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GENERAL ISSUE

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Editorial Page

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION

Submitted by Elina H. Whittick
(Devotional Committee.)
Glendale, Calif.

Each has his own individual place, his own individual beauty and loveliness, for we are all facets of His Being through which a radiance sparkles as the sun through a perfect diamond; and yet all these beautiful colors make one perfect gem.

So do we gather the beautiful aspects of His Being as they manifest through us individually; and through the purity of our thought, our love, our manifestation, we give them expression.

Through that radiance there comes healing - not only to our own individual world, but to the planet, so that our endeavors upon the Path are really more of the Great Self and less of the little one -- that we may become that perfect Ideal which we, each one, holds of the Self and become a greater channel for the expression of the Beloved, thus purifying ourselves and the world.

* * * * *

Never grieve over that which has been done. Rather transform it with your blessing - with your realization of the perfection which was made manifest.

Life is very wonderful if you will but walk the golden mean, holding fast to the beauty of His Consciousness, His Loving Presence which is ever attending you. Even disciples who seem to be so far on the Path are caught up in the form side and the fascination of psychism. Sometimes even occultism is so fascinating that they leave the Path - the Path He said was so straight and narrow, as is described in the "Great Way" of Laotse....the Golden Mean.

All along the Path you will find Elder Brothers waiting, ready to help, for that is part of their expression, just as you give forth of your knowledge, your power, your at-one-ment, your spirit with another.

You are never alone. There may be moments when you feel that you are, but Love holds you so completely, so dearly, that His Presence is eternally with you.

* * * * *

In the morning, Beloved, I accept this fresh new day which is Yours for Your manifestation through me, as fully as I possibly may manifest.

In the evening, Beloved, I give it back to You with thanks, with what seems so little - yet it was my best.

May Thy love transform that which I did not touch with the beauty of Thy Spirit.

Thus do you live in the eternal Now -
in That Life which is always Now -
in That Life - I Am.

Give thanks that you have just one day at a time
in which to manifest the Love,
the Will, the Wisdom and
Loveliness of the Beloved.

Editorial

THOUGHTS ON IMPERSONALITY AND LOVE

Carla Oakes, in her article in this issue, "The Sense of Belonging", has, I believe, placed her finger on the core of many of our problems with youth. Perhaps whole lives are being wrecked just from lack of sympathetic understanding and love in early childhood. Perhaps parents, ignorant or thoughtless, not understanding the child's heart or mind, may have said or done something that has done irreparable damage without intention. Children sometimes imagine strange things! Like the little girl who felt her mother did not love her, otherwise why would she go out to work each day leaving a maid to do the housework and care for her? All through the years the mother was not at all aware of the truth - the apparent cause of so many behavior problems. - until the child herself, grown to her late teens, made this confession.

Mrs. Oakes, also speaks of "impersonality". Some aspirants for the Path may strive too diligently for an impersonal love, but is not LOVE given as the FIRST QUALIFICATION (for the Path) in that little gem AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER? Then, too, a Great One has warned us not to be deluded into thinking that we are "too soon a thing apart from the mass."

While some devotees may dwell on impersonality, there may be others who crave love. The quickest way to develop love is to be "in love". One of my friends wrote the following inspired bit in meditation one day:

"Love all the World as a Lover loves his Beloved:
Let your Heart be close to the Hearts of Men.
The Hearts of Men are sad;
You must lift that Sadness.
Only as you love them can you love me:
The Peace I give unto you should be theirs....."
(From HE SAID written down by E.H.)

Those parents and teachers who do radiate love in their homes and schoolrooms must live in a veritable fountain of affection that continually wells up and overflows to their loved ones and out into the love-starved world. All children who are drawn within their auras must surely be blessed and greatly benefited.

Yet we know too many parents and teachers who do not feel love strongly enough, or who fear to show affection. Others may have dodged love or suppressed it for so many years that when an opportunity comes for marriage and children they may find it difficult to emerge from that shell of fear and impersonality.

Or there may come the time when a mother is hurt when she thinks her family no longer appreciate her! Her children now "know it all". Mother and father are relegated to the Middle Ages (or so they are made to feel.) The mother may be wounded when her growing son spurns her affection - even brushing aside, in embarrassment, the loving arms that would enfold him as in his childhood. A wise mother need never stop loving! In silence her love and prayers like angels' wings can protect and shield her grown youngsters as in their babyhood.

M. L. L.

On Impersonality

Impersonality is not the cold abstraction so many take it for, -- and acting on, numb the very faculties most needed for their inner and outer growth and work. No more fatal mistake could be made. They have sadly misread their LIGHT ON THE PATH and VOICE OF THE SILENCE. Utterly forgetful of self and all personal advancement, careless of results, we must be filled with an intense desire that good should be accomplished. From love of the home circle the advancing occultist broadens into love of the whole world; from a loathing of sin and evil in his own heart, he learns truly to loath it without, and to give his life to relieving others from its thralldom.

All loving, unselfish thought expended, returns as inspiration, inspiration to higher and better work, to a larger devotion, so that our "strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world." Oh! if we could only understand the need there is today for this forceful outgoing and outgiving in the world.

* * * * *

What mistaken ideas are held regarding the personality. If you could only take it to be all that in yourself you do not like, all that you feel to be unworthy, that you wish was not there, all that you know, deep in your heart, obscures and trammels you! That puts another aspect on it, does it not? I have spoken to you of impersonality before, that it is not the cold abstraction many take it for. No wonder, so feeling, they fear it and flee from it. Who would wish to deprive life of all warmth, all colour, all energy, all force! Occultism teaches no such thing. It is a hideous fancy. Occultism wishes, on the contrary, to give more, and sets so high a value on these things, that the whole force and power of them must be transformed to a higher and therefore more enduring plane. They must not be frittered away and lost in illusion and darkness. Let them be living things, not dead ones. We want men to work for us, not mummies!

We want the full strength and vigour of the nature -- the blaze of ardour -- not a feeble flicker. And we want this all carefully garnered, tended and controlled. Dangerous weapons these in unskilled hands, for they cut both ways. Therefore the hand must be skilled, and discipline and training alone will do that. But be vigorous, be strong, not passive! I get so tired of these humble, washed out disciples, who have not strength enough to stand on their own feet, and who simply shut their eyes ecstatically, and sit there! What will they ever accomplish? Nothing, until they are waked up and shaken out of that condition.

---From FRAGMENTS by Cave

The Sense of Belonging

By Carla E. Oakes
(Gardenville, N.Y.)

The other morning I read in our daily newspaper an article written by a famous psychiatrist stating that everyone had a need for love and most of the evils of today are a result of that lack of love.

Being a student of Theosophy I hear a lot of discussion about an impersonal life, also an impersonal love. I began to wonder who has the right solution to the problems of today.

After much thought and meditation it occurred to me that love in itself, or the impersonal life and love are not enough to fill the needs of the majority of the peoples of today. What is needed most is a sense of "belonging," a need for one another whether it be man or beast, man for man or man and earth.

Watch a small child at its play. He has a special doll, bear or stuffed animal, an imaginary reality. He cares for it, talks to it, watches over it with all the feeling a child possesses, and when he has been punished for misbehaving, or has hurt himself, he clings to his toy. He pours out his inner feelings because he knows that toy is something that is his, belongs to him, a thing that needs and understands him - something that will be there when he wants it, which waits in silence when he is gone, to welcome him when he returns.

Then study the picture of "The Barefoot Boy" walking down the road in torn jeans for a day of fishing. His fish pole slung over his shoulder. Trudging at his side is his dog. Studying the picture you sense a feeling of complete peace, a calmness that one rarely finds today -- just a boy and his dog.

There is so much "to do" about our younger generation -- about juvenile delinquency. Most of our children are bewildered. They do not know where to turn. With the old fashioned families fading out of existence, where are they to go? Gone are the days of many children and large kitchens with the black and nickel coal range, where "Pa" sat in the rocker, with "Ma" seated near the window sewing or reading. Maybe a dog or two, perhaps a cat sleeping peacefully nearby. The children gathered around the table doing various things, alone or together, creating a sense of belonging - not to an individual, animal or toy, but to a group, each having a need for one another; an intermingling of one with the other to make a whole.

Where is that sense of need or belonging today? Mother is either out or too busy. Dad is busy working or worrying about financial problems. That leaves the children left to themselves. They go along until they find that niche that satisfies the urge to belong or to be needed. Unfortunately at times they follow the path that leads to disaster. They are part of it, and whether the results are good or bad they do not care. Just to be wanted and needed is all they ask.

Notice the expression on the faces of some of our young boys and girls, especially in the eyes. There is the look of a love like a starved, whipped puppy seeking a haven to fulfill an inner need that can't be understood.

Growing children must have something that belongs to them, something that needs them to love, to cry over, to play with, laugh and run with. Something to touch, something real.

You say, "Well, when one loves it is the same." But is it? I don't think so.

Consider the many married people. They love each other but do they really need each other or belong to each other? Woman has no need for man. She can be financially independent. She has her own pleasures, her own car and her own friends. This is also true of man. He has his clubs, sports and "the boys" for an occasional evening of pleasure. Yet men and women love one another but seek blindly for that certain something that seems to be lacking.

Why do troubles, sickness, accidents or financial depression bring married people closer together? Because they have discovered a need for each other. They have found one who understands and needs them -- who'll stand by when the road is hard and long. Just a touch of the hand or a fleeting smile instills within them a new hope, faith and courage.

Their love has not changed, it is as it was before, only it is manifested in a different way. Gone are the days of material gifts and kindness, and in their stead is a sort of subtle cruelty, a complete emptiness. What are cars, homes, jewels, but a meaningless, outward expression of a material manifestation of love, but "a gift without the giver is bare."

Did you ever watch an older person work in a garden? How lovingly he cares for his blossoms! He takes such pains to get the earth in condition, protects the young shoots from sun, wind and rain. His face radiates a contentment, a Godliness no money can buy. His garden has need of him. It belongs to him. Then soon his flowers bloom and smile up at him, seeming to say, "Here we stand in beautiful array of color because of your loving care and tenderness."

Maybe, someday, when men of vision and ideals can bring about a universal realization of personal evolution, and we become evolved to the understanding that only the Father is real - when we can accept all things with an impersonal view - and finally find the peace of peace, the understanding beyond all understanding, and know that within our own selves is perfection -- then, we, too, shall say, "So it is."

Let us not be impersonal, then, just because it is suggested we should be (something that we perhaps do not yet understand, we being of the masses, not part of the chosen few), but let us make others feel they are needed, with a sense of "belonging", filling their needs, filling their ideal, and let us bring warmth into our love.

Cosmic Exercise

By Thea Hehr
(Santa Monica, Calif.)

Few of us have risen high enough on the Ladder to be free from attacks of worry, fear, and regret. The very air of the age in which we live seems tainted with alarm and gloom; and to this general miasma are added our individual problems. Some of us are working through the Karma of most jarring domestic environments; others are enslaved by weary, demanding routine. The wage-earner is shackled to the time-clock, the school desk, the office, or the factory. The housewife must go on her rounds, day after day, "In sickness, and in health," as the prophetic marriage service has it. Often nagging financial distress, remorse over past errors of judgment or action, and chronic illness add their weight of care, and many of us seem to live on islands of loneliness.

As occultists, we realize the need of harmonizing and controlling our lower vehicles; we realize that if they control us we shall be "earth-bound" while yet alive. But sometimes I wonder if too much is said about "controlling", and too little about "Harmonizing!" We earnestly desire to have healthful bodies, clear, untroubled minds, and serene emotional natures, not only for our own advantage, but because we realize that each of these vehicles is a channel of communication with our fellow-men. But the hours come when darkness seems to close down upon us; when nothing can relax the tensions which appear in physical symptoms neatly labelled "Psycho-somatic" by psychologists. We suffer from insomnia, migraine headaches, digestive troubles, or a dull, paralyzing fog of lethargy.

Geoffrey Hodson counsels "making friends of our vehicles" as we try to educate them. What an illuminating statement! How much better to inspire them to co-operate as happy children, than to beat them into the submission of surly slaves!

Why not experiment along the line of exercises in harmony--- exercises that are far more emotional and mental than physical? Perhaps we can gain wisdom from the dance-rituals of ancient religions, where the worshipper literally reached up, in gesture, toward the sun, the moon, and the stars of his veneration; and where he carressed the Earth-Mother with reverent tread. Exercises, in the old academic sense, were done mechanically, according to fixed directions. But these ritual-motions came spontaneously from the heart, and from the thought.

Let us imagine that you have wakened weary and joyless, after a night of broken rest. Disregard your physical sensations and emotional reactions entirely; also the dreary grinding of your mental wheel! Standing before open windows, breathe easily and deeply, from the diaphragm, neither forcing the intake, nor pressing the out-going breath. Now raise your arms above your head, extending them as high as possible, but without tension, the palms facing one another. Concentrate on a deep love and joy directed toward the rising symbol of the Solar Logos. Picture the sunlight as touching your finger-tips,

sweeping down your arms and through your body, passing out through the soles of your feet, as a constant current of golden light ---- Describe relaxed circles, first with one arm, then with the other, symbolizing the course of the sun; roll the head limply as if drawn by the same action. Touch the floor with the finger tips, carrying the light to sleeping seeds. Describe the sun-released growth of the plants, reaching up with arm-movements, the base of the palm leading. In conclusion repeat the first exercise of raised arms, and after feeling the light pass through your hands, extend arms horizontally, palms up, level with your shoulders, sending out infinite love and blessing to all humanity and to all life. Let your arms sink slowly to your sides, completely relaxed, and "see" the room filled with golden, healing Light. No music is needed for this revival of an ancient rite that is patterned after the Incas' worship; no physical strength or dexterity---only an outpouring of adoration to the Light. Do not think: "I shall make such, and such gestures". Let the Light itself suggest them. It is not even necessary actually to see this Light; the mental image of the sun will suffice. A few moments spent thus daily will yield a store of inner peace; a joyous, relaxed poise and power to meet the day's demands.

Traced to its Egyptian source, we may offer a similar "ritual dance" to the moon, in the aspect of Isis, the Mother of Compassion and Healing. These exercises are focussed on a release of tension, primarily, rather than a generation of force. Touch the fingertips to the heart, then "unroll" the arms toward the moon, picturing them as lotus-petals, allowing the moon to draw away from you all sadness and fatigue. Touch the brow, and repeat arm-motion, banishing anxious and worried thoughts. Extend arms above head, the hands joined at the base of the palms, and the fingers curved toward the center, as the lotus-bud. See the "lotus" unfold, as you open the palms, arms as before, and base of the palms joined. Watch the flower fill with silver light, together with clear blue and violet. Watch the blended light flow over you like a fountain. Dispense its healing to the world, with gentle waving motions of the arms. Send with it the blessing: "Peace! Peace! Peace!"

To some readers, these roughly sketched exercises may seem fantastic, and others may even regard them as presumptuous. But the answer is that they are never done in an effort to gain "powers"; only in a spirit of adoration, and of seeking and dispensing the Light. I can promise that if you follow them in this attitude you will gain the same liberating blessing as of ancient days in the temples of Persia, in Egypt, and before the holy altars of Guatemala. Will you not report on your experiences with them?

* * * * *

It is related in an Eastern tale which tells of the life of the Lord Buddha that 'as the day began to dawn, arising from his couch he would seat himself, and calling up before his mind the folk in the world, he would consider the aspirations which they, in previous births, had formed, and think over the means by which he could help them to attain thereto.'

--From THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS
By Irving S. Cooper

Our Blessed Lady

By Rev. J. B. McConkey
(Melbourne, Australia)

"This great and splendid Being needs many recruits for Her world-wide band of helpers -- many channels through which Her wonderful love and compassion can be outpoured upon the world." -- C.W.L.

In obedience to the call the Order of Servers of Our Lady has been slowly brought to birth to establish again the ancient worship of God, the Holy Spirit, through the intermediation of Our Blessed Lady -- to bring us into relation with the wonderful work and power of our Blessed Lady and Her hosts of angels who are working for the unfoldment of the divine in humanity -- in the lowliest as in the greatest of its children -- and to accord the privilege of co-operating in that glorious work.

What this will mean to all who love Her and whole-heartedly give themselves to Her service can alone be revealed by Her to the heart of each true Server according to individual power of response and receptivity -- for no words can describe the sweetness of the love and peace, or the power to accomplish which She breathes into the hearts of those who dedicate some part of their lives to Her service and in Her name help in the work She desires to do.

The nature of that work we gradually learn by loving, unselfish service, devotion, and purity of life. By these alone can we earn the privilege of closer association with Her and Her holy angels in Her work for humanity. Love and service alone open the way to Her heart, and as we give so shall we receive -- Such is the law.

Loving service in past lives has won for us the right of being called again to serve in this life.

To accept this privilege brings us nearer to the path of holiness which in our hearts we long to tread.

That path is not yet for the masses of humanity who are not awake to what is real and of value in life, but for those whose inner nature has been quickened, and who have chosen the royal road of love and service under Our Blessed Lady, the gate of that path will open as they lose themselves in Her service and become a power for good.

Temptations will come to shake us from our allegiance and the strongest will be in our own nature -- sometimes doubt and distrust -- sometimes indifference, indolence and carelessness -- and sometimes jealousy, anger and passion.

Let us cast out these things of darkness. Let not anything shake us from our sure foundation. Cling to our faith in Her as the limpet clings to the rock and through all clouds of darkness which may gather around and try to submerge us, continue to love and serve

Her, and when the clouds disperse, as disperse they will, we shall find that Her holy angels are always about us, and Her power encompassing us as a sure shield and protection, in all our difficulties. For ever remember that Her true server and devotee is an object of Her dearest love.

Give Her your sincere love, trust and confidence, and as you strive to make your lower nature pure with Her purity, your mind calm and tranquil with Her rest and peacefulness, then for you may come the vision splendid of Eternal youth and Divine Beauty, the radiant loveliness of Our Blessed Lady -- at once a priceless reward and an inspiration -- a light to lighten the way of your treading, the pathway of love and service to union with the Divine.

O thou white lily of heaven breathe in us the sweet fragrance of Thy love --

O pearl of spotless purity enfold us in Thy peace --

O holy One guide us to the Heart of flame and to new birth in Him.

From Mrs. E.K.

(Her first recorded experience of a clairvoyant nature - St. Vincent's Hospital, November, 1912)

Somewhere about November of 1912 I was a patient in St. Vincent's Hospital for an operation. One night, just a day or two before I went home, the ward was very restless and filled with moans from several serious surgical cases and the nurses were very busy, flitting from one bed to another, carrying small electric lights with them, on long flexes, when I saw a strange nun come through the doors of the ward. She was dressed differently from the other nuns usually in the ward, having a head covering like bonnet (rather like a Quaker bonnet), which joined an enveloping cape or cloak in a band that fastened round her throat. She was young and very sweet of face and radiated light all over her, from her face and hands and even her clothes. It was this light that made me realise that she was a spirit. Quietly she stood at the foot of each bed in turn until the patient settled down. From bed to bed she went till eventually everyone slept. She passed my bed, going on to the two last beds beyond mine and then returned to the foot of mine when the patients in them were asleep, allowing me to look closely at her.

As sleep came to me I took her lovely face with me in memory. I wondered and wondered whom she could be and next afternoon a kind little nun who often came to talk to me sat with me and I told her about our visitor and what she had done. The little visiting Sister asked me if I would know her from a picture and I said, "Yes." She went away and brought the pictures of three nuns, of which I immediately recognised one. I was then told that this was the picture of Saint Theresa, the Little Flower, the patron Saint of the ward in which I was a patient. I was a Protestant, Wesleyan Methodist and had no belief in Saints, and at that time knew very little of the Catholic faith, rather believing them to be misguided souls. Also, I was very young, only twenty years old. --From a letter to Mary Neff

Psychic Powers

Psychic powers are found to some extent among all classes of people, but until the man has developed to a stage where he is sure to use them wisely they are more of a danger than a blessing. In LIGHT ON THE PATH we read in this connection "Those who break Nature's laws lose their physical health; those who break the laws of the inner life lose their psychic health. Mediums become mad, suicides, miserable creatures devoid of moral sense; and often end as unbelievers, doubters of that which their own eyes have seen."

All occultists warn against developing these powers without at the same time developing the character; one has said that three steps should be taken in the building of character to one in developing psychic powers. For these powers can be developed without improving the morals by the man who has the will and patience to do it, and unless they are used only unselfishly and for the help of others the man becomes one of the Black Magicians.

Occult writings of all kinds constantly state that under each beautiful flower in the astral world lies coiled a serpent, the serpent of desire.

These powers may be obtained by the use of drugs, by self-hypnotism, or by being mesmerized, but these methods are only temporary; the permanent way is to develop the ego so that he may be able to control the lower vehicles. Mediums must loan etheric and sometimes physical matter to the entities who are working through them, and this interferes with the flow of the vital force, of which the etheric body is the conductor, so we see that continued sittings must in the end be very injurious.

Those who have written of these things have expressed them so much better than I can, that I want to quote again from LIGHT ON THE PATH: "Virtue and wisdom are sublime things: but if they create pride and a consciousness of separateness from the rest of humanity in the mind of a man, then they are only the snake of self, reappearing in a finer form. At any moment he may put on his grosser shape and sting us as fiercely as when he inspires the actions of a murderer who kills for gain or hatred, or a politician who sacrifices the mass for his own or his party's interests."

"In fact, to have lost the power to wound, implies that the snake is not only stupified but killed. When it is merely lulled to sleep it awakens again and the disciple uses his knowledge and his power for his own ends, and is a pupil of the many masters of the black art, for the road to destruction is very broad and easy, and the way can be found blindfold. That it is the way to destruction is evident, for when a man begins to live for self he narrows his horizon steadily till at last the fierce driving inwards leaves him but the space of a pin's head to dwell in. We have all seen this phenomenon occur in ordinary life. A man who becomes selfish isolates himself, grows less interesting and less agreeable to others. The sight is an awful one, and people shrink from a very selfish person at last as from a beast of prey. How much more awful is it when it occurs on the more advanced plane of life, with the added powers of and through the

greater sweep of successive incarnations."

"Therefore I say, pause and think well upon the threshold. For if the demand of the neophyte is made without the complete purification, it will not penetrate to the seclusion of the divine adept, but will evoke the terrible forces which attend upon the black side of our human nature." (Commentaries)

--Mr. Barber, in an old Krotona
talk on Psychic Powers

The Clocks of Moldavia

The king was bored and lounged upon his throne.
He yawned and looked upon his jeweled watch.
"Tis eight," quoth he, "and yet I hear no chime
From the cathedral calling men to prayers."
The vizier answered, "Please, your majesty,
My watch doth show it lacks a quarter-hour
Before the sexton summons thence the folk."
The king frowned darkly, but before he spoke
The bells and gongs of many clocks rang out,
Each following each in noisy, jangling queue,
And this continued for ten minutes more.

* * * *

The king sprang up and shouted angrily,
"Go summon here my courtiers great and small!"
The vizier rushed pell-mell with visage pale,
And soon the hall was filled with trembling lords.
Then spake the king with baleful eye, "Mein' Herrin!
Go out, forthwith, and set the clocks attune
Throughout the land. This is the proper hour:
See to it that all clocks stand true at six."
Three hundred watches turned in cold, damp hands,
Three hundred heads bowed meekly out the door.

* * * *

Now at the dawn the king lay deep in sleep
When suddenly a loud explosion rang.
His majesty rolled startled to the floor.
The queen's perfumes reeked, crushed upon the tiles.
Ancestral portraits crashed to swell the din.
Without, the maddened throngs cursed loud or prayed,
The steeple toppled in the public square,
While in the kitchen, puffy dough fell flat.
The bell was pulled; the wild-eyed vizier came.
"Speak, man! Was that rude shock the trump of doom?"
"Nay! 'Twas the clocks in unison at six!"

* * * *

And so, we see upon this earthly globe,
Too much perfection may be a sorry thing.
'Tis best to blend the gold of life with dross,
Nor seek to hump the backs of men with wings.

--By Elsie Rutledge
(Ojai, California)

Caring for the Aged

By Marie Forstey
(Buffalo, N.Y.)

A well known doctor in our city wrote an interesting article on how the old people should be taken care of. He pointed out why institutions and hospitals should welcome these people, whether they can or cannot pay for services rendered to them. Homes should be built in the country with cheerful surroundings. Each one of us should cooperate and help in this vital cause. Very few escape old age - it is something rich and poor alike have to face. We should not think of growing in fear but with calmness and assurance in facing our Maker. A good policy is to take up a hobby of some sort, or work that is not too tiring, yet keeps the mind alert.

When I interviewed this doctor regarding his article, I asked him what his ideas and plans were in doing something about all this. The following is what he suggested: Form an organization of young and old people. Have the forty to fifty-year-old group do the active work, and the fifty to sixty-five-year-old group be the advisers and counsellors. People from all walks of life should join and work together. Select a few good speakers to talk about old age, getting the public old-age minded,--church groups and other large organizations taking the lead and voicing their opinions to their Senators and Congressmen.

This is what James H. Robinson says, "Statisticians forecast for our country a population of a diminishing proportion of young and an increasing proportion of old, twenty years hence. They state that thirty-five percent of the total population will have reached the half century mark." These figures should give us something to think about. They definitely concern you and me.

The following article was condensed from an article BURIED ALIVE which appeared in one of last year's issues of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. (One of the "Woman's Club package programs", a public service.)

BURIED ALIVE

The author of this article traveled from coast to coast visiting these institutions that were taking care of old people. Such shocking conditions were revealed to her in these homes! Ignorance and brutality were displayed by those supposed to be "taking care" of the aged in America. These poor unfortunates were literally being buried alive. They were afraid to voice their own opinions. The author wrote: "Unlike some primitive tribes, we do not kill off our aged and infirm. We bury them alive in institutions." She also stated that conditions in many of these homes were too horrible to talk about. Each visit seemed to her like a recurrent nightmare. It will probably be a surprise to many of you to know that only 83,000 old people can be taken care of in these homes for the aged in this country. The majority of these institutions are in New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. Some have empty beds because the rules are such that the person has to be a resident of a certain town for a cer-

tain length of time before he is admitted. A home in New York City is using its porches for sleeping rooms. The dining room seats only 200 at a time, as there are some 600 inmates, they are fed in three shifts. Some of these "homes" only take in people who are not too much bother. Those who are sick or feeble, needing care, are just neglected or die alone.

In one public home in Los Angeles, the reporter found people healthy and contented because they received proper care. Single inmates had private rooms, and couples, double rooms which they were allowed to decorate as they pleased. Those well enough enjoyed concerts, movies, gardening and handicrafts.

Here is a report on one private "home" for the aged in Washington, D.C. where conditions were considered bad. This home is recommended by a physician. The fee is \$250.00 a month. The cook leaves at 5:00 p.m. so supper is served at 4:30 - the meal, on the day of the reporter's visit, only included cake and fruit. And there was not a single attendant of any kind on duty all night long.

Another home in New York where the fee was \$150.00, and conditions no better than in the one previously mentioned, yet had happy and cheerful old people? The reason why? A large room had been made up into units or sitting rooms. The women here were allowed to invite the men folks from the other section and have tea parties. The superintendent knows his 700 charges by name. They were served coffee at 10:00 A.M. "because they have breakfast so early," said the woman in charge.

In one nursing home visited, although it had some patients over 90, many of whom were ill, still was fairly humming with good cheer - with ambulatory and wheelchair patients having the run of the place. (something the reporter had not seen in any of the dreary places where silence is chronic).

The reporter concludes by saying that it is very important that private nursing homes be licensed, and that licenses be enforced, in order to prevent "the most flagrant abuses, unsanitary conditions and fire hazards. The article recommends that if the state does not license nursing homes, campaigning should be done to get these laws passed. State legislators should be informed of the evil practices in these institutions. Newspaper editors should help in the crusade. Twenty-eight states are listed as lacking laws for the infirm aged.

Those interested can investigate their own State's problems and needs by calling or writing their nearest or local Health Commissioner or head of the Welfare Department.

Hope In Theosophy

Noontide and burning desert sand,
And eager eyes 'neath shading hand.

Is it mirage, the vision dear
Of towering palm and water clear?

The traveler kneels with whispered prayer --
"God grant the Real at last be there!"

Maternity News

By Charlotte Aiken
(New Orleans, La.)

Recently I was asked why a baby, now two and a half months old, nursed on self-demand, gaining, cried and insisted on being held every night from 6:00 to 12:00, and in fact wanted to be held most of the time. With two other children, and no help, the mother was finding it quite a strain. It seemed wrong.

So I asked our head State Maternal-Child official, who has a degree of Master of Arts in Nursing from Columbia University. She is also a mid-wife, good in psychoanalysis... Her answer surprised me-- but I can see how right she is and how important her answer was. My husband thinks it is one of the most important things we have heard.

She asked me, "Was the baby separate from his mother for twelve hours after its birth?" and "Was he in a separate nursery in the hospital?" The answer was, as usual, "Yes."

"Birth trauma", she said. "I have seen it last for four months. Patience, and holding, and he will get over it if loved enough. It is the insecurity he suffered the first few days. It takes a while to recover from that. Tell the parents to hold him."

This might be told all puzzled young mothers, who wonder why a baby, not hungry, not in pain, cries for closeness.

Another mother with a baby this age, simply sat in the kitchen, holding him and loving him, keeping away from the bedroom with the baby so her husband could get some sleep. The baby stayed awake till 1:00 a.m. the first night. The next night he went to sleep ten minutes earlier. Each night the time was shorter. Finally he went to sleep contented, at a proper hour, and NEVER again objected to going to bed. A happier three-year-old, I never have seen than he is now.

* * * * *

In the San Francisco CHRONICLE for May 11, page 14, "Child-birth Drugs" a Stanford University pediatrician is quoted as saying that two cases out of three epileptics are caused by the mother's drugs during birth. Speed-up drugs are especially bad for the baby's brain. The article says much more but does not mention smoking, however, which other authorities believe depletes the oxygen in the mother's blood, and may affect the baby's brain adversely.

--Letters to Muriel Lewis

* * * * *

Problem Department

THE LOCAL MINISTERS

"I have had calls from three local ministers of late, representing the Mormon, Baptist and Methodist Churches, and two Mormon student missionaries -- all from our small community. The ministers seemed broadminded, the youths very sincere but not very well versed in religions other than their own. The Mormons remarked about similarities between their religion and Theosophy; the Baptist listened courteously, but had nothing to say; the Methodist, like a modern salesman, stuck his foot in the door and honestly asked "Just what is Theosophy?" (in answer to his query "Which church do you attend?" he soon learned I am a Theosophist) -- so I had to invite him in. In fact, it is my practice to make all visiting clergymen at home and they remark with awe at our large library, which brings out many questions of a philosophical and religious nature.

"Each churchman asked: 'What is Theosophy?' I believe I set the Methodist minister straight regarding Reincarnation, for he thought it meant 'transmigration' from humans into animals (and he said everybody he had ever heard speak of this belief thought the same way as he did.) Then, when I spoke of other Saviors besides the Christ, he said: "You certainly don't class Buddha among holy men, do you?" Then he went on to say that I was the first one he had contacted who presented Buddha in a satisfactory light, for he had always heard disparaging things spoken of Buddha. Then we spoke of Reincarnation in the Bible, and he wiggled his way out by various other quotations... He certainly was confident in his belief of Atonement of Sin by the crucifixion of Christ. That Christ died for his sins he was sure - and he couldn't quite see our angle of Karma, and each individual's 'atonement' thru evolution -- each of us suffering for his own misdeeds of the past.

"I said: 'How would you reply to any young people who had mystical experiences, dreams, that might be termed experiences of past lives?' Then I related tales told me by one of my son's friends, a member of the Baptist Church. All his life this youth had 'dreamed' of crossing on rope bridges in high mountains (Himalayas? or Andes?) Also of having seen himself and others he recognized in this life amidst the mud pyramids as found in Mexico. He could get no satisfactory answers from his own family, but came to me and was overjoyed to find in Theosophy answers to so many of his queries.

"The Methodist minister listened courteously, then replied to my question: 'How would you answer that youth's questions?' by simply saying, 'I don't know. I've never run on to anyone like that.' I told him that such experiences made people leave the churches in search of answers, and they would find satisfaction in occult movements. I suggested that he read up on such a philosophy as Theosophy, and I gave him a few references that would help him."

"I would like to hear what experiences other members have had with their local ministers? Numerous have been the Bible and religious booksellers who have called at my door, but never have I been confronted before with such intelligent preachers, who had nothing to SELL me in the way of Christianity, but were willing to listen to me."

--J.V.

Patience, of Old New England

A CHILDREN'S STORY

By Rona Morris Workman
(Dallas, Ore.)

A great rough stone fireplace stretched half across one end of a big log kitchen, but large as was the fireplace's yawning mouth, it seemed crowded with the pots and pans and kettles. Three women, as they cooked and stirred and tasted, were in such a flurry of white aprons and full skirts, that it seemed there must be at least half a dozen of them. Presently one of them, her white mob cap quite crooked in her excitement, hurried out, evidently to the baking oven in the yard, for she soon returned with steaming, fragrant loaves of bread which she laid upon the crude, split-log table, and covered them with a snowy cloth. Then she started stirring the contents of various pots and pans upon the hearth,

There was such a clatter of tongues that it was difficult to distinguish one word from another, but presently during a little lull, the one who was making the pies called:

"Patience, where art thou, child? Come put the pies in the bake oven for thy mother."

Only then did the little girl who had been sitting so quietly by the window take a more active share in the work. Little and slender she was, but her cheeks were rosy with health, and her big grey eyes were alight with the pleasure of this wonderful day. In her long full dress, with her little white kerchief pinned so primly across her bosom, and her white cap hiding her curly hair, she looked a very small edition of her mother. Soberly, she helped carry out the pies to the oven, then returned to her window, where she began playing with a little brown bird who hopped from the open door of a wicker cage and perched upon her hand. Such a tame little thing. First it would hop about in her lap, then on to the high back of the seat in which Patience was sitting; then it finally flew over to the top of an old oaken cupboard, which had surely crossed the sea in the good ship Mayflower. Here it fluttered and preened its feathers. Doubtless it would soon have returned to perch on the child's coaxing hand, had not the door been flung open suddenly to let in the bearer of a fresh supply of wood for the fireplace.

The sight of the open door proved too enticing and with a quick beat of wings the little brown bird sailed smoothly out into the doubtful freedom of the November woods.

With a quick cry of fear, and deaf to her mother's call, Patience darted after him, calling softly as she stumbled through the soft snow. Unheeding the sound of her voice, the bird fluttered on into the woods where the trail entered the forest. Here he alighted upon a tree.

Still calling gently, coaxingly, Patience crept softly nearer and reached up to grasp him, but with a teasing flirt of his tail, the bird flew on into the forest. Deeper and deeper into the woods he

led her. Each time that she would feel quite sure that she could catch him, always, he would fly a little farther. At last, sobbing and wringing her cold little hands, she crouched down upon a log and looked up at her tormentor.

"Oh, Bonnie," she cried softly, "how canst thee bear to tease me so?" But naughty little Bonnie only cocked his head on one side and gave a questioning Tweet?

Suddenly Patience ceased her sobbing and sat motionless with attention. From the other side of the log had come a low groan. Slowly she got to her feet and moving silently around the broken end of the log, looked down upon the swarthy form of a painted Indian. With a cry of terror she turned to flee, but his deep, guttural voice stopped her.

"Little white maiden need not fear the wounded Indian who lies at her feet."

The pain and weakness in his voice evidently reassured Patience, and her gentle heart would not let her leave him to die alone in the cold woods. Gently she stooped and lifted his head to an easier position, then taking off her little white kerchief she began trying to stop the blood flowing from an ugly arrow wound near his shoulder.

Busy with her efforts to bind up the wound and ease his pain, she did not observe the arrival of a party of warriors. A touch upon her shoulder caused her to look up into their painted faces. Silent with terror, she knelt there beside the wounded chief, looking up at that fierce and savage group of enemies, their bodies smeared with paint and their limbs clothed in feathers and robes of fur. Perhaps she remembered all the stories she had heard of bad Indians carrying white children away to their tribes.

Slowly and weakly, their wounded chief spoke a few guttural words in his own language, at which their fierce looks seemed to change. Two stooped and lifted him into a more comfortable position upon one of their robes, while the others stood quietly by. Finally, one of the older men turned to Patience, and in broken English, asked her why she had wandered so far alone into the woods.

Recalled to memory of her flyaway bird, she looked into the tree above her and finally spied Bonnie huddled upon an icy twig in the leafless maple. Slowly, with little sobs catching her breath, Patience told them how Bonnie had escaped, and had kept leading her on into the woods until now she was lost and cold.

A slight smile touched the chieftain's grim lips as he listened to her story, then pointing to a slender young Indian, he told him to capture the bird for the little white maiden.

Laying down his bow and taking off his quiver of arrows, the young brave stole to the tree where Bonnie was perched, but found the branch just too high for him to reach. He was forced to climb the tree and worm his way out along the limb. By this time the truant was so cold he did not care who caught him, or else he could not fly again, and he allowed his captor's fingers to close gently about him.

Oh, how glad Patience was to get her naughty bird safely in her hands again. Gently she slipped his numb little body into the front of her dress and cuddled him close against her.

By this time the others had made rude bandages for their chief's wounds and had helped him to his feet, where he stood leaning heavily upon two stalwart warriors.

"Take the little white maiden safely to her home," he commanded quietly. Then turning to Patience, "The wounded chief will not forget, that a little white squaw was kind to him."

Swiftly Patience stepped forward and laid her hand gently on his arm. "Wilt thee not come to my home with me?" she asked. "We are having a great feast today and we would be friends with thee and thy tribe. Come and eat with us and my mother will care for thy wounds. I fear thou art too weak to travel through these cold woods and I know my father will make thee welcome."

Breathlessly she waited his answer, for she knew it would mean so much to her little settlement to have this fierce tribe as friends instead of savage enemies.

After a long silence the chief spoke in a low tone to one of the elder braves, a man with a stern, though kindly, face. He answered briefly, then one after the other spoke gravely. When all had expressed themselves, the chief turned to Patience and said:

"We will come to thy home, little white maiden, and if thy father greets us as friends, then shall we gladly sit at thy feast and smoke the pipe of peace together."

Oh, how Patience's big grey eyes did shine as she moved through the forest with the little band of Indians. The chief was very weak, but by leaning heavily upon his two companions, he was able to move slowly toward the settlement.

Suddenly one of the foremost warriors lifted his hand for silence, as faintly to their ears came the voices of men calling, "Patience! Patience!"

"Oh," cried Patience, "it is my father and some of the other men." Clear and high through the cold air rang her joyous cry, "Father, here I am!" Then through the trees they could see the hurrying forms of several men, who at sight of the silent waiting Indians, paused. "Do not fear, my father," rang Patience's happy little voice, "They are friends and will feast with us today."

Somewhat reassured by her words, but still cautious, the men came slowly forward, but when the chief, by a mighty effort, straightened up and raised his arm high in the sign of friendship, they hurried to meet them, and Patience was clasped gently in her father's arms, while among the others the sign of peace was made. It was not very far back to the settlement, but Patience was carried in her father's strong arms with her little runaway bird clasped warmly in her hands.

What a scene of welcome awaited her. Her mother, with tears of happiness running down her cheeks, rocked and crooned to her, while

Natural celibacy cannot be hastened. It is the result of a long and patient directing of thought and emotion toward impersonal and divine ends. Then the pranic light flows upward through the spinal canal and radiates out about the head instead of flowing downward to the sex organs. This must not be hastened with impunity.

Both age and youth need care and understanding. Youth must cherish hope, and age must be given peace.

From Our Readers

...."I have been put on the Parent-Teacher Association board as Chairman of Radio programs. We will help clean up the stories for children that are detrimental. I'll do all I can on this project. We have gotten behind the objectionable comics in our city, and that is something. Organizations are beginning to wake up in doing something about all this..."M.F.(New York)

* * * * *

"Last Friday afternoon I had some young mothers in here at the house, and read to them from the Digest and pamphlets. They have small babies and older ones. They are T.S. members. I hope to interest them in forming a group here. I intend to ground them in the World Mother idea as best I can, and have them bring the new ideas of childbirth before their doctors..."D.A.(Canada)

* * * * *

"How do you do it!! Here comes the 'Mothers Digest' in perfect format full of good things - Inspiring! And yet your Staff and Publishers are scattered all over the U.S.A.! I have to salute you!

"I can scarcely wait for 'Lessons in Theosophy for Children' and the Devotional Committee's report. We have been amazed how little tots respond to the three innate ideas: God, Immortality, Freedom of Human Will. They must decide, each for himself if they want to be a good boy. God is good and will help them, if they ask for help."
--Mrs. L.W. (Texas)

* * * * *

Mrs. J.S. of Oklahoma sent in the following quotation via our Assistant Editor, Mrs. Arroyo: "Life in our home as I remember it frolicked or brooded around the kitchen stove. There the family gathered for food, for warmth, for entertainment, for reminiscence, for study and for solace. It was the meeting place and the capital of our little community; it was our council chamber, theatre, lecture hall and altar. We settled disputes there, acted out our comedies, wept dramatically, debated issues of the day and worshipped near it as if it were a sacred shrine."

Mrs. Arroyo's comment is: "Most of us can remember such an experience in our childhood and regret that we cannot give the same kind of memory to our children. Our kitchens are all too small, and there's no place in the house which quite replaces its function as this article mentions it. Our modern life is rather sterile in many ways. We mothers have to use our creative imagination to make up for this in as many ways as we possibly can...."

* * * * *

From a new member: "I am a professional artist and if you have an art course later on I will help all I can. I am also a writer and if I know what you most need for children, perhaps I can qualify.

Bonnie, safely in his cage again, tweeted happily in the warmth of the room. But in spite of their joy at her safe return, there was not much time for many caresses. The great dinner had long been waiting, and what a dinner it was -- great wooden platters piled high with snowy potatoes, golden mounds of squash, great loaves of bread, and all the pies and cakes and puddings and jams and jellies which these clever women had been able to make ready for that day. How they did enjoy this feast, and even the wounded chief proved himself able to do his share. But the part which pleased everyone most was when Patience brought a glowing coal from the fireplace to light the chief's long-stemmed pipe, brave in its decorations of wampum and painted feathers. Slowly, gravely, he puffed at it, then in silence handed it to Patience's father, who smoked a moment and passed it on to the huge Indian who sat beside him, and so the peace pipe made the circle, sealing the friendship between the whites of that little settlement and that great tribe of Indians, and in his cage in the window Bonnie fluffed his feathers and "tweeted" as if he were very proud of having brought all this about. (Courtesy of Rosicrucian Magazine, Oceanside)

Random Views

By Jane Swarthout
(Tulsa, Okla.)

TAKEN FROM CLARA CODD'S BOOK "CREATIVE POWER"

Marriage fails often to take on its inherent beautiful meaning due to the exaggerated factor of physical gratification. Over indulgence leads to physical break-down.

Creative forces of the universe playing through the oppositely polarized bodies of men and women can, through a happy and beautiful marital embrace lead to a mystical experience passing even more deeply into an interior consciousness so that each becomes for the other as a door to God. It often breaks down mental barriers and enlarges the whole outlook of the participants. The perfect and idealistic experience is extremely rare. Man by virtue of his power of memory and anticipation has enormously heightened out of all natural order the sex impulse in himself in contrast to the animals, who abide by their natural mating season. Its misuse has turned into a curse. It has changed periodical instinct into chronic sensuality which causes man's hereditary and constitutional diseases of a scrofulous nature.

One must develop completely the emotional nature. It is necessary for men and women to love, admire, appreciate, generously share, co-operate. These are the play of his creative life. If they are free and beautifully grown, the individual has the finest sublimation force in creation. If we teach our children to love truly and admire generously they will have little trouble with their sex natures in later years.

Fact-stuffing education which our schools specialize in often ruins the natural spontaneity of a child's brain forever.

Love in its highest sense is purified of egotism. The prevalence of divorce is really founded upon lack of character and training, too hasty marriage, and a pre-marriage diet of romantic absurdities.

From Abroad

FROM IRELAND

"Owing to the political situation in Ireland, North and South, and Eire being declared a Republic, The Theosophical Society in Ireland has been separated, or rather divided in two, Northern Ireland is now a Presidential Agency, linked to Adyar, and we in the South are now The Theosophical Society in Ireland, which means that we are now a very small group and shall have to work hard to form other Lodges and Centres.

"At present, there is only a small Lotus Circle for children up to ten years, in connection with the Dublin T.S. Lodges. A Sewing Circle has been active for the past eight or ten years; the members make garments for needy children here in Dublin. A number of the members are active in the Irish Housewives' Association, Vegetarian, Anti-Vivisection, and Animal Welfare Societies. For various reasons, progress along humanitarian and altruistic lines is slow, and altho' quite good work is being accomplished by religious organisations, I find the general tendency is most conservative in most districts...."
--A.L., Dublin

FROM ENGLAND

"It was a great pleasure to receive your letter and all the interesting information (a fine magazine) recording the work being done by the Mothers' Research Group. It does rejoice one's heart to know that such valuable work is being done and especially by members of our great Society. Mrs. Staggs has always been very kind in recognizing me as a Link in the Theosophical work for children, and no doubt has told you that my beloved husband, Herbert Whyte, started the T.S. Round Table Order....

"When we began our Order - forming it in a very humble way out of the Lotus Circle (which came from U.S.A. to England in 1894!) we had of course, the invaluable help and encouragement of those great leaders, C. W. Leadbeater and Annie Besant, and following after them help has never failed from our leaders, G. S. Arundale and Rukmini Devi and C. Jinarajadasa. So one knows that the work has the blessing of our three heads and founders of the T.S.

"Your Movement brings forward another Great Influence, i.e. that of Our Lady, (or by what other name It is called) and I feel that that should indeed help the earlier Movement if it can be brought amongst Round Tables.....

"I am now nearly 80! So not working actively in the Round Table, but of course I retain my great interest and I keep in touch with the two leaders of the Order in this country, whose names I enclose.

"I have already showed your magazine to a group yesterday at the L.C.C. and we enjoyed reading and discussing the excellent excerpts from C.W.L. printed in the magazine. My heartiest wishes that your good work may prosper and prove ever more valuable...."

--Ethel M. Whyte, Bournemouth, England

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