The Delphian Quarterly

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Spring Issue

Going to College is Dangerous . . . Margaret Farrand Thorp
Romance in Music . . . . . . . . Buenta Carter
Himalaya . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Nicholas Roerich
Factories to the Front . . . . Harold Franklin
America's New Cultural Front . . Charles Edward Russell

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THE DELPHIAN SOCIETY AND ITS QUARTERLY

The aims of the Delphian Society are: to provide the busy adult woman with such educational training as will enable her to develop to the fullest extent her individual qualities and capabilities; to help her expand her cultural background, and to give her an intelligent outlook upon the modern world. The essentials of the Delphian plan of education are: 1, acquisition of knowledge; 2, formation of ideas based on knowledge; 3, conversational practice in exchanging ideas and opinions in chapter meetings.

The purposes of the Quarterly are: to provide news of Delphian activities and thus strengthen the bond of unity between members; to present information on contemporary developments in the modern world; to interpret these and view them against a background of Delphian programs. Delphian stands for thinking together without thinking alike. Consequently, in order to encourage members to look at both sides of the question, to form their own opinions, to learn to compare their ideas with those of other individuals, it is the policy of the Quarterly to present as many different points of view as possible. Since the Society is unbiased, non-political, and non-sectarian, the ideas and convictions expressed in any article represent the views of the author only and not those of the Society. The Quarterly, however, makes every effort to investigate the reliability of its contributors' sources of information, but it assumes no responsibility for the writers' views.

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THE DELPHIAN QUARTERLY

VOLUME XXII NO. 2 SPRING MCMXXXLX

"THE FUTURE'S PORTAL AND THE PAST'S BLOOD-RUSTED KEY"

This is a good time to re-read James Russell Lowell's poem, The Present Crisis. Though it was written more than three quarters of a century ago, and though its merits as pure poetry are highly questionable, it has one quality of imperishability. It is a deeply-felt, forcibly expressed, appeal to the highest human wisdom—the wisdom of idealism. For today the wisdom of selfishness, of "safety first," of rampant individualism and its offshoots rampant nationalism and imperialism, has indeed proved a "blood-rusted key" to yesterday's future—which is our present.

The justification of the "practical," as against the ideal has been that it produces results. And because, especially here in the United States the results were fortunate for so many of us, most of us adopted the creed. It worked, if not perfectly, still remarkably well in our rich and undeveloped country. That much of its success was due to its being applied to a new country in an age when new machinery permitted rapid exploitation of that country's vast resources was something we did not realize until that new land had swiftly become old—that is, until there was no longer a frontier to exploit.

The Western World held the same philosophy, and during the Nineteenth Century, the nationalistic, capitalist, industrial rations of Europe extended their frontiers into Asia and Africa, and steadily grew more powerful and prosperous. But when there were no more frontiers—no more "backward" peoples to exploit—the policy ceased to work, and the First World War resulted. When that war was over, some statesmen wanted to discard, or at least to modify, the system which had precipitated the catastrophe. But they were firmly shoved aside by "practical" politicians; and now we are in World War II.

What does this mean to us, the rank and file of citizens? Nothing, if we are not very much in earnest about meeting this "present crisis"—everything, if we are. For wars, as Saint James pointed out, come from within us. We "attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key," through our human disinclination to change our habits of thought—Totalitarianism is simply a product of failure to adapt old systems to new conditions. Just in the degree that we, individually, can get out of the habit of considering our world with reference to ourselves, and learn to consider ourselves—our habits and ideas—with reference to the world, we shall do our part in meeting this present crisis. That is one reason why Delphian chapters are important forces to the future. What kind of key is your group helping to forge for that future?
THANASIUS NIKITIN TVERTININ, a Moscovite of the XV-th Century, after his journey to India, exclaimed: "And I, out of the midst of many troubles, went to India."

The most excellent Hali, the Arabian, mentioned by Paracelsus, said: "Go, my son, to the Mountains of India, and to their quaries and take from there those precious stones! Let us go to the Mountains of India!"

From all parts of the world people want to know about the Himalayas. The best people are striving in heart towards this jewel of India. They ask to be sent at least a small sketch, or a snapshot, which they could keep on their desk for inspiration. In all ages there has been this attraction to the Himalayas. People know that when anyone seeks spiritual uplift he has to look towards the Himalayas.

Many expeditions are striving to conquer the gorgeous peaks of the Himalayas. Severely the unconquered giants meet the daring intruders. Ancient Everest refused to welcome the newcomers. And Nanga Parbat does not facilitate matters in the attempted conquest. And the Kinchhanga peak is not even contested. And yet from all sides various nations aspire to reach the resplendent Himalayan summits. Such a procession turns into homage of pilgrims to the highest of the world.

The local lamas smile mysteriously when they hear that yet another attempt was defeated. If they have confidence in you they will tell you in whisper some ancient prophecies which assert that certain sacred summits will never be defiled. If someone would begin to trace historically these aspirations, having the Himalayas as their goal, an unusually significant study would result. Truly if one could trace back the force of attraction of these heights for a thousand years one could readily see why the Himalayas have been called "Incomparable." Since time immemorial innumerable tokens of divinity have been connected with this country of mountains. Even in the dark Middle Ages remote countries dreamed of beautiful India, which was epitomized in the imagination of people by the mysterious sacred snowy giants.

Let us mentally compare all these beautiful legends, which could only be conceived in the Himalayas. First of all, we shall be astonished at the amazing diversity of this heritage. It is true that this wealth of legends has originated in the accumulations of many tribes, becoming more bounteous through the grateful contributions of many millennia, and crowned by the achievements of great seekers after truth. All this is so. But for such supreme achievements a magnificent environment is necessary, and what could be more majestic than the unconquered mountains with all their inexpressible radiance and all their exquisite variations of forms?

What does it not encompass, this multiform beauty? Tropical approaches, alpine slopes and, finally, all the incalculable glaciers, powdered with meteoric dust. No one describes the Himalayas as overwhelming; no one would dare to call them gloomy portals, nor mention the word monotony, in connection with the Himalayas. Truly a great part of the human vocabulary must be forgotten when you enter the realm of the Himalayan snow—the part of one's vocabulary comprising its sinister and effete expressions.

The human spirit, seeking to overcome all obstacles, is filled with a yearning which irresistibly impels one onward towards the conquest of these summits. And the very difficulties which at times seem so dangerously become only the most necessary and the most desired steps of ascent, overcoming earthly conventionality. All the dangerous bamboo bridges over the thundering mountain torrents; all the slippery steps on the age-old glaciers over perilous precipices, all the unavoidable inclines before each successive ascent; and the storms, thunder and cold and heat are surmounted, when the chalice of achievement is full.

Because even mental communion with their solemn grandeur provides one of the best tonics, we are seemingly compelled to think of the Himalayas and to strive toward them. Everything is impelled towards the beautiful in its own way. Everyone thinks about beauty and will feel an impulse to say something or other about it. The thought of beauty is so powerful and moving, that man cannot contain it silently within himself, but always tries to clothe it in words. Perhaps in song or in some other expression of his being, man must manifest and record his thoughts of the Beautiful.

From the tiniest flower, from the wing of the butterfly, from the glow of a crystal and on, further and higher, through beautiful human forms, through the mysterious sublime touch, man wants to fortify himself by the immutably beautiful. Wherever on earth there have been beautiful creations of human hands, the pilgrim will come to them. He will find calm under their created vaults, and in the radiance of their frescoes and stained glass. And if the pilgrim is captivated by mirages of nature's far-off horizons, he will set out towards them. And if, at last, he becomes aware of these loftiest peaks shining far off, he will be drawn to them and in this very striving he will become stronger, purer and will be inspired to achievements for the good, for beauty and for ascent.

I recall the story that a traveler once related having begun the descent of the Grand Canyon in Arizona; surrounded by most beautiful colors, he was oppressed by the very thought of such endless descent: "We descended lower and lower and this thought of descending even prevented our admiring the country." And this thought of descending even prevented our admiring the country."

Of course exaltation and transport are primarily connected with ascent. During ascent there is the urgent desire to look beyond the
The Himalayas

The snow peaks that soar before you. But when you descend, each parting summit pronounces a sad “good-bye.” Therefore it is so joyous not only to ascend a summit, but at least to follow the ways of ascent in thought. When we hear of new travelers to the Himalayas, we are thankful for that, for they remind us of the summit of the call ever-beautiful and ever necessary.

Himalayas, let me send once more my heartfelt admiration!

Likewise, India, all-beautiful, let me send thee another greeting for all the greatness and inspiration which fill thy meadows, thy forests, thy ancient sites and sacred rivers!

Kailasa, Manasarowar, Badrinath, Kedarnath, Triloknath, Ravalsar—these glorious gems of the ways of ascent in thought. When we hear of some travelers to the Himalayas, we are thankful even for that, for they remind us of the summit of the call ever-beautiful and ever necessary.

The Himalayas

“Where can one find words with which to praise the Creator, after seeing the incomparable beauty of the Himalayas?"' Then... Along the paths of guru, along the peaks of the Himalayas, along the mountain paths of the pilgrims of the spirit, lies that treasure, which no torrent of rain can wear away, no lightning turn to ashes. He who walks towards the Good is blessed on all paths. How touching are all the narratives which tell of the meeting of the righteous ones of various nations. The tops of the deodars in the forest touch each other in the wind. Thus, everything that is of the highest meets without injury and harm. Time was when quarrels were settled by single combat and decisions were reached by a conference of chiefs. So do the deodars discuss matters between themselves. What a meaningful word: deodor, the gift of God. And this significant name is not without reason: for the resin of the deodar has a seventh lie buried without harm, then one swallows poison, and a sixth kill with a glance, a fifth sit on water, and a third remain suspended in the air, and a fourth repose on nails, and a fifth "tumo," can generate his own heat, thus levitate himself; another lama, by means of "tums," can generate his own heat, thus protecting himself against snow and mountain glaciers; there a lama can give the death stroke with his "deadly eye" to a mad dog. A venerated lama from Bhutan relates how, during his stay in the Taing district in Tibet, a lama asked the ferry-man to take him across from Tzampo free of charge, but the cunning man replied: “I will gladly take you over, if you can prove that you are a great lama. A mad dog is running about here, doing great harm—kill it." The lama said nothing, but looking at the dog, he raised his hand and said a few words and the dog fell dead! The Bhutanese lama saw this himself. One hears frequently in Tibet and in India of the same "deadly eye" and the "eye of Kapila." If one can walk through fire, and another can sit on water, and a third remain suspended in the air, and a fourth repose on nails, and a fifth swallow poison, and a sixth kill with a glance, and a seventh lie buried without harm, then one may collect all those grains of knowledge in himself, and thus the obstacles of lower matter can be transcended! Not in a remote age, but now, right here, where Millikan’s cosmic rays, Rhine’s thought transference and the reality of finest psychic energy are also being studied and affirmed.

Every rishi pronounced in his own language the sacred pledge for the construction of a temple, into the emerald pastures, into the caves and the unknown sea-farers, or guarded a city by night, whether the rishi sent out white horses to the foundations. And thus the obstacles of lower matter can be transcended! Not in a remote age, but now, right here, where Millikan’s cosmic rays, Rhine’s thought transference and the reality of finest psychic energy are also being studied and affirmed.

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Whether the rishi came upon fire, whether he arrived home upon a stone, whether he came upon the whirlwind—he always hastened for the general good. Whether he prayed on mountain summits, or on a steep river-bank or in a hidden cave, he always sent out his prayers for the unknown, for the stranger, for the laborers, for the sick and the cripples.

Whether the rishi sent out white horses to save the unknown pilgrims, or whether he blessed unknown sea-farers, or guarded a city by night, he always stood as a pillar of light for all, without condemnation and without extinguishing the flame.

Without condemnation, without mutual suspicion, without weakening each other, ever upwards the rishis ascended the eternal Mount Meru.

Before us is the road to Kailas. There rises one of the fifteen wonders described in Tibetan books: The Mount of the Bell! Along sharp ridges one climbs to its summit. It stands higher than the last junipers, higher than the last yellow and white mountain ranges. There Padma Sambhava once walked—this is recorded in the ancient monastery Gando-La. It is exactly here

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Himalaya

and other similar substances comprise the beneficent medicines of the rishis. Some have wanted to do away with these medicines by introducing new discoveries; however, humanity again revert to the foundations.

Here is a photograph of a man who walks through fire without harming himself. This is not a fiction. Witnesses will tell you of the same trials by fire in Madras, Lucknow, Benares. And not only does the sadhu walk harmlessly on the flaming coals, but he leads behind him those who desire to follow him and hold on to him.

In Benares a sadhu sits in sacred posture upon the water of the Ganges. His crossed legs are covered by the brim of the water. The people flock to the banks, amazed at the holy man.

Still another sadhu has been buried alive for many days; another swallows various poisons without any harm. Here is a lama, who can levitate himself; another lama, by means of “tums,” can generate his own heat, thus protecting himself against snow and mountain glaciers; there a lama can give the death stroke with his “deadly eye” to a mad dog. A venerated lama from Bhutan relates how, during his stay in the Taing district in Tibet, a lama asked the ferry-man to take him across from Tzampo free of charge, but the cunning man replied: “I will gladly take you over, if you can prove that you are a great lama. A mad dog is running about here, doing great harm—kill it.” The lama said nothing, but looking at the dog, he raised his hand and said a few words and the dog fell dead! The Bhutanese lama saw this himself. One hears frequently in Tibet and in India of the same “deadly eye” and the “eye of Kapila.”

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that the caves of Milarupa are situated. And not one but many have been sanctified with the name of the hermit, who heartbroken before dawn to the voices of the Devas. Not far away are also legends which surround Pahari Baba. Here also are the spiritual strongholds of Gautama Rishi. Many rishis walked here. And he who gave the mountain its enticing name, “Mount of the Bell,” also thought of the call of the Bell for all, of helping all, of the Universal Good! Here rishis lived for Universal Good!

When rishis meet on the mountain paths they do not ask each other: “From where do you come?” Is it from the East, or West, or South, or North? This is quite apparent: that they come from the Good and go to the Good. An exalted refined flaming heart knows where is the Good and in what it can be found.

Some of the travelers in our caravan were once discussing the qualities of the various rishis. But a grey-haireded pilgrim, pointing to snowy peaks, effulgent in their complete beauty, said: “Are we to judge the qualities of these summits? We can but bow in admiration before their unattainable splendors. “Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram.”

The Upanishads affirm: “There is no joy without infiniteness. There is no joy in the finite. Joy is infinity. But it is needful to wish to cogitate with infinity.”

The lofty spiritual mood in which a Hindu recites the words of the sacred tradition is something not easily forgotten. The great poet Tagore, whose sensitive heart is a storehouse of these great rhythms, knows how to evoke all their beauties.

In India when the verses of the Mahabharata, the Upanishads and the Puranas are being recited, there is joy, despite all of their troubles; and even if the modernization of India is inevitable, the beauty of such sacred poetry will live forever.

This inner joy of the heart is something that we have to cultivate and learn how to retain so that it takes up its abode in the heart, and this beneficent joy of the heart becomes a lasting power to dispense all the forces of darkness.

Whether we think of those sublime temples of Southern India, of the grandeur of Chittur and Gwalior and the great strongholds of Rajputana, or the solemn spirit of the Himalayas, everywhere we shall find the joy of great thoughts.

On the moonlit Ganges, in the mystery of the Himalayan waterfalls, we shall find the same lofty sense of joy.

In the repetition of such ancient names as Manu, Arjuna, Krishna, of the Pandavas, rishis, heroes, creators and great constructors, we recognize a loving respect for the past.

From the Mother of the World, from the Queen of Peace, we receive this delicate flower-like joy of the heart.

Marvelous India! Splendid in outer beauty, most beautiful in its secret inner life. Beautiful, beloved India!

Quarterly Photographic Contest Awards

AWARDS for the winning photographs submitted by members and appearing in this issue for the amateur entries go to:

THE THILETA DELPHIAN CHAPTER
Denver, Colorado..................First Prize

THE DELTA DELPHIAN CHAPTER
North Hollywood, California..Second Prize

THE SEATTLE DELPHIAN ASSEMBLY
Seattle, Washington..............Third Prize

For the professionally taken pictures:

THE ATLANTA DELPHIAN SEMINAR
Atlanta, Georgia...............First Prize

THE ALPHA GAMMA DELPHIAN CHAPTER
Portland, Oregon.................Second Prize

THE ZANETA DELPHIAN CHAPTER
Kanasa City, Missouri..........Second Prize

THE DELTA GAMMA DELPHIAN CHAPTER
Houston, Texas..................Third Prize

The first prize winners will each receive five one-year subscriptions which they may order sent to active Delphians. The second prize winners will receive three subscriptions, and the third prize winners, one. All prizes must be claimed by July 1, 1941.

Because of the fine response which has been made since this contest was first announced many issues ago, it will be continued until further notice. Why not send a photograph of your group for the next issue? Exterior snapshots can be made easily with an ordinary camera. Interior views can be taken easily with the aid of a flashlight (cost $1.25), or with a time exposure and a fast film, like Verichrome or better yet Super XX. Entries for the July QUARTERLY should be in by June 1, 1941.

Defence and Now that it is decided that we are to aid Britain—as the great majority of Americans wished to do—and to give that aid through the carrying out of the program of the Lease Lend Bill—which not so large a majority wished to do—we may profitably consider what the general aspects and the particular developments of this emergency are likely to mean to us as individuals.

We have already felt one impact of this crisis. Several million people who never before had paid an income tax to the federal government, have forwarded remittances to their local income revenue collectors. In addition, those who have been paying such taxes for years found themselves this year obliged to send larger checks on no larger incomes, through lowered exemptions, and an added, defense tax. But, as one citizen remarked to another who was exclaiming at the size of his tax-bill, “I consider that cheap to buy protection for my home and all my country means to me.”

Inasmuch as the Secretary of the Treasury has announced that the plan is to raise two thirds of the first seven billions by taxes, and one third by borrowing, there is every reason to expect that more of us will continue to be called upon for more taxes. Obviously that three-fourths of our families whose incomes are less than $1,400 annually cannot substantially increase their payments. Obviously also, it is impossible to collect much more from these with incomes in the top brackets. In the first place there are not enough of them, and in the second place, the government is already talking about as large a proportion of these incomes as it can, without confiscation. It is the upper middle class, those who, as one economics professor put it, consume such quantities of cream, butter, fresh fruits and vegetables, choice cuts of meat, silk stockings, fur coats, new automobiles and the like, each year, whose shoulders will have to bear the greater part of the new tax burden.

But of course no one class can ever pay the cost of a war, or of a peace-time national program either. Any escape which those with lower incomes achieve by “soak-the-rich” programs is only apparent, since taxes paid on profits are passed on to the consumer in higher prices. The brave and honest course is to realize that every one must share this burden, as the President reminded us, in his talk of March 15.

We shall have to make sacrifices—every one of us. Whether you are in the armed services; whether you are a steel worker or a stevedore; a machinist or a housewife, a farmer or a banker, a storekeeper or a...