

December 22-1934 - 1

Dear Madame Ruerich -

Innumerable times, since the beautiful Sunday came, I have written to you in my thoughts. Each time the letter was much too long - consuming many moments of your invaluable time.

Therefore, now, after many thoughts and many preparations I shall say to you simply, "I thank you, Beloved Tara."

It was a glorious event when the Stones came to us. The way was opened for me to speak further of "Matters Eternal" to Nancy Ann. Her understanding responses proved that her heart grasps concepts far in advance of her childish mind.

It seems beyond belief that these Jewels which have reposed in sacred places were really sent to Nancy Ann and me, for us now to cherish.

----- Beyond the black foaming chasm
I see the glow of the exquisite purple!
Overshadowing the menacing, piercing
through the darkness, is always the

radiant tender Love of Hierarchy.

aching is ones heart for those poor
souls who cannot or will not open
their eyes and see!

But already this is a longer letter
than intended, so, in ending, once
again I speak that which has so
often been sent to you in joyous
thought — "I thank you"

--- may I be worthy of the tender
care of the Beloved Tara. —

Doris

(Mrs. Doris Barber)
1511-44 st
Washington D. C.

September 7-1935²

To the Beloved Sara -

Yesterday, in front of our little shrine, our dear Avirack gave us the Holy Sign of the Beloved Master. He then gave us your beautiful and gracious message.

There are many things I could write, but the essence of them all you already know. We love our spiritual brother deeply and tenderly. Through him we understand many glorious aspects of the Truth.

It is simply impossible to put into words the reverent joy with which we beheld the Sacred Sign and received the loving message of our resplendent Sara.

In a measure, we realize the great responsibility our dear one has assumed in safeguarding us and it is our constant prayer that we may be worthy to carry always in our hearts the Banner of the Three Shields.

With the Sign of Service - in devotion
and love -

Doris

September 17-1935

3

Beloved Sara -

When this message of greeting reaches you, Clyde - Maurice and I will be separated by many earthly miles, but I pray this spiritual tie will constantly become more and more firmly welded in Service and Love to our Lord - our Gurn - and our Sara.

In Love and Devotion

Dois

"White Mountains"

July 27-1936 4

Our Dear Ones - our Tara and our Gunn -
with all my heart I send greetings
of love once again from the white
mountains -

Although our - Clyde and I come here
this year with tired bodies and taut
nerves, already so great is our joy in
this meeting that with each breath I
feel the surge of the current of our heart's
unity carrying us triumphantly over
the accumulation of obstacles that
arise, even here. How clever are the
dark ones to always attempt entrance
from within the weakest point! But
to realize this, with constant vigilance,
is already victory. Indeed, courage
and selflessness is most necessary
in the striving to capture the image
of the "fair face of Truth".

Our Shining An- is improving in health so rapidly here with us that even his voice once again is manifesting its own inimitable, softly joyous quality. I absolutely know my adored brother, An-, is a true Saint and when his face is illumined with inner joy I am certain the radiance brightens the stars!

We have an exquisitely beautiful Shrine-room! Soon we shall send you small pictures of it. Especially from there is directed our very highest aspirations. The entire tiny room is so lovely, even to the eye..... The other evening as I meditated there alone, I thought, "Surely, our Tara and our Guru must dwell so closely we feel their dear presence here!" and with this thought affirmation was

6
evoked from the little table (the one
especially devoted to our Tara and our
Guru) and repeated from the table on
which rests Portraits of the masters.
I am certain you feel the rays of
love and aspiration and unity of
hearts flowing from this little white
farm-house in the mountains!

It is not possible to express in words
to you how greatly I appreciate and
treasure your precious and dear
messages transmitted by air. Each
of us heartily rejoices in every
word received by any of us from
the Ashram. Air - say we are
like children!

It is with deepest regret and
sympathy that I understand your
health continues to fluctuate -- my

7

Heart understands this very well, I believe, and it sickens our such cruelty -- I am very, very, very, sorry you carry now this additional burden. But from here, O Tara, --- comes love! And I send to you our joy --- that it may be a part of your joy --- and I send to you our unity --- that it may help alleviate the cruel blows of the disunited ones ---

And I send to you the strength of our love and respect for each other --- and our love and reverence for the Highest --- that it may be transmuted through your glorious hearts into service for our Beloved Master.

Don's

Bethlehem, New Hampshire
Box 77

August 3 - 1936

To our Beloved Sara and Gene -

When writing you there is always
so much I wish to say - I would like
to speak at length of the night by
communion with dear Clyde and Ar - in
our Shrine room; - of the many precious
manifestations of the closeness of the 3
Shields; - of the study of the translations;
of the loving talks I have with each of
the children about the Living Ethics; - of
my constant prayer that I, too, will
soon find my labor in the construction
of the Great Future - - - - - In my
heart I speak to you of many
things - and once, when I was
greatly troubled, our Sara answered,
close to my ear, "I understand, dear!"
- and I was impressibly touched

and comforted and strengthened.

I send my love and devotion
to our most Beloved Master,
Jesus and Mary -

Doris -

White Mountains

Bethlehem

New Hampshire

77

August 31 - 1936 10
Bethelbeem - N. H.

To our Beloved Lura and Tara -

In a separate package, I am sending you, for your use, two small bottles of Pyavin tooth powder; the formula for it is the result of many years painstaking labor by my brother in California, Dr. H. L. Crouther, an oral surgeon.

The history of Pyavin is interesting and unusual. Due to ill health my brother was forced to relinquish his general practice and he then began to experiment in his laboratory on this idea of a really efficacious and therefore revolutionary, mouth prophylaxis. Meeting extreme financial reverses through the years - he turned to all sorts of temporary work, in and out of his profession, as his health permitted - in order to have sufficient funds to carry on the experiments with this new scientific formula. At last,

after seven years his labor was crowned with success and he wrote me that "in a strange way the missing ingredient was given" him and the formula was now perfect and ready for application.

Since then, (three or four years ago) his entire life has been dedicated to placing this remarkable health preserving dentifrice in the hands of the people.

Many discouraging obstacles he surmounted and the first victory was in obtaining, after lengthy battles, a patent (an unheard of thing in this line).

Finally, he found a group of men who were seemingly eager to place Pyarim before the public - contracting to advertise in a certain way and acquainting the people with Pyarim in a manner befitting the quality of this product. However, it is now evident the intention of these men has been to prevent its appearance - the machinations and legalities of their methods

are beyond description! In most countries ¹²
legal ways they will hold Pyovien from the
public.

Maurice, believing in the future of this
dentifrice - and being a constant user of
it himself, suggested I send you these two
small bottles in my possession - and I
hope you will find it as pleasant to
use as we all do.

After a few days use of Pyovien, the teeth
will assume a beautiful soft lustre, which
lustre is a shield against acid. For children,
this powder is especially splendid as its
proper use completely shields the teeth from
decomposition. Pour only a small quantity
(half a thimble full) in the palm of the hand
and pick it up with a slightly dampened
tooth brush. Allow only the saliva to
dilute the powder as it is brushed on
the teeth, gums and tongue for three
minutes. Hold the solution in the mouth

13.
for a few seconds — then rinse out — if
desired. Note the clean fresh sensation.
A half-ounce full in a glass of warm
water is a most soothing gargle for sore
throat. It is also a mouth purifier!

We are certain this is one of the
new remedies for mankind in the New
World and therefore we are very eager
to share it with you in its beginning.

If you like it I will send you a
larger quantity for your constant use.

Thank you very very much for your
splendid article "Combating Ignorance" sent
to me. How rich is the printed word — when
it emanates from our dear and beloved Guru!

Although I type all of Mr. H's translations and
also our translations here — it is evident I am
not a trained typist (having only begun to teach
myself this last winter) and I beg of you to
please excuse the mistakes. With the first
reading and proof-reading — then the typing,
followed by the proof-reading — you can

14
imagine how deeply and richly I am
enfolded in His works!

The mother of Avirach wrote to Clyde
and me a most warm and beautiful
letter, simply filled with loving and
sweet blessings..... because we love
so much her son....

I am also enclosing two or three small
snapshots of myself and Nancy Ann -
The children have gone back already and
soon we too must go.

My loving thoughts are sent to you
constantly, - and I hope with all my
heart your health is much much
better, Beloved Tara.

Awesomey I count my blessings - and
am so completely eager to help in the
Great Plan and I pray to be worthy to
carry the Banner of the Three Shields
forever and ever!

With all my love and devotion -
Doris

September - 2 - 1936 15

To our Beloved Ones - our Guru - our Sara

Yesterday several of the snow-white winged birds appeared to my vision, and as these messengers always precede the impending arrival of communications from the Astrane, we watch, with greatest joy and eagerness - the arrival of the daily mails.

In the meantime we have so many plans for the Future! To-day we discuss the publishing in America of Commune. Although, as you know, my residence is no longer in Oblastovca, I am very eager to help in any and every possible way with the new Center in the mid-west - and feel certain the possibilities will come. It is such joy to plan and work in thought of the

16

Structure - in this is already creation
prepared for earthly manifestation.

Yesterday Avirach transmitted to us
your words to the circle - pertaining
to our "Little Commune" here in the
White Mountains. You can imagine
how our hearts received these words!

It is sad to hear our Tara continues
to suffer in health - and constantly
are sent best thoughts for strengthening
health. — We remember that
Great Joy is near!

With all love and devotion
and gratitude and eagerness to
serve Him — I am —

Doris (of the "Little Commune")

White Mountains

September 23-1936 17

To our Beloved Gurn and Sara -

Let me also speak of Adrian's enclosed letter, in an expression of hope for even better possibilities than the first plan which has been delayed by the accident (?) to Mr. Perkins — and also to convey to you my firm belief I will be able to help in a practical way very soon.

In this letter I am enclosing our most recent snapshots.

● To-day begins the court trial and while "every thing is for the best" nevertheless to know that Av-of-the-heart is so cruelly subjected to such dreadful procedure - in close proximity to the evil ones is cause for grave concern. Therefore, through the night hours and through the hours of the day I pray the shield of my God will help turn aside the poisonous arrows directed toward my own brother, so dearly treasured. However, all along I strongly feel that in a short time there will be either an end to the court trial or a temporary postponement - or a dull - or something - thus giving our Av-the opportunity to return here, for at least a short time, that we may embrace every particle of

his precious being in our tenderest care and love.

September 10-13 we three traveled by motor from here to Quebec (Canada) and return. It was a strange and beautiful journey. As says we entered alien territory and returned laden with treasures! And just so, we did! Both spiritual and material. We visited every old shrine and church we could find.

I wish I could tell you about these all! But of one episode at the shrine of "Cap-de-La-Madeline" I shall speak:— In one of the very oldest churches (around 1670, I think) was a most exquisite shrine — emanating the love and care and reverence and aspirations of many simple people — (This was also a "miraculous" shrine, there being many crutches etc — as mute evidence of the cures of the lame effected there.) We all felt this particular place very close — and as, afterwards, we walked on the path outside I felt the strong urge to return to the church — as if I must go back. — Joyously — lightly — I

hurried back - through the ancient and
creaking door - and walked directly the
length of the center aisle - alone in the
church I stood at the ^{my} foremost pew -
nothing existed except a breathless consciousness
of the Beautiful - as my eyes rested upon
the white Dove high above the shrine -
After a moment or so, I turned to the candles
on my left - and with a long wax taper
lighted the top most candle - dedicating the
flame to the Three Shields. (This was
my first candle-lighting in a church - but
Ar - often does this.) Returning to my
former place at the foremost pew, on the
seat beside me, my eyes beheld a small
heap of ^{tiny} heart-shaped pearls - linked together
with a tiny silver chain! Part of an
exquisite rosary! Several tiny white hearts
and one small round sphere encased in filigree.
I remembered in the spring - a dream in
which our Tara gave me "an exquisitely finely
wrought silver chain adorned with small pearls."

Here in our bedroom - room I have arranged the pearls and chain in the form of a chalice - the base being a beloved rosary Ar - gave me long ago - Above the chalice is placed a tiny gold heart Clyde gave me - thus reminding of "The heart, as in a chalice, with ascending flame"

Another happening: - Last winter I saw 7777. I recognized this as my motor car speedometer, therefore we all awaited expectantly, the day - hour and moment on which 7,777 miles would register on the speedometer. ----- On our return trip from Quebec, on September 12, Saturday at 7 P. M. between the tiny Canadian villages of Bon Conseil (BON CONSEIL) and St. Cyrille, the instrument rapidly approached that total. Looking ahead, estimating the spot ahead at which the number would come up on the meter, I saw, at the estimated spot, at the very top of a small hill - beside the road, a strange tree - and I cried out "What a

strange tree!" Clyde exclaimed "it is
huge
a rickie!" — For the tree was unmistakably
bent and shaped as a huge sickle.... At that
very spot — the 7777 became an actuality —
We stopped — the country side was deserted
except in the distance off to one side we
saw three blazing fires — all in a row —
the clouds were as flying white birds in
the radiance of the setting sun — — and with
a prayer for the wayfarer — we pinned, on
the strange tree, by the side of the road, a
cross — from one of the Strives —
And thus we continued our journey — back to
the white mountains — not consciously
understanding the episode — but feeling the
little ceremony we had performed at that
moment in time, on that spot — was in
some way significant and also acceptable
to our Beloved Three Shields!

In a small box, by boat mail, we are sending
you tiny souvenirs from several of the Strives —
may they speak to you of our pilgrimage!
With love and devotion to our Beloved Master and ^{himself} and ^{himself} and ^{himself} —
— Doris —

January 14, 1938

22

Most Beloved Tara-

No language known to me has words to adequately describe the encircling wings of joy and love which filled my own little room as I opened a letter from my own Brother Av- and found therein the exquisite portrait of the beautiful Tara! Conventional expressions of appreciation flow forth easily, but truly, the song in my heart wherein this treasured Sending abides is without words..... Surely the heavens smiled that day!..... After solemnly accepting the trust and responsibility of having for my very own this sweetest image, and sending the heart's quick response of appreciation, I remembered many heraldings of its arrival. The portrait itself is familiar to me--- Over a year ago I wrote Av- a description of such a portrait of the Tara..... Again, according to my written records, a few months later I saw only the left hand with the ring and described its appearance and quality, and recognized to whom it belonged..... Last summer in Santa Fe I told Av- and Clyde of our receiving from our Tara, all in one envelope, for each of us a tiny white image of the White Tara, with a white Lotus carved at the Solar Plexus. These little white figures wore white veils as the Madonna..... Again, as recently as December 24th, a letter to Av- and also my records speak of a beautiful garden of Love, a man and a woman, arms intertwined sitting on a white marble bench under a bower of flowers. I stood a little apart from these devoted two, looking out over the beauty of the garden. Upon a tall white marble pedestal a few feet from us, there alighted the familiar, unmistakable snow-white Dove! Wings wide-spread from full flight and in its beak it held a large white stone or pearl which it was about to carefully place on the marble pedestal before us.....

Then last eve in the candle light on my little altar the face, the throat, and the flower over the heart in this portrait became the cup, the stem, and the base of a gleaming white chalice! In the dim light this chalice with the glow at the base and the triangular composition of head and hands were exceptionally striking. So you see already this is to me a magic portrait!

I know that to Clyde and to Av- this must have come at a most difficult time and that it brought new life and courage to them, just as to me. On such a day when the slow growth of consciousness seemed particularly disheartening to me, and the body distressed and harassed with continued inflammation, congestion and pain; and over and above all, the not knowing yet whether Adrian fulfilled his obligation January 10th, and concerned over the entire situation.. I repeat, on such a day came this Blessing of the sweetest most beautiful White Tara! And I do send loving gratitude to you for this precious symbol.

With all my love -

Doris.

May 15th--- at three A.M.

Professor and Madam Roerich were my house guests preceeding their attendance, and Professors Roerich's address to be given at the opening of the exhibition of the Master Institute Alumni here in Washington at the Silver Wheel. (Name of the place where the exhibition actually was to be is the Silver Wheel). The opening was to be from 7 to 9. From 7 to 8 there was to be some sort of religious (?) service at which Professor Roerich was to speak. From 8 to 9 was the showing of the pictures. It was after dinner and we four sat in the living room (not this house although it may have been Washington). Larry wore a half smile of respectful affable courtesy--- he was 'on his toes' mentally, for it was evident he was impressed with our guests. I asked Professor Roerich some general question about the Theosophical Teaching and as he started to answer me he got up and walked rapidly around the room and into the hall, with me beside him listening closely so as not to lose his answer. It was as if he could talk better if he were moving around-- a sense of a certain unrest, or preoccupation I felt from him. As he started to answer me, someone interrupted us--- and he did not finish the sentence and left the room.

When I was back in the living room with our Tara, we were all going to have to go to the exhibition very soon--- because Professor Roerich had to speak there. Suddenly I noticed, with shock, the small table that had been between Larry and Professor Roerich as we four had sat together, was my little shrine-table, which I then recalled, vaguely, having seen Larry carry ~~it~~ from my room to the down-stairs for he needed an extra table for his ash tray. Now there was lots of stuff piled upon it. Some thin broken green glass (not mine). The following scene and incidents moved with great speed and precision. I was aghast at this use of my shrine-table and hastened to pick up the glass and to clear off the table, throwing the debris on the floor. The Tara, who was close by my side in the warmest, most intimate way, as if we were very close, said--- " Let us throw these things in the fireplace". And started to help me do this. Then we sat or knelt or something before my little shrine-table and I was eager to point out to Her the things I knew She was familiar with, such as the Buddha Av- gave me--- and I said--- " You will recognize this Buddha". And as I started to reach for it to hand to Her, She suddenly moved a little closer to the table on my right-- and I was astonished to see also another Buddha on the low table and then still another figure which I recognized for I said, " This, of course, is the Mother of the World figure"--- and the Tara nodded and picked up the new Buddha--- This Buddha was a low squatty figure, wrapped in voluminous robes, with only the head well carved and detailed. As our Tara picked up this Buddha which She had placed there for me, it came loose from its pedestal and in it were eight or ten small pieces of jewelry of Her own, a selection including tiny little pins set with pearls (there were no jewels I can recall except pearls). I touched the Buddha and under the pedestal was an exquisitely fined little chain with an ornament of drop-pearls-- (why do I say "drop-pearls", I never heard of such a thing). They were larger than seed pearls and more perfect in shape and still not large pearls. Her beautiful hands, wearing the same ring I have seen ^{in my dream} on this hand of our Tara, sort of hovered over the little shrine-table and as She removed them, there fell gently on the shrine several, perhaps seven or eight, small, delicately carved tiny little ivory monkeys, the ivory darkened in the crevices as old ivory does darken with age. My thought was that I was surprised over this gift for I had never liked these little carved monkeys, which have been often worn by people on a bracelet, but of course not so lovely as these. This fad had never appealed to me, even though the monkeys depicted in suitable postures " see no evil, speak no evil and hear no evil".--- But I thought at once I must learn to like these for they must be very significant, coming from our Tara. These did not have the hands over the ears and mouth and eyes as the typical "hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil" monkeys, but now as I recall their shape, in reviewing the dream, I think they were very strangely shaped monkeys indeed! But I recognized them,

24

dear little tokens that they were. The Tara read my thought and nodding in understanding said, "There is no doubt a very good reason for your dislike and this will take care of it now". And I knew She meant this prejudice or whatever I felt about monks, now that She gave them to me, would leave me as quickly as my indifference to birds after I saw the White Dove.... So I knew I would love these. All this happened so fast--- and as her hands moved these tiny things dropped from them on the shrine-table. I said so many "O's" and "A's" of delight that two women who had been sitting some distance from us in the room became curious and came over to where we were and started to pick up the closest object to them which happened to be an old ring of Clyde's which I keep on my shrine---- and I cried out "Dont touch!" but quickly the Tara said-- "Let them"---- and closing Her eyes,, and with a wave of Her hand, (a graceful beautiful gesture, so quickly they did not see what she did) passed her hand over the table, or rather a suggestion of passing the hand over the table, for the movement was only perceptible to me... And I knew She was sort of immunizing these precious things so that the foreign touch of these very ordinary people (ordinary in that they were "usual") could not make any impress upon these objects.... All this time it was rapidly approaching the time for us to leave for the exhibit and I mentally decided to go without changing my garments, for it was far more precious to have every possible instant with the Tara than to have my clothes appropriate for the exhibiton. But when these women approached and I saw they were going to be at the table for a few seconds, as the Tara ran a comb through Her hair to tidy it in front for the leaving, I dashed up stairs to get my comb to do the same. I cannot explain how close and intimate and warm was the Tara. I was so touched and overwhelmed that she had planned and taken the trouble to bring me these dear personal things of Her own for my shrine....! This all happened so quickly, that now I remember the very first thing I saw on my shrine was a gift from our Guru-- it was a larger object and attracted my attention first thing-- then I became so busy clearing off the debris Larry had placed on the shrine, that I forgot to write it down as it happened--Anyway the Guru had brought me some sort of metallic woven head-dress, very oriental in appearance, somewhat like a Chinese coolie's hat, only flatter and smaller--like a disc with the middle raised. I was so touched how they both had planned to give these things to me and without words had given them to me in such a dear way. The warmth of the Tara is indescribable... I felt Her, although She did not touch me,--- it is as if She radiated something that simply transcends my vocabulary. She had a sort of quickness of movement that I had never associated with Her in my thoughts. She was so absolutely dear and adorable that I was breathless with delight and joy. I cannot express this feeling She gave of such acceptance of me, as someone She loved! It is beyond words. The Guru was more detached, he was wearing the outer mask for the world, fulfilling his duty of touching the world in an outer way. He was still somewhere in the house carrying on a conversation with Larry---- I had no feeling it was other than most impersonal. As I hurried up the stairs, leaving the Tara guarding these dear tokens they had brought me, I saw over the railing into another room our Guru and Larry together and I called out that I hoped he would be able to later perhaps finish what he started to tell me.... And the Guru smiled and bowed very politely, even though a bit abstractedly..... I awakened very slowly, basking in this beautiful warmth of the presence of the Tara. I could still feel her very close and my thought was of how happy Av- would be to hear the Tara had come to me again, for the other time, a few weeks ago, he had said, Her coming meant I was to be well, and now again, the second time surely must confirm it in a most positive way. With that thought I realized what I had been dreaming and I lay very quietly recalling every detail-- then after fixing it firmly in my mind, I sat up and wrote it down, as is.

25

To our Beloved Sara -
Greetings and love -
Doris