagine the trip up. So much

indignation aroused by all the careless,
rude drivers. When we arrived I felt
quite sick and headachey. Then I
telephoned school to find that Miss
Vaillant would be away until Tuesday
and that I couldn't get into the school
until Monday. I felt even worse.

Neither Mary Bundy nor Janet's friend
had any suggestions to make about
apartments except to tell me to go to
Phillips Brooks House. But they also
thought it wouldn't be open until
Monday. We went to supper and then
went to look at the only advertised
"apartment" on Totten Street. The
street was dingy, and the house was very
dark. On the top floor was a room with
two tiny windows. The linoleum and
walls were maroon, decorated with
enormous flowers and stripes, dark brown
I think. Across the hall was a

Kitchenette, and downstairs was the bathroom. This cost \$14 a week, and seemed much more depressing than St. Mark's Place. When I thought of Mother and Papa and Alex going away and leaving me to look at such places alone I felt very sorry for myself.

Later, near
Mansett
on the
coast of
Maine.

We went to pay a short call on the Grahams. The oldest girl was playing "Gotcha" with a swarm of neighbors, so I never met her. On the doorstep were two dachshund puppies.

Sally came down to greet us with her nightgown skirt full of guinea pigs.

Pat was elegant and composed.

I think that she is nicer than my Aunt Sylvia, but her appearance and stately manner remind me of her. She has the same fashionable, hungry, Vogue-Magazine-type of beauty and the same low-pitched voice and extravagant expressions.

I thought that Sally was better-mannered than Jody, though perhaps not so clever. I am glad that I will not be living here next winter. Pat tried to telephone some friends to inquire about apartments, but no one was at home.

The next morning we left my suitcase at friends' house and then Alex and I went to Philip Boggs' House. The Bureau was officially closed, but a nice Mr. Thompson showed us the lists. They were not interesting. Then he urged us to look at the Sanford's apartment which had just been registered.

Alpheus and Muriel Sanford, from whom I am subletting the apartment, were agreeable and direct. They have had the apartment for four years. They pay \$7.50 for it and are

charging me \$10 for their furniture. The rent might go up 15%, but they think not. I may have the apartment until the first of July, and perhaps next year, too, unless Mr. S. comes back to work for his Ph.D. He is Director of Guidance of the Houlton Schools in Maine.

Papa and Mother and Alex were all very pleased with the apartment, the Sunbuck, and the neighborhood. They urged me to come with them, and so I did, though I should have been much wiser to stay to work at school. They promised that I could have some time at Buckingham on Wednesday or Thursday.

We stopped to see the Cunninghams in Concord. They are sharing a big farmhouse with another couple until the fall when Ty will teach at the University of New Hampshire. Meanwhile they are weaving, and Ty is studying.

One night they collected enough of
the right kind of friends to play all
the Brandenburgs.

Since then (Saturday afternoon) we
have been traveling from place to place.
You know how I like that — only a
little less strongly than you do. I have
anaesthetized myself by thinking
of our evenings together at
Brunner Street. Except for a shortage of
bookshelves, it looks to me like a very
good place for studying. Do you think
that the record player can be used?

Will you really come on the 10th or
11th of September. If you will, I

will go with my parents to Bogno, returning to Phila on
the 10th of September. Then I can leave

with you and Margrit on the 12th or 13th.
I must
be there the evening of the 13th) Or
will Margrit need the car at
that time. If you are not

coming in that later then perhaps I will go to Cambridge early in September.

The place where we now are is so nice that I do not regret having left my work in Cambridge to come. Mother and I are sitting on a rocky point. The sky is overcast and the fog rolls gently in with the tide. A bell buoy rings softly in the distance. At the edge of the woods behind us are some very simple ^{clean} cabins. Papa is trying to sleep, though I am afraid the bed will be too hard. Alex is reading or brooding. Mother is delighted with the sands of the sea and with the albat sea gull who keeps coming closer. She pokes in all the tidal pools to see if there is anything in them but seaweed.

We have made one visit to Peter. He was tall and sunburned and smelled

strongly of sweat and mildew.
Tomorrow we will collect him at
2:00 and start back to Boston. We
will probably be home on
Thursday. I hope so. I do not
think that this nomadic life really
suits any of us, though everyone,
especially Alex, is being very good
and restrained.

Now I will finish Macbeth
and then read some more Spenser.
Ich freue mich sehr über unsere
Zusammenkunft in Cambridge. Komme
bald.

Deine

Margaret