



VIA AIR MAIL

XVII

The job goes well

Dr. O. Donald Christman

Surgeon III.

Boston City Hospital

Boston

Massachusetts.

Thursday.

Dearest,

This is one of those letters in which I have nothing particular to say except that I am happy and I want to share it with you.

In the first place, when I left work tonight at 6:30 it was still light out. Gradually, without my realizing it, the days have become longer. There is tremendous excitement to the first realization of light at evening, like the smell of the March wind along the river road, and the first yellowness of willows.

\* Then, when I came up to my room after supper, the sky was piled high with great depths of blue clouds - I love that last colour the sky holds before it gives over to blackness - the city was a grey, indistinct mass below a huge Picasso canvas.

On top of which I had had a very nice day anyway. The committee under whose direction I am supposed to be working met today for the first time (it only took them five weeks). In the meantime, of-

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course, I've gone ahead as best I could. The main difficulty was that they hadn't wanted a goal & wasn't too eager to cooperate. I sat next to Moss through the two hour conference, showed them what I had done so far - asked them what else they wanted. They all turned out to be lambs and we had a lovely time. They all said that I'd done so much work and I said no, I had just gotten it all from them and everyone fell on everyone else's neck & slapped each other on the back and I emerged with my proposed outline fully intact & the exact direction I wanted.

Now I am working in Mann and a lovely, unconquerable shyness -

As always

Illiam.