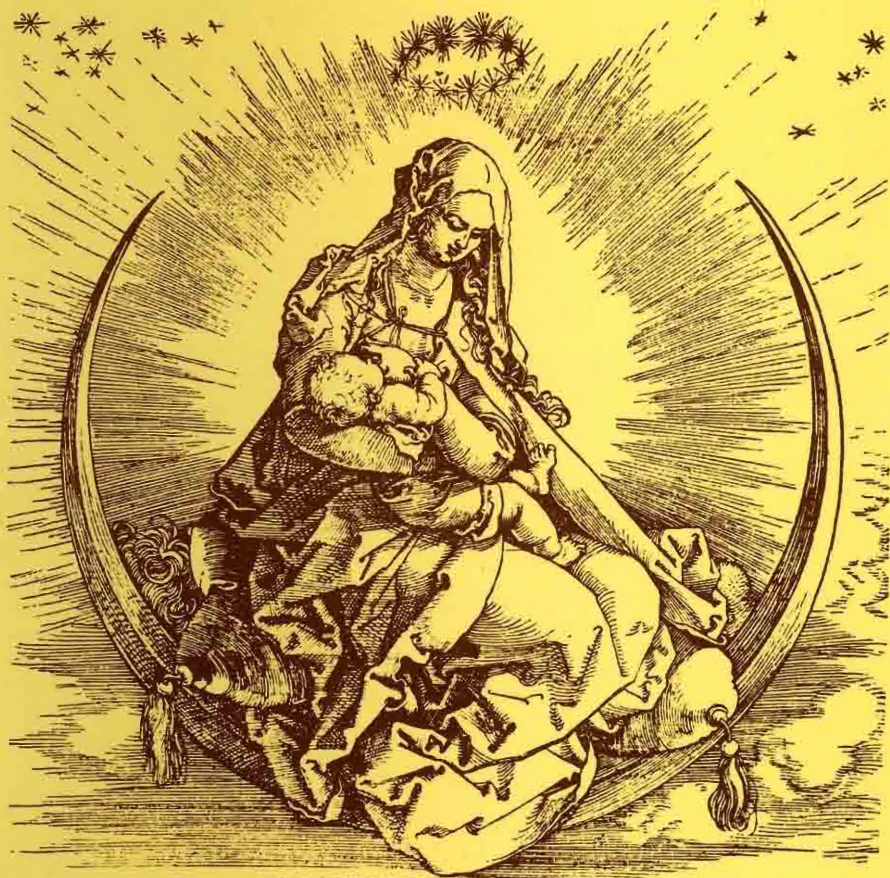


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Most of the reproductions of the early books, manuscripts, and objects of art which appear in this magazine are from originals in the collection of the Philosophical Research Society.

About the Cover: Title page of Albrecht Dürer's *Life of the Holy Virgin*, 1511.




Christmas Message

As the Christmas season comes again, we look back upon a strange and complicated year. There is much unrest, deep-seated antagonisms, and conflicts involving most of the peoples populating the globe. It seems as though the fates are overtaking us, and no solutions are in sight. It may be, however, that 1989 is actually the dawn of the better world we earnestly seek. I cannot remember a time when more people were so deeply concerned about the future. The press is full of reminders and warnings, and we must face the uncertainties which humanity has caused. The resolution for the restoration of the education system is in the air every day. The battle against narcotics is receiving more public reaction. The political situation is disillusioning many sincere individuals, and it becomes hourly more evident that a day of reckoning is at hand.

Legislative efforts have failed, preachments have been consistently unsuccessful, and religion has not sufficiently inspired a higher morality. As a result, new organizations are springing up on every hand. More nations are trying sincerely to mend their ways. Most of all, families are rising to protect the rights of children and the need for respect and consideration in the home. If the present trend continues, average citizens may well accomplish what legislation can never bring about. A few years ago the effects of rock and roll went unheeded, and no one paid much attention to the tragedies of the fun generation. If we really want a Happy New Year, we have all the inducements necessary to bring it about.

Each of us is in a better position to make Christmas important as a spiritual experience than has been possible for a long time. Natural law brings about the fulfillment of itself, because those who break the law must endure the consequences of their own mistakes. Think better, feel better, and unite with others for the common good—and enjoy a Merry Christmas.

Merly P. Hall





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EDUCATION REFORM

A general reformation in the field of education is long overdue. Prevailing procedures have failed miserably, and there is little possibility that minor changes will be of any lasting benefit. Thoughtful individuals are aware of the descent of scholarship from the time of its remote beginnings. Lord Bacon considered history a valid source of basic learning. In it are detailed accounts of the almost infinite diversity of mistakes that have mutilated the contributions of scholarship and which few of us wish to remember.

Actually, historical accounts are precious records of the inevitable operations of cause and effect in the sad story of human affairs. They set forth, sometimes in agonizing detail, the inevitable consequences which follow the individual dominated with the ambition to become master of all he surveys. The record of wars is a good example. Since the Stone Age, when disgruntled cave dwellers threw rocks at each other, the story of human technical advancement is always the same—and the end is disaster.

By careful study we come to the realization that no one has ever won a war. Victorious generals have paraded their powers, sections of the earth have changed hands, and old feuds have been kept alive; but little that played a significant part in the essential progress of mankind has been noted. Great wars and little conflicts should have

taught mankind the follies of public and private strife. The Medes and the Persians are gone; the glory of Egypt is now a shattered ruin; and China with its long and complex history is still without lasting peace.

It would seem that humanity is slow of learning, and more than ever in the twentieth century every effort is being made to decimate the earth. Thousands of years of undeniable evidence did not bestow enough common sense to prevent two of the most horrific and tragic conflicts in the history of humanity from taking place in the memory of the living. What good is education if it does not civilize human dispositions?

In harmony with the views of Bacon and several others of his generation there is only one explanation for the present political chaos. Three codes relating to the advancement of humanity have come to be recognized. The first is the code of Divine law. It has been associated with religion but is also the base upon which much of science can be built. This Divine code bears witness to the eternal and inevitable fact that the power which created all things that exist in time and space established the rules governing all things that it has fashioned and Divinity will remain the ruler of its own creations. Its laws cannot be entirely extracted from the infinite realm of space, but there are occasions when the universal truths come within the area of human comprehension. There is an infinite government over infinite existence.

The second code of laws is within the realm of human understanding. By observing nature we can gradually come to appreciate the tremendous scope and integrity of rules which guard even a sparrow's fall. Nature never breaks her own rules but derives them from the infinite power which transcends imagination. We find natural laws in the growth of all living things and, most of all, in the fertility of the manifested creation. Even comparatively uninformed persons can realize that natural law cannot be broken with impunity, which has brought great comfort to the more enlightened mortals since the beginning of historic records. Even in our most courageous moments we are reluctant to come into direct conflict with the grand pattern of all existence.

The third code is man-made law; and this, for the most part, is a by-product of human egotism. As civilizations developed various ambitions, these came into direct conflict with the inevitable principles of human purpose. Some men resolved to create their own codes of rule which would satisfy their own overwhelming ignorance. They firmly believed that they could create a justice of their own which would have authority over the eternal integrities. Little by little they excused their own mistakes, claiming the right to create personal definitions of right and wrong. Gradually, a curious phenomenon came into existence which can be described as a small island of self-will somewhere in the vast ocean of Divine Will. By degrees mortals built cities with their skills and bred tyrants to rule them. Still, never in all this procedure did they succeed in violating the eternal sovereignty under and within which we exist. This vast sovereignty, to which galaxies are completely subject, has been conveniently ignored on this small planet we call the earth. Some human beings have decided to take over the ownership and management not only of the present planet earth but any other available sidereal body that they can reach.

There is a clear record of how conquerors destroyed nations and subjugated populations; but we also have a full description of how the old despots fell, their empires crumbled, and their fortunes passed on to new generations equally morally infirm. Thus passed Ninevah and Babylon, the noble institutions of Greece and Rome, and the florid empires of the East. Each lived for a day and then passed away.

First they broke natural law and then the Divine edicts. The moment there was deviation from integrity the throes of death ensued. In fact, the process was hastened by mutual killing of each other in a desperate effort to possess powers which always fail when emergencies arise. We have been watching this for many long centuries, and certainly our observations have educational value. Mark Twain described the earth as "the wart." It was only a comparatively small member of the solar system and was seldom heard from; but on this poor little lump a continual conspiracy was going on, all based upon a senseless struggle for wealth and power. There was great excitement, and generations of living beings were cast into the

cauldron of war. No one was safe, honor faded away, integrity was a tragic handicap, and the values of personal living were cast aside.

Is it reasonable to suppose that whatever that power was which created the system of worlds to which we belong fashioned the elaborate structure of evolutionary procedures simply so that created beings could destroy themselves and each other without incurring loss and ruin?

This brings into focus the problems of ethics and integrity. Evidently, these are important to the universal plan. Therefore, when they are violated by mortal ambitions, the violators inevitably fail. This would indicate that there is some advantage in discovering the natural plan for man and advancing it in every way possible. It would be dismal indeed to contemplate a creation forever destroying itself. Some say that honesty is merely a superstition and that integrity is a set of rules by which the unscrupulous control those who might naturally be inclined to honesty. A careful survey of the facts, as contrasted to the fallacies, would reveal an entirely new foundation for the advancement of human society. It is convenient to assume that righteousness is an illusion, but there seem to be many more ways to demonstrate that the unrighteous never come to any end except misery. We can apply this thinking to every institution that has been glamorized. The tribal chieftans of long ago were decked out in furs, feathers, and local jewelry; and many are still influenced by pretensions of grandeur. Having inherited countless generations of selfishness, ignorance, and dishonesty, some are at a loss of how to escape the web with which they have entangled themselves for numerous centuries. The present policy seems to be that by proper education and careful indoctrination there can be mutual exploitation and perpetuation of a worn-out system. Such thinking is fantasy.

We can never build a substantial future upon the ashes of a dead past. There must be at least a sincere effort to discover what destroyed the civilizations which have gone before. It is obvious that they died from exactly the same corruptions which are now afflicting our passing glory. Only a small part of the splendor of antiquity survived, but there are enough ruins to prove beyond doubt that delinquencies prevailed in old times and brought the most glorious and successful

empires of the past to the dust.

In daily practice most modern people seem to take it for granted that they can do as they please, persecute each other, and exploit the resources of their nation without any fear of punishment. A crop may fail, and earthquakes may disturb the land; and, while narcotics are regrettable, alcohol has always been around. There is something less than attractive to contemplate human beings relentlessly destroying each other for a few dollars profit.

Education does not seem to be able to influence the youth of America—and, for that matter, the world generally—or to straighten out their lives, so there must now be added another dimension of futility, namely, time-wasting. Although the lifespan of a human being has been lengthened to some degree, present accomplishments, even more than before, seem rather ridiculous. Ironically, some people today even admit that they are interesting, novel, enterprising, and progressive. Yet, at the present time, hundreds of millions of young people are spending most of their free time watching television. It is doubtful that this addiction is acceptable to the spirit of growth which seems to be moving all beings to a noble destiny.

Year after year the standards of living are being lowered. Immorality is generally accepted, dishonesty is gainful, and sobriety is an outworn custom. This creature which we call man was brought forth from the eternal mystery millions of years ago and enriched by faculties of thought and reflection, as well as aptitudes such as art and music. If the best that can be done is to produce a bizarre personality trying desperately to escape any trace of usefulness, why not admit that there is a more elevated wisdom for the protection of the mortal fabric with which our spirit has been clothed?

We are approaching that twenty-first century in which something remarkable may occur to justify the dedications of sincere idealists. If this is to be so, we must either hope for a miracle or produce one for ourselves. If we do not want to go down to oblivion with the civilizations that have preceded us, we should give considerable thought to the constructive contributions that we can make to new generations that must carry the world toward a nobler destiny or vanish.

To fulfill nature's plan we must keep nature's laws. If we continue wasting natural resources with no ethical disciplines to protect us, we will dissipate our heritage in riotous living as is described in the parable of the prodigal son. The earth and its environment were given us as a kind of vast schoolroom where we can learn the great truths of life by seeing them revealed in the common occurrences of living. We must restore the sanctity of the home and bestow proper care upon growing children, if we expect them to make a valid contribution in the years that lie ahead.

Practically every action in human affairs is motivated by hope of reward, and an educational system which can bestow only monetary rewards is of very little use now or in the future. Growth is a natural activity. A normal person wants to be a little wiser and a little better every day. The world of education has gradually substituted scientific formulas or laboratory discoveries for essential growth. No matter how much we formalize the education of a materialist, it will do very little to advance the common good of mankind. We are one family, and to survive cooperation and even competition must help us to conserve the resources of the planet. If we labor together cheerfully with each other in advancing the inner life of the individual, we will not hang more ballast on his already overburdened shoulders.

A résumé of the accomplishments of humanity over the last several thousand years would be quite depressing. Millions have died trying to build a better world, and millions more have died to prevent such a calamity. It is into this sphere of troubles that each earth-dweller is born. It can be taken for granted that the newspaper which announces the arrival of a newcomer will also describe the wars, crimes, disasters, and fluctuations in the stock exchange. It is not likely that any fortunate events will be mentioned; and, even if they should come to print, they will not be believed.

One thing is reasonably certain, however. The arriving child will be expensive. The proud parents will do everything feasible to make sure that the baby is adjusted to its planetary environment as rapidly as possible. Almost from the beginning education will be discussed, religion will be mentioned, and it will be hoped that the newborn

one will make a happy adjustment to its environment.

The question is, "Adjusted to what?"—and the implied answer will always be to prevailing planetary conditions. This will not mean the climate or crops but, rather, economic conditions, property values, taxes, social security, housing, and retirement funds. About the only reference to the planetary contribution will be weather, forest fires, or seismic disturbances. It is not assumed that the planet on which we live is an important factor in the development of a growing child.

It is in the preschool years that the child learns the basics of human relationships. The assumption will be that we live in the best of all worlds but, of course, nothing is perfect. In the beginning the new baby is a thing of joy, but it is not always a blessing forever. We are told that the human being begins to die the day that it is born, and in most cases this is true. Infant feeding is highly complicated. The parents seldom have any ideas on the subject of infant nutrition, and many times it is the newcomer who decides what he or she prefers. Of course, children raised in large cities are likely to suffer the most. From the beginning the philosophy of life is merely to accept things as they are and do the best one can in an impossible situation. The first strangers a baby meets are its own parents, and in many cases the parents themselves are relatively strangers to each other.

In due course, schooling comes into focus. After all, education is essential to success and a good income. Everything is taught to help the child to conform to things as they are. There is no thought of improvement or enrichment of living. The natural aptitudes of schoolchildren are ignored as an expensive process, mostly unprofitable. Early the eager student is insidiously warned that thinking is detrimental to social and economic success.

Advancement in knowledge is itself an expensive procedure. There are always some, however, who wish to make use of the faculties of their minds. Hope for self-improvement will go on through the grammar school grades into the local colleges and, finally, into the great universities. Graduates may finish with a Phi Beta Kappa key to witness half a lifetime of memorizing confused fragments of knowledge.

Somewhere in this lengthy process there should be some effort to stimulate creative thinking or scholastic interests. There has been no question as to the proper way to educate the child. It must be taught to think as its elders think, adjust to a highly combative economic structure, and conscientiously follow the instructions of economic leaders and experts. Obviously, the economic system is relentless in its pressures. Everything else must be sacrificed to income. The man or woman with a generous salary is the noble example of the rewards for faithful service to group policies and practices.

In developing what has been called "a Siwash college," a fictional institution notable for its provincial outlook as described in the stories of the American author George Fitch, this contributes to gentility and is the usual base upon which a brilliant career is built. Unless education has been dominated by religious allegiances, it is not likely that morality or ethics will be given a moment's consideration. Integrity has no reward on a material level, though it may be regarded as a virtue.

All kinds of things happen along the way between the delivery room and the baccalaureate celebration. The child may sicken or die in its early years, or it may be deserted by its parents and put up for adoption. We can pause here to make a few suggestions that might prove beneficial to all concerned. Why should formal education pay little or no attention to religion, morality, or ethics except in seminaries? How can we allow generations of young people to occupy responsible positions in human society and remain unaware of basic integrities?

It is obvious to all concerned that there has been a tragic lack of ethical instruction. We not only educate people but employ them fully aware that honesty is a disadvantage in the vaulted chambers of higher economics.

A sad mistake is made if we assume that there is any moral improvement likely in the economic world. We discover that the world into which the universal laws have ushered us is all built around the concept of wealth. There is no real interest in raising the level of moral values.

There are now about six billion uncomfortable mortals inhabiting the planet. Very few of them are satisfied with the present standard of living or the reasonable probabilities of improvement. Why is it necessary for the planet to be a prison for most of its human inhabitants? How did it happen that for thousands of years the same mistakes have been made and nothing has been learned from them? There is no proof that the unborn child is dedicated prenatally to the accumulation of wealth—yet in the process of getting here many are contaminated by ulterior motives to some degree. Some mistrust those around them and, in the end, doubt even their own motives. Every so often corruption builds to a climax—there is a revolution, usually with considerable loss of life and small probability of accomplishing the desired ends. After thousands of years of higher education and magnificent advancements in the arts and sciences, we are living just as dangerously as our remote ancestors. The economic systems that have been created collapse over our heads; the nations set up with pomp and circumstance fade away in a few centuries; the great discoveries which change our way of life are so badly handled that nothing practical is gained; and the religions preaching brotherly love are still immersed in sectarian squabbles.

How does it happen that in ten generations of a family that the latest is no wiser than the first? Does it mean that wisdom is unavailable? Some like to believe that there are no answers, thus justifying the prevailing corruption. There is considerable solid learning that could advance human destiny; but this is ignored because it represents the fulfillments of natural law based upon an honesty which is actually built into the pattern of human growth. Fortunately, the universal plan did not make special allowances for those rogues and rascals who have been dedicated to the enslavement of normal persons.

Every war, great or small, has resulted in destruction to life and property. No one has ever received any permanent good. The serfs died with their masters, and modern armies die for the ambitions of a few master criminals. In the year 1989 wars are still going on just as they were noted in the Book of Genesis. With all our skills and platitudes, in spite of covenants, leagues, and treaties, there has

been no improvement to protect private citizens from the cupidity of their leaders. It would seem that this simple fact wipes out most of our illusions of personal and collective progress.

Poverty has always been a cause of crime and is one of the reasons for revolutions. In some past age, yet not too long ago, man invented money—which has finally become one of the greatest causes of evil which humanity has devised. Probably ninety percent of the evils from which we all suffer are traceable to concepts of profit. At the moment, most of the world's nations are on the verge of bankruptcy; but nothing is done to solve the matter, except by making loans.

There is ample opportunity to study the financial techniques of contemporary banking and brokerage systems. They have never been secure, but it is only in recent centuries that we have been completely incapable of disciplining the greed for gain. As we enter a new age, most of these mistakes must be corrected, or at least modified, or civilization cannot endure.

Various political systems, such as single tax, the mugwumps, and old American socialism, have attempted to lift the financial burden with which mortals have complicated their lives. There is the sound and the fury, but all ends in silence. Every remedy seems to endanger the financial system, which is now considered essential to survival.

There is only one answer. The average person must begin to think. No government or political parties, nor strikes or massacres, can have the slightest solutional effect. If they could have brought solutions, the whole matter would have been solved ages ago. A person must be properly educated to realize that he and he alone can terminate the exploitation from which we all suffer. If the individual does not drink, there will be no alcoholic reactions. If he is fair in his business transactions, he will not fear his customers. If he has common sense, he will obey those laws of nature which were anciently the basis of civil law.

It has been assumed recently that there is no cure for narcotics addiction. Many police have died trying to break up narcotics cartels, but it would seem this has been in vain. If a country was invaded and all the sources of narcotics destroyed, the dealers would be back in business again in a few weeks. When young people have gump-

tion enough to refuse narcotics, there will be immediate improvement. If selfishness ends in tragedy, the only remedy is unselfishness. If we have the right education in grammar school and the higher grades, children will know why they must protect their own minds, hearts, and bodies from the temptations which end in tragedy.

This leads immediately to a consideration of the changes in the social patterns, which will give young people a constructive adventure to take the place of the antisocial practices which in themselves help to spread crime and its temptations. One of the objections to the present educational system is that there is very little of dynamic interest actually happening in the classroom. The textbook is open to a certain chapter, and the text may be slightly amplified by a well-intentioned instructor; but over a period of years this process ends in mental drudgery. Only on rare occasions can young people find a stimulating fragment that they can apply to some personal problem or even discuss with a classmate. Ever since the *McGuffey Reader* the young people of America and many foreign countries pore over textbooks.

Suppose education could begin with a frontal attack on some subject. Growing up, I had one schoolteacher who had the rare quality of arranging her lessons in charming sequences; and even the most commonplace incident became a colorful interlude.

By the next century classrooms may cease to exist. Nearly everything could be channelled directly into the family home, and the lessons could be illustrated with many forms of graphics. There would be no driving children to school, and this could have a considerable effect on traffic conditions. Fewer teachers would be needed, and there could be a more practical estimation of the abilities and characteristics of both teachers and pupils. Experiments with this remote control schooling would be a great time saver and protect the young against numerous physical dangers and hardships. The child would remain one of the family, and it is probable that on some occasions elders would be very much interested in some new revelation or insight. The example is always an important element in clarifying the complicated question. Young people will remember better that which they see—plus visual contact will add a degree of acceptance.

One point of great importance should be emphasized. There will be no schoolyard, and we will not hear about the corruption of the young by members of the same grades or even the teachers. Now we are faced with narcotics in the schoolyard and the rising occurrence of immoral relationships. Examination papers could be mailed in, which reminds me of an episode that occurred in a small Southwestern village. A family was so isolated that it was virtually impossible for the children to be transported daily a distance of thirty miles on half-paved roads. It was agreed that the children could fill out the examination papers and mail them in, but the results were very depressing. Nearly all the answers were wrong. Investigation showed that it was the parent who had filled out the papers just to be helpful.

Another item is clothing. Today, even in the lower grades, fashions have become a drain upon the family finances. Eight year old children are wearing fashion slacks costing thirty or forty dollars, and modern sneakers or play shoes now cost from forty to eighty dollars a pair. The child who has to go to school in less expensive gear is well on the way to becoming a neurotic. In passing, this is also a practical remedy for juvenile narcotic peddlers, some of whom are doing a thriving business by their twelfth year. The further advantages may go unheeded until it becomes evident that much could be accomplished to save the government money, give the children more up-to-date information, save gasoline, and prevent undesirable students from contaminating those inclined to be honorable in conduct.

There are other reasons to examine the curriculum in the public school system. For instance, the textbooks can be a matter of profound concern. Arguments and dissensions have seriously damaged the practical value of many of these volumes. By the time that the information has been watered down to please everyone concerned, it would be impossible to write a meaningful essay based on texts available.

There is a great deal of hard feeling over religion in the school system. At least a half dozen points of view lock in conflict over many issues—religious, moral, ethical, and cultural. If education was wired into the home, there is no reason why these issues should be brought up at all. Each family raises its children according to

its own beliefs. Actually, there will be far less tension if differences are not constantly intensified. There are also obvious reasons why children should have some type of religious and moral guidance. That this phase of the matter should be turned over to science to be disseminated according to prevailing beliefs in high schools, colleges, and private institutions is unrealistic. As things are now, religious training should begin by the time that the child is two or three years of age; and we have yet to find political appointees as doting foster parents determined to protect the moralities of the young.

This may seem to be a rather complicated program and would require a variety of legislations and a comprehensive study of public relations. Basically, the difficulties are largely financial; but even this is well within bounds. Not one of these suggestions could be carried out without an uproar, the picketing of schools, bills introduced in the Congress, conflicting decisions of the Supreme Court, and a risk to the political party that endorses them. The only way is for private groups to create their own system and turn out graduates that will make certain the program will be continued throughout the coming twenty-first century. A textbook setting forth an outline for the reorganization of education should also be required reading. This will explain the reason for the actions taken and should be available to students in the grade schools.

Religion is certainly a complex factor in education. The world is gradually coming to understand that religious instruction is a first line of defense against anarchy, terrorism, war, and nearly all crimes of violence. It is unlikely, however, that any legislative body would sponsor religious training or even the recognition of religious practices in human experience. If the children were studying at home, there would be no problem. On the other hand, there could be a course which might be very salutary on the subject of comparative religion. This would not attempt to influence memberships but would enable children, both young and older, to hold a constructive attitude towards beliefs and doctrines which, in spite of their inadequacy, have been a positive force in promoting religious tolerance. The course outlining the principal faiths of mankind with their numerical

strengths and locations would be important culturally, economically, and morally. If we understood each other's beliefs, we could all benefit. Here, also, religion could be brought directly into the home. We have television churches, but they are completely privately or denominationally controlled. The basic force of the public school system should be non-dogmatic and equally unbiased to each of the beliefs described.

Religious wars have been the bloodiest of all time. Epidemics of religious fanaticism have broken out in many parts of the world even in the present century. We do not want to carry religious intolerance into the twenty-first century. We have had it for more than five thousand years of recorded history, and that is enough. Among the by-products of universal religious tolerance would be inter-religious friendships, and the frequent tragedies resulting from inter-religious marriages would no longer be meaningful. We must realize that as a result of internal strife many citizens of foreign lands have left their countries and established new homes in a more sympathetic atmosphere. There is a need to recognize that religion, accepted or rejected, profoundly affects individual lives. If the state permitted each of its citizens the right to worship without discrimination, there would be no need for persecuted minorities to leave their own countries and establish residence elsewhere.

After a long look at inquisitions and religious persecution in the last two or three hundred years, we know that dogmatic creedalism is a major cause of misfortune in personal lives. Incidentally, religious migrations are expensive. There is no reason why any believer should be disturbed if he is content to share the privileges of the community. No one will persecute him; and he will not be regarded as unacceptable socially or a menace to the faithful of other beliefs. This in itself would bring to this tired old earth a peace it has never yet known.

It is with hesitation and regret that we mention another problem which is a burdensome hangover from the past—the economic system. It has been said that money is the root of all evil. This is not true. Money merely intensifies acquisitiveness, and under its temptation practically every type of crime has been committed. All

reforms, public policies, and political allegiances are involved in the mystery of wealth. This must also be given a thorough examination.

Coinage was established to simplify the merchandising of articles and products. Today there is little use in going back over the past. No lasting solution for any major world problem is possible without a major reform of the monetary system. It was simply a convenience—it was easier to carry around on your belt a bag of coins than to drive a flock of sheep down the main street. It is obvious that as long as we must participate in barter we must tolerate this rather compelling nuisance. By degrees we have sold ourselves the concept that wealth is the most important thing in all the world. If you can buy it, it is cheap at any price; and, if you cannot get it, you are the most forlorn of human beings.

We have another series of illusions. We believe that the silver dollar is a kind of robot that can work for us while we sit back and recreate. It can get us anything we want, whether we need it or not; and it can take us anywhere we want to go, even though we have no reason for the trip. Regardless of how it is juggled, money always is far more addictive than morphine or cocaine and is important in the purchase of both. We brought no money with us when we came, and we take none when we depart. It is always here providing the most convenient way to finance our personal delinquencies. How can we ever bring the world out of its perpetual bankruptcy unless we can control the almighty dollar?

As we approach the new century, we can look back and see what money has done to us and the little that it has done for us. Eliminate speculation and there will be no need to build more prisons. The courtrooms will be empty most of the time; serious crime would be exceptional; and we would be free from the heavy psychological burden of debt. Financial panics would be impossible; Wall Street would not collapse periodically; and few building loan companies would fail.

It seems to me that there is too much emphasis upon specialized education. My esteemed Grandmother felt that I should assure my own future by taking a business course at a local college. Here I received about twenty lessons in Gregg shorthand, which would

guarantee indefinite employment. At last, I convinced Grandmother that I doubted the value of this training; and, of course, today short-hand is seldom found in the list of employment opportunities.

Now things are even worse. Years of preparation are wasted every time a new improvement results in a major change of equipment. By keeping the eye too close to the policies of the moment a lifetime can be wasted at a considerable financial expense. If a young person is brought up to develop his natural talents and allowed to follow interests and inclinations, there will be better adjustments to advances in both policy and equipment.

There is no question that regimentation submerges individual capacities. The young person is given no opportunity to strengthen the powers and faculties which were brought with him or her into the physical world. It is wrong for a new generation to be bound to patterns which may be dissolved in a few years. The world has lost much genius because it exercised arbitrary and overbearing control over minds capable of original contributions to progress.

In the course of years I have been called upon to solve career and domestic difficulties. In most cases a major factor was just plain boredom. The home and the office were locked in monotony. The only recreational interests were as wearisome as the prevailing routine. Spare time was largely wasted on television, paperback novels, or denunciation of political policies. The children sat around unable to contribute anything of interest and learning nothing of importance.

Most of this routine is necessary to the financial security of the family. The most fortunate are probably in the middle-class brackets. Both the rich and the poor are miserable for one reason or another; but a wealthy man who confided his opinion on the matter said that he considered himself fortunate because he was miserable in a luxurious atmosphere. Medical statistics also indicate that those with medium incomes are the most likely to be healthy. The poor suffer from malnutrition and the rich from gluttony.

It may require strength of character to break the demands of financial prosperity, but it has saved countless lives and homes. The two-career persons have attained considerable internal security. Hobbies

are important, especially those with an educational or constructively recreational emphasis. Mr. Scrooge of Dickens' *Christmas Carol* was intended to represent the miser who had no friends and difficulty in getting along with himself. When the quest for wealth or fame becomes an obsession, the sufferer will leave this world poorer than when he came. In our present way of handling the financial factors in life we transform the beautiful world into something not much better than a penal institution.

Several rather interesting people have mentioned to me that to be intellectual is to be friendless. A thinker lives in a rarified atmosphere, and only a college professor could become a good friend. In fact, many well-intentioned persons crowd themselves. They even find their own life pattern tedious and sterile but have had no experience in the proper use of those mental faculties which distinguish the human being from the other kingdoms of visible nature. It is very easy for neurotic persons to be over-influenced and to become victims of dishonesty or poor advice.

It would be very wise if there could be a break in the educational pattern between high school and college. This could do something for the modern man that the grand tour did for young persons of the Georgian, Victorian, and early Edwardian periods in England. The Chinese of old times—when their wisdom was respected—and many other Orientals considered travel to be an essential part of education. It was assumed that when life set in with its full responsibilities an independent experience in the world was of great practical value. This thought has never taken hold in America as applicable to men. It was always hoped that the son would inherit his father's business and live through his years in the narrow cage of responsibilities and respectabilities which he had received from the past. It was also considered a loss in early income, and worst of all the young man might refuse to fit back into the established pattern.

In Europe there was a traditional destiny which controlled the careers of most sons and daughters. The first son was heir to the family and required to replace the father if he died. A second son was to be in the professions, and the third son was assigned to the

clergy. If there was a fourth son, he was the first to be allowed to plan a life of his own. The daughters of the house were expected to marry men on the same social level as themselves. There was one special detail. The oldest daughter must be the first to marry; and, if for any reason the father died early, the youngest daughter must care for her mother for the rest of her life. The revolt against such policies is obvious in contemporary society.

Religious problems have become more complicated in the last few hundred years. In antiquity cultures were mostly homogeneous. Nations, countries, communities, and families had their patron deities; and the greatest disaster was foreign conquest which imposed new doctrines upon old beliefs. In spite of the extensive literature to the contrary, there was little revolt against the tyranny of the gods until recent times. Religious beliefs had a strong influence upon moral codes and social customs. Respectable people kept traditional rules, and there was always at least an appearance of theological allegiance. It became necessary to marry within the faith or be ostracized—a severe punishment in those days. In many countries there was very little choice when it came time to select a husband or wife. This still holds in many parts of the world, but it has been noticed that in religious matters wealth has generally been accorded privileges.

In times when public festivities were numerous and elaborate the princes of the church revelled with princes of the state on grounds of equality. Personal memoirs suggest that corruption was prevalent. The illustrious families made public showings of supporting the churches, but the proletarians paid slight attention to the mores of the clergy.

It is generally assumed that the religious traditions of the world are not subject to major change. The doctrines and principles remain the same for centuries, and differences are reluctant reforms with very little enduring interpretations of the old law. Actually, however, there are gradual innovations which are passed over with as little comment as possible. As human nature faces the ever-changing future, creeds are simplified and differences are arbitrated. Probably the most encouraging is the increasing spirit of tolerance, which may be more noticeable in the membership but is not emphasized as far

as the clergy is concerned. The principal difference has been the increase in pastoral expenses. There is also deterioration in religious architecture and the quality of church music.

It is always conspicuous that in emergencies and disasters there is a quickening of religious spirit; but, as yet, traditional patterns still hold for the most part. There are a number of new groups, mostly small in number. The trend toward psychic phenomena is still prominent in some areas.

As the mortal burden becomes heavier and integrities obviously decline, there is nearly always a resurgence in mysticism and spiritualistic phenomena. Unfortunately, religions have always had a tendency to cultivate a belief in the miraculous. Personal faith will dominate spiritual convictions, and churches will be essentially community centers. This will give some additional strength to the effect of individual mysticism. The time will probably come when spiritual matters and the unfolding of moral and ethical convictions will have greater emphasis upon conduct than on political or economic matters. The day of the great cathedral has passed. Religion will be a kind of overtone and will be exemplified by behavior, rather than by doctrine.

The extrasensory band, supported by moderate research and devotional loyalties, will do much to heal the wounds of schismatic theology. This will affect all aspects of morality. A creed incorporating the principles of world integrities will result in the gradual acceptance of those concepts which strengthen character and support the ethics of society. We may actually attain to the "one world" religion, but it will be represented by the natural morality of enlightened persons which will ultimately end the bitter antagonisms which have no proper place in the functioning of mature men and women.

The only way to estimate the sincerities of faith is by direct contact with those reveries and meditations of quiet persons pausing for moments of spiritual refreshment in a well-ordered life. It is only after honesty triumphs over the compromises of modern economic policies that we can restore the dignity of our economic system. Money is not dishonest, but it is corrupted by those who misuse

it. There must always be some medium of exchange, and it is noticeable that efforts to function without an economic structure have been for the most part dismal failures.

The Good Book tells us that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and here is another occasion in which cupidity has further complicated the miseries of human society. There must ultimately be a world currency. There was an old saying in England that "the pound's a pound the world around." Sorcery must have invented the interest system, which is simply gambling with money. The penny, shilling, and pound have come to dominate practically all levels of mortal existence. A comparatively scarce metal has grown in majesty and power until it is the virtual ruler of the world. This all has to definitely change, but the needed reformation must take place in the human heart. It is quite likely that something resembling a credit card must take over the administration of the financial system.

If money is not the most important of all commodities, why do we regard the accumulation of it as the most thrilling and rewarding of the great adventures of humankind? It may represent power, but what does this amount to under present conditions? The wise ones of old have pointed out that money cannot be eaten, is not a medication, has no basic sentimental value, and has destroyed more careers than any other one factor in civilization.

All modern efforts to reduce the corruption arising from the misuse of wealth have been unsuccessful. The old philosopher Plato was once asked, "Why is gold such a pale metal?" The sage replied, "Because it is pale with terror because of evil people who lay in wait to steal it." Gradually, taxes and costs of living and the very high cost of riotous living have led to the discovery that the monetary system is no longer convenient. If we take a plank of wood and from it we make a chair, we have by this procedure enriched ourselves to a moderate degree. When we add to the wood the human effort to create a chair, there has been an increase of value consisting of cost of material plus cost of labor. This is why an increased equity helps to pay wages or other expenses of living. Here we have an insubstantial factor. As the cost of living rises, the equity—which is the materials plus labor—becomes disproportioned by circumstantial events.

Monastic orders have made a good case for the complete abolishment of the financial system. The sibyls of old solved it in one simple way—all things of earth belong to Deity and can never be owned by a mortal creature. The most that man can possibly have is a temporary lease on the objects which he may have accumulated. As we watch the cost of building rise and real estate become prohibitive, we can only smile and remark, "You can't take it with you."

All things belong to the Lord; and, if one does not believe in God as the eternal landlord, when they depart they can take nothing with them but memories. Our goods will pass into the keeping of many over the ages to use or abuse but never to own. It seems foolish to murder someone for his wealth. If convicted, the murderer will be caught and punished; but, if he escapes, he will lose the ill-gotten gain—which will in time line the purse of some other mortal of unknown integrity.

Another willful waste is the struggle for fame. There are thousands of mortals who struggle desperately to be remembered as exceptional for their fortunes or misfortunes. But it is a generally accepted misunderstanding that life is short, and our little living is rounded with a sleep in the words of the Bard. Under those conditions we cannot take any of our worldly goods with us, except trinkets like the art works in Egyptian tombs. The time will come when wealth and rare belongings can only tantalize our descendants, so why should we treasure them more than we do an honest friendship or a devout affection? A pleasant life with good friends and opportunities to be of value to each other is certainly just as acceptable as those material treasures, which fade with us and leave not a rack behind. Fame comes in many shapes and packages. There is the famous prizefighter, the outstanding baseball player, the crooner of the hour, and that dauntless survivor who flew to the moon and back. If by accomplishing outstanding events we neglect our social responsibilities and the strengthening of personal character, we reach that high estate of becoming famous but not virtuous citizens of our planetary commonwealth.

Things might go better if we recognized that we would be totally invisible to someone standing on Antares and that our span should

be used to enrich our own character, correct our mistakes, curb our appetites, and enjoy to the full the benefits of friendship, affection, and the wonders which surround us. It is a wonderful prospect, and best of all it is free.

The entertainment field has long exercised a strong influence upon the lives of the young. In the industrial age it became the principal extroversion available to the majority of human beings. Natural outlets became less and less available. The dramatic arts offered incentives for commercialization, and these promptly dominated the futures of nearly all forms of artistry. The motion picture began as a novelty, and there was no immediate evidence that it would strongly influence the future of civilization. Early films were largely comedies, as exemplified by Charlie Chaplin, and family entertainment around stories featuring Shirley Temple.

There is little doubt that most of the older films were morally above reproach. They might be absurd but never pornographic. Heroes and heroines upheld the traditions of the day. My old friend Ernest Thompson Seton was never able to adjust himself to motion pictures. Even when one of his own stories was filmed, it was a devastating emotional experience. Most people of his day were very literal, and it was impossible to pass from one room to another without going through a door. To appear in one scene in shirtsleeves and a minute later in an overcoat was unacceptable, because it did not show the man putting on the coat. Stuart Holmes, a German actor who was the villain in the first film version of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, mentioned the complaints that came when he stood in the doorway with the stub of a cigar in his mouth and stepped into the next room chewing on a brand new cigar. These meant nothing in the old days, because no one took film seriously; and, for that matter, Western civilization downgraded the stage for most of the last five hundred years.

The time came, however, when the natural outlets of the young faded away in the cause of progress. There was no vacant lot for a baseball game, small streams were far away, and the glorious world of Mark Twain's Mississippi River had passed into legendry. We know that commercialization destroyed the aesthetic value of most

of the performing arts.

Today the film industry, aided and abetted by television, is worse than a nuisance. Theater has taken over visual education, morality, and ethics. It seems strange that an outraged public, especially families, have not protested the degenerating influence of modern films. Here is another area in which entertainment is contributing to the destruction of integrity in the private lives of countless families. Television has made it virtually impossible to prevent the corruption of leisure time. As usual, however, things are becoming so obnoxious and commercialization is so blatant that reforms are beginning to appear. I personally know several families who have removed the television set from their homes and are choosing other recreations for their children. It is difficult, however, for the young people can always assemble in some home where all viewing is permissible. Viewers of plays, listeners to concerts, and patrons of grand opera are now considered to be an odd lot suffering from the old-fashioned standards of decency. Psychologists and psychiatrists are well-aware that this odious entertainment is dangerous to health and a disturbing factor throughout modern society.

There has been some improvement in museums, art galleries, and public libraries. Of course, the stigma of meaningful material lingers on. If the picture means something, it isn't art; and, if the book contains a constructive story or has a teachment of some kind, it isn't literature. The great operas are for the decadent wealthy, and popular music without trace of harmony or meaning dominates the field. I discussed this problem a little with a very intelligent lady who had been a schoolteacher for many years; and it was her firm conviction that modernism in the arts arose from degeneracy and would continue until its destructive effects caused health and moral problems, which would endanger the mental and emotional health of society.

I have always been interested in grand opera and remember with considerable nostalgia the days in which great singers and musicians were widely admired. Recently, I have seen televised versions of *Aida*, *Il Trovatore*, *The Magic Flute*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Carmen*. Setting side by side these versions with those I had enjoyed in younger

days, I do not note a single occasion when recent versions even compared favorably with the older performances. This is particularly noticeable in staging. *Aida* at the Metropolitan or Paris operas was a magnificent spectacle. The scenes were reasonably accurate, and replicas of great temples and palaces filled the stage. We now have a kind of modernism in which an Egyptian atmosphere may be a front view of a sphinx painted on the back curtain and the rest of the stage hung in assorted draperies. The *Mikado* is considered to be a humorous production, but it does not have to be a complete farce. It is obvious that every effort is now being made to cut down the cost of staging and raise the price of admission.

The graphic arts have also had a bad time. A few years ago in *Life* magazine there was an illustration of an exhibit of European modernism in a Japanese museum. One elderly Japanese gentleman was standing in an attitude of complete bemusement. This was noted in the caption, where the confused Japanese viewer is noted as saying of the picture, "It is rather too progressive for me." Again, it is all commercialism. The art dealers, at least some of them, want to be rich; and the customers have more money than taste.

It all points out that our present way of life is deteriorating, and the decay is endangering the survival of beauty and artistic integrity. In a few years the traditional schools will be in serious trouble. Some years ago, I was appointed judge for an art exhibit. A number of painters decided that as long as the modern galleries had no interest in beauty or meaning that they would put on a show of their own. There were several very good pieces; and we finally decided that a certain religious painting of fair size, well-executed, and with a sincere sense of religious meaning, merited the most prominent place in the exhibit. After the closing of the exhibition, we all went our way and no one knew what happened to the pictures; but one day I noticed in the newspaper that the painting we had chosen received first honor in a foreign exhibit and had just been sold for a very substantial sum. It was a gratifying experience.

Young authors who would like to see their books with a good circulation usually make arrangements with a prominent publisher's agent to speed up the sales. It is now generally understood that if

the book is a novel and is not loaded with vulgarity there is slight chance of publication. The story may be returned to the author with a recommendation to include a substantial larding of improprieties. Young people growing up in this atmosphere are bound to be corrupted. In fact, their entire lives will be poisoned. It is high time for society to realize that you cannot corrupt youth and turn the future of civilization over to young men and women who have not the slightest understanding of right and wrong. Most of the habits and policies that make up the world of today are diseases, both contagious and infectious. Bad taste is taking over the world, and the little honesty that remains has begun to retreat from everyday life and threatens to retire altogether from daily experience. Today we are all looking for answers to the critical situations that arise. These are caused by permitting decadence to rule the human race.

Nature has its own way, and every human action is either wholesome or unwholesome. Our habits build our lives and our contemporary culture. If we make no sincere effort to improve conditions, they will continue to deteriorate. In the next few years we are going to face some of the unpleasant policies for which we are directly responsible. In the nineteenth century those who were conscientious objectors to a social system could start out in a Calistoga wagon and cross the wide plains to the West and live on ranches or in mining communities. This is no longer possible. There is no escaping a system which is relentlessly destroying itself. The only thing we can do really is to strengthen our determination to keep faith with the magnificent realities which were given to us in ages past.

There is this little surprise that causes hope to spring once more from its own eternity. Something is happening. Fifty years ago, when I was putting together my reference library, one of the most important types of literature was the romantic correspondence between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. These were worth a fortune. Ownership of such items established the standing of a great institution.

At that time, I bought the first manuscript I ever owned. It was an imperfect work on alchemy with some fifty beautiful little water-

colors of alchemical retorts, bottles, processes, and symbols. For that I save up my pennies and accumulated the necessary ten dollars. Today the little drawings would sell for more than a hundred dollars apiece, and one or two examples are in our volume *Codex Rosae Crucis*. Somewhere in those old days I ran across a highly valued foliophile item—an original page of the Gutenberg Bible. I went into debt for that one; but, finally saving up enough, I secured it for \$300.00. One was advertised recently in the catalog of volumes published by a prominent book dealer. It corresponded exactly with mine, and I can have it for a paltry \$12,500.00. This is heartbreaking for those who believe that literature began with twentieth century sophisticates.

Great Oriental art is becoming more valuable. Good paintings hold their value and increase, and it is encouraging to realize that in the modern art world an original Rembrandt is almost as valuable as a Picasso. This would not have been true twenty years ago. Thus, we find that subtle currents in the sphere of genuine inspiration and skill are still rewarding those who understand.

In some way or other we have to lift up our sense of values, which has been sinking under a deluge of mediocrity. We can say that a person who reads good books, appreciates fine painting and statuary, listens to good music, attends good theater, and appreciates the unrewarded talents which languish in our midst can be numbered among those who will make good governors, judges, doctors, and educators. An enlightened person is not one who has simply acquired intellectual skills or a winning personality.

When we train young people, we must explain to them that it is necessary to discipline their own habits and maintain a high standard of values in every field of endeavor with which they are concerned. There is nothing wrong with being a good athlete or being a winner at the Olympic Games; but, in order to fulfill the destiny for which each of us is intended, we must have a general depth of character which will enable us to occupy positions of responsibility or guide the characters of our own children in the ways they should go. The brilliant mind, having skills but not depth, can struggle through broken homes, wasted fortunes, and premature death.

There is plenty of opportunity to establish the kind of life which in due course will result in a successful marriage and well-adjusted children. We know it is difficult to prevent young people from being corrupted by unfortunate associates. It does not follow, however, that this must happen. Young people, growing up in a harmonious family concerned with constructive activities and desirous of sustaining a high religious idealism and a good moral conviction in matters of business, can go along through the years happy and productive. We are not really contaminated by others. It is internal weakness due to lack of the development of our constructive potentials that leads us into trouble. Security is the realization that in all times and in every matter strength of character and dedication to principle not only guarantee our own salvation but prevent us from damaging the lives of our associates. The twenty-first century is an opportunity to accomplish a long step towards the solution of the world's uncertainties. Only those who can face the future as a sacred obligation can meet the challenge of these great works of time.



Sooner or later, for any word lover, the human habit of wordless signaling leads to a simple question for which there is perhaps only a complex answer. The question is why has language, given its unique power to convey thought or feeling or almost anything else in the human realm, fallen so short as a practical social tool for man. The answer is that it has not. Instead, the human creature has fallen short as a user of language, employing it so duplicitously that even in ancient times the wise advised that people should be judged not by what they said but by what they did. That such advice holds good for today goes, alas, without saying.

—Frank Trippett

English poet William Cowper transfigured the social experience of tithing in his "The Yearly Distress, or Tithing Time at Stock, in Essex" (circa 1780), which neatly differentiates parson from plowman:

Oh, why are farmers made so coarse
Or clergy made so fine?
A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.

YOUNG READERS

This is certainly a most appropriate time to encourage readers, young and old, to enjoy great books and their contributions to the advancement of civilization. There is no country in the world which offers a wider selection of useful literature than America; but, unfortunately, the best books are not always those with the greatest appeal to the average individual. Reading is important to the degree that it helps us one and all to recognize modern man's heritage of knowledge. From the time of the seal and the cylinder to the magnificent examples of books by modern presses we have lived on a planet well-stocked with libraries and, later, antiquarian bookstores and, still later, book-of-the-month clubs. Gradually, we have neglected serious reading in favor of television—which provides us with poor literature and extravagant advertising.

Serious reading requires a fair amount of leisure. There must be time for thought, not only about the subject matter but the countless moods and phases of the human mind. The student in school reads to inform himself on those various branches of primary education which contribute to literacy. There is also a constant demand for manuals equipping young people for various professions and trades. From books also we gain an understanding of languages, the histories of cultures, and the moral and ethical standards of the human race. Considering the general lack of cultural maturity in all age groups today, present-day reading is not accomplishing the advancement of civilization.

Newspapers, journals, and periodicals met the needs of our ancestors; but for current events we always have the television to bring distant regions into our living rooms. Taking advantage of all the present facilities, it seems strange that we have not found some feasible way to transmute the steady outpouring of notions and opinions. There must be some practical method of keeping human beings

informed of the essential facts which are constantly challenging untrained minds. As this is the year of young readers, it might be timely to mention that it is possible to see the print on the printed page without comprehending the meanings of the script. Some time ago a scholarly soul likened reading to eating. After all, one eats to nourish the body; and one reads to satisfy the mind's quest for information. Foods that please the palate but contribute nothing to the health of the body may be likened to those "penny dreadfuls" loaded with violence and bad taste which constitute the popular publications of the month. It is not enough that we learn how to read, unless at the same time we receive appropriate guidance as to what to read.

A well-balanced life contributes a great deal to peace of mind and strength of body. Many have always taken it for granted that they do not allow the books that they read to interfere with the serious matters of daily living. Actually, the individual who allows his or her mind to fall into habits contrary to the requirements of living soon finds himself existing in an imaginary world of his own making.

The home library no longer receives support. An occasional book may come into the home, but it seldom contributes to the maturity of the family. We depend almost entirely upon popular journalism for our comprehension of world affairs. Good reading in early life makes many contributions to the significance of later years. Assuming that the books selected are well-written, they add to the vocabulary. I remember as a small boy how reading gave me a fair and reasonable introduction to knowledge. In those days there was very little use of slang or local idioms. The person who learned to read well learned to speak well and assembled a quantity of information on every phase of human life. Families read together, while neighbors dropped in and meaningfully enriched the conversation; and young people thereby found a pleasant way of improving their comprehension.

When Grandmother got around to set up my formal education, it was decided that the kindergarten was an insufficient challenge—so she settled for the first grade. When I opened the textbook, I found letters of the alphabet an inch high in various colors accompanied by a little picture. "A" stood for an ant, a curiously-shaped little insect captured on the first page of the dismal little book. "B" pro-

gressed to boat, but the ship was definitely an antique. When I was asked to identify these letters and pronounce them in the presence of the class, I was decidedly embarrassed. At home at that particular period Grandmother and I were deep in Victor Hugo. After demonstrating that I was too old for my class, I was promoted to the third grade—where I was confronted with a multiplication table for the number two. This did not quite hold my attention, for at that time I was handling most of Grandmother's bank accounts.

So it was along the way. Strangely enough, no one really considered me precocious. Children reared in a fairly educated home grew up in the presence of good English, simple but correct spelling, a fair knowledge of geography, and some skill at hand weaving or basketry. I distinctly remember that in the neighborhood a boy or girl seven or eight years old was considered a young adult. Certain of their questions were not answered, but for the most part there was an open sharing of facts and beliefs indispensable to those in various social situations.

By the time I reached the venerable age of ten years it was assumed that I could bear the responsibilities of maturity. No one talked down to the siblings or framed cute little phrases for girls in their early teens. In other words, you grew up in an atmosphere of sharing; and by the time you were fifteen or sixteen years old you had gained all that the local school could bestow. You could be deep in zoology, spellbound in music, and an active conversationalist who said things about which their elders were not better informed. Children also learned to take care of each other. The five and six year old contributed much to the comfort and health of the newly arrived infant. Eight year old boys escorted their six year old sisters to school and took a very protective attitude towards them. Slang was for children on the wrong side of the track in slums or ghettos. Gentle folks said "thank you" and "please."

I remember that Grandmother and I lived for a time in a rather pleasant home in Connecticut. It was a typical house of the time—heavy portieres with elaborate tassels, an overstuffed sofa ornamented on the front with brass trimmings, and a fine old carpet with furnishings to match. The heir to this family was a young man of eleven,

who was very neatly dressed, except when on a romp, when he was permitted to run about in his coatsleeves. He was always at the dinner table on time and frequently said grace. He never sat down until all the ladies were seated. He opened doors with an appropriate slight bow, always said something pleasant, and considered slang actually indecent. Today we might assume that this young man belonged to part of a dying generation. He got good grades at school and was preparing for the university and planned on a business career.

His maternal uncle was one of the successful citizens of the community. He was wealthy, civic-minded, and in his spare time made himself an authority on orchidaceous plants and was compiling a book on the subject. He enjoyed baseball, liked to drive a sleigh in the winter, played handball with his son on Saturday afternoon, and went to church regularly. No one considered this gentleman to be strange or stuffy. He was simply a gentleman. He knew what he was doing, used good language, was well-read in science and industry, and was a philanthropist, as well as a concerned but indulgent father. All this is now gone and will soon be forgotten.

Is there any reason why a teenage boy or girl cannot be adequately prepared to take on the duties of citizenship and family? Must every generation learn the hard way? Is it essential to civilized existence that young people be drug addicts, alcoholics, or lack the simple courtesies of human relationships? We are producing young people who are not fit for civic leadership. In their teens they are certainly not prepared for parenthood, and many are antisocial and lacking in morality and ethics. If we are going to prepare young people for life as it is or as it is likely to be, the basics should be accumulated by actual experience. There is no reason why a young man or woman in their early twenties should be struggling with forms of information which should have been thoroughly understood by them before they reached their tenth year. It is not necessary in childhood to burden those whose lives would be better devoted to broader and deeper matters.

There is also some question as to what constitutes an educated boy or girl. Theoretically, by the time they have graduated from high school it is assumed that they have an adequate foundation to become

breadwinners or homemakers. Their own children will be coming along, but they will probably have to start at the kindergarten level because they did not begin solid inspirational reading young enough.

Of course, one of the most important factors in the education of the young is a thorough understanding of the place of money in the destiny of nations. I recall that it was an unwritten law in respectable families that money was never discussed. In an emergency there might be a moment of quiet discussion between father and mother, but decorum required that such conversations be carried on in a whisper. The smaller child would never think of trying to explore the source of funds. Older children had an allowance according to their age requirements. They were encouraged to be thrifty and secure good value for their investment. A ten year old going to school might have an allowance of twenty-five cents a week, and it was clearly indicated that such an amount should not be wasted. Later, the allowance could be raised according to the family wealth and distributed equitably to those growing into maturity. Everyone was taught that money was a very unpleasant word, and what it stood for was still more difficult to understand. It was factually given to us so that we could play our part in the survival of humanity.

Great fortunes, as we know them today, did not exist. The wealth of kings and princes was in no way what it seemed to be. These rulers had temporary access to the fortunes of the state, castles, jewels, and the luxuries of the rich; but they never owned anything, and when they died the successor also had only the privilege of temporary use. To waste money in dissipation was a cardinal sin when I was growing up. If we think a minute, we realize that the wealthy spendthrift is not only a danger to himself and a nuisance to his community but an ever-present menace to society—for it is because of him and his thoughtless ways that most of the revolutions against the prevailing social order have arisen. These civil wars and political strifes would be easier to prevent than to cure, but the figure of the pompous plutocrat stands in the way terrorizing those around him for his own advantage. I did not learn all this from Victor Hugo, since Charles Dickens was also a great help.

The best way to correct the faults of the past is to prove in the

home that there is no happiness in the misuse of authority or the accumulation of great wealth. This should be taught before school begins; but, if for some reason children are slow of learning, it should be continued right into the school system. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are good; but no child should be permitted to graduate from grammar school who cannot prove, at least, that dishonesty never pays. With a good sound background the young person is equipped to become a parent and to take on the challenge of a life enriched by integrities and compassion.

Reading would help us if we read the right books. It is nice to give children the privilege of improving themselves in their own way, but in the early years of life it must be clearly established that license is not liberty. We cannot permit people to do just as they please, but through education they can learn to do just as they should. With a fair start and honesty and common sense the young people of today can be the benefactors of ages still unborn.



On Homer's Birthplace

Seven cities warr'd for Homer, being dead,
Who, living, had no roof to shroud his head.

—Thomas Heywood (about 1596-1640)

[From *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells* (1635).]

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

—Thomas Seward (d. 1790)

Out of silence,
Out of tranquility,
All things evolve.
Noise, confusion, and hurry
Are the distractors—
The enemies of knowing.
But also they have been the friends
Who build into our consciousness
The meaning of silence
And the strength of tranquility.

—Anonymous

HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Part IV

In traveling around the world it often is advantageous to join small tours arranged by hotel managements. On several occasions in India I came into more or less direct contact with a certain lady. She was getting along in years, dressed in tweed suits on all occasions, and wore shoes appropriate to golf or cross-country walking. Her specialty was watercolor, and she always carried a small case containing paper and colored pigments and a portable easel. There was also a folding chair which she hung over her shoulder.

My specialty was photography, and in photographing during this visit to India it was almost impossible to get a picture of some famous locality without her in dead center. I remember the day when I decided to photograph a beautiful mausoleum built in memory of a maharajah's favorite elephant. I selected what appeared to be the best vantage point and started focusing my ever-dependable Graflex. Looking down to the scene as it would appear in the final picture, there she was—the inevitable painter with her hat veil waving in the breeze. She would remain there until the party left and would be the last to go.

Under these conditions I really gave up hope and began to enjoy the beauty of the rajah's gardens. Chancing to look up, I was astonished to note that the lady watercolor artist was not in sight. This was my supreme moment to photograph the tomb of the royal elephant. Quickly focusing the camera, I took the picture. Later, when the film was developed, it was a fine view; but peeking out from behind one of the granite columns was the artist. She was genteely posed and, no doubt, believed I would greatly enjoy her presence.

A number of important monuments recorded in my photographs are so close that only the detail can be seen, or so far away that the

lady with the watercolor equipment is only a dot in the foreground. After all, she was a very nice person; but her painting was a real achievement, and for her a photograph was something from a mechanical device without aesthetic appeal.

The Maharajas of Jaipur have been the subjects of numerous strange legends. The capital city of their state is one of the most interesting in India. The rulers have been progressive and democratic in their attitudes. The temperature is on the warm side, and nearly all the shopping streets have awnings of sheet iron or tin over their sidewalks. Even so, the heat is difficult to bear. The city of Jaipur is on the edge of heavy junglelike growth, and every night regiments of monkeys attack the city from all sides and jump up and down on the tin roofs. The din can be heard for miles, and the situation is further complicated by the fact that tourists are expected to treat the monkeys with deep respect. As soon as the dawn comes, the monkeys disappear; but by that time it is so warm that very few travelers can sleep.

Another attraction is the Palace of the Winds, which is the guest house of the Maharajah. From the street it appears to be a vast and colorful structure, but it is mostly facade. However, the accommodations are adequate. The entire city seems to be of one color—a kind of reddish sandstone. The old capital of the state was called Amber and was on the crest of a high hill. Everyone who visits Jaipur is more or less expected to visit Amber, and the only way to do so with appropriate dignity is to ride on an elephant. Elephant rides have been discussed before in my writings, so mention will simply be made of the outstanding building in Amber which has an interior resembling a grand salon. The inner walls are all inlaid with fragments of mirrors arranged into exquisite designs. If you go into the room at night with a candle or lamp, the light is reflected from all the decorations on the walls until you seem to be standing somewhere in space surrounded by an infinite number of constellations. It might be well to mention that the Maharajahs of Jaipur were interested in the sciences and built extraordinary observatories.

To visit Baroda is to get an entirely new impression of Indian culture. The city is well laid out with ample streets and parks. It



The hotel limousine meets the daily train in Amber, Jaipur, India. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

has fine schools and universities; and the maharajah, a successor of the powerful Gaekwar rulers, was dedicated to progress in every field of human endeavor. The imaginary Indian Prince in my story of *The Guru* is based upon the ruler of Baroda. It has been said that this most enlightened prince returned ninety percent of his income to the advancement of his people. There was a little art gallery in Baroda, which, if I remember correctly, had an excellent showing of the paintings of Abanindro Nāth Tagore. This, however, was not what fascinated me the most. In one of the galleries there was a vertical painting which seemed to be about eight feet in height and which was entirely devoted to a representation of the human body, especially the nervous system, while at the terminal of each nerve was a miniature painting of one of the Hindu deities. It was an incredible combination of anatomy and theology. In fact, I was so interested

that I nearly acquired the picture. The curator favored Tagore and said that if I would contribute to the purchase of another painting by this artist I could have the wonderful chart. He further told me that the work required the labor of two generations of religious artists.

Hotel accommodations in the bustling Indian city of Calcutta were few and inadequate, but I managed to secure what passed for a penthouse. It was fully equipped, including a teenage boy to run errands and act as interpreter. In many parts of India accommodations do not include bedding. One must carry his own mattress, sheets, pillows, towels, etc. This almost inevitably requires an attendant for the duration of a sojourn in the country. Incidentally, I am told that all attendants expect to return with you to the United States on life assignment.

The name Calcutta is from Kali and a word meaning "place of pilgrimage." In this city there is a remarkable group of temples, many of which have large statues of the sacred bull Nandi. They are often painted red and may be expected in temple precincts set aside for the worship of the god Shiva.

My old friend, Talbot Mundy, in his delightful book, *Om—The Mystery of Ahbor Valley*, devotes the opening section to how a religious riot begins in India. In some areas Brahmany bulls or zebus wander about unattended and comparatively ignored. If, however, one of these amiable animals decides to go to sleep on the trolley rails, there is no one qualified to remove him. If the animal ignores the bell on the trolley and cannot be coaxed, a hopeless delay usually results. When some heroic individual pushes or pulls the sacred bull from the trolley track, an international dilemma results—which can cause consternation in London in both the Commons and the Lords.

In the old days there were wonderful shops and bazaars in Calcutta. An art collector could spend a fortune without half trying. I remember a beautiful book, all the leaves of which were ivory, and the text was inlaid in gold. There were wonderful embroideries on silk, fantastic jewelry, and the full regalia of the nautch dancer. Soon after I arrived in Calcutta there was a major procession to honor Mohandas Gandhi for his release from a hunger strike. For some reason the sacred tooth of Buddha was brought from Ceylon (now



The great banyan tree in Calcutta. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



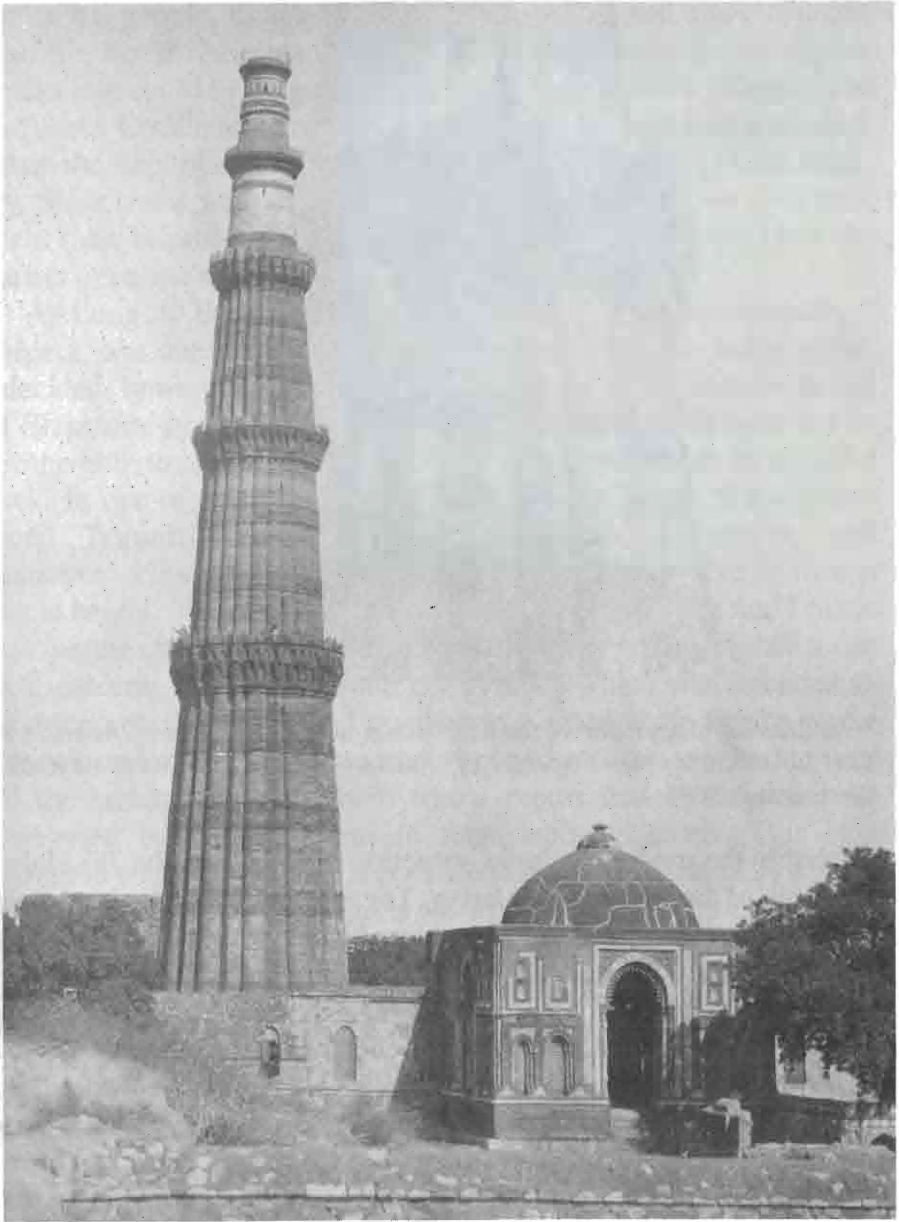
Sweeping under the great banyan tree, Calcutta. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

Sri Lanka) and carried through the streets in an elaborate and massive reliquary. As I had given a lecture in Calcutta, I was invited to walk in the parade and the story was well-publicized in the local press.

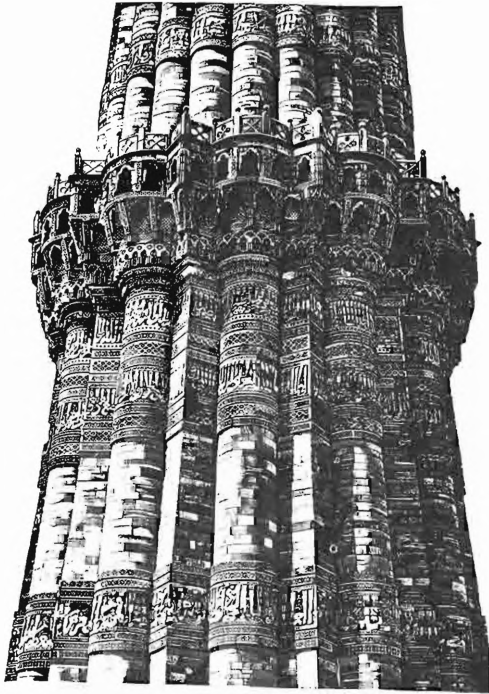
Because of the physical and moral boycotts on British goods and articles of dress, most of the patriotic Hindus favored the dhoti—or man's long loincloth—and the sacred thread worn around the neck as a kind of charm. I met the editor of the principal newspaper. He was seated behind a fine and expensive desk with an electric fan, telephone, and all the paraphernalia of the traditional newspaper executive. He was wearing, however, merely a dhoti and a white cap of homespun cloth in the shape of that which is part of the fatigue uniform of the American soldier. Incidentally, I was presented with a similar hat which was a little small, so it had to be opened at the back.

Only a few weeks ago in a Santa Barbara bookstore I made an interesting discovery, which I have added to the PRS Library collection. It is a set of two volumes in elephant folio describing the tour of Asia and Africa by the late Czar Nicholas II, when he was still heir apparent to the Imperial Russian throne. The work is magnificently illustrated, and on one of the pages is a picture of a section of the Kutb Minar in Delhi, capital of India. The red sandstone tower is an outstanding example of Moslem architecture. I had resolved to climb the tower by its internal staircase of three hundred and seventy-eight steps but compromised with the first balcony, where I am shown on the viewer's left waving my arm vigorously.

The Indian feudal system was a thing of wonder and a confusion forever. Before the establishment of the Republic, India consisted of over five hundred feudatory states ruled by hereditary Hindu or Moslem potentates. Some of these feudatory states were not much larger than Los Angeles County, whereas others covered large areas and their populations ran into millions. In addition, there were conventional states which were more closely allied with the British Raj. There was a somewhat similar situation in Europe, where a considerable group of principalities, republics, and free cities were embroiled in more or less continuous conflicts. Each of these independent countries had unusual attractions and profited well from tourism.



The Tower of Victory at Delhi with Mr. Hall on the first balcony, viewer's left, waving.



A drawing of a section of the Kutub Minar near Delhi. From: *Travels in the East of Nicholas II—Emperor of Russia—When Cesarewitch—1890-1891*, Westminster, 1896.

Probably the most prominent attraction in India was the Taj Mahal, the tomb of the wife of Shah Jahan. The emperor's love for his favorite wife, Mumtāz Mahal, is considered the greatest of all Indian romances. He had intended to build a similar mausoleum for himself on the opposite side of the Jumna River but was imprisoned by his own son. He is now buried beside his beloved companion.

Some of the native rulers remained more or less independent and, on occasion, arbitrary until their temporal powers were taken from them. Others, however, were among the most liberal and benevolent of the rulers of the world. As already mentioned in part, the state of Baroda was governed by a very intelligent and philanthropic man who had been born to humble estate but was selected by the court astrologer to create a new dynasty. He believed in equal education

for all his people, male and female, and established a medical college for women. He also set up a system of traveling libraries on trucks that could bring good books to the most remote villages. The two states Cochin and Travancore were also very well-managed; and, when the Republic of India took over the postal system of the country, these states were allowed to continue to handle their own mail for a time because their procedures were more efficient than the earlier republic's facilities.

Arriving at Bombay, I had a short spell of illness—which, I suspect, was due to some mysterious foodstuff that was indigestible. I decided, however, that it was positively necessary to visit the Island of Elephanta in the harbor of Bombay. Elephanta is famous for its great eighth to ninth century A.D. cave temples hewn out of the solid rock. In one of these vast rooms is the famous image of the three-faced Trimurti—depicting Shiva as creator, preserver, and destroyer—carved into the wall and approximately twelve or fifteen feet in height. The image is the heads and shoulders only, and I made a desperate effort to photograph it. In those days a flashlight for use with cameras was an uncertain contrivance which was intended to produce a flash of light and resulted in a smothering smoke worse than a London fog. If you wanted a second picture, you had to wait till the smoke cleared. There was a report that Pythagoras was welcomed by the Brahmans to the Elephanta caves. This is a debatable point, however. It is possible that on the island there existed older caverns where sacred rites were performed. In my enthusiasm for such possibilities, however, I nearly missed my boat and made a flying trip to the launch and just managed to get on the vessel while it was on its way to the Suez Canal.

Incredible as it may seem, my travels in the Near East and North Africa were completely peaceful and undisturbed. There was no danger of having your boat sunk under you or languishing for an incredible length of time as a hostage. Everything was serene when I checked into Shepherds Hotel in Cairo. There was a little unusual excitement in the air because an exhibition of the treasures of the tomb of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen had just opened in the Cairo Museum. It was certainly a fascinating display, and rumors of the



Entrance to the caves of Elephanta in the harbor of Bombay. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

famous curse were already in the air. Shepherds Hotel was the principal Cairo hostelry in those days, and part of its facade was decorated with forepaws derived from those of the sphinx. There were pleasant porches extending on each side of the entrance; and, while quietly seated, one could look down on a sea of red fezes. On each side of the main entrance of the hotel was an elaborate statue of a Nubian dancer, which I understand has vanished along with the hotel.

Across from Shepherds was a very fine store handling Egyptian antiquities. I was assured that most of the items were genuine and of very high quality. The proprietor spoke excellent English and was much interested in the secret religious rituals of the ancient Egyptians. Assuring me that secret societies still existed and that there were continuing efforts to discover the scientific, medical, and philosophical remnants of the ancient culture, he said that if I would

stay in Egypt for a reasonable length of time I could meet some of the members of these secret groups.

It was absolutely necessary to visit the little town of Giza and contemplate the pyramids. While standing in front of the great pyramid, I noticed a young European couple; and in a few minutes I was in conversation with them. He was a French architect, well-informed on Egypt and archaeology; and he said very simply, "If I could not see this building with my own eyes, no one could ever have convinced me that it exists."

There is a ritual for those visiting the pyramids. It is the one occasion for a camel ride, the objective being to see the sphinx. Camels are objectionable animals. They have long necks which enable them to nip at the feet of their riders. Finally, however, I got up on a camel; and with a few ugly grunts it got to its feet and accompanied by an Egyptian guide started off in search of the sphinx.

The trip was something over two hundred feet. The sphinx was around the corner, slightly behind the pyramid. I came across two European scholars, who explained that efforts were being made to find out if there were any passageways between the sphinx and the pyramid. Steel rods had been driven into nearly all parts of the image, but no signs of internal cavities had been discovered. It is said that the sphinx was originally the male form of an Egyptian deity, but this is not certain. The beard had been broken away and was found between the paws. This does not prove conclusively, however, that a male visage was intended. Some Egyptian queens wore artificial beards in formal ceremonies. Be that as it may, the image was probably carved from an outcropping of stone with the paws added. There was a chapel between the front legs, but nothing remarkable was discovered relating to it.

After the arduous journey back to the pyramid, a major decision was necessary. Would I climb the outside or examine the inside? Following careful consideration, I decided to explore the interior of the great monument. Even this, however, was not easy. To reach the breach made by the Caliph Al Mamoun you have to be helped over rows of rock about three feet high. This is usually accomplished by one dragoman pulling from above and two pushing from below.



Climbing the great pyramid. This is a lithograph of a group which has reached the summit. The ascent is extremely difficult and usually requires two native helpers for each visiting climber. From: *Travels in the East of Nicholas II—Emperor of Russia—When Cesarewitch—1890-1891*, Westminster, 1896.

It is then necessary to crawl up the main gallery to reach the King's Chamber, or first make a detour on hands and knees for a considerable distance to see the Queen's Chamber. The sarcophagus in the King's Chamber has been considerably mutilated by souvenir hunters and seems very small. It is not large enough to contain an elaborate mummified pharaoh, and the usual secret room to contain the mortuary paraphernalia has never been found. Many tourists come out of the pyramid with a severe cold. The desert heat is intense, but the chilly inside chambers of the pyramid feel like refrigerators; and the traveler emerges from the sepulchral cold of the interior chambers into the heat of the desert.

In years gone by guides lifted ambitious travelers to the flat summit of the great pyramid. When the time came to descend, there was often



A royal tomb in the Valley of the Kings. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

further financial involvement—and you found that in the ascent you had purchased only a one-way trip.

Around the pyramid and every other likely spot one could buy Egyptian antiquities that were attractive but were nearly all made in Italy. Almost anything an infatuated tourist might like, including handsome scarabs, necklaces of ancient glass beads, small statuettes, and fragments of mummy cases, appeared irresistible to the unwary traveler. It is customary to ship in these antiques by the carload, bury them for a few weeks or months in convenient spots, and excavate them again as demand requires. There were, however, reliable dealers from whom authentic items with government endorsement were securable; but the prices were very high and were almost prohibitive even when I was there.

Everyone should also have a short ride on a donkey. These little animals are about the size of a Great Dane. They are mangy and

the targets of numerous flies. The saddles are rather primitive, and while you ride along you may be astonished to discover that the donkey is gone. It has walked out from under the saddle and left you standing in some unexpected place. All in all, however, Egypt is fascinating.

On the way to Jerusalem one of the other occupants of my compartment was a gentleman of the cloth. He was a youngish man with a very gentle expression and was obviously making his first journey to the birthplace of his faith. The night was dark and cold and the trip rather long, so before it was over we drifted into a discussion of philosophy. It was obvious that this clergyman had certain doubts concerning the doctrines of his faith, and the conversation drifted into Oriental philosophy and the law of reincarnation. He was not offended and seemed rather comforted at the thought that persons might have a second or third chance to earn salvation. Having reached a meeting of the minds, he was silent for a time and then shook his head murmuring rather plaintively, "I think I believe in reincarnation; but, if I mention it, I will be excommunicated."

Soon after this discussion the train slowed down and we had arrived in Jerusalem. It was bitterly cold, and a heavy sleet showered through the air. Fastening our coats and gathering up our luggage, we headed for the railroad station. From a side window I looked in and saw a pleasant fire burning in the grate. At least we would be warm until the arranged for transportation arrived. Reaching the doorway, we made the discovery that the station was securely locked for the night. There was no way in, and we shivered for nearly half an hour. An open vehicle came at last, and a roundabout trip to the hotel was a dismal experience.

In the old days guest accommodations in Jerusalem were rough. I was warned that in a certain inn the proprietor had several trick chairs scattered through his rooms. They looked substantial and even a little valuable; but when you sat down in them they would immediately collapse. The owner, overcome by grief, felt it his moral duty to charge you for the broken chair. The moment you left he put it together again and awaited the next victim.

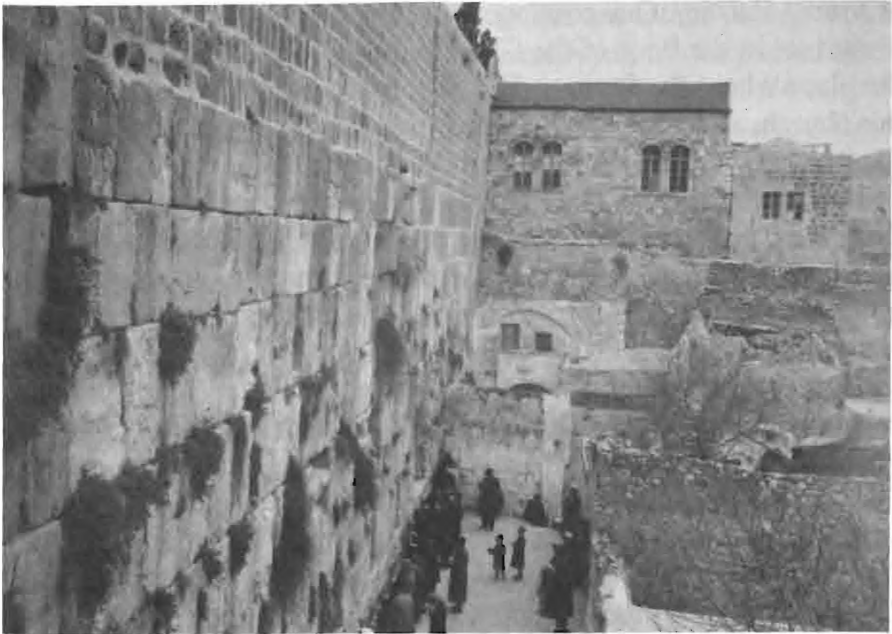
There has always been a difference of opinion as to the location

of Mount Calvary. One contingency affirms that there is an elaborate design set in the floor of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher to mark the place where the Saviour died. Every traveler to Jerusalem visits this church, and within its holy precincts Eastern and Western Christianity observe their respective traditions. It is here that visitors are shown where the true cross stood. The sacred spot is marked with a circular gold tablet, and the places where the crosses of the thieves stood are commemorated by inlays of black marble. Another group is equally certain that Golgotha, which means the place of the skull, was an outcropping of rock actually outside the walls of Jerusalem.

Here for hundreds of years the prayers of Israel have sounded day and night from the wailing wall. The massive stones have been worn smooth by the hands of pilgrims reaching to touch the foundations of Herod's Temple. I was able to secure several good photographs of this wall—which, strangely enough, forms an embankment for the Mosque of Omar. There is a spirit of intense believing in this ancient city.

The night I arrived in Jerusalem the temperature was around zero. It was very cold with virtually no heating facilities. The next morning I rode down to the shores of Galilee and found orchards with fresh oranges. Here we came to the River Jordan. While I was there, it was not much of a stream; but an actual baptism was taking place. A friend in the States who had a small congregation asked me to bring him a little bottle of the Jordan water to be used in his church. I faithfully remembered my promise and with some difficulty filled a bottle with a pint of fluid heavily laden with miniature plant organisms. Unfortunately, it never reached home—for it exploded a few days later in my suitcase.

There is also a breach in the wall of Jerusalem made by command of Kaiser Wilhelm II, in order that he could make a ceremonial entrance. Not far distant is the entrance to the quarry of King Solomon beneath Mt. Moriah. The stone there is very soft and can be cut with a saw, but after it is exposed to the air for a time it hardens. Young businessmen in the vicinity sell small cubes of this stone as souvenirs. Since those days, unfortunately, there have also been extremes of political temperature.



The wailing wall of Jerusalem. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

The rock Moriah, by the way, according to biblical recording, was the site of Solomon's Temple. It had been the threshing floor of the Jebusites. After the destruction of the first Temple and the leveling of Herod's restoration, it came to be associated with the life of Mohammed. On the rocky crest of Mt. Moriah stands the Mosque of Omar, one of the most revered shrines of the Moslem world. Directly under the center of the rock is a small cavern, where it is believed that Mohammed prayed and meditated. There is a concavity in the ceiling of the underside of the rock Moriah. When Mohammed was praying, he stood up—the stone retreating so that he would not hit his head against the ceiling of the cavern. It was from this same rock that the Prophet made his night journey to heaven. It is unlikely that Mohammed was ever actually in Jerusalem; but the legends persist that he made a magical journey to Jerusalem riding on a wonderful creature called "El-borak," which means a flash of lightning.



The ancient olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

The Mount of Olives across the valley from Jerusalem is still a place of pilgrimage. There is an ancient olive tree there in an advanced state of decrepitude. No effort is made to prove that this is the original tree, but it is believed to be a direct descendant and has been venerated for centuries. Within that small area which we call the Holy Land there are a number of sacred places. While some actual localities are uncertain, the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem is probably authentic. The doorway leading into this church has a heavy stone lintel placed so low that no one can enter the building without kneeling. Worshipers of many nations have entered this church bearing gifts, and there are elaborate ornaments surrounding the space where the manger first stood. While on this trip, I also passed by the tomb of Lazarus—entering the burial room by descending a flight of steep stone steps.

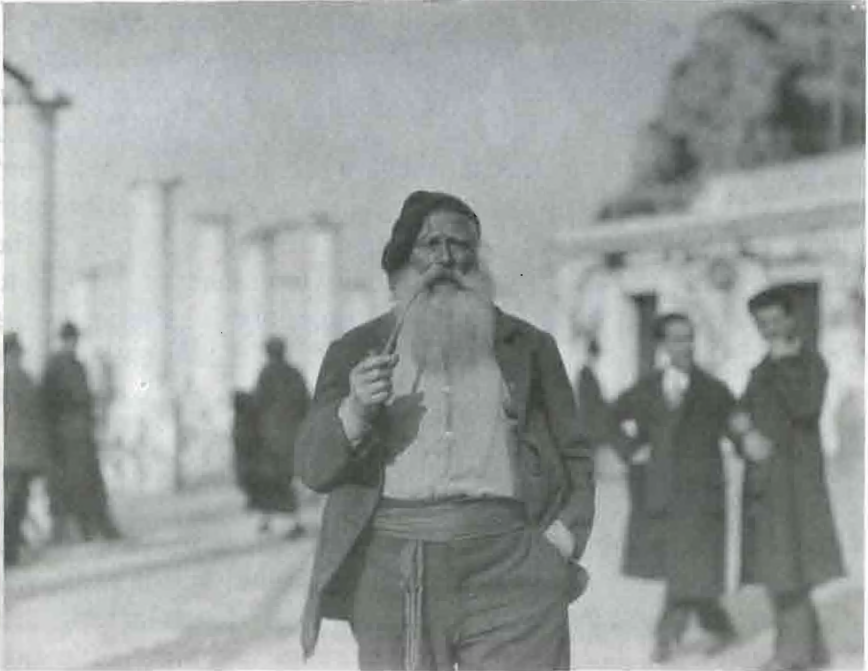
When I arrived in Naples, I was met by a sad-faced young man

in the costume of the local constabulary—including a three-cornered hat and a short cape. Obviously seeking consolation, he explained that he had been raised in the United States and had decided to make a short trip to Naples to see his parents. Without his consent and with strenuous protestations, he was inducted into the police force with little hope of release for several years. Regulations were not too strict, and he appointed himself as my personal guardian. At that time, Mussolini was very popular because he was improving the sanitary conditions of the city. Passing the opera house, I decided to attend the performance of *Carmen* which was booked that evening. When I was seated, I found myself between two old friends who liked to chat. The one on my right had eaten considerable garlic, and the one on my left had imbibed generously of sour wine. After several minutes of mixed fragrances, I offered to change seats with one of them and was immediately accepted as a benefactor.

It so happened, however, that the performance of *Carmen* was unbelievably bad. Music loving Italians are not patient under such conditions; and the poor soprano was the object of booing, howling, yelling, and a bombardment of small objects plus several chairs thrown from the front row. It must have been an off-night, as this opera company later toured the United States and gave many performances in Los Angeles. One season they did a *Carmen* in Southern California—and the soprano sang very well, but the tenor was barely acceptable.

A visit to the Isle of Capri proved to be reasonably pleasant. I managed to get in and out of the Blue Grotto in a rowboat, even though the bay was a bit choppy. Up above, in my day, the island had an art colony dominated by a bewhiskered Italian with a beret and carrying a pipe nearly a foot in length. He said he was the most photographed, drawn, and painted model in the entire world; and, incidentally, he made a comfortable living.

The Roman Emperor Tiberius owned a summer palace on Capri and sometimes disposed of those who displeased him by tossing them over the edge of a cliff. Having a slight dissatisfaction with his professional astrologer, Tiberius contemplated dropping him into the Bay of Naples. He asked the astrologer if he could read his own



The photogenic model on the Island of Capri. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

horoscope; and, when the soothsayer said yes, the Emperor inquired, "How are your stars today?" With a look of terror on his face, the astrologer answered that he was in the gravest mortal danger and that only the gods or the Emperor could save him. Tiberius, who already considered himself as a divine being, was so flattered that he spared the old man.

In the middle 1920s Benito Mussolini was very popular in Italy and had already done considerable work in excavating Pompeii and Herculaneum. There were a number of restorations of splendid villas where Roman aristocrats had spent their vacations. It was not difficult to restore many beautiful structures, and even humble shops, because the city had been buried in ashes—and most of those who perished had died of suffocation. There was comparatively little damage, except from later flooding. Evidently, the citizens of Pompeii were liberal-minded; and here and there the modern government had

placed curtains in front of indelicate paintings and mosaic inlays, which appeared to embarrass the politicians and the local clergy.

Herculaneum was actually under part of the city of Naples on the side facing Vesuvius. Herculaneum was destroyed by lava, and everything was incinerated. After the lava had cooled, it was as hard as rock and restoration was limited. Most of the articles brought to light by excavation were on permanent display in Naples in the Museo Archeologico Nazionale. To visit Herculaneum one had to go down some thirty or forty feet and wander about galleries by the light of a few vents which reached the surface. Gradually, the site had been further cleared; and parts of Herculaneum can be seen in the suburbs of Naples.

In the small town of Pozzuoli outside of Naples there is a volcanic area with steam coming through the ground in many places. My trusted guide told me that the crust of the earth in some spots was only three to six feet thick. If you hit the ground with a cane, you could hear hollow sounds beneath your feet. I was among that courageous few who walked around among bubbling little hot springs in safety. If you followed directly behind your guide and never strayed to right or left, the guide assured visitors that the ground was "very accomodash."

Gibraltar, often referred to as "the rock," was one of the Pillars of Hercules described in ancient writings and was for some time a bastion of the British Empire. When I visited it in my younger days, it was regarded as a mighty fortress; and many of the gun placements were carved out of the solid stone. Today its military significance is negligible, but it has become a controversial issue.

The most famous tourist attractions of Gibraltar are the monkeys. They are everywhere and extremely precocious. While you are sitting in a street cafe, a monkey may neatly remove your hat and carry it to some rocky crag beyond hope of rescue. Fountain pens are also favorites, and occasionally a watch is spirited out of a vest pocket. Elaborate flowered and feathered ladies' headgear are most attractive to these simian thieves. They have a certain sense of honor, however, for they will return stolen articles several days later to the wrong people.



My trusty guide at Pozzuoli. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

It so happened that I had a note to an automobile agent who had a store in Gibraltar. When I dropped by his place, it was completely locked up. Returning the next day, there was still no sign of life—so I visited a nearby shop. The obliging proprietor explained with a smile that no one knew when the manager of the automobile agency would return. It might be weeks or even months. When I asked how he took care of his business, it was explained that he always closed shop after selling a car. There was no sense in waiting for another customer. Business was only important when you ran out of money. A good car salesman, after he had accumulated the funds for a vacation on the Riviera or a summer in Sicily, gathered up his family and faded away.

[To Be Continued]



*In
Reply*



A Department of Questions and Answers

A WORD FOR MOTHERS

Question: How about a word for mothers in these difficult times?

Answer: At the present time, nearly every country of the world is in serious difficulties. We hear continuing reports of conferences and summit meetings to arbitrate the feuds and dilemmas of nations, communities, and—for that matter—private lives. The old traditional ways of solving disagreements between countries are overworked and have virtually no effect. There are forebodings of further probable disasters, and the citizens of the various political structures are on the verge of revolution. Up to now, there seems to be no comprehensive approach for successfully dealing with even one or two of the impending catastrophes.

Why not face the facts and study the historical and psychological conditions which are responsible for practically all of the tragedies that have befallen the world over the last several thousand years? There is constructive hope in the idea of a complete educational overhaul, not only encompassing the classroom but also including the standard reference books on the critical events that have distinguished and disfigured the planet for a long time.

The concept now seems to center on the importance of reconstruction of the public school system so that young people are better informed about the great social problems that we have inherited from the past. The trouble here is that the child does not enter school

until it is six or seven years old, and by that time the twig may be so bent that it can no longer be straightened. Prior to enrollment in an educational structure which has no answers of its own for the conflicts of the day, what serious consideration is given to these matters at the important incipient stages of a child's development? Many would rather ignore this aspect, but in the last half century the preschool years of children have lost most of their influence on the child's mind. Like as not, both parents are working and a youngster must be left with other relatives or placed in a nursery or under the guardianship of adolescents. This situation adds nothing of value to preschool minds but can contribute to disillusionment, loneliness, or frustration.

In the last century families were strong units, and children shared in the strength of their parents and other close relations. They may have been subjected to prejudice, but at least they had guidelines supported by respected elders. Today, with three quarters of the world's population so unsettled, nearly all family strength is lost. We should not be surprised at present-day teenage immorality.

It seems that the mysterious universal plan that brings us into existence can also provide us with a pattern of our purpose and destiny. Lack of religion of the vital type and widespread corruption on every level of social existence must result in a continuing dearth of individual or collective integrity. But where do we go from here?

There is a primary need to recognize the importance of the mother in this problem. We know that the majority of women are strongly influenced by the actual fact of motherhood. Even though they may have no deep roots or spiritual values, they are moved by the simple presence of the newborn babe in their arms. At that stage, a child is wonderful—almost like a doll—but, at the same time, a more or less helpless little creature in desperate need of love and attention. These feelings and others like them come with the baby; and the new mother is completely immersed for now in the wonder of it all.

Gradually, however, outside influences begin to move in. The working mother has to go back to her job, and in medium income families there remain the old chores and responsibilities. The

pressures build up, and in many cases a child becomes a responsibility beyond the emotional maturity of the young mother. At best, we must say that the environment of the baby for the first year or two of life is the family; and it inherits all the peculiarities perpetuated by its forebears. Small children are very observant and almost psychic in their ability to interpret the moods and motivations of their elders. Living in a home for six years, the small child has already been exposed to many of the unsolved problems of its elders. By this time it is ready for school and discovers without too much stress that the schoolroom is a little larger than the family home but shows the same tendencies already experienced in family life.

This is regarded as normal and natural; and no one would really think of attempting to improve this situation, unless it develops some intense psychological tensions. We are still working with the outside, however. It might be interesting to dip into medieval alchemy. The alchemist recognized a living body as a being inhabiting a body. The physical form was visible, while the indwelling soul was not. However, this animating principle could be known best by the pressures which it exerts. It was said by these older masters that the mysteries of alchemy should be studied directly in the structure and compound of the human being. The body transmutes food to become a vital sustaining energy, and it is also involved in the mystery of reproduction. An appropriate symbol for the reproductive process is alchemical transmutation, in which a life begets life—the process continuing to the end of time.

For the most part, childbirth is now approached as a simple physical fact which can be studied by the physician and maintained by the advantages available to modern parents. Suppose, however, that the little one who comes to birth from the body of its mother is not a totally new life but part of a stream of life in which we are born, live, and depart to live again. If we are dealing not merely with biology but a deep spiritual mystery, the mother has a special call arising from the experience of life-giving which can be strengthened by the proper circumstances. We do not mean necessarily religious convictions but, more specifically, a tremendous moment of exaltation which is remembered long after the incident itself has

passed. It does linger on. The normal mother cares for the child as long as she lives. When a mother becomes a grandmother, a diffusion of living consciousness still passes with other aspects of heredity.

Many women do have mystical or psychological experiences in the birth of a child. There are stirrings within the heart or the soul and mysterious psychic ties which continue as long as the mother and her offspring live. Perhaps it is here that we must seek the solution for the world's problems. If the prospective mother is sincerely prepared for a child, looks forward to it with deep emotional expectation, holds it in her arms when it is born, soothes its tears, and feeds it from her own breast, the most powerful influence possible in that child's eyes has been exerted and will strongly affect its entire life. Even though she may not have any intentions of indoctrinating her child, the little one has a safe birth and its very life is surrounded by love and understanding and it will be a different person when it matures. The child will have resources to look back on, rather than a nagging family. The insecurities of our times, compounded with the number of children born out of wedlock, confront the mother with very definite duties. If she can live up to them, much good can be accomplished.

Some homes are held together largely by physical attraction alone—misfits huddled together under a roof, each more or less aggravated by the other, who does not mind mentioning the fact. There are arguments and times of sulking, and family life is sustained only by personal emotions which may be on the wane. In other words, the child gradually comes out of a smaller chaos into a larger one and is made ready to reject his world before he knows anything about it.

There is now clear evidence that an expectant mother can discipline herself during the prenatal period. Efforts could be made to increase religious awareness, if it already exists, or explore the subject in search of constructive contributions. The mother-to-be can refrain from physical intemperance—alcohol, tobacco, and narcotics—and from psychological dissipation—anger, frustration, and resentment. The prospective mother should realize that she is

no longer living for herself alone and act accordingly. When we understand the psychological importance of the dilemmas and misfortunes of neglected children or little ones constantly exposed to disagreeable situations, it is easily recognized that these environmental difficulties have devastating and lasting repercussions not only in the lives of children experiencing such conditions but, also, indirectly throughout all of society. We observe every day young people whose lives have no meaning and who exist only to gratify sensory reflexes. It probably is safe to say that wars all over the earth not only result in the death of unborn infants but the moral death of those who survive. It is reasonable to assume that millions of unwanted souls do come in, and millions of those who are wanted are destroyed by human inhumanity. Those who survive must grow up; and somewhere in this complex we find the dictators, the criminals, the degenerates, and the mentally disturbed. As the physical body may be damaged, so the psychic body can be tortured by many grievances and turn upon its environment with bitterness and cruelty.

While we are trying to find some answer to why everything seems to go wrong, let us give a thought to where everything starts. Think of children less than twelve years old selling narcotics and parents abusing their own children. It is certain that this vast ingression of souls, millions today, most of them tired and sick before they arrive, could be an important factor in world conditions.

Strange as it may seem to some, it is proven beyond any doubt that the mother is the most important restorer and protector of life. To the ancients, the mother of mysteries dwelt in the innermost sanctuary of the temple. She was the great nourisher—not only of bodies but of hearts and minds, as well. She was the tender nurse of the sick and knelt quietly by the side of the dying. She was the parent of heroes, her virtues passing on to a new generation to make it fruitful. We have forgotten the wondrous beginning of ourselves, and in the conflict of the material world we have no longer time to contemplate the plan to which we all belong.

If a young person starts out in life with a firm memory of good parents, not those who spoil their children but love enough to cor-

rect them, he is strengthened with their love and understanding. Among the people who attended our earlier lectures was a sweet-faced elderly lady who radiated kindness. One day she said to me, "I came from a very poor household; and many a time we had no shoes, but we always had love." If this quality was a little more common, life would be a little better; and, if it became very common, some of our worst problems would fade away. Love cannot be written about adequately, but the mother with a newborn babe knows what it is; and, if she can hold on to the proper guidance of a soul going forth to fulfill its life purpose, there would be an example of strength which could be victorious in the affairs and doubts of the world.



On the Rights of Minorities

Sturdy Tom Paine, biographers relate,
 Once with his friends engaged in warm debate.
 Said they, "Minorities are always right;"
 Said he, "The truth is just the opposite."
 Finding them stubborn, "Frankly, now," asked he,
 "In this opinion do ye all agree;
 All, every one, without exception?" When
 They thus affirmed unanimously, — "Then,
 Correct," said he, "my sentiment must be,
 For I myself am the minority."

—Richard Garnett

A nation's books are her vouchers. Her libraries are her monuments. Her wealth of gold and silver, whether in commerce, or bonds, or banks, is always working for her; but her stores of golden thoughts, inventions, discoveries, and intellectual treasures, invested mainly in print and manuscript, are too often stored somewhere in limbo unregistered, where . . . they rather slumber than fructify. The half of them are not recorded, and the resting places of many are not known.

—H. Stevens

There is only one thing a philosopher can be relied on to do, and that is to contradict other philosophers.

—William James



Curiouser & Curiouser

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND

THE DIVINE CHESS GAME*

We are indebted to Thomas Huxley for the following quotation, which seems sufficiently important to be given thoughtful attention. He compares man's dangerous journey in this world to a game of chess as follows:

“Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it a primary duty to learn at least the names and moves of the pieces: to have a notion of gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you think that we should look, with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

“Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated

*First published in the Winter 1976 issue of the magazine *Ubique*.

than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong show delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste but without remorse.”

It would appear to be quite reasonable that those who give their lives to the advancement of scientific knowledge should come to the same generous conclusions as those of Huxley. If exact sciences exist in this world, we must assume that as individuals we cannot avoid the implications. Even the thoughtful layman is aware that the law of cause and effect operates in human affairs. If there is a master plan directing human conduct, the search for this plan must be the first labor of learning. In the last twenty-five years we have become increasingly conscious of our place in a well-ordered universe. We are also beginning to learn that as individuals very few of us are leading well-ordered lives. The individual has long considered himself to be a unique creature with the right to live as he pleases, regardless of consequences. Around this concept he has created philosophies, sociologies, and patterns of ambitions which have little or no foundation in realities, truths, or facts. Considering himself to be “lord of all he surveys,” he has tried vainly to transform his environment to justify his personal ambitions. As a result, he now exists in an age of anxieties and is renewing his search for those very securities which he has rejected for centuries.

To justify his conduct the human being assembled an intricate structure of materialistic speculations. He has tried to prove that wealth brings security and that industrial expansion is progress. Religion has become a passive allegiance to theological doctrines, and many faiths have become party to such attitudes. The Divine Universe revealed to mankind by the great teachers of the past has

faded away, leaving only an infinite expanse of physical space which will ultimately be conquered by ingeniously devised rockets. Most of us have been infected to some degree by science fiction, which makes our daily lives more interesting but not necessarily more meaningful. It would seem that the native intelligence with which we have been endowed should inspire us to explore the infinite potential within ourselves.

Huxley is also credited with another oft-quoted remark to the effect that we must admit individual and collective ignorance until we can define and understand, clearly and exactly, the natures of consciousness, intelligence, and force. To live constantly in association with these universal principles without striving earnestly to fathom their mysteries is a serious mistake. Some have assumed that the mind of man is incapable of dealing with these imponderables and that we must all be satisfied with a kind of relative knowledge relating to secondary considerations. It is the proper end of relative knowledge to reveal symbolically those divine principles from which it is suspended. Creation is a continual revelation of cosmic purposes, demanding more and more insight if survival is to be assured.

The chess player is matching his skill against another more proficient than himself. One of the basic rules of chess is that one should never select an adversary whom he can easily defeat. If he does so, his own game will deteriorate. It is not wise to imagine that in the game of life the other player is inadequate. In the larger sense there has been a tendency to downgrade universal law. It is exact when exactitude serves a purpose and riddled with exceptions when exactitudes are inconvenient.

Chess is probably the most scientific of all games. To cheat at chess is practically impossible, and every move must be made with all possible thoughtfulness. The game may be lost in the first ten moves but may linger on for two hundred while the player is attempting to overcome the consequences of his own mistakes. Haste is almost always fatal, and championship games can last for several days. The skillful player must anticipate the long range intentions of his adversary and at the same time develop his own strategy with scientific care. The Mogul emperors of India had courtyards laid

out like a chessboard, and the various pieces were actual persons who moved about according to the commands of the two players. Generally considered a game of war, chess is actually a game of strategy based upon ancient cosmological and metaphysical concepts. It is interesting that the Queen is the most important piece, whereas the King is permitted only most limited moves. There are magnificent old jade and ivory chess sets for the use of Chinese nobility, and the game took on Taoist and Confucian moralisms. Wherever the game was played it was regarded as a valuable mental exercise, demanding intense concentration.

These aspects have contributed to the high esteem in which chess is held and also remind the players of the immutable processes of nature and the equally precise functioning of the disciplined human mind. The present generation is suffering from the consequences of short-range thinking. The good chess player never loses sight of the grand strategy of his game. He plans for the future, using every means at his disposal to thwart the obstacles set up by his opponent. The course of life never runs smoothly, and just when it seems that we are attaining our goal the King is checked or mated. The King may be likened to reason and the Queen to intuition, which has no restrictions upon its movements. The Bishop is religion, and the Knight science with its erratic but extremely powerful pattern of moves. The Castle is the physical body and the mortal environment in which man exists. The Pawns are the eight powers of the soul providing the Soldiers, whose first duty is to protect the integrity of the King. Books have been written on the philosophy of chess, which is truly the game of life.

The possibility of winning a game of chess accidentally is practically nil; and, as Huxley points out, this is equally true in man's relationship with the larger universe to which he belongs. It is now becoming obvious that physical survival has its rules, and these must be mastered first before the game can be won. The prevailing stalemate in mortal affairs reveals an almost universal ignorance and a more or less resolute determination to perpetuate this ignorance at all costs. The invisible player is really our best friend, and every move that he makes invites us to strengthen our own position. It

is useless to become angry and sweep the chessmen from the board, and it is even more unrealistic to assume that the opponent is dishonest. The real purpose of the game is that we shall become truly self-sufficient and able to adjust wisely and graciously with the eternal plan for our salvation. No one can be made a good chess player by an act of congress or by miraculous intercession. These contrivances have no meaning. Francis Bacon summed up our bounden duty: "Keep the rules and live, break the rules and perish." Any good chess player accepts Lord Bacon's dictum, and it would be most helpful if this became a guiding light for us all in the years that lie ahead.

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Happenings at Headquarters



The PRS has recently inherited a group of religious material from Thailand, including twelve Buddhist images handsomely gilded and of the type usually found on the altars of Thai Buddhist temples. Two of the standing figures are of considerable size, nearly five feet in height, and of excellent quality with a symbolic flamelike ornament rising from the top of the head. There are also several smaller seated figures, obviously genuine antiques with religious material sealed within. The gift also includes several fine Christian icons, one of St. Mitrophan of Voronezh and dated 1838 and with an elaborate metal cover or *riza*. These icons will be on display during the Christmas season.

On a certain afternoon not long ago Mr. Hall felt the urgent need of sunshine and air and enjoyed a drive up to Santa Barbara. He felt irresistibly drawn to a quaint bookstore. The dealer, hoping to please an eccentric customer, brought out a two volume, massive work on the travels of Czar Nicholas II of all the Russias on a goodwill tour of India and the Far East. The books are illustrated with many magnificent engravings and lithographic prints. In Volume II there is a brief account of the Czar's visit to the Theosophical Headquarters in Adyar, India. Accompanying the text is a very fine, large engraving of Indian religious leaders assembled on the grounds of the Society. In the midst of the group, below center of the engraving, is Colonel Olcott with his white beard; and in the text it mentions that the Theosophical Society was founded by a Russian lady of consequence—Madame Blavatsky. Two illustrations from this set appear in "Here and There in Memoryland," Part IV.



A group of Adyar theosophists. The Czar on his grand tour of India visited Adyar and met with a group of theosophists at their headquarters. The central figure with the white beard is Colonel Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society. The text in the book also referred to Madame Blavatsky as a distinguished Russian lady. From: *Travels in the East of Nicholas II—Emperor of Russia—When Cesarewitch—1890-1891*, Westminster, 1896.

In Memory of a Valued Friend

The Philosophical Research Society was saddened by the passing of William Eisen (1918-1989). For twenty-eight years William Eisen was a member of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Pasadena, from which he retired as an Administrative Specialist in 1987. He lectured for a number of years at the PRS, specializing in the cabala and authored six books on this subject which are a substantial contribution to the field. Memorial services for William Eisen were held on October 12 in the PRS auditorium. On this occasion Korla Pandit, a most gifted artist, performed appropriate music on the piano, and Dolores Davis sang accompanied by Bob Mitchell. William Eisen had many friends, most of whom attended this memorial service. He was scheduled to lecture for the Society this Fall and will be long remembered as a very dedicated person who shared his knowledge with the many truth seekers who attended his meetings.



A Miscellany From Dr. Samuel Johnson

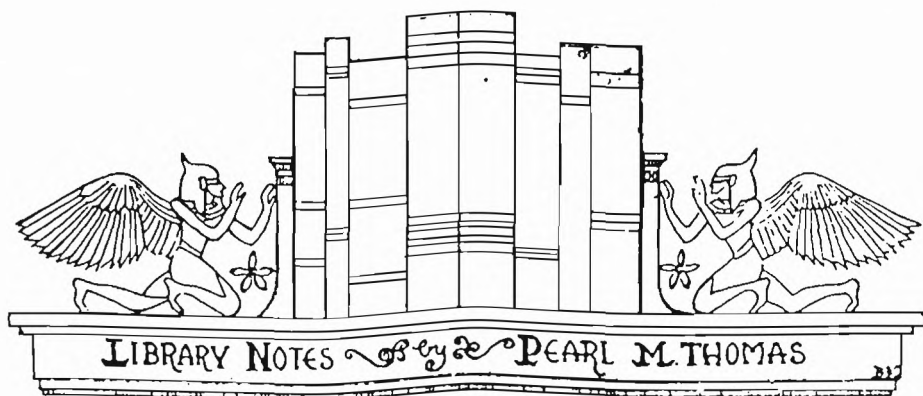
I would advise no man to marry, Sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

A fly, Sir, may sting a stately horse and make him wince; but one is but an insect, and the other is a horse still.

Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves.

Reason is like the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform, and lasting.



SOME WONDERFUL LETTERS

Part II

As I mentioned in the last "Library Notes," which were entitled "Some Wonderful Letters," I had intended to devote the first installment of this article to both China and Japan, using material from the journals of D. E. Newell (Eddie) which he had very carefully written out in the early days of his traveling for the Gump store of San Francisco. Then, in a second article, I hoped to go on to his descriptions of Europe and also include some engaging anecdotes about his travels across the United States. He had a tremendous capacity for meeting fascinating people wherever he went. Perhaps this was because he was a most interesting person himself. The letters which his son, Dan, sent to me over a period of about eight years are beautifully written; and Dan commented that he derived much pleasure from the considerable research involved in writing them.

In about 1907, on one of his early buying trips to China, D. E. (Eddie) Newell had the experience of a period of weeks when nothing

surfaced in Peking that was worthy even of deliberation to purchase for the Gump store. Liu, his Chinese comprador (the middleman between the foreign buyer and the Chinese seller) suggested that perhaps they should look at some funerary art from the early T'ang Dynasty (618-907 A.D.) which had been brought to a dealer who seldom carried art that would be pleasing to Western purchasers. Liu was, by his own admission, an authority on all branches of Chinese art. Even he was not at all enthusiastic about viewing funerary art; but, as there was nothing better for them to do, D. E. Newell and Liu decided to have a look. Liu thought little of it, but Eddie had quite a different impression. To continue, quoting from one of Dan's letters to me:

“Dad said he bought three or four fine T'ang horses, a couple of camels, two tall priests and a set of women musicians. The great surprise to him was that the reception of these sculptures, wrought of common earth and (by) unknown artists, was amazing. They created a furor, not only by connoisseurs of Chinese art, but of all lovers of sculpture. Out of the clear blue sky this unknown and unheralded art burst forth upon the art world. It proved . . . that the horses painted by the T'ang artists were not figments of the artists' imagination, but a true portrayal of these noble steeds.

“When these pieces arrived home, A. L. (Gump) was just as enthusiastic about them as Dad was. A. L. sold his first piece to Otto Kahn, President of the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum (N.Y.). He purchased one of the large priests, which was nearly three feet tall. Gump's knew then that they had made a great find. Gump's was the first to bring them to this country, but some were sent to England the same year.”

In another journal Eddie expressed the thought:

“I recall a shipment of T'ang horses we received. When we opened the packing case, we were all heart-

sick. Every horse in the large shipment was broken. Heads off, legs broken. The atmosphere was funereal. We had a Mr. Fix-it in our shop named Malley. He was a genius in his own right. A. L. decided that Malley should repair them. He gave Malley the glad tidings, which phased him not. This was the first shipment which had broken items. Malley meditated for a while and then told A. L. he wanted a shipment of special drills from Sweden. He got them. Then he ordered so many pounds of dry clay from the same area in China where the T'ang objects were made. No problem—he got that too. Then he wanted special steel pins, which A. L. happily ordered for him.

“Malley, in his own sweet time, started the job. Talk about the phoenix rising from the ashes—Malley’s miracle, I called it. When he finished a horse, it was absolutely impossible to find a flaw in his work. As each horse was completed, they were placed on the floor—the price reduced with a prominent sign reading, ‘RE-STORED.’ We sold them all.”

A few years later, in 1921 in fact, Mary Garden, internationally famous opera star, came into Gump’s; and, while she stated flatly that “she hated Chinese junk,” she purchased an exquisite T’ang horse which she had placed on a Louis XIV table in her reception room in Paris. Some months later, she sent a letter to Eddie Newell stating, “I love my T’ang horse better than anything I possess.”

For a long period of time a great majority of Dan Newell’s letters to me related to his father as the “centerpiece,” but periodically he brought in other situations which were always equally delightful. In one of his 1987 letters Dan expressed the happy thought that he was rereading Manly P. Hall’s *Growing Up With Grandmother*; and it brought back many pleasant memories of his own grandmother (his mother’s mother), who came to the West Coast to help her daughter in raising the three children. Much of his mother’s time was taken up in assisting her husband Eddie, who never really recovered from lead poisoning acquired during his early days working

as an assayer and chemist. In this particular letter Dan made the comment:

“It seems every generation brings forward women of character who persevere in the face of all social restraints and other restrictions . . .

“Grandmother Du Bose was a great influence in my life. She was an intellectual with a love of the classics. She could quote whole pages of Shakespeare from memory. From the earliest age, she introduced me to the Greek and Norse myths and inspired me to a love and recognition of the wisdom of the classical world. She taught me common courtesy, consideration for others and things of lasting value. Her orientation was of the Episcopal Church, and (she) read children’s stories to me from the Bible. I hold her memory in the highest esteem and appreciation.

“Grandmother established the cultural pattern, and thank goodness for what she accomplished in her role. She told me much of her early life in the old South with vivid descriptions of many stirring events. She was born in 1847 and retained many memories of the stark circumstances of wartime occupation. Some years ago, *Life* magazine published an article on the antebellum homes in the South. In this article appeared the home that Grandmother was born in. It was named ‘Rattle and Snap.’ This curious name came from a game of beans which was played by her grandfather, William Polk, with the Governor of North Carolina and other participants. They played with script issued to Revolutionary soldiers; and the prize was five thousand acres in middle Tennessee, which William (Polk) won and then deeded this land to his son George—who was Grandmother’s father. It was located about seven miles (out of) Columbia, Tennessee. The home was truly a magnificent structure. Huge columns graced the front of the building in keeping with the theme of the time.

“When the Civil War came, all the sons departed to enter the Confederate Army. That part of the state was occupied very early in the war. Retreating Confederate soldiers told her father that the Union forces were just two days behind them. That same afternoon her father dismissed the household servants for the day. He obtained sacks and long ropes and took them to the living room. Then he and the women filled the sacks with all the silver and other cherished things. They took the sacks up into the attic and pulled the covers off the tops of the columns and lowered the sacks to the bottom. Then they sealed the column tops again and scattered dust over the area.

“In a day or so the Union cavalry arrived. A squad dismounted, swaggered into the house, took out their sabers, and started to slash the furniture and draperies. The family stood to one side and watched. Soon the troop captain came in. Her father asked him what their intentions were. The captain told them that they were planning to burn down the house. The captain then strode into the dining room and happened to look at the fireplace. There, hanging over the mantle, was her father’s Scottish rite patent. The captain declared the entire plantation off limits for his men. The commanding general of the occupation was probably ‘persuaded’ to declare this plantation off limits for the duration of the war.”

Dan’s grandmother, a young lady of fourteen years, was there and saw these events.

When young Dan was seventeen years old, his father took him to Honolulu, where the Gumps were about to open a branch store. A. L. Gump had long desired to have a lovely store in the islands. D. E. Newell by this time (1930) was probably the General Manager. At least his presence was required to get things under way in the new building. Young Dan found his own interests.

“Dad rented a house out near Koko Head. It was country then—rural with pineapple fields with little settlements scattered among the trees and shrubs. We hadn’t unpacked yet, and I was long gone exploring. I wandered up a road and met a bunch of youngsters about my age. New kid on the block!

“I met Tom Worthington, about my age (17) who was six foot, four inches, 220 pounds and solid as a rock. We instantly became lifelong devoted friends. Interestingly enough, I don’t recall any youngsters with Oriental blood. Tom had an English name, but I could not detect any of this bloodline in him. He was pure Hawaiian in appearance.

“Well—I guess you know that we kids did what kids have done in all ages before us. There were precipitous peaks behind us. These peaks were covered with dripping vegetation with waterfalls and pools everywhere. We took open five gallon petrol cans in sacks to collect mountain apples. We swam in the pools and soaped up with the saponaceous bulbs which grew on the banks of these pools. We swiped pineapples from the fields and took a little sampan along the coast to gather coconuts, bananas and limes which were there for the taking. We swam in the lagoons, speared fish and went through the channel in the reef into the open ocean to fish for mullet.

“I came to love these people and respect their ways—so kind and generous, so simple and unaffected. I heard many legends of Old Polynesia. They told of caves along the coast which were said to be the abode of sea deities and sealed with absolute taboo.

“When the time came to return home, Tom wanted in the worst way to go with us and make his home on the mainland. When Dad was free, I approached him about it. He told me to come over and sit down. After he fixed his pipe and lit-up, he said let us discuss it. He was very patient and wanted me to think carefully

about the ramifications of my request. Even at that age, I had sense enough to listen to him. He said he knew my devotion for my friend Tom and all the more reason that we should weigh all aspects. Did I think that Tom could survive as a person in a totally strange environment? After posing many questions, he made the affirmative statement that Tom's dark skin would be an insurmountable handicap for him in that present society on the mainland. Did I want this fate for Tom? Of course, I didn't! Dad concluded that Tom could live his life without stress in the islands."

In yet another letter received early in 1988 Dan said more about his father's character. He wrote:

"(Dad) was very reserved but had an absolute sincerity in all his dealings. He was a man of great cordiality, which was very genuine. He was totally honest in all of his dealings. I believe he had that rare ability to quickly relate to others and establish an atmosphere of friendly interest for the other person. Whenever possible, he weighed all known factors in a situation before acting. I might add that he had a great aversion for profanity."

A story from one of Dan's letters, which I have repeated probably more often than any other, describes how easily D. E. Newell related to people and how quickly they responded to his genial nature.

"At mother's urging to see the beauties of the South, Dad decided to take the Southern Route via New Orleans to New York. He philosophized a bit about traveling. He said, for instance, that after the first trip is completed you relive it and enjoy it with your friends until the bloom is off the rose. You can never recapture the thrills of your first trip. He said he knew from his own experience that in retreading the old route time after time you become almost oblivious to scenery and buildings.

He felt that it is the people you meet on your trips with the kaleidoscope of personalities that make for the real pleasure in traveling. Material objects may fade out, but interesting people remain in clear focus for all your life. Today, I think, air travel has almost obliterated the time needed to become acquainted with others.

“When the train arrived at Needles, a chap got on their car. He was dressed in khaki with a typical Western Stetson hat. Dad presumed from his looks that in some way he was connected with cattle. At dinner that night he sat opposite him. Dad opened the conversation with a casual remark that he had tasted better coffee. The fellow agreed with him and then went into a discussion of the various coffees, their origin, history, and where and how the best coffee was raised. Dad could hardly believe his ears. He allowed he certainly wasn't a cattleman!

“The subject turned to tea and his knowledge of tea was just amazing. ‘Good Lord, man, how do you know so much about tea?’ ‘Oh, the U.S. government sent me to make a survey of all the tea raising countries.’ ‘But coffee! Did the government send you to the coffee producing countries too?’ ‘No, that is my business and another story. My grandfather was a colonel in the Confederate Army and at the close of the Civil War refused to sign the Oath of Allegiance to the United States of America. He went to Mexico, got a tract of land in the hill country, and started a coffee plantation. The climate and elevation were just right for growing the finest grade of coffee. His coffee was considered the best grown in the Western Hemisphere. It was sold almost entirely to the London market. It was of such fine quality that, if I remember rightly, it sold for \$1.00 a pound at the plantation. This was sold to the finest English clubs and only used for demitasse.’

“The subject then turned to foreign countries; and

he knew Russia, all the European countries, and the Near East intimately. They finally adjourned to the smoking room in their car after dinner, and in some way or other the subject turned to music—of which Dad had a fair knowledge. He said the young man's understanding could only be classed with a brilliant professional. 'How did you acquire such a finished education in music?' 'My father was a great lover of music and had a pipe organ shipped in sections and set up in our house, and I was taught music since I was a boy.'

"They talked until midnight—much to Dad's pleasure and profit. He was leaving early in the morning, and his last words were: 'Rachmaninoff spent a month with us last year, and on your return we would like you to spend a month with us.'

"At the breakfast table next morning Dad sat opposite another young fellow, who got on during the night. He was a big blonde—over six feet with the inevitable Stetson on the rack. This was surely a cattleman! He put out his hand and said, 'How are you, stranger? My name is Monte Campbell. What's yours?' When he spoke, Dad received a shock. He acted and talked Western—but with a pure Harvard accent. 'My name's Ed Newell from San Francisco. But tell me, Monte, you live in this part of the country, don't you?' 'Sure. Right across the border in Mexico.'

"He gave . . . a big grin. 'Well I'll tell you how it was. My old man decided I should be exposed to an education, and he read that Harvard was the oldest university in the country—so he packed me off to Harvard.' 'Well, what does your old man do?' 'Oh, he's a cattleman with a 400,000 acre apread in Mexico.' Dad said Monte was a wild Indian and told him some of the darndest yarns he ever heard."

Somewhat along the same lines, Eddie Newell's love of people

and his appreciation of language came out distinctly in one of his many voyages to China. On one of these trips across the Pacific the steamer chair next to his was occupied by a fine looking Englishman; and, after a certain amount of casual conversation, it came out that his new English friend was a colonel in the First Grenadier Guards, one of the top English regiments. Newell knew many English people and had traveled extensively with them. He was well-aware that personal questions were unacceptable, and Newell complied with this rule of conduct. The Englishman was somewhat of an amateur collector, so they had much to talk about in relation to Chinese art as they traveled from place to place in China. After about seven weeks of close association and lively conversations, Newell's son Dan continued his story:

“Dad had absolutely no accent and could not be identified with regional idiom in England or in America. When they parted, the colonel made some nice remarks about how much he had enjoyed Dad's company. Then he added: ‘When you get home, I would like you to spend a week at my place at Brighton.’ ‘I surely would like to, Colonel; but I'm afraid I can't. You see my home is in San Francisco.’ ‘My word,’ he said, ‘I thought you lived in London!’ ”

In one of Dan's letters written in 1988 he mentioned the first time he heard Manly P. Hall:

“I attended five or six of his lectures when he was in San Francisco. My friend was planning to attend a lecture at the old Scottish rite auditorium on Van Ness at Sutter. I did not know of Mr. Hall at that time. We managed to get seats in the tenth row. It was given in the main auditorium and was almost full. This was in 1940. I was puzzled—as there was only a large, comfortable chair center stage. No podium in sight. Mr. Hall came out and sat down. In a brief few moments he began to speak. I whispered to my friend, ‘Where are his

notes?' 'He does not use them,' was the reply. One thing that very much impressed me was that I heard not a single cough nor any shuffling of feet. As I recall, he seemed a bit on the portly side.

"Mr. Hall has such a delightful way to express humor, and goodness knows we can't get enough of that. It is so easy to become too serious when considering the mystical and all too easy to become self-deceived in our contemplations. In the presence of genuine humor I think we are able to keep our perspective on a sound footing and not get carried away with things too much.

"I cannot think of any individual who, in our times, has made a greater contribution to the common good than he. Mr. Hall and our valiant H.P.B. are part of that grand company dedicated to the salvation of human kind."



I hope that in future *PRS Journals* readers will be able to glimpse something of Japan and Europe through Dan's letters. Dan dedicated quite a bit of space to the early building of the Gump store in San Francisco after it had been moved to the present location on Post Street. Japanese rooms with adequate storage space covered by Shoji screens were created by excellent Japanese carpenters in San Francisco. There was also a "budding Chinese architect by the name of Newell," who had much to do in establishing a Chinese room, which, naturally, was quite different from the low-keyed tone of the Japanese areas.



There's only one thing that can keep growing without nourishment: the human ego.

—Marshall Lumsden

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