

Dec. 17. 62.

My dearest Nell - a few days ago we arrived, from Munich, again in Stuttgart.

Your beautiful letter arrived, on the very morning of the Day of Albin's operation, and of your book. I have thought of Albin on that day every minute. I was left with a feeling, that it went well. -

Now I am listening to an American Army-Station, and there are all my favored Christmas Carols, in my favored language. -

english. And all these I
learned when I was with
you in Alectra. - Always
we were together on Christ-
mas, you made it magic.
The Trees you made - so
beautiful, - they spoke.
But this year - we will
be together in a special
way. I will buy Angels-
hair and electric lights,
and try to do it as you
did. - What a surprise
it will be for Henry!
I will keep it secret, -
and then open the door!
- And it will be your tree
he will see. I could not
think of a greater present
for him. -

1) Altogether - we can not wait longer, and don't have to, - to settle on one spot for some time. About Paris we heard many things about the Deals Galleries there make. - Don't be surprised: they are far worse than anything N.Y. Galleries do - or would do.

We found a little Apt. in Munich, and will stay there at least till spring. And work!! We move in the 28. Dec.. - At last we will be able to breath again, - after an almost destructive race - back and forth - etc.. This was very bad for Henry with his

Back. But no other way
was possible. The Apt.
is only under Henry's Name.
(Very complicated paper-
business in Germany!)

So, please write:

Rose Alber (not Mrs. H. Mentzel)
bei Mr. Henry Mentzel
München

Forstenrieder Allee 8

Apt. 8 1. Stock

I would have written
earlier, but I became
almost neurotic - , not having
an Address to send to you.
Please send "the Bare Feet"
there, it will bless our
stay in that Apartment, and
above all, our work, that
is what I have been thinking,
and it eased my impatience

2.) to hold your Book in my hands. -

You know -, that is, you
nor anybody else knows
as well as I, - how Billa
Sevina, or any other place,
- simply is not, - if you
are not there. Once Papa
Darr, Henry and I stayed at
Billa Sevina alone for some
days; - and I still see how
different it was, how you
were missing - and gone was
the main feeling we always
had there. The same last
summer; - no - it is not the
place, - it is you. I know,
that Billa Sevina is, where ever
you make a home.

Of course, it is hard for you

to have to create all over again your atmosphere, and for a while not to have it.

But I know it will be again, and we will be there with you as we always were.

I have send a tiny package to Villa Serina, and this letter goes there to. Surely it will get to you. Either you will be in Glaxaradie, or with Tina on Christmas. Either will be good, for you are loved very much there.

From now on I will write, for we have now a "base". Father is well, he sends his love to you.

Always my love to you-as ever - Rose.