Sav. pm. Feb. 4, 50

Dear Mr. X,

I am beginning to get settled, at least in the lab. I am sitting right now in my little office, a room about half the size of our Secretary's room, but equipped with a desk, table, and book shelves, that is all I need. My books have arrived, and it begins to look "lived in." A few doors down the hall is Mary's office, not much larger, and then comes Frank. My lab is down the hall in another direction. I have an assistant, a rather inexperienced girl, she works hard, but she is very helpful in getting things set up and ready to work together and my cooperation. Her name is Eve — bad once.

I arrived yesterday at 11:00, with 2 hours to spare. A very nice secretary, an American girl with lively black eyes, called for me. I had lunch with the staff, everybody brings his own sandwiches, makes tea, and sits together for 12 hours in the room. And several other people, including the graduate lunch room. There are about 15 people, including most of the research fellows. Dave Watson was not here, he is on a trip. I Research Fellows. Dave Watson was not here, he is on a trip. I Research Fellows. Dave Watson was not here, he is on a trip. 

s.m.

This morning, the same secretary took me around on a hunt for a room. There was little choice, and I ended up in a room at a private house, with a very old lady, widow of a room in a private house, with a very old lady, widow of a Harvard Professor, who lives with her equally old maid and a few members of the family. The house is quite acceptable, with 3 windows to a room, a nice backyard with trees, some simple, fairly good furniture, and a desk and a chair. One of the rooms is in a German student house, and no one's there. After I came 4 months ago, sent by the State Dept. to study American
Institution. The room cost $9. a week. It is not too conveniently located, about 20 Min. by street car, in the general direction towards Tuftsler Schaffil's, beyond Harvard University. To get something to eat one has to go to Harvard Square. However I suppose I'll have most of my meals in the grad house. Cafe in is one of the buildings of M.I.T. My address is 50 Mrs. Bullock, 6 Channing Street, Cambridge, Mass. Tel. Kirtland 7-3730.

And please write to the lab (Dept. Biology, M.I.T., Cambridge, Mass.).

There is a large cemetery and park nearby, which is supposed to be a bird paradise in spring, and I am looking forward to that. Also, I hope, the strollers of streetcars will induce me to walk often, at least between my home and Harvard Square.

Harmon is in perfectly well and in good mood. He can eat and drink whatever he pleases, incl. alcohol, and he has no after-effects at all. Part of his stomach was removed. His apartment is in the oldest part of the city, near downtown, in a thinking and not a very nice neighborhood. And his 2 rooms are very quiet. First one steps into his bed room, with oblique roof, and a chest piano, as in picture of Spitzweg, and then into his somewhat large living room which is decorated all over with his own pictures. The main wall is a giant frame-like Gothic scenery, with a terraced sleep mountain in the center, and palatines along the shore of a bay. I did not particularly care for the colors for first brown yellowish, for another wall he has a set of his black and white scenes, and in the bookshelf a number of books on Wallenstein, German, English etc. I spent several hours in the book, talked to Leo Landy, and nobody to Dr. Stites, head of the Dept., who will probably offer me a job. I found a train Chicago-Rochester-Portland at midnight, so we had all come in the cold home. I busily talking sleep, we felt very close, again, and it was really a pity that you are not here.

I still feel somewhat lost, and a bit homesick for you all, and to my nice room and the view of the lensman from my office window. But I hope I'll find my equilibrium soon. At any rate, I started my work already.