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# Editorial

## THE NEW WORLD AND THE WESTWARD MOVEMENT

### Beginnings of the New Race

In submitting articles that laud America we are not unduly nationalistic. During these days when the plea is for "one world" and universal brotherhood, we, too, add our voice to the cause of international goodwill. Since this is a Fourth of July issue, we Americans give homage to the founders of our country, of whom we can be very proud.

Those who have made researches concerning the races of mankind especially from the occult or hidden viewpoint have given us much food for thought. We may well ponder on the hidden forces that, for instance, directed

- 1) the discovery of America,
- 2) the coming of the Pilgrims and early pioneers to the New World, and
- 3) the Westward Movement in the United States.

We Theosophists have learned that God has a Plan, and that God's Plan is evolution. Without distracting in the least from the concept of the ONE LIFE and the INTER-DEPENDENCE OF ALL PEOPLES of the world, we can from time to time, study a segment of humanity - one country - one race.

We believe that all of the before-mentioned forces operated according to a Guiding Hand, perhaps the Manu (or Father of this Race) who wished to plant the seeds of a new race among the dying roots of an ancient race -- that of the American Indians, ancient colonists of the sunken Atlantis. \* From evidences disclosed from several sources it seems likely that the newcomers to the New World did have some knowledge of this Plan. It is suggested that members of Sir Francis Bacon's "secret society" moved over to America in order to carry out their ideals. Yet, perhaps even they did not realize that in so short a time there would develop a "melting pot" from which would emerge a branch race now recognized by science as different from the parent "tree" in Europe.

According to theosophical research, this American Race is even being sub-divided in California (also in Australia and New Zealand), and that the Manu will select the specimens He desires from the California "hot house" to be transplanted into Lower California where an advanced civilization will develop during the next thousand years. These people will inhabit a new continent slowly rising to the surface in the Pacific, off the Lower Californian coast. Even though this advanced civilization of the Sixth Root Race will not reach its zenith for many thousands of years hence, there had to be a beginning and we believe the early settlers in the New World were the pioneers who set the stage for this great drama of the future.

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\* See Double Issue July-Oct. 1948 on American Races.

The Westward Movement caused apparently by the discovery of gold in California, was in reality inspired by the Guides of the Race to create this new sub-race. The brave pioneers who, with their families settled the West may have had angelic escorts surrounding their covered wagon trains, or even agents of the Manu may have given them help and fired their zeal. We know from the private memoirs of H.P.B. that in 1854 Madame Blavatsky herself traveled by wagon trains to San Francisco where she remained some time while arranging passage to India. Dressed as a man (as was her custom when traveling alone), accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog which she led by a heavy gold chain, she spent much of her youth seeking out the hidden secrets - occultism - she knew must be found for those brave enough to seek them. Sometimes she traveled with Russian noblewomen friends, at other times with male chelas all seeking <sup>answers to</sup> the mystery of life. From one end of the earth went the young Helena Blavatsky to the other - whether by camel caravan in the great Gobi Desert or by wagon train going West. Some may think she craved adventure, I am more inclined to believe, she was merely on secret missions for her Master - and one was to California during the Gold Rush.

The following articles are submitted with the hope that our readers may sense the Guiding Hand that helped the early Colonists. This Hand may be still guiding our present day Americans who are struggling forward unconsciously as agents of the Plan.

Muriel Lewis  
Editor

## Queen Isabella

Every department of the early history of the American Continent must be more or less intimately and directly connected with Isabella of Castile, Queen of Spain, without whose timely assistance the New World would not have been so soon discovered.

In 1484 Christopher Columbus appeared at the Royal Court of Spain, where he presented to the sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, his theories concerning a westward route to the Indies.....He was courteously received, and after frequent and protracted delays his proposals were submitted to a 'council of learned men,' for their opinion concerning Columbus and his enterprising adventure...After mature deliberation, they pronounced the whole scheme as one which was "vain, impractical, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the government." A small minority of this council considered the matter more favorably, among them Father Perez, a former confessor of Isabella.

The Queen was favorably impressed with Columbus, and she had great faith in Father Perez and his associates....She received no cooperation from King Ferdinand, who refused any monetary assistance to what he considered "the chimerical conceit of a deluded enthusiast." So Columbus left Madrid discouraged, bent on seeking help from France. But Father Perez, who had made another appeal to Isabella, found her so enthusiastic and filled with religious zeal that she became determined to aid Columbus, and couriers were sent to overtake him and bring him back to Spain.

"Isabella was of medium size, well-formed, with a fair complexion, auburn hair and clear blue eyes. There was a mingled gravity and dignity in her bearing, and her sweetness of countenance and singular modesty graced a great firmness of purpose and a deep earnestness of spirit. She was a beautiful combination of resolute and active qualities, usually considered masculine, purified and ennobled by the enthusiasm and kindly charity of woman. She determined that she would give to Columbus the royal recognition and furnish him the pecuniary assistance that would enable him to undertake his cherished voyage of discovery; and her celebrated final answer to her associate sovereign and husband -- and to his learned counselors -- who opposed her bitterly in this decision which she made 'for the glory and benefit of Spain and the Church,' is a clear indication and a good illustration of her character. Standing before them in resolute dignity, her eyes and gesture announcing a not-to-be-changed determination, she said, "I will assume the undertaking -- for my own crown of Castile; and I am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expense of it-- if the funds in the treasury shall appear inadequate."

--From OUR FLAG by Robert Allen Campbell

## Quest of the Golden Fleece

From a Talk by Elina Whittick

Thousands of years before the beginning of the Christian era, enlightened thinkers discovered the will of God as expressed thru Nature in the affairs of men. They made known their discoveries in terms of religions, philosophies, sciences, arts and political systems.....

World democracy was the secret dream of the great classical philosophers. Toward the accomplishment of this greatest of all human ends they outlined programs of education, religion, and social conduct directed to the ultimate achievement of a practical and universal brotherhood.

To accomplish their purposes more effectively, these ancient scholars bound themselves with certain mystic ties into a broad confraternity in Egypt, Greece, India, and China, the State Mysteries came into existence. Orders of initiated priest-philosophers were formed as a sovereign body to instruct, advise and direct the rulers of the States.

Thousands of years before Columbus, these mystical orders in Egypt were aware of the existence of our Western hemisphere and selected it to be the site of the philosophic empire. Just when this was done it is impossible now to say, but certainly the decision was reached prior to the time of Plato, for a thinly veiled statement of this resolution is the substance of his treatise on the Atlantic Islands, in which he stated the conviction that the human being was not created merely to engage in barter and exchange, but rather to perfect himself as the noblest of the animals, endowed with reason and

and the natural ruler of the material world. (From the CRITIAS a story of how man departed from the perfect pattern of his conduct: denying the very truths which were the foundations of his strength. The destruction of Atlantis can be interpreted politically as the breaking up of the ideal pattern of government. The old Atlantis is gone, but the philosophic empire will come again, as a democracy of wise men.) Two thousand years later Lord Bacon re-stated this vision in his NEW ATLANTIS. So brilliant was this plan of the ancients, and so well administered that it has survived to our time.

From Plutarch's description of voyages can be calculated that our great continent in the western hemisphere was visited by the ancient Greeks - they not only reached our shores, but explored part of the Great Lakes area.

Under a thin veil of symbolism they perpetuated in mythology their knowledge of our fair land which they called blessed - set aside by the gods to be the earthly paradise. Here in the fullness of time, all men would come in search of the Golden Fleece - and the early explorers did travel to the west in search of a Golden Fleece - the gold of the Incas and the treasure of the Aztecs.

In an old book in the British Museum was found an even more important key to the meaning of the Golden Fleece. It was known to the Greeks that the Golden Fleece was in reality a parchment on which was written the secret of human immortality. It was this parchment that Jason sought, for whoever discovered it would gain the secret of enduring empire and power over the whole world.

We have now in America, enshrined in the Congressional Library, a Golden Fleece - the American Declaration of Independence - written on the skin of the animal and preserved as the magic formula of human hope. Those who understand it and can use wisely the import of its writings are possessed of the secret of the immortality of human society.

There exists in the world today and has existed for thousands of years, a body of enlightened humans united in what might be termed an Order of the Quest. It is composed of those whose intellectual and spiritual perceptions have revealed to them that civilization has a Secret Destiny - Secret because this high purpose is not realized by the many. The great masses of people still live without any knowledge whatsoever that they are a part of a Universal Motion in time and space --

Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Buddha, Jesus and Mohammed are among the greatest names recorded in history; but it is not customary to regard the men who bore these names as statesmen or sociologists. They are thought of as philosophers, sages, seers, and mystics, whose doctrines have no application to the political needs of an industrial civilization. Yet it is men like Plato and Buddha who still exercise the most powerful force in mortal affairs toward the perpetuation and preservation of a civilized state among all nations.

When Plato dreamed of his wise man's world he set aside the chief place in it to be the temple of the Ever Living God. To this shrine the learned would come again, to bind themselves with the great oath that they should dwell at peace, each with the other, and serve all men, justly and without favor.

This oath is the beginning of learning and the end of strife. The international nation - the dream of the future which has been inspired by the terror of modern warfare would have its natural beginnings in a union of superior intellects. Art knows no race; music is a common denominator - biology and physics are served by explorers into the furthestmost and innermost secrets of nature.

And in recent years we have made another discovery. It is that the race of democracy is one distributed throughout the whole world. When we recognize that the poet, the scholar, the savant are indeed a race inhabiting the suburbs of a superior world - we can know we honor ourselves most by honoring them.

Wise men, the ancients believed, were a separate race, and to be born into this race it was necessary to develop the mind to a state of enlightened intelligence. Physical birth is according to the laws of generation; but there is a second birth wherein man is born by enlightened intelligence out of nation and out of race into an international nation and an international race. It is this larger and coming race that will some day inherit the earth. But unless a man be born again by enlightenment, he shall not be a part of the philosophic empire. A future greatness is right now casting its long shadow across the face of Nature. With each passing generation the responsibilities of the American people will increase. More and more we shall be looked to as a source of courage, strength, and hope.

And it will be in this way that we shall fulfill the destiny for which our nation was created by dreamers of long ago. From the Blessed Isles of the West must come the fulfillment of the promise of the ages.

--Source: THE SECRET DESTINY OF AMERICA  
By Manly P. Hall

\* \* \* \* \*

"In browsing about among old records I have run across a dim figure involved in the life of Columbus, a strange man who seems to have served the explorer in the capacity of counselor. Nothing very tangible has as yet come to light, but it is hinted that this mysterious person accompanied Columbus on his first voyage. He was not included in the list of the mariners. He did not return, but remained in the West Indies; beyond this, no further mention is made of him.

"This mysterious stranger is reminiscent of the black-robed man who guided the destiny of Mohammed. Were these obscure figures ambassadors of the secret government? - Columbus being one of the agents through which the society of unknown philosophers accomplished its purposes?"--M.P.H.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages in books, and the like, we save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time."--Bacon  
(Closing of the rare book, OUR FLAG)

# The Colonial Flag

## THE PROFESSOR

In the fall of 1775, the Colonial Congress, then in session at Philadelphia, appointed Messrs. Franklin, Lynch and Harrison as a committee to consider and recommend a design for a Colonial Flag. General Washington was then in camp at Cambridge, Massachusetts; and the committee went there to consult with him concerning the work in hand...

It was arranged that during their stay in Cambridge, the committeemen were to be entertained by one of the patriotic and well-to-do citizens of the place. One of the guests in this home was "a very peculiar old gentleman who was a temporary sojourner with the family." Little seems to have been known concerning this old gentleman; and in the materials from which this account is compiled his name is not even once mentioned, for he is uniformly spoken of or referred to as "the Professor". He was evidently far beyond his three score and ten years; and he often referred to historical events of more than a century previous just as if he had been a living witness of their occurrence; still he was erect, vigorous and active - hale, hearty, and clear-minded - as strong and energetic every way as in the mature prime of his life. He was tall, of fine figure, perfectly easy, and very dignified in his manners; being at once courteous, gracious and commanding. He was, for those times and considering the customs of the Colonists, very peculiar in his method of living; for he ate no flesh, fowl or fish; he never used as food any "green thing," any roots or anything unripe; and he drank no liquor, wine or ale; but confined his diet to cereals and their products, fruits that were ripened on the stem in the sun, nuts, mild tea and the sweets of honey, sugar or molasses. He was well educated, highly cultivated, of extensive as well as varied information, and very studious. He spent considerable of his time in the patient and persistent conning of a number of very rare old books and ancient manuscripts which he seemed to be deciphering, translating or rewriting. These books and manuscripts, together with his own writings, he never showed to any one; and he did not even mention them in his conversations with the family, except in the most casual way; and he always locked them up carefully in a large, old fashioned, cubically shaped, iron bound, heavy, oaken chest, whenever he left his room, even for his meals. He took long and frequent walks alone, sat on the brows of the neighboring hills, or mused in the midst of the green and flower-gemmed meadows. He was fairly liberal - but in no way lavish - in spending his money, with which he was well supplied. He was a quiet, though a very genial and very interesting, member of the family; and he was seemingly at home upon any and every topic coming up in conversation. He was, in short, one whom everyone would notice and respect, whom few would feel well acquainted with, and whom no one would presume to question concerning himself - as to whence he came, why he tarried, or whither he journeyed.....

The committeemen arrived at Cambridge on the morning of December 13th and their host invited the General of the Army to dine with them the same day at his home. When they met for dinner the party consisted of Washington, the three committeemen, the Professor, the host and the hostess.....During the course of the dinner the conversation soon drifted upon the all-important topic of the day - the rela-

tion of the Colonies to each other and to the Mother Country, together with the related question of one's duty to the Colony, as related to his allegiance to Great Britain; and naturally, to the work of the Committee - the design for a new Colonial Flag.\*

In the discussion of all these topics the Professor took a noticeable, though not at all an obtrusive, part, proving himself possessed of a wonderful fund of varied and accurate information concerning the Colonies, an understanding of their progress, condition and needs, and a familiarity with the principles and operations of British and European statesmanship that was as interesting and instructive to the others as his earnest patriotism and his assuring confidence in Colonial success was arousing and encouraging.

### THE HOSTESS

The hostess was a very intelligent woman, and an earnest supporter of all those who demanded justice for the Colonies, and who were striving to secure what they demanded; and she took a minor, though an interested, part in the conversation during the dinner, especially in relation to the design of a new flag. She was evidently one of the professor's earnest and intelligent disciples.

As the party were about rising from the table, there was a brief and undertone consultation between General Washington and the committeemen, upon some suggestion to which there seemed to be a ready, a hearty and an unanimous assent.

Doctor Franklin then arose, saying, substantially: "As the chairman of this committee, speaking for my associates, with their consent, and with the approval of General Washington, I respectfully invite the Professor to meet with the Committee as one of its members; and we, each one, personally and urgently, request him to accept the responsibility, and to give us, and the American Colonies, the benefit of his presence and his counsel. It has already been arranged that General Washington and our worthy host will also meet with us as honorary members."

The Professor arose, seemingly taller, more erect and more graciously dignified than even his usual wont, saying, in substance:

"I appreciate the compliment bestowed and the honor offered. I humbly accept the invitation, and I cheerfully assume the responsibility of all I may say and do as a co-worker with you. Since, by your unanimous invitation and my unqualified acceptance, I have become a member of your committee, so that I can in all propriety say 'our committee', I will proceed at once to offer my first suggestion.

"Gentlemen and Comrades, this is a most important occasion. Upon what we do at this time, and at the regular sessions of this committee that will follow this informal and unofficial meeting, there may depend much of the immediate welfare of the people of the Colonies which we represent.

\* "That part of this sketch which treats of the proceedings of the Congressional Comm. in relation to the Colonial Flag...immediately preceding its adoption by Congress, has not heretofore been published... but "they furnish the REAL REASONS"(capts. Ed.) for color and design based on"esoteric interpretation and mystic meaning"--R.A.Campbell

## THE LADY MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE COLONIAL FLAG

"We are now six - an even number, and not a propitious one for such an enterprise as we have now in hand. We can not spare any one already a member of the committee - even though in so doing we should improve the conditions in one respect, by making our number five; but we must needs increase our number, so we will be seven. This increase of our numbers should be by the introduction of an element that is usually objected to - or even worse than objected to, ignored - in all national and political affairs. I refer to woman - the purifying and intuitional element of humanity.

"Let us, therefore, invite our hostess - because she is our hostess, because she is a woman, and above all, because she is a superior woman - to become one of us; and mayhap she will prove a most important factor in solving the important question which we are to consider; for more depends on our work here and now than appears on the surface, to the multitude; and for her patriotism, her intelligence, her fidelity and her discretion, you may, one and all, hold me personally and entirely responsible - that is, if any one of you suppose that any man's indorsement, in any way, adds to an earnest and good woman's responsibility."

The Professor's first suggestion, as a member of the committee, was certainly a wonderful innovation, considering the times and the circumstances; but it was immediately and unanimously adopted. The hostess was formally invited to become a member of the committee, and she promptly accepted. She took a somewhat active part in the work of the committee; for she acted as its secretary; and upon her notes made at the time, and upon her subsequent correspondence, this narrative of the committee's operations is mainly based.

The informal session of the committee at the dinner-table adjourned with the understanding that the same seven would meet the same evening, in the same house, in the "guest chamber" - usually occupied by the Professor - there to resume their consideration of a design for a new Colonial Flag..... (OUR FLAG, by R.A.Campbell, p.34)

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Design

The mysterious Professor prophesied that the Colonies would soon break with Britain. Pending such changes which he believed to be inevitable, he suggested a design for a Colonial flag that would need no radical change when the break would come. He suggested that the Colonists borrow from the well-known flag of the East India Company that had a field of alternate longitudinal red and white stripes but had the Cross of St. George for a Union. The Professor explained that by using a similar Union to one already familiar to both the British and Colonial masses, loyalty to Britain would not be doubted -- yet the white stripes would signify that the Colonists' demands were just; the red stripes were to declare their determination, enthusiasm and the power to use force if necessary.

There is no full report of what he said, but an outline of his talk has been preserved and printed in the little book OUR FLAG. His words began with an astrological forecast of the immediate future facing the Colonies. And his design for the flag was based on symbol-ogy - very detailed and interesting - and so well presented that his remarks made a most profound impression. The design which he submitted was, in every particular, satisfactory to every one present. It was enthusiastically endorsed. It was formally and unanimously adopted; and shortly before midnight the Committee adjourned. The 13th of December, 1775, therefore, witnessed the presentation, consideration and approval of the only official flag of the Cooperating American Colonies.... There is no record of any congressional action upon the report of this committee; nor any record of any report made by the committee. This design was, however, adopted by General Washington as the general flag and recognized standard of the Colonial Army and Navy.

#### BETSY ROSS

"There is a very plausible claim that a flag of thirteen alternate red and white stripes with a blue union containing thirteen white stars, was made by Mrs. John Ross, of Philadelphia, in June, 1776. This flag is said to have been made from a design drawn by General Washington with some important changes suggested by Mrs. Ross. The probability is that there is a mistake of a year in this matter; and that Mrs. Ross made her flag in 1777". (OUR FLAG p. 59)

#### MORE REGARDING THE LADY MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE

"The following memoranda is, in the handwriting of the lady who made the notes of the Franklin Committee meeting in Cambridge, and in the same hand bears this endorsement:

"By direction of Dr. Franklin, now in Paris, I made this copy of the Professor's memoranda; and today I delivered the original of the same, and also a sealed letter (marked 'private' and tied up with it), into the hands of General Washington. May 13, 1777."

"The following scrap in the same handwriting, and evidently from a letter - but showing neither date, address nor signature - is full of suggestion:

"You know how much interest I have taken in the new flag. It seems that there has been considerable attention given to the matter, in a quiet way, by some of our prominent men; and that the Professor's design is almost universally pleasing to them. Last Friday afternoon I was invited to be present at a little gathering where the subject would be considered; and you may be sure I was greatly surprised and not a little confused, to find myself the only woman there, while there was of men a round dozen. They read the Professor's memoranda, and discussed the design. That is they one and all approved it. I explained to them how I came to be the custodian of the paper, and why they had not been sooner delivered to General Washington. The matter is finally settled, however, for the very next day the Congress here adopted the Stars and Stripes as the flag of the thirteen colonies. And now that the matter is brought to such a satisfactory issue, you cannot, I am sure, at all imagine how pleased I am with the result, and how proud I am with the...part I have had in its consummation." " (OUR FLAG p. 61) \*Evidently referring to a meeting held Friday, June 13, 1777, day before Congress adopted flag)

# The Unknown Speaker

IT IS THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776

The following speech that apparently decided the fate of America at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence is not known to more than one in a million. It was taken from a rare book - a collection of addresses that may have antedated those on the Congressional Record. This book was in the possession of Judge A. A. Purman, one of the American pupils of H. P. Blavatsky, and before his death a resident of Hollywood. Through the courtesy of Judge Purman the following article was submitted to the MESSENGER (now AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST) and printed in the February, 1918 issue.

In the old State House in the city of Philadelphia are gathered half a hundred men to strike from their limbs the shackles of despotism. There is silence in the hall. Every face is turned towards the door where the committee of three who have been out all night penning a parchment, are soon to enter. The door opens and the committee appears. That tall man with the sharp features, the bold brow, and the sand hued hair, holding the parchment in his hand, is a Virginia farmer, Thomas Jefferson. That stout built man with stern look and flashing eye, is a Boston man, one John Adams. And that calm faced man, his hair dropping in thick curls to his shoulders, that is the Philadelphia printer, Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table. The parchment is laid there. Shall it be signed or not? A fierce debate ensues. Jefferson speaks a few bold words. Adams pours out his whole soul. The deep toned voice of Lee is heard, swelling in syllables of thunder-like music. But still there is doubt, and one pale faced man whispers something about axes, scaffolds, and the gibbet. "Gibbet?" echoes a fierce bold voice through the hall. "Gibbet! They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land: they may turn every rock into a scaffold: every tree into a gallows: every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment can never die. They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe a new champion of freedom will spring into birth. The British king may blot out the stars of God from the sky but he cannot blot out His words written on that parchment there. The works of God may perish: His words never.

"The words of this Declaration will live in the world long after our bones are dust. To the mechanic in his workshop they will speak hope; to the slave in the mines, freedom: but to the coward kings, these words will speak in tones of warning they cannot choose but hear. They will be terrible as the flaming syllables on Belshazar's walls! They will speak in language startling as the trump of the Arch-angel saying: 'You have trampled on mankind long enough! At last the voice of human woe has pierced the ear of God and called His judgment down! You have waded to the thrones through rivers of blood: you have tramped on the necks of millions of fellow beings. Now kings, now purple hangman, for you come the days of axes and gibbets and scaffolds!'

"Such is the message of that declaration to mankind, to the kings of the earth. And shall we falter now? And shall we start back appalled when our feet touch the very threshold of freedom?

"Sign that parchment! Sign, if the next moment the gibbet's rope is about your neck! Sign, if the next minute this hall rings with the clash of falling axes! Sign by all your hopes in life or death, as men, as husbands, as fathers, brothers, sign your names to the parchment, or be accursed forever. Sign, and not only for yourselves, but for all ages, for that parchment will be the textbook of freedom, the Bible of the rights of men forever. Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise! It is truth, your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. Look at this strange band of exiles and outcasts, suddenly transformed into a people, a handful of men, weak in arms, but mighty in godlike faith; nay, look at your recent achievements, your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to be free.

"It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb to the skies, and to pierce the Councils of the Mighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne.

"Methinks I see the Recording Angel come trembling up to that throne and speak his dread message. 'Father, the old world is baptized in blood. Father, look with one glance of Thine eternal eye and behold evermore that terrible sight, man trodden beneath the oppressor's feet, nations lost in blood, murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of the victims, and not a single voice of hope to man!'

"He stands there, the Angel, trembling with the record of human guilt. But hark! The voice of God speaks from out the awful cloud: 'Let there be light again! Tell my people, the poor and oppressed, to go out from the old world, from oppression and blood and build my altar in the new.'

"As I live, my friends, I believe that to be His voice! Yes, were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still, with the last impulse of that soul, with the last wave of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth - God has given America to be free!

"Yes, as I sank into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last faint whisper I would beg to sign that parchment for the sake of those millions whose very breath is now hushed in intense expectation as they look up to you for the awful words, 'You are free!'

The unknown speaker fell exhausted in his seat but the work was done. A wild murmur runs through the hall. "Sign." There is no doubt now. Look how they rush forward! Stout hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name before the pen is grasped by another, another, another. Look how the names blaze on the parchment! Adams and Lee, Jefferson and Carroll, Franklin and Sherman!

And now the parchment is signed. Now, old man in the steeple, now, bare your arm and let the bell speak! Hark to the music of that bell! Is there not a poetry to that sound, a poetry more sub-

line than that of Shakespeare and Milton?

Is there not a music in that sound that reminds you of those sublime tones which broke from angel lips as the news of the birth of the child Jesus rang out on the hill tops of Bethlehem? For the tones of that bell now come pealing, pealing, pealing:

INDEPENDENCE NOW AND INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

*Mrs Ripley*

COACH OF HARVARD STUDENTS - AND PROFESSORS

WHO INFLUENCED EMERSON

"It is interesting - and it is something very few people know anything about, that there was a force in feminine guise that worked behind the scenes during the beginning of the Emerson renaissance of culture in New England, a genial lady (believe it or not) named Mrs. Ripley. She was a very remarkable woman, extraordinary, considering the community in which she lived. At a time when scholarship for women was extremely limited, where tradition and precedent all pointed out that domesticity was woman's world, Mrs. Ripley succeeded in fulfilling all the requirements of wife, housewife, mother, grandmother, and at the same time developed a scholarship extraordinary in her day. Mrs. Ripley had very little formal education; she was not the product of any great educational institution; yet when the scholars and students of Harvard got into difficulties they went to Mrs. Ripley, who was famous as a coach of Harvard students; and little less famous but no less industrious as a coach for Harvard professors. Mrs. Ripley read and wrote French, Italian and Spanish fluently. She lamented the fact, incidentally, that there being no one to talk with her, her pronunciation was not good.

"In her spare time Mrs. Ripley developed an extraordinary genius in chemistry, physics and biology. Almost equally as good were her researches along lines of spherical trigonometry and calculus. In other spare times she majored in astronomy, and during this period left a number of fine recipes for pies and bread. She left too, a great deal of advice on the proper rearing of large families, in which she was expert, and combined in one rather extraordinary personality an extremely wide diversity of abilities that almost rival the traditional capacity of Leonardo da Vinci. It is from the almost inexhaustible fountain of her learning that a great many of her group, including Emerson, gained their inspiration and a large part of their world perspective. With an indefatigable love of learning she became the centre from which radiated a considerable aura of fine thinking over the communities of New England, and she is therefore a part of the mysterious background which produced personalities and minds such as Emerson's."

--From THE THEOSOPHIST (Adyar, Nov. 1943)  
Taken from an article by Manly P. Hall of  
Los Angeles in HORIZON for Oct. 1941.

# From Rukmini Devi

Excerpts from an informal talk at Chicago in  
the Summer of 1948  
ON WOMANHOOD

Now there is a power of which woman, as a whole, is unconscious. It is that power, which is the most powerful thing of all. And it has a very great bearing upon the world. You can translate feminine quality, for example, as compassion and tenderness.

When you think of woman, always think of the word "mother", because, essentially, a woman is a mother. It is the mother-spirit which is the keynote of woman, whether she is actually a mother or not one. That is the greatest thing, the greatest power, of woman.

Why is it, that woman was so created, that she is the mother? What is the Cosmic Force that makes it so?

We cannot think of it in terms of the purely physical. It is physical. But it is the physical as the representation of the Cosmic Feminine. And so, we have to enter into the Cosmic Forces, if we would know the root of the matter. What happens is: many of us women, not actually mothers, are still essentially mothers! Because cosmically, we are like mothers. The physical body is merely an outer and visible symbol, of that particular force. We see symbols mean something! And the symbol means, automatically that power comes through -- whether we will or not, whether we use it properly or not.

Every plant even has a power! Every symbol in the world has a power! And that is what we will have to understand. The thought that every physical representation is a symbol of DIVINE INTENT or force. I think we have not attached enough importance to that particular aspect of symbols. And so, to understand the why of a physical thing we must immediately know the cause that is behind it.

And so, in the same way, we have other symbols: of a cross, a rose, a five-pointed star, etc.; we have created from our imageries! And always, above, there is the imagery of the Creator Who has created other symbols: symbols of particular Cosmic Forces. One symbol, put in such a way, through form, we call "woman."

And there is another symbol, we call "man". We have learned to call them that. But truly to understand them, it is the Cosmic Beings they represent, whom we must understand! Unless we understand and can enter into that idea, it is very difficult for us to feel and know the effects of that force, outwardly and visibly. And I, personally, feel that it is very important to stress the Cosmic force, - not only in terms of a symbol, but a symbol that lifts and lives: not a symbol that is dead or empty.

Because we must fully embody in ourselves the spirit beyond the symbol, so that our flesh becomes spirit, (or 'light', if you prefer.) If I do not do that, I am only an empty symbol. And that is how, with all due respect, most of the women are at present, in the world. We are like unreal symbols. We are symbols of a great thing but we

have not learned to make that symbol live. It is not like a cross that is magnified. It is not like a plant, that is very useful; it is a fact and has the potentiality of that force. So, in that way, we are "living". It has been said in India, about Kaliyuga, that Kaliyuga is a yuga of great suffering, of great misunderstanding and great unhappiness. It is a yuga in which humanity will work up great karma, and perhaps even create karma for the future. Not good karma! It is a yuga in which perhaps, that which is real will recede in the background, and the unreal will come forward. Yet, also, it is a yuga of great opportunities! Because, through this suffering that will come from Kaliyuga, will also come the lesson needed. Because, actually, suffering is essentially the great teacher: that is what it really is.

And so through that suffering, will be a learning. Because there will be tremendous opportunities of learning, for suffering. And so there will be a very quick progress. Evolution will be speeded forward. And we can become perfect by that discipline, we people of the Kaliyuga, who are living in that age today. As I said, one extraordinary thing, which will represent Kaliyuga, also, in a way, is that the suffering and the learning and the opportunity that will come, will finally result in a particular symbol which I have often seen carved in our temples; the symbol of Kali, the spirit of Kali, of this particular yuga, carrying on his back, woman. It seems that the climax of this civilization - the keynote of this civilization will be the place of woman, or the rising of woman. Which will be carried on to the next yuga, and then there will be the perfect intermingling, and there will be a period of supreme enlightenment, when nobody will know anything but the Truth. What a wonderful yuga that is going to be!..... It is a very remarkable description of the way that woman comes forward. And I can understand it, because in a peculiar way, one of the great keynotes of the experience of the feminine aspect, evidently, is always suffering, I do not know why. But often you find suffering, in terms of woman. Rather, a woman is a creature of suffering, one who must suffer.

And that is why there is the description, a symbolical description, of Lakshmi, for example. Lakshmi has all the aspects of woman in its most beautiful conception. She rises, they say from a lotus; she never rises from a mire, from a pond of mud, the mud and the mire represent ignorance, illusion, the world--the world of maya, from that world of maya, from that mire, comes the lotus; because the essence of suffering is the great fruition of the blossoming spiritual life. And from the essence and the fragrance of the lotus rises, they say, the Goddess, Lakshmi.

Now Lakshmi has many qualities. One of them is the Healer-aspect; the great Being of compassion. (This particular compassion is different.) Now, you may say; "Why is feminine Isis more a symbol of compassion?" For example, do you not think of the Christ, or the Lord Buddha, as expressions of compassion? Yes, but there is a difference in quality. In Lakshmi, there is the essence of it -- perhaps you might almost say, the keynote of that particular aspect which is compassion; a compassion which heals -- which does not say to the criminal, "What is the crime that you have committed?" Now, you know, when we think of compassion, we always think that there is a great love, a pity for those who suffer. Yes, that is true. But then, when people work out Karma we sometimes say, "Well, after all, they are working out whatever they have done in their past incarnations." Now,

in my opinion, that particular idea, would be the very antithesis of this particular ideal of compassion; because this is a compassion which gives, irrespective of whatever you have been or you have done.

I think that idea of Karma, of cold justice, is one of the things that we must truly get away from, if we are to understand the real ideal of compassion. Because the real ideal of compassion is that which goes beyond reason! It is understood that humanity is always making mistakes. We who are understanding Karma, we too, are making mistakes. We may be creating Karma for the future too. We cannot help it, as long as we are born in this world. Because we even make mistakes unconsciously. We may do many things, or we may do nothing -- which also may produce Karma! Because when action is needed, and you are silent, that can also be a reason for Karma. And that also must be understood for us. Because the negative aspect is just as much a reason for putting us in certain situations! We have Karma that we may learn from Karma! Now, we must understand that; then if we understand, then we realize. We do not say to a criminal-- and I think, for example, of the great and beautiful spirit of the Mother Principle, or the Mother of the World: I cannot imagine in terms of that spirit, that one could say, -- "You are crying for help but you did this and you did that; that is why you are suffering." Now, that is to me, the worst that we can possibly do! The fact that there is a call must immediately bring an answer: It is that which is true compassion. An answer, an unquestioning answer, when called. It does not say, "Why?" It does not say, "How?" The very fact that there is a call is sufficient to bring the reply! And it is that particular conception that this great Goddess of Compassion has given and that appeals to me, tremendously.....

(Refer to May-June issue of our magazine for other excerpts from this talk by Shrimati Rukmini Devi)

## Prayer to the World Mother

(From an Ancient Sanskrit Book, the Devi Kalpam)

The Mother of the Lying-in Room, bears in her hands a vessel of nectar and of divine medicine. She, the Great Goddess, seated at ease in the lying-in room, drives away all evil influences-- elementals, bhutas, pretas, pisachas, apaswaras, kudmandas, bhairavas (elementals drawn by blood). So She patiently protects the child in the womb of the mother in labour, She the glad-faced bestower of boons, She the World Mother, Loka-janani. May She be pleased with us. (Publisher Kanipayyurnam Budiri)

## Maternity Committee

The following letter is the first report from the Washington State Representative of the MATERNITY COMMITTEE - Mrs. Phyllis L. Roberts, who has also contributed the article MY EXPERIENCE in this issue. Mrs. Roberts is a new member of our Group as well as a new mother, and we are very pleased to learn of her enthusiasm in our work. -- M.L.L.

"I am vitally interested in the promotion of the Read method and will be very happy to serve it as representative on the Maternity Committee from Washington. I am already engaged in such activities anyway, and have just written my doctor (in Chicago) for any advice he may have on promotion. He is a friend of Dr. Read.

"I like your idea of promoting such things as the Read method and breast feeding now rather than working on motherhood from the angles of emotions and thoughts. After all, we cannot have the proper emotions and thoughts with regard to the beauty of the motherhood experience while we have physical agony in connection with it.

"As a mother who has had her baby the 'Read' way, I am very anxious to do everything I can to help others to have the same experience. It was truly wonderful, as you will see from my article.....

"I was unable, after trying hard for three weeks, to succeed in nursing my daughter. I blame it on hospital routine and lack of respect for the individual needs of the babies that exists, partly from necessity, of course, in the hospitals. I am scouting around in Seattle for a hospital which has the rooming-in plan for babies. I think I have found one, but only if one has certain doctors who approve the plan. Also, I believe that there is an extra charge made if the baby is with the mother. I shall let you know when I have some reliable information on that situation here in Seattle.

--Phyllis Latimer Roberts

(Seattle, Wn.)

## My Experience

By Phyllis Latimer Roberts

Childbirth can and should be a profoundly beautiful experience. It was that for me, and so perhaps an account of my labor will help other women.

"Natural Childbirth" is the name given to the method by which my pregnancy and labor were conducted. The method originated with Dr. Grantly Dick Read, an English obstetrician. His book "Childbirth Without Fear", is published in this country by Harper and Bros. Dr. Read suggests that since no other natural body process is associated with pain, why so childbirth? His success in helping women to have natural and nearly pain-free labors is based upon prenatal education. Patients are given systematic training in the art of relaxation. During labor the opening of the uterus must dilate to let the baby pass through. This is accomplished by a series of contractions. Usually when a woman feels these contractions beginning, she expects pain and becomes very tense. This tension puts to work a set of muscles which exactly oppose the work of the uterus. It is as though you tried to open a door that someone on the other side was pushing against with all his strength. Only, in the case of childbirth, both of the people are your own muscles and naturally you will feel pain. To open a door with no one pushing on the other side is simple, and much quicker than the other way. Of course, the "door" of your uterus doesn't get a great deal of use, so it does take some time to open it. But you can see that if, through relaxation, you can let the uterus get on with its work without your interfering tension, the task will be much more easily accomplished. To give you some statistics, most first labors are somewhere around fifteen hours long, and half of

that time is very painful. My labor (first) was 5½ hours long, with only one hour of real pain. So you can see the importance of relaxation.

The other element in prenatal education in the Read method is that concerning the physiological processes of birth. Perhaps I can best show the importance of thorough knowledge of the phenomena of labor by describing my own. At 1:30 in the afternoon I felt the first contraction. I was already in the hospital, having had some mild "fals pains" the night before. My husband was with me, and together we recorded the time interval between contractions, and talked happily of the coming event. I knew that the uterus was dilating, and that any attempt on my part to help by bearing down would result in pain as described above. So I tried to relax and was successful, because I had been practicing relaxation for three months. About 5:30 the contractions became quite severe, and were really painful. However, I knew that this was caused by the final dilation of the uterus, and that since the dilation was nearly complete, the baby would soon be starting down the birth canal. Also, as the pain increases, nature provides a sort of natural anesthesia. When each pain was over, I fell into a state of deep relaxation bordering on unconsciousness. This was a combination of my effort at relaxation and the natural sleepiness which occurred during this "pain period" of labor.

After an hour of these more severe contractions, I turned on my side to see if it was more comfortable. Immediately I felt the urge to bear down with the contractions. I had been taught to expect this, and was very happy to know that now it was time for me to help. With the first of these bearing down sensations, I pushed, too, and was conscious of the escape of fluid. This I knew was the breaking of the bag of waters, and a further sign that the dilation was complete, and that my efforts would soon expel the baby.

From here on it was especially interesting to me. I was taken to the delivery room, where several nurses and internes had collected to watch this "natural" childbirth. It was apparently the first such case they had seen. I was wide awake and full of questions, which were carefully answered by my doctor. After a couple of contractions, my doctor sent someone to call his wife and tell her that he would be leaving the hospital in half an hour! So I knew that everything was progressing well. The doctor was then helped into his sterile gown and final preparation for the birth made. I must emphasize that these second stage (the expelling of the baby) contractions were not painful. They consisted of an irresistible urge to bear down, which lasted a minute or two. I worked hard with the contractions and was entirely comfortable between. You can see by all the details I am able to give, that I was fully aware of things, not being deadened by fear, pain, or anesthetic.

The most interesting part of all was the last three contractions. After the first of these, I felt the baby's head, which had been pushed part way out, slip back. After the second, the head remained stuck in the opening. The last contraction ended with the birth of the head, followed immediately by the rest of the body. It was marvelous to feel these sensations. I shall never forget them, nor the thrill of the baby's first cry. It was the prenatal education, and the confidence it gave me, that enabled me to have this happy experience. Perhaps the proof of the method is that now, as I write these words, and re-live mentally the experiences they describe, I am full of longing to repeat the experience - several times! (April 1949)

# The Whenever Land

## FIFTH ADVENTURE: We Make Landscapes and Live in Them

By Evelyn Benham Bull

It had been an especially trying day. School had been out some time, and the weather had grown very hot. Everything had a dry, singed look, the trees were dusty, and even the flowers looked uninteresting. All the games had been played out, and it seemed as though everyone's trip to something was coming before theirs to the beach. They had been looking forward to it eagerly, but now even that seemed dry and remote. Mother was canning and let you help, but after two or three days, that was all the same thing, too. It was a trying time, and Winty agreed. Even Tiki wasn't playing much, and dozed in a shady corner of the porch.

"What shall we do about it?" said Annamarabella. "We might pretend," said Winty. "Pretend what?" said Annamarabella. "To be in different places than we are," said Winty. So they did that awhile, but it didn't seem to work, somehow. So they went to bed on time without being told to do so at all, and slept very hard to forget about it all.

### THE DREAM

"It's very queer," said Annamarabella, dreamily. "What is?" said Winty. "I don't remember ever seeing this kind of shell before. And I had been wanting to find something new at the beach this year." "But that isn't a shell," said Winty, examining it carefully. "See, it's a crab, a baby crab, and probably if you look, there'll be others there coming across the sand, and over your hand." "Ooh", said Annamarabella, and stopped suddenly. "You can have your old crab," she said. "See, it's on your hand, not mine. I still have the shell. Perhaps that's what you wanted to see, a crab." "Yes," said Winty, firmly, "but I'm going to have a shell, too, a real fancy one, as big as -- as a plum, and pink outside and lavender in, and green lines -- there it is," he added, abruptly, looking at the sand in front of him. "Maybe this is only a pretend beach," said Annamarabella. They both looked a moment. There were the waves coming in rather quietly, just right for wading, and a sailboat or two far out. Annamarabella giggled. "Look," she said, "we forgot." "What?" said Winty. "To have the waves go back; they come in and in ---"

"Perhaps," said a squeaky little voice, "you'd rather see my parrot." "Oh yes", said Winty, "Parrot". "Right here," said the voice, briskly, and less squeaky now that they could hear it better. And there was the man-down-the-street who had a little grocery store, only here he didn't have any groceries, not one. "Oh no," he said solemnly, "I get so tired of selling groceries by day that I want something more exciting when night comes. You could have gone to your dream-beach, you know," he said, "the other side of your real beach. It would have seemed very natural to you. There's the other side to everything, even you," he added. "You're in it now." Annamarabella looked quickly, and was relieved to see that she was not in her nightgown but in her everyday clothes that she had not laid carefully on the chair. They did look a little mussed.

"My parrot and" -- "This box," said Winty, in a sure voice, going to a medium-sized box on a table just high enough for him to see it on a level with his eyes. "May I look at it?" he asked, for it was a lovely blue with a gold lock and key. "By all means," said the little man, "you are." Winty gasped, for he was seeing the back of the box as well as the front, all at once. "You may also look in it as well as through it." Winty started to unlock it but the key seemed to have vanished. But it didn't matter, for he saw right into it, and there were all manner of lovely jewels, pearls, and turquoises, and deep red rubies. "Oh," gasped Annamarabella.

"If you're interested in boxes," he said, happily, "I have one here that contains my inventions, a clock that will play any tune you wish each hour by pushing a button, a pair of scissors that cut the cloth at one stroke, a piece of candy that changes its flavor at each bite, a" --- "I would like the candy, please," said Winty in a firm voice. "A picture that moves into a story as you watch it, a" -- "That would be lovely to have at school," said Annamarabella, wistfully, "on your desk, you know, when things get extra dull." "A knife that you sharpen," - the man's voice went on, but dimmer.

"Does it taste good," said Annamarabella, as she turned over from the first rays of the sun.

## The Gnomey Bug

I saw a funny little bug,  
Bewhiskered like a gnome.  
He hopped around so prim and smug!  
I saw a funny, little bug,  
He mocked me with a little shrug,  
And said, "I'm going home!"  
I saw a funny little bug,  
Bewhiskered like a gnome.

"Oh, little bug, I meant no harm,  
You're funny as can be.  
I'm new up here on this old farm,  
Oh, little bug I meant no harm,  
You're really full of bugly charm.  
I like your song of fiddle-de-dee.  
Oh, little bug, I meant no harm.  
You're funny as can be!"

And so the gnomey bug made up,  
Accepted my apology.  
He jiggled upon a buttercup,  
And so the gnomey bug made up,  
And we that day drank from one cup,  
As he hummed loud his fiddle-de-dee.  
And so the gnomey bug made up,  
Accepted my apology.

--Rose Noller, Buffalo, N.Y.  
(Courtesy WILDFIRE magazine)

## CHILDREN'S STORIES

I have so much news to tell you that I hardly know where to start. Although I was unable to attend Convention in Chicago, our Group was well taken care of by those women who could attend. Our Booth had a wide display of our literature, featuring the book of children's stories just published by our Children's Committee - "Happiness Through Helping" edited by Martha Pellan of Chicago. This truly excellent publication of 100 pages, is well worth the sales price of \$1.00. Sequels to this story book are being prepared --all containing stories that give an idea of the teachings of Theosophy to children. The first series may be procured either from The Theosophical Press or from me, Route 2, Box 586, Ojai, California. ( I hope to receive enough loose sheets to include a sample from these stories in each copy of this issue.)

## C O N V E N T I O N

Our Group was represented on the regular Convention program by talks about our work given by Martha Pellan and Lois Holmes of Santa Monica. Mrs. Holmes, an old friend of mine, is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Theosophical Society from the Southwest District. We had just had a fine talk about our Group's work a day or so before Mrs. Holmes left for Convention, and I understand when she was asked to represent our Group in my absence, she gave a splendid talk before the Convention. Other subscribers who carried on our work during the Sessions, I understand, were Betty Hancock and Esther Renshaw of Ojai. I have no formal reports to publish, but I am told that considerable interest was shown in our work - from the standpoint of our offerings through our Children's Committee, from the practical service we are giving in pushing Natural Child-birth (Dr. Read's method) in America, and from our publications and work done by the various committees.

## PRINTED MAGAZINE

It appears that we shall be in a position to have our magazine PRINTED this coming year. Even though the cost is still excessive, mimeographing costs have so mounted that we believe the time has now come to take a chance and go forward with confidence in our new venture -- a PRINTED MAGAZINE. Several people have wished to have our name changed to "MOTHERS DIGEST". What are our readers' opinions? Our Publications Committee will still gather and staple - and for this service, the printer will give us a reduction in price. However, we SURELY NEED THE FINANCIAL HELP OF EACH ONE! Subscribers would do us a great service by RENEWING PROMPTLY. Those who can do so might SEND US DONATIONS TO HELP DEFRAY OUR PRINTING EXPENSE. We shall also deeply appreciate any cooperation from the committees in the way of ideas for raising money - teas, white elephant sales, programs - and so on. What are your ideas in raising money?

## NEW OFFICE!!!

Before this issue is completed I hope to move into our new headquarters - our own office! Our large garage, adjoining our home, is now being converted into a delightfully light and airy office and workroom! Two large windows give a marvellous view of the mountains to the North, and a window and glass front door will let in the morning sun. Large cupboards seem too good to be true after my years of fumbling thru cartons beneath beds!

## VISITORS

Recent visitors to my home have been Mr. and Mrs. Bremner of Vancouver, Canada, their son and a friend. We surely enjoyed meeting these charming people.

Krishnaji's meetings in the Oak Grove are now bringing a number of visitors to Ojai. Among subscribers who have called on me are Miss Katrina Schwenger who brought greetings from the Buffalo Group - or our Research Committee. Miss Schwenger, who is a school-teacher promised to return for some further discussions along the lines of a proposed Education Committee I would like to add to our list of Committees!

How pleasant it was last week to have the Whittick's from Glendale stop in with their two little boys. Our two acres held room for them to camp, but they were planning to meet another of our members, Mrs. Furnoy and her family, and were bent on camping over the weekend up in the mountains. However, Helen and Stanley Danek and little Frances did park their car in our yard for the night, and we did have a nice visit. Then July 30 brought Ray and Torre Whorf and Timmy and Ray's mother from Hartford, Ct.

### CHILD FAMILY DIGEST

The first two issues of Charlotte Aiken's new magazine are now in my hands and what a treat they are! In size and thickness they are about like the other Digests in the bookstalls, but in content they are unique. Each issue contains "selected articles on children from conception through adolescence". The magazine is dedicated to "Child, Parent and Family Relationships". Its Board of Advisory Editors consists of such notables as Dr. James Clark Moloney, Dr. Grantly Dick Read, Newton Dillaway, and so many other names that I'm now becoming familiar with from the valuable letters continually being received from our co-worker, Mrs. Aiken of New Orleans! Feeling the need of presenting a non-profit magazine along these new-age lines, these brave people the Aikens, have made considerable sacrifices to begin this undertaking. They deserve all the help we can give them. Subscription price for this monthly is \$4.00, or six months introductory subscription for \$2.00. Single copies, 35¢. The first copy (June) consists of 102 pages, the July issue, 96 pages.

### EDUCATION FOR THE NEW ERA

It is gratifying to know that Mrs. Laura S. Wood, one of our subscribers from Houston, Texas, has really launched her New Era Kindergarten (similar to Montessori, she writes). Last year she wrote us for advice. In her Circular she asks the questions: "Do you know of young parents who need help in training their children? Do you know of Veterans' Widows working on jobs to support their children? Tell them of the New Era Kindergarten where they can be trained." Congratulations, and success, Mrs. Wood!

### THE WORLD'S CHILDREN

Recently some very interesting magazines have been sent to us from the Young Theosophists of Perth, Australia (subscribers) --- about a dozen copies of THE WORLD'S CHILDREN, a fascinating "monthly journal of Child Care and Development considered from the World Viewpoint" printed in London. What a wealth of material they contain! We shall make reviews later, when we can do more than browse thru them!

--Muriel L. Lewis, Dir.

## DIFFICULT CHILDREN

(An Answer to Mrs. E. K. )

"I was much interested in Mrs. E.K.'s explanation that difficult children are often those who have returned quickly from the inner planes bringing with them their old emotional and mental bodies. I am a California school teacher and have just finished a year with such a group.

"They were only second grade youngsters but when it came to reasoning, to an understanding of right and wrong, and to the solving of certain problems of life or those in their science readers, for example, they were decidedly precocious. As Mrs. E.K. said, these children were often cruel and nasty to each other, but they expected and never resented discipline. One minute after they had been punished, they would put their arms around the teacher and kiss her.

"One little boy, a typical 'Nordic' German, would perk up his ears with joy at the mention of Germany and when a part of the country was being described, a far-off look would come into his eyes, and a dreamy smile to his lips, and he would nod, yes, yes!

"A middle-aged woman friend of mine said that she was quite naughty as a child, and used to scandalize her aunt by wearing overalls. Her reply to the aunt was, 'When I was a boy and used to fight Indians, nobody found fault with my wearing overalls.'

"A Quaker couple at Ocean Park had a six-year old son who used to amaze them. This was about 1931. He claimed that he had been the captain of a British vessel during World War I and visited all the ports of the Orient and Africa, and certain ones in Europe. He described them and the people quite accurately as the parents found by checking at the library.

"He was unable to read at the time, and had never contacted British people nor heard stories about the countries he mentioned. He was very dignified and they were never able to punish him: they merely suggested, and sometimes, he gave them a stiff argument.

"He was strongly imbued with the idea of white supremacy and when a white girl in his neighborhood was considering marrying a Filipino for reasons of necessity, he became very indignant and made some very adult suggestions which horrified his mild Quaker parents.

"I myself, was one of these "difficult" children, and believe me, such a life is full of suffering not easily understood by the average adult mind. It is like being captured and taken as a slave to a foreign country. All the people and things you treasured are gone, and you are alone among strangers. You are heart-broken and nobody understands. So let us try to deal with tolerance and understanding (albeit firmness) with these unfortunate little people!"

--E.L.R.

# From Abroad

## FROM HOLLAND

"The more I read your magazines, the more I become enthused about the work you are doing, and which is so near to the great plans which my husband and I had before the great catastrophe of the war. Already in that time I began a Sanatorium at Bandung to enable sick people to heal themselves by understanding their illness, and then by (theosophical) enlightenment and the right food and treatment for the body to evolve them harmoniously together. So I hoped one time to be able to cooperate with the Masters in their work to help forming the new subrace, a better mankind. But the war gave me a big blow (which I did not overcome 100% till now) and all plans were put aside. I had no hope being so fortunate as to take them up again, and resigned myself to the will of God.

"However, so now and then the old plans begin to revive and shine again from the background. Would it be possible, that I can work again for that purpose? Perhaps in the country of the new subrace itself! That would be my greatest reward...." (Mrs. W. S., Amsterdam)

(Note: This lady, her husband and two children suffered in numerous Japanese concentration camps in Java, the husband dying in one. Now the young people are trying to catch up on their belated education from so many years in prison camps. Ed.)

## FROM AUSTRALIA

Photographs have been received from some of the Young Theosophists of Perth and the small children of our co-worker, Ellie Pullin of Victoria.

## NEW ZEALAND

Geoffrey Hodson has written us several interesting letters of late and has sent us his pamphlet - THE ANIMALS' BILL OF RIGHTS. The animal kingdom surely has a loyal friend and benefactor in Mr. Hodson.

## FROM INDIA

The General Secretary of the Women's Welfare Trust of Kashmir, Lieut. Col. S. Kaul, has run on to some of our Digests in far off India. He believes our work is so similar to the work being done in Kashmir that he believes we should co-operate! We are sending this co-worker all available literature and look forward to the news from the women of Kashmir.

From Ahmedabad, too, has come a copy of the Youth Federation Quarterly, most attractively mimeographed.

## FROM IRELAND

Another charming little mimeographed "digest" is THEOSOPHY IN IRELAND. What neat jobs these people are doing in mimeographing -- and the reading matter, too, is most interesting.