

humanity over uncounted centuries has learned that it is only by the cultivation of integrities that mankind can survive. This fragment of insight is not generally accepted in the world of today, which is falling apart through failure to unite spiritual and temporal codes of conduct.

There is another salient point; and here science has a considerable advantage. Scientists have been taught to respect the research projects of their confreres. This happy fraternity is not accepted in the religious world. Here we have a conglomerate of infallibilities in which every possible effort has been made to emphasize differences. A little work in this area would not only contribute to the dignity and utility of theological systems but would also provide an emotional support for scientific intellectualism.

The more we study the original writings and teachings of the world's religious founders, the more we realize that they were all teaching the same system of ethics; and the only differences are historical and linguistic. We have come to assume that names require unconditional approbation. When the Decalogue tells us to honor our parents, we find this statement completely compatible with the words of Mohammed that the mothers open the gates of heaven. We are always desperately struggling about jots and tittles. The moral codes are virtually identical in all of the world's advanced religions. If the 147,000,000 church-goers in the United States would unite and devote their time and energy to strengthening their moral and ethical teachings, rather than defending their sectarianism, they would embolden science to proclaim the importance of spiritual convictions. The scientists know that we should all overcome our prejudices and put principles above personalities. It might be possible to enforce just laws, because for the religionist they come from a divine source of life and for the scientist because such rules are good common sense which has been subjected to the test of ages and remains unchangeable regardless of variations in customs and policies.



A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds.

HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Part II

Beginning about my second year for one reason or another I traveled extensively. One reason was that my esteemed Grandmother was a seasoned globe-trotter and seldom, if ever, remained in any one locality for more than six months. My earliest memories include riding in what was then called a "go cart," which was actually a sophisticated baby buggy. In due time Grandmother and I landed in Chicago and established headquarters in the Auditorium Hotel, a massive structure facing the lake. The memory of the dining room of this hostelry remains clear after all these years. The maître d'hôtel was a turbaned Hindu in flowing robes who bowed almost incessantly. In the middle of the room was a fountain with rocks, plants, and a flowing stream. We were seated with a grand flourish, and it seemed generally accepted that Grandmother was a lady of distinction. She was more distinct than might first have been imagined, because she was directly related to the Potter Palmers who are remembered in Chicago for having snubbed the Prince of Wales.

Grandmother had a strong impulse to visit some relatives in Massachusetts, others in Connecticut, and a strong family contingency on Long Island. Having done the proper things for everyone, Grandmother moved on to Pennsylvania, where she considered it appropriate to attend a Quaker Church meeting. We selected a Friends meeting house near the hotel and sat quietly in the back. There was no minister or music, and ladies sat on one side of the church and gentlemen on the other. Small children were seated with the nearest adult relative. After about a half hour of silence, Grandmother became somewhat restive. At that very moment a woman near the front of the church rose and delivered a short sermon on the dangers of corruption and the joys of redemption. She then sat down and nothing else happened. Finally, Grandmother and I joined

the departing group and she whispered to me, "This was a useful experience."

In Germantown every year there was an enactment of an important battle of the American Revolution. It centered around an old mansion called the "Chew House," where a celebrated battle raged. There was a large section of reserved seats, and Grandmother was ready for another experience. The redcoats came in with fixed bayonets, and the Colonial forces met them in the middle field. There was a violent outbreak of musketry, and some of the soldiers gained a special vantage point on the roof of the old house. Mounted officers were shot from their horses; and there was much buggle calling and flag waving and, of course, the British troops were defeated. I seem to remember that this performance was inspired by a book called *Cleveden*.

Having completed this circuit, Grandmother headed westward; and we arrived in San Francisco a few months after the great earthquake. Traveling by water to San Diego, we reached our destination in the worst storm in the history of the city. It rained without stopping for some thirty days; and, in spite of the bad weather, Grandmother decided to settle down for a while, at least until the sky cleared, so we moved into a little cottage overlooking Point Loma. Our next door neighbor was the son of Ulysses S. Grant. Grandmother regarded him as socially acceptable.

At the back of our house was a small semi-detached room which Grandmother and I decided to transform into a miniature theater. The stage was about two and a half feet wide and two and a quarter feet high. Grandmother's artistic talents resulted in some splendid scenery. Small candles were footlights, and the front curtain rolled up in the best approved style. Among our important productions were "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Battle of the Merrimac and the Monitor." To produce the necessary smoke for the latter scene we blew talcum powder through soda straws.

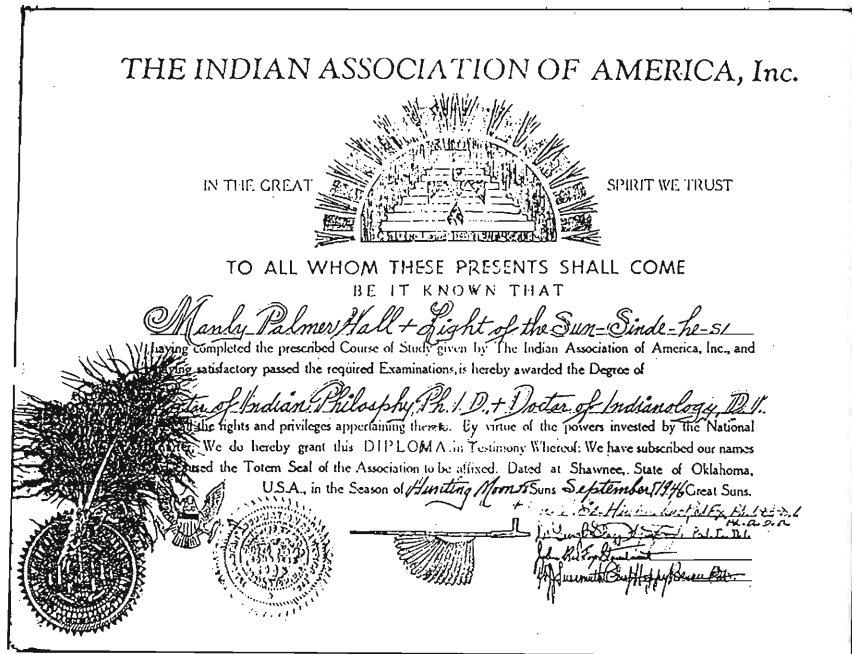
Amerindian cultures always fascinated me. I first met the Plains Indians when Grandmother decided to make a brief sojourn in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Incidentally, we were there for the celebration in honor of the first trolley line. Most of the rail was single, but



A rare photograph of Sitting Bull, the Indian medicine priest, with one of his wives. At this time he was living on an American army post.

about the middle of the run there was a bypass. Whichever car got there first waited for the other. Of course, Grandmother made certain that we were included among those who took the first ride. This transportation system suffered from uncertain timing because both conductors were elderly men with kindly dispositions. It was not uncommon to make various stops along the way to pick up eggs, take letters for mailing, or pass a private note to a person at the far end of the route, which was all in all about two miles long.

It was in Sioux Falls that I saw the annual encampment of the Veterans of the Civil War. There were not too many of them left even then; and only a few marched, but General Howard always led the procession riding on a spirited horse. He had lost one arm on the battlefield and was regarded as a truly great patriot. It was also in Sioux Falls that I had my first contact with the Sioux nation and developed a deep fondness for the American Indians. It was here that the South Dakota Indians gathered annually to make their peace with the "Great White Father" in Washington, D.C. There was a well-kept lawn in front of the courthouse; and while the Indians were visiting many of them pitched their teepees on the courthouse grounds and certain aristocratic Sioux families enjoyed the dignity of the loca-



The Indian Association of America, Inc. made me an honorary doctor of Indian Philosophy in September, 1946. At this time also I received my Indian name "Light of the Sun—Sinde-he-si."

tion. The Indians were a friendly, good-natured lot; but boys will be boys. The teenagers bought all the aniline dyes available in the city, colored themselves and their horses in every imaginable shade, and rode down some of the less popular streets shooting out the street lights. Grandmother was not amused.

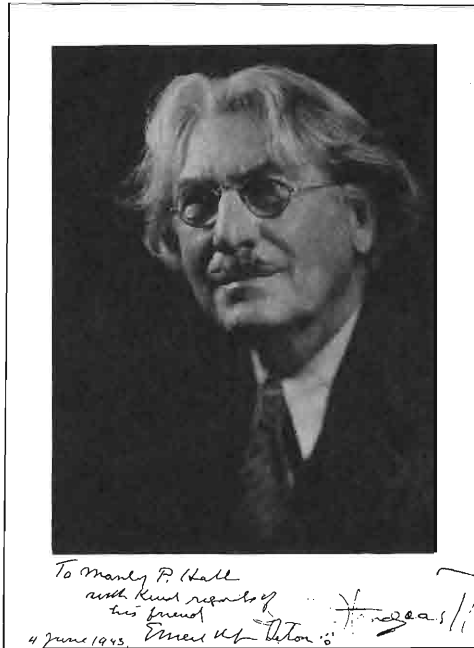
An extended period was to pass before I had a further opportunity to spend time among American Indians. For many years I have been a member of the Author's Club here in Los Angeles and attended regularly. I no longer attend regularly but still retain my membership. There were always luncheon meetings. The chairman was a distinguished author with a dry sense of humor who wore a hearing aid, and immediately after introducing a speaker he sat down and ceremoniously turned it off.

It was at one of the luncheons that I met Ernest Thompson Seton.

It was friendship at first sight; and later I was invited to visit the Seton family on their property, which was known as Seton Village in the suburbs of Santa Fe, New Mexico. At that time an elaborate research project on atomic weaponry was secretly going on in nearby Los Alamos. In Santa Fe the Fonda was the main hotel; and the large lobby was a gathering place for an assemblage of celebrities whose names, titles, and preoccupations were carefully recorded by Brian Boru Dunn, a direct descendant of Brian Boru, the last King of Ireland (1002-14). This descendant of Irish royalty wore a buckskin coat with fringe and a rather dilapidated cap with a reporter's card tucked in the front. Dropping in at the Fonda on a busy day, one was always faced by a motley crowd sitting around in the lounge. In the front row were the atomic physicists, sometimes presided over by Albert Einstein. In the second row were specialists in many fields gathered from far and near. In the third row was the press, and in the fourth row spies and espionage agents from a number of countries. Lounging around the walls were an inconspicuous group of FBI agents with occasional security officers from other branches of the government.

One summer I was staying at Seton Village and "the chief," as he was affectionately called, and his wife Julie went off on a lecture tour leaving a rank amateur (me) in charge of the property. My only assistant was an old Mexican gardener. One day he came in and remarked mournfully that rustlers were rustling cattle across Seton's land. The only thing I could think of was to phone the sheriff. When I told him about the rustlers, he did not seem much impressed; but, when I asked him what to do about it, he replied with a slow drawl, "Shoot'em and we'll come for the bodies."

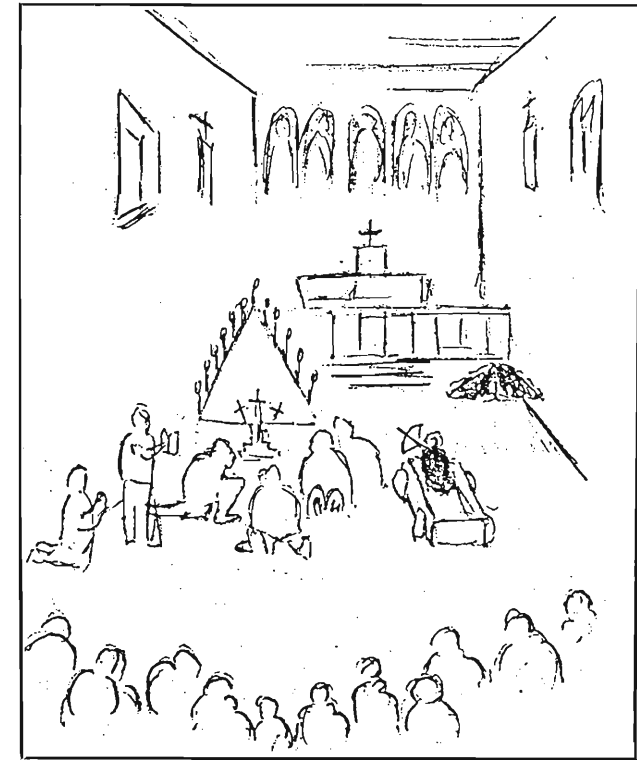
Back in those days I became a close friend of Beulah, the little adopted daughter of the Setons. She was five or six years old and there was seldom another child in her age group she could play with. We devised all kinds of games, exchanged confidences, and wandered about the ranch. The Setons had a good library, and I read a number of books to the little girl. One day while Seton and his wife were sitting on a bench in front of their castle, Beulah, holding my hand and rushing up to them grinning from ear to ear and shouting loud



Ernest Thompson Seton, distinguished naturalist and co-founder of the Boy Scout organization. Mr. Hall was a close friend of the Seton family through the closing years of Ernest Thompson Seton's life.

enough to be heard in Albuquerque, exclaimed, "He's just as good as a child."

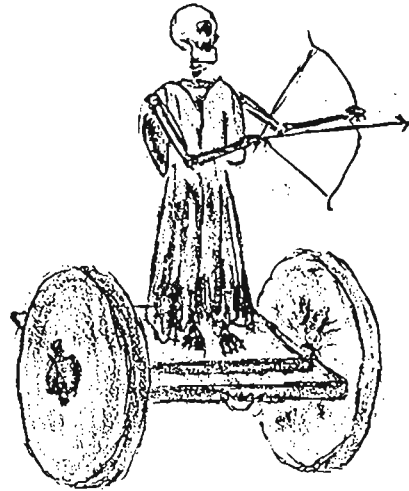
Santa Fe was in the midst of an area long associated with the Penitentes. Shortly after I left Santa Fe the public rituals of the cult were discontinued, and the sect was reincorporated as a benevolent association. They were violently patriotic and interpreted all of the Anglo laws in terms of Penitente procedure. In the mountain villages the proprietor of the main store regulated the morality and ethics of his community. Seated in the back room of his store, the proprietor, who was the "Hermano Mayor" of the Penitentes, measured out justice with simple directness. One man accused his neighbor of having stolen one of his watermelons. The Hermano Mayor said to the man who had lost the watermelon, "How many children have you?" —and he replied: "Three." Then the acting mayor turned to



Interior of a mission church during a Penitente ceremony. The tall triangular candlestick supported twelve candles which were slowly extinguished to indicate the parting of the disciples from Christ before the crucifixion. The death cart is shown, and the kind of mound at the right near the altar rail is a Penitente who has been flagellated.

the thief and asked the same question—and the man replied: "I have six children." The acting mayor then decided the case with irrefutable logic. The man who had stolen one of his watermelons should be given five more because he had six children.

In older days the Penitentes in New Mexico and Southern Colorado had their own Passion Play. One of the group carried a massive cross up a steep hill while he was being flagellated by two or three strong men. He was then actually crucified, except that he was bound to the cross by ropes around his wrists and ankles. He often fainted, and it is reported that a few actually died. The church was unable



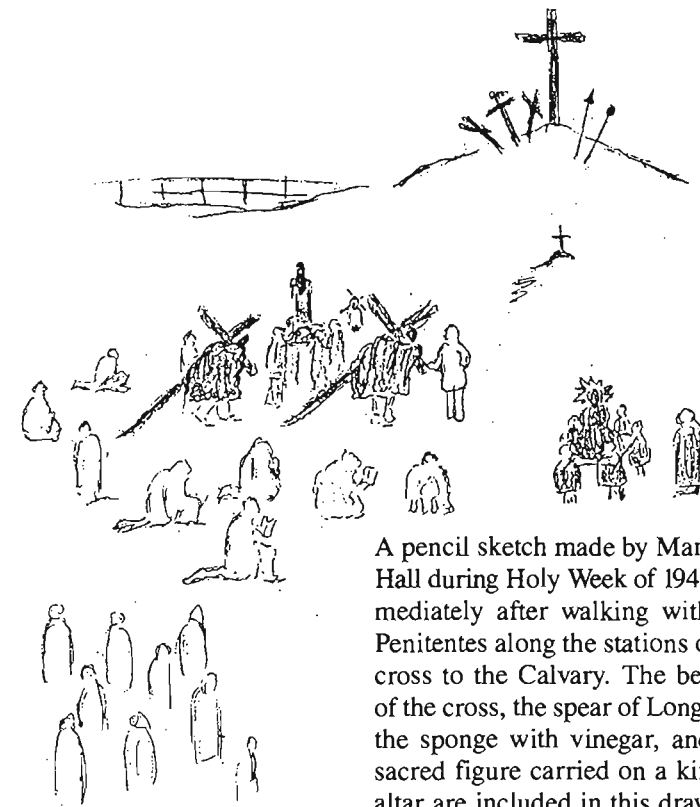
The Penitente death cart with two large wooden wheels and the figure of Death standing on a platform between them. Sketch by Manly P. Hall.

to control the situation. The meeting places of the Penitentes were called "moradas." In one town two moradas faced each other across the highway. The sign on one read "Morada Republica," and the other "Morada Democratica." Because of a friend who was accepted by the group, I was able to watch most of the Penitente rituals; but in my day the actual crucifixion was no longer performed.

The Penitentes were a flagellant group, and a similar sect existed for a number of years in the Philippine Islands. It was considered indelicate for a Spanish-American to slap one of his close friends on the back on Easter Sunday. The chances were he had practiced flagellation in payment of his sins. Penitentes did not trust the courts when need for justice arose. They settled all of their own differences and in many ways punished themselves more severely than Anglo law would ever have required. At the time of World War II a number of Spanish-Americans either volunteered for military service or were drafted.

It was in 1943 that I walked with the Penitentes on the lonely path to the Calvary. Thirty-seven years later I attended the Oberammergau Passion Play; and I realized that, while both are deeply religious, they are essentially different.

Oberammergau is a theatrical production founded on a powerful spiritual conviction, but it is still a play. The actors rehearse their



A pencil sketch made by Manly P. Hall during Holy Week of 1943 immediately after walking with the Penitentes along the stations of the cross to the Calvary. The bearers of the cross, the spear of Longinus, the sponge with vinegar, and the sacred figure carried on a kind of altar are included in this drawing.

lines, the theater was created to accommodate a large audience, and stagecraft is everywhere obvious. The Penitente rites are actually a reenactment of the original tragedy of the crucifixion of Jesus. There is no formal pattern with a proper cast of characters. In the earlier days the crucifixion came as near to the account in the Gospels as a human being could pass through and survive.

When I was in New Mexico during World War II, I saw the parents of young men in the army performing rites of atonement asking heaven to protect their children. The Penitentes were called brothers of sorrow. It all happened on Good Friday, and in the communities of Penitentes there was no Easter Sunday celebration. The resurrection of Christ was not dramatized.



The Holy Child of Atocha, a concept of the Christ child popular in Spain and brought to the United States in the early nineteenth century. This bulto (three-dimensional image) was made of clay, nicely colored, and seated in a chair of natural wood which had been varnished to an off-black. It was believed in the Penitente community that the Nino could unfasten the cords and walk about the neighborhood performing small miracles.

While in the Santa Fe area I acquired a number of religious artifacts, most of which had belonged to Penitente families. I also secured a typewritten copy of the words of most of their sacred songs. So far as I know, these hymns have never been translated into English.

Having become interested in Mayan archaeology, I met in New York a personal friend of Augustus Le Plongeon who recommended that I should visit some of the ruins of Yucatán before the modern archaeologists wrecked them completely. I had a little time, so I took a boat to Progreso; and I was warned that I would not be allowed to land unless I had vaccinations for prevailing ailments. This was a source of anxiety, especially when I noticed the doctor who had come down to meet the boat. He was in his shirtsleeves and wiped

the end of his hypodermic needle on the front of his shirt. It was obvious he had only one needle for all his patients. I told the doctor I was allergic to shots. He sympathized but remained adamant. I asked him if there was an epidemic raging on the peninsula of Yucatán. He replied, "Not at the moment, Señor, but it might break out any day." At last I found a vulnerable spot in his determination. For twenty dollars he decided I could land in peace and, if an epidemic set in, die in peace.

The waters of Progreso are so shallow that a vessel of almost any size cannot reach the docks. A small flat-bottomed boat, therefore, took me ashore, accompanied by a cargo of fighting cocks for the entertainment of the local population. The trip up to Mérida was uneventful and ended at the entrance of the Itza Hotel. This was an old hacienda with ornamentations in the style of Spanish folk art with lengthy inscriptions in pure, or impure, Arabic. It was a meeting place for explorers who "siestaed" there most of the time. Near the hotel was a kind of plaza with a bandstand at one end and stores facing the square. The fronts of most of these establishments were ornamented with fluttering lottery tickets. I especially liked the coconut ice cream but was warned never to touch cow's milk. I am reasonably sure that by now there are pleasant ways to visit the ruins, but in the 1930s the roads were exactly in the condition which dated back to the official visit of the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress Carlota.

At Chichen Itza I stayed for a few days in the hacienda of Theodore A. Willard, proprietor of the company which produced and distributed Willard storage batteries. We had many pleasant chats together, and I remember especially his summary of the archaeological researchers who were mutilating a number of ancient remains. According to the Mexican archaeologists, many of the monuments were at least three thousand years old. The German archaeologists favored a more conservative figure and more or less agreed on two thousand years. The Americans, who always have a tendency to doubt antiquity, chose to consider the structures as about one thousand years old. Willard, who had spent much time in the area, favored the Mexican archaeologists.

Recounting all of this traveling reminds me of my trip up the inland passage from Victoria to Skagway. Feeling a vacation to be in order, I took one of the simple tours which made summer cruises through this picturesque region. Vancouver is generously decorated with totem poles. These are the Indian equivalent of European heraldry. In some cases a bit of cosmogony may be included. The symbolism intrigued me considerably, and I purchased two poles about six feet high and with considerable inconvenience brought them home. Somewhere along the line they have disappeared; but I photographed outstanding examples, and they are described in early volumes of the *PRS Journal*.

By circumstances never fully explained I discovered that on my Alaskan cruise I was traveling with a large contingency of morticians and their families. Considering the seriousness of their profession, they were a happy and exuberant group. On the way up we stopped off briefly at Prince Rupert in Western Canada. The flora of the region was exceptionally beautiful, and I noticed that throughout my Alaskan trip the flowers were large and brilliantly colored. They told me that the summer only lasted for a few months, but as long as the sun was above the horizon the vegetation grew by night and day.

In Skagway I found myself in the happy hunting ground of Soapy Smith. Indeed, they had two skulls of him there; one when he was a small boy and the other after his unfortunate decease. About that time they dug up a frozen mastodon, thawed out part of it, and were the first humans in modern times to eat mastodon steaks. My stepfather was in Fairbanks at the time, and he guaranteed the veracity of the story. Soapy was probably the outstanding swindler of his day; and he owed his fame to the fact that he set up business in Denver with a large basket of soap, each bar wrapped separately in colored paper. He would take one bar from his basket, wrap a hundred dollar bill around it, put back the wrapper, and then drop it back into the basket, which he shook violently. If you were gullible, you could buy one of the cakes for ten dollars; but in the memory of the living no one ever found the one with the hundred dollar bill. He left Denver rather suddenly. In fact, he was run out of town on a rail with a strong invitation not to come back. Soapy was a good-natured fellow.



Display of a totem pole in Vancouver. There was quite an interest in these carvings, and miniatures of various sizes were purchased by visitors. This is the most unusual one that the author found.

However, he was simply born dishonest and never recovered. He had a devout side to his nature; and, when some citizens of Skagway could not raise the funds to pay for their church, the minister in desperation appealed to Soapy for help. The next Sunday morning Soapy walked up to the pulpit and laid a pair of six guns in clear view announcing with deep sincerity, "I think this is a good time to pay for the church." Needless to say, the necessary funds were immediately available.

Soapy had another way to raise finances. When the miners came in from the snowy wilderness, they were not an attractive lot. Most of them had not taken off their clothes for six months, and the temperature was from fifty to eighty below zero. Immediately upon entering town the first stop was at the barber shop. In Skagway the tonsorial parlor also provided a large tub of hot water and the approved routine never varied. First there was the bath, then the haircut and shave. Most of the sourdoughs, as the miners were called, talked about the gold they had found in the remote hinterland. Some made the fatal mistake of telling the barber that they had struck it rich and were bringing in a considerable poke. The barber, who was

in cahoots with Soapy Smith, while finishing the haircut made a little nick in the hairline at the back of the head which revealed to everyone that a wealthy miner was in town. It was not long before the miner had to return to his claim to replenish his gold dust, if possible.

Soapy was not always subtle in his financial operations. At the back of the barroom there was a door decorated with a sign to the effect that the largest nugget ever found in the North was on exhibition for a limited time. The admission was one dollar. After generously patronizing the bar, some trusting soul would decide to see this curiosity. He found a rock weighing over a hundred pounds covered with gold paint. While the truth was dawning on him, he was tapped lightly and carried out the back door of Soapy's museum.

Another prime attraction of Skagway was an eccentric old man, who was generally referred to as "a fishwhistler." For a reasonable donation you could go out with him to a pool, and the fellow would start whistling. In five or ten minutes there were hundreds of fish. He did not even feed them anything, but they evidently appreciated the tunes he whistled.

Skagway was a socially conscious community. They had a club for "the midnight sons;" and when President Taft visited they initiated him and, as a token of admiration, provided a huge chair for his convenience. At the summer solstice it was customary to play a baseball game at midnight, and many outsiders staying there had difficulty sleeping because the sun never went down.

As a stamp collector, I should mention the dogsled postal service. Mail was delivered by dog teams, and the letters were properly canceled with a variety of appropriate devices. Actually, the dog team posts were more profitable to stamp dealers in the states than postal delivery in Alaska. It sounds rather strange to say that in Alaska they panned the sawdust on the barroom floor, and no respectable saloon was without a goodly amount of sawdust. As the hilarity increased, it followed that many of the "guests" who were paying with gold dust would spill some of it on the floor. After everyone had left or been carried out, a group who had bought the rights panned the sawdust and did very well for themselves.

At the turn of the century the Hawaiian Islands were still a quiet



The Rainbow Falls, one of the most beautiful in the Hawaiian Islands. Manly P. Hall photographed this scene with his trusty Graflex and considers it one of his better pictures taken in the Islands.

and gentle fragment of the earth's surface which had not been ruined by tourism. When I was first there, there were few visitors, hotels were small, and prices were low. The Islands were annexed to the United States in 1898, and the last native ruler was Queen Liliuokalani.

As might be expected, I found my way immediately to the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum Bookstore, which was presided over by an elderly lady who was related to the Hawaiian nobility. The museum itself was named for Bernice Pauahi Bishop, a direct descendant of Kamehameha the Great. I obtained several scarce texts on the history and traditions of the Islands, which the lady graciously autographed for me. I also visited the old palace where the royal crown of Hawaii was on exhibition.

In those days the aquarium was an outstanding institution, but when in later years I visited it several times it seemed less remarkable. Actually, the fish were of amazing colors, shapes, and sizes and were displayed against examples of the aquatic vegetation of the Islands. For those who wanted to appreciate the true spirit of the Islands

Honolulu was becoming too modernized. The little city of Hilo on the big island was the most delightful and was reminiscent of a New England village. Every year they celebrated the manners and customs of the old kingdom, and its own high society played the principal roles.

In the early 1920s I had an opportunity to attend a special festival commemorating the life of Queen Liliuokalani, the last royal ruler of the Hawaiian Islands. A prominent member of the Hawaiian aristocracy impersonated the Queen, and surviving members of the old royal court participated in the pageantry. Many of the priceless feather capes preserved in the Honolulu Museum were loaned for this occasion, and the various costumes and elaborate helmet-like headdresses lent authenticity to the event. A number of outstanding native dances were presented by students studying with a young lady who was not an Hawaiian but the very talented daughter of a Christian missionary. The young lady had been studying for years the sacred literature of the islanders and was familiar with the ancient legends upon which the local customs were based.

Among the great sights on the island of Hawaii are its volcanoes. Most travelers visit Kilauea, which is very much alive, and the crater covers a large area. In the center is the fire pit in which the level of molten lava rises and falls as the result of internal pressure. On occasion the lava rises above the level of the fire pit and overflows into the crater. The goddess of the volcano plays an important part in Hawaiian mythology, and even in modern times there have been a number of suicides.

In connection with recent trips to the Islands I should mention that Japanese Buddhism is represented by a beautiful temple with its gardens, and there are also monuments to Buddhism on the other islands. The old leper colony on Molokai has disappeared, and gradually Hawaii will come to be included among the overpopulated areas of the earth.

When I was in Honolulu after World War II, I learned that a plan was afoot to build a duplicate of the Byodo-in Temple located in Uji, a suburb of Kyoto. The Phoenix Hall, or the Ho-o-do, is an outstanding example of the architecture of the Heian Period built in 1073 A.D. during the dominance of the Fujiwara family. The

building is in the shape of a phoenix bird with its wings spread, and the sanctuary is located where the heart of the bird would be.

I happened to mention the rumor about a possible reconstruction of the famous building to my friend Mr. Yokoyama, one of the outstanding dealers in Japanese antiquities. Incidentally, he was the premier Rotarian of the Japanese Empire. When I further mentioned the building of a replica of the Phoenix Hall in Hawaii, Mr. Yokoyama looked very humble and told me that he had received the order to fashion the figure of Buddha for the sanctuary of the new structure. The old temple was wood, but the one in Honolulu would be ferrous concrete so skillfully painted that it would appear to be wood. A few years later when I again stopped in Honolulu I saw the Phoenix Hall in all its splendor. People had come from all over the world to view and examine the amazing structure. Mr. Yokoyama collected many of the items that are now in the Oriental section of our Library, and it was with his assistance that I was able to visit the Shingon Monastery at Koyasan.



CHALLENGE OF CHANGE *(continued from page 5)*

elderly people have discovered ways to enjoy themselves. In the early years of the present century Grandmother might have sat in a rocking chair on the veranda and watched the world go by. The view usually included two or three neighbors, a dog, and the postman. The grandmother of today is enjoying herself in the Bermudas or taking a tour around the world. She has discovered that she is still capable of adventure and self-improvement. Many of the present reformers are struggling desperately to bring back the "good old days." Actually, they should be out adjusting to the "good new days" in which dreams can come true. There is no security in this world—it is within ourselves; and nothing contributes more to create what Bacon calls "a full person" than the challenge of new opportunities to release the potential for fulfillment through change, for there is nothing even in the extremities of the galaxy that is not constantly changing. Truly, the only thing in all the world that is changeless is change itself.

