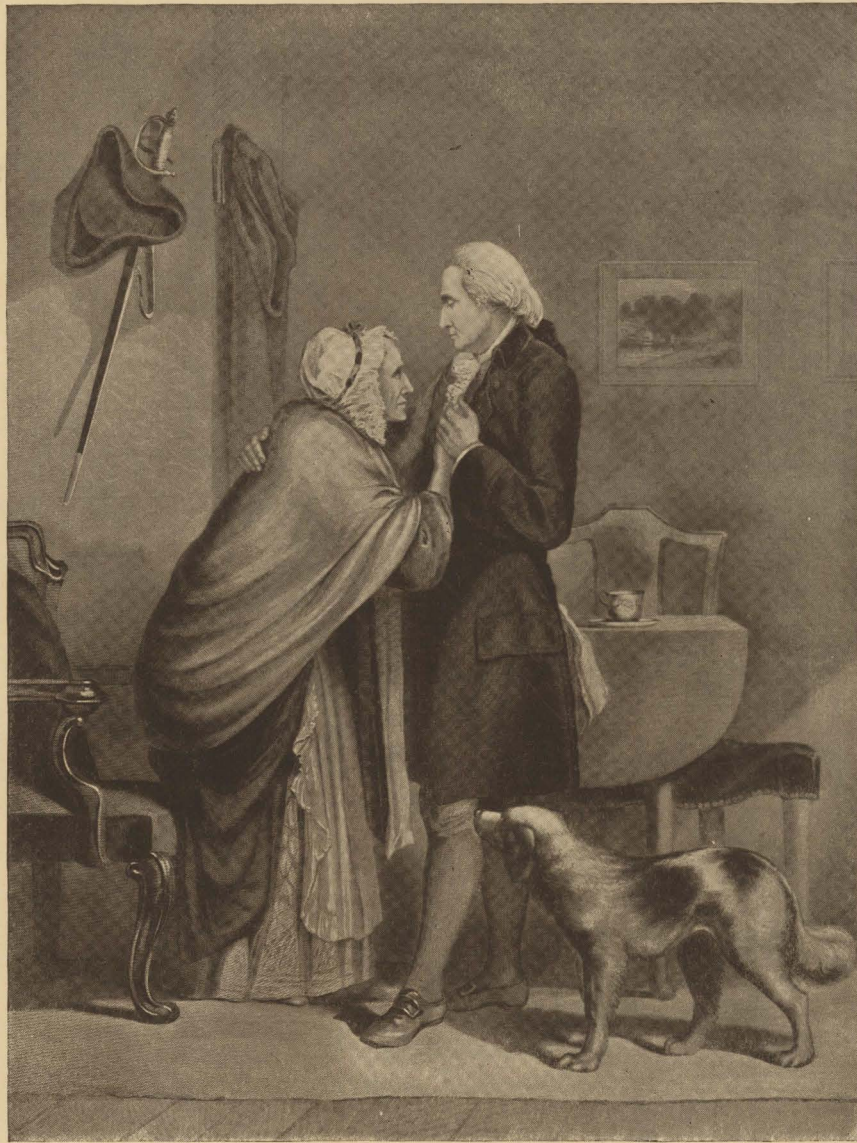


*Souvenir Program*

# RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT to the Veterans of the Civil War

47th Annual Encampment of the Departments of  
California and Nevada, Grand Army of the Republic

KATHERINE TINGLEY, HOSTESS



Isis Theater, San Diego, California  
Tuesday Evening, May 5th, 1914, at 8:15 o'clock

# PROGRAM

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These are the times that try men's souls.-- *Thomas Paine* in "*The Crisis*"

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1 OVERTURE "Raymond" A. Thomas  
Râja-Yoga International Orchestra

2 INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY EUGENE DANNEY  
(Representing the Hostess, Katherine Tingley, the Citizens of San Diego,  
and the Residents and Students of the International Theosophical Headquarters  
and Râja-Yoga College of Point Loma, California.)

3 PRESENTATION OF KEY TO THE CITY OF SAN DIEGO TO THE VISITING  
VETERANS, BY HON. CHARLES F. O'NEALL, MAYOR

4 PRESENTATION OF KEY TO THE LITTLE CITY OF LOMALAND (Headquarters  
of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society)  
by PROFESSOR IVERSON L. HARRIS

5 ACCEPTANCE OF KEYS AND RESPONSE BY G. M. STORMONT  
Department Commander of California and Nevada, G. A. R.

6 ADDRESS BY JUDGE GEORGE PUTERBAUGH  
Representing the G. A. R. Posts in San Diego

7 ADDRESS BY MAJOR H. R. FAY  
Representing the G. A. R. in San Diego

## INTERMISSION

with Music by the *Râja-Yoga International Orchestra*

8 ADDRESS BY JUDGE W. R. ANDREWS

9 ADDRESS BY KATHERINE TINGLEY, HOSTESS

## THE PEACE-PIPE

from Longfellow's "SONG OF HIAWATHA"

Cantata for Chorus and Orchestra (Piano Arrangement)

Rex Dunn (Râja-Yoga Student)

Sung by the RÂJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL CHORUS

(Conducted by the Composer)

This cantata was composed especially for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, convoked and directed by Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world, at Visingsö, Lake Vettern, Sweden, June 22-29, 1913; where it was first performed by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus on June 24, 1913. It was next performed at a private reception given by the Swedish International Theosophical Peace Congress Committee to Katherine Tingley and party, and to the members of the Swedish Press, at the Grand Hotel Royal, Stockholm, July 8, 1913. The Râja-Yoga International Chorus' third performance of the cantata was at the Grand Concert Auditorium, at Amsterdam, Holland, on August 15, 1913; the fourth at Bechstein Hall, London, on September 3; the last at the Copley-Plaza Hotel Auditorium, Boston, Mass., September 17, 1913. It is now to be sung for the first time on the Pacific Coast.

On the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
He the Master of Life descending,  
On the red crags of the quarry,  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
O'er the precipice plunging downward  
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.  
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,  
With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it,  
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Moulded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with figures!  
From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
With its dark green leaves upon it;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
With the bark of the red willow;  
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,  
Made its great boughs chafe together,  
Till in flame they burst and kindled;  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,  
Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapor,  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,

Till it broke against the heaven,  
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
From the Valley of Wyoming,  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,  
From the Northern Lakes and Rivers,  
All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations  
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!  
By this signal from afar off,  
Bending like a wand of willow,  
Waving like a hand that beckons,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Calls the tribes of men together,  
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,  
Came the warriors of the nations,  
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,  
Came the Choctaws and Comanches,  
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,  
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,  
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,  
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,  
All the warriors drawn together  
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
To the Mountains of the Prairie,  
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,

And they stood there on the meadow,  
With their weapons and their war gear,  
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Wildly glaring at each other;  
In their faces stern defiance,  
In their hearts the feuds of ages,  
The hereditary hatred,  
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

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THE PEACE-PIPE —Continued

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The Creator of the nations,  
Looked upon them with compassion,  
With paternal love and pity;  
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling  
But as quarrels among children,  
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,  
To subdue their stubborn natures,  
To allay their thirst and fever,  
By the shadow of his right hand;  
Spake to them with voice majestic  
As the sound of far-off waters,  
Falling into deep abysses,  
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

“O my children! my poor children!  
Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of Life, who made you!

“I have given you lands to hunt in,  
I have given you streams to fish in,  
I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,  
Filled the rivers full of fishes;  
Why then are you not contented?  
Why then will you hunt each other?

“I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars of bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.

“I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,  
Who shall toil and suffer with you,  
If you listen to his counsels,

You will multiply and prosper;  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish!

“Bathe now in the stream before you,  
Wash the war-paint from your faces,  
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,  
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,  
Break the red stone from this quarry,  
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,  
Take the reeds that grow beside you,  
Deck them with your brightest feathers,  
Smoke the calumet together,  
And as brothers live henceforward!”

Then upon the ground the warriors  
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,  
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,  
Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their faces.  
Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the footprints  
Of the Master of Life descending;  
Dark below them flowed the water,  
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,  
As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,  
Cleaned and washed from all their war-paint;  
On the banks their clubs they buried,  
Buried all their war-like weapons.  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry,  
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,  
Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest feathers,  
And departed each one homeward,  
While the Master of Life, ascending,  
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,  
Through the doorways of the heaven,  
Vanished from before their faces,  
In the smoke that rolled around him,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

Inquirers desiring information concerning the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, should address  
Joseph H. Fussell, Sec'y, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

For particulars concerning the Râja-Yoga College, address  
The Secretary, Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

Let us, by playing our part well, invoke the God of Peace, that it may brood over our fair land and breathe into the hearts of all a larger tolerance and a greater love for each other, for all nations, for all people.---*Katherine Tingley*

10 CANTATA FOR CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA (Piano Arrangement)  
Rex Dunn (Râja-Yoga Student)

“THE PEACE-PIPE” from Longfellow’s “Song of Hiawatha”

Composed especially for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, Convoked and Directed by  
Katherine Tingley, Visingsö, Sweden, June 22-29, 1913

RÂJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL CHORUS  
(Conducted by the Composer)



Râja-Yoga Students on their way to their hotel after singing at the Twentieth Universal Peace Congress at the Hague, accompanied by  
Professor Daniel de Lange (on the left), Founder-Director of the Amsterdam Conservatory of Music

## F I N A L E

THE RÂJA-YOGA INTERNATIONAL CHORUS INVITE ALL PRESENT TO JOIN IN SINGING  
“THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER”

Interior Floral Decorations by the Students of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California

I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have never fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is Hell. --- *General W. T. Sherman*

Brotherhood is not sentiment, is not emotion; is not so-called love. It is putting one's self mentally in the very place of another, and realizing his difficulties, while showing him that true compassion which we would hope in like place. --- *William Q. Judge*

Those who practise their duty towards all, and for duty's sake, are few; and fewer still are those who perform that duty, remaining content with the satisfaction of their own secret consciousness. --- *H. P. Blavatsky*

Hate can never produce love. Let us bind all foreign elements by the kindly bond of sympathy. --- *Louis Kossuth (the Hungarian Patriot)*

One example is worth a thousand arguments. --- *W. E. Gladstone*

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.  
*Isaiah, II. 4*

A brave man is not made suddenly. We must discipline ourselves in winter for the summer campaign. --- *Epictetus*

It should be our care not only to make peace, but to maintain it. But this will never be until we are persuaded that quiet is better than disturbance, justice than injustice, the care of our own than grasping at what belongs to another. --- *Isocrates (486-338 B. C.)*

War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another. --- *Wellington to Lord Shaftsbury*

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On Thursday afternoon, at two o'clock, the 47th Encampment of the Departments of California and Nevada, Grand Army of the Republic, and a few invited guests, will be entertained by Katherine Tingley at her Open-air Greek Theater, at Point Loma, assisted by the Residents and Students of the International Theosophical Headquarters, and of the Râja-Yoga College. A special program has been arranged.