



310 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
Corner 103rd Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL
ART CENTER
OF
ROERICH MUSEUM

CABLE ADDRESS "CORUND"
TELEPHONE CLARKSON 1700
Agencies in all Foreign Countries

My dear Madame Boerich:

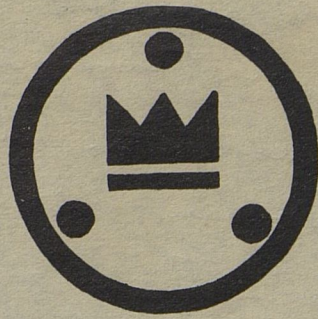
It is such a great pleasure, as well as a privilege, to be writing you. You knew long ago of my coming to New York - after all these nine years - I help a little in this wonderful work, to serve the Lord. It is all so beautiful sometimes I can scarcely keep my feet on the ground. Through service, through love and devotion, I come closer and closer to Him; and to the Source so far beyond, the far of Worlds.

But self-purification, unselfishness, sacrifice, learning - all is very difficult. Many times we seem in a fog not knowing how to proceed. You are so very close to Him, I want to ask that some indication be sent me, if I am worthy to receive. I know that we must help ourselves, but there are guides

who may show us the road up the mountain if we ask it.

The receipt of the cables accepting the gift for printing Agni Yoga was an event. I am so happy for this rare privilege. When I think of what the printing of this edition is going to mean to many people, I can scarcely believe that it is through me the Master has chosen to give these copies. For my life I shall be worthy of this blessing. For some time - two or three weeks - I had been thinking something ought to be done, for, I was told, when I asked for copies for friends, that only a few remained and could not yet be given out. It seemed terrible that people longed for these books could not have them at all. So when one day at lunch with Maurice and Miss Grant Maurice almost wept because Miss Grant said there were no funds I resolved to speak what I had been thinking. At first I mentioned loaning the \$1000.00 necessary, then, as we talked, I felt it must be a gift. So that is how it came about - and we are all so happy now.

There has happened a most extraordinary thing which I must tell you about. On Monday, November 17th I was in Buffalo. I decided I would at a "tea room" where a certain woman "read" your tea cups. I had heard she was very clever. When she came to my table she told me to turn my cups upside down, put my left hand on it and wish.



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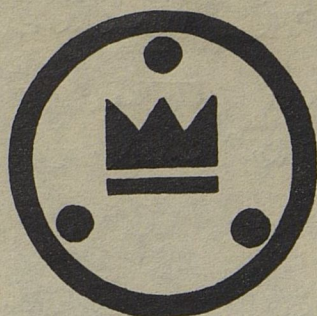
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I wished - to myself - that I might serve the
Master always. When I turned the cup upright
only 2 bones fell out. Then the lady told me
extraordinary things of myself and "read" my
character exactly. But important is this,
she said she saw in my cup a six pointed star.
She said it was the sign of David and meant I was
working with Jewish people. Now is the
great thing. On Saturday I received a letter
inclosed in an envelope from my home
town post office: This letter was from the
dead letter post office from Washington
and had probably been mailed about Nov-18th
or 19th. On the envelope of this Washington letter
right yter my name was a six pointed star
☆ - like this = Spencer Kellogg Jr. The letters
in the envelope from the dead letter office were sent out
by me asking for help for delinquent children, a

great and good work which would be approved of by the Master. Your cable must have been sent also on the 17th. I feel so sure this was a sign for me.

I am so interested in Anusvati - I have an idea of its great importance to mankind in the future and hope some day I visit this Holy Place - the lovely Kulu valley. How beautiful it must be there.

I suppose you already know of how my dear friend Eliot Clark - who I have known for over 20 years - has become interested here. Last summer I spent 3 weeks with him at his home in Connecticut on the Anusvati river. The winter before he was my guest for 9 months in Europe. His a landscape painter but one of the finest ones I have ever known - a beautiful spirit. As a result of our living together abroad we had often talked of spiritual matters and of some way of helping humanity. This summer he asked me if I would not take a room in N. York with him, give lectures and hold exhibitions all much along the lines of this work of ours. I said very little but when I got home in September I saw the light. No, said I, it is wrong to duplicate, I start new things when there are fine things already going I suggest.



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I felt that I wanted to learn "cooperation",
humility. So I told him of Prof Roerich
and how I wanted to work under such
a great leader as he was, such a giant in
the world of art and letters. Dank most
unexpectedly agreed with me and as a result
has been engaged for 6 lectures now and
16 after Christmas. He is to have a room
in the building - too. Isn't that wonderful?
My best friends - Eliot and Maurice - both
here.

Today I receive a most interesting letter
from a man in Dallas Texas - a
painter and Director of the Dallas Art
Institute. He says in part: "This summer
after five years work I visited 22 museums,
I was bored to death by most of them, or rather

most in them. I had the good fortune to spend
one afternoon in the Boerich Museum. I
learned in more there than I did on the whole
trip together. At the end of a couple of hours
I was exhausted, I left afraid that I had
absorbed too much, afraid that I would
borrow some idea, overwhelmed. ---
I would certainly like to know more of the Boerich
Museum, and the idea that is back of it. Will
you be kind enough to write me about it?

I intend to "jump" him full of this
wonderful work.

For the moment, dear Madam Boerich, I
shall discontinue. Everyone so thanks you
for the wonderful work you are doing and
our thought & love go out in great waves
of you and those with you. Do please
remember me to Miss Liehtmann whom
I have not seen for so long.

Affectionately, In His Name
yours
James

Nov 24th '30