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MRS. LIONEL SUTRO
115 CENTRAL PARK WEST
NEW YORK CITY

August 14, 1935.

My dear Madam Roerich,

Your letter of July 26th has just reached me and it is a real joy to hear directly from you. My trip to Europe last summer seems very far away, although I still have very interesting recollections of it. Your report of the work that you and Svetoslav are doing with the medical herbs, is very interesting and I am looking forward to the pictures which you have promised to send.

I received the finger-bowls from Esther last March but did not realize that you had sent them. I imagined she had picked them up somewhere in India. They are my greatest joy and I show them off upon every occasion and they are always very much admired. I want to thank you at this late date and apologize for not having written to you sooner about them.

The Horchs, Lichtmanns and Miss Grant are so very busy that I do not see nearly as much of them as I would like to. I have not been away from New York this summer except for a few days at a time. It has been exceedingly hot, possibly the hottest summer we have had in many years, but there is always something to do to keep me busy and I have not minded the heat very much.

My grandson went abroad with a young college mate to Norway and Sweden. They took an old Ford with them and have apparently had a very good time. My daughter flew to Chicago yesterday on her way to

Glacier National Park, where she is meeting friends for a short vacation.

I hope your health is better and do wish it were possible for you to come back to us.

I get fleeting accounts of Prof. Roerich's wanderings, but nothing very definite.

Thanking you again for your interesting letter and finger-bowls, I am

Cordially yours,

FS:R

Florentine S. Lutro

P.S. Kind regards to Svetoslav.

By mistake this letter went in the wrong envelope & reached a young friend of mine at camp near Port Henry, who has just returned to me - Probably you received the letter & note to him

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MRS. LIONEL SUTRO
115 CENTRAL PARK WEST
NEW YORK CITY

August 24, 1935.

My dear Madam Roerich,

The letter I mailed to you yesterday, as you will have noticed, was written on the 14th and by mistake it was put into an envelope addressed to a young boy at camp in Westport, N.Y. He sent it to his mother in Canada and she finally sent it back to me. In the meantime, you probably received the letter I wrote to him. Do not bother to return it, as it is of no consequence now.

Since writing you yesterday I have received the folder with the photographs of Professor Roerich's paintings, which I am delighted to have. Most of them are new to me and of course are beautiful-- they couldn't be otherwise.

The summer which has been terrifically hot is almost over I am glad to say and I have been very busy. Frances Grant dined with me this week and we went over the manuscript of my book - the story of my life - which she is publishing. I do not know whether I told you about it before. We worked very steadily all evening and hope it will be out some time in September. As I have never written anything for publication before, I did not realize what a task I had undertaken. It has taken me over two years to complete it.

Sina is dining with me next week and I suppose we will have a lot to tell each other about our future work. They are really doing wonderful work with

the school and have made such a brave fight against almost unsurmountable odds. All six of your co-workers are wonderful people, so very altruistic.

I want to thank you again for your thoughtfulness in sending me the replicas.

With kind regards, I am

Cordially yours,

FS:R

Florentine S. Lutho