

# *The American* THEOSOPHIST

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GEORGE S. ARUNDALE 1878 - 1945

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*Under the Auspices of* THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY *Adyar*

# THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

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# THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST



## IN AWARENESS

*In this October issue, dedicated to Dr. Arundale, we do not say "In Memoriam." This issue is less "in memory" and more "in awareness." We do not scan the past, with sorrow, remembering one who is gone. We look rather to the future, paying tribute of attention to one who goes ahead—one with whom we ourselves may be, if we live more abundantly.*

*Words are sometimes for the hour—written for a special purpose, according to the need of specific readers, in a definite time and place. If we quote the writings of Dr. Arundale, we quote them, let us say, with this proviso: that we recognize how small a portion they infer, however glowing. We do not seek to confine him to any past or partial interpretation. So varied are the facets of his great jewel of Theosophy! Let us show no one facet except as we affirm, "This mirrors but part. There are further accents. Innumerable accents. Ongoing truths not to be labeled."*

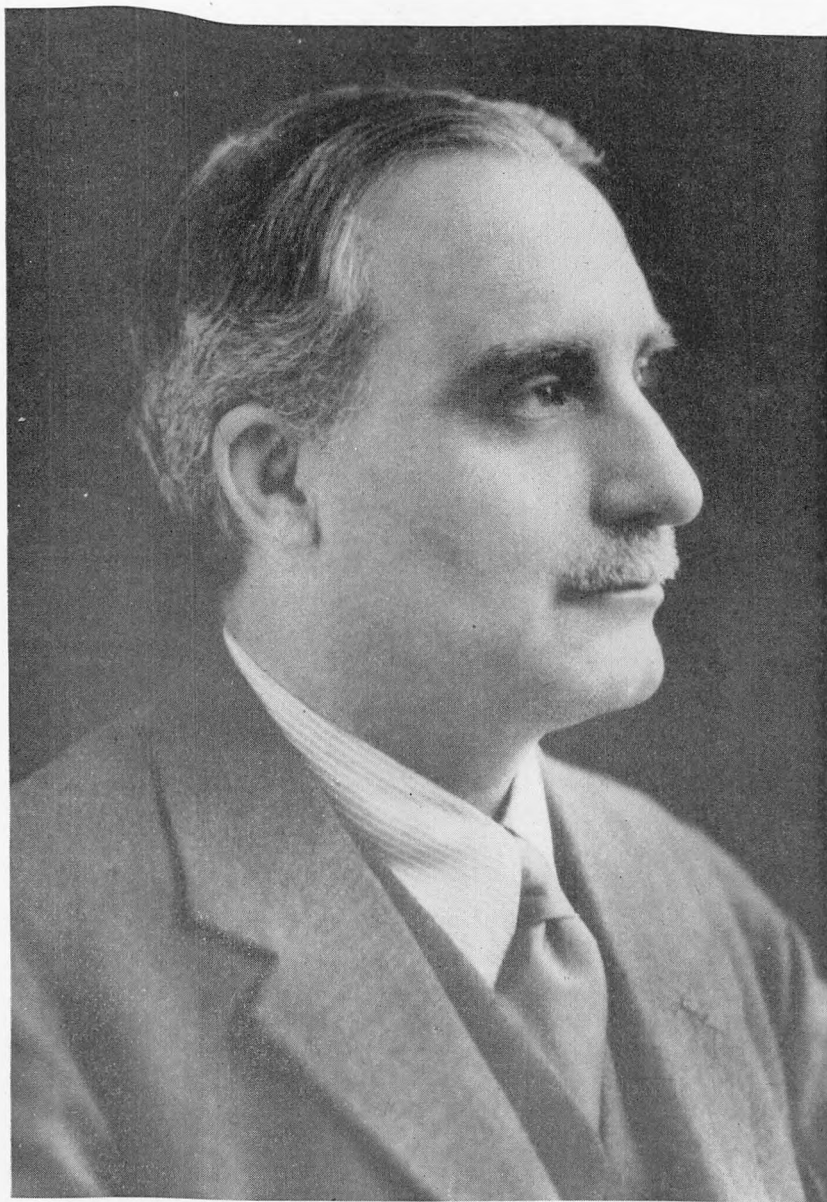
*Let us not chain him, "He said this, he advocated that." We say rather, "At such a date, for some purpose he saw good, in relation to some cause we cannot define, he gave this message. To a similar problem, under different conditions, he may have said quite the opposite."*

*Nor did he speak as authority. He spoke in self-revelation. In friendship. In becomings. As one who adventures, upon a kingly road, discovering treasure. And he shared what he found thus, of spiritual food, with any who might be hungry.*

*So we meet for a time in companionship, to commemorate Dr. Arundale's half century of service to this Society and to the Masters.*

*Partake of this bread of thought he offered; drink of this wine. For through this medium—"differently" but "together"—we may approach his living way, as he moves through ever greater domains, of silence, and of speech.*

B. W.



DR. GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

*It is said that I have had the happiness of stimulating this life to service. If so it be, great is the reward. For among my many sons and pupils there is none of whom a mother and teacher may feel more proud than of George S. Arundale.*

—ANNIE BESANT



# O Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

WE ought to have in Theosophical circles a new dictionary of words, a Theosophical dictionary from which certain words are entirely excluded. . . . I was thinking especially at the moment of the word "death." That word is one of the most extraordinary words in the English language. It is a word which has had poured into it, I suppose, more falsehoods than almost any other word we use. Even Theosophists use the word with all its conventional content . . . "Is so and so still alive?" . . . "Oh, no, he died long ago." The question should never be put in that form. . . . Of course he is alive. You can say, if you like, "Is he still alive on the *physical* plane?" But we use the word "death" and many concomitant phrases almost as if we thought death had the power to kill the individual! . . .

Let us take up this word "death," because I think it is of vital importance that we should disentangle it from its falsities. "Death" does not mean death at all, as it is commonly understood . . . Death is the supreme process of that change which leads us from the less to the more. Death is not Public Enemy No. 1 but Public Friend No. 1 . . . and if we try to realize that, especially with regard to ourselves, then we can move onward to what the outer world calls "death" with satisfaction, with peace, and with a kind of intriguing interest.

Each of us ought, for example . . . to feel immensely intrigued as to how we are going through the death process when it comes to us. The immense mark of interrogation is as to the influence the physical elemental is going to exercise. If the physical elemental has been driven with a fairly strong and firm hand . . . the death process is going to be easy; because the rest of us, the reality of us, will be so keen about the fascinating process and circumstances of dying that we shall not want to be bothered either by the struggles of the physical elemental or by the weepings of those who surround us while we do not die!

You see, we shall have to shut the door on the physical plane to a large extent, and be very intent on all the things, the intriguing things, the wonderful things, the *realities*, on the other side . . . We shall not mind dying—the physical body may mind it but that is all. . . .

It is said that there is a particular minor dying every seven years. There is supposed to be effected a complete change even of the physical constituents after every seven years. Then come the major deaths: that of the disintegration of the physical body, of the emotional body, of the mental body . . . there is also the death of the causal body, but this does not take place until we take the first of the Great Initiations. Then the causal body dies . . . and it dies with such a fuss that it reacts right down here on the physical plane itself. I remember quite well when I took my First Initiation, weeping bitterly right down here on the physical plane for the loss of the causal body. You miss it. It has been your constant friend, your prop, your support, your crutch, the *ne plus ultra* of your life, and then all of a sudden you are asked, "Are you willing to let that go?"—part of the great ceremony itself. Of course the answer is "Yes," but when you have to begin letting it go it is a great wrench.

But nothing is irreparable; everything is being constantly repaired and ends in being constantly new. The breaking up of the causal body is exactly like the losing of the physical body; it looks as if you were going into a tunnel which appears unending. Are you prepared to go into that blackness? You know you must go in, there is something higher which is prompting you to go in . . . and into the tunnel you go; and then the loneliness comes in because you think you are stuck, you feel stuck in immeasurably black depths as if you had gone to the bottom of things and were suffocated in inescapability. Then the Monad sees your perplexity and gives you another little stimulation, and you go on; and all of a sudden you find at the end of the tunnel there is the Master bidding you welcome to the new kingdom you are beginning to learn to conquer.

There is another way of looking at death which is very interesting, especially to people who are approaching the major death, as some of us greyhaired people are doing. Death is in fact the meeting place of past and future. There would be no death were there not a future to look forward to, and because there is a future for us there is death! Death is an aspect of Life. It is Life perceptibly alive.

—Abridged from *The Theosophist*, July 1936

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## THE OBJECTS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FIRST— To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

SECOND—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

THIRD— To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

## Who Awakens Godliness

How like a range of mountains is the life of a great man. Approach the mountains from afar and you see simply the heroic peaks that reach daringly into the heavens. Only with closer acquaintance do we mark the wealth of form that composes their heights and depths. Only with imagination can we encompass the vastness of snowy levels and gulflike chasms, the sheer walls of granite and rock that drop into mysterious realms of timber and rushing torrent, the shadowy canyons that fold away in majestic ridges.

Great mountains dramatically embody for us a challenge to explore our own higher levels of

royal consciousness. Before these outposts of eternally invisible grandeur, the little dream of self momentarily dissolves. We perceive intuitively our identity with boundless life. Great mountains speak to us of universals; so, too, do great men who personify splendid living. We cannot estimate in terms of the time bound personality spiritual eminences which a great man unveils in his daily life. Attempting to, we but substitute the deceptive mists of our lowland perspective for the reality of the mountain.

If a leader appears among us and we hear in his voice the singing of the gods, ours is a fortunate time in which to be alive, for in our very midst we behold the inspired warrior marching soulward step by dauntless step; and if we are to accompany him a part of the way upon his sublime journey—which indeed is the immense opportunity his presence offers us—we shall do so not merely because of his proximity, nor because we enjoy a knowing familiarity with him. Rather, we shall do so because of a natural at-one-ment with him; the elevating forces are aspiration and inspiration, ever concomitants of reverent homage happily rendered to greatness in any form.

How may I think of Dr. Arundale other than in terms of great mountains, and great men? His was the inward journey that inspired others to look within. One can gaze along his path, recorded in books and writings over many years—from his *Thoughts on At the Feet of the Master* to his *Mount Everest, Nirvana and The Lotus Fire*—and see him broaden and deepen; see his courage fired and his steadfastness tried; watch him pass portal after portal of liberation as he ceases “to live in plane-tight compartments” and seeks to dwell in all planes simultaneously; see him to the last, facing forward, climbing triumphantly as he disappears from mundane sight.

Dr. Arundale must have had his weaknesses, being human; his illusionary personality its modicum of ordinariness. But He, the Self, who spoke and acted through that personality, managed to reveal glimpses of realms and spiritual splendor veiled for most.

Who brings to our starved, earthly lives such vision; who inspires in us such high resolve to ascend our own mountain natures; who awakens godliness amidst our worldliness must be counted great among men. Let us remember him for the rare and kingly gifts he brought us, but no less let us honor him for his victorious living.



# Dr. Arundale—The Man

SIDNEY A. COOK

IT was my privilege to know Dr. Arundale well. "Privilege" is the correct word here for I think he was really known only to those who worked intimately with him. Judged from afar, he was often misjudged. He was literally a war casualty. The war not only confined him to India but he deeply conceived it to be his duty to the Society to be at Adyar. Such a course was not only contrary to the need of his expansive nature but a prolonged and uninterrupted sojourn was detrimental to his health. That, however, was but a part of the war effect. Dr. Arundale, above all else, was a man sensitive to human suffering. He was always keenly affected by the distress in India; then the war agony of Europe entered into his soul and he suffered the anguish of humanity.

My work with Dr. Arundale has naturally been largely with the direct affairs of The Theosophical Society. Not always have I agreed with him, but his answer whenever I have intimated as much was characteristic, "Why should you agree?" His interest was always for The Theosophical Society, and a point of view differing from his own, if it was well and logically supported and took all essentials into consideration, encountered no difficulty of admission to his mind. I well remember, for instance, his objection to a line of action I had taken relative to an election (in the result of which I was in no way involved). His letter from Adyar was emphatic in his disapproval. But I had a more intimate knowledge of the situation from a cause and effect point of view as it applied to this country. His response after I had placed this before him was generous and understanding, wiping out completely his original drastic criticism. He was so one-pointed in his purpose that the incidental effects of his statements and policies often escaped him until his critics seized upon them as a basis for attack. Then he usually disregarded them since the point to which they gave emphasis was often a by-product, rather than the main stream of his effort and purpose.

He was often thought to be inconsistent, and these incidental effects may have given that impression. He claimed the right of such inconsistency, but those who really knew him knew there was never a more staunch servant

of the Society or one more wholly committed to its purpose and its work.

One quality of Dr. Arundale's was little recognized. It also accounts for some of these apparent contradictions. His larger decisions were always made through long evolutionary pondering. The important ones were never snap decisions. These meditational processes were often months in duration, and he sometimes wrote of his progress through them. We are therefore not infrequently given glimpses of his thought as it evolves. Contradictory and inconsistent glimpses they appear to be, but the evolved product of his brooding invariably sets us right on fundamentals related to our work. In his recent writings, for instance, we see his struggle to discover the deep-down need of the Society from which war withheld his usual wide contacts and his enthusiasm-imparting quality. But in the end he emerged with clear decisions. "Everyday Brotherhood" above and beyond every other need, an understanding of humanity and a practical compassion in its trials, upliftment of character, adherence to moral principles and the law of Brotherhood in its simplicity—these were the essential foundations of our work, our lives, and our growth as a Society. "Changing men's hearts," rather than their laws and systems, was the way and Theosophy the key to such change. "We must learn how to cause the light of Theosophy to shine upon and invigorate every single quality which adds to right living."

A similar inward searching and long meditational retirement brought forth his books *Nirvana* and *The Lotus Fire*. But he also taught the simplicities of the upward Path. I had the good fortune to be closely associated with an effort on his part some years ago to help individuals in their aspiration and personal preparation for service. His kindness and solicitude in their difficulties, his simple recommendations ever leading to self answer and self aid were typical of the skilled educational quality of his life and his intimately understanding helpfulness. I have seen him, under difficult and very discomfiting conditions, refuse to better them for himself when it involved the risk of hurting others. With his permission, knowing his need, I have sometimes attempted rearrangements for him, only to be stopped when he realized it



might appear as an unfriendly act. I have watched him stand looking silently over a crowd of people for many minutes, and he would turn and say, "See if you can help\_\_\_\_\_ (pointing out some person); he seems to be in trouble." Always he was the friendly adviser and helper.

With this warmth of understanding, Dr. Arundale was naturally a wonderful friend, fine to work with, delightful in leisure times. Stores and shops intrigued him. The gadgets were always alluring. I remember hours in New York, and the repeated visits with him to see and handle the remarkable collections of small boxes in a store in Geneva, and his interest in the work of the artisans in the smaller Swiss mountain village shops. But there too, reminiscing with him later, I often found his interest to be in the shop keepers and the artisans no less than in their work. He was human to the core and full of human sympathy.

By nature an educator, he did a magnificent personal work with the students in the early days of the Central Hindu College, which Dr. Besant founded. I think he was never without a group to whom he was rendering some quality of helpfulness. He was himself a good student, a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society (a great distinction awarded for his original research at the Sorbonne). He was also an accomplished pianist.

Outstanding among his qualities were his loyalties—first to the Elder Brethren, then to Their work, including those who loyally served it. Dr. Besant he almost idolized and he deemed it his great responsibility to carry on where she left off. Hence his work for India, which he looked upon as hers rather than his own.

Though I knew him in many aspects, both official and personal, I knew him best as friend—human, loving and lovable. That was my great privilege.

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You may go contrary to whomsoever you will, to whatsoever you will, but you must go truthfully to yourself whoever you are.

—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

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## The Wide Hearted

ANN KERR

IT was not my privilege to know Dr. Arundale intimately. Like the majority of our members, I knew him as our President and leader chiefly through the Theosophical journals and his books, and through his visits to us for our Conventions. I came to know and appreciate him for his many warm and friendly qualities through a very dear friend who worked at Adyar for some time during which period she was rather closely associated with him. Being unable to share with our members intimate experiences of my own to bring our late President near to them, I take the liberty of publishing excerpts from two letters sent to me by my friend. At her request those letters were shared with a number of people, so this larger sharing is no breach of confidence.

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"December 20, 1938

"Perhaps it would be nice to describe Dr. Arundale's 60th birthday celebration on De-

cember 1st. It began with *pūja* or prayers at the Hindu Temple on the Adyar grounds. As you may know, the 60th birthday is of great importance in Indian life for it is felt that you are then entering on the most important period of your life, the period for spiritual adjustment and meditation. The Hindu religion has a very special ceremony for its celebration. It began at six o'clock in the morning. There were at least twelve or fifteen priests sitting on the floor of the Temple over in one section, while across the floor space sat three musicians. The Temple is small, the floor space being about the size of a good sized living room, with a roof over it and four rows of pillars from front to back. The sides are open. I could hear the beat of the drum and the peculiar wind instrument before I got to the Temple. Before the priests were bowls of flowers, leaves, cocoanuts, and various other things and during their chanting (which con-



"January 7, 1940

tinued for two full hours without a single break!) they did various things with these. It is difficult to describe, but it was very interesting. You can imagine it must have been when some of us sat there for the full two hours on grass mats on the floor. When Dr. and Mrs. Arundale came they were both garlanded with huge garlands made of yellow chrysanthemums.

"After *puja*, Dr. Arundale and all the rest of us spent the day going about the grounds where he gave each worker on the place some kind of gift. At Olcott Memorial School, the school for outcaste children, he gave each child either a skirt, if a girl, or a dhoti, if a boy. This latter is a length of cloth which the boy ties around his hips. At the school was arranged a canopy of straw mats, with a seat covered with a bright India print, cushions, etc., where they sat. Dr. Arundale gave the gift to most of the children and when he 'gave out,' Mrs. Arundale gave them. There were five hundred or more, including the teachers, and with each gift he gave a smile or, to the Boy Scouts, their salute. Then we went to the printing establishment where every worker got a dhoti and the children had written on the ground with flower petals, 'Happy Birthday.' Some of the workers met under the Banyan tree to receive their gifts. All of our servant boys at Leadbeater Chambers brought their children to get sweets, and last we went to Besant Memorial School where an entertainment was arranged and where some of us were invited for lunch. The children here did not receive gifts as they are from well-to-do families and do not need them. Altogether I think there were between 1200 and 1500 people to whom he gave things. To the rest of us he wrote a lovely little personal birthday note. Later he gave a dinner for all the Young Theosophists and finally he gave each of the guests a 1939 diary . . . .

"The evening of the birthday, colored lights on the Banyan tree were lighted and the Headquarters Building was illuminated with flood lights. Altogether it was a great day. . . . To me the loveliest thing about it all was the sweet simplicity with which Dr. Arundale gave the gifts, and the equally sweet way in which they were received. There was no element of a 'great' man giving gifts to his subjects who should feel profoundly grateful. But I find that sincerity and simplicity are the keynotes of India—and Dr. Arundale as well."

"The President's birthday followed on December 1st, and while this year was not as big a day as last, for the 60th birthday in India is a very important one—in fact they celebrate only the 1st birthday and the 60th, I believe—yet he was given all the love he could manage. This year the birthday was planned for him; last year he planned it for us. Besides all the other things, the young people arranged a kind of Youth Review, in which all the young people's organizations took part and passed before the President: the two schools, the village and fisher village schools, the Scouts, the Round Table, etc. . . .

"My love for Dr. Arundale grows and grows and grows. He is the grandest person I know, and the most generous—not only with things, but in all of his attitudes to people here. Not a person comes here of whom he is not aware. If he feels they might find life difficult, instead of waiting to see if they survive, he will quietly ask someone to look after them until they find their bearing. If a resident is unhappy, he will give someone else the hint to be particularly kind and friendly to him. He said this morning in a meeting that Adyar is his responsibility and if things go wrong or people are not happy, he is the person whom the Masters will hold accountable. It is almost uncanny how he can keep in mind all the people here, and somehow seems to know when they need his helping hand. You would think, with all his other responsibilities, that he would let us shift for ourselves, but not that dear man. And he is compassionate beyond words. It actually hurts him if anyone must be discharged, especially the peons who are all so very poor and who get the munificent salary of about \$5.00 a month. . . ."

In an article reprinted in this issue, M. S. M. Sharma uses the phrase "Arundale's wide heart." Perhaps he did not have in mind just such incidents as have been related above, but the attitude and life revealed therein was that which Dr. Arundale expressed in politics, in education, and in the high office of President of The Theosophical Society. Theosophy of the Heart, of which he wrote so recently, was the life he lived in the larger affairs of the world as well as in the intimate and personal affairs of his daily life.



# G. S. A.

FRITZ KUNZ

IT is merely impossible to think of George Arundale as dead, for no person known to me, save possibly C. W. L., was more abundantly alive. By this I do not mean mere metabolism, self contained health, but abundant vitality poured out with a warmth of constant good humor. His infectious spirits and this wealth of affection and happiness played like a fountain, sometimes a Niagara, over everything and everybody about him, overwhelming pettiness or grouchiness in others. The play was so nearly constant that spells of indifferent health might be unnoticed by those about him. When he was deeply stirred or in some occasional difficulty or when confronted by some arduous task amounting to an ordeal, he might put on a sedate or even tight-lipped look. I am willing to concede that he looked death seriously in the face, but it must be understood that this attention was a temporary necessity and was instantly after swept away. I venture to say that my reader and I are much more dead than he is. We are not very alive but don't know it; he is alive and knows it.

A man of talent is a description in moderate terms. It was this natural habit of enjoying life as fun which he took with him to the platform as a speaker, on to the tennis court, to the classroom, into the editorial chair, and pretty well everywhere, which deceived owlsh people into underestimating him. The rollicking gait was normal to him. And in this he was a great deal nearer to the essential truth of the universe as a Lila than many others. After all, the Lila is a sport—for once an English term translates a Sanskrit term well. The many works well done by Dr. Arundale could be so well done though so varied just because this attitude was natural to him. He is not responsible if it created among duller spirits a false atmosphere of the amateur, the dilettante, now and then. Thus, he could improvise at the piano with an effortless smoothness. Yet when confronted by a score essential to a ritual, timed, keyed and cued, he displayed the same readiness. The illusion of light-ballasted genius vanished in such circumstances.

I might illustrate this gift in immediacy, instantaneousness, by an episode. We were breezing through the great hall at Adyar to Dr. Besant's waiting car. She was away, and George

was at the moment in charge of *New India*. A few of us provided a useless but natural tail to the cometary goings-on. (All rapid movement stirs up any small particles that happen to be about the place.) As he arrived at the porte-cochere, a messenger poked a letter under George's nose and a pen in his hand, for signing, which he did instantly, so readily that he did not seem to read the letter but appeared only to sign it and brush it away to the messenger all in one sudden little gust. His interlocutor felt ignored, and protested: it was a letter wanting reading and careful decision, having been written with painful care in one of the Adyar departments. George said, "That's all right. I read it." The offended ego unwisely made a nettled and dissenting noise. "Very well," said George, and recited all the chief points in the letter exactly and in order, grinned at the discomfitted visage, strode into the waiting low open car, and the party was instantly and merrily away—physically, no doubt, breezed along by Peter and the Rolls, though seemingly by the natural hilarity of the Arundale gaiety! I must add that this was as usual and not heightened the least bit by the discomfiture of another.

It was good fortune to be useful and near to so rare a person, and although it has been a few years since I have had the opportunity to experience and expand the affectionate intimacy which was natural to us during the Home Rule campaign in India, I feel now as I did then and have no occasion to have selfish feelings of regret because a radiant soul has earned the right to cope only with a radiant psyche, abandoning the creaks and groans of the physical apparatus and leaving us to our plodding duties and pedestrian ways. We may say it is not only silly to regard George Arundale as dead, or to say he has left us; it is simple error to grieve because of the shock. If there ever was a leader of our Society fitted to irradiate it from the place of advantage which the superphysical affords, he is that person.

I presume to add that I speak with some knowledge. I knew our immediate past president when he was vice-principal of the Central Hindu College in 1905. I was able to see him in London in 1913, and in India occasionally



for three years after. We had some arduous duties to perform continuously and closely for a desperately important cause from 1917 to 1922. And I have "been at orbs" with him in the United States, subsequently. These times include a variety of circumstances both favorable and difficult, official and personal. It was exhilarating to see his unique devotion to his Chief, Dr. Besant. In this whole-souled devotion no one quite touched him, but as his allegiance to all to whom he committed his love and friendship was full, we could judge the greater from the less.

The abilities our Society attracted in this case are a warrant for our future. May we deserve as well! Here was a man who could, and did, take posts of responsibility and hold them with distinction. His tenure of the education secretaryship at Indore is an example. These things he did with consummate intensity and success, but the Society had first claim on all such demonstrated practical capacities and it could use

besides as others might not the developed spiritual resources. After all, it is for this cause such people are born.

Readers will recall that Madame Blavatsky wrote a greeting card to "Georges Chela," and took him to entertainment; that his aunt (and adopted mother—he was born George Kay, son of a clergyman), Miss Arundale, was singled out by name by the Founders, and responded. These are higher signs. That our George had a splendid education in England and France, was a linguist, a musician, an athlete; that he was one of the Pewterers Company and a Freeman of the City of London were minor worldly signs of the really big man who has seen us through most of the dark years when only such a personage could have led us—some one to whom the word "undaunted" is somehow as inappropriate, though true, as some earthy word applied to the ever-welling sun pouring up light and life from the inexhaustible aether of space-time.

## Mount Everest

ETHA SNODGRASS COOK

WHEN so magnificent a person as Dr. Arundale withdraws from the stage of our daily activities, we cannot but have a deep sense of loss, as though the sun had withdrawn from his universe and left us to a world denied warmth and illumination. Inevitably we feel so, as members of The Theosophical Society looking to an inspiring leader, and as individuals who have known the glory of personal association and friendship. Such is the first reaction as the scene shifts and Dr. Arundale does not return to the stage.

But this is not the entire story. Look at his picture with openness of heart and with warm memories of other days of physical contact and suddenly he smiles at you, not in the old way but with a radiance of joy, an abandon and a dynamic power tremendously greater than you ever recognized before.

True, we had looked forward with eager anticipation to next Convention and his coming; but he *will* be there, surveying us as always with loving understanding, pouring out his life to guide and challenge us to still deeper realization of the Wisdom and to more sacrific-

ing service of the Society to which he gave so much.

He will stir us with his gaiety, his humor, never allowing us to become dull with self-satisfaction or stodgy with sanctimoniousness. What a delightful companion he was when the "inner man" required three-decker sandwiches at Kauffman's! Greatly loving, infinitely tender to little things and the young, his bigness could flash out in an amazing way, perhaps through an incident unimportant in itself. An unforgettable instance was an occasion of a mistake on his part, which when he discovered was so swiftly righted as to be well nigh overwhelming. A lesser man would have responded with self-defense; but his was the way of the hero, quick to see his fault and still quicker in making amends.

We shall miss him but the work remains; and we cannot fail him any more than he could fail Dr. Besant. Let us rejoice with him, wasting no time in grief but determine to follow him up the mountain of utter dedication to our great Elders, as we serve mankind through the agency of Their Society.

# India's Unity Ambassador

M. S. M. SHARMA

*A brief tribute to Dr. Arundale by an admirer who was associated with both Dr. Arundale and Dr. Besant in the political awakening of India of 1914 onwards. Mr. Sharma is the Editor of the Karachi Daily Gazette.*

THE impartial historian of the future who will not be swayed by petty communal and political jealousies such as disfigure India's public life today will be bound to hail Arundale as our Unity Ambassador.

Look at Arundale's unblemished record. At a moment when the children of this ancient land are, as it were, determined to pursue the shadow oblivious of the substance, and cutting one another's throats for a temporary gain of doubtful moral worth, Arundale alone appears in the role of an ancient rishi with unflagging faith in the traditional unity of Bharatvarsha and unpolluted by things of the moment has the courage to turn our attention and point to that great ideal which had eluded us all these years and, what is even more, resolutely thunders out to us, unmindful of our ridicule and ingratitude, to hitch our wagon to the star of unity—the pole star of true happiness and joy—if we mean to usher in a future worthy of India's glorious past.

It is a marvel—this contagious and undying faith in India's unity, on the part of an adopted son of this Motherland. You might agree with him, you might even violently disagree with him; but you could not mistake "G.S.A.'s" ever expanding earnestness which would appear to have reached a stage of contagion.

Through the columns of his *Conscience* and *New India Survey* we are afforded a glimpse every week into the innermost recesses of Arundale's wide heart—how his soul writhes in agony to watch the Motherland of his adoption being subjected to cruel death by slow degrees by the hands of her own natural children.

Where does Arundale imbibe this superb faith of his from? Surely from that never drying reservoir of strength, hope and cheer to a suffering humanity which, when it was moving about encased in human frame was known by the name of Annie Besant. To many of us to whom she still continues to be a fountain of inspiration and strength, although she may not be visible to our physical eyes, Annie Besant

is still living and is not, can never be, dead. Some at least of us—although I am not sure I am one of them—would recognize her spirit, if not her body, in Arundale, on whom has fallen the mantle of Annie Besant, who by many, including this author, is hailed as Mother.

Yet there is an ocean of difference between Annie Besant and Arundale. The former was the world's greatest orator of her day. Arundale's eloquence is of a different pattern. The elegance of Annie Besant's style, the turn of the periods in her speech, made an indelible impression on her hearers who were transported to another world, helpless against the magical spell of her unrivaled oratory. Arundale's oratory is full of grace and power, it is simplicity incarnate. Whatever else might be said of his qualification as a public speaker of eminence, there is certainly no affectation about him. There is no ambiguity about his presentation. Straight and clear, you cannot mistake his purpose.

Arundale was one of Dr. Besant's expert tools through which she helped to awaken an India in deep slumber and mould a new and young India struggling to deliver the ancient message of peace and good will on earth. Arundale has few equals. The first Principal of the Central Hindu College, the nucleus of the present Benares Hindu University, Arundale strained every nerve to give education a new orientation. He was not content to pass out mere graduates learned in the arts and sciences. His was a creative genius and would stop at nothing short of producing the future leaders of India's art and culture, politics and public life, legislators and administrators. It was a pity that the University authorities could not succeed in retaining his services. Even so, Arundale's record was by no means mean. Many of the Ministers in the United Provinces and quite a goodly number of legislators, both provincial and central, from the same area were the creations of Arundale's educational genius. He set up patriots rather than lip loyalists.



A suspicious bureaucracy which looked upon everyone who did not agree with it as an enemy of Britain in India did not fail to "punish" Arundale who was interned during the last war for daring to engage himself in demanding Home Rule for India. Arundale, like Annie Besant, had been dinning into the ears of the younger generation in Madras for nearly a quarter of a century the true lessons of patriotism and self sacrifice. He was one of the earliest to warn India again Japanese machinations. At a time when it was the fashion amongst us—both the rulers and the ruled—to

look to Japan for inspiration and guidance, Arundale was almost alone publicly to propagate Annie Besant's courageous vision which pierced into the future and exposed Japanese ambitions on India.

If, according to Emerson, self-trust is the essence of heroism, Arundale is most assuredly a hero *par excellence*. Let us do honor to this creator of heroes. How easier would Indo-British unity be if every Englishman who came out to this country decided to act the Arundale with conviction and courage!

—Reprinted from *Conscience*.

## Dr. Arundale--A Personal Appreciation

JOHN A. SELLON

AS in the case of all great leaders, the greatest gift that Dr. Arundale has given each one of us individually is the work that he did impersonally for the Society as a whole. This is his bequest to all of us.

As I feel sure has been emphasized by others in this issue dedicated to him, Dr. Arundale's most outstanding quality was his vigor and strength even under the handicaps of serious illness. This tremendous store of energy and vitality carried The Theosophical Society through a difficult time following the loss of Dr. Besant and C. W. Leadbeater, whose leadership over such a long period had imbued the Society with their personalities. It carried us steadily through the turmoil of a world at war and set the groundwork for the rehabilitation and rebuilding of Theosophy in the dislocated Sections. He has guided us with a vision of the Society as a great force working for the welfare of the world. His enthusiasm welled up in him like an ever-flowing fountain, and he had the great gift of imparting this creative impulse to all his brothers in Theosophy.

It is natural, however, that in retrospect our moments of personal contact with him stand out, and we remember him most affectionately for these. Among mine are:

The sense of power and beauty that he brought to our wedding ceremony, an experience that Emily and I shall not forget; yet one of the nicest things of all was his own evident happiness and pleasure in the occasion.

I remember so well when he and Rukmini stayed in our house the delight he took in

arousing discussions among the young people that cluttered up the house. We were all so positive! And his greatest pleasure seemed to be when Rukmini would set us all right.

Not so long before the war Dr. Arundale was good enough to join us for a meeting of the members from New England and the New York area at Pumpkin Hollow Farm. The camp was then only a year old and still existed more in the minds of its enthusiastic creators than it did substantially on earth. Yet Dr. Arundale was able at once to see all it could be and do, and his ability to overlook present defects and concentrate on future achievements helped us all tremendously. He made us all feel he was a firm believer in Theosophical camps.

By that time (it was in 1938) he had already come to firm conclusions as to the rights and wrongs of the coming war. I myself was troubled, however, by the problem of rethinking what I had felt to be pacifistic convictions. I brought these troubles to him, as I know so many others did during his long service to us. What I shall never forget is his insistence on unclouded thinking, no matter what decision I should reach. It may be of interest that he emphasized the need of at least a nucleus of individuals who would genuinely conserve the principle of harmlessness—although he was at that time already urging upon us a positive stand against the forces of fascism. This shows well his impartiality and his ability to respect a real conviction even if opposed to his own views.

Dr. Arundale's life has been marked by the



strong bonds of personal affection which he formed with so many of those who worked with him. I have a deep sense of personal debt to him because of the joy that my mother had

in such an association during the last years that she was with us. The time that she and Dad spent with him at Adyar was a fulfillment and a completion.

## A Vignette of Our President

HENRY HOTCHENER

NEWS of the passing of our beloved President will seem almost incredible to those who visualized his superb physique from his last visit to America a few years ago, and had not heard of his recent illness. His leonine head, magnificent shoulders, powerful dignified stride, gave an impression of enduring health and strength.

The impression was erroneous. Even then his "interior economy," as he jestingly called it, was slowly succumbing to an insidious visceral ailment and accompanying fever.

Shortly before, when about to leave Adyar to entrain for Convention at Benares, he suffered considerable pain from this affliction, with temperature at 102°. His physician, seeking to dissuade him from the arduous journey and Convention strains, warned, "If you go, I cannot be responsible for your health." Quietly replied the President, "I shall be responsible; the Masters' work comes first, my health second."

So with his manifold duties at Adyar. Some hundred families reside on the Society's large estate, sharing in the varied labors of the thirty departments under the President's supervision. When *they* finish their daily tasks at sundown, they go home to food and rest. But *he*, having already worked perhaps harder and longer than any of them, begins still another exhausting service: an act of mercy.

He doffs his role as President to don that as father of his large "family." Fatigued or not, suffering or not, he goes forth alone on a quiet round of personal visitation.

A child is ill here, a gardener has injured his foot there, a visiting member from a foreign land is homesick in his lonely room: among so many residents there are always some "under par." Each of these elicits the poignant anxiety of this wise, tender, spiritual physician, who remains until his mission of helpfulness is completed. Each feels markedly better, for some-

thing dynamically healing radiates from the potent aura of this great Personage.

Finally the President returns home, *his* heart also comforted by the flow of upwelling love. What matter to him that he has too bountifully given of physical, emotional, psychic reserves already inadequate for his own recovery?

So when he partakes of the belated meal, his appetite is dulled, his benefit from the food diminished, and later his sleeplessness intensified.

Futile to remonstrate that he is ruining his health; he ever fulfills his duty as he perceives it. Others, too, perceive it, clearly motivated by his high destiny's keynote: self-sacrifice.

Nowhere was this more eagerly expressed (or more warmly reciprocated) than in his rare love and protective adoration for his dear wife, the gentle Rukmini.

But this joyous giving of himself extended to all his co-workers, at Adyar and throughout the world. Burned brightly within him this radiant fire of unselfish service that, while illuminating others, slowly consumed his physical body until finally the gallant heart could beat no more. Only his discerning friends knew of this cogent factor in the gradual undermining, then seemingly sudden collapse of the President's once magnificent physique.

But he *chose* this way of life, as he chose this way of death. What could be more glorious?

And now shall we appraise this occult physico-spiritual channelship as less important than his great administrative capacity or the sparkling intellectual genius that evoked a scintillant stream of books, articles, lectures?

The modern tendency to synthesize a whole movement in the person of its most prominent leaders might perhaps epitomize Theosophical history:

Colonel Olcott typified WILL in courageously building the Society; Dr. Besant, MIND in brilliantly diversifying its activities; Dr. Arundale, LOVE in sacrificing himself to help its workers.



# Biographical Notes

"What a beautiful incarnation I have had this time." So begins *A Fragment of Autobiography*, written by Dr. Arundale in 1940. And as he looked back upon all but five of those years which composed his latest "lifetime," he wasted few moments in cataloguing mere events. He pondered instead those stars which glowed in the firmament of his consciousness; six major stars: H. P. Blavatsky, C. W. Leadbeater, Annie Besant, Krishnamurti and Nityananda, finally Rukmini.

H. P. B. he had met as a child (he was born in Surrey, England, December 1, 1878) and he had loved her, he said, from the first moment. Placed when very young in the care of an aunt, Francesca Arundale, he came early into contact with Theosophy and Theosophists. As a youth he had the guidance of C. W. L., "that very great and very noble man," and in 1895 he joined the London Lodge of The Theosophical Society. Not until 1902, however, did he come in close touch with Dr. Besant, his beloved chief.

"I could not," he said, "see much of her . . . and whenever there was anything I could do to help her, I was all excitement to do it. When she established the British Empire division of the great Masonic movement which admitted women to its ranks . . . I can well remember how in 1902 I entirely devoted myself . . . to the work of helping to build the foundations of Co-Freemasonry in the British Empire . . . Thus did I gradually draw closer and closer to my old leader, and it was she who asked my aunt and myself to transfer ourselves to India to work with her there."

So having received his B.A. and LL.B. from St. John's College, Cambridge, Dr. Arundale served as Professor of English Literature in the Central Hindu College at Benares. In four years time he was Headmaster of the School Department; in 1909 he became Vice-Principal of the College, then Principal. Here in the latter years, through Dr. Besant, he came into contact with Krishnamurti and his brother Nityananda.

For thirty years he pioneered advanced education in India, his genius being recorded in part through books and pamphlets such as *Gods In the Becoming*, *Real Education*, *Education for Happiness*. As Minister of Education in Holkar State, he followed his fifteen years

at the Central Hindu College; and when in 1917 leading public men of India established a National University at Madras, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the famous poet, was Chancellor, and Dr. Arundale President.

During part of this time he was aiding Dr. Besant in her campaign for Home Rule for India. Further effort made him President of the Madras Labour Union, the oldest Trade Union in India, with an adherence of many thousands of work-people.

A storm of indignation in orthodox Hindu circles protested in 1920 Dr. Arundale's marriage to Shrimati Rukmini Ammal, a daughter of the highest Bramana caste and belonging to a very noted family. A year later, with his wife, he left India, for a prolonged sojourn in Europe, where he lectured in practically every country on cultural, educational and political topics.

In 1925 he entered the Liberal Catholic Church, subsequently becoming a Bishop. Yet as a Theosophist he was sworn to no one religion and he frequently delivered addresses on the splendors of Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, Judaism and Zoroastrianism.

To The Theosophical Society, however, he gave undiminished devotion and service, acting in turn as General Secretary of the English, Indian, and Australian Sections; and then, in 1934, succeeding Dr. Besant as President of the international organization.

The projects he has set in motion and the achievements he has wrought have been outlined in detail by Mr. G. N. Gokhale in *The Theosophist* for August 1945. As will be seen, the President's most recent work has been to stress the Theosophy of the Heart. His unremitting labor to relieve as much as possible of the war distress continued night and day. Some of his experiences along this line he recorded in *Adventures in Theosophy* and *The Night Bell*.

Throughout the years, whatever his immediate task, his plea has been for *applied* Theosophy, for larger living—not for more and wider intellectual concepts but for gentleness, simplicity and a wise compassion. In his books and in his daily being he advocated "the Life Magnificent." Such a life he ever attempted to lead. Dates and events could not begin to define it.



# G. S. A., at Adyar

ANITA HENKEL WILD

NOW G. S. A. has gone, and his going leaves a special void in the hearts of those who knew him intimately and loved him devotedly. For he was the wise and impersonal *guru*; the generous, fun-loving, ever-beloved friend. His greatness of spirit, his vision, his high enthusiasm inspired and moved all the life at Adyar.

I worked near him daily for almost two years. I saw him as the friend, as the executive, as the occultist. He was full of fun and banter, loved to compose limericks, was quick at repartee. One day during the Convention preparations at Adyar, he telephoned me to say that the women who were making badges for the delegates had run out of pins. Because it was unusual for him personally to telephone anyone, I said, "Are you the Headquarters peon now?" (meaning the errand boy for Headquarters Building). He replied in a flash, "Yes, the EURO-pean."

At the beginning of the New Year he sent Adyar Diaries to all of the residents. In thanking him later, I said, "Someone gave me a beautiful 1940 diary." "Oh, it must have been a mistake," he replied waggishly, to avert my thanks. During a talk to the residents he explained that a tendency toward thickness of tongue was due to the fact that he had been to the dentist and was now waiting to be led "from the real to the unreal" and then amidst the laughter added, "Now that I have reached that high note, let us close the meeting."

One day G. S. A. learned that I had cut the hair of some fellow residents and asked if I would be his barber also. I agreed, but uneasy as to the results I hesitatingly clicked the scissors over his head before beginning to cut. "Go on, go on," he said encouragingly; "it sounds all right."

In spite of the fun and happiness which shot through our working hours, Dr. Arundale attended to the duties of his office with unusual efficiency and dispatch; we never intruded on his time when a written note would suffice. Usually he opened his own mail and at once dictated the reply. In Executive Committee and other business meetings he went directly to the

heart of the discussion, called for advice from his co-workers, and usually acted upon it. He expected efficiency from each department, and yet on more than one occasion he warned department heads to ever remember that he wanted "no efficiency at the cost of compassion."

In him the weak, the poor, the unhappy, had a friend and a defender. Every servant and peon in the compound knew he could take his troubles to the President and find help. G. S. A. often cautioned the residents during his Roof Talks to treat their servants with kindness and consideration. His understanding and sympathy for those in difficulty were boundless, and when he turned the full power of his affection on you, all troubles faded away.

As the occultist Dr. Arundale was often withdrawn, always impersonal, sometimes apparently unseeing of the things about him. He loved music and frequently spent hours with his fine records, brooding and thinking. At these times though you might be in the same room with him, you would be thousands of miles apart. Perhaps he would see you; perhaps he would not. Often he sat brooding on the roof before the Roof Talk began, one bare foot drawn up into his chair, his eyes looking steadily into space, and if you sat quietly and meditatively you could feel the pulsing power which radiated from him.

Sometimes he drew people into close association with him, showering them with love and affection. Again he became extremely impersonal, almost ignoring them. "Why?" one asked oneself over and over again—until from within came the understanding that thus are *chelas* tested.

Out of all my experiences in working with Dr. Arundale came one great certainty, to me the greatest of all certainties: that the true function of the President of The Theosophical Society is to keep the inner channels of the spirit open in both directions—upward toward the Masters of the Wisdom, outward toward the membership. This Dr. Arundale did, I believe; and it is in this function that we shall miss him most greatly.



# Dr. Arundale as a Co-Mason

EDITH F. ARMOUR

**A**MONG our memories of one who has gone, there are usually outstanding moments—high lights—never to be forgotten. For those who had the privilege of working in Freemasonry with our brother, there is the remembrance of many such moments. In Masonic ceremonial work Dr. Arundale seemed to find the fullest expression of that rare combination of gentleness and power which was his nature—every word, every gesture was a channel for that First Ray love which is the quality of Masonic force—the constructive power of brotherhood.

In 1938, at a large gathering of Co-Masons in Chicago, Dr. Arundale said: "I regard the Order as one of the most potent forces for brotherhood which exists anywhere. I have been a member of it for thirty-six years so I have some experience not only generally of the Order but of the work it is doing in all parts of the world. And when I think of the work that lodges are doing, as you are doing here, throughout the whole of the world, some in one language, some in another, some using one ceremonial, some using another, I say to myself, 'this is indeed a force, it is one of the most

potent forces.'"

Many Theosophists will remember the occasion of the Masonic dedication of the Headquarters building at Wheaton in 1927 when Dr. Arundale officiated as Worshipful Master. The cornerstone had been laid the previous year by Dr. Besant.

For many years Dr. Arundale held the office of Grand Commander of the Eastern British Federation. His participation in the meetings of the Supreme Council in Paris was greatly valued by the French members.

He was one of the founders of the first Co-Masonic Lodge in England and later of the first Lodge in India at Benares. He received his Blue Lodge Degrees in Lodge Le Droit Humain No. 1 in the Orient of Paris, at the hands of Dr. Georges Martin, one of the founders of the Order.

The dynamic personality, keen sense of humor, and loving-kindness of our brother have been taken from us. We do not mourn, because we know he is happy at work in other realms and, in the words of the Grand Masonic Funeral Honors: "We cherish his memory in our hearts."

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## Immortality

E. NORMAN PEARSON

**G**OD, in His infinite wisdom, has established a plan whereby we, who are fragments of Himself—who are spiritual, not material, whose true home is in the heaven worlds and not upon earth—shall take unto ourselves bodies of flesh, so that, eating of the fruit of "the tree of knowledge of good and evil" we shall become perfect.

Living and dying—and dying and living—we travel from everlasting to everlasting, gradually learning that we exist not in time but in Eternity; not in the past nor in the future but in the Eternal Now.

One thing there is that cannot happen to any material substance—that is "destruction."

One thing there is that cannot happen to any kind of life—that is "death."

Nothing is more sure, nothing is more deeply planted within the human mind—not the concrete, the argumentative mind but the mind which speaks with the "still small voice" within—than the truth of immortality.

Without infinity we can never understand space. Without immortality we can never understand life. The whole science of mathematics—the one true physical science—is based upon infinity. We can only have a real religion—the only true spiritual science—when it is based upon immortality.

Death—so called—is not death at all; it is the gateway to a greater life. And although as yet we may understand but dimly, we know that there lies beyond the passing a life which is more wonderful, more beautiful and more

vividly real than anything we can even faintly picture here on earth. This vale of tears, this world of sensations and strife and misunderstandings and trials with its transient happiness and fleeting joys, is but the dimly lighted portal through which we pass to a greater world of light and joy transcendent.

Birth is not a beginning and death is not an ending. Both, indeed, are Messengers of God, beckoning man toward the light supernal to which he shall some day attain.

Yet, strange to say, we have mistaken one for the other.

For man is a spiritual being; he is not the body into which he is born. From a life of freedom in the worlds beyond, he enters the limitations of a physical body to struggle anew with the problems of physical existence. And when, from the world of flesh, the struggling soul is set free to re-enter those higher realms and to step nearer to his true and natural home, surely the angel who ushers him into his new abode and guides him lovingly and gently upward and onward is an angel of birth—birth from the things of flesh to the things of spirit—and not the angel of death at all.

Throughout the world, Theosophists are thinking of the great soul, George Sydney Arundale, leader and friend and brother, who has

taken a step from this world into the next. The body which for a few brief years served well this master soul is now no more, for the magic of fire has returned it to the elements from which it came. He has passed upward through the gates of a new birth to the Life beyond.

It is true that we feel the loss of his physical presence; but we cannot be sorrowful. We know for him great things have come to pass.

The world goes on and follows its appointed path. The seasons come and the seasons go. There is spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter—and then there is spring again. How clear it is that nature knows no death, only life withdrawing from one form to live again in another.

But though our great leader has taken to himself the body of another world, this world he has not left—he can not leave. The work which he did, the life that he lived, the words that he spoke, the help that he gave, the inspiration that he was, these things stay with us and they can never be lost. These things, as they were done, ascended to the Heart of all Being; but they were not lost to us in the going, they stayed upon earth, they belong verily to the Eternal Now, and they will remain with us for ever.

## The Theosophical Order of Service

### A Leader of Men Has Passed

HERBERT A. STAGGS

**D**UE to illness of the Chief Brother, I am asked to represent the Theosophical Order of Service in America in this memorial to our late great President. What memories crowd in of happy times at Conventions and Summer Schools at Olcott and elsewhere—days made memorable and joyous by his over-shadowing atmosphere of wisdom and geniality!

A leader of men has passed. True, he lives even more fully than before, but to us, limited in consciousness to this outer world, he is absent, though enshrined in the hearts of the many who loved and revered his greatness.

What an armory of talents he had as weapons to serve the Elder Brothers and the world and

how splendid a Protector for the world-wide Order of Service, founded by Dr. Besant as "the Union of those who love, in the service of those who suffer."

A specialist in true education, (to mention only some of his abilities), skilled in political science, linguist, protector of youth, musician, healer, orator, author, poet, ardent supporter of the culture of beauty and art initiated through Kalakshetra by Shrimati Rukmini Devi, he lived to see a measure of triumph for this work in India.

A conscience to the world in the darkest hours of the war now victoriously ended, he strove for a goal in India's welfare (and through it the world's welfare), knowing it



to be impossible of achievement in this lifetime.

An explorer into inner realms of being, he inspired and helped many with his records of these journeys which we, too, will someday undertake in service of the world to draw it nearer to Reality.

But to thousands he will be remembered best as the strong, kind friend, helper and healer, raising with his wisdom to previously impossible heights of inspiration and illumination; sweeping away, in a flood of wit and humor, frictions and misunderstandings; pointing out the true meaning of sorrow and pain and so bringing healing and peace and adding his strength to feeble aspirations and efforts in service. Gifts flowed through his hands at once in support of movements in aid of the weak and oppressed in this and the so-called

lower kingdoms of nature which he saw as One Life.

As part of our heritage from him, given in the May to July issues of *The Theosophist* and elsewhere, he has left us the challenge of living the Theosophy of the Heart to help heal the wounds of war, two of whose fundamental principles are:

"Suffering will continue until it is shared by all and redeemed by all, and joy is in prison until it, too, is shared by all. But one who has learned to suffer with all is himself released from suffering."

"The whole Science of Theosophy points to the way of redeeming suffering and releasing joy, showing that every suffering and joy which is shared diminishes the darkness of suffering and intensifies the light of joy, until at last there shall be no darkness at all."

## Messenger of Light

CATHARINE GARDNER MAYES

TO live under the same roof with really great people for a year, as I did at the Manor in Sydney while Dr. Arundale and Rukmini were there, is a tremendous and wonderful experience. Sharing the daily lives of such great leaders gives the individual fortunate enough to do so an inspiring and stimulating preview of the further reaches of the Path, and what people who are approaching the very end of human evolution are like in the simple, every-day routine of living.

I think that, perhaps, what makes the most striking difference is that the normal, human qualities of a superior and intelligent human being are all there in fullest measure, but shining out without the blurring and dimming which arise from the intrusion of the small personal self. There is greatness without pomposity; delightful and highly amusing humor, without a trace of sarcasm or unkindness; keen intellect without the taint of cynicism or pride; love, all the more warm and radiant because of its impersonality. Paradoxical, perhaps, but there the wonder is, solid and convincing, before your very eyes. People can be like that. We shall *all* be like that when we have reached that stage of evolution; and to be with great leaders, and to see their daily lives, makes this

a living reality, never to be quite forgotten—even in the stress and strain of this chaotic time of change and transition.

I think that one of the most beautiful and touching qualities of Dr. Arundale was his loving and endless patience. He might be in the midst of work the importance of which we could only guess, yet he never resented an interruption, even for what might seem a trivial reason; even small matters concerning differences of opinion about kitchen procedure found in him an approachable and helpful listener. Nothing seemed too small for his interested attention, and one sometimes had an awed intuition that few things were too large.

It would seem that as the end of the human kingdom of nature is approached, the human qualities are even more in evidence, perhaps because they have, at last, come to their full flowering.

The world, and especially those who love him, will miss the radiance of the physical presence. But there can be not the slightest doubt that his loving and solicitous attention is still focused, as it always has been, on the Work he loved and the world which so desperately needs the Light of which he was, and is, the messenger.



# Correspondence

## From Holland

A letter from Mr. C. Y. van Bijlert, at Huizen, addressed on May 18 to the General Secretary in England, asked for news of the various Sections in Europe. It said, in part, "We here in Holland are longing very much to get some news from abroad. . . . But first of all please tell me what Dr. and Rukmini Arundale are planning, where they are and how they are getting on. . . . How is Adyar? Is there a book about Adyar with photos and articles? In *The Theosophical World* of February, 1940, (nearly the last one I have read!!) such a book was announced. . . . You cannot imagine how we in Holland long for spiritual food. Since a very short time we get some physical food, but spiritual food is also very welcome.

"On the 8th of May the Annie Besant Lodge in Huizen celebrated, with the members of the Pioneer Youth Lodge, the White Lotus Day. We started exactly on the same day on which we, five years ago, had to finish our work. There were about seventy-five members present. We made a decoration of the Dutch flag, draped in a five-pointed star, and under it the portraits of H.P.B., Dr. Besant, and Dr. Arundale; and of course a lot of flowers."

A second letter from Holland, the author Mr. J. J. Poortman, gave further news: "We are anxious to know how the T. S. in general is going. Amsterdam Headquarters has already been given back to the Netherlands Section; Huizen Centre never quite closed. Still, the Section has been terribly weakened. Some members were shot.

"Our fine library has been confiscated by the Germans, and we have not traced the books (if possible). Some, however, were hidden."

## From England

With a letter from Mr. John Coats, General Secretary of the English Section, came a program of the Section's Annual Convention held at Besant Hall, London, over a four day period in May.

Subjects for the three group programs were: "Comparative Religion—The Search for a Spiritual Basis for the Unity of Mankind"; "Application of Philosophy to Life"; and "Science and the Secret Doctrine: The Contribution of Theosophy to Science." Leaders of these groups, respectively, were Mrs. Josephine Ransom, Miss Charlotte Woods assisted by Mrs.

Adelaide Gardner, and Miss E. Winter Preston.

The annual Blavatsky lecture was this year entitled "The Power of Love in the Struggle for Light" and was presented by Mrs. G. Eedle.

## From Ireland

"I was asked by the government of Northern Ireland," writes a T. S. member, "to prepare a booklet on the history, population and resources of my native province. . . . Up till recently the tendency was to count Northern Ireland as a mere untidiness on the map . . . but there seems to have been a peculiar switching over of something on the inner side here. . . and the majority of the best known Irish writers and artists are now people of Ulster birth. Again there is the present extraordinary expansion of the T. S. in Belfast. So I suppose we are here for a purpose.

"I was very interested to discover, from the researches of my friend Prof. T. W. Moody, what an important and formative part Francis Bacon played in the project of establishing an English-speaking Protestant community in Ulster. According to occult traditions, what Bacon touched had some significance for the future."

## From the Philippines

"We have just been liberated," wrote a Theosophist in Manila, on June 4, 1945, "for which we Filipinos are very thankful. . . . We Theosophists of course knew that the war was a struggle between the forces of good and evil. . . . In October 1942 we closed up Soliman Lodge, the mother lodge of Ilaw, when one of its members, a young civil engineer, was taken to Fort Santiago, where he was tortured almost to death. A member of Hamsa Lodge was also kept for almost a year in Fort Santiago, but later beheaded with his three sons. There were many other like cases. We tried to carry on as long as we could despite the Japs' proclamation prohibiting assembly. . . . Soon after the liberation of Manila the Soliman and the Ilaw lodges resumed activities, although we are meeting under difficulties.

"Sta. Ana, our place, where the Ilaw Lodge works is the only district that was spared in South Manila; that is, south of the Pasig. . . . A room on the ground floor is the Ilaw Lodge, where we also have a small circulating library. Many of our books were out during the Japanese occupation, and I presume many were lost from the members during the massacre and fire and almost total destruction of Manila.



But we are trying to retrieve whatever we can.  
"Kindly convey to the Theosophists of America, and our mother section, our fraternal greet-

ings, as well as our most profound gratitude for all that America has done and is doing for our country and people."

*No doubt they were very good old days, but upon the good young days, the good days to come, must we focus our eyes; upon those must we concentrate our vision, our very beings, and look forward, forward, forward.*

—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

## The Great Alliance

JACQUIN ZENTNER

*(An abridged version of THE GREAT ALLIANCE was published in September. For such lodges as desire a more detailed production, these supplementary scenes are to be inserted.)*

SCENE: *At left stage Mary and Anne are seated.*  
ANNE (*continues*): Not long after, Madame Blavatsky found herself married again. But not to her happiness. And we find her once more at her writing desk, in the following June:

*(Side curtains part, disclosing H.P.B. penning a letter.)*

H.P.B. (*reads*): My dear Gen. Lippitt, Mr. Betanelly is West. I sent him away—when I was taken so sick and the doctors began thinking about depriving me of my best leg; . . . as I hate seeing long faces, whiners and weepers and such like things when I am sick, I made him clear out. I have in me many cat-like propensities and one of them is to be ever on the lookout and try to die alone if I can do it. Well, I did not quite die yet, for again like the cat, I have nine lives in me, it appears; and because I am not yet wanted in the bosom of Abraham, I suppose.

My leg was going to be chopped off clean but I said mortification or sugar plums, I won't have it! Fancy my father's daughter on a wooden leg; fancy my leg going to the spirit land before me. Some poet would have a nice chance to compose a pretty obituary, "Gone to meet her leg." Indeed! So I summoned my best will power (my Sunday best) and begged of the doctors and surgeons to go and look for my leg on the Centennial Grounds.

*(Side curtains close.)*

ANNE: Her cure from this was miraculous indeed. Although at one phase of her illness she lay for five days as though dead, she quite amazingly got up on the sixth day, as well as

ever. At the same time she began to feel a sort of duality in herself. It was this power that enabled her. . . . But wait, I am ahead of my story.

One night at "the Lamasary," Olcott walked into H.P.B.'s apartment. H.P.B. was seated at her desk, writing furiously.

*(Side curtains open.)*

OLCOTT (*enters blithely*): Hello there, old horse.

H.P.B. (*rises, imperious; draws herself to full height*): I beg your pardon.

OLCOTT (*steps back, sheepish*): Excuse me, Master . . . I had no idea . . .

H.P.B. (*herself again*): And what are you excusing yourself for, mon colonel?

OLCOTT (*relieved*): I just committed the unpardonable. I called Master "Old Horse," thinking it was you.

H.P.B. (*chuckles*): Good! I knew your irreverent remarks to me would someday catch up with you. Master was dictating to me. (*Picks up paper.*) What the deuce it is to be, I don't know. . . . Anyway, I did as I was ordered.

OLCOTT: As do we both. (*Sits nearby.*) There have been times when I thought the Society could never be formed. And each time I wished to give it all up, the Masters sent encouraging word. TRY might well be called their slogan.

*(Obviously quotes)*: "He who seeks Us, finds Us. Try!"—And K.H. wrote, I recall: "You know our motto, and that its practical application has erased the word 'impossible' from the occultist's vocabulary. If he wearies not of trying, he may discover that most noble of all facts, his True Self."



H.P.B.: Yes, the Society has been founded with pain and tears: that noble job to which I pledged myself so long ago. The Theosophical Society born 1875. It might have come along sooner. But I have stood in my own way with my tantrums and bad temper.

OLCOTT: Yes, your temper is a whip lash—from which we have all felt the sting. But your warmth and vitality far overshadow it. Yes, and your generosity, too. I have heard how you once gave up your own first class steamship ticket and traveled steerage just so a poor European woman and her children could come to America.

H.P.B.: Stuff and nonsense! That was nothing. Remember, my fine Yankee, not all the "first class souls" come over first class. You will find some great souls also in the steerage.

OLCOTT: Bravo! Spoken like a true friend of democracy. And, if I may say so, a true American citizen.

H.P.B.: And why not, pray?—when I am the first Russian woman ever naturalized in the United States? (*Picks up newspaper.*) And while we are on the matter (*indicates column*) I shall take the *Gazette* to task for thrusting on my republican head the Baronial coronet. I wish to reply to them that I claim to be neither a Countess nor a Princess, nor even a modest Baroness—whatever I may have been before July. At that time I became a plain citizen of the United States of America. A title I value far more than any that could be conferred upon me by Emperor or King.

(*Side curtains close.*)

ANNE: These two founders of The Theosophical Society left America in December 1878 and two months later arrived in India, where they visited the Sinnetts. In 1882 they visited Huddleston Gardens at Adyar, inspected it and decided to buy it as the future headquarters of The T. S. Later in the year they took residence there and laid the firm foundation for their work. The Society spread like wildfire from country to country, so that after three years H. P. B. decided to break the ground for her new book, *The Secret Doctrine*. She got from the Master M (one of the great Elder Brothers) the plan for this manuscript. And though the next years were spent in traveling, wherever she went Madame Blavatsky was forever writing on the manuscript.

One day in Adyar Colonel Olcott received a letter from H. P. B.

(*Side curtains open.*)

OLCOTT (reads aloud): "I beg you not to lose pages or allow the manuscript to be mutilated. Remember this is my last great work. And I could not rewrite it if lost, to save my life—or that of the Society, which is more. The whole almost is given by the Old Gentleman and Master. (*Muses.*)

"For a time I thought this old flapdoodle carcass of mine would go to pieces and I told the Countess to be most careful of my manuscript and hand it all over to you with directions to have it printed. But since then I have been miraculously cured! Master has been here. He gave me my choice that I might die and be free if I would, or I might live and finish *The Secret Doctrine*. When I thought of those students to whom I shall be permitted to teach a few things and of The Theosophical Society in general, to which I have already given my heart's blood, I accepted the sacrifice. (*Col. Olcott rises, paces the floor and thinks a minute. Reads, standing.*)

"But enough talk about my "kicking the bucket" or is that the correct expression? Subba Row is ready to help and to correct my *Secret Doctrine* provided I take out from it every reference to the Masters. Does he mean to say that I should deny the Masters or that I do not understand them and garble the facts given me. It is I who brought in the evidence of our Masters to the world and the T. S. I did it because they sent me to do the work as a fresh experiment in this 19th century, and I have done it the best I know how." (*Paces floor.*) The best she knows how. Bless her old warlike heart. And who could have done better! (*Walks; sits at table; reads.*)

"If I do not correspond regularly, you will understand it is because all my waking—yes, and even sleeping—hours are filled with the S.D. and I have little time for anything else. In the face of this you will, I know, make allowance for

—THE OLD HORSE"

(*Side curtains close.*)

ANNE: At last *The Secret Doctrine* was published—in 1888—and H. P. B.'s great work was done. As if in cognizance of this, her worn out body, after a full and arduous life, found its rest. On May 8, 1891, H. P. B. died, in London. But she left to posterity the fruits of her dynamic devotion to the Mysteries. And Col. Olcott's flippant remark—his hope that their acquaintance which began in smoke would stir up a great and permanent fire—became a living reality: a great alliance!



# Theosophy in the Field

*The acid test of a lodge is not the syllabus, or the weekly meeting, or the fortnightly meeting, or any other of its celebrations by any means. It is the extent to which a lodge plans to serve the world as it is, so that the world may become as it is destined to be.*

—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

**ANN ARBOR LODGE** continues its public work throughout the summer, holding weekly classes in the study of Theosophy. The basic text for the course is C. W. Leadbeater's *A Textbook of Theosophy*, supplemented by other Theosophical literature. Chairmanship of the classes is rotated among all the Lodge members.

**BESANT LODGE** (Boston) held "Convention Everywhere" in historic Waban, under an ancient oak tree which once sheltered John Elliot, first Christian missionary to the Indians in Massachusetts Bay Colony. As Miss Poutz' article on "Centers" was read, the group were happy to be meeting where a Center of brotherhood and cooperation was established more than three centuries ago.

The Lodge reports great satisfaction with the "Convention Everywhere" program: "For the entire membership to take part in discussion of administrative problems shares responsibility, and helps every member to feel himself a part of the work."

**BESANT LODGE** (Hollywood) in June presented Mrs. Bettsy Davis in a public lecture, "Knowledge Brings Understanding." Special guests were Dr. Charles Wakefield Cadman and his composer-pianist protégé, Edward Earle. Dr. Cadman contributed to the program one of his famous American Indian Compositions.

**BLAVATSKY LODGE** (Chicago) held its opening meeting on August 12, Madame Blavatsky's birthday. About fifty members and guests were in attendance. All fellow lodges in Chicago were represented, by guests or by message.

Music, flowers and candle-light lent appropriate atmosphere, and the greetings began with words of good will sent by the National President and the National Secretary. The program proper included two interesting talks, one by Mr. James Wycherley and the other by Mrs. Christine Holguin, as well as varied readings from the writings of Madame Blavatsky.

Tea and a social hour concluded a very happy First Meeting. Enthusiasm high, the members look forward to many more as satisfying.

**GLENDALE LODGE** on July 22 celebrated "Convention Everywhere." An artistic Souvenir Program, printed in rose color on ivory, was given to each member at the close of the meeting, and was designed as tribute to Mrs. Betsey Jewett, in her fortieth year of service to Theosophy.

A special program followed the Convention work, a Dedication Ceremony bestowing to Mrs. Jewett an Honorary Life Membership in Glendale Lodge, together with other appropriate gifts and greetings. Here was a graceful expression of brotherhood; "a rose to the living," as Nixon Waterman would have called it.

**LONG BEACH LODGE** on its "July Calendar" noted not only activities for the month but the proper procedure for those desiring to obtain library books from the Lodge on days other than "Library" day.

**MARYLAND LODGE** has on various occasions throughout the year rented its rooms to a local organization of merit. In this manner hundreds of people in Baltimore have become acquainted with the name "Theosophy."

At a special members' meeting on August 24 the suggestion was made and accepted that each member contribute toward a Memorial Fund in the name of Dr. Arundale, this fund to be contributed to the Besant Memorial School, which was of paramount interest to him.

**PITTSBURGH LODGE** for "Convention" was fortunate in a lodge room beautifully decorated by Mrs. Marion Wolfe, chairman of the House Committee. Opening into the circle of chairs was an entrance formed by two white pedestals covered with beautiful linen cloths. A placard left of the doorway read: "Enter into His courts with Thanksgiving." One on the right continued: "And into His courts with Praise." Fresh flowers, candles, white covered chairs—all contributed an illusion of coolness to assist the general atmosphere of Convention. The program as offered by Headquarters evoked enthusiastic participation.

**ST. LOUIS BRANCH** observed Convention Everywhere, but prior to this, regular meetings of the season were brought to a close by an enjoyable picnic. The members were happy to have as guest Mr. Voyle Stewart, lately returned from service abroad, now resident at Olcott.

**SAN ANTONIO LODGE** enjoyed an almost 100% attendance for "Convention Everywhere" and an inspiring meeting was the outcome. All look forward to renewed activity when regular meetings are resumed in the fall.

**The Middle Atlantic Federation** on July 22, at Baltimore, Maryland, held a Conference and "Convention Everywhere" meeting, thirty-four lodge members being present. Reports of the various lodges were received, and plans for future work were discussed. As part of the Convention proceedings, letters of appreciation were recommended, to be sent to Mr. Sidney A. Cook and to Mr. James S. Perkins, as well as cables of greeting to Dr. Arundale and Mr. Jinarajadasa.

## Rehabilitation Notes

SIDNEY A. COOK

**T**O habilitate, according to Webster, is to qualify, to fit out or equip for work, to clothe or dress. How very exactly the word "rehabilitation" fits our purpose, for the rehabilitation fund is being collected for the purpose of fitting out our Lodges and Sections and equipping them with all of the means of resuming work in liberated countries. Their headquarters are without furnishings, their lodges without libraries. All phases of the work need funds. Our purpose in our contributions to the Rehabilitation Fund is to provide these essentials, to "qualify" or to prepare the members, lodges and sections to start again and to become strong in spreading the truths of Theosophy. Even the last definition—"to clothe" or "to dress"—also applies, for there will be many members who will be aided to personal physical rehabilitation as well as to emotional stability and mental usefulness in the work.

Miss Serge Brisy, General Secretary for Belgium, in response to a letter by this writer, says: "I received the first number of *The Theosophist* this week, and it was a great joy to feel again after this long period of isolation the renewing of the contact with all Sections." What a relief it must be to be free, and how wonderful to find Theosophical comradeship unbroken.

Miss Brisy adds: "We passed through heavy and difficult days, but the Section is saved, and it started again immediately after the Germans left our devastated country." Then followed

this impressive phrase: "I should like you and all of your members to feel the deep gratitude we have for all that you did to liberate us, and the love and respect and devotion we had and keep for your great President, Franklin Roosevelt."

In our Correspondence column (page 234) are quotations from a letter from Huizen and also from Mr. Poortman in Holland. They had a very fine library in Amsterdam. That library has gone. In Belgium our members worked in the underground, and clandestine Theosophical groups were always active. In Holland some were shot.

Mrs. Adelaide Gardner, the Assistant General Secretary of the European Federation, says that money is to be sent soon to start the work in Greece. In Athens they have books and literature but no premises, and the Rehabilitation Fund will pay the rent with which to get them started.

It is in the midst of such devastation that our contributions will be used to rebuild the Theosophical Sections and the hundreds of lodges, and to assist the members in re-establishing the work.

The Fund now stands at almost \$10,000. A substantial contribution or many smaller ones would put it over that mark, and we could then start for a new goal. There could be no more worthy project to draw upon our personal resources of sympathy and funds. Contributions should be sent to Olcott. No amount is too small to convey aid and blessing.



# Theosophical News and Notes

## Rule Ten: Regarding Election

Six months before the expiration of a President's term of office or whenever the office becomes vacant, the Recording Secretary shall call for nominations for the office of President from the members of the General Council. Nominations of any member or members in good standing, who have consented to accept nominations for the office, may be sent in to the Recording Secretary, so as to reach him within two months of the date of the call for nominations. At the expiry of this period the Recording Secretary shall communicate the nominations to the General Secretaries, and to the Lodges and Fellows-at-Large attached to Headquarters. Each General Secretary shall take the individual vote of each of the voter-members of his Section—that is, of the members of the National Society on his rolls who are not in arrears of annual dues for more than one year at the close of the previous official year of the Section—and shall communicate the result to the Recording Secretary, who shall himself take the votes of the Lodges and Fellows-at-Large attached to Headquarters. At the expiry of four months from the issue of the nominations by the Recording Secretary, the votes shall be counted by him. The Executive Committee shall appoint two of its members as scrutineers. The candidate receiving the greatest number of votes shall be declared elected to the office of President.

## Terrace and Wall

With a minimum of noise and dust, the Headquarters terrace has undergone repair, and for the once enclosing wall (also in poor condition) has been substituted a low one, scarcely knee high, and affording a delightful view of the lawn toward Main Street.

## A Brotherhood Credit to Chicago

"Chicago," says *The Nation* (September 8, 1945) "is the first city in the United States to outlaw racial discrimination in matters of employment. Last week the City Council adopted a Fair Employment Practice ordinance that makes it a misdemeanor for an employer to refuse to employ, or for a union to refuse to admit, any person because of race, creed, color or national origin. Violations will be prosecuted in the Municipal Court by the City Prosecutor." . . . Thus Chicago becomes a pacemaker for progress toward the recognition of universal brotherhood.

## Attention Lodge Officers

In the November issue of the magazine will appear news of those candidates nominated by the General Secretaries, under International Rule No. 10 regarding Election of an International President of The Theosophical Society. Mr. N. Sri Ram is President pro tem, and the new President will be selected by vote of the membership, the ballot to appear in the December issue of *THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST*.

## Re-definitions

"One of our first duties when we admit new members to The Theosophical Society ought to be the re-definition to them of certain words ordinarily used."

We quote Dr. Arundale, who in his article "O Death, Where Is Thy Sting" re-defined, from a Theosophical standpoint, the word *death*. (See this issue, Page 219)

Please send in to *THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST* your suggestions as to words which stand in need of re-definition. Send, too, your own restatement in Theosophical terms of any word or phrase which you care to submit. Keep your material brief, for inclusion in "News and Notes."

## From Mexico

A kindly letter from Señor Adolfo de la Peña Gil, General Secretary of The Theosophical Society in Mexico, included the following message from the Board of Directors of that Section:

"The Theosophical Society in Mexico is very grateful to the great sister section in the United States for its message of solidarity, which is the embodiment of the brotherly feeling and the spirit of understanding and cooperation of its members. Our efforts will always tend to foster this spirit of friendship, which is rooted in the Theosophical attitude, so that our common work may be carried on to the best advantage."

## House Guests at Olcott

Among guests who have spent several months at Olcott are Miss Jean Glen-Walker and Mrs. Edith Lee Ruggles. Miss Glen-Walker, now once again in England, had for some time contributed her talents as official Headquarters Hostess. Mrs. Ruggles has aided the work of several departments and will stay with us for some time to come.

## Any Ideas?

Headquarters is organizing the publication of a new four-page leaflet to offer lodges for free monthly distribution to their mailing lists. Three pages will contain timely comment and brief expositions of Theosophy; the fourth page will contain blank space upon which each lodge can print its local programs, name and address. A three month period of experiment will precede further expansion of the project. Lodges which regularly circularize a monthly list of names are urged to participate in this experimental stage. Write the editor for particulars. Lodges can plan to mail the first bulletin on January 1, 1946.

Search for a suitable name for the leaflet occupies our attention at present. Any ideas?

## New Members for August, 1945

During August, applications for membership were received from the following Lodges: Cincinnati, Copernicus (Chicago), Dallas, Miami, New York, Oak Park, Pacific (San Francisco), Paterson, Portland, and Seattle Inner Light.

Applications for National Membership have been received from St. Louis and Whitehall, Michigan; Denver, Seattle, Oak Park, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

## Wedding at Olcott

Their numerous friends throughout the Section will be happy to learn that on the afternoon of Saturday, September 8, Miss Etha Snodgrass of Eugene, Oregon, representative of the Northwest District on our Board of Directors, became the bride of Mr. Sidney A. Cook, former National President of The Theosophical Society in America. The simple but beautiful ceremony was performed by Rev. Paul A. O'Neal, assisted by Rev. Henry A. Smith. The Headquarters Library made a charming setting with its many candles and a profusion of flowers in tones of purple and rose. Mrs. Mary Patterson of the Olcott Staff provided the musical background of appropriate piano selections.

Their Olcott "family" wish for these two devoted workers increasing joy in ever-expanding service through Theosophy.

## Itinerary for Mr. Rogers

Sept. 28-Oct. 12.....Michigan Federation  
Oct. 14-19.....Cleveland  
" 20-23.....Pittsburgh  
" 25-26.....Buffalo  
" 27-28.....Albany  
" 30-Nov. 6.....New York City district

## Adyar Call for Workers

"Now that the world aspect of the war is drawing to a close and conditions are somewhat alleviated, the work is expanding and workers are urgently needed at Adyar for the different activities and departments. We need managers, stenographers, accountants, office assistants, overseers, teachers.

"We want devoted Theosophists who are experienced in some special department, preferably those who can serve in an honorary capacity.

"Those who can answer this call, please write to the President or his Deputy, Shrimati Rukmini Devi, with all relevant particulars including information as to their financial needs, if any, qualifications, health, etc., and in what particular department they wish to serve. But no one should come here without having obtained definite permission from the President."

—*The Theosophical Worker*, August

## To-Those-Who-Mourn Club

Shipment of booklets from August 1 to August 31, 1945:

Illinois .....	700
New Jersey .....	400
New York .....	505
Ohio .....	125
Pennsylvania .....	200
Wyoming .....	152
Two states less than 100 .....	70

Total.....2,152

*His one law is to work in harmony with Nature; or, in other words, to do good to all. Acts done in this attitude reach as surely the Great Logos as the cannon ball directed against the rampart.*

—ANONYMOUS

## Statistics

### European Rehabilitation Fund

Balance June 30, 1945 .....	\$7,490.33
July 1 to July 31 .....	141.92
Month of August .....	666.25
	\$8,298.50

### Births

To Dr. and Mrs. John Hamaker, Oakland Lodge, a son, David Warren, August 13.  
To Mr. and Mrs. William Whittick, Glendale Lodge, a son, Lindsey David, August 19.

### Deaths

Mrs. May Marcus Chalette, Glendale Lodge, July 24.  
Mr. Horace A. Rounds, Glendale Lodge, July 30.

### Marriages

Miss Kathryn Munson, Aurora Lodge, and T/Sgt. Herbert J. Chase, Los Angeles Lodge, August 20.  
Miss Etha Snodgrass and Mr. Sidney A. Cook, Olcott Lodge, Wheaton, September 8.  
Miss Jonette Helms and Mr. Sherman L. Dunning, Covington Lodge, Sept. 9.



## Book Reviews

*CLIPT WINGS*, by William R. Leigh; Thornton W. Allen, New York; cloth.

A five-act drama in Elizabethan style, *CLIPT WINGS* endeavors to resolve the old Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. The writer, student of this subject for many years, descendant of Sir Walter Raleigh and Chief Justice Marshall, and a recognized contemporary artist, puts into the mouths of Elizabeth, Francis Bacon and others of the time, a possible explanation of the secrecy and conjecture surrounding the Shakespearean plays.

In fast moving scenes, Elizabeth is unguardedly moved to admit her marriage to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and the parentage of Francis Bacon. Fearing he might usurp her throne she banishes him to France, but Bacon cares little for power and less for court life. He wishes only to devote his talents to literature and science and pleads with his mother: "Do not clip my wings, my wings that are my life."

The action proceeds to reveal the cause of Elizabeth's tragic death, the true source of the "Shaxper" dramas, and the intrigues of Bacon's jealous brother, Robert Cecil. "Sad, sad 'tis and fearful to observe how much misguided wights as this, through ignorance and avarice, do work their own mischance. So, also, have great kings and mighty races abused the power that was theirs, oftentimes; aye, till, in the hideous sloughs of war, extinction hath o'erta'en them. 'Tis for the few, the seers, to blaze the trails that lead to that constructive use of power, as Nature did intend, and by so doing, though martyred for their pains, to die conscious that they have not lived in vain."

This work is especially interesting to the student of the Shakespeare-Bacon theory, but a fascinating evening's entertainment to the most casual reader, as well.

—MP

*AFTER MATERIALISM—WHAT?*, by Sir Richard Clifford Tute; E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc.; New York, 1945; \$3.00.

*After Materialism—What?* is a proposed reconciliation of science and religion. From a scientific point of view, it is a quite excellent summary of the modern discoveries in physics. From the side of religion, its scope is definitely limited by the author's own unfamiliarity with a wider religious point of view.

The first chapter was written as a challenge to scientists to point out the trends towards metaphysics that seemed inherent in their work. The author boldly stated: "One suspects that, as a class, men of science are reluctant to carry their findings to the philosophical limits which they imply and necessitate. They do not wish to become philosophers. They feel the firm ground, on which their work has hitherto been based, slipping beneath their feet . . . If they hesitate, they are lost. Science and all that it stands for will crash with the crash of civilization. Nothing can stop the progress of disruption except the authoritative teaching by men of scientific note and achievement that materialism is based on a false view of science." Only P. D. Ouspensky and Alexis Carrel are exempt from the challenge, since they have indicated a realization of the metaphysical implications of modern science.

Since there was no response to this statement, Sir Richard continued the writing, and the remainder of the book deals with the philosophical and mystical interpretations inherent in such scientific discoveries as the quantum theory, the space-time continuum (the astral plane of Theosophy), and the advances made in defining the atom. A dynamic world-system is constructed in which materialism as such has no part, for "life, and not matter, can and should be taken as the basis of the universe, and . . . life exists as a four dimensional phenomenon. This means that all personalities exist primarily in space-time, and that they exist also in space and time only when they are invested with form."

The discriminating reader will undoubtedly wish for a broader philosophical basis, less restricted to Christian terminology and more tolerant of "Yogism, Theosophy, spiritualism and so forth;" yet at the same time he will be glad to see the beginning of the synthesis of science and religion. The author's aim is to show Christianity as the highest form of our genius, and his statement that "The Christian religion is the only religion which proclaims, and in practice maintains, the brotherhood of men" indicates the viewpoint advocated throughout the book. Nevertheless, it is encouraging to find the gulf of understanding being crossed from the intellectual side and the student of correlations will enjoy the reading if only to glimpse further hints of synthesis.

—J. M.



# NIRVANA

*"I went, the other day into one of our largest bookshops and I found myself amidst a weird babel of sounds. Every volume was vocal. In each book was its author speaking his message—in some cases powerfully, clearly, upliftingly; in other cases, at the other extreme, vaguely, purposelessly, vulgarly, perhaps, often sordidly, or sometimes with a well chiselled form distressingly empty of purpose. Each work was a sound-scheme, often a jarring sound-scheme, but sometimes a beautiful symphony. Each book, too, was a light scheme, a dull light-scheme, a lurid light-scheme, a bright, clear light-scheme, now and then a gorgeous light-scheme. . . . I knew that books are alive, that some are in the savage state, and thence there is graded ascent in evolution to God-books such as the Scriptures, and others less than these, yet great. . . . books are now no longer mere tomes, they are living beings for which their creators have serious responsibility, which speak and spread their influences around them. A book in a room is a factor with which we have to reckon; a library is a potent force."*

(Pages 176-77 NIRVANA)

—GEORGE S. ARUNDALE.

**NIRVANA**—Truly an adventurous book pointing the way to spiritual altitudes. A book that falls into the category of those in a "gorgeous light-scheme." The chapter on "mother-light" alone merits a place in your library.

Cloth - - - \$1.50

☆ ☆ ☆

## OTHER ARUNDALE TITLES

ADVENTURES IN THEOSOPHY.....	Paper	\$1.25
FRAGMENTS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.....	Kalekshetra Binding	1.00
UNDER THE WEATHER.....	" "	1.00
FREEDOM AND FRIENDSHIP.....	Cloth	1.50
THOUGHTS OF THE GREAT.....	"	1.25
LOTUS FIRE, THE.....	"	6.00
FROM VISIBLE TO INVISIBLE HELPING.....	Paper	.50
NIGHT BELL, THE.....	"	.90
SCIENCE OF THEOSOPHY.....	"	.25
SIMPLICITIES OF THEOSOPHY.....	"	.40
YOU .....	Cloth	1.75
YOGA IN SOUND (Pianoforte) .....	Sheet Music	.75

☆ ☆ ☆

**The Theosophical Press**  
WHEATON, ILLINOIS