

Konnarock, am 30. August 1951

Dear Margaret,

I wonder where you are tonight, still in New England or already back in Philadelphia. Tomorrow you will probably get my letter of two days ago, and then you will feel more or less bad; your parents will notice your concern, and make another mark on my black record in their minds. Tonight I am tired, too tired to feel as strongly as I did when I wrote before, worried about you, but still convinced that there was cause to what I wrote. However, I do not know what the cause is or how deep it lies; I have no idea what I should do, and for that reason I will do nothing. Perhaps some day you will realize the difficulty and solve it; I cannot.

Today I worked very hard. I have been reading many things, and being occupied was much comfort. I look forward with mixed feelings to school, just as I look forward with mixed feelings to everything else. I need something very badly, something which my work does not seem to be able to give me, but I do not know what it is or where to look for it. The only thing I can do is to work hard as I have been working and will continue.

Margrit has postponed her trip until Tuesday. Perhaps she will not go at all. Just when we will drive up I don't know, but I think that Margrit, who has very certain plans for everything, will write you more definitely. I wish I could do something for you.

Dein

John