

Konnarock, August 29, 1951

Dear Margaret,

There will be many interruptions to this letter, since I am writing it during office hours, and in a somewhat public place. But I hope I can finish it in time to take it to the train in Green Cove. Then you will have it by Saturday in case you should go to Pocono with your family on Monday. I have a difficult time keeping the schedules of your vacations in my head, I must admit, I do not try very hard.

I cannot remember that any of your letters contained anything requiring an answer or even a comment. I am glad though, that you were in too much of a hurry to look for a room for me, since the question of the car is still unsettled and I would not like to live anywhere near the place you chose. As for your apartment, I know it is none of my business. After reading your letter, - and I read it only once, - and without seeing the place, it seems to me that ~~it is~~ <sup>at least</sup> the location is very disadvantageous, since it requires a very crowded half-hour subway and bus trip every morning and afternoon. I at least was very unhappy when I had to be crowded so physically close with other people for any length of time. Then too I would rather live where there are more trees and fewer people, but as I said, it is your not my place to live. If you really like it, that is a fine thing; if you took it only because your father was in a hurry to get to Maine, that was a very stupid way to look for an apartment. But deceiving yourself by saying that it is a very fine place and just what you wanted makes my nose itch inside. Anyway, until our plans are more certain, I do not think we should be together too much, since that would make a very bad impression on me, and I have made a bad impression on myself for too long already.

As for your various vacations, I hope you enjoyed them and got a lot of work done, which was, if I remember correctly, what you planned to do. I would suggest that you get some more vacation in Pocono, without planning, however, on going up to Cambridge with me. My own plans are very unsettled. Father needs help with the school examination which start Monday. Mother has had a heart attack of sorts and should have more rest than she is getting. Margrit is making a gigantic nuisance of herself. After her trip to Cape Cod vanished into thin air, she planned another one to South Carolina for Labor Day, - a prospect which did not make mother feel any better, - For the past week she has been raising Hell in every corner and now since the South Carolina trip, - after sufficiently upsetting mother - is evaporating again, wants me to go up on the 8th already so that she can have the car for 4 or 5 days on Cape Cod. She is much disappointed that I do not object to anything she plans and thereby deprive her of further chances for raising Hell. As you see, my plans are plastic. Besides, not knowing what to say to your parents, I would rather not stop in Philadelphia.

You might tell Alex that I thank him for his kind offer of the record player, but I have found no way to make it sound well without records which I do not have. You will not be able to use any kind of record player, - nor for that matter, anything but a portable radio, - no vacuum cleaner or fan, in your Beacon Hill apartment, and there is no practical way of converting any of these things to direct current. This is enough for one letter. Since I do not like to write letters to nowhere, I will not write again at least until I know where you are. Besides, most things are better unsaid anyway. Give my regards to your family.

P.S. I hope you are thriving on your non-allergy diet.