ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

1959
NOVEMBER
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The reading deficiency of millions of adults.

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A solitary cultural influence in early America.

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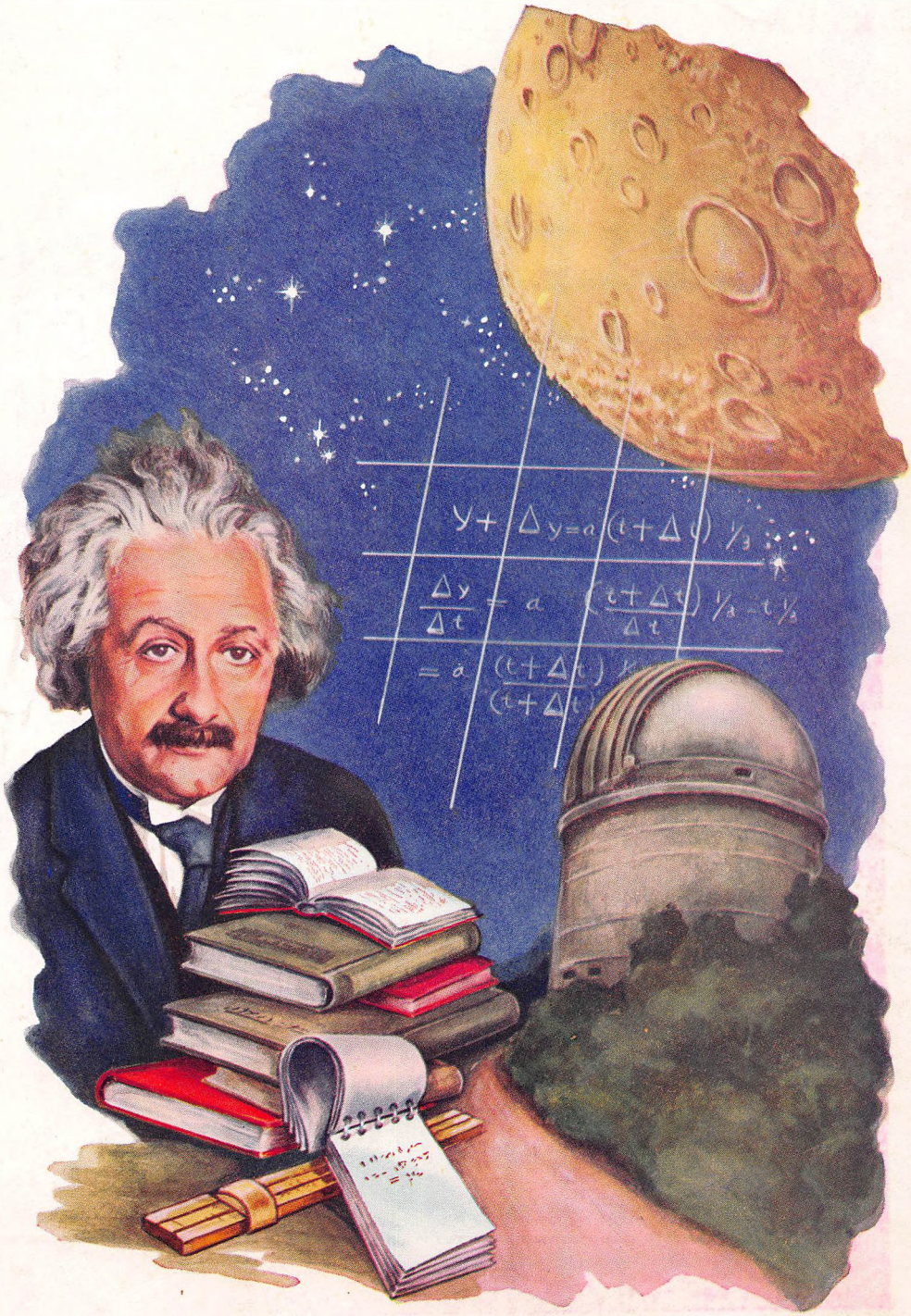
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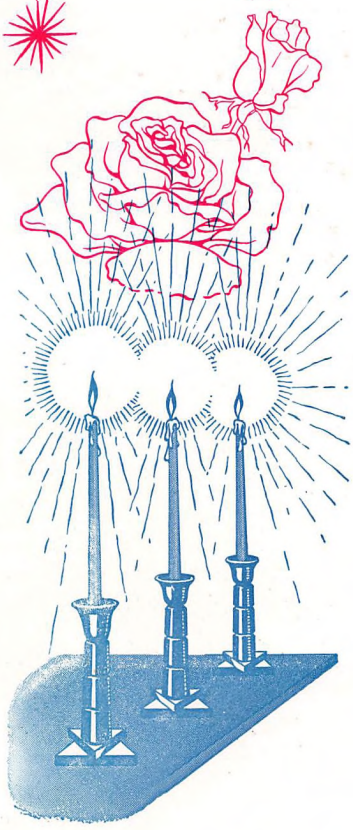
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(EACH MONTH THIS PAGE IS DEVOTED TO THE EXHIBITION OF STUDENT SUPPLIES.)



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In the ruins of Chichen Itza, Yucatán, Mexico, is this ancient stone edifice used as a nunnery by the Mayans. It is an example of the perfect stone masonry of the period, erected principally by the use of stone and obsidian tools. The structure is located on a high eminence. At the opposite end of the mysterious corridor the passage narrows to a ledge beside a precipitous cliff.

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ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

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EDITOR: Frances Vejtasa

The Purpose of the Rosicrucian Order

The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a nonsectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study, and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness, and peace. The Order is internationally known as "AMORC" (an abbreviation), and the A.M.O.R.C. in America and all other lands constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body. The A.M.O.R.C. does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian association, write a letter to the address below, and ask for the free book, **The Mastery of Life**. Address Scribe S. P. C., **Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, San Jose, California, U. S. A. (Cable Address: "AMORCO")**

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THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

NON-CONFORMITY AND BEATNIKS

By THE IMPERATOR



An increasingly complex society gives rise to a prominent disadvantage to the individual which time and experience cannot always remedy. This is the creeping *restriction* of the individual's freedom. In a rapidly growing world population, the social institutions which are considered necessary for the average standard of living and security press in upon the people. Figuratively speaking, the space in which one can project and express his personality and thought becomes confined. In whatever direction man's idealism and actions move him, he comes quickly into conflict with the established customs and orders of the crowded society in which he dwells.

If the modern citizen, even in the professed democracies, is not cautious, his outspoken manner may cause him to be labelled a subversive, a radical, an atheist or a crackpot. His personal world becomes extremely limited. It becomes almost relegated to the limits of one's immediate domicile. Since we today continue to have the ideal of increasing the span of individual life and since an increasing population is looked upon as a material and economic advantage in many circles, the restrictions imposed upon the individual will not diminish.

We may use the homely analogy of two men in an area having a capacity for several hundred persons. They are permitted the liberty of walking at will about the area. There is ample room for them to walk freely without colliding or interfering with one another. However, place five hundred men within the same space and the physical circumstances change. In principle, the individual may not be denied the right of walking. That function is still permitted him, but restrictions are imposed which by their very nature curtail the function or make it impossible. In other words, the individual is not permitted by his walking to obstruct others or collide with them. Consequently, to conform to such regulations is, in effect, almost the equivalent of prohibiting all walking, with the exception of a few steps.

This condition is the cause of the rebellion of many individuals against society. They are not necessarily antisocial or defiant of law and its principles, but they do rebel against a containment by society for society, which constitutes the diminishing of their individuality to a mere segment of a social machine. The philosophy of such individuals is that a democratic society by such action is actually defeating its own avowed purpose. In theory, a democratic society is to guarantee the freedom of the individual. It professes that the human being has the right to give expression to his intellectual and physical attributes, while respecting the rights of others to do likewise. This respect for others it is the duty of society to enforce. However, when the enforcement of society, in the terms of the welfare of its citizens, greatly encumbers the basic freedoms of the individual, such enforcement is interpreted by many persons as defeating its initial purpose.

The general name for this kind of

rebellious spirit is *nonconformity*. The intellectual nonconformist is not one who just suddenly balks and opposes laws and customs. Rather, he offers what he sincerely believes will provide a remedial relief for the worsening situation. He pleads for an intelligent review of our traditions, moral, political, and social. He contends that many of our customs are outmoded. He states that we cling to them with a kind of mawkish sentimentality or a dull acceptance. In the realm of religion, the nonconformist will declare that we should stop the condemnation of many acts as being immoral or sinful. He advocates that such behavior be re-evaluated in terms of the demands and circumstances of a modern complex society.

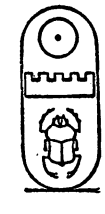
In current social idealism the nonconformist contends that too great a stress is placed upon materialism and the importance of wealth and possessions. The standard of living is too conventionalized. It is becoming individually defined in terms of social acceptance, namely, that one has arrived at a proper level and is a successful citizen, if his home includes certain commodities and appurtenances. The dress of the individual and even his interests and recreation, the nonconformist states, follow standardized patterns. Even self-improvement and education fall into this stylized groove. It is asserted that to be materially accepted, and to attain the wherewithal to acquire the kind of living that society recognizes as successful, there is the ever-present compulsion to pursue a specified course leading to certain professions.

To follow the humanities, to give oneself over to intellectual freedom and the open pursuit of knowledge without regard for its economic or utilitarian advantages ostracizes the individual. Society says that he is regressing, becoming a social outcast, living at a level where he cannot afford those symbols by which he will be recognized as "having arrived." The poet who lives in a world of idealism, framed in the beauty the mind can envision, is defined as a waster, if not a profligate. The philosopher who tries to penetrate the walls of conventionality and custom to rediscover a more vital, transcendent purpose for human existence is often termed an idle dreamer or a parasite upon a dynamic society. The mystic who seeks to rise in consciousness above human society and find inspiration in a cosmic source is vilified as a neurotic or one who has lost contact with reality.

Varied Rebellion

The form of rebellion that nonconformity takes is varied. Psychologically, the first reaction of such a person is emotional and is manifest in extremes of conduct. The individual wants to convince himself—and society—that he has divested himself of the routine "approved way" of living. He tries to discard all symbols or outer signs of such association. He rids himself of the orthodoxy of dress. The tie and white collar, from which man ordinarily endures discomfiture in order to be properly attired, must go. The tidiness that amounts to rigidity of semiformal attire is rejected. Individuality is expressed in personal comfort, the wearing of blue denim trousers and open-necked shirts. The close-shaven appearance, the sign of conformity with etiquette, is denounced as a puppet adherence to routine conventions. The nonconformist at first will, therefore, let his beard grow. These things satisfy the emotional self. They make him feel that he has broken loose.

Further defiance may be the resorting, in some instances, to what constitutes a departure from the common virtues. Sex promiscuity is indulged in by many men and women in the nonconformist group. Many so-called niceties are discarded in the interest of "experience that teaches." Another psychological sign of this first break with the increasing ponderosity of modern social restrictions is the congregating together of the nonconformists under conditions of their own selection. They feel that to live in the environment that depicts the customs and ideals which they abhor would be hypocritical, and so again the pendulum swings to the opposite extreme. The nonconformist will at first select squalid quarters, sometimes bordering on the vice areas of the city. He does not feel contaminated by such associations. In his reasoning much of this so-called vice is a direct consequence of the outmoded moral and ethical codes which have



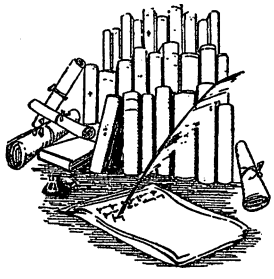
compelled the individual to break with them.

Many of these neophyte nonconformists are no more talented than the other members of society against which they have rebelled. They think, however, that to give themselves, in appearance at least, over to art, music, poetry, and philosophy is to become a crusader. They then consider themselves as liberating the humanities from the bondage of materialism. Actually many are but dilettantes in the arts.

Society, generally, may smile and ridicule what constitutes the absurd action of some of these nonconformists. Society may speak of them as neglecting their obligations and retreating from the demands of the day. Actually, however, the acts of such persons constitute a solemn warning. It is time to consider in what direction we are moving. To what is our prosperity and materialism leading us—and is it in all regards worth while? Is it possible that we are paying too high a price in individualism for conformity with the tide of custom? The eccentricities of the *beatnik* are not the answer but they are, like the launching of Sputnik, serving the purpose and causing us to pause and survey ourselves.

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An old Pueblo Indian woman once said: "Take your *Why?* into a spiral and let it go to the center—to the center—to the center—and let it slumber there. When it awakens, it will uncurl itself through the way it went in and give you your answer. For, in the center of the center of the center, where it goes to sleep, is where the Great God-One is." —From *Smoke Signals*, July-August 1959

Crusade for Literacy

By MARY C. WALLACE, F. R. C.



IMAGINE for a moment that you are an "illiterate person." You might be one of the 65,590 in the State of Washington or one of the 894,275 who live in the State of New York. You are alone. You cannot read nor answer any correspondence which might come to you. You cannot vote, nor do you participate in the affairs of the community. You have little interest in events either locally or nationally. Your voice is silent, unheard, and ignored. You do not even know that your feelings of frustration and resentment are shared by millions of people. According to the 1950 Census, more than one-half of the World's adult population is functionally illiterate.

This is not a complete surprise to most of us. We are well aware that there are many countries where a large percent of the people are unable to read and write. Most of these countries have a low standard of living; the per capita income is low and there is very little industry.

Such is not the case in the United States where we enjoy a high per capita income, high industrialization and urbanization. In view of these facts many of us were astonished to discover that right here in our own Country there are 10 million adults over the age of 25 who are functionally illiterate. (The U. S. Bureau of the Census defines a functional illiterate as a man or woman unable to read, write, and do sums at approximately the level achieved by a child in the fourth grade in grammar school.)

In 1957 a National Commission was formed in Washington, D. C., to attack the problem of this 10 million segment of our adult population. How is it possible that one in every eleven adults of the United States is illiterate when we have a free educational system?

There seem to be about as many reasons as there are people. Of the many that I have talked to the one thing that they seem to have in common is illiterate parents!

Of these 10 million in the United States four million are native-born whites, three million are negroes, and three million are foreign born. (Literacy Education Circular No. 376—U. S. Dept. H. E. W.) During World War II enough men were rejected because of illiteracy to have made about forty divisions (600,000 men). During the first year of the Korean Conflict 300,000 were rejected because of educational deficiency and another 200,000 because of situations indirectly related to illiteracy. "There is a high correlation between the rejection rates of the Selective Service registrants and the illiteracy rates of the adult population" (U. S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare, Circular No. 376).

Mastering the Written Word

Many high schools and colleges conduct Adult Classes on a wide variety of subjects, but the average education of the people attending is the twelfth grade. Some schools have classes for the foreign speaking, but very little has been done to alleviate illiteracy among our own people.

Have you ever thought what it would mean to you to be unable to read and write? These individuals have all of the same hopes, desires, emotions, frustrations, and problems but have them aggravated by the lack of an education.

As a child I don't believe that I ever asked to be sent to school; this was a decision that my parents made for me. Had I been consulted, very probably I would have preferred to stay at home and play. It is no credit to me that I attended school as a child. Also it is no discredit to those who did not

as it is something that happened to them before the age of accountability. This viewpoint is quite important in understanding the attitude of these people. There are many other human deficiencies very closely related to illiteracy, such as poverty, disease, malnutrition, low wages, and occupational inefficiency.

I well remember a little negro woman who came into one of our classes. Let us call her Phoebe, which is not her real name. She is about five feet two inches tall and as spry as a little bird. Oh yes, she was 69 years old at this time. She came tripping into the classroom and right straight up to the front. "Are you the Teacher?" she asked me. I assured her that I was. "I want to learn to write my name," she said, "'cause all of my life I've wanted to learn just to write my name. Do you suppose that I could ever learn?"

"I can't think of any reason why you couldn't," I replied, as I assigned her a place in the class.

If any one of us were handed a pencil and asked to write the first thing that came into our mind, it would very probably be our own name, our initials, or something connected with our own personal identification. It is reasonable to assume that one who is unable to write his name would feel like a nonentity.

Well, Phoebe was eager to write, but first she had to train her fingers to hold the pencil. This was difficult for her to do, so she learned to form the letters in the air with her finger. Gradually her muscles responded and she was able to print large capital letters on a sheet of paper. The first time that she printed her own name, she looked at it with an air of great respect and wonderment.

About two months after starting the class she came into the room one evening just almost dancing. I could see there was something very important on her mind. "You couldn't guess where I have been today," she said jubilantly. "I've been down to the Bank and had my name changed. I don't make a cross no more. I signs my own name."

All are not as honest as Phoebe; many are very sensitive and try to conceal the fact that they cannot read and write. Some even attempt to hide it from their own family. One student said that he was afraid of losing the respect of his own children if they knew that he couldn't read. However, the children usually know. This man's little son told his school teacher how happy he was about his father. "Now Daddy never holds the songbook upside down in Church any more," he explained.

It is not an easy thing for an adult to make a decision to attend Literacy Classes. At first he feels timid and unsure of himself, but a well-trained volunteer teacher soon puts him at his ease. Almost before he realizes it, he has learned the first lesson. With accomplishment comes confidence and he begins to think that he is not as dumb as he feared.

As the course progresses a change takes place in the student and he begins to be more aware of himself. No longer does he come to class unshaven and carelessly dressed. His whole manner changes; he speaks with assurance and walks as if he is going somewhere. Frequently he starts carrying a pencil back of his ear and a small notebook in his

The author, Mary C. Wallace, president of the recently organized nonprofit LARK Foundation (Literacy for Adults and Related Knowledge), was the driving force behind a five-day Literacy Institute held in Yakima, Washington, in October.

About a year ago, without benefit of legislation or tax money, Mrs. Wallace proceeded to compile and put into practice a quick teaching method. Much of the approach resulted from her own inspiration and an eventual textbook is in view. Her methods are now receiving recognition in many parts of the U. S. A., as well as in other countries.

Since libraries are devoid of literature for the adult literate who has just acquired a 1,000 word vocabulary, a group of volunteer writers are responding with fiction, nonfiction, and poetry. A small mimeographed book within the specified vocabulary but strictly on an adult level is taking shape.—THE EDITOR

pocket. He is now a man of letters and he wants people to know it.

Much of the teaching is done on a more or less individual basis, and it would be hard to say whether it is the teacher or the pupil who is the proudest of any progress.

At this time when people are extremely sensitive to any type of discrimination, special consideration should be given to the role of literacy in bringing understanding among the people. Illiteracy is actually a contributing factor to discrimination as many feel that their own education entitles them to a larger share of the good things of life.

Job Essentials

As mechanism increases, manual labor jobs steadily decrease. Making a living becomes increasingly difficult, causing many of these people to move from place to place seeking seasonal employment. Those who follow the crops become a part of our migrant labor force. As they move from one harvest to another the whole family goes along. The children are changed from school to school, very frequently missing days and weeks at a time. Soon they have fallen behind other children of their age and leave school permanently as soon as possible.

Each year 75,000 male youth who are functionally illiterate reach registration age. ("School Life," Federal Security Agency, Volume 33, Number 9) Industry demands men and women who are able to absorb training and skills quickly. The more complex the machinery the greater the demands upon the operator. A man or woman must be literate since most of industry is geared to the level of the average of our population. An illiterate becomes frustrated when he is unable to fill out an application form to apply for a job. Since there is little work that such a one is able to do, many go on Public Assistance. Once there, motivation becomes very difficult. Our increasing relief rolls of employable persons testify to this condition.

Volunteer Teachers

Programs to combat the problem of illiteracy have been started in various parts of the United States. In Yakima, Washington, such a program was begun in the Fall of 1958. It met with immediate success, and two other schools were started, making three Literacy Centers in Yakima County. Here 47 volunteer teachers taught 125 students the fundamentals of reading and writing. This was done in a completely informal atmosphere as you can imagine the feelings of a student if he knew that his teacher, whom he knew as Marian, was the wife of a Senator from his district, or another student whose teacher's husband is a police sergeant!

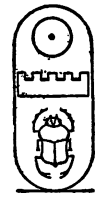
Among our most priceless heritages are the books which are available for us to read and enjoy. Patiently the teacher leads her student-adult into the joy of learning and how happily most of them follow.

Our Democracy demands an informed electorate and each and every one must be able to read and write in order to accept the responsibility of full citizenship. The true wealth of our great Country is not in machines, but in its people—people who feel assured of their own ability to care for themselves and their families.

We have a slogan: "Washington—the Literate State in '68." Literacy is essential to Democracy, to prosperity and peace. As knights of old laid aside their personal affairs and fought to right a wrong, so must we dedicate ourselves to fight in the Crusade for Literacy.

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Daily Bread

By JOSEPHINE M. OPSAHL

THE origin of bread, like many of the good things we enjoy today, is lost in the mists of time. No one knows when primitive man tamed those first wild grasses he used for food. Although occultists say wheat came from the planet Venus, archaeologists have determined that it originated in Abyssinia and descended into the fertile Nile Valley.



These scientists also tell us that the Egyptians made the world's first leavened bread about 4000 years before the Christian era—first, possibly through accidental souring or fermentation of the dough by wild yeast spores; later, by saving a small portion of the dough as a starter for their next baking. The Egyptians found that of all the seeds they used for food only wheat and rye had qualities capable of retaining yeast gases.

And because they were not pleased with the results when they baked their new food in the usual way—in the coals of a fire—they built special cone-shaped ovens of clay bricks. The ovens had a roomy upper section for the bread and a smaller lower part for the fire. Just as now, the oven door was supposed to be kept closed during baking. But being extremely superstitious and not understanding the principle of yeast as a leavening agent, we are told that Egyptian homemakers, much like those of us today, "peeked" at their bread as it baked. They hoped to catch a glimpse of the "spirit hands" which they believed turned the dough into bread.

These ancient Egyptians became very proud of their use of bread as food. They even placed loaves of it, as well as supplies of wheat and other foods, in tombs so that the dead might eat on their long journey. And they supplied the soul of the dead person with a passport of picture writing pertaining to himself.

Pictures in the tomb of King Rameses depicted the royal bakery.

Others showed that Egyptian bread was made not only in round loaves but in conical, cubical, and braided forms—also in shapes of birds, fish, and even that of their sacred cow. And we are told, they added nuts, seeds, fruit, spices, perfumes, and drugs to make about fifty different varieties of bread.

Being "bread eaters," the Egyptians looked down their noses and scorned their nomad neighbors who depended upon their flocks for food. Through close association with the Egyptians during many years of slavery, the People of Israel, too, learned to like their wheat baked into bread rather than cooked as porridge or chewed as parched grain. And when they settled down and built homes for themselves, they even developed the new trade of "baker," with the men becoming the bakers. Formerly, it had been women's work to make the flour and bread while the men had planted and reaped the grain.

The San Jose Rosicrucian Museum has a rare funerary model, depicting an Egyptian woman kneading dough, which was carved from wood 4600 years ago.

The fertile Nile Valley in those days also furnished quantities of wheat for

export to Greece and other neighboring countries. Some historians say that the Golden Fleece that Jason sought was golden grain to feed the hungry of Athens.

In the meantime the Romans, too, became bread eaters. Excavations of the buried city of Pompeii show they had excellent mills and bakeries as early as A.D. 70. The Romans speeded up the flour-milling operation by developing circular mills to be operated by animals, slaves, and later by water power. The new type mills consisted of an upper cap-shaped stone fitted over a lower conical stone and turning about it. Having an opening in the upper stone, the grain could be poured between the two grinding surfaces with one hand while the other continued to operate the mill, making a continuous flow of flour.

The Romans also learned by sieving and bolting to produce different grades of flour. The best was quite fine and white.

When these energetic people undertook their program of world conquest, they taught their new subjects how to grow wheat and make bread. And in so doing, they gave the North Africans, the French, the Sardinians, the Spaniards, the English, and the other occupied nations a gift far outweighing any temporary irritations and problems that the Roman rule might have created.

By the Middle Ages, white bread was found nearly everywhere in Europe but only the wealthy could afford to eat it. Ordinary folk were content with bread made from the entire wheat kernel or with rye and barley, as these grains were more easily grown and were less expensive.

And so on down through the centuries, each generation and country contributed its know-how and ingenuity toward making bread a better food. In fact, in our country more changes have taken place in farming and baking methods during the past fifty years than in all the preceding centuries throughout the world.

Today, bread with its high-protein content and relatively low cost, is still a universally liked food. In our land with its cosmopolitan population, bakers' shelves groan under their loads of Swedish Limpa, hard-crusted French breads, brown fragrant Pumpernickel, Stollen, Sweet Ryes, Raisin Breads, Cracked and Whole Wheat Breads, Jule Kage, Vienna Rolls, Kolaches, Kulich, and hundreds of others. Although many have queer-sounding foreign names, they are part of our heritage from those who have helped to build a better world.

▽ △ ▽

Priceless Gifts . . .

NUMBER 1

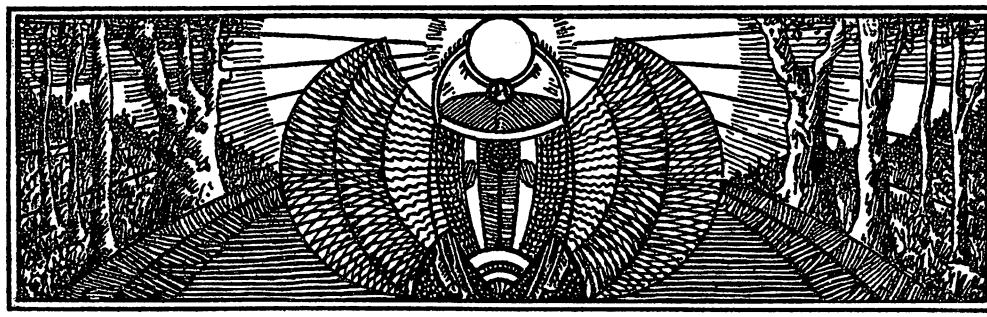
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Strangely Inspired Music

By RICHARD GARDE BALLOU

MUCH has been written during the past century concerning the history, customs, and culture of the Ephrata Cloister Colony. This religious settlement was established along the banks of Cocalico Creek in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, sometime between 1725 and 1735. The founders of the colony are normally identified as Seventh-day Baptists, but analysis of the historical facts indicates a marked difference in doctrine and dogma evidenced by the Ephrata sectarians. It is more logical to assume from the preponderance of evidence presented, that the Ephratans prescribed to certain basic philosophies and practices peculiar to the Seventh-day Baptist sectarians, but their complete allegiance and devotion was dominated by the controversial religious ascetic, Johann Conrad Beissel.

For the readers unacquainted with the background of this strangely wonderful personality—Johann Conrad Beissel was born at Eberbach, in the Rhenish Palatinate in 1690. Orphaned at an early age, he grew up in poverty and with scant education. Apprenticed in the baker's trade, young Beissel began his wandering, according to German custom, to seek a permanent establishment. During the course of his peregrinations, he came under the influence of the Pietists, and later the Baptist Brethren.

Leaving the intolerant atmosphere of the Palatinate, he emigrated to America when he was thirty years old. Discarding his apprenticed trade, Beissel worked for a while as a weaver and lived at Germantown and then at Conestoga in eastern Pennyslvania. The great turn in his life came when he met the beloved Johann Kelpius, the Wissahickon hermit.

Kelpius' gentle nature and ascetic philosophy profoundly impressed the mercurial Beissel, and he embraced the teachings and practices of his mentor with an almost fanatical fervor. Religion took on a new meaning to the German immigrant, and he further emulated his teacher and went into the wilderness to lead a solitary life. However, the new personality that was Conrad Beissel soon attracted followers to his wilderness retreat, and instead of retiring from the world, he became head of a community which, in its brief existence, gave much to young America materially and culturally.

There were two active communities following the Beissel philosophies. The principal settlement was formed at Ephrata about 1732, and later a number of the sectarians moved to a section on Antietam Creek near Waynesboro, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. The Ephrata community was referred to as "the Cloister," and the Antietam settle-

> Conrad Beissel "was prominent in the movement which revived Esoteric Theosophy and Rosicrucian Mysticism in Pennsylvania." From *The German Pietists of Provincial Pennsylvania*, by Julius Friedrich Sachse.

ment as "Snowhill." Both communities functioned under the inflexible laws established by Beissel, and were comprised of both "solitary" Brethren and Sisters who practiced celibacy, as well as the non-celibatarian members of the sect.

Beissel's "awakening" and his emergence as a religious leader stimulated certain latent creative talents. Suddenly he was capable of expressing his religious feelings and ideas in prose and poetry. Historians unfamiliar with the cultural background of this genius, refer to Beissel's literary style as one of exalted mysticism, full of metaphors, dark allusions to passages in the Scriptures, and a rather exaggerated erotic symbolism. His early efforts included a tract on the Sabbath with the cryptic title *Mysterion Anomalias* (contemporary translation by Michael Wohlfahrt), a set of 99 *Mystische und sehr geheyme Sprüche* (Mystical and Very Secret Proverbs), and a number of hymns set to well-known European Protestant hymn tunes.

His hymns were published in 1730 by Benjamin Franklin as *Gottliche Liebes und Lobes gethöne* (Godly Love and Praise Sounding). Franklin's interest in the sect continued for many decades, particularly through his relations with Peter Miller and Michael Wohlfahrt, Beissel's most faithful adherents.

Other works created by Beissel and his followers were published by the master craftsman Christopher Sauer, foremost German printer in proprietary Pennsylvania. Included in this group was the impressive volume *Zionitischer Weyrauche Hügel* (Zionistic Hill of Incense).

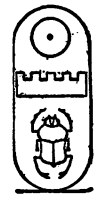
It was an open break between Sauer and Beissel that prompted the establishment of a printing facility at the Ephrata Cloisters. Sauer took violent exception to a certain hymn, through which the German craftsman felt that Beissel was setting himself up as an authorized spokesman for God. Beissel denied the accusation but refused to elaborate the mystical significance of the lyric. This attitude caused an irreparable break. Sauer published a hymnal which contained the European material and excluded the Ephrata hymns. The Ephrata Colonists, in turn, set up a printing facility at Ephrata and the sect henceforth printed its own hymns, and none but its own. At this point in the Ephrata cultural evolution, Conrad Beissel assumed the stature of composer as well as poet and prophet.

Beissel had fretted that the inherited European hymn-tunes were too complicated, too steeped in artistic tradition to suit an entirely untrained community. When Ludwig Blum, a schooled musician, joined the Ephrata sect, Beissel permitted him to inaugurate a singing school for the Brethren and Sisters.

Beissel discovered that music offered vast possibilities of complete expression, a fact which Blum, the technician, failed to realize. Whereas Ludwig Blum adhered strictly to the mechanics of harmony, theory, and counterpoint, the creative genius that was Conrad Beissel envisaged a completely new concept of "personal" or "soul" expression. Beissel quickly learned the rudiments of harmony as taught by Blum, summarily dismissed the singing-master and established himself as teacher and organizer of the Cloister choirs. This launched the supplementary cultural evolution of the Ephrata Cloister Colony.

"Father Friedsam," as Beissel was known to the sect, set out to create easier, simpler music. Discarding the established rules, he worked out a theory of melody. He decreed that there should be masters and servants in each tune. Taking the tonic triad as the melodic center of any given tonality, he designated the tones of that chord as masters, and the remaining tones of the scale as servants. The accented syllables of the text would be presented by a master, the unaccented by a servant. He deviated little from this basic principle and thus the known Cloister themes are largely fluctuations within one chord.

Having found a workable method of melody writing, Beissel explored the problem of part-writing, or a system of harmony. He resolved this problem in an ingenious manner. He drew up charts of harmonies for the various keys, executing in four and five parts, one harmony to each tone of the scale that could appear in the melody. By



utilizing these charts, anyone was enabled to harmonize his melodies with ease and facility. Beissel soon had apprentices in composition and harmony from other religious sects in Pennsylvania as he had followers in religion and poetry.

Rhythmic Innovations

Beissel's approach to the application of rhythm is more interesting than his system of melody and harmony. He discarded the specific rule that all music of the time was written in recurring measures of equal length and chose to complement the rhythm of the words, giving longer notes to the accented syllables and shorter ones to the unaccented. Contrary to previously published analyses of the Beissel system, he was not ignorant of the unchanged relation between long and short notes. He deliberately chose the method to ensure a great flexibility of meter, thus enabling the musical setting, particularly for prose, to be completely compatible. In order to preserve the identity of the composition, he "keyed" the melodic line (master), to the accented vowel sounds, thus establishing a subtle inferred rhythm, while complementing the melodic line.

This latter fact has led to much confusion for the mechanical musical analyst over the centuries; but it is typical that Beissel should provide a "key" available only to the initiated, or to members of the sect. This condition was established to preserve the particular "style" created by Beissel. In other words, it was available to the world, but it necessitated study with Beissel or his apprentices. The student was thus brought under the direct influence of the peculiar Ephratan philosophies.

The sect never had the equipment to print music, and all music books were painstakingly written by hand. When the *Turtel-Taube* was published, a music book was produced which contained a setting in five, six, or seven parts for each hymn of the printed book. This music book was duplicated by hand in sufficient numbers to serve for congregational singing. Every hymn book leaving the Ephrata press from then on found a counterpart in a manuscript music book. Only the final collection of Ephrata hymns was not accompanied by the production of an equally complete music manuscript.

Most of the fine craftsmanship and artistic reproduction of the music manuscripts was accomplished by the Sisters of the sect. The unique transcribing created by this fraternity is practiced by musicplate makers to this day, the influence spreading with the exodus of the Ephrata missionaries who established colonies in southwestern Virginia, eastern New Jersey, and north to the vicinity of Providence, Rhode Island.

The first representative hymn book of the Cloister sect left the Ephrata press in 1747. Titled *Das Gesang einsammen und verlassenen Turtel-Taube, Nemlich der Christlichen Kirche* (The Song of the Lonely and Deserted Turtle-Dove, namely, the Christian church), the document consisted of the following collation: Foreword, 5 pp.; Preface, 14 pp.; Text, 495 pp.; Index, 7 pp. Sixteen Brothers and twenty-three Sisters contributed ninety-six hymns; the remainder were by Conrad Beissel. The foreword and preface of this publication contains a treatise on harmony by Beissel, which is an exposition of the fundamentals of the Beissel system. Several smaller hymn books supplemented the *Turtel-Taube* in the course of the years.

In 1751, a collection of the more ambitious choruses was made, consisting of Beissel's larger compositions and hymn-settings in more than five parts. The texts were printed so as to leave space for the music, which was inserted by hand. The volume was ready in 1754 and published as *Paradisisches Wunder-Spiel* (Paradisaical Wonder Music*), and it is to be noted that the contents of the 1754 publication are entirely different from those of the 1766 collection which bore the same title, but did not include music. The *Wunder-Spiel* published in 1766 was carefully edited by Peter Miller, who saw to it that no hymns written by anyone who had forsaken the sect were reprinted

* *Paradisisches Wunder-Spiel* (Paradisaical Wonder Music), 1754.
The anthem "Gott wir Kommen dir entgegen," arranged in *Wunder-Spiel* to be sung antiphonally, recalls the tradition alluded to in the Chronican Ephratense (Agrippa), that the angels singing antiphonally appeared in a vision to St. Ignatius, and thus the celestial method (antiphonally) found a place in church worship. A letter from Pliny to Trajan makes clear that the custom had been established in the Bithynian churches as early as the second century. Beissel's educational background precludes any training in the particular technique, yet "Gott wir Kommen dir entgegen" completely conforms to the tradition and presentations.

from the previous hymnals. This ambitious publication contained 441 hymns by Beissel, 74 by solitary Brethren, 100 by solitary Sisters, and 100 by noncelibatarian members of the sect.

Altogether the Ephrata sectarians produced approximately 770 hymns, some of which attained considerable length, in less than forty years. When the monumental final collection of hymns was undertaken, the poetic urge within the sect had already died down, and no hymns seem to have been preserved that were written at Ephrata after 1766.

Beissel's death in 1768 marked the end to creative effort in the Ephrata Cloister Colony. It also marked the beginning of a rapid decline for Ephrata sectarians. It is difficult to realize that the unusual personality that was Johann Conrad Beissel, "Father Friedsam Gottrecht" to his followers, composed more than 1000 pieces of music. In addition, his contributions in the field of religious poetry, prose, and philosophy lent an impetus to the early culture of the infant American Colonies.

Tonal Survival

Although much has been written concerning the Ephrata sectarians, the influence of the Cloister music appears to be the principal contribution noted by historians. Important literary and philosophical contributions by John Peter Miller, "Prior Jabez" and the last prior of the Ephrata sectarians, is cast into the shade. The humanitarian contributions of Conrad Weiser, Indian agent for Pennsylvania and trusted advisor to John Logan, are muddled in history—and so are the contributions of the Eckerling brothers and others. Only the Cloister music seems to survive the gross refinement of time.

Vivid descriptions of the music at Ephrata are supplied by Provost Magister Israel Acrelius, following his visit to the Ephrata Cloister in 1753, and published in his *History of New Sweden* in 1759. Additional reports are provided by William F. Fahenstock in an account first published in 1853 in *Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania.*

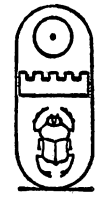
Fahenstock's report reads in part: "The tones from the choir imitate soft instrumental music conveying a softness and devotion almost superhuman to the auditor . . . The whole is sung on the falsetto voice, the singers scarcely opening their mouths, or moving their lips, which throws the voice up the ceiling, which is set high, and the tones, which seem to be more than human, at least so far from common church singing, appear to be entering from above, and hovering over the heads of the assembly. It was in my heydays when the fashion and ambition of the world possessed my whole breast, but there was such a sublimity and devotion in their music that I repaired with the greatest punctuality to this place to drink in those mellifluous tones which transported my spirit, for the time, to regions of unalloyed bliss—tones which I never before or since heard on earth, though I have frequented the English, the French, and the Italian opera . . . that is music for the ear; the music of Beissel is music for the soul, music that affords more than natural gratification."

Hans Theodore David records in his profound article on "Hymns and Music of the Pennsylvania Seventh-day Baptists": . . . "music that could so fully take possession of a man, music that caused 'tears of ecstatic rapture' (Fahenstock), and seemed to give 'a foretaste of heaven,' cannot be doubted to have fulfilled a definite function in its time and social surroundings. But the music of Ephrata was too unusual and too arbitrary to be taken up by outside people, and thus it sank into oblivion as the German Seventh-day Baptists ceased to flourish."

After 200 Years

During the last several years, additional research was begun to unearth specific musical material to provide some definite clue to the translation of Beissel's music to an acceptable, comprehensible form, according to present standards. Although all Cloister music was sung, it was necessary to first understand and fully comprehend the unique method created by Beissel to establish authentic themes.

Preliminary research was provided by C. Richard Beam, associate professor of German at Pennsylvania State University, Robert Wenger, an Ephrata businessman, and the author. It was not until 1958 that some measure of



success was achieved. Six of Johann Conrad Beissel's themes were transcribed for organ on a tape recording, and played at the graveside of the composer in the quiet cemetery at the Ephrata Cloisters. The beautiful simplicity of the Cloister themes returned to the world after two hundred years.

At present, the source material is extremely meager, due to the scarcity of the manuscripts and to the restrictions placed upon extracting material from existing manuscripts. As further material becomes available, an attempt will be made to transcribe the music for choir, utilizing the key provided by Conrad Beissel. Thus this inspired music will return to the world.

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A Thought-Transference Incident

By MAJOR C. I. N. MACLEOD

(From *Cape Breton Post*—May 23, 1959, Sydney, Nova Scotia, Can.)



ANY things happen in this world that people do not understand, things that are beyond our knowledge and wisdom. Although it is sometimes difficult for us to comprehend how such things take place, that does not necessarily mean that these events are not true. Many sea-faring men believe that the following story is authentic.

John Cameron (that was not his real name, because he would not like to have his identity revealed) sailed as a mate on a large and beautiful barque that left Glasgow, Scotland, en route to New Brunswick, towards the end of May, a number of years ago. When the barque was approaching the shores of Newfoundland, the captain and the mate were on the bridge taking their bearings on the sun, at mid-day, so that they could find out exactly where they were located. When they read the sun, they retired to their individual cabins to work on their navigating charts, to ascertain whether their readings and calculations agreed with one another regarding the barque's position.

Strange

When the mate had finished his studies, he entered the captain's cabin to show him his results. The captain (according to custom) was seated at his desk, writing on a slate; and without even glancing his way, the mate with the chart in his hand, asked the captain for his opinion regarding the present position of the barque. When the captain did not reply, the mate moved closer to him, and asked the same question a second time. Even at this juncture the man at the desk did not reply, but he moved his head, and in such a gesture the mate saw that the person at the desk was not the captain at all, but someone that the mate had never seen before.

Although the mate was no coward, something about the appearance, mien, and face of the man struck horror into him, and without even excusing himself, or uttering a civil word to the unknown person, he rushed out of the cabin and ran up the steps to the bridge. When he arrived, the captain was pacing to and fro, calm and collected, and apparently unconcerned about the course of the ship, but when he noticed the excitement of the mate he asked him what was wrong. "Who," said the mate, "is sitting at your desk in your cabin?"

"I do not know," said the captain, "of anybody who is in my cabin; what do you mean?"

The mate told him about the stranger he saw sitting at the desk, and the captain immediately made fun of the whole affair, saying the mate must be half asleep, or dreaming, or perhaps that he had seen the steward at the desk and did not recognize him. "You can say what you like," said the mate, "but he was not the steward, or any other person who belongs to the ship, but a

stranger whom I have never seen before. I saw him as plainly as I see you now, this very minute, and he was writing something on your slate."

"Let us go down the companion-way together," said the captain, "and I shall see this stranger with my own eyes." But when they opened the door the captain's cabin was empty.

"It wasn't necessary to leave the bridge," said the captain, "I knew that you were dreaming."

The mate was annoyed that the captain was doubting his word, and said, "If I ever see land again, may I swear that I saw this stranger as clearly as I see you this very minute."

The captain lifted the slate and as soon as he cast his eye upon it, he said to himself, What is this, *Steer North North East?* "Did you," said the captain to the mate, "write this on the slate?"

The mate stoutly denied that he had written such an order but the captain was so suspicious that he asked the mate to write the exact words on the slate. This was done, but the two handwritings were entirely different.

The captain, by this time was becoming rather annoyed and frustrated, so he began to question all on board regarding the incident, and he subjected them to the handwriting test. His diligence, however, was of no avail, and nobody except the mate had seen the stranger in question.

When the captain could shed no further light on the matter, he tried to dismiss the whole affair from his mind, but, in spite of himself, the words written on the slate persisted in appearing before his eyes no matter where he looked. Then the actual words began to sing, as it were, in his ears and in his head, "Steer North North East, Steer North North East." Finally, he gave an order that the barque's course be altered to N.N.E., although he said to himself that it was the height of stupidity and foolishness. However, the captain also took the extra precaution of posting two additional deck-hands to the watch in the prow of the barque, and in the lookout.

Iceberg

The barque sailed forward with a favorable wind on the N.N.E. course for 5 hours until one of the lookout men shouted that an iceberg was in sight straight ahead of them. When the barque was approaching the berg, the captain viewed it through his telescope, and sure enough, he could see a large ship stuck fast in the iceberg with the passengers waving madly to attract attention and assistance. He navigated his barque as near to the iceberg as he dared, and from this point he lowered the ship's boats, and in the space of 3 hours everybody in the stricken ship had been rescued and taken aboard.

During the rescue operations, when the mate was helping to take the survivors on board, he looked very intently at one of them, and then said to the captain, "That is the man whom I saw writing on the slate at your desk." The captain passed no comment at the time because he had more weighty problems on his mind, but when his work of mercy terminated, and food and warm clothing were given to the people who were shivering from cold and fear, he sent for the man in question. He requested him in an orderly and quiet way whether he would kindly write out the following words on a slate that was provided for the purpose, "Steer North North East."

The man did as he was told. Then the captain turned the slate (the first writing had been left on it). Without telling him that he had turned the slate, he asked, "Do you recognize this writing?"

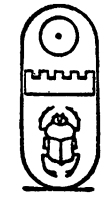
The captain's question puzzled the man. "How," said he, "would I not recognize my own handwriting; these are the words I wrote half a minute ago."

The captain then showed him the writing on both sides of the slate. This bewildered the man more than ever; "I only wrote the words on the one side," said he, "but, without a doubt it is my handwriting that is on the other side as well."

A Passenger

This man did not belong to the crew of the ill-fated ship. He was only a passenger from Montreal to Liverpool when the ship struck the iceberg.

The captain asked the other captain and officers of the ship what this man was doing about the time when the mate



saw him writing on the slate in the captain's cabin. The steward and three others said that they saw him sound asleep between 12 and 12:30 p.m., his face like death. The rescued captain said that the man came to him about 1 p.m. to say that the ship would be rescued in a short time because he had seen in a dream a beautiful, large barque coming to their aid. The man described the sails of the barque, her paint color, inboard and outboard, but the captain, at the time did not pay much attention to this as he thought that the man was delirious.

Dream

The captain of the rescuing ship asked the man one more question, "You say," said he, "that you dreamt being aboard my ship. Did you see yourself in that dream writing on the slate?"

"No," he replied, "and I do not know how I received word that your ship was going to rescue us, but, wonderful to relate, I feel as if I have known the contours, and inner fittings of your cabin for a long time, although this is the first time that I have seen it."

What do you think of this incident, reader?

Some of the higher echelons of thought-transference, or the communication of one mind with another at a distance, outreach our expert skill and explanation even in this space-satellite age.

Some of our best writers have had the strong courage to resist the temptation to turn what is apparent only to a sixth sense, into the three dimensions of a fairy, a troll or a ghost. Perhaps telepathy is the fading remnant of a former language, and our struggles to communicate more fully with Wordsworth's "souls of lonely places" are an attempt to recapture the lost part, and with it full communication.

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Letter Writing, An Art

THIS month we have selected out of the Post-Convention mail a letter from a teacher in England. These are her first impressions of Rosicrucian Park in San Jose:

Journeying by taxi from the railway station, I suddenly saw on a wall the words *Rosicrucian Egyptian and Oriental Museum.* So this was IT—the place I had journeyed over 5000 miles to see! It was very much smaller than my imagination had pictured it, but oh, the magic of the place! There is magic in palm tree waving majestically to silver birch, that "dainty silver lady" so familiar to us in England; magic in the great, yellow, swallowtail butterflies, and in the huge American robin, as big as our English thrush, but so unmistakably a robin with his red breast and pert ways, darting about upon the lawns; magic in the sunshine and the clear, hard shadows; and magic in the bright flowers, with roses, roses everywhere, so endearing to the English visitor, whose national emblem is the rose, and to the Rosicrucian, to whom the rose has an inner, esoteric, meaning.

An aura of great peace surrounds the place . . . not that somnolent peace of lazy summer afternoons beside still waters, but the peace of latent power, like the centre of a giant spring which gives motion to some vast piece of mechanism. The simile is very apt, for here is, indeed, the centre around which we subordinate bodies revolve, a far-flung organisation of which we are all parts. The visitor imbibes this atmosphere, and is inspired to activities which would normally tire him out; yet he seems tireless, so real are the peace, and the joyousness, and the power.

Rosicrucian Park is not large, as parks go. It occupies, we are told, seventeen acres, and a large part of that is covered by buildings. You can walk around its perimeter in about ten minutes at the most; yet it gives an illusion of spaciousness, so well-planned are its buildings and grounds. It has no encircling walls and no gates, and the passer-by is welcome to sit in the shade of the trees, or to view the Egyptian Museum, or the Science Museum, and to see a demonstration at the Planetarium.

This is the Mecca of all Rosicrucians, the place we all long to see ere we pass in transition from this incarnation. Fortunate are they who can visit it often, and blessed are they who live nearby, whether they realise it or not. This "blessed plot" exemplifies in itself the aims and ideals of the Rosicrucian Order—beauty of form and colour in its buildings and grounds, enquiry into the arts and sciences in its Rose-Croix University building, its Museums, Planetarium, and Research Library, expressions of the Inner Self in the Arts, in its Art Gallery and the Francis Bacon Auditorium; order and system in the Administration Building—all focalised and given meaning in the Supreme Temple, made sacred by the lofty thoughts and noble conduct of many, and wherein the student on the Path finds the God of his Heart, and knows the supreme joy of that peace which passeth all understanding.

—E. Rosa Hards, Lancs, England

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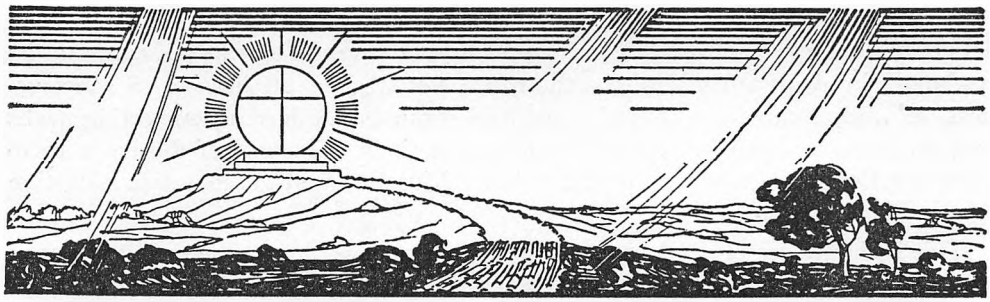
Priceless Gifts . . .

NUMBER 2

The thought of giving one's idealism to another as a gift has always had much appeal. It is natural to want to have others share your thoughts and opinions—to appreciate what you hold dear. In this you experience an expansion of your own consciousness.

This Christmas, wrap up your aspirations and ideals in a gift subscription to the *Rosicrucian Digest*. Through this gift to a special friend, you are sharing your thoughts and opinions with others. You are accomplishing one of the prime objectives of your life. And a *Digest* subscription *lasts!* It is a reminder of your thoughtfulness throughout the year. It impresses the subscriber month after month with the name and objectives of AMORC.

And few things are more economical. A one-year subscription to this outstanding magazine will be sent to as many persons as you select for a special Christmas rate of only $2.75 per subscription. Enter your subscription early. Have it begin with the December issue. Send your request and remittance to: ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U.S.A.



Spirituality in Earthly Life

By Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, F. R. C.

(Reprinted from *Rosicrucian Digest*, March 1930)

Since thousands of readers of the *Rosicrucian Digest* have not read many of the articles by Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, first Imperator of the present Rosicrucian cycle, we adopted the editorial policy of publishing each month one of his outstanding articles, so that his thoughts would continue to reside within the pages of this publication.



Without any doubt, mankind is becoming more and more conscious of the spiritual side of his life. Those who say that the modern criticism of religious doctrines accompanied by the unquestionable decrease of interest in church activities is an indication of man's gradual departure from religious study have overlooked the very evident point that man is becoming more truly religious in his thinking and less prone to accept the creeds and dogmas that in the past he has accepted purely on faith.

Man does not argue about and analyze profoundly those things in which he has little or no interest. Man would not have purchased and read, at a considerable loss of money and time that might have been given to pleasure, many books dealing with religion and dogmatism published in the last few years, without having a profound interest in the subject.

From the dawn of civilization, man has lifted his gaze beyond his present horizon and tried to find in the vastness of etheric space the faintest symbol of something superior to himself which he might worship and to which he might pay homage. By his very upward gaze, he has lifted the trend of his progress to greater heights. The frailties of human life, the weaknesses of human existence made the earliest thinkers believe that there was more in the purpose of man's existence than these things indicated. Whatever was back of that purpose and whatever might lie in it must be above and beyond it in essence. Naught else could be beyond the material but the spiritual; naught else could be superior to the mortal than the divine; and naught else could rule, guide, and compensate for the experiences of life but a supernatural omnipotence, inconceivable, yet inwardly comprehensible.

Certainly man has blundered much in his attempt to reduce to finite definition the infinite imagings of his spiritual comprehension. Yet in the face of experiences that would have weakened his faith in anything of lesser importance, man has held fast to his belief in this spiritual world, and the spiritual creatures evolving through the material forms he knew.

Is the spiritual part of man an essential element in his earthly existence? Is a knowledge of the spiritual things of life helpful in our material lives? Although these questions seem difficult to answer and there are those unevolved personalities that are ready to answer negatively, we need only contemplate momentarily the negative side of the

question to realize what things of the spiritual world mean to us here and now.

What would we do and how would we think and act if we were to become convinced here and now that there were no God, nor spiritual consciousness, ruling the universe and pervading every living thing in it? If there were no soul, no divine element in man's constitution, no divine principle in his personality, no divine power in his vital life force, and no omnipotent consciousness in every cell of his body, what a helpless, hopeless, forlorn, useless life this would be!

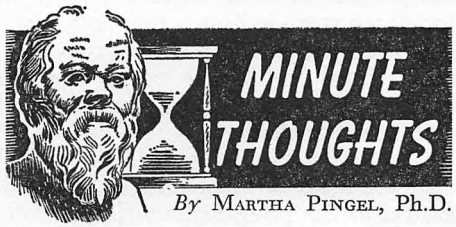
The first result of such a faith would be the deplorable transmutation of the magnificent element of love into the base attraction of sex magnetism. The divine and transcendental power of a universal love that rules the world would be wiped out of our consciousness and all of its influences would have to be attributed to the most sordid and the most commonplace of impulses and principles. Beauty, elegance, refinement in art, in music, and in color would become mere accident of material combinations and simple resultants of unplanned and momentary accident. Ambition and aspiration would rise no higher than the horizon of our bestial natures.

Beyond Matter

It is the spiritual side of our natures that lifts us to transcendental heights and gives us the perspective of life as though we were upon a mountaintop looking over the beautiful hills and valleys of life and seeing the very distant sunrise before it is visible on the plains beneath. Through our spiritual eyes we see the things of the past that are beyond our objective vision, and we see the coming of a new day, whose dawn is beyond the comprehension of man's material conception.

The consciousness of God comes to our rescue in times of sorrow, grief, and despondency; then like the whisperings of a mother's voice in consolation, the still small voice within us speaks in magnificent words and cheers us into paths of peace and power. The music of the spheres breathed into all space by the harmonic vibrations of God's

(Continued on next Page)



By MARTHA PINGEL, Ph.D.

ON SILENCE

The real in us is silent; the acquired is talkative. —K. Gibran, *Sand and Foam*

We tend to think of silence as a barrier instead of as a bond between men, as a source of embarrassment instead of as a source of common understanding. Failing to realize that in their silences men come to the clearest comprehension of their real natures, we forego silence whenever possible for fear of losing contact with "reality."

Men and women today fear silence, for they fear to hear themselves. They are afraid to be alone; they fear the silent, dark recesses of their minds. They fear the silent isolation of the mountaintops, and the strange, mysterious stillness of a starry night on the wide, lonely plains. They fear silence, for in it they come face to face with the infinite, and the incomprehensible. They come to know themselves from within, apart from the painstakingly built facade that other people see. And they come to the realization of the vastness of the universe of which they are a part.

Silence is a luxury most of us dare not afford. Some of us even regard silence as a form of punishment. We cannot bear to remain silent with ourselves, and we are unable to share our silent moments with others. Instead, we break the stillness with sounds of our own creating, with words, with machinery, with medleys of natural and unnatural activity, until we lose our perspective and think that it is only in making noise that we fulfill ourselves as human beings. Yet silence, if we take the time to try it, is the dawn of our conscience, the awakening of the inner self, the beginning and end of all reflection.

Silence places us in tune with an inexhaustible Cosmic reservoir from which we draw strength, knowledge, and peace. Let us, therefore, learn to be silent with ourselves, and with one another, from time to time, for it is not in words or in the noises we create, but in our silences, that we really communicate ourselves.

omnipotent wisdom carries us on as though we were riding upon some ocean of music where every wave is a harmonic chord and where every moment of tranquility is a dominant note of some sweet melody.

It is the spirituality within us that expresses itself in the grandeur of architecture, in the phantasmagoria of colors that man mixes upon his palette and applies to the canvas in imitation of the beauty of nature's resplendent response to the vibrations of the divine law. Spirituality in us is God in us, and without it we would be nothing—we could contemplate nothing—we would master nothing, for its absence would mean that man would be only a mechanism untouched and unmoved by the magic spell of the creative powers that give us life and being.

Therefore, man ever aspires to lift himself higher into the realm of the spiritual, that the sordid things of life, the things that crucify him upon the cross of material existence, may be left beneath his feet to serve as a footstool while he kneels in the sanctum of the holies and dwells in the Cathedral of the Soul. It is in this great Cathedral that he finds that peace which is as still as the silence of immovable lips speaking words that are soundless. Sitting here, he hears the music and powers in the radiant rays of color while the celestial choir of master minds sings an anthem of God's joyous mercy and love, and inspires all with the beauty, the sweetness, and the eternal goodness of God's kingdom.



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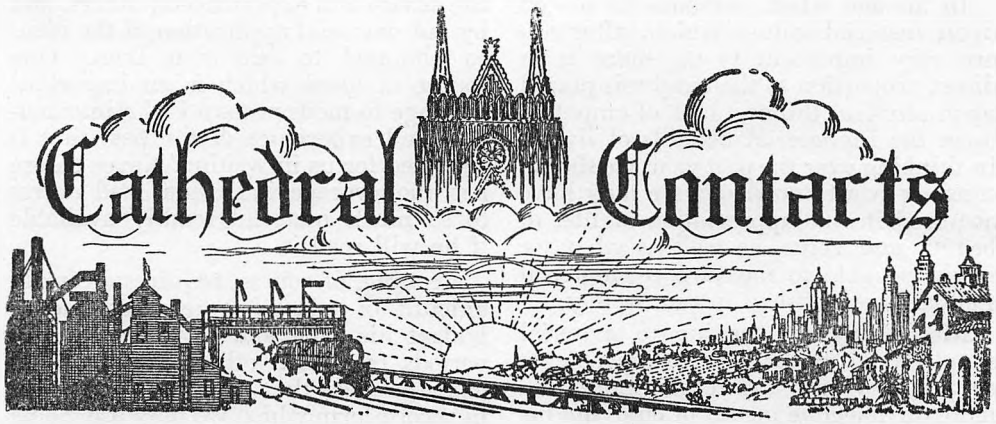
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The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most highly developed and spiritually advanced members and workers of the Rosicrucian fraternity. It is the focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at the time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called *Liber 777* describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members if they address their requests for this book to Scribe S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing five cents in postage stamps. (*Please state whether member or not—this is important.*)

HARVEST OF IDEAS

By CECIL A. POOLE, *Supreme Secretary*



THE season of the harvest has come to be related to a time of celebration so old in history that we do not know its origin. In many countries of our modern day a time is set aside for man to express his thanks for that which he has gained during the year. Originally this period was used to give thanks for the season's harvest most recently completed.

We now celebrate this season in various ways, but mainly we continue the tradition of acknowledgment of the benefits that have come to us, particularly as they relate to our physical circumstances. It is true that men also give thanks for their lives, their preservation, and for certain intangible benefits, but generally our thoughts of the harvest and the conclusion of a period of time are a pause for summing up the material gains we have accumulated and enjoyed.

It might also be well for man, in relation to the harvest, to reconsider what he has obtained in knowledge or in the gaining of concepts and ideas. Man can reap a harvest in various ways outside those of physical attainments. Man lives in order that he may experience the events of life, and it is by his ability to learn to accumulate knowledge and information that he can judge whether or not his efforts have been to some degree successful and worth while.

In an age when emphasis is placed upon material values which, after all, are very important to us, there is in direct proportion to the emphasis placed upon physical things a lack of emphasis upon the immaterial benefits of living. In thinking over the past year, we should consider what knowledge we may have acquired in our appreciation of life, of beauty and value, as well as what we might be able to measure by material standards established in our society.

Man today, in turning to material standards to measure his achievements or progress and depending more and more on objective means of enjoying his leisure time, sometimes does not take into consideration other values which are of equal importance. These may be a part of his total personality or being which he seldom recognizes or acknowledges with thanks. We need to develop helpful habits to gain those things that prepare us to take advantage of all that may be ours whether material or immaterial.

The ideas we now have which differ from those we had a year ago might be classified as our harvest of ideas. It might be well to analyze their source. Did they come from a source contributing to a betterment of ideas, or were they merely momentary flashes or concepts which may have been interesting or enjoyable at the time they occurred but actually left little impression.

The value of the ideas that we harvest lies in their contribution to our well-being and peace of mind. What we make of the ideas received over any period of time is reflected directly in our adjustment to the situations of life constituting some part of our total experience. Ideas gained that contribute to happiness, make for peace of mind, and produce thoughts which develop serenity are achievements well worth being included in the attainments of any particular period. It also would be well to judge those values as to how well we can live with them, how we can utilize such thoughts and ideas and direct ourselves to the gaining of more.

In such an analysis, if made honestly, we will probably discover that the ideas in our mind that have come as a result of our effort and application are those which are most enduring. In this world we learn by observation, by using the advice and experience of others, and by our eventual application of the ideas so obtained to our own lives. One source of ideas which is an important heritage to modern man is the information and experience of the past that is recorded for us in writing. Never before has the average individual had access to so much material readily available if he will read it.

Reading, of course, requires a certain amount of effort. It requires one to budget his time and to utilize certain periods free from other distractions to gain the ideas that have been put down in record form which we may use. Some believe that the reading of books has become a lost art. It is questionable that reading will ever become a lost art, but many have failed to use it sufficiently. Reading can be a comfort and inspiration to the individual who will draw upon it.

Great men have derived strength from, as well as contributed to, books that are a part of our heritage. Henry David Thoreau wrote, "How many a man has dated a new era in his life from the reading of a book. The book exists for us perchance which will explain our miracles and reveal new ones. The at-present-unutterable things we may find somewhere uttered. These same questions that disturb and puzzle and confound us have in their turn occurred to all the wise men; not one has been omitted; and each has answered them according to his ability, by his word, and his life."

It will be well for us to remember this quotation during the coming year. As we go through the events of the divisions of time that make up the year until the next season of the harvest, it would be good to direct our attention toward the planting of seeds which will yield for us a greater harvest of ideas when the year comes to a close. In so doing, we would be wise to set aside some time away from entertainment and the mad rush of modern times to accumulate physical wealth. It would be wise to direct ourselves to think and meditate upon experience—our own experience, the experience of others, and the wealth of such experience as may be ours through our heritage of literature.

Our Open Spaces

Reprinted from *The Royal Bank of Canada Monthly Letter*,
a public service, Montreal, May 1959



EVERYONE has a life interest in conservation. For some, the stake is financial: farmers, commercial fishermen, and trappers depend upon conservation of their resources for their livelihood. For others, the reward is health and recreation. Both sorts of people are concerned about preservation of our open spaces—parks, woodlands, mountains, and streams. . . .

It is time to think more earnestly than we have in the past. The tendency of our machine civilization is to wipe out every trace of what was once primitive wilderness. Joseph Wood Krutch, well-known writer about nature, says in his book *The Great Chain of Life*: "If the earth is still livable and in many places still beautiful, that is chiefly because man's power to lay it waste has been limited. Up until now, nature has been too large, too abundant and too resistant to be conquered." And there is more truth than poetry in the remark by Havelock Ellis: "The sun, moon, and stars would have disappeared long ago if they had happened to be within reach of predatory human hands."

Though the history of exploiting natural resources on this Western Hemisphere has been relatively short, it contains many chapters of reckless waste and appalling destruction. Entire species of animals have been exterminated, or reduced to so small remnants that their survival is doubtful. Forests have been despoiled by uncontrolled cutting and by fire. Grasslands have been made desolate by overgrazing. Topsoil has been washed away.

Even in Audubon's time, in 1850, few birds or mammals were in danger of extinction and our land was still fertile. Then came what has been called the "terrible sixty years." Land was torn up by the plough without regard for its stability under cropping. Buffalo were exploited for their hides and tongues. Eggs of wild birds became objects of commerce, and bright plumed birds were shot for the millinery trade. Fish were destroyed by removal of shade trees and the pollution of their waters by silt and refuse.

During recent years there has been a slight stirring toward good sense, but we are still full of inner contradictions. We set aside wild areas and then "improve" them out of all wildness. We spend in a profligate way to advance our comfort and convenience far more than people in other countries could ever afford, but we destroy in the process the very basis of comfort and life.

Point of No Return

The wonders of the natural world, once destroyed, can never be replaced. It is our job as conservation-minded people looking to the future to maintain some sort of balance between nature and the appurtenances of our industrial age.

Conservation is the planned management and wise use of nature's resources. It aims, in cooperation with science and nature, to increase their quality, quantity, and availability through the years. Conservation is not merely a subject for a school curriculum or for attention of game wardens and departments of the government: it is a way of life for all people.

Of course, the wise use of our limited resources means restraint of the few persons who through ignorance, folly, or greed try to satisfy their desires at the expense of all the others. The protection of the basis of physical life should not require enforcement, but when enforcement is necessary we should have no compunction about applying it. . . .

Atlantic salmon once abounded in Lake Ontario and its rivers, the Don, the Humber, and the Credit; after 1897 the salmon was not seen. The passen-

ger pigeons, once counted in the millions, and the wild turkeys, were already on their way out, and could not recover even under complete protection. The last passenger pigeon died in 1914.

It is to our credit that during the past thirty years we have become increasingly aware of the threat to our welfare. Governments, industry and people have gained knowledge about the need for conservation. Associations on all levels—county, community, province, and dominion—are dedicated to the protection and improvement of forest and soil; of water, animals, birds, and fish; of natural areas ranging in extent from watersheds to roadside parks.

The least we can do is to become informed about the problems and needs. We may go further by associating ourselves with organizations dedicated to one or other of the conservation efforts.

The Need

What humans need for survival in a world containing powerful enemies, physical and mental, cannot be summed up in the food, shelter and clothing formula. They need to be linked together in society and to be able to break apart as individuals.

Open spaces provide fresh air and health, but they also provide the restful inspiration that nature gives to most of us. When we are in her domain nature has a way of soothing our fretfulness and easing our worries.

Hours in the woods or parks may write no exciting saga. They may be eventless. There is nothing to write home about except how the sunlight is green-filtered and cool with the breath of falling water; how the trail follows the stream up and up, over fallen logs, with the summons of the hidden waterfall luring you on. Or you may tell how, when you were thirsty, you drank from cupped hands at a spring bordered with trillium; and about the black bear that came begging as you ate your lunch at the broad rock table near the falls, and the chipmunks that gambolled in the pine needles at your feet. And yet such a letter home conveys the sense of a chain of life continuous and rich with the ages.

If we confine ourselves to our buildings—our homes, theatres, shops, and offices—we are losing more than we know. The late Professor E. J. Urwick, head of the Department of Political Economy at the University of Toronto for ten years, wrote a book which he called *The Values of Life*. He said in it: "We are losing the capacity for wonder, the power to see and feel the miracles of life and beauty around us, without which our souls are half-empty and real fulness of life is denied us." . . .

Visitors to older countries notice that they have a greater respect for natural features than we have hitherto shown. Perhaps it is because wilderness places abroad are wisely protected by folk tales and beliefs. In Ireland, for example, people do not meddle with the "fairy rings" or "lone trees" that dot the landscape any more than they would break down the bounds of a fairy fort. Consequently, there is a haven on every good man's land for small wild creatures and gay wild flowers.

Perhaps it is not modern to believe in fairies and leprechauns, but if they and the little light elves that inhabit the grassy verges of fields and the marshy banks of streams persuade us by promise or threat to preserve their homes they are doing us and our children's children a good turn.

On a larger scale, we need the spirit of conservation in our forests and parks. This may mean that we cannot gratify all demands for their use. Many of the things we go to the open spaces to enjoy are endangered because the facilities we demand for our comfort are crowding out the scenery.

In too many instances a big job of landscape destruction is undertaken to make the place more accessible, or to change its character. Take the pond that Thoreau made famous through his book *Walden, or Life in the Woods*. The four families which once owned the surrounding property gave it to Massachusetts to preserve for posterity. Today, instead of the peaceful pool about which Thoreau wrote, there is a bathing beach, and across the road there are trailer camps and hotdog stands. It takes an effort of the imagination to picture the tranquil solitude of Walden.

Even in the National parks, the pressures are great for roads and tourist developments. To the south of us, Yel-

lowstone Park is an example. The original stipulation that the area should be kept in its "natural condition" has not prevented the construction of more and more roads, the building of more lodges, the provision of more parking space. Says a writer in *Vital Issues*: "There are places in Yellowstone that look as if they were trying to compete with an amusement park."

By contrast, *Canada Year Book* says of Algonquin Park, one of Ontario's provincial parks: "the present administrative policy is to encourage the establishment of commercial recreation facilities on the park fringes and to return the park itself to its natural condition."

One does not need to study, but merely to take in. Even the greatest biologists stammer in the presence of nature. They do not know all the properties of living matter nor all of its astonishing possibilities. To lesser people it is enough to see the beauty in the simplicity of natural things; to note how the myriad colours of moss on a rock show to their best advantage after a rainfall; to detect the grace of movement of a bounding deer; to envy, perhaps, the charming poise of a listening bird.

Some knowledge of the natural world should be part of every child's education: not the knowledge that is gained from textbooks or through class-room microscopes or by dissection of dead beasts, but knowledge of acquaintance. By giving children the opportunity to absorb nature we acquaint them with the sense that life exists even in the lowliest form of animal and the smallest sort of plant.

Living in the open spaces will acquaint us, and our children, with the biological problems of human survival in a world where nature will always have the last word. It will encourage us to overcome unwarranted fears, because we fear mostly what we do not know. It will give us the broad view that develops mental fitness and emotional stability.

The open spaces we need range from tracts that are thousands of square miles in area to little roadside picnic places with room for a couple of tables. The desirable feature is to have enough of them preserved from invasion by predators of every sort. . . .

What, specifically, should be sought? Ideally, every family should have access to a park big enough for all-day excursions; a wooded area; a protected place where wild flowers grow; a clear stream and a pool. These are to be our contact with nature, and are quite apart from school and other athletic grounds, tot lots and swimming places.

Some device of law should be found whereby these areas shall be kept for the people for all time. As things are now, by-laws of a few years ago can be removed from the books to allow use of park land for electric substations, filtration plants, parking lots or other accessories of our mechanization. Our plans need to be realistic and practical, yet we must make them with vision, knowledge and imagination if we are not to barter future health and happiness for an easy solution of our present problem.

As an example of planning of this sort, consider the programme of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Hamilton, Ontario. It includes science, recreation, and education. It has a dozen areas, each with its own planned purpose: a picnic place, an autumn garden, a spring garden, a children's garden, a nature trail and wild flower sanctuary, a sunken garden, a marsh waterfowl sanctuary, an arboretum, and a rock garden.

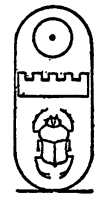
Why Bother?

Why should we go to the expense and trouble of preserving open spaces and providing parks? Because life depends upon it.

The scampering of a squirrel, the ploughing of a worm, the flight of a bird, the honey-gathering of a bee—all these play their part in regulating the natural machinery of fertility and growth.

The protection of trees on our watersheds is essential to the collection, storage and distribution of water, without which we could not live.

We admire the wild flower for its beauty, painted by myriad artists, each with his own special skill, but the plant has a usefulness far more substantial than its aesthetic appeal. "When," said C. F. Kettering, Vice-President of General Motors, "a man comes to me and says, 'All of the major problems of



science have been solved'—I like to ask him the simple question, 'Why is grass green?' "

The green leaf is the fundamental link between life on earth and the energy of the sun. By means of their green stuff—chlorophyll—plants are able to manufacture their own food from raw materials they gather from the air and soil. Animals lack this ability and could not exist without the food-producing plants.

Everything that has life, from the bird song that wakes us at dawn to the philosophy that stirs our minds as we linger by moonlight on a beach or a hilltop, is built of the product of green plants.

How close is the affinity between human beings and the trees, grass, shrubs, and flowers we wish to preserve in our open spaces? It is closer than most people realize. We may, as Donald Culross Peattie put it in his book *Flowering Earth,* lay our hand upon the smooth flank of a beech and say: "We be of one blood, brother, thou and I." Because the one significant difference in the two structural formulas is this: the hub of every haemoglobin molecule in man is one atom of iron, while in chlorophyll, the green stuff of the plant leaves, it is one atom of magnesium.

In earth's long history one species after another of animal and plant has disappeared, and one culture after another has passed to oblivion, because of its inability to adjust to environmental change.

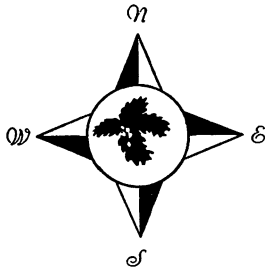
Today it is necessary for mankind to regulate his use of resources and to manage earth's remaining capital more creatively if he is to survive.

We can adapt ourselves understandingly if we go into our open places, to learn by personal experience in field and forest, on mountains, and beside the streams, that mankind is dependent upon the living resources of the earth and must do his part to conserve them.

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ROSICRUCIAN RALLY

Portland, Oregon: A Rally sponsored by the Enneadic Star Chapter of Portland on Saturday and Sunday, November 14 and 15. A program of interest to all Rosicrucians has been planned for these two days. For details write to Herman A. Mason, Rally Chairman, 8522 N.E. Eugene Street, Portland 20.



Christmas Cards . . .

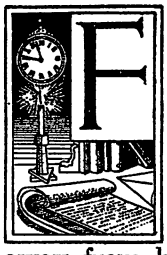
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Mystics Also Must Face Life

By THOMAS J. CROAFF, JR., F. R. C.
(Member, State Bar of Arizona and Bar of U. S. Supreme Court)



FREQUENTLY we hear of "mystics" seeking solitude and peace of mind by cutting themselves off from civilization. It is true that all of us, at times, need quietness—solitude—peaceful surroundings, but getting away from humanity, separating ourselves from our fellows, is surely not the answer to life's problems—not at all.

"Peace of mind," as the expression directly implies, requires mental quietness and orientation, wherever we may find ourselves. We cannot escape ourselves, and this being true, then, as the ancient wise men pointed out: *We make our own heaven and hell.* This condition or state of being is invariably accomplished by either "right" or "wrong" patterns of thinking and interpretation.

If we but carefully consider the matter of "mental peace," we will come to realize that no one can hurt us, no one except ourselves can do damage to any one of us. In brief, the injury and damage done to you and to me are the products of our own thinking in distorted terms—your thinking and my thinking in negative channels.

Many of us try to escape from reality by the use of drugs and alcohol. Because our attitudes towards life, in the main, are hostile, we seem to suffer from a mental block, which results in our thinking of the world as a place of hatred, suffering, cruelty, fear, and misery.

From earliest times, it has been difficult for people to "face the facts of life." We just won't look upon the *real world* as one of basic love, beauty, and goodness. It is true that some of the best thinkers of the ages have recognized the world for what it really is; they have understood that love is the strongest factor in the world; that love can overcome any negative element such as hatred, fear, etc. Love, beauty, goodness—these are constructive and positive qualities that are manifested all about us.

Apostle Paul, one of the world's greatest thinkers and organizers, advised us to be moderate in all things; and for everyone, mystics included, this admonition carries great meaning and significance. It undergirds the very structure of the Cosmos, which is governed inevitably by God's laws and exempts no one—not even the mystics who must likewise obey God's laws, realizing at all times that they too must practice moderation and use their own intelligence to the best advantages of humanity in general.

There appears to be a trait in human nature causing most of us to be extreme in certain aspects of our daily lives. It is this element about us which gets us into most of our difficulties. Continuously we strive, you and I, to escape from the consequences of our own acts. We fail to understand all too often the Biblical expression of the Law of Compensation—"for as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

To strike a balance in life, to hit "the middle of the road" in everything we do—these are practices we ought to cultivate and build upon in our daily lives. These foundations for more pleasant and beneficial relationships with our fellows definitely bring about conditions that are productive of greater harmony within ourselves.

Life is a two-way street, and that is certain.

As we put into life, so we take out of

it—no more and no less. This is certainly not an expression of a trite philosophy, as some may believe; it is a blueprint for effective living, which always must be a reciprocal thing. No man or woman is able to function very long merely upon the individual's own efforts and activities. *Teamwork gets us where we want to go in life.*

The very essence of civilization is "cooperation." Mystics included, we have gotten as far as we have simply because we have worked together as well as we have throughout the years.

As time marches on, the cry increasingly will be for more and more cooperation—for cooperative living in a united world—as we strive for peace and abundance for all peoples, regardless of race, color, or creed.

Realizing that this is *God's World*, as we must, and all that is of God is Good, we will continue to work diligently for world recognition of those principles of Good which make for Universal Peace and abundance for all mankind.



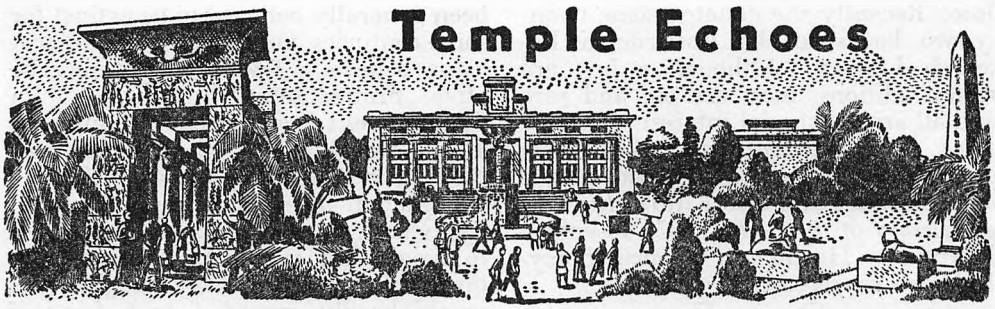
Children Learn What They Live

By DOROTHY LAW

Reprinted from *The Builder*, a staff publication of Field Enterprises Educational Corporation, publishers of *Childcraft*.

- If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn . . .
- If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight.
- If a child lives with fear, he learns to be apprehensive . . .
- If a child lives with pity, he learns to feel sorry for himself . . .
- If a child lives with ridicule, he learns to be shy.
- If a child lives with jealousy, he learns to feel guilty . . .
- If a child lives with tolerance, he learns to be patient.
- If a child lives with encouragement, he learns to be confident . . .
- If a child lives with praise, he learns to be appreciative . . .
- If a child lives with acceptance, he learns to love.
- If a child lives with approval, he learns to like himself . . .
- If a child lives with recognition, he learns it is good to have a goal.
- If a child lives with honesty, he learns what truth is . . .
- If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice . . .
- If a child lives with security, he learns to have faith in himself and those about him . . .
- If a child lives with friendliness, he learns that the world is a nice place in which to live.

Temple Echoes



THE Imperator, Frater Ralph M. Lewis, began his Fall and Winter activities with an appearance at the Pacific Northwest Rally in Vancouver, October 16-18. From there, he and Soror Lewis went on to Auckland, New Zealand, where during a three-day Rally, he presented the Charter for New Zealand's first Lodge, formerly Auckland Chapter. The last of the month he was the honored guest and main speaker at the All-Australia Rally in Sydney. Before returning home, he plans also to address rallies and convocations, consult with officers, install a Grand Master in Djakarta, and do important photographic work in Indonesia, Ceylon, India, and the United Arab Republic (Egypt). Frater E. W. E. Watermeyer, Director of the Technical Department, will join the Imperator abroad for the photographic part of the trip.

* * *

Frater J. Duane Freeman, in the Park again after his whirlwind conquest of the Eighth Eastern Canada Rally in Toronto, is all smiles. His clipped New Yorkese has a few crisp overtones of our Neighbor to the North, too. Praise for everything—the Rally setup, the Canadian members, the Toronto Subway, the Sunshine Circle Director Molly Hunt, even the King Edward Hotel. "What a place," he says ecstatically, and so does everyone else who has ever been there.

This doesn't mean that Frater J.D.F. has nothing to say about his stay in Detroit and New York City—but what he says is more guarded. Everyone is wondering just what went on!

* * *

With the Rosicrucian Egyptian tour scheduled for January, the Egyptian theme has been much to the fore in Rosicrucian Park the past month. The Fall and Winter series of Rose-Croix University is dealing with Egyptian Civilization and its legacy to the modern world. The lectures, held on Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, are open to all members and will continue until early Spring. Frater Joel Disher of the Literary Research Department is conducting the series.

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Image of America is the title of a selection of more than a hundred early photographs showing the development of photography from 1839 through 1900. Circulated through the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service, this exhibit was on view in the Rosicrucian Museum's modern Gallery until recently.

There were photographs, daguerreotypes, and stereographs of presidents, statesmen, traditional occupations, and scenic views. "From its beginnings over a hundred years ago," Mr. Herbert Sanborn, Library of Congress Exhibits officer, writes in his Foreword of the catalogue, "photography has provided a medium of visual communication which has probably been as important in its impact as the invention of printing from movable type."

The show had two sections: The first dealt with the beginnings of photography in the United States. Two outstanding portraits in this section were those of Louis Daguerre and Samuel F. B. Morse. The second section covered the forty years following the close of the Civil War. Here one witnessed the flowering of scenic photography.

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Soror Scioto Herndon, so long associated with Thomas Jefferson Chapter, Washington, D. C., is now living in San

Jose. Recently she donated some twenty-two books to the Rosicrucian Research Library. Although a few are recent editions, most are old and rare and all are of especial interest to library goers. The 1811 edition of Fox's *Book of Martyrs* with original wood cuts is one unusual item; also Kitto's *Illustrated History of the Bible*, 1867. Josephus, D'Alviella, Hartmann, Spence, Stacy-Judd are represented.

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Most vacationers are now back at their desks in Rosicrucian Park with grand memories of out-of-the-routine activity and far-off spots. The Literary Research Department proved the only exception: He stayed at home and read the *Roller Derby News*.

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The Grand Lodge AMORC of Brazil on August 1st inaugurated the first Rosicrucian group to function under its aegis. It is Pronaos Mestre Moria in Curitiba, Paraná. Sra. Angélica S. Colle is the Master. The address is Rua Jose Loureiro, 133, 18th floor, Room 1802.

* * *

The praises of Frater Robert Harris are echoing around Aurora Borealis Chapter at Anchorage, Alaska, these days. Due to his effort and ingenuity, a hi-fi system with two turntables encased in a beautiful handmade console is in use there.

* * *

This is news we like to print: During the past half-year, six officers of Calgary, Alberta, Chapter have visited Rosicrucian Park. They were: Mme. Valda Kavaner, Master; Ralph Bernston, Deputy Master; Al Schindler, Secretary; Walter Pettifor, Chairman of the Board; Caroline Pettifor, Chantress; and Gerhard Fischer, Past Master. When will your chapter match that record?

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In 1879, Sir Richard Owen wrote a book on *Extinct Birds of New Zealand*. One of the birds therein described was the Moa, upon which, so tradition reports, the ancestors of the Maori waged wars of extermination. These birds have been generally believed to be extinct for some centuries, but at least two Rosicrucians believe a few of them may be alive. Fratres John Chittock and John Squires went into the back country in July to prove their point. Any day now they may be coming out with definite information—even pictures. The old Moas used to grow from 12 to 14 feet in height but our fratres thought the bush Moas which they might find would hardly exceed 4 to 6 feet. If there's Moa, you'll be notified.

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Some years ago, Soror Frances M. Dadmun, who has now passed through transition, opened a package from the Rosicrucian Supply Bureau containing a crux ansata. She found it such a friendly symbol that she often held it in her lap during her periods of meditation. She found it helpful in blocking out time-consciousness and leaving the way open for impressions. Once those impressions were like this:

Crux Ansata: Do you remember how a young Master in Galilee told his followers to seek and they would find?

Soror: I've read it many times.

Crux Ansata: That illustrates, you know, the law of the Triangle.

Soror: How so?

Crux Ansata: The first point, the asking, is aspiration. Aspiration is always the first step upward. The second point, the seeking, is activity. We must put our aspiration actively to work.

Soror: But the third point of the triangle, what is that?

Crux Ansata: That is where the aspiration and activity are brought to knock upon the door and it opens.

Soror: There are many doors—and one opens upon infinite space. When it opens, do we pass through it or merely gaze upon that infinite?

Crux Ansata: Why should it open otherwise? Your aspiration has been right; your preparation has been earnest. Why should you not be allowed to reap the reward of it? When the door opens, you will be free to come and go at will.

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Far-Off Worlds, A Poet's View

By DONALD J. SAWYER



IN the days of the horse and carriage and square-rigged sailing vessel, man could travel around the world in eighty days—about twelve and one-half miles per hour. Later, steamships could make the journey in twenty-nine days. But with the launching of the airplane in 1903, man began to really move. In 1957, three B-52 jet bombers were flown 24,325 miles on a nonstop flight around the world in less than two days. Then to illustrate dramatically how accelerated events had become, Sputnik I made its debut that same year. And on December 18, 1958, the Atlas, weighing 8,800 pounds, was placed into orbit and broadcast a tape-recorded message back to earth.

Coupled with the advent of the airplane, the guided missiles and satellites, we have been able to project our vision and listening far beyond the normal range, by using increasingly powerful telescopes and listening devices. Vast astronomical knowledge has been accumulated for us and now, with the ability to travel through the air faster than sound, we feel a certain new excitement about the planets.

One is like a child who walks by a store each day to look through the window at a new and interesting object. He sees and then wants to explore and touch this new and visual article—and perhaps even try to acquire it for his own. As adults we still possess the basic inquisitiveness and adventuresome instinct of a child. We want to touch and explore that which we see through lenses, and record it with sensitive devices. With the continuation of progress at its present rate, the day will naturally arrive when we will reach out and realize the sensation of touching some far-off planet. Already scientists are expressing the idea of our sending men to a satellite and possibly to a planet within the next few years. With this development, the consequences of overpopulation of Earth may be eliminated.

People may reach, but can they exist on some yet comparatively unknown planet in a foreign atmosphere? Is it too cold, too hot; is it equipped with the necessary life-giving qualities? Will the stratosphere or some other sphere or area in which the subject is located be possible for man's habitation? To all these and many more related, well-turned technical questions, the answer is, man can survive and will survive on planets in outer space.

Long ago we were wed to the Universe; we are made up of its ingredients. In this great but gradual evolutionary harmony of man, more and more one realizes his kinship to All.

Let's project our thoughts to a planet, as an illustration of why man can survive on some mass other than Earth. Mars is a familiar word to many people and we can see it through a telescope in some detail, so this will be a good planet to select as an example.

Mars is a mass composed of the same basic elements of all other matter. The physicist, in defining the common ingredient, has stated that matter consists of extremely minute particles called *molecules*, which are in constant vibratory motion. The particles collide but bounce apart without loss of energy since they possess perfect elasticity. The composition of the molecule is, in other words, compatible and capable of existing. Our personal bodies, too, have these same compatible and related ingredients. We are composed of mole-

cules. This common basic assures us that that which constitutes the material *All* is common to the planet Mars as it is to the planet Earth, and to us.

Various meteorites which have fallen out of space and landed upon Earth have been analyzed, and the possible age and properties of the meteorite have been obtained from the atoms contained therein. These molecules and their properties (atoms) are similar in composition to those from which our material Earth is constructed. When man, who is a mass as well as a living individual, is placed upon a planet-mass such as Earth, there is possible a civilization. Man has a built-in ability to adapt himself to his material surroundings. Earth and Mars are relative. A mass is a mass.

No Formula of Life

In speculating about man's ability to exist upon another planet, the most important element to be considered is the spiritual energy of man. Can it survive on Mars? Without it, man the living individual ceases and his by-product is the atom. With a spiritually energizing and life-giving force, the planets are created and kept turning on their axes. The Earth, as well as Mars, is endowed with this energy.

There is a Divinely common ingredient which courses its way through everything and provides the framework through which all else can be interwoven. It is absurd to arrive at the conclusion that the Originator favored the Earth in preference to Mars or Mercury or Venus; that He spent more thought on endowing the Earth with superior molecules and atoms. The fact that man does not yet possess the knowledge to understand and live on other planets does not mean that they are unapproachable. It means that we just have not grown up to them.

The planets in a way are like people. People are realizing the truth that one man is just as divine a creation as another man, regardless of race or color. Man is beginning to realize that he, as the planets, is related to all other men by a common bond. There are young people and old people, young planets and old planets. The ingredients to spawn a mass or planet are just as much abroad in the Universe now as they were in the beginning and the life force of Creation is not dead, as is manifested in all life around us.

Mars and Earth were created with divine energy and vibrate with it. And so it is with man. For no man has the formula of life, but all men receive the spark from an invisible source, as do the trees, flowers, and the planets. The realization that spirit energy is kindred not only to Earth but to other planets and things allows that man, as a thing of spirit, can obtain the same life-giving invisibles which are needed for his survival upon Mars as upon Earth.

People can, and will, live on planets other than the Earth. When and at what time during man's history this will first become possible is left to the development of a growing understanding. Not too many years ago a human being could not consider it possible to live in the extreme cold found at the North and South poles. Now, with the products wrought by science, man can clothe, house, feed himself, and exist after he gets there, for months on end. Even a native of Florida can now live in the subarctic areas. Who can say that man cannot adapt himself to a heretofore alien environment?

How fast does reason grow and wisdom make us ready? The complicated scientific data and human attainment needed to equip man for this great adventure is one of the magnificent challenges for present and future peoples. With over-all progress, fed by occasional thrusts of insight and wisdom which have a way of reaching the analytical mind of the pure scientist, we can realize new horizons.

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The whole art of teaching is only the art of awakening the natural curiosity of young minds for the purpose of satisfying it afterwards.—ANATOLE FRANCE

WORLD-WIDE DIRECTORY

(Listing is quarterly—February, May, August, November.)

LODGES, CHAPTERS, AND PRONAOI OF THE A.M.O.R.C. CHARTERED IN THE UNITED STATES International Jurisdiction of North, Central, and South America, British Commonwealth and Empire, France, Switzerland, Sweden, and Africa.

ALASKA

Anchorage: Aurora Borealis Chapter, 610 - 6th Ave. Mrs. Harold F. Wakefield, Master, 210 24th Pl., Spenard.

ARIZONA

Phoenix: Phoenix Chapter, 1738 W. Van Buren St. Neva H. Shrout, Master, 917 W. Willetta St.

Tucson: Dr. Charles L. Tomlin Chapter, 135 S. 6th Ave. Mrs. C. E. MacConnel, 3418 E. Blacklidge.

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield: Bakersfield Pronaos. Elvera Y. Watts, Master, 2133 Roland St.

Barstow: Barstow Pronaos. Esther Clark, Master, 24143 Chaparral St., Desert Lake, Boron.

Belmont: Peninsula Chapter, Lind Hall, Masonic Way. Edith G. Doane, Master, 46 Fair Oaks Lane, Atherton.

Desert Hot Springs: Desert Pronaos. Grady R. Thomas, Master, P.O. Box 513, Joshua Tree.

Fresno: Jacob Boehme Chapter, Ponderosa Masonic Temple, 11 San Pablo Ave. Ezra K. Lynch, Master, 4022 Brentwood.

Lancaster: Lancaster Pronaos. Johnie Bell Cline, Master, 45444 N. 17th St. W.

Long Beach:* Abdiel Lodge, 2455 Atlantic Ave. Donald D. Lang, Master, 10061 Aldgate Ave., Garden Grove.

Los Angeles:* Hermes Lodge, 148 N. Gramercy Pl., Tel. HOllywood 5-1230. R. E. Hess, Master, 3148 Laclede Ave.

Oakland:* Oakland Lodge, 263 - 12th St. William L. Watson, Master, 885 Bates Ave., El Cerrito.

Oxnard: Oxnard Pronaos. Richard Everett, Master, Route 1, Box 116-A, Ojai.

Pasadena:* Akhnaton Lodge, 20 N. Raymond Ave. Ettore Da Fano, Master, 390 Northcliff Rd.

Pomona: Pomona Chapter, Knights of Pythias Hall, 239 E. Holt Ave. Albert P. Schiffman, Master, 1333 S. Halinor Ave., West Covina.

Redding: Redding Pronaos. W. O. Ashmun, Master, P.O. Box 673, Central Valley.

Sacramento: Clement B. Le Brun Chapter, I.O.O.F. Bldg. Mrs. Clyde W. Boyles, Master, 741 - 36th St.

San Diego: San Diego Chapter, 4567 - 30th St. Thomas B. Harris, Master, 2430 Third Ave.

San Francisco:* Francis Bacon Lodge, 26 - 7th St., Clarence H. Adams, Master, 723 Rutland Ave.

Santa Barbara: Santa Barbara Pronaos. A. Ethel Dowsett, Master, 1933 San Andres St.

Santa Cruz: Santa Cruz Pronaos. Paul J. Veatch, Master, 115 Trinity St.

Santa Rosa: Santa Rosa Pronaos. Edna W. Ward, Master, 3740 Barnes Rd.

Stockton: Stockton Chapter, 230 E. Fremont St. C. W. Copeland, Master, 640 Sargent St.

Vallejo: Vallejo Pronaos. Ralph O. Bykerk, Master, 3108 Hermosa Dr., Napa.

Van Nuys: Van Nuys Chapter, 14312 Friar St. Robert J. Hoye, Master, 12724 De Garmo Ave., San Fernando.

Whittier: Whittier Chapter, 1333 E. 2nd St. Mrs. Zane Gibbons, Master, 7203 Halray Ave.

COLORADO

Denver: Rocky Mountain Chapter, 1725 E. Evans. Doreen Whitfield, Master, 269 Delaware St.

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport: Bridgeport Pronaos. Donald L. McCausland, Master, 14 Cedric Ave., Derby, Conn.

Hartford: Hartford Pronaos. June K. Kitson, Master, 86 Theodore St., Newington 11.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington: George Washington Carver Chapter, I.O.O.F. Hall, 9th & T St., N.W. Albert Ellsworth Janifer, Master, 21 - 53rd St., S.E.

Thomas Jefferson Chapter, 4420 Conn. Ave., N.W. Adele Lois Beck, Master, 1763 Columbia Rd., N.W., Apt. 33.

FLORIDA

Fort Lauderdale: Fort Lauderdale Chapter, 401 S.E. 21st St. Eugenie Francis Findlay, Master, 2401 Bimini Lane.

Miami: Miami Chapter, 3201 N.W. 30th St. Theodore T. Paneque, Master, 620 N.W. 191st St., North Miami.

Orlando: Orlando Pronaos. Rufus J. Eastman, Master, Rt. 4, Box 408.

St. Petersburg: St. Petersburg Chapter, Toffenetti Hotel, 2nd St. & 1st Ave. N. Austin M. Huff, Sr., Master, P.O. Box 6062.

Tampa: Aquarian Chapter, 105½ Zack St. Marion T. Sanders, Master, 3120 Downing St., Clearwater.

HAWAII

Honolulu: Honolulu Pronaos. Eva M. Haywood, Master, 2551 Waolani Ave.

IDAHO

Boise: Boise Pronaos. Ida H. Roberts, Master, Rt. 1, Eagle.

ILLINOIS

Chicago:* Nefertiti Lodge, 2539 N. Kedzie Ave., Tel. EVerglade 4-8627. Joseph A. Delgado, Master, 341 N. Parkside.

Springfield: Springfield Pronaos. Lorne Lockwood, Master, Stonington.

INDIANA

Evansville: Evansville Pronaos. Allen Raymond Nevius, Master, 501 Monroe Ave.

Fort Wayne: Fort Wayne Pronaos. Donna B. Ray, Master, 1835 Wheeler St.

Gary: Gary Pronaos. Rafael Cadena, Master, P.O. Box 588.

Indianapolis: Indianapolis Chapter, I.O.O.F. Bldg., 5 N. Hamilton Ave. Bertha Wetzel, Master, 7050 S. Meridian St.

South Bend: May Banks-Stacey Chapter, 519 S. St. Joseph St. Guy O. Gibbons, Master, Rt. 2, Box 349, Edwardsburg, Mich.

IOWA

Davenport: Davenport Pronaos. John R. Gerdes, Master, Rt. 5, Box 170.

KANSAS

Wichita: Wichita Pronaos. Zelda Maxwell, Master, West Side Station, Box 2461.

MARYLAND

Baltimore:* John O'Donnell Lodge, 225 W. Saratoga St. Frank M. Babula, Master, 5912 Winthrope Ave.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston:* Johannes Kelpius Lodge, Room 306, Gainsborough Bldg., 295 Huntington Ave. William B. Sullivan, Master, 389 Woburn St., Lexington.

Springfield: Springfield Pronaos. Mrs. Lesley Teren, Master, 17 Woodside Terrace.

(Directory Continued on Next Page)

MICHIGAN

Detroit:* Thebes Lodge, 616 W. Hancock Ave. James W. Padden, Master, 15423 Minock.

Flint: Moria El Chapter, 1433 Mable Ave. Carl Stahl, Master, 5987 Two Mile Rd., Bay City.

Grand Rapids: Grand Rapids Pronaos. E. L. Klaiber, Master, 555 Rosewood Ave., S.E.

Lansing: Leonardo da Vinci Chapter, 603 S. Washington. Milo D. Cook, Master, 809 Vance St.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis: Essene Chapter, 89 S. 10th St. Clair B. Marshall, Master, Rt. 2, Lakeville.

MISSOURI

Kansas City: Kansas City Chapter, 3827 Main St. Mrs. Karl R. Hille, Master, 7205 E. 107th St. Terrace.

Saint Louis: Saint Louis Chapter, Roosevelt Hotel, Delmar & Euclid Ave. J. G. Huffstutler, Master, 4517 Fair Ave.

MONTANA

Billings: Billings Pronaos. Jean B. Eller, Master, 4424 State Ave.

Missoula: Missoula Pronaos. Albert Hendrickson, Master, Rt. 1, Oak St.

NEBRASKA

Omaha: Omaha Pronaos. A. C. Strohecker, Master, Hotel Rome.

NEVADA

Las Vegas: Las Vegas Pronaos. David E. Dodgson, Master, 208 N. 19th St.

NEW JERSEY

Newark: H. Spencer Lewis Chapter, 84 Clinton Ave. Herman A. Clott, Master, 6121 Broadway, West New York, New Jersey.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque: Albuquerque Chapter, 123½ Broadway, S.E. O. M. Wenslay, Master, 9709 Claremont Ave., N.E.

NEW YORK

Buffalo: Rama Chapter, 34 Elam Place. Ronald W. Rowe, Master, 19 Russell Ave.

Long Island: Sunrise Chapter, Amer. Legion Post No. 1718, 241 Rushmore Ave., Carle Pl. Ethel McWilliam, Master, 50 West Asbury Ave., Westbury, L. I., New York.

New Rochelle: Thomas Paine Chapter, Masonic Temple, LeCount Pl. George Edward Swanson, Master, 184 Ursula Pl., Stamford, Conn.

New York:* New York City Lodge, Fisk Bldg., 250 W. 57th St., Suite 814. Duffie Johnson, Master, Box 111, Village Sta., 150 Christopher St.

Rochester: Rochester Chapter, Malta Temple, 217 Lake Ave. Raymond M. Graham, Master, 186 Fulton Ave.

NORTH CAROLINA

Fayetteville: Atlantean Chapter, 318 Alexander St. C. H. Johnson, Jr., Master, P.O. Box 308.

OHIO

Canton: Canton Pronaos. Menous C. Adams, Master, 4168 Helmick Ave., Barberton.

Cincinnati: Cincinnati Chapter, IOOF Hall, 3833 Eastern Ave. Iona B. Carroll, Master, c/o The Lincoln, 524 E. 4th St.

Cleveland: Cleveland Chapter, Masonic Temple, 36th & Euclid Ave. John Kafer, Master, 10787 State Rd., Rt. 2.

Columbus: Helios Chapter, 697 S. High St. Herbert H. Clifton, Master, 2443 Mecca Rd.

Dayton: Elbert Hubbard Chapter, 15 S. Jefferson St. Mrs. Carl H. Ressler, Master, 945 Harvard Blvd.

Youngstown: Youngstown Chapter, 269½ W. Federal St. Veronica Hernandes, Master, 612 Lexington Ave.

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City: Amenhotep Chapter, Rm. 318, Y.W.C.A. Bldg. Walter L. Kordis, Master, 3016 S.W. 28th.

Tulsa: Tulsa Chapter, 919 S. Cheyenne, Aurora Lodge No. 36, I.O.O.F. Hall. Woodrow D. Kehl, Master, 716 North Xenophon.

OREGON

Portland:* Enneadic Star Lodge, 2712 S.E. Salmon. Roland D. Burton, Master, 6625 S.E. 39th Ave.

Roseburg: Roseburg Pronaos. T. M. Tankersley, Master, Star Route, Box 122, Winston, Ore.

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown: Allentown Chapter, Masonic Temple, 1524 Linden St. Miriam E. Berry, Master, 326 Hanover St., Bethlehem.

Lancaster: Lancaster Pronaos. Virginia E. Snyder, Master, 221 E. Orange St.

Philadelphia:* Benjamin Franklin Lodge, 1303 W. Girard Ave. Roy Muken, Master, 7913 Ogontz Ave., 2nd rear, W. Oak Lane.

Pittsburgh:* First Pennsylvania Lodge, 615 W. Diamond St., N.S. Albert E. Firth, Master, 547 Farlson Sq.

PUERTO RICO

Arecibo: Arecibo Chapter. Bernardo Cortes, Master, Cristobal Colon 104-F.

Caguas: Caguas Pronaos. Max E. Hodge, Master, Bogota No. 1118.

Mayaguez: Mayaguez Pronaos. Maria D. Ramirez De Lopez, Master, Liceo 200.

Ponce: Ponce Chapter, 65 Hostos Ave. Victoria Castaign Quintero, Master, P.O. Box 310.

Santurce:* Luz de AMORC Lodge, Calle Aponte 305, Apartado 12,222, Estación Calle Loiza. Isabel Mezquida de Nun, Master, Apartado 8716.

RHODE ISLAND

Providence: Roger Williams Chapter, Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel. Rosealma Hanson, Master, 58 Union St., Woonsocket.

TEXAS

Amarillo: Amarillo Pronaos. Lenora Triplett, Master, P.O. Box 45.

Austin: Austin Pronaos. Neal A. Bothmer, Master, 1139 Gillespie Pl.

Beeville: Beeville Pronaos. S. G. Cleveland, Master, Box 1145.

Corpus Christi: Corpus Christi Pronaos. Ernest D. Cox, Master, 5740 Hwy. 9.

Dallas: Triangle Chapter, 1921½ Greenville Ave. Arthur C. Maxcy, Master, 4423 Southcrest Rd.

El Paso: El Paso Pronaos. G. A. Warren, Master, 7875 Montecito Dr.

Fort Worth: Fort Worth Pronaos. Roy R. Beyer, Master, 4816 Trail Lake Dr.

Houston: Houston Chapter, Y.W.C.A. Bldg. Mrs. S. M. Cantey, Master, 4138 Glenshire.

McAllen: Hidalgo Pronaos. Dolores R. Alonso, Master, Box 266.

San Antonio: San Antonio Pronaos. Wallace H. Jacques, Master, 730 John Page Dr.

Wichita Falls: Wichita Falls Pronaos. Guy Sinclair, Master, 2905 Ozark St.

UTAH

Salt Lake City: Salt Lake City Chapter, Newhouse Hotel. Gretchen McClintock, Master, 279 S. 7th E.

WASHINGTON

Kennewick: Tri-Cities Pronaos. Thomas M. Hall, Master, 120 S. Fillmore.

Seattle:* Michael Maier Lodge, Wintonia Hotel. Esther S. Bennett, Master, 423 Denny Way, Apt. 205.

Spokane: Spokane Pyramid Chapter, W. 1203 Riverside Ave. John H. Aylor, Master, 1848 E. 12th Ave.

Tacoma: Takhoma Chapter, 508 - 6th Ave. Dorothy B. Larson, Master, 1206 N. Laurence.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee: Karnak Chapter, 427 W. National Ave. Frederick Gustave Appelt, Master, 3628 W. Sarnow St.

WYOMING

Casper: Casper Pronaos. H. H. Frundell, Master, 305 N. Durban.

(*Initiations are performed.)

(Directory Continued on Next Page)

LODGES, CHAPTERS, AND PRONAOI OF THE A.M.O.R.C. CHARTERED IN VARIOUS NATIONS OF THE WORLD, AS INDICATED.

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Oran: Harmony Pronaos. Nicolas Starace, Master, 4, rue Emile Petit.

ARGENTINA
Buenos Aires: Buenos Aires Chapter, Calle Charlone 76. Heraldo Cabezas, Master, Calle Segui 746.

AUSTRALIA
Adelaide: Adelaide Chapter, Builders & Contractors Assn., 17 Weymouth St. A. B. Mansfield, Master, 1 Rosemont St., Norwood, S. Aus.
Brisbane: Brisbane Chapter, P.O. Box 101, North Quay. Mrs. Elizabeth Dammerboer, Master.
Melbourne: Harmony Chapter, 31 Victoria St. Dorothy Meyer, Master, 21 Elimatta Rd., Carnegie S.E. 9, Vic.
Newcastle: Newcastle Pronaos. R. H. Bull, Master, P.O. Box 61, Newcastle West, N.S.W.
Perth: Lemuria Pronaos. David Monro, Master, 10 Pearse St., N. Fremantle, W. Aus.
Sydney: Sydney Chapter, I.O.O.F. Hall, Box 4752, G.P.O. John O'Donnell, Master, Box 451, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

BELGIAN CONGO
Léopoldville: H. Spencer Lewis Lodge. Georges Mata, Master, Boite Postale 1371.

BELGIUM
Brussels: San José Pronaos. Suzanne de Ruyter, Master, 49 Ave. Jottrand, St-Josse.
La Louviere: Empedocle Pronaos. Jean Kairet, Master, 28 Rue du Spinois, Gosselies.
Liège: Nodin Pronaos. Maurice Hemmer, Master, 75 Rue des Grands Champs.

BRAZIL
Grand Lodge of Brazil: Rua General Rodriguez 35, Rocha, Rio de Janeiro. Mailing address: Caixa Postal 4914, Rio de Janeiro.
Belém: Belém Chapter, Trav. Joaquim Tavora 308. Joao Batista Cordeiro de Melo, Master, P.O. Box 914.
Curitiba: Pronaos Mestre Moria, Rua Jose Loureiro, 133 - 18° andar-Conj. 1802. Angélica S. Colle, Master, Rua Mariano Torres, 146 - 10° andar.
Porto Alegre: Thales de Mileto Pronaos, Loja Maconica. "Obreiros de São João, Rua Ernesto Fontoura. 1.444. Aristoteles Clemente dos Santos, Master, Rua Garibaldi, 366, Esteio Rio Grande do Sul.
Rio de Janeiro:* Rio de Janeiro Lodge, Rua Goncalves Crespo 48. Olga Pedrario, Master, Caja Postal 5345.
São Paulo:* São Paulo Lodge, Rua Santo Andre 144, Hall 806. Oswaldo Sibille, Master, Caixa Postal 8815.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA
Nairobi, Kenya: Nairobi Pronaos. Miss M. S. Timpson, Master, P.O. Box 19013, Embakasi.

BRITISH GUIANA
Georgetown: Georgetown Pronaos. Alfred Kilkenny, Master, West Bent St., Wortmanville.

BRITISH WEST AFRICA (NIGERIA)
Aba: Aba Pronaos. O. Ikpeme, Master, St. George's School, Box 105.
Accra (Ghana): Accra Pronaos. John Christian Coleman, Master, P.O. Box 06, Christiansborg.
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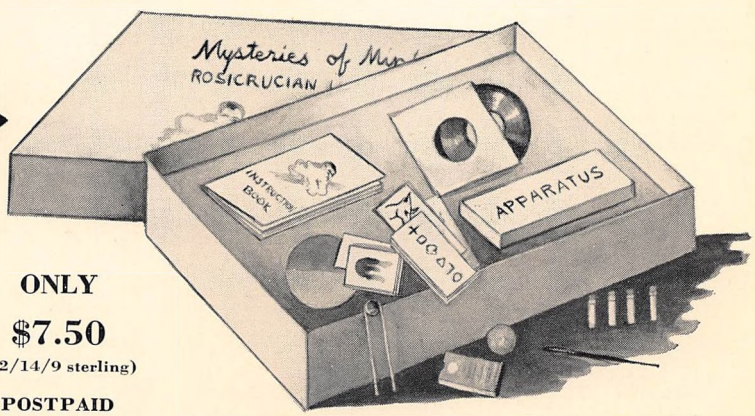
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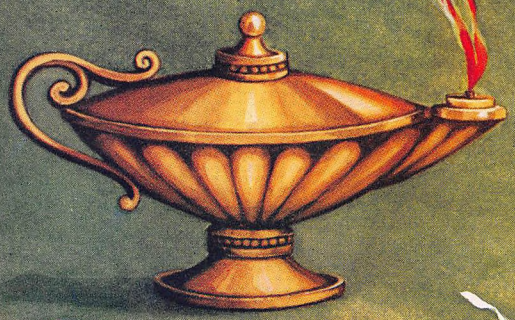
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