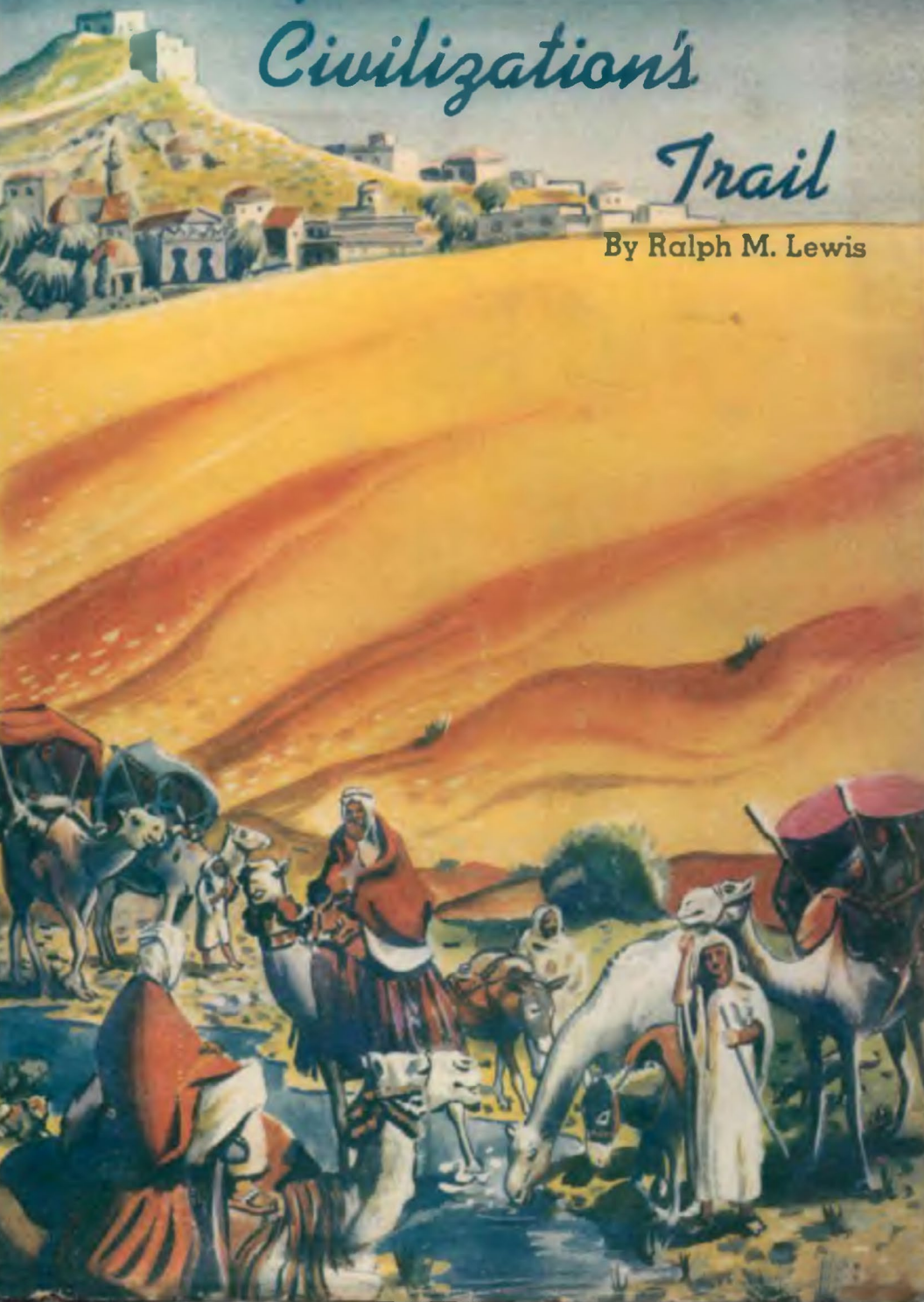


Along

Civilization's

Trail

By Ralph M. Lewis



ALONG CIVILIZATION'S TRAIL



By RALPH M. LEWIS, F.R.C.

Imperator of the Rosicrucian Order for North and South America

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DEDICATION

TO MY FATHER

Whose humanitarian spirit and genius made
me not alone proud to be his son but
also to have had him as my
preceptor and ideal of
accomplishment
in life.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

As a humble reminder of the light and
comfort he brought into the lives
of thousands of men and
women throughout
the world.

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TEMPLE OF THUTMOSE III

The cartouche of Thutmose III, used in North and South America as part of the Rosicrucian emblems, is clearly shown in the carving around and above the center portal of this Temple. The benediction and adorations to the “God of all Gods, ruling forever and ever eternally” are clearly seen.

INTRODUCTION

NO ONE PEOPLE or race in the world's history stands alone as civilized. If any single nation or people is to be designated as representing civilization, then all organized society since the advent of reason must likewise bear the same distinction. Civilization is neither a state into which humanity is suddenly precipitated, nor is it indigenous to a location or race, nor confined to a period of history. Further, it is not attained by a people as a consequent reward for some conduct or sacrifices made. It is a gradual growth, more appropriately an *evolutionary process* that has existed since the beginning of all human society.

The underlying factors of civilization are to be found wherever people have striven together and exchanged the results of their efforts. To point out a people as civilized is not to proclaim what they have materialized, but whether the factors existed in their society. If, for example, it is agreed that a man is in motion when he runs, because motion, by its nature, no matter what its extent, differs from inertia, then by the same reasoning, when man walks or even crawls he is likewise moving. This evolutionary process of civilization is one of refinement—a refinement of human existence. The refinement in its aspects is twofold. One phase is the *external* and the other we may term the *internal*. This external refinement is brought about by man's relationship to the world in which he lives. In its rudest form, this relationship consists of utilizing the elements and resources of nature to satisfy his elemental desires and appetites. In other words, a primitive mind does not appraise the things of earth because of their inherent beauty or because of any realization of the majesty of their underlying natural laws. They are seized upon or avoided only as the fundamental urges of man's being cause him to be aware of their effect upon him. Thus a savage will climb a tree when hungry to pluck wild fruit, but

neither the tree nor the fruit suggests anything else to his mind than appeasement of his appetite.

The use of nature's resources requires exertion and expenditure of effort. This exertion to which man is put is likewise of two definite kinds. The first may be classified as instinctive. This is defined as that exertion which is without volition, without decision, and not of the influence of our will. It is a reflex action, a simple, inherent method of response to a stimulus unconsciously formed. Such exertion is displayed when we jump when startled by a sudden loud noise or touch upon the back by one whose presence was not known. The other kind of exertion is that effort which is *intentionally expended* to accomplish an end. Such efforts are causative. They are expended to produce something desired. We consequently have control over such exertions. They constitute our willful acts. The satisfaction we may derive from the expenditure of such efforts is but an incidental to that expected from the result. The savage, moved to climb a tree to pluck an apple, is not concerned with the pleasures, if any, to be derived from climbing, but in eating the apple when it is secured. In fact, most efforts expended to gain an end prove to be, in themselves, annoying, irritating, sometimes fatiguing, and more often just endurable. These willful efforts are just *necessary exertions*.

The aspect of external refinement of which civilization consists, then, is the reduction of the effort necessary for any accomplishment. A people which is said to be displaying signs of being civilized will reveal in its habits and ways of living a gradual departure from the crudest methods for gaining an end. This external refinement is a process of improvement of man's relationship to the physical world. Material civilization, by this reasoning, is found to be a simplification of the methods of living, combined, however, with an expansion of its joys. Concisely, then, the results of material civilization are found to exist in a *minimum* of effort to live, and a *maximum* of the fruits of living. When this is applied to the former analogy of the apple tree, we find the civilized man having easier access by a ladder, for example, to the higher limbs of the tree, and further, being able at the same time to obtain more apples.

Whether this external refinement of man's relationship to the world, namely, physical civilization, as we shall call it, has made any progress,

need not be a matter of conjecture. It can easily be determined by a comparison of the events, habits and customs of today with those chronicled in history. The advancement of twentieth century civilization in this respect is quite apparent. One cannot help, for example, but be fully cognizant of the great advantages of conserving effort in tilling the soil when using a tractor, as compared with the hoe culture of the ancient Sumerians. However, hoe culture in itself is a trend and product of civilization; it is a definite advance over those centuries of darkness when man was incapable of even that simple form of earth culture. The spirit that moved men forty centuries ago to erect great stone temples along the banks of the Nile, with their majestic hypostyles, is no less or ruder than that which causes men today to construct the steel skyscrapers which tower heavenward.

If we think—and if, in fact—our modern achievements excel those of the ages that have gone before, it is only because men of today have had the added advantage of a vast heritage of experience upon which to draw. These experiences, when added to the natural resources of an area in which people dwell, are an asset that their progenitors did not possess. A boy cannot be called a poor specimen of a man, for the latter has attributes which are not natural to the former. The technique of living, the methods of refinement of man's relationship to nature, comprises a valuable and very useful asset which is the added advantage an intelligent man in every age has. If this were not so, native intelligence alone would be sufficient in each age for man to rise higher than the preceding level of civilization, and there would not need to exist the assiduous attempt to preserve the arts and sciences, to hand them down to future generations. He who laughs at the efforts of men before his time is indicting them for having been born in their age. The minds of each age began where their predecessors left off.

The scientists of today, closeted in physics laboratories and wrestling with the complex technical problems of television, display no more native intelligence than did Archimedes, the mathematician of the third millennium B.C. The Archimedean screw which he devised and which, by rotating on an inclined axis, raised water from one level to another by a mechanical means for the first time in the history of the world required a profundity of original thought equal to what the best minds of today may offer.

The other aspect of civilization, which we chose to call the internal, is the refinement of man himself. Civilization is more than physical environment. A savage may reside within the shadow of a great cathedral or library, and his temperament and comportment be untouched by their influence. Likewise, a civilized man may reside in a savage environment, as, for instance, if he be marooned upon an uninhabited island. Civilization consists of the unity of internal and external refinement. When one exists without the other, it is incomplete.

Physiologically there is no quality or attribute that distinguishes the savage from the civilized man. Mechanically and structurally they are the same. Physically, one may be superior at one time or another; this is dependent upon prevailing topographical and geographical conditions. Thus a modern athlete may be in better health and a more superb specimen physically than some of the present-day savage tribesmen who periodically suffer from malnutrition and ignorant abuse of their bodies. On the other hand, some aborigines, as the primitive Ethiopians for example, are excellent types of virile manhood and put modern civilized men to shame physically.

Psychologically, however, there is a vast gulf between the civilized, cultured individual and the savage. The savage is at all times moved only by the most primitive and powerful forces of his nature. He obeys only the waves of passions and appetites engendered by his instincts which surge over him. Each act is egocentric. If it will not culminate in a personal gratification, it is not entertained. In fact, only negative efforts are expended. Such acts are not committed because of their own merit, but because of a need to quiet a disturbing sensation of some kind which provokes them.

Civilization, then, in its *internal refinement*, as in its primitive external phase, is closely bound to individual exertion. Every effort expended is principally required among primitive people for the preservation of life, the providing for sustenance and shelter and the protection of self against the ravages of the elements, beasts and man. Life consists of a series of cycles of intense pains and pleasures. One is always contiguous upon the other. Life is hardly ever upon an even plane. Consciousness is precipitated from one extreme of sensations to the other. The world of sensation, to the savage mind, is like a great

symphonic orchestra in which the brasses are played so loudly that the soft and sweeter tones of the other instruments become inaudible. The lesser emotions of the savage's being are completely submerged and unexpressed. They can never rise with strength enough to reach the threshold of consciousness. Because of this, none of the finer sentiments which the reason attaches to these more delicate emotions are ever developed; consequently, the very savage human is never aware of such feelings as loyalty, justice and pride. The consciousness, being at all times agitated only by the grosser sensations of the appetites and the instincts, is incapable of sensitivity to those impulses which form our sentiments and our estimation of the good.

A reduction of the effort to cope with environment or the gradual development of an ease in living makes for leisure periods, periods of mental passivity, free of exhaustion or any intense sensations. It is during such states that the mind has receptivity to the finer feelings which bring about the *refinement of self*—civilized man. A human who is not obliged to endure hours of rigorous hunting and fighting while experiencing gnawing pangs of hunger will not drop from sheer exhaustion, neither will he gorge himself into a soporific stupor. There will be intervals when his consciousness will respond to new and perhaps, to him, strange feelings aroused by conditions within and about him, to which, hitherto, he never gave his attention.

It must not be presumed, from this, that a prolific nature, where life naturally thrives, is essential to civilization. In fact, the combination of an ideal climate and lush vegetation with its plentitude of natural foods is really an obstacle to civilization. A people whose existence began in an extremely favorable environment, where little or no effort is required to gain sustenance, and where no dangers or rigors of life are encountered, even though it is afforded greater leisure, is incapable of an appreciation of those finer emotions which rise to the border of its consciousness. Where life is offered resistance, but where the struggle for life is not continuous or too severe, the faculties of the individual are challenged, and by their use are developed. Opposition to desires sharpens the wits and develops the reason. The consciousness becomes more acute, and is consequently more susceptible to those impressions of the finer emotions. Where there is not a sensitive mind, there is not the ability to evaluate the delicate emotions, to form the sentiments,

even if they were experienced. In the South Seas are to be found people who, though primitive in their method of living because of the abundance and conduciveness to life of nature, are quite amicable and peaceful in their conduct. However, there is no advancement, no refinement of self or of their external world that could be considered the factors of a civilization. There is no attempt to expand the benefits of life, which we have seen is one of the characteristic achievements of a civilized people.

It can be seen, therefore, that through external refinement, the modification of environment, precedes internal refinement, one is never truly a civilized individual until he is moved by the higher sentiments which can more rightly be called the morals. In a true state of civilization, where there is that lessening of the expenditure of effort to preserve life and provide its fundamental needs, there is also an increasing moral effort. The morals establish ideals which become ends sought, just as food is sought to satisfy hunger. Effort is expended to realize these ideals, and the individual's nature is refined, as were the things outside of himself. Whereas external refinement was principally motivated by necessity, a transition takes place and man chooses to pursue the moral ideals. One may, for example, find it necessary to devise a better means of trapping game, but it cannot be said that when he beautifies his dwelling he is actuated by necessity. It can be positively declared that the decadence of a civilization begins when the effort to obtain the necessities of life is diminished to a minimum and there is no corresponding effort to attain moral idealism.

A strong civilization is one where the rise of moral effort equals the reduction in effort for physical existence. This becomes more of an individual or family responsibility than one of society's. A man who in his youth or early manhood experiences some of the rigors of livelihood has the opportunity to develop a moral sense and a strength of character by the demands made upon his faculties and moral self. When, then, a state of prosperity or greater ease of living is acquired, he is then fortified so that he may divert his efforts into the higher channels of moral idealism which make for the cultured, civilized, the self-restrained man. Where great wealth is inherited, and the individual is born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, the intelligence is never apt to be really stimulated and the mind never

fully appreciates or rightly evaluates the sentiments, and consequently a savage disposition may be clothed in silken raiment. There are, of course, exceptions to this. Riches too easily acquired in early life are equivalent in their harmful influence to a large inherited wealth. The individual has not, in such cases, had sufficient time to develop concepts for the governing of his life, based upon his morals. The great influx of wealth brought about by the conquests in which the individual himself did not participate or expend effort brought about the decadence of the Roman Empire.

There can be no inertia for man. He cannot be physically, mentally, and morally inactive alike, without becoming degenerate. A *corrupt civilization* is far worse than savagery. The former finds pleasure in perversity, while the other is compelled to action by forces beyond its control and understanding. When moral idealism falls in a higher state of civilization, the lower nature of the individual becomes dominant. Passions and appetites reign supreme and the individual has in addition the power of the highly organized means of society to satisfy them more ruthlessly. He has, in other words, all of the attributes of civilization at his disposal, the products of its arts and sciences, and they are used not in further refinement of self or the world, but in self-destruction—in war. When moral idealism declines, the products of civilization are eventually turned against it.

In going back “Along Civilization’s Trail” We find the refinement of man’s world and the refinement of self-ying with each other for supremacy instead of keeping pace. A great military, industrial and economic strength have often been eventually acquired at the expense of the character of a people. Wherever this has occurred, the trail has been eventually marked by the ruins of another *fallen civilization*. There will be seen a debris of a people, as well as their monuments. In this book it is hoped the reader will observe the historical evidences of the cause of this rise and fall of character as well as nations.

Chapter 1

WE BEGIN OUR JOURNEY

WE WATCHED HER turn slowly and steam majestically in the direction of the French Coast and Havre. Standing on the rolling lighter being towed to the Plymouth docks, a ten-minute ride, we were suddenly conscious that we were now “on our own.” For seven days we had traveled on the great ship, but it seemed for the first time that we had truly left America. There had clung to the ship since we left New York a distinctly American spirit, an atmosphere that was quite like home.

We were not alone in this feeling, apparently, for the joyous exclamations with which our fellow passengers had greeted our arrival at the Plymouth harbor had ceased. They seemed contemplating the severing of past ties and the assumption of new ones. Finally, as one body, the several hundred passengers, crowded between stacks of baggage, turned and looked toward the shore which we were rapidly approaching. Here was England, and cliffs that looked chalk-like. They were not high, but precipitous, and fringed with a green that was pleasing to the eye after days of the blue-black of the Atlantic. Immediately before us was a V-shaped cleft in the abrupt face of the cliffs, in which nestled the city of Plymouth, from which the famous Pilgrims to America had departed. Perhaps it was because it was a sudden relief from the monochrome of the sea that the roofs of the homes that spread up the incline of the cleft appeared so brilliantly red.

We were soon milling up the gangplank behind our porters who were heavily laden with our personal luggage and special equipment. As we looked about, a thousand strange sights caught our eyes. The things were different, but not necessarily inferior to things of our own

land which served the same purposes. There was the waiting express that would take us to London. The individual exterior door of each compartment, and the side aisle of each car, made them different from our end-door, center aisle American cars; but there could be no question of their equality to ours in many respects. Again, we noticed in the railroad yard a congregation of freight cars of various heights, widths, lengths, and types of wheels, to accommodate different kinds of cargo; they were strange in comparison to our nearly uniformly designed box—and gondola—cars, but this did not mean inefficiency or imply a lack of modernity.

Unfortunately, the American has acquired the habit—perhaps because of his geographical isolation—of thinking that what he is accustomed to is the standard by which the rest of the world should be measured; he fails to realize that other peoples have needs in common with his own, and have developed systems for meeting those needs as satisfactory as his, although different in manner of application. America is a symbol of modernity to the American because there are no monuments of the old order of things about him. Foreign modernity does not appeal to him because he believes the New Age is exclusively an American development. This is mainly due to the fact that the American's interest in Europe has been aroused by stories of the quaintness of its past culture. Because of the exploitation of customs and styles of from two to five centuries ago, that are nearly as strange in Europe today as they are in America, the American imagination becomes actually shocked by the reality of European nations displaying a modernity equal to his own. He vaguely knows it exists, but prefers the picturesque conception of a Europe of the twelfth century. Psychologically, such a conception gives him a feeling of superiority which he tries courageously to cling to when traveling abroad by purposely avoiding the new Europe whenever he can.

Ours was more than a tour; it was a serious venture and a responsibility. We were to represent the AMORC at a conclave including the highest officers of the oldest arcane societies of Europe. Momentous questions were to be discussed that would shape the future course of these organizations. We were signally honored, for we were the only representatives of any occult, mystical, or metaphysical society in North or South America to be invited by virtue of our credentials to

participate in such a conclave. Hundreds of societies in America claim and have claimed world-wide connection of long lineage, but none could produce the necessary authentic proof to receive the coveted recognition.

I was to be tested, and, if found personally qualified, to receive the honor of initiation in one of these esteemed brother-hoods which traces its origin back into the centuries. The prospect was thrilling, but there was always the sobering thought of what might be demanded of me. I thought of the Emperor's first journey abroad, when he was given the authority to reestablish the work and teachings of the Rosicrucian Order in America; and I felt with pride that in minor capacity I was following in his footsteps. How high his hopes must have been. How he must have felt that destiny was his guide!*

*This refers to the late Emperor, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis.

I must confess that our greatest trepidation was for the success of the other purpose of our venture; we were to capture on film the spirit which had moved men and women to found and carry on the Rosicrucian Order and its teachings. We were to find its early landmarks, the places which harbored its temples and shrines, and the site of civilizations and cultures which added their wisdom to the glory of its teachings. We were to trace the development in wood, stone, art, and religion, of the consciousness of man which led to the conceptions we hold sacred today. The search for light, for knowledge, and the mastery of life had carried man westward through the centuries. We were to photograph the milestones of his trek across continents. Mechanically, we were well-prepared for this phase of our venture; we had a 35-millimeter professional-type Debie motion-picture camera with extra-heavy tripod, equipped for tilting and panorama views. In addition to a complete assortment of light filters, meters, reflectors, and other necessary accessories, we had an array of fast lenses, including a six-inch telescopic lens for enlarging distant objects. Realizing that we needed an excellent still camera to reproduce scenes which we hoped to take for magazines and books published by AMORC, we took along a Graphlex. Not trusting to the possibility of being able to secure the type of films we needed in foreign lands, we took with us thousands of feet of super-sensitive panchromatic film for the motion-picture camera, packed in hermetically sealed cans to

resist dust and thermal changes. Our film supply also included dozens of packs for the Graphlex camera. Our equipment luggage numbered ten pieces, varying in weight from fifteen to fifty pounds. Our total baggage was twenty-one pieces. Before we departed, Kendal Brower, fellow Rosicrucian, Courier Car technician and member of the party, who was familiar with photography and motion-picture equipment, had spent weeks in becoming accustomed to the special equipment he was to use; but how different his preparatory conditions were to those he was actually to encounter!*

*Kendal Brower Former Curator of the Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum.

The gods of fortune smiled on us, for after only a slight delay in the customs we were comfortably seated in a compartment of the "boat train," rushing through pastoral lands to London. Our party was not large; yet it was representative of the activities of the AMORC in San Jose. It included Frater Harry Shibley, president of the Rosicrucian Press, Ltd., which separate corporation is responsible for the tremendous task of printing millions of pieces of literature yearly to supply the Rosicrucian Order's needs; Mrs. Shibley; Frater Kendal I. Brower, to whom I have referred; and Mrs. Gladys Lewis, member of the Board of Directors of the Supreme Grand Lodge.

As we fixed our eyes on the fleeting landscape, which was bathed in the golden glow of a late summer day's setting sun, we commented on the intensive cultivation. Everywhere were fields of grain, patches of vegetables, pretty gardens, and meadows. There were no barren wastes, bad lands, and salt beds such as we had seen for hours in crossing western United States. How fortunate that England could utilize so much of her small island home! The shortage of native timber was brought to our realization by numerous hedge fences instead of rail or post-and-wire ones to which we are accustomed in America. It seemed a combination of utility and artistic grace.

Rushing along now through the twilight, we looked out into the gathering dusk at twinkling lights in the distance. I recalled bits of early English history; I thought of baronial halls, great manors, intrigues against the crown, the three-cornered contest for supremacy, with crown, barons, and churchmen aligned against each other. It was not difficult to understand the contempt this great nation must have felt

in its state of security, with its centuries-old customs and well-ordered society, for the demands of a handful of colonists thousands of miles away in the frontier country of America. What Englishman, secure in English society and comfortably bolstered by the home land's reassuring traditions, would have given an inch of England for the future of the religionists and self-exiled subjects who made up most of the population of the New World in the eighteenth century? Certainly the attitude must have been strongly expressed by the majority as, let them have America.

Our first morning in London was sparkling in sunlight; California-like blue skies were given motion by an occasional lazily floating white cloud. For a moment, as we stood on the Strand directly in front of the entrance to our hotel, we had a pang of disappointment. This was not the London that novelists portray for the American imagination. Where was the yellowish, smoke-like fog through which, we were told, even in the day only the yellow aura of the street lamps is visible—a fog that gives all passers-by a wraith-like form? Reason then told me how fortunate we were that such a condition did not prevail today, and how fortunate we would be if it did not exist during our stay in England; for we were here to photograph.

Every large city throughout the world, it is said, has a personality—certain characteristics; not physical form, but environment—which makes it distinctly different from every other city, regardless of how similar they may be in skyline, industries, customs, and general appearance. Every world traveler has felt this and yet cannot definitely point his finger at the contributing factor of a city's personality. It is undoubtedly, as it is in human beings, the aggregate of unseen differences in character which constitutes the personality. As a city has a personality, so, too, does it have a soul. In every city there is some site, some edifice, historical monument or structure, which symbolizes it which fairly breathes the spirit which it represents. Flash the Eiffel Tower on the cinema screen and people do not merely know it is of Paris; but it somehow fits into the niche of the subconscious visualization they have of Paris. We were now to visit the soul of London, England.

A traditional high, box-like London taxi, with its odd luggage railing framing its top, stopped with screeching brakes before us. The driver

poked his head through the window in our direction and said. See the sights, sir? Somehow this knowledge which natives of every country have in some peculiar fashion—or that at least seems peculiar—that you are a foreigner, and, worse still, a tourist, is very deflating. One likes to imagine he is quite at home, in appearance at least, in every land. No matter how carefully, in your own opinion, you mimic the dress and mannerisms of the citizens, in some mysterious way they see through the camouflage.

While I held the cab, Brower, with the assistance of several very curious porters, loaded the bulky cinema equipment into it. Nowhere, except perhaps in California, is professional motion-picture paraphernalia taken casually; the farther one gets from California, the more intense is the fascination for the devices that make the fairy-land of the silver screen possible. We rode for ten minutes along crowded thoroughfares, winding in and out between London's famed, giant double-decked omnibuses. We discussed the confusion we would personally experience if we were to drive on the left side of the road, as we were now being driven, just opposite to the side on which American traffic travels.

Suddenly we were riding along the Thames with its low, gray, stone retaining wall. A moment later we stopped with a jerk at our destination—Westminster Bridge. Piling our equipment in a confused mass against an abutment of the bridge, we turned and gazed from our position of half-way across, straight ahead. There they were—a compact unit: the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Big Ben, the mammoth clock whose chimes had resounded around the Empire. The slender turrets which graced the sides of the Houses of Parliament impressed me as being like the delicate filigree wood carvings of some Swiss antique; yet, with this finery, there was about them an atmosphere of strength and solemnity.

Slowly, steadily, the Thames flowed by under our very feet. Time, periods in English history, decades of strife and of prosperity had also moved by as unceasingly as this river; but there, unchanged by it all, existed this soul of the British Empire. From this dot in the world, millions of people at the far corners of the earth were governed. New ideas, radical tendencies, unstable influences, were all tempered and steadied by its spell. The spirit that was England's dwelt within those

gray walls. Church and state, figuratively and literally, stood side by side. Here was an example of the true value of tradition. No one can deny the progress of England or its place in the foremost ranks of civilization today; its advance has been sensational in many ways. Yet, when upsets came, as they did at times, it slipped back no further than the traditions which were bred in the bones of its sons and which constituted the last high level to which it had climbed. Traditions which do not retard but which act as a bulwark against decadency in eras of weakness are the safeguard of a people or of a nation.

Simultaneously we stopped our musing and proceeded to seek the best position for a shot, cinematographically speaking, of what we saw. Our foremost thought was to reproduce on film, if possible, enough of what we saw with our eyes to instill into the minds of an audience the impressions we had received! But therein lies the secret of the true art of photography. Why, we may be asked, were we filming the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, and what relation had they to Rosicrucian landmarks and personalities of the past? In reply to this, we need go no further than the eminent Sir Francis Bacon, past Emperor of the Rosicrucian Order and also Lord Chancellor of England in the seventeenth century. Philosopher and mystic, he was also an important factor in England's political life, officiating on many occasions in these same dignified edifices before us. As for Westminster Abbey, it is more than a church, a place dedicated to worship, or even a monument; it is a pantheon. Beneath its flooring lie England's great. They are more than England's; they are the world's noble dead, for they made contributions to humanity, to civilization's advancement. Among them are those who were identified with past activities of the Rosicrucian Order. What simpler respect could we pay them than to film the place of their last rest to be viewed by their brethren of today?

They were a good-natured crowd these Londoners—as they jostled one another to get a vantage position to watch Brower grind out several hundred feet of costly film as we recorded this soul of England. Big Ben was not to be forgotten; through the telescopic lens we brought it to within a hundred feet, visionally, of where we stood. We photographed the hands in the position of the quarter hour and half hour so that the sound of the chimes could later be synchronized with their position.

In a series of short, rapid trips about the heart of London, we took several views of prominent squares and circuses, at one time mounting our equipment on the great library steps and filming the noted, busy, noisy Trafalgar Square.

We were to leave London next day for a hundred-mile journey northward to Salisbury Plains. The mysterious Stonehenge was to be our destination. As we expected, we had to first obtain permission from His Majesty's Department of Public Works before being allowed to take professional cinema pictures there. Still-camera pictures were not ordinarily prohibited. A preliminary investigation revealed that upon application by mail, after a ten-day delay, we could expect a reply to our request. Ten days! How disheartening! We were scheduled to leave England before that. Must we fail at the very beginning of our journey? What could be done?

There is no maze like the entwined activities of government departments. It may seem strange, but in endeavoring to locate His Majesty's Department of Public Works, bobbies, guards, and attendants at public offices gave us conflicting directions. This condition is almost always experienced in conducting business with departments of the leading governments of the world. Each petty official or assistant is not made to familiarize himself with the relationship of his department to any other, and usually is in ignorance of the administrative structure. This condition prevails in America as well. His isolation of departments makes it exceedingly difficult to locate the required official unless you know exactly the title of the department to which he is attached. British officials are at all times courteous and respectful, and unlike those of many other countries, are not unduly impressed with the authority delegated to them. Presentation of credentials showing that we represented a fraternity devoted to the study of the sciences, and which maintained a free museum of antiquities, and also disclosure of our connection as individuals with internationally known societies of research, accorded us the needed exception to routine procedure. The Department of Public Works immediately take cinema photographs in Salisbury and we were actually to begin photographing the Order. We were highly elated at this, our first success.

There is something so gratifying about a rural motor trip in England. The low, rolling hills with occasional wooded strips, all intersected with

winding streams, are enchanting. Everywhere were wild shrubs which seemed so perfectly trimmed and artistically arrayed that it was as if man had undertaken a gigantic landscaping project. However, it is not Nature which lends England her greatest enchantment; it is the quaint villages with which the country-side is dotted, with their century-or-more old churches and slender steeples. The public squares which once formed the hearts of these villages are framed by sloping, two-story structures with high peaked roofs, tall windows, and superimposed balconies. The limber ends which protrude from their fronts, and the lattice-like strips which form a design on their faces, blackened with age, contrast with the grayish white of the stucco-like plaster with which they are sealed against the weather. One sees, side by side, on the lower floor of these structures, the crisscross leaded window of a bake shop with all the appearances of Dickens' time, and the modern large plate glass front of a branch of England's popular-priced merchandise chain store—a contemporary of our own American Woolworth's. How incongruous the modern automobile seems when parked before tea rooms in buildings obviously of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries! Many of these old dwellings and buildings have long since ceased to serve any real usefulness, although still occupied. They remain to mellow the harshness of the New Age and to remind one of the quiet elegance that was once Old England's. Thoughts of a great wood fire in an open hearth, planked floors and the wooden benches of an old town tavern were engendered by a driving, cold rain which caused us, although in summer, to pull our light top coats about us as we drove rapidly along smooth, narrow highways.

Leaving behind us the historical town of Salisbury in Wilshire, with its renowned cathedral, we headed out over the great Salisbury Plains for Stonehenge. These were typical plains, much like those one sees in Western Canada and the United States. They indicated the plentifulness of England's rainfall, for they were covered with a plush of vivid green. There were to be seen no villages or farms—even few fences.

"There it is!" our driver suddenly exclaimed, pointing to the left. It was still quite distant. We looked intently at what appeared to be large, oblong, grayish objects standing on end and leaning against each other at rather a sharp angle. Candidly, I was disappointed with my first view. This disappointment was not shared by Brower.

“Just as I visualized Stonehenge,” he declared. A minute or two later we were outside the high wire enclosure which surrounded it. One of England’s strangest antiquities, now a government monument. Its setting was quite incongruous, for a short distance away was a modern military airdrome.

Our proximity had not changed my first impression. The giant, roughly-hewn monoliths stood upon a level plain surrounded by grass, cropped as closely as that of a golf course. There was no approach to them, no fallen stones or fragments of an ancient structure to quicken one’s imagination and draw attention to the principal antiquity as the climax of some great achievement of a forgotten race. There was lacking that dramatic setting one expected from so mysterious a relic of the past. In effect, it was as though these gigantic stones had been transported from their natural surroundings and deposited here solely for exhibitional purposes.

What remains of Stonehenge is an inner semi-circle of huge stone blocks which were crudely shaped by hand by some unknown race. Each of the four-sided sandstone and bluestone pillars penetrates the soil for a depth of about four and a half Feet, and towers for a height of fifteen and a half feet, and weighs approximately twenty-six tons. Nine still stand, and eleven are recumbent. Several of the massive monoliths are joined at the top by horizontal stones of like nature, forming cross ties or beams. The uprights have a conical tenon which dovetails into a mortise at each end of the horizontal stone. Some distance from this inner circle there is the remains of an earthwork which formed the foundation of an enormous outer circle of pillars. Not aught but the bases of this once great outer circle are now to be seen. At the northeast of the inner circle, two of the uprights with their cross beam compose a crude pylon. Standing in the center of the pylon one looks out at a distance of about 100 feet at a great slab of recumbent sarsen, one end of which is partly buried, and which is known as the Slaughter Stone. An equal distance beyond, standing upright, is the Heel Stone. Tradition has it that when the rays of the rising sun struck the Heel Stone and cast a shadow on the Slaughter Stone, at that moment an animal (some say a human being) was offered to the Sun God as a sacrifice. Large avenues of stone columns, as roughly hewn as these monoliths, once led to it.



FILMING STONEHENGE

Kendal Brower, the expedition photographer, taking professional motion pictures of the mysterious Stonehenge pillars on the Salisbury Plains. England.

Speculation is still rampant as to the origin and age of Stonehenge. It has been a battle ground for archeological theories. One theory is that it was erected as a temple of worship by the Romans during their occupancy of England two thousand years ago. This is not logical for various reasons, primarily because the workmanship lacks that mastery of masonry that was as the Romans'. Again it is said to have been built by the ancient Druids as a place of worship, or as a sepulcher. This theory also lacks authenticity and has little to support it, even in imagination. The most acceptable explanation is that it was built during the latter part of the Stone Age and at a time when civilization was dawning in Egypt. It is presumed that the great circle constitutes the hub, and the radiating spokes or colonnaded avenues led to the primitive huts of the Neolithic builders. Fragments of pottery and reindeer picks of that age were found in the debris of the ruin. It was

quite evidently used as a place of mystical ceremony. Elementary as it is structurally, it is not, symbolically. The great outer circle, the inner circle, the massive altar, the entrance to the East, the stones erected to block the sun's rays and cast significant shadows at a specific time, reveal a worship not necessarily of the sun but of Nature's phenomena. The Slaughter Stone is named not by fact but merely by speculation. May it not have marked the place of initiation into mysteries long since lost to man? Perhaps the shadow of the Heel Stone fell upon the brow of some humble neophyte who knelt, with head bared and arms crossed in supplication, facing the mighty globe of power, illumination and life-giving force which gradually ascended from below the distant horizon. It was no casual undertaking the building of Stonehenge. It represented some tremendous expression of inner feeling—a people reaching upward for something not quite comprehensible to them. The task, with the very crude tools which they must have had at their disposal, was enormous. It reveals that the place that was to house the spirit of man's God always excelled in splendor and majesty the edifices he constructed solely for himself. Even the non-religious must admit this virtue of selflessness which religion instills in the breast of man. It unites men to serve a common ideal in a manner that private interests could not inspire.

Brower took several Graphlex or still-camera photographs of this impressive place from different angles. Then he frantically assembled his cinema equipment and maneuvered for a position which would reveal, photographically, a picturesque view of a portion of the strange structure, while casting his eye upward at the menacing rain clouds. Just as he began to crank his camera, down came the rain, and we scurried to shelter. Between showers, and after shifting the camera equipment to various positions in the center of the great circle and beyond it, he succeeded in obtaining several hundred feet of worthwhile scenes, which, when viewed weeks later, we considered compensation for the effort in obtaining them.

It was several days later and we were resting in our hotel after arduous photographic labors in London and environs. The room telephone rang. I answered it, and was informed that my visitors had arrived and were waiting for me in the lounge below. I mused, as I descended in the elevator, that only a few days before we had looked

with the keenest of anticipation toward the filming of Stonehenge and had thought of little else; and now all that was past and we were on the eve of our departure from England. Only one more act of importance required my attention; that was to confer again, after several years, with our good Frater Raymund Andrea Rosicrucian Grand Master of the English jurisdiction, and author of several popular Rosicrucian works—and his London associates. They awaited me now.

I stepped into the spacious reception room, and they arose to greet me. One cannot help being impressed by Frater Andrea. Physically he is not large, but yet one is not conscious of his stature. His eyes hold one's attention; they are keen, penetrating, and in a quick glance he seems to probe completely the depths of your feelings and appraise you. As piercing as they are, there is dancing in them the light of merriment and kindness. Soft spoken, he speaks only to convey a worthy thought, preferring to listen and weigh words. His quiet manner wins confidence by the friendliness that radiates. One is impressed with the thought, "*Here is a modern mystic.*" He wears no strange costume and has no peculiar habits, and neither does he resort to odd conduct. Dressed in a conservative business suit, moving about in a twentieth-century world, he is able to accomplish in a modern way among present-day peoples the things we think of as having been possible only among the robe garbed mystics of the middle Ages. However, strange rites and queer methods of living, we know, do not make the mystic; such things are practiced for the credulous who have a fantastic conception of the mystic as a weird being, dropped from a place far above the earth, to descend among mortals and by some magical process elevate their consciousness.

The other Fraters—one an active and the other a past officer of the London Rosicrucian lodge—could have, in appearance, passed anywhere in either America or England as professional or prominent business men, as they were, in fact, in private life. Only by engaging them in conversation would a stranger realize by their remarks that they had a far deeper philosophical conception of life than that held by the average professional or business man.

This meeting was truly a hands-across-the-sea. It made me realize and feel proud of the extent of the Rosicrucian order, AMORC, and its influence. Here, thousands of miles distant from San Jose, California, I

was received as a friend and a brother, because I was a follower of the Rose and Cross. Nationality and religious differences, if any, melted away into a great, common understanding. It was beneficial to us all to discuss the hopes and ideals of our respective jurisdictions which embraced continents and nations as well as millions of souls, many of whom were already traveling the path of light with us. The early morning hours were beginning to crowd the night before we bade farewell and parted.

It was only a matter of hours when we were once again on shipboard; this time we were standing on the crowded deck of a small channel steamer, plowing her way from Dover, England, to Ostend, Belgium. The Channel, at one time a safeguard to England and an assurance against surprise attacks from a hostile power on the Continent as long as England flung a cordon of men-of-war about her island home, no longer conveys that reassuring feeling of isolation. In less than an hour there can roar over London, from European capitals, a mighty air fleet of destruction, screened by fog, which could blast out—so English air authorities advise—the nerve centers of England. The Channel itself is but a ten or twelve-minute crossing by air, and therefore is neither a means of defense to England nor a barrier to a hostile air fleet. It is of little importance in this age. The nationalistic fences of a century ago are toppling. Trade and industry, communication and transportation, are uniting the powers of the world. The nations must either become a commonwealth of humanity, or be destroyed by their own avarice; for there is no wall they can build about themselves that can resist the ingenuity of this scientific age, if that ingenuity is to be used as an instrument of destruction.

The coast of Belgium framed the white-capped waves on the horizon, and we knew that we were soon to land. We were to have, in this small, once blood-drenched country, experiences which, though we did not now realize it, were to be unforgettable and the beginning of strange yet illuminating mystic adventures.

Chapter II

OUR MYSTICAL INITIATIONS

WITH SIGHS OF relief we sank back against the cushions of our seats, attempting to make ourselves as comfortable in the overcrowded compartment as possible. After a delay which nearly caused us to miss the special Brussels Express we had finally located our missing baggage on the dock and with little opportunity for proper arrangement were obliged to pile it about our feet and in the racks over our heads just as the train, after a series of convulsive jerks, pulled slowly out of the domed sheds. A sudden startling clatter of the door, and there stood on the threshold the attendant or, as we term him in America, the conductor. His expression was quite apparently one of displeasure. He glanced at the baggage and at us, and said nothing. His silence and looks combined were more abusive, I am sure, than any remarks he might have made at the moment. He was, we were certain, not approving of this excess baggage in a passenger compartment. We were not left in doubt long as to his annoyance. In a loud voice, mingling French with English, and gesticulating freely, he informed us of our wrongdoing, but permitted us to keep our delicate equipment in the compartment. We were well pleased that we did not have to subject it to the rough handling of the baggage attendants.

The weather was delightfully warm. The late summer sun seemed to have given the fleeting fields and pastures a mellow appearance as though we were looking at them through an amber glass. The countryside was level and but a few feet above the sea. Artistic, rustic thatched-roof barns and houses flashed by. Patient and plodding oxen pulled crude two wheeled carts laden with hay. Picturesquely dressed peasants

with wide baggy trousers walked slowly alongside with one hand resting on the rack of the cart and the other holding a with wooden-pronged fork which seemed to lie heavily on their shoulders. Frater Shibley remarked that it was an animated painting, like a masterpiece from some famous gallery suddenly become a reality.

A series of sharp, high-pitched blasts of the engine whistle informed us we were approaching a station, and a few seconds later we heard and felt the grinding of brakes as we pulled up to a small red brick depot with a stone flagging platform. Small town train watchers and station hangers-on do not differ much throughout the world. They are brothers under the skin regardless of their difference in costume and nationality. A number of them seated on cases and crates were leaning languorously against the wall, wearing wide-brimmed hats pulled low in front to shade their eyes. They formed a soporific picture. Rosy-faced children, with well-patched clothes, went through a pantomime act attempting to interest passengers in their wares. The passengers, behind closed windows, did not respond.

We heard it coming—the distant faint tweet of the whistle of the guard of the last car, followed by louder and shriller tweets of the whistles of the guards of the successive cars, until finally the engineer, who must have been counting each whistle corresponding to the cars of the train, acknowledged them with a shrieking blast from the engine. We were off again. To get a train underway was indeed a ceremony. Frater Brower remarked that the delay in starting a train in Belgium must certainly be a boon to late commuters.

It was dark when we finally roared to a stop in the great metropolis of Brussels, a city having a population of more than seven hundred thousand. We were pleased to learn that our hotel was a few steps from the railroad station; in fact, located on the same great cobblestone square which the station itself faced. Several times before large parties of Rosicrucians from America and various sections of Europe had gathered at this hotel while attending important conclaves in Brussels. The Rosicrucians were well known to the management as an orderly, congenial group of guests and his hospitality was accordingly responsive. Our party had adjoining suites, ones that had been occupied by the Emperor's party but two years previously.*

* A party consisting of Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, late Imperator, and certain other high officials of the Rosicrucian Order of America.

I was late for an important engagement, how important I did not fully realize. I called Mademoiselle Guesdon on the telephone. She was residing at the same hotel, having come from Paris for the same conclave and to kindly act as my official interpreter. She excitedly asked that my wife and myself meet her in the main lobby at once. To meet Mademoiselle Guesdon, Grand Secretary of the AMORC in France, is to know an exceedingly intelligent and highly efficient woman with much administrative experience. With all of her firmness and ability to accomplish what seems the impossible at times, she is refined, kindly, and most considerate. Years of intimate association with the commercial world in an executive capacity have not lessened her mystic insight and her philosophic trend of mind. She has performed innumerable services for the AMORC of America and its Supreme Officers.

Speaking in perfect English and in a hushed voice, she told us that Hieronymus, the Rosicrucian Imperator of Europe, could only attend that night's secret conclave of the FUDOSI, the great federation of the arcane mystic Orders of the world. He must leave early the next day for another city in Belgium. In fact, he had been in conference for a day before we arrived and had waited and was now waiting for us. We felt grieved that we had been a cause of delay, but Mademoiselle Guesdon hastened to assure us that our schedule had been proper, but that sudden unexpected affairs made it necessary for Hieronymus to depart sooner than he had anticipated.

Since we must leave at once, there was not time for preparation. My wife and I hastily informed the other members of our party where we were going and then hurriedly joined Mademoiselle Guesdon at the street curb. We frantically signaled a taxi, and in my excitement I called to the driver in English, which amused the early evening sidewalk cafe patrons. To them we were running true to form, like all Americans, in a constant rush. We feel that the speed with which we travel through life is the cause of our accomplishments, and that these accomplishments are the worthy ends of life. Our Belgian friends shrug their shoulders and admit that Americans accomplish stupendous things, but are these things the true end of life?" is their query. Do they bring the American

any greater happiness and contentment than the quiet enjoyment of every hour of living which the Belgian ordinarily experiences? Speaking rapidly in French to our rotund chauffeur who looked none too comfortable crammed into the very limited space between the wheel and the hard, upright seat back, Mademoiselle Guesdon gave directions for reaching our destination.

Concerning exactly where we were going, and what was to occur, I was still very much in the dark. I ventured to quiz Mademoiselle Guesdon and finding her non-committal on this point dropped the matter. This attitude only quickened my imagination and further stimulated my enthusiasm. No further words were spoken. We, my wife and myself, sat in suspense, each keeping to his or her own thoughts. We drove across great plazas walled in by massive stone buildings having medieval looking turrets and high iron gates. Walking rhythmically before them were uniformed sentinels carrying regulation rifles with bayonets fixed. I could only conjecture that they were guarding public buildings. The dignified solemnity of these settings was broken by the clanging bells of high, narrow, but short length electric trams which rocked from side to side as they clattered along.

Suddenly Mademoiselle Guesdon tapped loudly on the glass partition separating us from the driver. Bringing his cab to a stop, he inquired in French as to her desires. After much hand waving on the chauffeur's part he was finally convinced by Mademoiselle Guesdon that he was not taking us in the right direction, and he turned to travel in a direction from which it seemed to me we had just come. I did not know what to look for, but I was surprised when our cab stopped in a semi-residential shopping district. I hesitated before leaving the cab. "Do we get out here?" I inquired. "Yes," Mademoiselle Guesdon replied, smiling at my bewilderment.

We walked rapidly about a block, passing many attractive little shops. Mademoiselle Guesdon stopped in front of one, and looked in the doorway. I walked closer and looked into the large plate glass window front. There were platters of cakes and large green bowls of delicious-looking salads. I looked at the large block letters painted on the glass above me. The establishment was a restaurant catering to those who preferred vegetarian and fruit dishes. "But why are we stopping here?" I wondered. I turned, and looked in the direction of Mademoiselle

Guesdon. She beckoned to us to enter. "This is strange," I thought. She had been anxious to reach our destination—was in a hurry, in fact—and now we were dining before proceeding. She apparently realized my confusion and enlightened me. "We are here," she said. "The conclave"—I began, and she motioned for me not to speak for a genial hostess with a voluminous colored apron was approaching us. The hostess was about to accept us as patrons, usher us to a table in the large room in which there were several tables already occupied by diners. But Mademoiselle Guesdon stepped up to her quickly, and in a manner that attracted no attention, spoke to her in a whisper which I could not overhear. The woman turned, looked at us intently for a moment, and then nodded her head in the direction of a small door at the opposite end of the room. We followed her in single file toward it. Upon reaching the door she bowed, turned, and left us. Mademoiselle Guesdon, turning to us, said: "Wait here, please; I shall return shortly." The patrons, eating in the leisurely manner which is the custom of the country, paid us no attention, for which we were grateful, for our faces must have revealed our pent-up emotions.

It seemed an age, but in reality the passing of time must have been but three minutes before Mademoiselle Guesdon returned. "You shall follow me," she said solemnly. We did. We entered a short dark hallway. As I recall, it had a turn in it, because I could not see the other end until suddenly I was standing in an oblong chamber. The room was about thirty-five feet in length and about eighteen feet wide. It had, if memory serves me well, a plank floor and a low-hanging plastered ceiling. It was lit by candles located at the far end of the room. Shadows danced about us on the wall with each flicker of the candle flames, adding to the enigmatic atmosphere of the occasion. Our eyes were rooted to the scenes which the candles illuminated. There was a long but narrow U-shaped table with the open end toward us. The table in reality consisted of a series of small tables placed together and covered with a crisp and brilliant white (in contrast to the yellow candlelight) table cloths. Around the outer side sat a group of impressive looking men. None was eating, although they obviously had been. They looked straight at us. Their faces were expressionless but not cold and steely. We felt, standing there in the part shadows, as though we were apparitions being looked upon by a solemn committee of investigators

into psychic phenomena. I stepped forward and then stood hesitating. As though this had been a given signal, the gentlemen all arose at once, stood erect, motionless, waiting. Waiting for what, I did not know.

Again Mademoiselle Guesdon came to our aid. In a low voice she said, permit me to introduce you. I was fascinated by one personage. He stood behind the closed end of the U-shaped table in the exact center. His position was directly in front of me. I had tried turning my eyes from him. I did not wish to stare discourteously, and yet, as if magnetically drawn, I would become conscious that I had turned again to hold his eyes. He would have attracted attention anywhere. He was tall, stately, well-groomed, conservatively attired. He had a neatly trimmed white beard which gave him an air of distinction without being conspicuous. His complexion for a man of his age—and he must have been sixty years—was startlingly youthful, a healthful pink. I could not detect the color of his eyes from where I stood. They were to me two radiant, scintillating gems; points of light would perhaps better describe them.

Slowly Mademoiselle Guesdon led us down the center aisle formed by the opening of the “U,” directly toward him. When but three feet from him she stopped. Slowly, and in a quiet tone of voice, Mademoiselle Guesdon spoke to him in French. She was introducing me; then he spoke. I do not recall his words; in fact, I did not, as I now recollect, remember hearing words at all but it seemed as if I were hearing a voice calling from a great distance, indistinct but melodious, soothing, somewhat like a chant. I seemed to understand inwardly what was being said, rather than objectively perceiving it. He was extending greetings, then he smiled and put forth his hand in welcome. As he smiled, his whole face lit up with a beautiful glow. I realized then what the master painters sought to capture on canvas when they wished to have their subjects saints, mystics, and great philosophers of old—appear to radiate the esoteric light which had dwelt within them. It is something which the chemical elements of paint and pigments can never portray. In fact, it is more sensed than seen.

This man before me was the Emperor of Europe, known only by his symbolic name, Hieronymus. He was one of the three Rosicrucian Emperors of the world, of which Dr. H. Spencer Lewis of our jurisdiction is one.* I was not awed by the occasion, but rather a great

wave of humility swept over me. I felt a keen sense of devotion to the Order which it is my privilege and honor to serve. There flashed in my mind a vivid picture of my obligations and duties, and the thought of the many who had gone before me and had made possible what we hold so sacred today.

* This occurred three years before the higher initiation and transition of Dr. H. Spencer Lewis.

We were now led to our places at this table; then each of the gentlemen filed by us and was introduced to us in turn. We played with our food, hungry as we were and delicious as it was. Somehow we thought that giving time to eating on such an auspicious occasion would be nothing short of profane, though it would have been in proper order. A few moments later, all arose at the sound of the gavel, and quietly retired from the room. I was about to leave when a young man of about thirty-three or thirty-four years of age slender, wiry, with high forehead and the facial characteristics of one who is distinctly a student and devoted to a mental life, came forward and said in English, "Kindly wait with Mademoiselle Guesdon. You shall be admitted later." I felt a strong liking for this Frater. He was personable and understanding. He was our noted Frater Mallinger, prominent in the legal profession of his country and a moving spirit in the administrative affairs of FUDOSI. I had corresponded with him on numerous occasions relative to official matters of our Order. In fact, I had with me at this time secret and confidential documents to deliver to him. He was exactly as I had visualized him—a human dynamo of energy and accomplishment. He left us and joined the others.

Once again we were alone—Mademoiselle Guesdon, Mrs. Lewis and myself. I turned to Soror Guesdon questioningly. Before I could speak she anticipated my thoughts. "You are about (referring to Mrs. Lewis and me) to be inducted into the thirteenth traditional historical degree of our Order." (Referring to AMORC.) "Only a few members of every jurisdiction are eligible to receive its honors, secrets and wisdom. We were more than elated and grateful. A few moments later a Prater came through the portal which led to the chamber into which all the others had retired. He spoke hurriedly in French to our interpreter and guide, and returned. Once again Soror Guesdon bade us follow her, which we did. This became an unforgettable evening in our lives. We crossed

the threshold and dwelt within for nearly an hour, though we were not conscious of time. What transpired there must be sealed in my heart and mind. I can only impart my experiences to those who are prepared to receive them, and like me, they will never know when they will be considered prepared until the invitation has been extended to them to receive this knowledge at a proper time and at a proper place.

My next day was an exceptionally busy one; no time for sightseeing, no tours or ramblings. There was too much to be accomplished. By appointment met Frater Mallinger at his office, to which Mademoiselle Guesdon took me. There important documents concerning the welfare and extension of AMORC, the Rosicrucian Order in America, were signed and sealed. Official communications from the Emperor of AMORC in America were personally delivered to Frater Mallinger for consideration by the FUDOSI officers. The mutual plans and problems of the Rosicrucian Order of the North and South American jurisdiction and the Order of Europe were discussed, and constructive ideas exchanged. For the first time I heard the phrase. "And it shall be the duty of America to preserve this for future generations." I thought it strange but passed it by without question.

Later, Mrs. Lewis, Soror Guesdon and I were luncheon guests of Frater and Soror Mallinger at their home. A delicious repast was enjoyed in most pleasant surroundings, Soror Mallinger being an excellent hostess. Immediately following luncheon, Frater Mallinger, Mademoiselle Guesdon and I attended the meeting of a special FUDOSI Convention Committee some distance from the former's home, for a further consideration of organization matters of importance.

Several days had elapsed since our arrival in Brussels, but this night was to be an eventful one in this very eventful city. Mrs. Lewis, Frater Brower and myself were to be inducted into the Order of the M one of the oldest arcane Orders of Europe. For centuries it had been a contemporary of the Rosicrucian Order, a body of preliminary training and preparation for the higher degree studies of the Rosicrucian Order, perpetuating many noble traditions and ideals. It had numbered among its membership many learned men throughout Europe whose names are milestones in history. Frater Brower, who had never been abroad before, and had not previously had the pleasure and privilege of meeting the dignitaries of these august Orders of Light, was in a

high state of expectation and enthusiasm. For him the hours of the day slowly waned as he waited for the evening, when we were to go to our place of initiation. We had been advised to dress semi-formally for the occasion, and we were dressed considerably in advance and waiting with undue impatience in the foyer of our hotel for Mademoiselle Guesdon, who, as usual, was most punctual.

It was dark and rainy when we left in a chugging taxi for our destination. The streets, for so large a city, were quite deserted. The evening was one that induced a melancholy mood. Reflections of the odd-shaped street lamps cast grotesque patterns of light on the slippery pavements. No one spoke. Each treasured silence. To me it was an intriguing adventure. Some of the streets through which we passed were so narrow that the shadows of the houses on either side intensified the darkness so that we seemed to be riding through deep canyons. The streets twisted to such an extent that neither end could be visible, which added to the realism of the impression.

I could not help but think of the sagas of the neophytes of our beloved Order who, in the Middle Ages, seeking light as we, crept from their homes in the dead of night—such a night as this — and pulling closely over their heads the cowls of their cloaks so as to partly conceal their faces, flitted along in the shadows like things of another world, seeking others who would, in the deep shadows of the eaves of some home, meet them. Together they would secretly enter and surreptitiously conduct a conclave of our Order, fearing any moment to hear the crash of the door and find in their midst officers of church and state who would arrest them for daring to go beyond, in their studies and thoughts, the prescribed confines of the ecclesiastical and state laws of what should constitute knowledge. Though I was to experience no such danger, I thrilled with the thought of the danger they experienced to gain what we, of the jurisdiction of North and South America and the allied jurisdictions, enjoy so freely and sometimes unappreciatively.

After a ride of about ten minutes we came to an abrupt stop on a slight hill. Stepping from the taxi so as to avoid pools of muddy water, we stood on the sidewalk in front of a brown stone building that resembled the mental picture one gains from the descriptions of homes in French novels, architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was quaint, intriguing—the sharp pointed roof, the garret

windows, the well-worn steps leading to the main entrance, and the small doorway at the left, below, with its heavy wooden door and small grated windows.

Presuming that this was the place we were to enter, because it seemed to have an atmosphere of mystery and secrecy, I started in advance of the others to walk up the steps toward the large doors which were closed, and through small glasses in the upper portion of which was shining a faint light. Mademoiselle Guesdon called out to me to return. I said, upon reaching her, "Is not this the place?" "Yes," she said, "but not the entrance." She turned, and we followed her. She approached the small door at the left. In fact, to reach this door we had to go down two or three steps. To me it had seemed like a servants or delivery entrance. We stood behind her, our coats drawn about us tightly. It was still raining, and miserably uncomfortable. Not a soul was to be seen on the street. It was exceptionally dark because there was only a faint street lamp on either end of the long block. She knocked three times. I recalled the symbolic knock in one of our own rituals.

We waited what seemed to me a great length of time. No one spoke. She made no further effort to knock. Finally I heard a bolt being drawn in the door, and the door must have been heavy and not used frequently for it opened slowly as though the one who was opening it found it an effort to do so. It creaked. We looked in. There was a hallway, a short one, well illuminated by an odd electric fixture hanging on the high ceiling, casting a peculiar pattern on the floor. To the right of the entrance in front of which we stood was a stairway that led upward, only one flight of it being visible. The hallway was inviting. It radiated a spirit of friendliness, warmth, light, cheerfulness. Immediately before us stood a Frater, tall, well proportioned, and wearing a flowing white gown, and a black mask which concealed all of his face but just a slight portion of his forehead and his mouth and chin. He said but one word—"Enter." We did. We filed in and lined ourselves against the wall of the hallway. He closed the door, bolted it, spoke nothing further, turned at right angles, walked slowly up the long stairway, we following him with our eyes as he did so. Again silence reigned and no one made the effort to speak. Speaking seemed to be out of order. No one seemed to want to shatter his impressions with words.

In a few moments this Frater returned, and smiling, and speaking in English, asked us to please follow. Mademoiselle Guesdon led. The robed Frater took up the rear. We climbed the flight of stairs to another passageway identical with the one below, except that in this hallway were two doors. We waited outside one. The robed Frater opened it just enough to pass into the chamber, but we could not see in and knew not what to expect. He returned a few moments later and had in his hand three large white silk handkerchiefs. We were asked to remove our coats and hats and then each of us was blindfolded, and each of us was led through the open doorway into the chamber of initiation.

Gently we were taken by the arm and led a few steps forward and then turned at right angles and caused to move forward in another direction. This was repeated several times in the direction of each point of the compass. It was not a capricious act, nor was it intended to confuse us. It was, I knew from my experience with ritualism, part of some solemn ceremony. I had by now lost my orientation. The stillness, the quiet, was intense; it had the feeling of heaviness; it seemed to be pressing in upon me. I felt as though eyes I could not see, how many I did not know, were not merely looking upon my form or my partially concealed face, but were searching my soul. My heart thumped and a flush of warmth came over me. So carefully had I been blindfolded that even no light penetrated to my sight. I felt not as one whose vision was temporarily obscured, but rather like a person groping in the dark of night, in a wild, unknown terrain, not knowing but half sensing that perhaps a precipice lay just ahead, over which one could plunge into oblivion. Strangely I had no tear, my emotion was one of excitement instead, that anticipation of some great revelation that would thrill and amaze me. I heard a voice; I knew it was close to me, yet it had that faintness of distance. It was not in a tongue that I at first recognized; in fact, I was not attempting to understand it. Its melodious tone enthralled me; it was that to which I was listening. It was unmistakably a man's voice, yet there was something not mortal about it. Perhaps I was overwrought; perhaps again my imagination dominated my reason, yet as I look back upon the experience now, calm, collected, I cannot help but feel the same about it today. I was being told and asked something. Certainly they must have known that I could not understand the tongue or what was

being said. Suddenly I was startled—I amazed myself—I *did know!* I did not actually comprehend words, but the inflections, the rise and fall of the voice, the reaction of my solar plexus to the vibrations of their intonations engendered within me sensations which caused me to have a consciousness of their import, as thoroughly as if I had understood the language. The voice stopped as suddenly as it had begun. I was now breathing heavily with intense excitement. The sound of my own breath disturbed me for it was disturbing the peculiar state of tranquility existing in the room, of which I was so conscious. To my surprise I quickly regained my composure. Then I had a sensation of numbness come over me like that one experiences who is slowly being frozen. I felt drowsy. It became an effort for me to concentrate, I so wanted to relinquish consciousness, to sort of slip off into an effortless state, into comfortable oblivion. Something, however, kept me from doing that. What it was I cannot recall—something within me perhaps. There flashed into my mind the command to answer. They were waiting and I must answer the charge given me, the questions asked of me. I was, however, powerless to speak; I could not even move my tongue—it was an inopportune time to be inarticulate. The answers, as thoughts, welled up within my consciousness. It seemed as though the very words themselves which I was mentally framing choked me. A titanic struggle was going on within me, yet I was aware that outwardly I remained motionless and perhaps gave no indication of this conflict. Then a voice spoke in English; it was a woman's. She said: "You have answered aright." It did not occur odd to me then that they were aware of my answer, which was unspoken, and which had become nothing more than an intense thought within me. I felt bands tugging at my blindfold. A few seconds later I looked out upon my surroundings.

In point of time, only a short period had elapsed since we had entered the chamber and finally left these quarters on the Rue . . . , but in that interval and after the removal of our blinds we had such experiences as made it seem that we had lived for centuries and traveled to other worlds. And this concluded my first initiation in the Order of the M..... I was to have still others.

The next night was to be our last one in Brussels. It was to be one of merriment, sociability, brotherhood. During the next day Mrs. Lew

is and Mrs. Shibley were free to visit some of the excellent shops in Brussels, noted for their fine laces and needlework. They had to return early, however, to prepare for the official FUDOSI banquet, a banquet which concludes all these official sessions.

At 7:00 P.M. on that evening, Mademoiselle Guesdon again acted as our guide. Our party, however, was increased in number this time. We drove along one of the main boulevards in Brussels, well illuminated with sparkling, scintillating electric signs as modern as any we find in America. Along this boulevard there prevailed the typical continental atmosphere. There were blocks dotted with little sidewalk cafes, little tables over which there were awnings, and about which people sat sipping wines, drinking coffee, and watching humanity file by.

We eventually came to our destination, a well-illuminated and fashionable-appearing restaurant—a large place. We entered, and the maître d'hôtel escorted our party to the second floor where, in a large dining hall, the convention tables were spread. There were hosts of representatives of the various occult, mystical, and arcane Orders of Europe and the world gathered there. Some were in full dress, wearing their emblems of office, and some wore their ritualistic capes. Among those present was the eminent Grand Master of the Order of M....., into which I had just been inducted—a man of prominence in his own country, an outstanding figure in the political world. More about him will come later. I was introduced to a kindly old soul, well over eighty years of age. Grand Master of the hermetic brotherhood, a master of occult lore. He spoke English, and I spent a very pleasant half-hour discussing the work of the AMORC in North and South America with him.

There were also many others there who were distinguished personages. I had the pleasure of meeting our good Frater Greuter of Southern France, who holds a prominent AMORC office in that country, and who is also active in the work of the FUDOSI. A delightful banquet was served. There was entertainment, and there were speeches in various languages. I had the pleasure of addressing this congregation, and Mademoiselle Guesdon interpreted my address to those present who could not understand English.

We returned to our hotel in the early hours of the morning feeling that we had concluded a very successful stay in Brussels, and had had an experience that made life worth living. Late as was the hour, or rather I should say, as early in the morning as it was, we were obliged to pack and prepare for an early morning journey to France—to Paris.

Chapter III

A CITY OF STRANGE CONTRASTS

THERE IS A charm about Paris that is part imaginary and part actual. Many Americans think of Paris as synonymous with Europe, and their first trip abroad is centered in and about Paris. Actually, however, Paris differs only slightly from many of the other great cities of Europe. Of course, its customs, language, and historical background are different, but in reality there is little more of interest to the traveler or even to the tourist than one would find in London, Berlin, or Rome for example.

France, it is said, is a nation that desires to live in the past, in the glory of past achievements and accomplishments, the romantic settings of previous centuries, to dwell upon her great personalities of yore, and thus she turns reluctantly to the present, and to the future. It has also been said that the average Frenchman devotes himself to the things of the day and to modern affairs by necessity, but prefers living in the memories and glory of the France of the past. And since France has been a battleground for centuries, and a prize which various powers of Europe at different times sought, the French people are instinctively on their guard, and one gathers the impression that many of them are suspicious. They are constantly, it seems, on the alert for those who would take advantage of them. This suspicion affronts many visitors, though the effrontery is unintentional on the part of the Frenchman.

This suspicion is manifest in national affairs. It casts a burden on her industry, finance, and full cooperation with other powers. Time after time France has been trampled upon, her national honor insulted, her people enslaved, her institutions destroyed by the greed and avarice of

hostile powers, and each member of a family has taken an unexpressed oath that it shall never happen again, and this obligation colors their views. France is, therefore, a militaristic nation, not because of a desire to conquer or even to expand herself, but for self-defense alone. She feels that if she can command the greatest air force and one of the best equipped and manned armies in Europe, as well as having the most extensive fortifications, she will be safe from the crushing blow which she feels other powers are waiting to give her to further their own ends. The people as a whole are extremely emotional, but this emotionalism is not evidenced except in emergencies, in crises. There are other peoples of Europe as emotional and they display their emotion more frequently in the commonplace affairs of the day. The average Frenchman is quiet, peace loving, even tempered, except when extraordinarily provoked. Then the emotions, like pent-up furies, break loose, and perforce they sweep away the usual very logical reasoning of the people.

The impression the visitor gets is that Paris is a city of two classes only: those who are wealthy—or at least have a very substantial income and are able to enjoy the better and finer things of life, the luxuries—and a great multitude who are struggling along, barely able to provide the necessities of life. There does not seem to be that dominant class which we, in America, say is the *great middle class*, or the *bourgeoisie*. That is particularly noticeable in the material aspects of the city. On the great boulevards we find every evidence of wealth and prosperity, large buildings with marble and tile fronts and chromium plating, modernistic lighting effects and decorations, broad streets and sidewalks, shops displaying articles of every conceivable kind, exquisite jewelry, clothes—both men's and women's—of the latest fashion, rare perfumes, gems, restaurants and cafes whose cuisine caters to the epicurean. The passers-by are well dressed, alert, cultured, refined; but if one steps off the boulevard, in many of the side streets he finds squalor, dust and dirt, congestion, old buildings with old plumbing and light fixtures, crowds, suggestions of poverty or at least want. There is not the same sparkle of life, and hope, in the faces one sees. There is more of an indication of drudgery and life without the light of culture. Of course, there are many sections of Paris which have beautiful apartment houses, and private homes, but these again represent the

opposite class, the other extreme. There is, apparently, no intermediate class, or at least a dearth of it.

One is also impressed by the comparatively few Frenchmen that speak English, or in fact any other language than French. This is noticeable in contrast to London, Berlin and Rome, for the people of those cities almost all speak another language in addition to their own. It is not that Frenchmen cannot be linguists, because many of them speak several languages, but the Frenchman has an exceptional pride in his language, a traditional pride, and many feel it beneath their national dignity to express themselves in any other language than their own, except when obliged to by commercial reasons or some other equal necessity. Thus we find that in the French colonies, the mandated territories of France, the Frenchman does not make it his business to learn the language of the native but attempts to oblige the native to learn French. England, on the other hand, takes a distinctly different position. She feels it is her duty and obligation to become thoroughly conversant with the language of the people of her colonies, and every public servant is obliged to do so. Thus we find that England has a better understanding, generally speaking, of the problems of the people of her colonies than has France.

We had arrived in Paris early in the afternoon. The day was bright and warm, the sort of a day one looks forward to experiencing in Paris. We loaded our luggage in three taxis (and I might add that in the last few years Paris has done away with her traditional taxis which seemed like relics of the past, and has adopted a style of taxi which is more like the American one than any others to be found in Europe) and were soon on our way. Visitors to Paris five years ago know it was the custom for taxicabs to have mounted on them the early type rubber bulb horn in addition to their modern electric horns. Taxis were forbidden to operate their electric horns within the city limits, and were consequently continually obliged to blow the bulb horn at least two or three times in each block, and each one had a different pitch or note. At first the visitor would find it amusing, and finally extremely annoying and irritating. With the increase of motor cars and taxis, the noise became a menace and finally was done away with. Actually the visitor senses a quietude which is unnatural for Paris. After a short winding trip through the streets of Paris from the Gare de Lyon, then

along the Rue de Rivoli, we pulled up at our hotel opposite the famous Tuilerie's Gardens, which were palace grounds for centuries and now form a beautiful park.

The balance of that day and part of the next day were to be free. We were to devote them to our own interests before we began again filming historical sites and continuing interviews with officials of the Rosicrucian Order and allied mystical organizations in Paris. We hurried from our rooms after arranging our luggage, and decided at the curb that we would visit the majestic Notre Dame Cathedral on the little island in the Seine River which flows through the heart of Paris. As we rode toward the Seine, I recalled how this little island in the heart of Paris, according to traditional history, was at one time all there was to Paris; that the Roman generals in their accounts to Rome, when they occupied France, told of a tribe of people, barbarians, who lived on the islands in the Seine. Then again I thought of that medieval philosopher, Abelard, who had numerous controversies with the Roman Church during the eleventh century and who, because of his advanced ideas, jeopardized his life, and how he went to Paris to study logic and rhetoric and finally his teacher, William of Champeaux, admitted to him that he could teach him no more. Abelard then established his own school, and it is said that from the nucleus of his school, which he also established on the island of the Seine, later went forth students who took part in what finally was the establishment of the famed Oxford University.

It is said that everything we see, every scene or place or thing leaves a color impression on our minds, suggests either two or three pronounced colors or combinations of them; that aside from the details of the thing we have a memory of it in color; that it suggests color or light shading to us aside from its form. We all agreed that the grey stone walls along the Seine with their points or bridges of stone which have been there for several centuries, and the other stone, grey, cold, uninviting buildings on either side, gave us an impression not of form particularly, but of just black and white. We later seemed to have the memory impression of our experiences as darkness with just patches of light representing the blue sky and the sun's rays which found their way between the mass of buildings and walls and were reflected on the muddy waters of the Seine.

Man's works are mighty when they can instill within him the same feeling of awe as do the great things of nature. The Notre Dame Cathedral does that. Its great height, rising hundreds of feet over the Seine, the massive stones, the height of the center nave, the diffused lighting caused by the beautiful stained glass windows, the great flagging, the grotesque gargoyles looking as though they were leering down at you, leave one feeling small, insignificant. And yet the greatness of the structure, the stability and beauty of it, causes one to realize that with all that we are able to accomplish today, we cannot greatly improve upon this beautiful example of Gothic architecture. When one realizes that this great edifice was built without the use of steel or girders and that the great arches which press against them are the flying buttresses or oblique, separate outer walls supporting the inner ones, one marvels at the ingenuity of these early builders. Everywhere there are, in this great edifice, suggestions of wealth, power, and strength. The early church had need of such lavish display, for strung about these great cathedrals in Europe in the Middle Ages were the squalid shacks, one might call them, of the populace. In them people led a sordid life; gloom, dirt, filth, fear and superstition existed in them. The average person's clothes were not much more than just what was necessary to cover his body. There was nothing that represented beauty. People had no beautiful furniture or jewels or paintings. They had no musical instruments except a few of the very crudest kind. Everything in life was dull and uninspiring. Life itself seemed to be hardly worth living. There was nothing that could awaken within people who lived at that time an appreciation of the magnificence of God, of the beauty and splendor of the things which he had created. Naturally before they could appreciate the divine, they had to realize something which suggested, by its very nature and difference from their ordinary life, that it was divine. Therefore, the church, collecting the pennies, the coppers, the sous of these people, was able to build in their midst a temple of such splendor and magnificence and majesty as depicted the God to which it was devoted. And on religious holidays or when the people gathered in these big temples for worship they truly felt that they were in a sacred sanctum of God, for the world of the church was so different from theirs. There was beautiful music, such as they never heard elsewhere, magnificent paintings and murals

they could not see anywhere else; there was a structure, stable, strong, representing eternity, and the reliability and dependability of God Himself in contrast to their frail structures which were like unto the life of man. And so, though we may condemn the early church, on the one hand, for taking the few miserable coins that these people had and using them to build such lavish structures, yet they received in return more spiritual benefit and more of an awakening of their inner natures through that means than they could have through the expending of their pennies, their coppers, in any other way. So we can say that the church was justified in its expenditures for these beautiful cathedrals.

The hour was late before we returned to our hotel, and we were glad to retire.

The next day was not so pleasant a one. The skies were leaden, and the smoke of the city was more visible against them than the day before. There was a slow rain, one that seemed ceaseless, and it had a depressing effect upon the mood. However, we determined to visit another historical site. This was the so-called Temple of Justice on the opposite side of the Seine. Again we set out in a taxi. The taxi is the most dependable means of transportation in Paris with the exception of the subway, and as taxi fare is so cheap, the average visitor prefers it to traveling in the congested subways, which, like most subways, usually do not have terminals or stations within the vicinity of the place you wish to visit.

The Temple of Justice is visible for quite some distance before you arrive at it. It is a large, imposing building. Each corner of it is flanked with a tower-like turret so that it looks like a medieval castle. It apparently has never been cleaned by sand blasting as are many of the old stone buildings in America, for its walls are extremely black, as though they had been coated or painted with a black pigment. One gets a chill in looking at it, a sort of dread feeling. In the center of the square building between the two large turrets or towers is a great gateway, massive and composed of an iron grill. The bottom of the grill has spikes, and the whole gate itself is studded with bolts which are apparently hand-riveted. This Temple of Justice, as it is now called, was used during the French Revolution as the place where royalty was confined, where aristocrats were imprisoned, before their trials or, as we might say, 'mock trials, and before they were led to the guillotine. As

you approach the large gateway, you feel your spirits ebbing; whether it is the suggestion of the building itself, its cold atmosphere, or whether it is knowledge of the fact that thousands were confined there before they lost their lives through political upheaval. Many were tortured there. Most all were led from there to their deaths. Political prisoners during the French Revolution who were led into that gateway knew it meant the end of freedom and the end of life. It was like crossing the threshold from this life to another.

We passed through the gateway into the courtyard. The courtyard consisted of cobblestones irregularly laid, and not even uniform in height. About the small quadrangle were the four walls of the structure, all of the same cold appearing stone. One felt so physically oppressed that it seemed even difficult to breathe, though of course the courtyard was open to the sky. The only openings in the walls of the building were long narrow apertures about three feet in length and perhaps eight or ten inches in width. Behind these slit-like windows were little alcoves in which a man could stand and look out, and shoot from them if necessary without exposing himself too greatly. If one looked up at these apertures which were dark, because of the shadows of the interior, one almost felt as if eyes were piercing him, as if he were being scanned by an invisible person. We quickly crossed the cobblestone courtyard to a low arched door-way typical of Gothic architecture. We stepped down three well-worn steps and pushed heavily against a plank door with its strap iron braces, which creaked on its rusty hinges as it swung open. We looked into an enormous subterranean chamber with a vaulted ceiling, with many squatty columns of great circumference. These columns supported the entire structure in the manner of Gothic buildings. The columns were joined at their tops by arches forming a series of pockets or vaults in the ceiling. It was very dark, except for the yellow light of a small gas jet. One could easily see that the gas light had been added some time later for the pipe was strung between and fastened to the columns. The flame was flickering considerably because of the drafts that came from this great underground area. We closed the door behind us, which left us alone in this great chamber.

For no reason whatsoever we spoke in hushed voices as though we were afraid of awakening someone or attracting attention to ourselves. Finally, realizing that there must be an attendant in the place, I called

out. The echo of my voice seemed to spring back toward us from every corner as it resounded throughout the stone chamber. It was flung back at us from the vaulted ceiling, from the stone floor, from the many pillars. It was as though we had awakened a thousand demons who were jeering at us. It was a startling effect. However, it had the desired result, for there approached us an attendant in a tattered uniform who, though he was there for that purpose, and must have received visitors frequently, seemed rather curious because we were there. We explained the best way we could in rather broken French what we desired: that we wanted to be shown about; particularly did we want to see the famous cell of Marie Antoinette. He motioned us to follow him, which we did, and we wended our way among the forest of massive columns to a circular stone staircase. At the bottom of the stone staircase was another heavy plank door with an enormous bolt and chain, crude but very substantial. In the upper center of the door was a grill or aperture about ten inches square with three stout bars in it. They were so rusty that the metal was crystalizing or flaking away. Over the grill opening was the remains of a small shutter, apparently so that it could be closed and the prisoner in the cell could not see out. This, the attendant explained, was the cell of the famous and beautiful Marie Antoinette. She was confined for quite some time before she was taken from the cell and led in a rough, high wooden-wheeled cart through the streets of Paris before the shouting, screaming throngs to the guillotine. There was her stone couch, and the little shrine at which she prayed daily. The vibrations were intense, acute. We had engendered within us in that cell, mingled feelings of fear, hatred, and of remorse. There in the cell also were big iron rings driven into the stones, to which unruly prisoners could be chained. Then we were led to another cell, and still another, and finally again back into the great subterranean chamber, the dungeon-like vast hall. It was in this great chamber that the aristocrats, the ladies and gentlemen, the counts and the countesses, sat about playing cards, talking in low voices, weeping, consoling each other, praying, hoping, while several times a day the bolts and chains would rattle on the outer gate and in would come officers of the Citizens Guard who would read from a long scroll the names of those who were next to be tried in a court composed of the Revolutionaries. When their names were read, shrieks would rend

the stone chamber, for all knew that when they were led before the tribunal they could expect no mercy and no justice, for there was no trial. They were all condemned to death, and it was just the formality of passing in review before the judges—the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker—and almost before the name of a defendant left the lips of the clerk of the court a cry would arise from the court, “Guilty—the guillotine.”

There is a fascination about a gruesome place such as the Temple of Justice. One would imagine that he or she would be anxious to leave, flee from the place, seek the fresh outdoors, or that even the rain would be welcome and refreshing. But instead you are drawn to investigate further. The horror of it seems to grip the mind; draw you on and on.

We finally returned to our hotel, and Frater Brower and I prepared our photography equipment, for the next day was to be a busy one for us. The third day was in our favor, photographically speaking. The sun shone bright and the atmosphere was unusually clear of the customary smoke. We set out in search of the quarters of the famed Count Alessandro Cagliostro, prominent in the annals of the Eighteenth Century. We could not describe to our driver that we wanted to go to the former residence and garret laboratory of the renowned alchemist and mystic Cagliostro, for Cagliostro is not even known to the average Frenchman except to those who have studied mysticism and philosophy and the history of that period thoroughly. So we had to give him the name of the rue or street. It was quite a drive; it took us approximately half an hour to reach there. We found ourselves in the heart of bustling, noisy Paris. It was a light wholesale district. The houses of the street were all one hundred to two hundred and fifty years old. Most of them had been converted into factories for manufacturing of fabrics. It was now strictly a commercial center. We immediately found the place we sought because of its unusual appearance. The building was recessed, surrounded by a high cement wall. On top of the cement wall, which was about twelve or fourteen feet in height, was an iron railing, and back from that iron railing we could see the upper two stories of the building. The garret story was quite eerie looking. It consisted of a series of super-imposed windows, that looked as though they were fastened or attached to the stone building, and extended from the face

of it. But what principally caught our attention and definitely identified it as the place we sought was the garret balcony. It was a little porch that extended out from the edge of the top story, and over this porch which had a simple iron railing about it was a low narrow roof, and projecting from the edge of the roof was a metal bar about four feet in length from which hung a pulley, and from which dangled a strand of cable. It was from that balcony that Count Alessandro Cagliostro hoisted from the cobblestone courtyard below his kegs of chemicals and boxes of instruments used in his secret alchemical experiments.



THE GARRET LABORATORY OF CAGLIOSTRO

In the heart of bustling, noisy Paris, this solemn, attention-arresting residence of a famed mystic of nearly two centuries ago. Onto the superimposed garret balcony, the alchemist philosopher, Count Allesandro Cagliostro, hoisted from the cobblestone court below his kegs of chemicals used in his secret experiments.

Cagliostro in his youth had gone to the Orient and studied in the mystery schools there, and became well versed in the secret laws of nature. Returning again to Europe, he became renowned as a healer. He effected miraculous cures. He seemed always to be in possession of great wealth, jewels and gems, and he was lavish in his contributions to the poor and needy. His demonstrations of natural law gained for him the reputation, on the one hand, of being an astute philosopher and alchemist, and on the other hand he was accused by those who feared his powers of being a black magician and of practicing the arts of Satan. From where his tremendous wealth came, which seemed endless, no one quite knew. It was said that he had discovered the means of transmuting the baser metals into gold and thus could make gold at will. Because of the great cures he effected, it was said that he had also found the elixir of life. Kings and potentates sought his counsel and his help, but as his fame spread, so did also jealousy and fear of him. It is said he entered Paris riding in a great gold coach laden with gems, and with chests of gold. He was charged with many crimes and successfully defended himself against them. Some of his greatest accusers were those who held high positions in the church. The persecution became more intense, and finally he was dragged bodily from his garret home and wrongly imprisoned for life. For years the only historical accounts were those which came down to us from prejudiced persons, declaring him to be a charlatan, a mountebank, a fraud, and an imposter. Since that time other facts have been found which reveal that he was not a charlatan, not a fraud, but a true mystic—one who used his wealth for the benefit of others and most certainly had a mastery of natural law which he sought to teach and which caused mingled feelings of respect and fear toward him.

With these thoughts in mind we entered the courtyard and looked about. Everything was disillusioning. A long the three sides of the courtyard were doorways that originally had perhaps led into private chambers of his residence. Now they were doorways leading into shops, and over the doorways hung either brass or wooden signs, and through some of the partly open doors we could see women working at sewing machines manufacturing garments. From some of the windows overhead Wearing apparel was hanging and modern household utensils were evident. There seemed to be no appreciation of the fact that they

were living in what was at one time the center of the greatest mystery of Europe—the residence and the garret laboratory of Cagliostro, the man who held the respect, fear and admiration of the crowned heads of Europe. Most of them did not even know that this old building had been the property of Cagliostro. As we stood looking about, a man approached us from one of the shops. He appeared to be the superintendent, and asked us what place we wished. We explained that we were merely visitors and desired to take a few photographs. He seemed puzzled as to why we wished to photograph these small places of business or shops. We explained that we were here because of its historical interest; that we knew, in fact, that this was the former residence of the mystic and alchemist Cagliostro. He looked quizzically at us for a moment and replied that it was, but that no one except himself and one other of the attendants knew anything about it, and they said nothing about it as they did not want to attract visitors who would interfere with the business activities. He said we could not enter the garret because it was occupied by a tailoring establishment and the tailor himself had never heard of Cagliostro and did not, of course, know that he was occupying the laboratory of the alchemist. It seemed such a travesty, that nothing was done to respect the memory of this character. At least—we thought—a brass plate could have been erected to his memory somewhere in the courtyard.

I had known from my studies and from our Rosicrucian archives that there was a secret passageway and stairway which led to the garret, and that the passageway also led out from this court for several blocks to some other residence in the city that Cagliostro would use when desiring to evade the curious throngs who used to collect about the outer wall either waiting to see him or to solicit his gold. My attention was attracted to one of the doors in the corner of the courtyard. It was a little smaller than the rest, but particularly was it noticeable because it was not wooden like the others, but was all metal, a solid sheet of metal. It looked like a fire exit, such as we use in buildings today, with a metal door to prevent the spread of fire from one building to another. I pointed to it, “And that?” I said.

He seemed to sense what I thought and he said. “That is not in use any longer. It used to be a tunnel or passageway that led out somewhere into this district, but long ago a portion of it caved in and so it has

fallen into disuse, and we keep the iron doorway closed so that it will not be used by anyone, thus they will not be injured.”

“Cagliostro’s?” I asked. He replied, “Most likely, as no one remembers when it was constructed and apparently it was made at the time this building was erected several centuries ago.” We had all the information we needed and we immediately took photographs.

On the final afternoon of our stay in Paris I met Mademoiselle Guesdon at a prearranged time. She accompanied me to an appointment with Frater B...., Sovereign Supreme Master of the Order of M into which I had been duly initiated in Brussels. Frater B holds a prominent position in France. He is Secretary of the Archives of the French Government, a department containing the records, manuscripts, books and papers, and documents of State—a most responsible and important position. The Library of Archives is located in the Chamber of Deputies Building in Paris, an historical place, once a palace. After a short ride we arrived at the Chamber of Deputies and Mademoiselle Guesdon and myself were escorted into the private office of Frater B....

Frater B.... is a very dynamic and forceful man, a man of approximately fifty years of age but with the vitality, stamina and energy of a much younger man. He speaks quickly, he acts quickly, he thinks quickly. Life holds two principal interests for him besides his family—his work, the responsible position he has in the French Government, and his mystical philosophical studies and office in the FUDOSI and the Order of M..... Our exchange of ideas was a little difficult as Frater B..... spoke no English and I no French. So again Mademoiselle Guesdon came to my aid. We discussed at length the work of the AMORC in America, and the work of the Order of M..... in Europe. Frater B..... explained that he had conferred upon the Imperator of the Rosicrucian Order of AMORC certain authority to establish in North and South America the Order of M..... and that before I left France I, too, would receive authority to assist the Imperator in the establishment of this Order.*

* This reference to the Imperator refers to Dr. H. Spencer Lewis.

Seeing my great interest in the Chamber of Deputies because of its historical significance, and because it is one of the important departments of the French Government, he personally escorted me

throughout the old building into what formerly were the ballrooms and library and music rooms of the nobility that occupied it before the Revolution. Then he took me into one of the alcoves of the archives and there were great bound volumes, scrolls, manuscripts, dating back for centuries. Many of these volumes and manuscripts are priceless because of their historical value. For example, he showed me the handwritten court record of the trial of Marie Antoinette, whose cell we had visited but two days before. He pointed out in this old manuscript how every time any defense was raised in her behalf, the jurists would cry out. "Guillotine, Guillotine," and there in black and white appears this blemish on justice. It was a strange sensation to look upon such a manuscript and to visualize the scene that took place when these events were recorded. Things of the greatest historical importance seem commonplace to Europeans, for there they have so much that is of the past—surrounded with history. Any one of the things would demand considerable attention in our new America. The very chair which Frater B..... used as his personal office chair was an antique that would gladden the heart of any dealer in America or elsewhere, and would have brought an enormous sum in sale. The chair came from the private library of King Louis VIII of France, yet Frater B..... was using it as just another piece of office furniture, and he smiled at my amazement at his commonplace acceptance of this antique.

When we finally left it was dusk, and we were caught in the throngs returning to home from work. The jostling, pushing, scurrying crowds at 6:00 P.M. in Paris are no different in their anxiety to return home after routine affairs and enjoy their firesides and their personal interests than the office and work-a-day crowds one finds in any city in America or Canada. This night we could not enjoy strolling along Parisian boulevards, up the Rue de Rivoli or along the Madeleine, nor could we sit at the Cafe de la Paix where it is said the world passes by, and which, it is also said, is the most cosmopolitan spot in Europe, for we had to pack and prepare for a long journey. We were truly to start Eastward on the morrow—Egypt was beckoning. Our trek along the trail of civilization was to begin in earnest.

Chapter IV

MOTHER NILE

THE WATER FRONT of any large port of the world is fascinating. The bustling, the clatter of carts, trucks and dories over cobblestones, the deep-throated whistles of chugging tugs, the raucous cries of longshoremen and teamsters, all add to the undercurrent of excitement. Sham, hypocrisy, and shallow conventions drop by the wayside. The stark realities of life are revealed. When men go to sea they are compelled to struggle with one of the earth's greatest untamed elements. Preparation for its conquest requires strong will and matter-of-fact conduct. Passengers may have idealistic illusions about traveling the high seas, but the men who load cargo and make the great vessels ready for departure know that with all the safety devices provided by modern science, the event is fraught with dangers.

The port of Marseilles in Southern France, a city of nearly a million population, impresses the traveler with the fact that it is more than a shipping center or a great port of call, but a gateway to the East. Here the flotsam and jetsam of North Africa, and from East of the Suez, meet with the backwash of Occidental Europe. As we stood on the pier surrounded by large cases which, from their size, may have contained airplanes or automobiles, and leaned languorously against bales of cotton from French Morocco, we studied the flow of humanity past us.

Through one of those unexpected events of travel, the ship we were scheduled to take was called suddenly from the service and we were forced to delay our sailing several hours. We were the only ones waiting who looked strictly, shall we say, like passengers. Tall Algerian blacks, with tattered, ill-fitting French army uniforms, shuffled past. Their eyes stared vacuously ahead. What did life hold for them? Plucked from

their native environment, these simple souls were enlisted in the French army; fed poorly, and paid badly they existed, aimlessly following the orders of white masters. Trained to use modern arms and methods of warfare against European white armies if necessary, they could be a menace to France, if ever it dawned in their consciousnesses that they were being made puppets for the avarice of white men. Children of their appetites, they are content if these appetites are regularly appeased. To maintain the necessary quietude among them, liberal France does not even draw the racial line. In cafes and on streets, Algerian native officers and French white girls enjoy each other's company without apparent social detriment to either.

Scores of unkempt and gaunt priests gathered in knots, talking profusely, gesticulating freely, their personal belongings in black cloth bundles at their feet or dangling from their hands at their sides; solemn faced plump nuns wearing frayed grey tunics, methodically climbed the gang-plank. Each looked, even before departure, as though sorely affected by nostalgia. These were Christian missionaries, their dangling crucifixes, and well-thumbed Bibles which they clutched, were to them torches, to be carried to dark Africa to—as they believed—a heathen people. Such a simple faith carried to an irrational extreme has been the unfortunate cause of untold deaths, bloody orgies, and gruesome massacres. The ideal of spreading Christianity is noble, but the attitude of damning the beliefs of others to further it is ignoble. To most of these missionaries, as to thousands of others of different Christian denominations, their duty was the condemnation of the beliefs of simple-minded natives, and then the substitution of Christianity. To rob a man of his God, and his belief in the nature of divinity, is to throw him on the mercy of his own resources until, if and when, he can accept a change.

To term the God of the Buddhist, Confucian, Mohammedan, Brahman, or even that of the primitive African a false deity, is to them a sacrilege equal to making a like statement to a Christian. It arouses resentment, that another may dare to name his God as superior and suggest abandonment of one's own. Others than Christians are lovers of sacred traditions and have Bibles and temple teachings which they cherish as the words of the Omnipotent. The order or request that they lay these aside is an effrontery which is not taken lightly. What

end does Christianity serve by this? Education, sanitation, hygiene, culture, can be advanced equally well by other methods and by non-sectarian movements which do not antagonize. If Christianity is to gain converts in non-Christian countries, let her do it by examples of tolerance, mercy, and understanding, not through ridicule and the undermining of sensibilities. The former traits are, after all, the true implements of Christianity.

Hilarious voices, loud laughter, attracted our attention. Open, smiling faces passed. There were several families; rotund fathers heavily bearded, with funny round caps and tight trousers—mothers in voluminous skirts which they held outstretched to sweep along before them dirty-faced, wide-eyed youngsters, much like mother hens gathering in their chicks—peasants bound for Syria and colonization. Syria offered them lower taxes, more land, fewer conveniences, the same labors—life the same, but the scene changed. Mingled feelings arise in the breasts of the more fortunate who watch such parades as these. Vanity struggles with compassion, but reason tells us that the gulf between was bridged only by the flimsy structure of opportunities which the past afforded us or our progenitors.

A shrill blast awakened us to the need to scurry aboard. Our baggage had been loaded some time previously. The prospect of our journey on the S.S. Providence of the French Line was not promising. Frater Brower, having had nautical experience, observed that the exterior of the ship was quite lacking in orderliness. Her steel plates were well-rusted; the former white of her upper hull and super-structure was now a dirty grey and badly chipped. Her stacks were smeared with soap and her stanchions bent in several places. With an air of contempt, he murmured “a tub,” which to him was a sufficient expression to convey conclusions of his appraisal of her. We stepped on deck and looked about. Everything was confusion; no stewards to direct us to our staterooms, no signs pointing out directions. Ropes, cables, blocks and tackles and piles of weather-torn canvas lay strewn about. In contrast to the clean and efficiently organized British liners, this made one think of the old Atlantic cattle boats. The lack of cleanliness was only to be equaled by the discourtesies of the crew who were sullen, and accustomed to herding about passive peasants and clerics.

It was the third day out. The sea rose and fell with a slight quiver, like gelatin. I have never seen it so glass-like. The sky was a magnificent blue, without the flaw of even one white cloud. The sun was on our starboard side, and shone warmly, but not uncomfortably, upon us. It encouraged rumination. On this same sea, this great Mediterranean, men had ventured as early as thirty centuries B.C. What crude craft they must have possessed, what indomitable courage, to push out into a vast area like this not knowing what lay beyond, or even if there was a beyond. Many fathoms below us in this blue black, fringed with white frothy foam, were perhaps the remains of the early Greek vessels that plied between the homeland and ancient Syracuse. Perhaps, too, there were fragments of proud Roman galleys, sunk in conflict with their mighty Carthaginian foes. What a story the Mediterranean would tell if she regurgitated all she had swallowed during the centuries! This sea must have looked the same to the admirals of many armadas and to conquering Caesars. Nations and civilizations had crashed and fallen upon her bosom, but she gave no sign of the centuries she had witnessed. Ceaseless and unchanging, she was an example of how little man's puny efforts affect nature.

Though land was nowhere in sight, I thought of the favored spot of the land surface of the earth toward which we were bound—the cradle of civilization, as historians refer to it—the *great fertile crescent*; that fringe of grass land that extends from the northern tip of the Red Sea to the mouth of the Nile. North of it are mountains, and south of it a great bay of sand, as the eminent archaeologist, James Breasted, described it. At its southwest extremity is the great Nile River Valley, and at the eastern end of the crescent, the Tigris-Euphrates River Valley. In these two valleys began the oldest civilization of which we have any record. How and why they began there we can only conjecture, but nature apparently arranged her forces and elements to make them conducive to the development of man. This is obvious, as we shall later see.

One tires of sea journeys, especially after several days of mal de mer or, in other words, seasickness. The sea had suddenly changed one night to a plunging, swirling fury which tossed the fairly large ship about with ease; raising it to heights, the sea would let it slide with a sickening shiver, wallowing in a deep trough, the next moment to

boost it up, suspended, it seemed, in mid-air, and then to let it fall again, it rolling dizzily all the while as if trying vainly to steady itself. All this was now past. The sea had quieted except for choppy waves which were whipped by a brisk breeze. We were recuperating, finding pleasure in the thought that in a little more than an hour we were to come in sight of the shores of Egypt. The very word Egypt electrified us. Fratres Shibley, Brower, and myself went below to prepare our baggage for custom inspection, expecting considerable difficulties with the customs because of the great amount of cinema equipment and films. After tedious packing and a lapse of considerable time, we returned to the deck. The ship had slowed her speed. We peered southeastward and thrilled at the sight. There was a long sandy strip of land hardly above the surface of the sea. It was the entrance to the port of Alexandria. On this sand strip there stood a moderately tall lighthouse. It was in this vicinity that the famed island of Pharos was located. On that island in the entrance to the mouth of the Nile, during the Hellenistic period about 300 B.C., was erected the first lighthouse of the world. A great structure, it rose to a height of some 370 feet, or about thirty stories, equaling many of our skyscrapers. The ancient mariners could see its great light far out at sea, and were guided safely in with their strange cargoes. Its Oriental design later became the basis of the Mohammedan minarets commonly seen today as a part of the architectural structure of their great mosques or temples. It finally fell in 1360 A.D. It was the last of the great tower structures influenced by the Babylonian tower builders.

We thought of the thousands of ships through the centuries that must have approached this port as we were doing. We imagined Cretans laden with finely carved earthen vessels and vases, and beautiful necklaces and bracelets of gold and of bronze; Greek ships with statuary and marble; Egyptians returning after trading hardwoods from up the Nile, and papyrus from the delta, and copper from the ancient mines on the peninsula of Sinai. At that time, Alexandria was not only a seat of learning but was, as Breasted puts it, the New York or Liverpool of the ancient world—a great shipping or trading center.

As the ship maneuvered into position for tying at the dock, a motley crowd gathered to welcome it, shouting, screaming, jumping up and down, waving their hands. Chamber were anxious for their prey—

the passengers. Egyptian fellahs who served as porters, Nubians, Arabs, Jews from Palestine, and Syrians, either wishing to act as guides or assistants, jostled each other for vantage positions. Some wore tarbooshes (fezzes), others low turbans of loosely wound and much soiled linen. Still others were bareheaded. Some were clothed in awning-like striped gowns and barefooted, and the majority wore what appeared to be open necked flannel nightgowns which nearly trailed in the dust of the waterfront street. Native police were finding it difficult to maintain any semblance of order though they were freely applying bamboo-like canes to heads, backs and shoulders. After much explanation, annoyance, and a liberal distribution of baksheesh (native vernacular for present or money), we were seated in a modern, comfortable railroad coach which sped southward along the great Nile toward Cairo.

The Nile is one of the greatest rivers in the world. It begins three degrees south of the equator, and flowing northward attains a length of some four thousand miles. It, the White Nile, is joined by two tributaries the Blue Nile, its affluent, from the east, and one hundred and forty miles below this union, the Atbara joins it. The volume of the Nile is not great, but it has influenced the destiny of man more than any other river in the history of the world. For centuries it carried its alluvial soil to the sea from equatorial Africa, each season periodically overflowing its channel and depositing on either side, on top of the parched Libyan and Arabian desert sands, a black, smooth film of the most fertile soil of the world. Inch by inch, year by year it grew deeper, pushing the desert back from the river channel itself. Vegetation flourished in this black rich soil; it grew right up to the edge of the desert itself.

Here in this valley the early Stone Age man, who in some manner crossed the Mediterranean from Central Europe ahead of the great glacial descents, found himself in an ideal environment. Egypt is not visited by any severe storms. There are no frosts or snows. Having once arrived in Egypt, he was protected from the ice, from the glacial movements, by the great natural barrier of the Mediterranean; and on either side of this Nile strip were great almost uncrossable deserts which protected him from enemies, and he was at peace with the world for a considerable time. What he was able to accomplish within

each decade and century remained. Civilization was able to build on the accomplishments of those who had gone before, instead of having all torn asunder by ravishing hordes or the destruction of nature, and being forced to begin again. Thus civilization prospered, flourished, at a time when the rest of the world was either wholly barbarian or extremely primitive.

As we sped southward, we found that in many respects the customs of these simple people had not changed with the years. On either side of us was a network of small canals, irrigation canals. Irrigation began in the Nile Valley and was developed to a science at a time when men in other parts of the world were still chipping flint hatchets. We could see small brown-skinned men standing knee-deep in the water close to the banks and working lifts—long poles, each having a mud basket fastened on one end, and on the other end a mud ball as a counter weight — and by manipulating this sweep or pole they would lift baskets of water from the Nile up to the level of the irrigation ditches, keeping a steady flow running through the intensely cultivated lands.

Further on we could see the application of the simplest mechanical form of pumping water, water wheels, to which were fastened buckets which would scoop up the water, and which were kept in motion by docile water buffalo—the great beast of burden of the Egyptian—walking about in a circle, blindfolded to keep from becoming dizzy from the incessant circular motion. In the days of the Pharaohs taxes began with this system of irrigation. It was an intricate system. The ditches and dykes had to be constantly protected and maintained. The Pharaohs and the nobles maintained a corps of what we may call engineers and constructors to build new irrigation dams and ditches and to maintain those in existence. They in turn exacted taxes from the peasants in return for the use of the canals and the water. These taxes amounted to a certain portion of their crops which had to be delivered at a given time. If they were not, officers of the nobles or the Pharaoh would seize the peasant and bring him to the royal or feudal court for reckoning.

Frequently we passed beautiful groves of tall, swaying palm trees, native to the country. All about us was green, though not many miles away on either side was the lifeless glaring desert. All this life, this coolness, this vegetation, was dependent upon this one source, the Nile.

It is not surprising that the Egyptians worshiped the Nile. They regarded it as the god of fertility and life itself. It provided them with food, with drink; its rise and fall made it possible for them to tell the passing of time. It carried them to the sea. Their whole existence was bound up in it.

The Egyptians were not always a united people, however. There were at one time many little kingdoms that spread along the Nile. Then, in a later period, these kingdoms united into two great ones—the kingdom of the Upper Nile and the kingdom of the Lower Nile. Many wars were waged for the conquest and sole control of this fertile valley.

Occasionally as we concentrated on what we were passing, we would have a fleeting glimpse of native mud villages, houses constructed much like the early California adobe ones, bricks made of the thick alluvial soil, reinforced with straw, which would become baked by the sun, hard and resisting. As Egypt is never subject to rain they were quite durable, and an insulation against the terrific heat of the summer months. Domesticated animals, poultry, and children freely walked in and out and around the houses of the village. The streets were but deep ruts in the mud. Soon we were to reach Cairo. It is said that before reaching Cairo and just as one is approaching, the great Pyramids of Gizeh can be seen rising above the flat table lands of the desert. However, we were not favored with seeing them.

Cairo is a tremendously large city and is affected greatly by European customs, architecture, dress, methods of transportation, etc. In modern Cairo one feels as though he were in a city such as Paris, Naples, or some other metropolis of the world. Street cars jangle by, taxis are honking, people are well dressed in the Occidental sense, streets are well paved. One finds a tremendous modern influence in architecture. Beautifully designed apartment houses, towering several stories, are to be seen in various sections of the city. The designs show the invasion of German architectural ideas and are of a style that is just making itself known in the bigger cities of the United States. It must be quite deflating to American egotism that considers American structures and buildings the most advanced. Here were apartment buildings equal, in their exterior part at least, and superior in many ways to those in our American cities. They are mostly occupied by wealthy persons who spend two or three months of the year in Cairo, taking advantage

of its salubrious climate. The only suggestions in modern Cairo of the Orient are the robes and tarbooshes worn by native Egyptians and by the Arabs. Most of these robes are worn by the dragomen or the Egyptian guides who adopt native costume in Cairo to attract the attention of tourists and travelers. Their robes are highly ornamental, made of heavy silk, with beautiful linings, and artistically embroidered brocades. Most of the Egyptian business men in Cairo have adopted the western style of dress. A few still cling to the tarboosh because it is a symbol of Mohammedanism. It is more than just a hat; it designates one's religious belief.

After locating at our hotel, we immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the city itself. The first point of attraction is naturally the native section of the city. One feels that he must not be disappointed. He must not remain in the modern section of Cairo for it is too much like his home country, his own city. He does not want to spoil the mental picture he had of Cairo, and so he quickly seeks the native section, which more conforms to his concept of what Cairo should be like.

The native bazaars are little changed by the years. The shops—on either side of narrow streets, many of them covered by dome-like roofs—are but small cubby-hole-like rooms, in front of which are suspended on chains and ropes, or stacked on wooden shelves attached to the wall on either side of the doorway, samples of all the merchandise which the shop-keeper has for sale. Naturally, as you walk through the streets you are immediately recognized as a foreigner, as a European, if not an American, and the hawkers begin crying their wares and their prices, rushing out to grab you by the elbow, trying to escort you into their shops, proclaiming to you that their wares are the best if not the most reasonable. How unfortunate one is if he makes a purchase at the first price quoted. Unlike our merchants in this country, they have no fixed prices for any of their wares. Their price is whatever they can get from the buyer. Usually there are from four to five reductions before a sale is consummated. The visitor does not learn this at first, and he usually pays six or seven times the value of an article. These Cairo bazaars, because of the influence of England and the modern Egyptian government, are quite clean and neat in contrast to bazaars in Asia Minor, Damascus, and Baghdad, about which we will

have more to say later. The visitor to the Cairo bazaars does not realize this. He thinks them quaint and untouched by modern civilization as he naturally has not seen anything by which to make comparisons.

We returned quite late to our hotel, dining on the terrace and watching Cairo move by. Tomorrow was to be a busy day—a thrilling one. Tomorrow was the eventful September 16th, 1936, the day recorded in symbolism in the Great Pyramid itself, the day that might shape the destiny of the world. And we were to visit that edifice upon that day, after arranging for the special concession. The sense of responsibility that rested upon us, the realization that the world, through the press, was considering the significance of this date prophesied in the Great Pyramid, occupied our thoughts until we lost consciousness in restful sleep.

Chapter V

PROPHECY DAY IN THE GREAT PYRAMID

THOUGH AN EXTREMELY inviting breakfast had been prepared for us, we were not in a mood for the consideration of food. What lay ahead of us occupied our thoughts. All through our travels there had been in the back of our consciousness the thought of the Great Pyramid and September 16, 1936, the eventful day prophesied by the Pyramid itself to have a tremendous future effect upon the races of mankind and our present civilization. Even as we hurriedly ate and glanced through a Cairo newspaper we observed that the press of that city had taken cognizance of September 16 and, in a long article, quoted different authorities' interpretations of the symbolism of the Great Pyramid with respect to this particular day.

Sheikh Abdul, our personal guide, called for us in a modern automobile of American make in which we placed our various cinema equipment, tripod, camera, accessories, lens, films, filters, and then crowded ourselves in as well. We were soon speeding toward the Great Pyramids.

Of course, from what one has read and pictures one has seen, one realizes that the Pyramids are the greatest edifices ever built by ancient man—as far as we now have knowledge of the past—and that they are massive structures today, even in comparison with the skyscrapers and big buildings of our modern cities. But this realization is nothing to the actual experience of seeing them. As one approaches they grow monstrous and seem to loom out of the very sands upon which they are erected. Most paintings of the Great Pyramids make them seem very colorful, yet in the glaring sun, even in the early morning, to the

eye they are white with just a slight tint of yellow. They reflect the brilliant sunlight on the sands.

The Pyramids are built on a great high plateau—the plateau of the Sahara. They are not in the Delta region of the Nile. In a sense, in their present state of preservation they appear crude, like an enormous pile of gigantic blocks tumbled upon each other and assuming, it seems, by accident the general shape of the Pyramid. But this impression is only gained when one is close to them. From a position close to them there seems to be little difference in size between the Great Pyramid of Cheops and the Pyramid of Chephren.

As one starts to walk about the base of the Cheops Pyramid there soon dawns upon him the realization that it does, as estimated, cover an area of some thirteen acres. The great sandstone blocks of which it is composed are about the shoulder height of an average man. For a height of about fifty or sixty feet around the entire Pyramid, the great blocks are quite jagged and protrude. Above that, with the exception of the one corner or side of the Pyramid which is exposed toward the open desert, the sides are quite smooth and almost inaccessible. The exposed corner, however, has been whipped by the elements and the sands for years, and it is so jagged that its blocks form a natural stairway or steps to the apex. It would seem as though it would be quite simple to ascend the Pyramid by this means, yet to the inexperienced it is a tedious task. Native Arab boys for a few piastres willingly race to the top and return in the short time of seven minutes.

The top of the Great Pyramid is now flat, but originally is said to have had a gold apex, portions of which were removed at different intervals in the past. From below one can see a slender mast rising from the top. This steel mast, it is said, was affixed to the top of the Great Pyramid by Napoleon and from it flew the French flag during his occupation of Egypt.

One of the mysteries of the Great Pyramid for a considerable time, even in late centuries, was the location of its entrance. There was nothing visible from the outside to indicate the proper entrance to it. The Caliph, El Mamoun, made a false entrance, and this false entrance is still used today as the main entrance to the Pyramid. It was through this false entrance that we made our entry, climbing up to it over two

or three of the large blocks, each weighing two and a half tons, which is the average weight of all of them, and of which there are some two million, three hundred thousand in the Great Pyramid—enough to form a stone wall, four feet in height, from New York to San Francisco and half way back.

We entered the jagged aperture of the mammoth structure, and then our party of four cautiously walked along a semi-dark and narrow stone passageway which led to the ramp of what is known as the Grand Gallery. After walking along this passageway for a short distance we were obliged to stoop and crawl through a circular-like tunnel for a distance of about twenty five or thirty feet. When we stood erect again we were at the beginning of the Grand Gallery. It was a most awe-inspiring spectacle. We thrilled to the thought, as we looked upward along this steep narrow passageway and saw above us and on either side massive highly polished limestone blocks, that we were in the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Mystery of mysteries? One feels helpless, surrounded by this wall of stone. He feels insignificant; humble. It is peculiar but true that the Great Pyramid inspires in man that same feeling of humility as do some of the great works of nature. Slowly we began our ascent up the rough stone ridges which are in the form of steps, and which are the only means of reaching the top of the Grand Gallery. It is a steep ascent and you feel, after five or ten minutes of climbing, that the height of the Great Pyramid is under-estimated and certainly must exceed by several hundred feet the nearly five hundred feet accredited to it.

Suddenly your attention is called to an almost obscure hole-like aperture to your right as you ascend. As you look at it, it seems as though it was not an intentional opening but perhaps the result of dam age in later years, but you are advised that this is the true entrance to the Great Pyramid. As you peer into the inky blackness and feel a cool draft of air upon your face, you think of the hundreds of neophytes of the mystery schools of the past who were led up from the Chamber of Darkness below after taking their original obligation at the altar between the paws of the Sphinx and after having performed certain rites in the allegorical world of darkness depicted by the lower chamber. They were then permitted to ascend the very narrow and low passageway into which we looked and to enter the Great Pyramid

itself through this jagged opening. How pleasing it must have been to them to know that they had attained that degree of illumination and understanding and worthiness which permitted them to travel further, physically, mentally and spiritually!

So with the most solemn spirit and in utter silence we proceeded. The entire experience invited silence. Ordinary conversation and comments would have seemed so absurd, so meaningless in contrast to the thought that was put into this stupendous structure, the wealth of knowledge it represented, the experience of those who had gone before us in this same place. Finally, with gratitude, we came to a rest at a level stage. Walking along this level pathway, which was considerably more narrow than the Grand Gallery, we entered a portal—an opening seemingly cut through a sheer block of limestone, of about seven feet in height and three feet in width. Passing through this we came into a large chamber known as the Queens Chamber, about twenty-five feet in length and sixteen or twenty feet in width, with a comparatively low ceiling, absolutely plain, no inscriptions, no symbolism, nothing to indicate either the life or death of its builders.

It must be explained at this point that the prophecies of the Great Pyramid are not based upon inscriptions found on the walls or in papyrus scrolls, for there was practically nothing left or found in the Great Pyramid to reveal anything of the times of the Pyramid itself or of the future which the Pyramid prophesies. The prognostications are based upon the dimensions and the arrangement of the dimensions of the Great Pyramid, its passageways, their height, length, and breadth, the height of the Pyramid, length and breadth of the stones, the distances from one passageway to another. There is a numerical uniformity to the dimensions, and this uniformity has given mathematicians, scientists and others a mathematical key, and with this key the different proportions and mathematical arrangements of the Great Pyramid have been used to reveal events of the future. This is not merely speculative or fantastic, because the events have definitely come to pass, one after another. It is one more indication of the fact that the Great Pyramid was used not only as a temple of learning but as a monument of learning to inform future generations of the knowledge of the basic sciences had by the mystery schools at that time.

Other facts are that the Pyramid is in the exact center of the land surface of the earth; the fact that the weight of the Pyramid is the same as the weight of the earth in proportion to its size; and further, that it was used as an astronomical observatory, showing knowledge of astronomy. Any engineer knows that the builders of the Great Pyramid must have been possessed of exceptional engineering skill and ingenuity to build the structure. Its great blocks of stone are perfectly mathematically proportioned. Their ends are fitted together so perfectly and held by such a thin and yet exceptionally adhesive mortar that not even a sheet of paper can be inserted between them. Chamber were hewn out so accurately that each block of stone does not vary from a straight line and an accurate cube more than a hundredth of an inch in a length of six feet.

After leaving the Queens Chamber we returned to the Grand Gallery once again and continued our ascent for a few minutes longer. Except for the feeble torch-like lights every fifteen or twenty feet, fastened by metal brackets to the smooth stone sides in recent times, the passageway would have been inky black. Finally the uneven flooring, which really consists of stone blocks of which the Pyramid itself is built, with niches to keep one from slipping because of the steep incline, leveled out and a few feet ahead of us it appeared as though the passageway with the walls converging to a width of about four feet was blocked by a huge stone, one of the masonry blocks upended. As we approached it we noticed that (here had been carved through it also a tunnel-like passageway, the deeper shadow of the entrance not having been noticeable further back. The height of this tunnel-like passageway was not sufficient to allow us to walk erect and we were again obliged to crawl on hands and knees. We crawled a length of about sixteen feet, then stood upright in a large chamber, the height of which was about twelve or fourteen feet, length about thirty feet, width about twenty feet. This was the King's Chamber, known as the Hall of Illumination. It too was perfectly bare of all furnishings, inscriptions, hieroglyphics,—in fact, everything with the exception that at the end opposite from which we entered was a large sarcophagus of stone. The sarcophagus, in fact, was one of the blocks of masonry of which the Great Pyramid is constructed, and it was lying in a horizontal position in the center of the end of the chamber.

The upper portion of the block had been sawed or cut away, and the remainder had been hollowed out to conform to the general contour of the human body, and thus it formed the sarcophagus or coffin of some pharaoh or eminent person so relate the sagas. Many believe it was the burial place of the Pharaoh Cheops. However, there is nothing in the sarcophagus at this time, nothing inscribed upon it that would confirm this theory, and there never has been found anything that would definitely establish the fact that the Great Pyramid was built solely as a burial place, with this tomb-room as its final purpose. One immediately gains the impression, which supports legends that have come down through the ages as well as the more recent discoveries of which we will speak later, that this sarcophagus was used for initiation.

In this Hall of Illumination, this King's Chamber, there met at intervals only the highest adepts and the most highly developed and learned of the members of this mystery school, this early Egyptian Brotherhood of learning. It was in this King's Chamber that the council meetings were held, where policies were decided upon which shaped the course of many human lives at that time. It was in this chamber that all the facts of reality, all the knowledge which man had acquired by virtue of experience and investigation, were classified and related and made into an understandable, livable philosophy of life. In the lower chambers the students were taught facts, the result of inquiry and investigation, made to prove the laws, made to apply them to their own lives, and as they learned these lessons they advanced, degree by degree, chamber by chamber, until eventually they were permitted to share in the council meetings of the Hall of Illumination, and from there they went forth in the world to spread the knowledge they had learned, to gather about them other neophytes whom they sought out and to teach them as they had been taught. All around this great temple of learning, this Pyramid, at that time greed, fear, avarice, ignorance and superstition prevailed. These dual conditions have always existed. The learned men of that time—those who had attained the Hall of Illumination—could not go out among the multitudes and immediately convert them to understanding. They would only have lost their lives if they had attempted it, and nothing would have been gained.

So the real purpose of the Great Pyramid was kept secret. To

many at that time it was considered merely a place of worship where mysterious religious rites took place, and the ambassadors of light and wisdom of that period were forced to seek here and there one who was ready or worthy to take the vows at the altar between the paws of the Sphinx at a certain hour at night, and then be led through the secret passageway—discovered in recent time by Selim Hassan, eminent archaeologist, to have led into the Great Pyramid itself.

We stood about, none of us speaking, just thinking, each within the world of his own thoughts trying to visualize what had occurred in this very stone chamber, in this heart of a past civilization centuries ago. There also flashed through our minds the fact that many occult and mystical organizations, so proclaiming themselves, had prophesied a dire event for the world upon this very day, September 16, 1936. Chamber had contended that it meant, if not the end of the world, a serious catastrophe which would shatter civilization; that it would mean the ruination of humanity, or perhaps the very atoms of the Great Pyramid itself would fly asunder. We recalled, all of us, to ourselves, articles we had read within the last forty-eight hours in magazines, in newspapers, setting forth these prophecies by leaders of various sects and cults from every part of the world.

I recalled in particular some of the absurd articles I had read not more than a month ago in various magazines issued by American and English occult societies, telling at length what was to take place on this day. The authors even went so far as to describe the King's Chamber, just what it would look like at this time, as though something or other was going to change the appearance of this Hall of Illumination. Their description was fantastic imagination of the weirdest sort. Not one article that I had read accurately described the interior of these chambers. What the authors had written consisted of borrowed facts from other writings, which they distorted in order not to disclose that they had borrowed them. Each one of these schools of occultism professed to be perpetuating in some way or another some of the ancient rites or teachings of the ancient mystery schools of Egypt. Each also inferred that the world catastrophe which they told their readers was to occur on this day would not affect the followers of their particular school or society, but rather give them some power or influence withheld from others. I further recalled reading an article by

the leader of another occult society who declared that his society had been waiting weeks, months and years for this moment—it was the most sacred occasion for them—yet neither his nor one of the other organizations had a single representative within miles of the Great Pyramid on this eventful day. *The eyes of the world were on this Pyramid.*

It gave me a sense of satisfaction that We had been chosen as representatives of the Ancient, Mystical Order Rosae Crucis, the authentic, world-wide Rosicrucian Order—the largest mystical order in the world with an authentic historical background, and which had its traditional origin in this ancient land—to be present in this Hall of Illumination on this September 16, 1936. We were, for AMORC, to see the fulfillment of a prophecy of the Great Pyramid. AMORC had long contended, based upon its heritage of knowledge which included truth about the prophecies of the Great Pyramid that this was not to be a day of disaster, ruination, and destruction, but the beginning of a world transition—a new era. There would be cycles of evolution and devolution again, the world would again know war, pestilence, poverty, and strife: but out of it all, within the next century, would come *the greatest sincere understanding between nations and peoples*—the greatest world unity civilization had ever known. What greater faith could AMORC display in its ancient records than that we be here in this chamber, *the very soul of the Great Pyramid*, at this fateful moment, when thousands, perhaps millions, elsewhere in other lands waited fearfully—for what? they did not know!

There was no feeling of depression, but a feeling of elation, of intense excitement, like the minute of lull before a great storm when the boughs of trees are motionless, when not even a leaf can be seen to move, when all nature seems in suspense, waiting for a signal to release her fury. This suspense did not instill fear, but rather expectancy that something stupendous of a Cosmic nature was taking place, or would, shortly.

It was then that there was performed a ceremony that none of us shall ever forget, and it was the first time that it had been performed since the days of the activity of the Great Pyramid itself—the time when the mystic brotherhoods held their regular ceremonies in it. I assumed the office of Master of the Temple. As if in one of our modern Rosicrucian lodges throughout the world, I directed by the

motion of my hand where the others should be stationed in the chamber. I was here for the first time, in this incarnation at least, and fully cognizant of the import of the moment. Yet, it was with a strange ease that I proceeded with the brief arrangements for the ceremony—this initiation for that is what it truly became to me. Had I officiated here before? Had I been honored over 3000 years ago by being permitted to induct some other fratres or sorores into the highest degrees of the Order Rosae Crucis within these very stone walls? Had I once before been an instrument in this chamber, by which another attained the highest state of Illumination—Cosmic Consciousness? Perhaps I sensed a time in centuries past when my own eyes, for the first time, were permitted to rest upon the walls of this Sanctum Sanctorum. As I looked about me, I realized that the great stone blocks before, back, beneath, and above me were unchanged. The eyes of hundreds of ancient neophytes who struggled to attain, who studied and labored, and who evolved mentally and spiritually, had received identical visual impressions to mine in this chamber, for time had not altered its physical appearance. From where I stood the centuries fell away. There was nothing more here to suggest the Twentieth Century than the Eighteenth, the First, or one 2000 B.C. A candidate of 1350 B.C. during the reign of our Illustrious Grand Master, Amenhotep IV, standing where I now stood, thirty centuries ago, would have been occupied with about the same thoughts as mine as he looked about. There was nothing here to suggest the era or the events occurring outside of this mass of masonry. Myriads of changes in civilization had taken place since these chambers first assumed their form, yet they still reflected the concept of their creators, resisting the influences of nature and man. Here, then, was a timeless, eternal environment in which all men found themselves in a like state of consciousness, regardless of temporal changes. A Hall of Illumination it truly was, for in the state of Cosmic Consciousness, which it depicted, all other things drop away or are absorbed as one.

I next directed that each of us assume the symbolic positions of forming a Rosicrucian Lodge. This was accomplished by the manner in which we placed our hands in relation to our bodies and the position of our feet. We offered a silent prayer to the Cosmic, and then, in accordance with the time-honored Rosicrucian ritual performed here

in ancient times, Frater Brower stepped forward for the intonation of the mystic vibratory vowel sounds. Standing with his back to the center of the great sarcophagus, symbol of earthly transition, he proceeded to intone the sacred vowels, the vibrations of which have a definite effect upon the emotional and psychic natures of man. The vibrations under ordinary circumstances are intended to, and do, excite these centers of man's sympathetic nervous system and have a tendency to elevate his consciousness, to exhilarate him, transcend him above the ordinary mundane feelings and sensations which he experiences daily. But none of us expected the result. We heard, not alone Frater Brower's intonations, but it seemed the chorus of a million voices besides. With the very utterance of the first vowel it seemed as though he had struck a key which unlocked voices that had been imprisoned in stone for centuries awaiting a magic word or tone for release, and the sounds came back to us from the walls and the floor and the ceiling like a chorus of cries of freedom, as though we had liberated imprisoned beings. It was startling. He continued the vowel sounds for a period of at least five minutes. We seemed to sway. We lost sense of time and space. We were swept along with this strange current of psychic emotionalism, and it seemed that for several minutes (it must have been just seconds) after he ceased his intonation the sounds continued to reverberate from wall, ceiling and floor. Then all was quiet; the silence was deeper and more obvious by contrast than it had been before.

We felt rejuvenated. Fatigue from the ascent was gone. Any fear that any of us may have had with respect to the stories of what was to occur in the Great Pyramid seemed absurd to us now. We felt secure, and a sense of contentment and peace came over us as though, unwittingly, we had accomplished a great good, which we may come to realize in this lifetime or we may not.

Our guide was waiting for us outside the low circular passageway. As we started through it, he begged me to stop in the middle of the passageway in my crouched position until he crawled through, reaching me. We could not pass each other. He looked into my face from this position on his hands and knees and said, "At this particular point where you are you can safely arise and stand erect." I twisted my head into a position so that I could look above, and there to my surprise immediately above me was a small shaft just large enough

to accommodate my body. I moved into position so that as I arose the upper portion of my body would rise into the shaft overhead. It was inky black, because I could not then see the light of the circular passageway in which I stood. It was as though I had a hood of stone over my head. He said, "Reach above you with your right hand as far as you can." I brought my right hand up close to my body until I eventually stretched it far above my head. He said, "Now place your hand against the stone wall immediately in front of you." This I did. He continued, "Now, move your hand until you feel a projection of stone, about the size of your hand." I moved my hand slowly against the cold, smooth, stone surface until it struck against an oblong projection. He said, Place your hand upon it. I did. I noticed that it fitted my hand as though it had been shaped to be held in a closed hand like something that was intended to be carried by the hand. I pulled against it to see if it was loose. I commented on this. He explained. What you feel has been shaped out of the stone block of which it is a part. The block has been cut away from the raised portion. Your hand now rests on the exact center of the Great Pyramid. It is the mathematical center. The distance from the point of your hand to the apex of the Pyramid and to the base and to the various sides is exactly the same. Furthermore, you are now grasping what is known as the *Pyramidal inch*. That stone, that particular size, was the unit of measurement used by the Egyptians in building this very edifice, and to commemorate that unit of measurement it was carved on the side of one of the blocks of the Pyramid and placed in the exact center where it now rests.

What master mathematicians, what genius in a time and an age when the world likes to think of mankind having dwelt in utter ignorance! With a feeling akin to reverence, I rejoined the party, and soon we had left the coolness of the Great Pyramid with its constant temperature of 68 degrees Fahrenheit for the now blistering desert outside. This temperature of the Great Pyramid is what is recommended by air conditioning engineers today as the ideal temperature for human comfort. Is it coincidence or did the genius of the Pyramid builders foresee it?

The party then returned to Cairo with the exception of Frater Brower and myself. We proceeded to locate one of the huge exterior blocks of stone of the Pyramid, in the shade, and there we sat and ate

our lunch overlooking the plateau of the Sahara Desert and the green Nile and Delta; also looking down toward the mud huts on the site of the old city of Gizeh.

Early in the afternoon we sought out the recent excavations of that eminent archaeologist, Selim Hassan. We climbed down and through the Pyramid Temple. This Temple was quite some distance from the Great Pyramid itself, and originally was connected with it by a long ramp or causeway. Many preliminary ceremonies were held in this Temple, and then from there the participants, candidates, and neophytes, in a picturesque procession walked along these ramps and causeways to the Great Pyramid and concluded their rites. Just recently, in this Pyramid Temple, there was excavated the sarcophagus and mummy of a princess, a daughter of Cheops. We photographed hundreds of feet of film of the more recent excavations of the Sphinx, showing how the paws were not hewn out of a promontory of stone as is the upper portion of the body, but consisted of flat stones about four inches in thickness, laid one upon the other, forming layers, and then shaped as we now see them. We commented upon the great crime committed by Napoleon when he ordered his men to fire upon the Sphinx, defacing it, to show his disrespect for the Egyptians veneration of it.

After filming with professional cameras, by special permission from the Egyptian government, many other structures in and around the Great Pyramid, we went closer to examine and photograph with still camera the colonnaded court or entrance to a newly excavated temple, at the base of the Pyramid. Of a different type stone than the Pyramid itself, it seemed marble like against the background. We commented upon the fact that this very ancient structure had Doric-like columns, the architectural form credited to the much later Grecian period. We were to discover, however, that the Egyptians used this type of column quite commonly, and it is still believed by some archaeologists that there is no connection between the Doric column and the column to which we have referred.

It was late in the day when we prepared for our return. We departed by camels to where the roads began and again loaded our equipment into a modern motor car. We looked up at the Great Pyramid. It had changed. It was now colorful. The setting sun had given it a golden glow. Its ragged contour, caused by the exposed blocks of masonry,

cast patches of deep shadow, purple in hue. The shadows seemed to be creeping from the desert itself, rapidly approaching, soon to engulf it in darkness.

We retired to our hotel early, for tomorrow the Nile was to reveal another chapter of civilization's tale. Each mile almost, as one travels along that great river, one has unfolded to him a story of man's past accomplishments, glory, power, failure, hopes and misfortunes. Therefore we now looked forward to Luxor, or the ancient city of Thebes, once glorious capital of Egypt when in all her power and splendor.

Chapter VI

TEMPLES AND TOMBS

I HAD, IN my semi-conscious state of half sleep, a sensation of choking. It was undoubtedly this laborious breathing, with the addition of stifling heat, that awakened me at an early hour. I lay still for a moment trying to swallow; my mouth was parched, and a deep inhalation made me sneeze. The compartment was filled with fine dust. I could feel it in my ears and on my hands.

Kicking off the remaining cover, I sat up and, leaning forward, raised the blind at the window. The sight that greeted my eyes made me forget the discomfort of an Egyptian train in the late summer. Paralleling the track, one hundred yards distant, was a twisting brown ribbon of water. Bowing gracefully on either side of it were palms, bending far over the embankment as if admiring their beauty in the water below. Beyond, the sand stretched into the distance and finally disappeared at the horizon into the rosy radiance of the morning sun. It was a scene that would tax your credence if it were upon canvas. Egypt was beautiful in a wild sort of way. Its beauty lay in its extremes; there was no attempt at compromise. Each element gave vent to its powers, and the aggregate was the majestic splendor of uncontrolled nature.

As we rushed and swayed along, eddies of air sprayed the window-pane with sand, which clung for a few seconds and then dropped away revealing new charming vistas. Beautiful islets dotted the center of the Nile, crowded to the water's edge with tall palm trees. Water buffalo looked lazily up at us as the river lapped at the ridges of their backs; and little naked brown skinned boys pulled at ropes fastened to the animals' nostrils. Little girls stopped in their tracks and, turning, unconsciously posed with earthen water-jars on their heads, to stare

with mingled expressions of curiosity and perplexity at this modern invader of the land of their ancestors—ancestors of which we, from another land, knew more than they.

On either side of this road of steel upon which we traveled, the scene was little changed from the time the pharaohs had thundered over the same sands in chariots, or haughtily surveyed them from royal barges which were leisurely propelled along the Nile. What little inroad the centuries had made—the progress of five thousand years was symbolized and embodied in this metallic, speeding serpent this Cairo-to-Aswan Express. Like a single thread of different color in a great fabric, it was noticeable, but other than that, there was little effect upon the surroundings. The deluxe trains of Egypt are as yet untouched by such improvements or embellishments as air-conditioning, ice-water, or club cars. You either remain confined to your own red-plush, heavily-laced, and French mirrored compartment, or stand swaying in the narrow aisle outside. It was with welcome relief that we arrived at Luxor.

The platform of the Luxor depot paralleled the train for only the length of one car. If you were fortunate, you stepped from this one car onto brick surface; otherwise, into the soft, powdered dust of the ground. Each step, no matter how easily taken, sent a puff of the flour-like substance over shoes and trouser legs. We had become accustomed to being besieged by dragomen (guides) and natives in soiled, long, flowing robes with bare feet and shaved heads, who wished to carry luggage or perform some actual or imaginary service for baksheesh (money). At first the pitiful state of their appearance—which was often heightened by their dramatic gestures and poses—had invoked our sympathy, and as an act of charity we would engage a retinue of “boys” from six to sixty to do trivial or unnecessary things for us. Time, and the experience of having our generosity taken advantage of, had hardened us, and we coursed through the group around us, saying, “Imshi! Imshi (Begone!).”

We were escorted to a row of four or five waiting, dilapidated, single-horse and team-drawn surreys. It was not the state of the conveyances that attracted our attention, but the wretched condition of the animals themselves. They were a greater evidence of the poverty and deplorable state of welfare of the Egyptian fellah than his own

personal appearance, The horses were not all aged, but were mere frames, covered with tightly drawn flesh. The whole skeletal structure was, it seemed to us, visible. Most of the unfortunate beasts suffered from mange, and large areas of their bodies contained cankerous sores over which the large, leech-like flies of Upper Egypt hovered. The spirit of dejection of the animals was contagious, and it was several minutes before we felt inclined to comment on our surroundings.

After riding for a few minutes, we stopped before a high stucco wall in which there was a large arched portal. We literally had to push our way through a throng of mendicants and peddlers of scarabs, necklaces, beads, counterfeit amulets, and relics. Once having passed through the gateway, we were free, for apparently a well-established law or custom exacting some severe penalty of which we were not aware, forbade them to enter. We were in a charming garden and grove. Tall, stately palms, grouped closely, cast a pleasing shade. Strange foliage offered relief from the glaring white of the sandy road outside. We recalled the story of "The Garden of Allah," the site of which existed but a scant mile from where we were. The ground was moist, having been watered recently. The hotel hallways were like those one imagined the hostelrys of the tropics would have—irregular-tiled floors and glazed-tile walls, with exceptionally high, white plastered ceilings. The crepuscular lighting made them invitingly cool. Behind us a native attendant glided silently. The manner in which he appeared suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, and almost anticipating our needs in advance, was uncanny. In contrast to the natives of the village—and those who waited outside the courtyard below—these attendants were immaculately groomed and spoke excellent English. Their pay, though a paltry sum, exceeded by far that of their less fortunate brothers, and they were envied. The heavy, white fly-netting which was suspended over the beds, and the large balcony in each room, from which one could look over the gardens below, gave ample suggestion of insects and heat to be endured here at this season, both day and night.

Our first duty was to obtain the necessary permits to take professional cinema photographs of the monuments. ("The Monuments" is the official term given to all ancient ruins now supervised by the Department of Antiquities in Egypt.) The one who held supreme authority here was the Inspector of Antiquities of Upper Egypt—

Labib Habachi. After a brief respite, we drove to his office, — a low, one-story, gray stone-and-stucco building, exceedingly quaint, surrounded by a spacious garden in which stood statuary, busts of Egyptian figures of different dynasties. They, of course, immediately aroused our interest.

This personal office consisted of a random-sized-plank floor, high ceiling, and French windows. At the opposite end from which we entered, seated behind a well-worn, flat-topped desk, and framed by book-cases, facing us, sat Inspector Labib Habachi. He was a surprisingly young man, in his late twenties, medium height, close-cropped black, curly hair, deep-set, dreamy eyes; and the heavy, dark-rimmed glasses he wore gave him the look of a scholar—which we found him to be. He was so different from the others we had met that in our minds we likened him to the ancient Egyptian nobility, or the scribes of the past. Lying open before him were text books on Egyptian hieroglyphs and archaeology, and apparently he had been identifying inscriptions on small bronze statuettes which stood before him on the desk when we entered.

He was exceedingly gracious, and spoke in the soft, mild voice of the cultured Egyptian. He was a graduate of the University of Cairo, spoke several languages fluently, and was specializing in the study of archaeology, which made it possible for him to hold his present responsible position. It was, however, more than a professional interest; this one could easily ascertain from his conversation, for he had a deep reverence for the achievements of his ancient progenitors.

When he learned that we, too, had a love for the accomplishments of past great Egyptian personalities, and were not there to exploit his country, but to make her former glories known throughout North America by means of motion pictures we hoped to take, he was exceedingly congenial. He spent nearly an hour in comparing for us certain hieroglyphics with the later Hieratic or Demotic writing. In addition to his studies, he had, fortunately, the hobby of photography, but he was just a beginner, and the science of photography was still quite a mystery to him. Our complex equipment interested him immensely. He had apparently never before had the opportunity to examine sound cinema apparatus. This interest made him, after a careful examination of our credentials, enthusiastic in his desire to

obtain from his superiors in Cairo the permits which we needed.

After the custom of an Egyptian host, he had us served with cold lemonade by one of his slippered attendants. When we left, he bade us return early in the morning to learn whether he had received a telegraphic order to issue the coveted permit.

The following morning we were presumptuous enough to have our guide instruct the native porters to load our cinema equipment in the old-model American automobile which was to serve as our conveyance to the Inspector's house. We hoped the permission had arrived, and if so, we were prepared to proceed immediately. The morning light was best for photography, affording more contrast than the glaring midday sunlight. Inspector Habachi met us in the court-yard and, smiling, said in a quiet manner, "Your wish has been granted. The Minister of Antiquities, my superior in Cairo, has granted you permission to photograph all the monuments with your cinema equipment. I have here the official permit." We gratefully accepted it and our spirits were jubilant.

Turning to Frater Brower, Inspector Habachi said, "I ask of you one personal favor. May I accompany you on your expedition? I feel I could profit by watching you operate your equipment and in turn I may be useful in explaining more thoroughly the monuments to you and reading different inscriptions which have not been generally translated."

We were elated, and gladly accepted this most satisfactory arrangement.

The present city of Luxor is located on the East side of the Nile. Eastward, looking toward the horizon, one sees the distant Arabian desert, and beyond lies the Red Sea. Westward, one looks toward a range of limestone mountains—the mysterious and famed Valley of the Kings. Where are now located the city of Luxor and the temples of Luxor and Karnak, there was once the major portion of the great city of Thebes, the former capital of the great empire. The city of Thebes also spread over the West bank of the Nile.

Our first site to be photographed was the mammoth Karnak Temple, which beggars description. The actual significance of the word, Karnak, is not definitely known; it is said the literal translation means

windows.” This splendid edifice was built from the wealth accumulated from the early Egyptian campaigns in Asia. The entire length of the Temple—or shall we say, series of temples—is a quarter of a mile, and it took some two thousand years to complete construction. The oldest portions of it were begun by the early kings of the feudal age of Egypt. Later portions were completed by the Greek kings, or the Ptolemies. The first Ptolemy was a former general in the army of Alexander the Great. Originally, the entire structures were done in magnificent colors and gold. They were the most beautiful and decorative of all the architectural works of ancient man.

In the center of one of the temples stands the enormous obelisk of Egypt’s most famous queen, Hatshepsut. Its size can better be realized by the fact that its base is eight and a half feet thick. The most impressive edifice of this collection of edifices is the great colonnaded hall or Hypostyle. This hall is 338 feet wide and 170 feet deep. Each one of the enormous columns rises to a height of 69 feet; and the capitals of the columns, which are ornamented after the shape of the lotus flower, are sufficiently large to accommodate on their tops, 100 men standing in close formation. The entire floor area of this colonnaded hall is equal to that of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. The center aisle, or nave, consists of twelve columns in two rows, seventy nine feet in height. Chamber rise slightly higher than the rows of columns of the aisles on either side and thus really form the first clerestory which was finally incorporated as part of the later Greek basilica, and which style comes down to us in our Gothic church architecture of today. This clerestory, by rising higher than the walls on either side of it, permits light to enter through the elevated sides and thus enter the lower halls.

The walls around this colonnaded hall are deeply etched with inscriptions and reliefs dealing with the early campaigns and wars of the past kings and pharaohs. Here, cut out of mammoth stone blocks, weighing from eighty to a thousand tons, are colossal portraits of these rulers of a past civilization. It would be a considerable engineering task today to quarry in one piece such enormous blocks, and to move them from the quarry, intact, to the place of their erection. One is forced again to admire the skill and ability of these ancient builders.

As we stood at one end of the nave of this great temple and looked upward, we saw, high above our heads, at the opposite end, a stone lattice window—the only remaining one of several windows which originally surrounded that portion of the nave which rose above the halls on either side of it; and it is believed that from these windows or grills the temple gained its name of Karnak.

We profited greatly by the detailed descriptions and explanations of our eminent companion, Inspector Habachi, and were able to make many notes to incorporate in the dialogue of the motion-picture which at this time is being edited for exposition purposes. Furthermore, we were permitted to set up our equipment in, and enter, places—inner sanctuaries of this Karnak Temple—usually forbidden the average visitor or traveler.

With the passing of each hour, the heat increased. The temperature rose to nearly 120 degrees Fahrenheit; and our native porters whom we had engaged to carry our equipment luggage were reluctant to continue, as it is their custom to take a siesta from noon until four in the afternoon. Our time was limited; we were allowed just one week; and so we had to disappoint them and oblige them to continue.

We entered the beautiful little temple of Thutmose III, who was related to the early foundation of the Rosicrucian Order. There, outside of the portal, in pure white, in contrast to the gray stone columns and pylons about it, was the little altar of this early mystery school. It seemed like a dream—so quiet, so peaceful, so sturdy, and yet representing a people and a time of thousands of years ago. It did not seem possible that something constructed so long ago could be in such a perfect state of preservation. In this ideal climate of Egypt, where rain falls every thirty or forty years (which makes of the land a warehouse kept at a constant temperature, free from moisture) all antiquities will remain in an excellent state of preservation perhaps for centuries to come. Approximately 1,000 feet of film were ground out within this edifice alone. We reluctantly returned to our hotel, but were assured that we would find additional splendor in Luxor Temple on the morrow.

The next morning at the same hour we were once again accompanied by Inspector Habachi, and went immediately to Luxor Temple, also

known as El Aksur, or “the castles”. The length of Luxor Temple, from front to back, is three hundred yards, and it was built mainly under the direction of that famous builder. Amenhotep III. During the campaigns of Alexander, the Great, it was partially destroyed, and temples of the Greeks were set up within its midst. At a still later period, the Christians entered this magnificent structure and defaced portions of its beauty by chiseling hieroglyphics and inscriptions from its walls, and covering them with crude, coarse plaster on which they painted even more crude murals depicting incidents of the Christian Bible.

To us, this seemed a sacrilege, not because Christianity established itself in Egypt and attempted to further its ends; but because there was more to these temples than the worshiper’s religion, their beliefs in the hereafter, or their interpretations of a god: there was their physical beauty, their architecture, their art. These things belong to all religions, and not to any sect; and it is the duty of religion to preserve beauty, because, as Plato has taught us, through beauty of the external world man can come to have greater appreciation of the better life—those things which represent the beauty of his inner nature or his soul. And we felt that this desecration on the part of the early Christians was not to their credit.

Our companion also showed us other chisel marks on the side of a great stone wall. These marks were made during the time of our venerated Rosicrucian Grand Master, Amenhotep IV. Centuries before Christianity, as we know, he had the first monotheistic conception—the belief in a single or sole God. He was so inspired by this thought that he attempted at once to reform the religions of the land—to make all the peoples of his empire realize *the One God*—a mighty and just God; and he ordered the destruction of the pagan gods, idols, and statues in the temples, and even ordered the immediate eradication from the walls of the great temples of prayers of adoration to the false gods. And these chisel marks, deep etchings into the stone wall before us, were made by those acting under his command to remove the tribute to the false gods. Nothing else did he destroy; all other art he preserved. We could not fail to admire the courage of a man who dared to change overnight, one might say, the religion of the people—to lift them boldly from their superstition and ignorance to a higher

and loftier plane—who incurred the hatred of the priesthood by these acts, and who brought about the ruination of his power.

An entire day was spent at Luxor Temple—an insignificant period to appreciate properly its history or even to attempt a careful study of its architecture and any portion of its inscriptions, but sufficient time, with the ideal lighting Egypt affords, for considerable photography.

Leaving Luxor Temple, we turned again to look westward. Ever since our arrival, we seemed to have been drawn to those purple hills, rugged cliffs across the Nile. Although they were foreboding in appearance, we always felt a strange fascination for them as the sun set behind their crowns. Tomorrow, we would succumb to this magnetic attraction and cross the Nile to them.

Chapter VII

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS

BY ARRANGEMENT, EARLY in the morning we met the Inspector, our dragoman, and porters on the bank of the Nile. We were fascinated by the quaint little boats with their patched sails, and their one-man crews, fighting the tide trying to reach a point directly opposite on the other shore. We watched patient little burros tread along the bank, laden with bales or crates, wits masters who either walked along in front, or behind, tapping them on their flanks with a stick to keep their pace constant. Groups of native women sat in little circles on the road edge, waiting for the return of someone patient, impervious to sun, flies, and insects. Their faces were covered, with the exception of their eyes. Most of them, unfortunately, had diseased eyes, due to the water in which they wash—when they do—and due to infection and lack of knowledge of sanitation and hygiene.

Finally we climbed aboard our frail craft with our equipment, and started across the Nile from a point where for centuries the Egyptians had crossed. As we were swept along, there came to our minds the legends of the great ancient funeral processions which had crossed this same body of water. From the East bank of the Nile—the city of the living, because the sun rose with its life-giving rays in the East—they floated across, on great decorated barges with the sarcophagus of the departed, always at dusk, representing the closing of life and the crossing from this world of the living to the world of the-dead. The West side of the Nile, therefore, or the city which existed there at that time, was called the City of the Dead, because it was in the West where the sun set at the close of day, and where darkness came.

It must have been a magnificent ceremony. We could imagine the chanting, the sound of strains of music on the river. In our minds we could hear the wailing of bereavement. We could mentally see the unloading of the sarcophagus see it being carried on backs and shoulders of great Nubian slaves. We could see priests in ornamental costumes, bedecked with jewelry, emblems of their office, marching two abreast ahead, swaying from side to side in time with the rhythm of chanting and music. Behind came the military escort, the members of the court and the family of the departed. Behind them came, piled high on the backs of personal slaves, the intimate belongings of the departed—great alabaster chests inlaid with ivory, hand-beaten gold masks and vessels, gems, rare woods, frankincense, pottery, beautiful tiles, magnificent furniture, hand-carved, showing great skill and craftsmanship. The procession would wend its way into the hills that became the tombs of the great—of the kings of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties.

Our musing soon ended as our boat slid alongside the crude landing. We loaded our equipment into a ramshackle car to be driven over a rough, ungraded road as far as possible, and from there to be packed on the backs of our porters. We started through this little valley with its towering limestone cliffs. Here were buried the Theban kings—some forty-one of their tombs have now been located. We eventually entered various ones, going down their long, sloping passageways or ramps, observing painted on the walls the original diagrams showing the plan of construction. We learned that these plans were quite frequently deceptive, intended to mislead any vandals who might break into the tomb, as to its real arrangement. Treasure rooms were usually sealed in such a manner that it would take considerable investigation to locate them. When our torches were temporarily extinguished for a moment, and we realized the inky blackness of these underground chapels and mortuaries, the sensation was real.

On the walls were prayers in adoration of the gods, also inscriptions from the rituals which the deceased would have to perform in the after-world. There still remained some of the great stone sarcophagi or coffins from which the mummified remains had been recently removed, or which were empty when recently excavated. These tombs of kings were not as interesting historically, nor did they contribute

as much to our knowledge of the times and of the people and their customs, as the tombs of the lords or noblemen. The inscriptions and hieroglyphics on the walls of these tombs of the kings were mostly concerned with their personal accomplishments, and self-aggrandizement, and with phrases from the great Book of the Dead, a book containing the rituals and ceremonies of the after-life. However, we did film the tombs of Rameses III, Seti II, and the one of the renowned King Tutankhamen, and others. The heat was unbearable to us who were not accustomed to it. The only shade was that afforded by the interior of the tombs themselves. The cliffs were barren, rugged, ghastly. They suggested another world—a *world of the dead*. They were used principally because they were the only stone hills in the immediate vicinity which would afford construction material for tombs.

We went, then, after a few minutes journey, to the tombs of the nobles—that class of individuals who sprang up during the feudal age of Egypt and became wealthy and powerful, and who rivaled the power of the kings. They owned great estates, worked by both freemen and slaves, and built luxurious palace homes with mosaic floors depicting the cool waters of the Nile, and the green grasses which grow about it. The walls were ornamented with paintings of water fowl common at the time. These nobles enjoyed all the luxuries which the time afforded—beautiful furniture, tapestries, fruits, wines and vegetables—many of which we have inherited, such as romaine salad wonderful jewelry made of gold and rare stones. They had great crops of grain, and skilled workmen, basket makers, cabinet makers, metal workers. These craftsmen had tools of bronze—saws, hammers, and many implements similar to those we employ today.

On the walls of the tombs of these nobles, painted in vivid colors—startlingly vivid to us, for it seemed almost unbelievable that the colors could be so bright after the centuries that had passed over them—were incidents in the lives of the people of the estates. Thus we know how they were employed, what they did. There are scenes showing the gathering of grain, showing the scribe recording the bushels. Scenes showing the crushing of the grapes, and making of wine. Others show the tilling of fields with ploughs; and we see in these first ploughs used a similarity to ours of today. The Egyptians of this period had gone beyond hoe-culture and had developed agriculture. We see

irrigation canals, the first in the world. We see the chariot makers; we note the fishermen preparing to set out with their nets. We note the intimate family life of the noble. Here he is entertaining guests, with children playing in the same room at a game that resembles our draughts or checkers. We observe that the noble had but one wife, whom he respected and who shared equally with him all of his powers, privileges, and property rights. Here, on the walls of these tombs, history is unfolded.

We then visited splendid Der-El-Bahri, or the mortuary temple of Queen Hatshepsut. This great tomb-temple, now being restored to its original condition as nearly as possible, was built for Hatshepsut by her architect and vizier, Hapuseneb. Considerable enmity and jealousy existed in later life between her King husband and herself. It is related that he was envious of his wife's power in the Egyptian empire. And later, when she died, he ordered her cartouche or signature eradicated from the great obelisks which she had erected during her time.

On either side of the great ramp which leads to the outer court-yard of this temple-tomb we saw what seems to be just a great, dry root protruding from the sand of the desert. These two roots are all that is left of two great trees which were once on either side of that ramp and which had been imported from far up the Nile, from equatorial Africa, by emissaries of the queen so that she might have shade. It is also said, that where now there is naught but desert surrounding this temple-tomb, there were once flourishing gardens. The tomb itself is deep in the face of the cliff which is immediately behind the temple.

Our journey next brought us to the temple of Medinet Habu which was built to the god, Amon. Though mammoth in size, with gigantic columns and pylons, it reveals a decadence in architecture. The reliefs tell of the great campaigns of the pharaoh; show his naval battles; we see his mercenaries or hired soldiers capturing the revolting subjects of the countries which comprised his empire; we study the weapons they used—spears, shields, swords, armor; we examine the type of war galleys. The architecture is decadent in comparison with that of other temples we have seen because there is no uniformity of design. One finds square columns, short, ill proportioned ones, others tall and graceful, with capitals of different design, some plain, others highly ornamented.



TEMPLE-TOMB OF QUEEN HATSHEPSUT

In the awe-inspiring Valley of the Queens, surrounded by age-old, gnarled, and worn cliffs, is this temple and tomb of Egypt's most powerful Queen, Hatshepsut, wife of Amenhotep III.

Climbing to the top of a great pylon through a narrow stone passageway, we had an excellent view of the plain around it, and the Nile a mile or two distant. Where we stood, some seventy-five feet above the ground, had stood the defending warriors many times before, hurling stones or spears at the attacking invaders below.

We left Medinet Habu, and finally the Valley of the Kings, to admire—at a distance of some several hundred yards—the Colossi of Memnon. These enormous statues were erected by Amenhotep III as an outer gateway to a great temple which is no longer in existence. They were surrounded by water as the land around them was inundated

by the rising Nile. It made a thrilling picture, for the clear, still water reflected their mysterious images. Completing a full day, we returned again to Luxor, but on the following day went back for further detailed photographing, as our first trip was only sufficient for us to plot out those sections or portions of all the things we saw which we believed to be the most impressive and which would convey, to future audiences who would see our films, a better impression of the greatness of that which we had the privilege of seeing personally.

It was while crossing the Nile after our second day on the West bank that Habachi said to us suddenly, "I believe I can arrange to have you film with your cinema, for the first time, an interesting demonstration which I feel will prove of interest to your friends and your countrymen."

We asked him what it was, and he stated, "I cannot comment more freely at this time, for I must inquire further before I can be certain. But if you will come to my office early tomorrow morning, I will be prepared to tell you more, I am sure."

His way of arousing our interest to a certain point and then telling us no more was exciting, and the following morning found us early at his office. We did not know what to expect, because for the last few days he had given us entree into tombs which were ordinarily locked and barred to the public; he had ordered attendants and guards to make available to us places which are recorded only in historical texts and have never before been photographed for public examination; so We felt this would truly be something unusual.

Habachi began, "There is an Egyptian by the title and name of Sheikh Moussa-EI-Hawi, who has an unusual power of sensing or detecting by smell and other means—perhaps you will call them mystic—the presence of venomous snakes and insects. He also has the means of subduing these snakes, making them docile, although at times I understand he has been bitten by them, and in fact has lost his two sons who inherited his power of detecting snakes; they were seriously bitten."

Immediately there flashed into our minds the accounts that had been published of this individual in American magazines at different times, though of course we had never seen a picture of him and no picture had ever been published of him. I asked, "He will perform for

us?" He said, "Yes, gladly, as a courtesy to me." "When?" we chorused, and he replied, "He awaits in the courtyard and will accompany you to wherever you wish."

I asked if the demonstration could be delayed for a few minutes while we rushed to the hotel to obtain the balance of our party—Fratr and Soror Harry L. Shibley and Soror Lewis. He consented, and in a few minutes we returned, breathless, for the demonstration. Naturally we wanted to assure ourselves that this was to be a genuine demonstration and not the trickery common among snake charmers in the Orient. Habachi said, "He is not a snake charmer; he has no snakes with him. He will gladly remove all his garments for your inspection and examination." And, in fact, he did remove all his garments except his loin cloth to assure us none were concealed on his person.

Habachi continued. "He will go wherever you wish, to call out these snakes, so that you may be certain that he has not by any prearrangement placed snakes in places where he would recommend that the demonstration be held."

This was fair enough. There could be no trickery under such arrangements. We suggested, therefore, the interior of Luxor Temple. We all accompanied Sheik Moussa-El-Hawi to Luxor Temple. He was a strange individual; his very presence caused one to shiver, to have a frigid feeling along the spine. His eyes were like a reptile's, piercing and black. His face was strange, slightly distorted; his clothes had a peculiar odor. He looked neither to right nor to left, nor even at the ground before him as he walked ahead of us. Suddenly he stopped and said in broken English, to no one in particular but audible to all of us, "I shall now, with your consent, proceed."

Fratr Brower asked Inspector Habachi, "will the snakes and insects which he calls out from the debris of the ruins be within ten, twenty-five, or fifty feet of us as we wish to know just exactly where to set up our cameras?" We had three cameras to record the incident—a professional cinema, a Graphlex still camera, and another.

Habachi spoke to him in Arabic, and then said to us in English, "He says he knows there is a scorpion right near him and a cobra not far distant."

Moussa, tilting his head backward and sniffing the air as a bloodhound would, apparently caught the scent, as he called it, of what he was searching for, and then he broke out in the weirdest chant I ever heard—a chant in Arabic, starting slowly with deep intonation, and increasing in rapidity and pitch till it eventually reached a frenzied shrill tone; repeating again and again. The man was obviously working himself into some sort of emotional state. At the height of this frenzy, and after walking about in circles from ten to twenty feet distant from us, he suddenly stopped before one of the rocks at his feet, reached down, rolled up his sleeve, baring his arm, tugged at the rock, threw it backward, and reaching in the cavity it had made suddenly brought forth a hideous golden-colored scorpion. He held the scorpion in his hand so that it was visible to us and easily photographed. We noticed that it was continually striking at him with its barbed appendage. When it pricked the flesh of his finger, he would wince at the pain, but showed little or no concern otherwise. At first this was repulsive to all of us, and yet it was so awesome and fascinating that we could not turn from his further demonstrations.

Returning the scorpion to its place, he then walked ahead for perhaps thirty-five or forty feet. We followed him. Suddenly he stopped and again went through the peculiar gesture of detecting some strange scent, and also broke forth with his incantation. Frater Brower, with my aid, hurriedly again set up the cinema equipment.

Habachi turned to us and stated, "This time it is a cobra."

"How," I whispered, "do you know?"

He stated, "His chant is different."

"What is this strange incantation?" I asked. Habachi said he was calling these serpents, as representatives of Satanical power, in the name of Allah, to expose themselves, to come forth—that a greater power than they was giving the command. Finally he stepped over to a little embankment. We noticed the embankment was pock-marked with holes. Rolling up the sleeve of his robe again, he plunged his bared arm down one of these holes to the depth of his elbow. He was apparently struggling with something. I turned to Habachi with a quizzical look on my face. Anticipating my question, he said. "He has one."

We formed a semi-circle at a safe distance behind Sheikh Moussa-El-Hawi, and finally out it came. He had pulled the cobra by its tail out of its biding place. He threw it before him. Immediately it endeavored to get away; it started to crawl back toward its hole. He increased the rapidity of his chanting and a strange light was in his eyes; his face was twisted and grotesque, and as if in a fury he jumped up and down in his bare feet in the dust before the reptile, calling it in the name of all the powers that he knew to return to him. Slowly the snake, as if it had been drawn against its will, turned and crawled back toward him, apparently fighting against some influence stronger than itself. When immediately before him, it coiled and swayed from side to side. Continually chanting, he slowly reached down, picked up the reptile which coiled its body tightly around his arm, and held it before his face. The cobra had inflated its hood and struck at him several times, but by a twist of his wrist he threw the reptile off balance so it would miss its aim and he was not bitten. All this time Frater Brower was faithfully recording this strange incident on cinema film, and as we today see the same scene on the film, we recall the strange feeling we had that this individual was not just a snake charmer but did exert some strange power over these reptiles.

The demonstration was repeated from time to time, and at the close of the last demonstration we offered him compensation, but he haughtily refused it, waved us aside with his hand, and marched on, apparently indifferent to our words of appreciation and gratitude for his demonstration. We were deeply grateful for this unusual opportunity to record this scene, and thanked Inspector Habachi profusely. (Note: Sheikh Moussa El-Hawi died in Gizeh of a cobra bite a few months after our return, so a news cable reported.)

The balance of the day was spent in negotiating for the purchase of an unusual collection of exhibits for the Rosicrucian Egyptian Oriental Museum relics worth a considerable sum because of their age and because they were the property of renowned personages. Each of these antiquities had to be inspected by Habachi before being exported from Egypt, as it is now the custom of the Egyptian government to permit the exportation of only those things of which it may have a likeness, and those things which are authentic, so as not to bring ridicule upon Egypt.

I will never forget the stroll we took with Habachi down to the edge of the Nile just as the sun was beginning to set. Its rosy glow spread over the water; the air was now cool and pleasant. It was our last night in Egypt; we were reluctant to leave. We were thankful to the Inspector for what he had done and had helped us to accomplish. We had just finished again expressing our gratitude, and were about to return to our hotel, expecting him to accompany us part way, when he said, "I leave you here. I am crossing the Nile."

We were surprised, and said, "At this hour? It will be quite dark before you return."

With a peculiar smile he looked straight into my eyes and said, "I am not returning tonight. I sleep on the West Bank."

Frater Brower stated, "Oh, then you have another office, or an abode across there."

He said, "My abode shall be the Temple of Medinet Habu."

Frater Brower and I looked at each other. "You are sleeping in that great temple tonight, by yourself? Why?"

Smiling again, he said, "You are students of mysticism; you are Rosicrucians, are you not?"

"Yes," was our reply.

"Then you have my answer."

We were astounded. Apparently he was returning to spend the night in an environment and atmosphere of his ancient ancestors, to be surrounded by memories of their achievements, to dream of their hopes, and aspirations, to try and visualize the scenes that took place there, to gain from those great stone walls and the inscriptions, dark shadows and absolute silence, some idea of their inner ideals, of things left undone—perhaps to quicken his own consciousness, to help him carry on, to keep alive in Egypt what they had begun centuries before.

Slowly we turned and in silence left him, we to leave Egypt, to pass another milestone along civilization's trail.

Chapter VIII

STRIFE IN THE HOLY LAND

War in Jerusalem!

THE LAND WHERE the Prince of Peace had expounded His message of hope for humanity was now ridden by riots and burning with the flames of hatred! Nearly twenty centuries ago, from the same land, went forth the doctrine that a brotherhood of man, and good will on earth toward all, would be the highest manifestation of the divine in man's nature. Today the authorities in Cairo warned us that we would enter Palestine and Jerusalem at our own risk, for the populace were aligned against each other. Racial and religious prejudices had swept all barriers of reason and tradition away.

We thought, as we determinedly signed papers releasing the authorities from responsibility for any possible injury to our persons in Palestine, that it is remarkable how well religion has survived, promising peace, love and compassion in a world where on every side reality portrays envy, greed, jealousy, and strife. Still the illusion goes on. But then, are not many worthy ideals illusions only because they are not possible of actuality under existing circumstances? The illusion exists not in their worthiness but in the belief that they are possible of attainment in our own lifetimes.

The Egyptian press substantiated the dire warning of the railroad representatives. Articles told of troop movements in Palestine, of the concentration of armed forces in Jerusalem, of pillaging and Arab atrocities. As we rode through the night, looking up at the dark blue canopy overhead with its scintillating specks, the tales of war and

bloodshed seemed fantastic and distant, like a horrible dream when one awakens in a room bathed in warm, courage-giving sunlight. "The press exaggerates," was our self-encouraging thought as we settled down for a monotonous railway journey of a night and a day.

Kantara at last! We rose stiffly after our journey of several hours, shook the desert dust from our clothing, feeling much as the Nomad must feel who pushes his way across the desert wastes on the back of a camel. Here was relief; we were to ferry across the celebrated Suez Canal, point of international controversy. The coolness of the water would be refreshing. We—Fratres Brower and Shibley and I—juggled our luggage through the open compartment windows to jabbering, fezzed, native porters who eagerly seized it and fought among themselves for the privilege of carrying the pieces and earning a small fee in compensation.

A queer spectacle greeted our sight as we trailed behind our porters. The Suez at this point was exceedingly narrow and unimpressive. Its width seemed to us not greater than many of the principal irrigation canals of Western United States. Except for three low-wattage flood lights mounted on slender, obliquely fastened poles, which cast small circles of a yellow haze on the sluggishly moving water, the canal was inky black and free from even the outline of any craft. Parading down a rickety plank ramp, we walked on board the "ferry." The ferry was like a continuation of the ramp; the flooring consisted of rough planks, fastened with hand-wrought nails, protruding in many places, over which passengers stumbled. The only support on either side was a railing, much like a crude fence but having only a top bar. The ferry had neither prow nor stern. It was, in fact, but a raft some thirty-five feet in length and twenty-five feet in width. The passengers crowded against the railings to permit a lumbering truck the center.

While humanity and vehicles were being compressed into the small area, we looked at our fellow passengers. We felt conspicuous; our garb was so strictly Western. Not another of the perspiring group was attired in a like manner. On my right stood a swarthy native woman, with shiny brass earrings and a voluminous skirt of brilliant hues. A striped shawl draped her head and partly shaded her darting eyes. On my left was a Bedouin, Arab Nomad, wearing leather sandals, each with its supporting thong tightly drawn between the large and next toes of

his broad feet. Covering his gaunt frame was an awning-like linen robe, and hanging from his black rope belt was a dirk, the scabbard of which was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, causing it to shimmer with reflected light. He, and many of his kind who crowded us, were apparently oblivious to our presence. Chamber dwelt on thoughts not agreeable, for their faces were distorted by scowls. "None too pleasant company," I thought as I recollected tales of hatred which the Arabs were said to harbor for us Occidentals at this time.

The pleasing coolness of the air was mitigated by the ravenous mosquitoes, and the pernicious sticky black flies. We felt further uncomfortable, for we were aware that we were now becoming objects of exceptional curiosity to several.

It was but a matter of moments before we had crossed the Suez and were aboard the sleeper which was to take us into Palestine. As I lay listening to the high-pitched shriek—rather than whistle—of our engine as we sped across the Peninsula of Sinai, I thought of its ancient copper mines. For centuries these great mines had provided the pharaohs with the metal so badly needed for implements and weapons alike. All the peoples of the then-known world bartered for this Egyptian copper. No one knows how and when ore was first discovered, but it is thought to have been first found on this peninsula in the dim past. Some prehistoric Egyptian—perhaps a late stone-age traveler—found one morning, glistening in the still-warm ashes of his fire, one or more beads of metal which had gone through the process of smelting in the roaring flames of the night before. Repeated findings of these beads in the remnants of the fire on this peninsula caused him and his companions to experiment with heating the loose surface stone. Such experimentation resulted in eventually learning how to extract the metal crudely from the ore. With that simple discovery, the world advanced tremendously. New accomplishments were possible, for the age of metal had arrived!

We rose early to greet the rising sun tinting the distant Eastern hills a delicate shade of pink. The land was desolate, like our Bad Lands of Nevada—table-like, hard packed with tufts of parched vegetation, with a sprinkling of round pebbles, a little larger than commercial gravel. Not a sign of life was apparent. This vista did not complement our glamorous concept of what the Holy Land should be. The uninteresting

view turned our attention to our reading matter, by which we hoped to break the monotony of the ride.

Our attention sometime later was drawn from our books to the outside again by a sudden slowing of the train's speed to a crawl. The hills were now closer very near, in fact and on both sides of us. We were traveling through a narrow valley. The floor of the valley was covered by short grass stubble, still brownish in hue. There before us was what we had expected to see in Palestine—a flock of sheep and herd of goats being driven by a nodding Semitic, riding astride a small, trotting burro. The bare feet of the shepherd nearly dragged in the dust; it looked as though, if he stood upright, feet on the ground, the burro could have passed easily between his straddled legs. As we looked, more flocks came into evidence, some descending from nearby hills. All seemed to be converging.

So slowly had we been traveling for several minutes, that the halt of the train was hardly noticeable. Here was the first stop we had made during the day. We left our compartment to crowd in the aisle of the car, and leaned far out of the lowered windows. Parallel with the track, for about the length of two cars, stretched a board platform, open to the sky. A hundred yards back of it were eight or ten tents, somewhat squattier than our American Indian tepees and less graceful; of a black material which we later learned was tanned goatskin. Aligned in front were small children in the customary tattered clothing of the East, some partly naked; but unlike the children of the Egyptian fellahs, these were quiet, and almost motionless. Near them were groups of adults, either astride burros or sitting on their haunches.

Loud voices and the clatter of heavy boots on the platform caused us to turn our heads in the direction of the rear of the train. There were two soldiers British tommies. They wore the regulation tropical uniform of the British soldier—khaki shorts and shirt, high socks, trench shoes, and tan cork helmet. Each had, slung across his back, an automatic rifle with bayonet affixed. The men themselves particularly attracted our attention. They were, in fact, boys; neither of the lads was over nineteen at the utmost—fresh-faced, bright eyed, the kind of youthful, intelligent face you see in a college sports event and little expect to find in a military expedition of this kind.

An incident occurred in the few minutes of our stay which caused us to lose admiration for them and their superiors. Perhaps it was exceptional; at least, we hoped so. An Arab lad, about sixteen or seventeen, sauntered over to the platform, with ragged turban, legs and feet bare. Upon his approach, the young tommies stopped their bantering and watched him. As soon as he stepped upon the platform they were upon him. Each grabbing one of his arms, they pulled him in opposite directions, then shoved him so violently toward each other that he nearly fell. He was finally pushed off the platform. One then struck him with his open hand across the head, as he vainly tried to protect head and shoulders with his arms. Retreating, he never once offered resistance. The other ran after him, kicking him as he fled. We were astounded. Why this brutality? The Arab boy had said or done nothing. Assuming that his presence was a menace to the train because of danger of sabotage, could they not have ordered him away, enforcing their orders with the presence of their weapons? Was Great Britain countenancing such conduct on the part of her troops? Or were these, as their youth indicated, just raw troops unjustly displaying their new authority and might? Such actions, whatever their cause, would only breed further hatred and difficulty in Palestine for Britain, we thought.

We rode on in silence for nearly another hour at a snail-like speed. The next stop was at Lyda—a larger platform, crowded as the previous one, having a partial rain-shed down the center. The hills had closed in on us. Lyda was a junction point; our train was to go to Haifa and the sea; we must change here for Jerusalem. No porters clamored at the windows for our baggage. After quite some labor, we unloaded our assortment of twenty-one pieces, including the delicate cinema equipment, into a pile on the platform. Our Jerusalem train had not yet arrived. We looked about us. We were in an armed camp, it would seem. One end of the narrow, rough shed was supported by additional posts, and on top of it, behind a rampart of sand bags, a machine gun was mounted, and behind it sat two alert tommies—about the same age as those we had previously seen. From their position they commanded full view of the rocky cliffs which frowned down upon us, and they were alert, watching for Arab snipers that had been harassing the railroad crews. The platform was crowded with troops carrying

full equipment, waiting as we were for the train to Jerusalem. A drone overhead caused us to look upward. There a lone plane—a scout—circled high over the depot and adjacent hills, ready to signal the troops below of any Arab movement in their direction. We scanned the clefts in the scarred hills. There was no life visible; yet we had the uneasy feeling that eyes from the dark shadows of the hillsides watched our movements, perhaps sighting at us along rifles they hesitated to fire at the moment.

The piercing shriek of the dumpy engine, pulling rickety wooden cars toward us, was a welcome relief. Our party was separated; we were all fortunate to find space on board. This was a troop train, and passengers—of which we were the only ones—were incidental, and their comfort not considered. The troops were all in good humor; they had just arrived on the transport from England, and were on their way from Haifa to various zones in the trouble area in the vicinity of Jerusalem and Bethlehem. None was over twenty-one, or so it seemed, with the exception of the officers. We learned that the youthfulness of the troops was due to the fact that England has found that men over twenty-five years of age do not, unless they have lived for some length of time in the tropics, readily adjust themselves to extremes in temperature.

In the aisles outside of the compartments in each car were stationed four men, rifles ready and at rest on window bars, as they peered into the hills for signs of Arab hostilities toward the train. On a sharp bend I saw, through our open window (through which dust and cinders poured) a gasoline truck traveling on the rails about a hundred feet in advance of our engine. On it was mounted a rather heavy-caliber machine gun, and three armed tommies stood by. This, we learned, ran in advance of the train to ward off attacks on it and to sight any damaged rails or bridges intended to derail the train, which had been the recent practice in these canyons.

The viciousness of the rocky hills through which we were winding was finally broken by patches of vegetation. We were nearing Jerusalem. The sloping sides of the hills were now terraced every ten or twelve feet, with three-foot walls made of irregular stones plucked from the surrounding surface. Between each wall and the one above was a thin veneer of soil; in these rims of soil grew the grapes of Palestine, and

much of the grain and truck which the Holy Land depended upon. In Biblical times the peasant of Palestine found the thin coating of soil on the rocky cliffs hardly sufficient for his actual needs; centuries of rainfall had washed nearly all the remaining soil away. The land in this vicinity would have been completely impoverished but for these stone retaining-walls, built as a last protective measure. Hardy Hebrew women turned from their task of hand-cultivation to stare at the train of singing armed men that passed. We wondered as we looked at their solemn, weather-beaten, dull faces, whether they saw in these troops new hope or further disaster for their land and race.

We swung suddenly from the open country into the yards of Jerusalem's only depot. Crowds on the platform cheered the troops who detained with the light-hearted spirit of a crowd of Sunday excursionists. Our only conveyance was an old private car; the Arab taxi drivers were on strike as were all other Arab employees. The Jews dared not supplant them or operate their competitive enterprises for fear of Arab reprisals, which meant bloodshed for both sides. In consequence, all shops, factories, mills, banks, and industrial places were closed and had been for months. Hunger and disease were rampant, and tension was growing stronger. Outbursts were frequent, loss of life considerable.

As we sped at fifty miles an hour along one of the main thoroughfares with a young Hebrew at the wheel, who furtively glanced toward the boarded shop windows on his left and right, we studied the buildings as best we could. Their fronts were plastered and white-washed, which made them gleam in the hot afternoon sun. They rose to a height of two or three stories. Many had dome-like roofs and minaret-like towers, revealing the Moorish and Byzantine influence. Others had red handmade tile and wrought-iron balconies, upon which ordinarily doors opened but which were now boarded closed. This street was macadamized, but side streets, of which we had but fleeting glimpses, were cobble-stoned, narrow, crude.

Our destination, one of the most prominent hotels in Jerusalem, was gratifyingly modern. After an exceptionally appetizing and well served meal, we retired. Several times I was awakened during the night by rumbling, indistinct voices and the thud of feet below in the corridors and upon the street beneath my window. Fatigue overcame curiosity,

and I would lapse again into sleep. In the morning we discovered that night had brought about a startling transformation of our hostelry. It had been converted into a military headquarters for the high staff of the British Palestine expeditionary force. Uniformed army messengers were running up the broad staircase bearing side arms. High-ranking officers stood or sat in groups in the main foyer, talking in low voices. All the rooms were occupied by the military staff, and would be, with the exception of those held by our party. An indication of the seriousness of events was the low sandbag rampart on the sidewalk immediately in front of the main entrance, behind which a sentry patrolled. We were allowed free exit and entry, but must return before 8:00 p.m. or be barred from entry. Each time we desired admittance, we had to secure the permission of the armed sentry.

Turning the corner to cross the street to secure the services of a guide whose name had been given us, we saw directly beneath the balcony of our rooms two armored trucks bearing one-pound cannon and regulation machine guns. These were riot cars which patrolled the streets at night and rushed to areas of disturbance until the arrival of the infantry. A state of war truly existed.

"Will we be allowed to film even the historic and mystical places under such conditions?" asked Frater Brower, putting into words my own thoughts.

"Probably not," was my pessimistic reply.

By appointment, a representative of the American Express Company met us, and after greeting us he said, "Our office is closed and all ordinary business is suspended. It is a special concession that I meet you here. I cannot assure you any success in your enterprise, for the High British Commissioner of Jerusalem has declared the city under martial law."

"Shall we seek to obtain permission to take our cinema pictures?" I asked.

"Such channels of authority do not exist at present," he said. "I would suggest that you proceed as usual unless ordered to cease by the military authorities."

I suddenly became aware of someone standing close behind me. Somewhat startled, I turned quickly to look into the face of an Arab,

bowing graciously to me. He was attired nattily in a business suit such as any young American or Englishman might wear. The only touch of the Oriental in his attire was his tarboosh (fez). He was a young man of thirty-five. Particularly impressive were his large, expressive eyes and his exceptionally fair skin for one of his race. The extent of his lavish bow and his genial smile caused me involuntarily to bow slightly in return. Noticing our confusion, the American Express representative stepped forward and introduced us; he was to be our guide. We shall call him "Sule," which is not his true name. Not a pleasant prospect, I contemplated; an Arab guide, and we Americans—the next to being English in the minds of most of the peoples of the Levant, and the English were far from being in favor with the Arabs at that time.

My musing was interrupted by his question, "Shall we proceed on our journey at once?"

Before I could reply, the American Express representative was bidding us farewell and hastily retiring. Turning to Sule, I answered with a question. "Shall we take our cinema equipment with us now, or just our still cameras?"

"Let us investigate the sites now. Therefore, take your still cameras; tomorrow, the cinema," he said in his charming accent.

In less than half an hour we were off. Sule had engaged two robust Arab porters to carry our Graphlex, tripod, plates, and other paraphernalia. No automobiles being available, we walked, feeling quite uncomfortable in the hot sun. The heat discouraged unnecessary conversation. Our comments were in monosyllables.

We stopped before one of Jerusalem's historical and massive triple gates—now but a great stone archway through which pedestrians and pack burrows alike tread. Everywhere shop windows were boarded, creating a depressing atmosphere, impressing one with the fact that danger lurked near at hand or was expected momentarily. Natives stood idly, leaning against shop fronts or buildings. To us they all seemed to be Arabs, solemn, unexpressive, staring into space. Some slowly turned their heads and looked after us. Beggar boys ran up to us holding out dirty hands, chattering in Arabic, some proffering cakes for sale in filthy straw baskets which had been sitting on the curbs of the gutter, and over which flies hovered, many already covering the wares. The whole

scene was, however, picturesque: the remaining portions of the once great walls of King David's temple; the alley-like streets; the roofs of houses on either side, leaning until they nearly touched, as though supporting each other in their stage of near-collapse. Burros were the only means of conveyance, walking patiently, their ears flapping, flies buzzing about their heads, trudging under swaying, cruel burdens. The commercial life of the city however, was obviously paralyzed, and there were no tourists, no outsiders but ourselves.

Chapter IX

THE UNKNOWN CONDITIONS OF PALESTINE

TURNING DOWN A steep incline, we entered at the bottom a large flagged courtyard, closed in on either side of us by a massive, sombre, granite-block wall. In front of us, the third side of the courtyard was a fairly large edifice of the same depressing hue. The natural gray of the stone had been darkened by years of rain which had streaked the stones with black. It reminded me, with its arched entrance reached by descending the flight of well-worn steps, of the Temple of Justice in Paris, former prison during the French Revolution. This fortress-like structure was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The authenticity of this purported tomb of the Christ is much disputed. Now lying in the center of modern Jerusalem, it at one time was just outside the walls of the city. The Christian literature of the first three centuries made absolutely no reference to the “empty tomb”; if it had been known in the past and venerated, it certainly would have been destroyed—so historians state—during the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus (70 A.D.) and the great devastation of the Bar Koklos Rebellion.

The Roman emperor, Hadrian, restored the city in 135 A.D., and erected over the tomb a temple, dedicated to the pagan goddess, Aphrodite. Two hundred years later, Macarius removed the temple and found an ancient Jewish tomb. Rock was cut away from the tomb and a circular building—the Anastosius—was built around it. Over this was built the present medieval building. That the tomb inside is the one

located by Macarius is indisputable, but there is no proof, it is argued, that it was the Christ's tomb. Speculation runs high as to outside of just which gate of Jerusalem the Crucifixion actually took place, for that fact would assist in determining the site of the actual tomb.

The inside of the rotunda was dimly lighted by candles. On either side, against the walls, like concessions at an exposition, were the altars and accouterments of the various Christian sects which have property rights in the buildings and share the honor of preserving the site. Even to one who might not be strictly orthodox, and therefore not unduly sensitive, the ostentatious display was offensive. Each sect had tried, not to make its shrine more dignified or symbolic of the sanctity of the place, but more pretentious, just as a merchant would, to dominate the attention of passers-by. This obvious competition within the confines of the sacred shrine itself has led to many disputes, culminating in bloodshed. "How disillusioning," was our paramount thought as we left the edifice, "must a visit to the place be to religious pilgrims!"

We discussed the circumstances and our impressions freely in the presence of our guide, Sule, as we prepared to take photographs of the exterior. He had been attentively listening, for he said, "Your views are different from many who come to visit. To you, God does not bestow blessings only upon those who profess to know His ways, but as well upon those who follow them, whether they know they are His ways or not."

We explained that we were not creedists, feeling that we could understand God without reducing our understanding to dogma. We further explained that in our opinion, the errors which existed in any religion were not in motive but in interpretation and application.

"Precisely," he replied. "And so I shall express myself in my book."

"You are writing a book?" I queried, studying carefully his enigmatic face.

"I am now a Christian, although I am an Arab. I was a Mohammedan, and I feel qualified to make a comparison between these two great faiths, and of this my book shall consist."

"And is it possible that your book might bring greater harmony between your people and the Jews?" I asked, risking a challenging question.

If my question surprised him, his face did not reveal it; but his eye held mine, as he replied in a deliberate manner, "You are Americans, not involved in the situation which exists here. I feel that I can speak freely to you."

This he did, giving us an understanding of the turbulent state not obtained from the others, whose views have been more publicized because of the means at their disposal.

"The conditions which exist in Palestine," he began, "are not solely due to religious differences between the Arabs and Jews, as many of the leading newspapers of the world would have their readers believe. We have had as next-door neighbors for decades, Jews who deal with us and we with them. Our mutual respect has been heightened by fair dealings and an equal assumption of social, political, and economic responsibilities. In the controversy that exists, these Jews, our neighbors and our friends, support us. Palestine is a land which, even in your short stay," he continued, his voice now quivering with emotion, "you must have already observed is incapable of supporting agriculturally a numerous people. With the exception of the Jordan Valley, a fertile strip, it is nearly a barren land and requires a very hardy people to subsist on it. We and the Jews who have been established here are not selfish, but we know that an influx of population will bring ruin to all here who are now enjoying no more than life's necessities." We listened intently, impressed by his earnestness.

"Propaganda in England and in America, and conditions in Germany, have encouraged thousands upon thousands of Jews to enter Palestine with the belief that it was to become a new kingdom of Judea, a land of affluence. This migration has been encouraged by certain money interests that have bought worthless lands in Palestine and sold them, sight unseen, to the immigrants before they left their homes in other lands. These newcomers are mostly not agriculturists—are even unaccustomed to manual labor. They arrive nearly destitute. A few weeks hardship on the soil of Palestine proves to them that they cannot support themselves upon it, and being financially unable to return to their original homes, they move into our cities and towns. They, by nature, are barterers, merchants, and they set up numerous little stalls (one cannot call them shops). They are forced to live like cattle by circumstance, and thus undersell by far the rest of us—even

their own kind who have been established here. This unfair competition reduces living standards, wages fall, business suffers, and we all starve. Still they keep pouring in, to be in turn deceived.

“Not a word of these conditions reaches the outside world. The British press and others continue to tell the world at large how Palestine is fulfilling a prophecy of becoming a new kingdom of hope and prosperity for the Jews. We have pleaded with England, which exercises the Palestine mandate, to restrict immigration and to establish a quota for Palestine, allowing a limited number to enter annually. A number that new business, industry, and development can rightly assimilate. This has been promised periodically, but still there is actually no quota in existence.* A people can stand only so much deprivation; then the law of their being causes them to retaliate, to struggle for survival and for those little things which make life worth living.” “If,” we reasoned, “we could paralyze transportation and all commerce in Palestine, we could force the world to realize our desperate circumstances. We no longer operate the railroads; those that are operated are done so by the British army. We permit no trucking, manufacturing, or conducting of usual business.”

* Efforts are being made now by the British Government to fix a quota and to portion Palestine into sections for the Jews and the Arabs.

“This is very harsh and lawless you may think, but we fight for life and the lives of our loved ones. Britain and other nations have great interests here. Their financial resources are affected by these conditions. Pressure was brought upon the British Parliament to establish normalcy. We have been threatened but have not complied with the demands. The military force has undertaken to operate mills and supervise institutions. This display of force has caused hatred, and my people have resorted to the same means. They harass Britain’s troops. They prefer to bring about a settlement by treaty and compromise, but their pleas are met by a cruel overriding by the military might. In the national treasury of Palestine there was a small reserve sum of six million dollars. We are being penalized for our attempt at existence; the expense of transporting troops, supplies, and war materials here from England to oppose us is being paid out of these reserve funds. We shall never surrender or submit to such conditions! Our people are used to these hills; they were raised in them. Armed and in them, they

can resist a trained and fully equipped British force of fifty thousand troops indefinitely.”

“America,” he stated, apparently to placate us if anything he had said might have offended, “would surely be more considerate of our needs. We selected her at the close of the World War to exercise the mandate over Palestine, but she refused.”

“Fortunately,” I replied, “for undoubtedly she might have confronted the same conditions and how she would have reacted to them one cannot truthfully say. “Is there,” I asked, “much loss of life?”

“Listen tonight, an hour after sunset. You will hear the crack of rifles from various directions,” he said with a glint in his eyes. “The chattering reply you will then hear is the machine guns of the British. When British troops rush one section, Arab snipers harass them from another. We do not like these methods, but our conduct is the cry of a people in distress. We have the moral and material support,” he proudly added, “of all the Islamic peoples of Syria, Turkey, Egypt, Iraq, and Arabia.”

“The British are usually fair in their dealings,” I began.

He interrupted. “I speak no condemnation of the British people as a whole; they have been our friends. Those who have lived here before, and understand, have deplored their country’s action and protested. But mercenary interests have stifled their pleadings, and the homeland knows not the true facts.”

We had walked as we talked. Carefully we plotted our campaign for the next day. Bidding Sule good evening, we retired to our hotel. That evening we dined with the most prominent British officers stationed in Palestine, in the simple, unpretentious dining salon of the hotel. A British officer of rank is a cultured gentleman; no matter how far from his native land, he never relaxes his customs, manners, or poise. Each evening, though men only were present, every officer dressed for dinner in his dinner jacket as meticulously as though visiting some smart restaurant on the Strand with his lady.

An Englishman never permits himself to become influenced by environment and social conditions into which he is thrust. It can be said, that wherever an Englishman is, there is England. This reveals a most pure strain of nationalism. It does not mean superiority, but

rather a stronger allegiance to a chain of traditions. An American is more easily swayed by environment, and will assimilate the customs and practices about him quickly, sometimes good, sometimes bad. For example—though the clocks of the hotel had accurate Palestine time, these officers gathered about the single radio receiver which the hotel afforded to secure London time by short wave, and then adjusted their watches accordingly for the number of hours difference between that and the local time. What American would set his time in Palestine by a New York broadcast if he could obtain it from the local clocks? Such is the influence tradition asserts on a Briton.

The brilliant sunlight of the next morning was encouraging. We had feared it would be overcast, from the appearance of the skies in the evening. Our equipment was all prepared. We carried with us four magazines of film, representing several thousand feet, and all of the necessary shades and filters and accessories for the successful operation—we hoped—of our equipment. A twenty-minute walk brought us to what had originally been the outskirts of the ancient city of Jerusalem. Before us was an attractive tower-like church—a gift to the Roman Catholics of Jerusalem by the former Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany.

Passing through a large gateway, we entered a pleasant garden, quiet and serene. Crossing this to the Gothic doorway, we pulled on a weather-beaten rope hanging there and heard from the interior the distant tinkling of a small bell. A few seconds later, the door opened disclosing a pleasant faced father, middle aged, portly, wearing sandals and clerical garb. Our guide explained to him in French our purpose—that we desired to ascend to the top of the tower, which structure had the greatest height in that vicinity, to photograph views of the surrounding terrain. It was rather an unusual request, this we realized. After studying us carefully for a moment or two, he kindly consented. After winding our way to the top of a tower by means of a circular stone stairway, which permitted the passage of just one person at a time, we were rewarded for our effort. There before us was spread a goodly section of modern Jerusalem. In the great distance could be seen a portion of the Dead Sea.

Slightly to our left was a hill, not great in height, but higher than the surrounding land. It was perfectly bare. At one time it was covered with

olive trees, and was, in fact, the Mt. of Olives upon which had been located the historical Garden of Gethsemane. Turning to our guide I stated, "I presume that the olive trees were removed centuries ago." "To the contrary," he replied. "The Mt. of Olives was covered with olive trees until during the world war, when Palestine was occupied and dominated by Turkish forces. Due to the embargo by British ships, the Turks were not able to obtain coal to operate the trains through Palestine, and being badly in need of fuel, the olive trees were felled by the Turks and used to fire their locomotives."

Here again was another indication of the fact that war is no respecter of traditions, historical sites or even sacred places. Being satisfied that we could get no better view than this, we spent considerable time filming the vista before us. I was particularly impressed with this little church. After departing from the tower, I entered the chapel. Its simplicity was impressive, restful, a place where one could quickly depart in thought and feeling from the rest of the world. No lavishness, no attempted display, just the cool, gray walls, the plain hardwood pews the high altar beautifully carved of teakwood. High above it some light filtered through a stained glass window, forming a geometrical pattern on the mosaic floor and heightening the shadows on either side of the chapel. But we had to hurry away, for our time was limited.

From here we were to proceed to the historical town of Bethlehem. The only transportation was burros. Getting astride these small animals we jogged the entire distance of six miles along a modern highway to Bethlehem. To passing troops in motor lorries, we must have presented an amusing spectacle, but the only means of transportation were these burros, with the exception of the military trucks and lorries. We felt fortunate that we could go even by this means. We were accustomed to horseback riding, which we enjoy, but there is a great difference in riding a horse and a burro, as one soon learns. The stride of the burro is shorter, more jerky and far more breathtaking. A ride of three or four miles by burro is as fatiguing to one not used to it, as a ride of several hours on horseback.

Midway we stopped at the Well of the Magi. This well today is the same in appearance as it must have been in the time of Christ and before. Back of it is a grove of olive trees. There have always been olive trees there as far back as local history goes. The well is now dry and has

been dry in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. There is no doubt as to its authenticity, for historical records as well as legend point to this well as the common meeting and stopping place of travelers and those going to and fro from Jerusalem or Bethlehem. Caravans used to pass there, as well as those driving their flocks from one section to another in search of new pastures. I was deeply impressed as I sat on the edge of this well and thought of the brethren of the mystic schools who conversed here while refreshing themselves with the wells cool water.



THE WELL OF THE MAGI

Tradition states that the wise men of the East, on their way to Bethlehem to visit, “A new-born King,” drank of the water from this well.

Further on, we passed the round, silo-like tomb of Rachel, another truly authenticated historic place—although unimpressive—along the same famous highway. Rounding a bend in the road, we had a panorama of the hills surrounding Bethlehem, to which so much reference is made in the New Testament. We could visualize the shepherds there

watching over their flocks. We could realize why, since the shepherds played such a prominent part in the life of the people of that time, there were so many parables concerning their conduct. It was simple for people to grasp the significance of such parables.

Lorry after lorry of troops and armored cars passed us, hurrying to Bethlehem. Once the highway over which the wise men traveled, those predicting the coming of the Great Avatar, and the road over which the Christ himself rode and preached to the passers-by of the coming of a new era, it is now an avenue for the quick moving of machinery of destruction and the armies of war.

We were more impressed with our entrance into Bethlehem than into Jerusalem. All streets were exceptionally tortuous, twisting, winding and rough, with cobble and flagstones. Hardly anyone in Western garb was to be seen. All were robed much like the pictures and paintings we have of the people of Biblical times. We were held up occasionally to let a herd of goats or a flock of sheep pass us by. Finally, the narrow street on which we traveled opened into a wider thoroughfare and there before us was the Church of Nativity, the birthplace of Christ. Immediately before it was a large plaza, elevated just a few feet above the approaching street. Like most all of these ancient buildings, it was not welcoming, but sombre, depressing, the very massiveness of the stone conveying the feeling of coldness and dreariness. The windows were small and slit-like. The entrance into the church itself was so low that one had to bow his head to enter.

Most astounding to us, however, was the fact that the lorries which had been passing us with troops and war supplies were making this plaza before the Church of the Nativity their destination. This great space was to be used as a temporary barracks and storage area for war materials. Stacked high were cartons, cases and bundles and the black, ugly, large metal containers of crude oil and gasoline needed for the mechanized equipment of the British troops. Stacked also—almost in front of the very entrance into the Church of the Nativity—were rifles. The troops stood idly by awaiting further orders. Machine guns were mounted on the adjacent wall, surveying the whole area as a protective means. A goodly portion of the Hebrew population stood by, curiously watching.

We entered the Church and walked from chamber to chamber. From these very chambers each Christmas morning a sermon is broadcast throughout the world. In fact, ninety days later, during the greatest strife in Palestine, with all of these armaments about, a message of peace and hope was issued to humanity. Fortunately, the listeners throughout the world could not see the conditions existing where this message originated or they would perhaps have had their faith in the message somewhat shaken.

We were permitted to take pictures of this place, and found it extremely difficult to avoid including modern troops and war paraphernalia in the scenes of this holy site.

Returning once again to Jerusalem, and after visiting many other historic places about which there is dispute as to their authenticity, we were fortunate in being able to photograph the building which legend and tradition declare is the place where the Last Supper of Christ was held. Even most historians are of the belief that this structure was undoubtedly the original edifice. Strange, that this chamber which means so much to Christians, to philosophers and mystics who are all somewhat in dispute as to the real purpose and objects of the Last Supper, is now a Mohammedan Mosque. The Mohammedans themselves confirm the legend that it is the place where Christ's Last Supper was held. They appreciate its sacredness to Christians. Everyone is permitted to visit it. It is a chamber about sixty feet in length and about forty feet in width, with two rows of rather stout columns down the center. It has a very low, arched ceiling and is dark, except for two narrow windows at one end which admit very little light, and candles which are placed about the wall. The stone floor is covered, as is the custom in mosques, with exquisite and very old and valuable Oriental rugs. Unlike many of the other sites of interest to tourists and Christian pilgrims, now controlled by Christian sects, no fees were asked for admission. One could make a contribution as he left but the Mohammedans did not seem to expect it, or ask for it. This contrast in custom was very noticeable to us, and certainly complimentary to the Mohammedans.

We returned to the hotel just before the curfew hour. We found a flurry of excitement. The high commissioner had requested additional troops for Palestine. During the night before an attack had been made

upon his executive mansion, and the rebellion was growing. Tomorrow we would begin our journey away from Palestine into the interior of lands populated by people thought by Christians to be heathens, even pagans, or at least enemies of that for which Christianity stands. Had Christianity set such a marvelous example for them to aspire to? Had it succeeded as well as one would imagine from the reading of its literature and its glowing terms of promise, when the birthplace of its idealism and its greatest exponent was steeped in war and bloodshed, and seething with hatred?

Chapter X

ANCIENT PHOENICIA

RACING THROUGH BOWERS of fragrant shrubs, and then suddenly sweeping upward to skim along the crest of rocky slopes overlooking the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, our spirits rose with each turn in the road. Not more than two hours previously we had been in Palestine, but its blue skies had been colored by our feelings, a pall of dejection had hung over us, because of our intimate experiences with its bitter revolution. How can one doubt that we mortals are torn by the strong influences of environment and our mental attitudes? The most dominant factor in life is our attitude toward things and people, our personal interpretations. If we are confident, cheerful and courageous, every obstacle is but another stride to be taken in our progress. The most sordid environment, even the darkest hour becomes but a background by which to contrast our radiant spirits. Let hope and self-assurance ebb, however, and the slightest change in circumstances becomes to us a wave of calamity by which we are completely engulfed. This but proves that the world is impartial. It never intentionally oppresses the individual nor does it favor him. Time either sweeps the individual along with it, or passes him by. The mentally alert, visionary individual is prepared to strike out and swim with the current. He is never content to bewail his lot on the bank, watching life flow by.

The Mediterranean was exceptionally blue, rather of the colored postcard hue, almost unbelievably brilliant. The sunlight seemed to dance upon its glass-like surface. This coast line of ancient Phoenicia, now Syria, was amazingly like that of California. The mountains seemed to plunge into the sea no gradual approach, but an abrupt demarcation, a bold precipice submerging itself in the waters. It was as

if the parched desert far inland had, by a series of undulations, sought to reach the sea and, suddenly coming upon it, one of its crests had slipped beneath the water.

The surrounding terrain was little changed. Nowhere for miles along this coast were evidences of human progress, except for the pavement upon which we traveled. The coastal hills were uncultivated, although spotted with verdure, but, unlike our California Coast range, they were unfenced. Beautiful sandy beaches marked the erosion of the rocky shore by the sea, beaches which in a more commercialized land would have been marred by gaudy concessions. Little harbor-bays were formed by jutting rugged arms of the coast. In these still waters, about 1000 B.C., floated the sturdy, but small craft of the Phoenicians. At that time black-bearded men, who but a few centuries previous had been desert wanderers, nomads, directed the loading of the boats. They carried cargoes of mother-of-pearl inlay furniture, ivory combs, household utensils, gold trinkets, frankincense and other luxuries with which to barter with the peoples of distant countries bordering the shores of the Mediterranean. They were at that time the greatest navigators of the world. They ventured as far West as what is now Spain and carried on an extensive trade with the early Greeks who were greatly influenced by the Phoenician dress and customs. It is said that the early Greeks borrowed their style of costume from the Phoenicians. As they prospered in their trade, they colonized many towns along the coast of the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

Cars were now passing us rather frequently going in the opposite direction. We were approaching Beirut, the principal seaport of Syria, or the state of Lebanon. In a few moments we were slowly moving through the streets of this city, which was quite evidently influenced by Western ideas and practices. The change in the appearance of shop windows from those of Egypt and Palestine, the large paved thoroughfares, elaborate cafes, spacious lawns, even public trams, did not give us the impression of the Western World attempting to invade the East, but rather that it had already arrived, and the East was trying to survive the influence. Originally captured by the British in October, 1908, the country is now a French Mandated territory, but the city of Beirut is exceptionally Americanized because of the great American University now established there, whose faculty members are mainly

from the United States. These instructors brought with them their manner and methods of living, and, with their families, gradually impressed the natives with their superior way of living, to which the natives have taken readily.

Our stay in Beirut was brief, for it was not our immediate destination. We were bound for the inland. Leaving the sea level we began a very steep ascent, winding our way over the high mountains. Lebanon, as this section is known, is renowned for being the site of the once famous cedar trees, by the same name, for centuries used extensively in the building operations of the ancient peoples whose countries bordered the Mediterranean. But one small grove of the great trees still remains and it is preserved as a monument of the past. Centuries before Christ, the Egyptians put out expeditions to this coast to fell the great trees and float them back to the mouth of the Nile, thence up the great river for hundreds of miles. The writer recently had the opportunity of examining thoroughly several sarcophagi (mummy coffins) being installed in the new addition of the Rosicrucian Oriental and Egyptian museum. These sarcophagi date back to approximately 1000 B.C. Each of them was made, as practically all of them were during that time, from planks of cedar brought from Lebanon, centuries ago. Even though they were about thirty centuries old, they were yet in a fair state of preservation. Many of the early fleets that plied the waters of the Mediterranean were built of the cedars of Lebanon. It was a rare wood and much sought after. Toward the South end of the Lebanon mountains, towers Mt. Hermon, reaching a height of 9000 feet. The mountain is frequently mentioned in the Christian Bible by other names. Around its base are to be found the ruins of the Temples of Baal. Generally speaking, Baal is an ancient sun god, but generically speaking, Baal was the Syrio-Phoenician word meaning God. The ancient Sidonians had named this mountain Syron. It is without vegetation of any kind, except a plant life resembling our North American sage brush.

To this point in our travels, our roads had been remarkably well paved and graded. Now, they narrowed and were frequently pitted. The hills were growing brown, as though they needed rain badly. The country was becoming more desolate and it had its effect upon our moods, and our conversation became less frequent. About two

hours after having left Beirut, and having just made a turn on a high mountain pass, we looked down from an altitude of several thousand feet upon a broad plateau stretching into the distance. Far below our road continued, like a gray ribbon stretching for miles across the waste. Toward the horizon a great green patch was visible. Soon we were entering this patch, the outer edge of a fertile area, and the age-old city of Damascus, which is on the fringe of the great Mesopotamian desert. Damascus, 57 miles east of Beirut, has a population of about 188,000; 21,000 of which are Christians and about 160,000 Jews. It is the oldest inhabited city in the world. In the Tel-El-Amarna tablets or letters, the first letters of state in the history of the world, exchanged between Queen Nefertiti and the rulers of her subordinate states or colonies in 1350 B.C., Damascus is mentioned. At that early time, according to translations, it was termed Dimashka. The same name, referring to the same city is found inscribed on the walls of the Temple of Rameses III in Upper Egypt. It was the scene of many wars mentioned in Biblical literature. David had campaigned against it, but without a great deal of success. French troops were garrisoned there as elsewhere in Syria, but were unsuccessful in accomplishing much with Damascus, or any of Syria in fact, because of an antipathy held toward them by the native Syrians. Various political influences, which we will describe later, caused the French much unrest and a regret that they had ever assumed the mandate.

Our first impressive sight after entering this ancient city, was a large cemetery near the city's center, the tombs of which were fashioned like small mosques with their customary domed roofs and spiral minarets. They were so diminutive that I likened them to the ovens one sees used for the manufacturing of tile and brick. Around the whole cemetery was an artistic Byzantine brick wall, the top of which was crenellated. When our car stopped before the principal hostelry which the city afforded, located in a plaza directly across from the depot of a narrow gauge railroad originally built by Germany before World War I, and now used for the transporting of freight from Beirut to Damascus, we were greeted by a now familiar sight. Porters in white linen robes which looked not unlike the old fashioned night gown tied around the middle with a soiled red sash, and wearing Mohammedan tarbooshes, shuffled up and sought our baggage.

We paid little attention to the interior of the hotel, that is, the main foyer, until our return from our rooms above where we had immediately retired to remove some of the grime of travel. Intensely hungry, we sought the dining hall. We were ushered into a spacious interior court. Courts are exceptionally common in these Eastern countries, because they are cool, inviting and traditional. The walls were all white, against which pots of flowers and climbing vines appeared refreshingly cool. The ceiling was constructed of hand-hewn timbers. Between the tops of the walls and the ceiling was a stone grill work which allowed ample ventilation. At either end was a high, narrow window, hardly large enough to permit the passage of a man. They were well shaded and kept out the mid-day heat and glare. Most surprising was the great number of persons that were crowded in this fairly large dining hall. There must have been at least 400 persons seated at long tables somewhat like those one would find in an army or construction camp. Instead of being seated on chairs, they were seated on benches which were a part of the table. Most of the diners were in Western attire, a sack or business suit, and all wore tarbooshes. It is a custom not to remove the tarboosh when indoors, or when dining.

An amusing incident was that all were eating as rapidly as they could, and not a sound of a voice was to be heard. No one was conversing, all intently concentrating upon the consumption of food. It seemed as though they were given a limited time to eat and could not afford to indulge in conversation. It was so different from the leisurely dining of Europe, where eating is an art and a social event as well. We later learned that it is not a custom among the Syrians and the peoples of the Levant to converse when eating, but rather to devote their attention to food first, and then converse at length afterward. I was also surprised to find a hotel so crowded in such an out of the way place as Damascus. Many of the big hostelrys of America and the Western world would have been grateful for such patronage as this hotel was apparently enjoying at this time. If we had seen a similar sight in America, we would have thought a convention was in session. Conventions seemed to be such a Western mode, that we did not entertain the thought in this instance. Upon inquiry, we found that this was a momentous occasion in Syria, and that an election was to be held for the president of Syria. The hotel was more than a mere hostelry, it was used as an administration

building by government officials and political parties, and in fact all of the principal affairs of state were conducted there. As soon as lunch was finished, the guests all crowded into the hallways, lounge and foyer to congregate in groups, gesticulating wildly with their hands, which is customary among a very highly emotional people such as they are.

Suddenly, while we were studying these people, who, although mainly dressed as we were, yet were so different in manner, a hush came over the entire assembly. Everyone stood rigid as though for an inspection and immediately ceased talking. We looked about to see the cause of the sudden suspension of activities and conversation. All eyes were fastened upon a large French doorway that led into the dining hall, from whence we had just come. The doors were thrust open and a dramatic entry was made, in ceremonial fashion, by a person whose very appearance indicated a regal position and birth. He was an Arab prince, we learned. He had traveled several hundred miles from a desert area over which he had dominance, to participate in these conferences and the election. He was in fact a royal nomad, a desert chieftain. He had control and direction over some 15,000 Bedouins. His costume was impressive and picturesque. He wore a heavy silken robe, full at the bottom, and the conventional Bedouin sandals inlaid with sterling silver. His turban was of a brilliant hue and affixed to his head with the argila. Around his girth he wore a twisted silk cord like a cordelier from which hung, on his left side, a beautiful dirk—although highly ornamental it undoubtedly was quite practical. His wearing of such large sun glasses was unusual. Typical of the Bedouin, his hands were quite large and gnarled. His face was long, slender, and with a large aquiline nose characteristic of the Semitic race. He spoke with a soft, vibrant voice and was very graceful in his walk. He had a definite positiveness and self-assurance, and reflected the attitude of one accustomed to respect and obedience to his least command or wish. He had descended from a long line of nobility. In the open desert his word was absolute law. He was the highest court of appeal and made decisions which would shape the course of the lives of those who depended on him.

In this election which was now taking place, he could have easily influenced the thousands who were his followers and subjects to vote as he wished, for either candidate. Looking neither to the right nor

left, he strode out of the hotel toward a waiting carriage, followed by his personal bodyguards, two huge members of his race, dressed like himself, but not having such ornamentation because of their lesser station. In addition to carrying dirks, the bodyguards also wore, crisscrossed over their chests, bandoliers containing large calibre shells, and slung across each of their backs was a modern repeating rifle. Becoming more curious about the situation we determined to learn further facts. Later that evening we made the acquaintance of the British Vice Consul of Damascus, who frequented our hotel because it was the center of local social life, and because the few foreigners or Europeans who visited Damascus for a brief stay, whether on business or pleasure, located there.

France, we learned, was anxious to make Syria profitable to her—to develop it in some way so that it would not become an enormous expense or burden to the home land, as it very evidently now was. She could not, however, gain the confidence and respect of the people of Syria—primarily because of her foreign policies and her refusal to oblige her officials, both military and diplomatic, who were stationed there, to learn the native language. It is related that she considers it beneath French dignity and obliges the natives to learn French, if they wish to transact any business or affairs with her. This attitude caused a resentment which could not be bridged over by any protestations of friendliness. On the other hand, two other interests were seeking control in Syria. Turkey, who during the Ottoman Empire reigned supreme in Syria, as almost everywhere else in the Levant, had her agents constantly fomenting discord and dissatisfaction among the people, agitating against France and urging an overthrow of the French mandate and the return of Syria to Turkish rule. The more intelligent of the Syrians oppose this move. They either recall experiences with Turkey in the past or are very familiar with the history of Syria under Turkish domination, and they desire Syrian independence, a complete Nationalistic government.

One of the two candidates for president was definitely a tool of the French government, and would have been in accord with any move France wished to make. The other candidate was said to be a tool of the Nationalist party that sought complete independence from France. The Nationalist party dared not run one of its own principal

supporters, for France would have definitely prevented the election. The tool of the Nationalist party had to appear to be sympathetic toward France, but as we later learned, was really powerless to speak and act without consulting his supporters.

The president-elect of Syria resided at our hotel, and by a coincidence his quarters were directly across from ours. He was a small man, one who appeared to be more impressed with his own importance than with the welfare of the state. He was an enthusiastic motion picture fan, particularly upon those occasions when the only theatre of the city exhibited news reels in which he appeared. The local cinema was in the same block and only about two doors from the main entrance of the hotel, yet upon his frequent weekly visits to it, a car of state would pull up to the main entrance of the hotel, the president's uniformed military guard of six would stand at attention and present arms, while he entered the car and was driven about 400 feet further down the block. Then the car would stop, the military guard would march up to it, stand at attention, and again present arms while he left the car. At the end of the performance the whole ceremony was repeated. It was like a scene from a comic opera.

It seems as though the citizenry know the status of the situation and more respect and awe were shown for the Bedouin chieftain, and for the principal political supporter of the National party, the power behind the scenes, who used the hotel lobby and foyer for his consultations. This political leader and hero of the National party, who is said to pull the strings that actuate the president, is a very intellectual type—eyes far apart, deep set, visionary, dreamy made dramatic mannerisms.

He had been incarcerated a number of times by the French authorities for inconsequential offenses, mainly, of course, for political reasons. He was the author of a number of books having considerable circulation in Syria and elsewhere, written mainly to reveal the purported oppression of Syria. One often reads of these political fracas and intrigues, but one very seldom has the opportunity to see them demonstrated and enacted in such intimate quarters as the lobby of a hotel, and so openly disclosed. Syria, politically, has not yet acquired the subtleties or diplomacies of her larger sister nations of the world where the same things occur, but are rather more carefully staged.

Chapter XI

THE OLDEST INHABITED CITY OF THE WORLD

OUR NEXT DAY was spent mainly in making preliminary preparations for Mr. Brower's and my departure for the strange land of Babylonia, known as Iraq or Mesopotamia. The following day was devoted to photographing some of the historic sites of this most historic city of Damascus with our Graphlex still camera. We visited the "Street Called Straight," a very long and actually very straight street, which bisects the city from the Eastern to the Western gate, a street which has been in existence for several centuries. The major portion of this street is covered over with an arched ceiling, forming an arcade in which there are occasional skylights permitting a soft light which penetrates the dust and smoke fumes from the bazaars and shops below. On either side of the narrow street are little shops, most of them mere closets or cubbyholes, niches in the wall, over the entrances of which are suspended striped awnings of vivid hue.

The proprietors are frequently in native costume. Chamber sit on their haunches before their shops, with knees up under the chin—the most uncomfortable posture for a Westerner, or one unaccustomed to it—or they sit upon small stools, the seats of which are of woven fibre, like the stools of antiquity, or strips of leather. As you pass, they pull at your garments or run in front of you trying to block your way in as gracious a manner as they possibly can, endeavoring to have you turn and enter their shops. If they think you are English or American, or if they understand any English whatsoever, they cry "best goods," meaning that their particular bazaar or shop contains the best wares of its kind. The "best goods" cry, of course, is not to be relied upon, for

four or five doors further on another one of these shops, with equal service and wares, can be found.

The city of Damascus has long been noted for its steel. A particular process was used by the early Damascans in making steel which caused it to be renowned among the ancients. Excellent cutlery, knives, swords and dirks, marvelous examples of craftsmanship, may be purchased at ridiculously small prices, if one is accustomed to buying in these bazaars, which means not purchasing at the first price demanded. The Syrians are also noted for their native candy which has a remarkable combination of flavors and is very attractively prepared. If one can overlook the methods of making it, and uncleanness is not too repulsive to him, the candy is very enjoyable. A number of the bazaars specialized in the sale of rugs, hand-woven and having beautiful hues and a variety of design which would delight any lover of Oriental rugs. Although the prices were considerably less than any we had seen previously, these rugs were yet much higher in price than those which we were to see later on.

In the center of the city is a great mosque, originally a Christian church built by Constantine. Around the mosque are the original walls built by the crusaders. They are still in an excellent state of preservation. One enters the great arched gateway, and there before him is an enormous plaza of original flagging. The high wall surrounding it has, on each of its four corners, a minaret tower from which the Meuzzin, a Mohammedan priest, calls the faithful to prayer several times daily with his musical chant. The area within the walls would comprise the equivalent of at least three or four of our modern city blocks or squares. In this area are also two or three small buildings, some partly in ruins, which are now shrines because of some historical significance. The great mosque itself is to the left of the court and runs the full length of it. There are several entrances typical of Byzantine architecture. We were amazed upon entering to find an enormous room without partitions and supported by Byzantine columns or spiral columns, graceful, tall and impressive. These columns supported timbers, upon which the flat stone roof rested. The entire area of this great space which must have been at least 500 feet in length and about 100 feet in width was covered by rare Oriental rugs, not only rare because of excellent material and design, but because they were several centuries

old. One of them was the largest single woven rug I have ever seen. It did not consist of several sewn together. It was one continuous weaving and was nearly 200 feet in length and the complete width of the structure. Although showing considerable wear, it was still in an excellent condition. By a rubbing of the hand over the surface of the rug and brushing the nap back, in a few moments the original colors would return with brilliance. We were informed that a wealthy English nobleman some fifty years ago had offered the Mohammedans of Damascus ten thousand pounds, or about \$50,000.00 for this rug and the Mohammedans were quite offended, because no price would be accepted for such a rug, having been so long in such a sacred place.

Toward one end of this great room were four wooden shafts, like posts, reaching to the roof from the stone floor. Around these shafts which were set about eight feet apart, forming an eight foot square, was an Arabian grillwork of wood, through which one could look. The floor of the center was a mosaic, the colors were a delicate pastel shade, and the design consisted of flowers, vines, and clusters of grapes. On the center of this mosaic floor sat a small gold chest, about two feet in length, one foot wide, and about eighteen inches high, apparently of hand-beaten gold. Our curiosity was naturally aroused by the special prominence given this chest and we engaged one of the Moslems in conversation. Speaking fair English he advised us that the chest was supposed to contain the head of St. John, the Baptist, and beneath the mosaic floor was the tomb of St. John, the Baptist. It may seem strange to many Christians to know that St. John the Baptist, as an individual, is venerated by these Moslems as well as by the Christians, not because he was a Christian but because he was a holy man to them because of his deeds, and the accomplishments of his life were highly respected by the Mohammedans. No one has ever opened this chest, according to historians, to determine whether or not it does contain a skull which might be in some way identified with St. John, the Baptist. Whether or not St. John, the Baptist's remains are beneath the mosaic floor no one knows, but history does recount the legend that St. John the Baptist was entombed there.

Our journey carried us through a number of little winding cobblestone streets, all filled with small bazaars and shops, and containing a jostling crowd of jabbering citizens, who turned to stare at

us. Foreigners, particularly Europeans and Americans, do not frequent Damascus since it is far off the popular tourist track. Those few who do come do not go into the native quarters, as we were doing. We finally stopped before a large wall, more rightly the side of a building. It was covered with a white stucco, badly soiled and which had broken away in part, exposing mud brick behind it, with an occasional natural stone protruding. We walked to the entrance way which consisted of two large wooden doors, planks hung on crude hinges, suggesting no evidence of the beauty and quaint interior we were to see.

When the doors were opened, we unconsciously gave vent to words and phrases that indicated our pleasure at what we saw. Before us was one of the most attractive gardens I have ever had the pleasure of viewing. It was not as elaborate or as expansive as many of the spacious lawns and gardens which we find in America or England—in fact, it was rather small, but it was as though we were looking at an old Persian print, or as though there had materialized before us, a scene out of the Arabian Nights. Here was a true Persian Garden, such as fabled in song and story. In the center was a mosaic pool. The artistic design consisted of Arabic characters and geometric symbols. The center of the pool had a bubbling fountain. In its center were lotus and water lilies and water plants with which we were not familiar. The flagging which was uneven in the courtyard was of a variety of stones of beautiful natural colors, some a light shade of blue, some terra cotta, some slate, some almost as black and shiny as onyx. About the flagging were large vases, terra cotta, evidently hand-made, because they were not of uniform shape or size, and did not sit level on the flooring. Some of them showed indentations, traces of the potter's fingerprints, and in these vases there were growing shrubs and flowers of brilliant hues, and vines which climbed the walls and high windows.

Toward one end of this patio—or more properly Persian garden, and of which we were to see many in the near future—was an arched walk. Stepping up onto the walk and walking its extreme length, we entered another doorway into a very small, but high chamber, which housed a huge sarcophagus which was quite plain, without color or design. In fact, the tomb chamber itself was without any ornamentation, without any splendor of any sort, and yet it contained the remains of one of the most famous characters in history and the most beloved by

the Mohammedans. It was the tomb of Saladin who lived between 1158 and 1193, A.D. and who died in this city of Damascus. He was a great military lord and defender of the Moslem faith and renowned for his opposition to the crusaders. Although fierce in warfare, in actual combat, he was noted not only for his bravery, but for his kindness to prisoners, to the men, women and children whom he captured, and for his high idealism. His word was his bond and he countenanced no lies or treachery. He despised the breaking of promises which was common among many of the crusader leaders, who would resort to any means to accomplish their end in the name of Christianity.

Our party was to be further divided in Damascus. Frater and Soror Shibley had remained in Jerusalem, Frater Brower and I were to take our elaborate cinema camera equipment and photographic apparatus and paraphernalia with us further East on our venture across the Mesopotamian desert. Soror Gladys Lewis was to remain in Damascus, awaiting our return some ten days later. Damascus was hardly the place to leave an unescorted American or European woman. Even native Syrian women were infrequently seen out of doors, or in public places, except when escorted by their husbands or some male member of their immediate families. On such occasions they were veiled. American and European women are accustomed to greater freedom and dislike being confined, and yet it would be obviously dangerous to go about these bazaars and the native district, and even the main thoroughfares, without an escort. Soror Lewis, however, insisted that we proceed as scheduled, so we prepared for our departure, and one of the most exciting adventures we were to experience on our entire journey. We retired early that night, as we were to leave at sunrise the next morning.

Chapter XII

CROSSING THE MESOPOTAMIAN DESERT

THE HOUR WAS early, the sun already uncomfortably warm, and the streets filling with garrulous Arabs, when a motor bus rumbled up. This was to be our mode of transportation to distant Baghdad, the glamorous city of Arabian Night's fame. Upon a first examination, it was a typical motor coach, such as one sees racing along the modern high ways of the larger nations of the world. This symbol of the Twentieth Century dampened our spirit of adventure for the moment, and jarred the mental picture which we had of ourselves reliving the experiences of ancient travelers to Baghdad. A motor coach does not complement a Marco Polo mood. Frater Brower called my attention to the exceptionally large wheels of the coach—over four feet in height, and having tires with a peculiar lateral tread which I had never seen before. We conjectured that they were designed to afford traction in the soft sands we expected to encounter.

After securing our seats and supervising the careful loading of our camera equipment, still having a few moments before departure, we carried our examination further. The windows, we now observed, were smaller than the conventional ones of other buses. Surprising was the fact that they were hermetically sealed, and we were to travel in desert heat—not a pleasant thought. Small louvers, above each window, afforded the only ventilation when the car was in motion. The driver and his relief assistant had not entered, so we took the opportunity of inspecting the driving and control panel. Just above the panel, and on a line with an aperture in the windshield, now closed, was a metal turnbuckle, mounted on a swivel and ratchet, much after the kind used

as a machine gun mounting in the cockpits of military aircraft. This was ominous and we looked at each other significantly. The thought had passed through my mind that perhaps this journey would not be so uneventful after all.

We retired to our fairly comfortable, individual reclining seats upon the entrance of the drivers. The drivers now received our attention. Both were obviously English. Not only was this apparent from their accent, but from their fair complexions, by contrast with the dark-skinned Syrians and Bedouins of Damascus. They were dressed in khaki shirts and shorts, exposing bare knees above woolen socks, a customary tropical attire for the British, but one which the American never quite seems to get accustomed to. They were tall, about thirty-five years of age, robust and deeply tanned, with eyes that squinted—the result of a continuous attempt to keep out the glare of the desert sun. Traveling slowly to avoid striking indifferent children and animals that straggled down the center of the twisted streets, we headed toward the desert.

Nairne, an Englishman, so we had learned, had left the comforts and conveniences of his home land to promote this modern transportation in a land whose history dates back to the earliest civilizations. He had become particularly impressed with the American advance in the automotive industry and had used American-built motor coaches exclusively. This coach was built in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, from his own specifications. He had been advised that attempting to operate a passenger line across this desert would be risking human lives as well as property. Marauding bands of Arabs and Bedouins would pilfer and lay to waste each caravan. He made the attempt, it is said, and found the predictions true. Unable to secure adequate protection, it was reputed, he was compelled to pay tribute to certain Bedouin chieftains who in some “mysterious” manner influenced the marauders to give his drivers and property immunity to attack and seizure.

For the last few minutes we had been whisking through the outskirts of this ancient oasis-like city. Suddenly our speed was so quickly checked that the momentum carried us forward in our seats. Looking ahead for the cause, we saw the pavements end. Here was no graded road or winding ruts stretching out toward the horizon, but a vast expanse of hard, table surface, giving little indication, even at this close

proximity to the city, of any vehicular travel. We craned our necks, looking out of either side of the coach. There was no telltale mark of our destination or direction. In a moment we were again traveling, attaining a speed of about forty miles an hour over this open desert, heading due East—but where was the road? There were no sign posts or even tire tracks. The driver caused the coach to weave from side to side occasionally, to avoid depressions in the surface. The riding was not uncomfortable—in fact, more comfortable than over some of the pitted streets of Damascus. Our curiosity was great, but the timidity of revealing our inexperience with this sort of travel kept us from questioning the driver at first—this, and the fact that his relief assistant had reclined his chair and from all appearances was sleeping.

Turning, we looked over our fellow passengers with the intent of questioning one of them. Six other men shared the bus with us—four seemed to be Syrians or possibly Arabs or Iraqians. Their faces were immobile. All were looking across the wastes buried in abstraction. The other two men were Europeans. They were, in fact, Englishmen. One, we learned later, was an army officer returning from leave to a post near Baghdad, and was not a very sociable chap, compared to British officers we had met in Palestine. The other young man, in his twenties, was bound for the Wells of a British Petroleum Company, East of Baghdad. He had made this journey before, and from him came the answers to our questions. We were “navigating” our way across this desert. The driver was guiding the car by compass as a mariner does a ship at sea. These motor caravans, then, were truly ships of the desert.

The Mesopotamian desert at this point was some six hundred miles wide. Unlike our deserts of North America, it was absolutely barren. No cacti, sagebrush, or even birds or reptiles were visible. Except for an occasional swell it was as level as if graded by man. The surface was so hard that walking hardly made the impression of footprints. Unlike the Sahara, here there were no sand dunes. As the great car rolled along, now traveling nearly a mile a minute, it caused a fine dust to swirl around the windows and we were thankful that they were sealed. Small, almost perfectly round gravel, as though shaped by hand, was scattered on the desert floor. The striking of this gravel by the fast revolving wheels caused the pieces to ricochet against the heavy window cracks.

Just as the sameness of the scene began to become monotonous

and the steady hum of the motor lulled us into drowsiness, we saw what looked to us like little dots in the distance, slowly bobbing up and down. Three or four minutes later and we were approaching them. It was the first of many camel caravans which we were to see on this journey. Walking in single file, with their peculiar, forward lurching gait, were a dozen giant dromedary camels. To us they were enormous, in comparison with the riding camels we had seen and used in Egypt. These were pack camels, far larger and much stronger. Lashed to their backs and suspended on either side, swayed their great cargo packs, done in huge bales. Dangling from the lead camel was a hand-hammered brass bell, having a clear and more melodious note than our cow bells. Immediately preceding the lead camel on a fast-trotting burro, which appeared exceptionally diminutive in contrast to the size of the camels, rode the leader of the caravan, a heavily black-bearded Arab. On one side of the line of camels rode three of his companions, also astride patient little burros.

They were following the ancient caravan trail that had led for centuries from Damascus to Baghdad, thence to Persia and Arabia. Even today, nearly all of the freight between these cities and countries is still transported via camel caravan in the same manner as in antiquity. Camels, although considerably slower than motor trucks, are far more economical and dependable on the desert. In this great open space there are no service stations or repair shops, and the hauling of fuel is a considerable item. The camels require little food, as well as water, for their journey. The products of the Western world are being carried in this primitive manner to the East in exchange for the things in which the cryptic East still excels. Each night, the cumbersome burdens are removed from the camel's backs and stacked in a large pile. The camels are sometimes tethered. Drivers pitch low tents of goat skins into which they crawl to sleep on crudely-made, but richly designed hand-woven rugs. As soon as the sun drops beneath the horizon, the desert begins to cool, and late at night the temperature drop is considerable. Bedouin encampments can be detected by flickering camp fires. To approach them unannounced in the dark would mean death, for during the long hours of the night, some keen eyes are keeping vigil and steady hands grasp high calibered rifles. Even today, as in the centuries past, the law of the desert is mainly an individual interpretation of what is right, and

might still rules.

An unusually sharp veering of the bus from its course caused us to look ahead, and on the horizon straight before us was a dark cloud, rising from the floor of the desert to a great height and moving with rapidity in the direction we had been traveling. We were now going at nearly right-angles to our previous course. The driver, whom we had finally engaged in conversation, knowing our interest, said laconically, "Dust clouds."

"Can we avoid them?" we asked.

"These we can, we will drive around them, but it will put us about ten miles out of our way," he replied. Here, then, was an advantage in not being obliged to travel a road or definite course. We could cruise at will, in any direction, without thought of roadway or embankment. "When we are caught in these storms, we are sometimes forced to wait for a relief caravan to aid us. The dust, despite our precautions, chokes our motor," the driver further volunteered.

For the first time, the thought of food entered our minds. I glanced at my watch, and it was nearly noon. We were not due in Baghdad, if on schedule, until tomorrow morning. Certainly food must be provided some way. How foolish not to have thought of it before. Suppose, I thought, we had been expected to bring our own. Mentally, I was reproaching myself when the bus came to a stop. The relief driver stretched, and then, standing in a stooped position facing us, said, "We will eat here." Frater Brower and I looked at each other, and in unison looked out of the windows at the glaring desert, white with the noon day sun, the heat radiations visibly rising, no habitation, no sign of life, no shelter, no water. Where were we going to eat? Why stop here.

We were soon to learn. Lifting a trap in the door of the driver's compartment, the assistant removed a number of card board containers, like the commercial size workman's lunch boxes. In fact, they were specially packed, individual lunches. This, and exceedingly cold water from a refrigerator tank, constituted our noon repast. When the car was not in motion, the heat became intense, as very little air entered through the louvers. We stepped out, but the sun's direct rays made the comparative cool of the car's shade welcome. We were about to climb aboard again when we heard the distant sound of a motor.

Coming from the North, still several miles distant, was a dark spot. A few moments later an open, specially built automobile came to a stop a few feet from us. It was evidently very high powered, and was armored with light steel plates. In what would be the tonneau of an ordinary car, was mounted a light cannon for firing one pound shells. Attached to a steel plate on the back of the driver's seat, was a heavy-calibre machine gun.

Solemnly the three occupants got out and approached the bus. Through the white dust that covered them, we recognized that they wore the French regulation army uniform. They also wore the French Legion cap which has a heavy cloth fastened to it that drapes down over the nape of the neck and sides of the face. Removing their goggles which made them appear grotesque—for the area around their eyes was the only portion of their faces which appeared white—they looked at each of us, then peered into the bus windows and under the coach. Without a word or further ceremony they climbed aboard their car and roared away toward the South in a cloud of dust. They were certainly symbols of the silence of the desert. Our driver explained that they were members of the French Desert Patrol. Seeing our bus stopped, and believing that it might be attacked, or in some trouble, they came to investigate. Seeing no difficulty, they did not find it necessary to converse. This desert patrol is to a great extent ineffectual, because there are an insufficient number of these armored cars to patrol the vast area, and travelers can be attacked, robbed and murdered, and hours, even days, pass before their remains are located.

We had been riding for hours, passing only an occasional camel caravan. As it grew dusk, we saw lights far ahead. "A town," I said to Frater Brower. "Can't be," he said. His clipped sentence reminded me of the disinclination of anyone aboard the bus to converse freely. Nothing between here and Baghdad, he continued. It was not really a town we came to, but a great desert fortress, a frontier post manned by French officers and Singhalese troops. This mud-brick, one-story building, with high walls and corner watch-towers surrounding it, was known as Rutba-Wells. Here in this sea of sand, was the only well of drinking water for miles around. The water had produced no natural oasis, but the white man had created one. To make the water available to caravans and the nomads of the desert, and to prevent marauders

from seizing or despoiling it, the French had built this fortress. It was really a garrison in the middle of the desert. The water made it possible for French troops—before the advent of the motor car or plane, which could now bring military relief quickly—to hold out against a siege for many days. Completely surrounding the fortress, whose white walls glistened in the sun, were barbed wire entanglements, the only entrance through them being a narrow path to the heavily barricaded gates.

Sentries peered down at us from the corner towers in which we could also see menacing rapid-fire guns. Behind the parapet of the walls within the gates was a cat-walk, on which troops could stand and fire through apertures if the fortress were attacked. In the center of the enclosure was a radio short-wave antenna mast, the only means of dependable communication the outside world. Outside of the barbed wire were sprinkled the black-skinned, crude tents of the desert wanderers. They were allowed to stay as long as they desired, but were permitted to enter the enclosure only to fill their earthen vessels from the single well. An armed sentry always accompanied them, and waited while they pumped the water into jug or vase. We were besieged by the vain sentries when they saw our photography equipment. We were about to photograph one, when the corporal of the guard came forward and abruptly shoved away our subject and posed himself. It was his photograph which we finally took. Within the cool walls of the officer's dining quarters, we enjoyed a meal which would have done credit to prominent American hostelryes. The prices were exorbitant, but, considering the circumstances, we offered no complaint.

Nowhere do stillness and quiet enchant, as in a desert night under a full moon. The car swept along with a steady drone of which we finally became no longer conscious. The floor of the desert was bathed in moonlight which looked surprisingly like a blanket of snow. The stars were so bright that many had auras which enveloped each other to cause the sky to shine with irregular, luminous patches. We had left Rutba-Wells several hours ago and would in a short while reach the Euphrates, one of the great twin rivers. More than alluvian soil had been swept along the Euphrates and its sister river, the Tigris. Barques of many nations had sailed down these rivers. Races had died by their sides; civilizations had lifted their proud heads from the black mud

that was regurgitated on the surrounding plain. Like two great arms these rivers had entwined and held humanity in a protective embrace for centuries. Here, according to many archaeologists and historians, was the cradle of civilization, the site of the original Garden of Eden. The plain between the Tigris and Euphrates River, formed by the alluvian soil brought down from the North, forms the South end of a great fertile crescent, which fringes the deserts. The greatest distance between the two rivers hardly exceeds forty miles.

It was not until about two thousand years B.C. that this plain received the name Babylonia. Before, it was known as the Plain of Shinar. In the dim past, no one knows just when, persons of the great white race of the highlands, far to the North, came Southward and followed these rivers to their outlet at the mouth. Perhaps they were driven Southward by the descending glaciers that swept all life before them. These peoples we call the Sumerians and they were not of the Semitic race. They were even thought by some to antedate the earliest Egyptians. Gradually they crept North again, along the banks of these twin rivers, building thriving towns and developing the land in between into a great and thriving agricultural center.

We had now crossed the Euphrates. It was dawn, and we were encouraged that we were ahead of our schedule, for we had encountered no severe dust storms. The distance between here and Baghdad was but twenty-five miles. The Tigris and Euphrates veered sharply toward each other from this point Southward. The desert was now intermittently broken by spots of green, where irrigation canals brought the life-giving water to the parched soil. Soon we began to bounce through ruts which followed the contour of a road, and to see straggling riders on burros and camels. Baghdad was now a matter of minutes away. It is the foremost city of Mesopotamia, which name means, it is said, oil. The present population is in excess of 250,000. The city is also now the capital of Iraq which is said to be the old name of this land, and which was restored to it after the recent world war. The ruts now gave way to a fairly well graded, but unpaved road. We came to a stop at a one-story, white stucco building around which stood a number of persons dressed in Western attire. This was the end of our present desert journey. "Baghdad?" I inquired of the driver.

"No," he replied, "the military airport and customs." We cleared the

customs remarkably soon. Our unusual amount of camera equipment aroused considerable curiosity, but no official protest. Negotiating the rental of a small, private car of American make, we proceeded with a native driver to Baghdad, a quarter of a mile distant. Suddenly, we came upon the wide expanse of the historical Tigris River. Murky brown and fast-moving, it was a welcome sight after the long hours of the desert, especially since its shores were fringed with brilliant, refreshing green vegetation, a relief to our eyes.

Chapter XIII

THE CITY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BEFORE US, STRETCHING across this historical Tigris river and joined together at their ends, was a parallel line of pontoons, floating inflated metal tubes. Heavy planks were fastened across them horizontally. This was a pontoon bridge which Americans or Europeans never see, except during military campaigns or in times of emergency. Across it, in both directions, flowed a stream of humanity. As our car entered upon the first unit of it, the bridge sank deeply into the water, but did not submerge and easily held the weight. As the car ran upon the next section, the preceding one we had left rose again. It caused a peculiar bobbing motion, which agitated the river's surface and sent out a backwash or current on either side. Looking down and up stream, we saw, at about quarter-mile intervals, three other similar bridges. These bridges, the only ones of any kind in existence there, were put down by the British during the last World War for the movement of their troops and armament across the large river. In their campaign against the Turks, Great Britain lost a great number of men within the vicinity of Baghdad, but was eventually successful. These pontoon bridges were very crude, and very old, but far superior to the ancient ferry methods, and were now maintained by the Iraqi government.

Ahead of us, on the East bank, lay Baghdad, a strange skyline indeed. The structures were of no particular design; they were not definitely Oriental, Byzantine, Moorish, or European, but a sort of abortion—as though they were going through a transition of Eastern architecture into Western. The hotels, so-called, had strange and crude

balconies superimposed, which hung, so it seemed to us, precariously over the banks of the river. Most of the structures were very low, shanty-like, and sprawling, without any particular design, and even at this distance suggested neglect and perhaps filth. Originally, Baghdad lay entirely on the Eastern bank of the river, but for the past thousand years it has been partly on the East and partly on the West. A traveler who visited it in 1583, said of it, "A town not very great, but very populous, of great traffic between Persia, Turkey and Arabia." Time has not changed this. Baghdad is the gateway for caravans to Persia, the border of which is but a few miles distant. Southward lies Arabia and northward, Turkey. In the Eighth Century it was purely an Arab town; in the Ninth Century it had reached the height of its power under an enlightened Caliphate, and was a center of power and learning. It was rich in silks and tile buildings, and it was of the Baghdad of the Ninth Century that the glamorous tales of the Arabian Nights were written. Its downfall came about 1258 when Hulaku and his Mongols swarmed over it and ruined the network of magnificent irrigation canals which had converted the parched land around it into a rich and fertile plain. In the Fifteenth Century it succumbed to Turkish invasion. The nearby little village, Hilla, preserves more of the original, truly Oriental nature of the ancient city than does Baghdad, which is a hodge-podge of influences, the result of numerous conquests and migrations.

Perhaps one of the most impressive things to see in Baghdad is what is known as a Caravanserai, which operates in the form of a bank, and in which money customs and trade are carried on in the same manner as they have been for centuries. To visit one of these places is to be transplanted backward, in point of time, for centuries. On the outside it is just another mud-brick building, substantial, somewhat resembling our large warehouses in America. When you enter it takes you a moment or two to get adjusted to the darkness inside, in contrast to the glaring light from which you entered. There before you is a great area—no partitions or rooms, just high posts, at intervals of a few feet around the wall, which support a mezzanine floor about half the height of the entire building. In this great area before you are piled bales, wrapped in skins of animals, or in what looks like coarse burlap. A pungent odor prevails, a mingling of pleasant spices and not-too-pleasant smells. Up above on the mezzanine floor are little dingy

booths—we might term them “offices”—in which banking operations are carried on, using the same primitive methods of several centuries ago.

These men are financiers, and they loan money for the organization of caravans to go to distant lands—perhaps Persia or Arabia—there to purchase, as cheaply as possible, and bring back such cargoes as they feel can be sold to the best advantage. When the cargo is returned, it is brought into this huge building and sold to the highest bidder. From the receipts, the banker or financier takes his principal and his interest, if there is sufficient to meet both; and the caravan organizer receives what is left, if any. If he is fortunate, he makes a substantial profit; if unfortunate, he not only makes no profit but finds himself still indebted to these financiers, most of whom are Persians. Here one sees trade and barter and business undisturbed by the modern methods of the Western world.

With the exception of Rashid Street, which is the main thoroughfare of Baghdad, the majority of the streets are very narrow, alley-like, dark, unclean, swarming with flies attracted by refuse which is permitted to lie until it becomes putrid. Again one is attracted by the great number of natives with infected eyes—men, women, and children. A clear, normal pair of eyes is an unusual sight, strange as it may seem. The lack of sanitation and hygiene causes this infection of the eyes in early childhood. Having a superstitious fear of medical treatment, they avoid physicians, of which there are only a few anyway. We noticed a number of these natives with a painted red circle around the infected eye. We were informed that some few who had received medical treatment had applied to their eyes some medicine which colored the skin temporarily with a red hue, and because it gave them relief, they attributed to the red some efficacy; and thus they used a red ink of their own making to paint around the eyes, believing the color itself, rather than the ingredients, to be remedial.

No attempt was made in any of the native markets to keep the food clean or to protect it from filth. Hawksters sold their bread and cakes from curbs, stacking them on the walks and peddling them with their filthy hands.

The craftsmanship of these people, however, is remarkable and is extremely educational to watch; especially is this so in the copper bazaar. This bazaar is really like a street covered with an arched roof. It is divided into little pens. In each of these little pens, or booths, some craftsman sets up his shop in which he manufactures his wares. All of the wares in this bazaar or street are made of copper. Here one finds magnificent copper samovars, copper teakettles, basins and bowls, ornaments and candlesticks. Walking down this alley-street, one can see copper being fashioned in every form and see it in different stages of manufacture. Back against the wall, in the darkness of the booth, at midday—which is ordinarily extremely hot even in the open—are little boys, not more than eight or nine years of age, who are earning their apprenticeship by pumping the bellows of charcoal fires to keep tools hot or to heat copper plate. One can hardly see them for the smoke and metal fumes which, even where we stood, caused us to turn our heads away so as not to inhale them and irritate our throats. We can understand when we see this why so many of these people die of consumption early in life. It is remarkable that anyone survives these conditions to reach manhood.

They are a jolly lot, good-natured, curious about Westerners. Very few tourists ever reach Baghdad; it has not quite the atmosphere for the one who likes his tennis courts, swimming pools, afternoon tea, drives, cocktail hours, and a few holes of golf. These things do not go with Baghdad; here is the East un-veneered. If one accepts a drink, either water or a local concoction—sweet, brightly colored—he is taking his life in his hands, for the Westerner's system is not immune to the things which the natives survive. In the hotels—that is, the two where Occidentals stop when they do visit Baghdad—the water is purified through a special process. To drink any other water is risking one's life in no uncertain way.

In Baghdad there is also one of the largest leprosy hospitals of the Near East; the contributing conditions we saw about us at every step. And yet there are some inspiring sights as well. To Miss Gertrude Bell must go credit for establishing in the Near East one of the first museums for the collection of the antiquities of this ancient land. An attractive building, unusually clean, houses her marvelous collection. The palace of the late king of Iraq is also an unusual place to visit, as it

is now a state museum, and is so simple in contrast to what one imagines the ancient caliphs had. Most of the exhibits, unfortunately, consist of just his own personal belongings—his riding habit, the costumes he wore on different state occasions and little personal trinkets given to him as gifts by the Shah of Persia, Sultans of Turkey, and some of the Kings of Europe.

On the Western edge of Baghdad lies the great race track. Here, each year in the fall, are races in which the horses are entered by Bedouins, Chieftains, Khurds, and Persians. It is purely sport with them, and is not the commercial venture that racing is in the Western world. The finest blooded Arabian stock is entered, and buyers and breeders of horses from all over the world come to this annual series of races to bid for the winner for breeding purposes. As the racing was to begin about a week after we were to take our departure from Baghdad, several were already training their horses on the track, and we marveled at the speed, grace and beauty of these rather small horses.

After having taken a number of still photographs of unusual places and scenes in Baghdad, we entered a small doorway on Rashid Street and found in the dim interior the most magnificent display of Persian and Arabian rugs we had ever seen. There was no attempt at ostentation; the rugs were piled high over the floors and fastened on pegs around the walls. A brass, hand-hammered, ancient oil lamp was the only means of illumination. The rugs were covered with dust, yet were in excellent condition. Pricing a large rug of beautiful design, I was surprised to learn that all the rugs were thirty-five years or older. More surprising still were the unbelievably cheap prices. The large rug before me cost but \$20.00, and in America, England, or Canada it would have brought easily twenty-five times that price. Seeing that I was interested, the gracious proprietor drew the rug out through a little passageway, we suddenly came out on another of the splendid little gardens which are in back of the home of each fairly prosperous merchant in Baghdad. No matter how dark, how filthy, or how squalid his place of business or his living quarters, if he can at all afford it you will find in back of them a gem of a little Persian garden—mosaic tiling, running water, fountain, and an artistic array of green shrubbery, open to the blue sky above.

Clapping his hands in Eastern fashion, he summoned his assistants and ordered them in Arabic to clean the rug, spraying it out on the rug. This they did by filling their mouths with water from a pail, and then spraying it out on the rug. Then, taking their hands, they rubbed the nap vigorously, which brought back the brilliance of the colors. The rugs were all made from camel's hair, and in broken English he explained that most of these rugs are not made by factories or any place organized for the commercial production of rugs, but are a pastime and a family or tribal industry. The rugs are brought in by the Bedouins, or desert wanderers, two or three at a time, and for these they receive a paltry sum. This merchant exported his rugs to various parts of the world where they would sell at fabulous prices.

By this time we had visited a number of mosques, but no mosque was more splendid, more lavish, more like a jewel set in squalor, than the Gold Mosque of Kadhimain. The towers and minarets, and the central dome itself, were all of pure gold and fascinated the impoverished natives—a symbol of wealth and riches surrounded by poverty, disease, and filth. It was something, however, to lift the thoughts of the people from their circumstances—to give them some appreciation of the beautiful and the sublime, something they could not bring into their own lives, something that could not exist in their homes. We stood and listened to the intriguing wail and prayer of the muezzin (the Mohammedan priest). It was with extreme difficulty that we were able to take cinematographic pictures of this mosque, as one must avoid offending the religious principles of these people.

At night the scene changes. Peaceful side streets have lurking assassins in them. A person who dares to venture down them unarmed will be slain and robbed. The Iraqi police force, efficient in many ways, is incapable of policing the entire area. The people are mostly barbarians, and seem strangely attired even when they do wear Western clothes. The Bedouins who bring cargoes across the desert, or who came to trade with the city dwellers, enter the city nightly for entertainment, and they visit the native cabarets or cafes in which dancers go through sensuous gyrations which, in addition to the native liquor, help intoxicate their senses. The Bedouins are powerfully built men, all of six feet or more in height, large boned; typical of their racial characteristics they have large aquiline noses, big, bony hands and large

feet. Ordinarily they are mild mannered and extremely generous, but temperamental and easily offended. Frater Brower and I visited a native eating place one noon and were the only Westerners present; had we known this, we would not have entered. All the rest were Bedouins attired in flowing robes, sandals, armed with dirks. Looking us over curiously, they immediately came forward, proffered us cigarettes and cups of Arabian coffee which one must acquire a habit for over a long period of time; and since I had not been in Baghdad that length of time, I could not become accustomed to the molasses-like substance and quinine-like taste.

Another unforgettable scene is the river with its strange modes of transportation. Very few motor craft are seen—mostly barges that are moved by long skiffs or poles. The strangest boat of all seen anywhere in the world is the gufah. It is a sewing-basket-like boat, about six feet in diameter, and woven of a river reed; being perfectly circular it has neither bow nor stern. It is guided by a pole, and it is indeed an amusing sight to see these baskets floating downstream, loaded with cargo and with their one-man crew. These strange boats have navigated the Tigris River for centuries. Herodotus, ancient historian, in his accounts of his travels through Babylonia, mentions these gufah boats and explains how the natives far North of Baghdad make these boats, put on board their wares and a burro, and sail downstream with them for miles to market; there they sell their wares, break up the boat, sell it as firewood, and ride home again on the burro.

Burros are not common in Baghdad, and neither are trucks. *Human beings are the cargo bearers.* Here we see coolies for the first time in the East—white men staggering along under unbelievable burdens, enormous timbers which must weigh at least 300 pounds or more. These men will carry anything that it is humanly possible to carry, and for a few cents a mile they carry coal, iron, or cans of petroleum. The muscles of their legs and backs are abnormally developed, and unless they cease their activities of carrying these tremendous weights day in and day out early in life, they soon die. Most of them become afflicted with varicose veins, the result of over development of the muscles and the consequent causing of an exceptional flow of blood through the arteries.

It is pitiful to see a human being competing with animals as burden bearers. You can hire a human being to carry cargo—furniture, case goods, anything—cheaper than you could possibly hire either a camel or a burro for short hauls in and around the city. They live on rice and water—unclean water. Their income hardly exceeds thirty-five or forty cents a week if they work steadily; and yet they seem much more intelligent than peoples we had seen in other lands. They do not have the vacuous look in their eyes—that hopeless, despairing look. They are bright and cheerful. Their fathers and grandfathers before them have carried loads as they do. A steady stream of them cross pontoon bridges from one bank of the river to the other, like ants, carrying for a mile or more what an ordinary man could hardly lift.

But Baghdad was not our final destination in this country. We were to go Southeast to Babylon—the *Babylon of Biblical times*—the Babylon of history. It was with enthusiasm and expectancy that we prepared for our next adventure. We found it difficult to secure porters to accompany us. Always enthusiastic, hoping to earn some extra money, until they learned that our destination was Babylon; they offered then excuses that seemed strange to us—no, they did not wish to go to Babylon. We tried to draw out of them “why.” We would pay them well; it was not a great journey; our equipment was not unusually heavy. They avoided making any explanation—and would look at each other as we urged them, with a knowing, furtive glance that was not only annoying but uncanny. If we showed irritation at their reluctance to aid us, they hastened to suggest someone else who—perhaps—would go instead. Their conduct heightened an emotional state I was experiencing, which, so far, I had carefully concealed from my companion, because if it had become visible. I would not have been able to explain it. For the last twenty-four hours, in fact, since crossing the Mesopotamian Desert, I was conscious that I was suppressing an intense excitement that kept my celiac plexus in constant agitation. I had endeavored to analyze these strange feelings and physical discomforts I was undergoing. It was not fear—for what had I to fear? It was not exuberance, for there was no reason to anticipate that this next episode in our adventures and travels would be more thrilling than what had gone before—yet the sense of excitement and agitation was peculiarly familiar to me. The sensations were like those I had often experienced when returning

after an absence of several months at school to rejoin my parents. The gripping in the region of the solar plexus and the quickening of the pulse were also like the sensations I had often had when anticipating, at any moment, the presence of a deeply loved personality, or again seeing a scene of which I was very fond, or about which I had pleasant memories. It was with difficulty that I controlled my speech, so as not to reveal these feelings. Something, somewhere in this environment or in the thought of our forthcoming journey, was stimulating and arousing to great intensity the psychic centers of my being—I was not conscious of the reason for it or the source of it—at least not at this time.

Chapter XIV

AMID THE DUST OF THE AGES

THE PAVEMENT HAD ended nearly an hour ago. Baghdad was no longer in sight. Riding, even though in a modern car, was an exertion rather than a pleasure, and we were thrown violently from one side to another as the car attempted to negotiate the ruts that served as a road. The actual distance from Baghdad to the ancient site of Babylon is but sixty miles, but it requires nearly three hours to make the journey. Though it was only 10:00 A.M. the sun had already become uncomfortably warm, and the powder-like dust of the plain over which we traveled, churned by the wheels of the car, choked and irritated our throats and eyes. We had left the Tigris River and were heading westward toward its twin, the Euphrates, on whose banks the city of Babylon was originally located. With the waters of the Tigris we left behind us all vegetation, all vestiges of life, even color. Before us was a flat terrain covered everywhere with the whitish dust. It was, strange to say, not desert-like in appearance, not like a land that had always been barren, but like a place that had been laid to waste. I thought of it as some vigorous being that had been trapped and, after life had ebbed from its form, had gradually crumbled until its impalpable parts, flung free, had settled down on all things around.

In my imagination I visualized that a deluge of water here would cause not only a cohesion of these dust particles, but a magical reassembly and restoration of the magnificent forms that once composed the civilization of this region.

The stillness, when we stopped for a few moments, was appalling and hung heavily about us. We felt as though we were shut within a

glass sphere which the slightest sound might shatter, permitting the inrush of strange cries, freakish laughter, and the wails of the millions who had lived and died here centuries ago. Ominous as the quiet was, we contributed to it by not speaking, because the human voice sounded unnatural, even hideous, like a cry from the depths of a cavern.

I was not unmindful of the predictions of the Hebrew prophets taken into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar when he destroyed Jerusalem in 586 B.C. that the splendor and glory of Babylon would so crumble that future man, looking at its utter desolation and ruin, would marvel that such a place could have ever been a site of power and beauty. It truly was as though that land had been visited by the wrath of a god. We were not alone in our feelings, for our native porter and driver was strangely quiet as well. He seemed to have a reluctance to reach our destination quickly, and even when the roadway permitted he did not accelerate the car speed. Was there, I wondered, any connection between this combination of sentiments which we had about the land and the difficulty we had experienced in engaging a porter for the journey?

Rising suddenly into view about a mile to our right were a series of mounds. At this distance they never would have attracted the attention of tourists or casual travelers, but to us who knew of their existence they were the remains of Babylon which we sought. Babylon was of little importance before the Third Millennium B.C. In fact, its prominence came with Hammurabi's rise to power, and when it became the capital of Babylonia, it dominated this whole surrounding land.

Babylonia owed its importance to three conditions; namely, geographical, political, and spiritual. Preceding Babylon in importance was the city of Kish, not far distant, located on the banks of the Euphrates at that time. Later the river changed its course away from Kish to Babylon, and because of this Babylon acquired suzerainty of the entire land. At this point but a narrow stretch of land separates the two big rivers of the valley, the Tigris and the Euphrates. To the north originally was the great fertile area of the Tigris, and to the south, the wide plain that borders on the Persian Gulf. Travel centuries ago, as now, was best along the river edges in the valley proper. This forced all traffic through Babylon, in the middle, and gave Babylon her dominant political position.

The third factor, or the spiritual one, was the city religion of Babylon. The principal god of Babylon was Marduk. The people had personal pride in him, and desired that he be given priority over the other gods of the entire country, and its surrounding nations. Even kings and princes were forced to submit to the rites of respect to this god, which amounted nearly to their coronation by the priesthood. No ventures or activities were permitted which were not done in the name of this god. For a great time this religious influence bound all contemporary life closely with Babylon, and made her a religious mecca, as well as a place of commercial importance. This religious supremacy was made possible mainly by fear. When any prominent person who had not recognized Marduk or his priesthood suffered a calamity, the priesthood attributed the misfortune to a punishment by the god. When the Assyrian king, Sennacherib, who leveled Babylon in his siege of that city in the Sixth Century B.C. died, his death was said by the priesthood to have been caused by his failure to pay homage to their god Marduk.

We had come to an abrupt stop at the foot of one of these mounds which were about twenty-five feet in height, and now that we were close to them we observed that they were about one hundred yards in length, and fifty yards across. Viewing them from where we stood, they seemed to be a natural formation—certainly not man-made. Actually, these mounds covered by debris and the dust of the centuries, were the remains of palaces, walls, canals, temples, and towers of Babylon and later civilizations. We struggled up the steep sides of one, lugging our heavy camera equipment, and sneezing with the dust raised by our feet which broke through the surface crust baked by the sun. We perspired little for the air, as in Egypt, was exceedingly dry and absorbed the moisture as it appeared. The sun's rays were now fierce; their burning effect on our exposed skin was like that of drawing a sharp blade across the flesh, smarting and stinging.

From our elevation the whole plain for miles around was revealed. To our West some distance from these ruins was a fringe of green grass and palms stretching in a straight line nearly North and South as far as the eye could see. This growth marked the banks of the Euphrates River. Its course in ancient times ran close to these mounds and fed the canals of the ancient city. The brilliance and varied shades of green of

the vegetation caused us to realize how magnificent the gardens and surrounding terrain must have been during the glory of Babylon when she was queen of the ancient world.

After she was demolished by Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar in 604-561 B.C. returned from his destruction of Jerusalem to restore Babylon's splendor, and the temples of her revered gods. There before us, like a refuse heap, lay part of his handiwork, the ruins of his great palace. It looked like a crater caused by the explosion of a great shell, for it was merely a large ugly hole. It must have been two hundred feet square. From where we stood it looked as though heaped high in the center was a mass of rock or chunks of dried soil. Adjoining this large crater were smaller ones, subdivided with partially-upright partitions or walls. These were the remains of the same structure and parts of others. Towering above all to the right, the largest structure still standing in Babylon was the Ishtar Gate. The remains are two square-like towers of mud-brick, once faced with splendidly glazed and colored tile and ornamented with figures of animals, a few of which are still visible.

Nebuchadnezzar had married a Median princess of extreme beauty and culture, whom he greatly loved, so the legends tell us. He brought her from her mountainous and beautiful home country of Persia to the flat, dusty, and ugly land of Babylonia. He set about rebuilding Babylon, and he constructed great walls of defense, one within the other, making it the greatest fortified city of antiquity. Meanwhile, his beautiful bride pined for the beauty of the mountains of her homeland with their fragrant shrubs, flowers, and refreshing verdure. Learning of her loneliness, it is recounted that he decided to build her an artificial mountain on which she could dwell. Thus was begun his great palace which became one of the seven wonders of the world which we refer to as The Hanging Gardens of Babylon. The structure, as most of them in Babylon and Assyria, was built of mud brick and then fired to compose a tile or faïence. It was built in tiers each slightly recessed so that the whole composed an enormous terraced tower, and along each terrace were planted magnificent trees and tropical plants and vines which hung low on the sides, causing it to be known as The Hanging Gardens. At the top of the tower was the palace and living quarters of Nebuchadnezzar and his bride. He had the waters of the Euphrates diverted into great canals around the palace base, and on either side of

them were magnificent tiled walks, and in them artistic boats leisurely floated carrying musicians and men and women of his court.

The great Ishtar Gate was built to commemorate the Babylonian goddess Ishtar, a composite of all the female Babylonian goddesses. She was a deity of nature and beauty, also known as the weeping mother because it was thought that she interceded in behalf of man whenever he was to be punished severely for his sins against Marduk. A planet was named after her, and it is thought it was the same one which the Greeks later called Venus. In fact, authorities believe Venus was the Grecian counterpart of Ishtar. From this gateway to his palace, Nebuchadnezzar built a roadway which became known as the sacred way. Along it at the new year festival in March a procession carried an image of Marduk. After homage was paid to him at the numerous temples, he was then placed on the river barge and conveyed to the northern section of the city. Through this gateway, which we carefully photographed, had marched the conquering army of Xerxes, and later. Cyrus, who successfully in the Sixth Century B.C. routed the combined Lydian, Babylonian and Egyptian forces which opposed him. Also through this gateway tramped the legions of Darius. Cyrus' successor. Darius, admiring the beauty and culture of the city, attempted to preserve it.



ONCE MIGHTY BABYLON

Of all of the remains of civilization to be seen in Asia Minor and Egypt, those of Babylon, shown above, are the most demolished and depressing, as captive Hebrew prophets predicted they would become, centuries ago.

We endeavored to persuade our porter to climb among these ruins with us. We offered him an additional fee to carry the camera equipment. He refused. Fearing that if we insisted too strongly, he might leave entirely, we desisted and slid with an avalanche of dust and hard particles following us down into the center of the demolished Nebuchadnezzar's palace. The surface blocks in the piles about us were just mud bricks, several of them still adhering to each other, and slowly returning to the dust from which they were made, and they received little attention from us. Slowly we began the laborious business of digging deeper in the thousands of years old rubbish about us for what might have been left or overlooked by the German archaeological expeditions of 1914 and earlier which had worked here. Since the World

War, no real attempt had been made to continue the great excavation work in Babylon begun by the Germans. The Iraqi government, which controls the ruins, discouraged further excavations, not by its attitude or by actual prohibition, but because of the instability of the government. An expedition might obtain a permit from the present government to excavate extensively and establish a research base at the site of the ruins, with thousands of dollars' worth of equipment, work diligently for several years and recover much valuable material, and then suddenly a government upset occur, and the succeeding authorities prohibit the excavators from continuing or from removing the fruits of their labors; or might even, as has been done elsewhere, give the materials which they recovered to some other institution or country.

We worked diligently, our thoughts occupied not with what we now saw before us, but with a mental picture of this site in ancient days, the days of its magnificence. We thought of the great engineering skill of these people, how they had driven into the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers piles to enlarge their land, how they had built beautiful parks laid out in geometrical designs. We thought of the splendid gold work which they accomplished, of the gorgeous jewelry and furnishings with which the palaces were amply supplied, of swimming pools, race courses, fields of grain and vegetables, herds of cattle and sheep. We also thought of the Hammurabi code of laws, with its excellent system for courts and judges, its protection of the person and of property rights, with its sound provisions for divorce, its regulation of taxes, and of the stern punishment it meted out. We thought of the temple liturgies, the chanting and singing, the wailing and prayers.

A cry from Frater Brower brought me to his side. He had found the first of what we had hoped to find, a large mud brick, a building block about a foot square inscribed in cuneiform, the peculiar wedge-like writing of the Babylonians and Assyrians. As we held it in our hands we diligently and reverently examined it. Nearly four thousand years ago, some human like ourselves, a craftsman, had carefully written this inscription with his reed stylus in preparation for including this block with thousands of others in the walls of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. What was he like, this ancient craftsman? What was his life, and what did he think of the future, four thousand years hence? Could he have

imagined a people from a very distant land, like ourselves, examining his handiwork centuries after his death? From the time the workman cemented this block in place, using the natural soil, until now, when we lifted it from the dust into which it fell, it is very probable that no other hand had ever touched it. We were at this moment living in another world, seeing and feeling things which represented life and power to another people, that seemed as much a part of a continuous existence to them as the things of our world do to us. Around the ancient maker of this block, the writer of this inscription, had been such activity, such examples of strength—that is, buildings, temples, troops, broad avenues, teeming thousands of humans—that although he could have imagined changes, a state of such utter desolation, oblivion, nothingness as that into which his civilization eventually fell, would have been beyond his thought—as far beyond it as is a similar thought to the mind of the average resident of cities like New York, London and Paris. Time had made the impossible possible; it had vanquished all, and we very forcefully realized that it could do so again with the powerful civilizations now in existence.

It is surges of thought such as we now experienced, stirring emotions such as those we now felt, that have led archaeologists to the far corners of the earth to wrest from the past the story of men of other times. Here, then, was another example of universal brotherhood, but universal in time as well as extent. In archaeology we find a love not only of those who work, play and pray today throughout the world, but a sympathetic understanding of the human race since it began, and a desire to bind the past fast to the present. The archaeologist has a pride in all human achievement. He believes, and rightly so, that we have as much right to share the experiences of our fellow men of thousands of years ago as we do those of today who are thousands of miles distant from us. After all, no experience is personal unless we participate in it. Thus, what others have done before us can be as interesting and as intimate to us as those experiences of our foreign contemporaries which we seek to know through our news channels. In the broader sense, humanity has no periods. It is a continuous flow from its beginning to its ultimate end. Only when we confine ourselves to a consideration of the things of our individual lives do we get that narrow concept of humanity as having periods or eras

and assign them a relative importance to our own day. If we think the Egyptian and Babylonian vain and lacking in forethought because he concerned himself so fully with only the things of his own period, then, in light of what time has since done to his civilization, let us not make the same mistake of occupying ourselves solely with the things of the present time. To us belongs a consciousness of thousands of years of human endeavor, not just of the meager span of the few years that compose our individual lives. If we live in the past as well as in the present, we can live ten thousand years in one lifetime. In other words, life begins not with our infancy, but with the earliest birth of humanity of which we have record.

Chapter XV

I RELIVE A LIFE

WE BOTH CONCENTRATED our digging and probing in the one place in which we had made our discovery. We were soon rewarded for our efforts and we turned up brick after brick, each weighing about ten pounds, all deeply and clearly inscribed in cuneiform, some bearing the inscription of Nebuchadnezzar's name. Turning them over, we saw that they had a sticky black substance smeared on them. "Looks and smells like asphaltum," said Brower.

"It is," I replied, "the Babylonians had asphalt or bitumen pits, and they used this substance to coat their bricks just as we use the same material today as a preservative on our roads and highways. And you will observe," I continued, "that it has done an excellent job." We hurried, for the hour was getting late, to reduce the size of the bricks—because of their weight—with a hammer we had for the purpose. We knocked away all except the area containing the inscriptions. We soon had a very representative collection, and one quite heavy. We intended to take them back with us to America for the Rosicrucian Museum. In fact, they are now part of the collection to be seen in the Babylonian and Assyrian gallery of the Rosicrucian Museum.

In this same palace where we were making our discoveries an outstanding tragedy had happened. Alexander the Great, after successfully putting to rout the army of Darius, the Persian king who occupied Babylon at that time, and taking over Babylon himself, was murdered in this palace at the height of his power, and, it is said, while in a drunken stupor. Near here, in this series of earth mounds, was the ruins of a library. Ashurbanipal, last Assyrian king, and grandson of Sennacherib, built himself a great library at Nineveh, Assyrian city located north of the present city of Baghdad. This was centuries

before the great Alexandrian library of the Greeks. He had thousands of clay tablets inscribed in cuneiform writing placed in jars. These stone books, for this is what they were, were placed in rows on shelves, properly classified. There were thousands of them, devoted to the subjects of science, history, various phases of literature and religion. Hanging from the top of each was a little straw tag giving the title of the tablet, or the subject of the book. Some of these books were later filed in a library in Babylon, and they have not yet been discovered.

The great library of Nineveh has been found; that is how we know of these books and their classification, and most of its stone books which lay in a heap when the building crumbled are now in the British Museum in London. On some of these tablets are found parts of the story of the flood mentioned in the Old Testament. The legend, as it also appears in the Old Testament, tells of the hero building a large boat on which he took his wife and a pair of each of the animals, and that all other humans, and animals were destroyed by the deluge, and that finally when the flood subsided, he and his wife and the animals were left to perpetuate themselves as the only living things. This story is undoubtedly based upon an actual local flood within that region, and of course it was thought by the early writers to have been a deluge of the whole world. It was passed perhaps by word of mouth, or even by tablet, to the Egyptians, thence to the Hebrews, and it was finally incorporated in the Christian literature.

We loaded our camera equipment into the car, also the inscribed stones, for our porter would not help us with them. They were to him taboo; that is, untouchable. A curse, so the natives believed, would be inflicted upon those who disturbed the property of the dead. The Assyrians, like the Egyptians, threatened trespassers and those who would violate their sacred precincts with oaths of vengeance. Ashurbanipal, for example, declared in cuneiform writing on each stone tablet of his library (each book in other words), that whosoever shall carry off this tablet or shall inscribe his name upon it side by side with my own, may Assur and Belit (gods) overthrow him in wrath and anger, and may they destroy his name and posterity in the land. Now we began to realize why they feared to visit this site. Strange, too, since working in the palace rooms I felt rather ill. My heart was palpitating. I could no longer control physical evidence of the intense

excitement I felt, the uncontrollable feeling of suspense—as though any moment something unforgettable was about to occur. Beads of cold perspiration stood out on my forehead, unusual for this climate. I felt exceptionally tired. My head throbbed slightly. I laughed to myself, and said, the power of suggestion.

Relieved of our burdens, we climbed over several mounds to another large pile of crumbling brick. It is referred to by some authorities as the remains of the Tower of Babel, mentioned in the Old Testament. The Babylonians, contrary to popular knowledge, built many large towers. The one to which the Old Testament refers was just one of many similar structures. The predecessors of the Babylonians were the Sumerians, a people who came from a mountain land far to the north, and finally settled on this plain which they named the Plain of Shinar. In their home land they worshiped in temples on mountain tops a god named Enlil. He was the god of the earth. To simulate the mountain temples they built great tower temples which were cube-like in shape. The base was nearly as large in area as the height of the structure. Surrounding the base was a great stone courtyard. On one side three large inclines or ramps made it possible to reach the first two levels of the tower, and from there a gradual incline continued around the entire structure, making it possible to reach the tower top. On the top was the actual temple itself in which dwelt the priests, and in which the ceremonies were conducted.

Koldewey, German excavator and archaeologist, has reconstructed, from the plans he made of the ruins of Babylonian tower temples, complete models showing how they actually appeared in ancient times. The highest of these towers was probably some four hundred feet, which, like the great Pyramid of Gizeh, looked by comparison to the surrounding level terrain much greater. Of course, to the captive Hebrews, this god of the Babylonians was a false one, and the worship of him on such a high edifice, reaching, it seemed, into the clouds, was a defiling of the sanctuary of their own god, consequently the story of the Tower of Babel. These tower temples contributed to later architecture and were first copied during the Hellenistic period. The world's first lighthouse, on Pharos Island, outside the ancient port of Alexandria, Egypt, was a copy of these tower temples. It, in turn, became the model for the Mohammedan minarets. In the Babylonian-

Assyrian Gallery of the Rosicrucian Museum, which collection is now one of the largest in Western United States, is a great number of these tablets and cones having inscribed on them liturgies and commercial correspondence; all of which were removed from the ruins of these ancient temples.

As we pondered among these ruins, in our mind's eye we could see the Hebrew slaves, naked except for loincloth, with matted hair and beards, fettered with bronze chains and anklets, toiling, sweating, and stumbling in their misery and near exhaustion, in the blazing sun under the lash of the whips of their Babylonian captors, making and carrying the brick which was raising a tower for the worship of the god of their oppressors, offering prayers silently for their deliverance—prayers, the echoes of which still ring in the chapters of the Old Testament. Cruelty, yes. Unnecessary—yes, also. But the custom neither began with the Babylonians nor did it end with them. This much can be said of the Babylonians: Their persecution of the Jews was not primarily a religious one, but a political one. Judea being a subordinate state and a rebellious one, its warriors became political prisoners of the Babylonians, not religious ones. Other prisoners were treated likewise by them. Today, now, the Jews suffer persecution again, but in this day and age it is not principally political persecution but religious or racial persecution, which is a far greater reflection upon the level of intelligence of an age than the punishment of a people because of political uprising.

I now felt rather faint—yet I was surprised that I was not alarmed at my condition. There was a proclivity to let go—to slip into either sleep or oblivion. To watch Frater Brower and listen to him seemed such an effort. On the other side of my objective consciousness, and seemingly deep within, was an appealing sense of ease, of comfort, of relaxation, that tugged strongly at my consciousness. The world around me was perturbing. I was like one on a threshold of a portal leading to a chamber of quiet and soothing atmosphere, and yet reluctant to cross over and leave my present distraction. The struggle was tremendous—but objectively I was losing. It was too difficult to draw myself back into my immediate surroundings. I must submit to the impelling urge. With that ultimate resignation came not just gratification but afflatus. Ethereal throngs pushed by me, jostled

me. Familiar sounds came to my ears. Was I now awakening from a dream? There before me were the citizenry of my home land going to and fro, attired as I had always seen them, occupied with their daily interests I so well knew. I was with them—and yet I was an unseen spectator. Vaguely I recalled another place and different peoples. But to think of them, place them, was now an effort. And why try? Here I belonged—in Babylon. I did not want to participate in the activities before me just to drink them in, and each sound and sight gave me new life, seemed to lift a burden from my soul, and my spirits rose. I could remain this way forever, yet something was continually annoying me—a voice, faint, distant, but distinct, kept calling me. I could not avoid it. If I listened, this joyous procession of my friends, Babylon itself, to which I had just returned, became hazy. I decided to get away from this voice, to move along with people about me, to be myself again, to enter into their spirit and mood. I rose, but I seemed to float; surprising to me, yet a pleasure, was the sensation. Here then was a pleasing freedom. I could mingle with the throngs unobserved. I could satisfy my curiosity as I entered the various craftsmen's stalls. I was amused at the conversations I overheard as I stood with the spectators who watched the armorer fashion new shields, and who lamented the added weight and reminisced when leather was sufficient for even the king's guards to protect their persons when doing battle. I sauntered on, to come to rest before an aged lapidary worker. Around him were grouped his keen-eyed and agile apprentices. I marveled again, yes, as I had on many occasions, at the symmetry of design and the details carved in such hard stone and with such unvarying accuracy. I was proud of the age in which I lived—for had we not advanced far? Certainly long shall we endure. Nowhere, not perhaps even in the land of the tyrants of Mizraim, are men as progressive as we. I looked up in admiration at the magnificent varicolored tiled walls of the Great King's Palace. They sparkled like the rays emanating from Marduk when they plunged into the waters of the canals. I turned to watch the orderly steps of a squad of stalwart bowmen as they passed to enter the portals of the sacred way of the Goddess Ishtar. Above my head and fastened to the mass of inner walls which secured our city, beloved of the God Marduk, against the ravages of the Northern invaders, was a proclamation to all free men guaranteeing them the protection of the God of living things and his earthly ambassador, my most powerful and glorious king. I had

achieved, my tongue could express itself in signs, my words could go far beyond the sound of my voice. I could read as well. Few could equal me. I had read, and I had written often; my livelihood depended on my writing. My words shall live beyond my time. I recalled how I was often sought to leave my message with my seal impressed, with those who wished to ponder over my thoughts. I was more than a scribe bound to the Temple or the court of the King—I was a counselor on the ways of living. It was my art to translate into understandable language, into a code of practice and into a useful order of living, the enigmatic words of Marduk which his priests spake high in the tower temples. I was not unaware that I was disliked, envied, possibly feared. The mighty of Marduk's sacerdotal army resented my intervention, my mediation between them and my fellows. I was not of their holy sect. I was not appointed for ministrations to God, yet I spake and wrote words of wisdom as I knew them. My thoughts were just of earth, of man. However, I took comfort that my words in writing had been commanded for examination by the great Lord and King. He had favorably accepted them, for had he not given me reward and the generous sanction allowed one who is honored as a sage? He had encouraged me in an epistle from his supreme minister to freely give my thoughts animation and permanency—but to be ever mindful that I did not offend Marduk, creator of all, and himself, Babylonia's Lord and King.

Again, once again, that fretful disturbance, that distant echo, that now indistinct cry, seemed to possess me. I shook my head repeatedly as though trying to shake off some physical bondage. Then the sound of my name crashed down upon me like a bolt of lightning. It shattered the vista before me; towers, palaces, streets, peoples, slaves—they all fell into mere parts like a jigsaw puzzle dropped abruptly on pavement. They melted before my eyes, and through the mist there appeared the face of Frater Brower. He was speaking, but his voice was still distant; then it gradually grew stronger as though it were approaching me from afar. He was shaking me by the shoulder and saying, "What is the matter with you? Why don't you answer me? We must get back. Are you ill? You are extremely pale." I realize now that I must have been in a state of semi-consciousness. Objectively I had not been aware for several minutes, perhaps, of my actual surroundings. For while I had

this vivid experience, this transition to an era of nearly four thousand years ago, my body had been seated right where it now was, on the sub-foundation wall of this tower temple. And yet, how clear had been my experience in all its details! Hardly like an hallucination that comes from an ordinary lapse of objective consciousness. I was ill, extremely so; I burned with fever. My mouth was parched and I was badly nauseated.

Two thoughts now dominated my consciousness. First, over and over again, like a leer, the words of the Babylonian execration imploring the gods to punish despoilers coursed through my mind. I attempted to ridicule myself as I lay in the back of the bouncing car heading again toward Baghdad. I thought of the dozen or more volumes I had read quoting the authorities of the world, and of the Rosicrucian teachings, all of which discredited this superstitious belief, yet mocking me was this ailment, the discomfitures of which gave the oaths a more vivid realism to my semi-delirious mind than anything which I could recall having read or studied. Reason gave way to fantasy. I pictured myself as the victim whose life was to be given to prove the mysterious potency of these ancient curses. I had been chosen to vindicate the Babylonians, to discredit the stigma modern science had placed upon the forces which they were said to invoke! Second was the realization that all I was now perceiving in this awakened state seemed more unreal, more dreamlike than what I had just experienced. In fact, I felt that instead of returning to normalcy I had lapsed into delirium, and that the preceding occurrences were my natural state—I even yearned to return to them. The details of what I had seen and heard clung to my memory like a deep fragrance to the air after flowers have been removed. Reason told me that I had, during the entire time, been seated on that mud-brick foundation, and yet I knew, a conviction that I could not shake, that my inner consciousness had relived, not in imagination but in memory, what it had once registered as an actual experience.

Several days of quiet, after a diagnosis of my case as mild tropical fever combined with intestinal influenza, caused possibly by an insect bite on the desert, saw me rally sufficiently to prepare for the trek back across the desert. Our trail was now to lead northward and westward like the flow of the ancient civilization whose sites we had been visiting.

Chapter XVI

THE VINEYARD OF WISDOM

SO CEASELESS AND yet so unchanging is the sea. To ancient eyes that peered across its wastes from the bows of frail craft, it too, was either a roaring fury with deep valleys whose mountainous walls were tipped with lacy foam, or a placid glass-like calm. Of all of the things of the world, the sea alone seems untouched by the moods of man or nature. As we gaze into it today we see, mirrored in our consciousness, the same vision which men who looked upon it in centuries past experienced. It remains an unbroken, unscathed bond with the beginning of time. Perhaps it was the spirit of oneness with all that had gone before, which the inky waters instilled in me as I looked over them from the deck of our motor ship, that made me think of the great personalities who had sailed this same sea.

Just a few hours before we had departed from the modern docks of Istanbul and now we were leaving the sea of Marmora and entering the straits of the Dardanelles. At this point, two great continents, Europe and Asia, were separated by a scant watery thread three to four miles in width. It was as if nature had symbolized, by this geographic arrangement, that the peoples of these enormous land areas should often embrace each other's customs and habits and yet by the slender thread of racial differences ever be separated.

The ancient name of the Dardanelles—a narrow body of water forty-seven miles long—is the Hellespont. It separates the Marmora and Aegean seas. It is related to have derived its modern name from the city of Dardanis. Here, too, Xerxes, Persian King in the Sixth Century B.C., built a floating bridge—composed of a series of small boats

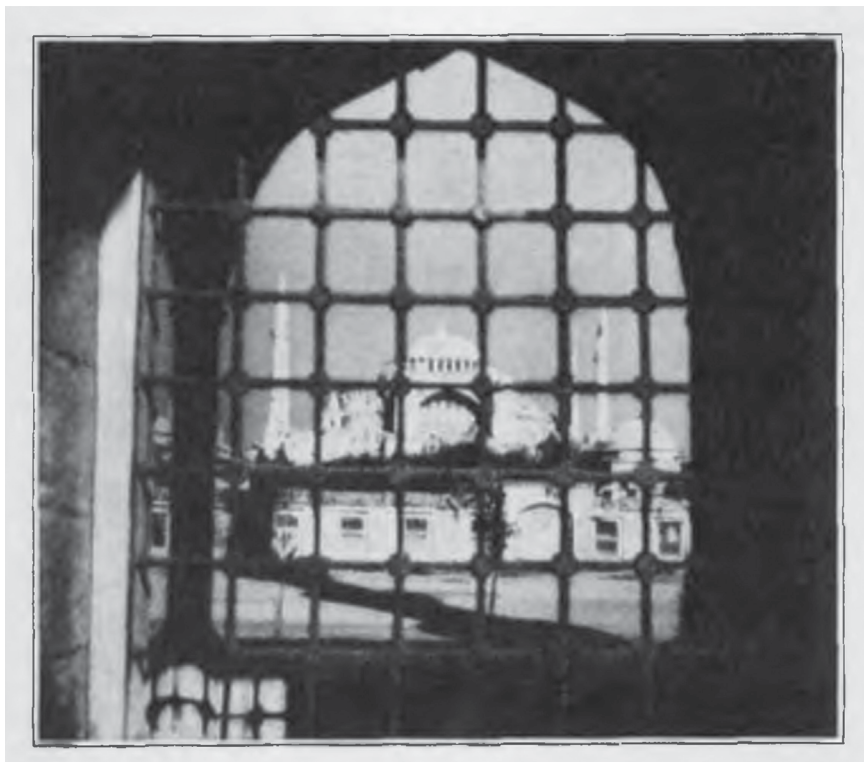
lashed together—and crossed with his vast Army of the East for one of the earliest invasions of Europe. This same site, within the century, had been the scene of other great armies struggling for possession of its natural gateway to the Black Sea, and the great territory of Russia. During the first World War, the German and Turkish powers had fortified the slopes on either side of the Dardanelles, so as to make it almost impregnable. The British Navy was mainly assigned the task, by the allies, of penetrating the Straits, running the gauntlet, it may be said, and opening the water route to the Black Sea. Russia, an ally, needed this outlet to the Mediterranean very badly. British ships were blown to bits in the mine-infested waters and by the bombardment of heavy land batteries.

The strategy of the Turks, under German military guidance, cost England thousands of Canadian and Australian troops. After severe return assaults on the land batteries by the British cruisers, one suddenly ceased firing, and after a length of time it was believed to have been silenced. The troops prepared to land and when they had but touched the shore an inferno broke loose. Heavy artillery shells crashed about them and machine guns rattled, mowing down wave after wave of men. Retreat from the trap was impossible and advance was suicide. Britain became the eventual victor of the engagement by a small margin, for which she paid a terrific price in human lives.

Turkey remains today a steadfast ally of Germany, though making overtures of friendship to England. Every third man in impoverished Turkey is in uniform and all have the military bearing and stamp of German training. After the World War Turkey solicited a continuation of German officership of her forces, in exchange for certain trade concessions to the Reich. At this time, the system is so thoroughly organized that in only the highest ranks, and then in an advisory capacity, is it necessary for German officers to remain. Turkey's own officers now know only one military technique—German. In Turkey, also, the army has the same outstanding prestige that it does in Germany. No other class of citizenry receives the privileges or the distinctions of the army. To Americans and to Canadians, this may seem deplorable and indicating a warlike spirit. On the other hand, our survival-of-the-fittest contest is strictly along economic lines—clashes between capital and labor—attempts at an adjustment of consumption and production,

but with these other powers, it means a fight for actual existence as a sovereignty.

To become weak in military strength is to be absorbed literally over night by a stronger nation; consequently the attitude is: defense of national existence must precede economic and cultural interests.



WINDOWS OF THE EAST

From a grilled arch of the quadrangle of the blue Mosque, we look out upon the stately, impressive beauty of Saint Sophia, the greatest of all of the mosques.

A slow rolling of our ship accompanied our entrance into the Aegean Sea. To our starboard side, but two or three miles distant, were the rugged mountains of the Island of Lemnos. Frater Brower and I stepped to the railing to scan them through binoculars. Deep in their clefts, near the shoreline, here and there, were small villages appearing

as though they had been washed down from the heights to wedge fast, and there, like sheltered vegetation, flourish. To the northwest, not more than fifty miles beyond our range of vision, lay historic Macedonia. In what is now known as the Thessalonike Peninsula, of Macedonia, once existed the small outpost colony city of Stagira. In it, about 384 B.C. was born a man who was to fashion the thought of the world for over 2000 years and command its respect for centuries more. It was here that Aristotle, son of the physician to the King of Macedonia, and descendant of a long line of physicians, began his career.

Each island, each peak, bay or inlet about us constituted a landmark, not in the history of races, nations, or men, but of thought. Surrounding this small sea were born and lived more men who contributed to the advancement of thought than in any similar area on the surface of the earth and in the history of man. Genius after genius sprang from the hearty mountainous region. It was as though it had been impregnated by Divine touch with the seeds of wisdom.

Over the port side loomed the silhouette of another nearby island. Its coast line was so precipitous that it plunged from a height directly into the sea, affording little beach. The late afternoon sun was concealed behind its hills, causing a back-lighting and a radiant aura to extend around and sharpen its rugged contour. This was Mytilene or the renowned island of Lesbos which played a prominent part in Aristotle's life. Students of philosophy and of Aristotleanism divide Aristotle's life into three distinct periods. The first and perhaps the most prominent was from his seventeenth to thirty-seventh years, when he was a disciple and constant companion of Plato. His writings during this period had the formal pedagogic style of Plato's dialogues and his doctrines reflected the principles of his teacher. He lived in Athens and never journeyed far from the academy.

The second period, called the *Wanderjahre*, was after his master's death and was devoted to travel. His contact with other schools of thought, and his own experiments and conceptions, caused his writings of this period to contrast sharply with his former ones. It was during this period of travel that he spent two years of study on Lesbos, the island before us. Here he gathered specimens of marine life and carefully observed their habits. It is said that from these observations

there came about his famous doctrine of development, which was the first theory of evolution. He attempted to unite by his theory two realms of reality—mind, or the initial ideas as Plato called them, and matter. What a surge of wisdom flowed through the small channel of this one human mind! He attempted the first classification of all natural phenomena—grouping inanimate matter, plant and animal life, into separate divisions and making possible the first truly scientific study. He devised the term metaphysics, meaning beyond physics, to define the study of the causes of physical phenomena, in fact, the first causes of all being. He gave the name psychology to that branch of study concerned with the Soul and the functions of mind, thought, sensation, perception. Merely as an aid to assist his reasoning and to make his insight into the profound problems which he considered clearer, he invented the system of formal logic, which is still in use today with slight variation.

No greater test of wisdom or its relevancy to truth can be had than that it be subjected to the passing of time. The titles which Aristotle bestowed upon the divisions of reality he made have endured, and many of his fundamental doctrines remain unshaken by sieges of controversy. It seems incredible that one mind could conceive such truths, become so enlightened by its own efforts during one normal life's span. As further tribute to his greatness, may it be said that he, far more than his contemporaries and his later followers, realized and admitted his limitations, this bleak body of land, therefore, seemingly spewed up from the sea, provided not a source of great mineral or vegetable wealth to protect or sustain the bodies of men, but a natural laboratory from which came ideas that nourished the minds of men for centuries.

Eighty miles west of Stagira, Aristotle's birthplace, was located the City of Pella, the ancient capital of Macedonia, over which presided Phillip II. His fame having spread, Aristotle was urged by Phillip to become the private tutor of his son, Alexander, who was destined to become a world conqueror. It was said he accepted the appointment because of the opportunity it provided to test his political theories. His pupil, later, while on an expedition of conquest, had a selected staff of sages collect and send back to Aristotle, for his examination and study, strange plants and specimens of minerals and soil. Vicious gossip and

the jealousy of Alexander poisoned his mind toward his master and teacher, while he was on a distant campaign. Eventually Aristotle fled to Chalcis, on the elongated island of Euboea, which was now directly west of us, but beyond our vision. There he died in 322 B.C. In recent years, just outside of where existed the small colonial city of Eretria, about twelve miles south of Chalcis, excavators unearthed a gold stylus, ring, and pieces of pottery which were said to be Aristotle's. In the grave was also found a skull, which is believed to be his as well.

The eastern shore of Asia had faded from our view. We were now directly off the coast of the ancient Ionians. During the glory of the Greek schools of philosophy it was said that, of all of the colonies of Attica, Ionia provided those who excelled in the love of inquiry into nature—in other words, those who inclined toward what we consider the physical sciences. The principal city and capital of Ionia was Miletus, in which flourished the earliest school of philosophy. The founder was Thales, 585 B.C., who is said to have predicted an eclipse. There began with him a transition from the theogony of the gods, the common belief in Greece at that time, to physical philosophy, which sought to explain the universe along rational, and what we might term scientific, lines. Thales sought an ultimate substance, a primary element from which all things came, and he finally concluded that substance to be water. The school ceased with the destruction of that city by the Persians in 494 B.C. Nearly opposite from Miletus, across the Aegean, was the City of Megara, where certain lesser Socratic schools, those expounding a version of the Socratic philosophy, came into existence but never into prominence.

With such enjoyment had I lived in my mind the lives and accomplishments of these astute personalities of thousands of years past, that I had not become conscious of the hour. The clashing sound of the dining steward's dinner gong brought me to an awareness of a keen hunger induced by the invigorating sea air.

We retired to our stateroom early, but I could not sleep. My imagination had been stimulated by these monuments, these reminders of a great past civilization. Perching myself on the berth, in a position so I could look out of the porthole, I opened it and stared down at the water a few feet below, which seemed to rush past. The light of the stateroom cast a faint glow upon the sea. The small circle of light

was sufficient to intensify the darkness of the water and give the foam a contrasting scintillating whiteness. With my back to the room, and before me visible only this small illuminated circle of the sea, and with the freshness of the salt air stinging my face, I had a full sense of appreciation of the beauty, majesty and wildness of this element. For miles, on and on, the water rolled, rose to crests, broke, lashed, and slid into great wallows: the sky reaching down on all sides was its only container. What it held close to its bosom fathoms below and immediately beneath me, perhaps no man would ever know. I thought if there is on earth any power or agency of nature which displays a spirit of complete freedom and a disregard for the efforts of man to control it, it is the sea. Use it man can, but never is he its master.

The following morning the decks were bathed in sunlight. It was enjoyed in sheltered corners for the air was biting. Land had not been seen for hours, but there was no possibility for monotony as preparations by passengers and crew alike were being made for the arrival at the port of Piraeus. By the time Frater Brower and I had repacked our cinema equipment, after having filmed the notable sights we had passed, we were entering the Gulf of Aegina. In this gulf some of the greatest naval battles of the ancient world were fought. These battles gave Attica the supremacy that assured her independence and perhaps preserved her spirit of inquiry and love of knowledge. Persia had constantly menaced the security of Attica, under the leadership of Darius. Xerxes, his son, at the death of his father, continued the campaigns against Greece. Success crowned first the efforts of one side, then of the other. A powerful Persian fleet sailed one day into the port of Piraeus, and only the strong Athenian army stationed on the shore kept it from landing. Themistocles, great statesman of Athens and Arcon, head of the state, proposed that the Athenians build a large fleet to dominate the surrounding sea and keep the Persians from crossing, as in only that way, he believed Athens safe from invasion. His proposals were well received and finally 180 ships were built and put to sea. The Athenian fleet eventually met and defeated the Persian fleet in a great naval combat in the waters immediately surrounding the Island of Salam is, slightly north and west of Piraeus, whose harbor we were now slowly entering.

We had been standing in line alongside wooden benches in the

customs shed, where our baggage was piled awaiting inspection, for nearly an hour. Our estimation of the department's efficiency was greatly diminishing, as was our patience. There was an obvious shortage in personnel, which at the time appeared to us an imposition on travelers. The inspectors were gracious enough, but their courtesy did not lessen our agitation. It was not until the next day that we became aware that Greece's severe economic plight was responsible for the under-manned staff. For centuries Greece had been under the domination of Turkey. During the Ottoman Empire it was divided into many districts by Turkey, and like other subjugated nations of the Ottoman Empire, it was bled of resources and of the opportunities of internal expansion. Not long after obtaining its independence and following its participation in the World War, it was plunged into revolution—a struggle between monarchy and republic. Its people are thrifty and its resources, though not many, are in demand, but it has been and is still at the mercy of its more powerful neighboring states, which prevent it from obtaining the concessions it needs for a successful economic life.

Archaeological collection began in Greece as early as the Seventeenth Century. The ruins of its great edifices were so impressive that they were bound to excite curiosity and interest. It was not until the Nineteenth Century, however, that a real scientific examination of the antiquities of Greece was begun. To Lord Byron, English poet, 1788-1824, must go the credit for reawakening world interest in the magnificent history that was Greece's, and the decaying arts which lay in Athens just below the debris of centuries.

Byron, a cripple, who traveled for health, romance, and adventure, through Europe where his works were more appreciated than in England, visited Greece and immediately felt a strong affinity for its traditions and people. To commemorate an historic event, he swam the Hellespont. Inspired by his studies there, he returned to England to compose his greatest works. Later he returned to Greece to interest himself in its political strife. He spent a considerable amount of his personal fortune to aid in her liberation. He was once offered, in return, the Governor-Generalship.

Athens nestled between two mountains. Mt. Hymettus and Mt. Pentelicus, the former having always been renowned for its honey and

the latter for its excellent marble. Nature had endowed Athens with excellent elements for defense. Slightly inland, with elevations that made the sea visible and prevented sudden naval attack, and with a surrounding plain whose soil provided essential foods, such as olives, fig groves, vineyards, and good pasturage, its people were soon able to give themselves over to pursuits other than the mere acquiring of sustenance. Speaking of the climate, which is never extreme, one of the ancient philosophers wrote of it: The clear bracing air fostered intellectual and esthetic pursuits and endowed them with mental energy.

Our stay in Athens was not to be lengthy and we had much to accomplish. Consequently, after depositing our baggage at our quarters, we immediately set out to photograph those things which would be representative of the Hellenic civilization. Sporadic showers did not discourage us. The most commanding and never-to-be-forgotten sight is the Acropolis, a large promontory, 1000 feet in length or about two of our city blocks, on which temples to the gods and fortresses with protective walls have been erected since Neolithic times.

Modern Archaeology has located the remnants of the numerous gates of Themistocles' wall which surrounded it and through which trod many of the eminent of Greece's past. Not far from the Dipylon Gate was the Academy of Plato, where his students came to hear his learned discourses and to hear him inveigh against the Sophists. But a short distance from still another gate is said to be the site of the Lyceum, the school of the peripatetics, where Aristotle expounded truths to his disciples, as they walked to and fro with him.

We wended our way up and through a wooded section known as the Pnyx. After a brisk walk we stopped before an enormous rock pitted with age, in which there are two cave-like chambers with benches hewn out of the living rock and giving evidence of once having been occupied by humans. The entrances now have iron gateways, which are opened by attendants. An exhilarating sensation swept over me when I was told that I stood in the prison cell of Socrates in which—Plato's dialogue, the *Phaedo*, informs us—the great Sage drank the hemlock. It is difficult to express the emotions we felt, as Plato's masterfully drawn word picture of the execution of Socrates occupied our thoughts in the very place where it is supposed to have occurred.

However, we reluctantly drew ourselves back to the reality of fact, that in all probability, from an Archaeological point of view, these caves, of which there were others, were part of a prehistoric city which surrounded the Acropolis.

Nearby was the Aeropagus, commonly called Mars Hill, on which, it is generally held by historians, the Apostle Paul preached to the Athenians. The structures which now stand upon the Acropolis were built after the Persians had destroyed all of the previous edifices and left them in smoldering ruins.

Conceded to be one of the Seven Wonders of the World is the magnificent Parthenon, the great temple erected, on the Acropolis, to the glory of the Goddess Athena. One stands before it overwhelmed at its beauty. Even though it is in partial ruins, there clings to its great Doric columns an atmosphere, in effect, like a heavy perfume, which so overpowers the senses that naught but its exotic presence can be realized. As I walked along the marble flagging of a peristyle and gazed between the graceful columns at the city lying below, I wondered what thoughts must have occupied the great minds which assembled here on occasion. Were such idealists limited in the range of their concepts to a mere consideration of the problems and affairs of their day, or did they at times separate themselves in mind from their environment and in such an inspiring setting envision the future of the world 2500 years hence? Could they have imagined that men of other races, centuries later, would pass through the structures they had planned and built? Could they feel that their work in many of the arts was so original, so far-reaching, that their influence would be felt thousands of generations into the future? Would these men, if alive today, choose our times in preference to the times in which they lived?

After the destruction by the Persians of the earlier structures of the Acropolis, Pericles, Fifth Century B.C., statesman, orator, and lover of culture, began a great campaign for the beautification of Athens. From the campaign came artistic developments which, even today, remain foremost in the records of the achievements of man. Appropriating the enormous sum, for that time, of over two and one-half million dollars, which was derived mainly from the Athenians, he engaged the greatest Greek craftsmen and artists of the day to perform the work. Ictinus was the architect who designed and supervised the building of

the Parthenon. Phidias was the sculptor who beautified it. Architect and sculptor worked hand in hand in creating these masterpieces. The columns, for the first time in the history of architecture, were caused to incline inward at the top, to give the structure the appearance of stability. To prevent the illusion of concavity they were gracefully tapered, giving the whole a symmetrical balance. Phidias sculptured a frieze of idealistic figures around the top sides of the temple. The figures, though human in form, were so perfect, depicting the ideal man and woman for which Greece strove, that they became a symbol of beauty which inspired the citizenry to emulate them. The sculpture at the gabled ends depicted the birth of the Goddess Athena and her struggle with Poseidon, God of the Sea, for possession of Attica.

Within the temple there had stood a magnificent gold and ivory statue of the Goddess Athena, thirty feet in height and wrought by the genius of Phidias. Outside of the temple was also a colossal bronze statue of this protectress of Athens. This, too, was the work of Phidias. Rising to a height of seventy feet, the figure held her shield and spear upraised in an attitude of protection of the city below. It is said that sailors returning home could see the tip of Athena's spear glistening in the sun like a beacon of welcome when their ships rounded Mt. Hymettus. Is it a wonder that the Periclean period of history is referred to as the Golden Age?

The days had swept by so rapidly that it was extremely difficult for us to separate them into periods spent in one country, on one continent, or in one place. We had, it seemed, in the months of our travels witnessed not a series of disconnected past events, but a continuous parade of human adventure. At no time had the threads of man's efforts been entirely lost in the transition from one fabric of civilization to another. Decline had meant a paucity of material, a few minds working to preserve the heritage of wisdom against the contaminating influences of ignorance and superstition. These threads of genius were surrounded, in the eras of stagnation, by the drab incidents of the deterioration of human morals and thought. Let a time be favorable and the threads transformed all they touched into beauty, illumination and splendor.

Civilization is a great force put into motion by the concerted actions of men. The momentum of that force can carry it forward or backward.

It depends upon the direction in which it is started. It is individual human intelligence, inspired intellect, virgin ideas and concepts which determine the direction that civilization shall take. Civilization itself does not produce this intelligence, but merely provides it with an excellent tool with which to work. Only in a degeneracy of life itself can this intelligence ever be destroyed. Civilization can and will fall again and again, and time after time from the purged ashes will arise, phoenix-like, a mind or minds which will develop another civilization, founded upon those instincts and precepts which draw men together in the hope of attaining a common good not individually possible. The only fear, and that is a remote one, is that some civilization may pervert all of the human race simultaneously and close the channels from which spring the visions which move men upward and onward.

Our journey was completed. Homeward bound, we sailed past the Rock of Gibraltar, through the legendary gates of Hercules, toward the Western world and the New Age.

THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER, AMORC

Purpose and Work of the Order

The Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, is a philosophical and initiatic tradition. As students progress in their studies, they are initiated into the next level or degree.

Rosicrucians are men and women around the world who study the laws of nature in order to live in harmony with them. Individuals study the Rosicrucian lessons in the privacy of their own homes on subjects such as the nature of the soul, developing intuition, classical Greek philosophy, energy centers in the body, and self-healing techniques.

The Rosicrucian tradition encourages each student to discover the wisdom, compassion, strength, and peace that already reside within each of us.

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