

7

little in sentiment now a days.

I can hear a noise in the valley as though all the goats in Kulu were having their tails twisted, and it is symbolic of the confusion I found among my belongings when I arrived last night — so it was just as well that I returned to resume my room from wandering nationalities. The friends I expected however have not yet arrived. When they do, or I have news of them, I shall write to Svetoslav Nikolaiovich (is that correct?) to arrange that we meet. We can then proceed with our plans for the future of the world and the fate of Indian culture.

My best regards to Professor Roerich and your family, with many thanks. As the psalmist says "Happy are they that live in thy house, for they shall call thee blessed."

Yours affectionately

Freda Martin.

I am gluttously eating
from a basket of cherries!

You are kind. The Banon cherries
are pale imitations.

Manali

Friday 25th.

Jean Madame Roerich

From where I sit - it seems as
though I can see the same line of mountain
that we watched from your garden. This is a
pleasant illusion, if it is an illusion, because
it brings you all the nearer.

I so much enjoyed my stay with you - it
was the most perfect part of my holiday.

Such a gracious atmosphere, such felicitous
conversation and such an enchanting setting,

I was very happy indeed. Your kindness
to this stranger will not be soon forgotten.

I have been reading the little books that

Professor Roerich gave me, and I can see that

you have spread the same effulgence wherever

you have been in the world: it is "sentimental"

in the best sense of that word. We live too