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Dear Josh and Esther,

A pair of wonderful painless-steel instruments arrived last week, further deepening your debt to you. You are really most kind.

I have been getting lessons from Eric Kao on the micromanipulation business, and well may get into the microdrop-under-oil business after all. At the moment, the most diabolical scheme I have conceived is to poke a hole into one of the copulants, and watch what happens to its inamorata: this, I think, is technically more feasible than separating them. A microscope finally arrived today - the incandescent ribbon last week - so I am starting serious work at last.

We have now taken to telegramming, collect, to Jordan Marsh, the merchants who sent us blue chairs instead of green, but still not a single letter has reached us explaining, apologizing, or even acknowledging. If I could find out the manager's name, I'd write to him at his home: he probably has a nice one, with more than two chairs.

Garbage disposal units in the kitchen have been extended to include a large pedal bucket, of the usual shape and size, but all plastic.

This evening I'm going to some of the meetings, since they have some electron micrographs to show, and then we'll have our last session with Francis Ashton and his lute before Storrs. After the AIBS meetings, I imagine, things will be quite quiet around here.

O yes, we also go down to the sea besorkled now.

Best wishes:

*Ralph*

Memb. Corp. M.B.L.  
Thnks. fr. tin.