hotel PIEDMONT
3451 PIEDMONT AVENUE NEAR BROADWAY
One Block from Bay Bridge Highway
Oakland, Calif.
ZONE 11

6 Nov. - '48

Dear Shelik.

You may find it hard to believe what great pleasure you gave me in your letter from Bombay – it was such a long time ago that you sent it. Please believe that I was delighted to hear from you – also that I'm still looking forward to seeing the photograph of your wife you said you would send.

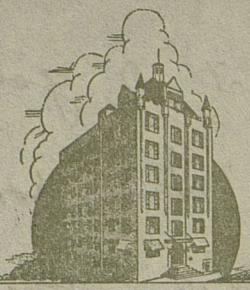
If you remember, you asked me the cause of multiple sclerosis. The cause is not known, and no cure is known. Much research is

going on. In the meantime, Dr. Kabat has found resistance exercises to be beneficial. This small hotel has been bought by the Kabat-Kaiser Institute, and physical therapy is given here. The son of Henry J. Kaiser, the manufacturer, has had M.S. for a long time — and has been helped a lot by Dr. Kabat. Which explains the name Kabat-Kaiser Institute. Both the son and the father are doing much to help others.

I have been here since Sept— the staff doctors told me two or three months of the therapy would help me a great deal. I am the least crippled of any of the patients here. Some of them are

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frightfully lame — many have difficulty in speaking, and many have worse eyesight than mine. I cannot control a pen very well in writing — as you probably notice. And my right leg is rather lame. Otherwise, I'm fairly well. At any rate, I'm working hard at the exercises — both alone in the gymnasium every day, and for six hours each week with a physical therapist, who in my case is a German woman with a

heart of gold and fingers of steel.

And now to bring an end to multiple sclerosis — it is "a patchy destruction of the covering of the spinal cord and of the white matter of the brain". (Not of the grey matter, thank God.) And so the nerve impulses sent to the muscles are imperfect, with the result that certain muscles are not used enough. They seem to find this discouraging, and so they shrink a bit. (The disease is not known in the Orient, incidentally.) Nerve tissue does not restore itself. So there one is — stuck with the

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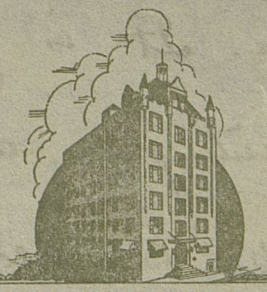
damned thing for life. If the thing were known in India, probably the mysterious Kundalini would be treated—

Just before your father's death, I had written to Mrs. Fosdick (Lichtmann) for news of your family. She gave me what news she had, & gave me a new address for Miss Grant— It was a great surprise. And it was still more surprising, when I heard from Miss Grant herself, to hear that

she was no longer in the picture. She wrote — not at all bitterly — that "all that seemed very long ago." I'm afraid she must have been the one who brought Henry Wallace into things. The results have been unfortunate, certainly. One newspaper man in particular — Westbrook Pegler, a columnist whose writing is one long snarl, during the presidential campaign made cruel fun of Wallace on account of what he calls "the Guru letters," written by Wallace to Prof. R. (They were private letters, & I wonder who made them public.) The whole thing is a mess, and I hope your

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beautiful mother has not been made ill by it. In one of the books your father mentions the anathema of the Pope. Can that be the reason for all the trouble? If you prefer not to write about these things, please don't. We'll have much to talk about when next we meet. (By the way, is George in the Kulu Valley?) And may we meet before too long.

Please give my love to E.D.,

and my respects to your beautiful

wife. It is good to know you are painting — and how I should like to see your pictures!

With all best wishes,

As ever —

Jim

645 W. Rose Street
Stockton 10. Calif.
14-1-49

Dear Sudik.

Many thanks for the nice card. Very interesting, too.

With regard to Manly Hall — I'm sure his work goes on. I've heard several of his Sunday lectures in Los Angeles, but never have met him. Just now a friend of mine in Hollywood is trying to get some information for you. Telephoning was useless — he's so busy that his secretary shields him from calls. And so my friend has written to him — as soon as there is news you shall have it.

I'm back from Oakland — after three months of physiotherapy.

My slight limp is slighter than it was, and I am much less tired than I used to be. Now the exercises must continue — but unfortunately a bad cold has kept me from them. California has been having unusually cold weather, with snow and ice in places that have never known such things.

Your mention of the importance of faith is interesting. While I was in Oakland I met some people who, in an intelligent and friendly way, made me promise them to read Science and Health. And within a few

days I had letter from two friends, urging me to read Christian Science. One of them even sent me the books, and told me what they had meant to him. And so I've been reading Mrs. Eddy — a strange proceeding for a doctor's son. But of course I find much that I understand — although I don't approve of her bitter remarks about Theosophy, pantheism, and all other religions and philosophies. However, I'm not being unfair about it, I think — and I was told I should find much with which to

disagree. So - I'll go on reading.
The thing that made me promise
to read Science and Health was
the friendliness of the people
who believed it would help.
The more and more come to
believe friendliness to be of the
highest importance - in the
sense of love of one's fellow
men. I think perhaps I told
you - or was it to E. I. that
I wrote long ago? - about the
extraordinary feeling I had in
Vienna, in 1930. It was a
kind of exaltation, with the
strongest feeling of love for
everyone. And later I read in

on of the Agni Yoga series about the importance of the thirtieth year. It made me wonder, because of course in 1930 I was thirty years old. And I've never known such joy as I knew then — with a glowing sensation in the solar plexus.

Well — this is 1949. However, as soon as my cold is better I'm starting the exercises with 10-pound iron boots on my feet, to build up endurance, and other things to restore my faulty balance.

A week from today I'm to go to San Francisco. The

Public Library there has asked me to tell a story to the children. I'm going to tell one I haven't written yet, called "The Little Boy Who Ate a Star." If you remember, it's a story you started and I finished. A cloud carries a naughty small boy up to a star and leaves him there — and I remember your words, 'It proved to be quite flat, and it had the usual five points.' (I hope it wasn't an old Russian tale you remembered from childhood.) At any rate, many children in San Francisco are going to hear it next Friday.

Shan Kar was there last Monday, showing the film he made in India. I was awfully sorry I couldn't go to see it.

I'm anxious to see your paintings. Do you think you'll really come over here – or must I come to India to see them and you?

One of the Indian boys I knew in Pasadena, at Cal. Tech., was from Bombay – a fine boy, & I'm afraid terribly homesick. He may not be back there yet, but I hope you will meet him some day. His name is Humayun Kureishi.

I don't like your tired feeling, following flu. Many people have it, and it's bad. Are vitamins available in India? They're always recommended. Let me know, and I'll send you some from here. (Could the low altitude be to blame?)

Is E. J. still in the Kulu Valley? How is she? And what of George?

Again thanks for the charming card, 'Tibetan Encampment'.

With my most affectionate greetings to both of you -

Yours ever.

Jim

9 645 West Rose Street
Stockton 10 California
19-1-49

Dear Shel -

Here is a note from Manly Hall to my friend Mrs. Turner (not Lurner) in Hollywood. She tells me that as far as she knows he is lecturing and writing, as usual. He publishes a magazine, and has private astrology classes. Anyhow, she couldn't reach him by telephone, and so she sent him your letter - with the enclosed result. She very efficient, except for the fact that his address does not appear - and that's what I hoped to find out for you. Next,

I'll ask Mrs. Turner again to send me his address, and then finally you shall have it. That will be in my next Interoffice Memorandum.

My fond best wishes to both of You. (And where is that photograph?)

Yours always.

Jim

645 W. Rose Street
Stockton 3 Calif.
April 1952

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Dear Shetik.

When you wrote to me about your land in India, I wondered at once what it was doing both for India and for yourself. And, thinking of the horrible famines, I thought surely it must be growing edible things. So — I thought I ought to tell you the little I know about such things.

There is a man in Pasadena, at the Calif. Institute of Technology, named Dr. Henry Borsook. He is Head of the Bio-chemistry Department there, and a great authority on vitamins. During the war he worked out a formula for food containing all the essentials of a normal diet, with the idea of preventing famine. The important ingredient was Soy beans. His work resulted in a formula which could have given one person an adequate diet at a cost of one penny a day.

He meant to give the idea to the world, for use in famine areas, I believe. But at the end of the war, the whole crop of Soy beans in this country was bought by manufacturers of plastics — to make steering wheels of motor cars, etc. At any rate, Dr. Borsook's original idea came to nothing — as far as I know. I believe there is a small quantity of a food called Multi-purpose Meal, which can be bought in Health Food Shops, & which is based upon his idea. But it isn't as cheap as he would have had it be.

If your land is agricultural, wouldn't Soy beans be a good crop for India?

Under separate cover I am sending you a small book by Thomas Sugrue, thinking it may interest you. Sugrue has lately been in San Francisco on a lecture tour, & I went over to hear him. I got to know him fairly well, too. His

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645 W. Rose Street -
Stockton 10 California -

Dear Shetik -

If you had taken as long a time to congratulate me on my marriage in 1930 as I have taken to send you my best wishes for your wife and yourself, I might have pinned your letter to my decree of divorce and put them together in my Memory Book. But I am sure your marriage is both happy and successful — as well as

felicitations de plus profond
de l'âme -

In the Book of Etiquette,
probably, congratulations and
condolences should not come
Together. But if one has thought
at all of Atman and Brahman,
and believes that Atman is
Brahman, then such small
worldly consideration seem not
to exist. The news of your
wonderful father's death was
a disappointment and a shock.
Many people are sorry, and I

I am among them, but surely there 12
are many who believe he has
gone on to greater usefulness,
love, beauty, and action.

When I was in Washington in
1942 for the Red Cross, I inquired
among officials to find out
about the Pact and Banner of
Peace — in the midst of all the
thoughts and plans for war. The
most important Red Cross officer
told me that the Army had
decided it was a fine idea,
but that it couldn't work because

highly decorative. A friend of mine from Sialkot tells me Dwaka Ranee is extremely beautiful. And I have a gouache portrait of you that I did at Harvard in 1922, from memory. It does not, as the art critics say, 'capture your soul', but it has a certain twinkle that was like you at the time. And so I have got, in my mind and in my heart, a very complimentary picture of an ideal marriage. Please accept, then — even at this late date — my

2 bombs could not be aimed accurately. But later, I noticed, accurate bomb-sights were invented — and because of them, and of the careful aerial photography that preceded bombings, the Vatican was spared, and the Cologne Cathedral, among other things. And when I asked why the museums in Munich were destroyed, an Air Force officer told me the bombs were directed at Nazi meeting places, and our

Is there not, perhaps, some Tibetan herb for what my doctor tells me is Multiple Sclerosis - a nerve disease? My right arm is slightly numb, and my right leg so lame that I must walk with a stick. I'm given daily injection of something called Sodium Cacodylate - an arsenical compound — which seem to help a little. But at the slight rate of improvement,

Intelligence Service in Germany found that the museums were being used as meeting places." So, naturally, of course---

But I like to think that Prof. Roerich's idea did at least a little good, and woke the militarists to new possibilities - I think it likely that precision bombing, at least, grew out of his much larger idea. X

Do you continue your interest in herbs and medicine?

it seems not unlikely they will have to go on for the rest of my life.

If this letter reaches you, will you let me know the best way of addressing you? I wrote to Elena Ivanovna in December, but did not direct the letter via Karachi - I hope it got to her.

Please give my affectionate remembrances to E. J. and to Georg.

With all my best wishes to yourself and your beautiful wife,

Always yours -
J. Hull