

new york, jun 18.54.

my dear, dear nell, -
lieber dr. dorr.

on tuesday I got all the
wonderfull, enthusiastic
letters, - from ernst, and
from my parents. even
my father wrote (which
actually happens only
once a year.) I always
did know, that my
parents would adore
you. but ernst - he
does not know enough
words, so much does
he love you both. -
and that hardly ever

happens! - only good,
that you, Nell - are
married!! (Siri.) Ernst
wrote, that since 2 years
he did not once have
such a happy time.
He must be very sad,
that he missed you.
They all liked Peggy so
very much. and they
all love the book!
especially my mother.
but no one told me,
what you did with it,
- what Mr. Ferguson's
advise was about??
How was the solitude?
and Baumeister?

1.) are you still going
like a torpedo ~~for~~
(dr. dorr carrying a
piano on his back)
through europe?

I am a first class -
dope. imagine, I was
standing at the pier
to meet frau dr. baud,
coming from stuttgart.
- she came, but I missed
her. I did not see her,
she wrote me, that
she was trying to
find me standing
there, for one hour.

I read once a tale
about a ~~for~~ girl who

was invisible for
human beings. - some-
times I think I am, too -
when Mrs. Cooke tells
me "how" and "what"
to paint. - and you
are so far away.
since you are in
Europe, I must write
much more. How
selfish can I be.....
- I am so glad, that
you will be back
soon. -

I called up Mrs. Galloway -
hoping she would tell
me, - that it was only

2) a dream - about
mrs. lewison. - -

after you saw betty the
last time - dear nell -
you said to me "....
...we don't know anything..."

I love you both -
as ever your rose.



