

Box
1000

ARCHIVES
+
Letters

17
15-PM
N.Z.

MESSRS. HENRY KEYS
502 C.M.L. BLDG
QUEEN ST
AUCKLAND

Handwritten notes in a circular stamp, possibly "1000" and "1000".

2236

Buck
Henry H

17-5-PM-
NZ

ARCHIVES

+

Letters

MESSRS. HENRY KEYS

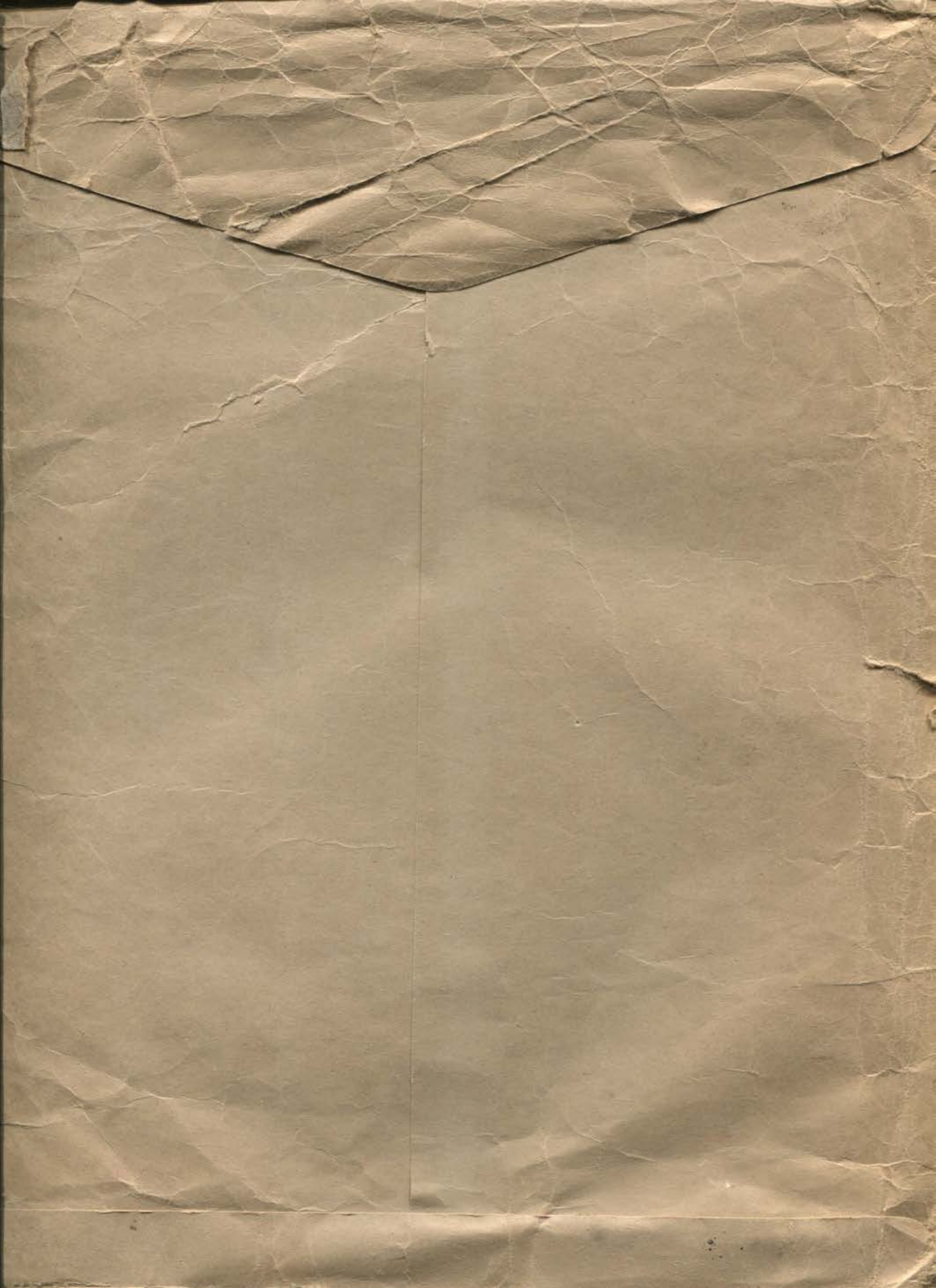
502 C.M.L. BLDG

QUEEN ST

AUCKLAND

Henry
family
1890

2236



Airmail



Dr Paul Brunton

DR. PAUL BRUNTON.
P.O. BOX 2583,
AUCKLAND,
NEW ZEALAND.

Kindly Forward.

up.

Freeman
Teylinger Horstlaan 3
Wassenaar
Holland.





Inspired by and
offered to

Paul Brunton Ph.D.

from
a Bhakti-student

Inspired by
and
offered to

Golden for you
Paul Brunton Ph.D.

White for all others
from
a Bhakti-student

Golden for you
White for all others.

Golden for you

Write for all others

My beloved master,
my source of strength,
about love and God.....

let us bath together
in the clear mountain stream
of love...

my beloved master,
my source of strength,
my well of life,
let us bath together
in the clear mountainstream
of love...

my beloved master
my source of strength
my well of life,
let us both together
in the clear mountain stream
of love...

through pain and pleasure and
beyond
through male and female and
beyond
through love and passion and
beyond
I am still with you...

be still, my love
be still.....
union is,
and cannot be perceived
but all around
lives energy flows
and has its meaning for us.

let us go beyond....beyond
where even stillness is delight,
where glowing peace is our strength.

let us go beyond....beyond
and be like lotuses in the sun
their ^{thousand} ~~golden~~ leaves
in golden splendour opened.

let us go beyond... beyond
where even stillness is delight,
where glowing grace is our strength.

let us go beyond... beyond
and be like lotuses in the sun
their golden flowers
in golden splendour opened.

all love

all pain

and knowledge from many lives

The Light... of flowers
offered to me

and tears of gratitude
where my only answer.

the light

all love

all pain

and knowledge from many lifes
came, like a bunch of flowers
offered to me.

and tears of gratitude
where my only answer.

Christmas
1969.

Gracie

Angelina



Christmas
1933

Good

W. H. H. H.



P.B. personal - estate

6.12.1904 - 1905

Dear Paul Brunton,

(4)

Once again - I have discarded a book length letter - I cannot send. I shall select an excerpt or two. Coming to you took as much courage as it must have taken to spend a night in the Pyramid. It is not easy to expose one's soul to another - no matter how obligingly or by what cause.

One or two things I must tell you. Mrs. Beach (a very responsive and sweet woman) asked me if I was a student of yours. I don't remember my reply - but later I asked myself the same question. A student? A disciple - in the sense ^{of accepting of} your ideas - a philosophy in a package? The answer is "no". Awed as I am, by the truth and spirit of your work - your stupendous mind - my delight in the brilliance and clarity of your expression - this - alone, did not draw me as searching bee to its favorite nectar - It was the spirit of the man who had to find God. Unafraid, responding - driven. In this spirit, I recognized my own thirst - my own weakness - and pray dear God, my own strength. Something about the intangible you - caught my attention - and held it. You become the spring board for my own soul. Your flexibility

Dear Mr. Emerson

(4)

Over again - I have described a book
last letter - I cannot say. I shall select an object
as you. Coming to you but so much longer and I trust
have been to spend a night in the Pyramids. This is
easy to express and so to answer - the matter but
obscure or by what name.

One or two things I must tell you.
The book (a very expensive and great volume) which I
if I have a student of yours. I don't remember my
right - but later I shall myself the same question.
A student? A teacher? - in the same way I shall a
philosophy in a pocket? The answer is "no". But
as I am sure the truth and spirit of your words -
your experience and - my belief in the influence
and heart of your expression - this - alone, but I
show me an example as to the future of the
It was the spirit of the man who led to his
unfolding, regarding - human. In this spirit, I am
my own spirit - my own words - and you can see
the new strength. Something about the universe
you - and it is my attention - and I tell it. You become
the spirit of the world for my own soul. Your spirit

and endurance compelled a reaction that helped to empower me. Make no mistake about it - Solomon was much more important than his Wisdom or temple. The spirit is supreme - because it can be shared. Had God meant it otherwise - one man and one Book would have sufficed. Clouded with infancy and ignorance as I am - something in my heart tells me that. And it makes no difference what knowledge or the world says - there are times when I must deny everything for that whisper in my inner being. To put it in that symbolic and exaggerated language with which I meditate (It is not a "literary style") If the spirit be love and is true - then I must not be ashamed of love - that love be not ashamed of me.

I will spare you an account of my method of meditation - and concentrate on one other question. When the storm of a meditation has passed, where is the peace - the bliss - the serenity? Be still, you say, Cease from all your labors - ye men that run to and fro upon the earth. I had been passing it by? Why? Because the stillness - the cessation - the silence is paradoxical. It is not a stillness really - it is a pulsing, vibrant life - like the glowing heart that does not show on the unsmiling face.

and substance compared a reaction that helped
 to empower me. Take as matter about it -
 Tolson was much more important than his position
 as temple. The spirit is supreme - because it can
 be shared. That for want of a name - one man
 and one good word have sufficed. Clouded with
 inferior and ignorance as I am - something in my
 heart tells me that I make no difference
 what somebody or the world says - there are times
 when I must turn everything for the whips
 in my inner being. To put it in that symbol is
 but a "literary style" of the spirit as love and is true
 the lowest but the highest of love - that love is
 not ashamed of me.

I will agree you an account of my hatred
 of hesitation - and concentration on one question.
 When the storm of a hesitation too grows, there is
 the fear - the pain - the death? No still, you say,
 leave yourself your labor - you know that you are
 for upon the earth. I had been growing it up?
 Why? Because the stillness - the cessation the
 silence is fatal. It is not a stillness
 really - it is a dying, vibrant life like the
 growing heart that has not seen the surrounding fear.

It's a joy - quietly expanding, in hidden
Exultation, fulfils itself and in that fulfilment
stretches the heart to such an extent that heart
cannot bear it and is conscious only of its pain.
Indeed, we cannot look upon the face of the
awesome and blinding God - unless we have the
utter surrender of the pure heart - a heart cleansed
of resistance. This silence is pregnant with the
truth of being - Bliss is speechless - unexpressible
as we know it. There is in this absolute rest - a
new and complete communication - the still heart
of God upon the throbbing heart of man - immediate
understanding and unity - "Oneness." ~~It's~~ ~~of~~ serene
Expanding Ecstasy it reaches out its hands and
takes all things - all the forevers of time and
the horizons of space - all life - all beings into
itself - absorbs all there is in its harmony -
Containing and re-creating them into One. Unconscious
of any evil or disunity - as is the fragrant flower
to any evil or ugliness that may look upon it.

Please don't be shocked - please accept
this as it is meant - I speak in the only language
I understand - I have tried to see God behind
man - the spirit behind flesh - and say it.

More - the spirit behind flesh - and say it.
I understand - I have tried to see God behind
this as it is meant - I speak in the only language
I have been able to - please accept
to my soul or mind the way that upon it.
of my mind or heart - as in the fragment of
containing and re-creating them into one. I understand
itself - I understand all that is in the way -
the language of force - all life - all things into
these all things - all the fragments of time and
effort being created it reaches out its hands and
understanding and unity - I understand it all of course
of God upon the leading back of men - I understand
now and complete communication - the still back
as we know it there is in this absolute - a
truth of being - I am in presence - ungraspable
of existence. The release is fragment with the
other members of the four parts - a great change
conscious and thinking God - when we have the
where we cannot look upon the face of the
cannot bear it and is conscious only of its pain.
I understand the tears to such an extent that there
is a joy - quietly accepting, in looking
with tears, fulfilled itself and in that fulfillment

The wise men of the Earth - Could probably tell you what is wrong with me - but they would be wrong - because they talk in riddles - they try to conceal the fact that they don't know what they are trying to say. I do - and thank God, so do you.

I'm beginning to see myself a bit more clearly - to know what I am - what I must do. I do not want you to feel any responsibility for me and my so-called problems - and I am grateful to you and for you.

We are off tomorrow for a holiday in Paris - I must get ready. My telephone number is Ambassador 0904 - there will probably be no necessity to use it again - But there it is, anyway.

The Gods smile and have blessed you

I am Sincerely
m 7. (Marolyn Freeman)

the mission of the earth - I am probably too
 young to be with you - but the world is
 wrong - because they talk in riddles they try to
 make the fact that they have known what they are
 trying to say. I do - and think so, so do you.
 This is my life and I am not a bit more clear -
 I know what I am - what I know so. I do not
 want you to feel any responsibility for me and
 my so-called problems - and I am grateful
 to you and for you.

We are off tomorrow for a holiday in
 Paris - I must get ready. My telephone number
 is 0900 0900 - there will probably be no
 necessity to use it again - but there it is, anyway.
 The gods will and I am sure you

I am sincerely
 M. F. (Maurice Freeman)

Friday Morning

(5)

Dear Paul Brunton,

I could not have been more shocked had you said "This is King David or a man from Venus"! I was practically on the street when the porter called me back to the house phone where several people were chatting over their mail. If I was abrupt, I thought I was dreaming — and, I dream too much.

Any way, the object of this note is, if possible, to give you a preview — it is written hurriedly — but even that — might be more coherent than any other way. I can't take any chances of wasting my precious "before you call I will answer" hours — with that stubborn inarticulate mood that sometimes confronts me.

Back in 1945, I reached the end of a road — I had to find a new way. I twatched on doors — One of the doors was yours. Search in Secret Egypt — I tried the formal technique of meditation — frightened myself by swooping away into space — Saw three

Friday Morning

(3)

Dear Mr. Brewster,
I would not have been so shocked
had you said "this is just a kind of a new
thing!" I was particularly on the stretch
when the doctor called me back to the house
where where several people were sitting over
their mail. If I was caught, I thought I
was dreaming — and, I dream too much.

Any way, the object of this note is
if possible to give you a preview of it in written
form — but even then, might be too
late — than any other way. I can't take
any chance of beating my previous
"before you call I will answer" form — but
that stubborn insistence makes that sentence
confront me.

(Back in 1945, I reached the end of a
road — I had to find a new way. I traveled
on boats — one of the boats when I was
2000 in Soviet Egypt — I tried the formal
techniques of Washington — I tried myself
up and up into space — and there

white turbaned Indians in the corner of my room and decided "That will do" - This is not for me - I have trouble enough keeping my feet on the ground". My meditations took the form of picking up a manna of thought and nibbling on it - so I went about my housework. All kinds of things began to happen. A year later we went to India I found my self pursued now - not pursuing - by my thirst and obsession. I had all of your books - I read them - in bits and pieces. I would read a few lines - lose patience - go off on a tangent thought of my own - and return later to find the same thing in your books. Many times I deserted you for the quick - help of a more emotional writer. At that time I held the secret opinion that you had a magnificent mind - and no heart. However, when the heat of other minds become overpowering - back I went to the calm, cool sit-down - and - stop - the nonsense of P.B. (no disrespect, please)

stop - the movement of P.B. (as directed, please) -
I went to the Coln. Cool St. - down - and -
of other friends became unfeeling - back
mind - and so best. However, when the text
seem opinion that you had a magnificent
emotional writer. At that time I left the
described you for the first - help of a more
thing in your books. Many times I
over - and return later to find the same
potencies & off on a tangent thought of my
pieces. I wanted read a few lines - last
of your books - I read them - in this and
but my third and also common. I feel all
I found my self pursued now - not pursuing -
to happen. A year later we went to Berlin
my house work. All kinds of things began
thought and working on it - as I went about
that the form of looking up the names of
my feet in the ground. The vegetation
not for me - I have trouble enough keeping
room and decided "This will do" - This is
with turbulent business in the corner of my

Little by little - I progressed - It was necessary to keep my eyes on the earth - my head out of the clouds - in the adjustment to life in India. I played bridge - I went to luncheons - cocktail parties - dinners - I entertained - went to club meetings - had a son. As time went on, keeping my interest in all these activities and my mask adjusted became more and more difficult. I had no one to share all this - no one from whom to ask advice - I talked to the Stars - and my house plants - in my ecstasies, out loved and out - vibrated the roses in my vases - So often I was tempted to shock some of my friends - by asking them if they ever awakened at night to find some one standing by their bed.

In India, we had a large and beautiful garden - and house. A constant stream of Vice Presidents - Chairmen of the Board - house guests etc, etc - all to be wined and dined - people - people - people. It became a torment - when all I wanted

It became a torment - when all I wanted
 was and drink - people - people.
 Good - have great etc etc - all to be
 stream of Vice Presidents - Chairman of the
 and beautiful garden - and tower. A constant
 I noticed, we had a large
 find some one standing by their bed.
 them if they even mentioned it up to
 to check some of my friends - by asking
 my house - so often I was tempted
 out looked out and - I liked the room in
 but my house plants - in my container
 to ask advice - I talked to the store -
 I had no one to share all this - no one from whom
 objected because now and have difficulty.
 interest in all these activities and my work
 how. As time went on, keeping my
 enthusiasm - went to club meetings - take a
 to lunch - cocktail parties - dinners - I
 to life in style. I played bridge - I went
 my head out of the clouds - in the apartment
 necessary to keep my eyes on the earth -
 little by little - I progressed - it was

to do, was walk in my garden - talk to
 the tree lizards - Eat ripe tamarind and
 Write poetry - that embarrassed even me.
 I was like a hungry squirrel - Scurrying to find
 a shady tree to eat my nuts - (But the trees
 were bare and full of chattering crows and
 my treasures fell and rolled away on the
 ground. I begged God to take the fire
 out of my heart - even while I dreaded the
 thought of its absence.

Then illness fell - my saints - Everything
 deserted me - 2 months and a million years
 went by - Then, London.

I decided to relax - surrender my self
 to the God of Circumstance - Give up the
 struggle - which had gone on privately -
 and known to my self alone. There - right
 here - now - This is where I am - where
 I deserve to be - where God put me. And this
 is where I want to be.

I know God is One. There is One Self -
 God - Truth - Life - Love. That One is divine -
 Expressing in and through bodies and
 personalities - All good - - Then, comes

personality - all good - they came
appearing in and through babies and
God - truth - life - love - that love is divine
I know God is love. There is love left.
is when I want to be.
I became to be - when God put me. And this
far - now - this is where I am - where
and known to my self alone. Then - right
struggle - which has gone on constantly -
to the God of circumstances - Give up the
I decided to relax - remember my self
about my - then, London.
deserted me - a month and a half ago
how illness fell - my saints - carrying
thought of its absence.
out of my heart - when while I traveled the
ground. I hoped God to take the fire
my treasure fell and rolled away on the
were bare and full of chastity scars and
a body free to eat my nuts - (but the scars
I was like a hungry squirrel - scrambling to find
With fasting - that embraced even me.
the tree of life - God life tomorrow and
to be, was whole in my garden - told to

The whisper of doubt - the graven images of what is divine and good - and what is not. I separate that in me and my word - the good from the evil. If spared he One - if there be but one Self - and He God - then how can there be two - a good and an evil. Thus, I look up to the stars - standing higher on the bowed-down and humbled me. My thought standards become the measuring stick to separate the inseparable - to measure the immeasurable - to limit ~~the~~ Holy One.

I hear Paul Brunton say "It is in my Books - real" - I do - then, I pick up "Imitation of Christ" which says - "He who does not give up all things and suffer - is not worthy". Doubts set in - great swarms of untwining - a feeling of ineffectiveness - weakness and unworthiness. Everyone else seems better able to cope. I have everything I need - I'm fortunate I'm ashamed - I completely despise myself - I can't trust my heart and imagination

the Whig of doubt - the Green image
of water in hairs and food - and what is
not I separate that in my and my
work - the food from the soil. If I separate
over - if there is but one self - and the
be food - then how can there be two -
A food and an oil. Thus, I look up to
the 2 for - standing higher on the ground -
know and humbled me. But there is substance
because the measuring stick is separate
the inseparable - to measure the inseparable
to know the day over.

I have had (Gaston) say "It is
in my books - read" - I do - then, I feel
up "Initiation of Christ" which says - the whole
has not put up all things and suffer - as
not worthy: "Doubts set in - fear
Sorrow of wandering - a feeling of
in effectiveness - weakness and unbelief
everyone else seems better able to cope
I have everything I need - the fortune
is achieved - I am perfectly satisfied myself -
I can trust my love and imagination

I'm indulging my self - I'm trying to escape.
Where is all my Strength - all the
wonderful gifts I've received - where have
they fled? I can not become dependent
on Ecstasies - So, I'll shun them - I'll
refuse to respond - I'll put my journals
away. Let them alone. Give them up -
If they are mine - nothing can take them
from me - if not - I don't want them.
In my moods of doubt - I find a need
to give up every thought - every desire -
to be rid of everything - all I want
with a very real and desperate sincerity
is that my body - mind and heart shall
do the Will of its Creator - no matter what
it may be. I want to know I'm doing
the right thing. I must know I am
acceptable to my Beloved - and I no
longer smile at Ramakrishna's extravagance
in the temple - that he must please his
Goddess or die. I must cease hating
my self - I must know whether or not
I'm worthy - (Shades of Esther)

In writing - I must leave nothing
 in the tangle - that is what I mean
 longer smile at some of the
 acceptable to my friends - and I am
 the right thing. I must turn I am
 I hope. I want to know in doing
 as the Will of the Creator - in water when
 in that my body. Mind and heart shall
 with a very real and deep and constant
 a kind of everything - all I want
 to give up every thought - every desire
 in my words of doubt - I find a real
 from me - if not - I don't want them.
 If they are mine - nothing can take them
 away. Let them alone. Give them up -
 refuse to respond - let my journals
 and cartoons - so, let them be - let
 they feel? I can not become dependent
 wonderful gifts for receiving - under love
 when is all my strength - all the
 in including my self - in trying to escape.

This all sounds Very Very tragic
and despairing - it can't be all that
serious. The minute I write it down
it's unimportant - I'm silly - life is
good - Beneath it all - flows a
quiet stream that knows.

If Eden was - then Eden is
and if the Road detours through Calvary
why should anyone be so foolish as to try
to find a short cut. I ignore the Crucifixion -
the Resurrection is more important.

Having mounted the steps of dramatic
speech - and flowery phrase - I refuse to apologize -
for in doing - I ~~making~~ (sorry) make a gesture
toward truth - if I expressed it any other way
it would not be me - and I grant you permission
to smile - with me - about all my foolishness.

An hour of your busy time - you see
I'll be here under false pretences of problems
I have no problem (Well, maybe a couple).

P.S.
no time to rewrite and
correct mistakes - sorry

March 7.

This all sounds very very tragic
 and depressing - it can't be all that
 serious. It's minutes & with it down
 its unimportant - his will - life is
 good - (conscience is all - flowers
 feel stream the trees.

If there was - then then do
 and if the road between through Church
 why should anyone be so foolish as to try
 to find a back out. I have the conviction -
 the connection is more important.

Having mounted the steps of domestic
 speech - and literary phrase - before to applying
 for in being - (and) (and) (and) (and) (and)
 to work truth - if I express it another way
 it would not be the - and I want to know
 to write - with me - about all my feelings.
 The hour of your hour time - you see
 all in the under false pretenses of problems
 I have no problems (well, maybe a couple).

Yours
 F.

To time to write and
 cover mistakes.

Next day

Post Script —

(6)

What? Again? I can hear you say.

This is a P.S. to say I'm rather sorry I mailed my letter yesterday. It sounded so tragic and unhappy — a mood out of the day.

I must explain that over a period of years — my mental chattering away at you — grew — quite naturally and unawaredly (to myself) into a running commentary. I suppose you could say — I've made you (or you have become) a part of my consciousness. It was a surprise when I realized this sometime ago. Fantastic and ridiculous as it may seem, it places me in a rather uncomfortable position — because the Paul Brauntou. I met so briefly was certainly no different (more wonderful — perhaps — no flattery) than the one I know mentally. The strange thing about it is — I am so accustomed to not seeing you — when I did meet you. (I realized later) I hardly looked at you.

I'm telling this to you, because I want you to understand why I seem to barge in without formalities. Even though you may not know me, you are no stranger and I certainly do not mean

just the N

②

— 2nd night —

What? Again? I can hear you say.

and unhappy - a word out of the bag
would tell you nothing. I sounded so
good at 2 P.M. in air

I must explain that over a period of years -
 my mental cluttering away at you - poor - quite naturally
 and unobtrusively (to myself) into a running
 commentary. Suppose you could say - this is
 you (or you have been) a part of my own
 it was a surprise when I realized this conversation
 - with fantastic and ridiculous results -
 place me in a rather uncomfortable position -
 because the fact remains I met as briefly as
 certainly no different (more wonderful perhaps -
 flattery) than the one I know wonderfully. The two
 thing about it is - I am so accustomed to that
 - when I did meet you (briefly)
 - my mind looked at you.

You are no stranger and I certainly do not mean
 to understand why I seem to have in without
 the telling this to you, because without you
 I hardly looked at you.

to be disrespeful.

I'm stumbling around in the dark most of the time - and really know very little about the processes of thought. You must tell me, if my thoughts swarm around you like flies. I don't exactly know what I could do about it - but I would try. I might also add - I've examined this situation with my eyes wide open - I'm really not quite so scatterbrained nor helpless as I may seem. I think I know the horizon I'm trying to reach - even though I'm a bit vague about how. I'm not going to worry about that right now.

This is a difficult period for me - I'm growing up - I'll make out. Every hour brings its lessons and understandings. My little marching gesture worked its magic and I've been visited by a strange detachment - I'm in this mood or state - I've looked in vain for my despair - my worries - they sleep - let them rest.

George is doing well.

I'm reading your books from the beginning - at present, it's "Discover Yourself" - because I detoured into Anandabindu's "Synthesis of Yoga" and a bit of Rama Krishna and Vivekananda.

Thanks for listening. I'm glad you are what you are - I'm grateful that God has made me a part of this wonder - and especially - I'm glad - that God is God!

Sincerely,

M.F.

to be done carefully.

in standing around in the back room
of the time and really know very little about the
business of thought. You would tell me, if you
thought to know around you like this. I would
ask you what I could do about it - but I would
try. I don't also ask. I'm standing this situation
and my eyes will open - I'm really not sure to
scatter around for help as I have seen. I think
I know the feeling in trying to reach - even though I'm
a bit more sure now. I'm not going to worry about the
right now.

This is a difficult thing for me - in learning
up the whole and my own things it's because I
understandings. My little reading feature which is
helpful and I've been waiting for a strange statement
in this regard on state - I've looked in vain for my opinion
my wishes - they sleep - let them rest.
Peace is being well.

I'm reading your books from the beginning
at present, the "Discourse of your self" - because I believe
into "unending" "spiritual" and a bit of "emotional"
and "intellectual".

Thanks for listening. I'm glad you are well
you are - I'm sorry that you are not a part
of the world - and especially in fact - that you are not!
Sincerely
M.F.

from Marolyn Freeman

Dear Paul Brunton,

(F)

Although I know it is wiser just to keep quiet - even Wisdom has two faces. I feel I must make some explanation for my "hysteria." Explanations are doubtless a sign of weakness because in explaining we assume others know and care what is happening to us privately. I started this, so it's my responsibility to do something about it.

Sometimes we are impelled to do things we don't want to do - or maybe we impell ourselves. It doesn't matter - there's a lesson in everything.

Even though I am but one of the many who write to you for help, you may possibly be disturbed by my "hurricane." And puzzled - if so, I send this the kindest possible way - now that I'm beginning to understand it (vaguely) myself.

As a man who took the responsibility of writing books such as yours - you must know that the reactions will be as varied as the minds that read them. "Wisdom" and "Hidden Teaching" were particularly intense, painfully if starkly and beautifully disciplined. My mind is as sharp and searching as any other - but with all the enveloping chaos and overwhelming activity in my physical life during the past ten or fifteen years - I couldn't find the time to properly concentrate on them. I sensed that the diamond was there - but how to get it - it was like trying to

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ASTEN LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

(F)

Although I know it is winter just

now - even when the two feet of snow

have made some operations for my "history"

operations are doubtless a sign of winter's

approaching we cannot expect them out

water is beginning to be frozen. I shall this

as it is impossible to do anything about it.

Winter has not yet begun to do things we don't

want to do - a winter was in full evidence. At least

water - there is a frozen in my cup

from the lake and the river

write to you for help, for my goodly in

my "history": but I shall - if so, I am this

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dig through faints with my finger nails. I didn't realize
I might need the lighter touch - because I was already
taking myself too seriously. Emerson, was and is (for instance)
magic. Yet for some unknown reason I concentrated on
you. I lacked the discipline and serenity to enter into the
spirit of your later books - without even knowing what I
was doing - my nature apparently dictated another way -
I started concentrating on the personality. I must be honest.
Right now - it matters not - what you think - I'm beginning to
see a brilliant - blinding new land of truth, which makes any
self pride completely unimportant. It has been a secret
hidden process (from myself) - I could see myself in you -
in analyzing you - I could know more about myself (xVice Versa)
I sensed moods, denials - doubts - defiances etc etc etc -
The word you wanted - and the word you were in - or forced
yourself into - were in violent disagreement. Even your
ecstasies over the sunsets, flowers etc revealed to me (because
I was learning a bit about myself) ~~told me~~ you had the
soul of a poet - which was the last thing you would
admit. At the same time, your chapter or two on C. Chaplin
indicated a pointing finger to a desire for much less
seriousness - (or perhaps a "need"). This reaction of mine
until just recently, didn't reveal to me that the finger
was pointing at me. Fun and laughter is a much
easier approach to oneself and therefore - the world.
Wisdom can be made digestible and edible under its
mask. All my princes were turning into clowns
and all my clowns were Pagliacci's. There was even

My dear friend, I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines will find you
the same. I have been thinking much of late about the future of our
country and the position of our people. It seems to me that we are
passing through a great crisis and that the result will determine whether
we are to remain a united people or become a collection of warring
states. I believe that the only way to preserve our Union is by
strengthening our bonds of friendship and by maintaining our
principles. I am sure that you will agree with me in this. I am
trusting that you will be able to do much for our country in the
future. I am, dear friend, your truly,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

significance is the fact that I've always carried with me two pictures - a print of Daumier's "Clown" and another of the "Satyr and Elms". By a Frenchman - Rousseau or some other name - (can't remember). What is the world but a mask?

"Had put on his grotesque mask. (Face) -
Too shy to give this life (self) (how) unmasked (unmasked)"

In an effort to keep afloat in a rough sea I read everything I could read, written by anyone - Knowing you had found the answer - I began my "Conversations" It went on and on - intermittently at first - but constantly after I met you. All unknown to myself - I was lining myself a golden Buddha (I forgot Buddha laughs) and I the chief worshipper (I can see now it was self-worship but that's another story). There wasn't anything really wrong about these thoughts - conversations - aspirations - it was just that they were a bit discomforting - the robe didn't quite fit - it was awkward - I examined it - many times - looked at myself - looked at my Buddha - etc etc etc - Indeed it was a struggle with a self-made Angel - and I guess after while I began to believe my Buddha - could hear my prayers and had all the Powers I wanted a Buddha to have. I made attempts to throw off this discomfort - but like a magnet it drew me on. This has no reflection on you at all - But I see now - that creating mental gods is no different from the Biblical Sin - It was inevitable that I should reap the results of my false thinking. And that is the essence - what it's all about.

When I recently asked for "Truth" - I didn't know
what I was asking - It was an instinctive, desperate
and blind appeal. I can see that now. I can see, also
that this "Search for the so-called Self" is with most people
a delusion and distorted by pride - The sacrifices - denials -
accomplishments - Give one a sense of worthiness - a nobleness
etc - which is nothing more than a spiritual pride - it
makes you feel that you are something special - just a bit
"different" or a touch above "the common, ordinary masses."
Ah - me! How Lucifer boasts. In a sense, you build
your own ego by belittling others. You think you are
going up steps when all the time you are going down.

I write this to explain what I'm learning - what I had to
learn and to tell you I'm on the mend. There are so many things to
be done on my damaged Self and so many many things to do for
the Christmas season - Business + Social - John's School - Shopping and
Geo's Sister and family will be here from Brussels for the Holidays -
as houseguests.

①
→ I would like very much to see you again - but not
until I've had time to repair my broken bridges. If you are going
to be in New York for a while, after the holiday - then I'd like to talk
with you - if not - then, I'll have to wait - I'm not going to
fret about it - or force it - This experience has blessed me
in many ways - and one in particular - it has given me a
new Enchanting - clear - and hilarious way of seeing my self
in everyone - and everything - and of the whole world in my self.
I'm going to concentrate on being a Kay Kendall rather than
Sarah Bernhardt - I'm better in the role.

②
→ If you have the time and inclination, I would
appreciate a telephone call, the first of the week (not weekends)
just to tell me you do understand. Gratefully and Sincerely
M.

F

July 10- Friday

2 until Oct 28

Greetings-

I've written this letter several times - in bits and pieces- but have come to the conclusion I will not be able to get it into order- so will send it in it's confusion. It will have been born out of great confusion and emotional-mental upheaval anyway- so you can keep that in mind. Traveling- moving etc are always chaotic at best and this had been particularly so. I'm no longer interested in traveling and moving around-

I've been trying to make up my mind- about my letters to you- whether I should make them just formal notes- etc... there were so many things left unsaid- so very much I wanted to say, I think it is better that I say them- it might help to relieve some of this loneliness. For a while anyway, I'll just think on paper and hope you will forgive me if I ramble on. Much of it will be silly and foolishness and I hope you will destroy my letters when you have read them- I want to feel that I can say what I want to you- no matter how foolish.

The trip was swift and uneventful- a sleeping berth is a waste of time and money on the Atlantic hop- the night was so short- and day passed magically into day. We were met in Hamburg and chauffeured to Hannover. I have the distinct feeling of being in a foreign country. Not because the land and scenery is different- but foreign in mind. There is nothing German in my soul. No response- no feeling of warmth as I had for France, Italy, Spain- England and India. Hannover is sprawled out- low- (400,000) old, conservative- busy enough but slow paced. There is no lightness, no gaiety- no smiles- sturdy- non-curious to a degree of indifference. Although the shops are full of things- people are well fed there is no sense of fashion or delight in life. I shall start German lessons next week- the language is a great barrier. Housing, also is a great problem. There just aren't enough houses to go around and within the city- they are handled by the Government on the point system. Points are given for length of residence, position, need and the like. This does not apply to buildings under construction so the Company has taken two apartments now being built and will convert them into one for us. Even at that, they will not be large and elegant- only adequate. I have spent the first few days here- with the architect- engineers etc arranging partitions- selecting light and bathroom fixtures- designing closets- cupboards- shelves etc. I simply can't get myself interested in any of it. There is an emptiness about everything I do. The Apartment is supposed to be ready about Sept. 1st- it is on a Main street and just at the edge of Konigsworther Park- we are 4th floor front and will have a pleasant enough view. 3 bedrooms- a maids room- storage and laundry- dining tiny terrace- two small baths etc. We could have a large house about 15 or 20 miles out of town- but I am in no mood for suburban living- besides there would be disadvantages for John's school- transportation- servant problems and many others. The only way I can make this whole thing bearable is to consider it a long "visit" or very temporary. Then too, if I am in town in an apartment- if you SHOULD happen to be passing through the town- it would be the simplest thing in the world to call on me. Maids are difficult to get- also- they have better hours and more pay in the factories. I dread the settling in- and must pray for energy to get it done with ease. I plan to start simplifying my life and discarding as much as possible as I unpack. It is unfortunate I didn't have time to do it when I packed.

The hotel is pleasant enough- and our suite large and luxurious- but it might as well be a hovel- for all the interest I can manage. John is restless without TV and his friends- G gets in from office about 7- so tense and nervous from the extreme pressure of the day- that we are all under great strain. There will not be as much social life and responsibility here as I had thought- it is quite different from our other assignments we are about the only Americans in the Company and there are only a few in the whole city- so I'll have more time

July 10 - Friday

Handwritten signature

7

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to mediate and if my heart and mind relax maybe I can even get some serious writing done. We shall see.

I can't begin to tell you how homesick I've been- how I've missed you- how desolate and unhappy I've been. I had no idea what a vast change had taken place within my being- until now. Of course it is not a complete change of mind- only a culmination of years of thought. It has suddenly all come in upon me with such a sickening force- that my spirit has been in a great wilderness. Sometimes we learn our greatest lessons from the most simple and silliest things. I probably shouldn't even tell you all of this- it will amuse you- but, I want to get it off my mind and avoid the possibility of any barrier to my reception of your thought and spirit. I have dreamt (or met) you) practically every night since I've been gone- sometimes vividly- and often during the day- you are suddenly there- a considerable amount of my mental and emotional turmoil- and the lessons I am learning from this move etc- were set off by a very mundane and silly thought that presented itself suddenly to me. While I was sleepless over the Atlantic. In as much as you had been so adamant about not meeting or seeing anyone- I was really pleased when you made a concession and said you would maybe get in touch with the Denisons and Dorothy A. I didn't think anything more about it until- suddenly this little devil gremlin flashed across my horizon- "Why should you be so willing to meet DA- could it be philosophers were only men and susceptible to glamour etc etc etc et The whole thing was irrational and most unworthy and silly- but it gave me quite a battle for a few hours. Don't misunderstand- it was not in the way of casting doubts upon you- not for one little minute- and it wasn't inspired by envy or jealousy- as such.... envy- maybe in the sense that like a great mountain before me- was all the inadequacy -of my life- the upheaval. By contrast with DA- who was in a position to meet and have a sensible normal friendship with you- her beauty- aura of glamour- health superb self confidence- optimism - practical and efficient common sense- plus her spiritual mindedness and the freedom and time- pointed my own condition to a very exaggerated degree. What is more, I didn't even have the right to be worried about it. At the time, it seemed that here was one who had managed her life- as I SHOULD have managed mine- and in my negative frame of mind- I judged myself in weakness. Unworthily, I feared you would, by contrast, judge me- the same way. And that bothered me tremendously. Then, of course, as usual- I began to think about it- to try to understand why it had happened to me (the idea) - for I have learned- there is always a reason for these things and lessons-

I have learned so many things- I can't possibly write them all- You must understand that I have not lived, felt, thought nor acted in a normal manner for a long time. This is not so much an excuse as an explanation. In order to keep my balance and cope with the conditions and situations under which I lived- I had to live on nervous energy. When I first contacted you, I was already depleted in emotional, mental and physical vitality. I could not attempt to make progress- only maintain the daily status quo. Life began for me with lack and the past 15 or 20 years had completely undermined what little self confidence I had. I had and have had a steady diet of much more and unusual conditions than I could possibly manage- and I'm quite convinced- that no one else could have done one iota more or better. I don't care how strong or wonderful they might have been. Of course- most people would not have put up with it. I guess I was over sentimental and had an excessive sense of moral obligation to others- that plus the fact that I tried to make up for my own inadequacies by helping others. Of course, all this unhappiness drove me with-in to the search- and for that I'm grateful- I needed it- because I had lost all sense of proportion and belief in my own Being. Out of all this came my appeal to you. I had to hope that you would have the understanding to sense some of my need and condition and to allow for it. My chaotic state was responsible for the atmosphere of contrariness- strain-tension- gauche- shyness- inarticulate- strangeness and lack of normality- that seemed to me to surround all our meetings and relationships. I never had an

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opportunity to get acquainted with you nor to be myself. I have indeed been living in a nightmare. That last week, for instance - was dreadful - and even the last day. I was "beside myself" (as the saying goes) - Thursday night - the thought of saying "Au revoir" made me most unhappy. Yet, I was afraid to show it.

I don't know how our meetings affected you - you said so little - explained so little - often seemed to act by impulse. Sometimes I had the feeling this was a task assigned by the Overself and that you went through the motions as a routine - detached - impersonal - untouched - observing results as a Doctor - a case. Please - I do not mean this to be unkind or critical - so do not take it in that way - I'm just trying to explain how I felt and reacted - all of this of course was colored by my negative attitude about myself. An attitude which I hope - has seen the last of it's power. Don't mind, if I ramble on in this way. I wanted so badly to talk these things over with you - but there just never seemed time for a mental or conversational exchange and it was so important to me - especially since I had to leave. When I was with you in person, I was lulled into a sense of serenity and foreverness that made anything else unnecessary. Now, I feel the need of the other background - I have reached here too quickly with too many things unsaid - undone - I do not know what Spiritual progress I've made - what I need - my next step - where and how I've failed - nor how you feel - what you think... I simply can't see my way at all - and my whole life seems all tied up in complicated and impossible knots. Of course - this is the surface mood - for I shall turn in and KNOW that GOD is with ME no matter where I am. And that all of this is essential. That it will straighten it's self out - that we are all responsible for the things that happen to us - etc - and please don't be too disturbed by all of this. I'll get organized and settled down - with time - and it does help to tell you all of this. It is a kind of substitute for not seeing you. I will not write too many letters in this mood. So bear with me. I need your understanding.

A call from the office - I must meet someone and do not have time to finish this - so will cut out bits and pieces from the pages I have done before and include them. . . There is so much more to say and what I've said is not properly said - anyway - here it is.

I just wish I had had a few more months to get acquainted and been in a position to see you under normal conditions. Well, anyway - I'll have to take myself in hand now - straighten myself out and start to calm my mind and emotions. Apply that which I have learned and stop acting like a chicken with my head off.

Just to show you I am not completely demoralized - I will say that I'm beginning to realize I have not done so badly considering everything. The intense activity - the personality problems etc - have been handled after a fashion - and, I'll just have to stop feeling guilty that I haven't written books - and set the world on fire. I guess that is what is behind all my sense of failure. God gave me talents - and I haven't done much with them. I feel I should be using them and making my own way in the world - but maybe THIS was what He willed for me at the present time.

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- Handwritten "4" at the top.
- Vertical text: "I don't know how our meetings affected you - you said so little - explained so little - often seemed to act by impulse. Sometimes I had the feeling this was a task assigned by the Overself and that you went through the motions as a routine - detached - impersonal - untouched - observing results as a Doctor's case. Please - I do not mean this to be unkind or critical - so do not take it in that way - I'm just trying to explain how I felt and reacted - all of this of course was colored by my negative attitude about myself. An attitude which I hope - has seen the last of its power. Don't mind, if I ramble on in this way. I wanted so badly to talk these things over with you - but there just never seemed time for a mental or conversational exchange and it was so important to me - especially since I had to leave. When I was with you in person, I was lulled into a sense of serenity and foreverness that made anything else unnecessary. Now, I feel the need of the other background - I have reached here too quickly with too many things unsaid - undone - I do not know what Spiritual progress I've made - what I need - my next step - where and how I've failed - nor how you feel - what you think... I simply can't see my way at all - and my whole life seems all tied up in complicated and impossible knots. Of course - this is the surface mood - for I shall turn in and KNOW that GOD is with ME no matter where I am. And that all of this is essential. That it will straighten itself out - that we are all responsible for the things that happen to us - etc - and please don't be too disturbed by all of this. I'll get organized and settled down - with time - and it does help to tell you all of this. It is a kind of substitute for not seeing you. I will not write too many letters in this mood. So bear with me. I need your understanding."
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September 9-

(F)

Good Morning-

The leisure moment and the cheerful mood still evade me. Today, school started so I have a few minutes before I must go to the apartment to check on the progress. We are still living in the hotel and find it a bit wearing at this point. Our deadline for moving is one week from today. Built in closets and parquet floors take such a long time. John will go to the British School for the first term, anyway- It is the only English speaking school in Hannover and conducted for the children of the British Army- They accept Americans for enrollment only when there is a vacancy. As a matter of fact you can count the number of Americans, here, on the fingers of one hand (as the saying goes). Rarely do you hear any English spoken. This is particularly true of Hannover. Inland, conservative and non-commercial (comparatively) they haven't had to adapt to the invasion of "foreigners". The city was 85% bombed during the Catastrophe - as they call it and the memory and traces are still present. Some of them make an effort to be at least polite- while others don't even do that. When I lamented (?) that there was nothing "German" in my soul- I didn't realize there might be a need of something G in my soul. Something of their indifference- determination- drive et cetera. I have been trying to understand what there is about their character that makes them so aggressive- what vibrations rule this land. Maybe it is a selfishness. So many of them seem arrogantly intent and self interested. At any rate- here I am- in the one country I've had no desire to see. There must be some reason for it- maybe not to become- but to overcome. You will gather (and correctly) that I do not like this place. I suppose it is natural to have some aversion to it. The language is such a problem and even though I take a lesson every day- my heart and interest are not in it.

The British School will not keep John beyond this year so I suppose he will go to Switzerland next year. He wasn't very happy when I left him this morning- the HeadMaster was a bit overwhelming with his brisk Oxfordian accent. John was quite disturbed when they told him he would have to eat with English table manners- what is more he doesn't know how to play cricket!

Business-wise, the difficulties have been much greater than anyone anticipated. It is one of the few places the Company shares a partnership. This has caused and causes endless complications through the German representatives- labor Unions etc. The Shareholders Representative has assumed charge and responsibility temporarily- and everything is in a state of confusion- upheaval and demoralization. The housecleaning still goes on and no one seems to know quite how it will end up. All this naturally reflects in our personal lives. I do not know how to think or feel. Most of the time, I don't even know how to turn it over to the Creator. So many of the things I thought I knew lose their significance under the distressing conditions.

Daily, the Genie arises from the bottle to torment and rule over us. It seems so hopeless. With detachment comes a certain amount of indifference and while this might work very well in most cases- it is tragic in the family relationship. My body is one place- my heart and mind another. My imagination turns in upon itself, defeated. Any positive thinking or planning for myself as an individual seems to automatically require (under the circumstances) thinking against someone else. It has made clear (in a sense) how the power of thought affects others. Under the present conditions even detachment seems unkind and disloyal. The fact that my own weaknesses invited and have supported all this doesn't solve the problem. I have had to face the fact that there is nothing noble about plain endurance and that the root of my personal failings is buried deeply in the unpleasant soil of fear and lack of self confidence.

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Granted- I am able at least mentally (intellectually) to understand the dream like quality of all this- of you, myself and all persons- There still must be a physical life. One cannot live in this No-Man's Land- suspended between two worlds. Books no longer supply my need. It is easy for men to say things- talk of abstractions- write all kinds of advice words give the illusion of being helped. I can pray to a mentally pictured Father- and imaginatively feel I am being helped- recognize the fact that miracles do happen and prayers are answered- but this is not the same thing as the actual experience of the "Presence". The Presence that by it's Self is your Life- removes all doubts- fears- and makes it so blissfully unimportant- how beautiful or unbeautiful you are- how strong or weak how important or unimportant- who or what you are or have or have not accomplished- even how worthy or unworthy you are. Simply because all things are beneath it- within the limits of the personality. I know "OF" this other condition and that you live in it most of the time (all), but I know also, that one must learn to make the WORD- FLESH. To bring this Spirit into expression in the material world. For a while, we have the feeling or impression of doing this- through prayers and meditations and the very activity- of a spiritual search- especially when things go well and life seems good- one can easily feel cheerful and optimistic. I know all these things- but it is only a half-way mark and a temporary thing- it is still dependent on "conditions"- it is still in the trial and error- in the blindness and ignorance. There is no light- no certainty- no knowledge nothing unchanging - eternal about it. This changing - conditioned world is not undesirable for in one sense it is the Only world we can experience

But I am reaching the Knowledge and understanding that this changing world is tolerable only when one sees and understands it from the ^{higher} level- side of reality- from truth. That which IS- As the changing world represents that which is opposed to it- and is contained within it - by it's not-being. Maybe I'm not making any Sense (this is above sense). From this higher level of Being I can see that all these changing conditions- events peoples etc etc are seen for what they really are- because we know who and what we really ARE in Spirit- In Truth. We are in the world physically but not OF it- in that we Move through it- It cannot affect us wholly because we observe all else as outside (or within, as the case maybe) the SELF and do not see nor identify and Know the self by or with the different conditions- persons limitations etc- of existence.

b I know I ask for the world with a fence around it - but it is no more than that which in the higher realm- belongs to me.

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I do not apologise for this long letter because "it had to be" and it is only at very crucial moments that inner things take "form" in this way.

Good-bye - answer this letter or not, as you wish - I shall understand if you only reply in the silence.

I write this, as I always write to you, out of an affection (if it can be called such, for it has in it but few of the elements of what one usually calls "affection"), a feeling which seems always to belong to another life, another time - it blossomed and had its realisation somewhere in the past and now all that remains of it, is a faint "memory", which constitutes an unbreakable "link" but which has no definite "form" in our present lives ! It is so strange and yet so real ! Sometimes, too, these things cause a feeling which is akin to dissatisfaction, a feeling that one would like to draw out into the light of present day something buried in the dark and hidden recesses of time, but the utter inevitability of certain forces seems to nip in the bud all these feelings before they have hardly had time to become conscious and for the most part one goes on living a "reality" within an "unreality" ! And over and above everything, absorbing all things into its vast and unfathomable mystery is the eternal and interminable...WAITING !

Margaret

I write this, as I always write to you, not
of an affection (if it can be called such, for
it has in it but few of the elements of what
one usually calls "affection"), a feeling which
seems always to belong to another life, another
time - it blossomed and had its realization
somewhere in the past and now all that remains
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in the bud all these feelings before they have
hardly had time to become conscious and for
the most part one goes on living "unrealistically"
within an "unreality"; and ever and above
everything, according to all things that its vast
and unathomable mystery is the eternal and
interminable...

I do not say nor feel this as a self-indulgent enjoyable martyrship. It is unpleasant to have the illusions stripped away, but essential. I am quite willing to acknowledge what I see- but there must surely come a time- when all this exposure ceases and when hope and faith reveals the beauty and joy and peace of the Self. This unhappy, weak picture of the Self, which I hold in my mind- must certainly destroy itself eventually. I have served Mammon long enough. But what to do- There are others to think of. I can't think my way clear. I can not find a calmness that endures long enough to receive guidance. If guidance comes- I'm not certain ~~xxx~~ of it's source- it might be wishful thinking. I know I must take a stand somehow- I must accept ~~is~~ or believe Something. I know and understand the theory. To practice it is a completely different thing. All these ideas remain ideas unless they can be proven. No one else can do it for you. That is one of the illusions nursed by comparative thinking- or the necessity of relative thinking. How can I possibly find my true self- (or to be more exact) my Self- for the Self IS TRUE)- by looking out and comparing myself with someone else- or judging myself under certain conditions- or by certain standards. I am not someone else and my Self does not act nor react to to the limitations of events etc. Only the surface person does this. But this understanding cannot be a vague theory. At this point- ignorance becomes a pain. I know I am asleep. How can I awaken? I know this consciousness is sleep. I can sense it- feel it. And yet, I don't want to rush off to an ashram- into a trance. It seems to me that is as much a dream of being awake as this ignorance is a dream. You have said it is not a dream- but Like a dream. Do we merely dream we are awake- or is there a true "awakeness"-

Again, I am making no sense- I ramble on- I have too much ^{from an awakened state} work to do, to concentrate. To know you are asleep- and yet not-awake is like knowing what you do ~~not~~ NOT want and yet not knowing What you DO want. One does not automatically reveal or follow the other.

Bear with me- I flounder- but help will come- God is no less God because I have not learned to see.

You asked me to record my Mystical Experiences- do you mean my dreams, Visions- moods? I am not sure- you seemed to assign such things no importance. I dream of you often- I have strange moods and of course think of you constantly. How are you- what of your trip to Switzerland? A week from today- I should be at

48 Konigswortherstrasse (Etage 3) 3rd floor
Hannover-

No telephone for two weeks

more - later -

(M)

M. Friedman

PAN AMERICAN

IN FLIGHT AIR LETTER



About 4 - P.m. - around
Nova Scotia

Lunch is Completed - white clouds surround us
Soft music plays somewhere in the background
and everyone seems to be sleepy except John who
is coloring. As for me - I'm pursuing my
favorite and forever will o' the wisp. It sounds
gusty - but I guess I can afford to indulge
myself a bit. The morning went smoothly -
the limousine arrived - my reception Committee
saw us off and here we are - But how can I
be here - when so much is left behind.

In this case - the detachment was a veneer -
a merciful anesthesia - I guess - to help me
get away. If my soul was hounded before - it
is chained now. And the Ego struggles
against the conditions + circumstances that
are quite obviously meant to disintegrate it.
That relationship, which should have been a
peaceful & joyful thing - somehow seemed
to draw a contrary atmosphere - and I
found myself being someone who was
stranger even to my self. My heart is revolting
against the half finished sentences - the stolen
& inadequate time - the uncertain & inarticulate
silences - there is so much unsaid -
unexpressed - undone - I guess it is my
own fault - my own uncertainty - doubts -
my shy bottled up self - all I want to be
is cheerful - outgoing & confident like the
Dorothy Arnold's in this world - it's rather
a shock to learn how inadequate I am

or at least seemed to be, physically. It's a surprise
also - because it has been ~~so~~ it happened &
intensified - with you. Why - should it be so?
I feel the need to pray - to be sure he loves me
to know I have a chance to make the goal -
and I need the courage to hand the whole thing
over to the Creator and know that he at
least knows what is in the cards for everyone.

AIR LETTER
AÉROGRAMME

VIA AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



Dr. Paul Brunton

Box 339

Three Square Station

New York City - New York

NO TAPE OR STICKER MAY BE ATTACHED

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED, THIS LETTER
WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

It means - "So quickly" and so that which I have learned
that I may sooner learn that which I do much want
to do & be now. I guess I'm just afraid - my
meeting with you was just an unfulfilled dream
and that I will not have the opportunity to
dream again. I'll just have to know that the
who dreams - is dream & dreamer and
that which we are in reality cannot be
scratched away — I miss you now.

sent folymdlay
Hello,

June 27

1960 *read August 1960* (F)

It has been almost a year since I left the States- many months since I've written or heard from you. It has been a year of darkness and desolation for me. Time does not seem to have awarded me any progress, understanding or healing. The constant upheaval and presence of several oppressive personalities (within the company) have almost destroyed my spirit and made our sojourn here unendurable. This has been intensifiedst the anxiety caused by the growth and trend of the "indulgence problem" It affects our health, social life and work. I have been unable to pray or see my way- my faith wavers. If it were a simple case- it could be approached openly and it's cause discovered and a solution found. It's foundation must remain it's secret and although it is true (as you said) that it is of the personality and ego- the blessed state of egolessness is not that easily attained. In the meantime, I watch a soul destroying itself and am helpless. Peace we may have if we are fortunate but freedom to enjoy that peace is not possible so long as others suffer. What is the answer? Running away doesn't solve it- all I have been able to do is cease to resist it (or try) accept it as my Karma and God's will. I do not say this in a spirit of pious, suffering superiority- I've learned enough about my own ego to know one spirit cannot pass judgement on another. As a goal, virtue has no value. Preoccupation with my own spiritual welfare doesn't seem to be getting me anyplace- the urgent question is what can I do to help with something more practical and immediate than platitudes. I have little inclination for Yogi trances and not enough will power to calm my emotions for meditation. ^{mentally} Writing pleasing words and ideas in books is calisthenic for the intellect without the wisdom to "make it work!"

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Admitting one's ignorance and weakness doesn't automatically change it. I'm learning the blunt truth of Paul's remark- not the hearer's of the law- are just before God- but the Doers of the law shall be justified. The mere desire or intention to keep the heart free of resentment fear- criticisms- judgements - and the like-^{Not Enough} besides , how much real will can a man have-^{Not Enough} Where does self surrender and interest in the results of one's efforts fade into a passive resignation. Sacrifice may be the law of life- but I am not convinced that true sacrifice is synonymous with pain and suffering and unhappiness. That IDEA is the IIE - If God be God (Good- without any wishful thinking on the part of limited individual heart) and if the nature of God be Joy and delight (aurobindo) then sacrifice can't be anything but the giving of joy and life (light)- of the Self. And it hasn't come to me as yet- not because I am not as worthy as the next soul- but maybe I'm not ready. Enough of this lament, however.

John is in school in Switzerland- in Aiglon College (English) in Chesieres-Villars- next month he will be home for two months and then returns in September- He is settling in quite well which of course pleases me.

Where are you, how are you and forgive me for unburdening myself - my desire to avoid this is one of my reasons for not writing.

I'd like to hear from you

M

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I'd like to hear from you

Jan 7 - 60

(F)

Hallo —

I hope this will reach you before you leave Australia. I have not written before because, frankly, I've been in such a dreadful state of mental and emotional upheaval — I couldn't write anything cheerful.

I can't begin to explain the hectic life we've been living here — personality problems — the continued "indulgence" — etc etc etc.

I live at 25% efficiency —

I can't pray — "hope" is just a word — I see my appalling pride and selfishness and

(F)

20

Jan 7

1881

I hope this will find you
before you have quite
gone out with the year
happily, but been in such a
beautiful state of mental and
material of health - I consider
with confidence of success
I can't begin to explain the little
life which has been living here -
I consider it a great
continued independence - the little
life at 25% of efficiency -
I can't say - hope is for
a work - I am my offspring
quite and self-sufficient and

at the moment of sight - Know
that even seeing these things in
myself are subtle forms of Ego -
There is nothing to endure and no one
to endure it - This is a cold abstract
way to look at life - and while
fascinated by such an aspect of truth -
It is not my way - I can't escape
this physical world and its problems
by trying to ignore them - and I
don't want to -

Where do you go from Australia -
May I write directly or must I go
through the London address? Underneath
all my confusion is a dreadful loneliness
for the One I cannot see - I'd like
to hear, at least your whereabouts,
and how you are - if you have
time.

(M)

at the moment of right. I feel
that even every thing in
myself are under the power of God -
There is nothing to contend and to be
to contend it - this is the whole
way to look at life - and while
I am in it I am an object of truth
it is not my hope - I can escape
this physical world and into freedom
and trying to escape from - and I
have come to -

When you go from material
to spiritual world it is a great
thing. The spiritual world is a beautiful
and my companion is a beautiful person
for the one I cannot see. I do like
to hear of love from your heart.
and from your heart - if you have
time.

Königs Wörther Strasse 48
Hannover Germany

Greetings—

This will not be a letter
proper—just to acknowledge your new
address.

I wasn't terribly surprised to
hear you had left the States. I've
never seen Australia—but I met a
woman once on a P & O ship who lived
in New Zealand and she thought it
was paradise.

My life proceeds as usual—
my outer time is hectic—chaotic—
with duties and responsibilities
piled up all around me. My inner
condition is strange and confusing.
Like "Oziris"—I'm chopped into 40,000
(or was it 14?) pieces—with no time
or wisdom to do anything about it.

King's Western Theatre 48
Hammersmith
Glenview

Postcards -

This will not be a letter
paper - just to acknowledge your kind
address. I would be truly surprised to
hear you had left the States. We
have been waiting - but I had a
woman over on the ship who had
in her England and she thought it
was possible.

My life proceeds as usual -
my entire time is taken - I state
that duties and responsibilities
filled up all around the town
condition as always and confusing.
Like "Gina" - she slipped into 4000
(or 4000 1/4) pieces - with no time
in between to be confusing about it.

A quiet - devastating earthquake
has struck my soul and left me
helpless. The emphasis of thought has
been shifting - when you find yourself
in that Wilderness that remains when
the Ego's illusions desert it - and
when a certain amount of detachment
keeps you to look at the world
forces
through other eyes than the personal
(desires - ideas - needs etc) - you are
surprised to find no antagonism nor
resentment - no concentration on the
faults of others - no "me" that judges
all things relative to itself -

It is a resignation accompanied
by hope - This is where a solid
grounding in formal yoga and meditation
would be helpful. When the
situation gets too bad, like a
child with rosary - I sleep with

[illegible]

my beads around my arm and
warm my heart with a blue
glass.

As usual I've said nothing
but then - words disappear like
clouds on a windy day -

If you have time - I should
like to hear from you - where in
the Far East do you plan to go -
do you stop in Kobi, Japan?
When may I look forward to seeing
you again -

M.

He who is drunk (rather than drinks)
by the black chalice of (?) Compassion (?)
the Impersonal
Sees and knows all are the Self
and knows the Good (God) in all.

The heart wears many faces - which show its vicissitudes
each one a mask which proves its faithfulness.

your friends around my own and
wishes my best with a love
glance.

Your opinion -
 When they I look forward to seeing
 so you will be in Tokyo, Japan?
 the for want to your place to go -
 like to hear from you - where in
 if you have time - I should
 like to see you a very day -
 but then - would be happy in like
 to meet you will be looking

17

and know the good (God) in all.
See and know all and the self.
In the black cloud of (5) (omnipresent)
the white in black (water then drink)

Königswohrerstrasse 48
Dritte Etage
Telephone 18647

Hallo -

apparently
mailed October ✓

"Margie's" letter arrived the day I moved and helped to sustain my strength in the hecticness of moving - packing - unpacking - adjustments - moods - and constant changes. So long as you are in the States - it would simplify matters to get letters from "Alva" - It is a friendship of long standing and because of our "interests", no one is interested in reading her epistles except me. I don't know why I didn't think of it before.

I have wanted to - and should have written weeks ago - but there is so much that can be said in person, only - and I have been concentrating all my energies on the apartment - in an effort to get it finished and out of the way. Because it is a new building and because

48
Kemp's North Western
Drill Stage
Telephone 1247

Hello -

"Harold's letter arrived the day
before and helped to answer my thoughts
in the last issue of Morning - feeling
incomplete - adjustment - needed. and
certainly changed. So long as you are
in the States - it would be
better to get letters from "him"
It is a feeling of long standing and
because of our "instincts", as he is
interested in looking for spiritual
growth. He's been with you
think of it before.

I have wanted to - and should
have written weeks ago - but there
is so much that can be said in
person, only - and I have been too
concentrating all my energies on the
effort - in an effort to get it
finished and out of the way. Because
it is a very interesting and because

I didn't have time to pack properly
in New York - the task has been
doubly difficult - my fulltime "sleep
in" - house keeper, however, is a gift
from Heaven and I'm very grateful
for her. It takes so long to get anything
done here in the way of draperies -
upholstery etc. - (and is fantastically
expensive - especially to Americans) So -
I've been trying to do all these things
myself. Business - personal and
personality problems have been
(and still are) far greater here than
any other place we've ever been -
add that to the language problem
and you can imagine - the reactions -
reverberations and confusion of our
lives. There is no such thing, as
yet - as a quiet, peaceful moment -
(we live right on a traffic circle) -
I have hoped that it will eventually
smooth out - John goes to the

of this time to back properly
in New York - the task has been
doubly difficult - my full-time "step"
in "human paper, human, is a gift
from heaven and in my grateful
for him. It takes as long to get anything
done here in the way of progress -
upholstering etc. (and is fantastically
expensive - especially to Americans) -
he has been trying to do all these things
myself. (human, personal and
personality problems have been
(and still are) for Foster but then
my other place where even less -
add that to the language problem
and you can imagine - the reaction -
remembrance and confusion of our
lives. There is no such thing, as
yet - as a first, personal movement -
(we live right over traffic circle) -
I have hoped that it will eventually
become one -

English school - but finds English Math
Measures and table manners - a hurdle.
We are planning to put him in School
in Switzerland next year - He is
maturing so rapidly - and needs other
influences. The large problem will be
homesickness - he has never been away
from me. I'll probably spend half my
time down in Willam -

There are vast spaces of Emptiness,
indifference and detachment growing up
in me - at times discomforting - but
always instructive - Sometimes, I have
the dreadful feeling of having failed
some how - but maybe this is because
I'm so obsessed with my self - it's so
easy to make one's weaknesses, virtues.
Every day my heart weaves its self, binds
it self and weaves the essence on which
it grows. Every day another bit falls away,
another self walks right over the pieces
and doesn't notice - You can know it is
a dream only when you are awake.

Those who rest less dream must soon awake
immunized to thorns. The hidden roses pluck

when I read where you are - in the winter - I see send my new essay on
Tautis - so you go to Tautis?

(F)

I've gone back to the "old habit" of continual mental conversations "at you" - and as I told you before - with so many thousands of things to say - my mind goes blank when I try to find the end of the string - I have decided the best way to get over this hurdle - is not to write "letters" - just "writings" - and send them from time to time - they will "repeat & wander - and contradict etc etc but that's the way my mind is working these days. I won't send any today - I'm in a rush and must go out soon - but feel the need to contact you - just to say hello - The silence is so noisy - I didn't realize what a release - and source of expression my writing has been - until I stopped it some weeks ago - I guess it has been a substitute for a great many things - I find; that unless I can write - as ideas - come to me -

I am struggling with enormous
 go right at dinner and
 map - up about 10:00 - It finished
 tonight it seems - or
 - and yet 3:00 - started to
 - out as it is in my mind
 all night long - and covering
 - planned in and
 I hope to get it all
 from you - but - don't call
 - and I know you are busy
 but would like to know how you
 are & when you do write from
 please be kind - what are you
 doing now - what's your
 plan?

(M)

Dorothy A. is one of my best and
 oldest friends - we've been like
 sisters in our understanding and
 she always admired her - that last
 day - when she wanted to help me select
 a hat - which I really didn't want and
 insisted on shopping with me - while
 I enjoyed being with her - the tremendous
 confidence and positive optimism
 under the circumstances - served to
 de-stabilize and exaggerate my own
 chaos and weakness - Any other
 time I could have responded
 properly - Any way - it doesn't matter -
 forgive me if I hurt or annoyed you -
 It was a weak and "little" way
 to see and express it - I hope
 you have contacted her - she is
 cheerful, beautiful and worthy -

I am struggling with insomnia
 and have acquired the habit of
 holding the prayer Beads you gave
 me - I have needed the thought
 and vibrations - I hope they have -
 I'll write again in a day or two -
 with writings - and some of the
 lessons I'm learning -
 I keep hoping I'll get a note
 from you - yet - I don't really expect
 one - I know you are busy -
 but would like to know how you
 are & where you go when your
 plans are made - you'll have
 to be moving soon - won't you?
 (M)

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 (M)

(M)

Don't mind if I don't make any sense-

The apartment is coming along - but we will still be at the hotel for another week or two - I imagine we will move around the 10th of September. I am in the process of selecting light fixtures - bath room equipment etc. - We will take a German lesson every day - from a College Professor (U of Chicago) who is here getting his Doctorate in Languages. A very pleasant middle aged bachelor who has shown some interest in "The Guest" - but I haven't done much about it as yet - I'm going to loan him my book by Ouspensky - The 4th way - which, incidentally, seems quite sensible - I haven't had time to read it.

John grows more bored by the day - so we bought him a black Cocker Spaniel puppy (more work for Mutter) - I have hired a full time sleep-in (for the time being anyway) maid - am driving my Fiat around town and give about two good sized dinner parties a week (at the hotel, of course). The only woman I've met so far - who speaks English is the Baroness Landingshausen-Wolff - whose husband is the Director of the Dresden Bank. She is the international type and is going to take me under her wing (she says).

My mental condition may have something to do with the fact that my physical "Condition" - flared up soon after I arrived here and has been giving me endless trouble. I am paying now for not having taken your advice about the Doctor.

Would like to hear more about your trip to Switzerland. We go to Berlin for 3 days Sept 23 to attend the World Wide Oil Conference.

Must finish now - more anon -
The One Who Goes Around in a Circle.

enter into the picture at all August 21st. It had never occurred to me that I should have been so determined to draw away all my feeling of being an individual or a person - I'm adrift on a great sea. What have I done or not done - that Hello,

I have waited to answer your so welcome and appreciated letter until such time as I "say" something. Time for quiet and thinking is simply not available - so I'll just give you a summary of events. Besides, all my thoughts et cetera seem to be nothing but words, words - in my present mood, they have no meaning.

If I remember correctly, this was about the time you were to move again - I wonder where you are located now.

I was rather startled to read in the Herald Tribune (we get the Paris edition) about the earthquake in Montana - because just two nights ago, I dreamt about a large earthquake in the Pacific.

How to tell you what has been happening in my life. I wish I could be cheerful and gay about it. How can one be so cheerful when swallowed by the Armageddon? I still have enough flippancy to be dramatic about it - in words. My construction has lagged behind my destruction. Facing the stark fact that only my own weaknesses are responsible for my problems (even lifetimes) has stripped me of illusions. I have arrived at the point now that seems (at times) to make even all this hunger "To Know" - To Be - just an excuse to keep from entering into and living a day by day normal life. My consciousness struggles with a dreadful inertia - I walk through a field of poppies - it is incongruous that I could be so asleep and yet so frantically busy physically. It's a rather horrible dream and nothing makes any sense.

What to do - I can't even find - or desire to cling to any feeling of my own worthiness. What does it matter - one's personal or individual goodness or worthiness. I see that it doesn't really

August 1918

Hello,

I have waited to answer your so welcome and appreciated letter until such time as I "say" something. Time for quiet and thinking is simply not available - so I'll just give you a summary of events. Besides, all my thoughts at present seem to be nothing but words, words, words - in my present mood, they have no meaning.

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enter into the picture at all - not at all. It is or has been as though some force or power had determinedly drawn away all my feeling of being an individual or a person - I'm adrift on a great vast ocean. What have I done or Not Done - that has caused this condition. My desire and effort has been consistent and of the best quality I could manage. That is not enough. I have been stupid and afraid of life

Rock bottom - bare essentials. There is a GOD - A POWER - Greater - Unknown. Because that Unknown Power is benevolent - I have been helped. There is nothing personal about this - therefore it has nothing to do with being worthy or unworthy in the ordinary sense. I am a part of The creation - minute - undiscoverable - unknown - but I have a place to fill - I can be used - in this sense I can serve. It has nothing to do with what I think I am or am not - with what I desire. Other than that - what can be known - the rest is illusion and even that could be wishful thinking.

The Doctor Jekyll - Mr Hyde existence goes on and even grows worse. Anything I can manage to build up in cheerfulness - optimism etcetera during the day - is visited at the end of the day - by a hurricane - that blows it all to the winds. Now - I do not have the comfort or refuge of feeling badly treated - nor do I have the weapon of hate - dislike or repulsion. I realize that these things are used by mankind as a substitute for WILL - when they haven't strength to do what they want - with hate - defiance - etcetera - ~~the~~ task is made easy - Riding on these things - we can turn around corners or climb mountains. When I look for weapons I find not even a pebble - The giant who roars suddenly becomes a fellow man - who makes a magnificent struggle against impossible odds. My own misery turns to a rather secret admiration and pity. I could not do it - and once again the wheel turns.

What my fellowman does accomplish

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 and pity. I could not do it - and once again the
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*where of following back
 accomplished*

August 21st
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Must finish now- more anon-

The One Who Goes Around in a Circle.

The first of these is the fact that the
 second of these is the fact that the
 third of these is the fact that the
 fourth of these is the fact that the
 fifth of these is the fact that the
 sixth of these is the fact that the
 seventh of these is the fact that the
 eighth of these is the fact that the
 ninth of these is the fact that the
 tenth of these is the fact that the

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a visible vertical crease down the center, suggesting it was once folded. The surface texture is slightly uneven, with subtle variations in tone and some minor discoloration or foxing, characteristic of old paper. There is no text or other markings on the page.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

It is my hope that all
is well with you.

G

Life goes on much the same.
However, I am feeling like a
new person — from a physical
viewpoint, that is. Seems to
have more energy and ambition
due to the sense of well-being.

Am still studying astrology,
also meditating on it and, surprisingly
enough, learning some interesting
bits of knowledge. I am finding

It is my hope that all
will be well with you.

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also meditating on it and, surprisingly
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Certain flaws that bear investigation, but it is by no means a disheartening factor - there is much to be learned in all phases of knowledge and this subject is no exception. I am more inclined to believe it (astrology) needs more of the spiritually developed.

Time will tell much as far as this subject is concerned. In the meantime it has been very helpful to me and several others I have tried to help through the subject. Would some time like to go into the subject with you.

entirely plain that the present position
of it is by no means a desideratum
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The attached ad interests me
as I have heard a little about
the sentence I've underlined.

Can you recommend this particular
book, or is there another you can
suggest, or shall I just drop
the matter. Your opinion is much
appreciated.

Please take care of yourself.
With every best wish.

D.

49 + 10

= 500

The attached is intended to
 as I have been a little short
 the sentence. I have underlined.
 Can you recommend this particular
 book, or in there another you can
 suggest, or shall I just drop
 the matter. Your opinion is much
 appreciated.

Please take care of yourself.
 With every best wish.

A.

17 + 10

100

Please forgive me for not writing more frequently than I have. You have been in my thoughts very often, and it was hoped you were aware of ~~them~~ each time.

I hope you are well and comfortable...from what I've read in the papers the weather where you are is not anything to write home about. I do pray you are safe.

I guess the book is now finished? I am eagerly awaiting it, and may it be happily received! Perhaps now you can relax a bit, although I know you always have much to do.

The past six or seven months have been no less than turbulent ones; in fact, so much so that my health and sense of equilibrium had been affected, although I'm slowly making progress in the right direction. It was as though a landslide engulfed me, and the ensuing difficulties of extricating myself was almost too much for me. However, it appears that, like many, I was not fully aware of the resiliency within me and, now that I'm on the up-grade, I am deeply grateful for all of the experiences.

Your birthday did not pass without me sending you my thoughts, as I do every day, but inasmuch as I thought your plans were to go further south from where you were, I was waiting for your next address. Nevertheless, belated birthday greetings, and may this year be among the best.

As always, I'm speechless with thankfulness for you and all that you have helped me with. Were it not for this, many difficulties would have assumed greater proportions. My heartfelt gratitude, which is always consciously felt by me, is extended to you once again.

I thought when I quit the business world that I was going to have time to myself in order to do a few things I'd looked forward to accomplishing. There was a period of rest, but a short one and it did not go unappreciated. I discovered later that I had yet to forego my own ideas in order to learn some lessons I needed badly!

Since last June, astrology has occupied a great deal of my waking hours. I have studied it, with an open mind, and I have concluded there is merit in it.

I have met many people through this, several of whom I have grown quite fond; specifically, three women and one man. Two of the women have helped me with astrology, one being quite progressed in the subject, and all of the individuals are spiritually progressed. The women are members of the Order of Magi and they have asked me to join the group. My polite refusal I know is quite mystifying because they so highly recommend it. None-the-less, they are very fine, and I study astrology with them every other Wednesday evening.

The man, Bob, is a professional astrologer I met through George. He is 45 years old, and of all the people I have met, with the exception of yourself, is the most advanced. Intuitively I get him with an Egyptian background. I feel very close to him, and I do hope you two will meet some day. He lives in Cleveland, and I will next see him in June when I hope to attend the astrologers convention there. Meanwhile we correspond. He has been of great help to me insofar as astrology is concerned, directly through his letters answering my questions and through his articles which appear in three astrological publications.

He has written for the Theos. Society, for he once was a member and all of his adult years have been given to spiritual study. He has read, learned, and given much, though like most of us, he is not perfect. What I do like about him in addition to what I have stated is his constructive attitude toward life; he is a practical man and more normal than most.

George proved an interesting experience and having met up with him taught me a lot.

By the way, the main reason I was so long in writing was because I kept waiting for the time that certain developments in my life offered conclusions that I could write you about. Until quite recently everything was just a hodge-podge that was not worth writing about.

I laugh at myself (once again) for having been still so naive, although I know now I've come a long way in the past six months. I hope that at long last I have shed the last remains of one of my worst shortcomings.

I've learned so much at first hand experience and it all came so fast, that I hit an all-time low, me, who never knew what it was to be hurt, despondent, or at my wits ends. But it all served a good purpose, I am far the wiser, know better how to judge and handle people and the situations they create.

The most important lesson of all is the one of learning that mankind is not, as yet, at the high evolutionary stage I gave him credit for, and in saying this I am commenting on those more advanced beings, not the ones who are obviously at a lower stage of growth.

Secondly, I have learned not to expect so much of even the more developed ones. The problems of living and learning are difficult at best, and each one has his individual problems to cope with, and the fact that All-Wisdom is not theirs yet (nor mine) is no reason I should be disappointed in them, nor even in myself.

The man, too, is a professional astrologer I met through George. He is 50 years old, and of all the people I have met, with the exception of yourself, is the most advanced. Intuitively I get on with an Egyptian mathematician. I feel very close to him, and I do hope you will meet some day. He lives in Cleveland and I will meet him in June when I hope to attend the astrologers' convention there. He has been of great help to me in my astrological work, and through his letters answering my questions and through his criticism which appear in these astrological publications.

He has written for the "Three" Society, for he once was a member and all of his writings have been given to spiritual study. He has read, learned, and lived much, though the most of us he is not perfect. What I do like about him is his attitude toward life; he is I have stated in his constructive attitude toward life; he is a practical man and not a mere idealist.

George proved an interesting experience and I have met up with his teaching as a lot.

By the way, the main reason I was so long in writing was because I kept waiting for the time that certain developments in my life offered conclusions that I could write about. Until quite recently everything was just a hope-thing that was not worth writing about.

I learn of myself (once again) for having been still so naive. Although I know now I've come a long way in the past six months I have found that I have read and lost reason of one of my worst shortcomings.

I've learned to work at first hand experience and it all came on last, that I did an all-time low, and never knew what it was to be a mathematician, or a mathematician. But it all seems to be a long way from the first, and I know better now to judge and handle things and the situations they present.

The most important lesson of all is the one of learning that learning is not, as yet, at the high evolutionary stage I gave him credit for, and in saying this I am commenting on these more advanced beings, not the ones who are obviously at a lower stage of growth.

Especially, I have learned not to expect so much of other men, and to be more of a student. The problems of living and learning are difficult at best, and even one who has his mind in a position to see that all things are not what they seem, but even more so, I should be interested in them, not even in myself.

However, I've seen in the past six months such things as pride, competition, jealousy, selfishness, mercenary attitude, and the withholding of truth by those who can pass it on to earnest seekers. The fact that I was so close to all of this caused me to sit back, stunned, that people "preaching" the spiritual could possess these traits. I am most grateful because the experience taught me so well what I should not be. Anyway, I have come out of it and mended well.

Mrs. Prine seems a sincere student, but she is obviously quite depressed or distressed over something she does not mention. She asks, in her second letter, whether a spiritual man has a sign on his forehead. I'm not able to answer this question, so thought perhaps you might enlighten me. I do hope there aren't too many questions I'll have to trouble you with, but rather than err in my statements, I'd rather ask you.

I'm sending you a chart. If you feel the person to whom it belongs would not care, would you make corrections as I think I may be of help in one way or another. For instance, you might tell this person that squares do not take anything away; however, the improper handling of the squares might do this. When the square is handled rightly, it leaves nothing but the power and energy it gave to overcome the square in the first place and the net result is the individual can use the "good" of the square for progress. Trines incline one to passivity and must be used as carefully and intelligently as a square. Sun square moon, for instance, gives a psychological quirk that can eventually drive one to brilliant achievement. However, in the process of accomplishment, the person can feel uncertain, or has difficulty making up his mind, but when once this is overcome, this square gives a wonderful drive and energy to do things. Churchill has this aspect in his chart. Naturally, I'll not divulge the chart to anyone.

I do hope to have more correspondents and eagerly await them!

Albert has had several "romantic" set-backs and consequently was more depressed than ever, which necessitated my speaking very frankly, which I probably should have done far earlier. My frankness regarding his faults seemed to do the trick. He has matured. He, also, has taught me a lot, and my only regret is that I didn't learn the lesson more quickly. It was only when I realized that he was a "spoiled child" that I was able to help him.

I have had another hard lesson to learn: That of disassociating other people's make-up from my own. I've made the mistake several times of thinking that the other fellow was much like myself. I know now that the other fellow is another fellow, and until he proves to me first that he lives up to certain conditions I'll not readily accept him into my life. In this way I'll do the more important things instead of the less.

You tried to convey this to me several years back and I agreed with you because I realized you were right, but I did not then have the full understanding of my error. Henceforth, you'll find me more mature. Anyway, no doubt you are interested to know that this particular flaw has once and for all be eliminated. Albert alone does not account for my learning this lesson, others helped too, I regret to say.

Have you read Candle of Vision by George Russell? Bob is sending it to me as he says it is "must" reading. Wondered what you thought of it. He has also given me titles of several books on esoteric astrology. I think it is here that I'll find my greatest interest. I feel, too, I might "discover" something when I study this phase. All I know is, like the spiritual, I have gone overboard for astrology. The spiritual did not prove disappointing, and I feel astrology will not disappoint me either.

I know there are many who have used it unintelligently because of their lack of intelligence; I know many have made inaccurate predictions, only because they had no license to make the prediction in the first place, they just wanted to hear themselves "talk." And I know there is much in astrology to be weeded out, just as in any science, it is not yet perfect.

I don't mean to imply that I'm dedicating my life to astrology for I certainly do not have such intentions, but I think it has much good in it and that it should be taken out of the hands of frauds, charlatans, and undeveloped minds. At this point, I'm rather inclined to think it fits in with the spiritual scheme of things, although I must confess I haven't quite determined my findings. I'm on my way to some definite conclusions and perhaps another six months will do it.

Am now reading The Mahatma Letters which George says is the book he'd want if stranded on a desert isle.

You were quite right about him. There is much good in him, I still maintain, but there are some serious flaws. I've stopped seeing him and Elaine as I used to for it became apparent the automobile was a very convenient mode of transportation. I still attend the astrology classes, but in the very near future I hope to most of my studying by myself.

He discontinued Sunday lectures and two weeks ago started a Thursday night occult class. He has invited a very small group to attend and those who did said the lectures were very good. I may be making a mistake by not attending, but some how or another I can't. I know he is non-plussed by my absence, as I have declined to explain. What it is that prevents me from attending I don't know; it is as though a forbidding hand is raised and I find that I cannot disobey.

and I tried to convey this to the several years back and I turned
it over because I recalled you were right, but I did not then
have the full understanding of my error. However, you will
find me more than ready. Anyway, no doubt you are interested to
know what this "discovery" has once and for all be estab-
lished. I have not accounts for my learning this lesson
others helped me. I repeat to say.

Have you read Gaudin's Vision by George Russell? He is said-
ing to me as he says it is "mystic" teaching. Wondered what you
thought of it. He has also given me titles of several books on
occultic subjects. I think it is here that I'll find my great-
est interest. I feel, too, I might "discover" something when I
study this matter. And I know it, like the spiritual, I have
some evidence for astrology. The spiritual did not prove dis-
appointing, and I feel astrology will not disappoint as either.

I know there are many who have used it unprofitably because of
their lack of intelligence. I know many have made inaccurate pre-
dictions, only because they had no license to make the predic-
tion in the first place. They just wanted to hear themselves
"talk". And I know there is much in astrology to be worked out,
just as in any science, it is not yet perfect.

I don't mean to imply that I'm dedicating my life to astrology
for I certainly do not have such intentions, but I think it is
much good in it and that it should be taken out of the hands
of those, charlatans, and undeveloped minds. At this point
I'm rather inclined to think it fits in with the spiritual
aspect of things, although I must confess I haven't quite
determined my findings. I'm on my way to some definite conclu-
sions and perhaps another six months will do it.

Am now reading The Mediums Letters which George says is the
best book yet if it stands as a honest life.

You were quite right about this. There is much good in it, I
think. But there are some serious lines. I've also
reading it and I think it is a very good book. I
automatically was a very concerned man of investigation. I
will extend the astrology classes, but in the very near future
I hope to most of my studies be over it.

He also mentioned Sunday-schools and two years ago started a
Thursday night occult class. He has invited a very small
group to attend and those who did said the lessons were very
good. I am not making a mistake by not attending, but some day
on another I shall. I know he is not pleased by my absence, as
I have decided to explain. What it is that prevents me from
attending I don't know; it is perhaps a forbidding hand is
placed and I think that I cannot disobey.

My health is good now, and I feel like my old self as the saying goes. Helen fell and broke her left wrist on the 2nd...she is coming along fine. Bill is O.K., having just finished with another furniture show. My father is weakening, but it is good to say that he has progressed much spiritually, and my mother is fine.

Hope I can see you soon, and in the meantime, have some word from you.

Please be careful--1952 is not to be the best year the world has seen. Of course, need I tell you? You can tell me!

Have not received word to sell the stock.

I'll be looking for a letter, it will be wonderful to hear from you.

You are ever in my thoughts.

D.

P.S. What is your opinion of Alice Bailey? She wrote a book on Esoteric Astrology and I was wondering, inasmuch as Bob did not recommend it, whether I should buy it. She has Mercury square Jupiter in her chart--this aspect does not always make for a person being reliable, they are apt to stretch the truth, but like any other square the tendencies can be overcome, *AND IN HIGHLY EVOLVED SOULS I THINK THIS IS AN ASPECT THAT TESTS THEIR INTEGRITY.*

My husband is good now, and I love him my old self as the saying
is. Helen told me that she had met you in the
rooming house in N.Y., having just finished with
another rooming house. My father is respectable, but it is
good to get out of the progress made spiritually, and my
mother is fine.

Hope I can see you soon, and in the meantime, have some word
from you.

Please be careful--1903 is not so far the best year the world
has seen. Of course, none I tell you. You can tell me!

Have not received word to sell the stock.

I'll be looking for a letter, it will be wonderful to hear
from you.

You are ever in my thoughts.



P.S. What is your opinion of Alice Bailey? She wrote a book
on Esoteric Astrology, and I was wondering, I remember as
Bob did not recommend it, whether I should buy it. She
has twenty square inches in her chart--this aspect
does not always make for a person being reliable, they
are apt to stick to the truth, but like any other square
the pentagon can be overcome, and in highly evolved 3rd
I think this is the aspect that tests their integrity.

urgent reply (knowing that
M Freeman ~~knows~~ ~~all~~ ~~them~~ ~~is~~ ~~clear~~ ~~that~~)

duty is to stay that
G is helpless without
her + to leave
will be to condemn
him to suicide
perhaps
or to

Washburne

Wed 12th

We leave here,

We may walk but

We were not

to know

them there

have a horse
with them

Dear P.B.

27-II-62

Thanks for your letter and new address. This won't be the long, leisurely letter I'd like to write. I've been so distracted lately it is difficult to collect my thoughts. I guess sometime over the past year I stepped beyond my stress point and find a general disintegration going on - Maybe my soul is sick, at any rate - I have found myself less and less able to cope with the routine of my life.

My intellectual life has been very active - tearing away the veils of illusion etc etc etc - "Ego-crushing" - you called it - But nothing has replaced it - My whole attitude and values are changing so much - that I find the prospect of the life here in Holland - almost unendurable. I have moved so many times during the past few years - and what with all the other stress am completely exhausted by it. To the extreme extent that after 4 months - in this huge house I'm only partially settled - our furniture was so badly damaged in this move - at the present time I can't seem to force myself to be interested in houses - or people. And this is precisely what I am expected to do here.

Nov 7. 13.

27-II-13

Thanks for your letter and for address.

This work is the long, his only letter to
like to write. His book is a masterpiece lately
it is difficult to collect my things into 2 groups
something over the past year I stopped buying
my shoes, pants and find a general chain-
reaction going on. I hope my coat is not
as my lot. I have found myself less and
less able to cope with the routine of my
life.

My intellectual life has been very active -
- turning away the veil of illusion etc etc -
- "Quaking" - you called it - but nothing too
refined it - my whole attitude and values
are changing so much - that I find the progress
of the life in Holland - almost unrecognizable
I have moved so many times during the past
few years - and what with all the other stress
and completely it is treated by it. To the degree
extent that often 4 months - in this time
house in only partially settled - even furniture
was so badly damaged in this move - as the
present time I can't seem to force myself to be
interested in houses - or people. And that
in general makes I am expected to do too.

A Wide-Continual Social life and Contact is
Part of the job responsibility here - what with
5000 Americans - there isn't any choice. I'm not
Anti-social - But at this particular time
it amounts to a torture - for the time being I
can see no way out. And at present there doesn't
seem to be any chance of transfer to New York
where social life is a thing apart -

I'm not ungrateful for the Creator's
blessings - I'm fully aware of my own basic
responsibility - and that my problem is
myself - Knowing the cause of an
illness doesn't necessarily heal it -

But - what of you -? Do you find
New Zealand any more attractive than Perth?
I hope by this time your surroundings are more
agreeable and that the untimely preoccupation
with age - is behind you. Age is relative -
you have to be too old or too young for something
and compared to the man of 150 (that's on it's way)
you are a youngster. Besides - that mood was
the necessary and temporary slump - between one
"season" and another - New facilities - New
Consciousness - brings new seasons and ages
to us - most people follow the crowd and don't
know there are "4 Corners" - they don't expect it -
don't look for it - and won't accept it when
it beckons - anyway - please write
m.

we get old long before the proper time - because
of the age effect - it of our self - you are old
only when no one needs you - that's what makes them

from the age aspect.

where social life is a thing apart -
seem to be only slaves of transfer to New York
and see us lay out. But as present the brain
it amounts to a torture - for the time being &
anti-social - (but at this particular time
2000 Americans - there isn't any choice. In the
part of the job - responsibility for - what will
a white - continued social life and contact is

I have been very busy
 trying to prevent
 myself from
 responsibility - and this my problem is
 becoming - I fully believe of my own
 but not useful for the Creator's

it's better - anyway - please write
 about last fall - but wait until it's
 known there are "corners" - then don't spend it
 to us - most people follow the crowd and don't
 know - (write New Orleans and ask)
 "reason" but another - the facilities here
 the necessary and temporary things - between the
 you are a young star, (sister) that's what I mean
 and compared to the room of 120 (that's on the way)
 you have to be too old on too young for something
 with age - is behind you. (I'm a relative -
 of course and that the mutually gratification
 I hope by the time your surroundings are more
 but I think you have attractive than that?
 Yours - what of you? Do you find

Jeylinghorstlaan 3
Wassenaar, Holland

Dear PB -

I have not heard from you for many months. I know you don't like to write letters. But, Couldn't you find just a moment or a small inclination to drop a line - to tell me how you are going and your whereabouts. I hesitate to write long letters when I'm not certain they reach you -

When you suggested I write for therapeutic value - a few years ago - I could probably have done that - But this past year especially has been a daily - almost hourly effort - to keep my head above dreadful moods of desolation. A struggle for the life of my soul - almost - It has gone on almost incessantly - night & day - and I haven't been able to collect my thoughts enough to write -

Along with this (temperamental pen) I've been trying to settle this large house and cope with a very extensive social life - and I have no choice in the matter - It's a part of the position - It has been such a burden because - my vitality is so low and my

Wassenaar, William
Langhorne Street 1883

Dear Sir -
I have not time for you for many months
I have for some time to write letters (see)
I would have liked just a moment or so
to see you - but to see you
are going and your interests, I think
to write you letters when you are
the next year -

I have for some time to write for the
future - a few years ago - I have
been there - but the past year especially
a very pleasant trip - to the
I have for some time to write for the
future - a few years ago - I have
been there - but the past year especially
a very pleasant trip - to the
I have for some time to write for the
future - a few years ago - I have
been there - but the past year especially
a very pleasant trip - to the

Very truly yours (Langhorne Street) Wm
I have for some time to write for the
future - a few years ago - I have
been there - but the past year especially
a very pleasant trip - to the
I have for some time to write for the
future - a few years ago - I have
been there - but the past year especially
a very pleasant trip - to the

Spirit has fled. In other words - like
Jonah I've been Swallowed by a
whale - and HE has hidden His Presence
from me.

At the present - my problem, looks
unsolvable - Maybe I can tell you some
of the details - that are so troublesome
when I know my letters reach you

How are you?

Please Write

m.

spent too long in the woods - but
I am sure you will understand
and the fact that the
from the

at the present time - I am
unfortunate - I am told you have
of the details - that are so terrible
when I know my letter may reach you

How are you?

Yours with

W.

(2) Tell plants to
free up that
max height
requires stay with
ferge. So cut
the top firmly - it
will be harder in the end.

OF TWO INDIAN FEATURE FILMS

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF W.

d

IAN ASSOCIATION

he now UNO TANTATTA TATA TANTATTA TANTATTA

July 7 -

(postmark Germany)

Hello -

I had hoped to have time for a long letter before I left - But, it hasn't turned out that way - There is so much confusion. we are in the Hotel today - packers are doing the furniture and tomorrow we leave for Italy will sail on the 16th - arrive in New York - the 24th - At the San Carlos - for a week - up to N.Y. State + Penna for 10 days + back to N.Y. for 3 weeks - Again to Pa for 10 days - & then sail again for Italy arriving in the Hague about the 27th of Sept

If I do not have an opportunity to write before - I'll do so on arrival at San Carlos with addresses. So forth -

Have not heard from you - but in the event you wish to write - please send it in care of my father - who will hold and give it to me privately - This address is

John Plummer
Maple Grove Rd
R. 7. D. Friendship
New York

nothing to regret in this
letter in the event - the first

- postcard sent

and pictures of the event
which were already sent -

for me to send it to you in N.Y.

and have you time to tell me
- very much need it again and

and so

or

Sorry for the writing and
incivence - two friends are waiting
for me - so must go —

Everything about the same in my
life - But have much to tell you
and hope to hear from you -

m

John Thummer
Maple Grove Rd
R. 4. F.

Friendship
Boys work

Please write

about these things.
Then I can feel more free to write
and I hope you will be the same.
Personal reference or information
I will destroy my letters with

We leave Hannover July 8th and
sail from Genoa July 16 on the Independence
(according to plan.) Will be at the
San Carlos - 150 £. 50 for a week - then up
to Pa. to my family - 10 days - then back
to N.Y. for 3 weeks - Back to Pa for a week
and then sail again for Genoa on Sept 8th.
Dr Holland Sept 25th - That's the plan.
The only address I can give - and perhaps the best
time he is in care of my father - He will keep
any letter and give to me privately -

G. John M. PLUMMER
MAPLE GROVE ROAD
FRIENDSHIP. R.F.D.
NEW YORK

California Texas Oil of course - is 380 Madison Ave -
anyway - I'll write later - from time to time altho'
it may not be long letters - time and opportunity
will have to determine that - I'll keep in touch
and I hope you will -

Please take care of yourself
m.

Do you mind if I go to see
the Doctor you recommended
in N.Y. Stephenson?

Please Write

I will destroy any letters with
personal reference or information
and I hope you will do the same.
Then I can feel more free to write
about these things.

NEW YORK
FRIENDSHIP. R.F.D.
MAPLE GROVE ROAD
To John M. FLUMMER

Please take care of yourself
and I hope you will -

will have a better time - his trip is over
it was not as long letters - time and opportunity
anyway - see what later - from time to time
California takes a lot of time - a 380 machine one

any letter and give to me personally -
will be in case of my father - he will keep
the one address down for me - and perhaps to let
on Holland Sept 2-5 - that the plan
and then said again for dinner on Sept 8-
to N.Y. for 3 weeks - back to the for a while
to be to my family - 10 days - then back
San Carlos - 120 E. 20 for a while - then up
(according to plan.) while he is at the
said from home July 15 on the Independence
and leave tomorrow July 8-2 and

June 8/61

Not a letter - Just Solidign, Outline -
your letter arrived in midst of flow
of V.I.P's from N.Y. - A refinery being
built in Frankfurt -

Rush-Rush-Rush - Just informed
transferred to Hague in Holland on return
from Leave - My reaction to Germany
same as yours to Australia - But not
happy about Holland - Any overseas
Station necessarily constant session of
entertaining - parties - people - Is. in Sales
& Marketing - means Contacts - Cannot
avoid - State of my Soul, at present -
Makes it a torture - process of Ego -
crushing - taken away interest in clothes
houses - people etc etc - Thought of
packing - a hectic mad house. So-called
Holiday and Back to Holland to settle
13 room house - new atmosphere - people
Parties etc - Makes me ill at thought.

Not a letter - Just Solidign, Outline -
your letter arrived in midst of flow
of V.I.P's from N.Y. - A refinery being
built in Frankfurt -
Rush-Rush-Rush - Just informed
transferred to Hague in Holland on return
from Leave - My reaction to Germany
same as yours to Australia - But not
happy about Holland - Any overseas
Station necessarily constant session of
entertaining - parties - people - Is. in Sales
& Marketing - means Contacts - Cannot
avoid - State of my Soul, at present -
Makes it a torture - process of Ego -
crushing - taken away interest in clothes
houses - people etc etc - Thought of
packing - a hectic mad house. So-called
Holiday and Back to Holland to settle
13 room house - new atmosphere - people
Parties etc - Makes me ill at thought.

18/8 ans f

- another @, just below leaf - rather a lot
 - just go Robin in leaves rather more
 - just go Robin in leaves rather more
 - just go Robin in leaves rather more

13 room house - new atmosphere - people
 talking and back to Holland to settle
 working - a better work house. so-called
 houses - people etc etc - hand of
 crushing - taken away interest in clothes
 makes it a torture - process of 300 -
 avoid - State of my soul, at present -
 a workshop - mean contacts - cannot
 interesting - parties - people - in 2nd
 station necessarily towards series of
 happy about Holland - my overseas
 some as yours to statistics - but not
 for house - my reaction to Germany
 transferred to 14000 in Holland on return
 Great - Great - Great - just informed

Not a moment of rest - peace or relaxation - Past two years - a night mare - don't see how I can face another two years of same thing - Germany a professional failure for Is. consequently must make greater effort in Holland. not lack of ability - Consistent indulgence - dulls judgment etc - any effort on my part to Balance or make up by entertaining or social life - spoiled by conduct or impression of indulgence - usually - Cannot see self - nor acknowledge it - or particular need to change. Underneath Confident manner - Emotional Child - Sick - insecure spirit - If I go away for even day or two - at mercy of Pubs. etc - On rare occasions when Earl Denie Back in his Battle Shows completely different attitude - Personality - Generosity - Sweetness Gay - Willingness to work etc - not Ambitious for money or position

2

Beloved friend - asks about Will -
 what do I want - I want Beloved
 friend to stay - he has been in
 unhappy atmosphere - affects his
 attitude - that kind change -
 Age is relative - Compared to Brandon
 Moses

that has been good to me - just
as a whole to give so much
- just as a whole to give so much

Beloved friend says it's a situation
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher

to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher

to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher

to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher
- I want to be a teacher - I want to be a teacher

a youngster - what do I want -
how can I say - what he wants
me to have - that's what I want.

Please forgive all this - silly
nonsense - will write proper
letter - inner needs - have taken away
my abilities to manage all this
activity -

We sail from Genoa July 16 -
supposed to return to Holland - Sept 25
we leave this place - July 8th -
will send address (in a few days) when
you can reach me in States - after
Sept will write you at London address.

This is just outline of some
ideas - thoughts reactions going on
in my mind - will elucidate
"Später":

m



HOTEL WITTEBRUG



DEN HAAG - SCHEVENINGEN

TELEGR. WITTEBRUG HAAG

TEL. 51 23 61

GIRO 13574

Oct 10/61

Dear PB -

I'm back in Europe and facing the task of doing a house again. Our home leave was hectic as they usually are - brought us no peace or relaxation.

In as much as you mentioned moving in October, this is just a note to ask for your new address - I'll send this to London - and another to Australia - and hope that one will catch up with you - also that you will "drop me a line" if and when you have time -

My new address here is

TEYLINGERHORSTLAAN 3
WASSENAR
HOLLAND

Please write - I. Monty



Oct 10/11

Dear Mr.

As I look in Europe and facing the fact of
being a house again. Our house have been
better as they usually are - hard to be here as
relocation.

As we look as your intention moving in October
this is just a note to ask for your new address
the end this to London - and answer to location
and hope that one will not be up with you. Also
that you will keep in a line - if not when you
have time

My new address here is

TEYLINGHORSTLAAN 3
WASSENHAR
HOLLAND

Yours truly
Wittebrug



HOTEL WITTEBRUG



DEN HAAG - SCHEVENINGEN

TELEGR. WITTEBRUG HAAG

TEL. 51 23 61

GIRO 13374

Oct 10 —
1961

Hello -

I'm back in Europe and will be moving into the new house in a few days - I'm not looking forward to it - because it's a very large place and I'm fresh out of interest - energy and enthusiasm. However, what must be done - must be done

Don, John is back in school in Switzerland - the home leave over - and very very hectic - everything goes along as usual and as soon as I learn your new address - I'll write some long letters to you - so many things I'd like to discuss with you - My new address here is

TeyLINGER Horstlaan 3

WASSENAR

HOLLAND

(a suburb of Hague)

I look forward to hearing from you soon

Monty

HOTEL WITTEBRUG



DEEN HAAG - SCHEVENINGEN

Oct 10
1921

Mlle

Mr. back in Europe and will be moving into
the new house in a few days - the old house
forward to a very large place and
in fact out of interest - every and interesting
themselves, what must be done - what to do

Mr. John is back in school in Dutch school -
the house has been - and the old house
everything from school as usual and so on
I have your membership - the white room
letter to you - no more things to do
with you - my own address too

Tijlinder Horst-laan 3

W. ASSENHAR

Holland

Laurens van der Horst

I have forward to having for you
Thank you

Jan 28

• airack sent Feb 10

160 postage stamps

paid correct

promised lengthy

later in days

Hells -

I know you don't like to write letters - but I'd hope to get a note from you - There are so many things I'd like to discuss with you. Is there any chance you might be in Europe this year? We are still in Germany - doubtful there will be a change - we have 2 months of leave beginning the last of June.

There isn't much use to fill a letter full of problems - and my inability to solve them - but I would like to have a word from you - I send this to Australia - and hope it reaches you - Monty

for 28

— 292 —

I know you don't like to write
 letters - but I'd like to get a
 note from you - there are so many
 things I'd like to discuss with you.
 Is there any chance you might be
 in Europe this year? We are still
 in Germany - beautiful this winter
 or spring - we have a month of leave
 beginning the last of June.

I am not much used to fill a
 letter full of questions - but my
 inability to solve them - and I
 would like to have a word from
 you - about this to Gustav's - and
 I will write you -
 Mary

Dear Paul Brunton,

I sent a note to you several days ago however, I'm not sure I addressed it correctly and I feel like writing another.

I've written so few letters to you this past year because I've had so many problems and didn't want to write distressful letters- I've been trying to learn to solve difficulties from within myself- about the most I can say, is that I've learned many things about myself but as for contact and overcoming- I'm not so confident. This past month or so, I've been especially innerly distressed- and at times like this I see the urgent need for a "Way" of contacting my spirit. I suppose I mean by meditation or some such- although the formal method just never seemed to appeal to me. At risk of sounding over-dramatic I have been overwhelmed by some dreadful spirit of temptation or "Jacob's Angel" released from my subconscious or thereabouts and as a result have had to view myself in a completely different light.

I've been seeing myself as some terribly selfish- stone-hearted person and it has come as a sickening shock- life has been so very good to me and I haven't done anything in return- I never meant it this way and didn't even realize I had been like this. I do have an occasional understanding that this is the lie and the Father of the lie about my spirit and perhaps an idea that I must overcome. I'm grateful for lessons and better to see these things than to live under illusions about myself- I've tried admitting my faults to the Creator within and as much as possible under trying circumstances, practice doing something about them- but no sooner than the wonderful feeling of forgiveness settle in

John Paul Thurston

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however, I'm not sure I addressed it correctly
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illusions about myself- I've tried adjusting my
focus to the greater within and as much as
possible under trying circumstances, practice
doing something about them- but no sooner than
the wonderful feeling of forgiveness settle in

my heart- than anew trial or snare arises.
Nights are agonies and I begin to feel like
Job himself.

I had hoped to hear some word from
you- even though I know you are busy and don't
like writing. Could you reassure me that all
is well and that I haven't hurt or distressed
you in some way- is there anything I can do
for you- I have been so selfish without
realizing it. So often I have wanted to see
and talk to you- I need to discuss so many
things but you are so far away. It is
painful to be torn in so many directions-but
I can be in only one place at a time- I miss
John so and would like to have him with me these
next few years before he grows to manhood-
As it looks now we may be staying or returning
to Germany again after June and that alone
has filled me with despair- this has been such
an unhappy sojourn- I feel the need to be
home and wherever I look there is a pull.

All of this shows an appalling lack of
faith in God- and I'm ashamed but I'm weak
and I can't seem to see my way at all.

Please forgive me for writing such a
letter to you- I should be cheerful and gay
I know- but I need to know I'm not alone.

Am enclosing something that came into
my hands- do you mind?

PLEASE WRITE

M

...heart- then know what or where arises.
...are agonies and I begin to feel like
...himself.

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you- even though I know you are busy and don't
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now- but you're before he grows to know me-
and it looks now we may be staying at home
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my hands- do you mind?
PLEASE WRITE

Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

(H)
Saturday
3 pm.

2) my met will
Dear Paul - Jack returned from being
with Ellma. She is a lovely, lovely
girl and she will be a very fine,
very mature person - some day.

This trip was for her sake, of
course, not for Elizabeth. The girls are
returning to New York - I believe -
where (for the time) they belong. Ellma
and Dan (Dan particularly) may not
"push" Elizabeth out of their lives as they
are trying to do. They must learn to
understand their true relationship to
each other and to Life by (painfully if must
say) detaching themselves from each other
while together. Ellma

Ellma should detach herself from
Dan. Lovingly make him pick up and
put away the unpleasant results of
his own experiences. It is his business
not hers. Thereby she will develop her-
self for a life and business of her own -
instead of some one else's. We may not disagree.

Dan must learn to understand
and straighten out and suffer the
painful straightening processes of
his own experiences. Something in him
is hanging on to "Linda" and her adulation
while he wishes to be rid of Elizabeth.
Elizabeth, on the other hand, is very subtly

letting Dan believe her to be the vic-
tim of himself in order to use him,
for what she wants. Dan must detach
himself completely, not by running
away or pushing her away, ~~but~~ ^{but} by suffering
the anguish of whatever cunning means
she will try to use in order to hold him
— whether unlawful chello or insanity or
whatever she will use in preference to
standing on her own two feet, accepting her
punishment for ~~doing~~ starting a wrong
relationship with Dan, and living
rightfully and happily as she would,
once this were straightened out.

If she must learn the hardest way of all —
which way she may choose — she must.
It need ^{not} ~~it~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ^{not} ~~value~~ ^{not} ~~them~~ ^{not} ~~any~~ ^{not} ~~more~~ ^{not} ~~than~~ ^{not} ~~necessary~~ ^{not} ~~if~~ ^{not} ~~they~~ ^{not} ~~are~~ ^{not} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~fearful~~ ^{not} ~~for~~ ^{not} ~~themselves~~ ^{not} ~~— except~~ ^{not} ~~for~~ ^{not} ~~whatever~~ ^{not} ~~unpleas-~~
antness they deserve, accept graciously
as necessary to learning, and then go on
in sincere, honest, ^{responsible} truthful living.

"Linda" and "Elizabeth" may surprise
them then — by becoming a very clear
thinking, fine person as she should, ^{essentially}.

It is Dan who needs helping more
than Elizabeth. I will be glad to see
them ^{together} in New York whenever they like —
(^{not} in Dayton) — if they wish to pay my
expense for the trip — I will be glad
to come. If Dan wishes to come alone — fine.

Paul, please keep these things
out of Ken's life. He needs his energies
and reserve for normal constructive
living among people who will give

Believe I'll withdraw my offer to come to N.Y.
- for the time - or to have Dan come here - until
they've settled their Elizabeth work. Made it
very clear to Edna my ^{Mr. Herman A. Futzler} must be done. Let's wait
and see if they want ^{711 Torrington Place} to learn and to grow!
~~Otherwise my efforts would be wasted.~~
Dayton 6, Ohio

from the realization that security,
emotional, mental and spiritual
security can be achieved as an every
day reality.

Fortunately, Ken is protected here.
He did not receive a "Special Delivery"
from someone ^{before he left home} (you?) in New York which
I assume informs him of the proposed
visit of these girls. Also Edna could
not contact him - and I have sent
these girls home before Ken need
see them - if that is the way it
should be. He needs his energies for important tasks.

Ken - today is very busy with
clients, who are wholesome, well-balanced,
materially successful men. They are
good for him. The busyness is good for
him. He's accomplishing things - and
will grow in work, in mind, in spirit.

For myself - I am always willing
to help. But wisdom guides me
clearly as to when, where and how.
It is as necessary to be obedient when
wisdom says no - as otherwise.

I'm sure you will understand.
Must leave for town. I will say goodbye from the
office, after Ken has ^{his letter} ~~later~~ - at the office

* - Gave Ken his letter -

Dear Paul - I'm glad you did not send
these girls here to us - or to Ken particularly.
Keep neurotics away from him - He

is no longer one himself, or we would not keep him here with us, as you realize.

I do not blame meditation or mysticism for neurasthenia. I have practised meditation most of ^{my} life. What meditation is — how it is utilized, maybe a differing point with many. according to your understanding of it in your letter to me — we are of one mind on its negative, harmful ~~abuses~~. That is the part of it I feel needs clarifying.

I am delighted about your book! I had so hoped you would stay in your own field of writing — & let me it to help the ^{new} receptive minds of the average people. Paul, if you would only — also — write the series I had hoped to do. Small, helpful, elementary works — necessary basic — starting points that clarify terms — meditation, prayer, ^{etc.} in the simplest terms upon which people may act — not intellectually theorize.

Couldn't we do it together some day? — if you won't do it alone — which is what I hope you will do. The author, the gains — mean nothing to me. The message, the minds reached is the important fact. Please think about it.

I may be out of town the weekend of the 22nd. However, will be home again the 26th. Would you prefer coming a few days later? If not I'd see you when I'm home — of course. Very lovingly
Maxima

(H)

Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

Monday Night
July 7th

Dear Paul — Ken would have enjoyed being with you in Chicago, we know — but doubtless he has found a nice place on or near the lake (as he planned) and is getting the rest, sun, swimming and change that he anticipated. Ken realized when he didn't hear from you that he might be missing you — but decided he'd enjoy being in Chicago anyway, rather than the state parks in Ohio or Indiana. Chicago does offer more diversion for a young person. We'll hear from him tomorrow.

Hope you'll find the environment you need for writing in the place you've chosen in California. Are you going on to Mexico from there, as you thought probable? Let us know.

We're all very well — busy as usual — but also content, as usual. Write when you can. Love from us all.
Hanna

(4)

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
LONDON

11

Spencer
1871

[Faint, illegible handwriting throughout the body of the letter, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

Monday - 25th
9:15 pm.

Dear Paul - It's good to be comfortably at home resting this evening. My eyes could easily close into a deep sound sleep - but Jamie's entertaining, and it's best I remain "at call" - I presume. Her friends keep dropping in!

I was disappointed not to be with you after all on Wednesday evening - but the plans I had hoped to be excused from - just "wouldn't" be flexible! and it seemed as tho' I couldn't find a moment to even call you after that. Fortunately I can depend upon you to understand. I meant well.

The convention was splendid beyond expectations and the tributes of appreciation that Herman received made Jamie & I very very proud. But they were long full sessions and, of course, I attended them all for there were details to be taken care of in Herman's absence - and details to report back to him as well. However I enjoyed playing proxy.

The weather was not conducive to swimming or sunning for Jamie, and I was anxious to see Herman - we decided to leave on Friday, after all. It was late, six o'clock, when we left South Chicago - but pleasant driving. We spent the night at Lafayette (Perdue University) after three hours of driving and arrived in Martinsville to see Herman early the next day. He was feeling better and the doctor there insisted he remain another week. We hope Dr. Himes is right - but he does not believe Herman's sciatica is due to a slipped disc! How wonderful not to have to fearfully anticipate another or continued dislocations of a disc - or an operation! The results of the treatments this week will evidently verify the diagnosis, of an inflamed sciatic nerve.

due to "other" causes. I'm sure Herman will welcome the release from fear of future attacks.

Ken was pleased to hear you are looking as well as I told him you do. Joanie will think you look years younger than you had several years ago - or when you first returned from India. Evidently this country is your locale - you respond to it!

Joanie is going into the hospital Wednesday for a tonsilectomy. The doctor advises it before she leaves for College. Every doctor has advised it since she was three, but I don't want her to succumb to "medical fears" away from home and be subject to attacks of tonsillitis that will interfere with her studies. Since it is her preference to have them out - out they'll go! They've doubtless served their purpose up to now at least.

I skipped the fact that Joanie & I arrived home last evening. It's amazing how much unpacking two women have to do. Your own needs must be so much less. Today was a full day at the office - with a busy week ahead. Ken is carrying on nicely in report to Herman daily.

Perhaps you heard from Will, also. I believe being at home will be a pleasant change for him. His old environment will "test" his new ideas and new approach to meeting old situations and old reactions. That after all - is the real test of one's progress? Even Jesus didn't do too well against stagnant, rigid, conceptions of him that he had in reality outgrown. The ego resents the injustice of it often and fights it, rather than patiently tolerantly ^{maturely} understanding it and playing along with the situation as it is. Will was forewarned - if he accepted it and used it to smooth the way he'll be the richer for it. Was glad to hear the

Columbus experience perhaps prevented some unnecessary heartaches. I wish we could help avoid more of them and assure ^{active} growth thru it! Nice way to occupy one's time and grow oneself, simultaneously.

Let me know where you decide to go, Paul? Wish Dayton were more conducive to your needs. But - lots of "luck" in your writing. We think of you often and lovingly. If there's anything we can do - Best from us all.

Lovingly, Herman

11 Chestnut St.
Wakefield, Mass.
Aug. 24, 1947

Dear P. B.

I am re-reading your book, The Wisdom of the Over-Self. I find that in the three years since I first read it I have become quite at home with most of the ideas. I know now that many concepts which I have come to consider my own I really received first from you in this book. I must have told you in my first letter that I thought the work very great. I dislike the appearance of exaggeration or flattery and yet if I am going to speak the truth I must tell you that I find it the most profound book I have ever read.

At first I thought that I should finish the book and then send you the most important of my assimilated, organized ideas suggested by it. However, I am now only on page 70 and I have jotted down so much that it would either fill a volume if re-written or I should discard most of it, and some of it may be thought-provoking.

p. 58. Do you mean: The World Mind exists outside the self in the form of the physical universe. But World Mind in total complexity also exists in seed form within us in the Over-Self. If this were not true the external world could not be perceived. Whatever fragment of the World Mind is experienced (a tree, chair, poem) it is experienced because the corresponding fragment held within us inside the seed recognizes the master image. In other words, the infinite entity exists in potential duplicate in every living consciousness exactly as the oak exists in potential duplicate in the acorn or the whole development of organic life exists in potential duplicate in the human body in a single cell. (Yet all acorns do not become oaks nor fortunately do all reproductive cells in the human body realize themselves.)

When we paint a picture or write a poem the things created results from our total self although the greater part of the self may be implicit rather than explicit in the work of art. In the same way living consciousness because it is living must have been conceived by the Absolute. Yet it is inconceivable that the Absolute should conceive with an isolated fractioned part of its being. It therefore depends upon the development of the entity to how great an extent it becomes aware of the infinite within. To at last become fully aware of the nature of the Absolute would mean to unite with it since such awareness could proceed only from the Infinite having broken through the bands of self.

After death we re-create an apparently solid world because the world is in us. Yet it is thinner than in life because the infinite in its seeded form has hardly begun to stir and so it is the human image of the infinite image that is reproduced.

But why do we pass from experiencing directly the images of the World Mind (in life) to experiencing the same images only to the extent realizable by the single self or collective selves (in death) since it is probably due to the fact that many minds have experienced a landscape that the landscape after death appears permanent---the collective image having greater force than the single? (The single image would flicker and disappear) In other words, why do we die? Is this not due to the need for rest and self-knowledge? In life the individual experiences aspects of the totality---much of it alien to his emotional and intellectual nature. He must cope with the whole after his own fashion. He must eat; he must try to adjust himself socially. But the effort creates a tension which eventually exhausts him. And so with death he is freed from the necessity of coping with the complex whole and may now experience only himself. He can now act only from his own nature. He is that which he

When the World mind ceases momentarily it held to image
of the ^{human} body, the self drawn from the seed of World mind rather it is
new states memory of self and so maintains itself.

has experienced in life. He cannot change himself although, freed from
the necessities for action, the spirit may shine through more clearly
and in the free experiencing of his being, his own purity or impurity
is wholly known.

This is important: Is death explained by the fact that no thought
is continuous? Death is the break between images held by the World
Mind. This break co-incides with the organic need for rest. In human
thought when we cease actively to picture a thing, the thing does not
vanish from our minds. It is simply latent---in itself. A sudden accident
or disease causing premature death would correspond to the movement of
another object across the held image, momentarily breaking it.

When we think, we think in physical terms---pictures, images of things;
and in abstract terms---concepts of right, wrong, beauty, ugliness and
yet the image is impossible without the abstract and the abstract is
impossible without the image. So in the Absolute thought there are organic
images (the physical world) In man the organic image, his body, contains
the seed of all animal development---still latent pictures in the World
Mind. In the Absolute thought there are abstract thoughts or rather,
thoughts about good, evil etc. Se-in-man-there-is-the-personal-seed-or-moral
record-containing-his-being-through-successive-incarnations---his-karma.

But-above-these-limited-seeds-In-man-also-the-physical-record
The abstract thought ^{in man} acts upon the ^{visual} image and creates the universe of
abstract thought and appearances. Then let us assume that in man the World
Mind in totality also exists but in seed form. But in man the animal
development-(in-image)-and the World Mind are super-human principles.
Directly influencing his action are two other seeds derived from the
primary seeds. The two derivative seeds are: the personal seed or moral karmic
record containing his being through successive incarnations; and the
inherited physical seed containing a record of his ^{physical} image-ancestors. There
is probably also a third; that determined by the location of stars and
planets at his birth. The-last-three-seeds-must-flower-into-being,-however,

^{in man:} Thus, World Mind---including all others but unrealizable in totality
on earth

- Total animal development---already realized; still active
- Karmic seed---still unfolding
- Inherited physical seed---still unfolding
- Planetary necessity

Note: I tried to work out the above on the typewriter. I don't know how
clear or how correct it is.

Consider life and death a wave movement. The purer the force, the
shorter the wave, I think. Purity is freedom from attachment or limitation.
In life there is greater limitation than in death since in life conflicting
elements mold the being. After death like associates with like. The being
is his own wave length. We in life cannot see those in death because the
wave length is different. I do not mean that length of thought wave determines
whether we are dead or alive. That is occasioned by the attention of the
Absolute. But the attention of the Absolute or its temporary suspension
creates a condition influencing the wave length. Only when those in death
feel the limitations of the world strongly in memory do they become apparent
to those on earth and then only temporarily. Since like are drawn to like,
those subject to the limiting attachments of hate, fear etc. are drawn
after death to the earth. (If you can't make sense out of this, I'll re-write it. It is
brutchedly organized but important.)

At first thought it might seem to imply that World Mind is less pure
than the human mind since the earth and all that exists upon it is the
image of the World Mind and since the wave lengths of the natural world

Note: Second sentence in paragraph -
waves of love, hate etc. - as separate
ideas from love and hate - only if they are dead.

inter-acting

and
abstract
thoughts
visual
images

3

are said to be longer than that of man after death. But by the natural world I mean only man and the limiting emotions resulting from a formal necessity which must create an aura about the earth. The scientists tell us of cosmic waves almost inconceivably short and of many other waves imperceptible to human consciousness. Do these not represent emotions or qualities of the Absolute incapable of being perceived by man except in a mystical state?

If death is the break in attention of the World Mind or its pause between images, then sleep represents a similar break in attention of the finite mind. The former represents a pause in image-making like a pause between still images on the motion picture screen, such a succession of images giving the illusion of motion (your own analogy used in a somewhat different situation). The latter is a break in the human ability to receive images created by the World Mind.

Aug. 25

is

This, important. If in each entity there is a seed of the World Mind (Infinite Being) and if, though it may take millions of years in millions of universes---if one such seed of the World Mind should realize itself, would not a new infinity commence? Would not the new duplicate World Mind alone in itself again bring into being images and functions of the organic and inorganic universe? However, before this could occur, all human memory and self-awareness would have to vanish so that World Mind would awaken as if from a swoon with no object for thought until it had from its own nature conceived that object. This World consciousness would continue until its own creative energy had become exhausted when it would experience that cessation of all thought known as Nirvana. It would itself remain latent in seed form until it again became active in image-making power, when the elements of its own being would again take form. This process of being and non-being would, once the new World Mind takes form, continue through infinity. So in a sense this system is the same as the Hindu system except that, while the parent World Mind experienced non-being, a seed of itself has realized itself and another infinity has started. Thus simultaneously (in the human sense) an infinity of infinities exist both as being and as non-being, and this expansion continues without end.

Please write me if I have not made these ideas clear. And point out any inconsistencies of concept.

I often think about you. Today I bought three of your books.

Doris

the mind is in lower than that of man after death. But by the power
of the mind only man and the limiting emotions remain from a lower
necessity which must create an error about the world. The emotions
of cosmic waves almost inconceivably short and of many other waves
impress like no human concrete mass. No mass nor permanent emotion
exists in the Absolute-theophany of being conceived by man in
a material world.

It is in the power in attention of the world mind or the
power between images. This alone represents a similar break in
attention of the finite mind. The former represents a power in image
which like a power between still images in the motion picture camera
such a succession of images giving the illusion of motion from own
motion used in a somewhat different direction. The latter is a power
in the human ability to receive images created by the world mind.

and 25

12

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August 31, 1947

Dear P. B.,

More ideas, not logically arranged but jotted down as they occurred to me. *They represent possibilities of truth - not truth itself.*

p.97-- "Wisdom of the Overself: Are you really saying that space in the natural world does not exist except in the individual consciousness? Granted that space is an idea, but isn't it the orderly arrangement of ideas of the World Mind?

Perhaps the value of concentration on an object is that the movement of thought is greatly slowed up. An object appears solid only because its molecules are constantly moving. If the molecules ceased to move, the object would disappear before our eyes. So we really see motion. When we think, it may be that the motion of our thought creates something corresponding to the apparently solid form of the physical world. The purity of the Overself cannot escape through the obstruction of lower thought. (the wave length (frequency) of which is different due to impurity or limitation) exactly as light is stopped by a speck of dust. When we force thought into stillness during concentration ~~the~~ rays of the higher consciousness penetrate and fill the whole consciousness.

Perhaps the difference between different levels of consciousness is the degree of freedom from limitation. In the lowest level the self wholly identifies itself with that which is desired (food, woman etc.) The loss of that which is desired is like the loss of self and corresponds to the loss of some part of the physical body. Therefore, the emotion of hate is akin to physical pain. It is that which is felt when some portion of the self-image is severed.. When pain occurs in the body the white corpuscles move out to destroy that which threatens the body image. When hate occurs in the heart, the will acts to destroy that which threatens the self-image. In the higher levels of consciousness a desired object is evaluated at the same time that it is desired and so the act of evaluation severs it somewhat from the self.

Suffering results from attachment to an image of the World Mind; freedom, from a feeling of unity with the World Mind itself which is without attachment.

Did evil forms (or merely insensitive ones) appear before the beautiful in pre-historic life because freedom-from attachment is an earlier development than freedom from attachment. It seems to me that the pre-historic world image was one of steaming sensuality. Since the visual world of images expresses the ideas of the World Mind as they evolve, these images must develop in the same order as similar qualities in the human consciousness. In other words, form being the symbol of reality, it cannot appear other than it is.

p. 143. If we cannot become conscious of the nature of the Over-Self in life (The observer cannot become the observed) how is it possible that this should occur in death? p. 155 "Through its eyes he will gaze afresh at the total impression..." Is it not possible in death because the wave length of the being is shorter (entity is freer) therefore the presence of the Overself can make itself apparent through a less dense medium.

Note: the same emotion (fear) produces damage to the physical image as to the emotional pattern of self.

True. I got it out of a book.

p.144. You say the person can see the world from outside but cannot adopt an outside standpoint as regards himself. I think that he can to some extent. It is possible to force oneself to look at oneself physically and emotionally as another might see one...to stand at a certain distance away from oneself, ~~as it were~~. It is a truly purifying experience, I suppose because one escapes momentarily from bondage to the physical image. The gauge of development is the ability to stand outside the personal self and observe it. I think that the ability to do this indicates the penetration of the Overself into the active consciousness which at such times allows the Overself to act for it. I first became aware of the Overself in me when I realized there was an aspect of consciousness which, without partiality, judged my own nature and actions. SO I forced my mind into quietness and allowed myself to feel this observer. At first it seemed the ordinary impersonal essence of consciousness. Then it moved into a higher level of being, and in time one could feel its presence in a level above the limitations of space. (I should not say that the Overself "moved" but that my own ability to feel it moved from one level to the next.)

p. 149. "The World Mind does not directly create the world." With this I disagree. Something does not come out of nothing. There cannot philosophically be conceived a first creation from which, after a period of rest, the universe springs into being again and again. Then if there cannot be a first creation, each re-awakening must be like a first time and the same mental processes must be pursued whereby the complex structured world is born out of the single unstructured consciousness.

Why is thought more easily shared after death? Is a shorter wave length less dense (I really know nothing about the scientific basis of what I am talking about. Therefore perhaps I had better keep quiet.) But if it is less dense, it would offer less resistance to other waves, wouldn't it? When the wave length is very short the reasoning process is so rapid that the result appears as intuition. The reasoning process was so rapid that the normal mind cannot remember it and assumes that it did not take place.

The fact of the slow functional development of living organisms, with careful machinery for their own reproduction indicates a pattern in the World Mind for ideas extending in time and capable of repeating themselves in such a way that no exact duplication is possible and all complexity inevitable. Man invents a machine capable of running by power for a period of time but it cannot duplicate itself. The Absolute conceives a pattern (tree, dog, man) but not only does the pattern exist and act in time but, unlike man's machine which cannot receive man's thought, the Absolute machine is a portion of the Absolute and so acts from the World Mind within it. Yet is not the living quality of some Buddhist statues due to a similarity of power in man which permits him to impress some quality of his own nature within that which he creates---the very highest aspect of his nature. The fact that he is creating from his own Overself may actually lend the statue an active power derived from the action which created it.

The fact that the World Mind thinks and works out problems of function is indicated by the development of ~~function~~ structure. Eg. the wing. Bats do not have a true wing at all. On the ends of the wings of prehistoric birds were claws. It is as though the World Mind thought this a poor idea functionally and so conceived legs. The development of the same form in flowers, insects, butterflies etc. (or consider the walking stick) seems to indicate an idea which took the Divine fancy so that it

If the world mind works out problems of structure, the function proper cannot escape harmonically & being uncorrelated. Furthermore the probability of an infinity of development seems metaphysically impossible.

...the person can see the world from outside but cannot
about an outside standpoint as regards himself. I think that he can be
some extent. It is possible to force oneself to look at oneself
physically and emotionally as another might see one... to stand at a
certain distance away from oneself... it is a fairly surprising
experience. I suppose because one acquires a momentary freedom from bondage to the
physical laws. The range of development is the ability to stand outside
the personal self and observe it. I think that the ability to do this
indicates the penetration of the Overself into the active consciousness
which I think allows the Overself to act for it. I first became aware
of the Overself in me when I realized there was an aspect of consciousness
besides which, without personality, judged my own nature and actions. So I
forced my mind into quietness and allowed myself to feel this observer.
At first it seemed the ordinary impersonal awareness of consciousness.
Then it moved into a higher level of being, and in time one could feel the
presence in a level above the limitations of space. I should not say that
the Overself "looked out" but my ability to feel it moved from one level
to the next.

...The World Mind does not directly create the world. With this I
disagree. Something does not come out of nothing. There cannot be
anything but conceived a first creation from which there is a kind of rest
the universe begins into being again and again. When it first came to be
a first creation, each re-creating must be like a first time and the same
mental processes must be pursued whereby the complex structured world is
born out of the single unstructured consciousness.
Why is thought more easily shared after death in a shorter wave
length than before? I really know nothing about the scientific basis of
what I am talking about. Therefore perhaps I had better keep quiet.
But if it is less dense, it would offer less resistance to other waves.
Wouldn't it? When the wave length is very short the reasoning process is
so rapid that the result seems as intuition. The reasoning process was
so rapid that the normal mind cannot remember it and assumes that it
did not take place.

The fact of the slow functional development of living organisms
with certain machinery for their own reproduction indicates a pattern in
the world mind for these extended in time and capable of repeating
themselves in such a way that an exact duplication is possible and all
consequently inevitable. The machine capable of running by power
is a kind of time that it cannot duplicate itself. The absolute conceiver
is better (time, age, heat) but not only does the pattern exist and act
in time but, unlike man's machine which cannot receive man's thought, the
Absolute machine is a portion of the Absolute and as such from the
World Mind within it. Yet is not the living quality of some Absolute
states due to a similarity of power in man which permits him to have
some quality of his own nature within that which he creates... the very
highest aspect of his nature. The fact that he is creating from his own
Overself may actually leave the state an active power derived from the
motion which created it.
The fact that the World Mind thinks and works out problems of time
is indicated by the development of the Absolute structure. So, the world
has not been a time since at all. On the ends of the wires of the
historic lines were others. It is as though the World Mind thought that a
poor line functionally and so conceived large, the development of the same
form in flowers, insects, butterflies etc. (or consider the wiring
which seems to indicate an idea which took the living form as that it

was repeated in several categories of life. The first images seem to have been geometric, then-inergenic,--then-ergenic- (In the sun all elements exist, but they are undifferentiated) then inorganic, then organic.

If we recover from certain serious illnesses we build up an immunity and are not again subject to the disease. If we conquer some- an unpleasant emotion it may be that we build up an immunity and are not again subject to it.

p. 161. Are you really saying here that there is no true exchange of thought between two entities after death? That any interchange is created in the mind of one person as conversation is created in the mind of a novelist, the only difference being that the dead novelist believes that he is talking with his ~~own~~ characters?

It is easy to think of the world of nature as the Divine Idea. It is more difficult to think of the same image altered by man to serve a human need, as the Divine Idea. A tree is easily comprehended as an image of the world mind. When that tree is cut down, the wood ground to pulp and the pulp used for the pages of a book it is more difficult to conceive. This difficulty arises because we associate the book with a limited human purpose rather than with free imagination. Something--- a hatchet---has severed the evolving attention of the Absolute. Once the tree image is broken the World Mind does not try to restore that particular tree image to its upright position---cannot because by nature it cannot exactly duplicate an image once the inherent movement or growth of the image is broken. Yet the fallen tree does not vanish simply because the organic idea of growth is cut. That which constantly changes, the leaves, soon vanish, but not the less variable trunk. Thus man destroys the organic World Idea and re-arranges the pattern. The World Mind continues for a time to hold tree-changed-to-particular-book as latent idea but eventually even the imprint of the idea fades, the pulp rots, the book's pages become part of the earth.

Only when he patterns sound does man create independently of the master image. (This is what Gertrude Stein was trying to do with words.) In architecture too there is a certain freedom.

One level of consciousness cannot experience another (if the gulf between is very great) except in seed form. Thus when experiencing the Absolute in Nirvana the everyday observer becomes a seed and yet when it returns to consciousness of self it remembers the highest experience. So, when one lives on the ordinary level of experience, the World Mind may exist in totality and yet in seed (as the Overself). I cannot accept the individual Overself as a fraction of the whole. I do not think that the whole in essence can be reduced, *but the power of the machine-consciousness is not infinite it may vary.*

When we exist in seed form within the Absolute we are not aware of the lower level of consciousness; this lower level becomes the observer. When we exist in the lower level and the Absolute is in seed form it may not be aware of its own nature and yet act as observer. To the extent that the Overself is higher than the underself so much higher is its active function as observer than the passive function of the underself during Nirvana.

Purity is that without limitation. An idea or level of consciousness is pure because it is free. Holiness is the state of absolute purity or freedom which has entered into the entire human spirit---the emotion as well as the intellect. Purity may be conceived by the intellect but unless it becomes active and takes into itself the whole nature the individual

is not holy.

When a state of holiness is sought by the emotional being but the intellectual being has no comprehension of its nature, then the person looks dead as nuns usually do. When there is no real desire for or understanding of holiness but rather a faith in moral principles and clean wholesome living, the individual looks antiseptic---like a Y. M. C. A. worker.

I've stopped eating meat. Mother feels that she hasn't much to look forward to...especially Thanksgiving. She eats meat though.

It seems that in conceiving organic images ^{Does} the World Mind is primarily concerned with the survival of the species. Thus, the porcupine quills are a diabolic invention from any point of view except that of the porcupine. This concern of World Mind when conceiving the image is its survival accounts for the life urge, & the organic creature receives its will from the absolute for the individual ego, and hatred for anything threatening the image. The absolute concern for survival becomes the organic concern. In later human terms it accounts for hatred of whatever threatens one's desire (power, money etc.) - since the self has attached itself to its desire and its destruction the desire would be like destroying the self or the body image if it is identified with the self.

Because the external event is all that many people believe in, their Karma must operate through their belief - the external event. Since repentance cannot be truly felt it must unknowingly be acted. True repentance would be pain equal to or greater than that inflicted.

If the World Mind itself reflects its undifferentiated state and conceives the universe for its delight, is the complete non renounce differentiation for mirrors? If the entity can develop through infinite time into a being inconceivable to its present self, is it not a kind of weakness to will loss of the differentiated self because of fear of pain or loss of purity. Is mirrors is a temptation to the pure who can be tempted by nothing else - (over)

each is tempted by that which he is - the ~~exotic~~ ^{the pure being} -
tied man by flattery etc. yet if he ^{loses himself} ~~releases~~ the
temptation to ^{experience} the ultimate of his love (Nirvana)
it may be that he will develop so greatly that his
present self is to that which he will become as the
lizard is to the man.

P.B. - I am much better since you were
here. You were right about one's being unable
to accomplish everything without help from the
Overself.

Pls

This is important - Does Nirvana appear
to be without thought because we ourselves
have not thought and have not felt in
this level of consciousness. We cannot
perceive the thought of the absolute except
through our own consciousness. When
we think upon the level of infinite
consciousness there will ^{be} ~~be~~ thought
in ^{which we experience} Nirvana. If a lizard were suddenly
to be lifted up many levels of conscious-
ness into that of the human, the human
level would appear to be without
thought.

Calif typing

Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

Tuesday P.M.
The 15th

Dear Paul -

I have a few moments and
had best write to you now. Enjoyed
hearing from you - very much.

So glad you love Lao Tze
also. Don't know why I feel so
sisterly about him except that
he's sheer scholar. Life would
literally have to push him into
material tangible accomplishments
— just as world events have had to
force China into ^{tangible} progress because her
intellectual philosophical leaders
would exert no practical material
effort to demonstrate ^{and share} their wisdom,
or inspire the masses to desire
and acquire it toward self-progress
materially as well as spiritually
and intellectually. Certainly the
world pattern forces the individual
— but the individual "man" differs
from the non-mind kingdoms in-
as-much as he may take the initiative
and consciously help to ^(rightly-patiently) direct or re-direct
the world pattern!

Hope you'll also enjoy "What
I believe" by Beck. I've ordered it

for you — also a copy for myself.

Dan^{Gray} called me. He was returning to New York and would arrange to come thru Dayton. I told him that I appreciated the fact that he did call me (was willing to) but that I felt he would not as yet be fully receptive to a meeting with ~~him~~^{me} and that it would be better to wait a while. He'll call the next time he comes thru or I may be in New York June or July. At this point — I'd merely be another tie to you (a reluctantly substituted you). Actually, Dan, it's best for you to sever every tie with him. Let him be completely on his own. Then if he turns to me — it will not be as a command (^{a mild} suggestion he regards as such) from you. I'm glad he called last week before this letter^{from you} — in as much as I followed merely my own uninfluenced reactions to the call. He may even grow up, in his advanced maturing years — and help his sons. I'm primarily interested in his influence on his sons and family.

Incidentally, Ken is doing nicely. There's no doubt but that you've influenced him greatly. Interesting

Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

that you cannot escape that responsibility and also that you will know the joy of it. It's a joy to help anyone — but particularly the responsibility "God" so pointedly and unaidably hands to us. However it does require constant reminding ~~And now~~ and review to keep the pupil from slipping. Ken particularly needs it periodically. (I give it to myself more often than periodically!).

And now I'm beginning to see Joanne applying her lessons and acquiring the self-discipline so necessary to happiness. I hope you'll actually see the proof of it in June. We'll be in Chicago on Sunday the 17th until the end of that week — at the Wynne Hotel, Highland Park — for our annual convention. Hope you can plan some time from your writing so that we can visit together. I'll call you then.

Wish you "luck" on your writing. After all, the message as usual is there. You've been receptive

before
~~before~~ and are still. And the doing
of it will give you many happy
hours, as well as help others.

Life is so vibrantly "wonder-
ful" that just to be a part of
it - to observe the intricate
of its intermingling patterns
can keep one as occupied
as it did Lao-tse. But you are
so right! To apply the wisdom
one reaps from watching - to
the pattern of an advertising
agency activity is to test the
merits of philosophy, as to
whether it is illusion or reality.
and reality it can be to the few
who will materialize it. Mankind
is basically so lazy - so spoiled -
so infantile. We don't want to
exert the effort. We want only
to play. The secret lies as usual
in reversal. It is "work" that gives
the greatest pleasure - for it bears
lasting fruits. If the "results" are
understood and anticipated with
far sighted wisdom - the approach
is changed and work takes on the
sweetness of play. To get that
message to mankind!
Hope all materializes for you. Love from all.
Hanna

Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

(H)

Friday Evening
March 9th

Dear Paul — The dates ^{as} you suggest
them are very convenient for us —
if we do go out of town — and if
not we will enjoy sharing you during
"Lena's" weekend also. I know he won't
mind.

Don't dread seeing Burkhardt, Paul.
If it isn't right for you to go — there
won't be any opening for you. If
it is right — it will be a pleasant and
strengthening experience for you. You
won't have to be brutal or ego-crushing
in your methods. It isn't in your
pattern to be. You can merely say the
truthful thing in your own quiet,
calm matter-of-fact way. It will be
just as effective and won't be resented,
as my manner often is. Besides, you
have authority when you speak. People
assume you have an "in" on super-
levels and therefore know things mere mortals
do not. That's what I'm counting on to
help Burkhardt. He's trying to break into the
"super" — consequently believes others — here
on earth have done so. We can discuss
it further when you come — for I know
you won't go contrary to your own instincts,
pertaining to Columbus. And it won't really
matter to me if you don't go — you know that.
Since Elma has met me, Dan will know
more than ever, that his pathetically trusted

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[Faint, illegible handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

selfish, self-centred blind ego would be awakened
to its infantile activities of self-destruction.
He's certainly destroying himself fast now. However,
we only destroy the false ego that we image
contrary to the image and likeness of God -
so it is good - tho' painful at the time. I
don't particularly care to meet Dan either - so
it's mutual. I am obedient, however, to doing
that which is necessary - and would not
avoid whatever presents itself to ~~be~~ be done.

Glad you find Will a sincerely nice
person. He has tried and will continue
I'm sure, for he has found it gratifying
and rewarding to do "right." A word of
caution, however - just in case it should
be necessary. I would not use Will's
"progress" as an example for Ken. He would
resent it very much and become antagonistic,
to you, ^(and me) whether or not he shared it. Ken's
doing very well in his own way.

Looking forward to seeing you
Paul.

Best from Herman
and Joanne

Affectionately
Theresa

Monday
The Fifth

(H)

Dear Paul —

called Dan when
I was in New York —
saw him for a while
one morning. Very
simple visit —
merely reviewed the
simple fundamentals
upon which each
must base his life —
and armed with which
one may successfully
meet each moment and
simultaneously build
ones future.

To meet each moment
each experience singly —
with simple honesty
and truthfulness. To

meet each moment so
now — unravels the
mistakes of yesterday
and forms the good ex-
periences of tomorrow,
as well as equipping
one to meet the present
fearlessly, prepared to
take the consequences of
truthfulness which can
only result in eventual
goodness. Luck. Thine

Thinking of you and
wishing you the
best, as always

Mrs. Herman H. Kutzler

Love from us all.

for use in Dayton wnt
with Ken

(H)

H. H. Hutzler

Saturday
December First

Dear Paul — You are a wanderer!
I hope this note will catch up
with you somewhere. Wherever it
is, I hope you're happy. I
mean really happy, not just
philosophically content. I hope
you're feeling happiness, pleasure,
fulfillment in accomplishment —
with all of you, not just some
mental reconciliation that is often
rationalized as "spiritual" attain-
ment. Age has nothing to do with it.

Tried to explain that to Ken this after-
noon while we had coffee together.
He's so much better, so much less
frustrated, so much more "wholesome"
practical, "whole" than when he first
came that I'm delighted for him. But
he still clings to some of his old
ideas, really gleaned mostly from
your writings of a spiritual level of
attainment involving progress to higher
spiritual worlds — that I strongly feel
the time has come when you must

cut the natal cord. Even as you did
with Burkhardt — Ken must not in
weak or lonely moments (we must look
ahead to their possibility and not say that
because they do not exist now that they
won't) — we must see that they don't) ever
find escape in nerve'n energy
destroying dreamworlds of tomorrow.

I believe him (to a certain extent)
when he says he hardly gives it
a thought tho' he does believe in
other higher worlds — that his more
concerned with present character
developed. That happily is true now
but we must see that it stays that way.
The only way, Paul, is to break — destroy —
those "higher bubbles" so that he can't
run to them, appease his frustrations
in daydreaming of them when un-
pleasantnesses do occur but will
form the habit of staying in reality and
finding his appeasement by actually
working out his hurts, angers, frustrations,
lonelinesses should he have it, in and
among real things, beings, activities.

Once again, I took the first step —
which you must complete. Ken con-
veniently puts you on a pedestal of
spiritual attainment and example
for himself to give authenticity to
these ideas.

Paul, believe me when I say
that I know you've learned and
lived and attained much. No one can

H. H. Hutzler take from you what you are - have - regardless of what they ~~say or~~ say or think. On the other hand, no one can give it to you - by the same token. It's your own treasure no one but you can add to it or steal from it. I know that - I love you for all you are - all you measure as what you are. But you don't need ~~kind~~ particular kind of adulation that says (figuratively speaking) that because you (your books) say there is "this or that ahead" that it is so! Particularly if it may someday - perhaps when you have gone - lead to an excuse for neurasthenic peculiarities. As he gets older, he will try to ~~image~~ image you. Therefore get a down-to-earth image in his mind and memory now - for him to follow.

Therefore also - I told Ken that much that is in your books - you would undo, for it has been harmful to neurasthenic escapists. It was a part of your own development and growth that you have grown out of. That you do not believe there are other worlds (I wonder what Ken measures in these other worlds? I know one little old lady who measures pink clouds in angel wings in here) one progresses to - that you do believe in ^{the} higher understanding and keen development in insight of the

mind (the same one we ^{have} ~~work~~ ^{now} with now) that enables ^{it} ~~you~~ to see more and deeper into the creation as it is right now — that we only glimpse at the moment tho' in the midst of so much more than our limited sight - insight - now encompasses.

Let him strive to see more of — and deeper into everything he now lives in the midst of rather than look away from it (hardly touched by his meager understanding) to higher worlds. Let him take you off the pedestal and love you for what you don't know yet but are still seeking to uncover, discipline, have dominion over! As he sees his other men friends — not as father - teacher - saint - authority — but as a man, a friend, an equal.

Then, he'll grow up and be a man — an equal in his heart and mind to others — recognizing the weaknesses and respecting the accomplishments of others.

Break the bubbles Paul. Ken's no child. It won't hurt. You're not aware of the natal cord perhaps — consequently I point it out to you — even tho' Ken's not you have formed it — parasitic fashion. Throw it off for his sake — it will bring you more freedom & joy also.

Hope this won't catch you in an inopportune mood at an inopportune time. Have to write it while it's fresh in my attention — before

H.H. Hutzler I turn to more self-engrossing interests!

Humans in St. Louis this weekend —
 — Janie's at Northwestern of course —
 I'm off for dinner party this evening.
 Life hums, as usual.

What's been happening to you?
 You know my thoughts reach out
 to you affectionately — filled with
 the love & good wishes that we
 can all receive humbly and welcom-
 ingly.

Saw the Stacys recently. Heard
 from Marge Burkley in Florida —
 Will's in California. They all speak
 of you with love, ⁱⁿ gratitude.

Come to see us soon!

Love from us all.

Yours

P.S. Told Len I wanted to repeat the
 things I said (mentioned before) in your
 presence. May or may not be necessary
 — meant I wanted it to be unified
 by you — of course. Lovingly

U

1844

Hope you are well
and enjoying your
work.

I will be sure to
see you again in
March. Best from us both.

Affectionately

Norma

Ken is fine - busy.
He leads for a meeting
in Minneapolis next
weekend that he
should find stimulating.

Norma

1452

January 11th

Dear Paul - It is inter-
esting to watch experience
develop - and people grow.

Before me is a little note
from Herman reminding
me to "Write to Paul Brunton
today"!

He has been talking of
late about the book I
should get to writing -
to help people as he feels
he is helped. My even
the notes I write for him

that time, of course, I didn't see my way clear to merely working on it — alone. But with Herman interested also — perhaps working with me on it — I should be neglecting none of my "first duties" to do so — for he is suggesting and even urging it.

What would you suggest — ? Can you introduce us? Or should we wait until you are in the East yourself. We don't get to New York very frequently, but will be near there again in June.

to ponder on, ^{to} try to really understand, and put to use.

We're going to be in New York the weekend — Thurs, Fri Sat. Sun in N.Y. — of the 27th of January. Herman wondered if it might be interesting and productive to see your publisher (or publishers you might suggest) to see how the possibilities, demand, etc are for a book of the type I would write for layman. The type of book you suggested some time ago. At



(H)

Dear Paul - Must include you in all
these "Greetings & Wishes" we're sending
out for the New Year to all our friends.

H Appreciated your letter. It's such a
comfort to know I can write to you
without fear of trivialities entering
in to hurt the "little" ^{conscious} ego that blinds
so many to the more wonderful self
they must eventually grow up to be.

And I am grateful with you -
that you are at last "getting happy,
not merely resigned." It's so good
to feel true happiness surging thru
one's being - mind and body - it's
in itself a purge of all that is
negative, petty, ungodlike.

That's how I want Ken to feel
too, some day. Happy just to be. He's
getting there - made great strides
since we had him tested this
second time and exposed his primary
weaknesses so objectively.

Herman is pleased and feels that
Ken is on his way now at last to
hurdling the "littleness" that limited
his vision and capacities to a sub-
ordinate mind, that couldn't grow
up to agency management. And
of course you know (for I've mentioned
it to you before) Herman hopes to
grow Ken to be able to take over
someday. It's a gradual education,
and has to show practical results
under constant supervision. But
it's a good future for Ken and
Herman has always enjoyed helping
in the building of careers. Moreover, he
forces Ken to stand on his own
capacities while learning - so



that Ken isn't a parasite in this field, but can know that what he gains is his very own treasure & he need ~~with~~ or without Human's presence.

I often wonder if Ken realizes or appreciates what he has gained in that respect.

Young people just "take" so much for granted these days.

I call Laurie on it all the time (as well as Ken once in a while) for gratitude is such an important ingredient to happiness and receptiveness to more receiving - don't you think?

Ken does a few to do and to give more than he used to and I do commend him verbally when he does so - if I can.

Paul, Human has been taking Osteopathic treatments for several months now - even with medical approval, but tho' it keeps his circulation clear and tones his system (his health is excellent) the back muscles must evidently exercise in & strengthen themselves in order to support that pelvic back region in place, and remove the pressure on the sciatic nerve. We don't doubt the eventual recovery from pain - it's the present duration that's very trying, naturally. However, despite the pain, Human is as active as ever in his business and even socially. All that's really self fed is his golf. His endurance (despite an awful impatience) is amazing even to me.

Of course, I'm with Human constantly during this period - otherwise I'd be spending quite a bit of time with

Columbus people. Frances receives calls from your readers who have heard of me as a substitute for you, and would like to visit me. Unless they've urgent need of help, I hesitate to give the time. Haven't yet decided why, to my own satisfaction. Will have to wait. I may merely be parrying until human is well - which possibly may be sooner than I think which is why my decisions aren't too certain. Will see.

Wish you all you need to complete the haul on time - easily and enjoyably. Be happy - well - and have fun!

Will look forward to seeing you again in March.

Love from us all — Norma



NORMA, HERMAN AND JOAN HUTZLER

Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

(1)

(H)
February 17th
Saturday
Ate 7:30 P.M.

Dear Paul —

Ken tells me that you had had an unpleasant experience — were hurt or bruised — but are getting along nicely now. He's glad you're better.

Have thought of you often and hoped you would write and answer my thoughts as to how you are and what you have been busy at — or planning to do. However, the choice of communication is yours — and I do understand the why of it — either way. Thank heavens, we're each free to do as we like — any other way would be enslaving!

(2)
Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

However, I imagine you will be interested to know (if you do not already) that Will is in N.Y. at the Union Theological Seminary, (I suppose he had nothing to do with). Doubtless you were asked to write a reference for him.

Also, that I've been to Dr. Burkhardt's church and led a couple of his Prayer Cells. If your curiosity isn't aroused at the very idea of a meeting between Ray Burkhardt and myself - I'll be surprised.

Sunday

Frances Stacy volunteered to take me about and we had a very pleasant visit. She is a sweet eager person and you do epitomize everything she believes to be worthwhile.

You've obviously been a great help to her - which should be rewarding to you - in itself. I enjoyed her.

If you would take it on, there is a bigger task ahead for you. Ray Burkhardt needs help more than he'll ever realize. Of course, I tried to help toward making him realize it. But naturally he fought me. Frances will tell you about our encounter

3
Mrs. Herman H. Hutzler
711 Torrington Place
Dayton 6, Ohio

in the midst of Prayer Cell. He had to concede, of course, for I was speaking Truth (which he admitted when we were alone later) and he subsided into the background so that I could go on. Later, ^{alone} I told him frankly that his reservoir of spiritual energy was running low and needed replenishing. And it was important because of the large group who depended upon him. He counterparried very pettily, which also indicated the lowering level of his spiritual self.

Along the way - He has strapped toward a misconceived mysticism, similar to those phases in your books to which I could not agree, and which you now regret having written. He not only does ^{not} ~~not~~ ^{in humility} submerge his ego to a receptivity for God's greater omniscience, and realize that no man's mind may be touched by another except by voluntary acceptance - but! "If" he does spend 4 or 5 ^{min} hrs in meditation as he says - it is in so-called flights from the body thru "time-space" and in projecting himself into the bodies or minds of others. "In the final illumination" he says, believing I agreed with him, I don't know why, "man becomes God"! To say "no, man never becomes more than the perfect image ~~of~~ God" was to start too much, when I had only a short time to catch my train.

When I told him how low was his

reservoir, he said "Surprising, F.B. said he had never encountered so much spirituality as here," infusing in himself rather than in the church as a whole which you must have meant if you said such a thing at all. For he can't have changed so much since you last saw him. I saw no dynamic personality that I've heard about. I saw only eyes that propose to dominate, despite a soft outer manner; I saw fatigue, I saw ^{petty, vain} jealousy of his position as the "wonder-man" with every person he contacts; I saw desire to draw in every available person as one of his flock, in possession of each.

Paul, such an inflated ego will become (if not already) unbalanced, if not rescued! And you can probably do it.

There is not much loyalty in him because he must be supreme. When I said I was your friend, not your student - he replied that he was ^{not} your student either. But he said you've helped him greatly in meditation. And, regardless, I know he values your reputation, prestige, and in his heart believes you have great powers - because he believes in supernatural powers, and would have them himself.

Try to get him back to a simple godliness that he must have had before he slipped away to a search for personal power. Let your prestige and reputation be your powers to do so - with him, because right now that bears weight with him despite his contrary words of humility. He did say that thru meditation, you showed him

③

where he was wrong in not saying
"no" to those spirits who sought to
possess or use(?) him (at night?) and therefore
used his energies. That he evidently
has stopped. Paul, his mind
must be a complicated mess. And as a
church leader he has much to do. If
he thinks you helped him say no
to the would-be active spirits —
perhaps you can also get him to
see that flights and projections
are equally draining and purposeless
in this experience — and get him to
postpone such activities until his
^(if at all) next experience? Say it with ^{the} authority,
I'm sure God will give you.

He said (and believed I didn't get the
sarcasm under the soft tones) that he would
he could "sit at my feet". You know how
my positive, affirmative tones make some
think I'm a cocky know-it-all, especially
where I have no tangible authority or
reputation to support me! But I do love
him as an individual and intercede for
him with you. And so, my work with
him is done, I'm sure. You'll know how
to manage — if you will. His yours.

Keep well. Come to see us when you
can. Ben was so very happy to hear
from you. He's growing nicely. He looks
better than Herman's been selecting his clothes
with him — and it makes an appreciable
difference. Don't isolate yourself. Come to us.

Herman's & Franice say hello
Affectionately
Dorinda

fast
Forgive my writing — I have so
much to do today.

Sequer Institute and met a group of young people who are up on things spiritually speaking. Of all groups I have visited in this area, they impress me most. I am going to attend the remainder of their meetings before the summer brings them to an end.

Through this group I have learned of a Mr. Joseph Sidoney, a man they call a biblical prophet. His intuitive ability is claimed to have become so highly developed that the future of a person is bared to him immediately. His sensitivity causes him to partake of other people's sorrows and physical pains to the extent they suffer. It was implied

that he is highly advanced
spiritually. He once lived in
this city, but because of his
ability he was hounded night
and day by people, giving him
no rest. He fled to a town
in Michigan.

Inasmuch as I learned
where he could be reached
by mail I would like to
write to him that I might
gain an audience with
him. I have no reason
in particular, and I do not
care to invade his privacy.
but he sounds most inter-
esting. What is your opinion?

I hope and pray I live
up to the compliments you
have bestowed upon me. I

feel I lack so much, but this ^(G) does not detract from the spiritual blessings I am aware of. I not only desire it, but I must be deemed worthy of this life.

There is a great enthusiasm within me, now that the depression has passed, to get on with things - Rev. Burkhardt, writing, and the self-improvement. I truly believe the time is soon that I will be granted time and quiet in which to accomplish much.

I do hope you can hear in some measure the beautiful music that I hear as I write to you. It is so sweet, so poignant, - the kind that

sends me off to other spheres!
Music, as you said, is truly
Queen of the arts. And most
digestible food for the soul.

I, too, miss our talks.
But you are never far away.
There is no distance between
us. I smile at you and
you always smile back
immediately. I never have
had such a good friend.

You share everything
with me that I know
you would enjoy. Even
with limitations, it is
wonderful.

As ever - my love,
peace, and blessings.

M.

Write soon.

This past year has been an outstanding one in several ways. It has had its vicissitudes⁽⁷⁾ also. Several times I have felt I was flirting with the edge of a precipice, and not knowing if I was to keep my balance. I pray I have not misstepped.

As I wrote in my last letter, I am preparing for a slight change in my way of life.

Firstly, I have come to the conclusion that the base-

the celebration that the
first. I have come to
life. I have changed in many ways of
life. I am preparing for a
new position in my life
and I have not misinterpreted
me to keep my balance. I
feel that the turning of
flirting with the edge of a precipice
several times I have felt I have
let the ball into the vice-grip of a
rotating one and several more.
This past year has been an

ness world is not for me. I am constantly being misused; I have to mingle with people I do not care to be with especially and, lastly, I am not serving my highest purpose.

By the end of February, I will have left the commercial world. I am staying only long enough to attend merchandise shows because my company needs me for them and leaving earlier than this date would leave them in a lurch.

I definitely intend to study several subjects at night school starting the end of January. I have an inferiority complex concerning grammar, vocabulary & public speaking, and the only way to overcome it is to

study the subjects and discover
how much I do or don't know.

When I have sufficient confidence
pertaining to this I hope to
write a book.

I have been dwelling on it
for several months and feel
that with good, hard work, I
can present a helpful book to
those on the Quest.

As I once told you, you
have said it all; however,
I can perhaps precede your
books with one for souls
whose awareness has not
quite reached the point that
is necessary for yours.

It is truly appalling -
the lack of spiritual under-
standing and knowledge.
Believe me, I have met so

4

many people (and you have many more) who are so spiritually dumb and do not know how to begin to help themselves.

Most of us are certainly asleep.

By the way, will you let me know if you seen the first copy of a new magazine titled 'The American Philosopher'. If you haven't I'd like to send it on to you for your reading and comment. I received it in the mail, read it and gave it to me.

He seems much more satisfied with life in general, but is exasperated with writers on the spiritual. He claims they give no sound reasons for the claims they make. In my opinion, he is much improved mentally over three to four

⁵
months ago. He thanked me for
all the help I've given him in
his overcoming the almost constant
depression he felt for a number
of years. We laughed together as
I told him it was he who
had helped himself.

I sometimes am provoked
that my life is what it is -
and at other times, deeply
grateful. But, mostly, I
know that this is what
Destiny had in store for me.
I am thankful for the
opportunity to learn from
the experiences I have had.
I know that wherever I
am, or with whom, no
matter how pleasant, or
otherwise, it is up to me
to conquer it all and win
my way to God and Ever-
lasting Peace.

This, in great measure,
(I may be wrong) I feel I
am and have been
accomplishing. I have
nothing to lack from life

I sometimes am provoked
that my life is ended as it is -
and at other times, deeply
grateful. But, mostly I
know that this is ended
because I have done what I
could. I have done for the
suffering, the human form
the appearance of a man. I
know that I have done
and, not with intention, but
with a kind of pleasure, and
therefore, it is up to me
to keep it all and more
and keep it all and more
better than I have.
I have, indeed, succeeded
(I have, in many) I feel I
have done better than
any other thing. I have
nothing to be proud of.

but Peace, and that in some
way I may help others up
the ladder.

I hope to hear from you
soon - it has been a long time.

In my next letter I will
have the carbon of the one
I wanted you to read and
receive your comments.

God bless and keep you
and

All my love,

As ever,

Liane

had 4 boxes and that in some
way I may help others up
the ladder

I hope to hear from you
soon. It has been a long time
since we last lettered. I will
trust the school of this year
I would like you to read and
renew your commitment
to the cause and help you

With my love
to you
and
family

Amos Davis
#222
W 72
Post

Thursday, September 29

Dear Daniel:

Thank you for your letter of the 28th.

I must hasten to correct or, rather, avoid the possibility of your misunderstanding my last letter to you. By no means gather the idea that I would not be happy to see you; but, to the contrary, it is always a pleasure. If you feel it right that you come here, by all means do so--I will, of course, as always, be greatly pleased.

The facts with regard to my situation still stand, with one exception. I start my new position in the Mdse. Mart for the cotton-dress firm next week. It will be a source of relief that I will no longer have to contend with the vicissitudes of the employment business. My new work I will like better for the accomplishments will depend entirely upon myself and not others. The show room is attractive; the men for whom I'll work are very fine, so altogether I think we can mutually benefit until the time comes I know where I am heading.

There has been a lapse of approximately fifteen minutes. I was listening to a radio program of Jewish religious music and it so touched me and elevated me that I burst into tears. I have been seeking so hard and for so long for my work, I sometimes get desperate about it. However, as you can appreciate, there is now a great sense of peace with me. I know I will be lead to that which is for me.

This conveniently leads up to my spiritual business-man acquaintance. He is a fine man upon whom I could lavish my respect. He is, as I previously mentioned, separated from his wife who, by the way, is ill with a heart ailment. He told me quite frankly he could not divorce her because of this. I know we are mutually attracted, but we do not deem it necessary to make anything of it. In fact, I do not believe we will ever see each other again. It was only two evenings, at dinner, that I spent with him. Intuitively speaking, we both know we must remain passive until another day.

It is so difficult to convey to you that my compassion is balanced with reason--with reason born not so much with conscious, logical thought but what I know in my heart is right. In the past I have depended on and have been guided by the "light" within me. Altho at times, I must admit, my patience is sorely tried, I am confident it will work out right,--do not misunderstand, not for any personal or material advantage, but for That which knows much better about spiritual affairs than I. I do not attempt to impose my will upon Him but greatly desire that His is mine. Oh, that you would know me better and feel the spirit within me!

~~What is marriage?~~ Can anything bring happiness with all the misery of this world? God needs conscientious helpers who will strive with all their might, actively participating in the affairs of the world, paralleled by the continued striving on the part of the individual to know Inner Peace.

This Inner Peace I have; believe me, as I say this with all that is best within me. It is something which I must not hug to my bosom, but that must be shared with others. I can honestly say that I feel close to the time when The Spirit within will break

Thursday, September 28

Dear Daniel:

Thank you for your letter of the 28th.

I must hasten to correct or, rather, avoid the possibility of your misunderstanding my last letter to you. By no means gather the idea that I would not be happy to see you. On the contrary, it is always a pleasure. If you feel it right that you come here, by all means do so--I will, of course, be greatly pleased.

The facts with regard to my situation still stand, with one exception. I start my new position in the Mase. Mart for the cotton-grease firm next week. It will be a source of relief that I will no longer have to contend with the vicissitudes of the employment business. My new work I will like better for the accomplishments will depend entirely upon myself and not others. The show room is attractive; the men for whom I'll work are very fine, so altogether I think we can mutually benefit until the time comes I know where I am heading.

There has been a lapse of approximately fifteen minutes. I was listening to a radio program of Jewish religious music and it so touched me and elevated me that I burst into tears. I have been seeking so hard and for so long for my work, I sometimes get desperate about it. However, as you can appreciate, there is now a great sense of peace with me. I know I will be lead to that which is for me.

This conveniently leads up to my spiritual business-man acquaintance. He is a fine man upon whom I could lavish my respect. He is, as I previously mentioned, separated from his wife who, by the way, is ill with a heart ailment. He told me quite frankly he could not divorce her because of this. I know we are mutually attracted, but we do not deem it necessary to make anything of it. In fact, I do not believe we will ever see each other again. It was only two evenings, at dinner, that I spent with him. Intentionally speaking, we both know we must remain passive until another day.

It is so difficult to convey to you that my compassion is balanced with reason--with reason born not so much with conscious, logical thought but what I know in my heart is right. In the past I have depended on and have been guided by the "light" within me. Altho at times, I must admit, my patience is sorely tried, I am confident it will work out right--do not misunderstand, not for any personal or material advantage, but for that which knows much better about spiritual affairs than I. I do not attempt to impose my will upon Him but greatly desire that His is mine. Oh, that you would know me better and feel the spirit within me!

What is missing? Can anything bring happiness with all the misery of this world? God needs conscientious helpers who will strive with all their might, actively participating in the affairs of the world, paralleled by the continued striving on the part of the individual to know Inner Peace.

This Inner Peace I have; believe me, as I say this with all that is best within me. It is something which I must not hug to my bosom, but that must be shared with others. I can honestly say that I feel close to the time when The Spirit within will break

forth and release its assistance, in a spiritual way, to the world.

B. understands me with respect to the spirit which flows through me. For that, and the Good in him, I love him. What becomes of the two of us with regard to our marriage remains to be seen. I believe he knows this and, in his own way, tries to serve this purpose. There was a time, not too long ago, that neither one of us realized consciously that ~~this was so~~ there was a spiritual affinity. Therefore, it is my opinion, time will take care of our marriage.

Marriage is not, at this time, of paramount importance to me. I do not know that it will ever loom as a "must" in my life again. That, too, remains for the future to tell me. I can only follow the dictates of my higher self. If it will lead me to the divorce court, then it will. I cannot say now about it.

Please do not misinterpret the foregoing paragraphs--it is with prostration before the Overself that I speak.

I thank you for your excellent counselling; it means much to me that I mean so much to you that you would give your advice. I do not ignore it and bring it heavily into the picture that I remain on an even keel.

I do not know your opinion of Ghandi. However, I have recently finished Sheean's book about him. It is odd that an idea that came to me on the evening of Ghandi's death was forgotten until I was part way into the book. The evening of his death I was sitting thinking about him with one thought leading to another when, all of a sudden, a plan to aid world peace came to mind.

There are details I am omitting because of the swift passage of time; details which would more clearly indicate the elevated mood during the time I thought of him. This plan I put on paper and A. and B. both read it. A. thought it a good idea to do something about it but I felt helpless about it hoping that the time would come that I could speak to ^{some one} about it who would appreciate it for what it was.

It was definitely conceived under the inspiration of ^{thinking of} Ghandi's life. ~~this was so~~ Mr. Sheean is so impressed with Ghandi that I feel he is the logical one to whom I should reveal these thoughts and, who, at this time, would do something about them. However, it would remain for me to write him of the whole thing. I do not feel any hesitancy about doing this, but merely ask your good thinking with regard to the subject.

~~Let me hear further your plans for October.~~

All my love.

Devotedly,

Mary Ann

Please excuse the miserable typewriting, but this is one of the times I have had so much to say and say it poorly, let alone concentrate on my typewriting.

forth and release its assistance, in a spiritual way, to the world.

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Please do not misinterpret the foregoing paragraph--it is with prostration before the Overself that I speak.

I thank you for your excellent counselling; it means much to me that I mean so much to you that you would give your advice. I do not ignore it and bring it heavily into the picture that I remain on an even keel.

I do not know your opinion of Gandhi. However, I have recently finished Sheean's book about him. It is odd that an idea that came to me on the evening of Gandhi's death was forgotten until I was part way into the book. The evening of his death I was sitting thinking about him with one thought leading to another when, all of a sudden, a plan to aid world peace came to mind.

There are details I am omitting because of the swift passage of time; details which would more clearly indicate the elevated mood during the time I thought of him. This plan I put on paper and A. and B. both read it. A. thought it a good idea to do something about it but I felt helpless about it hoping that the time would come that I could speak to about it who would appreciate it for what it was.

It was definitely conceived under the inspiration of Gandhi's life. ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Mr. Sheean is so impressed with Gandhi that I feel he is the logical one to whom I should reveal these thoughts and who, at this time, would do something about them. However, it would remain for me to write him of the whole thing. I do not feel any hesitancy about doing this, but merely ask your good thinking with regard to the subject.

Let me hear further your plans for October.

All my love,
Devotedly,

My dear Anne

Please excuse the miserable typewriting, but this is one of the times I have had so much to say and say it poorly, let alone concentrate on my typewriting.

I have changed in so many ways that it is impossible to convey to you just how much. I hope it is all for the better. I feel that now my eyes are wide open to life, and that I'll know longer be driftwood. I pray I am not wrong. It seems to me that I now have a better driving direction, not that I know exactly what I'll be doing just yet, but I feel I will be doing something. It was most exasperating to me, in the past, to feel I was headed nowhere--doing nothing, seemingly, of a concrete benefit to myself and others. May the Overself continue to lead me well.

I wrote my letter to Vincent Sheean. I mentioned I would send you a copy before I sent the letter on to him. I realize now that doing this, I would merely be seeking your approbation. I will show you the carbon copy when I next see you, because I now understand that you would not want to say whether the letter should be sent or not, but rather, that you would want for me to do as I see fit. Therefore, I am retracting that statement and sending the letter on to him for what it is worth. There is nothing in the letter that should be kept secret, and at a later date you will know all.

I am going to try and leave my position sooner than I last mentioned if it is possible. The thought came to me that it would be better if the new girl worked during the shows. In that way she would be more familiar with the customers and that would be helpful to her in the months to follow. My superior returns from N.Y. a week from tomorrow, and I will ask him what he thinks best. I was to receive a certain sum in the way of a salary increase starting the first of the week. This was promised to me when I was hired. I received a letter from N.Y. that I would be receiving just one-half of the sum, and I have given them anday and a half of work each day I have been with the company. This has occurred so many times in the past that I am taking it that Destiny is just kicking me out of the business world, with a hard boot, too.

Did you receive the Jasmine tea? I thought I'd better mention it in case you didn't.

I am going to get ready for bed now. I am tired and will write soon again. Let me hear from you when you have time to write.

All my love.

Liane

I have changed in so many ways that it is impossible to convey to you just how much. I hope it is all for the better. I feel that now my eyes are wide open to life, and that I'll know longer be driftwood. I pray I am not wrong. It seems to me that I now have a better driving direction, not that I know exactly what I'll be doing just yet, but I feel I will be doing something. It was most exasperating to me, in the past, to feel I was headed nowhere-- doing nothing, seemingly, of a concrete benefit to myself and others. May the Overself continue to lead me well.

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Did you receive the Jasmine tea? I thought I'd better mention it in case you didn't.

I am going to get ready for bed now. I am tired and will write soon again. Let me hear from you when you have time to write.

All my love.

Alma

Last night there was a meeting of one of the Dequer Institute groups at my home. As yet, I'm not too familiar with everything about them, but to date I find them highly intelligent regarding the spiritual. What I like most is that the group en toto is seeking the truth, and while they do not at this point, in my opinion, reach the pinnacle, they are making an honest-to-goodness effort. That is something in to-day's world.

I have learned a little more about Sidoney. He will help people, and he has hundreds of them, solve their problems correctly. Last night I was told that he corresponded regularly with Tagore and Gandhi, also, with several hundred of the supposed outstanding minds on the earth. He has testimonials on file from kings, queens, and Mr. Average Joe Citizen attesting to the truth of intuitional work. One of the men told me it would be all right to write to him, but I don't want to get involved until I get your opinion, and perhaps you too have heard of him.

I hope all is well with you and that all is working out to some satisfaction for you.

One day during the week you came in very clearly to me. At the time I did not have you in mind at all. I got you smiling, and clothed in a gray shirt and trousers. The smile was really quite a brilliant one, and there was happiness reflected on your face that causes me to wonder if something very pleasing to you did not occur. If you can, let me know regarding this.

I have two men finishing up with some decorating in the living and dining rooms so I must close for now.

As always, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you have done for my benefit. It stands me in good stead at all times.

Affectionately,
M.

Last night there was a meeting of one of the League Institute groups at my home. As yet, I'm not too familiar with everything about them, but to date I find them highly intelligent regarding the spiritual. What I like most is that the group as a whole is seeking the truth, and while they do not at this point, in my opinion, reach the pinnacle, they are making an honest-to-goodness effort. That is something in to-day's world.

I have learned a little more about Sidney. He will help people and he has hundreds of them, solve their problems correctly. Last night I was told that he corresponded extensively with James and Sarah, also, with several hundred of the supposed outstanding minds on the earth. He has testimonials on file from James and Mr. Lawrence Joe Giffen attesting to the truth of his spiritual work. One of the men told me it would be all right to write to him, but I don't want to get involved until I get your opinion, and perhaps you too have heard of him.

I hope all is well with you and that all is working out for some satisfaction for you.

One day during the week you came in very clearly to me. At the time I did not have you in mind at all. I got you smiling, and noticed in a gray shirt and trousers. The smile was really quite brilliant one, and there was happiness reflected on your face that seemed to me to be something very pleasant to you and not over. If you can, let me know regarding this.

I have two men thinking us with some decoration in the living and dining rooms so I will close for now.

As always, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you have done for my benefit. It stands as a good thing at all times.

Affectionately,

JOSEPH P KENNEDY
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ex-U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain;
ex-holder of many minor posts in the Roosevelt
Government

March 22, 1937

Mr. A. Wilfred May
The Plaza
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. May:

I appreciate very much your willingness to come down and enter into this new problem, but as I am not yet confirmed and I am still doubtful as to just how it will work out, I should like very much to talk with you after I get my bearings, if the Senate does decide to confirm me.

I am very appreciative of your public spiritedness.

With warmest regards.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph P. Kennedy

Joe Kennedy. Cleveland 1 of
finance and erstwhile ambassa-
dor to Great Britain. I remember
when Joe was at Harvard and

W.B. de Lee
Mona Lee
Emilia

2413

Secret, Secured and
Highly Secured -

March 22, 1937

Mr. A. L. L. L. L.
The L. L. L.
New York, N. Y.
L. L. L. L. L.

I appreciate very much your
letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to
hear from you. I am still working on
the same line and I shall be glad to
talk with you after I get my bearings. If the
Board does decide to continue me.

I am very appreciative of your
kind attention.

With warmest regards,

Sincerely yours,

W. B. de Lee
Mona Lee
Emilia

2

J. Poborak,
28 Rue de la Huchette
Paris VI.

Paris, December 9th., 1945.

My dear Friend,

Unexpected difficulties in carrying out my and my wife's proposed trip to Brazil have arisen, and as far as I can reasonably expect, we shall be staying in Paris at least till the end of January 1946. You could, therefore, write to my Paris address, if you do.

I wish to express my deep gratitude to you for all your Gift of Grace which, as I can now more clearly see, has made my present life worth living. Your two latest books /The Hidden Teaching and The Wisdom/, which I managed to get about a month ago, have made a deep change in my whole character, have shown me the faults in all aspects of my personal being, set my mind on the activity of weeding them out, and actually purified my whole mind. I can see no merits on my part that would account for these tremendous gifts from you, and at times I feel ashamed and humbled to the dust in recognition of my own unworthiness. I beg you to help me in the future as you have done up to now.

I am in touch with Capek and the other friends in Prague. Up to now I have received a copy of the first letter you wrote them. They have translated your Hidden Teaching and I shall now translate your Wisdom and send it to them. In so far as I know it will be possible to publish these two books in Czechoslovakia in the latter half of 1946 at the earliest.

I wrote to Rider's about two months ago asking them to send me a copy of your latest books, and for the addresses of your friends in Britain, from whom I had hoped to secure your address, but Rider's must have misunderstood my letter and therefore they passed it on to you.

I met your friend the Swami Siddheswarananda at the beginning of November, but had only a few minutes' talk with him, and then a short meditation in a group, as he was just then leaving for a lecturing tour in the South of France. It was instructive for me to come into touch with some of his French students, and I think the situation with regard to people already following some sort of a spiritual path in France is not much different from the situation in Czechoslovakia, there being but a couple of his students able to follow the higher path of philosophic yoga. What these few would need is the splendid revelatory exposition of the subject as given in your books. The Swami is doing quite a bit of public work, and to me it seems a pity that he should in his literary work concentrate on the teachings of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda without making use of your modern rational presentation. But

on the whole the French people seem to me to be more accessive to feeling than to reason, as compared with the Czech people. And when I compare the general state of mind of the French capital and of Prague as viewed from the philosophic standpoint, the Czechs are very very much better disposed to absorb and give expression to higher ideals. I have no fixed or definite plans for my personal future activities in the world, in fact I grope in utter darkness as regards it, yet I pray to God to make me His instrument in propagating Truth in such spheres and lands where my limited personal capacities may most economically be used.

I have intermittently had feelings of something great soon coming about in the outer world even before I read your letter to the Czech students, and so I know I have to wait for any clear outward direction of activity not only for these events, but more especially till I am granted the Grace of meeting you in the physical world again. I have felt an urge to seek out the Swami again and ask him whether he could mediate between You and myself, that is whether you could initiate me through his physical body, but I don't know whether I should do so. I should be very grateful if you would write me a personal directive, but I don't want to trouble you with writing, and you might include it in one of your letters to the Czech students in Prague, if you do send me one; they will let me know.

I enclose a photograph of my wife and beg you to grant her your blessings and help. She is a good, pure young soul and has suffered heavily. She has been a powerful purifier of my own character, nevertheless I know now what a heavy price one must pay to get rid of one's attachment to be anything than wary of my attitudes to persons and things.

In case you should want some additions or adaptations to make to the texts of ~~your~~ your latest books, there will be time enough to arrange for them before the translations are handed over to the printers'.

Hoping to hear from you a few lines, I sincerely wish you an early physical recovery and all the best in the coming year. With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely

J. Poborak

Last night I had dinner with Albert ^{Albert Schwartz} it was a pleasant evening in every respect. However, he got a lot of thoughts off his chest, so to speak. 1.) There is no proof for my following The Quest - where have I found good cause to put my faith in it? If I feel I have cause for following it - why doesn't he because he has tried so hard to understand? Why doesn't he receive clear-cut proof of some kind?

2.) The reason for my lack of sexual enthusiasm is due to too much hard work and not enough sleep - that if I had one week of 9 hours of sleep each night, he is sure my reaction would be different.

3.) Why cannot I be with him as before? - that is, affectionate and closer to him.

4.) Because I lead him to believe I would marry him, why don't I keep that promise? That no matter what spiritual experience he had - that if Jesus or Buddha presented themselves before him and offered the greatest spiritual enlightenment, he would turn ^{it} down ~~the~~ so as not to hurt me because of implied marriage. He would

(2)

Good
Thomas

Last night I had dinner with (Good Thomas) as pleasant evening in every respect. Thomas, he got a lot of thoughts off his chest, as to aspects. (1) There is no proof of my following the Lord - unless I found good cause to put my faith in it? If I feel there cause for following it - why doesn't he become for his trial as hard to understand? It is doesn't he receive clear-cut proof of some kind? (2) The reason for my lack of spiritual enthusiasm is due to too much hard work and not enough sleep - that if I had over weeks of 7 hours of sleep each night, he is sure my reactions would be different. (3) Why cannot I be with him as before? that is, offensively & not close to him. (4) Because I had him to believe I would marry him, why don't I keep that promise? That no matter what spiritual experience he had - that if Jesus or Buddha presented themselves before him and offered the greatest spiritual enlightenment, he would turn down the road to put me because of imphibic marriage. He would

would never want to be the cause of pain to anyone - even, if eventually, it might prove a blessing. He is happy in our case, he is the one pained, rather than me. And he knew it would turn out this way.

5.) He is sure there is no one as good as M. A. G. - I am basically a fine girl but am being misled by believing in a philosophy that

6.) For the pain he feels, I asked his forgiveness - he said I was forgiven in the beginning.

7.) He asked if there was something about him personally that I would find reason to reject him. I told him that there was nothing personal in it, but that I must be myself. That the wife I could have been to him 3 years ago, I could not be to day. - That he is one of the finest men I know (and that is the truth, - for many women he would be ~~an ideal~~ their idea of a wonderful husband.)

He seemed relieved to get this off of his mind - said we could be the best of friends - that he bore no malice toward me.

He also told me he suggested to his sister (living in Los Angeles) to read your books. She recently finished Search in Secret India. When I asked him why he

does not write.

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anyone - even, if eventually, it might prove a
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his mind - ~~perhaps~~ ^{perhaps} could be the best of
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sister (living in Los Angeles) to read your
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sent them. He had asked them why he

with
him

did so he replied, "She has always been interested in such things."

Today he called me on the phone and told me how much he loved me.

Another statement he made last night, laughing as he said it, is that he likes the girls but they don't like him. I pointed out his good qualities and ^{he} seemed to feel better.

He professes to be quite a student of psychology - thinks lightly of psychoanalysis (in fact, he has been psychoanalyzed - with the Dr. recommending he move away from his parents) - but I believe he is afraid of marriage - he likes to think about it. If he wasn't I think he would have given up the idea of me several years back as I asked him many times to do.

Each time he dated a girl (single, of course) he would tell me how bored he was and what poor company he was for the girl. The girls he met before me did not meet with his approval and I don't think any he meets in future will either.

This reason for not taking girls out more often is that most likely he will not ask them to marry them and may be the cause of pain to them for not asking. This was his attitude also before he met me.

It is to be expected, "the two strongly interested in such things."

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What can I do, more than I have, to help him? Your good thoughts, as always, will be appreciated.

One more thought - he not only feels that the girls don't like him but, also, that his men friends are not as considerate of him as they could be.

He likes music, books and an occasional movie - seems happier when alone - wants to enjoy the camaraderie of friends but doesn't seem capable of developing friendships - but wants the people to present themselves to him. He says he is happiest in my company, but looking back I can see I was the one who drew him out and put him at his ease.

In his business, however, he has much the professional attitude and is the picture of, and is, a fine lawyer.

I hope all this is not boring to you. I hope I have the privilege of asking your advice on this matter, - for I feel, if a little more of the right kind of help can be given him, he will find himself.

It is my opinion if he can find a suitable girl for himself and get married, later he will return to The Quack and be fair in his judgment of it.

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help him! I am good thought, as always, will
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girl for himself and get married, later
he will return to the States and be fair
in his judgment of it.

Will Harper will be among the "fathers" of life,
soon. They are happy and well and send
their best to you. Will is doing very well.
I'm proud of him. The Hutzlers How is Dan?
1856 Ruskin Road
Dayton 6, Ohio

H

2 Sunday A.M.
May 21st

Dear Paul,

Just a line since I am answer-
ing letters this morning.

Did you receive my last letter, I
wonder? You are not a "letter answerer"
(to put in mildly?) and I'm now quite
sure. Can't recall that it was impor-
tant, merely that I was answering you,
I believe.

It's a beautiful morning. Our
garden sparkles with greenness
and is so trimly freshly dressed
that I feel like a fond parent.
It has become Herman's hobby in-
stead of so much golf - and it is
lovely - small but gemlike.

These past days have been packed
with the busyness of living - but
satisfying. This morning I am "resting."

All is well among you (and
friends in Columbus). They're begin-
ning to really savor "the flavor
of right thinking and living by

self-effort rather than anticipating
"the grace of ^{undeserved} miracles." The taste is
sufficient, I think, to support them
in times of need — thru the time, as
well. Crucial to hang on to at least.
They're beginning to use what they read.

The "old" become resigned to life. That
is not true philosophy really. It is the
understanding and living of it in
vibrant, progressively active youth-
fulness (regardless of age) that is it.
Right? So many young people are "old".

I smile within when I hear others
enthuse about the ~~shandis~~ of life
and the discipline of their sensual
appetites! Disciplines attained when
the glands have shrunk to a less
than semi-activity? More important
are the political errors they make
due to that same glandular shrinking
passivity. It is one thing to
wait in life — alert, watchful, ready
to act — for the ^{self-designed} outer materialization
of the activity of intangible formations.
It is another to merely wait (existing)
for other life to act upon one at its
will.

It is good to be a part of the pulsating
(~~though~~ silent) growth in my garden,
that materializes so much beauty,
tho' briefly. All well? Back almost
completed? Gardening? Where are you
living now? Love to you both.
from us all. M. M.

Ever still taking voice lessons?
Radio work yet? Best of luck
to her. You had progressed
as you wish?
Sincerely —

The Hutzlers
1856 Ruskin Road
Dayton 6, Ohio

April 2nd

Dear Paul

Received your letter this morning, and
I do like to answer mail immediately
when I can. I was especially inter-
ested in this turn of events.

Actually I had wondered if I
were unkind in ignoring Ken's
natural false pride (natural for his
particular stage of development). He
had been so childishly boastful of
what he was going to do — that returning
to Dayton for him would mean that
he had matured so very much in
order to rise above the situation he
had created for himself. So I wrote
and told him (just this week) how
he could do it.

Herman is considering
a change in one young man who will
need more supervising than Herman cares
to give him, while the other young
man we have is busy on a new
business drive. I thought this would be
a good time for Ken to apply, which was
why I wrote to you at the first suspicion
of it — before we get someone else. Ken
represents an investment of teaching time
to Herman, which I thought might offset the
other weaknesses. However, it's Ken's
life to do with as he wishes. Some
people even commit suicide and you
can do nothing to prevent it. Herman
must know or mind one way or the other — now.

Did I tell you that the Cleveland Clinic report on Human was an excellent general health condition despite the months of back pain in their hospital? The pains are of the past now — and Human even looks ten years younger, and feels tops.

Janice was home for the 'tween quarters period and it was fun to be altogether again. She's such a joy and so very interesting in her eager self development, objectivity and self analysis. However, she has a one-track mind and pediatrics or child psychiatry is her long road aim!

I'm still waiting to hear from the publisher while I keep typing away here at home in answer to all the questions and needs that come up. Now however, I answer with the publishers in mind — typing an original, copy in duplicate and in a more generalized form. The present material always seems more potent since it answers an immediate need.

Some of it I wish so earnestly to get into immediate print. I know the need for its simple, acceptable answer — and don't really give a conceen about returns for myself. I do care for a good distribution however, even of several isolated articles such as parent needs have brought up. Ex. The bombings and the questions of death, destruction, purposes of life etc.!!! Any suggestions, Paul?

I don't like to force anything — therefore I'm "waiting" to hear from Mr. Baker — while the pages of another book are accumulating so fast that I wonder how I work it in! How about

widely read magazines for layman reading. I have material on sex relationships and marriage relationships that I know would be excellent for readers of woman's magazines. Men who rarely do deep thinking need it also for an understanding of woman. Also men are now taking time to wonder what their efforts are toward — that can go up into momentary annihilation? They need ideas given in simple capsule understanding because they don't dare to really go into deep study about it. (I recommend to all beginners)

Sound presumptions of me — but Feale is excellent til one begins to think and question then he is somewhat inadequate. A little more needs to be handed out — at that point.

As for you — Paul. "Your meanings are far beyond that. People ^{generally} ~~quote~~ you "knowingly", they don't begin to understand you. I have to take them back to the beginning usually or they float in mere words, ⁱⁿ contradiction to their actual lines — in order to get them to think 'n do, not merely quote like unintelligent parrots. The entire Columbus group is an example of it. They are all just now (not the Stacey's or Margie of course) who are progressing amazingly in actual reality as well as understanding, willing to begin at the start, instead of somewhere at an imagined height of development. Will Harper, has grown considerably in mental stature

also. He's safely on the way. The infantile traits of existence and pretence are pretty well dissolved in self-understanding, which is the biggest hurdle for anyone. He's tasted the sweetness and pleasure of sincere effort and its reward, ^{with} honesty in truthfulness and its gracious simplicity, lovingness and its self-rewards of inner richness.

You see — I write on in an even with a pen in hand! Fortunately I have working hours and social obligations or I'd go on forever. There is so much to say I think about.

Don't worry about Ken. However, don't give him the feeling that any money you have will be his future security — or he may not feel the necessity for building for his future. Did you know he had applied for Ohio Unemployment relief? They turned him down since he was not fired but left his job voluntarily. If Ken hopes to live on social security some day, he'll suffer its humiliations as well. Maybe he'll grow up in time to spare himself further learning the hard way. As to women — he wants what he hasn't earned rather than what he merely deserves, at this stage of his being. Can't be done — as we know, we indeed reap as we sow — past present or future, and we have to work for all we desire to get.

I could come to New York anytime these next two weeks — but I am waiting with an accumulation of Spring energy that demands an outlet. I shall try to divert it patiently to typing and gardening. ^{was in Columbus last} I managed to see ^{the} doctor. Managed to see ^{with} Jamie to the doctor. Managed to see Gladys Pickett at 8:30 am — Pat Sherick at 1:00 pm. Frances until 3:00 pm as well as Jamie's doctor at 11:00! Dull but nice day — home again in time for a dinner date and cards in the evening. Life is fun! Love to you both
Gladys

(H)

The Hutzlers
1856 Ruskin Road
Dayton 6, Ohio

Tuesday the 21st July

Dear Paul --

I must share this moment with you, since it is yours as well as ours. Received a very "precious" letter from Mr. Baker yesterday urging me to start work on the selection and organization of the material for the manuscript as soon as I receive it -- or words to that effect.

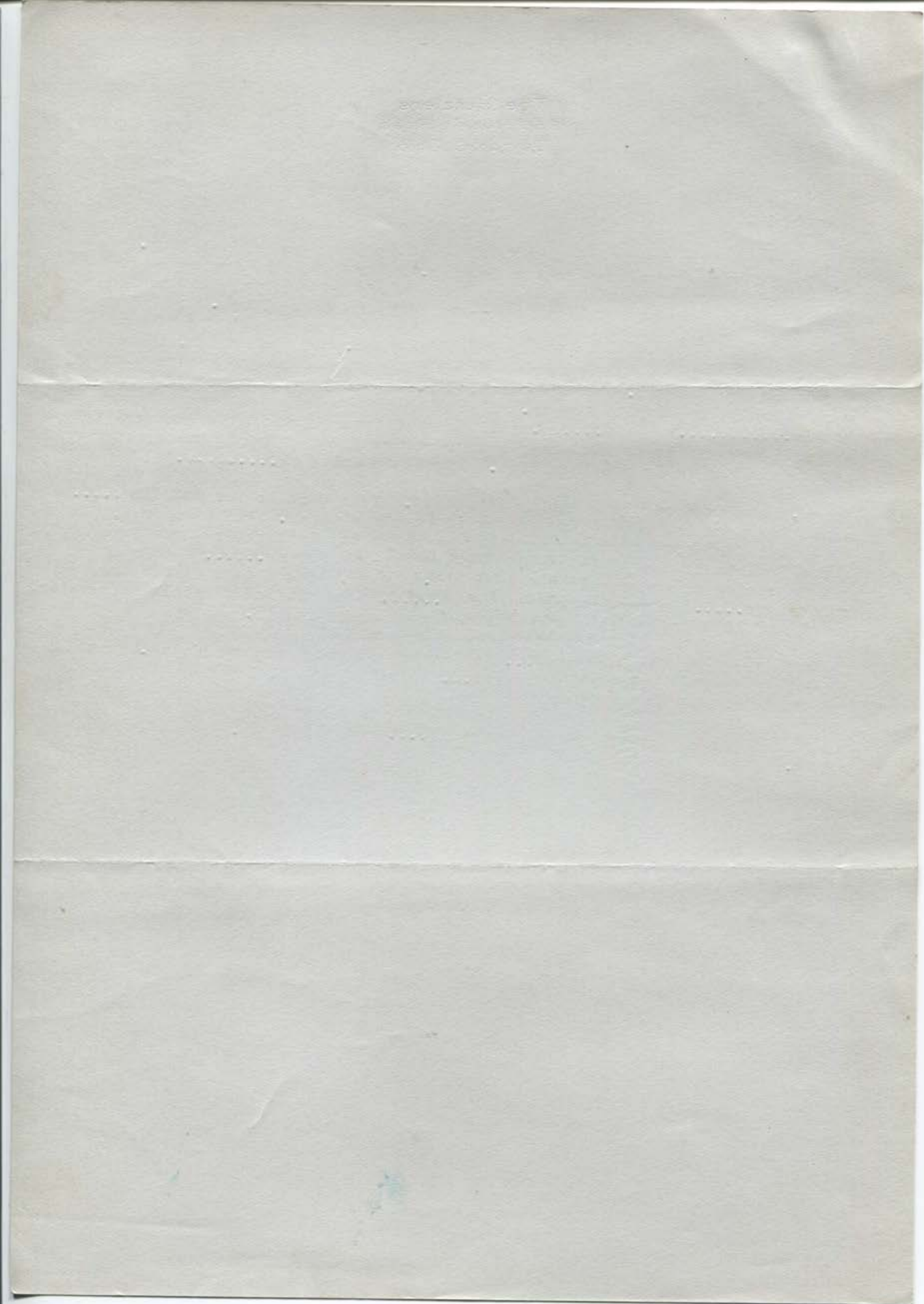
I shall share the letter with you when I see you. At the moment, I shall merely quote "I have read your material with great care and I have been very much moved by it." "I think, Mrs. Hutzler, you have something very valuable to give to others. I should like to help you reach these people....." ".....shall be most interested in the manuscript and will present it to the other senior editors and the Board with great enthusiasm for their consideration. Please do write me....."

To me, this is a complete entity in itself. I hope it is for you also..... since you were the motivating factor in the experience. And of course, you know that for me, that awareness (your share in it) is forever woven into any and all parts of the experience, past-present-and future.....whether I have occasion to express it often or not. To me, love and gratitude are synonymous.....the very marrow of being.....and must find tangible expression, as all of life truly felt or realized must express itself.

Hope you're enjoying each day ...each moment of your country living. Must hurry off to the office this morning... *before the morning is gone!*

Best to Eva and yourself....from all of us. And Thank you again.

*Lovingly,
Hema*



(H)

The Hutzlers
1856 Ruskin Road
Dayton 6, Ohio

Sunday -- The Fifth

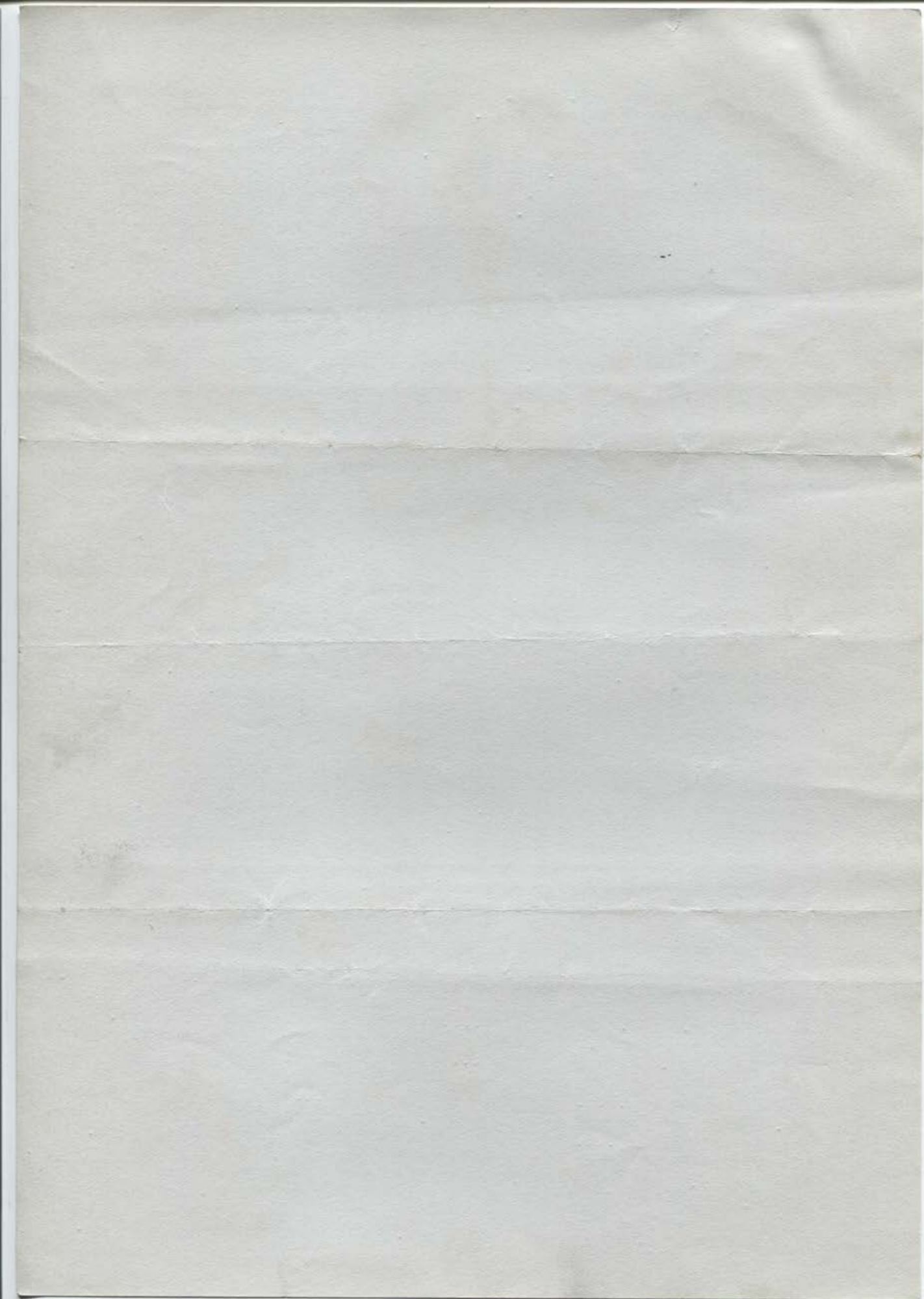
Dear Paul,

Was very happy to receive your letter. It was the letter I had been waiting for -- for quite some time. The experiences with Ken will soon become a part of the past but Herman was confused as to your part in it -- and I had nothing more tangible to offer than my faith in your own high ideals and your sincerity. Sometimes silent trust is not enuf and words are actually a necessity....especially in relationship with a person like Ken, whose imagination runs riot and is careless of the impressions or inferences he makes. His inferences confused Herman and ~~made~~ made me wonder if I am intelligent or merely naive! I am always receptive to "proof" that I am mistaken, in myself.

I don't blame you, Paul, for not wanting Ken to be bitter toward you, in the present or future. You can tell from his reactions toward me, that at this stage he is not receptive to help, not willing to take any direction other than his own self-will.. If he seems to listen to you, it will be only for the personal benefit he can receive from maintaining his tie to you.....material benefits, not spiritual, and certainly not character building advice. I usually know in advance when I shall make little headway with individuals and dread the time and effort possibly to be wasted....but I haven't the heart to turn away from the one possibility of "helping" in the present. And, of course, I know that the subconscious ~~staves~~ away knowledge to be pulled out and used in the future. I'm human enuf to want to see the results and perhaps to receive a little thank you for the effort involved. It's wrong, I know. Rewards and thank you's come from the Creator in many unexpected ways. Consequently, like a "good little girl" I smother my vanity and do my work as the demand arises.

However, I'm afraid I wasn't too gracious about it with Dan. I did give him hours of my time, but I realized from the beginning that what he was after actually was a form of material assistance. I could even have done that eventually perhaps in the form of getting him located. But it would have to be after he had shown sincerity of effort and actual application and progress. I don't intend to be used or permit Herman to be. One should gain wisdom and alertness from experience -- I'm sure you agree. A five-year plan like Kens' is to deliberate to be ignored, in view of his actual slips in conversation.

I'm glad you and Eva have found a comfortable home for the summer. We know how much you are enjoying your garden for we've been enjoying our flower garden equally as much. Planting things and watching them grow, caring for them so that they will grow as they should is an interesting and satisfying project. I prefer doing it with people -- but have joined Herman in doing it in the garden as well with him. Our place is beautiful and colorful and we love it despite the effort.



As a matter of fact, Paul, your new book was very much on my mind at the time of our New York visit. I remember bringing it into the conversation but your reply was so uncertain or brief that felt that you did not care to discuss it with me, or that it was not sufficiently formulated to be discussed. In view of the fact that I talked so much anyway about personal things, I decided it was not the time to press any more of my ideas upon you. The ideas I do have are in mind only and subject to adjustment and rearrangement depending upon the material you are planning. It would have to be discussed -- not written. However, it is just as well no doubt. Since each expresses himself in his own way.

I am puzzled about the publishers, however, or Mr. Baker. He still has my material. Is that usual? Since I had not received it before leaving for Colorado, I sent him some additional material and mentioned that I was leaving for a short time. He wrote that ~~the~~ he had been busy and hoped to get to the papers at the time and wished us a happy vacation. But -- I have not heard since. Is that unusual -- odd? How does he expect me to get at the material to rearrange or organize it since he knows I have no typewritten copies of it? I am not concerned about it really -- merely curious. As an agency, we ourselves are very prompt at getting to things, -- publishers -- procrastinate? Shall I write him?

The Columbus people keep coming in and it is gratifying to see their minds and lives clarifying to a point of self understanding, at least. Of the three women who could not "take" what I had to tell them and the way of self improvement and correction, two of them have definitely gone to the "Theosophy" group, I understand, and the third will possibly join them. Pathetic down-hill step to escapism! It's difficult to understand such deliberate self-deterioration. They have only to read the history of the group and the type of leaders it has, to understand the level it symbolizes, and the types of people that are its prey. Incidentally, little Pat Herrick? is your mouthpiece in Columbus, I hear, and quotes you continuously. How much time did you give the child that she knows just what you would say under any circumstances?

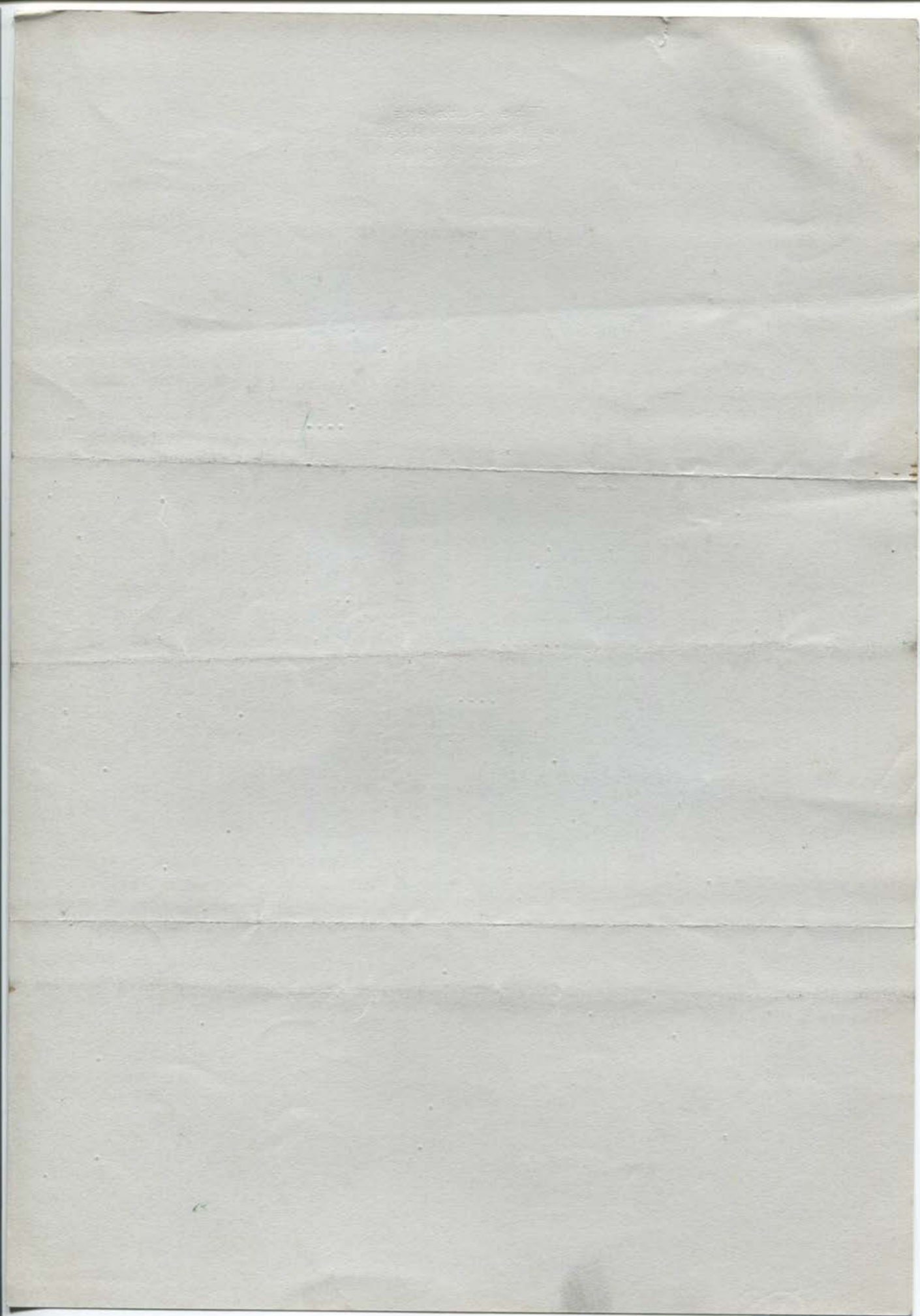
Did you know that Burkhardt had actually had a "nervous breakdown" when he was in his twenties? Actually I didn't have to fear as I did, for the sake of his congregation, that he would become unbalanced. He never quite recovered his "balance"! Wish I had had the whole story at the time, I would have approached the situation so differently. I thought he was merely getting a would-be God complex that could be avoided, I didn't realize it was a fixation. He is evidently the type that despises the depths that he really feels he is a part of, and tries to escape the heights that he tries to imagine himself a part of, and hopes he fools others into thinking he is at-one with! How does he fool so many people? Why does he want to? Why doesn't he live his lovely words it is such a simple thing to do to be it to live it.

Enuf of this, Paul. It's Friday....I started this letter on Sunday. If it seems disconnected, It's because I've added a few words as the moments were available. Life is lovely ... but it is busy!

Have a happy time Good luck on your bookour love to both of you. Don't let Eva meditate too much. It's not what you empty your mind of that's important....it's what is put into it that motivates action. Good material put in crowds out the weeds and waste, if put in deliberately. Busy people, creative people, are so busy doing deliberately constructive things, they don't need time to think about what not to do. Right?

If you have time, advise me about Baker.

Love from all of us.



(H)

The Hutzlers
1856 Ruskin Road
Dayton 6, Ohio

Monday
November 30
1953

Dear Paul,

again Enjoyed hearing from you and knowing that you are both well and interestingly busy. I can understand why your writings take time. They are pieces of literature as well as a flow of thought. The mechanics in any profession or skill is the time-consuming element. The mere thought of taking one of my own sentences as my pen hurriedly tries to keep up with my mind -- makes me groan as though I were about to voluntarily confine myself to a binding. Hope you are comfortably settled where you have quiet yet the city comforts so necessary to winter. Was your garden satisfying as to results? There is nothing so conducive to thought as even the mere consideration of the step by step process of growth one perceives in gardening, the care and watchfulness, yet the patient restraint also necessary in permitting growth to make itself seen. The "fruits" that come -- and are gone -- and one must begin again. Merely life itself -- and nothing is so sweet!

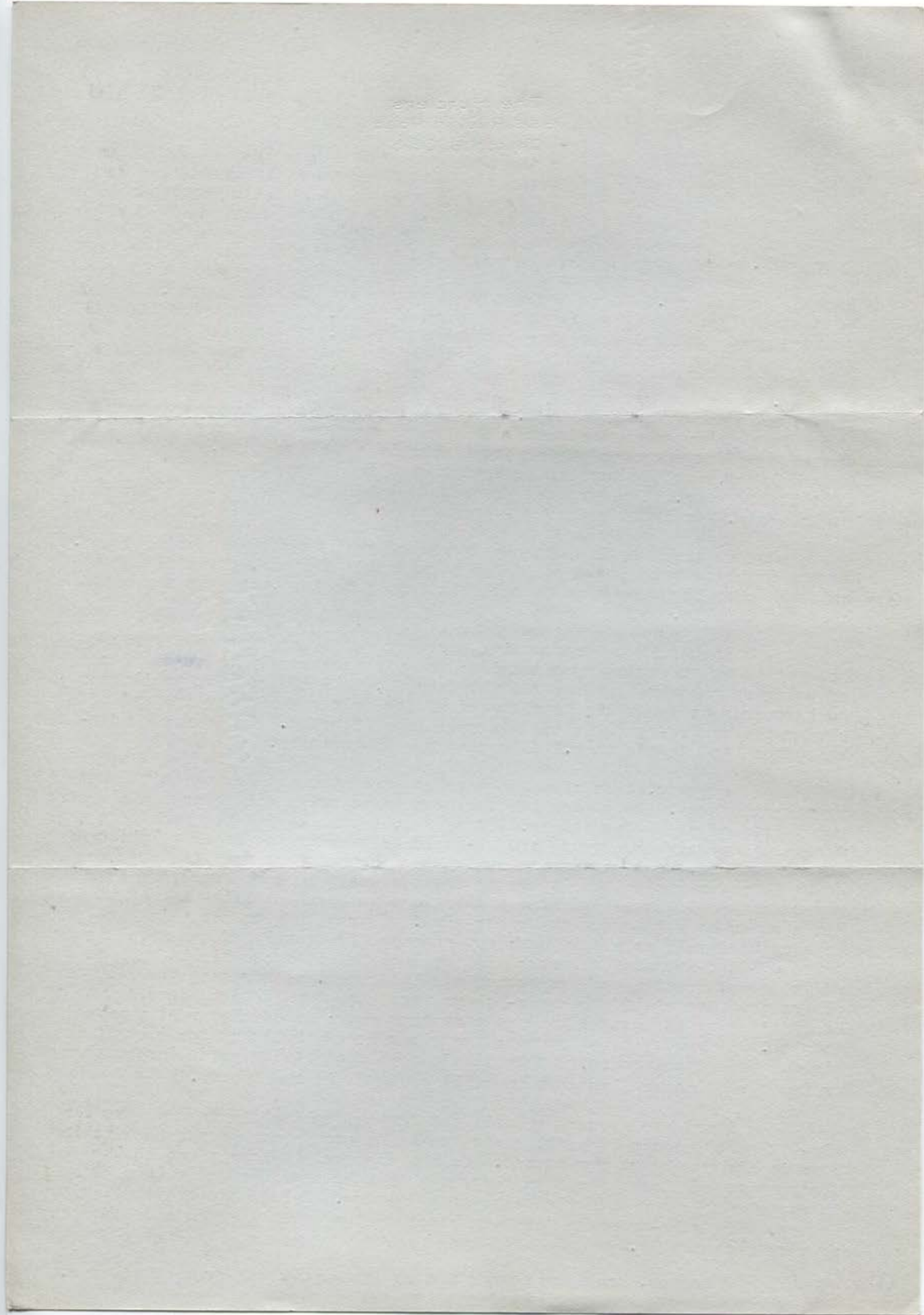
Must share with you an experience that is not mere coincidence. I know you have been informed of Roy Burkhardt's illness, first termed a collapse then the operation on gall bladder, I believe, or whatever they chose to term it.

Truthfully, I never give Burkhardt a thought except when he's brought to my attention from outside; then it necessarily takes the form of a loving thought as for a wilfully stupid, self destructive child who wants to run at least his little part of the universe his way instead of conforming to pre-established universal laws of being. He leaves my consciousness and that's that. I do mind my own business!

However, this time the thought persisted and he wouldn't leave my consciousness. Only when the decision was carried out to drop him a line was I free of him -- as before. Of course, I pointed out the fact that this was an opportunity to "rest" and re-evaluate himself in proper relationship to man and God, as just another man. An opportunity to drop the pretence of being a "super-man" since it was apparent that if he were such, the same power that would have appointed him would have been intelligent enough to give him a super-body to match the super-mind! I urged him to use this rest-period to accept himself as simply man; but an unusually developed man thru his own drive and God-approved efforts; that as such he had accomplished much to merit the admiration and respect of all other men. I stressed the fact that others who "pretended" to super-powers were also merely pretenders, and that he didn't have to pretend to have what they have; since they really have nothing! I urged him to drop the trappings he had built up for himself in his day and night fantasies, that he didn't need them really as an inspiration or impetus to accomplish what he still could do in the future.

insert I tried to express as well the loving feeling I actually have for him -- though I doubt if he'll recognize it as such, since he has no matching love in his own heart for anyone. He has absorbed it long since in the destructive emotions of contempt for man that he manufactured within himself to cover up his own pathetic pains of self-pity. I love him because I pity him so. His self-progress has been blocked at a point when he had accomplished so very much really.

However, once the letter was on its way, I was free of the man.



Frances mentioned that only the family were permitted to see him and that he's going to take some months off, she had heard, to rest. Otherwise, my mind forgot him very comfortably.

Joanie was home over the holiday. And we arranged to visit her doctor in Columbus who is checking on her metabolism which she had run-down from neglecting her body, while developing her medical potentialities! or trying to, anyway. Frances gives Joanie her metabolism tests (haven't much confidence in them really unless given by someone who is particularly careful) at the University hospital, and we went there on Friday.

Briefly, as we came down the elevator and waited for a few moments in the outer lobby -- who should be leaving the holiday-deserted hospital but Burkhardt, unescorted since he obviously wished his exit to be as inconspicuous as possible. Frances was overwhelmed by his pathetic shrunken appearance as she termed it and greeted him warmly. She recalled me to his consciousness and I could tell by his instantaneous body shock that he had received my letter. I said nothing, he rattled on for a few moments to Frances, said he was to see you and was going into a four months retreat. As tho' forced into it, he turned to me for a moment and said he received my letter -- that was all. and went on toward the door where a gentleman was waiting to go out with him.

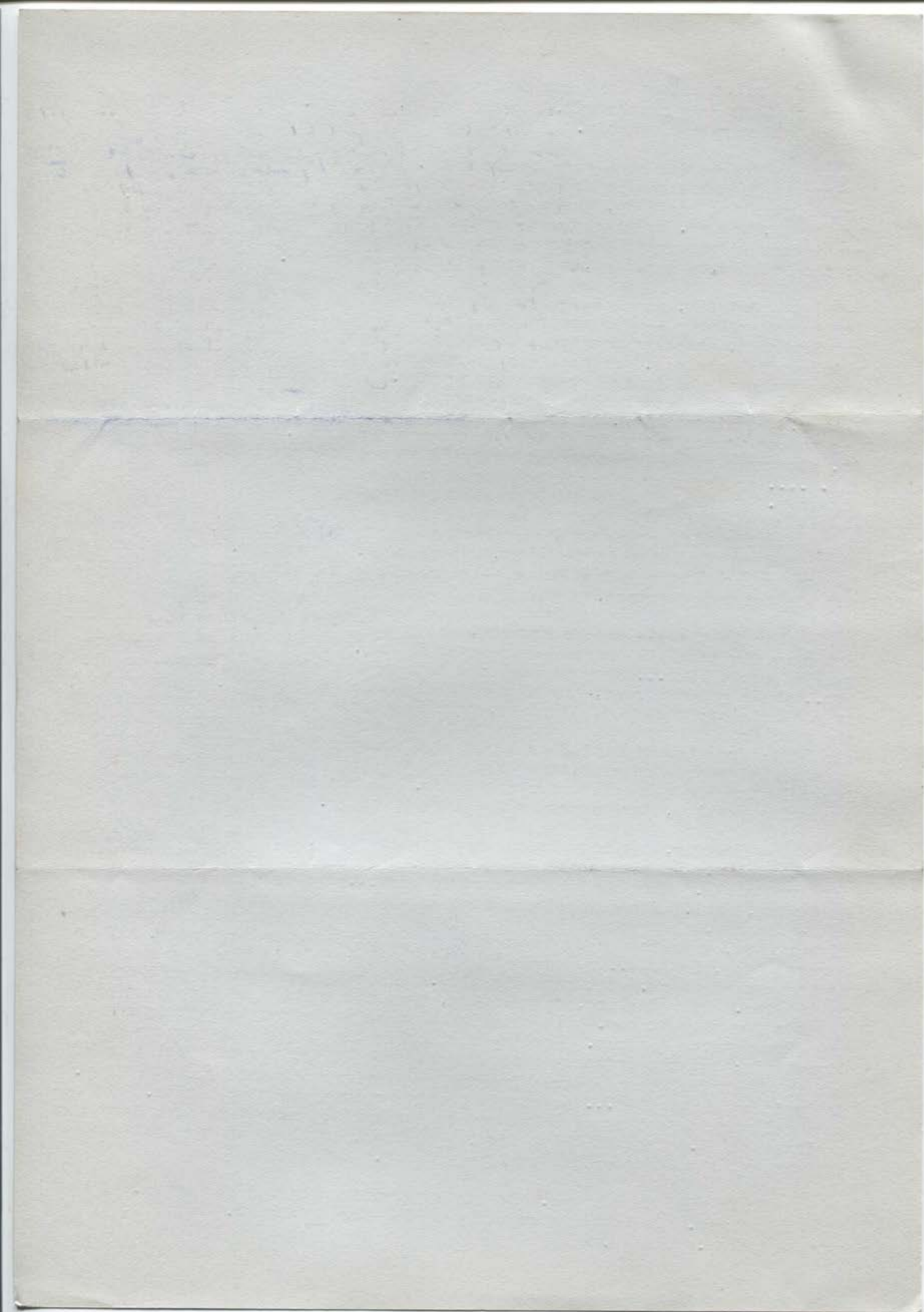
The difference in his appearance must be a contrast, since Frances who has seen him often in the past, was shocked. I was not. As he looks now is how he has always looked to me -- since I see the withinness of the man, not his outer appearance.

What ~~shocks~~ shocks her now, is what shocked me when I wrote to you after my visit to his church -- whenever it was. I saw then what the man really looked like...what had happened to a potentially fine ~~soul~~ soul! Now...within a week or so, the body suddenly matches the soul, and reveals its true condition; shrunken, dried up, colorless from lack of lovingness for God and man; from the contempt for man that felt it could manouevre him about at his Will; from the disbelief or doubt of a Creator Being and the Universal Laws of Being created simultaneously with and for each creation of being in its relationship with all other creations. He couldn't pretend "pretence" into a working reality, nor manouevre the laws of being.

However, the body is an amazing mechanism. It will respond to care and attention. He will build it up again. Building up the soul will be a harder process. That will be a terrific task...more than a mere season of gardening, Paul. I had hoped the last time that his mind was not too far self-absorbed, that you could catch his "habits" of thinking in time to redirect them, despite the empty steeliness of his eyes and emotions. If he turns to you, Paul....try to teach him to love; that is the only only way to get him back. Not thru his mind. His thinking must be shut off as an impetus. Only feeling, only loving, only the emotion of love must be the impetus for thought now. His thinking must be motivated from within, not from any circumstance without. Feeling must color his thinking reactions and direct him; not the ordinary procedure of thought deliberately deleting all but the positive, the constructive and the loving followed by the feeling. He isn't capable of it...due to his deeply grooved negative habits. To become well again (not merely his body on the surface since) he must become as a little child. He must think love, feel love, until he becomes acquainted with it and its effects; its healing effects.

It will take a man. He has a terrific contempt for women. I knew that of course. My letter absolutely called for no answer. With it, my work was done! I hope. *I have no desire to fight --*

have more than enough to do otherwise.



I'll be writing to Ken to send him his tax information. Truthfully I've been withholding it only to wait to hear from him...or rather for Herman to hear from him. *Know he doesn't want to contact me and really don't mind for my sake, just for Ken's sake.*

He is such a pathetic little petty soul, Paul....not to have written....to judge us by himself. We've been waiting to hear from him. Whether he had sold anything or not, was studying or not....behaved as a child or man; we do not break our ties carelessly or contemptuously with anyone God has placed in our pathway of living. We would have ^{been} interested to hear from Ken in person, to know he can rise above the childish pettiness of his former thinking, feeling and expressions. We do not harbor ill feelings for his abuse of our confidence, our efforts, our plans! Others have done it, too. How stupid and self-destructive of us it would be for us to retain any ill-feeling about it even temporarily...how contrary to our teachings or preachings which we definitely live! As far as we're concerned the business can come and go! It is we, our feelings and attitudes, and mind habits that go on forever! *We wish Ken every success - always home, always well.*

I don't just preach it, Paul. I live it.

Poor Ken. He's offset his pretensions in his silence, to everyone (more or less) . He could have followed up his efforts to leave with good-will to everyone by at least dropping ~~them~~ a line.....a truthful line....not more pretences. I hope he'll have the grace to drop Xmas cards. It may still offset the effects, if we can mention (when asked) that we received holiday greetings from him at least. People do ask, not because they are interested in Ken...but because their minds reach out to find failings in others to match their own....to assuage their own sense of inadequacy. Pathetic but true....and must be recognized in order to be overcome.

Trying to recall at the moment, if I've ever written a brief letter!

Does a typewritten letter from me seem cold....impersonal? If so I'll resort to my pen again.

Best holiday wishes to you both. Hope to get to New York to see Sherman Baker very shortly.....will see you then if you're in the East.

Love from us all.

Sherman

~~Receipt~~
~~2-7-38~~

for Oil Heater

Repair

30
7

Eyo D. Baringer

- shop

res

2-7876

2-7781

Hoffman Fuel

Georgetown 5-2083

Nighty
8-9759
The Hutzlers
1856 Ruskin Road
Dayton 6, Ohio

(H)

Tuesday, March 9th

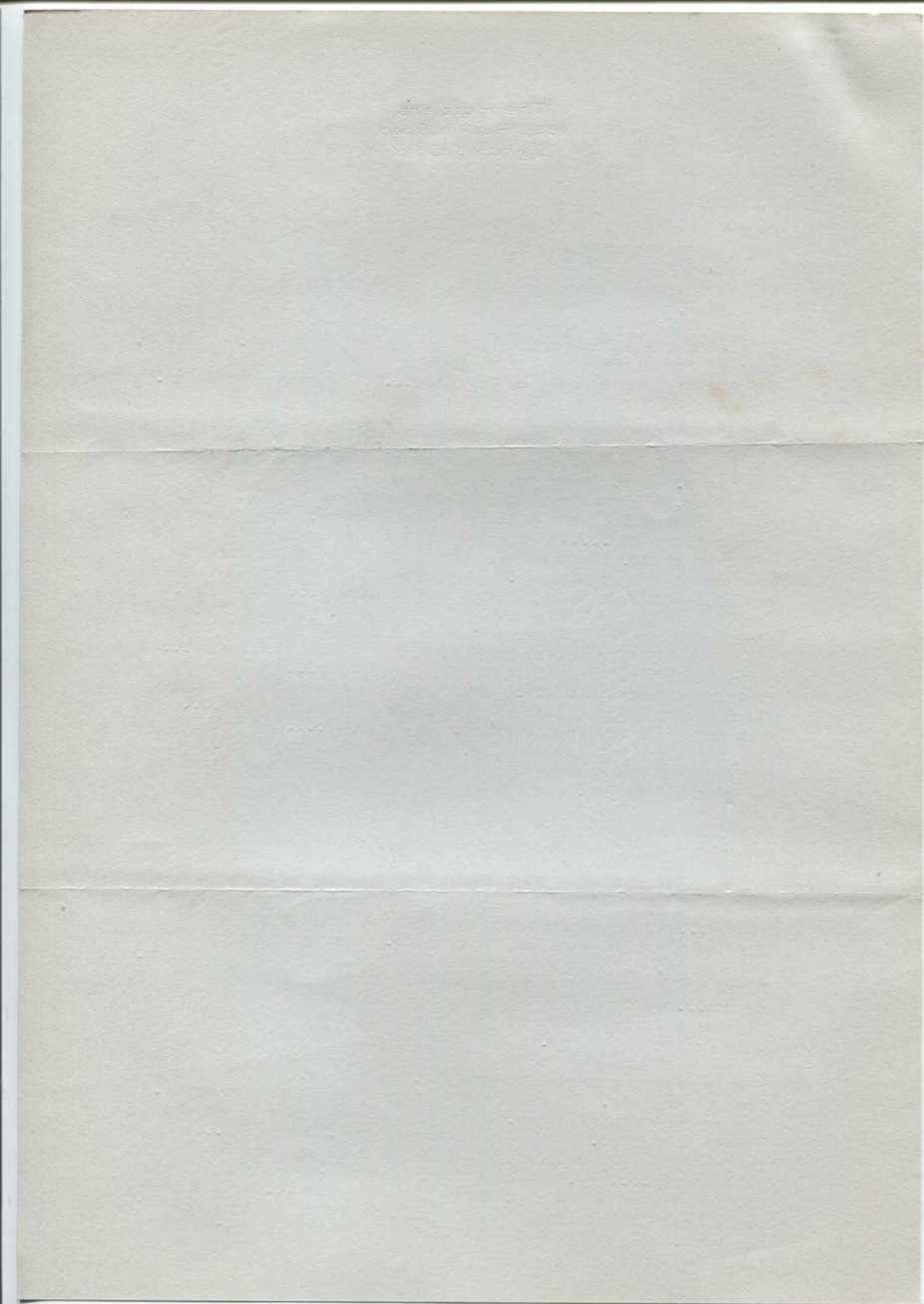
Dear Paul,

I haven't the remotest idea how this might turn out. However, this is the first time I feel free to say that Ken might try writing to Herman about coming back...if he wishes to do so.

Before this, I knew Herman was feeling much too angry at all the years of wasted effort, wasted plans made with and for Ken despite what we knew of his lack of appreciation behind our backs. Yes, it is true. We knew of his inferences, impressions, plans to set himself up for himself, etc. But we attributed it to his childish boastfulness, excessive vanity, frustrations etc....and said nothing to embarrass him to the point of shame. Just as we act and react to Joanie in the process of her growing up. I've often felt very badly at having imposed so much tolerance upon Herman...toward Ken, that he would have allowed for no one else. Truthfully, Paul I've never blamed you for any part in listening to it, or accepting Ken's versions of Herman, the business, myself... for I do not see you in the role of a father...you just aren't composed that way. Moreover, I know that you recognize in Ken a great deal of your past characteristics.... that you hope to have overcome, in yourself....and know that Ken must work out for himself, when he wills to do so. How much of his desire to do so is still pretence remains to be seen, of course.

Due to some rather nice (my ideas of nice are different from other people's!) experiences of late....Herman would be more tolerant and perhaps forgiving. It may be an opportune time for Ken to try....if he's sincere in wanting to back in our environment, which is clean, clearcut, honest, truthful, and simple...and sincere in giving his best efforts to Herman and their mutual work and objectives. Also sincere in living the simple, pleasant wholesome life that Dayton has to offer. Those would have to be his truthful motives in wanting to return...and in giving to others as his desire to return, and to turn away from what he believed to be the attractions of New York and its ways.

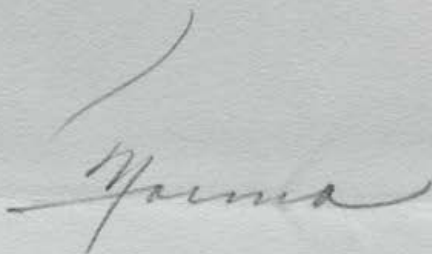
Herman does not know I am writing, of course. It is my privilege to do this. It will not matter if Ken does not write. Herman does not need Ken. I do not know if he will accept him if he writes. I merely know that for Ken's sake...and for the sake of your request, this is the only opportunity I have felt to say....try. Fortunately, Herman read Ken's letter to me. It didn't sound sincere to either of us....for Ken pretends quite successfully to himself, as we well know from the past. It lacked the inner ring that reaches out. How-



ever, I am the most willingly gullible individual in the world of hopefuls...for the sake of others. Moreover I know that if people will to do so, they can be as they should be.

I can't be the one to cheat Ken out of opportunity for the future, that were once his....if he is willing to make the effort to recapture it...and work at it.

Late for an appointment...must run. Love to you all.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Yanna", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the left.

ever

(H)

The Hutzlers
1856 Ruskin Road
Dayton 6, Ohio

Monday
Jan 11th

Dear Paul, We're still planning that trip to New York. Will have a good talk then—over many things.

Just returned from a weekend in Cleveland. Wanted to reply to your letter at once, since the days ahead are full to overflowing.

Human read your letter hurriedly. Your suggestion is unexpected and needs thoughtful consideration, of course. We shall keep it to ourselves as requested. Ken has written since my last letter to you.

Don't agree with you as to what is "kind" as against a loving urgency, as opportunity presents it. To hurt the false vanity—to give it the necessary blow at the moment it is consuming its victim, is loving tho' it is unkind to the self-developed vanity. Goes deeper than the superficial conception of

"kindness", Paul. The world is full of superficial "kindness" — not enough deep (self-forgetting) "love" for others. I need not tell you that. "Unkindness" is merely remedial when motivated by love.

My letter to Burkhardt was written before I saw how he looked, ~~not~~ after, altho' that would not have altered the need. He will heed my words, tho' I never see him again.

Just as Ken will heed my teachings, tho' his vanity dislikes me. He will be grateful for the words he will follow, and someday he will begin to wish he were "man" enough to say thank you to me for them. He will whisper the thank you in his thoughts and prayers — and I will be aware of them, as he has been aware of all his feelings for me. As I am always aware of others. Their pretences are childish "expert" acting. They mean nothing to me — good or bad. I merely regret their unhappiness and would help them to enjoy living — whether or not I ever see them again. And I continue to love them despite their own pretence toward me — as with Ken.

My best to Eva & yourself. Will let you know when we can get to N. Y.

Lovingly — Emma

NOTE:

This about covers the salient impressions connected with the 10-day period, and Oh such a relief to unburden myself.

Perhaps now I can settle down to reconstruct the progressive stages which tended to produce results. All along something within me kept chanting, "This is a short-cut," and later, "I have found the way," altho I little knew to what. Am sure that my concept of will-power can be confined to paper with a little reflection, as well as the matter of the Central sun and how I felt the arc to be gradually lessening between myself and it. Have always intended to do this, but it seemed a thankless task.

mwr

R
406 Douglas St.
Pasadena 6, Calif.
June 22, 1955

Sycamore 8-3288

Dear Dr. Brunton:

In view of the kindly consideration given my situation the other evening ~~May~~ I venture some further remarks so that you can better evaluate my story. It is certainly an immense relief to have been assured that I am not beholden to that practitioner for what at the time I called "my Preview." This is being sandwiched in between normal work at the office, hence may be rather sketchy:

Here are a couple of other phenomena that transpired in advance of my experience in July 1947, and to which I attached no importance. At dawn one morning I was awakened by a strong masculine voice distinctly calling my name twice, whereupon I dashed to the outside door only to find no one there. Another time as I sat brooding in February, my living room suddenly became enveloped in a dense cloud.

In connection with the ball of fire which would come down and explode at the point where a sense of dismay over something less than perfect was lying heavy within me, I am not sure whether I made it clear that after ascending giddily, my consciousness of unbearable bliss would be fully restored. (This I figure resulted from pondering Mrs. Eddy's statement that Truth destroys error) As a matter of fact, I cannot quite agree with one unequivocal statement which you make in your latest book, that the movements of grace cannot be observed, because I feel that if one were sufficiently alert, this might be possible. At least I certainly nailed down the movement of descending from grace: Some months after my experience a cartoon in the Saturday Evening Post caught my attention and I felt it to be significant. It showed some Indians talking about wampum, and I suddenly realized it to be the word illustrating one's falling from grace or returning to the sensory world: ~~Saxkoxaxxoxaxxoxaxxox~~ This is difficult to put into words, but during my Preview I had enjoyed merely the idea relating to sense objects, feeling they were all there for my pleasure, but upon coming back to earth I had somehow begun to attribute reality and outsideness to objects. In other words, the ~~fox~~ focus of my attention had reversed itself. (Given enuf time, I believe I could describe how I had succeeded in effecting this change of focus to within myself, and which C.S. statements had accomplished the trick.) During my Preview, the colored beads carried no significance in themselves, but afterwards value outside of myself became attributed to them, similar to the way beads later became used as money by the Indians.

In my earlier long letter I may have mentioned the profound stillness that I noticed a couple of times during those 10 days, when the whole city seemed to be in a vacuum. Another phenomena during that experience was that I somehow knew myself to be closely connected to an asparagus fern and a sassifras tree in the yard, which I noticed were growing by leaps and bounds each day, but this I could not quite pin down.

406 Douglas St.
Pasadena 6, Calif.
June 22, 1955

James 8-308

Dear Mr. Anderson:

In view of the kindly consideration given my situation on the other
evening by I venture some further remarks so that you can better
understand my story. It is certainly an immense relief to have been
assured that I am not bothered by that practitioner for whom at the
time I called "my friend". This is being sandwiched in between
normal work at the office, hence may be rather sketchy:

There are a number of other phenomena that transpired in relation to
my experience in July 1954, and to which I attach no importance.
On the one morning I was awakened by a strong masculine voice
distinctly calling my name twice, whereupon I dashed to the outside
door only to find no one there. Another time as I was brooding in
bedroom, my living room suddenly became enveloped in a dense cloud.

In connection with the fall of 1954 which would come down and explode
at the point where a sense of dismay over something less than perfect
was lying heavy within me, I am not sure whether I made it clear that
after ascending rigidly, my consciousness of immediate bliss would
be fully restored. (This I figure resulted from pondering Mrs. Kady's
statement that truth destroys error) As a matter of fact, I cannot
quite agree with one unqualified statement which you make in your
latest book, that the movements of things cannot be observed, because
I feel that if one were sufficiently alert, this might be possible.
At least I certainly nailed down the movement of descending from grace:
some months after my experience a cartoon in the Saturday Evening Post
caught my attention and I felt it to be significant. It showed some
Indians talking about war, and I suddenly realized it to be the
word illustrating one's falling from grace or returning to the sensory
world: ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ This is difficult to put into words,
but during my review I had enjoyed merely the idea relating to sense
objects, feeling they were all there for my pleasure, but upon coming
back to earth I had somehow begun to realize reality and orderliness
to objects. In other words, the focus of my attention had reversed
itself. (Given and also, I believe I could describe how I had suc-
ceeded in affecting this change of focus to within myself, and which
C.E. Lawrence had accomplished the trick.) During my review, the
colored beads carried no significance in themselves, but afterwards
value outside of myself became attributed to them, similar to the way
beads later became used as money by the Indians.

In my earlier long letter I may have mentioned the profound stillness
that I noticed a couple of times during those 10 days, when the whole
city seemed to be in a vacuum. Another phenomenon during that experience
was that I somehow knew myself to be closely connected to an apparatus
and a resistor tree in the yard, which I noticed were growing by
fence and downed each day, but this I could not write in down.

June 22, 1955

There was also an overwhelming tenderness for any living thing, and I went out of my way to avoid stepping on so much as an ant on the sidewalk. I also felt very strongly that it was a sin to waste anything. Then at times when it would occur to me to wonder about certain things including bodily processes, the answer would immediately appear as if a picture embedded within a small white light the size of a candle's flame. I recall being shown something about menstruation, for instance, in this fashion, but it is all an enigma to me now.

(June 23) The word "God" has never had any meaning for me, although during the Preview I tried to identify it with some aspect of what was happening. To me it came through as perfect Wisdom operating as an impersonal principle, much as in mathematics.

During my study I had come upon a 1904 article in an old C.S. Journal dealing with Kant and Fichte, from which I had gathered the important points covered by one of your books as mentalism. Upon looking up Fichte I learned how the mind constructs an image and calls it an object--hard, smooth or red--as existing in time.

I must also tell you about bedsprings. The first morning of the Preview I became aware of something that seemed like a strong wind blowing onto the back of my legs, while each step I took felt as if I were walking on very resilient bedsprings. Obviously there was some peculiar energy at work that could be felt physically, and I seemed to be treading upon it.

In the Spiritual Crisis of Man you speak of the fact that illumination is often accompanied by some terrific outside event, and this happened in my case although it need not be gone into here, but the preoccupation I still felt toward it during the 10 days obviously contributed to my coming back to earth.

Then there was the matter of a healing that happened the following December after my summer experience. I live in one side of a small cottage, and had occasion to go to the door of the elderly lady who lives in the other half. She chanced to remark that a close elderly lady friend of our landlady next door was at the point of death in the hospital, and that the case was so serious that not even the woman's daughter had been admitted to her room during nearly the week she had been confined; and that the doctors said it was meningitis and double pneumonia, and if she should recover, she would be helpless. Whereupon I astounded myself by blazing back at her (so that she almost reeled against the wall), "How dare those doctors prophesy!" Weakly she replied that she had only repeated what others had told her. I had seen in a flash that their verdict was only will-power at work, pretending to be something real. This happened on a Thursday, and the following Tuesday she reported to me that the woman was already back home, entirely well, and that she could have gone sooner except that they wanted to be sure. The doctors then decided it had been only sleeping sickness. I do not know the woman, but she still comes to visit my landlady and seems quite energetic at around 80 yrs. of age.

Marion Rawson

There was also an overwhelming tenderness for any living thing, and I went out of my way to avoid stepping on so much as an ant on the sidewalk. I also felt very strongly that it was a sin to waste anything. Then as times when it would occur to me to wonder about certain things including bodily processes, the answer would immediately appear as if a picture embedded within a small white light the size of a candle's flame. I recall being shown something about monasticism, for instance, in this fashion, but it is all an enigma to me now.

(June 23) The word "God" has never had any meaning for me, although during the interval I tried to identify it with some aspect of what was happening. To me it came through as perfect wisdom operating as an impersonal principle, much as in mathematics.

During my study I had come upon a 1904 article in an old journal dealing with Kant and Fichte, from which I had gathered the important points covered by one of your books as mentalism. Upon looking up Fichte I learned how the mind constructs an image and calls it an object--hard, smooth or red--as existing in time.

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In the spiritual crisis of May you speak of the fact that illumination is often accompanied by some terrific outside event, and this happened in my case although it need not be gone into here, but the preoccupation I still felt toward it during the 10 days obviously contributed to my coming back to earth.

Then there was the matter of a healing that happened the following week. I was in my study at the time, and I was in one of my study cottages, and had occasion to go to the door of the elderly lady who lives in the other half. She happened to remark that a close elderly lady friend of her lady next door was at the point of death in the hospital, and that she was so serious that not even the woman's daughter had been admitted to her room during nearly the week she had been confined; and that the doctors said it was meningitis, and double pneumonia, and if she should recover, she would be helpless. When I returned I recounted myself by blowing back at her (so that she almost recoiled against the wall). "How dare those doctors prophesy!" I replied she replied that she had only repeated what others had told her. I had seen in a flash that their verdict was only will-power at work, pretending to be something real. This happened on a Thursday, and the following Friday she reported to me that the woman was already back home, entirely well, and that she could have gone home except that they wanted to be sure. The doctors then decided it had been only a passing sickness. I do not know the woman, but she still comes to visit my lady and seems quite energetic at around 80 yrs. of age.

*missed
phone call
SAT 12-2-48
this is near Ted's*

406 Douglas St.
Pasadena 6, Calif.
Easter Sunday

Dear Dr. Brunton:

It is gratifying to have your gracious message of March 11th, which missed me at the Barbizon by only a few hours. Before checking out I stopped by the Great Northern to inquire whether perchance you were in residence there. Oahu must be much pleasanter, especially as the Hawaiian Airlines calendar hanging above this typewriter indicates Lanikai as situated between the MidPacific Golf Links and famed Kailua Bay.

Regarding the experience thru which I unaccountably passed a few years ago, it can of course only be reported from the impressions left upon memory afterwards. It was like this: For 16 years I had been secretary to the V.P. of a large publishing firm in New York, living a worldly life without knowledge of philosophy or religion. However during the war I went to Buffalo to look after my mother during her last illness, when my attention first became aware of the problem of death. Altho mother had become an ardent C.S., the awful terror of death which she went through convinced me that I must at all costs avoid a like experience for myself. Therefore after settling in California I took up the study of C.S. in earnest, but it was utterly incomprehensible. The practitioner to whom I turned for explanation of the occasional abstract statements that aroused my curiosity, only confused me further. I seemed to be in the grip of something which would not let me put this study aside, until the strain became terrific and I'd burst into tears. I also felt myself as caught in a net from which escape was impossible, where deep within me was appearing every possible villany so that I would become nauseated, from contemplation of it, yet there was nothing really specific in aspect. It was just revolting. Finally when contemplating a certain statement in S&H I would become too giddy to keep my mind on routine work at the office, and had to rewrite a single letter as many as 7 times before submitting it to my superior!

Then one day when standing at the sink of my apartment (facing north) all of a sudden something woft and wonderful took possession of my consciousness, followed by the thoughts, "This must be given to the world," and "Why should this happen to ME?" My old self with its intellectualism seemed miles away, like a fleeting memory. It was August, and my office was notified that I would have to begin my vacation immediately. The elevation lasted for nearly 10 days, I seldom dressed, and the intense feelings from somewhere terribly deep within me tumbled upon each other too fast for me to succeed in translating them into words and on paper. When it became necessary for me to go out for groceries, the other passengers on the bus did not seem to see me at all, and when crossing a motor speedway near my home, without traffic lights, somehow there would not be a car in sight. At times a startling stillness would fall over the outside world, even in the middle of the day.

Since the term "God" carried no meaning for me, the motivating principle appeared as Wisdom. I told the practitioner afterwards it was as if a movie projector were in a balcony behind me, and the screen in front of my eyes "where only perfection appeared," and that another phase seemed like the Hudson River flowing into and merging with the Bay. It was long afterwards that I came across similar analogies in certain books.

At times the inner significance of material situations would be given me as a picture appearing within a tiny white light the shape of a candle's glow, and just once I saw how the material world was merely a phantom. The most remarkable phenomena however happened 7 or 8 times, and was perhaps the result of having pondered "Truth destroys error." When anything less than utter perfection would come into thought, all of a sudden a ball of fire would descend like a shot from above and in front of me, and as it collided with my sense of imperfection, a terrific explosion would occur and wham!, giddily up I would soar (as in previous dreams) at a dizzy speed towards a bright blue sky, then I would wonder what had happened to the sky, and decide I must be one with it.

I could not understand how it was that I still had a body, and my bliss was so unbearable that it seemed my flesh must rip somewhere. And periodically from way down, deep within would flow the most amazing knowledge which I felt sure had been hidden since the beginning of time, and was equally amazed that this thing which was obviously timeless should somehow reveal itself in my own English language. Certainly if there had been anyone to turn to in the whole world, I'd have spent my last dollar to telephone for explanation or reassurance. After a few days I made the mistake of calling the practitioner who was deeply puzzled, and the fact that he did not understand my language made me realize that whatever was happening was not within the confines of C.S. Finally when I felt the whole thing beginning to slip away from me, I made a great effort to capture the epitome of all that had been shown me interiorly, and after experimenting with various words, settled on the fact that I must never forget that "Mah is the BEHOLDMENT of Perfection." Beholdment was chosen for its connotation of awe.

From then on, my grief knew no bounds and life would gladly have been surrendered had I known of a way. With a lump in my throat I began going to the public library where I was led to the philosophy section and was amazed to learn that others had undergone equally peculiar experiences, with certain similarities running thru them all. Perhaps I had not, then, been out of my mind in the conventional meaning. My avid reading of C.S. had consumed 9 months, and it took another 9 months before I was my old self again. For several years I chased around to every new lecturer and church, only to feel that I could never confide in them--except Mr. Goldsmith, whose background in C.S. was an additional factor, but he ups and decides to live in Hawaii before we get started together, so I was further discouraged. As a matter of fact I am not looking for a teacher exactly just yet, as I am a practical person and doubt that one can combine making a living with the sort of thing I went through. I look forward to retirement in about 8 years, and feel that very much study or searching in the meantime could just possibly lead me off into dangerous fields again.

Of all the abstract statements pondered at that time, of which I still have a partial list, I am inclined to think that the final one I worked with may have been responsible for what happened. In Miscellaneous Writing's Bible Lessons I found Paul's mystical statement, "Without father, without mother, but born unto the son of God." In pondering this I found myself disengaging myself from the thought of any ancestors back to 300 years ago, and even imagined my parents had never met each other.....which left me, where? I believe this may parallel some of your instructions in Spiritual Self-analysis in "Discover Yourself." Other totally different, yet possibly parallel statements occur between your other statements and the abstract passages I pondered. What I seek is an evaluation by an authority of the experience I went through. Perhaps you can sense whether it was an aberration of the mind, hypnotism induced by the practitioner (who has given up that work and moved away), or something really valid that indicates a special aptitude along those lines. Your candid opinion would be very gratefully received. In the meantime, of course, I am no nearer my original goal of understanding death, but it no longer appears so urgent.

It happens that I am unemployed at the moment, but intend to look for work soon. Unfortunately a great aversion to office work has come over me, so that I dread the idea of having to go back. The openings for women my age are few and far between. I mention this because if I am not working when you arrive in this area, I could meet you any day of the week except Friday morning, or would be glad to pick you up and drive you to my home, if that seemed desirable. I am still living in the simple little place where IT happened.

Very sincerely,

Marian Rawson

Telephone number: SYcamore 8-3288 or you can find me in the book.

406 Douglas St.
Pasadena 6, Calif.
February 28, 1955

(R)

Dr. Paul G. Brunton
New York City

Dear Dr. Brunton:

As one who is extremely grateful for your series of books,
I write to inquire whether you are available for an appointment in New York City.

Only yesterday did it become necessary for me to make sudden plans to go to New York tomorrow, or rather start East.

I expect to reach New York on March 8th, Tuesday, and expect to stay at the Barbizon-Plaza at 58th and 6th. Would you let me know there if it would be convenient to see me at any time during that week.

I should very much like to evaluate the quality of an experience through which I passed a few years ago and have hesitated to discuss with anyone but Mr. Joel Goldsmith, who shortly thereafter went to Hawaii to live and thereby could not take me as a pupil as we had planned.

Thank you for whatever disposition you care to make of this appeal.

Yours very truly,

Marian W. Rawson

(Miss) Marian Wright Rawson

Wm

Dear Sir
We are waiting for
a new mft

8

From Refetti

September 20

(C)

Dear Sam,

Your letter of August 27th was received with open arms. I'm happy to learn that conditions there are favorable for your work and well being. Please forgive the delay in writing--I'm trying to do and cope with everything as it is given for me to do, and I'm having a little difficulty staying on any sort of a schedule. However, I manage to catch up, and here I am!

The copies of the Challenge and Caravel arrived safely. I shall ask Lorraine for additional copies of the Caravel when next I'm at her home, which should be within a few days. She does not have copies of "To You." I'll write to the Oregon group and obtain permission to write Sadony; perhaps through correspondence I'll manage an invitation to meet him.

I enjoy the subject of Astrology but not Le Gros' method of teaching. He is not systematic, that is, does not follow the subject from one step to the next. However, I believe this is due to his attempt to appeal to both beginning and advanced students at the same time. I have asked him for private lessons and explained my reasons, but he has avoided a direct answer.

You are correct in saying that the proper time has not arrived so far as mentioning your name to him. Despite many good traits, there are weaknesses to be overcome. As there is a woman in his life who is always with him, I do not have the opportunity for private conversation, consequently it appears that this "block" is preventing any assistance I could be to him. He asked me, again, to conduct a class which would study any of the great spiritual books such as Light On The Path, but I declined. He seemed rather put out.

In reading "The Upanishads" by Nikhilananda, I came across a passage that had much meaning for me as I had often meditated on "The Vision" (as I call it to myself) and wondered who it was that handed me the articles. I quote, "As we have noted above, the sun is the centre of a solar system, or Brahmanda. The Lord of the Brahmanda is described as dwelling in the sun. The Upanishads often describe Him as the "Person in the sun." This Person in the sun is sometimes called Vishnu, because He pervades all--the entire solar system. Here is a further description of the Deity: "Now that Person, bright as gold, who is seen within the sun, with golden beard and golden hair--golden altogether to the very tips of His nails..." Who is this Person dwelling in the sun; and why is the solar deity called a person? Sankaracharya, in his commentary on the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad, states that He, Prajapati, is like a per-

son, being endowed with a head, hands, and other parts. He was the first to be created. The Prajapati of the present cycle had practised meditation in a previous cycle and performed Vedic rites, with a view to occupying the position of the Lord in the next cycle. Others, too, had done the same, but among them all, He was the first to be freed from such obstacles as gross ignorance and attachment. What this means is this: that in the previous cycle many aspirants practised spiritual disciplines but did not attain complete Liberation because they still possessed traces of desire and attachment. Of these, the most advanced was reborn in the present cycle, as the Prajapati of the Brahmanda, in which capacity He now enjoys great power and bliss. But this position of Brahma must not be confused with the attainment of the Highest Good, or Liberation; for even He is said to be afflicted by fear and unhappiness. His life is impermanent, lasting for the duration of a Brahmanda. His position, though an exalted one, still belongs to the relative world. Only the courageous aspirant who can renounce the position of Brahma, which is non-eternal, can attain the Highest Good."

I mentioned the reading of this to LeGros, and he confirmed it adding also that each planet had its Cosmic Being inhabiting it. I have not mentioned "The Vision" to him, because: 1.) I hadn't had the inclination, and 2.) One evening he mentioned that most visions were of an hallucinatory nature, usually brought about by the psychological portion of the person's make-up. He condemned them--even the ones he had himself. He is right to a certain extent, but there are visions, and there are Visions.

Albert is off on an Eastern vacation trip. He seems so much improved--I can't thank you enough that you met him. The last luncheon I had with him he again expressed surprise that the opportunity to meet you had presented itself. I am sending the Cashew Nut Butter today and hope it arrives safely. Raabe's book will be sent the early part of next week. Destroy the astral chart as I have the original.

It is a beautiful Autumn day today--the kind that always wants to take me into the country. I imagine it is lovely where you are also. It would be more than wonderful to spend the day with you.

I pray that all will continue well, and I look forward to your next letter and our next meeting.

Diane

Wednesday, Sept. 26

(G)

Dear Dan,

Your 9/21 letter arrived Tuesday. As always, it means much to hear from you. I imagine you have received my last letter by now.

The cashew nut butter is not being sent in view of your letter.

It would be so good to be with you, and also to be with you on your investigations south. Well, I can be with you in my imagination, can't I? But then, I'm always with you.

Enclosed is a booklet I thought you'd find interesting. This is your copy, so do with it what you will.

Have you ever read "Brother of the Third Degree" by Will E. Carver? This is an occult novel I've just finished reading, and I found a lot of meaning in it.

You ask for my news. Everything is much the same with me. Physically, I feel better than ever. I have read and am reading several excellent books on dietetics, studying the combinations of foods, etc. I am waiting for a book, "The Grape Cure" which is supposed to cure everything and anything. (But we'll see about that! It does come highly recommended, however.) I am studying the right way to feed the body for a healthy body has its importance in the scheme of things.

There have been many interesting talks on the occult with Elaine and L.G., through which I have been given much to meditate upon. As usual, I am reading books on the spiritual and have just run across Mabel Collins, "The Idyll of the White Lotus" and "When the Sun Moves Northward." Also, H.P.B.'s, "Practical Occultism." These I shall read within the next few days.

I have noticed that the intuition seems to be in operation more of the time of late and its' accuracy has sometimes amazed me. There is a greater solidification, or shall I say integration, of all aspects of my make-up. I seem to be coming together, or shaping into something, if this makes it any clearer. I have felt this rather markedly in the past few months. The tension and restlessness I used to feel to get things done in the spiritual phase of my development is completely gone. I feel so at peace that I'm sure this reflects on the physical well-being also. I also feel grown up, mature, as tho' now I know something and have something to offer, little tho' it be.

Dear Sir,
I have just received your letter of the 21st inst. and am glad to hear from you. I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

The enclosed is not being sent in view of your letter.

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If there are specific questions you'd like to ask, I'll try to answer them; I hope I've given you a good idea of what I thought you'd find of interest.

L.G. expressed his opinion of S. from Michigan the other evening by saying that he is a natural clairvoyant, but that he is an ego-maniac, setting himself up as a god. He has not met him personally but arrives at this conclusion from the reading of his printed matter and people who have met him. The D. group, of course, would not agree with this at all, and I must take into consideration they have met him, but also that their level of development may not give them the insight to properly evaluate the man.

L.G. has given me some predictions concerning my future. He says that with next year my life will begin to change. He thinks there is a home of my own in the offing; my father will pass on; that I'll become a metaphysical teacher in time; that eventually I'll live in a foreign country-- he determines this from my chart and palm. Interesting?

Getting back to my intuition for a moment: Yesterday morning, L.G. came to mind all of a sudden and a very beautiful feeling came with the thought of him. It came to me that he is a very good man, trying to do his best. I also felt that something good was going to happen to him. Last night, at dinner, Elaine and L.G. told me they were going to marry each other and asked Barry and me to be witnesses to the ceremony. It is my opinion that they will get on very nicely together, both being very good for the other.

This is all for now; if I think of anything I'll write again, otherwise I'll wait for a letter from you.

You are in my thoughts very often. Let me hear from you soon.

Affectionately,

D.

I have not a special question, but I like to ask, will you
be kind to let me know if you have a good idea of what
I should do about it?

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I should do about it?

8/16/--1:10 P.M.

Dear Dan,

Cmy

Many happy hellos, I'm so happy to be "talking" to you again. I certainly hope all is well, and I hope, too, that progress is being made on the task at hand.

Last night at Astrology class, LeGros gave us the new and corrected chart of the U. S. Rupert Hughes, the writer and historian, after much investigation and also with the collaboration of an aged astrologer in Ohio (I do not know his name yet) has found that the Declaration of Independence was signed on July 2, 1776 and announced to the world on the 4th of July. Hughes has found much substantiation in the private letters of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence to this effect, also in papers in the Library of Congress. LeGros, after checking many important dates in U.S. history says it is without doubt most correct. I enclose a copy of it for you.

Last Christmas Day, Paul Harvey, a Chicago radio and television news announcer told a very interesting story regarding the mysterious appearance and disappearance of an Oriental garbed man (who had a beard) who spoke to a closed session meeting of the United Nations, at Lake Success. Harvey said that this man appeared at approximately 9-12 minutes after 7 P.M. on a day that he did not or would not mention. This Oriental being was tall, dignified and in Asiatic dress.

As the meeting was being called to order he suddenly appeared from behind one of the members and said that he had come to deliver a message to those in attendance. He said the U.N. was full of power politics and that a real spiritual understanding must be evidenced or that the U.N. would fail. It is said that Vishinsky attempted questioning him, but was severely criticized by the Oriental, and Vishinsky ended up by saying that this was some American trick. The Oriental soon turned away, walked out of the door and disappeared into thin air. This was commented on by one of the stenographers who in an effort to get more notes on what he had to say, tried to find the Oriental in the corridor (which was only several minutes after the Oriental walked out of the door) but the stenographer could find him nowhere. Paul Harvey said this story is true. It is written up in the July 1951 issue of The Beacon Light Herald. LeGros has a copy of this magazine in his possession and I am going to ask him to let me read it.

LeGros became so interested in all of this because he said St. Germaine is most likely the one who appeared. According to LeGros, Blavatsky predicted that St. Germaine would appear at approximately this time. LeGros with his interest called Harvey several days ago in an attempt to get the date that the Oriental appeared so he could set up a horary chart and possibly obtain further information from it. He said Harvey was most reluctant to divulge anything pertaining to it and consequently LeGros got little if any information.

There were four of us at dinner last Tuesday--LeGros, Elaine, Barry, and myself. We find we have interesting conversations so we get together from time to time. LeGros mentioned this to us (the Oriental story, that is) and he said he so wished he knew the day. With my whole being the 13th was the day that came to me and I told him of it. That evening he set up the horary and he said he feels positive that this is the date. I don't know if this story is of any interest to you, but I feel it is worth telling to you. I enclose the horary chart for it.

Recently purchased and just finished reading, "Many Mansions" by Gina Cerminara. She went to Virginia Beach to the Cayce group for several days research and ended up staying for months analyzing the readings left by Cayce. The book is a frank expose on Karma, and I found it most appealing. She has a good simple style of writing and I am sure it is going to be well regarded; it should also influence a number of people who at least have been susceptible to the idea of reincarnation. Have you read the book? On page 381 a man's name, whom we both know well, is mentioned. I will be very happy to send it to you for your perusal if you but say so.

The days are flying by, each one of them exceedingly full of activity. I hope to hear from you soon pertaining to both this and the last letter I wrote.

Is the name, "Tikki" a good one for a baby elephant? I do so want to get my little story written but the lack of a good name seems to be a retarding factor. Have you any suggestions?

Nothing further on Aurora, or the other one.

Love, Peace and Blessings,



August 7 - 3 P.M.

G

Dear Dan,

I thought I'd never receive your letter of the 24th. I was overjoyed when it came! I didn't want to write until I had a more or less permanent address to save postal difficulties. Secondly,--I have come to a point that I feel like the spinning of a top; there has been not one moment of personal life for me since I last saw you. I'm having great difficulty determining the importance of all the people who come into my life and just what I should do about them.

Since last seeing you I have heard very lovely statements about Cuernavaca, and I do hope you find it to your liking. I'd like to see your 9th house in the chart--it must be filled with planets or powerfully aspected that you should have done so much travelling! Anyway, it is good to know that you have good conditions under which to write. I can see how good conditions are absolutely necessary for until now I didn't have my "good conditions" to write to you--one of the most important people in my life! I truly don't know how to apologize enough. You must think me deliberately evasive and such is not at all the case. It's just when I write to you I need a peculiar kind of privacy that I haven't had. I know you understand and bear with me, and I thank you with all my heart.

The months you were here were beautiful ones for me, and I look forward to the time when I can see you again. Meanwhile, I will gratefully accept any letters that you have the time and inclination to write. I do hope they are not too far apart.

You need not have apologized regarding the circumstances of our meeting on the day of your departure, because it was just as well the way it happened. You know how I have reacted to your leaving in the past, and it is good for me to "grow up" and not shed tears on your starched shirts!

I, too, am happy for the peace and joy of the Inner Life; it has and will sustain me for all that is to come, whatever comes. I am happy too because it has such meaning for you, and I shall do my best to make the most of it. Again I thank you for your blessings--how shall I ever thank you enough?

Dear [Name],

I thought I'd never receive your letter of the 21st. I was so happy when it came. I didn't want to write until I had a more or less permanent address to give to you. I'm sorry I haven't been able to do so. I'm having great difficulty determining the importance of all the people who come into my life and just what I should do about them.

Since I've been with you I have heard very many interesting things about you. I do hope you find it to your liking. I'd like to see your old home in the city. It must be filled with friends or possibly relatives. You should have done so much traveling! Anyway, it is good to know that you have good friends under which to write. I can see how good friends are absolutely necessary for until now I didn't have my "good conditions" to write to you--one of the most important people in my life! I truly don't know how to apologize enough. You must think me deliberately evasive and that is not at all the case. I'm just a little bit of a nervous condition and at times that I haven't said. I know you understand and deal with me, and I thank you with all my heart.

The things you were told were beautiful ones for me. And I look forward to the time when I can see you again. Meanwhile, I will gratefully accept my letters that you have the time and inclination to write. I do hope they are not too far apart.

You need not have apologized regarding the circumstances of our meeting on the day of your departure, because it was just as well that it happened. You know how I have reacted to your leaving in the past, and it is good for me to know you and not what exists on your mind.

I, too, am happy for the peace and joy of the inner life. I don't want to be disturbed by the all that is to come, but I am sure you will be too. I shall do my best to make the most of it. And I shall be for your happiness--not shall I ever think of you again?

I have told Albert about M. [redacted] and as soon as the signal is given we shall telephone him at the office first and if he isn't there we'll put in a call to his home. Albert has purchased some more of the Aurora. Bill hasn't put any money into the shares yet because he leaves the decision up to me, and I don't seem to be affected by it one way or the other. If we do buy any I will let you know; also, if there is any important information I will let you know that too.

As for me, personally, I feel well. I have continued the Astrology lessons and find them most interesting. I have learned that to be a good astrologer one must thoroughly know his subject and on top of that have a highly intuitive nature. LeGros gave each one of his students a copy of their chart as it stood just before we touched this plane. He calls it an Astral Horoscope, 'representing the first contact that the ego made with the physical plane as it descended through the astral veils which separate "heaven" and earth. The Astral Horoscope symbolizes the experience-aggregate of the past, summarizes all that has been gathered into the reincarnating ego in its previous embodiments--which is obviously more than could ever be expressed in one life-time. The birth or natal horoscope reveals the particular portion of your past karma that will manifest in your present life. Our character is our destiny. All that will ever take place in our lives must flow out of our essential SELFHOOD:--our spiritual, mental, emotional, psychological and physical being.'

I have come to know LeGros well and the more I know him the better I like him. He has had a very difficult six months here in more ways than one. He has more people attending the lectures every Sunday, but as he says, there are too few people who want the work for the CAUSE. I find him very sincere and doing everything he knows to contribute to what he knows is the work of this incarnation--THE CAUSE. A week ago Sunday he spoke on, "The Truth about the Masters in Tibet," which I thought was very good. I cannot judge if he is doing right or wrong in the work he is doing, but I sincerely think that he deserves the blessing of meeting you.

He knows I have someone who means much to me and as I dare not mention you without your permission, I do not say anything about you at all. The reason I would like to mention you to him is so that he could correspond with you--I feel something good would come of it. He has indicated that he would like knowing you, and I promised that I would try to establish the contact. The rest is up to you.

He has mentioned in a lecture that he knows something about some of his past lives and only today he mentioned over the telephone that all he can do in this period of time allotted

him is to work for THE CAUSE--that in too many previous incarnations he has spent time in a bohemian kind of life as a writer and painter and that he wants to and must stop it. He has given good evidence of doing just that although occasionally a beautiful poem or painting is given birth. He has told me several times that he has thrown everything out on THE LAW, come what may, and I believe he means what he says. So much for this soul; now I must tell you about my experience in taking singing lessons! However, before I go on I must hasten to say that I am not taking Astrology as my guiding star by any means. As LeGros says, and I am heartily in accord, the intuition is the final determining factor. I have always tried to use it, it is a part of me, and I shall continue to do so.

Carl is, or I should say was, my singing teacher. If I ever saw the grace of God working on the behalf of a person, it certainly did in this case. I was almost obsessed with the idea of singing and yet my mind told me that it was all rather foolish--there was more than that for me to do. But I could not deny the intuitional prodding that was with me constantly. Finally, I sat down with the telephone book going over the list of teachers again and again in the hope of determining the "one" for me. Over and over again came Carl's name. I thought how peculiar this name should be so pronounced with me, but I accepted it and called him and made an appointment. When I met him I was surprised to see such a young man; later I learned he is thirty-five years old.

We got along very nicely and bit by bit in the very first lessons he began to open up his heart and pour out the troubles of his soul. We met on a fairly common ground because of his being a Rosicrucian a few years back which had given him a good idea of reincarnation, and the fact that he had had an astrology chart done. To make a long story short, we have a budding composer (his compositions are ethereal in quality and I predict beautiful music from him); I have given him a book to start him off in the spiritual, and we have taken his badly aspected Mars (he confessed to a very bad temper) and channeled it into his music. I no longer have any desire for singing lessons even tho I love to sing. Perhaps I'll take a few more--it remains for the next few weeks to tell me. All I know is that I was sent to him and I pray I did a good job!

Albert has certainly benefited from your "touch." The moodiness seems to have disappeared, or shall I say the traces are slight. In other words he walks a more even keel. He had LeGros do his chart--three trines and six sextiles if I remember rightly, but Sun square Jupiter and Venus square Mars, the latter contributing to emotional frustration as LeGros put it. His advice was that Albert should get out more and throw himself into something. So as a compromise he has taken to dating again. After the

meeting with LeGros he came to my home with his chart so I could look at it. I gave him my interpretation of the Sun (1st house) square Jupiter in the 10th, which is how his personality affects his work and I believe it helped. However, he confessed his love for me and that he doubted he could love another. I salved this wound as best I could and I think time and circumstance will do the rest. I am indeed grateful to you for meeting him, it made him feel less that the world cares nothing for him, nor the Masters, nor anyone. As I say, he walks a more even keel.

Before I forget, have you read, "There Is Music in the Street" by Francisco Parkinson Raabe published by the Philosophical Library of New York. If you haven't I would like to send it on to you for your perusal. Her book is highly spiritual and written in beautiful language. She reminds me of Merton in a way.

Before I neglect to mention it altogether, I think it did Albert good to learn he had a Free-Will chart. He thought he was such a victim of circumstances or pre-destination as he puts it!

Enclosed you will find copies of Sadony's, The Valley Caravel, which Lorraine was kind enough to give me to pass on to you. She knows of our contact, and I do hope some day you will meet her too, and I am sure she was pleased to be able to do this. She is progressing well and I am much pleased with her.

some

There are ~~xxxxxx~~ people coming into my life lately through LeGros, people who are ready for the next step up. They are very fine with much good in them and I feel a certain readiness, especially one chap, Barry by name, who is a very good friend of Sydney J. Harris, the columnist who writes for the Chicago Daily News. I feel the future, too, will bring about something that will have great meaning. In fact, I feel I am on the verge of it and I almost become frightened. I wonder if I can cope with it. I know I'll make the grade if I, as Albert, walk an even keel. In that way we'll each take a step forward with assurance and poise for that which awaits us.

meeting with Leeson he came to my home with his chart so I could look at it. I gave him my interpretation of the map (his house) and he was in the 10th which is now his personal office. He was his work and I believe it helped him ever, he considered his love for me and that he wanted to could have another. I said this would be best I would and I said time and circumstances will do the rest. I am indeed a man to go to meeting him, it made him feel less that he was not looking for him, nor the Masters, not anyone. As I say, he will be there even now.

Before I forget, have you read "There is Music in the Street" by Francesco Petrarca? He was a man of the Renaissance, a man of the 14th century. If you haven't I would like to send it on to you for your personal. Her book is highly spiritual and written in beautiful language. The remains of it is a very

Before I forget to mention is altogether. I think it did about good to learn he had a free will chart. He thought he was such a victim of circumstances or circumstances as he was in.

Enclosed you will find copies of Leeson's, The Valley (Garnet), which contains the kind enough to give us to pass on to you. The book of our content, and I do hope some day you will meet her too, and I am sure she was pleased to be able to do this. She is a beautiful girl and I am much pleased with her.

There are many people coming into my life lately through Leeson, people who are ready for the next step up. They are very fine with much good in them and I feel a certain tenderness, especially one that, Harry by name, who is a very good friend of Leeson's. I feel the same, too, will bring about something that will have great meaning in fact I feel I am on the verge of it and I almost become frightened. I wonder if I can cope with it. I know I'll make the grade if I am allowed, with an even keel. I just say well, take a step forward with confidence and

Enclosed too is the answer to my question pertaining to Vegetarianism as I asked it of the Dequer group. They replied to me in a letter and thought it a fit question for The Challenge, so I enclose this copy and the latest of the Challenge for your reading. As I like to keep The Challenge I ask you to send it back, but only when you have read as much of it as you want. The Caravels, also.

Enclosed is my Astral Chart. I haven't done a thing with it as yet because I haven't had the time. I only send the copy for ~~nonparliamentarian~~ reason that it may have some point of interest for you. You may destroy it when you are through with it.

I hope the writing of the book goes well, and I look forward to it as I did the others. Please let me know if there is anything I can send you. I wish I could be with you to look in your eyes!

Can you imagine, my sister Helen gave Becker a copy of "In Tune with the Infinite" and he told her it meant a lot to him and he thanked her profusely. She said she knows she cannot have him but at least she can help him spiritually, which I think is very good.

My father enjoyed the India book very much and now he is entering upon the Egypt one. He has been wanting to go to Arizona for his health, and he puts it this way, "I think I'll go to Arizona and become a Yogi!" Which is a long way up for him, and I hope it is a lot farther before this incarnation is over. He thinks the author is a marvelous writer and he ought to know, he's read hundreds of books!

I had hoped to include a "thank-you" letter from my mother for the book she received from you. How you always happen to be right about things amazes me. She likes it very much and has earnestly requested her two daughters to read it. She thanks you very much, and it meant a great deal to her to know that you thought of her spiritual upliftment. And I thank you too, because I've had my difficulties over the years helping transform this family and it is such things as your books and kind deeds that have helped so much.

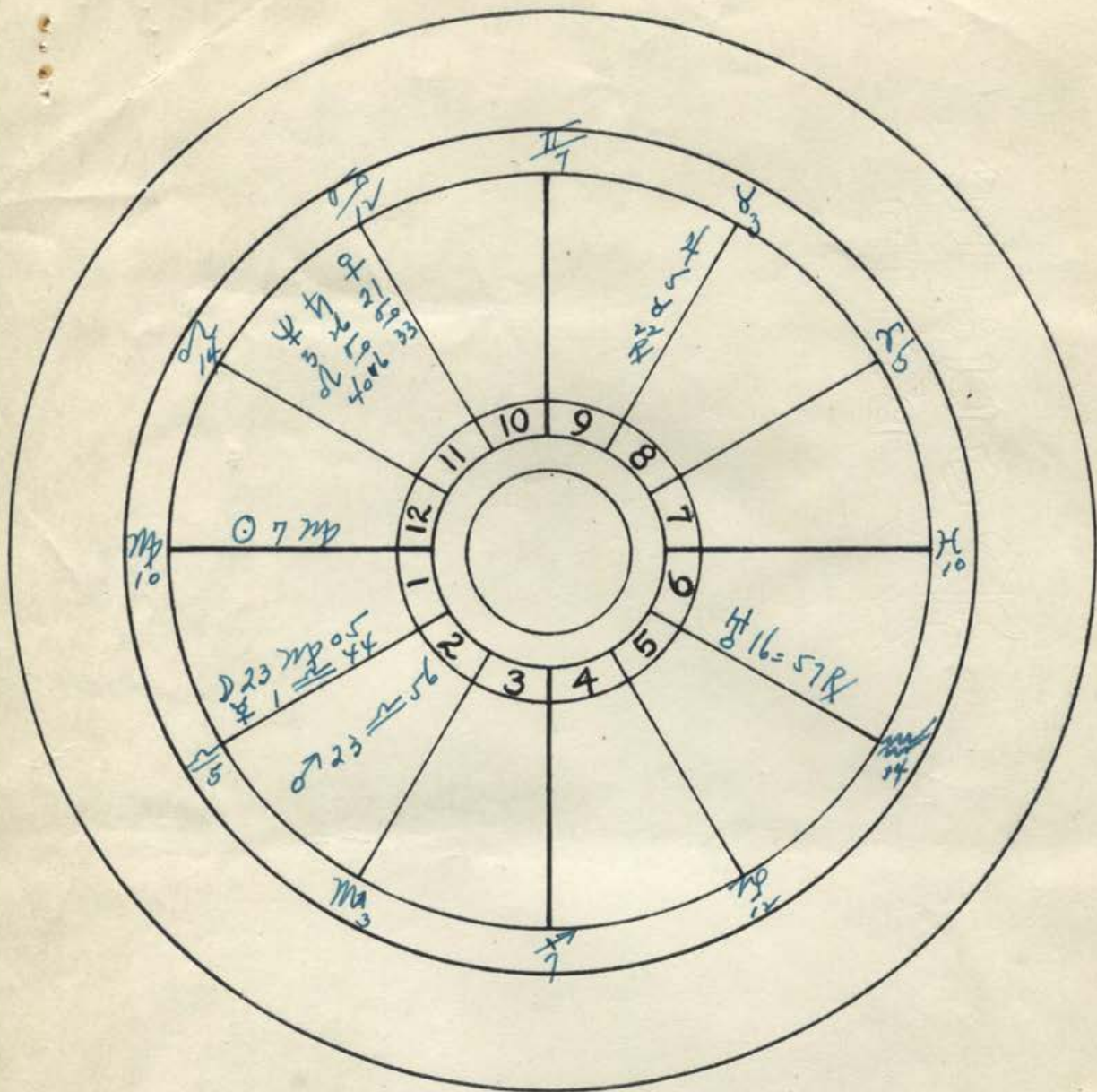
I suppose you think I'm never going to finish this letter! Well, I could go on for much longer and say the many beautiful thoughts my heart holds for you, the love my soul has for you, but it is now 5 P.M. I have spent two hours in deep conversation with you and indeed it has been the most beautiful afternoon of many days.

I shall be eagerly awaiting a letter.

The PEACE and AFFECTION is returned a hundred-fold!

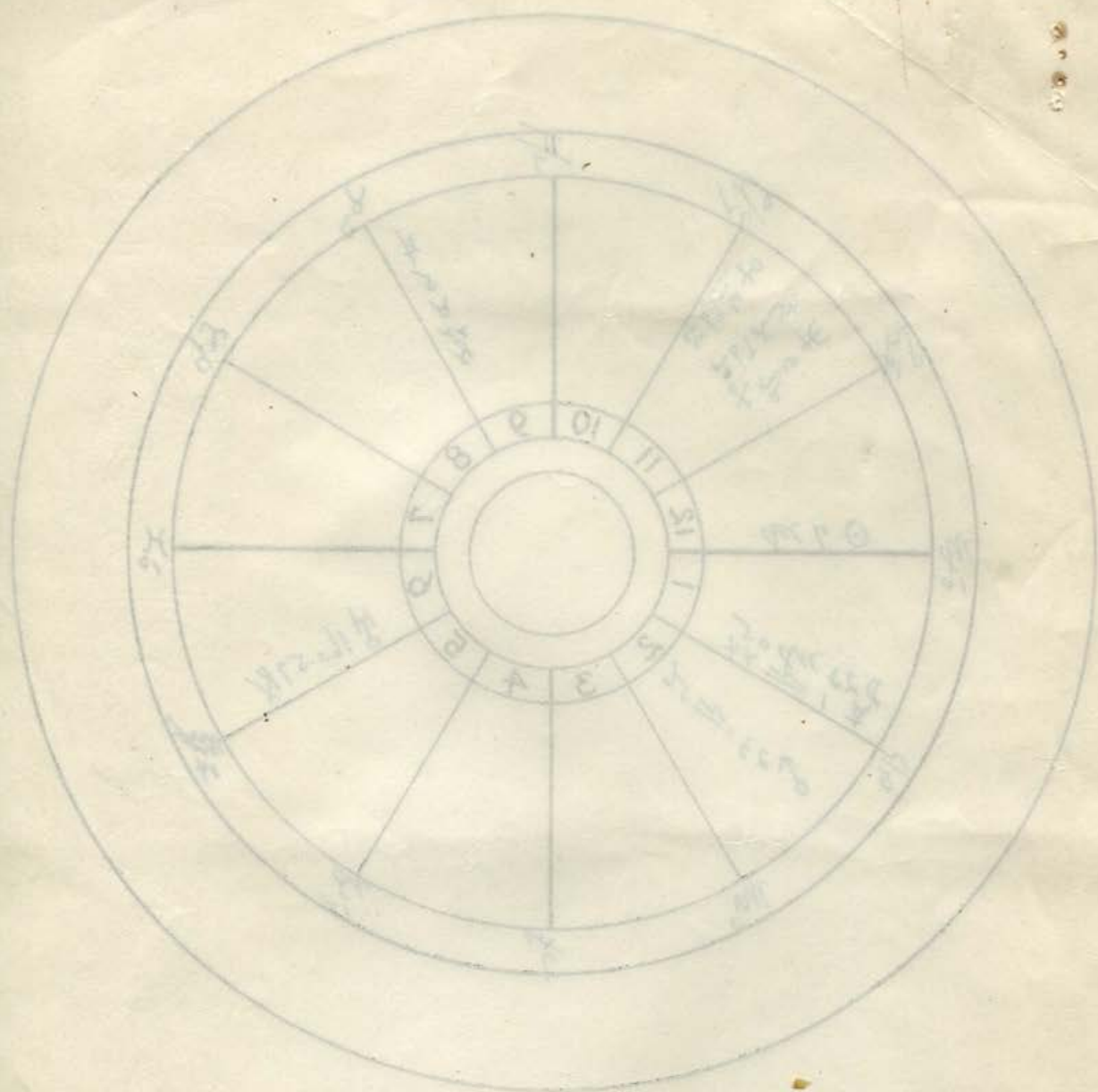
As ever,

Liane



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G. Poborak,
Praha XII.,
Na Svihance 5.

December 31st., 1937.

Dear Mr. Brunton,

Thank you very much for your kind letter of the 2nd. It was of much help to me. Since then I have made great progress in understanding the philosophical wisdom and in contröll of thoughts, relatively, of course. However, I am fully aware that I could not attain all this if you did not help me.

I have studied very carefully Drg-Dräya Viveka, the notes Mr. Hozneurek took of your explanations of Gnana, and have grasped and lived through these. Now I have set to studying your "Quest" for the fourth time, and I can now say that I fully comprehend all that is said there as regards the philosophic side of it. Yet as regards experience I know almost nothing, and there is plenty in this book that I shall be able to understand perfectly only after attaining the knowledge of the Self. I am looking forward to your new book on Gnana, as that is the best we could ever wish to have for studying.

The understanding of the philosophy has been an enormous help to me and a great joy too. As a result of it I can now to a pretty great extent keep in the position of the observer during daytime and do not let myself to be swayed by feelings, thoughts or desires. By this understanding and living through it I can objectify my body and thoughts quite easily, if I am not mentally tired, and can thus keep a very clear consciousness; thus I have put my mind under contröll.

I observed that, during daytime, whilst sitting, I can distract my attention from sight, so that I can have my eyes open and see nothing. This I have done with the sense of hearing too, by simply putting the sense in question as an external object to my consciousness. Just the same, I can eliminate all other senses and almost the feeling of having any other part of the body than the eyes and sight, and thus concentrate the full force of my attention in my sense of sight. These, however, are chance observations and I am not making a practise of anything like. Do you consider this distraction of attention from sight whilst keeping thoughts quiet as "Trataka"?

With regard to experiences of an unpleasant nature I have had almost none at all. I stop every manifestation of psychic faculty and occult power that appears, and I am not carrying any occult practises whatever. Whenever an unpleasant image rises before my mind's eye, I simply stop seeing it by more powerfully concentrating my attention inwards. A minor trouble is my sensitiveness to thoughts, as in the case when somebody thinks of me; this disturbs me, and I must learn how to eliminate this.

G. Roberts
Paris XII
No. 21 Avenue D.

December 31st, 1937

Dear Mr. Roberts,

Thank you very much for your kind letter of the 2nd. It was of much help to me. Since then I have made great progress in understanding the philosophical ideas and in control of thoughts, relatively of course. However, I am fully aware that I could not attend all this if you did not help me.

I have studied very carefully Dr. Bruns' views, the notes Mr. Bruns took of your explanation of Gnosticism, and have read and lived the new ideas. Now I have a new way of looking at the world, and I can now say that I fully comprehend all that is said there as regards the philosophic side of it. Yet as regards experience I know almost nothing, and there is plenty to this that I shall be able to understand perfectly only after attaining the knowledge of the self. I am looking forward to your new book on Gnosticism, as that is the best we could ever wish to have for studying.

The understanding of the philosophy has been an enormous help to me and a great joy too. As a result, I feel I can now do a pretty great deal more in the direction of the Gnostic way of life. By this understanding and living through it I can directly my mind and thoughts quite easily. It is not mentally tired, and can thus keep a very clear consciousness; thus I have put my mind under control.

I observed that, during daytime, whilst sitting, I can direct my attention first right, so that I can have my eyes open and see nothing. This I have done with the sense of hearing too, by simply putting the sense in position as an external object of my consciousness. Just the same, I can eliminate all other senses and almost the feeling of having any other part of the body than the eyes and right, and thus concentrate the full force of my attention in my sense of sight. These, however, are chance concentrations and I am not making a practice of anything like this. Do you consider this direction of attention from right whilst keeping thoughts quiet as "Tranquility"?

With regard to experience of an enlightened nature I have had almost none at all. I stop every manifestation of psychic faculty and could not get that aspect, and I am not carrying any occult practices whatever. However, an enlightened large idea before my mind's eye, I simply keep seeing it by more powerful concentration of attention towards it. A minor trouble is my sensitivity to thoughts, as in the case when somebody thinks of me; this disturbs me, and I must learn how to eliminate this.

I seem to keep my consciousness to a very small degree even when in deep sleep. When I dream, I know that I am dreaming, and can stop it at will and fall into deep sleep. About two days ago, I went to bed and slowly forgot my environment. I did not fall asleep, but it was neither like dreaming nor like being in the waking state. I was very light and suddenly saw my own body lying in bed down below me. It was not too pleasant, as I did not know how to get to my material body again. But then all of a sudden I was in it and opened my eyes. Could you please tell me what significance this has and how to get to my gross body should this happen again?

While meditating, I objectify my body and intellect, and this way all thoughts die away very quickly and I am left with self-awareness. I then contract to a point into my heart, but then my attention begins to fade away and my consciousness, though undisturbed by thoughts and at peace, is not so bright. I have about the feeling of awakening from deep sleep but with a greater consciousness, still undisturbed by thoughts and the senses but not as bright as in the case when, in meditation, I manage to keep my attention to a greater degree, which results in a much deeper feeling of peace and brightening and broadening of consciousness.

Thus I have attained power to control thoughts, but I still have to control my attention, so that I can keep it as sharp as possible. Could you please give me advice as to what to do to sharpen my attentiveness and keep it sharp when meditating?

I often go to Mr. Hoznourek and we discuss matters together. The problem occupying me now is what exactly one goes through when concentrating on the ego-thought and then going above it, and what exactly are the appropriate conditions for attaining the Savikalpa Samadhi. A point which is not clear to me is the subtle body.

I derive much pleasure and peace from the understanding of the philosophical wisdom which constitutes Truth, from meditation and mostly by knowing that there are You, on whom I can fully rely, who gives me peace and happiness. I am fully aware of my own personal weakness, yet with my faith in you, knowing you will not desert me, I am determined to find the Highest Truth, and shall stop before no obstacle, no matter how great it be.

I have, dear Sir, another question, concerning my material life. While you were still in Prague this year, I was supposed to enroll for my third term at the High School for Machine Engineering. However, circumstances came round that I had no money to do so. Thus I have interrupted my studies at this School. Up to then I was making money at The English Institute by teaching. This employment, however, I left, and am now without means and have no hope of finding any employment now. I of course live at my parent's and get my food there, but the thing that troubles me is this: I have a girl. She is three years senior to me. I know her for more than two years and we have developed a sincere and deep understanding to each other. I should like to marry her, not that I cling to it, as I have different opinions of life than the usual ones, but because that is practically the only way

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Thus I have attained power to control thoughts, but I still have to control my attention, so that I can keep it as strong as possible. Could you please give me advice as to what to do to

I often go to Mr. Rosenstock and we discuss various matters together. The problem occupying me now is what exactly one does through when concentrating on the ego-thought and then going above it, and what exactly the spiritual condition is for attaining the Bahá'í Ideal. A point which is not clear to me is the subtle body.

I derive much pleasure and peace from the understanding of the philosophical vision which constitutes Truth. From meditation and mostly by knowing that there are you, as when I can fully feel who gives me peace and happiness. I am fully aware of my own personal weakness, yet with my faith in you, knowing the will not desert me, I am determined to find the highest truth, and shall stop before no obstacle, no matter how great it be.

I have, dear Sir, another question, concerning my material life. While you were still in Europe this year, I was supposed to enroll for my third term at the High School for Machine Engineering. However, circumstances came round that I had to return to my home. I have interrupted my studies at this school. Up to then I was making money at the English Institute of Technology. This year, however, I felt, and do now without means and have no hope of finding any employment now. I of course live on my parents' and get my food there, but the thing that troubles me is this: I have a girl. She is three years older than I am, and has been for more than ten years and we have developed a strong and deep understanding of each other. I should like to marry her, and that I cling to it, as I have different opinions of life than the usual ones, but because that is practically the only way

to make her happy and show her the possibilities of a higher life. She is very intelligent, but some training in logic is necessary. Matters at her home and mine are very critical, and we have to make money of our own. Neither of us has an employment now, and we need it very badly indeed, as neither of us can stay at home under the present conditions, not that anything makes me feel hurt, but it makes her feel hurt. I therefore ask you to kindly advise us what to do, if you will, and whether there is hope of matters to take a better turn in the near future, hope of my finding an employment and whether I am destined to marry her.

With expression of my deepest reverence and devotion

I am
very sincerely Yours

J. Boborak

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life. She is very intelligent, but some training in logic is
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of my finding an employment and whether I am destined to marry
her.

With respect and of my deepest reverence and devotion

I am
Very sincerely Yours

Harold J.

Josef Homolousk
Praha XI-Zizkov, čp.930,
Havlickova ul. č. 23
Czechoslovakia

6th September 1945

Our most beloved Friend,

We duly received your telegram and letter, and we are very happy to be allowed to write you. In these days we remember the eight anniversary of your arrival. It was the happiest time of our lives when you lived among us. You have given us the High Teaching, Straight and a great hope. During the war nearly every one of us lived through bombardment, persecution of gestapo and the front. Gestapo made by us domiciliary visits and took us to cross examinations. Your books were confiscated. To Blaha was taken away the photograph you gave him and he beg you to be so kind and to send him if possible another photo of you.

We have had a great protection during all this time and everybody went through this dark period of time without greater injury. In the year 1942 K.W. died on cancer. He was in the year 1941 14 days held in prison by gestapo. His fate came to fulfilment as you had foretold him. Mme Kaitman died on cancer in the year 1941. Mr. Afik had a fit of apoplexy a year ago. Now he is getting better on, although his nerves are of course very shattered. This long time of war was a heavy examination of our patience. It was only this week, when we succeeded to get your book The hidden Teaching beyond yoga. There is no packet post yet open to our country. We have it just three days and we find it splendid.

We consider it as success that the greater part of us have kept a certain degree of inner calmness despite all the terrible things around us. And again we have to thank you from the bottoms of our hearts for all the Grace, for all the Help you have rendered us. We know that it was only your help, which enabled us to live through this dark time so happily, our minds and bodies being protected.

As our meditations regards it can be said, that the quality of life of them went down, comparatively to the year 1938, but our longing for the Truth, our yearning, our determination to find it is still greater than it was, and we shall be grateful for every hint you shall give us and we shall follow it to the best of our abilities.

Poborak with his family is in abroad, consequently this letter is written in a broken English, but with love.

Some of our friends feel the necessity to write you a personal letter. We gave them your address and we hope it will not disturb you too much. In general they do not wait for a written answer.

As regards the six points you mention in your letter, we believe that if there is an error, it is on our side. You have shown the importance of all this points in your books.

Tremendous events, which are to be expected interest us very much. Is the atomic bomb one of them?

During the war we had to stop nearly all meditations with other people. In present time we feel the necessity to dedicate all our forces to our own development and we meet only few personal friends and some people of good qualities.

The economical and social situation of our country is good and is getting every day better. There is a very great interest for the spiritual things in our country. The conditions are good for it in the present. As to the future it can be nothing said, but we hope all will go to the best.

We hope that the end of the war with Japan will enable you to get out of India. We regret very much, that you have been so seriously ill, and we hope that all will be better now. Please, accept our sincere invitation to come to our country as our guest as soon as your health and other possibilities will allow it.

We send you our warm feelings of love and devotion. This is a copy of the letter sent separately.

Very sincerely Yours

Josef Blaha m.h. Aug. 21st 1945

L'ore Zelenka m.h. 4

Josef Homolousk

Our most beloved friend,

Post Office with long lines 15 after 10
to the station in the morning

Josef Hozmourek
Praha XI-Žižkov, čp.930,
Havlíčkova ul. č. 23
Czechoslovakia

6th September 1945

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We send you our warm feelings of love and devotion

Very sincerely Yours

Josef Blaha

Amosť Čopík

Lída Jelánková

Josef Hozmourek

Československá
Havlíčková ul. č. 23
Praha XI - Žitkov,
čp. 930, 1. pos.

8th September 1945

Our most beloved Friend,

DOCTOR PAUL BRUNTON ESQ.

x 'Hinz & Lenzhorn' asked me to complete the report as regards the meditations for she and for me;

in the year 1938 we experienced a total eclipse for some hours. Today we
experience more such a thing and we feel that it is a great
blessing. Our destination to find it is a great
adventure for every part of our bodies.
and we shall follow it to the end of our journey.
Personal with me family is in good, consequently this letter is
written in a broken English, but with love.
Some of our friends feel the necessity to write you a personal letter.
We have then your address and we hope it will not disturb you too much.
In general they do not wait for a written answer.
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Very sincerely Yours
 feelings of love and devotion
 Yours truly
 J. P. [Signature]

K.W. Christmas reflections.

P. 219.

Cristmas is a time of peace, and this is nowadays a much greater necessity than it has been in previous years. Nowadays allk people feel how disarranging elements spread themselves in among all classes of people, how the dark forces try to destroy everything good that has ever been built and attained on this earth. Therefore this is the exact time to oppose these forces by the means of peace in the heart! How can we reach it best? By quiet prayer and also, of course, by deep concentration in on the spiritual Heart. And when we have achieved this at least for a few moments, let us all send sincere and good thoughts of peace inxaxall the world over, so that our fellow men might be given more strength and could better resist the bad influences, whish in the form of thoughts are in an excessive amount instilled into those, who are not strong enough, and thus t they are accessible to inspirations, that are given them in secret by legions of Satan beings, whose sole wish is destruction and waste.

And you all, our friends, must remember, that those evil beings first make people conceited and proud. This pride is the open door to ^{every} other evil. Who has let himself to be dazzled by it is already in the claws of evil. The next evil is lie, which is th opposite of trath, and as Truth is God, this lie is also a domain of Satan. And this lee is the origin of discord and then - disorganisation. This holds good for wh le nations ~~and~~ ^{equally} as for human societies and for families.

p. 220. The so called "Short Path" is one- mystics or yoga. There is no other path that is shorter. And this path is again shorter for one and longer for another - depending on his evolution in previous incarnations. And there are certain points on it which

K.W. Christmas reflections.

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2 .
everyone must pass by - again according to his previous evolution. Anybody who promises you anything else is deluding you ! Remember, that this is the period of false prophets, who do not love truth, and whose only motive of action is pure egotism.

The near future will show you where and others where Truth and God is and where there is lie and Satan. ~~and~~

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and God is and where there is lie and Satan. And

Prague-Vihohrady, December 15th., 1937.

Dear Madam,

This morning ~~our~~ secretary has brought me your letter, in which you announce your withdrawal from the Society and try to justify it. As I see that you are wrongly informed, I have to write you a few lines for your further way. You can be sure that I always speak the truth as regards mystic matters, and the fact of my writing this to you has been brought about by unselfish and purely spiritual reasons.

As regards the picture, I received an order from Mr. Brunton not to make more than 50 copies. I therefore can't give this picture to everybody, but only to the more advanced students, whom I specially test in person. This also is done according to Mr. Brunton's wish. If anybody ~~else~~ tried to make you believe anything else, then he was not speaking truth.

If, therefore, you knew, that I possessed the ~~same~~ power as the other three, then I give you this direct question: why didn't you in that matter of meditation apply to me? Why did you apply to ~~somebody else~~? But I know the answer - because I didn't boost ~~mine~~ in the Society. But in this case of uninformed people, "Who advertises, sells," held good as it does in the physical world.

Had you carefully listened to what ~~I~~ had been saying, you would also have heard that I want to have in the Society only ~~those~~ those people who have absolute faith in me. He who has not this faith has nothing to do there, as he would by his mere thoughts cause disharmony and thus do harm to the others. As there were some cases of members, who were not faithful to me and sympathised with the others and brought them lying and distorted informations of what I said in public in the Society meetings, I had to ask those members not to be present at the Society meetings. My

Prague-Vienna, December 15th, 1937.

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2.

society must be composed of absolutely trustworthy people and not intermingled with traitorous elements.

Further you certainly don't know that Mr. Brunton brought from the Maharishee a sieve, so as to separate the chaff from the grain. If anybody obtains spiritual strength from a Guru and then thinks he has thus overcome all possible dangers or difficulties, then he is badly mistaken by thus thinking to be under protection and that nothing can happen to him. This is meant for those, who by their personal conceit open wide the door to ~~the~~ dark forces.

Anyway, the future will show it all.

Let me also inform you, that I don't in the least care whether anybody ~~stay~~ remains a member of the society or withdraws, - I have a much greater task to perform than these gentlemen think - this also is the reason of my being received as a ^{personal} ~~direct~~ disciple by Maharishee-- and nobody else here has. I have to take care of almost 1500 people whose spiritual progress is my own progress and I cannot even if I would to concentrate with all. Mr. Brunton himself had here only 16 or 18 people in two circles with whom he daily meditated, and then he told us that his power could not manage to meditate with more. Therefore let those gentlemen take further members - the more they will have, the sooner they will collapse. And this will again be a lesson for all. I wish only good to everybody, but I hate intrigues and lies.

And finally, if you think that you are of rather an advanced age, and if you should like to reach higher states, I approve of your yearning, but you ought to have counselled somebody more expert, and not to have gone to anybody else when you had the chance of going to an expert. And, finally, you have no idea at all of the fact that the power, which is constantly and invisibly flowing on me from the Guru Maharishee, is imparted to all those

society must be composed of absolutely trustworthy people and not intermingled with traitorous elements.

Further you certainly don't know that Mr. Brinton brought from the Maharashree a slave, so as to separate the shell from the grain. If anybody obtains spiritual strength from a guru and then thinks he has thus overcome all possible dangers or difficulties, then he is badly mistaken by thus thinking to be under protection and that nothing can happen to him. This is meant for those, who by their personal conceit open wide the door to the dark forces.

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3.

who, believing in Maharishee, hear me speak in the Society meeting ! I have also been told this by Mr. Brumton, only I do not boast with things like these.

This, I think, is the information you needed.

Yours faithfully

K.W.

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meeting! I have also been told this by Mr. Branton, only I
do not boast with things like these.
This I think is the information you needed.

Yours faithfully
K.W.

J. Hoznourek,
Praha - Žižkov,
Havlíčkova 23.,
Prague,
Czechoslovakia.

October 4th, 1938

My Dear Guru,

Thank you for your kind letter of the 2nd. and for the letter of the 5th sent to me by your secretary. We were very pleased to hear of the almost complete recovery of your physical health.

Since the day of the arrival of your letter our country experienced extraordinary tension and several upsetting events, as you certainly are well informed. In this time we appreciated the spiritual basis which we were given by you, for we constantly felt calmness in the time of the highest emotional disturbances around us, and we also very intelsely felt the help and blessings which you were sending us, and we are very grateful for it. Now the tension gradually diminishes and we hope that the coming period will give our country not only quiet and peace but also spiritual light to all our countrymen.

I once promised you not to write to the Swami Siddheswarananda till I receive your agreement to do so/when you receive Mr. K.W.'s decision/. I beg you now to give me your kind bidding.

Mrs. Zelenkova stopped her meditations according to your order. On the whole she feels now quite healthy. Perhaps she could already practise meditation at least for brief periods. She certainly would be very grateful to you for a message whether she can practise meditation, and in case she could, for how long a period. Before the arrival of your letter she used to sit in meditation even several hours daily.

Mr. Weinfurter is still very annoyed at us. I should like to emphasize that we now clearly see that that which you wrote us concerning this matter was all correct and that we shall continue to act according to your bidding as we already have promised you.

Could you please kindly tell us whether Mr.K.W. is now going to publish one of your books in Czech? In case he is not we would ourselves try to do so. We should of course be very glad if 'The Quest' could be published in Czech soon, but it would perhaps be easier for us or better according to your consideration to publish first a book of smaller size, e.g. Aronachala, or if it would be presently suitable for the people, the Instruction lessons /book/ could be published in Czech simultaneously with the English edition.

Mr. Frantisek Kučera asks whether he may practise Trataka. *You met him in Praha. You said him, he was a born yogi.*

Now there is a problem we do not know how to solve. During the last year as you already know a group was formed here, quite automatically, of our friends with whow we had meetings, and ~~in~~ these were gradually joined by several

of your letter and need to all in meditation even several
case and could, for now long a period. Before the arrival
for a message whether she can practice meditation, and in
brief periods, and certainly would be very grateful to you
and could, if you could, practice meditation at least for
a few days. I am sure that she will be most grateful.

Am 9. September 1938

MUDr. JOSEF SVOBODA
LÁNY

Geehrter Mister und mein Lieber Guru !

Sehr erfreut habe ich den lieben Brief von Ihnen bekommen. Sie können sich nicht vorstellen, welche Seligkeit, Glück und Friede geben Sie uns beziehungsweise mir mit Ihren Briefen. Zehnmal lese ich ihn und immer hat es beseligende Wirkung auf meine Seele. ~~Shade~~ dass Sie sind so weit von uns entfernt. In jetzigen ernsten Zeiten fühlt man, was das bedeutet eine Friede in sich haben, so dass man ganz ruhig und sorgenlos ist. Die Trataka übe ich so, wie es mir befohlen wurde.

Nur Ihre Gesundheit macht mir Sorge, es tut mir leid, dass es mit Ihnen noch nicht in Ordnung ist, aber ich hoffe fest, dass es Ihnen gelingen wird neue Lebenskräfte zu erwerben, und schon bald wieder zu uns kommen.

Sie wissen selbst wie wir sehnen nach Ihnen alle, und leben wir nur in Gedanken auf Sie und Ihre Arbeit. Ich selbst strebe nur danach, dass ich auf dem Wege der Wahrheit weiter kommen kann und bitte täglich und die Gnade, dem Ueber-Jch sich nähern.

Ich ~~weis~~, dass sind Sie mit mir, dass Sie mir helfen, ich fühle es in meinen intimen Weilen, wie stehen Sie bei mir.

Ich danke Ihnen für ~~den~~ lieben Brief und dass alles, was Sie für mich gethan haben.

Bitte sehr, bleiben Sie auch weiter bei mir, um mir beifällig zu sein. Vergessen Sie in Seinen Betten und Gedanken nicht auf seinen nach Wahrheit sehnenden Schüler.

Ich wünsche Ihnen sehr baldige Genesung und sende viele herzliche Grüsse.

Ihr ergebener

Habala

Erst nach dem Tode des Vaters...

Seine Mutter war eine sehr fromme Frau, die ihm die ersten Grundsätze des Christentums beibrachte. Er war ein sehr fleißiger Schüler und erhielt eine gute Ausbildung. Nach dem Tode des Vaters übernahm die Mutter die Führung des Hauses. Er half ihr bei den Hausarbeiten und lernte die Buchführung. Er war ein sehr fleißiger Schüler und erhielt eine gute Ausbildung. Nach dem Tode des Vaters übernahm die Mutter die Führung des Hauses. Er half ihr bei den Hausarbeiten und lernte die Buchführung.

Im Jahre 1870 trat er in die Lehre bei einem Kaufmann ein. Er war ein sehr fleißiger Schüler und erhielt eine gute Ausbildung. Nach dem Tode des Vaters übernahm die Mutter die Führung des Hauses. Er half ihr bei den Hausarbeiten und lernte die Buchführung. Er war ein sehr fleißiger Schüler und erhielt eine gute Ausbildung. Nach dem Tode des Vaters übernahm die Mutter die Führung des Hauses. Er half ihr bei den Hausarbeiten und lernte die Buchführung.

Im Jahre 1875 trat er in die Lehre bei einem Kaufmann ein. Er war ein sehr fleißiger Schüler und erhielt eine gute Ausbildung. Nach dem Tode des Vaters übernahm die Mutter die Führung des Hauses. Er half ihr bei den Hausarbeiten und lernte die Buchführung. Er war ein sehr fleißiger Schüler und erhielt eine gute Ausbildung. Nach dem Tode des Vaters übernahm die Mutter die Führung des Hauses. Er half ihr bei den Hausarbeiten und lernte die Buchführung.

Absender:

Dr. P. J. Saher

44 Münster

Postleitzahl

Goerdeler Str. 3

Für kurze Mitteilungen an den Empfänger

West Germany

Bitte Doppel der Aufschrift in die Sendung legen!

Bitte frei lassen zum Aufkleben des Paketnummernzettels

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First Community Church

1320 Cambridge Boulevard

Columbus 12, Ohio

ROY A. BURKHART
MINISTER

TELEPHONE
KINGSWOOD 1115

October 12, 1949

Dear P. B. :

I had a fine conference with Will Harper and I sensed the things that you have so beautifully shared with me in your letter. We will give him every encouragement and will help him, even financially.

I have wanted to write you for some time about all the good that came to me through you. I have almost automatically, since our meeting together in Columbus, found freedom from the invasion into my conscious by the thoughts of those who are in space-time and the yearnings of those who are beyond space-time.

In the second place, I have found a quality of physical health since being with you, that I have not known for some years.

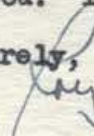
It must be a wonderful thing to be able to serve as such an interpreter and medium through which healing of body and peace of soul can come to a person. I am deeply grateful and seek to grow in the secret that I might become such a medium to others.

I almost hesitate to even mention it because it is so unimportant, but John Chambers of Harper Brothers is a personal friend of mine. He happens to have a friend who is close to you. Word has come to this mutual friend that someone in our church was supposed to have shown you a letter from Mr. Chambers, in which he raised some question about you.

It disturbed John very much. Now it should not have disturbed him, because if he had that feeling, he should have expressed it to you. The thing that we would like to know is whether someone here showed you any letter, for it has put two girls in the office who handle my correspondence somewhat on the spot.

X I am going to ask John to come to see you. John needs you very, very much. And so, when he comes, I am sure that his question in his mind will certainly disappear. I feel that you have gone farther on the path, and in a more basic way -- may I say, a more natural way, a more real way, a more true way -- than anyone it has ever been my privilege to know. I want John Chambers, who is earnestly seeking the way, but who has many blocks and problems, to be with you. I am sending him to you.

Sincerely,



Prominent
person - important
historically

First Community Church

1525 Broadway Building

Columbus 12, Ohio

October 12, 1949

Dear Mr. A. B. :

I had a fine conference with Will Harper and I sensed the things that you have so beautifully shared with me in your letter. We will give him every encouragement and will help him, even financially.

I have wanted to write you for some time about all the good that comes to me through you. I have almost automatically, since our meeting together in Columbus, found freedom from the tensions into my conscious by the thoughts of those who are in space-time and the yearnings of those who are beyond space-time.

In the second place, I have found a quality of physical health since being with you, that I have not known for some years.

It must be a wonderful thing to be able to sense as much an interpreter and reader through which healing of body and peace of soul can come to a person. I am deeply grateful and wish to grow in the service that I might become such a reader to others.

I cannot help to even mention it because it is so unimportant, but John Chambers of Denver has been a personal friend of mine. He happens to have a friend who is close to you. Will has come to this matter. I think that someone in our church was supposed to have shown you a letter from Mr. Chambers, in which he raised some question about you.

It is a very interesting thing that you have mentioned. It is because it is that feeling, he should have reached for you. The thing that we would like to know is whether someone has shown you my letter. For it has two rings in the office who had a correspondence connected on the spot.

I am going to ask John to come to see you. John needs you very, very much. And so, when he comes, I am sure that his question in his mind will certainly disappear. I feel that you have been further on the path, and in a more basic way -- may I say, a more natural way, a more real way -- than anyone I have ever known by following to know. I want John Chambers, who is extremely seeking the way, but who has many blocks and problems, to go with you. I am sending him to you.

Sincerely,

First Community Church

1320 Cambridge Boulevard

Columbus 12, Ohio

ROY A. BURKHART
MINISTER

TELEPHONE
KINGSWOOD 1115

October 29, 1949

Dear P. B. :

Bless you for the time, 4:00 p.m. on December 21st

John needs you very much.

You have freed me as no other I have ever known.
You have more of the secret than any I know.

Gratefully,

The idea of the community church—itself a wedding of denominations—was spreading over the nation. Some 2,000 had been formed in villages, towns, and cities. One of the outstanding ones was in Columbus, Ohio, under the pastorate of the Rev. Roy A. Burkhardt.

First Community Church

1313 Cambridge Street

Dalhousie, N.S., Canada

RECEIVED
OCTOBER 28 1962

ROY A. GILBERT
D. 1000

October 28, 1962

Dear F. H. :

Please join for the time, 4:00 p.m. on December 21st

John needs you very much.

You have freed me as no other I have ever known.
You have made of the secret that only I know.

Gratefully,
F. H.

FROM THE STUDY
(St. Petersburg, Florida)

How life can be renewed and fulfilled is a primary question.

We have discussed it often together. The answer lies in practice, in personal research. Life is renewed and fulfilled in the experiences of married love, in the realization of harmonious family living, in work well done, in friendship, in exploring great literature, in problem-solving, in turning setbacks into gains, in appreciating the glory of the natural world. But deeply and most especially it is known in worship. It is never fully found without coming to an end of movement, to a point of rest.

We come into such a moment of pause bringing the confusion, the concerns, the unknown truth we still seek, and it is then that we become aware of an inner insistence toward wholeness. We have the wisdom to bring our scattered parts and achieve a sense of total attention at all levels of consciousness and we know a time of togetherness, of unity, of oneness. We know that only when we come to a point of total focus can we be blessed with the fulness of life and the deeper experience of God.

It is then that we find a direction, a strong purpose that structures our problems and brings meaning into our lives. We see ourselves in a true light. There comes to us a sense of Presence and assurance and peace. There is a deeper note which only the stillness of the heart makes clear. Our questions are either answered or we find a quiet patience with which we can deal with them.

It is then that we are renewed, the very life of God fills us and we move back into fellowship with more to give and with greater capacity to call forth the best from others, for the peace of God is in our step.

How good to find the Heart of life, to have heart, and to live!

ROY A. BURKHART



NEWS

URCH • COLUMBUS 12. OHIO

JANUARY 31, 1954

NO. 7

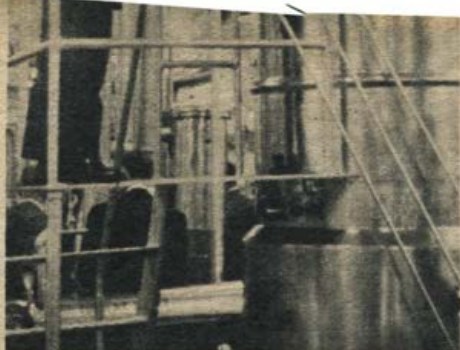
REVEREND MR. ROY J. HENDRICKS TO PREACH

Preaching this morning is The Reverend Mr. Roy J. Hendricks, Pastor of the First Methodist Church at Montclair, New Jersey. Mr. Hendricks has been recognized for his leadership of youth and was associated for many years with Dr. Burkhart in the International Council of Religious Education at boys camps at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. He has written fifty-two services of worship for the International Journal of Religious Education and has had many articles appearing in youth magazines. From his world travels, he has gained understanding, which is proving to be of assistance in the Christian ministry. In 1948, he hitchhiked through the war-torn countries of Europe including England, France, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. In that same year, he was an accredited visitor at the First Assembly of the World Council of Churches at Amsterdam. In 1952, he spent the summer in a religious retreat at Iona, Scotland. While there, he worked in association with Dr. George Macleod, founder of the community.

Mr. Hendricks has served as Pastor to the following churches: the Chester Hill Methodist Church, Mt. Vernon, New York; New York Avenue Church, Brooklyn, New York; the Shelton Methodist Church, Connecticut; the Pleasant Valley Methodist Church, Connecticut. As a



DR. ROY BURKHART,
of World Neighbors:
"The people of America
have a hunger to do
something individually.
There is something in
Americans which loves
people, which wants to
reach out in friendship"



SPACE INSPECTOR

In Chicago, a photo
man poking his head

by Howard Whitman

AMERICA's true foreign policy is not made in Washington. It is made back home, by all of us.

After watching our government dispense billions across the globe and reap a harvest of resentment, thousands of individual Americans are awakening to the fact that there is something they can and should do about it.

Since the close of World War II our government has spent 40 billion dollars through various forms of official aid, to help other countries. But, along with some gratitude, we have won large measures of distrust and ill will. Never has our prestige been lower.

What is the answer?

It does not mean junking all our whole official foreign-aid program. It does mean recognizing that this is not a dollar problem but a human problem. More and more, far-sighted Americans are waking up to the fact that what people in other countries want is a helping hand, not just a handout.

A Revolution in Foreign Policy

THESE Americans are working in many seemingly disparate ways. But underneath there is one common purpose: to introduce the God-given spirit of love, compassion and *practical helpfulness* in everything America does abroad — whether through government aid or private agencies such as our foreign missionaries, the great charitable foundations or private U.S. business overseas.

What this can mean is virtually a revolution in American foreign policy.

I sat by a crackling fireside in a hundred-year-old home in the Chagrin Valley of northern Ohio, near Cleveland. There were two other men, James J. Murley, a Cleveland attorney, and my host, Raymond E. Britt, president of the Central States Industrial Supply Co. I had sought them out because these two men were the prime movers in forming a Chagrin Valley chapter of a new outfit called World Neighbors, Inc.

"Why should you be worrying about hungry people or sick children in India instead of getting out and improving your golf game?" I said to Britt.

"I know what you mean," he replied. "I spent the

READ IT — SEE AND HEAR IT

This final article of our series on ways in which private enterprise can solve some of America's public problems will be discussed at 1 p.m. EDT this Sunday on NBC television and radio. The program is Theodore Granik's "Youth Wants To Know." Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana, a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, will answer questions put to him by young members of the panel.

BEDSIDE MEETING: In Iran, Schacht met with Premier Mossadegh, later announced he could solve the Iranian oil dispute



CCC PHOTO

SCHACHT & CO: Home office is top two floors of this Düsseldorf bank

DÜSSELDORF

HAUGHTY, bitter, witty and energetic, Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, the noted German financier and economic impresario of the early Hitler regime, is making a spectacular comeback at the age of 76.

Still one of the most controversial figures in German life, admired by many, loathed by as many others, shunted after 1944 from Nazi concentration camps to Allied jails and then back to German imprisonment, he sits again behind a banker's desk — in Düsseldorf, the new financial heart of West Germany.

Postwar opinion of Herr Schacht is conflicting. Harold Nicolson, the distinguished British critic, for example, has found "it is always a pleasure to meet Dr. Schacht. He is affable and worldly. His vanity is so fanciful that it is part of his charm. I was very glad when he was acquitted at Nuremberg."

Germany's large Social Democratic party, on the other hand, judges Schacht "the worst

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Hamburg, the at first refused l banking firm th that by the san 1934 in his reig Reichsbank he bank in postwar

Flower

BUT Düsseldorf green light. Th opened its doors bouquets of flov tokens of esteem had not expected splendidly by the

Dr. Schacht, w collar, receives fo mixture of cordi

WH

The Naz
From D
freely of

Here's something new in international relations: a foreign-aid program made not by Washington, but by thousands of ordinary Americans. And it's making friends for us where the government failed

first twenty years of my adulthood worrying mainly about myself and my success, and then it dawned on me that I am really not alone in this world — but part of all humanity. I went actively back to my church. And now — sure I'm interested in hungry people in India. Not to give them handouts, not crumbs off a rich man's table, but to give what I call 'practical love,' that is, to help them help themselves."

I turned to Murley. "But out here in Chagrin Falls, what does it matter?" I asked.

"The world isn't just Chagrin Falls," Murley answered.

"Why not?" I pressed. "Aren't your prosperity and security all that count?"

Murley leaned forward so that the coal fire flickered across his face. "We're learning to think above that," he said simply. "Some of the people in under-developed areas are in a devilish plight. If I were one of them I'd hate to think of a person on the other side of the world living in prosperity and luxury."

This wasn't a preacher I was talking to. It was Jim Murley, corporation lawyer, former president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. He concluded, "In the past year I've come to feel I'm not satisfied with material and professional gain. Perhaps it is a realization that the worth of man is over and above material things."

The organization called World Neighbors is just one of many approaches to America's new, true foreign policy. It is a policy based upon a growth of the human spirit to the point where one can live the words, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

It happens also to be the best antidote to the poison of hate which Communism so effectively spreads.

A Meeting of "Ambassadors"

ONE day in January, I met with the unofficial ambassadors of the new foreign policy: representatives of such organizations as World Neighbors, Friendship Stations, the Experiment in International Living, Agricultural Missions, the Interdependence Council, CARE, the American International Association for Economic and Social Development, and the National Committee for a Free Europe, Inc.

The meeting was high up in New York's Downtown Athletic Club, amid the skyscrapers. Dr. Roy A. Burkhardt, pastor of the First Community Church of Columbus, Ohio, and president of World Neighbors, summed up the reason for getting together:

"The people of America have a hunger to do something, to do something individually, not sit back while the government tries to do it all. They feel frustrated as they watch Communism steal a march on us — despite our pouring out of billions of dollars. There is something in Americans which loves people, which wants to reach out in friendship and neighborliness — but we have lacked a channel."

World Neighbors was born to provide a channel. It had an amazing birth and, for an international movement, a surprising birthplace: Oklahoma City. Dr. John L. Peters, Associate Professor of Religion at Oklahoma City University, filled in one Sunday morning at St. Luke's Methodist Church. He gave a guest sermon.

But Oklahoma City has never forgotten that Sunday, April 22, 1951, or that sermon, "Let's Deal With Basic Issues."

Peters laid it on the line:

"The masses of the world are hungry. And when, through our magazines and movies, we tell them of our overabundance, they do not respond with respect and love — they only pull their belts a little tighter and hate us a little more."

He told the men of the oil lands and the cattle lands, "It is *not* too late to win the battle for men's minds and for the peace of the world. I trust, as all of us do, that we shall win any war into which we might blunder or be plunged. But our goal is not merely to win the war. It is to win the world for all that is ultimately right and good."

What Can We Do?

AND when they looked up from the pews with faces asking, "What to do?" Peters told them that America must make its spiritual force felt in the world "by teaching men to read, helping them build dams, showing them how better to cultivate their soil and care for their health — in short, how to rise out of their ignorance, disease and misery. It would be the imposition of no particular culture. It would be the unfolding of a way of life in a spirit of Christian love and democratic friendliness — and it would stop Communism cold."

The Oklahomans went home, but they couldn't forget Peters' sermon. Businessmen talked about it at lunch. An oil man passed the word on to a lawyer, the lawyer told a builder, the builder told a merchant. In a town where the skyline is jagged with oil derricks, the word of John Peters' sermon spread faster than the news of a gusher. Soon Oklahoma City was the home of a new movement, World Assistance, based on John Peters' prescription.

This burgeoned last September into a national movement, World Neighbors, with headquarters at Columbus, Ohio. So far it has set up two "pilot stations" in India to carry forth the new evangelism, one at Katpadi, 70 miles west of Madras, one at Ankleswar, 150 miles north of Bombay. Its teams of workers specialize in agriculture, hygiene and sanitation, literacy, mechanical skills and crafts, maternal and child health and nutrition. They work in the villages, directly with villagers, person-to-person.

Right now they are teaching villagers to use steel plows instead of crooked sticks, to use cow dung for fertilizer instead of for fuel, to make compost heaps, to dig wells, to put chimneys on their stoves instead of suffering from smoky huts, to control flies and disease-bearing insects.

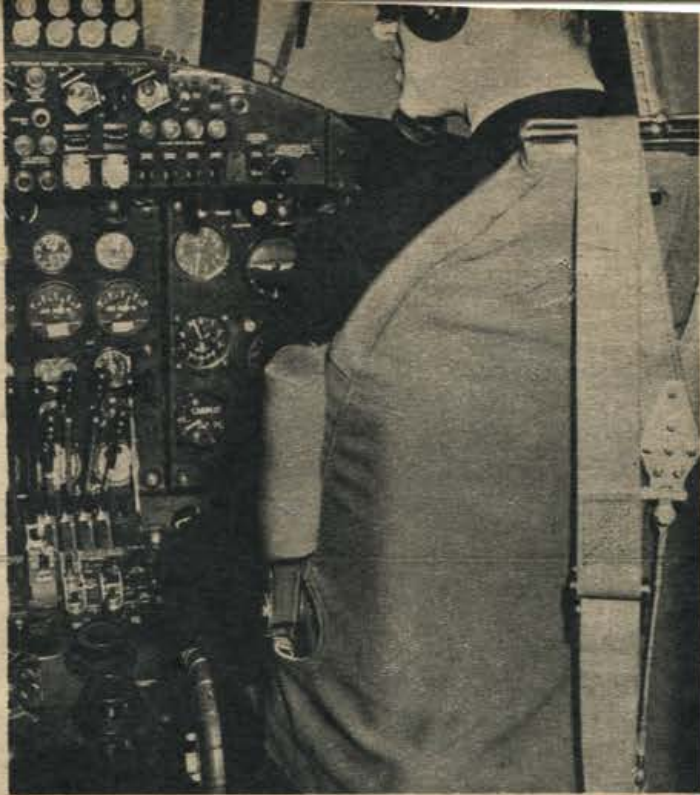
They are spreading out through 50 villages, teaching midwifery and child care, garment-making, spinning and weaving, animal husbandry, reading and writing. Each pilot station is expected to reach out eventually to 250 villages and to leave behind teams of trained villagers who can carry on themselves.

The basic idea is that this help is a real person-to-person proposition. When Americans form their chapters of World Neighbors (as they already have done

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EUROPEAN



UNITED PRESS

THE FLYING DUKE

in Paris voted this young lady, who
most like to run our hands through."
on manufacturer to model his product

Twenty thousand feet over Bournemouth, England, the Duke of
Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth's husband, is shown here piloting
a Vickers Viscount 700, an experimental turbo-prop airliner



grapher noticed this
into a series of big

and menacing machines and followed him
around with his camera. Later, the man

explained that he has a job as a "space
inspector," and that the machines he was

THE WAR OF AMAZING KINDNESS

Continued from page nine

in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Dallas, Seattle and 16 other cities) each chapter works toward fathering a pilot station somewhere in the world, carrying the heartbeat of individual Americans to individuals across the globe.

World Neighbors in Cleveland have put up \$14,675 to open a new pilot station in Martandam, near the southern tip of India. The Columbus, Ohio, chapter is selecting a team of workers to send to a new pilot station at Vadali, 100 miles north of Bombay. Cincinnati World Neighbors have pledged \$20,000 to set up a station by October 1 and — backed by local businessmen — are scheduled to have five stations operating (two in India, the others in Peru, Egypt and the Philippines) next year.

120 Pilot Stations

WITHIN five years World Neighbors aims to have 120 pilot stations in under-developed areas where half the total population of the world lives, including India, Pakistan, Korea, Indonesia, Burma, Thailand, Iraq and large areas of Africa, Central and South America. A force of 150 agricultural specialists already have been screened and are ready to go out as stations open.

To make sure of financial support (in addition to contributions which already have come in from 8,000 individual Americans) special "project teams" of businessmen have been set up in St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Chicago and New York. Each team raises the \$20,000 necessary to start a pilot station and run it for one year.

The person-to-person idea is a keystone to our new, citizens' foreign policy. It got impetus from Father James Keller and his Christophers, that unique band who believe that each individual by his individual deeds can change the world.

The Christophers began with a few hundred in 1945, now number nearly 1,000,000. "God has put

a bit of the missionary in every human being," Father Keller said to me. "Our aim is to encourage each one to put that power to use for good, not only in emergencies but at all times — not from fear of what is wrong but from love of what is right."

Moved from Within

POWERED by the same idea — not letting George do it but doing it yourself — the Interdependence Council, headquartered in Philadelphia, believes that individuals can shape world politics. With the participation of people in 31 countries it has drawn up a "Declaration of Interdependence."

"It is not an agreement between governments," states the foreword. "Governments, like the hands on the face of a clock, are moved from within. The Declaration of Interdependence is intended to give individuals, who as citizens move their governments, a direction of movement and a sense of responsible participation in a worldwide fellowship."

And here's how the credo for the individual is stated:

"I am only one.
But I am one.
I cannot do everything.
But I can do something.
What I can do I ought to do.
I will do."

Prelude to Conquest

MOST people of the world (including us) are more or less suspicious of their own governments, let alone a foreign government. And, of course, the Soviets repeatedly paint Mutual Security funds and Point Four technical assistance as an American Trojan Horse, a prelude to imperialistic conquest. Even a reasonable man, an Indian Hindu leader, quite honestly made this comment, "When your government does something for us we're suspicious. The British Government 'did things for us' for a hundred years."

It is this attitude of the world that has vitiated so much of the

Continued on page 55

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY COMBAT INFECTION PROMOTE HEALING

WITH ANTISEPTIC

Campho-Phenique

(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-PIN-EEK)

USE IT FOR
MINOR BURNS, CUTS
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ABRASIONS

Quick! Apply Campho-Phenique at once to minor burns from hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam . . . stops pain instantly, promotes rapid healing. The same thing happens when you use it on minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. Campho-Phenique is highly antiseptic. Wonderful for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils; to relieve itching and to guard against infecting insect bites. Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.



EYES TIRED?

THE AW

Continued

bound to steal a little lost

Brown's was a neat drugstore and half of its front window filled by a blackboard, on which were scrawled all kinds of notices: Losts and Found, For Sales and For Rents and like.

Stu saw it first. "Look," he exclaimed, and pointed. The it was.

"Found," they read aloud together. "Brown cocker dog Mrs. J. T. Brewster, 822 Bay Street. Stu's face fell. "Doesn't say anything about smell."

"Pay by the word," Oz explained succinctly.

When they got out of the shopping district they really made time. Stu pounded the brass eagle knocker at 822 Bay Street. A pigtailed, light-haired girl answered.

"Where's your mother, Pris Oz asked. "Found a dog?"

"Barn," Pris said, and "ay" and closed the door.

They raced around the house to the barn. First, they saw Mrs. J. T. Brewster's back, then they smelled faint skunk, and then they saw him on a bench behind her, a fairly contented brooder, whose tainted fur was being brushed methodically by Mrs. J. T. Brewster, while a half-dozen of maybe eight watched.

IT WASN'T until a little later that Stu decided Mrs. Brewster was almost as pretty as Momm. He called "Molasses," and Molasses leaped from the bench and hit him about stomach high, and licked his face as Stu held his nose. Skunk smell or not, and old Oz stood by and grinned.

Afterward he remembered to say, "Thank you, ma'am" to Mrs. J. T. Brewster, and then he whispered, "Gosh" three or four times more, rumpling Molasses' nicely combed hair. Molasses didn't smell nearly as bad as he had yesterday. Mrs. J. T. Brewster must have guessed at his wonder.

"It takes scented soap and

THE WAR OF AMAZING KINDNESS

Continued from page fifty-two

aid program of our government. Therefore, the new foreign policy which is springing from the hearts of Americans calls for *dedicated help* rather than moneybag help.

"We're not interested in a global handout," Paul Comly French, executive director of CARE, said to me, in his headquarters down at 660 First Ave., New York. CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Everywhere) did a fine job of distributing food packages to hungry Europe after World War II. Then it turned its sights to the whole world community and to long-term neighborliness. "The thing that hit us, and the thing that's our guiding light today, is *self-help*," French declared.

CARE realized — as any good parent realizes, as any good friend realizes — that the best you can do for someone you truly love is to help that someone to help himself.

Direct to Individuals

FOR India, CARE developed a plow especially designed for Indian soil. A CARE package for Greece contains a pitchfork, weeding hoe, mattock and shovel. For West Germany — a "resettler's kit" containing a saw, shovel, spade, pickax, buck-saw, hand ax, claw hammer and pincers. For Peru — home and farm insecticide sprayers to check crop blights, typhus, yellow fever. For Southeast Asia — midwifery kits, including soap, towels, forceps, sterile dressings, to bring mothers and babies safely through childbirth.

These things go directly to individuals, who can feel the helping hand in every touch of them. Through its field missions, CARE has distributed \$150,000,000 in tangible help to people in 30 countries — from the hearts and pockets of more than 10,000,000 Americans.

Dr. Frank C. Laubach, the educator-missionary now teaching literacy in India under spon-

sorship of Point Four and World Literacy, Inc., knows that primitive peoples need — above all — abilities to help themselves. That's why, through his own simplified "Laubach method," he has taught hundreds of thousands of people to read in 38 years of missionary work in the Philippines, India, Africa, the Near East and Central and South America.

How to Do

IF PEOPLE can read they can read *how to do things for themselves*; that's the Laubach credo. Thus as soon as the villagers have conquered Laubach's primer, he turns them loose on his "second reader," which does more than give them reading practice. It tells them they make a mistake when they eat their big potatoes and plant their small ones, for then they will get only small potatoes. They must plant good seed to get good crops.

It tells them their poor cattle eat more than they are worth. They must breed their good stock, so they can have stronger bullocks and more milk.

Digging Wells

IT TELLS them they eat too much rice and not enough fruits and greens and proteins. They must eat leafy vegetables and fruits and raise Plymouth Rock chickens for meat and eggs.

It tells them their wells are polluted, that they must build them with curbs so that water does not run over the feet of those who are drawing it and back into the well. It tells them that flies carry cholera and typhoid, and how to control mosquitoes.

Laubach gets his biggest kick out of seeing people do these things for themselves — because they have "read all about it."

Give-away programs may be necessary, but as U.S. bureaucracy learned all too well in its

Continued on page 62

DIRECTORY

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Mount St. Charles Academy

THE WAR OF AMAZING KINDNESS

Continued from page fifty-five

effort to save the world with dollars, they engender both dependency and hostility. It is like giving the unemployed a dole instead of a job. You hand people dollars with one hand, snatch away their self-respect with the other.

The world, as everyone who has studied it—from Missionary Laubach to Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas—knows, does not want our dollars nearly as much as it wants our *respect*, a feeling on our part that the most uneducated native villager is—under God—fully as good as any of us. The American superiority complex is our greatest enemy.

Dollars, Too?

IN THE new foreign policy—the unofficial one, the one which belongs to the people—giving is *really* giving. It is the giving of respect, the giving of brotherliness. Dollars, too? Certainly some dollars are necessary just as our daily bread is. But when an American in Oklahoma City gives some dollars to World Neighbors, or someone pays for a CARE kit, that is an American giving his *own* money, not some other taxpayer's.

Money is not the key. Dedication is. The fully-projected World Neighbors program—all the 120 pilot stations around the globe—could be supported for an entire year on less than the United States spends militarily every 26 minutes!

What do we get out of it?

That's a logical question. People (on both sides) have wanted it answered ever since ancient days when they feared the Greeks bearing gifts. Roy McCorkel, of CARE, ran into it when he conferred with Turkish educators about gifts of books from the U.S.

"Used books?" asked the Turkish educators.

"No, new books," said McCorkel.

"Free?"

"Absolutely free."

We Need a Lot

THE Turkish educators conferred among themselves, then returned to McCorkel and said, "Very well. We will accept the books. Now—what can *we* do for the United States?"

McCorkel was nonplused. What was he supposed to say?

The new foreign policy of America's heart knows we need a lot.

"Among other peoples, the Japanese, the Indians, the Mexicans, to name only a few, there are many who possess a love and appreciation of beauty, a capacity for human understanding and a richness of sympathy which we might well covet for ourselves. If we apply a measuring rod, we will find that these American way, which is

Living, which for two decades has been sending young Americans to Europe and now, aided by the Ford Foundation, has launched a "Community Ambassador Program."

Henry Borgese, 25, went to Holland in the summer of 1951 as a community ambassador from Niagara Falls, N. Y. He was amused, he told me, because Mrs. Olida Smit, with whom he stayed in the little town of Zeist, expected him—"like all young Americans"—to wear a bow tie, have a brush haircut and a terrific appetite for colas. She even had a case of cola drink ready. But poor Borgese didn't wear a bow tie, had no brush cut and didn't drink cola.

"The Smit family changed a lot of their ideas," said Borgese. "But, boy, did I change a lot of mine!"

He returned to Niagara Falls and has since made 140 speeches in his community.

He has been telling people what he *got* from Holland, not what he gave to Holland.

Go—and Learn

"THIS is the whole idea of the Experiment," commented Donald Watt, Jr., son of the founder. "It is a two-way street. The young people we sent abroad are told to *go there and learn!*"

Sharing is the goal. It is the goal of America's new mood. Not the smugness of gadget superiority. Not the attitude, "We are Lord Bountiful. How lucky you are to be on our side!" But the deeply democratic and religious purpose, as Dr. Burkhardt put it: "To share with all peoples in such a way that their fullest gift may be added to our way of life and our best gifts to theirs, and that together we may fulfill the Divine Purpose in personal and social living."

There is another answer to what we get out of this—a special dividend. I remember sitting in the office of Don R. Nicholson, in Oklahoma City, and saying to Nicholson, a businessman who is regional president of World Neighbors, "What do you personally expect to get out of this?" His answer: "The only gain I can see for myself is spiritual."

Spiritual Gain

IT SEEMED not only right, but necessary, that there should be such "spiritual gain," as Don Nicholson called it. Remember President Eisenhower's inaugural address? Remember the shining line: "Whatever America hopes to bring to pass in the world must first come to pass in the heart of America?"

The new foreign policy says—

respect, the giving of brotherliness. Dollars, too? Certainly some dollars are necessary just as our daily bread is. But when an American in Oklahoma City gives some dollars to World Neighbors, or someone pays for a CARE kit, that is an American giving his own money, not some other taxpayer's.

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The speaker was John Foster Dulles, at Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia, April 14, 1952.

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The new foreign policy says —

passion and love. And, somewhat like an echo, one can hear the voice of Frank Laubach calling back, "If we wage our war of amazing kindness, against it the Communist promises break like glass."

The End

PUZZLES

CROSSWORD by Benjamin J. Cox

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| 11 U.S. Secretary of Labor: Martin —. | 41 Bright. | 62 Extinct bird. | 93 Distress signal. |
| 12 Melodies. | 42 Maize. | 64 Particle. | 95 Exist. |
| 13 Pretense. | 43 Skill. | 65 Part of the funny bone. | 96 Step. |
| 14 Deer. | 45 Exclamation of contempt. | 66 Period of fasting. | 97 Wing-shaped. |
| | 47 Tree. | | |

19 x 19, by Nicki Folwell

ACROSS

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|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Cupid. | 42 Three-tone interval: Music. |
| 5 Seed containers. | 45 Broad smile. |
| 9 Modern Fr. composer. | 46 Gr. god of ridicule. |
| 11 Afresh. | 48 Fort. |
| 12 Twilight. | 50 Foretell. |
| 14 Top of a wave. | 53 Roman magistrate. |
| 15 Mariner. | 54 Stare angrily. |
| 19 Led by Genghis Khan. | 56 Subside. |
| 21 Dragon constellation. | 58 Island in N. Y. Harbor. |
| 22 Rocky Mt. range. | 59 Chem. compound. |
| 24 Concise. | 61 Commerce. |
| 27 Impolite. | 64 Round muscle. |
| 28 Teuton. | 66 Floodgate. |
| 29 Carouse. | 68 Boredom. |
| 31 Weapon. | 70 Serving to finish. |
| 35 Allied in origin. | 73 Chas. Lamb. |
| 40 Urbane. | 74 By and by. |
| 41 Jewish month. | |

DOWN

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 75 Collections. | 33 Malevolent. |
| 76 Minus. | 34 Minister to. |
| | 35 Bivouac. |
| | 36 Scent. |
| 1 Circle segment. | 37 Appellation. |
| 2 Grape refuse. | 38 Resentment. |
| 3 Open to view. | 39 String. |
| 4 Do again. | 43 Din. |
| 5 Moccasin. | 44 Enroll. |
| 6 Burden. | 47 Threshold. |
| 7 Removed. | 49 Well-bred. |
| 8 Vow. | 51 Young horses. |
| 10 Gloss. | 52 Spin. |
| 13 Height. | 55 Jacob's brother. |
| 16 Companion. | 57 Core. |
| 17 Sour. | 60 Fixed charge. |
| 18 Opera by Bellini. | 62 Cuts into cubes. |
| 20 Rat, for instance. | 63 School: Fr. |
| 23 At no time. | 65 Set of rooms. |
| 25 Speaks. | 67 Send forth. |
| 26 Sufficient. | 69 American composer. |
| 28 Sparkle. | 71 Dance step. |
| 30 Goddess of discord. | 72 Bitter vetch. |
| 32 Town in Sicily. | |

Solutions of Last Week's Pu



(B)

January 28, 1954

Dear P. B. :

You perhaps know that I became ill the 10th of November.

I wrote you a long hand letter more than a month ago but I'm not sure if you received it.

You have been much in my thoughts and I would like you to know that I am having a great time these weeks in attempting something I never did before: to do nothing basically but grow in the world within.

Sincerely,

Rug

13054 Gulf Lane
Madeira Beach
St. Petersburg, Fla.

2

January 28, 1954

Dear P. B. :

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I wrote you a long hand letter more than a month ago but I'm not sure if you received it.

You have been much in my thoughts and I would like you to know that I am having a great time these weeks in attempting something I never did before: to do nothing basically but grow in the world within.

Sincerely,

Paul

1954 July 1954
Karl's Beach
St. Petersburg, Fla.

On Roy Burkhardt

when she fell in love with Dr. John Duzik, a Beverly Hills dentist, the church refused an annulment of the first marriage. In 1949, Dr. Duzik died in St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, a Catholic hospital run by the Sisters of Charity.

After Dr. Duzik's death, Actress Haver turned more of her energies to charity work. In particular, she liked to entertain the patients at St. John's and to talk with the Sisters of Charity who nursed them.

June Haver finished work on her latest picture, *The Girl Next Door*, in December. Last week she announced that she would make no more. After Hollywood goodbyes, she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kans., the order that staffs St. John's Hospital. There she hopes to stay for two years, until she may become a nun.

By Good Works

A group of Pittsburgh's leading citizens gathered last week to hear a unique kind of promotion talk. The speaker marshaled his facts with the assurance of a man describing an appealing new bond issue, but he was, in fact, a Christian minister: the Rev. Roy A. Burkhardt, pastor of Columbus, Ohio's First Community Church. The organization that Preacher Burkhardt was selling is called World Neighbors, Inc. It is a bold attempt to fight Communism in the world's underdeveloped areas with a mixture of technical enterprise and Christianity by example. To the men gathered to hear about it in Pittsburgh (including U.S. Steel's President Clifford Hood, Baseball Magnate Branch Rickey, Westinghouse Vice President Andrew Phelps), it sounded both novel and good.

World Neighbors, Inc. began last September at a conference of U.S. business and religious leaders in Columbus. Among its sponsors: Missionary-Educator Frank Laubach, who has taught millions of Asians and Africans to read through his international literacy program (*TIME*, June 28, 1943); International Business Machines' Chairman Thomas ("Think") Watson; Manhattan's Rev. Norman Vincent Peale; Minnesota's Congressman Walter H. Judd, who was once a physician-missionary himself. Pastor Burkhardt, who has made a name for himself in Columbus as a socially conscious clergyman (*TIME*, Aug. 11, 1947), was elected president. The purpose of the organization, as he sees it: to recruit enough money and personnel in the U.S. for an intensive five-year program of practical aid, on a "village level," in areas that suffer from material want.

Agronomists in the Villages. A similar but smaller group, World Assistance, Inc., founded by the Rev. John Peters, an ex-Army chaplain from Oklahoma City (*TIME*, Oct. 8, 1951), was absorbed by World Neighbors. Its two pilot projects in India became models for what Dr. Burkhardt plans to set up elsewhere: a system of small but highly trained technical teams, e.g., an agronomist and a nutrition specialist, who will settle down in selected districts, advising villagers

and farmers in their immediate localities.

A private organization, President Burkhart reasons, can do this sort of job more efficiently than any government. And, if its workers are dedicated Christians as well as good technicians, they will be able to transmit to Indians, Africans and Burmese their faith in a Christian and democratic way of life more effectively than most orthodox missionaries.

To emphasize its Christian character, Neighbors' field workers will have plenty of Christian literature on hand for their libraries and literacy programs. But, though they will cooperate with local mission agencies, they will not do any preaching on their own. Says Burkhart: "Missionaries try to talk about Jesus in words. We're going over trying to find the secret of improving living conditions."

A Dynamic Faith. At present, World Neighbors, Inc. has 120 specific pilot projects marked out in 16 different coun-



Columbus Dispatch

PASTOR BURKHART

Against Communism, a five-year plan.

tries. To run all of them for five years, World Neighbors will need some 600 technical specialists and almost \$20 million. At the moment, World Neighbors has only \$150,000 definitely budgeted for 1953, but Burkhart, busy collecting pledges, is sure that more is on the way.

Already, he has founded World Neighbors, Inc. chapters in 21 cities. Many more chapters are now being formed, and Burkhart spends most of his time on the road these days, talking to groups like the one in Pittsburgh.

"World Neighbors," says he, "is an avenue through which the American people can now express their interest in a world ministry. In five years we will have developed a new spirit within American Christianity. We will have helped the mission agencies to a new expression, where people will not only be helped to help themselves, but where they will find a dynamic faith to live by."

First Community Church

1320 Cambridge Boulevard

Columbus 12, Ohio

B

MINISTER
ROY A. BURKHART

TELEPHONE
KINGSWOOD 0681

June 26, 1953

Dear P. B. :

When I called your apartment I talked with a very charming person, and I was glad to learn that you have been married.

I would covet fellowship with you, but July 8 I shall go into retreat too and will return about the 27th of August.

Undoubtedly I shall be in New York City in the fall and will certainly want to see you. Should you come this way, be sure to let me know. I need a visit.

With deepest regards, and with love,

Sincerely,

Roy

First Community Church

1320 Cambridge Boulevard

Calumet 12, Ohio

June 26, 1953

Dear Mr. E. J. :

When I called your apartment I talked with a very charming person, and I was glad to learn that you have been married.

I would cover fellowship with you, but July 8 I shall go into retreat too and will return about the 25th of August.

Unfortunately I shall be in New York City in the fall and will certainly want to see you. Should you come this way, be sure to let me know. I need a visit.

With deepest regards, and with love,

Sincerely,

Despite of the warnings of Mme Zelenková intuition, despite of my reasons counsels, we plunged instead in meditations and spiritual study in the struggle and quarrel with Mrs. Čapek and Mr. Bláha for a time of two years or longer. We regard this case as an examination, which we lost completely. For we were personal / very / and lost our self-control.

During this time Mr. Čapek ~~stand~~ stood on the side of Mrs. Čapek and Mr. Bláha, being silent and interfering not, for he likes harmony.

The minds and hopes of all people of our circle were concentrated on you during all the war, in all danger and in all we had to live through. You were their Ishtar, their Christ, our ideal of Spirituality. The fact, that you wrote in your last letter, that you consider yourself only a student, did not change nothing on this devotion. The greatest hope and desire of everybody of us here is to meet you.

The people await from us that we shall bring them to you, as we did it during your last visit in Praha. A friend of mine said me, that Bláha said before him this remark: I do not know, whether I shall bring this man to Dr. P.B.

Thus the people are bound indirectly to us. But nor me nor Mr. Čapek wish to bind anybody. I remember the late K.W. Someone brought him 100 cigarettes. He said to the giver: You will be the first I shall bring to Dr. P.B. And for the people it is the greatest question ~~moment~~ and goal of their lives!

Today Bláha says that he have done many faults. But Mrs. Čapek wants to concentrate all the "best people" around her and Bláha. She use many unfair tricks to keep people from Mme Z. or from me. ~~Woman~~ Nor Mme. Z. nor I, we do not seek for people. I cannot meditate today with anybody, I have not time for my own things. But the situation is not quite agreeable. We try to keep the best attitude to Mrs. Čapek and Bláha. We do not want any disharmony.

I wrote all this to inform you. I am not egofree and may be I am biassed in many things. I am not competent to judge Mrs. Čapek and Bláha. I have done many faults myself. And today I have not yet my mind under controll.

Allow me please to add some lines about myself:

They are three points I remember most from the time before the war:

You spoke to me one midnight on the street Na Poříčí. And you gave me the vision, or better said, understanding in which I saw the Unity. There was nothing else but ONE FORCE. All in One and One in All. ~~Myself~~ This my "I" was nothing, was not. This state I regard as the Goal to be reached. There were no questions and no problems in it, and no fear.

The second point was a meditation during which an immense Force entered in me and worked in body and mind till the bottom of my Heart. I wrote you of this and you answered that it was a great privilege what I experienced.

The third point was the state in which I was for some months. In this state I regarded the body and mind as objective and lived. I lived constantly in peace. It was more an inner attitude than state. I have it not now.

Despite of the warnings of Mrs. Zelenkova's intuition, despite of my reasons counsels, we plunged instead in meditations and spiritual study in the struggle and quarrel with Mrs. Gapek and Mr. Blaha for a time of two years or longer. We regard this case as an examination, which we lost completely. For we were personal / very / and lost our self-control.

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The war came with its fears. I had to change my profession and to work in the office. This work influenced badly my nerves and mind. The case of Blaha and Mrs. Čapek was a very bad thing for me. I lost my balance. It was a slow work from the year 1942 ~~xxxxx~~ till today, to get it again.

There was a great spiritual force in the year 1938. Today it is not felt in such extent. But the subtle peace is constantly present. I can stop my thoughts in "still schweigen". When during the meditation I identify innerly with you, a state arise, in which I am as if above and behind of myself, free to an extent from the personality in what could be called impersonal consciousness.

Please, destroy all the egoism and ignorance in my mind.
I cannot find words to express what I feel. You know best.

With love and devotion

Yours Josef Sternauer

Best wishes to Christmas and to the New Year J.H.

projectors, generators, improved seed, and equipment for nurse Ten Brink.

The report this one team sent to Oklahoma City after a few short months, gave World Assistance some suggestion of what the twenty-eight stations planned for India could do after they really got going.

Team members conducted short-term training classes in agriculture, livestock and poultry improvement, rural health and sanitation, small-scale industries, adult literacy, principles and methods, and boys' work. They plowed and manured plots of ground, demonstrating simple implements such as a plow that cost only \$3.50. They constructed for demonstration compost-manure pits and soakage pits in all the villages included in the first year's program. Classes in needlework, spinning, weaving, garment making and mending met daily.

Increasing numbers of natives were volunteering wholeheartedly in all phases of the project. World Assistance policy was to thrust nothing upon them. Every step of the program was developed co-operatively. It was explained and made available—they could take it or leave it.

From its start, the Katpadi project drew attention. Favorable reports reached Delhi, 1200 miles away. Welfare committees of five men and two women, representing every caste level, were appointed in each village. Their task, as one worker put it in his report on Nangamangalam village, was to drive away "the Four Devils—namely, Lack of Finance, Lack of Education, Lack of Sanitation and Lack of Amenities."

The program of public health and sanitation has aroused an enthusiasm for improvement never felt before. Night classes in literacy, taught by natives, are crowded. World Neighbors

had run into, and invited Doctor Peters to the embassy in New Delhi. They later had two conferences there.

During his six weeks' visit, Doctor Peters examined the most likely centers for future consideration, and made plans for the second extension project. It was set up a few months later at Anklesvar, on the west coast north of Bombay, with a couple just out of Cornell University in charge. Shantilal Bhagat, son of a native Christian pastor of Anklesvar, held a master's degree in agronomy. His Chinese wife had earned the same degree in human nutrition.

Doctor Peters established the necessary co-ordinating body for the Indian work, and was overjoyed to find Dr. Arthur Mosher, president of famous

burgh; Doctor Peale; and Melvin Evans, industrial-relations consultant of Chicago. After several months' study, they had asked Doctor Burkhardt, pastor of the First Community Church, Columbus, Ohio, to direct their efforts.

These men had been cheered by word they had of a movement called World Assistance out in Oklahoma City. Meanwhile, the leaders of that movement were realizing an urgent need for men of wide reputation and influence to put it over on a nationwide basis.

In the late spring, Doctor Peters received a letter from Congressman Judd, asking if he could come to Washington for a conference.

At the Washington meeting in June, the two groups moved to combine

working on projects with World Neighbors.

Extension programs are now successfully established at Ghaziabad, near Delhi, and at Tallakulam, South India; another is getting under way at Martandam, in the state of Travancore. Bishop Leslie Newbigin, of the United Church of South India, forsook his high office to direct the station at Tallakulam. Ten other projects outlined for India, Pakistan and the Philippines will get under way as soon as funds justify commitment to their long-range programs. No project is initiated until completely underwritten.

World Neighbors is working with other agencies to develop a more productive poultry strain in Egypt. The Technical Cooperation Administration worked out details, and flew from the United States 65,000 blooded chicks donated by the Church of the Brethren. World Neighbors helps pay the expenses of six poultry specialists on the job; and they are setting up their own demonstration center nearby on a farm purchased with Ford Foundation funds.

The San Blas Indians, existing grimly on islands off the coast of Panama, asked World Neighbors to make a survey of their needs. Prof. Fred LeCrone, of Oklahoma A. and M. College, donated his services and a summer's vacation to do the job. With competent instruction and simple tools, these Indians will be able to proceed largely on their own.

One of Doctor Peters' earliest concerns was whether he could find enough of the right kind of recruits to man the 120 stations. About 600 experts will be needed. Despite the stiff standards set, there have been so many volunteers eager to go at once anywhere they are needed, some of them for life, that he believes he will have little problem in

HAZEL



that regard. One hundred and fifty agricultural specialists alone have been screened and are ready to leave as soon as there are funds to send them. Chapters and units are encouraged to support specific projects, so they can call them their own, and thus promote the personal aspect of the movement. For instance, one church group in Oklahoma is financing ten \$100-a-year farmers' clinics in India. The Columbus, Ohio, chapter is underwriting the Egyptian project.

Besides sharing know-how, World Neighbors, Inc., seeks, through its chapters, to influence Americans going abroad as visitors, servicemen, business representatives and technical experts to respect their neighbors' cultures, respond sympathetically to their problems, and become true ambassadors of the kind of life America offers. Chapters will strive to promote that same understanding at home. Men cannot care about something of which they have no knowledge.

"One thing we should get through our heads," trustee Dave Cox counsels, "is that to the Oriental our fear of communism is a weakness in our cause. It denotes our lack of faith in the very principles we espouse, the full demonstration of which would eliminate the communists' chances."

President Burkhardt and his associates make clear that "World Neighbors, Inc., is not functioning negatively out of fear of communism. We are fellow men, wherever they are; because we have a faith to live, a freedom to manifest. If we can get enough of our time and on a global scale, that on which communism feeds and breeds will be dissolved."

forces. In September, fifty-five interested men and women met in Columbus and organized World Neighbors. They took over the constitution, by-laws, program and practically everything else of World Assistance except the name. They felt that "neighbors" more truly indicated the spirit of their venture. A board of thirty included the six officers of World Assistance and men and women of faith prominent in religious, professional, business and labor circles of the nation.

World Neighbors, Inc., is fast developing chapters and units throughout the country. Such men as Branch Rickey, general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, and Walter Hoving, president of Bonwit Teller, New York City, are working hard at it. Significant chapters have been organized in Pittsburgh, Dallas, St. Louis, Cincinnati and other large cities.

On March sixth, President Eisenhower discussed World Neighbors, Inc., with Doctor Burkhardt for thirty-two minutes at the White House. "The President was not only deeply interested," Doctor Burkhardt reported, "but told me that he felt greatly encouraged that such a movement as ours was under way. He said his Administration would encourage all worth-while private efforts to link the resources of America with the needs of people in the underdeveloped areas." The Technical Cooperation Administration of the Mutual Security Agency is already

Allahabad Agricultural Institute—where Point 4 people gain needed orientation—willing to help with the expanding program of World Assistance. It was also Doctor Peters' purpose to establish the most productive relationship with other agencies. He spent three days with Horace Holmes, head of the agricultural phase of Point 4 in India, who agreed to co-ordinate the efforts of that organization with those of World Assistance. The bulk of Point 4 money would be allocated to large-scale projects such as dams, conservation measures and well drilling. The person-to-person teaching program would be more and more needed as additional acres were brought under cultivation. "What we can't do, you can. And vice versa," said Mr. Holmes.

Doctor Peters conferred with Jawaharlal Nehru's secretary, Indian government leaders, American officials and the directors of many religious and secular institutions, including the Ford Foundation. Without exception, they assured him hearty co-operation. Back in America, significant men had met in the East to formulate some plan for mobilizing the country's resources for the benefit of the underprivileged peoples of the earth. They were Doctor Laubach; Congressman Judd, who had been a medical missionary in China before entering politics; Thomas J. Watson; Dr. Samuel Shoemaker, rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Pitts-

couraging development for India he World Assistance was the most enthusiastic. The ambassador told him that Chester Bowles, to whom he presented United States ambassador to India, to India. On the same plane was the In January, 1952, Doctor Peters flew had proceeded regardless.

in a jeep accident, the sudden death of a valued member of his World Neighbors team, the five-year drought. Work for the benefit of the underprivileged peoples of the earth. They were Doctor Laubach; Congressman Judd, who had been a medical missionary in China before entering politics; Thomas J. Watson; Dr. Samuel Shoemaker, rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Pitts-

circulate foraries, costing about \$100 each and packed in rodent-proof and mildew-proof metal boxes. Training is taught; the thinking of some natives regarding the sacred cow has changed enough to permit the use of hides from barren heifers. Villagers, able to borrow money only on the most ruinous terms of 30 to 100 per cent interest, are shown the advantages of forming their own credit associations. Nurse Ten Brink has so won the affectionate regard of the native women that one, with becoming reticence, named the latest of her brood "Nine-Brink."

Dr. Bernadine DeValois, head of the Christian Medical College, Vellore, operates two days a week, teaches, conducts daily clinics of sixty to eighty patients, and gives half her time to the World Neighbors program.

"We run a three-ring circus trying to get done all that needs doing," her husband wrote recently. "We provide work at our institute for about seventy-five persons. We have all these folks at our bungalow for the noon meal, as well as the 130 children from the school. This is the only substantial food many of them get."

He did not mention the painful surgery he had undergone, his wife's injury in a jeep accident, the sudden death of a valued member of his World Neighbors team, the five-year drought. Work had proceeded regardless.

In January, 1952, Doctor Peters flew to India. On the same plane was the United States ambassador to India, Chester Bowles, to whom he presented himself. The ambassador told him that World Assistance was the most encouraging development for India he

A. and M., and enjoy their families—all with equal zest.

Some of these men were now shaking Doctor Peters' hand hard and saying, "John, you just tell us what you want done. We'll do it!"

They telephoned men in other churches and invited them to a meeting on Monday evening. At that meeting, they voted "to do something" about the pastor's challenge. And all over town people kept saying, "This is It!" John Peters felt himself being pulled in all directions. He was delighted with a response he had scarcely deemed possible. But these men were insisting that what was needed was a big movement. He, the fellow with the plan, would be the leader!

"But I don't have any blueprints!" he protested. "I only suggested some characteristics —"

They answered, in effect, that they expected him to practice what he preached; that he was the logical man by reason of training, ability and motivation. And it came to him a bit slowly that maybe this was the chance he had waited for since he held in his arms that boy from Tennessee.

John Peters, exactly two days later, found himself in New York City. There he conferred with representatives of the United Nations, the Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., agricultural and literacy groups, and Christian business leaders. By May fifth he was in Washington visiting the embassies, members of Congress and personnel of Point 4 and the World Health Organization. Wherever he went, he was offered encouragement and the closest co-operation.

He reported his findings to the men back home. They were enthusiastic, ready to organize. "If an idea like this

must be implemented at all levels by dedicated Christians, though its supporting membership would be open to all who were willing to back its aims. Twenty-six men of similar character made up the board of trustees.

From the beginning, the entire administrative expense of World Assistance was paid out of the pockets of these officers and trustees. They paid their director the same salary he had been getting from the university, provided a secretary and underwrote his office and traveling expenses. He was to travel a great deal, making speeches, dealing with co-operating agencies, organizing the first teams of specialists and lining up the right kind of candidates for these teams.

For months, until Dr. C. Q. Smith, president of Oklahoma City University and a World Assistance trustee, offered free space in a school building, the headquarters of this international project was the dining room of the Peterses' home. While her husband's secretary took over the "office," Kay Peters managed the rest of the household and helped any way she could.

World Assistance, Inc., proceeded cautiously on publicity and money raising. They waited until they had something solid to sell. "The worst thing that could have happened to us would have been a million-dollar gift in our early stages," commented John Jordan. "We'd have peppered bird shot all over and probably ended in failure."

Two attorneys on the board, Russell V. Johnson and Edwin Whitney Burch, spent weeks devising a strong constitution and by-laws. They particularly made provision for dealing with infiltration of subversive elements. Enthusiasm for the movement increased steadily. Many Sunday-school classes

assistance netted \$781. Besides these special contributions, the class regularly gives fifty dollars to sixty dollars a month out of pocket.

Individual giving was stressed on a regular basis. Vice-president Osborne originated the organization's one-dollar-a-month scheme. The employees of his swank Chicken-in-the-Rough Drive-In caught the spirit of neighborly sharing, and 90 per cent now contribute in this fashion. He matches all they contribute.

The supporters of World Assistance traveled around the state and into Texas and other adjoining territory to spread its message. Osborne flew his own plane to help organize the chapters which the board decided to launch in towns where interest justified. Oklahoma City members were convinced that their counterpart lived in every community in the country. "We can't swing this thing alone," they told anyone who would listen. "But if enough people will help, it can change the world."

Doctor Peters asked co-operating boards and agencies, "Where is the need greatest? And in what country do you think our program has the greatest chance of success? We'll put sample teams to work there."

The unanimous answer was India—where conditions are so desperate that the communists now say they can take it in five years instead of the fifteen they had originally considered necessary. Ben T. Head, the young attorney who is president of Oklahoma City's chapter, served as an Army major in India in World War II. "What depressed me," he recalls, "was to see a Congress Party parade, followed a few hours later by a communist one—with some of the same people in it! Starving men sacrifice principle to follow what-

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NEURITIS

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RELIEF** with



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SANTA'S HELPER

doesn't work, the world's done for, anyway," they agreed. "We can't lose." By July they had incorporated under the laws of Oklahoma.

Don R. Nicholson, investment broker, was elected president. Made first and second vice-presidents were J. Chester Swanson, superintendent of schools, and Beverly Osborne, restaurateur and originator of "Chicken-in-the-Rough" eating places popular from Hawaii to South Africa. John F. Jordan, an insurance man, became secretary. Guy H. James, head of the company building the \$13,000,000 Tiber Dam in Montana, was elected treasurer.

These men were all active workers in churches representing several faiths. For it was agreed that the program

and church groups took on support of World Assistance as a major project. Clubs, parent-teacher organizations, and other units did likewise.

Doctor Peters credits the Beacon Sunday School Class of adults at St. Luke's, taught by Judge John A. Brett, of the state Criminal Court of Appeals, with doing the most for the movement of any one group. To raise funds, it sponsored a Gridiron show, patterned after the famous Gridiron Dinners in Washington, and good-naturedly ribbing church leaders. Admission was restricted to those willing to contribute five dollars to their projects. Receipts were divided equally between St. Luke's cherished building fund and World Assistance. They made \$3000. Two benefits given solely for World As-

ever promises help. They figure you can't fall out of bed if you're sleeping on the floor."

Katpadi Agricultural Institute in Madras State, Doctor Peters was told, would serve as a fine center of operations. And its director, J. J. DeValois, a graduate of Iowa State University, and his wife, Doctor Bernadine, were thrilled at the opportunities World Assistance offered. They loved their work and the natives loved them. They had extremely limited funds from their mission board to run the center, but they had made it self-supporting by selling eggs and other products.

And so one of John Peters' first projects was the establishment in co-operation with the mission board of the Reformed Church of America, of a full-scale village extension program at Katpadi. World Assistance leaders had adopted the policy of using present facilities proffered by interested groups rather than spending money and time building their own.

Jack DeValois made the preliminary surveys, agreed to spearhead the agricultural phase, and obtained the services of highly trained Christian natives for the work in literacy and village industries. Later another Indian, with a master's degree from the University of Agra, was taken on to help with the program in agriculture. To complete the team, World Assistance sent from the United States Helen Ten Brink, a University of Michigan graduate in public health with several years' experience in rural areas.

The \$18,000 allotted Mr. DeValois for the first year's work looked like a mint to him—fifty times what he had some years! He was to use \$10,000 of it to establish two training centers, improve housing, buy a station wagon, movie



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



World Neighbors, Inc., officers Ben Head, Charles Stuart, John Jordan, Don Nicholson, Beverly Osborne, J. Chester Swanson and Dr. John Peters.

HARRY SALTZMAN PHOTOS

paredness" they will, by order, carry their arms and wear their uniforms to their places of work. They are, by plan and intent, guerrillas. Normally, they will fight only in their own communities, where they know every inch of the landscape, and in detachments no larger than a platoon. They can expect no assistance from the regular army. They are trained to live off the land.

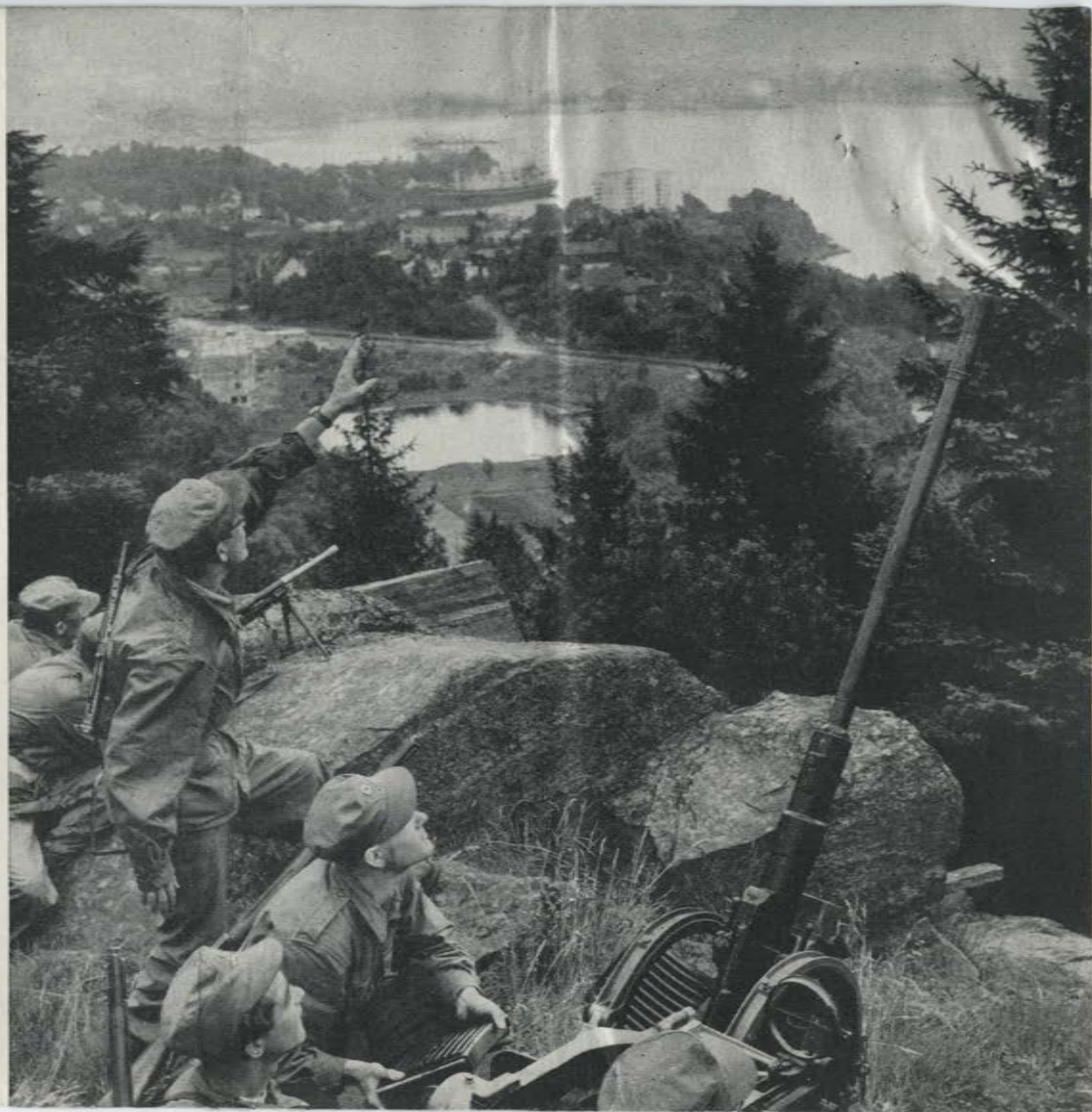
Max Manus and Gregers Gram were two of Norway's most skillful and daring saboteurs during the German occupation. After training in England, both were parachuted into Norway. Under conditions of incredible hardship, they managed to hearten the Norwegian people by sinking with time explosives several of the notorious German transport vessels—called "corpse boats"—which carried Gestapo-condemned Norwegians to German concentration camps and death.

The Gestapo entrapped Gregers Gram in the spring of 1944 and killed him.

Max Manus is now a man in his late thirties, personable and businesslike. He is married to the wife he fell in love with when she was a functionary with the Norwegian underground in Sweden. Nowadays Manus is an importer of business machines, as inoffensive and pacific in a double-breasted brown suit as a prosperous New York commuter. As a matter of fact, he commutes to a suburban home outside Oslo.

Nevertheless, Manus is heart and soul in the Home Guard training scheme. He does not hesitate to identify the present enemy. Before he fought the Germans, he was part of a Norwegian volunteer group which went into Finland in 1939 to assist the Finns in fighting a Soviet invasion there. Today he goes out in a minor capacity every week end to help train the Home Guardsmen in the guerrilla tactics he understands so well. A couple of years ago he was privileged to confer with President Eisenhower at his then residence in New York.

Max Manus talked about the German quick capture of Norway and why it had happened. Then he talked about Norway's present irrevocable decision to resist, and the Home Guard guerrilla organiza-



tion. When he finished, Eisenhower spoke.

"If there were more organizations like that," Manus reports Eisenhower as saying, "there would be no question about the adequate defense of Western Europe. Then all Western countries would not only resist but—more important—have the will to resist."

Norway has a vast expanse of land—only 3.4 per cent of it arable—and a population of 3,300,000 people. Above the Arctic Circle, it borders on Soviet Russia. This section of Russia's back yard was graphically described in *The Saturday Evening Post* (I CASED STALIN'S BACK YARD, by Phil Gustafson, June 21, 1952).

No reporter in his right mind would predict the course of Soviet aggression, but any reporter in his right mind can understand the strategic value of the possession of Northern Norway. From the ports of Archangel and Murmansk will come the convoys of submarines with which the Soviet can threaten Western shipping. Obviously the principal menace to the Soviet subs are the airfields now being built above the Arctic Circle. It is only reasonable to suspect the Soviet might attempt to neutralize or seize them.

What will Norway do in case of armed attack there or elsewhere? There is no guesswork about that. On June 10, 1949, the government issued for military commanding officers a series of directives which become effective immediately in case of aggression. I have never seen standing orders so uncompromising.

There are good reasons for their bald explicitness. Confusion did more than German strength to accomplish the 1940 conquest. Communications were at once interrupted; the air was brassy with German propaganda and thunderous with German airplanes. Some members of the government, dazed by the blitzkrieg, considered capitulation.

But the government stood firm at its fugitive headquarters in Hamar and Elverum. The old King—now beloved by all Norwegians—became the symbol of resistance when he mirrored Parliament's decision by announcing that he would abdicate for



A Home Guard anti-aircraft team drills at Bergen. The Germans captured this city, second largest in Norway, with a mere 1500 men in 1940. Orders for repelling any future attack have already been issued.

himself and for all his royal house if Norway surrendered. Haakon VII and the government took to the hills and the woods and were hounded from one hiding place to another until defeat was inevitable. In the end, a warship took them to sanctuary in Britain.

The present standing orders are worth quoting. Here is Paragraph 7:

"An armed attack will serve as order for full and immediate mobilization throughout the country, even though no formal order is forthcoming from the King and his cabinet because they have been put out of action by the enemy. Any order to stop mobilization, *even though issued in the name of the government*, is to be considered false."

Paragraph 8 is even tougher. It directs that in carrying out defense against military aggression, commanding officers—and, inferentially, all Norwegians—are to be guided by these basic principles:

"1. They must forthwith resist an armed attack with all means at their disposal.

"2. They must resist even though left alone and even though the situation appears difficult or hopeless, regardless of whether the enemy threatens or

actually carries out reprisals in case of resistance by bombing towns or similar action.

"3. They must continue to fight *regardless of orders to the contrary issued in the name of the King and his cabinet, or other superior authority*, if these have been taken prisoners or inactivated in other manner.

"4. If it is inevitably necessary to abandon a given district or region to the enemy, they must make every possible effort to join the fighting with their detachment in other front sectors of Norway or abroad.

"5. If Norway is partly or wholly occupied by the enemy before they reach their detachment, they must try to reach fighting Norwegian authorities, within or outside the enemy's border."

The creation of a Norwegian defense system has had its vicissitudes. Five years of Nazi occupation impoverished the nation. More than half of its merchant marine—a principal source of income—was at the bottom of the sea. Agriculture was at a standstill and industry in collapse. Reconstruction of productive machinery got priority call on a limited budget, but there were other difficulties. Norway had no real military tradition. The prewar professional-officer corps (Continued on Page 60)

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(Continued from Page 28)

Its program is accomplished at the grass-roots level by small teams of highly trained specialists, with the right personalities, living among the villagers, sharing their problems and privation. They teach American know-how in agriculture, cottage industries, sanitation, literacy and the like, but only what the natives can understand, believe in and maintain.

World Neighbors, Inc., as a completely voluntary group has entree where governmental aid is suspect. Above all, it provides the personal touch that government cannot achieve. It has won the active participation of Dr. Frank Laubach, famous missionary whose mission has been to see that millions of illiterates are learning to read and write; Congressman Walter Judd, of Minnesota; Thomas J. Watson, chairman of the board, International Business Machines Corporation; and Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, noted pastor and author. Dr. Roy A. Burkhart, internationally known minister of Columbus, Ohio, is president.

There is nothing new about World Neighbors' formula—not in 1900 years. But men mostly ignore its efficacy until all else fails, a state in which the free half of the world now finds itself. The idea is exemplified in a good old American custom. The neighbors of a hard-hit farmer, for instance, forgather to harvest his crops or raise another barn on his tornado-swept foundation—they produce food, blankets or an iron lung if his home is ravaged by fire or polio. They give the victim what he needs to

half years he worked the night shift at the post office in nearby Oklahoma City to earn his way through a master's degree. He went on to Yale University for his doctorate. After serving as pastor of churches in Connecticut and Louisiana, he became a chaplain in the United States Army in 1943. He was assigned to the Philippines in 1945 and later the same year to Korea, with the rank of major.

When he was not ministering to the dead and dying in the front lines, he was contemplating the hunger, illness and ignorance of the natives. From his reading and from interviews with men like his hero, Doctor Laubach, he knew how overwhelming was this misery that he saw—how fertile the ground for communism. He could not put from him the thought that two thirds of the people in the world are always hungry; that most of them are sick; that they cannot write their own names, much less read even the simplest instructions for improving themselves. He said to himself, *There must be a better way to run this world than the way we're doing it.*

One day in the Philippines, the unit of the 108th Regiment of the 40th Infantry Division, to which he was attached, was moving up a hill through a driving rain when a mortar shell burst in its midst. Fragments pierced the heart of the boy immediately behind him. The lad had joined the outfit two weeks earlier. His mail had caught up with him just the night before, and he had ruefully shown the chaplain a letter from his draft board. After long indecision, the board was now exempting him from military service because he was the only able-bodied man on his parents' farm in Tennessee. (The boy had enlisted before the draft board had disposed of his case.)

herited, the exploited, the poverty-stricken of soul and body. . . . These are the basic issues with which any seeker after peace today must deal. . . .

"The trouble with most of us is that we have never known the hunger which is the constant, corrosive companion of millions. I thank my God now, as I did not then, that I have known what it is to be really hungry. In hot pursuit of an education, I was forced for a week or so to live on fifteen cents a day. Each day I bought one soft drink and two packages of cookies. As I watched others eat steaks, pork chops and salads, I came to dislike those people intensely. They had done nothing to me. But I just didn't like them. Hunger has its own peculiar logic."

St. Luke's has a membership of 5000. Until the congregation can build an adequate sanctuary, services are held in its new education unit's auditorium, which seats 1400. The mood that morning was the tense, disturbed "What-do-we-do-now?" one that pervaded the country that week.

"If we ignore man's physical needs while we hand him pious platitudes, we justify the communists' characterization of religion as 'the opiate of the people,' promising little but 'pie in the sky by and by.' . . . The irony of it is that while Christ's followers preach His precepts, and the Voice of America proclaims our good intentions, the communists move in among the masses who never saw a missionary nor heard a radio, and appear to practice what we preach. . . . General MacArthur asserted, 'If we will not devise some more equitable system (than war), our Armageddon will be at our door.'"

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get back on his feet.

World Neighbors' teams of specialists, part American, part native, work out of stations established at agricultural institutes, mission hospitals or similar centers, where directors co-operate wholeheartedly with the enterprise. Each team at first trains natives in about twenty-five villages. These, according to the present plan, will in turn help train others in perhaps 250 villages.

Within five years, World Neighbors hope to have 120 village extension programs in Asia, the Middle East, Africa and Latin America. Approximately 100 will be developed in co-operation with church mission boards, the remainder with government and other agencies. Five are now established in India; the goal is twenty-eight.

World Neighbors, Inc., is the expansion of World Assistance, a spontaneous venture by a group of business and professional men of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. The Oklahoma City group was not composed of simple folk, equipped only with zeal and a beautiful theory. It included some of that thriving city's finest—astute, influential, educated citizens. Several were men of means.

They are unanimous in crediting their much-loved Dr. John L. Peters with sparking the movement. He is executive vice-president of World Neighbors and held the same office in the earlier organization. Before that, from the end of World War II until 1951, he was associate professor of religion at Oklahoma City University. And legend in the town is the story of how he started an international enterprise without realizing what was taking place.

John Peters came from his native Arkansas to enter the University of Oklahoma at Norman. For seven and one

And now he lay dying in my arms, Chaplain Peters related later. "As I tried to stanch the spurting blood, the cruel waste of it all swept over me. And that night, as I lay in my muddy fox-hole, I asked God why that boy, who wasn't even supposed to be there, had been taken and I spared. Because, split seconds before he was hit, I had stood exactly where he was. Maybe there was a reason—I didn't know. But I vowed then I would do all I could to help prevent another war."

The way to do so did not reveal itself on his return to civilian life. He took the position with the university and did well at it. But the gnawing was such that his wife, Kay, without telling him, began to pray that he might have his chance. She kept it up for two years. Then her answer came—with such an impact that it frightened both of them.

Doctor John is tall, slender, and rather boyish for his forty-six years. His easy, genial, offhand manner does not suggest his energy, or deep piety, or the fact that, according to a superior at the university, "he is good at anything he does." His colleagues call him humble, selfless.

It was not strange that such a man should be called to act as supply pastor of huge St. Luke's Methodist Church when the senior pastor became ill. Doctor Peters had been at St. Luke's several months when he listened to Gen. Douglas MacArthur deliver his report to Congress that day in April, 1951. That was on a Thursday. On Friday he scrapped the week's sermon. He preached extemporaneously on Sunday from hastily prepared notes on the subject, *Let's Deal With Basic Issues*. He will never hear the last of it.

"Jesus explicitly declared that He came to answer the needs of the disin-

The sermon was being broadcast by radio. Before it was finished, the church's five telephones began to ring with responses to the message.

"Can we devise this 'more equitable system'? We can. . . . But we must meet real needs with real solutions. Some of our efforts have smacked of radio quiz shows which shower fantastic prizes on the luckless winner. . . . America cannot assume the role of the world's Santa Claus. . . .

"Somehow we must interrupt the process that requires . . . our sons to stain . . . battlefields with their blood. Surely sacrifice and heroism are not required merely of the young. . . . There are men of means and intelligence listening to me this morning. This is the hour when under God, they need to rise and show what they can do for their world."

Doctor Peters indicated what he felt were fundamentals of any plan to save the world from chaos. He had no idea he was electrifying anyone. But the congregation, inspired by his earnestness, caught the germ of his idea.

Down the corridor, in the church office, the telephones rang and rang. There were, indeed, "men of means and intelligence"—and of deep Christian conviction—who had listened. Oklahoma City, with a population of 243,000 and a lesser number of oil wells, lies in what its citizens dislike being called the Bible Belt. Almost every public place in town is closed on Sundays except the churches, and they are filled. The city abounds in successful, well-liked men who run their offices and drilling equipment, teach Sunday school, belong to some of the 200 prayer groups, follow the football fortunes of the state university and Oklahoma

were getting fairly handy to us by then. Suddenly, in the middle of the afternoon, the wind went calm and for an instant we could see one of the islands to leeward, which gave us an idea of our position. We knew, of course, that the center, or eye, of the hurricane was passing over us, and that when the wind started again, it would be from the sou'west. We set a foresail so that we would have a chance to steer her before that wind and run off to the north clear of the reefs and the ledges. But before we had the sail halfway up, the wind came again and blew the leech rope off it and split the sail. We lowered what was left—but at least we'd been able to get the Adams off before the wind and put steerage way on her. We went off before the wind, under bare poles, at about ten knots."

Kenedy took the wheel at that juncture, because he thought it time to be "right fussy about the steering." Covered with a blanket to soften the shock of the driving rain, he watched land birds carried by the 100-mile-an-hour gale hit the rigging and masts and disintegrate in a puff of feathers. When the Adams began to hit heavy swells the crew knew they were clear of the land. By three o'clock the next morning, when the wind began to moderate, they were approximately 100 miles north of Turks Island.

It was while he was at the wheel during this northward run before the hurricane that Kenedy found himself faced with another emergency. One of the crew worked his way aft to tell the skipper that the cook had been hurt.

"The mate took the wheel for a while, and I went forrard to the galley and found the West Indian cook sitting there with his foot in a bucket, and beside him a wash basin half filled with blood. The blood was pumping out of a

act was to inform his parents that the report of the Adams sinking was premature.

Though the Adams survived the Turks Island hurricane because of the lucky wind shift and the fact that she was empty and buoyant, the schooner carried the seeds of her own destruction in her faulty timbers. Freightage loose salt is a strain on the stanchest sailing vessels, for the cargo is loaded to the hatch covers and any leakage tends to clog the ship's pumps with a viscous solution of brine. In December of 1933, six months after the Turks Island blow, Captain Kenedy was bringing his vessel north with a load of salt when he ran into a series of westerly gales which brought both death and disaster to the Adams.

The deep-laden schooner made an easy run of it for the first week, with the edge of the northeast trades pushing her steadily northward. Southwest of Bermuda the weather changed and the wind swung around to a southeast gale. By the time Captain Kenedy ran out of the gale he was, he calculated, in the neighborhood of thirty-eight degrees north. That put the Adams in the center of the Gulf Stream, where it curves away from the North American continent.

"The Stream in December is a bad place for sailing vessels because you are apt to get a quick succession of westerly gales, and the least wind at all sets up terrific seas. That's what happened on this trip. We got one gale after another. We split a few sails and had to patch them up. The Adams, which had always been a leaky vessel, began to leak more as she strained and worked in the big seas. One particular day and night we got a terrific gale of wind, building up long, heavy breakers. The whole poop of the vessel started to

and haze. He was hove to and drifting sideways, unable to make any headway against the weather. By this time the Adams was almost awash and it was blowing a fifty-mile-an-hour gale from the nor'west."

Captain Kenedy ran the Adams down to the steamer—which turned out to be a small and ancient freighter, the *Blairesk*, of Glasgow—and the two vessels maneuvered until the schooner was close under the lee side of the plunging steamer. The crew aboard the freighter hung lines and rope ladders over the rail and the men aboard the Adams managed to get a heaving line across to the *Blairesk*.

Four members of the schooner's crew were hauled aboard the *Blairesk* on the heaving line. This left three men aboard the Adams—Captain Kenedy, his young mate and the old colored cook who had been so grievously hurt during the Turks Island hurricane. The cook wanted no part of a rescue operation that entailed a dunking in the cold and angry Atlantic—though the *Blairesk* had by this time drifted close in to the Adams' stern. Captain Kenedy and the mate tied the heaving line to the cook, but couldn't get the recalcitrant overboard.

"He got down on his hands and knees on the deck and just wouldn't move—hollering and lamenting all the time. We tried to throw him overboard, but he held on to the mizzen-sheet traveler. When we'd get one of his hands free, he'd grab something else. By the time we got him untangled the steamer had drifted off to our lee and we had to give up the struggle."

The freighter—presenting more resistance to the gale—continued to drift to leeward faster than the schooner. After waiting vainly throughout the morning and the early part of the after-

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gash just below his knee. It seems that while we were running off before this wind a china mixing bowl had fallen from a shelf, bounced off a table and hit the cook on the knee. It was a bad wound, but I couldn't leave the deck right then, so I told a couple of the crew to bind the cook's leg up tight to stop the flow of blood and make him lie down. Then I went back to the wheel."

Kenedy was still at the wheel three hours later, with a full gale blowing but the vessel apparently out of danger, when one of the crew reported that the cook was dying.

"I ran forrard and found him stretched out on the galley settee, his face the color of ashes and a small stream of blood still coming out of the wound. For some reason, no one had put a bandage on him. The ship was rolling heavily, but we were clear of land, so I got a sail needle and took a good stitching on the wound and bound it up tight to stop the bleeding. We carried him to the fo'c'sle and he stayed there in his bunk for the next four or five days. He was a cranky old devil and we'd had a lot of disagreements, but after that I couldn't get rid of him. He figured I'd saved his life and he stayed with me for the next ten or twelve years—until he got too old to go to sea."

After the storm had passed, the Adams hove to for four days while the torn sails were sewed together. When Captain Kenedy finally got his vessel back to the Turks Island anchorage, seven days after the storm, he learned that one of the local churches had held a service for the schooner's crew and that the news of the presumed loss of the Adams had been telegraphed to the mainland and had appeared in the New York papers. The young skipper's first

work and she took quite a bit of water. It was a job, by this time, to keep the pumps free."

The Adams' two pumps were run by a small gas engine on deck. Seas breaking over the deck finally put this engine out of commission. While he was trying to improvise repairs Captain Kenedy used the Adams' big deck engine—ordinarily employed for short periods to run the winches—to power the pumps.

"We knew we couldn't use the big engine for long because it ate up gas at a great rate and we only carried a forty-five gallon drum of fuel with us. Fortunately, the weather calmed that day and a steamer came along. We signaled her, told her our pumps were out and that we needed some gas and had to have a new bearing poured for the connecting rod of the small engine. They hove to for four hours and we rowed over in a dory, taking the connecting rod with us, and they poured the new bearing in their machine shop. They also gave us some extra gasoline."

By the time the Adams' pumps were working again, the weather closed in and Captain Kenedy and his crew of six found themselves fighting an apparently endless battle against a series of gales which blew up in the southeast and thenswung around to the northwest.

"It's hard to get a sailing vessel out of the Gulf Stream in the winter, because when the wind ends up from the northwest, you can't make much headway on the course you want to follow. And with heavy seas running all the time, the Adams was taking in more water than the pumps could handle. Finally, with our gasoline getting low again, it began to look pretty hopeless for the old ship. And then one morning at daylight, after ten days of continuous storm, we saw a steamer through the spindrift

noon for the steamer to close the gap, Captain Kenedy decided that the three men aboard the Adams would have to leave by the schooner's small boat. With the help of the mate and the cook, Kenedy ran the wallowing schooner down handy to the steamer.

"Our lifeboat was on the poop hatch, just forrard of the mizzenmast. We had no davits or gear, but the schooner was very low in the water by this time, so we poised the lifeboat's bow on the side rail and, when the Adams rolled, we pushed the small boat out on the crest of a sea. Then, in no time at all, the mate, the cook and I jumped into her and rowed down to the steamer."

The drifting freighter was rolling her rails under in the heavy seas, so boarding her from the lifeboat was quite a problem. The cook went first, was washed off the ladder and finally pulled aboard clinging to a life ring. The mate followed him up the ladder. Captain Kenedy was the last to leave the lifeboat.

"I saw the mate up the ladder and then I jumped out of the boat and swam over to the ladder. When the steamer gave a big roll, I grabbed the ladder and was pulled high out of the water, and before she rolled again I was up on deck. It wasn't till I was safe aboard that I discovered the mate hadn't made it. Apparently he'd been washed overboard when the Blairesk gave a big roll just as he was going over the rail. No one saw him go."

The Adams sank about dusk that evening. The little dory bobbed around in an eddy in the lee of the steamer till the following forenoon, when the Blair-esk was able to make some headway against the abating storm and resume its course for New York.

Editors' Note—This is the first of four articles by Mr. Thruelsen. The second will appear next week.

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"Beloved Fellowship"

Roy Abram Burkhardt's farmer father wanted his son to be a fertilizer salesman. His Mennonite mother prayed that he would enter the ministry. For the Burkhardt family of Cumberland County, Pa. the issue was decided once & for all during World War I, when one of young Soldier Burkhardt's best friends, who had hoped to be a minister, was killed. Roy made up his mind to enter the church. Today Dr. Roy Burkhardt, pastor of the First Community Church of Columbus, Ohio, is the whirling dynamo of the growing community-church movement and an outstanding U.S. churchman.

Published this week, Dr. Burkhardt's newest book, *How the Church Grows* (Harper; \$2), will give both detractors and admirers a clear picture of what he is trying to do. Dr. Burkhardt writes of his dream of "the True Church," which "is to help each individual to come alive with God in his soul."

The ideal church Burkhardt writes about is at once as modern as science, sociology and psychiatry can make it and as all-pervasive in the community as the church of the Middle Ages. In the "beloved fellowship" of Christians living, working and playing together, he sees the all-important matrix of spiritual life, and within this group relationship he apportions the church's liturgy, recreation, social work, preaching and prayer. His blueprint for his True Church is not mere speculation; many of the specifications have been met in his own grey limestone, suburban First Community Church of Columbus.

Exuberant Statistics. In 1935, when husky, black-haired Roy Burkhardt went to Columbus, the First Community Church had about 225 active members and a debt of \$147,000. The minister's staff consisted of a secretary, a janitor, a part-time choir director and a part-time organist. Today the church has 3,670 active members, a 1947 budget of \$108,838 and a full-time staff of 17.



ROY BURKHART & TEEN-AGE FRIEND
"Who I am, why I'm here and where I'm going."

In 1935 the church had no energy or funds to spend for missions; now it supports one missionary each in China, India and England. But of all First Community's exuberant statistics, none is more meaningful than the support it gets from the jukebox-and-Coca-Cola set. At nearby Upper Arlington High School 90% of the seniors and 96% of the student body as a whole are active members of the church.

Dr. Burkhardt wins such hard-to-get parishioners with his regular-guy sincerity and his easy scorn of cant or ecclesiastical primness. Once, when a high-school audience began to settle back in boredom at being addressed by a pastor, he told them the story of the girl who called her boy friend "Pilgrim" because every time he came over he made progress. The principal never asked him back, but the audience listened hard after that.

Last winter, a group of high-school and college students who had banded together for informal bull sessions at the church decided to form a "prayer-cell." One discipline to which they bound themselves was to ask a stranger each day, "Do you believe in prayer?" One night when Pastor Burkhardt was eating alone in a restaurant, he fell into conversation with the waitress and suddenly sprang his day's query on prayer. "Well, big boy," she said, visibly shaken, "I must say that's the most unusual approach I've ever heard!"

Clinics & Cars. Roy Burkhardt's candor and his readiness to use clinical and psychiatric techniques in his church work have often shocked conservatives. He has been branded a cheap sensationalist for his birth-control discussions, marriage clinics and seminars on sex adjustment problems. But his methods seem to work. Out of the nearly 1,000 marriages he has performed during the past twelve years, only nine have ended in divorce.

In addition to marriage counseling, Dr. Burkhardt has set up regular clinical sessions for parents (according to their children's ages), and for adolescents with personality problems. Church members are proud of the fact that of 634 of their boys in the armed forces not one was discharged for psychoneurotic reasons. Said Psychiatrist Karl Menninger after studying the mental hygiene setup of Dr. Burkhardt's church: "It is the most constructive and comprehensive program I have seen carried out anywhere in America."

Grateful parishioners often send him presents—sometimes even new cars. Once, when given a Chris-Craft speedboat, he decided that it was too far above his station and sold it to buy an outboard, turning the extra money into church work.

Daily Directives. Hard-driving, 51-year-old Roy Burkhardt gets his directive for each day's work in an hour of meditation right after breakfast each morning. During this hour he ruminates upon "who I am, why I'm here and where I'm going." Then he begins a round of activity so strenuous that he often breaks off for a half hour's nap. While he was on a recent trip to New York City, the janitor of Manhattan's Riverside Church was amazed to come upon him stretched out,



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on Roy Burkhart

(B)

Look What the Church is Doing Now!

By HARTZELL SPENCE

The remarkable story of how, in Columbus, Ohio, the former members of 32 Protestant denominations joined forces to create a community church. They paid off a \$146,000 mortgage, became the unwitting pioneers of a new religious movement.

WHEN the members of First Community Church in Columbus, Ohio, hired Roy Abram Burkhart as their minister, they had no idea that they were starting a religious movement. They just knew what they wanted for themselves, which was for all the Protestants in their suburb to get together under one roof, merge their financial, physical and spiritual forces, and devote their united strength to working for a better community. They believed that one vigorous church might do more good than many smaller and financially weaker congregations. Burkhart proved to be even more than they sought, for in thirteen years he has developed their concept into a spectacular program, and in addition has made their edifice the headquarters for a new National Council of Community Churches. The council serves 1250 churches in the United States which have adopted the community-service pattern. It has also aroused some controversy.

The spread of the basic idea is highly gratifying to the Columbus churchgoers, particularly since, before Burkhart's arrival, they had spent fifteen years and amassed \$146,000 in debts attempting to make nondenominationalism successful. They had tried

a preacher, had never occupied a pulpit, had never studied at a theological seminary and who at one time had been so disillusioned about organized religion that he had not attended any church for more than three years. This man was Roy Burkhart.

Today First Community Church includes 5000 of the 15,000 residents of the three villages and, more significantly, 96 per cent of the high-school students. The church is beyond doubt the center of community life.

Local success would have satisfied Burkhart's members. They were inclined to assume that their church flourished in unusual soil, since in these villages there are only two other Protestant communions, both small, and one Roman Catholic church. But since Burkhart has proved to them that their system may be transplanted to other communities, they have generated a missionary zeal to spread the idea far and wide, and they look upon their pastor as a prophet of something new in Protestantism.

Burkhart neither looks nor acts much like a prophet. His is not a high-powered inspirational personality. By training and inclination he is a teacher, not a preacher, and his methods are grounded in educational techniques. With scientific tests he de-

This scholarly manner has assisted Burkhart in persuading official Columbus to accept the integration of community and church life. The acceptance is now complete, with the result that schools, courts, police and social agencies work hand in hand with Burkhart. All juvenile cases in the three villages are automatically paroled to him by the Franklin County Juvenile Court. His parishioners work throughout the city with the Court of Domestic Relations in guiding unmarried mothers, patching up broken homes and helping out in juvenile-delinquency cases. An emergency squad established by him helps social cases until welfare-agency machinery can be mobilized.

His psychiatric-counseling ministry operates city-wide, with organizations and physicians, on such personal problems as vocational guidance, parent-child difficulties and employment maladjustments. He helped to organize the present Franklin County Council of Churches. He encouraged his laymen to establish a church-labor forum and a church-management council which are credited with mitigating labor-management frictions. At the urging of County Juvenile Court Judge Clayton W. Rose, Burkhart induced his church to establish a settlement house in Columbus' Mound Street slum, a dis-

hard to convince the three Columbus suburban villages of Upper Arlington, Grandview Heights and Marble Cliff that a single Protestant organization unhampered by rival creeds and observances might serve the community as importantly as did the public-school system. But they had never been able to find a minister who could forget completely that he was a Congregationalist, Methodist or Presbyterian. So, in quest of a pastor who could make community service a living religion, they employed an educator-psychologist who had never before been

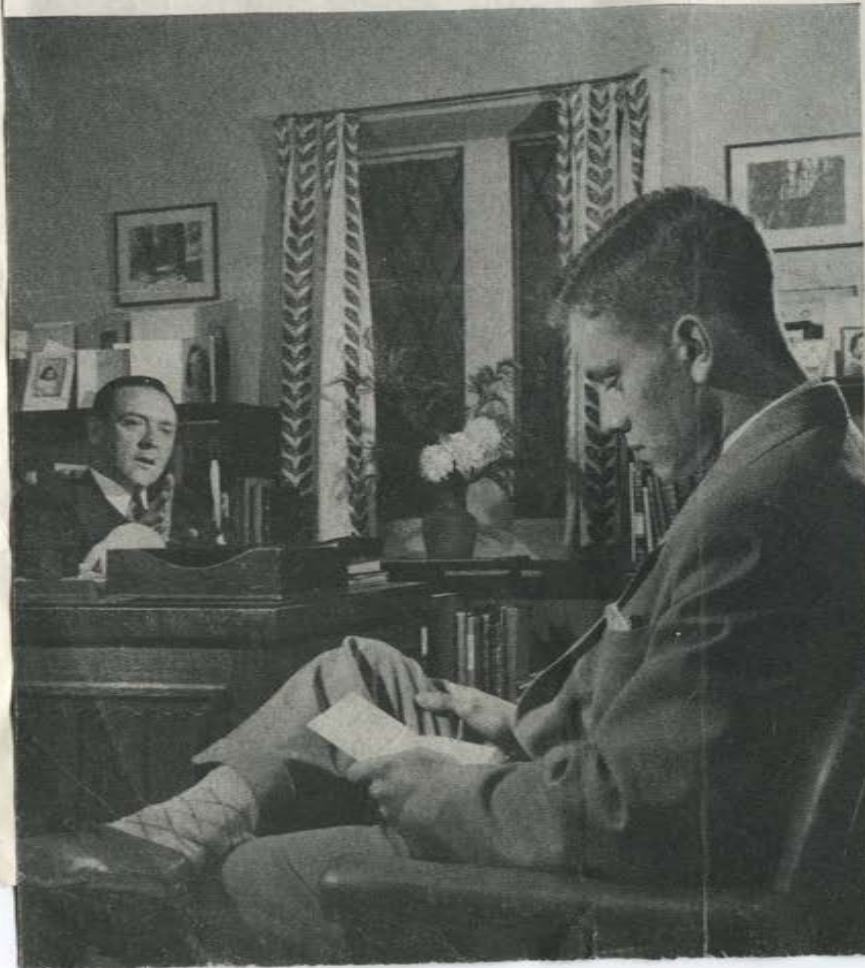
termines the need translates into action through a vigorous organization. At fifty-three, he is a husky 185 pounds on a nearly six-foot frame, but he is not dynamic. He moves deliberately, as though consciously conserving his strength. He speaks quietly and slowly, without oratorical flourishes, both in conversation and in the pulpit, leaving the feeling that his every utterance is the product of a pretested conclusion.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DOMINIS

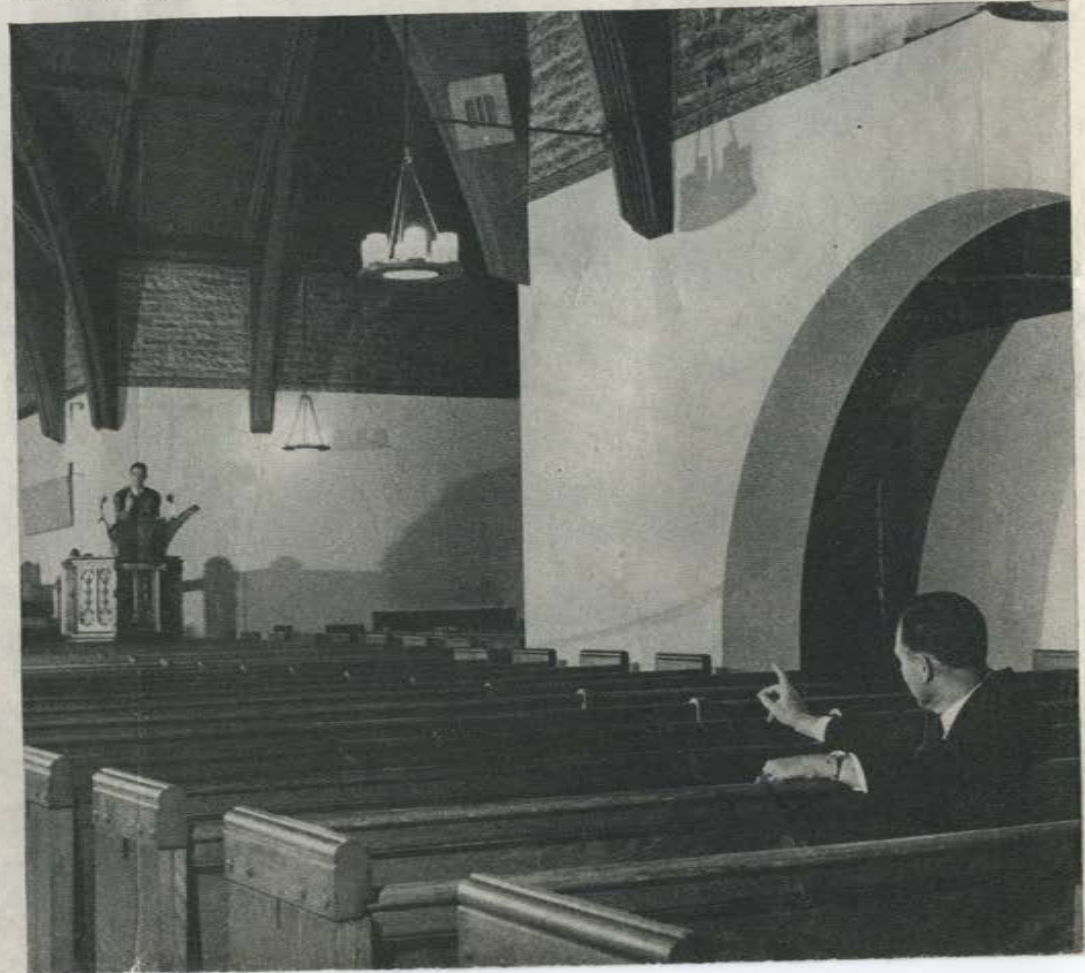
strict far removed from the tri-villages, and knocked down the delinquency rate there from 90 per cent to 18 per cent of the county total in ten years.

For their own suburb, First Community Church members sponsor a little-theater movement, a village male chorus, an annual variety show with a cast of 300 persons, and operate the town preschool and kindergarten. Before the erection of a commercial motion-picture house they showed movies, and their circulating library grew into a public institution.

Dr. Roy Burkhardt helps a young member of the First Community Church with a problem. Nine hundred teen-agers follow his guidance.



Ray Fenner practices a sermon and gets tips from Doctor Burkhardt. A theological student, Ray was licensed by the church to deliver sermons to the congregation.



Outcast of the Mountains

By WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON

He hugged the ground and waited for a second shot. An unseen marksman had him in his sights.

BACK in the spring, when we turned off Chipperfield Road in Lew Lutz's battered pickup and entered the winding woods lane that leads by my lower meadow, the first raw hint of the character of the hills to confront me was a deerskin still slimy with blood that had been flung arrogantly over the snake-rail fence.

"Someone's been gettin' himself fresh meat," observed Lew casually.

"Poaching?"

"Well," he said in his wheedling drawl, "around this time of year a man gets a taste for meat. It's them boogers from town with their jack lights makes me mad. Would you believe it," he added as if awed at his own revelation, "they tell me them fellers get a hundred dollars apiece from the big hotels—buck or doe, it don't make no difference. Wouldn't you say they was gangsters?"

I was bringing my family to the hills for the peacefulness of simple living, and the implication in this suggestion was a shock. I said with some heat what I thought about poaching.

"Oh, well," observed Lew, with eyes on the road, "I wouldn't be too concerned. You can't stop them

fellers and they can be all-fired mean. A man over in Paradise threatened them, and I do believe they was who burned his barn down."

This was a time, I thought wildly, to make character; so I said flatly that if I caught anyone attempting arson, I'd put a slug in him. Lew's look of perpetual worryment deepened; his lips pinched and he shrank a bit. "I hain't agoin' to get messed into it at all. Only, if I was you I'd make sure. It could be McNeill just aprowlin'."

"McNeill prowling?"

Lew pointed vaguely with his chin, still keeping his eyes on the road. "Neighbor. Lives back on the mountain, the other side of your place."

"Well, what about him?"

"Look, now, it ain't nothin' at all," protested Lew as if irritated. "Just leave him be."

This was sufficient hint; so it was a long time before I made any attempt to approach McNeill. But after the family had settled and we were beginning to enjoy the place, I got another slant on poaching from the good farmer's wife who came in days to

help my wife with the children. She was garrulous and full of bounce.

One bright summer morning she greeted us with the brisk announcement, "George saw a buck this morning just across from the spring. Oh, he was so red and purty! Fat as butter!" A gleam came into her eyes. "I've just got a mouth for meat. Don't be surprised if you find a piece inside your door some morning . . . and don't ask no questions!"

By this time I had a mouth for mountain meat myself. I had said nothing more about poaching after my reckless statement to Lew Lutz, and, in fact, it no longer bothered me. We were kept so busy through the summer getting adjusted to the place and our more congenial neighbors that it passed out of mind.

I'm telling this as background, because it didn't begin to have significance until the afternoon the bus returned with my daughter Virginia after her first day in consolidated school. Her brother Bruce, who had a new bicycle, scorned the bus.

"Oh, daddy," exclaimed Virginia, staring at me with wide, dazzled eyes, "they're the most awful kids I ever saw!"

(Continued on Page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN RILEY

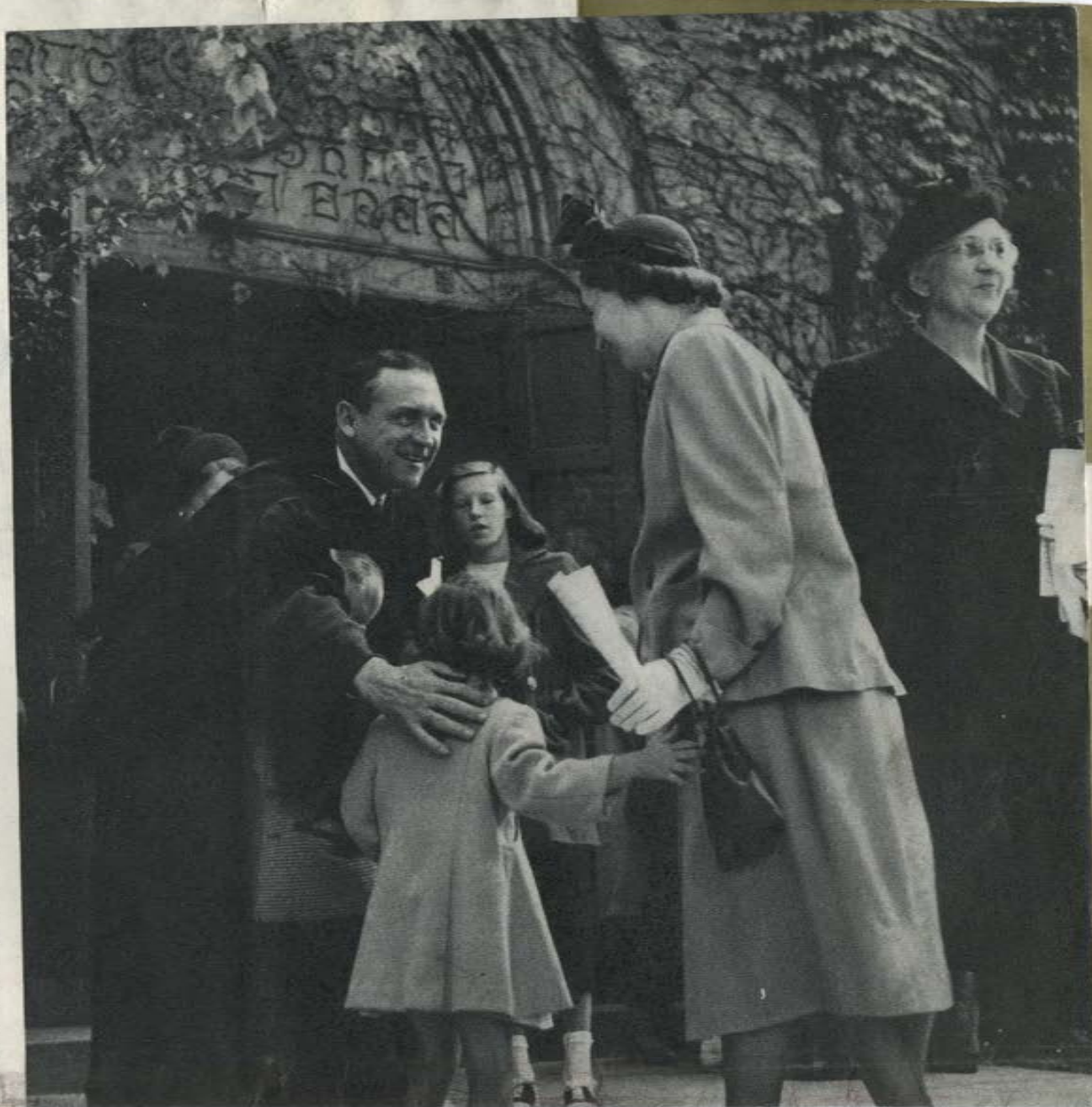


The church parlors house such varied activities as Alcoholics Anonymous, a lecture series, a public-affairs forum, several social-action groups, and the Friends Service Committee. The kitchen, staffed by two full-time cooks, serves 40,000 plates a year at community and church luncheons and dinners.

A good index of the church's prestige is the increase in real-estate values near it. When Burkhart moved to Columbus, the heights between the Olentangy and Scioto rivers which circumscribe the tri-village area were derogatorily referred to as "Mortgage Hill," not the least notorious of the encumbrances being \$140,000 on the church itself. Now the community has changed into a highly desirable residential district. Land values are highest within walking distance of the church. This is due to the fact that young people, most of whom walk, have made the church their activity center. The public schools schedule no meetings on Wednesday evening, because that is midweek youth night at the church.

The former members of thirty-two Protestant denominations and hundreds of persons who were never members of any communion all work together harmoniously. No doctrinal conflicts are evident. Nowhere are the members limited by higher ecclesiastical authority, nowhere checked by forms of worship or of creed or ritual. Burkhart will, for example, baptize by sprinkling, by laying on of hands or by total immersion; he will administer the Lord's Supper as a sacrament, an ordinance or as a spiritual communion in the Quaker manner. The form of worship is held to be unimportant. The church's object is to see that every individual gets the greatest happiness from his own life and that he makes the strongest contribution to his community and to Christian living that his resources permit.

The congregation's tremendous debt has long since been paid, and its present credit is unimpeachable. A \$550,000 building expansion has been blue-printed, adding to existing facilities worth \$260,000. An organization which on the arrival of Burkhart had one underpaid secretary now has twenty-one



full-time employees, and for the fiscal year 1946-47 is operating on a budget of \$118,773. That figure sounds high, but actually the per-capita cost is less than twenty-five dollars for the 3700 members and 1300 children involved. Five Sunday-morning services, three for adults and two for youth, are required to accommodate the worshipers.

"Most preachers," says Dr. Clark P. Pritchett, a prominent Columbus physician, "preach to congregations; Roy Burkhart ministers to individuals." This is the core of

(Continued on Page 72)

"As goes the family, so goes the individual and our way of life." Of the 1100 marriages performed by Burkhart, shown making a call, only 9 have ended in divorce.



Five Sunday-morning services are held to accommodate the worshipers—three for adults, two for young people. The congregation includes 96 per cent of the high-school students in the area it serves.

Doctor Burkhart attends a rehearsal of the church-sponsored little-theater movement. There is also a male chorus and a variety show.





This Philadelphia-minted ten-dollar piece contained \$10.25 worth of gold. Value today: \$1000.



Only eighty of these 1858 silver dollars were struck

Want \$3750 for a Nickel?

By WILFRED WEISS

The dean of American numismatics, B. Max Mehl, of Fort Worth, Texas, has spent nearly fifty years in the odd—and often exciting—business of buying and selling coins for sums that would have flabbergasted the men who originally minted them.

LAST year the King of Egypt, who owns one of the world's most valuable coin collections, decided to sell part of it. Because of his eminence and the value of the coins, any dealer in New York, London or Paris would have been flattered to receive the commission. The king's choice, however, was a dealer in Fort Worth, Texas.

His choice of B. Max Mehl might surprise you. But if it happens that you are a coin collector, you would know that some of the most valuable and important collections in the last forty-eight years have been sold through Mehl's office deep in the heart of Texas. Mehl's position in the world of numismatics is particularly provocative when you consider that while most big dealers boast of the number of collectors who attend their auctions, Mehl allows no personal attendance. All bids must be by mail. That

confidence in his position in the world of numismatics. Most dealers worry at times about counterfeit coins. Mehl declares unequivocally, "Nothing can be successfully counterfeited. It is purely a matter of knowledge. I have never been taken in by any counterfeit."

When I repeated that to one of the large dealers in New York, he smiled ruefully. "He's probably right. Probably no expert dealer could be taken in by a counterfeit, but most of us worry about it once in a while. But I'll concede that it's likely that Mehl never does."

The air of polite self-assurance has been a Mehl characteristic ever since he started in the business by accident in 1900, when he was sixteen years old. He had been buying coins for several years, with whatever money he could spare out of his wages from

oil, in Philadelphia. One will now bring about \$200.



At top, first money minted in California from gold dust. Below it is a rare 1863 gold coin worth \$1250.

The 1836 Flying Eagle dollar was the first silver dollar minted in 30 years, is worth up to \$200.



raises a question which can be answered by the mass of letters he has received from clients who seem to feel that they must explain why they chose him to sell their coins. A recent typical letter was from Mr. Fred Olsen, research director of the Western Cartridge Company, of East Alton, Illinois, for whom Mehl sold \$37,500 worth of coins:

... Some of my friends asked me why I had entrusted this collection to a dealer in Fort Worth, instead of going to one of the Eastern cities where an open-floor auction might have drawn additional spirited bidding. I explained to them there were two reasons for my course of action. One was that I had made a very careful study of auction results of the leading numismatic dealers throughout the country, and had convinced myself that better prices were secured in your sales. Secondly, my personal contacts with you had developed a feeling of complete confidence in your integrity and competence.

Mehl not only refuses to accept any but mail bids on his auctions, he usually side-steps any on-the-premises business. There was the Baltimore banker who flew to Fort Worth some time ago. Mehl entertained him royally—lunch at the Exchange Club, golf at the Colonial Country Club, a motor tour to observe the wonders of Central Texas. They had many enjoyable hours discussing numismatics. But every time the banker remarked that he had come to Fort Worth to buy an 1804 silver dollar priced at \$10,500, Mehl dismissed the subject with the suggestion, "Write to me when you get home."

When I asked him why he had refused to sell the banker what he wanted, Mehl replied, "Oh, I didn't refuse to sell it to him. It's just that you can't do business with people when they come to see you. I wasn't sure he really wanted to buy it. . . . They really want to talk more than they want to buy. When they buy coins from me, I want to be sure they do so without any feeling of obligation."

The Monday morning that the banker returned to Baltimore he sent Mehl an order for the silver dollar and several other items they had discussed, for a total of slightly more than \$30,000.

B. Max Mehl has an inch or two over five feet of physical height and well over six feet of supreme

That year, when he went to work full time, he decided that his collection had spread too broadly. To continue on that scale, he thought, would impair his financial capacity to operate. He advertised part of his collection for sale.

The best letter he received in response to his advertisement was not an offer to buy, but to sell a collection involving a series of fifty-dollar gold pieces, among other items. Unable to finance such a transaction any other way, Mehl wrote to the collector in Denver requesting permission to circularize the items and sell them on commission. The first order from the circular was for \$350 worth of coins. Mehl wrote to the owner of the collection asking him to send the ordered coins to the buyer, and forward his broker's commission. Instead, the owner sent the coins to Mehl and told him to handle it entirely, though he had no credit or any other reference on Mehl.

From that fortuitous push into professional numismatics, Mehl made himself one of the two or three biggest dealers—at times the biggest in the country, and unquestionably the most widely known—by dramatic and spectacular means. He was the first big advertiser in the business. He claims to have been the first person to spend \$20,000 for a full-page advertisement in a syndicated newspaper supplement. For many of the years between the mid-1920's and the end-1930's he spent \$100,000 a year on advertising, and for that period totaled about \$1,000,000 for newspaper and magazine space. Today his budget of about \$25,000 a year is among the largest in the business.

The response to Mehl's promotions has brought him one of the biggest annual volumes of mail passing through the Fort Worth post office—an average of 200,000 letters a year. In his peak year, 1935, he received 1,250,000 queries. His sale of the Stickney 1804 silver dollar—named for the owner of the collection—for \$10,500 marked the highest price ever paid for a silver coin. His total of \$220,000 for the Waldo Newcomer collection in 1933 is probably the biggest price ever achieved for a single collection.

LOOK WHAT THE CHURCH IS DOING NOW!

(Continued from Page 31)

First Community Church's success. Every member is a "beloved individual" whose physical, psychological and spiritual needs are looked out for. Care is taken that in a congregation so large no one is forgotten.

Burkhart believes that the greatest peril in civilization is the loneliness of the individual in urban society. "We rub elbows with many people," he points out, "but hearts with very few." This, he argues, leads to too much introspection, a seed of psychoneurosis. To prevent loneliness, Burkhart supercharges his ministry with friendship, surrounding his members with group associations at birth and following every step of their development.

In First Community Church everyone is enrolled in group projects which change as often as conditions warrant. How this operates may best be illustrated by a composite picture of a hypothetical child and the church activity surrounding him, using actual incidents that have happened, but not all of them to the same family. Let's call this composite child Jimmy.

Before Jimmy's prospective parents were married, Burkhart counseled them for six months on the obligations of matrimony. He gave each the Leland Stanford personality-inventory test prepared by Prof. Robert G. Bernreuter, made a graph of the couple's likes and dislikes and temperaments, then another graph showing each personality in relation to the other. Together the bridal couple and Burkhart studied the pitfalls the young couple

day Burkhart took him to lunch. Over the ice cream Jimmy revealed that his parents were hurting each other with angry words. Jimmy was frightened. He was confused, too; his school seemed to be pulling him into study and recreation, but his mother made him practice on the violin all the time.

The violin was the key. Mamma thought Jimmy was a prodigy; papa thought violin players were sissies. Jimmy was in the middle. After a family council, Burkhart took the parents to school for a discussion with Jimmy's teacher and principal. "You'll have to make up your minds," the pastor said finally, "whether Jimmy is to be a normal boy or a genius. If the latter, take him out of school; if the former, let the school have him."

An audition was arranged with a professor of music at Ohio State University, who said bluntly that Jimmy was no prodigy. So the boy abandoned the violin, and the squabbling at home ended too. The church kept a sharp eye on the parents, however, enrolling them in a course in mental hygiene, where they studied compatibility.

When Jimmy was fourteen, he joined the church, the climax of two years of preparatory religious training. On this occasion he was given a one-eighth-inch square of burl wood, an excrescence that was found on a California redwood, a tree which was in existence during the time of Christ. Jimmy was given a secret about the block of wood, which he promised never to tell to anyone. But he agreed that he would try to live such a life that the secret would be apparent to everyone through his actions.

When Jimmy entered high school, the church gave him a Bernreuter social-aperture test and found him

braced a study of the community, including field trips to industrial plants, a labor meeting, a settlement house and the state penitentiary. In the eighth grade the church had set him on an inquiry into brotherhood, had shown him movies of all the peoples of the world. He visited a synagogue that year, went to Mass in a Catholic church and invited an Ohio State University student from China to dinner. In the tenth grade he studied his own personality, taking the Washburne social-adjustment-inventory test, and set up long-range goals for himself, relating his own ideas and ideals to all humanity. In the eleventh grade his church-directed studies involved the social agencies, labor and management and other forces at work in his community. By now he was a deacon in the junior church and a regular summer camper. As a high-school junior, Jimmy began to think about his lifework, and here the church watched him carefully, emphasizing that the wrong choice would affect all his adult life.

When he was a high-school senior, the church gave Jimmy another Bernreuter test, to see how he had developed in four years. He was in pretty good shape. Then the church began to hit him hard with impacts which caused him to think. Every Sunday evening for an hour he listened to talks by people who tried to break his faith. One fellow came in and said flatly that religion was a lot of emotional abracadabra. Another proved to him that science had discovered no basis either for the existence of God or of a future life. Another talked one night on Buddhism as a code of life, and seemed to Jimmy to prove his point. Jimmy became emotionally involved with a girl about this time, and in many ways

he seemed to let his standards down.

Burkhart. When he walked into his pastor's office he took from his pocket the little block of burl wood. "I want you to keep this awhile," he said. "I'm not sure any more."

Burkhart took the block, and Jimmy explained the causes of his indecision. Burkhart agreed with him that under the circumstances Jimmy was right in surrendering his block of wood. The next day Jimmy was shaken still further. Passing a drugstore, he saw Burkhart having a soda with the girl, and he didn't think she was the kind of girl the minister ought to be with.

Then one night Burkhart spoke to the high-school seniors, and the talk helped to clear up Jimmy's troubles. The girl, the scientist, the Buddhist and the agnostic all fell into their proper places in his mind. The pastor said that Jimmy's knowledge must be broad enough, his faith strong enough, his understanding deep enough to withstand all cynical impacts, because at college Jimmy would encounter many challenges to his convictions, of which these were only a sample. Jimmy felt all right again. After the meeting he asked Burkhart for his block of wood and was surprised to discover that Burkhart had it right there in his pocket.

Jimmy went to college understanding himself better, sure in the selection of his lifework and fortified against any odd doctrines he might encounter. He also felt that he knew more about girls.

The First Community Church program has required thousands of hours of personal counseling. At first Burkhart undertook the task alone. But the demands became so heavy that he began to train his parishioners for the work. The paid personnel complement rather than replace the lay activity. Today all the 1300 children, the 900 teen-agers, virtually all the women and

might meet, and how to forestall them to give them an adjusted home life.

After the wedding, the bride and groom attended a newlyweds' study club and later a prenatal clinic. When the baby was born, the mother's first visitor was a representative of the church. The new parents then were enrolled in a group of ten couples, all of whom had babies, so they might compare their child problems with those of others of like age.

When Jimmy was three, he entered the church's preschool after a year of Sunday school. At five, he moved on to the kindergarten. By now his parents were in a clinic on the problems of the five-year-old, and one day the kindergarten instructor asked Jimmy's folks if they had any idea why Jimmy was so timid. He would not even hop over an obstacle six inches high or chin himself on the playground equipment.

Jimmy's father admitted that he himself might be at fault. An insurance-claims adjuster by profession, he was so conscious of household accidents that perhaps he was being too cautious with Jimmy. Within a month the boy's personality block was gone, so the church took him on an overnight hike with twenty others of his age. He cried for his mother a little, but otherwise had a fine time.

At seven, Jimmy began to go to public school, at which time his religious education also was accelerated. He joined the choir in his junior church. For two weeks in summer he attended a daily school of religious education, and went to camp for a week.

Jimmy developed normally until he was in the fifth grade in school. Then something happened. At first he seemed slow in arithmetic, so, on the recommendation of his teacher, the church tutored him. He did not respond. One

quite normal. He was aware of his own was and why he existed. In the seventh grade, his religious education had em-

Finally Jimmy couldn't stand any more. He made an appointment with



The Perfect Squelch

WHEN Larry Adler, who is as well known in harmonica-playing circles as Borrah Minevitch, made a guest appearance on a CBS program, he complained because the script held no plug for his own recordings. Columbia officials quickly explained why this was not permitted: the close tie-up between the network and Columbia records.

Apparently pacified, Larry started his program. But just

before playing his first encore he slipped in the forbidden plug. "If you like my playing of this number," he told his listeners, "it is available on Decca records."

The announcer could do nothing until the number ended. Then, talking into the microphone, but grinning at Adler, he said, "Thank you very much, Borrah Minevitch."

—STEPHEN BATES.

The Post cannot acknowledge or return anecdote submissions. Accepted material will be paid for within about a month of its receipt.

70 per cent of the men work at helping one another and in doing community social work. Widows counsel new widows. Parents help parents. Boys and girls co-operate with the juvenile court and public-school administrators. Teen-age boys are detailed to have dates with shy girls; girls are recruited to give recognition to bashful lads. Intimate groups of ten to fifteen men gather once a month to help one another find a convincing prayer life.

Burkhart calls this co-operation "reciprocal ministry," and its heart is a group of sixty-three deacons, each of whom has a geographical area within which he must call on all church members regularly. Under these deacons are 300 parish callers, whose job it is to know who is ill or in want, and to help members through crises.

Burkhart admires find the results of his system impressive. They cite the facts that among 646 men from the church in the armed services during the recent war, there was no instance of a mental breakdown; of 1100 marriages performed by Burkhart in thirteen years, only nine have ended in divorce; in the past two years there has not been a single case of involuntional melancholia in the adult congregation. Dr. Karl Menninger, the psychiatrist, after studying the operations, wrote: "The inspiring Community Church in Columbus is providing the best example of organized mental hygiene that I know of or have ever seen."

Burkhart has a strong appeal for young people. With them he is frank and casual. He has a way of drawing them out and getting them to express thoughts usually locked away from the adult world. Once he was invited to a near-by town to help the schools de-

(Continued on Page 74)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The **FRAZER** *Manhattan*

...for those who want the finest!



In two years this outstanding
motor car achievement has won
overwhelming acceptance. Its fame

is international! Not only for its low-slung, lovely-appearance and its power-packed performance, but for the opportunity it affords to express *your* personality! Its stylists offer you *twice as many*

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"THE PRIDE OF WILLOW RUN"

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low and lovely—packed with power—
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"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"

**Do you look
like this**



or this to her?



You'll make a hit with your secretary, if you supply her with MultiKopy Micrometric Carbon Paper. Right away she'll turn out

(Continued from Page 72)

velop a wholesome teen-age social program. His first question to school officials was, "What do the pupils want themselves?" No one knew. Burkhart went into the school assembly and asked questions, but the students remained silent. Sensing the reason behind their reluctance, he locked out the assembled schoolteachers and dignitaries. A half hour later he knew what was needed.

Burkhart is strong for summer camps. The youngsters begin their camping experience with an overnight hike at the kindergarten level—"to untie the apron strings"—and work up gradually to extended periods. The church owns and operates a 200-acre camp in the Hocking Valley, an hour's drive from Columbus, and in addition utilizes city and state parks for picnics and outings.

For the religious training of youth, Burkhart has unusual facilities. When the new church was built, the old one was left standing. Today it is the youth chapel. Here the smaller children assemble at 9:30 A.M. on Sunday for worship modeled after an adult service. At eleven A.M. the junior-high-school group comes. These churches in miniature have their own pastor, trustees, deacons, ushers, choir, organist, community and world obligations . . . and budgets.

Burkhart's informality, which has so won the children, has also impressed the adults. Laymen like to tell the story about one scorching Sunday last summer when Burkhart paused in the middle of his sermon and, asking, "Did you ever try to pitch hay with a coat on?" removed his coat and concluded the service in his shirt sleeves.

The usual problems with which a minister lives from day to day are un-

up a publishing company of its own. But even this was not enough, and finally the laymen faced the fact that from their edifice had emerged a movement. They added thousands of dollars to their budget for evangelistic enterprise and became conscious promulgators of their own form of non-sectarian faith. A twice-yearly clinic for ministers was set up. This school now has hundreds of alumni who get a monthly bulletin to keep them abreast of new developments.

The inevitable result of such growth was the founding, in 1946, of the National Council of Community Churches, which is still propelled financially by First Community Church and directed by Burkhart. As new member churches join up, the members of First Community Church are elated, for they feel that the nondenominationalism they exemplify, aimed at community betterment and personal happiness, can revitalize Protestant Christianity. However, some pastors of denominational churches in Columbus are not so enthusiastic. Dr. Don Timmerman, secretary of the Franklin County Council of Churches, himself an admirer of Burkhart's work, says that many Protestant ministers in the city feel the Com-

monite but a member of the United Brethren Church. For marrying outside his own denomination, Burkhart lost his membership in it.

After the first World War, in which Burkhart was overseas for eighteen months with the 2nd Division, he attended no church until his two children enrolled in the Sunday school of his wife's denomination. Then, believing that families should be united in all things, he joined the United Brethren. By then he had been graduated from normal school and was principal of the high school in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. Moving to Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania, he was for two years superintendent of South Middleton Vocational School, and then, because of his success as a Sunday-school superintendent, he became national youth director for the United Brethren Church and, in 1927, joined the staff of the International Council of Religious Education.

He took a doctor of philosophy degree in psychology at the University of Chicago. He was ordained a minister in the Congregational-Christian Church, but merely as an aid to his youth work; he had no idea of becoming a preacher. In the summer of 1935, at an interdenominational summer camp, Burkhart expounded his belief that the shades of doctrine among the Protestant churches were unimportant to spiritual growth. Among his listeners were five young people from Columbus. They carried Burkhart's philosophy home, and the First Community Church was impressed. Burkhart accepted an invitation to become its pastor in December of that year.

In so highly geared a church organization the pastor's wife is not conspicuous. Mrs. Burkhart participates in many of the church organizations



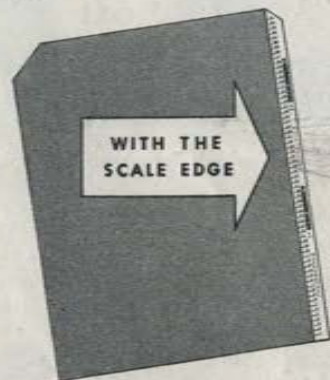
FROM A STEEPLE AT MIDNIGHT

From the dark-browed winter
night
The great bells snatch the
splintered light
Of frosty stars, and hurl it down
In twelve bold strokes across the

faster, neater work. She'll also go for the numbered scale on every sheet. It shows her — at a glance — how to space letters evenly. No more retyping for proper spacing.

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WEBSTER'S
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known to Burkhart. Financially, his trustees shower him with abundance, giving him a \$9000 salary plus a pleasant house, a \$1000 entertainment fund and an automobile on which all expense and upkeep are paid. For his church program they are equally liberal. There are no jealousies induced by lack of recognition, since every member already is working harder than ever he anticipated. With a large, well-paid staff, Burkhart does no detail work of any kind. The church has a full-time business manager, the graduate of a law school, who keeps the wheels turning with efficiency. A church secretary bucks routine to its proper slot in the highly geared organization without even consulting Burkhart.

This freedom from petty disturbance has enabled Burkhart to advance the community-church concept nationally. In the course of listening to the questions of visiting delegations for a few years, Burkhart wrote five books about his work. These provoked inquiries from readers, who were invited to come to Columbus and see what was going on. Burkhart then organized demonstration teams among his members to illustrate the church's many facets. By 1936 it was a rare week in which visiting pastors and laymen weren't around, studying First Community Church. Some of them, charged with enthusiasm, introduced elements of community service into their own parishes. As complications arose, they would consult Burkhart. He was almost overwhelmed by this kind of thing.

The church moved in enthusiastically to encourage this evangelism, employing two assistants whose only duties were to further the missionary effort. One of these became a fieldman, the other a secretary. So many pamphlets were printed that the church set

town.
 —ELEANOR HALBROOK ZIMMERMAN.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

munity Church movement is not non-denominational, but is, in effect, creating a new denomination, thus complicating rather than simplifying the denominational problem of Protestant Christians. Doctor Timmerman admits also that many clergymen flatly disapprove and that several are shocked by some facets of Burkhart's psychiatric counseling, which they feel belong in the medical, rather than the religious, domain. Dr. Benjamin L. Duval, pastor of a Methodist church a half mile from Burkhart's edifice, sees nothing nondenominational in First Community Church. "They have, in fact, a new denomination," he says, "and Doctor Burkhart's members often try to persuade my people to join them." Doctor Duval concedes that First Community Church eclipses his own in community prestige, but, he says, "the methods Doctor Burkhart employs might be employed with equal effectiveness by any Protestant church which has a hundred thousand dollars a year to spend."

Burkhart's early life reveals no motivation for his present career. He was born on August 28, 1895, into a Mennonite farm family near Newville, Pennsylvania. Here he learned his first lesson in what he calls the limits of denominationalism—a lesson that drove him clear out of the church for three years. In the spring of 1917, as a normal-school student, he fell in love with a girl named Hazel Shover. She lived in a neighboring village, and he met her on a blind date. For the next three months he burned up the road nightly between her house and his. She was not a Men-

but not in a leadership role. At a church dinner she will be helping the kitchen staff. Yet she is her husband's major consultant, and on Sunday mornings she stands at the sanctuary door with her husband to shake hands with parishioners after the service, tacitly emphasizing that she is at her husband's side.

Burkhart's vigorous schedule, including hundreds of personal counseling interviews, extends from seven in the morning to midnight, but he does not suffer from lack of rest. He is always relaxed, and has learned the trick of cat-napping. Between appointments he sleeps. He has a lecture on the art of relaxation. Scheduled once to deliver it at New York's staid Riverside Church, he could not be located by the chairman. He was finally found napping across a couple of chairs in a little room off the vestibule.

Much as he believes in relaxation, he is a devotee of work as a preventive therapy against mental illness. He tells prospective new members, "If you are looking for scholarly sermons, go elsewhere, but if you want to join a group of people all working together toward the same end, and are willing to work hard with us, then this is it."

His members work hard. They are sold on Burkhart's often-repeated thesis: "The church is the only institution that serves the individual throughout his lifetime. It guides the parents, provides the child with preschool spiritual experiences and gives him continuous guidance through all the choices and stages of life. It is the only institution that educationally deals with the individual as a member of a family. As goes the family, so goes the individual and our way of life."

THE END

"A family on a budget eats better and I can prove it!"

SAID ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"I NEVER ATE A BUDGET," guffawed Elmer, the bull, "so you can't prove it by me."

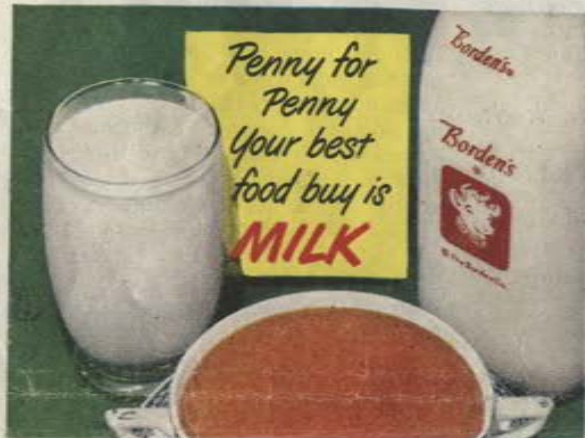
"Of course, you never ate a budget, dear," smiled Elsie, the Borden Cow, "but you've been living on one for years."

"Me?" roared Elmer. "I thought I lived on money—my hard-earned money."

"Of course you do, dear," answered Elsie. "Every year I sit down and figure out where our money must go. Then each week, when you hand me your salary, I divide it into little piles. So much for food, so much for rent, so much for clothes, so much for doctor and dentist, so much—"



"So much fiddle-faddle!" snorted Elmer. "What has



dividing my money into piles got to do with eating better?"



"Well," explained Elsie, "if you know in advance just how much you have to spend on food, you can plan better - balanced meals. And get the most *nourishing* foods for the money you have to spend. For instance, you always plan to get enough

Borden's Milk into the family diet."

"Leave it to you," mimicked Elmer, "to get Borden's Milk into everything."

"Not quite everything," corrected Elsie. "But certainly into soups and sauces and puddings. Milk is

rich in complete protein. And supplies lots of food energy and vital vitamins and important minerals. Penny for penny, your best food buy is milk, you know."

"Okay, milk's okay," bellowed Elmer, "but milk alone doesn't satisfy a he-guy like me!"



"Then," suggested Elsie, "you'll be *doubly* glad to hear about a *pip* of a new Borden Cheese—Borden's Pippin Roll! For you folks who like sharp American cheese with a *bite*, Pippin Roll is deep-down satisfying nutrition at moderate cost!"

"Forget the cost!" ordered Elmer. "Get on with the talk about this *pip*."

"But you can't forget the cost, when you're eating on a budget!" protested Elsie. "However, I will go on—Borden's Pippin Roll is finest American Cheddar



Cheese, aged more than a year. Then ground to make it really smooth and easy to spread."

"Please, Elsie!" said Elmer. "Do you always have to spread it so thick?"

"Not at all, dear," said Elsie. "Borden's Pippin Roll is so rich, so delicious, you can spread it thin on crackers for snacks. And it makes the world's tastiest filling for budget-luncheon sandwiches."

"STOP!" exploded Elmer. "I can't stand any more of this budget talk."

"Then," said Elsie, "why not walk around the store, and look over the displays of all the Borden's wonderful foods that give you high nutrition value for your money? They're good buys—if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"



(E)

Box 24 Cooper Station, New York 5, USA

AF19459294 260-222-1953
7280 Svs. Egn. Rpr. Sq.
APO 30
c/o P.M. New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Brunton:

It was good to receive
your acknowledgement of my previous
letter. It was forwarded by my parents
to my present station with the USAF
in French Morocco - Nouasseur.

In writing I have only
a few questions to ask - questions
from a young man who needs
much more than answers,
but who hopes to make of the answers
helps in that correction.

So far, in my 22 years,
I have seen discipline to be absolutely
necessary in life, by experience and
observation - and, after too much
foolishness, am decided to devote all
my energies to self-discipline at the least
and to self-liberation at the most.

But, what progress may
a man make towards understanding
of life and self-mastery who turns
from a confused natural way of life

Box 34 Cooper Station, New York 3, USA

Dr. Brunton is out of the States, Traverse Elliott.....

but dictated answers to your questions. He has carried your letter with him on his travels along with many other letters since the day it was received, but it was not possible until now to interrupt important work to attend to correspondence.

He is not answering any letters this year as he is preparing a new book. However, if you will keep a list of your questions you will find that many will be answered as you progress with your reading.

Self-liberation does not terminate the deceptions and illusions of the ego. Discipline provides the liberation and is essential on the long path, especially in the earlier and intermediate stages. It is well to use both the Long Path and the Short Path.

Continence is an individual matter, depending on the circumstances. In a general way, continence which is both inwardly mental as well as physical makes the highest possible contribution to spiritual life. If it is merely external, and in continual contradiction to the internal state, it is a detriment.

It is difficult for young men to maintain continence unless one is acquainted with certain facts usually unknown.

You are to be congratulated on starting the Quest so early. It is a great asset.

Dr. Brunton sends you his Peace!

even with determination to a way which makes at its central aim constructive activity and discipline. It certainly appears to be true that the habitual natural outlook clouds the view of inherent duty and increased or makes more evident the deceptions and weaknesses of the ego.

Does self-liberation terminate the deceptions and illusions of the ego — constitute the perfection of discipline?

To what extent does continence contribute to spirituality?

Thank you again, Mr. Brunton, for your attention and for your books which point the way to enlightenment.

Sincerely,

Lawrence Elliott.

for your
It is difficult to maintain continence unless one is acquainted with certain facts usually unknown. Continued on p. 20 only. This is a great asset.

Long path means to make the path shorter & interior. stage

President. Natural man is a false man. Natural man is in harmony with evolution. Natural man is in harmony with the inner world.

Continence is an untrained matter - depends on circumstances. General way, continence which is both inward and outward is not a physical matter but a spiritual one. Continence is a spiritual matter.

Dis. is essential long path

no.

promises are not.

Tullius Gram. sedam no sedam
 . qd att po sedam sedam no sedam att
 sedam sedam sedam - sedam sedam

— que est per individua hinc thersib est
? analogia per interpres est institutio
conventio deob tunc tunc ob

? *ptilanthus* at *strobilatus*
 , *strobilatus* , *strobilatus* *strobilatus*
strobilatus *strobilatus* *strobilatus* *strobilatus*
strobilatus *strobilatus* *strobilatus* *strobilatus*

Bill 3 extract

For the purpose of
 as the nature of the
 direct testimony is
 evidence of facts
 as to the facts
 as to the facts

(Faint handwritten notes in red ink)

[illegible]

2639 Chelsea Drive
Oakland, California

March 14, 1951

Dear Dr. Brunton:

This is a letter of thanks
and of enquiry.

First of all, thank you
Dr. Brunton for your works! whether
by chance or by design, I came
upon "A Search in Secret Egypt"
at an important time in my life;
and the understanding of life evident
in "Quest of the Overself", "Hidden Teachings",
"Wisdom of the Overself", etc., have
directed my life and will, insofar
as my will commands, guide on.

Previously I had discovered
my conscience and happily had found

March 14, 1921

2239 Chelton Drive
Oakland, California

Dear Dr. Brewster:

This is a letter of thanks

and of sympathy.

First of all, thank you

Dr. Brewster for your words! Whether

they came or not, I am

grateful "A book in secret light"

to me in my life; and the understanding of life

in "Quest of the Overself", "Hidden Teaching",

"The Vision of the Overself", etc., have

enriched my life and will, insofar

as they will command, guide me.

Personally I have discovered

my confidence and happily have found

the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.
of course, your thoughts were of
the same spirit as Emerson's,
and I was convinced that
it was truth and good —
and so determined to move
in the right way obviously
indicated.

Since then I have progressed
some, I hope, and for the past
three years have been attending
the Seventh-Day Adventist
Pacific Union College and taking
the chemistry curriculum. At the
college, of course, the Christian
doctrine is wonderfully presented,
and for that there is much reason
to be thankful.

the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson
of course, your thoughts were of
the same spirit as Emerson's,
that he knew how to
— how to write and how to
and he determined to
give you the right
in the right way of
writing.

Since then I have progressed
more, I hope, and for the past
three years have been attending
the General Staff School at
Pacific Union College and taking
the chemistry course. The
college, of course, the Christian
baptism is wonderfully presented,
and for that there is much reason
to be thankful.

And the request is
for council! Here is a person
whose vision is infinitely higher
than attainment and whose thinking
is certainly marred by ignorance.
And all around are the many who
are convinced of materialistic
futility and the few who while
being very far on the road of life
may be influenced in their ministrations
by beliefs incident to environment
or conviction.

Although there is cause
for thanks and indebtedness as
to the printed word, yet a personal
word from one in whom is great
reason for trust would add
realness to the doctrine of the reality
of which I have only read. also,

And the request is

more a demand! There is a person

whose mission is infinitely higher

than attainment and whose thinking

is certainly marked by refinement

And all around are the many who

are convinced of materialistic

utility and the few who while

being new for the road of life

may be influenced in their

life by the influence of the

conscience

Although there is cause

for thanks and indebtedness as

to the printed word, yet a person

who has in him a great

reason for that would

be inclined to the doctrine of the

of which I have only said a few

whereas certainly I do not know
my true condition or possibilities,
you could give a true indication.

Thank you Dr. Brunton for
your attention.

Sincerely,

Traverse R. Elliott

and from as I previously asserted
(utilizing as material with you
would give a true indication
of interest in your work
your attention

Yours truly
Frederic A. Elliott