

(1) Nov. 24, 1929.

1

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

I would have written sooner, but I just couldn't after what happened. To write and say nothing was impossible, and I couldn't bear to even think about it, so I just didn't write at all. Just don't think that I've forgotten my "old teacher" (as she chooses to call herself).

Mrs. Horch was unbelievably brave. Her lovely smile never once left her face in spite of all the sorrow and suffering she had gone through. The other night she told me about her trip. I was so happy I could have screamed (even though it was in the museum). The combination of E. J. L. Mme. Raenich + India would be enough to cheer anyone up, and Mrs. Horch is certainly looking forward to seeing you - she loves you so!

About a month ago, Alexander Selote gave his last recital and of course lots of musicians were there. I made it my business to stand right beside Mr. Therinne

even later. I certainly hope my  
joking doesn't materialize!

I'm having an awfully busy  
winter, but quite a pleasant one, as  
I enjoy everything I'm doing. There's the  
lect: Dictation and Harmony at N.Y. U.  
Columbia - Mrs. Wagenaar - Oriental Art -  
Dr. Koenig (he's just a peach!) Greek -  
by the mile, from a man that's as  
flat as a pancake but happens  
to be an excellent teacher - Byzantine  
music (hard as everything but interesting)  
and I'm also attempting to teach  
5 lessons a week. One of my students  
(a gentleman who says he's 26 - However  
I don't think he counted the summers!)  
is dumbness personified. I must tell  
you about him when I see you.  
The rest are just great - so far.

I'll gladly send you the "Times"  
again. I never could figure out  
what you wanted the "American"  
for. It never says anything really  
important. Mostly sensational trash.  
If there are any books or special  
magazines that you would like  
to have, be sure to tell me.  
Cherry sodas are bad for me anyway

for a considerable length of time,<sup>2</sup>  
thereby having the unique opportunity  
of thoroughly examining the famous  
wig. Well, it's a wig, sure enough.  
(I put on my glasses to be sure). For  
about two inches above the ears,  
the gentleman's hair is a grayish  
black, and the rest is the woolly  
brown the whole world knows.  
A pupil of his, Walter Haig, gave  
a recital at the Institute the other  
night, and it happened that I  
sat next to Mrs. Thérèse all  
evening. However, I didn't get at  
all excited, and for the first time  
I was glad you weren't there to  
tear the life out of me.

Constance had her tonsils  
out at last, and she's feeling  
just fine. She ought to have a fine  
winter. Anna can't wait for June  
to come. In fits of despair she  
calls me "heartless, cold-blooded" etc  
because I tell her you won't  
be back till next Sept. or maybe

so don't let that worry you.

I visited Mrs. Schafrau about a week ago. Her apartment and Mrs. Lichtmann's are lovely. Mrs. L. has been working terribly hard, and has gotten quite thin - (which makes her look all the more delicious.) She deserves a good vacation. Mr. L. is still as big a tease as he used to be. He's forever calling me a "child" without any respect for my advanced years.

### Sunday

Spent the entire day giggling with Constance. We went to Staten Island, (Helen is staying there all winter) ate till we were almost weak, and then proceeded to get silly. The atmosphere greatly resembled the one at the French restaurant in Canada one evening, only Constance had nobody to fall into, and I didn't take the napkin upstairs with me. It was the first bit of real fun we've had this winter and we certainly enjoyed it. The "Ornament" would have completed the picture.

Mrs. Justice, Marie, Anna, Constance, Janet, Simon, my whole family etc. indefinitely send love. Your orphan sends love + and wishes you a wonderfully happy new year and a million other things besides. (NICE things - please)

PS - Thanks heaps for the pictures - But you've got to be much kinder to suit me.

(2)

Sunday - Jan. 5 - 3

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

Thanks a million times for the lovely magazine. It made me feel awfully guilty however, because I haven't had a chance to send you the papers for the past two weeks. I had to be in Staten Island both Sundays over the holidays so I naturally didn't get the papers. The only thing of any importance in the musical world during the past two weeks was Alexander Lambert's death. The poor old man was killed by a taxi on 86<sup>th</sup> St and Broadway. (Which leaves poor Minnie without a teacher again. He was giving her three lessons a week just like that)

There's been lots of excitement about a new Spanish pianist. A few years ago it was Horowitz - now it's Jose Iturbi. I heard him in two of his recitals, and once with the Philharmonic and liked him very much. I could almost swear that you two had the same teacher because he has every one of your tricks when it comes to piano playing.

alone, and especially now with all the terrible storms at sea. Mrs. Horsch looks much better now, and you can't imagine how happy she is at the thought of seeing you again. She's been such a good sport! (in plain American.) You asked about little Ovide. She died in the Doctor about a week after they had moved in. Naturally this didn't help matters any! The little boy looks wonderful. He's a round little thing (something like the way you look now) and is always smiling. You'll adore him!

Mrs. Lichtmann has been overworking as usual. She doesn't say anything of course, but something tells me she hasn't been feeling so well lately. I wish you'd scold her a bit.

To-morrow night a Hindu dancer Sri Ragini is giving a dance & song recital at the school. There have been some lovely events there this year. About two weeks ago there was a Hindu man and a supposedly Hindu woman. Well if she was a Hindu so am I! The man sang nicely and the music was interesting (he used native instruments) but the lady was rather heavy and queer looking and had on a most idiotic smile. Outside of all that however she was quite graceful, and her voice was quite agreeable.

I've been quite busy all along but not with the piano. I have a guilty conscience as

While you've been away I've been having <sup>4</sup>  
a wonderful time bouncing around between Mr.  
and Mrs. Lichtmann. Still I've bounced back to  
Mrs. and take my first lesson with her on Tuesday.  
You should hear me practice scales!!

Constance left for Arkansas yesterday. Some  
fairly godmother invited her out there for three  
weeks! She feels wonderful now. No more  
colds even in the worst kind of weather. Mrs.  
de Roman is expecting to go either to Spain or Porto  
Rico in February. Diana is staying in the city  
at boarding school. By the way, she's right back  
at her old habits again. I'm convinced that Diana  
needs you more than any other one of your pupils,  
and Mrs. de Roman agrees with me.

You tell me the Rajah was delighted to  
pose for you. Now please tell me this also -  
Should he be a normal human being if he  
were anything but delighted to pose for you?  
Still, he's a handsome rajah and all that, but  
please don't bring him back with you. You know  
you threatened us all one night about bringing  
back a Hindu prince etc! As to the trip  
you mention - well, that's a thing that can only  
be dreamed of, but it would be wonderful!

No doubt you know that Mrs. Horch  
has postponed her trip. I'm glad in a way because  
it really is an awfully long trip for her to take

I must confess to Mama - I haven't practised decently for the last 4 months - but I'm starting to-morrow, honestly! So don't scold. Furthermore I'm horribly jealous of that dumb-bell the rajah and I wish you'd hurry up home. (Now I sound like a two year old - and to think that I'll be an old woman over 20 when you get back!)

I can't decide whether or not to let my hair grow. (Important issue!) Mama (the flapper) says "no", and Papa says "yes". Please help me decide. What you say goes. Tify is quite a young lady now. She grows in every way - except practising - The other day Mr. Lichtmann told her that if she'd count she'd be a countess! He's a darling!

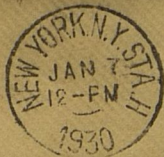
I haven't another thing to say, and I must do my Greek homework. My darling teacher (I'd like to murder him) comes at 9:00 to-morrow morning. It is now approximately 2. A.M. So good-night with a big kiss. Papa - Mama - Tify and Soc. send their love - AIIINA TOO - Lots of it.

With love

Frieda.

P.S. Hope I dream about you - I'll probably have a night mare with Mr. Rajah the cause of it!  
Please tell me more about Madam Roerich - give her an extra kiss for me - but don't tell her who sent it!





5

REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
YOUR MAIL



Miss E. J. Lichtmann  
c/o Prof. Z. Boerichs  
Naggar Kulu  
Punjab  
British India

REGISTER

601 St. Louis  
New York City  
USA



(3)

January 28-6

Dearest Miss Lichtmann

I received your letter wherein you say that you haven't heard from me in three months. I do admit that I'm lazy but not to that extent. You should have had a letter from me early in December another one around the 18<sup>th</sup> or 20<sup>th</sup> and a Christmas card, with two little handkerchiefs, around the 25<sup>th</sup>. Please tell me whether you have received them.

Now that I know you'll be home soon, it's getting hard to wait. You see I had accustomed myself to the idea that you wouldn't be back for a few centuries, so six months should seem short now. But they don't.

She claims she doesn't know what to do with all the health she has accumulated since she's had her tonsils out. Sounds pretty good coming from Constance.

I am now enjoying the unique privilege of teaching Diana while you're away. I spoke to Mrs. Luchtman about it to-day and from what she tells me Mrs. de Romau went to see her and a grand time followed, after which Mrs. de Romau called me up asking me to teach Diana. Mrs. L. said it was all right for me to do so, and I'm hoping for the best. Will cable all developments!

Last night there was a lecture at the Institute on "Nicholas Goerich and the Quest for Beauty." by a Mrs. H. Baker. She read some of the poems from "Flame in Chalice". They really are beautiful and she did them well.

I had lunch and a lesson with Mrs. L.  
to-day. The lunch was good - the lesson pretty  
good (in spots) and she's positively delicious.  
I'm getting terribly fond of her and I  
enjoy every minute of my lessons. Only  
how I struggle! Do you know I played  
better two years ago than I do now!  
At present I'm stuck on my last Clementi  
exercise. I know the dumb thing almost  
by heart but I can't go through it  
without almost dying of exhaustion. The  
Schumann Toccata I murder to provide  
exercise for myself, also the Bach figures  
and the Chopin Etudes. This week I  
brought the Toccata & Fugue in D minor  
at Mrs. L.'s request. Poor Bach! What he  
suffers when I get hold of him. I  
know he's going to object soon! My final  
crime is "the Lark" by Glucka Balakereff.  
You should hear that lark yodel.  
Now that I've bored you so beautifully  
I'll proceed.

Constance came back on Sat. from  
Hot Springs. She resembles you in  
roundness, having gained eight pounds.

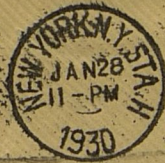
Mrs. Horch is getting ready. She'll be leaving in a few weeks. I wonder who'll be preparing for a trip next February. It seems to be the chosen month.

When you receive this letter Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> will already be past. It'll be the first birthday of E. J. L. on which I won't have a lesson since the birdie told me about it. Anyway, I'm sending you my best wishes and love and hope that we'll spend your 200<sup>th</sup> birthday together! The whole family sends love. Fipy was thrilled with the letter. Do write and tell me your plans for the summer and when you're planning to leave India. I'm dying of suspense.

With heaps of love

Frieda.

P.S. I feel better about the Papa now that you assured me that it is not a Nancy Miller story.

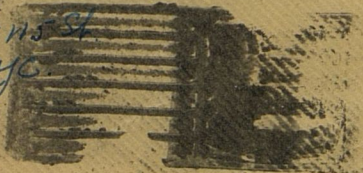


REGISTER  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE



Miss E. J. Lichtmann  
c/o Prof. Z. Roerich  
Naggar Kulu  
Punjab  
British India

*Lazarus*  
601 W. 115 St  
nyc.





(N4) February 13 — 9

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

First of all I want you to give Mrs. Horch a big squeeze and an enormous kiss for me — then tell her to do likewise. I'm trying to imagine the wonderful time you'll both have now that you are to-gether again. Well, you certainly deserve it, although I do think it's time our wandering E. J. L. thought of returning home.

Yours truly has to play at a recital next Thursday night. To use trying to get out of it any longer. As Mrs. Lichtmann says, 'I'm cooked' this time. Last night I dreamt that you had come home and that when I told you

pretty well so far! Not that she  
practises particularly, but at least  
she's willing to cooperate. Her mother  
left for Porto Rico a few weeks ago,  
and that poor child is leading sort  
of a miserable existence locked up in  
that school. I feel sorry for her  
although there are times when----!!!

I suppose you've already been  
told of the junior recital at the  
Institute. As usual your infants shone.

There isn't another thing to  
say and I've been telling Anna  
to get married so as I'd have  
something to tell you that's really  
exciting. However, she won't listen  
to her elders! (ahem).

I can't begin to tell you how  
many people send love etc. so try to  
imagine them all.  
With heaps of love to you & Mrs H.  
Tricia.

of the recital you said I didn't <sup>10</sup>  
have to play. Fairy tales!!

Last week proved quite an interest-  
ing one in the way of concerts. "Josie  
and Rosie" Chevonne gave a two piano recital.  
My poor Teddy bear! His wife is much  
better than he is! A few nights later

he appeared at Orloff's concert. As usual  
Orloff was fine, but I'm convinced  
that J.L. is a pineapple of the first  
degree. After the concert Gertrude and I  
followed him - (We're still terribly childish!)

He walked toward 6<sup>th</sup> Ave. and by the  
time he got across the street, we  
thought we'd surely have to identify  
the body. Then he began to gaze  
at the Hippodrome as though he'd  
never seen such an animal before.

In other words - he's nuts!!

Diana and I are getting on

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

Well, tonight I am going to say good by to Mrs Hark and Frieda has a bet that I am going to cry, as a matter of fact she thinks I am going to drown her. Frieda does not realize that I am a year older since I said good by to you and I have learned to control my self more a less. You will see for your self when you come home. I promise the attacks will not be to ~~strenuous~~ sudden.

Give Mrs H. my love and in the meantime we will all be waiting patiently or otherwise for your return.

Lots of love & kisses  
Anna.



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RECEIVED  
OR  
INSURE  
VALUABLE



Miss E. J. Lichtmann  
C/o Prof. W. Roerich  
Naggar Kulu  
Punjab  
British India.

Thayaris

601 W. 115 St.

New York-City  
U.S.A.



(N5)

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

Isn't he adorable? He gets handsomer every day, and his wig gets browner as he gets gray. Howevah!!

It was good to hear from you again after what seemed ages. You certainly fooled us all with that adorable picture.

Papa + Mamma thought it was Josephine, I was in a complete fog for a long time, and Mrs. Lichtmann was sure that although the handwriting resembled "her sister's" remarkably it was not her sister in the picture.

I'm going to take it to Mrs. Lichtmann to-day.

I heard Hoffmann (excuse the extra "f") last Saturday, and also got his autograph. He was at his very best and you know what that means. After the concert we went back to the reception room and I met Mrs. Spector and Ira. I felt so sorry for both of them. Ira is without a teacher again and all on account of that dumb father of his. After they left

young April 12  
Don't be a young April 12  
St. Louis  
So!!

seemed quite happy at that.

The recital came and went and I'm still alive. For a change I didn't play a single wrong note and I'm sure you'll agree that that's an achievement. As to the rest I can't say because I didn't hear anything, but Mrs. Lichtmann didn't murder me so I suppose it was bearable.

You should have seen Anna and myself the other night dressed up ~~in~~ French costumes. You would have laughed yourself sick. I know we did. It was the first meeting of the French Society of the "Friends of Roerich" and Miss Kahn had the brilliant idea of dressing up the ushers as "little French girls" Goo Goo!! Can you imagine - Greeks becoming French! Nobody can accuse us of not being internationally



the school they took Ira to the Chevannes. B  
Mrs. Chevanne gave him a scholarship but naturally  
wouldn't teach him every week. She gave him  
over to a student of Chevannes (a certain Mr.  
Haigh who once gave a recital at ~~the~~ Institute)  
and she heard him either once or twice a  
month. It seems that Ira didn't like this  
man Haigh (although he liked Mrs. Chevanne)  
and neither did Papa Spector - therefore he  
takes Ira away, and I suppose he's teaching  
him in his own brilliant way.

You can just imagine what Mrs.  
Spector has gone through this winter. She  
told me she wanted to go back to Mr. L.  
but could never get the nerve to go  
upstairs and speak to him. Now she's trying  
to get Ira into the Curtis Institute so  
as to get away from New York and  
of course her husband's interfering. Ira  
was so cute. All he did was talk about  
you and finally he came out with it,  
"Please Frieda, get me back to Miss Lichtmann."  
I told him I'd write to you about him,  
and that I would let him know  
as soon as you came home. He

interested etc. The only trouble was that people took the costume too seriously and began to jabber French a mile a minute. Having had exactly two months of French I couldn't very well carry a conversation so I had to tell them that "Me no speaks da French!"

We took some snapshots. (wearing the costumes) If they come out all right I'll send you some.

You must be having a wonderful time with Mrs. Horch. Do write and tell me all you've seen, and also when you're coming home. However don't tell Anna because she can't afford to lose any weight and she'll die of suspense if she knew a definite date.

Mama, Papa, Tify (you should see the size of her now) Soc, and everybody you can think of send love to you both.  
Heaps of love to you & Mrs. Horch  
Frieda.

(N6)

April 3 -

14

Dearest Mrs Lichtmann,

Lately it seems that when I write to you I have a distinguished messenger to carry my letters to you - First Mrs. Horch - now Dr. Roerich. Do thank him for me again.

I said good-bye to Prof. R. this afternoon and my heart was either in my mouth or my feet - I don't remember which - but I do know that I was tongue-tied. We'll all miss him horribly.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Kehayon  
sent me two tickets for the opera,  
and told me to give one to you.  
But I knew you wouldn't have  
enjoyed it and instead I went  
with Mrs. Kramer. She began her  
lessons again with Mrs. Lichtmann  
as did Charlie.

Whoopie! (ask Mrs. Korch to explain that)  
I'm on the faculty for next year and  
outside of the fact that I'm thrilled  
and at the same time petrified with  
fear I'm all right. I'm afraid I'll  
depend on you for lots of moral if  
not physical support before the year  
is over. That's all for the present. It's awfully  
late and this must get to the Institute if  
it's ever going to get to you. Hugs of love to you + Mrs. Korch.

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I loved the picture with your  
"pets". As soon as I see Mr. Sugarman  
or Mr. Corbett, I'll speak to them  
about installing the "Wild Animal  
Apartment" in the Master Building.  
Such an apartment can always  
be useful, because even if your  
animals over there refuse to come,  
it can always be used by certain  
musical ones over here. (There will be  
a piano in the room for the purpose).

You must be furious with  
me about the papers. I have no  
excuse - just plain dumbness on my  
part. I'll try to be good however.

Love - Frieda

(14)

April 7-

16

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

You'll never know how thrilled I was when I received your cards. It's horribly lonesome without you, and that familiar purple ink in the morning mail helps matters so.

Things are going on very smoothly otherwise. Mr. Lichtmann and I are getting along beautifully—even though he does tease me almost to death. I'm getting to love him more and more every day—but I'm still a wee bit afraid of him—(a sure sign of that being that I practice at least three hours a day).

All sorts of things have been happening since you left. First the baby—Mr. Horch was going around on wings for about a week later.

to stop him. I dutifully forgave  
him his sins and led him to  
the reserved section.

I'm awfully glad that you  
had such a lovely trip. By the  
time you receive this novel, you'll  
have had a full taste of the  
East. Do write and tell me about  
Prof. + Mme. Goerich, India, + Jack.  
Of course I don't want to hear a  
word about you - but I guess you  
already know that.

My sweetheart Joseph L. and  
I had a quarrel the other day  
and we've parted for good. I told  
him my heart was now in India,  
and he got jealous. I'm enclosing  
a picture of the dear bald-headed  
bear. I know you'll love it.

The girls, Mrs. De Roman,  
my whole family and Julius  
send their love to you. Please  
write, because honestly you don't know  
what it means to hear from you  
even though it's only one word.

With all my love  
Frieda -

Then the cornerstone. The whole thing was so moving and sincere. Miss Grant's speech was beautiful beyond words. Of course she left a few days later, and for the second time within one month I had that peculiar sinking feeling. Tuesday night and a senior recital in which thank goodness, I do not play.

Mrs. Lichtmann is showing the movies of India after the recital. That'll give me an idea of "Jack's" appearance. By the way you must send me a picture of E. J. L. and her bodyguard (against lizards etc) "Jack". Please tell him to take good care of you otherwise he may have a taste of the Greek temper.

At the cornerstone laying Mr. Sutro confessed in a most victorious manner that he held your hand for an awfully long time when there was nobody there



(N8)

May 24, 1930

18

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

I had stopped writing with the fond hope that you'd have left India by the time my letters reached you. However, during the last year I've acquired the patience of Job, so I'll start all over again, now hoping to see you before I'm fifty.

The retouching on Lherminier's picture was excellent. I think even he would like it. About Ira - Mrs. Spector brought him up about two weeks ago and he played for me. He played something that Walter Hraig taught him, quite well. He must be a thorough teacher though hardly an inspiring one (I believe I told you he played at the Institute once). He then played the Chopin E minor waltz. You already know how Ira loves to rush through things. Well that natural tendency of Ira's

forty people present. I had chills, fever and concert-tremors all at once, and I couldn't sleep for the next two nights, but it was quite nice in spite of it all. (By the way, I'll be in the same sad condition next Tuesday night at the last recital of the season. Mrs. L. is an angel most of the time but when it comes to concerts she has absolutely no sympathy for me. Something like you! I'm supposed to play Glazounow's Gavotte in D. I'll weigh myself after the concert and let you know how much I lost.

#### NEWS IN BRIEF.

##### SOCIETY

- 1) FIFTY KEHAYA MARRIED - April 15, 1930. A.D. (will reside in BREMEN)
- 2) MISS KAHN (My former German teacher) ENGAGED (announced MAY 11th.)
- 3) STUDENT-FACULTY GATHERING HELD IN KIVA ROOM MAY 21st. VERY NICE.
- 4) MISS ANNA PALEDES SAILS FOR EUROPE ON JUNE 18th ON THE CONSULICALINER "VULCANIA"
- 5) MISS FRIEDA LAZARIS OF NEW YORK and MORITZ H CELEBRATED HER 20th BIRTHDAY ON MAY 11th AMIDST FIREWORKS.
- 6) MISS FIFTY LAZARIS MADE HER CONCERT DEBUT IN RUERICH HALL ON MAY 17th. HER PROGRAM CONSISTED OF BEETHOVEN'S ECCOSHAISES. NO ENCORES PERMITTED (TOSCANINI'S HABIT)

19  
to-gether with Mrs. Spector's beautiful teaching  
succeeded in making that thing pretty messy.  
Mrs. Spector tells me Ira fights with his  
father all the time. It really is sad,  
and Mrs. Spector is quite discouraged. She  
loves you and Mrs. L. as much as ever, but  
I'm afraid she has it in for Mrs. L. I  
tried to talk it out of her but it didn't  
do much good. I'm pretty sure she'll come  
to see you in the fall, because she  
really knows and appreciates all you've  
done for Ira, regardless of that husband  
of hers. I'll get in touch with her again  
and let you know.

I wish your letter had come a  
few weeks sooner concerning the Greek  
Association. We've already elected officers and  
had our first meeting on the 15th of May.  
Mrs. Lichtmann suggested that we call  
it the Origen Association. Papa thought  
that very good - so Origen it is. The  
meeting was held in Greek except for  
Mrs. L.'s address, and there were about

WEEKLY MOVIES ANNOUNCED AT ROERICH HALL  
LARGE ATTENDANCE. GOOD PICTURES.

MISS F. LAZARIS MAY SPEND THE SUMMER AT  
HER ESTATE IN MORIAH. HOWEVER HER PLANS  
AS YET ARE UNCERTAIN.

MASTER STEPHEN PALEDES, AGED 10, PLAYED  
FOR MRS. S. LICHTMANN ON MAY 30 1930.  
FORTUNATELY FOR HIS TEACHER, MISS F. LAZARIS  
HE PLAYED WELL. HE HAS BEEN STUDYING  
FOR SIX MONTHS, AND HIS PROGRAM CONSISTED  
OF. SCALES (ALL MAJORS and up to F# minor)  
HANON (NO. 15)  
KÖHLER (HAS STUDIED UP TO NO. 7)  
BACH - (2 MINUETS + MUSETTE)  
TSCHAIKOWSKY - (POLLY'S FUNERAL)  
HANNAH SMITH (PLANTATION MELODY)  
HE SPECIALIZES IN BACH.

TO BE CONTINUED

The pictures of the Greek French girls  
look rather peculiar. So we'll spare  
you the shock. How is Mrs. Horsch  
feeling? She looked pretty well in the  
pictures although it was hard to tell.  
Give her my love and tell her I'm  
furious at her - still she hasn't written.  
I'd write first but there's nothing new to  
tell her. But I love her anyway so give  
her a big squeeze for me. Everybody here  
sends love to you including your  
orphan (now she's convinced that she is one.)  
PLEASE DECIDE TO COME HOME!

FRIEDA.

Please excuse appearance of this letter.  
My pen is temperamental for a change  
Just had a Greek lesson. Am reading  
Plato's Apology and Crito. Gorgeous!!

June 10, 1930 <sup>21</sup>

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

(N9)

I've just finished a letter  
to Mrs. Loukes of Moriah N. Y. etc.  
asking her to save me the front  
room. So now you know my summer  
plans. Neither original nor daring!  
About a month ago I thought  
that I might accompany Anna  
to Greece. However her mother won't  
let her stay in Athens, and I  
had no particular desire of spending  
most of my summer in a town  
or with relatives—so I decided I  
might just as well stay home.  
Anna sails next week. I'll miss  
her terribly, but I suppose I'll get  
used to that, as I have to other things.

with Mrs. L. She looks quite well  
and may come to Iowa this summer.  
Janet Simon played at the very first  
recital of the season and to my estimation  
was the best on the program. She  
played "Soaring" and she certainly knew  
what she was doing. I haven't seen her  
since. At the junior recital all your  
"little animals" played beautifully as usual.

Next day.

Received your letter this morning  
and have been living on air all  
day in spite of a miserable cold.  
I'm not very graceful about expressing  
what I feel. You know that - But I  
do hope that some day I'll be able  
to do you justice, and to pour to you  
all my appreciation for what you've  
done and meant to me all these years.

I'm awfully sorry about the Oregon  
Association. I had to give a report of all  
the officers the other day. I wish you'd

You have a most remarkable <sup>22</sup>  
habit of chasing wars. Fortunately,  
you know how to get out of them  
quite safely, so I'm not worried.

Those Hindus certainly picked a fine  
time to get excited!! Then you expect  
me to have any sympathy for them!!

You asked about your students.  
The trouble is I don't get to see  
many of them in the new building.  
I saw Selma Ashman and Bernice  
quite a while ago. I'm afraid you  
won't recognize them when you come  
back in 1970. Both young ladies!

Johanna Jacobs hasn't got half the  
patience that I have. Whenever I meet  
her the topic for conversation is E.J.L.  
invariably. The funniest part of it is  
that I have to comfort her!! Saw  
Mrs. Kramer a few days ago. I think  
both she and Charlie are studying

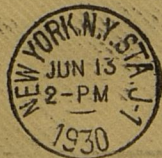
give me a little idea as to your plans because Mrs. L. wants action all the time, and I don't know what excuse to give if I should suddenly stop things. In other words I'm in a complete daze, and I wish you'd come HOME. (Where have you heard that before?)

Mama just stuck her head in the door and told me to tell you that she's going to kill you the minute you come back. You should see her now. A real flapper! She's getting fatter and the only thing she hasn't asked for is a cigarette! But all joking aside—she misses you as she's never missed anyone, and both Papa and Mama were so happy when they received your lovely letter, their one complaint being that they don't know enough English to write to you and you don't know enough Greek so that they could write.

Mrs. L. leaves for Munich to-day to see how things are. She's been a perfect angel to me all year and I still don't know why. I'm sure it's not for my brilliant lessons. But I'm going to practise this summer, for the simple reason that I'd be afraid to face you if by some miracle you'd come back before 1933. (That's what Mrs. L. says) Please write before then. ↑  
With all my love to you  
LOVE TO YOU and MRS. HORN from everybody here) Frieda



20



ADDRESS  
YOUR MAIL  
TO  
STREET AND  
NUMBER



Miss E. J. Lichtmann  
c/o Prof. Dr. Goerich  
Naggar Kulu  
Punjab  
British India

Freda Lazaris  
601 W. 115 St.  
New York  
City



23



Miss E. J. Lichtmann  
c/o Prof. Dr. Reich  
Naggar Kulu

Punjab  
British India



601 W. 115 St.  
New York  
City

FORIAH. N.Y.  
JUL  
15  
1930  
REGASTE

FORIAH. N.Y.  
JUL  
15  
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NEW YORK, U.S.  
7-16  
1930  
FOREIGN

MAGGAR  
2 AUG 30

July 14 - 24

(110)

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

Thank you for the letter and the pictures. Just showed them to Mrs. L. and Mrs. Schapran and they liked them so much.

We're having an awfully good time in a very quiet sort of way. The most exciting thing Muriel and I do, is to hike to Port Henry every afternoon. (Only we never walk. We ride in state in the back seat of some tin-lizzie) Of course we get stiff necks turning around to see if Mr. Sutro's Packard is coming down the road, but we really aren't particular - anything with four wheels and one man will do. Talking of Mr. Sutro - he still talks about holding your hand. I'm glad

just as we reach the top, we all three  
get chased down by some dumb ram.  
Mom L. tried to talk reason to it, but  
it wouldn't listen, so with due respect  
we retreated. I've had fallen arches  
or neuralgia ever since. I can't decide yet  
which it is - but it is uncomfortable.

Mr. Torch was up over the week  
end, and Mr. L. and Mr. Roerch are  
expected next week. To-night Mrs. L. showed  
me some lovely pictures of Mr. L. No  
doubt he's already sent you some. I was  
almost tempted to steal. I've changed my  
mind about Mr. R. He really can be nice  
and has quite a sense of humor. I've  
thought so all year, but being stubborn  
I wouldn't give in. (Mrs. L. calls me a  
"stubborn kid." Did you think I was, or is  
that a recent development?)

Received a letter from Anna this  
morning. Poor thing! She was seasick, and  
when Anna is seasick, she's more so than  
most people. But she'll have a good time I'm sure.

it happened now, because the happy effects seem to have lasted for two <sup>25</sup> years already.

As you probably know "Toof-Toof" is up here with us. If you've forgotten who that is let me remind you - Margaret Carlafter. She's a funny individual - gets one sort of nervous. Muriel expects to get St. Vitus dance before she leaves. As a matter of fact "Toof" seems to be a happy imitation of Fify K. only not quite as bad.

Fortunately Mrs. L. loves to walk. She was quite disgusted with us the other day. After walking with her for exactly two and a half hours, we decided we had to have a chocolate soda, whereupon Muriel + I hitch-hike to Port Henry. Of course we were exhausted and were good - for nothing the rest of the evening. The next day they three of us climbed that hill, and  
in back of Muriel

I haven't done a bit of work since I've been here except to practice some. As to next season, I'm in a complete fog. I don't know what to do or study or how much. Please help me out. I've given up expecting to see you <sup>in the fall</sup>, so maybe we can start a correspondance course until that you decide to come home. I do wish you'd give me some sort of an idea as to when you will, because it's hopeless trying to ask your people over here. Mr. L. says 1933, Mrs. says "She have no idea" - All very definite as you see.

It's exactly 11 P.M. and we're both starved. That's easily remedied however - To-day we bought crackers, jelly and jam in Port Henry in case of such emergencies. Do write me a real long letter soon. The last one was terribly short and I do love them long - only from you. I usually never read a long letter through, but there is an exception. Mrs. Stord looks fine in the picture. Tell her to keep it up.

All my love to you both  
Frieda

Muriel sends love. Write + come home please!!!



(11) July 25 —

26

Dearest Miss Lichtman,

I hate to torture you with another letter but I just had to write. So many nice things have happened since Prof. Roerich came, the nicest being that he gave me an autographed copy of "Atlas-Himalaya". Since it's a book, I can't frame it, but it certainly is handled with kid gloves.

A few days ago Papa had a lovely talk with the Professor. They talked about a million and one things and I know Papa enjoyed it immensely. I like George Roerich. He seems very democratic. As to Prof. Roerich - well I don't wonder you all rave about him. As Madame would say - "He's

the paper for the past two weeks, but this town is just about as bad as Moriah when it comes to conveniences. It resembles Moriah in another way - you never see people around except at five o'clock when the men come home from the city.

I manage to practise a little but every day - but nothing much to talk about. Just now I'm struggling with Brahms' B minor Caprice, and "Two Poems" opus 32 of Scriabine. I love the Scriabine but the Capriccio refuses to be learned as yet. However by the time you come back, I expect to have memorized and forgotten it.

I hope I haven't bored you to death, but I was in a good mood and you were the nicest victim I could think of. The whole family and Anna sends love. Don't forget to tell me if you need anything that I can send.

Bushels of love from  
Frieda

COME HOME QEECK IN A HURRY

By request of everyone in N.Y.  
especially me.

a peach."

The building is almost completed, and we're moving in on the 12th. (August) Naturally there's loads of work + excitement. Just at present I'm out in Staten Island with Anna. I'm sure you'll be glad to hear that your students have added another item to their list of accomplishments - being - House - painting. The facts are: Anna and I decided that our room was in need of redecoration. Well the room was decorated, (often in spots where the above process was quite unnecessary) and the well-meaning painters were crippled as a result. Take advice from one who knows and never even thinks of painting a room!

Have you received the papers and magazines? Please forgive me for not sending

This letter has neither unity nor coherence  
so don't be surprised.

(N12)

July 28 - 28

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

Am writing this down at the  
beach. Mrs. L. and Muriel are having a  
glorious time in the water, and Mr. + Mrs.  
Lutro are sunning themselves. I prefer  
the shade.

It has been a glorious summer so  
far. We started a little club called  
"The Society of Friends of Culture" which the  
students and some of the town folk  
attend. We meet every Thursday evening  
in the little Community House, and discuss  
certain topics. The first meeting was devoted  
to Spinoza and Dynamic Symmetry,  
the second to Bach and Leonardo da  
Vinci, and the last one to Confucius and  
Buddha. This coming Thursday Mr. St. Clair  
is coming down from Dunsville to speak on  
the mines in general. It really is quite interesting.

Mr. Lichtmann hasn't been up yet, but  
he is expected next Friday with Mr. + Mrs.  
Grebenschukoff (I'm sure that's not spelled right)

to write this letter, and threatens to dictate to me. She looks adorable - weighs only 120 lbs. and that's lots thinner than usual. Mr. Sutor just finished ruining a perfectly good watch. He tried the little trick you tried in Canada - that of giving the watch a bath - only he used the lake instead of the bath-tub.

Next morning.

Mrs. L. wants us to listen to each other's lessons. Just at present I'm attending Miss Mayo's brilliant lesson. She comes from Dunville, and she's almost as bright as I am. Mrs. L. is actually losing her temper, and that's a thing she hasn't done for about 2 years. She's nervous about something or other this morning anyway. I hope it passes by to-morrow because I have a lesson and I can't guarantee results. Last night Muril, Mrs. Loukes and I got wild in our old age and

but you can't blame me can you?) Mr. Horch <sup>29</sup>  
came last Friday and is staying over till  
Thursday. I saw the baby this morning and  
he looks fine - he has quite a few teeth  
now and has a glorious time trying to  
keep up a conversation.

About a week ago we went to Lake  
Placid, and hired a speed-boat to go around  
the Lake. There were about seventeen of us  
and it really was quite enjoyable. However  
I did wish you had been there.

I wrote to Mrs. Spector about a week  
ago, but as yet have received no answer.  
Of course she told me the whole story and  
I personally think that she took it much  
more seriously than was necessary. Mrs. L.  
probably got excited and said things that  
she never meant or would have done. Of  
course that doesn't help matters any but  
I'm sure it'll turn out all right. As  
yet Tra. hasn't had another teacher and  
most likely won't until you come back.  
Exactly 24 hrs. later.

Down at the beach again. Mrs. L. can't  
understand why it takes me so long

went to the Firemen's Carnival in Park  
Henry. The most exciting thing we could do  
was to go up in the ferris wheel, (The man  
wouldn't let us off for three quarters of an hour)  
<sup>ride</sup> on the merry-go-round, eat a hot dog  
and ice cream. The bestro's, Mrs. Lichtman  
and Mrs. Horch went to the movies.

After to-morrow I'll be quite alone.  
Muriel is leaving on the morning train,  
which leaves just myself and Mrs. Lippin  
in the house. Margaret left two weeks ago.  
You probably remember Miss Bernkopf - well  
she's here again telling the usual fortunes  
and being as funny as ever.

The Grange has a new piano, and on  
Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> we're giving a recital to help pay  
it off. I was supposed to play, but I've  
changed my mind and Mrs. L. actually said  
I could do as I please, because she wants  
me to gain a few pounds. Mrs. L. will lecture  
on Prof. Raenck, and the two scholarship students  
will play. For once I'll be the audience. Will  
let you know what happens. Please give my love  
to Mrs. Horch, and I do hope Mme. Raenck is  
feeling better. The bestros send love and say that  
although Mrs. L. is a charming substitute they would  
prefer having both of you. I second the motion!!  
With all my love - Griesa

(N13)

Sept. 2 - 1930. 31

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

This is my second week in New York, and I'd go back to Moriah this minute if I could. It really was a most enjoyable summer. Mrs. Lichtmann told me so much about Mme. Roerich that I'm beginning more and more to realize your good fortune at being with her. It seems almost impossible that such a person could exist. As to all this idiotic trouble about Prof. Roerich. Well it seems incredible to think that anyone with a particle of human intelligence could wish to suspect



he would have a stop. Ira took a few lessons and then Mrs. Spector or Mrs. wrote to the school saying that Ira would discontinue and that his father was going to teach him. That alone made Mrs. Lichtmann furious, since he feels they might have made some attempt to show some form of gratitude by at least appearing in person. Well that's that, and Mrs. L. being the director gets all the blame. I haven't seen Mrs. Spector since June and I hesitate to see her again until I hear from you.

You know how I love doctors! Well don't laugh, but at present I am being banged around by a chiropractor. You remember that

or harm such a man. At any<sup>32</sup>  
rate, I'm glad you are there with  
Mrs. Rochester now, because I'm sure  
there is no one else that could  
be as helpful as my capable E. J. L.

As to the Spector business—  
I've had new light on the subject.  
Both Mr. & Mrs. L. told me the story  
at different times, and it seems that  
poor Mrs. L. is quite innocent of all  
Mrs. Spector accuses her of. As Mrs. L.  
explained it, Ira was doing very poor  
work, and Papa Spector considerable  
interfering. so that when Ira applied  
for a scholarship again Mr. L. said he  
would give it to him on a three  
month trial. (All the scholarships are given  
that way now) If he did well of  
course he would continue, but otherwise

forming arm of mine. It gets sort  
of twisted once in a while, and has  
been doing so on and off for the  
last three or four years. But yesterday  
it was a little more annoying  
than usual and since I had a  
lesion this morning I thought it  
would be best to see about it.

The kind gentleman informed me  
that I was on the way to a  
nervous breakdown. I think that's  
sort of far fetched, but it seems  
that about 7 or 8 of those forming  
little knobs on my spine are entirely  
out of place, and are affecting my  
nerves. I was convinced of it when  
I heard my poor bones cracking  
away as he proceeded to murder me.  
However I'll live!

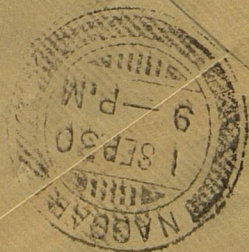
30

MORTON  
JUL  
30  
5 PM  
1938  
N. Y.



Miss C. J. Lichtmann  
c/o Prof. D. Goerck  
Naggar Kulu  
Punjab  
British India

F. Lazaris  
601 W. 115 St.  
New York City  
U.S.A.



10497.

Went to the Stadium concerts twice <sup>33</sup>  
with Mrs. L. Unfortunately both  
programs were pretty bad, especially  
the one with all those Gershwin things.

NEWS  
I see you're a "grand-mother" again.  
Lillian Pearson has a little girl, and  
there are strange rumours that Fify  
K. is expecting something of the kind.  
He received a letter from Fify  
about a week ago, and it sounded  
quite sensible. She seems to love  
her husband, but that may have  
been her mood at that particular  
moment. She mentions coming to  
America, so we may yet have  
the pleasure!

Leopold Auer's funeral was held  
in Campbell's Funeral parlor about

that it's almost hard to believe  
she could stand all that travel  
so well. I only wish you were  
travelling back with her! Do give  
her my love + millions of kisses  
if she hasn't already left.

I think you owe me a nice  
long letter, don't you? You must  
admit that you have been rather  
stungy lately. Everybody here is fine  
and they all send love to you, and  
please know that I still love you  
very, very much, even though I didn't  
write before this, and that I'm  
waiting impatiently for your next  
letter. (I've almost given up waiting for  
you!)

Frieda

a week ago. Heifetz and Hofmann<sup>34</sup>  
played.

Received a letter from Anna this  
morning. She's still in Greece and  
seems to like it a little more than  
she did at first. I don't know  
when she's coming home.

Mrs. Newberger and Baby Flavio  
came home on Friday. The baby had  
an awfully nice summer and looks  
wonderful. Mrs. N. is a darling person.  
We had such good times with her  
and Elaine.

It's so good to hear that Mrs.  
Horch is sharing all those wonderful  
experiences with you. She looked  
so frail when she left here,





Miss E. J. Lichtmanne 35  
Naggar Kulu  
Punjab  
British India

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY ..... *Terrible* ..... 36 ..... *Romeo and Juliet*  
GERSHWIN ..... *Tin Pan Alley* ..... *American in Paris*

Conducted by George Gershwin

GERSHWIN ..... *wherein Von Hoogstraten* ..... "Rhapsody in Blue," for Piano and Orchestra

*gets sentimental*  
GEORGE GERSHWIN, Pianist

**THE LARGEST EXHIBITION  
OF MODERN FURNITURE  
IN THE CITY**



THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 28th

1. WEBER ..... *So So* ..... *37* Overture to Oberon
2. DEBUSSY ..... *fair* ..... Fetes
3. GERSHWIN ..... *ΔΥΣΤΙΧΟΣ* ..... Concerto in F major, for Piano and Orchestra
- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Allegro agitato



Look at yourself now . . . complexion velvet-smooth, isn't it? No visible trace of powder because the right shade has toned in so beautifully with

your skin. Yes, it's the only one that does. It's the only one that does. It's the only one that does. It's the only one that does.

are on sale at the Stadium and also  
at Franklin Simon & Co., Park &  
Tilford, Charles & Co., Reuben's and

38

**ALL LEADING DEALERS**

(Program continued from pages 32-33)

*Remarkable resemblance to a mosquito parade*

5. MENDELSSOHN..... Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream" Music  
Orchestra

6. WAGNER..... *Another thing that cannot be killed* Ride of the Valkyries  
Anna Duncan *although I could have killed her for dancing it.*

7. IPPOLITOFF-IVANOFF..... *Bearable* Procession of the Sirdar, from "Caucasian Sketches"  
Orchestra

8. J. STRAUSS..... *Knowing Vienna you would have objected strenuously* Waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube"  
Anna Duncan *The lady was dressed in pink as usual - but was quite nice in spite of it.*

In the event of rain, Miss Duncan's appearance will be postponed, and the following orchestral program, conducted by Hans Lange, will be given in the Great Hall of the City College:

1. WAGNER.....Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"
2. HAYDN.....Symphony in G Major (B. & H., No. 13)

INTERMISSION

Overture to "The Magic Flute"



**Winter under the  
come flowering up**

(Programs subject to change without notice)

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 25th

and

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26th

ANNA DUNCAN

Assisting artist:

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Guest Conductor*

*Drum bell  
Egg etc*

1. DVORAK *Deadly*.....Symphony, "From the New World"

- I. Adagio: Allegro molto
- II. Largo
- III. Scherzo
- IV. Allegro con fuoco

*Orchestra*

INTERMISSION

2. BRAHMS.....Suite of Waltzes

(WALTZ NO. 13, ORCHESTRA by André Kospelanetz)

*Anna Duncan - pretty good*

3. BACH *If he could have murdered it he would have*.....Air

*Orchestra*

4. CHOPIN-THOMAS *not worth dying for*.....Marche Funèbre

*Anna Duncan*

*(over)*

Program continued on page 34)

with an environment of art . . . art with the attributes of home.

Art Gallery . . . Salon de Musique . . . Deck Tennis Courts . . . Sun-Tan glass-enclosed Roof . . . Sound-proof Studios . . . Studios for Sculpture and Painting available at a moderate fee . . . Business Men's Art Club . . . Saddle horses brought right to the door of the hotel for a canter in the Park.

**The Continental Breakfast, sent to your room with the compliments of the Host . . . not a concession but a courtesy.**

Room, BREAKFAST and Bath \$17.50 to \$45 Weekly.  
Transient Rate: \$3.00 to \$6.00 per day.  
Studio Apartments on yearly lease \$1800 to \$5000.

# BARBIZON-PLAZA

101 west 58th street . . . central park south

Under same management: the celebrated Barbizon Hotel at 140 East 63rd Street. Rates \$14-\$22 weekly

**correct**  
**underthings**

(N14)

October 14, 1931<sup>39</sup>

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

I haven't written for lack of news and excitement, but now I have no excuse. Mrs. Horch is back with lots of news, (although I haven't plagued her with questions yet) and I just received your last letter. What more can anyone want? I saw Mrs. Horch a few days after her arrival, but she couldn't tell me very much because we were interrupted so often. However, she did manage to say some beautiful things about a certain person in India, and that there's lots more to be said on the subject. She also gave me that lovely necklace. At present it is at the jeweler's, but once it comes out I'm afraid it will take roots around my neck. It isn't necessary to tell you how much I love it, and I thank you millions of times.



since last spring, so I don't know what kind of a teacher this man is. Mr. Hord saw Mrs. Spector about 2 weeks ago, but she says she can't take Ira away from this teacher because the man is crazy about the boy, and she has no excuse to give him. However I'll see her and let you know what happens.

Your suggestion to take Typewriting and Journalism came at the right moment. I can't take the Journalism until February because Columbia has been in session for a month already, but the typewriting is going to be studied, and if things go on the way they have been, it's also going to be made use of. As luck would have it, my darling pupils decides to go travelling this year. Diana, and Margarita, went to Porto Rico, and Anna's brother, my star pupil, decides to spend the whole winter in Greece. Which leaves me with a free pupil and not a red cent to my name. Besides,

I had a lesson this morning. About a <sup>40</sup> month ago, I developed a Mozart streak, so Mrs. L. let me do the Mozart A major Concerto, and she actually plays it with me! Besides that, I'm murdering the Bach E minor Prelude + Fugue, Schubert-Liszt "Das Wandern" (I don't like it but I wouldn't tell Mrs. L. for fear of a Russian-Greek war) reviewing Scarlatti and Brahms, and if I'm good next week Mrs. L. promised me some delicious Scriabine Preludes that I dug up. Mrs. L. gets thinner and younger every day, and I'm picking up all the pounds she drops. Don't be surprised if you find a baby elephant at your door when you come home - it will be F.L. in disguise.

Mr. Lichtmann still sports his White Mountain sun-burn. His hair-fever is all gone and he looks fine. We spoke to me about Ira this morning. I'll call up Mrs. Spector and ask her to bring Ira back, but I really doubt that she will while you're not here, because he is studying with Edward Treumann, and she seems quite satisfied. I haven't heard Ira

conditions are so bad this year, that it isn't so easy to find new pupils. Maybe in a fit of despair (ahem!) I'll find me a nice old man and become his private secretary! - upon which E. J. L. will disown me!!!

To-morrow night there's a lecture by Mrs. Zavadsky. She is speaking on "The Biological Basis of Life" and as I need the education I'm going. Mr. Dabo gave a lovely lecture about a week ago on "Life and Art" and how the two didn't coincide in America. He seems to have a grudge against America from C. Coolidge <sup>down</sup> to a travelling salesman that tried to sell him a fountain pen. But it really was very amusing and terribly true.

How is Mme. Perich? I do hope the trip back wasn't too strenuous for her. Like everyone else, Mrs. Horch can't say enough for her. Mrs. Horch looks so happy and rested, and as to Mr. Horch - well, you can imagine how happy he is to have her back.

My whole family, Mrs. Justice, and lots of people whose names wouldn't fit send their love. Don't be afraid that anyone will ever forget you - the perpetual question is "when is Miss L. coming home?" and to say "Suppose you tell me!" Please write unless you want me to find my "old man" all my love to you  
Saida



ADDRESS  
YOUR MAIL  
TO  
STREET AND  
NUMBER



Miss E. J. Lichtman  
c/o Prof. Nicholas Rerick  
Naggar Kulu  
Punjab  
British India

Freda Lazarus  
601 W. 113 St.  
New York  
N.Y.

