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The purpose of the MOTHERS RESEARCH GROUP is to gather together those who are interested in work for children - especially mothers - for mutual study in mothercraft - particularly from the viewpoint of the Ancient Wisdom.

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The opinions expressed herein
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Editorial

When I am asked what is the keynote of our Mothers' Research Group, I answer "Preparation for the New Race." This is understandable to Theosophists. However, further explanations may be needed for those unfamiliar with our teachings.

During the next few issues of our Digest we shall print several articles concerning this New Race that is forming in America, particularly in California.

The following article by Irving S. Cooper describes the tribulations of the "Band of Servers" on one of its migrations during the beginnings of another Race long ago. This article, THE MARCH OF THE CARAVAN, has been so inspiring to me that I thought it would be a good introduction to a series of articles on this subject.

We have been told that like those on the "march" in the Caravan, we, too, are on the verge of another march -- of having the opportunity of helping in the work of the Sixth Sub-Race from which will be chosen those who will carry on the founding of the Sixth Root Race hundreds of years hence in Lower California. Instead of marching for years with that Caravan as "children in the wilderness", our work now will be to "march" into a more cooperative way of life. The ideals of the race to come are Brotherhood and Good Will, Unity and Compassion. The seeds are even now being sown into this sad old world by enlightened souls living here and there. But the picture is so dark at the present time, one wonders which of the "marches" will be the harder - through the wilderness of sand, or battling through the forces of darkness to the Dawn of the New Age. -- M.L.L.

The March of the Caravan

By Irving S. Cooper

The shuffling sound of ten thousand sandals arose from the scorching sand; gray clouds of choking dust streamed lazily toward the barren table-land of Arabia; the rays of the mid-day sun fell pitilessly upon the cloth-wrapped heads and shoulders of the weary host. It was the fifth day of the march in the desert belt, which separates Arabia from the rest of Asia, and the great Caravan stretched out and rose and fell across the uneven rolling waste, like the sinuous body of a tired snake. The faces of the silent men were set and gray with dust; the women toiled patiently through the yielding sand; here and there the wailing of a fevered child broke in upon the monotonous crunching of the sandals.

Suddenly a confused shouting is heard ahead, and heads are eagerly shaken free from the enwrapping cloths as the Call

of the Caravan sweeps the full length of the long line of marching Aryans, the Call that comes from the lips of the Chief who leads and rolls rearwards until the last man has heard:

"Bring up the stragglers, close the ranks and make ready, In His Name."

Swiftly the order is obeyed; with uptossed heads and flashing eyes weapons are grasped and arms freed from hampering clothing, for the Call has swept away all weariness and apathy. The Chief of the Caravan does not speak twice -- there is no need.

In front, coming from the table-land, a dust cloud rolls up on the horizon, bearing in its heart a dark mass which slowly evolves into a large band of racing horsemen. "The Arabs" is cried through the ranks of the Caravan, and then all are silent, waiting for the shock.

Onward come the speeding horsemen, the far-off tumult suddenly swelling into a yell of hatred from a thousand throats. The Arabs, brandishing their long, rudely fashioned spears, divide into two bands and sweep down like stinging clouds upon either side of the Caravan. Another shout from the Arabs, followed by the gasp and strain of struggling bodies, tells of the encounter. Again and again the desert wasps charge the long line of silent men, but the Caravan stands firm, fighting steadily, "In His Name." Whenever an Aryan warrior falls, the fearless women drag him to safety from beneath the feet of the fighting men. Even the children help in binding up the wounds, for the Caravan has been upon the march for many years, and its people are inured to hardship and battle. Finally with a wild cry, venomous with baffled hatred, the Arabs fall back, leaving behind them scores of slain and wounded upon the red-dened sand.

Then the silence of the Caravan is broken with joyful shouting, and the deep voices of the warriors begin the rhythmic Chant of Victory, which was given by the poets of ancient days to the Aryans who built the glorious City of the Bridge. Meanwhile the wounded among the fallen foes are brought in and their cuts and gashes rudely bound to stop the bleeding. Uncouth and untamed, bearded and dark-skinned, the Arabs stare at their fair conquerors with the same curiosity that the latter gaze at them.

A sudden hush stills the noisy talking and they whisper to each other, "He Comes." A powerful, kingly figure is seen walking swiftly along the line of the Caravan, and as He approaches, all prostrate themselves reverently. He stops where the prisoners are being cared for and speaks kindly to them, much to their evident surprise. Then He turns to His followers saying:

"Treat them well and gently. When their wounds are healed we will send them to their Chief with messages of

friendship." His look of kingly power melts into a smile of tenderness as He adds: "You have done well this day, my children." And with these words of praise great joy was born in the hearts of the members of the Caravan.

Soon the command came to resume the journey and before a month passed, the valley was reached, wherein for many centuries the new race, embodied in the members of the Caravan, was to grow and flourish. And it was to this valley that the Supreme Teacher came from Egypt to give to the Caravan and its descendants the doctrine of the Inner Light. Great was the rejoicing when the Chief went forth to greet the arriving Teacher, and "deep was the joy in each as the mighty Brothers clasp hands and smiled into each other's eyes, and thought, in Their exile, of Their far-off home, of the City of the Bridge and of white Shamballa. For even the Great Ones must be sometimes weary when They are living in the midst of the littleness of ignorant men." (MAN: WHENCE, HOW AND WHITHER, p.287)

Now this skirmish with the Arabs occurred, according to the imperishable chronicles, during the last days of the March of the Caravan and about the two thousand and third decade after the founding of the City of the Bridge. And it is further chronicled that you and I and many of those with whom we now labor in the Theosophical Society, took part in that first great migration which some 250,000 strong, left long ago a mountainous valley near the Central Asian Sea and marched steadily southward, under the trusted guidance of our Chief, to the new racial home in the highlands of Arabia.

For month after month and year after year we journeyed slowly onward through what is now Persia and Mesopotamia, suffering as we went hunger and thirst, weariness and peril, pain and death, for the love of Him who was and is our racial Chief. With the departure of the Caravan from the resplendent City of the Bridge, the metropolis of the vast Aryan Empire, we left behind forever the comforts of a highly advanced civilization, and went forth into the fearful snows of mountain passes, the dread fever of the jungles, the heat and thirst of endless deserts, because in our dim way we felt that Service was greater than Self. That is why we were chosen to become members of the Caravan.

Now this March of the Caravan but repeated in miniature a much longer and far more interesting journey which we as EGOS have been making ever since the splendid days of ancient Atlantis. At the time of the founding of the first City of the Golden Gates, about one million years ago, there came into incarnation from an earlier world-school, a group of partially developed Egos, closely interlinked by many ties and distinguished by certain characteristics, known as the Band of Servers. As incarnation succeeded incarnation, this compact group gradually drew around itself a much larger number of Egos of similar ideals, thus forming, in time, a veritable caravan, the members of which are born at approximately the same time, work together heartily at some task for the helping of humanity, under the guidance of their revered and trusted Leaders, and then leave more or less together through

the portals of death for a period of rest and refreshment in the Inner Worlds.

During the hundreds of incarnations that we have worked side by side, a great ideal has held us together as a Caravan, and has made us, though we are not particularly far advanced as Egos, of unique value to the Masters in Their work for humanity. Through the whole of our varied efforts-- some wise, many unwise -- and as part of the very texture of all our lives on earth, there has been woven a thin little thread of unselfish service -- service to the Masters and service to men. And mingled with this thread has been a strand of what may be described as the spirit of the pioneer - an eagerness to accept every progressive thought, and a willingness to work hard for an unpopular movement embodying that thought. We seem never to have been bound much by conventional horizons, especially in religion, and when one of the Masters took incarnation in our midst and later began to teach us certain ideals in advance of those generally accepted, our love and trust for Him were so instinctive and complete, that His word swayed us far more than public opinion, and His approval was more potent to affect our action than the deterring influence of the scorn or pity of our neighbors.

So it happened that again and again in old Atlantis, we were born within the circular walls of the City of the Golden Gates, and stood round the White Emperor, who was usually one of our Leaders, battling for the right against black wickedness and oppression. Many times were our physical bodies killed, but as many times we returned, and when we offered ourselves again for service, behold our Leaders were Those whom we had served before, come back, even as we, to play the great game of Life and Death.

Thousands of years elapsed, bringing to us much growth and experience, before we started upon that venture which carried us into the mountains to the north of Ruta. Here, under the inspiration and guidance of our Chief, we took birth again and again in an isolated tribe, doing our best though in a blundering way to help in the age-long task of changing the crude Atlantean type of physical body into the more finely constructed and sensitive Aryan type. Much later, we joined without much urging a migration of a portion of this despised tribe, which voyaged through the Sahara Sea and then traveled over southern Egypt to the distant tableland of Arabia. There for thousands of years we were born again and again, until the tribe had grown into the great Arabian race which populated the entire tableland and overflowed into all the surrounding territory.

Still later, isolated from the surrounding millions by our adherence to a small and rather unpopular unorthodox religion - a common device used by the Masters to separate us as a group for special service - we traveled northeast through wild mountains and savage tribes, until as a little, travel-worn band, we found years later a home on the shores of the Gobi Sea. Meanwhile those of us who had been left behind in Arabia, took incarnation among the families who had journeyed

to Central Asia, and in time the little band grew to be a powerful nation. True, its growth was temporarily affected by the Titanic cataclysm which engulfed the huge islands of Ruta and Daitya, and several times it was almost exterminated by murderous Turanians, but as century followed century, more and more of the members of the Caravan were drawn into the new Aryan race, sharing its labors and its trials, but in the end sharing also the protection and advantages of the vast and powerful Central Asian Empire which, centred in the marvelous City of the Bridge, held sway over all the civilized world.

Then some of us, obeying our natural tendency as Egos, were born to the southward in order to labor in the founding of a South African Kingdom, the ruins of whose splendid cities have only recently been discovered. Next we assisted in our small way in the fashioning of the second and third sub-races, and later tramped for many weary years in the migrations which carried these races to their new homes in Arabia and in Persia. Later still we devoted our energies, under the guidance of our Teachers, to the bringing of new and wholesome changes into civilizations already established, and for this purpose were born now in Peru, now in India, again in Asia Minor, or Greece or Egypt, wherever we were needed.

Thus, during the centuries we have helped in civilization after civilization to make popular unusual but necessary teachings, to make known unwelcome but salutary ideals, to make easier, for those who came after us, the paths to the physical, moral and intellectual frontiers. That is why we took part in expeditions considered absurd by our neighbors; that is why we gathered around the feet of Teachers whose words were distrusted by the orthodox religions of the time; that is why we fore-swore ease and comfort in order to help in the modelling of new races; that is why we fought in many a long-forgotten battle and fell in heaps about the slain body of our Chieftain; and also that is why we are now members of the Theosophical Society, sharing in its unpopular, pioneer work. We are what we are and where we are because of service done in ancient days in other lands and bodies, and because we have ever been willing to endure all and dare all for the sake of a splendid ideal and for love of the Masters who guide us.

For ten thousand centuries we have shared in the same adventures, suffered the same privations, believed the same teachings, served the same Leaders, and the habits of the past are strong in us. We have loved each other, hated each other, misunderstood, helped and hindered each other, and the ties between us are many and tangled. We have been linked as lovers and rivals, husbands and wives, and parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and fellow-workers. There have been moments in the past when we have been unjust and done grave wrong through selfishness or wilfulness; there have been other moments when we have laid down our lives gladly for our fellows -- the mutual debts therefore are hard to unravel and understand. In the past as in this life, we have mingled weakness with strength, foolishness with wisdom, harshness with forgiveness, for we have always been very human.

We should not forget, then, that the way we react upon each other in this life, will sometimes be wholesome, sometimes unwholesome.

In other lives we came together in great family groups in which there existed a strong spirit of the clan, and hence the possibilities of misunderstanding were few, because we were reared with one another as children. This incarnation, in order that there might be a few in each land responsive to the Masters' teaching and will, we have been scattered over all the world and born frequently in homes alien to our character and thinking. Consequently, during our early childhood, we were not understood and felt much alone, and now, that we have grown to maturity, we are just beginning to realize that the members of our family are scattered throughout the world. The Caravan is on earth today, and its widely scattered members are commencing to recognize each other through the barriers of creed, caste, color, race and language.

Deprived of the stimulus and support of the old-time family groups, some of the members of the Caravan have proved weaker than others, and either do not remember their old-time fellows through the mists of the flesh, or in times of difficulty and testing they stumble and fall. While we should not place those weaker brothers in the forefront where the stress and strain are greatest, nevertheless we should not cast them out, for they belong to us and are loved by the Elder Brothers. Rather ought we to gather round them with friendly words of encouragement and hold out hands strong for helping. The March of the Caravan is ever trying, even to the strongest of us, and we must not fail to help where help is needed. To feel the living presence of the Caravan and the splendor and love of its mighty Leaders we must try and try again TO UNDERSTAND AND TRUST EACH OTHER.

Awake! Arise! Oh, ye of the Caravan, for the Call has gone out once more from the lips of our chief:

"Bring up the stragglers, close the ranks and make ready,
In His Name!"

(Reprinted from THE MESSENGER, March, 1916)

* * * *

O would that we could take this world of pain,
Extract the poison from that serpent Time,
And wind the springs of beauty once again,
Till lovely seraphs from their heights sublime
Would sense our harmony, thru sounding space,
And soar with streaming wings to bless our race.

--E.L.R.

What We Are

By Evelyn B. Bull

Writing the title, I am reminded of the old saying: mind your p's and q's. That can mean: watch your step. But it can also mean: be aware of yourself, of you as an integrated personality. We cannot be aware without being able to distance ourselves. If we are too close, it is as though we held a magnifying glass next to the object viewed. All is blurred and confused and out of proportion. But if it is focussed properly, all is in true perspective, and the object can be studied in detail or as a whole. So may we see ourselves.

What we are is a resume of what we have been. Our mistakes, our failures, our strengths, and our achievements are all indelibly present in the delineation of our present character and as that character enacts its qualities in daily life.

But in that Present which is our spiritual heritage, these qualities are no longer fixed. In the light of His holy Presence, we may see how to re-mold and change that pattern. In the ever-flowing waters of His tender compassion, we may renew our faith in ourselves, and catch again the vision which we once had and lost for a little while: of our true self expressed truly. Take heart and walk gently, for this is the hallowed ground of your spiritual renewal.

Don't Laugh: Listen!

By Elsie L. Rutledge

Modern mothers are studying their children from the standpoint of psychology and discovering many interesting and valuable facts.

This is certainly a very important step in the right direction, but these studies seldom determine conclusively why Johnny, whose parents are champion swimmers, has a deadly fear of the water; why Calvin, the minister's son, takes delight in torturing animals or younger children; or why little Maria, who has been raised in the slums, has the disposition of an angel.

When we study plants and animals, we find that orchids produce orchids, while weeds give rise to weeds. Blooded stock bear champion young, while range horses and cattle bring their own type to birth.

In man only do we have reversals of type and the answer is plain: man alone possesses an individual soul whose past lives determine the powers and characteristics which he has brought with him.

Psychology states that the personality of the child is affected to only a limited degree by inherited traits, while

the environment is generally conceded to be the prime factor in personal development. Therefore, granting that the environment is good, but being faced with the fact of unusual reactions on the part of the child, let us study him from a new angle, --- from the point of view of pre-natal experiences of the soul.

We bring with us in our super-conscious minds, the sum total of our experiences of preceding lives. A person of good sense does not waste valuable time in probing into the past from either a desire to prove to his friends how great he was in former lives, nor how much cleverer he is than other people to be able to "lift the veil".

He does, however, have a scientific desire to know his child's background, in order that he may understand him better and be able to help him speed up his evolution.

As an example of how the knowledge of a person's past makes one more understanding and tolerant, there is the instance of a young woman who was much criticized for poor house-keeping and lax morals. Her six-year old son who had never heard of reincarnation, told me that he had been a plains Indian in his last life, and that his mother then was his present mother.

On looking the situation over, it certainly seemed that the lady was doing very well for a first-incarnation white woman.

The study of the soul will have to be begun quite early in the child's life. For instance, a certain child who began to talk very early, would sit in her high chair at the age of 17 months and call various foods by their French names when she had never heard the language in this incarnation.

The mother, happily, knew some French and decided to anticipate a Latin temperament with possible artistic and high-strung tendencies on the part of the child. This surmise was later amply justified altho this particular child was a very quiet and docile infant entirely belying later developments.

If this child had been brought up in an Anglo-Saxon manner, she would either have lost the creative urge or become a problem child, rebelling against a cold, unimaginative environment.

The child has the preponderance of his psychic impressions during the first seven years, for around the seventh year, the etheric body is fully developed and shuts off normal perception of the astral world, which is the plane on which past lives are viewed.

Listen to the small child talking to himself, or to his companions. If he starts with a wild tale about "When I was a little girl," or "I used to be a sea captain," listen and draw him out quite casually as if it were the most natural and ordinary thing in the world, but that you are interested because it interests him.

Don't egg children on, put words into their mouths or let them think they are occupying the center of a dramatic

scene, or they will start to fabricate tales out of the well-known whole cloth:

One can sometimes check veracity by "catch questions". A four-year old child was riding with her mother. She suddenly grasped the mother's sleeve in great excitement: "Mamma, is that a Taffic (Catholic) nun over there?" (Now, this child had been brought up in a Protestant home, had never been in a Catholic church, and did not play with Catholic children.)

"Yes," answered the mother.

"I was a Taffic nun once."

In reply to questions of when and where, she answered that it was in Ireland, three hundred years ago, altho the mother was positive that she was not familiar with the word "Ireland" and that she could count only to five. The mother had frequently noted, however, that when the child was cold, ill, or tired, she looked typically Irish altho there was no Irish blood in the family.

The mother then inquired about the type of work which the child had done as a nun: was she a milliner, a dancer, a clerk in a store? "Oh, no. I taught school to a lot of little children."

Ordinarily, anyone who had lived a spiritual life and died at an advanced age, would remain in the heaven world for many hundreds of years.

So the last test was, "Did you live to be an old lady?"

"Oh, no. I died very young. I got something in my throat and so did the children. It choked us to death." (Diphtheria)

So here, we have the following facts: the Celtic temperament, a religious nature, a love of little children, and a possible interest in becoming a teacher. As the girl matured, these tendencies were revealed, and she also became a teacher.

It is possible to go on and on, multiplying instance upon instance, but the preceding illustrations will probably clarify the matter.

In closing, let us suggest that you choose Aristotle's middle path in the study of the child's inner self: i.e., don't let him think you are avid for his disclosures or his imagination will supply you with thriller-dillers.

On the other hand, don't brush his vague statements aside: one little speck of lint may unravel to form a marvelous yarn out of the past. And understand that these remembrances of past lives which sometimes come as intuitions with mental pictures only, while at other times, they appear as real astral movies which produce eye-movements by the child which are similar to his eye-movements at the cinema, I repeat, these memories are gossamer thin, of fairy lace, and will vanish magically if greeted by denial, inattention or unsympathetic laughter!

Our Blessed Lady

By Rev. J. B. McConkey

"I watch over, hold in my Arms, guide with my hands all my children, Sons of the Father, until they can stand and walk in His light".

As mother of the Souls of men She seeks by every possible means to bring the illumination of the Holy Spirit to them and to lead them to new birth in the Christ life. Consequently She is ever making in Her mind new plans, new conceptions of life, new ideas and ways of making Virtue and beauty attractive, ever introducing new movements into their lives. She opens for them fresh ways of progress, and tries through parents, teachers, and those who have charge of children, to shape and guide the young for the coming generation, working ever according to plan and design. She is therefore much interested in women and children, because through them the changes for the rising generation are most easily effected. We therefore find Her angels interested in Schools and teachers, children's playgrounds, hospitals, charitable and other like institutions. They are organised for these, and for all sorts of social betterment purposes.

In Elementary schools they help teachers who are at all sensitive, and also try to influence the children. They carry the power of Our Lady's peace and serenity, and delight to help the children to self-control obedience, gentleness and docility. - Even infant children are not overlooked, for little Angels of Our Lady love to play with them, to open their minds by showing them things of beauty and loveliness. One teacher told me that she frequently noticed that the most difficult children changed under their influence.

No opportunity to help is passed over or neglected by Her Angels, there is always the difficulty of finding people who are receptive and sensitive to their thought.

Our Lady seeks those who will band together and fit themselves for Her service in the world. The way to Her is love, and that purity and humility which dwell in the heart of love - a purity from the personal self which is sometimes hard to gain unless the heart is filled with an unselfish love that seeks no personal progress, recognition, or reward, but merely to serve. If we fill our hearts with love to Her, She will fill us with wisdom and peace for Her service. There is no room for Her in the hearts of the self-seeking, the selfish and the proud. Though many love our Lady they wish Her blessing to help them in their own ordinary affairs instead of seeking Her aid to help others. All those who desire to serve Her must come in purity of thought, free from personal taint, as the thoughts and motives of Her servers or devotees are reflected in Her. Yet She is absolute purity, and

is not touched by the selfishness in their thought of service. This might seem to be a contradiction, but it is not, as there is the light and the dark side of the thought. If the thought is tainted with selfishness the darkness of it is turned to the thinker and the light side only touches Her. She does not transmute or change the thought as the Lord does. His consciousness is as a flame consuming the dross, transmuting the base metal into fine gold, and thus changing the manifestation of the thought, prayer or aspiration that touches it. If She is served with impure or selfish thought it does not touch Her. It shuts off the Server from Her power, and the light in the thought, separated from the darkness in it, makes the darkness more intense for the Server. It is impossible for Her to act through any selfish one, but She can use any of Her lovers, servers or devotees to pour out Her peace and blessing if they have humility and unselfishness. To come close to Her there must be a purification of the whole emotional nature. By pondering upon Her and Her world-wide work, seeing something of the unity of life and its purpose and feeling that sympathy which it engenders for the sick, the sad, the helpless and downtrodden, we come gradually to know Her in our inner being and become objects of Her love and tenderest care. Opportunities are thrown in our way to serve Her and if these are taken advantage of we "grow as the flower grows, unconsciously but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air". Carrying her peace and showing out Her mother love and compassion in daily life, we become recognised as of Her angels while yet wearing a physical body. They also serve who in patience prepare themselves for Her service and cultivate peace of mind and purity of heart, waiting for Her wisdom to grow in the Soul. Let us give to Her as service preparation of our inner being, so that when She calls for outer service we can give Her a selfless and pure offering.

In Our Lady's heart there is not anything but love, and She wishes to express that love to Her children in the world by coming close to them and entering into their daily lives so that She may soothe their afflictions, bring Her balm to wounded feelings, heal their distresses, and gently lead them into the ways of Virtue, happiness and peace.

(Reprinted from PROVINCIAL NEWS, Australia
Easter 1948)

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"The Indian Chief Red Jacket is reported to have replied to the Christian missionaries, when they urged upon his attention the benefits of Christ's death by crucifixion, 'Brethren, if you white men murdered the son of the Great Spirit, we Indians have nothing to do with it, and it is none of our affair. If he had come among us, we would not have killed him. We would have treated him well. You must make amends for that crime yourselves.' " -- Kersey Graves in THE WORLDS SIXTEEN
CRUCIFIED SAVIORS

Modern Health and Beauty

By Dr. Alice Chase

Women and girls, more than men and boys, are beauty conscious and health conscious. Their practical building of beauty and health may be modern but it is not always healthy. The arts of corsetting or girdling and dressing the body, and making up the face and head, may do much in the line of making the feminine sex attractive. However, beauty culture and dressmaking really do not solve the problem: How to have or how to build health and beauty from within, thru a pure blood stream, normal muscles, rested and relaxed nerves, and a well-functioning glandular mechanism.

The structural bodily machinery and the chemistry of the organism reflect their inner status in a healthy or wrinkled skin; in sunken or rested eyes; in flabby or strong muscles; in a round or straight back; in broad or sunken chest; in a normal or large and flabby abdomen; in anemia or robustness; in weakness or strength; in good health or in disease!

Long before you may think of consulting a physician notice by Nature that something was wrong....Something is wrong within your body. Why that pain in the back? Why that constipation or sluggishness of bowels? Why those abnormal discharges from nose or throat or from other bodily orifices that are connected with the external world? Why that coated tongue? Why that weakness or irritability of nerves, that crave the use of coffee or tobacco? Why are you resorting to the inexpensive remedies of the bathroom medicine chest? A real problem of health impairment is overtaking you that requires more urgent attention. Why shouldn't the human body be as perfect structurally and functionally as it can be? Science teaches us how a perfect body is constructed, and how it should behave. The artist shows us models in sculpture and painting of the perfect human body. In actual life, one now and again sees a well modelled, living human body and a healthy functioning organism. People at times build better than they actually know when they are healthy or really handsome as a result of daily habits of living. Under conditions of modern civilization, when our homes, our automobiles, and our various labor saving machines are of the best, our health in the majority of instances is neglected and slowly destroyed by insidiously developing disease.

One of the signs of health breakdown is physical degeneration or homeliness of body and face. Look all around, observe the majority of young boys and young girls, and you will be able to detect in their faces many marks of disease. Acne or pimples; palor; curvatures of the spine; and other signs of ill health, can be easily detected amongst a large proportion of high school boys and girls in any American community. Even young infants and children have their resistance

to disease broken down because errors are committed in their everyday care and feeding. Grown people of advancing and middle age are too numerous victims of disease. Women, particularly, are so unfortunate as to be early in their lives overtaken by serious ill health. Just look around and think; even among your own friends you may be able to observe that every second or third woman between the ages of 35 and 50 has had a surgical operation. Dr. Pollack, a noteworthy authority on Diseases of Women, made a startling assertion in his book on gynecology, that about 50% of all women get fibroid tumors of the uterus! What does that mean? It means that the uterus is so constructed and so placed in the body that it is subject to crowding, to congestion of its blood vessels; to imperfect drainage from its veins and lymphatics, and to other irritations that cause so much disease of that important organ. Is such a thing as prevention of disease of the uterus possible? Yes, indeed! Science is full of good points on prevention of uterine disease and of many other chronic diseases. In theory a great deal of good knowledge exists in the science of the healing arts. In practice, knowledge is forgotten... Knowledge must be lived and applied in order to benefit from it by the human race, to the fullest.

Do doctors of medicine live by their knowledge that they possess? A vast majority of medical doctors eat wrong, they smoke, they drink coffee and tea, even though they know that coffee, tea, and tobacco are poisons that can produce disease of the heart, kidneys, liver and nervous system. What is the result in the life histories of many doctors? They get sick; they take remedies from the medicine chest as ordinary people do until they are overwhelmed by chronic and incurable disease.... A few doctors who live to be 80 or over can be observed to be moderate in their daily habits of eating and living. What right has any doctor to treat disease when he himself and his family are ailing from the same causes that his patients suffer from? People are often impelled by virtue of self preservation to seek help outside of the medical profession for the building of better health.

The hands of the modern beautician, the barber, the masseur or masseuse, and gymnast, are contributing their skills toward relieving some of the outward physical signs of discomforts of men and women today. Facial or body massage, may help a little to "pep" up and relieve the tension of fatigue of the skin, muscles, and nerves. The hot towel application which the barber applies in connection with a shave, helps to refresh the tired and anemic face of modern man. The modern woman looks much better, in a way, each time after the grooming that she receives in the beauty parlor.

Dependable health and real beauty can only be built with scientific knowledge: Knowledge, how to take care of the body so that its chemistry may be normal. "We are what we eat," is a common saying. The body, the muscles, the skin, the nerves, the teeth, are all products of our daily habitual food intake. Human bodies with protruding abdomens, with fat arms and fat

shoulders, are overcrowded with stored food materials that are not in demand for such uses as muscular work or other essential activities. As individuals become overweight, they are weary because surplus infiltrated fat into the muscles prevent them from wanting to be energetic and active. They are rather inclined by perverted physiology to sit and grow fatter. When we have the other extreme, of underweight in younger or older people, the status of health is even worse. In underweight individuals of any age, there is a wasting of nervous and glandular energy which prevents the body organism from functioning in a constructive manner.

We may give briefly the normal weight per inch of human adults. For women it may range between one pound and three quarters to two pounds, to the inch. For men it may range between two and a quarter and two and three quarter pounds to the inch. Normal weight, however, must be accompanied by normal good feeling. A person of normal average weight may and does often suffer from danger signals of ill health. Danger signals such as a tired feeling on rising in the morning, backache after moderate amount of exertion; weakness of limbs, or general fatigue after moderate exertion; constipation, are all danger signals that require urgent attention.

We are concerned with a plan of living and eating that would regenerate the weak, the tired, the anemic, the fat and the thin. This plan of living includes a knowledge of personal everyday hygiene and diet that would guide the individual to avoid mistakes in the essentials of physical care of the body. Most people are cautious about many things. Only few people are careful about their personal health habits. What is very sad is that most people are lacking in a serious consciousness about their well being. Men, especially, are generally indifferent or light-minded about their health. They indulge in the small vices of smoking; faulty eating and drinking, as a matter of habit. Few men are willing to give up smoking, even when they are ordered to by their physicians. In these days, women also are destroying their health by cigarette smoking to the extent that they made a daily obnoxious habit of it. Please observe yourselves, ladies, with your cigarettes in your mouths, with your rouge on your cheeks, with your paint on your lips, and many of you with your muscles carrying overgrown paddings of fat. Think what tragic-comic pictures you look... Beauty culture, makeup, does not add to the grace of the slim woman either. Even adolescent girls would look more attractive in natural good health, rather than in lipstick and rouge.

Health consciousness, or health mindedness, is a very essential requirement to start on the road of regeneration of uncomely and ailing bodies. The health conscious state of mind, must grow upon you as much as the urge to educate your children, to build fine homes, to do good for the community. Your desire must grow upon you to want to build better health! With this objective, with the objective that a sound body can be built, that a sound body is necessary to a long and useful social life and personal contentment and happiness, set out to build one, each one of you for yourself!

Review

By Della D. Arroyo

of the
Booklet THE LESSON OF OKINAWA by Newton Dillaway, published by the Montrose Press, Wakefield, Mass.

Emotional stability given by the mother to her baby infant is the greatest guarantee of the relieving of behavior problems and mental disorders in adults.

Many of us realize we had all too little emotional stability as a child. Some of us are of the generation who grew up by psychology books, and impersonal routines and schedules because they were supposed to be the most effective.

Now, Mr. Dillaway, noting that among the inhabitants of Okinawa, mental disease is almost unknown among its 450,000 inhabitants. Crime and problem children are equally as unfamiliar. This is rather impressive considering the war and troubles visited upon these natives. No other group has withstood such distress so well. This is due, Mr. Dillaway states, to the "permissive method in which parents are advised to rear their offspring free from fear and not overburdened with too many rules and regulations."

Life in the individual has its own peculiar rhythm and pace just as the universe has its ebb and flow. Each individual will have its own particular adaptations of the regular patterns, and it is up to the mother to adapt herself to these patterns in each baby, rather than going by the impersonal law of books and doctors or what might be more convenient for her. The convenience should be for the baby not the mother. When it is any other way frustrations develop.

This seems rather difficult to ask of a mother when life beacons with so much, but each individual is important. It is the burden and privilege and we hope, joy, of the mother to help her baby escape frustration. Some hospitals (too few) are beginning to realize these things, and the baby is not tucked away in a nursery far from the mother and fed and changed by the clock and left to cry meanwhile; instead he is installed in a crib near the mother where she can comfort him and nurse him when he demands it.

The Okinawa mother by instinct rears her infant wisely with a love and care beyond our book learning. She nurses the baby whenever it desires it. Some babies want to nibble a little and often, others take a lot and sleep more; but whatever the rhythm, the mother adapts herself to it. When the child is frightened or cries, she doesn't hesitate to comfort it. She doesn't wait for schedules. She does what she can to keep it happy and satisfied. This develops trust in the infant. It does not come into an unfriendly environment which tries to force it

to regulate itself to a clock.

The mother keeps the child with her constantly so she is always available to administer to the child. Being close to the warmth of the mother's body so much is another factor in reassuring the child.

The first objection offered is that it makes a child dependent on a mother's apron strings, but in Okinawa it has been proved this is not so. It makes the child emotionally stable so that he is able to develop independence without fear. At three he no longer needs such close care, and the wise mother turns him over to the "secondary" mothering of the oldest child who will help and care for him as tenderly and carefully until he in turn is ready to mother those younger than himself. This carries forward a complete cycle in the development of emotional stability. Nothing is done to jar the child. Instead he is left to grow in his own way, at his own rate of progress, unfrustrated in a completely friendly environment. We have to sacrifice much to achieve this in our own homes, but the results are worth it.

A look at the frustrated adults, at the populated mental hospitals will prove its worth. It is stated that the only real problems the United Nations has is the emotional unstability of its members. If entire nations were people with populations of people conditioned by trust and peace with leaders also conditioned to emotional adulthood our problems would be less difficult.

Juvenile homes are filled with emotionally unstable children, unwanted, unloved, uncared for. Some came from very fine homes, some were brought up very properly, but they were not left to develop unfrustrated! It only took one Hitler almost to reduce the world to a shambles, so it is not unimportant to insist that each baby be given the devoted attention it requires.

This system pertains primarily to the infant. If this treatment is given through babyhood you won't breed a tyrant who will torment the household. It is the frustrated baby who compensates by becoming the bully, who takes the fenders off the family car, and abuses all family relationships.

Bowel training, is not forced on the child. It is permitted to develop this habit when it is old enough to understand and cooperate. Never forcing or threatening to accompany the process, and the child decides when, not the clock, or mama.

"The universe has never for one instant failed, but man has failed the universe, and his adjustment must come if he is to bring the world back into proportion. We are here to reveal that which eternally is. We are not here to create anything. We are here to discover...and release into utility the eternal that are ever present about us. We are here to discover the eternal way and obey it...."

"Life is only good when it is a perfect timing and consent..."

"The problem is everywhere the same: that which consents is able to reflect the simple normal action of the universal power, and such a reflection is health"...physical health, emotional health, and mental health. You have to let the child consent to the processes of life. What a challenge! You have to consent to its unique rate of growth, and its peculiar patterns of needs and hungers. If a mother accepts these facts, then she will not feel so frustrated at her own blocked expressions. Her child through infancy is and should be her completest channel of expression, all else must abide its time. The realization of the importance of this servitude should ennoble the sacrifice in the mother's eyes, and give her the strength to make these days beautiful, as those of Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi were glorious beyond words.

Notes on Children's Food

By Jane Swarthout

Luther Burbank in THE TRAINING OF THE HUMAN PLANT says that by the food given to a child in its first six years, its whole after life is conditioned, its possibilities and limitations are largely influenced.

None but wholesome food should be offered; the quantity sufficient but not excessive; and at regular intervals. Children if left to themselves generally refuse meat. The tissues contain much waste matter in process of elimination, its elimination from the child's body being an additional strain. This dead matter is already in the process of decay. Further it affects the character by increasing the animal passions, tending to produce aggressiveness. Also, pepper and strong spices produce intestinal disorders and discomforts, stimulating sex passion, while rich food is upsetting.

From my own experience I have found that: the absence of coaxing or compulsion does make hearty eaters. Food flatly refused up to the age of two, quite without warning, was accepted happily later. Egg yolks repeatedly turned down, were suddenly missing with the whites, after four years of refusal! These two boys of mind - two and four years of age - are happy in eating two or three eggs each at a sitting, but less often, of course, and no effects were detected.

Of the three important adjuncts spoken of in Gaylord Hauser's DIET DOES IT i.e. molasses, wheat germ, dried brewers yeast, up to the present time my children will not touch anything with the yeast in it. They still will not have anything to do with green beans or buttermilk, but I feel sure they will if left their choice. In every case of a refused food, I have been "stingy" - offering only three or four peas! These were rolled around and played with until one or two found their way into the little mouth. You have to be "stingy" for a long time before it is considered good eating, I have found.

My children have taken great pleasure in graduating from spoon to baby fork - to salad fork - to our small dinner forks.

Another discovery is that "all the milk you want" till supper, then only a half glass, seems to make for a dry bed and sounder sleep. One thing that helped me and may help other mothers was the "Chewdy". It helped Jimmy grow away from the bottle, and is genuinely enjoyed as a treat now by the neighbor youngsters as well. It is simply a half dozen seeded raisins tied in a piece of cloth to chew on. A little teething lotion smeared on it relieved many miseries in teething days.

Breakfast is usually cooked cereal with wheat germ, juice and bread and molasses or cinnamon toast.

At 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. they have apples, oranges, banana, grapes, raisins or nuts, or bread and jelly or molasses.

Following their pattern, I have found it well to give my boys luncheon and dinner as I have breakfast along the following lines of menus:

LUNCHEON

Protein: (Soy Bean "Vigoroast", cottage cheese, any mild cheeses, nuts, which they chew conscientiously!)

Cooked Vegetables.

Dessert: Custard or Pudding (boiled or baked, tapioca, corn-starch puddings with egg, etc. Bread or graham cracker pudding. If friends more loving than wise give the children stick or hard candy, most of it finds its way crushed, into a pudding.)

DINNER

At night the children like their

Starchy Vegetable: potatoes or rice, or spaghetti, or noodles, or macaroni cooked in Savita Broth, or gravy over it.

Salad Vegetables: as nearly as possible as they grow: flowers of cauliflower, chunks of lettuce, quarters of small tender carrots, green peppers, tomatoes, melon boats to dip in salt or mayonnaise.

Dessert: Pie and occasionally cake. Personally I can find no fault with pie which is simply a fourth cup of raisins, pumpkin, custard or fruit in a delightful form. The boys cut figures to be stuck on top with water in shapes to suit the filling, as apples, leaves and stems being tinted with vegetable coloring.

The boys help with the meals by suggesting what would be pretty, fun, nice: paper doilies, candles, flowers.

These boys have never had any "shots" nor flesh food, yet are outstanding as pictures of vivid health.

The Whenever Land

By Evelyn B. Bull

A Story for Children, and Grownups who are not grown up.

Anna-Mary-Arabella, named for her three aunts, was nine. Each aunt called her by her name, so when she went to the city, she was Anna, and when she went to the country, she was Mary, and when she went to the seashore, where her third aunt lived in a fishing-village, she was Arabella. Her family, who lived in a place that was neither city nor country, called her Bella, but her friends made a nickname like this: Annamarabella, and this she liked the best.

Annamarabella had two thick pigtaileds and blue eyes that were bright and quick. And that was probably because she had become accustomed to being so many different people in so many different places. Perhaps that is why she had so many adventures later on. She had learned to take things as they came, and not to be surprised at anything. So, as you can see, Annamarabella was a happy, cheerful person, interested in everything that happened, and in everything that made other people interested, too.

She had a little brother, Winty, who was four; that was short for Winston. He was a jolly little boy, but he looked fat and serious, and so he fooled people that way. He is not very important in this story except that he was someone to whom Annamarabella could tell her adventures, and of course it is always important to have someone who will listen when you tell things. Winty was important, really, as a person, but it would take another story to tell all about that, so in this one he will just be Winty. We shall not even bother to tell the color of his eyes but perhaps you can guess that.

There were two pets but only one that you could see. That was Tiki, the dog. He was a small dog, composed of various colors, a small tail which he could wag very fast, and a large bark which he used only when he wanted to make himself appear very big. He, like Winty, is not very important here, except that Annamarabella loved him, and he could "see things" sometimes -- things that people could not see.

For instance, Winty would be talking about "Grampa" who had gone away last year, and Tiki's nose would quiver, and he would look at the corner of the room and follow something with his eyes all around the room, and yet Winty could not see what Tiki saw. And sometimes they would talk of Topsy, and then their eyes would have large tears in them that did not drop.

Topsy had been a lovely kitten, gray and fluffy and very gay, and yet with large, serious eyes. She had become too excited about life and had run out suddenly into the street. That was only a month ago, but it seemed much longer. It was all so sad.

Tiki and Topsy had been great friends. They had eaten out of the same dish, even. But of course Tiki had finished in one gobble, and then he would sit and watch Topsy finish daintily. And now when they would talk of Topsy, Tiki would run eagerly around the room, just as though he saw Topsy, and he would give the bark that he used to give sometimes just to tease her a little -- but she knew it was only a tease, so she didn't mind.

As Tiki ran around, they would whisper to each other: "Perhaps Topsy is here, only we just don't see her. Like a fairy, or a happy thought. You don't see those, either - not with these eyes, that is -- but they're real, just the same."

(To be continued - in a fairy rose-garden)

From The Director

CONVENTION

How many of our Group members will be able to attend the coming Theosophical Convention in Chicago, August 7-10, and the various Sessions at Olcott, the Headquarters in Wheaton? As yet I do not know whether or not I shall be able to attend, for I have an outside secretarial position besides my family duties. In any event I am anxious to know how many of our workers will attend so that arrangements may be made regarding our Booth, and gatherings between mothers.

MUSIC THERAPY

Recently our member, Evelyn Benham Bull of Pasadena, gave a most delightful talk at Krotona, illustrated by the following musical selections which she played for us on the piano. For several years Mrs. Bull has been holding classes in Music-Therapy at the Pasadena Junior College. She also offers her services in Los Angeles hospitals where the healing powers of music are accepted as aids, especially in nervous cases. The following sample list of selections are chosen from those that have brought about actual cures:

Introduction: Benediction of God in the Solitude (Liszt)
Folk Songs: The Fair Hills of Eire (Ireland), The Owllet (Mexico)

Case Examples: For Shock: Blue Bells of Scotland, Annie Laurie
For Mental Cases: Brahms Lullaby, O Sole Mio

For Fever: Beethoven: Moonlight Sonata - theme; There is a land mine eye hath seen (Crowninshield)

For Nerves: Exhaustion: Chorus from Alcestis (Gluck)
Waltz (Schubert)

Digestion: Dance (Grieg), To the Sea (MacDowell)

Therapy Workshop: On Wings of Song (Mendelssohn) for pain
Coronation Scene (Moussorgsky) for stimulation

MUSIC FOR THERAPY: Serenity: to strengthen the emotions
Let Heaven's Bells Ring; for vitalization

--M.L.L.

CONCERNING MEDITATION

Although we sent out information last summer concerning group meditation, of late we have had considerable renewed response on this subject. It might be well to follow up this interest with quotations from some of the letters we have received concerning MEDITATION:

"Your letter on daily meditation for the mothers is a very beautiful idea and thrilled me beyond compare. Since our members already use Mr. Leadbeater's perfect prayer, 'O Gracious Lord, I enter Thy Radiance and approach Thy Presence,' we'll just link up with the Group in contemplation of the World Mother.."

"Mostly all of our members have passed the half-century mark but we still love to read your lovely thoughts on the spiritual rearing of children. God bless you in your work. We have two younger members..."--M.C.

* * *

"I met an old friend the other day who is undergoing terrific trouble. I had been holding her in prayer and the change in her outlook was good to see. Although conditions are just as bad as ever, her attitude has changed, and I felt as though I could 'get through' to her ...It always makes me feel a little glow of joy when I see the Inner Life manifest itself through such conditions and in such situations. It seems to me so infinitely worthwhile to work in a group that can give a lift to those who are sad and depressed. And the important part is that we are trying to reach ALL MOTHERS in any and every occult organization for the ties thus formed are surely strong and far reaching."--Mrs. H.

* * * *

"I liked what you had to offer on the meditation angle for, as every young mother does, I have found my efforts somewhat trying....either it's so early that I fall asleep or it's too late in the morning and there are continual interruptions. That brings another thought to my mind...in training our Group members to use the meditation letter why not bring out the fact that even the little duties of every day can be acts of service and thus^a form of meditation?--J.H. (I just note that this sentence was quoted in last Digest, but it can bear repeating!MLL)

"I can never express my gratitude for your beautiful letter on 'Group Meditation' and for the prayer enclosed. I most joyfully join this great movement...feeling you have done a great, great thing in the Service. Far greater than the writing of books and the giving of lectures! Enclosed a tiny offering!"TH.

* * * *

"The meditation I know, of course, but your idea was lovely and I am already using it daily and it certainly raises the whole tone of the day's work. I have always thought of the first two paragraphs daily in the course of my jobs, along with other kindred thoughts, but I'm setting myself to sit down and read the whole prayer slowly. It is indeed 'World Mother' Work' you are doing."--E.P.

From Our Readers

FAMILY HEALING CIRCLE

"We have always had a family prayer circle each evening but since last October we have turned it into a Healing Circle. Each evening after the baby is tucked in and the other children are bathed we kneel in a circle (Daddy too when he can now joins us in bed) with a candle in the center. Each one of us holds a candle. The center candle is lighted when the service begins and represents the Christ Light. As each lights his candle from the center candle, the rest say, 'Light of Christ in him (her) send forth health to Daddy this night.' After all the candles are lit, we say together, 'Angel of God my Guardian Dear, To whom His Love commits us here; Ever this night be at our side to light and guard, to rule and guide.'" Then we recite the Lord's Prayer, the 23rd Psalm or the 'Prayer of Faith' together. As we blow out our candles, we say, 'Light of Christ in me, go forth to light the hearts and minds of those who know not their Christ Light this night.'"--M.H.

FROM A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER

"The prevalence of oversexed young folks is one of the reasons why Oriental religions sanctioned early marriage. I have a friend, a noted physician, whose mother married at the age of fifteen. This mother is a happy, healthy, middle-aged woman today with a grand family of eight sons and daughters, all college graduates, professional men and women and married with families of their own. My friend, the physician, is married to a physician and has a family of her own.

"I knew another couple who were both 17 on their wedding day. They, too, had a very happy married life and brought up a fine family of four sons and a daughter.

"There are many young men and women who can do nothing in life until the sex life is stabilized. After the experience of marriage and motherhood, they begin to develop intellectually and spiritually. Family life is their great incentive!"
-S.S.

(Note: Our correspondent "S.S." suggested several references:

WOMAN'S DAY - Jan. '48, "How to be a Girl" by Susan Bennett Holmes, "that discusses good manners and cooperation in the home. Also there is a review of a pamphlet published free by the Government. It is called "Guiding the Adolescent." A copy may be obtained by sending a request to WOMAN'S DAY, 19 West 44th Street, New York 18, N.Y. It is an 84 page booklet published by the U. S. Children's Bureau."

She also mentions "a splendid article by Dr. Sidonie M. Gruenberg, Director of the Child Study Association of America, called "You've Got to be More Than a Mother."...

From Abroad

We are now being flooded with letters from abroad, many of them in response to the packages continually being sent by our Relief Committee. Recent word from Dr. Lauppert, of Graz, Austria, mentions the fact that now 120 of his Lodge members have received food and clothing sent by us. The following quotations are taken from letters sent by Graz Theosophists, including one written by a little girl of nine, which I have had translated. She was the "Christmas Angel" at the children's party (for which our Group sent the food and toys) and distributed the "stockings" we sent for each child.

Among the letters are some frantic appeals from two sisters - displaced persons - who fled from Czechoslovakia and finally found refuge in Graz. They have been Theosophists for twenty years. One is a musician (piano teacher) the other a children's nurse and magnetic healer. These women are very eager to gain entry into America "to begin life anew", for they are living in constant fear of deportation back to the adopted country, of which they are citizens, and from which they fled from the Russians. They sent us their pictures and it was indeed with deepest sympathy that our Relief Committee had to write the discouraging news about the requirements involved in bringing such people into America. Pictures sent from our brothers and sisters who have suffered and are continually suffering show such spiritual beauty and depth of character that we know how their Souls are being purified through the physical suffering and mental anguish they are going through.

Since we urgently need money with which to carry on our Relief Work - in order that members in Graz may continue to receive their little share of the food we send - I shall quote a few paragraphs from representative letters; SO YOU WILL NOT FORGET our work:

"My little daughter has nearly eight years, but she is not 'little', she is tall. She goes the second year to school, is very lively and has great pleasure in arithmetic. From school at home the first way is to her dolls and in the evening before going to bed, all her dear babies must lie in their babybed and car.

"I myself have in the day much work, because I am bookkeeper in the office of my father, have to arrange my household and in the evening there are often discourses of the T.S. or I have to write and calculate for our T.S. publishing business, whose manager I am, or I sew and darn, because my little daughter grows up so quickly and I have lost so much on the end of the war by plunderers. Therefore I am so thankful to have got something from you, because one can buy nearly nothing." Then she goes on to request stockings for herself and "body-linen" for her child and "perhaps some pieces of linen to patch the bedclothes." Also some coffee for her mother "who suffers so much with her head." (Mrs. Mrs. O.S.)

One of our Group members, who has been sending CARE boxes herself to one of the Graz members, a father of six children, sent me one of his letters. His children attended the Christmas party, and no doubt they received some of the clothing we sent. His story, like the others, is very sad, but we hope that conditions have improved now that his wife, who had been in a sanitarium recovering from lung trouble, has returned home. After writing of his joy in receiving the CARE parcels he went on:

"I am a T.S. member since 1922 and am now Vice-President of the Styria Section of the Austrian T.S., and leader of the lodge, Paracelsus, at Graz, for healing work, in a universal sense, beginning with the bodily health including the economic and social problems. Since 1922 I am a vegetarian, also my whole family.

"I am an engineer of food research and am employed at I am interested in food research since 1922. In 1933 I was delivered from Germany because I would not become a Nazi. For six years I was unemployed. During the war I was working for food preparation control...Happy I can say I had not to become a soldier and passed well, after capitulation I begun instantly to establish the T.S. work at Graz in cooperation with my brother Dr. Lauppert. Our lodges improve very much. The number of members is now six times greater than in 1945. The world should realize the T.S. brotherhood is a reality.

"Austria suffers much because of the conflict between East and West. If the people would understand and have more confidence in each other, the burdens of life would be easier to bear. The best way seems to me, to aid people so they can help themselves and each other. For this purpose I have founded with some friends a community to bring people to cooperation."

--J.F.

GIFTS FROM EUROPE

Although Europe is short of food and clothing, members who have received boxes from us have been trying to show their gratitude by sending us gifts! Mr. Jean Schnell of Strassbourg, Alsace-Lorraine, has sent our Relief Committee, and to me personally, each Christmas, some lovely etchings of Strassbourg Cathedral. His son, to whom we sent layettes of baby clothes, sent me for Christmas, a most beautiful pair of embossed book covers. The juvenile writer in Novara, Italy, Pina Ballario, to whom I have been sending popular magazines, sent me sheet music (for which she wrote the words), Dr. Arundale's THEOSOPHY AS SERVICE translated into Italian by herself, and very recently she sent me a box of lady-finger cookies, daintily wrapped in cellophane. Numerous Italian periodicals have arrived, as well as original stories and poems for publication in our Digest. I have recently found a translator, so hope we may soon print these in English.

From our subscriber, Dr. Shri Ram, who was forced to migrate from Lahore to Delhi have come many beautiful picture cards of India and clippings from Indian magazines. One, on Mother Worship in India will be reviewed for the next issue.