

FOR THE RECORD
by
John Nichols

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JOHN NICHOLS

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Champion of Individual Liberty
Soldier of The Light
Patron of Freemasonry
Modern Master of The Law
Founder,
The Great School of Natural Science

**"And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility."**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John Nichols was born at Sparta, Tennessee, March 1, 1876 and spent twelve of his early years doing farm work.

Attended Webb Brothers' Training School, Bell Buckle, Tennessee and Vanderbilt University - B.S., P.B.K.

He was with the First U.S. Volunteers two years - 1898, 1899 in the Philippine Insurrection.

His remaining spare time and idle moments were spent chiefly teaching school, six years, an Independent Fire Insurance Adjuster, thirty years and doing shipyard work for the government, three years.

He is now vacationing in San Diego, California.

FOR THE RECORD

The suggestion has been made that I write, for the record, a detailed account of my connection with the Work of The Great School in America. This will comprise the reason why I first undertook the Work, and why the connection remains unbroken to date.

From my initial interest I investigated as best I could the nature of the Work, and the validity of its claims. When the disruption of the Work came, and the complete annihilation of its continuance was threatened, I investigated in turn the merit of the charges on which the determined destruction was predicated. These investigations were made solely for my own satisfaction, with no thought of attempting to convince anyone else that the conclusions I reached were correct.

My acceptance of the task of writing for the record is based primarily on the fact that my findings were the exact reverse of the written conclusions of those who took charge of the Work and then, instead of carrying on the Work, endeavored to eradicate all possibility of its successful revival.

The second consideration is that I was, by experience, and by an unusual, coincidental setting, peculiarly fitted to appraise and verify the truth of some of the more unusual claims made by TK.

Third, I feel it is but fair for those who are now, or may hereafter become, interested in the Work, who are forever estopped by the elapse of time from making a personal investigation of the happenings of bygone years, that they have the opportunity to read the dissenting view of one who made an on the spot investigation, together with the reasons that support this view.

What I write will be of no value except for those who can accept and appreciate for their own use the truth it contains. I shall therefore concern myself largely with facts which I know

to be true, and endeavor to leave the distinction clear between the facts and the conclusions drawn therefrom.

The experiences and deductions given herein have not occurred to me in orderly and correlated fashion, and I mention them in the, at times, seemingly disconnected order that follows -- just as they appear to have bearing on the credibility of the testimony being presented at the time. As a whole they make my conclusions compelling to me, and it is as a whole I would have you consider them, trusting that the connection which is in my mind at the time will be clear to you in the end.

TRUTH

TRUTH does not depend on whether it is known by anyone or unknown to everyone. Truth is not affected by the belief or the disbelief of anyone or of everyone. It is as real from the jester as from the sage, from the addict as from the divine. Truth is available to all who can perceive it; it is valuable only to those who make proper use of it. I doubt if Truth can be proven to anyone. If you have personal knowledge already, no amount of proof will add to that knowledge. If you have to take the word or the belief of someone else, it may or may not be good. One jury hears the evidence, judges the credibility of the witnesses, and condemns the defendant to death. On retrial a second jury of his peers, hears the same evidence from the same witnesses and sets him free; and no one but the defendant knows the facts.

BELIEF

The value of your belief depends on the thoroughness of your investigation, and on your capacity for correctly evaluating the evidence you have unearthed. If you make inadequate investigation, or if you ignore correct information offered you, it is unwise to act on impulse.

For instance, you are figuring on how to cross a shallow creek without ruining the shine on your shoes. The water is less than two inches deep, and the smooth, solid rock bottom is coated with a thin covering of fungus or moss. A rag-

ged little urchin volunteers the unrequested information that the rock bottom is slicker'n wet soap, and that if you wanna git a-crost 'thout gittin crippled yuh gotta take off yur shoes, go slow'n don't take steps more'n a foot long. You are affronted that an intelligent MAN should have to listen to advice from an unmannerly brat. "Just watch THIS, Kid!!!" and you start to demonstrate what a fast man can do with a running start and three long strides. During the three weeks immediately following the first stride, while Nature and the Doctors are trying to patch up your broken frame, you meditate and ponder over which one had the most on the ball -- King Solomon when he said, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall," or the Roman Sage who put it, "Festina Lente"-- Make haste SLOWLY.

I have never been able to change my beliefs except through further enlightenment. I could lie about it and claim I believed the Bible was the word of God when I didn't, but this in no way altered the fact that I did not believe it. I have found that a man's beliefs indicate accurately the status of his intellectual level. If you are looking for an instructor in geography and the applicant says he teaches the flat instead of the round theory, you know whether or not you must look further.

TESTIMONY

Testimony has no value in a trial other than that accredited to it by the judges. In THIS case the readers are the judges -- the SUPREME COURT who examine only the printed record. You are not permitted to study the demeanor of the witness on the stand; you are spared listening to what is so unctuously referred to, in ~~the~~ ecclesiastical circles, as the "SPOKEN WORRRD." I shall therefore inflict you with a pen picture of the witness who attests to this evidence, so replete with alleged facts as fishy and unproven as anything in the Bible, Hindu Mysticism, The Theory of Relativity, The Atomic Theory, or the Harmonic Series, that you should be driven to one of the three following conclusions:

FIRST, that the writer is a demented inebriate, crazy with the heat or with some type of narcotic obsession, who uses for his "IMAGINATION" some form of psychotic delusion.

SECOND, that the writer has sense enough to know what he is saying, but that he is a constitutional, unmitigated and monumental liar.

THIRD, that the writer is stating facts regarding life after death of which he has personal knowledge, facts which have been known throughout the ages by all who comply with the conditions requisite to acquiring that knowledge, facts that are now -- even in this latest "DISPENSATION" whatever that is -- available to all who so comply.

This is not a case where "you pays your money and you takes your choice." It is where you keeps your penny in your clutches, steps up to the bar of thought and names your poison, or your delight, according to your lights.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES

The exercise of your spiritual faculties is nothing to be ashamed of. It is, instead, a most interesting and informative experience. Those, however, who have spiritual experiences either know instinctively to keep mum about it, or they quickly learn from the glassy stare of the first one to whom they mention it. Mothers will sometimes listen to their children tell of their spiritual playmates, but they caution them never to mention it to anyone else. If you will watch the sweetness of the smile of a sleeping infant and compare it with the one it gives in response to your efforts to make it smile, you will realize how dim and crude you appear to its physical sight as compared with the ones who were playing with it on the spiritual side while it was physically asleep.

Blind men who can see as well as a scout, who can walk through a woods surely without touching a twig, who can build a house with the best carpenters, who can, walking rapidly, without a cane, answer a call in, to them, a new part of the city as quickly in the dark as a messenger boy can at noon, open the gate, walk up the steps and ring the doorbell without hesitation, adjust a taken down carburetor, assemble the material and build a radio, are reticent to admit the fact that they can see spiritually. They do not like to be called queer.

For example -- an insurance company was withdrawing from a small mountain town -- six or seven hundred inhabitants -- and our company was taking over all the risks that would pass inspection. I drove up to the store and asked for some one who could point out for me the dwellings on unnamed streets by the names of the owners I had listed. Bill Sanders was sent out as the one who knew the town best. Wearing very dark glasses, he climbed into the buggy, between wheels heavy with mud, without touching his trousers -- not more than an inch to spare on either side. After pointing out and describing the first two houses, I suggested that if he would drive I could check my inspection slips more rapidly. "I can't see." "You mean you do not see well?" "No, I am blind," and he took off glasses, disclosing eye sockets that he said had been empty since he was ten years old -- about 30 years. "How did you describe this house so accurately?" "Oh, the people tell me about them." "How did you climb between those muddy wheels so accurately without muddying your trousers?" -- "Well, I located the buggy by the horses champing their bits as I came around their heads." "How did you know whether I was driving a pony team or a pair of lengthy racers?" More hesitantly -- "Oh, I IMAGINE I see things as well as you do. They look lots prettier to me than they do to you, the woods, the telephone poles, and everything." He seemed much more at ease when he learned that I could see and describe, without imagination, the trees as they appeared to him. The rough, dead bark disappears, and the transparent ethereal bodies of the trees stand resplendent in the most beautiful shades of light green and tan.

APPEARANCE

In this connection -- appearance -- let me mention here, a fact that has been both interesting and comforting to me; and it may be to you. When you are using your spiritual eyes, you recognize an acquaintance in his spiritual body as readily as you did in his physical body. In every instance where I have seen and talked with friends after their physical death who were dependable citizens before their death -- in their relations with others, I mean, and without regard to what, if any, creed they espoused or whether they belonged to the "Saved" or the "Un-saved" class -- they in their spiritual bodies have appeared much improved in looks, interest and happiness on the spirit-

ual level or condition. The improvement in looks may be due to the fact that their spiritual bodies are brighter and more refined than the physical bodies I knew; but their animation and poise are definitely more manifest.

On the other hand I have repeatedly noticed that these ranches and coastal institutions in California, where much of the labor and menial work is done by prisoners who have been entrusted to the care and supervision of the rancher for the duration of the short sentences, are persistently scouted by a restless rout of derelicts from the surrounding spiritual, or magnetic field, whose composure is woefully lacking. Not having known them in their physical bodies, I cannot compare their looks as of now except to say that if it is improved now it was formerly frightfully unimpressive. They fit in well with TK's description of the "Magnetic Field". They sometimes crowd together, but appear to be every fellow FOR HIMSELF with absolutely no sense of companionship or regard for the others.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION IN ANCIENT TIMES

Conscious, intelligent communication between those in the physical and those in the spiritual body is attested to in the Bible more than one hundred times. The case of Saul of Tarsus is repeated most often. Armed with letters of authority from the high priest, driven by zeal for his Pharasaiical tenets, he was on his way to Damascus to persecute the Christians -- going the wrong way to do the wrong thing. The Lord, having use for a man who would do what he thought he ought, simply swapped ends with him by showing him the light, and headed him in the right direction. The followers saw the light which blinded Saul, but heard not the voice.

AS OF NOW

Spiritual sight and hearing are demonstrated numerous times daily throughout the land by good people who come to die. Their bodies are refined and negative from abbreviated diet, their minds are centered on the spiritual, and they see and talk with their spiritual friends and relatives. The attendants, long on IMAGINATION and short on information, say, "They are out of their heads, IMAGINING things." But when an old lady on

her death bed opens her eyes wide and says with delight, "NORMA" -- the name of a sister who has been dead for twenty years ---; When a man, 65 says, "MOTHER, I'm so glad you've come!!! How long can you stay? 'Till I can go with you?' I'm glad to hear that," and he talks with her to the end; When a most loved physician, Dr. Arch Trawick of Nashville, Tennessee, pronounced dead by his physicians, suddenly rises to a sitting position and says, "I just came back to tell you that all my friends are here, and that everything is all right. I thought you would like to know;" and then sinks back, closes his eyes and breathes no more --- wouldn't it make you wonder who is doing the IMAGINING?

THE PEN PICTURE AND UNUSUAL COINCIDENTAL SETTING

But, inept as I am at drawing, I can no longer stall off the aforementioned pen picture threatened, together with the unusual experience and setting which enabled me to verify some of the unusual statements made by TK.

I am frequently and picturesquely described as a doddering old codger with a hesitant, uncertain stagger that reminds one of a cow negotiating a spread of ice that is strewn with banana peelings. My back was broken in a high dive, the nerves did not heal as they were before, and I like to imagine and even try to believe that the lack of balance is due to physical rather than to mental derangement and infirmity; but I cannot prove it.

I lack two months, according to hearsay evidence which I believe, of being eighty-three years old. Of my own knowledge I have for seventy-eight years been aware of the folly and futility of pretense and subterfuge. I now have nothing to sell, no axe to grind, no reputation to sustain, nothing to prove or disprove. I stand to suffer no material loss or make no material gain from whether or not anyone either believes or disbelieves anything I say.

It was not always thus. For nearly thirty years I was an independent fire insurance adjuster who was supposed to, and did, have some practical knowledge of the value of properties, damaged or undamaged. Sometimes my judgment of the value of a salvage would be from thirty to fifty thousand dollars

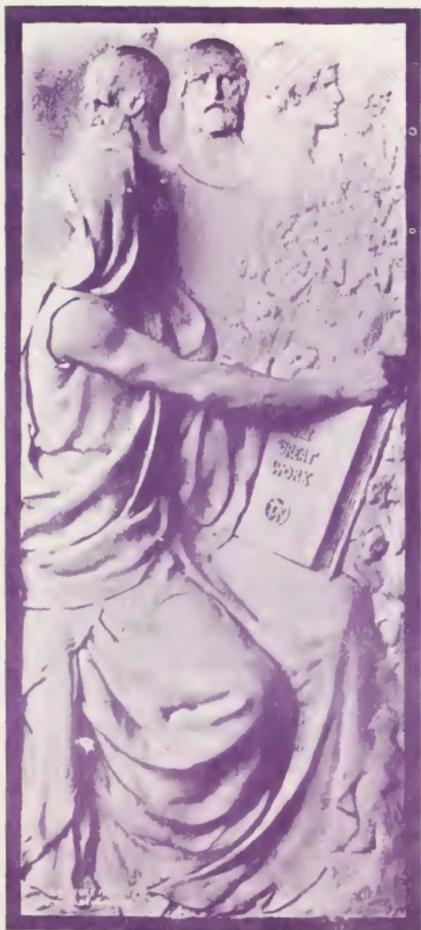
more than the estimate of the assured, and the companies would back up my judgment with cash. If it had ever gotten noised abroad that the insurance companies were sending out a damned Spiritualist, who claimed he could see and talk with dead people and disembodied people, to tell sane business men how to run their business, a valuable adjustment business would have blown up in my face, and I would have had to go as far away as Timbuktu to finagle a new start in a new business under an assumed name. As it was, by writing under an assumed name and watching my conversation alertly, what my business associates and competitors did not know did not hurt either them or me, and I was accredited with being a man of good, practical, common sense. Now I have no business to lose and I am not hesitant to say that black is black and white is white, even under my own name.

REMINISCENT

I can truly say, with Spartacus, the oratorical gladiator, that my early boyhood ran quiet as the brook by which I sported. I had no problems. Everything was either right or it was wrong. My father knew which was which and was kind and prompt in answering my inquiries. I was sold on the right from the start, and when I learned what was right I was happily on my way.

MY FATHER

My father, a Methodist circuit rider for more than fifty years was a mountaineer of excellent physique and sterling character. I have never known any individual who was so infallibly prompt in doing what he decided was proper to do. He was deliberate ---- very rarely impetuous ---- in making his decisions; but, once they were made, he moved promptly and steadily to a finality without regard to fear, the odds against him, propriety, or the possible consequences. Neither procrastination nor dawdling fitted into his plan of procedure. If he were encountering armed men, a mad bull or a mad dog, there was the same absence of hesitation or turning back, and he always came through unscathed.



THE GREAT WORK



LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

In Bragg's army, at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, his right hip was shattered by a "Minnie" ball which rendered him a wasted skeleton, kept him at the brink of death for six months, put him on crutches for ten years and left him a cripple for life, his right leg being 3-1/2 inches shorter than his left. While he was at the point of death for so long, he acquired the ability to see and hear spiritually; and he learned how to maintain this independent use of his spiritual faculties at will through the remainder of his life. Under no circumstances would he eat heavily; and he used no stimulants or sedatives. His appetite was keen for the simplest foods, but tea, coffee, tobacco, alcoholic beverages, and pork were strictly taboo. His flesh was as nearly transparent, and radiant as that of a healthy baby. In the face of a sumptuous feast he would take only a glass of buttermilk if he felt he had sufficient food on board already. The hostess would attribute this to stomach trouble -- of which he had none. To me he explained that pork was too heavy and cloying to him. To others he would jocularly explain -- "Anything not good enough for a Jew is not good enough for me." In addition, he was assiduous in keeping a clear conscience and mind.

I did not know the cause for this abstemious regime on his part until I was thirty-five years old. In analyzing the conditions in which I, at times, could both see and hear spiritually -- a combination of physical refinement and moral purpose -- I came to the conclusion that my father must be able to see spiritually because he maintained those conditions at all times. Upon asking him he replied that he had been able to see and hear for a great many years. As to why he had never mentioned it he said he did not care to land in the insane asylum yet. After a schooling of 7-1/2 months he attained on his own efforts a creditable education in English, Math, Greek, Hebrew, and Philosophy -- creditable for his time and opportunity -- and wrote books and pamphlets that sold above the million mark. For more than fifty years he rose in the morning at four o'clock and read aloud ten chapters in the Bible -- straight through from Genesis to Revelation; this just as a reading lesson, aside from his study, just to familiarize himself with his ministerial working tools. I did this for twenty years of my youth because it was being done in that portion of polite society in which I was stationed; and I still wake up at four A.M. period. The fulminations of the "prophets" left too doleful a mem-

ory to tempt me as a steady diet, but I still enjoy the gems of truth in the Bible as much as ever.

MY MOTHER

My mother, who died when I was five years old, was a highly educated member of the old southern aristocracy, a college professor, a gifted pianist and linguist and a teacher par excellence of children. Before they had reached the age of five years each of her three sons, of which I was the third, had stood at her knee and read the Bible aloud to her - from cover to cover, while her knitting needles twinkled with dazzling speed. I remember nothing about learning to read or write or learning multiplication tables. The first thing I recall about arithmetic was wondering why, in dividing common fractions, you had to invert the divisor and multiply to get the right answer. The first trouble I recall about reading -- I read by the "word" method and my eyes kept about five words ahead of my voice -- was to distinguish between words of similar appearance, as though and through; therefore and thereof, etc. I soon found that hesitation was not necessary as the context would let me know by the time my voice reached the word. On my fourth birthday, after having learned by heart practically every story in McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader, (and I know many of them now) when I was presented with a fourth reader, I thought how nice it was to have a new reader for every year of your life.

BIBLE PROBLEMS

The first time I fell out with God, as reported in Exodus, was when HE kept hardening Pharaoh's heart after He had softened him up with plagues to where he would agree to let the children of Israel go; and then going on to kill the cattle and the first born -- which would have caught my oldest brother whom I almost worshiped. I asked mother what right God had to do this, and her answer was that whatever the Lord did was good. This, which I remember well, was when I was three and a half years old, as recorded in her diary of my judicial utterances. From this time on I kept a sharp lookout for God's misdoings. I had no trouble believing the miracles as I was told He was all powerful, and all wise. But I could not see how He could, if He were all wise and all good, create man in His own

image and then REPENT that He had made him; nor why, if He were just, He would set his CHOSEN PEOPLE to rob, plunder and murder others of His people who were not chosen, put their women and children under the harrow and HAM STRING their horses; how He would send a LYING spirit to entice Ahab to go to Ramoth Gilead to be killed; nor how He would have His own Son crucified to reconcile the FATHER to His children, rather than reconcile the CHILDREN to the repentant Father.

At the age of seven I decided that I did not believe it, but would lie about it to prevent disruption in my father's ministerial work --- with the proviso that I would later travel around the world to seek proof of whether or not it was true -- since my father insisted it was true and could be proven so. By the time I was twelve I had learned something of the uncertainty of proof and the certainty of knowledge. Since that time I have left no stone unturned to supplant faith and hope and belief with knowledge.

SPIRITUAL SIGHT AND HEARING

From the age of four until now I have intermittently had the conscious and independent use of my spiritual faculties of sight, hearing and sense of touch ---the latter being slight and more infrequent. "When the sign was right" they have simply functioned as naturally and easily as my physical senses, with no effort on my part. It has at times seemed enticing to go further and establish and maintain voluntary control and exercise of these spiritual faculties, but each time I have given it serious consideration, I have either been impressed, or have come to the conclusion that my work here and now needed more attention than I was giving it, and that the other was impractical for the time. I get help when I call for it, but I do not call until I feel it is entirely proper for me to do so.

CONTACTING THE GREAT WORK

In 1910, when my brother and I were co-principals of a private University training school at Clinton, Kentucky, he called my attention to the Harmonic Series which he was reading. He had almost finished the three volumes and was preparing to apply for studentship. I read them, found them far ahead of anything I had ever seen or heard of, and I had read all the re-

ligions and philosophies that I had encountered. I immediately wrote to TK and asked for an interview which was granted. I called my mother, who, from the spiritual plane, has never ignored my call, told her I was going to Chicago to interview a man who wrote more intelligently than anyone I had ever read, and that if he passed satisfactory personal inspection I intended to do some work with him. I wanted to use her as a test of whether he could see spiritually -- my mother died when I was five and I saw her first after her death when I was thirty-five -- and I asked if she would enter TK's office with me and sit through the interview. She said that she would. I then said, "I want you to go with me on the train," and it made me laugh when she said, "That will not be necessary." I had no idea how busy she was, but a stuffy, rattling sleeper evidently was not enticing to her.

THE INTERVIEW WITH TK

As I started up the steps -- eight or ten -- to TK's office building on Kedzie Avenue in Oak Park, just before my foot touched the first step, I heard the swish of her dainty purple skirt as my mother whipt down beside me, took my arm and walked up the steps with me. To avoid mental telepathy, I had dismissed the agreement from my mind and had told no one of the test we were making, not even my wife or brother; and I dismissed my mother's presence from my thought and consideration on being introduced to TK.

EXPERIENCE IN INVESTIGATING

I have studied people more thoroughly and extensively than any other subject in the world. My interest began when I found that the bell weathers who sat in "Amen Corner" and shouted "AMEN" the loudest and longest were not exactly what the doctor ordered, ethically speaking. My innate aversion to pretense, sham, false modesty, insincerity, piosity, effusive unction, drippy sweetness and gushiness in general led me to "Beware the Greeks bearing Gifts" of any kind.

LIARS

On the playground, in the schoolroom, in the church, in the army, in adjusting thousands of losses with every type of

person owning property that can be damaged by fire, wind, water, or theft, I have met, spotted and classified many if not all types of liars and combination of types that this country affords. All I can say for TK is that his appearance and manner graded as well as you would have expected from his thought and his writing, and this is tops. I had talked with him but little until I sensed that he followed my thought more closely than my words. He knew I was there to look him over; but I looked him over just the same -- not in any way discourteously, but much more searchingly than I would have felt free to look at a woman. Our conversation was, on my part, purposely incidental, almost casual. He had as perfectly shaped head as I have ever seen. His eyes, clear and bright, were smiling rather than piercing or glaring.

Let me say here that the prime purpose in my arranging a personal interview with TK was not to hear what he would say, but to observe his manner in saying it. For this reason our initial conference was held to matters of casual import. If his eyes did not tell the same story as his tongue, that would have been all I would have cared to know about him. If he had seemed interested in making an impression on me, that would have been all.

My technique as an adjuster was to help the claimant tell his story just as he wanted me to believe it. I asked simple, relevant questions, easy to answer, with no hint of suspicion or surprise in my mind, leaving my mind inactive and blank to catch the impact of his thought. Everything he said appeared to seem reasonable, plausible and logical to me; but if his thoughts did not track with the words, he would just as well have said in plain words, "This is my tale and it is going over better than I had hoped. What a fool I have been to worry about this when they send such gullible suckers out to adjust losses."

After 28 minutes I started to go and TK said, "Your time is not up." The conference had been arranged for thirty minutes. Neither of us had looked at a watch, but I was able to keep track of the time, and I think he was. I replied that I did not like to have the time kick me out on the street on a limited engagement. He said, "I will give you another thirty minutes"; and then we opened up a little more sociably. I asked if I might

meet Florence Huntley. He phoned and learned that her day was filled, but that she would be glad to have me for dinner tomorrow -- which was Sunday. TK explained that Sunday was given over entirely for a visit from a Boston publisher, but, if I would understand that it was his visit, I was welcome to stick around as an innocent bystander. (Not his exact words) This suited me better than I could have hoped, since I could thus observe, unnoticed.

AN ALL DAY INTERVIEW

It turned out that the publisher from Boston was all you could expect of a Bostonian --- cultured, refined and INTELLIGENT. He and TK seemed to know each other, whether through correspondence or personal association I do not know; but he seemed to have accepted TK at face value, without reservation. I was still staying on the fence as long as further observation was available, though he had met my fullest anticipation and hopes so far.

We met at ten o'clock Sunday morning in TK's home just opposite his office across the street. They got through with their business affairs in a few minutes, to which I paid no attention. We then set in for a gabfest which lasted through dinner at twelve until five P.M., at which time we went for a stroll until lunch at six; then till eight P.M. when we met with a group of the Chicago students, a dozen or so, until ten.

It was as though two young men who had read much but had never been out of the county had found a friend who had spent several years picking up knowledge all over the world. He had the outside information we were looking for and was as interested in sharing it with us as we were to get it. Without hesitation or reservation he made full reply to any and every inquiry we made; caught every curve we pitched at him as easily as Yogi Berra would handle the fast ones with a hop on them that his five year old son dished out. We carried him from the highest heaven to the lowest hell and back again, with lay-overs all along the way, and he spoke as readily and easily as if he were describing something that happened under his observation out in the front yard just a few moments ago. About three in the afternoon I ventured this observation. "If you are not a Master, I

will say that you play the part as well as I could imagine." I was convinced that he knew what he was talking about, and was saying what he thought.

DINNER TIME

The dinner was served by Florence Huntley. There were no servants in evidence, and the indications were that she prepared it. Its completeness and perfection as a meal fitted perfectly with the philosophy, its presentation and its representatives.

In particular detail, and as a whole it was a day easy to remember and difficult to forget; not because of the perfection of detail, but because of the perfect blending. The meal was served as an adjunct to and an accompaniment of the conversation, rather than as an annoying disruption. The perfect service was there; the all pervading solicitude was absent. The effect was as restful and pleasing as an operatic performance where the individual instruments of the orchestra blend into a harmonious whole, and where the orchestra as a whole beautifies and strengthens the loftiest and most inspiring efforts of the singers rather than drowning them out at the crucial peaks. The same was true of the pervading sense of domestic accord and happiness. It made itself felt without being demonstrated.

FLORENCE HUNTLEY

I think Florence Huntley was the most arresting personality I have ever seen. At first glance she appeared positively handsome without any masculinity. The dainty, lofty poise of her shapely head with its wealth of beautiful hair, held high enough to produce a floating effect, made you look again to see just what happened. Queen Liliuokalani, with whom I talked for two hours in 1898, is the only person I have seen who approximated this effect. Closer inspection revealed that Florence's beauty and intellectual reserve vied with her grace and charming individuality to produce an effect that was absorbingly delightful. I verified this in a private interview with her later in the afternoon. She found time in the serving to take appropriate part in the conversation. At one time she asked TK to tell us of the time Jesus Christ from the twelfth plane addressed

the convocation of the Great School being held under the conditions of the seventh plane. I was interested in the great distance He had to stay away to prevent injuring the eyes of those on the seventh plane. Note -- the eyes of Saul of Tarsus were blinded for several days by the light that prostrated him. My mother's face is so bright at night that my eyes will not stand the light. This is not so in the noon day sun. The eyes of both TK and of my father had to me the appearance of having looked too long at the sun though my father's eyes were a clear blue gray, and I could not say just what gave me the impression of their being slightly seared.

FLORENCE HUNTLEY AFTER DEATH

I have never seen Florence Huntley in person except this one day. Some twelve years later, when she had been dead for ten years, I saw her in her spiritual body. I was sitting on a towering promontory of a mountain range, some ten miles in any direction from human habitation, and probably that far from any living person. I was so far in the wilds that the squirrels and the birds had no fear of me -- seemed to regard me as a queer specimen of goat and would let me stand in three feet of them and watch their movements, as interested in studying me as I in them.

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, Florence Huntley, in company with my mother, appeared just in front of me -- ten feet -- and expressed smiling, reassuring approval of a decision I had made regarding my personal determination in relation to women.

I have no memories more beautiful or refreshing. Poised daintily and gracefully on my level, a lofty, perpendicular cliff beneath me; the same number of hundreds of feet of empty space beneath them, they were beautiful beyond the powers of my imagination. I was so entirely alone, and no acquaintance of mine knew within two hundred miles of where I was; yet here they were, so happy in their association and so pleased that I could see them and sense their approval. In the light of the noon day sun I could see their features distinctly without the pain caused by the brightness of my mother's face in the blackness of the night. Their dress was distinct enough to outline



THE FOUR KINGDOMS OF NATURE



EVIL INFLUENCES

the flowing grace of their figures -- not white, but too nearly so to be cream or light tan. They crowned the grandeur of the physical setting to make it fade into insignificance, and then they were gone.

BACK TO MY THIRD DAY WITH TK

Monday morning I visited with TK for an hour -- between nine and ten -- and started to say "good-bye" when he said he would get his hat and walk down the street with me. He stopped at the first mail box, dropped in a letter; we talked a minute or two and I left him. Before I had gone a fifth of a block I felt something was wrong. I had started hunting without my shells; I had left the faucet running, or something of some kind was hay-wire. Then I recalled that I had forgotten my test question. Looking back I saw that he was still by the box, smiling at me. Retracing my steps I said, "One more question." "Yes?" Have you NOTICED anyone with me since I have been here? "When you came into my office across the street Saturday morning I noticed a woman come in with you." "Would you have judged her to be a relative of mine?" "I would have taken her to be your mother." "That's all; Thank you, and good-bye." I felt that he knew as much about the situation as if he had listened in on my arrangement with my mother to be present. This was the beginning of a warm, personal friendship that has existed without interruption to this day.

Two years later, travelling in his spiritual body, apart from his physical body, he visited me in Nashville, Tennessee. I recognized him in his royal purple robe as readily as if he had been in western civilian garb, and talked with him. A full account of this meeting, together with corroborating evidence appeared in the November issue of TO TOU magazine -- as follows:

Those Who Bear Witness ...



Physical Proof of A Spiritual Fact?

John Kirk

FEW people, if any, enjoy being jeered at or considered queer, whether the jeering is done by the ignorant and the inexperienced or by the scientifically skeptical. This is one reason why those with definite knowledge of spiritual matters and life after death do not speak of it freely. They realize too, that it is futile to attempt to convince certain classes. The man who, with the evidence now available, elects to believe not only that "The earth is the Lord's," but that it is flat and has four corners and that the sun moves around it, simply has to be left to work out his own salvation. The same is true of those in any walk in life who are constitutionally skeptical.

Another thing that holds them back is the realization that they frequently do harm rather than good to those whom they are trying to help, due to the widespread tendency of human ingenuity to seek a short cut to the goal. It is so fascinating to circumvent the law. It is so alluring to set your eyes on the glories beyond, so easy to miss the pathway at your feet, and so human to substitute doubt or self-pity for the acumen and energy and persistence necessary to resolve and lay the doubts.

Again, there are men of wisdom and discretion, working with a class whose mental activities are still within the pale of this or that brand of Orthodoxy, who properly decline to have their names linked with any-

thing that might be classified as "Spiritualism" or "Mysticism." They are trying to kindle rather than water the spark that disturbs the clod and they do not care to risk having their work and influence disrupted by anything too far afield. They even fight shy of the so-called "Supernatural" or the "Subconscious"—terms used, for a wonder, to designate the same thing.

Discretion is largely determined by time and place. In the mountains where I was raised the practice was so prevalent among those who became entangled with the law to go to Texas until the storm blew over or the trouble was patched up that a discreet man could not afford to let it be known that he had even been to Texas on business. So many would wonder what he really was guilty of that prompted the trip. Anyone who had "been abroad" could not afford to mention it for fear of being considered stuck up. Long since the days of Galileo it has often been found unpleasant and even dangerous to "cast before swine" even pearls of physical wisdom, not to mention the spiritual.

Early in life I developed an antipathy to bearing witness, due to the seeming sanctimonious air of martyrdom assumed by those who rose up in experience meetings to confess before the Father.

Yet, despite these and many other deterrents, I am personally in sympathy with what you are trying to accomplish through your

"Those Who Bear Witness" section. I feel that those who have broken the halter, jumped the fence and started out on a rampage after facts are entitled to some consideration. You will understand then that what I present is offered for better or worse, believe it or not, take it or leave it—in the hope that it may interest some enquirer, and yet cause no brother to offend.

It has been demonstrated that if you mix the right chemicals you will get the right precipitate regardless of your comprehension of the laws of chemical affinity. If you obey the laws of health you will be healthy even though you could not distinguish a calorie from a bromide or a germ from a vitamin if you met them in the middle of the road, side by side. It is equally true that if you obey the law of spiritual unfoldment you will develop independent use of your spiritual senses regardless of your theory or lack of theory of the plan of salvation.

After encountering in childhood an insurmountable difficulty in bringing myself to believe the story of the plagues and the story of the Tower of Babel, and the Fish story, etc., I had to laugh at myself for even contemplating the credulity necessary to believe that a man of today could leave his body and travel in the spirit realms and return at will. Not being asked to believe it, and properly so, I held it in abeyance.

Some people have no difficulty in believing anything they read if it happened as far away as Jerusalem, and as long ago as a few thousand years, especially if it was under a different dispensation, but I get a more definite conviction from what I see and hear, here and now. You can imagine my pleasant surprise when I witnessed a demonstration of a man travelling in his spiritual body and later secured what an interested friend accepted as physical proof of the fact. I give here a statement of the facts together with a copy of the proof.

My brother had lost his health in the army.

He and my father and I were sitting on a river bluff in front of my home, talking. The night was very dark. My father was saying, "You can regain your health, and I can tell you how you can do it." Expecting to hear a minister of forty years service say something about taking the matter to the Lord and trusting in his guidance, I was surprised to hear him say: "The first thing you must do is to do the best you know; and the next is you must ask for help from those who know more than you do."

As I was wondering how nearly he had come to using the language of Natural Science, which he had not read, I noticed a tall figure about ten feet in front of me clothed in a robe of rich purple. It was a much deeper shade than the robe I had seen my mother wear, but not more beautiful.

Glancing up I caught the eye and recognized the bright face of the author of *The Great Work*—TK. In impulsive surprise I said, "Can this be you?"

Instead of smiling and saying, "It is I," he gave an infectious grin, reverted to ungrammatical type, and answered, "It's me all right."

"What can you be doing here?" I asked, and he answered, still grinning, "Well, I am here."

Turning his face to the right he smiled at someone I did not see distinctly as I did not take my attention from his face. I was only conscious of a bright glow about six feet to the right of him. Then he turned and smiled at me, flitted south over the river and was gone. I did not see him on his course for more than fifteen feet, and this was practically instantaneous.

Next day I told a mutual friend, with whom I was working, of the incident and he questioned the accuracy of my observation. He did not doubt I had seen someone but questioned the identity of the visitor on the grounds that TK was too busy to be snooping around here. I assured him that the identity

was the one part of it about which I was most positive. On his suggestion that I write and ask him I stated that I would not make a fool out of myself by asking him something he knew that I knew. Possibly sensing the fact that he was on the track of unique evidence my friend insisted that I write him. I thereupon wrote the TK an account of some interesting confirmation I had recently received from my father, whom he had never met in the flesh. The letter called for no answer, mentioned nothing about the incident in ques-

tion and did not refer to my friend in any way.

I submitted the letter to my friend's keen inspection, and he agreed that it was perfect for the purpose as a test, and that if an answer came back referring in any way to the meeting on the bluff it would be proof enough that I could recognize a man's identity in his spiritual body by sight and sound, or at least that I had done so in this instance.

In reply I received the following letter, written in the marvellously beautiful handwriting which too few have seen.

At Home
8:23 11/11/12

Dear Friend ^{and} Bro. John:

Your good letter of the 20th inst. is a most welcome visitor.

I wish I could express to you in written words how deeply I appreciate your personal friendship for ^{and} confidence in me ^{and} how much they really mean to me. But I can't do it.

I want to thank you for telling me of the "interesting confirmations" that have come to you through your beloved Father. They are, indeed, of the most active interest to me, as you will understand better when I tell you that your saintly Mother is in truth in full ^{and} unqualified sympathy with the School, the Work ^{and} your own attitude. I am hoping to leave before very long that she has been formally admitted as an accredited Student.

I am gratified exceedingly to know what you have felt at liberty to tell me of your Father. I wish I knew him personally. I have seen him ^{and} am glad to know that he feels free to talk of his experiences with you. I am also glad that he ^{and} my beloved Friend, "_____ " have become good friends. _____ is one of the dearest boys I have ever known, and I am pleased that you ^{and} he come in touch in the business world. You ought to be good friends ^{and} mutually helpful.

I probably never should have told you of my presence with you had you not sensed the fact ^{and} spoken of it. But, to answer the query in your mind, I was there. So was your Mother. She will verify this to your Father sometime, I think. But do not mention my name to him.

By the way - it is fine that you are located in Nashville. You asked another question I have overlooked. I will answer: your Mother did see me when you were with me; but she did not speak to me - doubtless feeling that it would be an intrusion.

The next issue of Life & Action will be out in about 10 days. I think there are some things in it that will interest you.

With greetings of friendship

Your Brother

JK

Twelve years later, in a letter dated 11-6-24 TK wrote me:

"1. Yes, I recall very definitely the meeting with you and your father and brother to which you refer. So far as I was concerned, I had not intended nor expected to call on you at that time. I was travelling (in the spiritual body) with my Great Friend, Hooknaka, The Master who came to me in 1883, in this State, and who became my instructor and guide. I was interested in your brother's condition, and the information came to me that I could see you then and there, and I simply went.

"I was rather surprised to observe the fact that you could see me, and still more so to note that you could understand what I said to you. It was to express my pleasure that I turned and looked at the Great Master and smiled. * * * I knew afterwards when I received your letter that you had not written me because of any doubts in your own mind or that you needed confirmation, and, in fact, I rather surmised that you had in mind something else at the time.

"2. On that occasion, you saw and heard me solely because of your then internal and psychical condition and attitude of Soul. It was not through any effort on my part that you saw and heard me. Nor do I believe you had any definite outside help on that occasion when you saw and talked with your Mother.

You were much interested, during those days, in the subject of spiritual things, and your mental attitude and soul interest in the subject were the principal elements in the situation that opened your spiritual senses, for the time being. Had it been possible for you, at that time, to pursue the subject of your own spiritual development under proper guidance, it would have been possible for you to have developed all your spiritual senses to complete independence, in a comparatively short time. But it is better for you, no doubt, that you were no further diverted into that channel but were permitted to devote yourself to the demands of the physical life and responsibilities. And I would say the same thing now. So long as the material problem has its claims upon your time, attention and personal efforts, you will find it easier to let the spiritual problem of developing your spiritual senses rest until you can give your attention to it and feel free to do so without neglecting already assumed responsibilities. But when you have accomplished the things on the physical plane, and feel at liberty to devote yourself to spiritual unfoldment, it is my judgment that you will experience comparatively little difficulty in accomplishing the development rapidly.

Your Elder Brother,

J. E. Richardson, TK."

TRUTH: "The established harmonic relation which the facts of nature sustain to each other and to The Individual Intelligence or Soul of Man."

— John E. Richardson

PHYSICAL PROOF OF A SPIRITUAL FACT ?

Let me make it clear here that I believed then, as I believe now, that there is no physical proof of a spiritual fact. This is the reason for the question mark in the heading (?). The blind may believe in sight, the deaf in sound, and the dumb in intelligence; but they have no personal knowledge of it, respectively.

The fact that my friend, having confidence that I had elicited the letter from TK in the manner stated, was convinced from the corroboration in the letter that my account of the meeting was true does not qualify him to say that he has personal knowledge that it was true.

I do not hope to prove to anybody that anything I have said or may say here is true. But I do hope to state facts within my knowledge so directly and in such variety that it will be at least as much, if not more difficult to DISbelieve than to believe them; and that you may be led to demonstrate them for yourself, or selves, as the case may be.

I do know that, after physical death, we continue to live -- continuously -- in spiritual bodies with the same individuality we have developed while in our physical bodies, and that we shed our physical infirmities with our physical bodies. We carry over all the strength of character and intelligence we have acquired, as well as all the weakness and ignorance we have failed to master.

The so called "GREAT JUDGMENT DAY" is with us there as it is here, namely, in every conscious act of our lives. We cannot run away from our ignorance nor our weaknesses, nor die away from them, because we carry them with us. This makes every moment of every day one of opportunity and promise if we set our hearts on the uphill course.

And we need have no anxious concern about who says what we must believe, what we must do. We all have knowledge of our own as to how we would like to be treated, what we would like to receive. We also know intuitively how we should

treat others, and how, to avoid congestion. We must maintain a balance between giving and receiving. This is true in all walks of life, social, economic, physical and spiritual. Congestion is stagnation, disease, and death; clearance by circulation is life and health and growth. We have only to try it to know the joy and reap the reward.

THE BREAK

Before the breakup of the Chicago group came, I had completed the ethical section, judged it to be all that was claimed for it and was preparing to apply for the Technical section.

When I received the twenty-two page letter from Dr. Hille in November, 1916, announcing the suspension of the Work, I arranged to go to Chicago to look the situation over from the viewpoint of those who participated and concurred in the dissolution. I went armed with the personal knowledge that TK had the ability to see and hear with his spiritual faculties and that he could travel without his physical body, communicate with, identify himself to, and see and hear those in the physical body who had use of their spiritual faculties.

MONEY FOR PERSONAL SERVICE -- THURSTON

As to finances, I had the confidential statement of Gates P. Thurston, a classmate of mine at Vanderbilt University and who was wealthy in his own right, given to me in a long, personal interview in his room at the Hermitage Hotel in Nashville, Tennessee -- as follows: Gates had dabbled with hypnotism, as a hypnotist, until, "I was in so deep that I found myself confronting a black wall which I could not penetrate, and from which I could not turn back. I went to see a wise friend of my father" (his father was then dead) "who lived in New York and asked his advice. He said that if there was one man in the United States who could help me it would be John E. Richardson in Chicago, and that he would do it if he could. I went to see Richardson, he took me into his home as a younger brother, relieved me at once and kept me there for several weeks (six, I think it was) built me up on a positive diet, mainly of rare beefsteak, before he would let me go. I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO PAY HIM AS MUCH AS A TWO CENT POSTAGE STAMP." He volunteered

this statement to me when I had no idea he had ever heard of Richardson, and I believe it. I later verified this incident from TK. Thurston died shortly after this.

HILLE

From Dr. Herman Hille I had detailed confirmation of a story he had told my brother Paul of how when he - (Hille) - was being forced out of a business partnership for ten thousand dollars, OR ELSE, TK appeared out of the blue, (my words) and secured \$300,000.00 for him from his partner through auctioning off Hille's half interest. Hille's partner was threatening to kick him out with nothing unless he would sell for ten thousand dollars. Hille tried to get TK to take \$150,000.00, but was unable to get him to take a dime. TK did agree to use, as residence and office, Hille's two dwellings on Kedzie, but would not take title. Hille did not mention the item of rent to me.

LARKIN

John Larkin told me in his home in Buffalo, New York, that his father tried to give TK a property to be used as a hospital, IN HIS OWN NAME. TK would not have it so and his father would not have it otherwise, and that they finally worked it out that the hospital be governed by a Board of Trustees. That he, Larkin, went along with the inquisitors to witness the expected debacle at Pasadena only to see their supposedly invincible evidence vanish into nothingness as it was presented and to see them troop away empty handed like a bunch of school children who had tried to take the master to task. Larkin said that, instead of seeing TK cringe, they went away as pitifully whipped as they had hoped TK would be.

NATURE OF CHARGES

As I have stated above I undertook this investigation for my own satisfaction, to be convinced myself, with no idea of trying to convince anyone of anything. I endeavored to get from each one interviewed his own story as he wanted to have it believed. I was unable to contact anyone who knew anything except the crudest of heresy charges, charges easy to make,

difficult to refute, from "five reputable women." When Dr. Hille mentioned with impressive concern the value of his two dwellings on Kedzie, I asked if he had lost them. He replied, No, that he had retained title. In regard to his statement that TK had given him no scientific advice or help, and that all his remedies were, without exception, the result of his own studies, knowledge, efforts and labor, I innocently asked about the help he had told me Michael Faraday, working with him in his own laboratory, had given him. He answered, "They told me it was Michael Faraday; but I didn't know who it was." The "Biosol" they produced was the best medicinal tonic I have ever contacted. Because, as I was advised, of trouble he had with the U.S. Government in the first world war over the charge of encouraging draft dodging, he was very reticent to discuss the matter with my brother Paul and me, except to let it be known that his wife felt that if the Germans did not win this war then there was no such thing as justice in the universe. I happened to know that TK did not go along with this idea, but whether it caused any rift between them I do not know. In the second world war, when Hitler was riding high, my brother, Paul and I called on Dr. Hille in his laboratories, and I asked if he had any ideas about "Handsome Adolphe." He answered with fervor; "I certainly do, and I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS it. Hitler is at Berchtegaden, up in the mountains, communing with the Gods, and " da da da da daaaaa. He was a sincerely patriotic German.

SPAULDING

Hector Spaulding's only criticism of TK -- based on his own judgment was that TK was egotistical. He was absolutely infatuated with TK from intimate association with him for two years. On the first wave of hearsay charges he was convinced that TK was a heroin addict and a libertine. He admitted that he had had much better opportunity to know TK than he had to know the women, but he took their word because, "I KNOW WOMEN."

CONFERENCE WITH CHARLES DORRANCE

In Dorrance's office, when I could not enthuse properly over what they had "discovered" about TK, Dorrance, a jolly fellow disappeared into a side room and a German overlord

bristled up to me, and, in a tone which suggested that he might want to make a personal issue of it, blustered out, "They tell me you are up here trying to defend a man who is guilty of this, that and the other, and we don't know but what he murdered Florence Huntley." I asked, softly, "Are you willing to charge that he murdered her?" and he suddenly cleared away the atmosphere and the room of his presence, without a reply.

EVIDENCE

I had seen nothing of intelligence or reason, and could contact no one who claimed to know anything. I had neither the time nor the opportunity to attempt to ferret out the causes underlying the disruption. I had found nothing here that rang true. I had formerly heard rumors that there was rivalry between Dr. Webster and two students of the Technical Work as to who was making the best progress and who was headed for the position of top man. I had heard of Mrs. Hille's intense feeling over the German situation. The unverified picture came to mind that here was a situation ripe for the genius of anyone interested in starting a scandal mongering campaign. --- A movement flowering into the proportions of big business. An aging leader who might be ousted. The position of Queen, worth scrambling for left vacant by the death of Florence Huntley.

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE

Many times in life I have hung my faith on a peg that seemed secure only to see the peg shaken loose and swept away, but my faith in eternal justice has remained constant. If I find an error in arithmetic I do not lose faith in the actuality of a fixed relationship between quantities. If I fail to hold myself to my highest ideal I do not lose faith in my privilege to try again. But when faith has been supplanted by knowledge, there is no peg to shake loose, and nothing to be swept away. So, when an overly aggressive soul saver assures me that I am a lost soul; that I must believe whatever he is collecting for or be damned; that if I do not hurry and get on the band wagon it will be too late; when he secures from me a promise that if he is available I will let him know when I come to die and am facing the fires of eternal torment, so that he may have the pleasure of watching me cringe and cry for mercy from my Maker, it ruffles me

not a whit, and I am pleased to oblige. For I know that UNLESS the PRESENT ORDER CHANGES pretty quick now I will be welcomed by my many friends at death just as I was welcomed by those ready and pleased to care for me when I started out on this fascinating sojourn in the physical flesh. This waiting for the trumpet to sound and the dead to be raised up is OUT.

THE DEAD "INFIDEL"

In this connection, and at this point, permit me to relate an incident that happened in my father's life, shortly before his death. In the small town in which he lived the last years of his life there was a most estimable gentleman who was rated by his over religious sisters, with whom he lived, and by the clergy in general, as a sinner, an infidel and a lost soul because he did not believe the Bible (as they believed it). He even twitted the preachers who came at him too aggressively, either on their own initiative or at the instigation of his sisters. The relations between him and my father were cordial, since both seemed to realize the intrinsic worth of the other. When he came to die he requested that my father be asked to preach his funeral. The large room in his home was filled with his sisters' religious acquaintances who had come to "hear the preacher preach an infidel into heaven," and with an equal throng of people of not so much social import in the outlying district. There was surprised interest as to how these people knew of the funeral, and how they happened to be interested enough to come.

As father approached the home there came to his mind the passage; "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." As he entered the large reception room he saw his dead friend, very much alive, leaning against a door frame, studying with interest the faces of those who were passing in line to view the remains of the departed. As father went over to speak to him, he said, "I wish you would tell my sisters that I am not burning in hell fire."

Before father got well into the theme that we sometimes make the mistake of judging our fellowman by human standards which are not God's standard, a lady rose and said, "This is one of those times. My lips have been sealed by a solemn

promise, but the seal is broken now and I am going to speak out. My husband was out of work and sick and we had nothing to eat. This man, a stranger, came in and took over until we were well again and made us promise never to mention it to a soul as long as he lived. When she became too full for utterance another rose up with a similar story in different setting. By the time six or seven had broken down the floodgates of silence there was so much weeping going on that further speech was superfluous. Some may have been saddened by the thought; "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

UNUSUAL SETTING

Now, as to the unusual setting which gave me the opportunity to verify many of the unusual claims made by TK. --- It came about by my being able to check, one against the other, the divergent views of two men who had full use of their spiritual faculties -- insofar as the ability to communicate with people supposedly dead is concerned. My father learned to maintain the independent use of his spiritual faculties by what he gleaned of truth from his study of the Bible. He tested and found true that when he complied with the required conditions he need have no fear under any circumstances that the Lord would not do His part.

Since he had proved the truth of the essential parts of it and it was generally admitted by God fearing people that it (the Bible) was the Word of God, he did the, to me, impossible feat of swallowing the book as a whole, and thereafter he wrestled mightily with an annoying case of intellectual indigestion. He could see his spiritual guide or guardian angel who was by his side in extremities, and, since he was serving Jesus Christ he had no doubt that it was Christ in person. He knew nothing of TK except that he was reported not to be an orthodox Christian, and this was all he wanted to know. He did not read the books, (Harmonic Series) and knew nothing of hypnotism, but was confident that TK had Paul and me hypnotized.

SAVING A SOUL

Late in his life he decided to take a hitch at saving my soul in the orthodox fashion. He preached character consistently and powerfully. While assuring dying sinners that they could still be saved by faith, he urged young people to do the clean and fair thing and not cheat God in the end by giving him a sin-soaked life. But when it came to argument, he was a gifted genius in doctrinal debate. He prided himself that he never asked for a debate, and never declined one. But under internal duress he broke his rule and challenged me to debate with him the validity of the scriptures. I declined on the grounds that people argued for the purpose of giving rather than getting information, that they purposely misunderstood, misinterpreted, dodged, lost their temper, etc. . . . He insisted that debate made for clear thinking, and that there was no need for us to dodge or lose our tempers. "I seen he had me and finally give in," on the written agreement that we would not dodge nor misunderstand, that we would not lose our tempers and that we would confine the discussion to the one question, Is the Bible totally the word of God, given by inspiration, and true in detail?

On the third exchange of letters he flipped his lid and wrote me a letter that was a masterpiece of sarcasm. I have never laughed so heartily at any writing. People on the train wanted me to give them the benefit of it if it was so good, but since the joke was too rough on him I had to assure them that it was a personal matter.

THE JUDGMENT

"A young limb of the law educated in church schools; too proud to surrender; too independent to accept God's grace because it was free, so egotistical that he preferred to go it ALONE, WITHOUT God; on the judgment throne, despite God's injunction, 'Judge not that ye be not judged,'" etc., etc., etc. "No doubt the Church would tremble at the tread of my mighty feet. . ." I answered that I was in sympathy with what the church was trying to do but that if it were allowed to save souls in their own way, I wanted to take my chances in my own way without being dubbed a dog of an unbeliever. That I hoped to get along peaceably with the brethren. That I did not know if I were ego-

tistical or not but that I did know that I had no cause to be, my attainments being so far below my maximum potential. That I did not mind being criticized but I did not relish being unceremoniously jerked off the judgment throne, only to have him bob up in my place and sound off; and that when it came down to cases I suspected the holy fathers would tremble at the tread of my mighty feet as much as I would quake at their excommunications and maledictions. That it was only by giving him credit for having less sense than I thought he had that I could credit him with not dodging over my aversion to being saved by God's mercy and free grace when he knew it was the unmerited part of it that I could not trust or desire. In discussing the so-called "GREAT PLAN OF SALVATION," he complained that my letters were too wordy and that he could catch the idea if I would boil them down. I explained that to me it was GREAT only in its stupidity, not worthy of a tramp and that my idea of it could be boiled down to the one word, ROT, but if he wanted to know "why", it would take more words.

THE CHECK UP

When I checked his statements regarding life after death against TK's, they agreed perfectly except where personal or religious equations came in. He did not believe mother was anywhere TK said she was, but when he would ask her she would say she was there.

I asked him to ask mother if she had ever seen Jesus Christ. I thought she was on about the fifth plane (no DEFINITE information), while TK said that Christ was one of the three rulers of the twelfth plane. "And while you are at it, ask her if they marry where she is. TK says they do and the Bible says, "They neither marry nor are given in marriage." "I will, and I am satisfied I know what she will say." (Mother met with him regularly every two weeks.)

On our next meeting I asked, "Did you ask mother the questions?" "No, she would not let me. When she saw what I was going to ask she started to leave me. I called her back and tried, with the same results, and the third time she left me." "Do you know why?" "She evidently did not want to answer the questions." "I think I can tell you why. You are the most mod-

est man I know regarding your accomplishments, so reticent that it is difficult to get you to talk of them. When it comes to your beliefs, about which you know nothing, you are so dogmatic that it is unpleasant to differ with you. You have worn patched trousers and eaten poor food to educate your children, only to have them become to you, objects of the most delightful ridicule, and to wonder what is the matter with THEM. Education is a course in learning how to think, not believe, and the trouble is with your ignorance and not with Paul's education. Mother simply does not want to explain what is the matter with HER because she has failed to find out that your beliefs are correct. If you will tell her that you are in a discussion in which we want to learn some facts from her, I think she will answer you."

On my next inquiry he answered, "Yes, I asked her, and it is not going to shake my faith if God sees fit to inspire me by some servant other than his son." I replied, "I am not interested in shaking your faith, though you don't seem to mind having a try at mine; I am just after the facts of the situation." He thereupon suggested that we consider the matter closed, and we did, thus breaking for him another lifelong rule -- never to request the ending of a debate.

MOTIVATION

Some modern --- and possibly ancient --- philosophers, psychologists and psychoanalysts hold that "Motivation Determines Perception." I would agree that it TENDS to INFLUENCE perception; but the case above proves clearly that it does not determine PERCEPTION. If this had been a case of "IMAGINING THINGS" or of wishful thinking, my father would have gotten the answers he earnestly desired and firmly believed he would get --- "I was NOT there" --- "I HAVE seen Him" --- "They do NOT marry here," etc. Instead he steadily reported the exact reverse of what he expected. "What do you think of it?" I would say. "Well, she says she WAS there. That's all there is to it."

IN RETROSPECT

Aside from the limited personal association mentioned herein I had friendly correspondence with TK for twenty-five

years. He had received from me only a soul-searching examination, so critical that it bordered almost on the impertinent, yet he continually subscribed himself as my friend in such a way as to make me feel it was true. That he continued to express deep appreciation for my friendship and confidence was possibly due to the fact that he knew that I KNEW that his statement was true regarding his attainments in the exercise of his spiritual faculties. Though when he visited me out of his physical body he appeared pleased only that I could see and hear - with no thought that now he had proof to others that his claims about himself were true. Of Florence Huntley's death on February 1, 1912, he wrote me: "Her going will mean a loss to the Work and the movement which cannot be repaired. No woman was ever more loved, nor more loyal than she, and as head of the Woman's Department she has done a work which no one else I have ever known could have accomplished."

Of his death, the woman whom he chose in his hour of greatest need to uphold him, who knew of me only as his friend, whose character, intelligence and courage has kept alive to this day the Work to which he gave his greatest effort, wrote me:

6-24-1935

Dear John:

Your two letters of June 12th and 18th have been received. Both are most interesting and vital, and deeply appreciated; and more valuable than perhaps you realized when you wrote them.

It is a difficult task, but one which devolves on me, to tell you that on June 12th - the date of your letter - our beloved John made his final transition to the spiritual world at 10:10 P.M. out on the place in the little valley, under the shining moon and myriad stars and surrounded by the stately mountains which he so enjoyed. ---

He completed his transition peacefully, quietly and consciously. It was very beautiful and wonderful - the ease, the confidence, the assurance with which



COMPLETED BY J.M.W. TURNER

HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION



THE STRUGGLE FOR HAPPINESS

it took place; typical of John in its simplicity, dignity and beauty. And just in time for him to be prepared for the Great Convocation which took place on the 15th. It was as if it had been planned. ---

So ends another chapter in the Great Book of his life. A great man, and one whose life was a complete exemplification of that which he taught.

His physical life is ended; but he and the Great Work continue on, uninterrupted by his physical passing. ---

We are asking that his friends respect his wishes that his personality be kept in the background and that they make no issue of the transition.

Sincerely yours,

Noneta

FINALE

By all rules of rhyme and reason this writing for the record should end here, since I have written most of what I know about the case that comes to mind now. History records that Masters do not try to defend themselves against the charges of the rabble. But yet though, notwithstanding, however, and on the other hand; while I am in no sense a Master -- unless it be in the sense that I am master of my own destiny --- there have been made in this case charges and more charges that, as I see it, gibe neither with rhyme nor with reason. I have not developed close to that state of self abnegation where I am loth to defend either myself or my friend against slanderous charges, whether made maliciously or ignorantly.

LAW ON EVIDENCE

It is a well established principle of law that where the testimony of a witness has been discredited on any material issue in the case, his testimony as a whole is thereby disqualified, eradicated and expunged from further consideration. I believe this is true, or should be true whether the false testimony is given through malice or stupidity. In this case the book by one Doctor West falls of its own weight on both counts - does not deserve to be dignified by further consideration.

I know of hearsay evidence which I believe; I KNOW of analogous cases which, to me, are enlightening but which cannot be submitted as proof. I shall therefore ramble on a bit in a disconnected and uncorrelated fashion, and you can fall off when you lose interest or fail to see the connection.

NARCOTICS

I have dealt with liars, and with insane people, but never with a narcotic addict, so I have no experience nor ability in spotting one who uses opiates. There are two people, one living and the other dead who should have had the ability to spot the truth or falsity of the narcotic charge -- Noneta Richardson and Dr. Riley. I have known Noneta for twelve, pleasant years, and from the standpoint of intelligence, accuracy and veracity I would give as full faith and credit to any statement she makes as I would to the oath of anyone I know. Noneta writes me of 10-22-57: "As I told you during your visit here, I certainly never did see any indications of drug addiction in John during the twenty-seven years of close association with him. The West book contains many lies that I know of; many of which I have been told by Mr. Candlish or John but of which I do not have personal experience. However, on the addiction matter I DO have personal knowledge."

When I first met Dr. Riley, I had never heard of him and I doubt if he had any knowledge of or concern as to my identity. I later came to regard him as a man of unusually alert mentality and deep-spiritual insight. I was on my way to pay my first visit to Noneta, and was endeavoring to make connection with the opposite end of the tortuous trail which leads to the mountain retreat of the Great School of Natural Science. Some one

had advised me that a Dr. Riley could be of assistance, and I called on him. He spoke of Noneta as though he knew her well, and I asked if he knew Richardson. He replied that he was his personal physician for many years up until his death. "How did you rate him?" I asked. He answered simply, "He is TOPS in my book."

KNOWING WOMEN

My wife, who was a student of the Work under Florence Huntley, and I visited in the home of Hector Spaulding's Grandmother in Chicago at a time when Noneta and other nurses, TK, Hector, Dr. Webster, Hille and other students of the school were one happy family in their association at Edgemore Sanatorium. Hector was a very personable and promising graduate of the Harvard School of Law who was delighted with TK as a man and with the Philosophy of the Great School. When rumors began to fly, Dr. Webster claimed to believe them, and the break came. I visited and conferred with Hector as hereinbefore outlined. I gave, and still give, him credit for being sincere in his belief that TK was egotistical and in his confident assurance that he knew women. It was evident to me that he did not know men as I judged them; and I am convinced now that he did not know women as well as TK did. I did not feel it worth while to discredit myself with him in his mood of assurance by telling him what I knew about TK; and I did not know the women in question. It appears from studying the record that he believed the ones who cried the most, admitted the most, and charged the most and disbelieved the one plastered with the most stupid charges I have ever known.

DEATH OF MY MOTHER

My mother died shortly after my fifth birthday. Three weeks before her death, when we were advised of the death of her father, she said, "I will be the first to see father again." Two weeks thereafter she showed father where she had her burial clothes stored and announced the latter part of the third week as the day of her death. She did not talk to me, but told my brother, Paul, who was five years older, that I was little, and that she wanted him to take care of me. This he did so faithfully that when I was seventy and he seventy-five he still regard-

ed me as his little brother who had never grown up. She told Paul, "Don't ever bother to visit my grave, for I will not be there." I have never felt the slightest inclination or desire to visit the grave of either my mother or my father. Have felt that they did not care to see me hanging around there. I know they do take considerable interest in what I am doing.

It took strong conviction and character for a woman of education, and culture, to leave a home of luxury and high social position and take up life with an illiterate, crippled circuit rider in the impoverished mountains shortly after the end of the Civil War. When Christmas came, after my third birthday, 3-1-76, and the funds were not available for such a celebration as she deemed fitting, she packed her baggage and took the old time stage coach for Nashville. Put up at the famous Maxwell House -- "Good To The LAST Drop" fame --, and, around noon time began testing out the tone of the Steinway grand on the mezzanine floor. Quickly the dining rooms, the billiard halls, the lobby and corridors were cleared of guests, and they, with waiters and passers by on the street, choked the entrance to the stairways.

When it developed that she had to stop and dispose of some pamphlets written by the Reverend John H. Nichols, setting forth Biblical authority for the right of a Christian to pray for a sinner and the right of the sinner to pray for himself, it so happened that there were present in great numbers sinners who were interested in knowing about their rights, and Christians who wanted to help them get informed. A cash transaction for the entire large lot was hurriedly arranged, and the sinners and Christians alike postponed their reading of "THE RIGHT OF A SINNER TO PRAY" until the generous concert was ended in time for Christmas shopping.

I can still remember -- aside from the crates of oranges and assorted fruits of every available variety -- the brass toed little boots strong enough for kicking rocks; the tinselled, tasselled trumpet more beautiful and musical than the bugle the stage driver used to warn prospective customers of the imminent approach of the stage coach. Its monotone was so musical that it never became monotonous to me. My advance in my first private reading of the Bible was so satisfactory that I was

excused from the family morning session of the ten chapter reading lesson; and to the envy of the older brothers I was allowed to go out on the porch and blow my bugle softly until the snow and ice drove me in for a breathing and thawing spell. Ever since, I have had a high regard for the delights of Christmas, and the keen edge of my taste for the golden variety of ice cream made from frozen boiled custard has never been blunted. My enjoyment of Christmas with children has probably kept me from growing up.

CONNECTION

The relevance of the above to the subject at issue is that I doubt that a woman of the character and intelligence of my mother would be seen traveling first in the company of TK and Hooknaka, and next in the company of Florence Huntley if they were of the undesirable sort, or if there were discord between them. I think further that my mother, who always has an open approach to me, would warn me, rather than express pleasure, if she thought I was on the wrong track.

THE DEATH OF MY FATHER

My father died in 1914, just three weeks before the outbreak of the first World War. On the morning of the day he died I was on a train out of Knoxville, Tennessee, headed for a station in the mountains twenty miles from the nearest telephone, there to strike out for a loss that was thirty-five miles further from a phone. There was no phone connection on the train. Suddenly I became aware that I was wanted over long distance phone. Either my receptive apparatus was clogged or the sender was limited to one idea for I could get nothing but, "GET IN TOUCH WITH LONG DISTANCE." When I got back to Knoxville and entered the nearest phone booth, the night shift had no record of incompleting incoming calls, but would get me any person I wanted. "Give me my office in Nashville, Main 909." What number?" "Give me the residence of my employer in Nashville, Number so and so." "WHO?" "GIVE ME THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN H. NICHOLS AT SPRINGHILL, TENNESSEE." The operator did not pay me the compliment of telling me to "MAKEUP-YOUR MIND" but, evidently fearing that this fish was about to get off the hook, she connected me up promptly. My sister an-

swered. Said that father died that morning and that they had been trying to reach me all day. The brief details were that after an illness of three days the doctor asked if he could get information as to the nature and extent of the trouble. My father closed his eyes, conferred briefly with the attendant physicians of the spiritual plane and said, "They say that this is the end of the line -- that they have come for me." With that he called in the members of the family present, talked briefly with each one of them individually, closed his eyes, and was gone.

With my brother Paul, who was teaching at Fairhope, Alabama, it was different. When he received the wire telling of father's death, with his penchant for looking after people, he promptly called up mother on the spiritual plane, advised her of the situation and asked that she look after father properly. Paul said he was greeted with the merriest peal of laughter he had ever heard. Mother advised him in effect that they had been having themselves a ball of a reception party for two hours, that the marines had landed, had the situation well in hand, that everything was in the bag, and that he need give himself no further anxious concern about his father's welfare.

Some months after this Paul said that father, from the spirit world, informed him that the son of a patron of Paul's school who had been stung by a sting ray would die unless they changed the treatment. That the bandages should be removed, the wound exposed to the open air and treated only with lemon juice. The doctor said he would not be responsible if his treatment was interfered with in any way. Paul replied, "You are not responsible whether or no."

The wavering parents had about decided to stay with the doctor, since he would assume no responsibility otherwise -- Paul not having told them where he got his open air and lemon juice ideas -- but the shock which came with the realization that doctors never assumed responsibility except when the patient lived, turned the tide. The bandages came off, the lemon juice was applied in copious quantities, and the patient promptly began his recovery, and completed it. Early in November, 1916, Paul wrote me that father had just told him that we would shortly receive distressing news from Chicago. In about ten days we each received Dr. Hille's 22 page letter concerning

the cessation of the work of the Great School. It is evident that they keep up with the world situation closely.

THE GREAT BURDEN BEARER

The incidents recorded above have not come to me in coordinated and correlated fashion, and I have not attempted to present them as such. I have rather tried to weave them at random into the warp and woof of the structure so that it will stand or fall together. What I know of life after death and of spiritual matters I know as definitely and as surely as I know of life before death and of physical matters, and it would be as difficult to becloud my knowledge of and confidence in one as in the other. Whether or not anyone believes or disbelieves any or all of it could not in any way be of concern to me personally.

But so much of my time and energy has been spent in fighting off and out from under the avalanches of creed and dogma, presented as authoritative, yet which are to me repulsive and insidious, that I have hoped I might in some way help others to avoid going through the same mill. The glorified picture of Christ, "The Great Burden Bearer." His broad shoulders laden with the sins of the world, his bosom snowed under with the myriads of sinners and saints whose garments have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb, ASLEEP in the arms of Jesus, RESTING from their labors of drifting gently down the stream of time --- simply doesn't grip me. We have no counterpart in the physical world. Here, we reap as we sow, and there are no short cuts to education or individual attainment. This Vicarious Atonement racket, this Works of Supererogation plan, does not work here, nor from all I can see does it work hereafter. This "We Shall Know ALL Then" is strictly a myth, a pipe dream as futile as a filtered cigarette that is cool and refreshing.

Our work is here, else we would be somewhere else.

FUTILITY

I am well aware of the futility of attempting to convince the professional skeptic, the doubter, the slave of suspicious surmise, of anything based on fact; they do not comprehend.

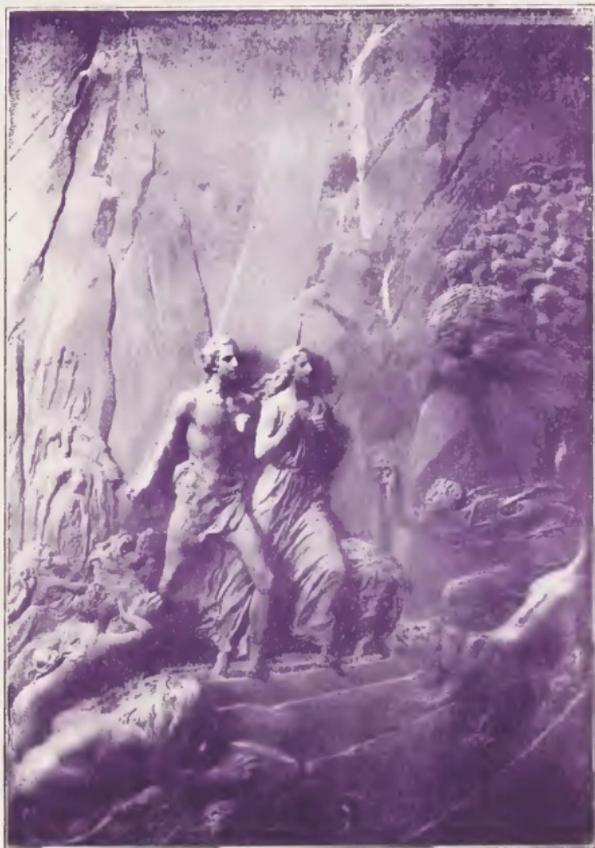
It is equally difficult to get anything over to the one who looks for the fault everywhere else but within himself. Pupils study the faults, real or fancied, of the teacher. The teacher knows that his subject is both valuable and interesting, but when he sees he is failing to get it over he begins expatiating on the pupil's lack of background about which he can do nothing, when he could be filling up the pot holes in his background as a teacher. The purported auto mechanic exhausts his meager supply of knowledge and then begins polluting the atmosphere with execrations regarding the machine itself, the owner, and the company that would put out such a thing and call it an automobile, with never a thought that it is his own ignorance he is tangled up with.

Dr. Hille says he spent six days --- SIX DAYS, mind you (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!) --- on the Technical Work under the direction of a student who had been doing Technical Work, and saw only blue, indigo, violet, and the resolving color. He never saw red, orange, yellow, green or white. Later, working alone about an hour a day for several months he had a few glimpses of what appeared to be individuals. This meager result "(due to difficulties within myself, I WAS TOLD)" led him to the conclusion that the Work was not based on Morality, but that it is a subjective, psychic process. Could it be that if he had spent all this extra time on the problem of Morality he would have gotten better results with less effort?

LOOKING ELSEWHERE

If this tendency to look elsewhere than within for our deficiencies is not born with us it certainly develops at an early age. Show a little adept how to make a difficult golf shot, and demonstrate the shot to him, and he confidently says, "I hit it just like you said, and it didn't do right." The following hunting experience illustrates the point hauntingly.

I had a large covey of quail scattered widely. The wind was high, gusty and of sub-zero temperature. The quail were getting up wild, flying fast and far, ducking for cover at any turn, and almost every shot called for expert calculation, speed and timing. A little country boy asked for and was granted the privilege of helping work them out. Probably seven or eight



LYONS ON THE WAY



UNIVERSAL PEACE

years old he was possibly good enough to hit a rabbit "a-set'n" if he could find a stump or a rail fence on which to rest his gun. My gun was working perfectly and his just as imperfectly. On his tenth shot he banged away at a bird about 65 yards out, and missed again. The wind was swirling to the left; the bird was curving sharply to the right and diving for cover; an odds on end against a kill for a perfectly placed shot. If his sights were on the bird the shot would have been about twelve or fifteen feet behind and four feet over the proper crossing. With pathetic confusion he turned and asked, "Do you reckon it's the gun, or can it be the shells?" Not wishing to confuse him further with a discussion of wind resistance, wind drift, the increasing curve of the trajectory of the shot as distance slows down their speed, the correlation between the speed of the bird and of the shot, and the integration of these divergent variables with the compound curve of the flight of the bird to locate the exact spot at which the bird and the shot would collide, I seriously and carefully inspected his gun and said, "No, son, the gun is all right. You seem to have a fine gun. It must be the shells." If he took note of the make of the shells I knew it would take him a long time to get over his prejudice against the brand, but I didn't want him to throw a good gun away.

BURDEN OF PROOF

Hector, Doctor of Laws, says that when a man makes fantastic claims he lays on himself a heavy burden of proof. It is only from proving a spiritual fact by personal experience that one can correctly state it as a fact. The burden of proof, if that is what we seek, is on each of us, and it takes considerable furbishing up of our inner equipment before it will function in effortless fashion.

THE WRITTEN WORD

The value a book holds for us is the truth and beauty it contains which we are able to recognize and to appropriate to our use and development.

It is not given to many of us to have personal knowledge of even a few authors of the books we read and enjoy. In numerous cases we have no dependable information as to the identity

of the authors. "AUTHORITIES" disagree on whether what we glibly, but ignorantly, refer to as "Shakespeare" was written by Anonymous, by Lord Bacon, by William Shakespeare, the poet and dramatist, or, as Mark Twain puts it, "Not Really by Shakespeare, himself, but by another man of the same name." But, if it develops in the last analysis, that it was written by a member of the politburo, we would still agree that the author had knowledge of human nature from the Prince to the Pauper, and from the Knave to the Demigod; and that the magic of his word paintings is most enchanting.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, Thou can'st not then be false to any man", - spoken by one fictitious character to another, as recorded by an unidentified writer - rings as true as if it had the inspired sanction of the prophet Jeremiah, or as if it were handed down from heaven on tablets of stone.

THE BIBLE

It is my uninspired, but actual guess that of the countless millions who have claimed that they "Believe the Bible" the number of these professed believers who have actually read it would total up to only a minute fraction of one per cent of the whole. And it is my more confident estimate that, of those who have actually read it and know what it definitely states, an even smaller per cent come up with a concerted conception of its import and its meaning.

It is appalling to contemplate how many skulls have been cleft in twain - how many martyrs have been tortured to death - by rampant "CRUSADERS", who, not knowing WHAT they believe in, nor WHY, still would wrest the Holy Grail from the hands of the "Dogs of Unbelievers."

It is dispiriting to contemplate the aeons of time that have been wasted and that continue to be wasted by rabid believers, and would be believers, over the meaning and the proper interpretation of this great book. They first separate the sheep from the goats and then begin to wrangle over which is which.

Who are the saints, who the sinners; who are the saved, who are the damned; who are the true believers, who was the

false prophets; who has the shortest cut to Glory; how best to open the Pearly gates, if Pearly they be; who has the neatest trick for cheating God out of a harp and a crown; what is the easiest way to shift the annoying burden of personnel responsibility to one nominated to be the burden bearer.

Is it safer to purchase plenary indulgence from the great wealth of stores piled up by those who hope to be heard for their much speaking, or is it just as well to simulate humility, make an insincere, abject profession of total depravity and worthlessness, waive protection of the fifth amendment, claim free grace and cast yourself on the mercy of the court, giving the while the verbal pledge to give the judge credit for all the honor and the power and the glory, and to spend your time and energy throughout all eternity in shouting HIS praise?

Fortunately, for the unlettered hearers who are confused by the multiplicity of these conflicting "GREAT PLANS OF SALVATION" the Bible furnishes a way out. The Bible endures because it contains the Wisdom of The Ages expressed in terms that are terse, easy to translate, difficult to misunderstand and impossible to doubt by anyone who hungers and thirsts after righteousness. These truths, mixed with and confused by myths, traditions and allegories of supposedly equal merit, teach that God is the Father of us all, that He is no respecter of persons and that we need only to respond to the promptings of our own hearts rather than to puzzle over and be enslaved by what God is supposed to have meant by what He is reported to have told some one else at different times and places.

It is not even necessary to "Salvation" for us ever to have heard of the Bible, as billions before us never did, not to mention the multitude of "essential", conflicting plans evolved therefrom.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him,

and will sup with him, and he with me."
"Enter ye in at the strait gate."
"He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold,
but climbeth up some other way, the same is a
thief and a robber."

These statements of facts, and the instructions about what gate we enter, and how, hold nothing for those parading that type of humanity that pleads, grovels, whines, surrenders, hides its talent in the earth, promises to shout praises - professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus; but, in reality, followers of the main chance.

The following quotations offer just as little for that brand of self-abnegating humility which boasts of our total depravity and worthlessness, and offers in support of our plea for entry into this temple of refuge only our sincere desire to flee from the wrath to come, our belief in the Baptismal Covenant, and in the Forgiveness of Sins.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."
"Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."
"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father in heaven."
"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."
"As ye have received, so shall ye give."
"For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister and my mother."
"... Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, thirsty, a stranger, naked, sick, in prison, and came unto thee?"
"And the King shall answer and say unto them, verity I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The varying creeds and dogmas of the multiple denominations - each one the only true interpreter of the Word - are a

far cry from the life of Love and Service, as exemplified by the life of the Master, Jesus.

FORGIVENESS

Teacher's pet may be forgiven for not learning how to add in the arithmetic class but this does not qualify him for a job at the bank teller's window. You may have a good golf score if your Pro concedes the putt, once you get near the green, and if he forgives the shots topped into the hazards, shanked into the rough and sliced out of bounds, but this doesn't help you qualify for the National Open.

HUMILITY

Humility - the absence of pride and self-congratulation. When one contemplates the infinitesimal scratch man has made on the surface of the knowledge, power and beauty of the universe surrounding him, as mentioned in some detail in the thirty-eighth chapter of The Book of Job - commonly brought to mind by the query, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?", he is brought face to face with the cause for genuine, and lasting humility.

Of the Gates of Heaven, a wise man has aptly conjectured - "No man will ever STRUT in." It is doubtless equally true that no one will horse-trade his way in; no one will sneak in under the shadow of the one bearing the uncompensated burdens; and no one, with simulated humility, will ever WORM his way under the close fitting gates.

The lowly worm, in dignified fashion, is slowly, but persistently pushing the weightly barriers out of his way; but when he has mastered the course and presented himself for entry at the Straight Gate, if he has not lost his self-respect, he will give the knock that opens, rather than stand and shout promises, or squirm on the threshold and seek blindly and futilely for an opening.

CONNECTION

In case you have lost connection, it is that a book stands on the substance of its contents rather than on the reputation of

its author.

It is easier to defame a writer's character than to unseat the soundness of his logic.

John E. Richardson did, in masterful style, all he claimed to do, namely to present in scientifically exact and well defined terms, the substance of the Wisdom of The Ages. The clarity of his writing was undimmed and its substance unmarred by the violence of the attack on his personal character. The substance of this wisdom had permeated the literature of many nations, centuries before the birth of Christ.

As late as the first century before Christ - 70-19 B. C. - The Roman Poet, Publius Vergilius Maronis, (Virgil), a member of the Essenes, enshrouded the esoteric philosophy of that ascetic order in his beautiful Epic Poem, the Aeneid. To those interested in poetry, it recounts the wanderings of the Trojan Prince; Aeneas, son of Anchises and Venus, from Troy to Carthage, to Latinium, where his descendants founded Rome. To those interested in the moral philosophy of the development of the individual, it reads enough like the Bible to make the subsequent biblical writers seem guilty of plagiarism.

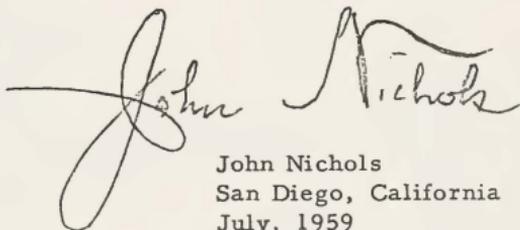
CRITICAL ANALYSIS

It has been my practice to scan much more critically the writings and claims of accredited Scientists and of allegedly inspired writers than I do the writings of novelists and those claiming to be historians. From a comparative study of different historical accounts of the same events I have noted that historians, as much if not more than judges of the supreme courts, color their accounts (decisions) according to their prejudices, their intellectual and their sociological background. In some historical events of which I have personal knowledge the actual facts have been supplanted by pure fiction.

Judging The Philosophy of Individual Life as presented in the Harmonic Series - entirely apart from the personality of its authors - it is true as far as I have been able to demonstrate, and it seems to me that the rest SHOULD be true, and probably is. This I cannot say of the Bible of the Jews or of any other

nation; nor of any other science, philosophy or religion I have yet encountered.

Richardson, John E., is the only author whose writings have impelled in me the desire to investigate him personally; and the personal acquaintance, while neither adding to nor detracting from my appraisal of his writings, has been of great pleasure and personal satisfaction to me. I have received nothing but good from it and I would return nothing less. Instead of being wasted, the time I have spent in studying this presentation of the Philosophy of Individual Life has been the most valuable, enjoyable and inspiring of any intellectual endeavor I have ever undertaken.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John Nichols". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.

John Nichols
San Diego, California
July, 1959

MORALITY: "The established harmonic relation which man as an Individual Intelligence sustains to the Constructive Principle of Nature."

— John E. Richardson

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— THE GREAT WORK

There is a Principle in Nature which impels every entity to seek vibratory correspondence with another like entity of opposite polarity.

— HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION

All the world loves a lover. It loves him for his radiance. He represents to the Soul, ethically speaking, what physical perfection and beauty do to the eye. The world loves a lover because for the moment he is the visible, living ideal of every other Soul. He is our own desire tangibly realized in the flesh.

— HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION

Receiving and giving. This is, indeed, the fundamental business of individual life. It is the basic function and process of the Soul. In its primary aspect this represents the sum total of life's activities.

— THE GREAT WORK

The work of the initiate in the Great School is that of a "Builder." From the beginning to the end of his labors he is building the "Temple of Human Character." This he does upon the solid rock of enduring Truth and "when the Temple is completed" it stands as a column of unfading "Light" to illumine the pathway of life to all who travel that way.

— THE GREAT WORK

Proving that death does not end all has been the most valuable single achievement of man in the physical body.

— HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION

From the view-point of the Great School, science and philosophy and religion are in no sense conflicting schools. They do not antagonize each other in their essential nature. On the contrary, they are, in truth, concomitant factors in the same great problem of individual life and unfoldment. And Truth is the vital element which relates them all.

— THE GREAT WORK

Those who achieve individual success are those who employ their own intelligence and their own reason, those who exercise their own independent powers and rely upon their own independent judgments in all the affairs of life.

— THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIME

The School of Natural Science holds that wherever a "personal experience" is possible nothing short of this will be accepted by it as a "scientific demonstration." All data which cannot be reduced in their final analysis to a basis of "personal experience" are held by it as qualified, and subject to further and more complete verification.

— HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION

Among the dearest possessions of the Soul is the sovereign, independent power to command in your own right the confidence, the approval, the trust, the respect, the appreciation and the personal affection of your fellow men and women.

— THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIME

Life after the event we call physical death is a fact scientifically demonstrable.

— HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION

