

25-45, 80th Street,
Jackson Heights 70,
New York, U.S.A.

22nd November, 1963.

My dear Rasmus,

Thank you for your lovely letter of 8th August and for your good wishes to me on my Birthday. As always, I enjoyed reading your letter and to hear that you were then planning a holiday in Egypt. Do hope you have managed the trip and I look forward to hearing about it in your next letter. It must have been wonderful to see all the old places in their natural surroundings. Everything and everywhere over here is so commercialised as you probably realised when you were here.

You ask me a little about the Americans and whether I find them superficial - I most certainly do. A few weeks back I was talking to a Canadian girl, she simply loves New York (I can't think why) and she finds most New Yorkers superficial. She has a boy-friend from the South and the Southerners are quite different from the people here in the North. In any case, it would be unfair to generalise - New York is definitely not America, if you know what I mean. It is full of too many undesirable types and it certainly is not safe to be out alone after office hours - and by this I mean early evening. This fact alone makes me feel depressed and despondent because I immediately think of Copenhagen and how safe it was to walk home, even in the early hours of the morning.

To be perfectly honest, I do not like it here very much and I get very homesick for England and Denmark and all my good friends. I feel completely cut off from everything that is near and dear to me and I think one should come here at the age of 20-25 and settle, as that is the age one meets one's friends and one makes one's life around one's friends. At least, that is how it is when one does not marry. Naturally, being married, one has to stay where one's husband is nearest his work, close to a school for the children, etc., but being single is quite another life.

However, I look upon this as a wonderful experience and I have been very lucky in obtaining an interesting position on Fifth Avenue, between 44th and 45th Street, for a Company who own Coal Mines in West Virginia.

On 8th November my Mother and I went to the British War Veterans Dance at the Commodore Hotel (close to Grand Central Station). We certainly had a very jolly evening and danced until 2 a.m. My brother took my Mother on the floor for a nice quiet waltz when the band suddenly commenced the Twist and she thoroughly enjoyed doing it for the very first time. She returned to her seat and sat on the edge awaiting the next dance, which was Booms-a-daisy, and she quickly dragged her exhausted son on the dance floor. My Mother is still a very good sport and everyone enjoys her company, but she, too, is very homesick for England and our friends.

Anyway, it was quite an expense getting here, so I guess we will have to remain at least 2 years, in which time I am going to save as much as possible. Wages certainly are very much better here, and I really can't see that they work any harder than the Europeans - they rush and shout and make an awful lot of noise, whereas the average Englishman works very quietly in his office without a lot of shouting and carrying on (as does the Dane). Life here is utterly and completely different, one has to close one's eyes to so much, it would be stupid to compare the different way of living, and I have just accepted it ... but certainly I have definitely not settled as I did in Copenhagen, but let me not dwell on this subject too long, because I get too depressed and despondent when I look back to what life used to be like for me.

My Mother and I are happy living in Jackson Heights, in a very small Apartment, which entails very little work and the rent is not too high. This way I can save, although my brother would like us to have something more modern.

I feel sure Gerda will receive my letter soon and she will pass on my general news to you. I do not want to repeat everything I said to her, so please forgive me. I will now close and try and get another Christmas letter written. Next Thursday it is Thanksgiving Day and a general holiday.

We

Evening.

I was interrupted for dictation and not able to finish this letter in office hours. We are all suffering with severe shock having heard, only 5 hours ago, that President Kennedy is no longer with us. What a terrible, terrible thing - and to think it can happen in this day and age and in a civilized country, too. How his wife must feel, does not bear thinking about, fancy having to endure so much. Poor woman, how will she ever forget.

Please write to me about your holiday.

Lots of love & good wishes, Dad,
From Green.