Wed. a.m., April 12

Dear Mother, Frances left last night, I think she was satisfied, and
he said at the end that the 4 days in a different environment did him
good and that he thought the Tedder-Lincoln trip with the Sikkens group
was profitable. On Saturday was a cold but clear day. We went out in an
old car of a student to Lincoln, where Dr. Blake has built himself a
house in old England style, on a hillside, in rolling country. Lincoln
is as old and beautiful as Lexington, only smaller, and from his house
one sees the steeple of the old church and some of the houses. We found
one site where the people of the old church and some of the houses, we found
we made coffee and a few eggs, and brownies, we ate our sandwiches and
and Frances entertained the company with stories. In the afternoon Frank
was along, took us home by way of Concord and Lexington. We had
a little chat in his house, and then we went downtown for dinner.
The Italian Market was still going strong at 7 pm. Everything was being
sold out, and Frances got a second hand out of the atmosphere, and out
of one strolling around in this neighborhood, near Hanover Street.
On Sunday, your birthday, I invited him for dinner at our French
Restaurant, and we celebrated with an excellent duck. Then we went to
the Museum, and I discovered an enormous collection of Greek vases,
and Roman sculptures. Some forty 1,000, and a magnificent collection
of coins. I wish I knew more about vases. Then we saw some rubber
pieces of black on red. We looked again at the Human exhibit, and these pieces
and I stood up against the Classic Emporium. In the afternoon we went to
Schroeder's and bought some more and went home very early, to do some work. I
had meanwhile received Mr. Hilborn's Ph. D. Thesis — 100 pages, and I am
laboring on that. On Monday, Frances few people in the lab. We had dinner
with Frank, Dave Kegus, and a few others in a rather sour Sillman place,
somewhat less refined than Sesame, and then we had a rather uncomfortable
somewhat less refined than Sesame, and then we had a rather sour Sillman place,
somewhat less refined than Sesame, and then we had a rather sour Sillman place,
Yesterday 3 a.m. I gave my lecture to my class on induction, my god, and in the afternoon his winter lecture on all movements as non-quantitative neuron mechanisms. I made the same mistake as I did: too long, and too much commented on. But quite apart from this - I always feel that these people, incl. Schmidt, are mildly interested in our work, but get excited only when matters chemical or physical are touched upon. I had the same experience when I gave my talk last Friday. There is really little common language - and this language and work is so overwhelmingly in the foreground that we others being counted. I hope to get more resonance next Friday at Brown. Wies, in a real joy. I slept.

Things are picking up nicely. Today, I shall work for the day at Harvard Medical School, in the Anatomy Dept., where I know a young neurologist, Mr. Squires. He was once my student in Woods Hole and who works on nervous system and amphetamine regeneration, and I'll read up several things in the library then. Tomorrow night, we have another stuff meeting in the matters of the reorganization of the curriculum, and the Dean has announced that he would be present - so I have to prepare myself. Friday I go to Providence, and shall probably stay until Saturday noon. And then I have to finish my revision of Bowl's thesis. I think I told you that he has accepted a job in Rochester. - No word from Tom. Have you seen or heard of him?

I am very curious to hear from you about the trip, hope to find a letter in the box this morning, and I hope you have visited the Bridges' papa to me. How did you find St. L?? - My father? - the garden? -
No word from Dori today.

It is still cool, and not much spring in sight. The climate does not seem to agree with my head and vision. I have a constant slight irritation of both. Now I have to go to work.

Love,

Viki.