MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
CAMBRIDGE 39, MASS.

DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY

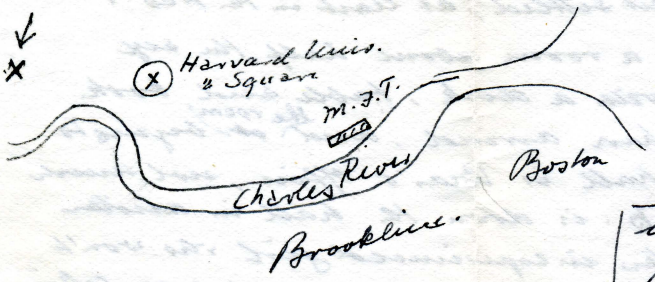
Sat. pm. Feb. 4, '50

Dear Martha, 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 the room begins to look "lived in". A few doors down the hall is Bar'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 who won't be of much help in the actual teaching, but she is very useful in getting things together, and very cooperative. Her name is Poos - bad omen.

I arrived yesterday at 11:00 a.m., with 2 hours "Verspätung". A very nice secretary, an Rumanian girl with lively black eyes called for me at the station. I had lunch with the staff, everybody brings his sandwiches, one makes tea, and sits together for 3/4 hours in a room like our Graduate Lunch room. There are about 15 people, incl. some Research Fellows. Dave Waugh was not here, he is on a trip. I decided to get started on the preparations for the course and leave the house-hunting until this morning. Barbara asked me to stay over night; we had a very rich family dinner, with David (who will be my student in Embryology; he prepares for Med. School) and Marion, and the first talk with Frank afterwards. They all left for a party at 9, and I got some sleep after 2 nights on the train.

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 in a private house, with a very old lady, widow of a Harvard Professor, who lives with her equally old maid and a few other roomers in an equally old and rumpligen house. I did not see a single room in a nice-looking house. But the room itself is quite acceptable; with 3 windows to a nice backyard with trees, some simple, fairly good furniture, incl. desk and a leather chair, and no bric-a-brac. One of the roomers is a German student who came 4 months ago, sent by the State Dept. to study American

Institutions. The room costs $9,- a week. It is not too conveniently located, about 20 Min. by street car, in the general direction towards ~~Trobbes~~ Schmidt'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 Cafeteria in one of the buildings of M.I.T. My address



is c/o Mrs. Bullock, 6 Channing Street
Cambridge, Mass. Tel. Kirkland 7-3730

But 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 showers of showers will ~~I hope~~ induce me to walk often, at least between my home and Harvard Square.

Hannes ~~has~~ is 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 Hinterhaus and not a very nice neighborhood. But his 2 rooms are very quaint. First one steps into his bed room, with oblique roof, and a Dachfenster, as in pictures of Spitzweg, and then into his somewhat larger living room which is decorated all over with his own pictures. The main wall is a giant fresco-like Bali-scenery, with a terraced steep mountain in the center, and palm trees along the shore of a bay. I did not particularly care for the colors - too flat brown yellowish. On another wall he has a set of his black-and-white scenes, and in the book shelf a number of books on Bali in Dutch, German, English etc. I spent several hours in the Lab, talked to Leo Lumb, and mostly to Dr. Charles, head of the Dept, who will probably offer Bill Mackinnon a job. I found a train (Chicago-Rochester-Toronto) at midnight, so we had all coming in Hannes' home, mostly talking shop. We felt very close, again, and it was really a pity that you were not with us.

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

Thanks just called to invite me to Sophie Shumway tonight, on Brooks's time also as the only one. I think you should write Robert Sears, Fayette ville a few nice words. And him what he would like to have Eastside doing for him upstairs. Also his address & phone please.

I hope everything, incl. you was pleasant when we left. Yours &

Edith