

541 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Aug. 5, 1956

My Dear Teachers:

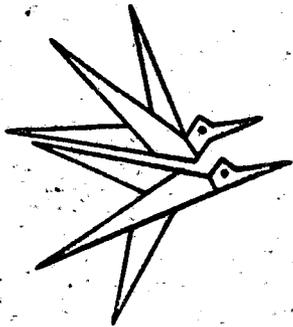
Greetings from the East. I'm at my brother's in Erie, Pa., en route to Buffalo, eastern New York and New Jersey, and planning to fly home about Wednesday. At the moment is a bit of a lull in activities and I want to take advantage of the chance to send you a short note with a small enclosure for the convention fund, and my best wishes for a happy anniversary.

I am two days behind schedule, having spent that much time in bed at my brothers' in Lima. Naturally I arrived here thin, and every fifteen minutes they bring me food trying to fatten me. My brother and I argued metaphysics until 2:00 last night, and it is refreshing occasionally to find somebody who will not just "yes" me, and who is still willing to listen. They have just bought a lovely new home in a beautiful neighborhood, and I think it will be something like a shot in the arm, maybe a new lease on life. My brother has also put out an extensive garden this year and seems to be taking new interest generally, which is something of a thrill to me.

This is the farthest from home I have been in several years, but perhaps next year I can go west. I would not wish to worry you, and would plan to take a room in your vicinity for a night or two and see you and talk with you at a regular meeting, or after the meeting, I should say. I hope you are well and the moving has served as a stimulant rather than a thing to tire you. Please give my love to Mary, and to yourselves, my wishes for a still happier and better year.

My love to you.

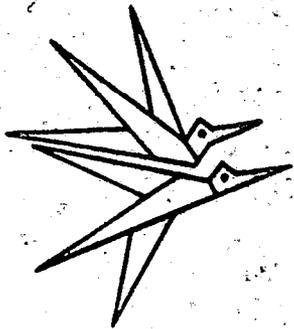
Gertrude Adams



8 E. River Road
Grand Island, N. Y.
Tues., Aug. 7

I'm being held captive on this island, chained by inertia, the serenity and beauty of the surroundings, the lovely big house full of antiques, and old friends and painters, musicians, and - wait 'til you hear:

All I said was that I keep up my music by playing for a little meta-physical group. They pressed me further, Thebma and Tom, that is, to see if I knew what I was talking about. We sounded each other out and are all very happy - kindred souls. They speak our language - about five of them and as far as I can see, seem to be on the right track. Thebma was my brother's office girl in Lima some fifteen years back, and we had a radio program together. I had not known of her metaphysical interests until I came here, and it is a thrill. Tom is her husband's boss' son, a youngster in college,



but vitally interested and moderately well informed despite his age. Jim, on the other side of the house, seems to be an investigator, with about a 30 year background. We were over there last evening giving a joint concert and listening to his own compositions and enjoying their antiques and the Titian (worth about a quarter of a million, Helma says) Helma is now playing Bach on the electric (reed) organ in the living room (28 x 30), also has a reed organ and a 100 year old square grand piano, and that's the atmosphere. Anyway, we talked metaphysics Sunday night until 3, and last night till 2. Tomorrow I shall escape and go farther east, and will be recaptured for a real round table discussion Friday night, when I shall meet the others. One is a writer and lecturer - maybe the name is familiar - Henrietta Schmandt.

They are concerned about one of their

group, a girl who has recently gone berserk and appears to be in a pretty bad state. The others are deeply concerned and are beginning to wonder if they hadn't better leave this stuff alone. From the description and the little I know of the subtle forces, I would say she sounded beyond the help of the ordinary psychiatrist, and am wondering if you could, or would, be able to make any suggestions.

I am hoping to get these people up to Chicago to attend one of our meetings, and I don't think it will be too difficult.

Now I must go and pack. I will be with you in spirit on Convention Sunday.

With much love,

Gertrude

P.S. The estate is at the point of the island where all the waters of the Great Lakes divide before the Falls, and they feel that a great surge of Etheric force sweeps down here.