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BRIDE REVEALS WOOING OF CULT HEAD.

**Ryerson's Wife Tells How Romance
Moved Toward Climax.**

In the second of her articles for The Times, Mazie Mitchell, artists' model and estranged wife of Albert W. Ryerson, head of the O.T.O. mysterious love cult, tells how the strange follower of the occult wooed her. She relates the unusual proposition Ryerson made to her to come to live in his apartment as his adopted daughter and how there she met the dark, silent, turbaned Hindus moving like shadows through the apartment.

By Mazie Mitchell.

When Ryerson was introduced to me by my friend at his business office he seemed to me like a nice elderly, kind man. His manner was refined, his speech was gentle and his actions most polite.

He wanted to know all about me, what I did, where I worked, and where my people were. Art he told me, had always attracted him and he discussed at length the subject of art and artists, pictures and exhibits.

Then after our acquaintance had progressed he began to talk to me about philosophy, theosophy, reincarnation and various cults. I had never heard such things talked about before and I thought Ryerson was a very interesting and educated man.

He learned where I posed and he began to visit me at the studio. I thought he was just a nice fatherly man taking an interest in a young girl trying to earn her own living.

SUGGESTED ADOPTION.

Then he began suggesting to me how lonely he was and how much alone I was. He said it was not right for a young artists' model, that she should have someone to take care of her. I

had met him about the first week in June and a little over two weeks later he told me he wanted to adopt me.

This seemed very strange to me. And yet I did not think it unnatural, Here was an elderly man, kind in intentions who is very much alone and he would like to have a young woman about his home, I said to myself. I knew very little about him except he was divorced and living alone. If I had but investigated a bit before I went to live at his home how much trouble and sorrow I would have saved myself.

I will admit that his interest flattered me. What girl of 17 would not feel flattered if a rich middle-aged man should want to make her his adopted daughter and heiress? I knew nothing of the ways of the world, despite the fact that I had been making my own living for two years by dancing. I had never been on any wild parties, smoked cigarettes or tasted liquor.

GAVE HER CONSENT.

Well, I consented to living with him as his daughter. He said if all went smoothly he would take out adoption papers and make me his heiress.

He took me to his apartment in the Ryerson building. It seemed strange to me that one should have his home there, but everything was so beautiful I soon forgot the unusualness of it. There were the large rooms, all beautifully furnished, hung with rich Oriental draperies and gorgeous rugs. There was a large living room with every luxury, things I had never seen before nor dreamed of. It was like a moving picture, the beautiful apartment in an office building in the midst of the downtown section.

Then for the first time in my life I saw a Hindu. Maneck was Ryerson's secretary, a dark-skinned, well-educated, traveled man. He was kindness itself to me. I think he pitied me a little, knew perhaps more than I did.

Ryerson has accused me of being too friendly with Maneck, but there was never a greater untruth. It is true we had our pictures taken together once. I sitting on the arm of the chair, with my hand stretched along the back. But that was just a bit of innocent fun with no thought of harm.

Maneck acted like a brother toward me. He could speak better English than I do, and many other languages. He had traveled all over the world and had lectured in many places.

GIFT OF CAR.

After a few days Ryerson said he was going to buy me a car. A day or so later a beautiful Stanley steam car was sent up for me, and Ryerson engaged Gim as chauffeur. His right name is Marvin Jamsed and he also was a Hindu.

I asked Ryerson once where he picked up these men and he told me friends of his had informed him of 18 Hindus being stranded here in Detroit and that he had befriended them. I didn't know until later his reason for his interest in the Hindus, their philosophy, their knowledge of strange lore and cults.

Both these men came from Bombay and knew all the strange histories of the things that interested Ryerson.

All this time he was very kind to me, acting just like a father. He never said a word or made an advance that was not proper. He repeatedly told me how happy it made him to have a young daughter around the house once more. I believed in him; both he and my father belonged to the same lodge or society and I felt that bound them to honor.

He made large purchases of clothes for me, beautiful dresses and lingerie, everything a girl desires. He tried to gratify every whim, every wish, and told me all he wanted was to make me the happiest girl on earth.