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New York 11/29/52

10 Uhr abends.

Lichtes Kind! Ich habe noch, in Sinne Toms
Körper ein Roast Beef Dinner in Waldorf Cafeteria für
90¢ verschlungen. Jedes mal wenn ich so etwas tue
sage ich "nie wieder" aber dann tue ich es doch
wider, ohne selbst genau zu wissen, warum.

The train arrived on time, and at 9:18 I
arrived at Penn Station, but the train had left
8 minutes earlier and now I must wait until
12:30. Actually, this is very nice, since I can
take Cecil + Loebe to some other restaurant and study
there, then sleep enroute to Washington, and
tomorrow on the train south, whenever I am
not asleep. In spite of a very crowded train -
all Providence seemed on its way to N.Y. - I succeeded
in doing some work, though not as much as I
would have liked.

Except for the very good reason which motivates
it, this trip would be quite unbearable, - but it is
strange how much power reason has over me. I sup-
pose I would travel through hell's fire, & if I
thought I had work to do there - and tonight
New York does not depress me nearly so much as
it might.

If my legs did not ache and the metal support in
my left shoe did not press on my foot so insistently,
I would visit St Martin Place on a pilgrimage, - but
then even Penn Station has its hallowed and historic
aspects. I visited the telephone booth into which
I once dropped a fatal nickel on a May morning,
and I shall go to the corner of 9th Ave and 34th Street
where I once got a ride. I also paid my respects to
the newspaper where you bought the paper on April 1, 1952
I wish I were not so tired - or all the wait-whitman
in me would come out and ride to Staten Island on the

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ferry. I did find a "package store" from which
I shall get some imported medicine for mother.

My thoughts kept returning to the ironic fact of
our not staying in Philadelphia, and my now
taking a train to the retracing that frantic and erratic
journey. I hope you will not be depressed by this
paradox, and will not make a symbol out of it,
to make it into something which it is not. ~~For~~
We shall have to make up to your parents for the
disappointment + inconvenience that we caused
them.

As for my trip home, I am surprised how
slight my fears are. I believe that father is all
too ready to fear the worst, and judging from previous
experience, I hope that it is not serious. On the
other hand, my mind is so well acquainted with
serious thoughts, that their reality realization will
not amuse me.

You forgot to send your greetings to Aunt, but
knowing your feelings toward him, I shall ex-
press them most heartily. I also forgot to give
you the address of the Boston Medical Library. It is
8 The Fenway, Boston. Would you ask Alex to tell
Tevorhovah to explain my absence to Dr. Gabryda
and Richardson, also to pick up a gift for me
in Friday's preventive medicine, if I am not back
- which is doubtful.

I wonder what you are doing now. I hope not
feeling too lonely. When you write to me, if you do, send
me Main Ponwith's address so that I may discover the
overdue letter. You should also get some tickets for
"Idomenes" - don't be afraid of spending money. It will
probably be worth while. Call up the Opera House to find
out where to get the tickets, and whether they are
"all sold out."

Now that I have gotten my money's worth out of this
card, it is 10:30. I must write to the Dean's office
Be careful, and be good. I shall think of you at the concert
Saturday night. In Gedanken nehme ich dich ganz mit
in den Arm, und bis bei Dir. Dein Arthur.

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs. Margaret Meyer
73 Upland Road
Cambridge 40, Mass.

