

Cambridge, December 5
1955

Lieber Tochen,

If I sounded strained and unnatural when we talked on the telephone tonight, it was just because I was embarrassed at having driven the Messingers out of their bed. If you call again, try to do so before 9:30, preferably at 7:00; they are usually in bed at 10:00.

But I was glad to hear your voice, and to know why there will be no letters for the next few days.

Don't worry about me. I'm not sick or very unhappy though some of the time I feel only half alive. But this evening while I listened to the music I felt you close to me and was happy. The seventeenth does not seem so far away.

Deine,
Margareth