Memories of
Dr. R. Swinburne Clymer

Memories of Dr. Clymer

by Mrs. A.W. Witt



would like to dwell on World War I. The Witts lived in a beautiful 3 story home in an excellent neighborhood. The War was on and Dr. Clymer plunged in and printed booklets dealing with the problems mankind was heir to. At this time, Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States. He appointed Herbert Hoover as Director of Food and what was necessary for the American people. Hoover was pro-British and sent to England all the nourishing food, such as butter, meat, the whole grains and we Americans were left with the devitalized food. Consequently we were not eating nourishing food. Influenza came about, because, as Dr. Clymer put it, we lacked nourishing food.

Death, death—several died in many families. Dr. Clymer got busy and printed booklets condemning the United States Government for helping England at the expense of our own people. He shipped booklets here to Dr. Witt of Kansas City. A.W. got up at 4:30 am and took a large bundle of booklets under each arm and walked one square block after another and sent Dr. Clymer the money to buy the paper and print the booklets.

At that time, A.W. was a wealthy man and Dr. Clymer was hard pressed for money to keep going. Gertrude Cosgrove (who in later years became his wife) was "his girl Friday" as the saying goes. She kept house. Took care of his patients and was his secretary and received no salary. The students loved her and many useful gifts were sent to her. She wired A.W. as follows, "Urgent! Wire Quakertown $500.00 Western Union at once." A.W. did so at once. In later years when I told Reverend Emerson about this, he said, "Today that would be like $5000.00."

I plunged into War Work, lecturing at PTA meetings. We opened a downtown kitchen, and I taught dietetics and nutrition from Dr. Clymer's first diet book. The slogan from Government officials was "Hooverize"--substitutes for meat, butter, coffee, sugar, etc. The poor housewife could not comprehend it. I trained about 5 women to help me go into the homes recommended by the different welfare agencies to teach these housewives. An interesting point here....

Dr. Mont Clair Carpenter was a dentist and was a good member of our Church and Fraternity. His wife's maiden name was Jean Harlow--yes, the mother of the movie star by that name. Her real name was Harleau Carpenter. Well....Mrs. Carpenter wanted money, finery, glitter, and was not in harmony with her husband, and insisted he drop out of our Work. Dr. Clymer made a special effort on one of his trips here to go down to Dr. Carpenter's office, and tell him not to drop out

night when Dr. A returned from the Post Office, posing such a lie--as Judas did--he hung himself. However, the damage was done, in as much, as Dr. Clymer had to hire expensive lawyers to work with his lawyers of the Great Work. After a year was over, he won his case and no damage--in the long run--was done. At this Convocation there was a lady Medical Doctor from New York City. She had overheard me say to a close friend that when we left Beverly Hall we would go to Richmond HIll, Long Island to visit Mrs. Nagles, my sister. Well, a day after we arrived in Long Island, this lady doctor came to my sister's home asking for Dr. Witt. Well, we were surprised to see her. A.W. escorted her to a private room where he could ascertain why she had called on him. She came right to the point. She could do more for him than Dr. Clymer, if he would become her student. She knew he was a wealthy man, and she was after his money. He escorted her to the front door and said, "If you were a man, I would have given you a swift kick and down the front steps." A.W. called Dr. Clymer and told him about this traitor. Here is a wonderful lesson about Dr. Clymer's character and his method of teaching a student to think for himself. In this way the student will have to judge for himself what action he should pursue toward those students who become traitors and would lie about Dr. Clymer and his Great Work.

Dr. Clymer had little money, so he could not afford to have his lessons mimeographed. Since I was considered a good typist, he gave me a big job. I had to type and of course used carbon paper, so I could make 3 pages at a time. So I was put to work typing private lessons to the students for Dr. Clymer. The students were willing to do all in their power to help Dr. Clymer. And he worked day and night in hot, miserable rooms, never complaining. No air conditioning in those early days.

Dr. Clymer's typewriter was worn out and he needed a new one. And again, no money to purchase same. We were to a Convocation and A.W. took it upon himself to literally pass his hat for donations. The very next day Dr. Clymer went to Allentown and bought a new typewriter. We, the students, owed that to him. Remember, he could have remained in Allentown where he had had a lucrative medical practice. But had he stayed, and taken "the easy way out" as he in later years put it, he would not have become the Fraternity's greatest Grand Master.

Dr. A.W. in his early studentship had his cross to bear. He was born to Russian Jewish parents, came to the United States at the age of 6. Regardless of poverty and hard work in order to study and make his living, he was many times marked for being born a Jew. Even by students in our Fraternity. Yet, he rose to a high degree, being one of the three men in Dr. Clymer's inner sanctum.

Strange though how some of our very good students came into the Great Work. A.W. had an office down town close to the Board of Trade Bldg. He dealt in buying and selling carload lots of flour and cattle feed. His Secretary was Miss Vera Barr, whom he enrolled in the Work. She, in turn, enrolled her two brothers, Clyde and Vern, and her sister, Faye, and a 50 year old man, Mr. K, who having

failed in business started all over again. He had one of the old fashioned rolltop desks, but no office in which to place it, so good natured A.W. gave him office space in his office. One Sunday morning, A.W. was prompted to go to his office for some papers and K. forgot to close his desk. A.W. saw a copy of a letter K. had sent to one of A.W.'s best customers in Kansas. One paragraph stated, and I quote, "When I get rid of this little Jew, I'll take over the business." A.W. was shocked. He called Vera Barr to come to the office to see the letter and to discuss the situation. On Monday morning when K. arrived at the office, he saw Witt and Miss Barr waiting for him. In short he had K's desk moved into the hall. Years later, K's name came up again; he lived next door to Mable Rader and Mable's husband and their family. Rader belonged to the same Lodge as Witt and recommended Witt as a doctor. As soon as K. found out about Mr. Rader going to Witt, he started slandering A.W. Mable Rader, being a real strong character and already installed into the Fraternity, would not listen to the slander against A.W. Her faith in him as to what he taught and as a physician remained stronger than ever. We may meet with many traitors as we go through life. If our faith in our teacher at any time, during our lifetime is strong, nothing will make us drop our studentship. Mable Rader and the Witt family have had close bonds throughout the years.

A.W., after graduating from Columbia Medical College, did not go into practice. He, as well as I, worked for a man in the flour business and he had an office in Kansas City. The man in charge of that office was called to Denver, CO to be with his wife who was confined in a TB hospital in Denver. So the New York City job was offered to A.W. which necessitated his moving to Kansas City. Years went by and he decided to go back to Medical School for two years so he could get a license to practice in Missouri. He became a very knowledgeable doctor, devoted teacher in the Great Work and kept busy until he passed away at 63 after a brief but incurable illness. That is when Dr. Clymer told me to take over and years later I was ordained.

This next story is about a very important lady, a spinster, a brilliant woman and a devoted student—Miss M.F. of Providence, R.I. It was not until she passed away and left all, I do mean all, her possessions to Gertrude Cosgrove Clymer, that Dr. Clymer and his wife finally got to build a home of their own. She was a spirited lady. She was private governess in the home of Governor of Rhode Island for the governor's three children. She, for many years came to the Hall three times a year. Spring Convocations, Easter and Fall Convocations. She was a tiny, plump but highly intelligent lady. If one could visualize Queen Victoria of England, then one would have an exact picture of Miss F. Hair brushed back with a knot in the back. Always wore a black bonnet with black silk ties under her chin and a long black broadcloth cape. It would take her all day to get to Beverly Hall. She had to take the train from Providence to New York. Then train from New York to Philadelphia and last train from Philadelphia to Quakertown, and by cab to Beverly Hall, arriving at 9 pm, hungry and tired. Long before Gertrude married Dr. Clymer and after her marriage, she still waited for Miss F's arrival. Took her to her room and then had her come down to the dining room to get her hot soup,

salad and beverage. She always gave Dr. Clymer a check of $100.00, besides her convocation donation. However, when she passed away, Gertrude was her sole heir, and she left quite an estate--jewels, stocks and bonds, etc.

This is a story about the first Convocation at the newly built first building at the newly established Headquarters, which became known as Beverly Hall. You first have the vision as Dr. Clymer had and you go from there. He had built the first house, which was his home. Then a small chapel. He held his first Convocation there with 5 members. One was Charles Brown of Buffalo and Emil Peterson of Chanute, Kansas. These were the only two I know personally. The session was held for one day. In later years, I was surprised to read that little old financially poor Emil Peterson was one of the men at the very first session, at which Dr. Clymer named Beverly Hall. Years later, I asked Mr. Peterson just how did they manage. The men met in Quakertown and walked over to the Hotel and each one had bought a sandwich for their noon meal and walked the four miles from Quakertown to the Chapel. A well was there for drinking water and across the road, an old school house. The men used its outdoor toilet facilities. By 5 that night, they walked back to Quakertown to get their train to return home. Several years later, at a Convocation, Emil Peterson attended and A.W. and I were there too.

I know each minister has to make a living for his family. It has always been thus. I will now tell you about the Humanitarian Society we started in Kansas City, MO. Dr. A.W. Witt was a very dedicated and advanced student in the Great Work. He was determined that we should have our own building for Church services, lectures, study groups, etc. He was seeking a building that would solve the problem of meeting here, there and everywhere. A three story house in a nice neighborhood. At one end of the block was a beautiful Lutheran Church. At the other end and across the street, a large and popular Catholic Church. We were able to buy the building as far as the owners were concerned, but where would we get the $3000 for a down payment ? We had a few wealthy business men in our group, and he asked three of them to donate a thousand dollars each so we could buy the building. This they did, and each member was asked to pay dues in order to pay utilities, etc.

A.W. and I worked hard to keep the building going. Yes, we had study groups. Twice a month we gave church dinners. The ladies helped me with the cooking, serving and washing the dishes. Several who came to the Study Group in the afternoon and evening sessions bought our books (Clymer) and several became members of the Great Work. After we had our own building, Dr. Clymer stayed upstairs with us, and in A.W.'s downstairs home office he held interviews. Our home was the only one in which Dr. Clymer stayed and enjoyed my effort to cook and serve the food he enjoyed. We also gave book reviews which helped bring in our teachings. We gave teas and always had a book review and brought in our philosophy that way. One year we had Dr. Clymer answer questions based on his books. Then I served angel food cake and tea, Dr. Clymer's favorite cake,

and he joined in and participated in the social hour. I agree with you that study groups are essential. Our leaders could start in a small way and the groups would gradually grow in numbers and some became members of the Great Work.

This story concerns a Mr. D. May his Soul rest in peace. His one terrible habit when he became morbid, depressed, etc. was to go off some place in hiding and get food drunk. When sober, he worked hard, made big money and was a great help to Dr. Clymer in those early years at the Hall. He had a small room on the premises. Once when A.W. and I were at the Hall, Dr. Clymer missed Mr. D. After a few days he asked A.W. to drive with him to Philadelphia because he knew where he would be indulging in sweet foods and then passing out. Sure enough, Dr. Clymer found him stretched out in bed, incoherent, etc. Both he and A.W. took off all of his clothes and put him under the shower until they sobered him up and drove him back to Beverly Hall. They found in his room cake, cookies, candy, pies and what not! He was a loner, but devoted to Dr. Clymer and the Great Work when sober. That was his own cross he had to bear!

A.W. and I always felt that we were not to ask what the Great Work could do for us, but what could and would we do to further the Great Work. Dr. Clymer the Great Grand Master, led the way, as did the second Grand Master and now our present Grand Master is showing us the way to success on every plane of our being. In the early days, there was little money to pay for help. One year Dr. Clymer needed a large piece of ground tilled and made ready to plant gladioli bulbs. He was trying to raise extra money. Four men, A.W., Reverend Brown of Buffalo and Jack Book of Kansas City and I do not remember the fourth one's name, got up at 4 am, put on their old working clothes and worked for 3 hours and got the ground ready to plant the bulbs. No one asked to do it. The motto was, "As you serve your Master, so you too will be successfully served."

The ladies helped Gertrude with serving meals and washing the dishes. Gertrude Cosgrove came from Scranton, PA. A few days before the end of one session, she received a message to go to Scranton, as her father was very ill. Naturally someone had to be at Beverly Hall to cook and do whatever chores were necessary. Gertrude returned from Scranton and was very sick herself. She had to go to bed. A new group would be coming in the nest two days, and Dr. Clymer was upset and worried. I told A.W. to return home as I was needed to take over the duties of cook, housekeeper, etc. I knew I had to get all bed linens changed and the house put in order. Naturally we missed her, but before the session ended, she was well and could take over. The old group who attended a Convocation expected to give service, as we were not at a hotel. And whenever Dr. Clymer planned a trip to Europe, which was necessary, he would write to the students and ask for a donation. All responded.

Now a note about the Pennsylvania Dutch and why they were so named. They became real Americans. The Hessions were the low land Germans and spoke a guttural German. The Berliners and upper groups spoke High German. These

Hessians were mercenary soldiers, paid by England to come to America to help General Howe. After the Revolutionary War they stayed on and settled along what was called the Bethlehem Pike. All the way from Allentown and almost to Philadelphia. Dr. Clymer spoke Pennsylvania Dutch to his parents and other members of his family. His father could hardly speak English, except when it came to cuss words.

Now comes the story of how the Knighthood was re-established at Beverly Hall. Dr. Clymer combined two upstairs bedrooms in the Administration Building into one large room and had the special table made to seat around it the Knights and ladies. Of course, it was a high honor to be so chosen. The first man knighted was a medical man, Dr. LaRue of Marion, Ohio. He told us that every morning he entered the hospital early and went to the piano in the reception room and played for one hour. It was what his mind and soul needed. Dr.LaRue chose Mrs. Alice Reece, wife of an M.D. in Kansas City as his Lady. A year later A.W. was knighted and of course I was chosen as his Lady. What was the criteria of choosing a member to the Knighthood? Service to the Great Work. For a few years A.W. practically supported the Work. And I helped wherever I was needed. Dr. Clymer was always hard pressed financially and students who had money were always happy to help. At the second session there was a new student--a 38 year old lady recently left a widow, but wealthy. She asked Dr. Clymer how she might be able to help him. He said if he had $3000 he could buy the flour mill so he could have whole wheat flour and whole grain corn meal for Beverly Hall. She answered, "The mill is yours." She gave him the check. Way back in those days that was a big donation. But such was the nature of the early students. Time and money was freely given and as they freely gave, so they received great returns individually and collectively in their individual lives. After a few years, why, I don't know, Dr. Clymer no longer held Knighthood sessions. It was always a beautiful sight. Men and women in their evening clothes and all in harmony with the Great Grand Sir Knight.

A story about the Fossbenner family--a typical old fashioned, honest, upright Pa Dutch family, as I knew them 50 years ago. Mr. Fossbenner, the man of the house, did not bother to learn English and had no particular trade. But he was an excellent worker on the farm for Dr. Clymer. They lived about 3/4 of a mile up the road from Beverly Hall. Mrs. Fossbenner was a kind, lovely old fashioned women who did speak English. They had two daughters--Mary, the eldest and Ellen, the younger. The house they lived in was built before the Revolutionary War. The window sills were at least 18 inches wide and made of solid stone. There were about 5 small shacks. Each had its specific reason for being. One, a wash house, 2, a house for making vinegar, apple cider, etc. There was little money to buy things for the home. Mrs. Fossbenner worked for Gertrude--not that Gertrude needed her--but Mrs. Fossbenner needed the dollar Gertrude gave her. Every year that I came to the Hall, I walked up the hill to see this dear lady. One day there were 2 large pots on the stove and the boiling contents had an aromatic scent. I asked what she was boiling and this was her answer, "Mandus"

(her husband as she called him), "gets so many colds in the winter time, so I know what weeds God gave us that would cure a cold. So I pick them, wash and cook them on a slow burning fire for hours, then I strain it, put it in large glass jars and label it *cough medicine*. We had no money for doctors, but God showed us the way." Then she said she was cooking weeds that would take the pain away when Mandus had his "rheumatiz" in the winter. So they lived—believed in God—and made use of all right food that just grew in the field.

Next time when I came, I asked her how her daughters were. She said the youngest one, Ella, has a fine big baby boy. And he was good and strong. All because she followed her mother's advice. When Ella was pregnant, her mother had her pick the weeds whose juice would be full of natural lime and Ella was to drink a few glasses every day. Then her baby would not have "ricketts." So the new born baby had strong bones. However, when Mary was pregnant, her mother gave her the same advice. But Mary was lazy, had no faith in weeds. So Mrs. Fossbenner said to me when Mary was ready to give birth "the baby just slipped out of her. No lime in its bones to make strong bones." The doctor put him on lime water which she bought at the drugstore.

Our leaders in the Great Work today have the going much easier than our elders had when they started out teaching the Philosophy. Today we do have husbands and wives enrolled and working together. Dr. Clymer had it very hard and suffered terribly because of a jealous wife and one who was "one of those born again Christians." For example, one 4th of July at a Convocation at the Hall, Dr. Clymer had to go to Allentown to see one of his very sick patients. A few of the students thought it would be wonderful if we had some cold iced watermelon. So two of them went to town and brought home a watermelon and paper plates. In the midst of our feast, Mrs. Clymer came across to where we were having our innocent party and spoke scandalously about Doctor and Gertrude. Just then Dr. Clymer returned home and ordered her off the premises. We were all a faithful and loyal group and did not permit her vulgar insinuations to bother us. Dr. Clymer went through many of those episodes with her. But thank God, we were made of sterner stuff, and felt sorry for Dr. Clymer and ignored her accusations. At this time, Cynthia (Dr. Clymer's only surviving daughter) was making money in her dress shop in Quakertown. She brought a small apartment building with 3 apartments on one floor and moved her mother into one of them. That solved an unpleasant problem for Doctor Clymer.

Leaders in the field across the country may sometimes run into men who presumably are good students and those who live in big cities may have an opportunity of starting a class or branch of the Church of Illumination. St. Joseph, MO is about 60 miles from Kansas City. A Mr. V.B. met a few people in the town and started a class there. He did fine. We had no idea he was trying to build up his own following when he also started a class in Kansas City. He went after the ladies, not the men, and he drew quite a number of them as students in the Great Work. When A.W. and I attended a June Convocation at Beverly Hall, Mr. V.B.

took over the duties as leader and tried to undermine A.W. He drew women to him through his sexual vibrations, and his own wife was miserable because he ceased being a husband to her. Upon A.W.'s return from Bevelry Hall, he called a meeting of the Kansas City group to give a report of the Convocation at Beverly Hall. Much to our surprise one of V.B.'s lady followers asked for the floor and told A.W. that he was no longer needed or wanted as our minister and V.B. would take over at once. A.W.'s first remark was, "By whose authority have you decided that you no longer needed my services as your minister? The only leader, teacher and guide is Dr. Clymer, and I just returned from a Convocation at Beverly Hall, and no mention was made of my stepping down and V.B. taking over. You are all out of order. You either follow Dr. Clymer's appointment for leaders in the different centers--or get out of our Church at once." After all, A.W. was a Doctor and an ordained minister and financially he helped Dr. Clymer ever since he became a student.

Finally, V.B. went one step too far. He had a young woman in Kansas City and she had a 5 year old child. She was V's student--her husband was wealthy as were his parents. V. had her draw all their money from the young woman's and husband's saving account and skipped town with it. It created quite a scandal. After about l0 days, a detective found them in a poor neighborhood. V. had spent all of her money and put her and the child on a bus to Kansas City. She came home exhausted and suffered a nervous breakdown. It certainly put our Church in a bad light. However, A.W. got that straightened out and Dr. Clymer simply told V.B. he was no longer a student of the Great Work. So he joined Unity, as did other former members of our group in Kansas City. V.B. was 90 when he passed away several years ago.

We cannot force our way dishonestly to the top. We have to earn the right to get there. A.W. had several men students who tried to take over faithful students away from our Kansas City Church. An after thought--as I wrote this episode, I was thinking of the study groups you asked your ministers to start in their respective town or city. In the common vernacular, "I hope not any one gets too big for his britches". You are the "big chief" and all are under your jurisdiction.

Dr. Clymer was always hard pressed for money. There was so much that had to be done to build up a great center in every way. True, our beloved Reverend Emerson conceived the idea of a paramedic clinic and travelled all over the country to meet with the students and explain plans to them, and also to raise money. Look what it is today! Dr. Clymer depended on his medical practice to help him financially and every cent went into the Great Work. With Gertrude Cosgrove's help, he decided to have sick patients—students—come to the Hall for his medical help, and he charged accordingly. One woman of Kansas City, A.R., had surgery for uterine cancer, several years before she became a student. Her husband was an M.D. and was only too happy to send his wife to Bevelry Hall where she would receive help mentally, physically and spiritually. He charged fifty dollars a week for room, board and medical help--which today of

course that would be "peanuts." Then he was asked to help a 17 year old girl--sister of one of our students--who had a sexual relationship with one of her high school boy friends and caught a disease from him. So the sister sent this young lady to Beverly Hall for treatment. One after another patients came for his help and together with what students sent, he was able to make it financially. Needless to say, it was hard work. And faithful Gertrude stood by him. Dr. Clymer was busy those days getting out booklets on health and other problems. The patients came into the print shop and helped in many ways. No Grand Master has it easy. Each one has to find ways to help the students and at the same time raise money for the Great Work.

Being continually hard pressed for money and having little collateral, Dr. Clymer's loans at the bank were limited. By 1916 A.W. was making big money in the flour and feed business. He would send Dr. Clymer large donations. Dr. Clymer was anxious to establish credit at his bank in Quakertown. So he could borrow money on his personal notes with A.W. signing his name as guarantor for the payment of same. The Bank President wanted to meet this A.W. Witt. So Dr. Clymer asked A.W. After this meeting, the bank had no hesitation in the loan transactions. I remember after Dr. Clymer passed away, on one of my trips to Beverly Hall, Emerson said he found many "paid in full notes" signed by A.W. As time went on, Dr. Clymer drew more and more students who made large salaries and also those in business for themselves. So donations came in from all over the country to help Dr. Clymer financially. It called for a heap of faith and love and loyalty on the part of the members who gave financial help. No doubt, dear doctor, you know. It takes a lot of money to keep up the good work at Beverly Hall.

During the 2nd World War, the American people were rationed with meat and all the foods. At Beverly Hall one year Dr. Clymer had Gertrude prepare whale meat that was delicious. She made a Pa. Dutch meat pie, using whale meat. At a few miles from Beverly Hall was a corner grocery store that carried tins of whale meat. A.W. bought a case of it and had it shipped to Kansas City for our home. There was one very fine seafood restaurant in Kansas City that sold whale meat steaks. It was not very popular and soon was taken off the market. Dr. Clymer said it was very nutritious on all counts.

Dr. Clymer's devotion to his old mother was wonderful. The house Cynthia sold to Reverend Emerson before Dr. Clymer rebuilt it--his mother lived in it until she passed away. Dr. Clymer never missed a morning but what he walked up to see "mother", but she was Grandma to those of us who knew her so well. She had 10 children--9 boys and a girl. The girl died at a young age. Grandma's midwives brought the babies into this world among these Pa. Dutch families. No matter how busy Grandma Clymer was, she dropped everything she was doing when called by her daughter-in-law that the baby was, as she put it, "on its way." When Gertrude and I once told her that her in-laws seemed to call on her only when

they needed her, her answer was, "I still thank God that I am useful and can help my children."

There were several coat and pants factories in Quakertown and surrounding small towns. They farmed out their work among these country women. The founder of a factory would tie bundles for the women on his route. These women could not read and write, but they understood the chalk markings on the fabrics which they stitched on their machine. This extra money was a great help to them. As Doctor Clymer put it, "I would not take that job away from my mother. She was happy that she could still earn some money." When canning time came, she would go to the Hall and help Gertrude put up vegetables for the winter months. I liked home made cheese cake--that was typical of the German in me. When she knew I was coming, she would bake the cheesecake for me. The only way I could pay her was to send her new old fashioned long gingham aprons and skirts and waists, all washable. This was a saving to her and a joy for me to give. I'm afraid that era of service has long been forgotten.

On one of Dr. Clymer's trips to Kansas City, the late afternoon when he came in to our home, we had over an hour to be alone, and I shall never forget that introspective chat and visit. He came by train and always enjoyed these trips of introspection. So, as we waited for A.W. to return home from his office, Dr. Clymer and I talked about love, marriage, etc. He said he knew that some day Gertrude would be his wife, and he knew in her heart she loved him and felt as he did. He said while on the train he dozed off—outwardly—but in memory he was way off on many incarnations with Gertrude beside him as his wife. As in this life, he knew that the time would come, it just had to, when they would be married, develop, and do great things for the Fraternity. And so it came about—a few years later—and he and his wife were divorced and later he and Gertrude were joined together on all planes of their endeavors.

He asked how A.W. felt on that subject, and A.W. answered, "I love my wife very much, and we have gone through many hard times together and come what may, I know that in every age to come, we will always find each other and become man and wife." Naturally, I felt the same way. Wasn't it Randolph who wrote that wonderful book, "Love, Woman and Marriage." I feel so many couples in the Work and those not members, do not work hard enough to make the marriage a successful one on all planes of their being. Dr. Clymer stated, "I talk in interviews to so many of our students and several of them are married couples. Seldom do I come in contact with a truly happy couple, so that I could have given them the inner meaning of the sex rite, to help them in every way toward health, happiness and soul growth." I, personally, have felt, "What a pity." My greatest consolation in life since A.W. passed away was, has been, and I hope until my Soul is called to the Great Beyond, is a picture of our great devotion to each other. And because of it we managed to cope with all of our reverses that fell upon us. God bless our Noble Fraternity!

Dr. Clymer never forgot a person who helped him when he needed financial help. In his early days in Allentown, he had, or I should say, "built up a lucrative medical practice", especially with the elite of the town. The top one was the beautiful wife of the leading banker in town. She had her own large car and chauffeur. Hers was the first "limo" in the town. Well, as time went on, the lady fell in love with her chauffeur. Was it love or lust? Her husband got wind of it. He divorced her, gave her a large financial settlement and told them both to get out of town. He never heard from her again.

Many years later, A.W. got a call at his office and she said she was once a patient and friend of Dr. Clymer. Now she was broke and needed food to eat and a place to sleep. A.W. shuddered at the address she gave him. In a regular "pim" lousy section of Kansas City. She had a small room in a rooming house, was broke and about to be thrown out on the street. So he gave her some money for food and rent and money for bus fare to get out of town to be with a member of her family. He wrote all this to Dr. Clymer, who, in turn, thanked him profusely for what he did for this lady. Dr. Clymer could not ask such a favor from any other friend or student. And I dare say, few would have responded as did A.W. We live here in a strong Bible belt of many narrow minded people, of which we have several in our Fraternity. We know that every act of mercy and good deeds, whether for ourselves or a friend, never goes unrewarded. The Divine Law sees to that when Jesus said, "Many are called and few are chosen." How right he was. I did not know at that time when A.W. helped this lady that there was another of our students who would judge wrongly and not forgive a past judgment or mistake.

Dr. Clymer always encouraged a student to make greater strides in his work or profession. Since he was a living example of effort producing great works, a sincere student could not help working very hard at his job, and at the same time not to neglect his spiritual efforts if he wished to succeed in all of his undertakings. There were times at Round Tables when some students would complain and tell Dr. Clymer he expected too much of them. And he would reply, "I ask no more of each of you than I tell myself I must even do more than I ask you to do. And I can truthfully say that such a positive attitude stays with a sincere student as long as he lives, regardless of age. I pray the day will never come when I would be helpless." He made the statement known that when a student does not put forth great effort in his daily affairs, how can that student advance minus effort in his spiritual growth? I realized that the Master Teacher never asks a student to do that which he, himself, did not or was not doing.

It was during the national depression years that a student, who had been in the Great Work as long as A.W., was building a new home. He had borrowed $4000 at the bank with A.W. co-signing the note for him. Then he could not make payments on the loan because he used that borrowed money to buy lumber for his new home. So we were stuck. Lost our beautiful home and had to borrow money from a friend so we could move into an apartment and start from scratch. Our son had just graduated from college and could not find a job. Finally a friend got him

a job in a clothing factory where he earned $19 a week wrapping bundles. It seemed laughable to have a college degree to wrap bundles in a clothing factory. Finally, through hard work and faith, conditions improved and our son got a job, a night job, in the Police Department of a high clerical nature. In this way he went to Medical School, so he could practice medicine. We were grateful for Dr. Clymer's encouragement and we knew that through faith and hard work, we would win out. The student who caused us all of the financial trouble--used our money to pay for the lumber of the new house he was building in the country. We were shocked when we learned that the house caught on fire and burned to the ground. Naturally, we felt sorry for him and his wife, as both had to get out and look for jobs. Was the fire retribution through the action of Divine Law? We never signed a note again for anyone except Dr. Clymer.

My first trip to Beverly Hall was with A.W., and my small 5 year old son, Harold. Dr. Clymer met us at the Railroad Station. He drove to the station in his two seated buggy with the "fringe on top." As we approached the Hall, I saw about 6 old ladies sitting on the porch. I asked A.W. if Dr. Clymer ran a sanitarium. These were beginner students from Reverend Brown's group in Buffalo. I felt as though I wanted to go back to town and stay at a hotel. During the Round Table questions and answers period, these Buffalo people were antagonistic and criticized Dr. Clymer. They wanted a spiritual demonstration--a seance. They told Dr. Clymer he was too materialistic and lacked real spiritual ability and knowledge. Dr. Clymer saw that he could do nothing with these "so called spiritual people." He suggested that they leave at once and take the night train back to Buffalo. This they did. And it certainly cleansed the atmosphere at the Hall and helped make my first trip a happy and successful one.

On that very first visit to the Hall, Dr. Clymer told me to help A.W. build up a church in Kansas City, calling it "The Church of Illumination." A.W. had already started a church after his first visit to Beverly Hall. I loved Dr. Clymer and appreciated all the advice he gave us in order to make a long and happy life. I guess I was too practical a person to merely dwell on the "so called spiritual plane." I began incorporating the teaching into my daily living. To be practical and yet spiritual in my daily affairs in life. Put everything in its proper place so growth could be and would be on all planes of my being. I soon found out that our philosophy was a liveable way of life and must be applied to all of our activities in life. This Dr. Clymer taught us. Be practical in your affairs with others. Yet spiritual in your moments reserved for your spiritual exercises.

When I took over as minister of our church in Kansas City I had to prepare my weekly sermons. I could not take anything for granted. I had to study and learn the reason in back of each item. I was anxious to know the difference between the Ancient Hebrews and the Jews. I began by studying the life of Abraham. The Bible states that Abraham, Sarah, Isaac and Jacob, were not Jews, but Chaldeans. Had come from Mesopotamia. They were the real Hebrews and very religious and high grade of people. The Bible states that God asked Abraham to go to the

town of Hebra and there form a new real religion calling it the Hebrews. Then God told Abraham to go to the town of Judea and there start a religion by name called the Jewish religion. Their language was more guttural than the Hebrews. One might say if one is a Hebrew and the other a Jew. The Jewish people were always sticklers for living the Law as they were taught. They were the first people to circumcise their boy babies. The reason given, they were over sexed and the foreskin of the male organ caused a lot of friction and a great amount of passion. Also it created a holding place for disease, as we all it, a social disease. When I discussed this once with Dr. Clymer, he said, "In this day and age, the women I interview complain about the lack of passion in their spouse." So you know he always had a great sense of humor and said, "The men today could stand such friction because on the whole, they haven't the great passion to satisfy their spouse."

I'll digress at this point to say that when I talked with Dr. Clymer about Abraham, Sarah, Isaac and Jacob, he told me that at that particular time the Chaldeans were the greatest evolved mystics in what we would say knowledge of the Soul and all that it spiritually represents. Mesopotamia was then the greatest seat of spiritual learning.

I believe this story will be of interest to you from a medical standpoint, as well as Dr. Clymer's spiritual intuitional medical knowledge. We had a student, E.K. She was a great violinist and violin teacher. Our son, Harold, studied with her from the time he was 7 years old until he was 17 years old and ready to go away to college. Her background was an intellectual one. Her aunt, Miss E.W., who never married, was assistant superintendent of public schools. (In those days any woman connected with our school system was forbidden to marry). E.K. became interested in the Great Work, and A.W. enrolled her as a student. After she was married a few years, she gave birth to a son. He seemed peculiar and she would say he was a genius—a good cover up. After all, she was about 35 when he was born. So the next Convocation Dr. Clymer held in Kansas City at our Humanitarian Bldg. he held all of his interviews in A.W.'s private office. When he saw Mrs. K's boy he told her he needed glandular therapy; otherwise he would continue to be sub-normal. This angered her and she dropped out of the Work. As years went by, I occasionally saw her and her son on the streetcar, but she never spoke to me. She did nothing to help his glandular condition. By the time he was 16, I heard she had passed away. I met one of her friends from a literary group where she taught and the friend said they all believed the boy killed his mother. All this could have been avoided had she listened to Dr. Clymer and followed his medical advice. Some students feel they do not need physical help; that their spiritual connection and growth will pull them through. What egotism! We always need advice and help, regardless of our age. No use talking. Regardless of Dr. Clymer's spiritual knowledge, medically speaking, he was practical and treated patients on all planes as a doctor should.

This is again Dr. Clymer's great spiritual knowledge in diagnosing a case in which he then would tell a parent to have his child go through a complete physi-

cal examination. This couple were Christian Scientists. The father was a Mason and he belonged to the same lodge as A.W. We knew them for many years before she finally give birth to this boy. The boy, whenever he had to go to the bathroom he would completely undress himself. His eating habits were atrocious. But A.W. and I never interfered. However, when the child was 6 years old, he took sick. This was about 7 am. We lived a few miles from them and it was 7 pm when they called to say John was very sick. They lived a few doors from one of the best pediatricians and he was there when we arrived. He was just washing his hands and said, "I give up and you see what you can do with these Christian Science nuts." They had a healer in one room with a Christian Science teacher, and the boy had severe convulsions. I sent A.W. home because our son was l4 and he had to get some sleep. I told the Christian Science healers to go out of the room. I called a pediatrician whom I knew. And he was shocked at the boy's condition. The convulsions were so bad the doctor gave him 6 drops of Chloral to quiet him down. He said this child should be in a hospital at once. Because I was afraid the parents would refuse, I helped the doctor wrap up the boy and at 2 am we were at the hospital. They first gave him an enema and popcorn and peanuts hit the ceiling. Then a stomach pump and large hunks of meat, hunks of sour cream and what not. Well, I said I would stay with the child all night. By morning he was much better and when A.W. came to the hospital, I told him all that took place. When the Christian Science teacher and healer arrived, A.W. told them the story and the Christian Science healer said, "Oh! That was error." By that time A.W. had had it and said, "No, it was plain "sh---" This boy lived to about 40 years old, long after his parents died. While he was wealthy, what good did it do him? As Dr. Clymer said, "He could have been helped." I have seen many of our own students get angry at Dr. Clymer because he would tell them what was physically wrong with them, and they thought "mind over matter" was all that was necessary.

Dr. Clymer was always trying to dramatize and perhaps make more realistic the symbolic meaning of our Great Work. Now, where they built Gertrude's Park, at one time, Dr. Clymer cleared away a large portion of it, at one end, he built a small wooden building to hold the materials he needed to put on the sacred work of Initiation. This was in early summer and A.W. was one of the main officers of the performance. There was an organ out in the open and at that time a Miss Daisy Grove of Buffalo rendered the organ music. Dr. Clymer stated the High Priests and Knights of olden days always administered their symbolic work in the open. He gave in two hours time the entire epic of the birth and life of man until death called the body to its last resting place and the Light in man returned to God who gave it. For the end of the panorama there was a scene with a real coffin, and believe it or not, Clara Witt was 25 years old and wore one of A.W.'s suits so she could lie in the coffin. A few of the students thought Dr. Clymer went too far in his realistic approach to the subject of life and death in man, then the resurrection. We formed a circle at the end, holding the hand of the one standing next to us on each side of us. And Dr. Clymer prayed that the golden bond shall never be broken, but the soul as it had overcometh the bonds of the flesh shall rise higher and higher toward the Godhead and Immortality. A.W. and I were ecstatic, but

some thought it too morbid. They could not grasp the real meaning of life and the overcoming of the evils within man before he can reach immortality. Naturally, Dr. Clymer was disappointed at the lack of true spiritual understanding from some of the others. You can be sure, he never repeated this realistic epic of life, death and resurrection again. But as far as A.W. and I were concerned, it was realistic, and there was much to learn from the rituals which were memorized by the true believers who were in the true ritualistic Great Work. No doubt some of us are born with this Divine Understanding and never cease going over it when our spirits are low. Then we rise again and feel we can go forward and be a great help to our Master and beloved teacher.

About 60 years ago, Dr. Clymer told A.W. to form a lodge for men only, calling it Osirian Brotherhood. Dr. Clymer would furnish the rituals and the different costumes for the officers of the Temple. We were quite fortunate that in a former wealthy area of our city, there were mansions rented out to organizations. On the main floor which formerly was a large living room, very spacious dining room and large and roomy center hall.

We rented all but the kitchen on the first floor for our Sunday morning church services, and one night a month the 3rd floor was rented to A.W. for the Osirian Lodge. Many new students of the Great Work became members of the newly formed Lodge. A.W. was a prominent member of one of the Masonic Lodges. So he was instrumental in drawing members from that source. It operated successfully for several years and then neighborhoods change and most of the Lodge members disbanded. However, before we found another place to hold our Sunday morning church services, we kept meeting on the first floor of this beautiful building. It was quite adequate for our group. As to the Lodge membership, A.W. hired a man to recruit members. Half of the fees would go to the Lodge, half to the membership recruited. As time passed, A.W. asked this man where were the dues collected for the Lodge? The man said, "I used all that money for my own expenses" and A.W. fired him at once as he had to pay out of his own pocket what this man collected and used for himself.

In time the Lodge did not increase in membership, so it folded up. However, the Church was another story. When Dr. Clymer next came to Kansas City to hold a Convocation, he was informed that all the members and guests were anxious to hear from him. He was no public speaker. He was a natural when it came to questions and answer sessions. So A.W. told Dr. Clymer the regular members, even those not students, were prepared to ask questions. In order not to trip Dr. Clymer, A.W. asked for questions to be sent to him to edit and Clara Witt would ask the questions. It went off like a charm and naturally Dr. Clymer felt at ease. First of all, every seat was taken and extra chairs were set up in the Hall and dining area of the building. Naturally, Dr. Clymer was pleased. Then in time that building was sold and it was then we bought a 3 story building and the entire first floor was used for Church—church dinners and a former sun parlor used for Dr. A.W.'s private at home office. And this went on for years, until A.W. took

seriously ill and soon passed away. Our next move was to rent a room on the parlor in one of our downtown hotels. We stayed there for years. Then when I was approaching my 84th birthday, we gave up the hotel quarters, as our group grew smaller. Many older members passed away and many moved away. However, for many years we held a yearly Convocation there for Dr. Clymer, and after he passed away, Emerson held 3 sessions there and then we had to give up the place because Kansas City was going through a complete overhauling in our downtown area. Then we met in Mable Rader's home for 2 years. By the time I was 85, I could no longer see to write my sermons. Then Emerson came to Kansas City to ordain Jack Rader. I was asked to officiate. And Jack is doing a fine job. We can only pray for his success because he is dedicated to the Work. And to the Church. It is not easy to start a new Church, prepare sermons and not neglect one's own development. I've been there so I talk from experience. In my case, I was used to dealing with the public through my on the air work and my public lectures. We all have to remember that our growth depends upon how well can we serve our Master and the Great Work.

This time I will relate a personal story, of vision, hard work, and faith in my Teacher, Dr. Clymer. About 50 years ago, radio was in its infancy. Our leading newspaper opened a radio station on a small scale on part of our floor in its building. There were two other small stations; however, no opportunity to get even a small job there. However, I was zealous and I found out there was a small 100 watt station on the air 3 times a day for 3 hours each session. The man who owned the station owed the government $4000 in taxes on his license. However, I got 15 minutes every evening, 5 days a week, and of course, I expected no salary. I had to get my foot, so to speak, in the door. And my beloved teacher, Dr. Clymer encouraged me. After two years, a man, Tom Evans, who with a partner, owned about 50 drug stores, heard about this radio man who was about to lose his license. So Tom Evans paid the government the $4000. He asked me to stay on with him and he immediately changed the call letters to KCMO and moved the station downtown. He always told everyone he bought Anne Hayes with the station as I was his first talent. And my radio name was Anne Hayes. I received no salary and my only expense was my carfare, both ways. Gradually spots were sold on the program and little by little, I earned more money and worked very hard.

As years went by, I became the Director of Women's Activities for the station and every Saturday morning from 11 to 12 noon, I have a round table program with various groups. I was not paid in money for this extra service, but the Divine Law paid me by enhancing my knowledge and being in contact with great personalities all over the United States. I will relate a very important story. I was one of 10 women appointed by Mrs. Dorothy Lewis to act on the Women's Committee at the newly built building of the U.W. in N.Y. to disseminate all information concerning World delegates, etc. We were chosen from different sections of the U.S. Every year after I would go to New York and visit the U.N. and record interviews on records which were sent to my station in Kansas City. No expense to me.

On one of my sessions at the U.N., I met the daughter of the late Count Leo Tolstoy. He was a great prolific writer, a wise man, profound knowledge and a spiritual outlook on life in his later years. When Tolstoy was about 38, he had a former lady friend who he found out was sentenced to Siberia. The most degrading and evil prison in the world. Once there, one never returned to the outside world of human beings. He decided to go to Siberia and see this young woman. Being of the nobility, they could not deny him entry in Siberia. He asked to see the young lady. He could only see her through the grill work on the fence. He was shocked beyond words. He saw a creature he could not recognize. The punishment she had to undergo was unbelievable.

When he returned to Russia and his hometown, and in the quietude of his own home, he wrote that wonderful book, "The Resurrection." He decided to live the life of a peasant, wore the garments like the peasants, and wrote his many books. He did not interfere with his wife and her love for high society. Each lived his own life and they remained a happy couple.

He had the habit of taking a half hour walk every late afternoon. On one of these walks he noticed a man huddled up in a doorway. Tolstoy stopped and the man begged for a few pennies. Tolstoy said, "I am sorry, Brother, but I have not a penny to give you." Upon Tolstoy's return walk home, he again stopped at this same doorway, and he was surprised to see a man tall and erect with a great positive attitude toward life. Again Tolstoy stopped and the man said, "I Thank you Sir, for what you did for me today." Tolstoy answered, "I didn't even have a penny to give you." The man replied, "You gave me more than worldly goods. You called me "Brother."

My last episode for today is the life of my late Russian friend, Madam H.L. She was born in Baker, Russia. Her father was a wealthy banker. She was an intellectual and belonged to a small group of brilliant men and women. They were to a degree radicals, but not cut throats. They were out to overthrow the Tzaristic Regime, but not to kill the Tzar. They put Kerinsky in as Prime Minster and was going to elevate him to a higher position, when as L. said, "Kerensky lost his guts and flew to Paris." Then a flight to the United States. So she and other members of her group disbanded and flew to different places for refuge.

When in Paris, L. soon found out she had used up all of her money and wondered what next would she do? A few friends suggested she go into fashion as a designer and that somehow she would make it. So she fitted out a 7th floor loft with machines, sewing tables, etc. Soon word got around that a new first class coterie (French Designer) opened up a place of her own. So one day one of the top workers from one of the big fashion houses called on L. She wanted to know how L. let's say, "put in a sleeve". So L., hit her forehead and said to herself, "Now think, you fool, think." She asked this designer how they did it at the big fashion salon where she worked. She proceeded to show L. Then L said to her, "That's exactly how L. does it." And the word went around Paris that a new wonderful designer has now opened up her shop to the public. She became famous over night.

Years later she came to America and first opened up a place in New York, then in Kansas City. Here she worked for the Nelly Don Dress Factory and held a position there as chief French designer until her retirement. While in Kansas City, Mrs. Read who owned the Nelly Don Factory was in her young womanhood, a graduate of Lindenwood College for women. It was only a short distance from St. Louis. L. for 3 months every year worked at the college teaching designing paid for by Nelly Donelly Reed.

While at the college, she found out that Kerensky's name was on the Bulletin Board that he was to present a public lecture under auspices of the college. Kerensky also saw L. and asked her to meet him at the campus lunch wagon for a cup of coffee after the lecture. Reluctantly she accepted his invitation. Then she let him have it and asked him why he lost his guts.

Years after that episode L. settled in Kansas City and worked for Donnely G. Co. until her retirement. She was a member, as was I, of the Kansas City Fashion Group. One Saturday we had our luncheon meeting in one of the private dining rooms of a popular restaurant. On Saturday morning before I left for our meeting, I had time to read our Kansas City Times. Westbrook Pegler had his column on the editorial page. I never failed reading it. This Saturday morning the lead line of his column was "Kerensky had no guts!" That statement L. had, herself, made time and again. On Friday the day before I had lunch with L. in her apartment. And she went over some of the facts regarding the planned overthrow of the Tzar and his cabinet by Kerensky and his group. When suddenly Kerensky skipped out

and flew to Paris and again she stated to me, "Kerensky lost his guts and we lost out on our mission to overthrow the Tzar and let the bandits and cutthroats take control. Naturally her life was in danger, so she too, flew to Paris. She lived in Kansas City for several years and we were great friends. She was a well educated woman. She went through 3 revolutions, existed, fought for the human rights of others, and she said after each battle for life, "And yet, I survived!" How true!

Marriage! Dr. Clymer could not express often enough the meaning of true marriage and what one must do to achieve it. He worked hard with his faithful married couples to help them see that marriage is a one way street. Both participants must work at it to achieve a greater love, peace and understanding. He made the statement many times that if a couple really and truly love each other, they will work hard to make their marriage a success, mentally, physically and spiritually. He did not mince any words in laying down the Divine Law charging a man and a woman what he and she must do to make their marriage a success. Not to wait and see who will act first to change his behavior toward his mate. When a couple work for harmony and peace, all other avenues toward success come their way. "Tis not a case of wishful thinking, not at all, it takes vision." We are reminded of the fact that the Nazarene taught, "I am the way, the truth and the life." And Dr. Clymer reiterated time and again that in marriage each one must find for himself and herself "The Way" and never cease trying to perfect their marriage in this manner.

You have to have the desire, a strong desire to be on the Path, as you have been taught. This will lead you into a new life and all that it promises. You have to get rid of the *old devil* within you. As Dr. Clymer stated, "If the desire is intense enough, it will arouse a Spiritual Fire that will fortify you against the *old devil.* Your former weaknesses and habits and those, who having no knowledge of a different life, will do all they can to distract you, discourage you, and win you away from your newly chosen path. You must constantly keep in mind the promises of this new life and the vision that the Gold that is at the end of the rainbow can be yours. How often have we heard men, as well as women, say, "I can't make him (or her) change." Why should we wait for the other mate to change before we try ourselves to better our marital status in life?

We are taught to arouse the sleeping Christos within us. If we do so, work at it, we will discover that it is with us day and night and helping us constantly to succeed in our respective job or career. Nothing worth while is achieved without faith and hard work. There is no such thing as "wishful thinking." From the "cradle to the grave" it is work, work, work. Then success in one's particular endeavor will be realized. It has been said that truth is often most difficult to find. If we develop a deep yearning for the truth and pray to be shown the way to obtain it, then it will create a desire to attain and arouse us to action. Remember that the desire to achieve must be intense enough that it will arouse a spiritual Fire that will fortify you against the "old desire," your former weaknesses and habits.

Those, who, have no knowledge of a different life, will do all they can to distract you, discourage you and win you away from your newly chosen path. It was ever thus. We have been told that we should keep in mind constantly the promises of this new life vision. The Gold that is at the end of the Rainbow, the arising of the sleeping self. Is it worth the effort? Indeed it is.

Then there is difficulty among married couples where children are involved. The question brought up before Dr. Clymer was "Is it right for a parent or parents to insist that our children follow our religion, do as we say they must do, eat the food that we feel is best for them, and see to it that they have the right companions?" Dr. Clymer was quick to say,"Did you follow the same path as your parents? Do you not wish your children to develop will power and so desire and live that they, themselves, become wise enough to follow the right way toward health, happiness and success?" Dr. Clymer reminded his students that to create that true marriage, we must awaken the creative spirit, to remember it will never awaken of its own accord. To begin with, it takes great faith on the part of the participants to create a perfect marriage that will enable them to weather all storms, be what may. As you work and pray, hope and dream, to realize the fulfillment of your accomplishments, and stimulate your desire to try harder each day, whether you are a business man or woman or a professional one, if you are married and follow all of the rules that Dr. Clymer mentioned, you will realize a happy marriage and great success in your individual career. In the common vernacular, "hop to it" and be happy in the achievements accrued thereby.

And now off to some personal anecdotes. Dr. Clymer started from "scratch." His wearing apparel was his least consideration. But if he was to enlarge the scope of the Great Work, he would be mingling with some business men and women and A.W. took it upon himself to see that our dear Dr. had a new wardrobe when he decided to visit the different centers of the Great Work. When A.W. first met Dr. Clymer at the railroad station in Quakertown, he was surprised to see Dr. Clymer in an old fashioned frock coat "with the tails in back." Dr. Clymer admired a checked wool suit A.W. was wearing. They both were the same size. So when we packed our bags for our return trip home, A.W. left the checked suit hanging in the closet. He knew when Gertrude cleaned the room, she would discover the suit. Naturally Dr. Clymer was elated.

In Kansas City we still have a large men's clothes factory. It was custom garments made to order. So each year when Dr. Clymer came to Kansas City, A.W. saw to it that he had the proper topcoats and suits. And when it came to food! I catered to his taste. They always stayed at our home. Dr. Clymer liked fresh frog legs and the way I prepared them. So we went to our large city market to stock up on Doctor's special food. He also enjoyed the way we prepared fresh large scallops. Then one lunchtime we drove Doctor to a beautiful Chinese Restaurant because Doctor enjoyed Chinese food. Our home was home to Doctor and Gertrude.

If students complain about accommodations at Beverly Hall today, they were not around in those early days. The old iron beds had terrible springs and the mattresses in each came in 3 parts. A bolster for top and bottom and in the center a larger mattress. If you turned the wrong way you would find your "bottom" coming out between the mattress. But no one, absolutely no one, complained. With little money, that was the best Doctor Clymer could do. There were two in a room and of course, like it or not, they *slept in the same bed.* Each one had a small pitcher on the dresser to fill with well water. After 1 am, until 5 pm, one could not take a tub bath, and one could not use the toilet because we were not permitted to. Doctor had the old fashioned Delco Engine down near his power house and by 5 pm he would pump the water into the pipes for Beverly Hall. If, in the meantime, one just had to use the bathroom, well, the privies were still standing by the old school house across the road from Beverly Hall! Did any one complain? Of course not! We came for spiritual training and were not expecting accommodations of the Ritz! Yes, we old timers grew with the Hall mentally, physically and spiritually! So that's all there was to that!

I do not recall my writing about Mrs. G. M. of Buffalo, New York. She was a member of their church whose leader was Reverend Charles Brown. Brown was one of the small group who held their first meeting in the newly built small chapel. That was prior to the building of Beverly Hall. Mrs. M.'s husband was principal of one of the largest public schools in Buffalo. He never interfered with his wife's philosophy, which was her religion. She was close to Dr. Clymer, also to A.W. Witt. She wrote the book "Mystic Americanism." She was fearless in her approach to people when it came to talk about Clymer, Randolph and the Great Philosophy in general. She was very deaf and would not wear a hearing aid. When she wanted Dr. Clymer's attention, she would "corner him" and have him sit with her on the retaining wall down below the Beverly Hall building. Dr. Clymer, with all of his great spiritual knowledge, was the most human and understanding man that I ever knew, understood and loved. He was Father to me in a physical and human self and my great Leader—the Greatest—in a spiritual sense. To be close to Dr. Clymer was a privilege one had to earn. And spiritually he considered me his daughter, which I loved.

An example: Before there was a Blue Room at the Hall, Dr. Clymer held his interviews in the corner of his room. He was interviewing a man as I was coming down the steps and Gertrude heard him say, "Go back upstairs, your petticoat is showing." Later Gertrude told him, in my presence, that he had no right to embarrass me in the presence of the man whom he was interviewing. Dr. Clymer replied, "She's my daughter, and I can correct her as my child if it need be." I felt honored to know I was that close to him until he was on his death bed. To really have known Dr. Clymer was to know the Soul--the Inner Man.

Not only did he help Mrs. M. with her deafness, but he was wonderful to all of his brothers. He gave several of them jobs--work around the grounds, and they did a great job. Oswald, whom they called "Os" never married. He built a small

house for himself up the road from Bevelry Hall. His great problem was "liquor" and when in his "cups", as the saying goes, he would hibernate in his room, drink, and more drink, sometimes for a week. Only Dr. Clymer knew how to take care of him. He allowed no one in his presence to criticize "Os." When sober, there was no better worker on the premises.

Stanley was the youngest and in World War II he was drafted. Toward the end of the war when our boys were returning home, every time Dr. Clymer went to Philadelphia he hoped he would run into "Wes" as he called him. One day Doctor had to go to Philadelphia on business and A.W. drove him there. Doctor enjoyed eating in the Tea Room of the Reading Terminal. As he and A.W. were allowed to enter, A.W. spied Wes, the brother. Doctor rushed over to him and kissed and hugged him and he had lunch with them. Stanley (Wes) worked for Doctor until he passed away. His brother, John, was a handsome man, and he had charge of the flour mill, and in time bought it from Doctor Clymer.

You, my dear doctor, Great Grand Master and Friend, are called upon day and night for light and guidance from your Neophytes. Today, conditions have changed at Beverly Hall. Since I have gone through so many physical problems in this time of my life, I cannot help but reflect upon the past that the Master went through, as well as his devoted students. As I dwell upon the Great Work these past 70 years, I realize how fortunate we Neophytes are to have the great spiritual Dr. G.E. Poesnecker as our Grand Master. Your spiritual innovations at Headquarters are very helpful. The healing session at 8:45 each morning at Beverly Hall should produce excellent results. If one tries to free himself from physical pain, he or she does not only help his body, but strengthens the power to advance his Soul. You are doing exactly as did our first great Soulual leader, Dr. R.S. Clymer. Dr. Clymer's early lessons to his students were to free the mind of evil thoughts so that the body will not be the recipient of all the ills mankind is heir to. Dr. Clymer had much to overcome himself. He worked hard mentally, physically and spiritually to obtain his goal, and he did succeed.

At our first trip to Beverly Hall we ate our breakfast at the dining room table. He served tea and toast. It was beautiful and inspiring to have the Grand Master offer the blessing and dine with us. There was one rebellious student in that group who criticized Dr. Clymer's table manners. So—that was it! No longer did he permit familiarity with his students.

He was very close to Dr. Allen O'dell, Mrs. Betsy Jaret and the Witts. He had to call upon us for money to pay bills. To purchase the necessary equipment for his printing press, etc. On a hot summer night, at midnight, I would look out my bedroom window and see Dr. Clymer working away at the printing press. He never tolerated excuses and if a student followed his advice, he was able to overcome his shortcomings.

He used to come over to the Beverly Hall kitchen at 6:30 am to clean the large coal burning stove, remove the ashes and build a fire and also heat the water so that the students would have hot water for their sponge baths. We were forbidden to take hot tub baths in the early morning hours. Did we obey the rules? You bet we did, or we were never invited to Beverly Hall again. After Dr. Clymer stopped having breakfast with the students, he prepared his pot of tea in the kitchen and made his toast on the heavy iron plate of the stove. Was it good? I never tasted anything better. We, A.W. and I, were invited to join him and Gertrude for our "kitchen" snack. Dr. Clymer did his own printing. He would rest his arm on the "printing" table and with his right hand manage to feed the papers into the press. This is what semi-crippled his right hand and he never used it for writing or signing papers if he could avoid it.

Time passes on until the time came when Dr. Clymer was free and could marry the young woman who was his mate for past ages. That young woman was Gertrude Cosgrove. So they drove to Kansas City for Dr. A.W. to perform the ceremony. They came in during a severe rain storm. He called A.W. when he was about one hour's drive to Kansas City. A.W. told him where, at what stop, we would meet them. Was Dr. Clymer ever relieved to let someone else drive him to our home! The next day A.W. drove Dr. Clymer to City Hall to get his license and they were married in our living room. Dr. Harold Witt was best man for Dr. Clymer and I was matron of honor for Gertrude. I had a wonderful wedding dinner for them. Doctor said what a relief not to have to ask for two separate rooms at each hotel. A.W. performed the ceremony in our living room. Before A.W. began, Harold, a big tease and having known Dr. Clymer since he was 4 years old, asked Dr. Clymer if he, Harold, could enlighten him on marriage, and sex of course. Doctor said, "You would make the ceremony less serious with your jokes." Two days later Bride and Groom left for the West Coast.

Back again to problems in the old days at Beverly Hall. Before we had refrigeration, we had the old fashioned ice boxes. However, out in the country, there were no ice wagons coming by one's home. So Dr. Clymer had to solve that problem. He had his men build a small hut down about a half a mile from the Hall. Then when the water in the creek froze, Dr. Clymer had his men cut the ice in blocks and drive them to the ice storage hut where they were given a sawdust treatment and stored until the following spring. When electric refrigerators came on the market, a student, Mr. Maaly, of up state New York made good money and he had no one but himself to support. So he bought a large electric refrigerator for Beverly Hall. Mr. Maaly was a cello player and held that seat in the Philharmonic Orchestra in his home city. Dr. Clymer loved good music and when 3 good musicians were at Beverly Hall in the evenings, after one hour of Round Table discussions, Dr. Clymer had an hour of excellent music. Maaly on the cello, our son who had studied since he was five played the violin, and a Mr. Fessler played the piano. Mr. Fessler was the head of the Conservatory of music in the city where he lived.

In many ways, he was fastidious about the socks he wore and also about fine china, glassware and table linens in the dining room. First, about his socks. He liked three quarter length (mercerized) with cotton heels and toes. So he could not find them in Quakertown. However, I could purchase them in Kansas City at one of our large Department Stores and for 20 years I kept him well supplied by sending him 8 pair on his birthday and same for his personal Christmas gift. One year our Department Store ran out of their supply and it would take a few weeks for a new shipment to arrive. I knew that the big hosiery mills were in the Quakertown area. I did not want to disappoint Dr. Clymer, so I asked the buyer in the men's department of the store where the factory was located. He said about 15 miles from Quakertown. I told the buyer to have the factory mail Dr. Clymer one dozen pair and bill the store in Kansas City, because the store could charge it on my next bill. Was Dr. Clymer ever surprised when he received the package from the hosiery department of that factory! On one of Reverend Emerson's trips to Kansas City, he said he inherited all of those wonderful socks with which I kept Dr. Clymer well supplied.

The students often thought that the Grand Master gave no thought about such personal attire. When we first attended a Convocation at the Hall, even though the food was simple, the table linen, china and silverware were the best. One student bought the Haviland China. Another bought a chest of the finest silverplate put out at that time (72 years ago) by the Rogers Silver Company and other students furnished the table linen to fit the dining table when 12 persons could be seated. Also fine glassware. A.W. and I used to send him for birthdays and Christmas, lovely glassware which was always placed in a special china cabinet.

A statement Dr. Clymer made at that time, I quote, "The very best thoughts must go into the building of your *Soul*. Everything in which you come in contact daily, must be the best. Every thought you think, in order to find your center, likewise, must be the best. Not from the material standpoint, but from the Spiritual one. Always seek best, the finest and the purest when seeking your Center and keep that in mind in your daily living." We should surround ourselves with the very best because a Grand Master has to put forth his great efforts, his great love to all those who are in harmony with him and the Great Work.

Toward the end of his life, he went totally blind, and he asked me to come and take care of him and be of help to the students. I considered that a great honor, but had to turn him down as a great sorrow struck in our home. My son, Dr. H.W. Witt, Jr. was Medical Director of Osteopathic Hospital. He had served in that capacity 17 years and quite suddenly as he stood against the wall waiting for his car to drive home, he slumped to the floor, suffering a massive stroke on his left side, lost use of his left hand, leg, etc. Lillian, his wife, had to earn the living. I had just retired from my job as Director of Radio and TV at KCMO and had to stay home and take care of Harold. During Harold's illness, our beloved Dr. Clymer passed away and we did not tell Dr. Harold about it, as he loved him since he was 5 years old. However, the time came when he found out and he cried

like a baby. But Emerson and he were great pals and twice during Dr. Witt's paralyzed condition, Reverend Emerson flew out here arriving at 9 pm and had the car pick him up at l0:30 to fly home by ll:30 pm. The Witts and the Clymers were closely knit together and I hope some day at least, one of the younger Witt sons will become interested in the Great Work.

(This was the last word reveived from Mrs. Witt. She made her transitions shortly after this final letter.)