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MYSTIC

MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1955

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...Editorial...

THIS issue of MYSTIC is devoted to a mass of material which may be called a "crusade" by two separate factions—by the person who has idealistic tendencies, and by the person who wishes to deride. To one of them a crusader is a knight on a white horse, and to the other he is a soap box orator. Both of them will have something to say about your editor this month, because it so happens that the material contained in this issue actually is in the nature of a crusade, and it is being presented in as soap box a manner as we can achieve.

Ordinarily we're rather reserved insofar as use of hard words is concerned. Ordinarily we refrain from such words as "liar." We choose to ignore liars, because their own words are their record, and by the record they will fall, eventually. But when we have to add the words "vicious" and "dictatorial" and "overbearing" and "malicious" and "underhanded", then we are becoming far from impersonal, and far from neutral. So, let it be said, with the chips falling where they may, that the editor is crusading, and not only that, he is crusading

mad! Mad clear through. Mad enough not to overlook an opening in the other guy's guard, through which he can smash his ugly nose flat against his skull-bone! Those openings have presented themselves, and this issue is that smashing punch. It may even be a dirty punch. It is designed to attract attention. It is designed to make the blood squirt. It is intended to hurt. And last of all, it is intended to start an even bigger fight. So let's start swinging . . . via the variety of articles authored by your editor in this issue.

But since this is an editorial, and we wish to cover our "punching" very thoroughly, we won't enter the ring here in the editorial, but will just give a sort of preliminary to the main bout. And a few rather random comments about quite a few subjects.

All of you know that MYSTIC is not a rich magazine. In fact, it has had trouble paying its bills. Its subscribers have always come through magnificently (never more magnificently than recently!) and the bills have been paid. However, several incidents have arisen which have induced a change in our

policy which is not due to penuriousness, but to honesty. From now on, we are not paying for the material used in MYSTIC. We will publish material offered free of charge by writers, researchers, etc. You wonder why? And you wonder how we'll get good material? Well the fact is, we expect to get much better material that way. And our reason is simple: We have found that a great many writers are not above presenting a completely fictitious manuscript, labeled true, for publication. The reason they do so, is because they can make money at it. Because we will pay them for it. "Making a buck" seems to be sufficient reason to write in (for instance) a false true psychic experience. We feel that by not paying money for anything in MYSTIC, nobody will have a reason to submit material that is false, except possibly to see his name in print, which we admit does happen, but isn't easy to guard against. However, sometimes we will request material, and offer payment. But in these instances, we will know what we are asking for, and its truth will already have been established, or we would not request it. And in the case of the occasional fictional pieces we print (mostly ordered to illustrate some mystic point), we will again offer payment. In any case, payment will be small, for the simple reason

that we aren't, as we said before, a rich magazine.

In the case of "It Happened To Me . . ." we pay it by means of a 48-issue subscription. We doubt if anyone would want to read 48 issues of lies similar to the one he himself presented, so we don't think there'll be many people "dreaming up" fake experiences. After all, knowing his is a lie, how could he trust the others?

You might ask yourself, regarding atomic energy, poisoning of the atmosphere by test bombing, etc, what is mystic about such things, and where is their place in MYSTIC magazine? We think it is the *very* place for such material. The atom is the frontier of the unknowns, the land of the hereafter—hidden science, the doorway to new vistas that stagger the imagination, and whose influence reaches into worlds we never even dreamed about, and dimensions yet unknown. And lastly, it poses the immediate threat of plunging us all into that most mystic of all unknowns, the land of the hereafter—and in no gentle or pleasant way! We are (perhaps all unknown to all of us, including our military men) possibly being doomed to death by our activities in atomics. It would be well to search rather thoroughly into this unknown world, thoughtfully, carefully, and with the best
(continued on page 15)

IS YOUR UNBORN BABY EXPENDABLE?

By Ray Palmer

THE May, 1955 issue of *Farm Journal*, in its Last-Minute Report, is very much alarmed by a series of new diseases which are striking beef and dairy herds all over the country. These diseases are called by a variety of names including mucosal disease (Iowa), upper respiratory infection (California), virus diarrhea (New York), and so on through the various states. But everywhere, the symptoms are the same, and in spite of the varied nomenclature, it is a tremendously baffling disease or series of diseases.

The symptoms are these: fever shoots up, sores appear in the mouth, the animals slobber, there is a discharge from the nose, they are afflicted with diarrhea, they become lame and stiff. It is considered highly infectious, due to the fact that half to all of the animals in some herds are effected in a few days. Few diseases, it is pointed out, are this potent. Death losses are not high (up to 10%)

but losses in weight, condition and milk flow are costly. Antibiotics have absolutely no effect on the disease, although they are of assistance in secondary infections which many times follow, such as pneumonia.

At Milton Junction, Wisconsin, Dr. W. D. Chesney recently has discovered that stillborn lambs and young lambs, who died shortly after birth, were highly radioactive, especially in liver and pancreas and lungs.

At Green River, Montana, in the McKinnon area on the Utah-Wyoming border, there has been a heavy loss of lambs, born dead, most of them prematurely, and ranchers have raised the question as to whether or not the cause is radioactive fallout from the Nevada tests.

At Kalamazoo, Michigan, on March 22, Dr. Haym Kruglak, who has been making radioactive fallout tests (he's a Western Michigan College Physicist), has discovered that the Nevada tests

have raised the cosmic radiation count from 46 to 800 per minute, an increase of 1,700 per cent. This top reading, he says, is "a danger signal."

He began checking Kalamazoo air on March 7, at the time of the latest atomic tests at Yucca Flat, Nev.

The morning of the first explosion he got a normal cosmic radiation count of 46 a minute. By 1 p. m. March 9, the average count had reached 67 a minute. By the morning of March 10, the count had reached 200.

Similar investigations after the March 12 tests in Nevada disclosed "basically the same results," Kruglak said.

However, during the last experiment. Dr. Kruglak checked a pan of snow and found that 2½ days after the test the count of the snow reached 800.

Asked if that was dangerous Kruglak replied.

"I wouldn't go out and sit in that snow bank, and I wouldn't boil it down and drink it. A reading of even 10 times normal radiation, or around 500, is a danger signal to me."

In the Atomic Energy Commission's 17th semi-annual report, it is disclosed that radiations from atomic bombs, radioactivity and x-rays are a ten times greater menace in causing hereditary

changes than heretofore estimated. Experiments at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory show that mutations in mice as a result of radiation, occur at a ten times greater rate than those observed in fruit flies, on which previous estimates of radiation damage to human heredity were based. The AEC has revised its estimates of the genetic hazards as a consequence of its mouse tests. It is pointed out that the effects on humans may be correspondingly higher, but that it is impossible to determine this because human beings have never been subjected to such tests. However, it is certain that previous "tolerance levels" have been much too high.

Said Professor H. J. Muller, Nobel prize-winning geneticist, on April 25: "Radiation from H-bomb tests can cause tens of thousands of harmful mutations in the next generation of Americans." He also said: "It is largely the reckless attitude on the part of physicians (in the case of x-ray exposure) which has influenced extremists to claim that nuclear explosions are harmless or even beneficial. So many people are already aware of the damaging action of radiation on heredity that these attempts in high places to disclaim the danger cause the public to lose confidence."

Dr. Linus Pauling, Nobel Prize winner, also came out March 19,

asking that no further testing of nuclear weapons be conducted by Russia or the United States because of the worldwide effects of radioactive fallout.

In view of the stated opinions of such respected and able men as these, it is impossible to reconcile the statement on March 19 of a man known as Jack Blotto who says: "A big communist 'fear' campaign to force Washington to stop all American atomic- hydrogen bomb tests erupted this week." (Readers of *Mystic* may be able to compute the source of the eruption by remembering that this magazine's first articles on the subject appeared on March 10, to be followed swiftly by numerous newspaper statements, and the now famous official announcement that the fallout area from an H-bomb covered 7,000 square miles and could kill everybody in an area the size of the state of Delaware.)

Mr. Blotto went on to use such phrases as: "important communist drive," "straw man set up by the Reds to try and create alarm," "typical distortions," "fake claim," "panic pressure," "fanning public sentiment," "totally false line," "communist propagandists."

We would like to know who this Jack Blotto is; because we are interested in punching him in the nose. He is speaking about us, about Drs. Muller and Pauling,

and about every respectable American who has raised a well-founded, documented, experiment - backed, logical, positive, unassailable, and perfectly TRUE warning about the dangers involved.

On the same date, or almost the same date, Admiral Strauss (with the shiny blue pants, made this declaration, in essence: It is better that a few unborn Americans die tomorrow of genetic damage, than millions of Americans in an atomic war today. The reason for continuing the tests is the grave necessity of keeping ahead of the Russians, and the stake is our existence as a nation.

In the light of this statement (you can dig up the exact quotation yourself) we have no doubt who Jack Blotto is—one of the same ilk.

Now let's go back to the lambs and steers and cows. By reading official government pamphlets on the symptoms of atomic bomb radiation on human beings, you can discover that these symptoms are identical. This leads to very strong (and not unbiased) suspicion that the new disease is not a disease at all, but radiation exposure. This exposure is particularly dangerous in pregnancy. Any sane doctor will refrain from x-raying a pregnant patient unless absolutely necessary, because of the effects he knows can result, ranging from miscarriage to

death; or if a live birth, to genetic damage and resulting monstrosity or deformity.

One of the prime results of radiation is the causing of accidental abortion. We haven't had time to round up the medical facts here, but anyone interested can do this, and prove that certain organs are highly effected by radiation, and that these particular organs have great influence on abortion. Further, there is a blood starvation, which is caused by damaged red blood cells, and the inability of the mother to provide sufficient blood nourishment to the foetus that results in strangulation and respiratory death due to lack of oxygen-carrying ability of the blood.

Perhaps one of our physician friends can enumerate the exact process for us, but the details are not necessary in this particular discussion.

Your author has three children, and several years ago, he and his wife decided to have a fourth child. Unfortunately there was an accidental abortion, which seemed spontaneously produced. That it followed the Spring series of atom tests closely meant nothing to us. A year later, we tried again, with exactly the same results, and also, shortly after the next series of tests. Suspicious by now, (no signs of such inherent weakness were evident in the three former preg-

nancies), we made some inquiries, and learned a startling fact. In our own little community, the incidence of accidental abortions had risen to very unusual proportions, and was a matter of wide discussion in local medical and hospital circles. A check proved the fact. Your author feels that a check of hospital and physician records for periods after atomic tests will show a significant statistical rise in aborted pregnancies due to an unexplainable cause.

Aborted lambs can be checked for radioactivity, and have been, and the high level (30 times normal) is there. It would be a good idea to check the incidence of human radioactivity in similar cases. This is not merely genetic damage, it is death. And in your author's opinion, it is murder. Inasmuch as competent authority exists to point to the bomb tests as the cause, and the high officials who direct these tests obviously are aware of the warnings, and if they know anything about radioactivity to justify their responsible positions in atomics, then their public statements to the contrary are deliberate and willful. In such case, carelessness becomes criminal.

The argument that any human being is expendable for the safety of other human beings is fallacious. In the case of soldiers who volunteer to be expendables, they are

given the chance to make a choice. In this case, the exposure is compulsory, the death that results is a sentence of death.

Yet, the big question here is not a personal one, but a practical universal one — the fact is, the tests may quite conceivably be dooming the world to the very same extinction the two competing nations are trying to avert for themselves by the threat of imposing it upon the other. Let's not allow the Blottos and the Strausses to hold the reins of horses they do not intend to control, through misguided bullheadedness or sheer stupidity.

You future parents of America (and of the whole world!), do you consider your unborn sons and daughters expendable? Are you agreeable to offering them up as sacrifices on the altar of the H-bomb in the hands of men who set themselves up as the highest tribunal of all, even over God himself?

And worse still, if you have already lost a child, is the atom cloud over Nevada sufficient consolation?

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HYPNOTHERAPY VERSUS DIANETICS

By Professor Alfred Luntz

During a recent Mark Probert seance, a question submitted by Carl Cursio regarding hypnotherapy was put to Professor Luntz. His answer seemed to us to rate a separate treatment in MYSTIC.

WHILE hypnosis is the oldest method used to reach into the mind of an individual to get at the cause of his bodily ailments, there are other methods which I feel are just as good if not better. One of these is known in your present day as "Dianetics." (Created by L. Ron Hubbard.—Ed.)

The fact that it was mishandled and suffered a good deal of abuse in its initial period is no logical reason to assume its lack of value in what you are seeking to do. Of course you did not mention whether or not you had tried using anything other than hypnotherapy.

While I mention Dianetics (now called Scientology), there are many other approaches to the "inner" self, and it is my belief that no single one of them will work successfully on all individuals —



Professor Alfred Luntz

and more, it is my concerted opinion that all too many people are caused to have their period of suffering unnecessarily prolonged because of the wide-spread belief among physical and mental doctors that there is such a "touch-stone" and each one claiming *he alone* has it.

Now in regard to your statement that "the Hindu hypnotist can hypnotize anyone," you will pardon me if I object to that assertion. While it is true, by and large, that the Eastern psychologist is considerably better in his practice with things dealing with mind, he is still a human being and as such he is no more given to infallibility than is anyone else.

While it is true that almost all human beings are by nature subject to hypnosis, there are a multitude of fears and phobias lying deep within the unconscious that prohibit them from opening their minds for inspection.

Unfortunately, orthodox psychology, in seeking the origin of complexes, has sought it in only the present life's experience of the patient. I suppose this is a natural situation, for very few of your modern psychologists have given much thought to Hindu psychology and the teachings of reincarnation. If we accept reincarnation as a fact we shall see the logic in assuming the so-called soul or spirit of an individual to be a composite of recorded experiences and no more than that. We shall also begin to understand that the physical body is a direct creation of the mind of the individual wrought out of the memories of past experiences and what he will have to use it for in each new physical expression.

Many persons have asked me, "If reincarnation is true, why do they not remember their past lives?" The fact is, they do, but they have been laboring under the idea that such recalling must be done in the form of mental pictures, as is largely done in remembering what they did yesterday or as they do in recalling a dream, when factually the greatest portion of the mechanics of memory takes place in what is loosely termed the "unconscious self" and is felt in the nervous system as urges, which are then transferred to the glandular system which prepares the body chemically to go into action.

Now let us suppose that one or more of these unconscious urges contain within them elements of shame or fear. They may restrict the body self from responding; and the energy that was created by the urge finding no normal outlet, turned back upon the nervous system and will soon or late create a physical ailment, and very often and for reasons known only to the inner self of that one, he will block every effort made to release him from his ailment. I am certain you are aware of medical cases wherein a person suffering from illness that is known as fatal has gotten well again, even though receiving no medical care at all, and then there are certain other persons who have said they were going to die, and die

they did, even though the closest medical examination of their bodies showed nothing organically wrong with them.

Now when we consider all that has been said here, you will see why I cannot offer you help in what you desire.

I mentioned Dianetics or Scien-

tology because there are certain people who mentally abhor the thought of losing their own consciousness, and the method mentioned here permits the patient to retain his own awareness and to know what he is doing, which in many respects is better for the patient in the long run.

EDITORIAL . . .

(Continued from page 7)

scientific and mental ability we have, rather than plunge ourselves into it irretrievably in our incontinent haste. (Perhaps the better word is *hate!*)

Another subject you might question as to its mystic nature is the subject of free speech. Well, free speech is inextricably linked with free thought, and with free practice of religion, and with free expression of philosophy. You cannot have true mystic freedom without free speech. That is why, in this issue, we have an article in which free speech, and the American Way, is stressed in no unheated manner. Free speech, the greatest gift to mankind from the Unseen (for the principle does come from mystic realms!), is worth fighting for, and must be fought for whenever it is threatened. It is the duty of the philosopher to protect the vital philosophies of mankind's mystic destiny. He cannot achieve

that destiny while hampered by lack of such freedoms.

In our April issue, where we started the atomic danger ball rolling (and how it has begun to roll!), we experienced a situation we've never experienced before. We received more than 4000 requests for reprints of both the atomic article (which was written by your editor, for the benefit of those who asked who wrote it) and the poisoned food article. Naturally, since type was destroyed, and no reserve copies available, we were unable to provide these reprints. And to reprint from scratch would have been financially impossible, even though many of those requesting reprints offered to pay for them. Unfortunately, we are not the *Reader's Digest*, with the money to provide these really expensive luxuries. We do want to thank our readers who were so anxious to spread the word, and we felt quite flattered.

We also want to thank those readers who sent in subscriptions,

and even gifts, in response to our plea for subscribers. There are always some people who are willing to carry any load for a principle, and we certainly appreciate those friends. We won't give you any figures, as we promised, as we'd hate to admit that the figure is so very far from the 5,000 we agreed to duplicate if they came through. However, never fear, we won't turn to sex magazines to make money. It seems our present subscribers are solidly behind us, and the way they are coming in for "seconds" means a great deal. It means that MYSTIC has their approval, and with that sort of encouragement, we're in there pitching for good! We'll make MYSTIC better every issue, believe us — the incentive is certainly there!

When it comes to a question of morality, just what does it mean? Of course, our readers know our stand on killing. Our stand on war. There is no religion on earth that commands killing, or war. Every one of them points exactly the reverse direction. Some of them are more rigid in interpretation than others, but in essence, the command is the same: Thou shalt not kill. Yet we have the argument of the moral right to make a decision in relation to who shall or shall not die in a situation where it is a choice between two individuals,

or a great many individuals of varied numbers. Take as an instance the case of a mother about to give birth—and it is the doctor's opinion that the mother will die if the child is not sacrificed; or the reverse, the child will die if the mother is not sacrificed. When a doctor is faced with that problem, what should his decision be? In the Catholic faith, the decision is this: He must try his best to save *both*, even if he loses both, or either, in the end. He *cannot* make a choice, and take a course either way. Even if the husband, told of the dilemma, frantically demands that the wife be saved, at the expense of the baby. The moral issue is quite clear to the Catholic doctor—save them both, if at all possible, with the help of God—and if he fails, his conscience is clear.

Yet, there is an argument here. What if he knows, beyond all doubt, that the baby cannot be saved? And that to try, would doom the mother? Is one death not better than two? Would it not be murder to condemn the mother to death as certain as the baby's? Or, in the case of an abortion (accidental), must the mother be allowed to bleed to death because the foetus has not yet *actually* been passed? Obviously there are personal decisions involved here, and there is no question that, Catholic or not,

doctors make them, even though they might not be in line with dogmatic morality.

It may be that there is a difference of opinion even among the Catholic clergy, as to the proper procedure (and we are not taking Catholicism in any way except as a means, of illustration), and that some of our readers will write and correct us.

However, what is the morality in a case where *neither* the mother or child is in danger, but *possible* future mothers and children *may* be in danger if an "experiment" is not performed? Is there *any* moral justification here? Is the argument that "the greatest benefit for the greatest number" applies a valid one? We say it does not. No matter what possibility exists (even that of death for *all* future mothers and children) can justify the *causing of the death* of the present mother or child!

As for the future: "In God we trust!" And God we obey in the now!

The other day we received a quite wonderful letter. We got a letter from a reader whose pride did not go before a fall. We won't mention names, but we want to say that it takes real character to change an opinion in the face of

criticism. All we can say is that critics are a sorry lot in the face of one who can take it when it's dished out! It's not good to be in the wrong, but it's wonderful to be able to admit it.

Uncle Sam has a wonderful post office business, but he's quite a bit overburdened. Magazines, which go by second class, far cheaper than any other kind of mail (because Uncle believes in free speech and the dissemination of knowledge and culture and information), frequently get lost. If you do not receive your subscription copy regularly, please remember that we need only a post-card from you, and another issue will promptly be on its way, no questions asked. Don't think that we are giving poor service, if your copy doesn't arrive. Least of all, don't be silent about it and nurse a grudge. Uncle does his best, and when he fails, we back him up. And if your copy is late, sometimes it's our fault, not his. Like last issue, when our print order ran short. We had to wait until we got some copies back from the newsstands before we could send out the last few subscribers copies—and you might have been one of those. For which we apologize, and hope it won't happen again.—*Rap*.

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GOVERNOR JOHNSON'S

By Ray Palmer

When an American has something to say, it is the duty of every other American to defend his right to say it; for any suppression of speech is the seed of eventual loss of all liberty.

IT isn't often that a governor of one of these United States comes apart at the seams, but apparently, when one does so, he really blows himself high wide and handsome. However, just in case this particular governor still has a few of his nuts and bolts assembled, it's about time someone finished the job of taking them apart. And, because Tom Paine, George Washington, Ben Franklin, and a few others aren't around to do the "dirty" work they once did so ably, your editor will take it upon himself to bring up a few reminders which might serve to put a few *facts* back where they belong. Not that we liken ourselves to Tom Paine, but we do have one accomplishment, and that is the ability to read. It is something we have read that we want to pass on to the readers of MYSTIC (and, we hope, to the whole mass of the American People—commentators, please copy!). We refer to the

newspaper stories that came out of Colorado on Sunday, March 13, 1955. After we've passed them on (so that you can refer back to them), we want to make a few comments that we have been horribly shocked to find have not been made *anywhere* in these United States since then. We can't understand *why* they haven't been made. And we are alarmed that they haven't been made.

The following are actual excerpts from newspaper stories:

RADIOACTIVE DUST FALLOUT ALARMING SCIENTIST THINK

DENVER, March, 12 (AP)—Fallout of radioactive dust in Colorado from the Nevada nuclear tests has reached a point where it can no longer be ignored by those concerned with public health and safety, two scientists at the University of Colorado medical center said today.

ATOMIC BILL of RIGHTS

"For the first time in the history of the Nevada tests, the upsurge in radioactivity measured here within a matter of hours after the tests has become appreciable," Dr. Ray R. Lanier, head of the university's radiology department, said in an interview.

"It is not our desire to alarm the public mind needlessly, but we feel it is our duty to say so."

He said his department is studying the fallout, measuring its intensity, and will report its findings to the Atomic Energy Commission.

Dr. Theodore Puck, head of the university biophysics department, also pointed out that geiger counter readings don't tell the whole story of radiation hazard.

"The trouble with airborne radioactive dust is that we breathe it into the lungs," he said, "where it may lodge in direct contact with living tissue."

He said this is "very different from having it lodge on skin or clothing where it can be brushed or washed off."

Dr. Lanier said that there is no "safe minimum below which the danger of radiation damage to individuals or their unborn descendants disappears."



"Or at least we do not know what it is," he added.

COLORADO'S GOVERNOR TONES DOWN ATOM FEARS

DENVER, March 12 (AP) — Gov. Edwin C. Johnson today toned down reports that radioactive fallout from the Nevada atom bomb tests has become a threat to public health and safety in Colorado.

Two University of Colorado medical center scientists said earlier that officials concerned with the State's public health no longer can ignore the up-surge in radioactivity.

Johnson angrily denied their announcement, and said:

"This is a phony report. It will only alarm people. Someone has a screw loose someplace and I intend to find out about it."

The scientists—Drs. Ray R. Lanier, heads of the university's radiology department, and Theodore Puck, head of the biophysics department—"should be arrested," Johnson added.

Mayor Quigg Newton, commenting on the report, urged that officials determine "what the Atomic Energy Commission has to say before we get too concerned about it."

"I shall get in touch with these scientists tomorrow morning and see that the information reaches the

AEC," said the Mayor.

At Grand Junction, Colo., Director Sheldon Wimpfen of the AEC office there said he was assured by authorities there would be no harmful radiation from recent nuclear blasts near Las Vegas, 600 miles from here.

SCIENTISTS SEEK BAN ON A-BOMB:

Governor Johnson charged Saturday night that last week's warning by two University of Colorado professors on the potential danger of atomic "fallout" from the Nevada A-bomb tests was part of a nationwide drive by American scientists "against the use of atomic bombs."

The governor said in a formal statement that "employment of 'fright' strategy" by the two C. U. scientists was aimed at creating public sentiment against "the necessary testing of atomic bombs" and was "most damaging to the defenses of the free world."

The two professors, Dr. Ray Lanier and Dr. Theodore Puck, expressed frank shock when informed of the governor's charges. "They called it most serious," "most unfortunate" and "rather amazing" but said they would withhold a detailed reply until later.

Dr. Ward Darley, president of the university, said it was his opinion that questions raised by the

two professors "primarily are concerned with the adequacy of our scientific knowledge." He added:

"It's hard for me to see why raising such questions should be given political implications, but I am in no position to comment further."

The two scientists told Denver reporters last week at a press conference that the fallout in Colorado and other areas in the wind path of the Nevada tests had reached the point "where it no longer can be ignored from a public health standpoint." They said effects of the fallout on future generations can not be measured by today's known facts on genetics.

The statement caused an immediate national furor, brought instant denials of danger from the atomic energy commission, the governor, Mayor Newton and other officials. During last week, several top scientists backed up the two C. U. men in formal statements.

In charging that scientists in this country have launched a drive against use of the A-bomb, the governor added.

"We must not permit the defenses against the free world's arch enemy, persisting in plans for world domination, to be weakened by wild and, probably, baseless speculation about the genetics

of future generations. Unless American scientists remain way out in front of Russian atomic scientists, there will be no future generations of Americans.

"Many of us could and would share their opposition to these lethal destroyers were it not that the United States is in a desperate and deadly atomic race with ruthless Russia.

"The threat of atomic bombs is all that stands between peace and war in the world today. Much as the United States would like to stop testing and improving atomic bombs, she dare not do so."

The governor said he was not accusing the Boulder scientists and their colleagues of "being Fifth Columnists." But he added: "Their employment of 'fright' technique is most damaging to the defenses of the free world" and charged that "fallout in this case merely provided the vehicle upon which to launch a well-planned attack upon the atomic defenses of the United States."

ANGRY ED RIPS REPORT, SAYS ARREST AUTHORS

Governor Johnson said Saturday night he does not believe the radioactive fallout from the Nevada atomic tests could be dangerous to the people of Colorado and added that the University of Colorado

scientists who released the report should be arrested."

The governor was angry about the report released to the press by Dr. Ray R. Lanier, head of the university radiology department, and Dr. Theodore Puck, head of the biophysics department. He charged that the release was a "publicity stunt" and said the two scientists were "out for publicity."

Johnson said he was speaking as a member of the congressional atomic energy committee "from the time the first A-bombs were exploded at Hiroshima and Nagasaki." He added that he planned an immediate investigation of the report.

"This is a phony report," the governor said. "It will only alarm people. Someone has a screw loose some place and I intend to find out about it."

"NOTHING TO RETRACT" CU SCIENTIST HOLDS

Dr. Ray Lanier said Saturday night he "doubts that Governor Johnson's statement" attacking warnings against the dangers of atomic fall-out "needs a reply." Lanier and Dr. Theodore Puck—both of whom are professors in the University of Colorado system—drew attack from Johnson, who said the warning was part of a conspiracy by American scientists against further development of atomic weapons.

"I will not reply to it now, and I doubt that it needs a reply," said Dr. Lanier. "I hope, only, that the newspapers will not put me in a position of replying in rash terms to the governor . . ."

Dr. Lanier was asked if he were "as positive today" as he was at his March 11 press conference on the possible dangerous effects to Denver life from wind-borne Nevada atomic "fall-out."

He replied: "Those are fundamental, printed facts, and there is no backing away from facts. Nor is there anything to retract. When we conducted our press conference, we qualified all of our observations with conditional factors."

Dr. Puck termed Johnson's allegations "most serious" but declined comment. He said he wanted time to "reflect" upon it seriously, and would withhold comment until he reads Johnson's text.

He called the attack "most unfortunate," however. A reporter commented:

"It would appear the governor has accused you and Dr. Lanier of taking part in a plot to undermine the defense of the United State. Wouldn't that constitute a very serious charge?"

"Certainly," Dr. Puck replied.

DR. PUCK RATED HIGH AS VIRUS INVESTIGATOR

A University of Colorado scien-

tist under attack by Governor Johnson for his scientific views on radioactive "fallout" is one of this country's top virus investigators.

He is Dr. Theodore Puck, head of the department of biophysics at the CU medical center in Denver.

Dr. Puck's studies in virus invasion of cells have long been supported by major grants from the American Cancer Society which hopes he may be able to unlock, through his studies, some of the secrets surrounding the cause of cancer and how it starts inside cells of the human body.

In 1953, Dr. Puck made major national medical news when he reported the results of his work which disclosed the intricate mechanism used by a virus to invade a cell. It was this theory which touched off a new avenue in medical research aimed at finding a method of preventing the invasion mechanism and thus preventing virus infection.

CAN'T IGNORE ATOM FALLOUT, DECLARE TWO C. U. SCIENTISTS

Radioactive dust, even in minute quantities, can't be ignored when breathed into the lungs, Dr. Puck warned.

Among the known products of A-bomb fission is radioactive iodine.

This isotope has a half life of only eight days, but during its brief life span it emits beta as well as gamma rays. The beta rays are high-speed particles (electrons).

Beta rays, according to Dr. Puck, do not travel very far, even through air. But when in contact with living tissue the effects of a beta emitter cannot be ignored. With this idea in mind, Dr. Puck says his department has been taking beta ray readings of radioactive fallout material following the current Nevada tests, and plans to report its findings to the AEC.

Other Denver and Denver-area dust samples now are being gathered atop the Denver public schools administration building and at a water filter plant midway between Denver and Golden. Under a recent change in policy, these samples are being air-mailed immediately after taking to an eastern office of the U. S. public health service for study. For several years, the Denver weather office has been taking dust samples for study by the AEC.

The C. U. medical school scientists point out that ever since Henri Becquerel discovered radioactivity in 1896, men have been trying to determine what a "safe dosage" is.

"The best 'guinea pigs' for so-called safe dosage studies," Dr. Lanier said Saturday, "have been

the radiologists themselves. Doctors now try to keep below 300 milli-roentgens a week, but X-ray doctors have nine times the leukemia rate of the average citizens. They have five times the incidence of skin, kidney and lung cancer. And they have more mal-formed children. Particularly for genetic damage, which may not show up for several generations, there is no known safe minimum dosage."

The time to study atomic fallout problems and determine how to cope with them properly is now while the matter is in its infancy. When big-scale atomic power plants become widespread, the problem will be much more serious than it is now, with infrequent weapon tests in the Nevada desert the only source of atomic-dust.

ATOMIC 'FALLOUT' EFFECTS EXPLAINED

Just why scientists, including Drs. Theodore Puck and Ray R. Lanier of the University of Colorado Medical Center here, are worried about the long-range effects of atomic "fallout" is explained in easy-to-understand terms in the March 21 issue of Life magazine.

Life devotes eight pages with 19 pictures to discussing the nature of radioactive "fallout" and its threat to living things, present and future.

The CU scientists, a biophysicist and a radiologist, stated merely that Colorado fallout from the Nevada bomb tests has reached a point where it "no longer can be safely ignored." But internationally famous scientists quoted by Life are far more out-spoken, calling the fallout peril potentially more deadly than the nuclear fireball itself.

Eugene Rabinowitch, U. S. biochemist and one of the major "wheels" in the wartime atom bomb project, warns that "atomic war may throw a monkey wrench into the mechanism of the preservation of the species."

Herman J. Muller, geneticist and Nobel prize winner, says; "Atomic warfare may cause as much genetic damage, spread out over future generations, as the direct harm done to the generation exposed."

Alfred H. Sturtevant, another geneticist, is even more specific about dangers discussed here recently by the Denver scientists. Sturtevant states:

"The last H-bomb test (the one that showered fallout on the Japanese fishermen) alone probably produced more than 70 human mutations which are likely to produce large numbers of defective individuals in the future."

In both plants and animals, natural radiation from cosmic rays and radium, the article ex-

plains, has been producing mutations (changes) in the genes which control such hereditary traits as brown eyes, red hair, long fingers. A few are good, but the vast majority are bad. They cripple, stunt, weaken. The balance is thought to be quite delicate, and that is what Rabinowitch meant by atomic warfare "throwing a monkey wrench into preservation of the species."

In a two-page spread, Life shows two color photographs of plant cells magnified 4,000 times. One cell is normal, the pattern of the chromosomes is separated into two clean-cut parts, ready for cell division into two identical descendants. But in the other picture, radiation has damaged the pattern, battered the chromosomes. The cell will divide into offsprings which are different, probably weakened and maimed.

* * *

Well, there you have the newspaper stories. It is difficult to comment in any coherent, well-assembled manner on such a hodge-podge, and thus it will be best to take the stories as they come, item for item, and let each comment hang on its own merits.

First, Drs. Lanier and Puck are to be commended for their public-spirited endeavors. We need guardians of our health such as these men. They are competent men, and are supported by every reputable scientists in the world, in

the matter of their positive statements regarding the effects of radioactivity. Every high-school sophomore knows his science well enough to be able to agree with them without cavil. Thus, when they say something, it should be listened to with respect.

But, when we come to Governor Johnson, it seems to be a different matter. Governor Johnson is angry. He says Lanier and Puck should be arrested. May we ask, what for? We expect an answer, Governor. An answer if you please. What charge do you propose to use to arrest these two men? We can see only one, and we won't touch upon it quite yet, because we have some very strong words to say about it, and we want them to be all in one paragraph (because if we dwell upon it much further, we shall burst with a louder bang than any atom bomb!).

What do you mean, Governor Johnson, when you say: "This is a phony report."? You mean it's phony? Not true? You must know better! You went to High School, we've discovered, and took some physics so you *know* it isn't phony. So why say it is? Please, Governor, why?

"It will only alarm the people," you say? Very nice of you, governor, to shield us that way, but if you please, we don't alarm so easily. We are perturbed at danger, being

intelligent people, and we always recognize danger, and try to avoid it. It's only common sense. And our past history, from 1776 on, shows that we don't panic. We meet danger, and we combat it, in every way humanly possible. We don't chicken out. No matter what you think about the color of our guts, it isn't yellow.

So "someone has a screw loose someplace," and you intend to do something about it? Do you mean Drs. Lanier and Puck have screws loose? Do you mean they are mentally unsound, and therefore unsuited for their jobs? Perhaps it would be best to leave the diagnostics to diagnosticians trained in such things. Besides, such statements are libelous. But what interests us, is your intent to "do something" about it. What do you intend to do, Governor? Have them "investigated"? Have them pitched out of their jobs? Have them silenced?

No, you think they should be arrested!

Now we come to the reason. It comes in your "charge" that "scientists are seeking a ban on A-bombs." You say it is part of a nationwide drive by American scientists, which is "most damaging to the defenses of the free world." In short, you are calling American scientists traitors. You wish Drs. Lanier and Puck arrested

for treachery. If they were in the army, you would have them shot.

You say: "We must not permit the defenses against the free world's arch enemy, persisting in plans for world domination, to be weakened by wild and, probably, baseless speculation about the genetics of future generations." You go on to say that: "Their employment of 'fright' technique is most damaging to the defenses of the free world." Then you add: "Fallout in this case merely provided a vehicle upon which to launch a well-planned attack upon the atomic defenses of the United States."

We are pleased to note that you do not quibble, Governor. You say things quite clearly, so that there can be no mistake. No amount of verbiage could get you out of the spot in which you have placed yourself. You even confirm your position as an "official" one, by stating that you speak as a member of the congressional atomic energy committee "from the time the first A-bombs were exploded at Hiroshima and Nagasaki." That's quite a long time to be holding these opinions, Governor, and leave little doubt that they are not just transient ones.

You are against free speech. You think it should not be permitted, not in atomic matters. No matter what the danger to future citizens, to holy hell with them! You will

not even consider for a moment if the danger is a serious one, perhaps worse than the "arch enemy" you are so desperately fearful will beat you to the atomic punch that will destroy us all. You would arrest any man who ventures an opinion on the atomic bomb program which is any way contrary to the one, single, horrible purpose of constructing a "punch" which the arch enemy cannot possibly survive.

Since when, Governor, can't we Americans have our say? Since when can a few make the decisions for the many? Since when can the word "free" be used in the way you insist on using it?

Let's not give you the slightest opening—let's say right here that every American is aware of the danger of atomic war, and what the "arch enemy" (you must have been a wow in the highschool drama club!) can do to us. As Americans, we will prepare to defend ourselves. We always have (and done a good job of it), and we always will. And so far, we've been doing it despite the handicap of being able to open our mouths and yap all we please. We intend to go on doing it that way! *You* aren't going to stop us. But one thing is certain, we Americans will use our brains in making our defense. We won't burn down the house to kill the termites. We're not stupid, Governor. If we think

the testing of a weapon might possibly prove to be an unsuspected danger even greater than an atom war, we aren't going to stick our heads in the sand like an ostrich and ignore it. We don't let down our pants in one direction to keep our shirt on in the other.

After we've tested all the bombs, Governor, and we have our "defense" all set up and waiting, what then? Do we just wait until the "arch enemy" has likewise equipped himself? You'll have to agree that that is exactly what we will do. Inevitably, no matter what our haste, we will have to let them catch up on us. And perhaps you think this sort of a stalemate will solve the problem, safeguard our "free world"? Perhaps it may. As long as the bomb is here, we sincerely hope it will. It's better to have a bomb we never use, than not to have one while the arch enemy does, and uses it on us.

But, Governor, what if we find, after we've won the atom-bomb race, that our success has created a frankenstein that will then proceed to subject us to horror upon horror, and even wipe us out, without a single warlike move on either our part or on the part of the arch enemy? These scientists believe they have good and sufficient evidence (not just wild and baseless speculation) that such can be the case. They want the danger

recognized, and steps taken to avert it. *We* want those steps taken. And we won't tolerate you denying us the right to take them. We won't have a careless man on our atomic energy committee—it's too important to be manned by anything but the best brains. And we won't, most of all, have any sort of intolerance. We won't have our Bill of Rights superceded by a desperate "stop-gap" oppression in the name of expediency. We came away from the Old World to gain these freedoms (which are now spreading ever wider beyond our boundaries) and we don't intend to give them up, in the slightest iota.

We're going to talk, Governor, and *you* are going to listen at least for the time being . . . we doubt if you'll be there to listen after the next election. (We don't believe the people of Colorado vote for the things you declare we must have "or there will be no future generations of Americans.) Rather, the

people of Colorado will join with the people of the rest of these *free* United States, in making every conceivable effort to make sure that we have not overlooked a single danger to our future as a free people. Those of us who are parents don't give a hoot for our own lives, if saving them means the death of our children. It's our kids we're fighting for, and we won't risk them needlessly by a rash and ill-advised course.

Governor, you are out of order, and anybody who talks like you is also out of order. We've got too much of that sort of thing and we think it had better come to a halt right now. If you're any kind of man, you'll apologize to Drs. Lanier and Puck, *and* to the American people.

If you mean well, it'll be easy to do, and we'll be the first to cheer for you. We'll yell our tonsils out—because that's the way we do things in America, Governor!

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The WHITE GULL

By

EVERIL WORRELL

PEOPLE said that a white gull haunted Dune Harbor.

He was there every summer, and there was never another like him, neither so large nor so white — unless since he died a prototype has taken his place.

He was a tradition. New crops of children watched for him, and different pairs of lovers. He had acquired a name; the natives would say "Diamond Eye is back again," and the summer people came to say it too. His planing wings burned in the sunshine as though the snowy plumage were tipped with silver or platinum and powdered with diamond dust; and you could see the flash of his eye as he wheeled by on the wind.

For some reason the younger children seemed to pity him.

"He's lonesome because he isn't like the others!" they said.

* * *

To Mavis Allister, the gull was a poignant symbol. Sometimes his free soaring tugged at her heart, and sometimes his flight was like the white fire of a thrown lance, and

pierced her through with too sharp memory.

Twenty years had changed the outside world, but not the lonely little place that was Dune Harbor, nor the lonely remembering place inside of Mavis. They had, strangely, affected her golden beauty very little, either. She was, she thought (not for the first time, nor without a trace of bitterness), like Diamond Eye; a storied tradition of the beach town.

The wife of an FBI man does not always know whether she may keep him long, Mavis had kept her man all of two years. Then Tony Vincella got out of jail and came down to Dune Harbor and shot Kerry, who had not been warned of the jail break.

Tony Vincella had had other ideas on that day in June. He had found Mavis at the cottage alone, and had her all neatly tied into a chair when Kerry came in from a swim. Mavis' shoulder still wore the scar of a cigarette burn.

Tony's fun was cut short when Kerry arrived, but Tony's gun got

Sometimes the only way an important message can be put across is by means of a symbol. Perhaps this story is such a symbol. May it bring to you a message from . . . over there.

Kerry. Tony ran and Kerry died, and after that people came to help. Tony had never been caught.

Kerry fell into unconsciousness rather peacefully—there was always that to be thankful for. Before he died, he had said the thing that Mavis told to nobody and tried not to think about. Kerry was dying and maybe delirious—but grief stricken widows do well not to clasp fantasy to their bosoms, Mavis was sure. "Her mind gave way, poor soul. You know, I think she came to believe—"

That kind of thing must not be said some day of Mavis Allison. That hypothetical statement she remembered always, offsetting her memory of Kerry's last words.

Kerry had spoken them slowly and dreamily:

"Quoting from — '*La Paloma*' — I always liked it! — '*Nina, my love, if a dove — come — seeking thee, open thy window, dearest, for — it — will be My faithful spirit seeking — seeking thee!*'"

He had managed a chuckle then. *Maybe, Oh maybe, the hurt wasn't*

so bad —

"Mavis, my love —" now almost inaudibly: "I can't see myself as a dove, can you? Maybe a sea gull. And not just to be silly, but to watch over you! That devil, Vincella. If they shouldn't get him—he has the memory of an el —"

He seemed asleep, when he was gone. It was the next summer that the white gull first showed up at Dune Harbor.

* * *

Diamond Eye soared high and low today; up to the altitude of an eagle's sentinel eyrie; seaward and back to the cottage, planing low.

Once in winter Mavis had been drawn to the beach house, irresistibly. To see if the white gull would be there too? Nobody had ever spoken of seeing him in winter; but she came down to see.

He was there; he circled the house at midnight. White the snow in the moonlight; black ebony the ocean torn with gnashing lines of foam; whiter, the flash of his wings.

Inside, the smell and warmth of

driftwood burning out in the fireplace. Firelight reflected from the leaded panes. Just beyond them and so near, those beating wings strong to ride out any gale.

Mavis' hand went to the case-ment hasp. The bright eyes flashed into hers; then had come her shuddering withdrawal, and her collapse into wild tears that were half of terror.

"Let me keep sane. I mustn't believe, I mustn't think —"

She had never come again in winter.

* * *

Now she on the front steps, the summer sun hot on her, children's voices sounding near, yet lost in time and space.

"Get up and go in. Start dinner. Carol and Lee are on the way out now!" she ordered herself sharply, and stood up.

She saw him then, the man coming slowly up the flagged walk. Little and dark he was, and aging; but she knew those half mad cruel eyes as if she had looked into them yesterday.

"It's been twenty years — and I've spent most of them back in Italy," the thin mouth pronounced gently. "I've a new visa and a new name, and still I waited to be sure I wasn't being watched. You haven't changed!" he threw out suddenly, resentfully. "I have, but I'd know you anywhere. Well, you

always came back here, I heard! You've waited all this time for the rest of what I promised Kerry Allison I'd do—"

A car was coming fast along the highway behind the house, its siren howling. He *has* been watched, and they are after him now, Mavis thought. They'll be here just too late for me, as they were too late for Kerry.

The short, sharp burst of the death-thunder came then, and the smoke.

Came, too, a silver-flaming thing with wide sweep of beating wings. It flew blindingly close to Mavis, poised before her. Truly a flung lance — Oh, no! A shield.

For an instant afterward, a fury of lopsided straining pinions beat about the narrow skull-head of the little man who dropped his gun and ran — straight into the arms of two who came to meet him.

But Mavis knelt on the patch of green by the flagged walk while the gull's head sank lower until it lay flat on the grass. The wings were spread, the bright eyes glazed; and on the white breast-feathers a round red spot shone in the sunlight like a royal ruby.

Mavis felt that her heart was torn open like the heart of the gull. Yet this was a healing pain, a winged pain, a thing to lift a heart long drooping. A great gift had been given; yes, the gift of life, but

more, for it was indestructible. Indestructible awareness of indestructible life? Something to wear proudly, like a diadem of priceless diamonds and rubies.

"Did I doubt love is immortal — or did I think it wrong to believe in miracles?" she wondered. And aloud— "Yes, I knew it was Tony Vincella. Kerry said— he had a memory like an elephant." For, as on that other day, she was surrounded now by neighbors and friends.

There was a sound of the crying of children.

"The gull, the white gull is dead," they were saying. "He'll never come again!"

Mavis gathered the nearest to her.

"He's *somewhere*. Oh, you must be sure!" she said. "Nothing is

ever just all gone!"

An eight-year old regarded her searchingly, dark eyes troubled.

"The bad man with the gun — he's gone!" he insisted. "With the men who took him. Then, will he come again!"

Mavis sought words to clothe a truth.

"Maybe he — or his badness — isn't just quite real!" she told him. "All he could ever do was so much less — *really* — than he thought it was!"

And it came to her as something strange when she realized that the children understood. When they grew older, they would partly forget; but today in the sun and the salt wind they understood, and their crying stopped.

THE END

"TRUE" EXPERIENCE DOESN'T CHECK OUT?

Police Chief Jack Heard, (of Houston, Texas) was somewhat perplexed by a letter from Weeks Parker, hypnotist and founder of the Psychical Research Club of Fayetteville, N. C.

Mr. Parker was asking for verification of an incident which, he said, he had just read about in a "reputable magazine." (See June '55 MYSTIC.—Ed.)

He said the author, H. J. Jolet of Columbus, Ohio, told in the article of his arrest in Houston for vagrancy and selling pencils without a license.

But, Mr. Parker related, by "a strange power of concentration," the author made his physical body disappear from the jail and reappear in Peoria, Ill.

In his request for verification Mr. Parker said, "If this happened the jailers will probably remember it the rest of their lives." But no one recalls the startling event.

A check of the records by Inspector W. N. Daut failed to show that an H. J. Jolet has ever been arrested in Houston.

"Maybe," Inspector Daut said, "by 'a strange power of concentration' he made the records disappear with him."

WHAT ARE THE

By

Max B. Miller

President: FLYING SAUCERS INTERNATIONAL

SINCE that momentous day of June 24th, 1947, when pilot Kenneth Arnold reported seeing nine shining "saucer like" objects flying at 1,200 miles per hour over the Cascade mountain range of Western Washington, the undying controversy of the flying saucers has been raging.

Volumes of material has been published on the subject. This includes more than two dozen books, thousands of magazine articles, and countless material appearing in newspapers and journals throughout the world.

There are hundreds of organizations in this country and others devoting their time to solve this—one of the most baffling mysteries of all times.

Elliott Rockmore, President of the Flying Saucer Researchers of Brooklyn, estimates that he re-

ceived from four to six hundred flying saucer sightings from newspaper sources in mid-summer 1952, rivaling the Air Forces own files.

The Air Force claimed that 1952 was the "bumper crop" year for reports. They received 1700 in all.

The Air Force has maintained, since the inception of flying saucers, that they have no evidence which would lead them to believe in their existence.

Their latest report tells us:

"The majority of sightings could be accounted for as misinterpretations of conventional objects, such as balloons and aircraft. Others could be explained as meteorological phenomena or light reflections from crystalized particles in the upper atmosphere. Some were determined to be hoaxes. However, there still remained a few unex-

FLYING SAUCERS?

plained sightings.

"The Air Force has stated in the past, and reaffirms at the present time, that unexplained aerial phenomena are not a secret weapon, missile, or aircraft developed by

ported phenomena.

"By the same token, no authentic physical evidence has been received establishing the existence of space ships from other planets." Although it may not look like it,

MAX B. MILLER was born and raised in Los Angeles, where he now resides.

He founded, and is president, of Flying Saucers International (a non-profit, fact-finding organization) which saw its first ray of light in July 1952, although his interest began in 1947 when he first heard the words "Flying Saucer."

Plus being the President of Flying Saucers International, he is also a member of the Flying Saucer Club of Sussex, England; a former member of the International Council of the International Flying Saucer Bureau of Bridgeport, Connecticut; an honorary member of Saucer Phenomena And Celestial Enquiry of West Haven, Connecticut; and a United States observer of the Australian Flying Saucer Bureau of Fairfield, Australia.

Flying Saucers International made world history in August of last year (1953) when it held the World's First Flying Saucer Convention in Hollywood for three days. Close to 1500 people attended this gathering, the first of its kind ever held, to hear the world's foremost authorities on the subject of flying saucers.

In June 1953 Miller published the first issue of SAUCERS — official publication of Flying Saucers International. It is believed to have the world's largest circulation of any magazine of this type.

the United States. None of the three military departments nor any other agency in the Government is conducting experiments, classified or otherwise, with flying objects which could be a basis for the re-

this is a much more liberal statement than those the Air Force issued in the early part of its investigation, assuming the attitude of "there ain't no sech things."

Reports of that time were usual-

ly taken by officials with a shrug of their shoulders and mumblings of "hoaxes" or "hallucinations."

In late July 1952 came the "crisis."

Twice, in the period of one week, unidentified flying objects (the name the Air Force prefers over "flying saucers") invaded the nation's capitol.

Visual and radar sightings were made.

The "objects" were over the White House and Capitol Building! Jets were hurried aloft.

Three objects outmaneuvered the jets at every turn.

When our fastest interceptors were sent into a "critical area," the objects would vanish. When the planes were gone, the objects reappeared!

Careful, reliable radar operators—whose reputations must be of the highest to man the Air Control towers of our Capitol and surrounding area—calculated the objects to have a velocity of up to two miles per second; 7,200 miles per hour!

No aircraft on earth has such speed.

As the headlines of this event flashed across the nation, public demands of the Air Force were astonishing.

Several days later, the Air Force held a press conference. Major General John A. Samford, Chief of Air Force Intelligence

with several aides discussed the aspects of the flying saucers, including the Washington sightings.

Samford debunked saucers all around, saying the Washington sightings were temperature inversions.

This theory was more-or-less originated by one Donald H. Menzel, Professor of Astrophysics at Harvard University.

Temperature inversions, strong enough to give a radar "echo," would have to be eight to ten degrees Fahrenheit.

Major Donald E. Keyhoe, USMC, retired, author of the best seller, "Flying Saucers From Outer Space," checked the official Weather Bureau figures. He found a one degree inversion the first night, two degrees the second.

When he questioned Major Lewis S. Norman, Jr. about it, he was told that temperature inversions couldn't possibly explain the Washington sightings. Major Keyhoe was allowed to quote him as an official Air Force spokesman.

Early in 1953, Major General Samford was quoted in a national magazine as saying:

"The theory is appealing, but has not yet been proved. Therefore the Air Force cannot yet accept it as a satisfactory explanation. Furthermore, it would not account for all reports, by any means."

Other statements from "Project

Bluebook" (official investigating body for unidentified flying objects at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base) virtually eliminated this explanation as a satisfactory solution to flying saucers.

Captain Walter Karig, Special Deputy to Chief of Information, U. S. Navy, clinched the matter when he said in the American Weekly magazine: "Reflected lights, mirror images and the like, do not send back a radar return."

After the Air Force's initial investigation in 1949, it had but 34 sightings yet unexplained.

In 1952 they claimed to have solved all but twenty per cent of their 1700 sightings (a large portion of these came from pilots and other trained observers). All but ten per cent, they claimed, had been explained in 1953.

On December 29th, 1952 an unusual report came in from northern Japan. About seven-thirty P. M. an Air Force base received a message of several unidentified lights from the crew of a B-26. The plane was too slow to intercept.

Soon after that, radar operators at the base picked up an object on their scope.

At seven-forty-five the pilot of an F-94 reported seeing the same type of device. Three minutes after that, Colonel Curtis Low spotted the object and described it as having red, white, and green lights.

Colonel Low climbed to 35,000. He saw the lights were revolving in a counter-clockwise direction. The rotation was between eight and twelve times a minute.

As if he wasn't puzzled enough, the colonel saw three shafts of white light shining outward—as though the lower part of the object was revolving while another part was stationary.

As he approached the object, he switched off his cockpit lights. This was proof that it could not have been a canopy reflection.

Low raced to intercept the object at over five hundred miles per hour. The object apparently didn't see his plane for several seconds, but then it increased its speed and disappeared in thirty seconds.

Five minutes later, the colonel saw the object again and again tried to intercept, but this time keeping his cockpit lights on. The object speed out of sight in five seconds.

The official Air Force conclusion: "Probably Astronomical," intimating that the pilot was chasing the planet Jupiter. This is a clear indication of what the Air Force terms as "explained" sightings.

Albert M. Chop spent one and a half years with the Air Technical Intelligence Center at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio and two years on the Air Force

Press Desk (as head of the "un-identified flying objects" branch of the Office of Public Information) of the Air Force.

An insight of his background is given to make one realize the import of his opinions.

Albert M. Chop believes in the reality of flying saucers and their interplanetary origin. He even went so far as to tell columnist Matt Weinstock of the Los Angeles Daily News:

"How can you write off as a mirage an object that appears on a radar screen, then is seen being chased by a jet interceptor equipped with radar, then maneuvers at speeds up to 5000 miles per hour, making sharp angle turns that are impossible in any craft that engineers conceive?"

Let us look into just one pertinent sighting and try to apply the Air Force's explanations of "misinterpretations of conventional objects, such as balloons and aircraft," "meteorological phenomena;" "light reflections from crystalized particles in the upper atmosphere;" and "hoaxes." The story originally appeared in the Ontario (California) Daily Report.

On the morning of September 22, 1953 Robert Starr, Northrup Aircraft field inspector and a first lieutenant in the 196th Fighter Squadron of the California National Guard; Richard Lierd and

Houseman, mechanics; and Mui Funk, crew chief were working on an F-89 jet parked on a repair apron at the Ontario International Airport when the strange phenomenon was first sighted.

Lieutenant Starr said the overhead flight of a strange jet plane attracted their attention because they knew from the engine sound that it was not a Northrup craft.

They looked up to spot the plane and saw a dark cigar-shaped object falling through space, which they first believed to be a jettisoned wing tip-tank.

"We wondered why the pilot had jettisoned the tip-tank," Starr related, "and watched as it tumbled end over end, free-falling toward the ground. We watched it for six or eight—maybe ten seconds before the object suddenly stopped its fall and seemed to change its shape."

He said the four men were in agreement on what they saw, adding:

"It seemed to change once halted in the air and became circular with a luminous sheen. It streaked to the north disappearing in five seconds."

Starr said he had been around aircraft for a long time and had made countless observations but had never seen anything even faintly similar to what they saw at that time.

He said: "I would be afraid to guess at the altitude of the craft or its speed. But it flew faster than anything I have ever seen in the way of aircraft and I've watched a good many high speed experimental flights by the Army."

What aren't these objects?

1. The possibility of a hoax can be eliminated by noting the qualifications of these four men: pilot, crew chief, and mechanics.

2. The possibilities of a mass hallucination appears virtually impossible for the same reasons as the previous. Four qualified observers (especially in their positions) would not seem to be subject to hallucinations of this type.

3. "Misinterpretations of conventional objects" could not account for the characteristics and maneuverability of this object as reported. This includes balloons and aircraft."

4. "Meteorological phenomena" would not appear as a dark cigar-shaped article falling in space, then hovering in mid-air, turning to a circular or "disc-shaped" form and appear luminous, and shoot off into space and disappear in five seconds.

5. "Light reflections from crystalized particles in the upper atmosphere" — same as above.

What, then, was the object?

It was apparently very real, of an unusual nature. Lieutenant Starr's

statement: "... It flew faster than anything I have ever seen in the way of aircraft and I've watched a good many high-speed experimental flights by the Army" and saying that he had been around aircraft for a long time and had had made countless observations but had never seen anything even faintly similar to what they saw at that time, identifies it as seemingly alien to us.

How do the other countries take the flying saucers?

On November 11th, 1953 the news was flashed around the world, by all leading news services, that the world's first official flying saucer sighting station had been established in Canada.

Harold Greer, in the Toronto Daily Star, gives probably the best account of this:

"The world's first scientific flying saucer sighting station is being constructed by Canadian electronic engineers at Shirley's Bay," ten miles northwest of Ottawa.

"The work of 'Project Magnet' — code name for the secret development of a flying disc powered by electromagnetic propulsion — the station is being equipped with every conceivable type of recording device in the hope of obtaining the scientific measurements necessary to prove or disprove the existence of flying saucers.

"When completed, the station

will be manned twenty-four hours a day. It will contain the various types of radar, an ionosphere recorder, a magnetometer to measure electrical charge, a recording gravimeter to measure gravity and a radio set running full volume at 530 kilocycles to pick up any radio noise." (why 530?—Ed)

The article goes on to say:

"Project Magnet' researchers have found that flying saucer reports have come in flurries about two years and two months apart. It may or may not be significant that they have occurred when the planet Mars has been in opposition to the earth and that reports are most frequent when Mars reaches its closest point to the earth . . .

"Since the board began systematic investigation of flying saucer sightings early in 1952, heavy secrecy has surrounded the work. It is known, however, that a considerable number of reports have been received on the special forms printed in order to obtain as much precise observation as possible from the person or instrument making the sighting. While not called classified material, these forms are held to be 'for official use only.' The board has never published any analysis of them or made any report on progress of the investigation . . .

"The department has meteorological officers and radio operators

from coast to coast and sea captains beyond that, all under standing instruction to report strange phenomena; it supplies by far the bulk of the sighting reports."

Wilbur B. Smith is engineer in charge of "Project Magnet." in the telecommunications division of the Canadian Department of Transport. He told the Canadian Press news service:

"There is a high degree of probability that they (the flying saucers) do exist and are interplanetary."

Smith claims that there is a ninety to ninety-five per cent probability that flying saucers do exist: sixty per cent probability that they are "alien vehicles," ten per cent probability they originate here on Earth, and a thirty per cent probability that they are inconceivable to man—such as some form of time travel involving a form of life other than protoplasm.

The article in the Daily Star concludes:

" . . . It is generally agreed that the average layman would conclude from the more dramatic sighting reports that flying saucers do indeed exist.

"One of the Canadian sightings, for example, took place over an airport at night. Several persons saw a disc-like object moving at low altitude over the field at about sixty miles an hour. A search-

light caught the object in its beam for a moment, at which point it zipped skyward at an incredible speed. Sightings of this kind, it is believed, are by no means rare . . ."

Let us see what Australia has to say about flying saucers:

"MELBOURNE, January 9th 1954—An RAAF officer in Melbourne revealed today that the RAAF had been investigating flying saucer reports since 1947.

"The officer said that an Intelligence Officer usually interviewed people who reported flying objects.

"The officer said that the RAAF was keeping an open mind on the source of the objects. He added,

"I believe, from the information we have received, that the objects could have an interplanetary source.

"People on earth should be able to fly into outer space within about forty years. Why shouldn't people on other planets have already reached this stage?"

Before that, Australia again made the newspapers..

The Australian Flying Saucer Investigation Committee is composed of twelve members, including two industrial chemists, an electronic engineer, a civil engineer, and five astronomers.

On June 1st, 1953 they announced that, after three months' study, they had formed the conclusion that "some so-called flying

saucers are real objects, and are not caused by meteors, hallucinations, or any atmospheric freaks."

Getting back to this country, we find reference to flying saucers by Frank Edwards, former news commentator over the Mutual Broadcasting System network.

"Top scientists," Edwards related, "whose identity I am not at liberty to reveal . . . have been investigating the phenomena of unidentified aerial objects since 1947; analysing samples of various types; inspecting every bit of evidence, for whatever could be learned from it. With their permission I can read to you this one significant paragraph from their statement to me, dated September 8, 1953."

Edwards quotes:

"Our research in this matter leads us to believe that these unidentified flying objects are observation vehicles from another planet and further that this information is being kept from the people. A statistical analysis of the evidence collected thus far proves without doubt that we are dealing with extra-terrestrial influences from an unknown source."

On the night of July 14th, 1952 1st Officer William B. Nash and 2nd Officer William H. Fortenbery, pilots for the Pan American World Airways, saw eight flying saucers two thousand feet below

them while flying over Norfolk, Virginia. The Air Force made an investigation of this incident with the usual "Conclusion: Unknown."

Besides being a senior pilot, William B. Nash is a 2nd Lieutenant in the United States Reserve; a man well qualified on the subject of flying saucers. He made the following statement in the March 1954 Mystic magazine:

"It must be obvious to everyone by now that our world is being systematically explored by visitors from another planet . . ."

Arthur Louis Joquel II is a noted authority on rocketry and space travel; is author of the popular book, "The Challenge of Space." He voiced this opinion in the March 1954 magazine:

"For hundreds, or even thousands, of years, observations and reports have been made regarding these objects. Accurate, well-trained, impartial witnesses have described them, using almost the same terms in all ages and times. There have been sufficient reports concerning these objects made by scientists, military personnel, and trained civilians, to have removed any doubts as to their existence.

"No country on Earth could have built such vehicles hundreds of years ago. It would strain the ability of any country today to

develop such flying objects, and to construct, test, and launch them, and furthermore keep their place of origin a secret. It seems much more logical, under the circumstances, that flying disks have their place of origin somewhere in space, and visit the earth for some reason or purpose."

What are the flying saucers?

Without having our sanity questioned, and in the hope of not being called "crackpots, illiterates, and cultists," I think we can safely draw the following conclusions:

1. Flying saucers are very real and material objects.
2. Flying saucers have as their place of origin, a source (or sources) outside of this planet.
3. Flying saucers have been visiting this planet for several hundred or thousand years.
4. Flying saucers are apparently of friendly intent, having made no direct hostile move to this date.
5. When and if we make contact with the flying saucers, it will undoubtedly change our every way of life.

There it is. I ask you to just keep an open mind for the events ahead for, as Albert Einstein said: "Those people have seen *something*."

THE END

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IT HAPPENED TO ME...

From time to time MYSTIC magazine passes on accounts of true experiences from our readers. The following stories are given to us as actual happenings, and the editors are pleased to present them at face value. "It Happened to Me . . ." is just one phase of MYSTIC's presentation of evidence upon which its readers can draw their own conclusions. Names and addresses are printed, or are on file at the office of MYSTIC in the case of those to whom identification might prove to be a source of embarrassment or inconvenience. MYSTIC does not pay for these contributions, but presents them as a service to those readers who request actual happenings going on today, and in the lives of living people. However, a 48-issue subscription, worth \$12.00 will be given for each manuscript published. Send your experience to "Drawer 48," Mystic Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin.

DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE

PEOPLE often have marvelled at the way my sister Frances and I dream dreams that come true. Each morning after such a dream we would discuss it with each other and declare it was a fact, and that it would come true.

My father was called to Detroit, Michigan to work. We all missed him very much and after he had been gone about two months we

both dreamed one night that father had returned home on the morning train. Next morning we discussed this dream at length.

"It is strange we both dreamed father came home with his suitcase in his hand," said Frances.

"Yes, and I'll bet five dollars he will be here this very morning," I said, knowing I would not lose the five dollars.

"Well," said Frances, "I won't bet, but I know he is on his way here right this minute."

A few minutes later, mother came into the room and we told her about our dreams. We were teenagers, and mother thought we were too silly for words.

"Your father is not coming home for another month, so get busy with your work around here and stop gabbing."

A few minutes later we heard some one pounding on the front door. "That's father," we told mother.

She ignored us and went to the door. There stood father with his brown leather suitcase in his hand. He set it down and kissed us as we ran to meet him.

Mother threw up her hands in amazement, but did not tell father of our predictions. She did not want to encourage us in this idea of dreaming into the future.

Later father was called to St. Petersburg Fla. to work. After he had been there several months, my sister, May came home for a visit, bringing her three children. She spent the day, then returned home. There was a paperhanger, papering her home. She went into the living room, where there was a blazing fire in the grate. She stood in front of the fire admiring the lovely new paper. Her children were running from

room to room, exclaiming in excitement over the pretty walls. Suddenly May's dress caught fire. She had stood too close to the flames. Terrified, she ran wildly out of the house, into the yard, screaming, her burning dress fanned by the high winds of winter. The paperhanger ran after her, but he could not catch her, as she fought wildly. Finally he grabbed her and rolled her over and over on the damp ground, while putting out the blaze with his hands.

My sister suffered third degree burns, and her hands, back and legs were hanging shreds of scorched flesh. She was in a serious condition and was rushed to the hospital where she lay for months fighting for her life.

My father in St. Petersburg, Fla. said he was awakened in the middle of the night. He heard a voice, May's voice, screaming, "Oh Father, help me! Help me! I am so badly hurt." He jumped from his bed in terror, dressed and came home.

"How did you know, father?" we all asked.

"May told me. I heard her calling me so pitifully and I had to come to her," he said sadly. "How bad, is she?"

Mother told father as gently as she could and he was worried sick. May was his pet and favorite child and he had always loved her very

much. Those scars, even though she has had plastic surgery, remain clearly on her beautiful body today.

I was once visiting my in-laws, whom I liked and loved as if they were my own people, down at Clarksville, Tennessee. I had a wonderful time and intended to stay with them for another week. I went to bed and was sound asleep, when I saw my husband appear before me and say, "Mary, please come home, I am so sick and lonely without you. I am in bed with the flu and unable to get up. You will find the money for your train fare in a letter you will get tomorrow. Go to the mail box and get the money. Catch the noon train, and come home as fast as you can."

I lay there in bed until dawn, thinking of my husband there at home with no one to look after him, and I wanted more than anything in the world to go to him as fast as I could. I got up and packed all my clothes.

My sister-in-law said, "Mary, what on earth are you doing? I thought you were going to stay with us another week. Please don't go."

"I must," I said, quietly. "I am sorry, but Ray is ill and he wants me to come home today. I will get my train fare in the mail today and then I'll catch the noon train, as

he said, and go to him as fast as I can."

"Mary, Mary, what on earth has come over you. Did you get a telegram or anything? If you did, why didn't you say something about it before? Why didn't you tell me, honey?"

"I didn't know myself," I told her. "Ray talked to me in the night and told me I would have money in the mail today and that he was ill and wanted me to come home at once."

"Are you goofy? Do you believe in such fantastic things as that, Mary? I'm surprised at you. You are supposed to be an intelligent human being."

"You'll see when the mail comes that I'm telling you the truth, and I'm all ready to go to the depot as soon as the train arrives."

The postman drove his old car up to the mail box and placed a large white envelope in it. Ethel's face was as white as a ghost as she handed the letter to me, not saying a word. I took the letter and opened it and there folded between the sheets of paper was my train fare. I took it out and held it up for my sister-in-law to see.

We walked back to the house, got my suitcase and she drove me to the depot. "Mary," he said, "I can't understand you. I believe

you are supernatural."

Some dear friends of ours were transferred to the Phillippine Islands. They had been there for about a year and were terribly disgusted with life and were sad and lonely to be so far from home and friends. I wrote them often. It took about two months for a letter to reach them, and get their answer back.

My friend wrote, "Pray for me at a certain hour, or think of me at that hour and I'll be thinking of you. It will seem that we are together, and we will be, in spirit." Often we thought of each other. Although these friends were on the other side of the world it seemed there was no distance between us at the time of coming together in spirit.

One night I heard one of these friends call to me as I aroused

myself from a troubled sleep. "Mary, Mary, I am so ill and so lonely. This awful heat, and the insects are just about to worry me to death. There is no peace, no escape from the blistering heat of the tropics, no escape from anything over here. Oh, how I wish I could go home. I am so sick. Tropical fever, I guess."

I sat up in the bed. The voice died away in the silent darkness and my heart was sad. I prayed for these friends, around the world from me.

A few days later I had a radiogram from my friends, stating they had been desperately ill at that time I had the dream but were recovering.

*Mrs. M. L. Johnson
1034 West Kirkland Ave.,
Nashville, Tenn.*

SPACE IS BUT A THOUGHT AWAY

DURING the months of September and October (1954) I experimented in psychic projection, to the extent of locating a certain doctor who is becoming a shining light in a field of learning for the benefit of the human race at large. My interest in contacting this person was a purely selfish desire, but some way I had made the opening and my objective centered in—and around—the folding and the un-

folding states, stages, stagnating levels of consciousness, as I took the mental blocks in turn and did a few flip-flops in order to develop the mind to the supra sub-conscious measurements of the time consumed in the mental operations.

To my knowledge, no one has ever put any emphasis on supra sub-consciousness and the levels of its activity in pertaining to the mental phase of behavior—yet,

the same may be listed as extra-sensory perception in field learning.

It took a few trips to convince me I was of no importance to any psychological category as listed in the book of learning, yet my ego fluttered a bit in self-esteem as I found I could separate my soul and body and still be conscious of my actions and the thought forms as they had been presented and catalogued in the subjective mind for future reference. The first contact picture came when I walked along a treelined driveway and entered a large building. I stood alone for some time in puzzled introspection before I realized where I was, and why I was there. At first there seemed to be floor, then gradually a small section of flooring appeared and a kneehole desk came into view.

There was no one visible in the room at the moment, but from a section of the desk words were coming slowly, forming sentences, in which I was being welcomed. Then a man took form and sat in a swivel chair at the desk, his back toward me. He was dressed in a dark suit. Occasionally he swiveled while he kept up a rhythmic tap with the first finger of his right hand. I stood directly back of the man and couldn't see his face, yet it seemed we were directing a thought in unison in some pre-

arranged subject—a meeting in which I had only a vague awareness. I was not prepared for the two women who appeared out of nowhere and were asked to be seated — one at each end of the desk. I still stood back of the man while he talked to the ladies. He called one of them "Halka" and the other one "Hedda." Something stirred in my thought processes and strangely enough I could remember when I had been called by both of the names at separate intervals. In memory I knew both of them very well.

I said to the man, "I have been called by both of those names at different periods. Just what does that signify?"

Then he answered, "Those are your personalities as opposites. When appearing at the same time, they may denote a split personality."

I could not agree with this statement entirely and I said, "I may be mixed up a bit as all of this experiment is new to me, but I do know that split personalities are only words to cover the gaps in all phases of consciousness."

The man remained silent.

Back home again, I remembered a mental picture thrown on the screen would be focused upside down and, no doubt, backward. I was viewing the picture from a wrong position. I should have been

seated on the opposite side of the desk facing the man to make the contact complete.

However, I could not stop after making my first contact in projection. I was wrapped in the theory of success, and, of course, trying to make self heard in this well-trained atmosphere. I was in the picture and it was beautiful at the moment. All I had to do was to make these learned people conscious of my presence.

The next visit, I was listening in on a thesis of 3,500 words. The same man was giving a lecture to a student class (this time in a white coat and the time was evening). No one noticed me, so I took a seat with the rest of the class, and listened. The subject he was expounding was centered around the particle of matter, called the neutron. He was saying, "The neutron like the Roentgen Ray, performs for the psychic body what X-Ray accomplishes for the physical defects in construction of man. This neutron-light is so illuminating that it lays bare the divine soul that we may see self as God sees us—where one may observe the environment of individual

souls in their oneness with the ALL.

"Is it too much to assume the psychic body has an organism equal in power and manifestation to the functional organism of the physical body? We do know much of the physical development of the X-Ray has helped in many ways to bring to light the various ails and ills of flesh and bone structure of the physical self. The neutronic measure deals with the mentality and is the memory Ray of all time. A continuum into other dimensions and senses above the average five as we know them."

Then came the morning when he chose to see me. He called me by name, shook my hand while he asked, — "What have you to say about it now Harriett?"

I answered, "What can I say except that I am here, ready to ask questions and hope for answers?"

He asked me to be seated at his desk while he sorted some papers—then the picture faded and I was back in my flat, in Detroit, in the same position before the flight.

*Harriett M. Gallagher
2117 Grand River Ave
Detroit 1, Mich.*

OVER THE BORDER

MANY years ago I lay in a hospital, a very ill woman. When asked how I felt, I could

only answer, "Oh, I'm so tired!" I had been in a poor state of health, brought on by disappoint-

ment and worry, for some time. It was during the depression so I often did not have enough to eat. So it was that I ended up in the hospital.

Previous to this I had been staying at a resort, trying to eke out a living, but I felt myself becoming weaker and weaker. Then, one day, I was sitting at my table with a sheet of white paper before me. I started to write. When I had finished, these words appeared before my eyes:

"Go back to your home. You are very sick and you need to be with your friends."

I was startled into action, and before the day was over, I had returned to a dear friend of mine. She put me to bed and worked over me with cold compresses before she called the doctor. If she had not cared for me, I would have ceased to breathe, for my lungs did not want to operate. The doctor ordered me at once to the hospital.

I slept like a baby during the first hours I was there. My bed was beside a screened window, and in my waking hours I could see the trees, rich in their green leaves, and what seemed to me to be the loveliest flower garden I had ever seen, across the lawn. I think now that I was impressed because I was starved for love and beauty—had been for years.

In the bed next to mine lay a

French woman who was being treated for an illness that caused her to become very excited at times, so that I was obliged to bury my head in my pillow to shut out her babblings, which were mostly in French. Even though it was a sort of 'public ward' the nurses treated her as if she were someone very special.

To get away from her, I decided to take a bath in one of the tubs I had seen in the wash-room. It was evening and the nurses were getting the patients ready for their night's rest, so, unnoticed by anyone, I put on my kimono and left the ward. I took my bath, but was so weak I had difficulty in returning to my bed. I dropped onto it, kimono and all, and fell into a kind of stupor. But I could still hear the noises going on about me, for a while. I heard a nurse give an impatient order."

"Get that woman's kimono off her, nurse! She's —"

I heard no more, though I was conscious of someone trying to open my lips, before everything blacked out around me.

I felt myself being moved from the bed. It seemed that I was on a cot, at first. Then I began to get worried.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked of the 'attendant' who was at my side. I could not open my eyes, but I felt someone near.

"Your body is very sick, so we are taking you out of it for a while, until it can heal a little!" came the reply. There was a discussion going on about me, but I could not understand what they were saying unless I asked a direct question.

I was moving slowly. I felt myself being lifted to a little height and I became anxious.

"Where are we going now?" I asked.

"We are taking you out on the lawn, through the window"

"But there is a screen on the window. You can't do that!"

"Oh, yes we can, my dear! You just quit your worrying, and you will be all right!"

Over the window-sill we went and it did me no good to demur. How many were 'taking' me, I did not know, but they kept up a continual conversation, and their tones were sweet and friendly.

"What am I lying on, please?"

"A mattress," they said. "A sort of 'heavenly' mattress. If you were to try to see it, you couldn't. It's transparent."

This seemed ridiculous to me, then my mind got busy again. "You can't do this! Our night-gowns haven't any backs and I'll be exposed! People will see me when they look up, and they won't like it!"

One of my companions laughed, but then they tried to explain to

me that no one could see us, even if they looked. The air was soft and cool, and I could hear the leaves rustling in the trees about me, and what was more, I could not hear any babblings from the woman whose bed was next to mine.

I wish I could remember what we talked about, that night. It was all interesting to me then, but nothing of the trend of the conversation has stayed in my memory. I think they were talking about 'heavenly things.' We stayed among the branches of the trees all through the short night hours. Then the birds began to twitter among the leaves; the day was beginning to 'break.' I could hear the milk wagons on the road as they passed on their daily task. If I tried to open my eyes, I could see a little, but I could not open them very far.

"It's time you were taking me back!" I complained. "How are you going to get me into the building without being seen?"

"Through the window the same way that we came out. Why are you in such a hurry?"

"If anyone sees me before I get into bed, it will be terrible!" I replied.

"We are going, now. You will soon be safe and sound in your little bed, and then we will have to leave you."

I could see the building now. I

could almost touch the grey stone walls as we passed. I was lifted over the window-sill. But for some reason we stopped there for a moment.

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"Nurse! Nurse! Come here, quick!" The excited voice of the French woman, came to my ears.

"What is it, you silly child?" asked a matronly voice.

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"Look for the mattress in the corner, when it's light!" admonished one of them, before they left.

When I awoke, everything was as usual, the nurses passing in and out of the room, the French woman talking in her shrill voice. I looked with some misgiving, toward the corner, by my bed, but there was no sign of a 'heavenly mattress'. I laughed a little, when I thought about it. And, yes, I did feel better!

"Was I all right, when I came here, Nurse?" I asked, before I left the hospital.

"You slept the first night," the nurse told me. "But the second night, you stiffened out like a board. We could not move you!"

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One day my husband and mother went over to the far side of the ranch to fix some fence. I was

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They asked me why I came, but I wouldn't tell them for three days. I was afraid they would laugh at me.

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*Helen Bailey
104 West Alameda
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THE SKELETON DRIVER

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In a dream one night I was surprised to find myself in the passenger's seat of my car whereas I always did my own driving. Glancing toward the driver's seat to learn who my chauffeur might

be I found him to be—death! A skeleton in a long black robe and deep black hood. There was no personality indicated; no resemblance to any human being . . . just white bones and black shroud. I awakened trembling in the knowledge that it was a warning that I must heed.

By late afternoon, however, nothing unusual had occurred and I completely forgot the incident. I drove into town, around the flag pole and toward Bay Shore Drive. When within a few car-lengths of the Drive the dream flashed before me as if projected upon a screen. With no other reason for doing so I slammed brakes and skidded to a stop just as a car driven by a drunken driver zig-zagged through the intersection at top

could almost touch the grey stone walls as we passed. I was lifted over the window-sill. But for some reason we stopped there for a moment.

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speed. Without that warning I could not have avoided being hurled into the Bay.

*Mera Gaskill,
429 Elder Drive
Claremont, California*

SEEING DOUBLE

EVEN now I am uncertain whether to believe in ghosts, but I did come across a rather curious piece of evidence the other day. My father-in-law gave me a diary which had belonged to an uncle of his, one Henry Hancock.

It appears that Uncle Henry had been a solicitor in the small town of Wiveliscombe until his death some fifty years ago. He had also had an office some nine miles away in Bampton which he visited twice a week, travelling in his one-horse buggy alone. Back in those days it was a lonely bit of countryside between the two small towns.

The first entry in his diary records that while about half-way home one moonlight winters night, he became conscious of an overwhelming feeling of foreboding. The further he went the stronger it grew, until he could stand it no longer. Being a deeply religious man he stopped the buggy and got out. Kneeling beside the road, he prayed earnestly for a few moments. Presently, feeling the weight of fear had been lifted from his shoulders, he continued his journey and arrived home without mishap.

Some months later, in an entire-

ly different entry, he records that he was summoned to the bedside of a dying farmer who wished to make his will. While there the man admitted that he had a confession to make, and asked Uncle Henry if he could recall a certain lawsuit of some years back, in which he, the farmer, would have won had it not been for a certain piece of evidence produced by Uncle Henry. As a result not only did he lose the case but it also cost him several hundred pounds.

So great was his anger that he vowed a terrible revenge and had lain in wait for the returning solicitor on the lonely Bampton road.

In his own words he continued: "With murder in my heart I saw you coming sir, but just before you reached me you did a strange thing. You stopped and got out and knelt down, then after a few minutes you came on. As you drew level I saw there were two of you and I was mercifully prevented from committing a dastardly crime."

*Mrs. Barbara Hancock
Lemons Cottage
Atherington, Umberleigh,
N. Devon, England.*

A RINGSIDE SEAT WITH DEATH

EITHER I dreamed this story, or, as mystics might say I'd been through a psychic experience. To prevent any argument, let's say I dreamed that I died in my sleep.

I, the ego, soul, or astral body, call it what you will, came out of its carnal covering and looked down upon its physical counterpart lying in bed apparently not breathing. This spirit-entity, identified as myself, experienced a feeling of great freedom; mixed with the relief one would sense when throwing away an old, stained, threadbare suit of clothes. My next thought was: "So I'm dead . . . now what?" There was not the slightest feeling of sorrow at being suddenly in a dimension entirely new to me. But there was some loneliness; which, at the moment, I attributed to a desire to mix with the living.

As I thought of people I had known I found myself with them. Without any sensation of transition; or going from here to there. In my new way of thinking, their petty problems were bothersome to me. For example: I thought of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had just been inaugurated to his second term office (this experience of mine happened in 1937), and, as I thought of F. D. R., I was immediately projected into the White

House. There he and Jim Farley were discussing the possibilities of a third and fourth term in office, and the second world war that was to come.

To me they seemed like children playing with armies of toy soldiers; not men who believed themselves as shapers of destiny.

None of this was surprising to me . . . because I knew that the third and fourth term of office for F. D. R. had already come about; that death interrupted his fourth term; and the second world war was over with. It was like reading a week-old newspaper. I got the impression that the time element with the living was like a clock running slow. It seemed to me that they thought only in the past. Whereas, I was thinking in the eternal NOW. And could see the whole pattern, instead of only a part of it. Perhaps clairvoyants see only the NOW; but to others it seems like the future.

As this thought is somewhat involved, I would like to digress a moment to give an example: One evening we are admiring the beauty of a star twinkling down upon us from the firmament. To us that is happening then and there. But to a learned astronomer there is a different picture. Because he knows that particular star disin-

tegrated millions of light-years ago, and we are only just perceiving its reflections.

Bored with the childishness of the living, I felt lonesome for some of my own kind . . . the dead. In a flash I was among them. It was just as if I had suddenly been deposited in Grand Central station; with "people" hurrying here and there; with others standing in small groups.

Moving over to a group of four, two men and two women, I discovered that three of them were trying to convince the one woman who couldn't believe that she was dead. There was no actual talking as the living know it; instead, a form of telepathy was the means of communication. Mental-pictures were rapidly transmitted from one to the other. It was something like turning one's television set from one station to the other, and immediately getting a picture. It was apparent to me that the barrier of languages was overcome here. Because the living had first to think in images, and then form these pictures into sounds that would be understandable to another living person.

The woman was very frightened at the thought being conveyed to her. This was evidenced by a blur of incoherent pictures; showing her to be bordering on hysteria.

To avoid confusion in the telling of this anecdote, I will hereafter write: he, she, or I "said" this or that, just as though the living were talking.

While among the living I had been an inveterate smoker. Therefore, while tuning-in on this "conversation" of departed spirits, I automatically fumbled for a cigarette. But, as soon as I felt the desire for a smoke there was already a cigarette in my mouth and a lighter in my hand. "This is going to be good." I thought. "I have only to express a desire and immediately it is manifested. Hey! I'd better be careful of my thinking, or I'm liable to manifest something disagreeable; and not know how to get rid of it." Lighting the cigarette, I took the first deep inhalation . . . but . . . there was no sensation. In fact, there was nothing but a picture of the smoke issuing from my mouth. Like smoking in one's imagination. I thought: "If we carry over our desires . . . without the ability to satisfy them . . . brother!" This was going to be tough. But I did feel glad that I had not been an alcoholic or a dope-addict; that would be tougher.

All of these disembodied spirits seemed to be acting just like the living. Each was wrapped in his or her own personal problem. Or else was attracted into groups thinking along similar lines. Like

"water finding its own level".

As these souls hurried past me they were constantly changing clothes. Presumably, as they thought of what they would like to wear, that too became manifest, and they were clothed accordingly. And what a variety of costumes . . . it was like a masquerade ball.

Looking around, I saw a large mansion, built in all styles, from medieval to ultra-modern. Workmen were building additions to it. And there was no sound of axe nor hammer. It was like watching a silent movie.

Curiosity moved me to enter this monstrosity, and I saw that it was furnished in every imaginable way; from conservative to the bizarre. Inside there were many, many spirits sitting around on this polyglot furniture. They were "conversing," and the gist of their subjects was their own frustrations while on earth. This made me think of some of my own; with a feeling of regret.

A very distinguished-looking old lady, dressed in mid-Victorian style, was sitting on a Turkish divan, leaning her chin on a gold-headed cane. Her piercing black eyes had been observing me. And she must have picked up my thoughts, because she said: "Don't worry too much about the things you weren't able to do while among the living. All of those things you

can do over here. If you want to enough."

"But how?" I asked incredulously. "They were matters that were only essential on earth. There would be no purpose to them here."

She answered, "Young man, being new on this plane you have much to learn. Look around. Do you see such a great deal of difference between us and the living?"

Looking around, I saw a large gold-framed mirror on the wall opposite me, but could see no reflection of myself in it. The little old lady had referred to me as "young man;" could it be that these entities only saw each other in the form in which the other soul was pictured in their thoughts? Because, when I left the body on earth it had been middle-aged. I might be a young soul, but I certainly wasn't a young man.

As I turned to look at her again I found that she had changed into a young, and very beautiful woman.

"Don't look so surprised," she said, smiling. "You thought of me as being old, first because of the style of dress, and second because of the elderly manner in which I was addressing you. There is no age here. We are as young or old as we think we are; or as another soul thinks of us. When I passed over, it was in the era that this type of dress was worn; therefore I feel more at home in it."

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In a dream one night I was surprised to find myself in the passenger's seat of my car whereas I always did my own driving. Glancing toward the driver's seat to learn who my chauffeur might

be I found him to be—death! A skeleton in a long black robe and deep black hood. There was no personality indicated; no resemblance to any human being . . . just white bones and black shroud. I awakened trembling in the knowledge that it was a warning that I must heed.

By late afternoon, however, nothing unusual had occurred and I completely forgot the incident. I drove into town, around the flag pole and toward Bay Shore Drive. When within a few car-lengths of the Drive the dream flashed before me as if projected upon a screen. With no other reason for doing so I slammed brakes and skidded to a stop just as a car driven by a drunken driver zig-zagged through the intersection at top

speed. Without that warning I could not have avoided being hurled into the Bay.

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SEEING DOUBLE

EVEN now I am uncertain whether to believe in ghosts, but I did come across a rather curious piece of evidence the other day. My father-in-law gave me a diary which had belonged to an uncle of his, one Henry Hancock.

It appears that Uncle Henry had been a solicitor in the small town of Wiveliscombe until his death some fifty years ago. He had also had an office some nine miles away in Bampton which he visited twice a week, travelling in his one-horse buggy alone. Back in those days it was a lonely bit of countryside between the two small towns.

The first entry in his diary records that while about half-way home one moonlight winters night, he became conscious of an overwhelming feeling of foreboding. The further he went the stronger it grew, until he could stand it no longer. Being a deeply religious man he stopped the buggy and got out. Kneeling beside the road, he prayed earnestly for a few moments. Presently, feeling the weight of fear had been lifted from his shoulders, he continued his journey and arrived home without mishap.

Some months later, in an entire-

ly different entry, he records that he was summoned to the bedside of a dying farmer who wished to make his will. While there the man admitted that he had a confession to make, and asked Uncle Henry if he could recall a certain lawsuit of some years back, in which he, the farmer, would have won had it not been for a certain piece of evidence produced by Uncle Henry. As a result not only did he lose the case but it also cost him several hundred pounds.

So great was his anger that he vowed a terrible revenge and had lain in wait for the returning solicitor on the lonely Bampton road.

In his own words he continued: "With murder in my heart I saw you coming sir, but just before you reached me you did a strange thing. You stopped and got out and knelt down, then after a few minutes you came on. As you drew level I saw there were two of you and I was mercifully prevented from committing a dastardly crime."

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A RINGSIDE SEAT WITH DEATH

EITHER I dreamed this story, or, as mystics might say I'd been through a psychic experience. To prevent any argument, let's say I dreamed that I died in my sleep.

I, the ego, soul, or astral body, call it what you will, came out of its carnal covering and looked down upon its physical counterpart lying in bed apparently not breathing. This spirit-entity, identified as myself, experienced a feeling of great freedom; mixed with the relief one would sense when throwing away an old, stained, threadbare suit of clothes. My next thought was: "So I'm dead . . . now what?" There was not the slightest feeling of sorrow at being suddenly in a dimension entirely new to me. But there was some loneliness; which, at the moment, I attributed to a desire to mix with the living.

As I thought of people I had known I found myself with them. Without any sensation of transition; or going from here to there. In my new way of thinking, their petty problems were bothersome to me. For example: I thought of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had just been inaugurated to his second term office (this experience of mine happened in 1937), and, as I thought of F. D. R., I was immediately projected into the White

House. There he and Jim Farley were discussing the possibilities of a third and fourth term in office, and the second world war that was to come.

To me they seemed like children playing with armies of toy soldiers; not men who believed themselves as shapers of destiny.

None of this was surprising to me . . . because I knew that the third and fourth term of office for F. D. R. had already come about; that death interrupted his fourth term; and the second world war was over with. It was like reading a week-old newspaper. I got the impression that the time element with the living was like a clock running slow. It seemed to me that they thought only in the past. Whereas, I was thinking in the eternal NOW. And could see the whole pattern, instead of only a part of it. Perhaps clairvoyants see only the NOW; but to others it seems like the future.

As this thought is somewhat involved, I would like to digress a moment to give an example: One evening we are admiring the beauty of a star twinkling down upon us from the firmament. To us that is happening then and there. But to a learned astronomer there is a different picture. Because he knows that particular star disin-

tegrated millions of light-years ago, and we are only just perceiving its reflections.

Bored with the childishness of the living, I felt lonesome for some of my own kind . . . the dead. In a flash I was among them. It was just as if I had suddenly been deposited in Grand Central station; with "people" hurrying here and there; with others standing in small groups.

Moving over to a group of four, two men and two women, I discovered that three of them were trying to convince the one woman who couldn't believe that she was dead. There was no actual talking as the living know it; instead, a form of telepathy was the means of communication. Mental-pictures were rapidly transmitted from one to the other. It was something like turning one's television set from one station to the other, and immediately getting a picture. It was apparent to me that the barrier of languages was overcome here. Because the living had first to think in images, and then form these pictures into sounds that would be understandable to another living person.

The woman was very frightened at the thought being conveyed to her. This was evidenced by a blur of incoherent pictures; showing her to be bordering on hysteria.

To avoid confusion in the telling of this anecdote, I will hereafter write: he, she, or I "said" this or that, just as though the living were talking.

While among the living I had been an inveterate smoker. Therefore, while tuning-in on this "conversation" of departed spirits, I automatically fumbled for a cigarette. But, as soon as I felt the desire for a smoke there was already a cigarette in my mouth and a lighter in my hand. "This is going to be good." I thought. "I have only to express a desire and immediately it is manifested. Hey! I'd better be careful of my thinking, or I'm liable to manifest something disagreeable; and not know how to get rid of it." Lighting the cigarette, I took the first deep inhalation . . . but . . . there was no sensation. In fact, there was nothing but a picture of the smoke issuing from my mouth. Like smoking in one's imagination. I thought: "If we carry over our desires . . . without the ability to satisfy them . . . brother!" This was going to be tough. But I did feel glad that I had not been an alcoholic or a dope-addict; that would be tougher.

All of these disembodied spirits seemed to be acting just like the living. Each was wrapped in his or her own personal problem. Or else was attracted into groups thinking along similar lines. Like

"water finding its own level".

As these souls hurried past me they were constantly changing clothes. Presumably, as they thought of what they would like to wear, that too became manifest, and they were clothed accordingly. And what a variety of costumes . . . it was like a masquerade ball.

Looking around, I saw a large mansion, built in all styles, from medieval to ultra-modern. Workmen were building additions to it. And there was no sound of axe nor hammer. It was like watching a silent movie.

Curiosity moved me to enter this monstrosity, and I saw that it was furnished in every imaginable way; from conservative to the bizarre. Inside there were many, many spirits sitting around on this polyglot furniture. They were "conversing," and the gist of their subjects was their own frustrations while on earth. This made me think of some of my own; with a feeling of regret.

A very distinguished-looking old lady, dressed in mid-Victorian style, was sitting on a Turkish divan, leaning her chin on a gold-headed cane. Her piercing black eyes had been observing me. And she must have picked up my thoughts, because she said: "Don't worry too much about the things you weren't able to do while among the living. All of those things you

can do over here. If you want to enough."

"But how?" I asked incredulously. "They were matters that were only essential on earth. There would be no purpose to them here."

She answered, "Young man, being new on this plane you have much to learn. Look around. Do you see such a great deal of difference between us and the living?"

Looking around, I saw a large gold-framed mirror on the wall opposite me, but could see no reflection of myself in it. The little old lady had referred to me as "young man;" could it be that these entities only saw each other in the form in which the other soul was pictured in their thoughts? Because, when I left the body on earth it had been middle-aged. I might be a young soul, but I certainly wasn't a young man.

As I turned to look at her again I found that she had changed into a young, and very beautiful woman.

"Don't look so surprised," she said, smiling. "You thought of me as being old, first because of the style of dress, and second because of the elderly manner in which I was addressing you. There is no age here. We are as young or old as we think we are; or as another soul thinks of us. When I passed over, it was in the era that this type of dress was worn; therefore I feel more at home in it."

My new-found friend continued. "The problems you brought over here, you alone will have to work out on this plane. We all have free-will. Now we have a greater freedom for its expression. Without the cramping, misleading influences of our earthly five senses; and without the pressure that was brought to bear on us by other living people."

As she talked I again had the desire to smoke. And went through the same materialization performance with a cigarette; with no sensation of enjoyment.

Noticing this. My lady friend said. "Now you are experiencing one of the things I prefer to. Unless you eliminate certain earthly desires from your soul-mind, you will continue to try to do them over and over, endlessly; with no sense of satisfaction. Look over there at that man pouring liquor into himself. On earth he could have obtained a little escape, so-called, in that manner. And see that fat woman gulping greedily at the food on the table in front of her. She cannot taste anything; any more than the liquor-drinker can; or you with a cigarette."

I thought to myself: "This cannot be the paradise that the living describe so beautifully. It must be some form of purgatory."

My friend again picked up my thoughts. I had yet to learn how to

control them so that others wouldn't get what I didn't want them to.

"Yes," she said. "This is a form of purgatory. On this plane there are what the living call earth-bound spirits. They stay here for as long as they choose; or until they learn how to raise their vibrations to a higher level. As there is no time nor space in the Cosmic, many remain in this state until they are forced to reincarnate back into a living body for another opportunity to try and learn their lessons in the earthly school."

Thinking of her high-type of mentality," I asked, "Are you also one of these earth-bound spirits?"

"No," she answered. "I commenced here but was able to attain a higher state of consciousness. Now, part of my work is to help newly-arrived spirit-entities to adjust themselves to this environment. While in the flesh I lived in a mansion (part of this building was materialized by my thinking when I first arrived here), and I was filled with the beliefs of family-heritage. Egotisms and self-centering ideologies controlled me so much that now I am trying to work out my problems, or Karma, by helping these bewildered souls to help themselves."

With a little sigh, she continued. "I feel that soon I am about to reincarnate again. The thought makes me rather sad; knowing

that I will be leaving all these children. In spite of the weaknesses they carry over with them, through the law of cause and effect, I find that I have gained compassionate understanding, and love for them. And my work here has made me see the over-all pattern of the why and how of things on earth. I pray that I will be able to bring some trace of this thinking into my next carnate form. Not that I expect to remember what happened here consciously, but in some flash-back, or dream, or, so-called, psychic experience, I may be brought to the realization of the futility of my form of self-expression in my last incarnation."

As this very beautiful lady expressed her innermost thoughts to me, I was wondering what form of expression there was between the sexes over here. And whether there would be any sensation in a kiss; or would it be just as tasteless as my cigarette? Either she was too wrapped in her own thoughts to pick up that one of mine; or else she ignored it as being presumptuous on the part of a newly-arrived, earth-bound, spirit.

A little ashamed of my earthly way of thinking, I said, "Tell me. How do I go about lifting myself to a higher state of consciousness?"

As I said this I felt a rumbling vibration throughout me, that developed into a deep, sonorous,

voice. As words formed out of these vibrations, the voice said: "You are going back . . ." It couldn't have come from my beautiful lady friend. Because she had disappeared. In fact, everything around me had faded into nothingness; and I felt myself shrinking as though I were being compressed into a funnel. Trying to fight off this overpowering force, I shouted: "*I won't go back!*" But the power forced me down; until I found myself back at my cast-off body, and entering it against my will. In the body I sat up in bed. There was cold perspiration on my forehead, and my extremities were cold and clammy. My first gesture was to reach to a table by the bedside, where I kept my cigarettes and lighter.

I lit a cigarette. And this time I got the familiar sensation out of the first drag on it. I started making notes about the many truths I had learned in my dream; so as not to let them slip away from my conscious mind into the dusty pigeon-holes of my subconscious. While doing so I was thinking deeply about the beautiful lady I had manifested. And how wonderful it would be to meet her again in this world. Then I realized that, even if she reincarnated now, she would be starting life again as a new-born babe. And though she had thought of me as a young man

I was still middle-aged. Time doesn't stand still on this earth-plane. And I thought of Dr. Faustus, when Mephistopheles showed him a vision of the beautiful Marguerite, and promised him his lost youth if he would but mortgage

his soul. Looking at the ash on my cigarette, smoldering between my fingers, I said: "I'd better give up smoking . . . one of these days."

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BETTER FORGOTTEN

YEARS ago I decided to become a nurse and go in training at the General Hospital, in San Francisco. At first I was a little homesick, then as the months went by I was given more responsibilities and made friends. I loved it. One night, after a snack with the girls, I went back to the ward and reported to our charge nurse. I talked with her a few minutes, then started down the corridor to answer a light. After I finished, I decided to look in on two patients who were very ill and were not expected to last through the night. Flashing my light down toward the floor I opened the door quietly. The room was in darkness. I stood petrified, for just then I heard a sigh, then there was silence. I saw an iridescent light, bluish in color, smallish in size. It seemed to float like smoke from the top of the man's head, drifting toward the open window. Seconds later I witnessed from the other bed the same procedure.

I ran back to the charge nurse, almost hysterical. First she quieted

me, trying to understand what was wrong. Then she took my arm and forced me back to the room with her. They were both dead. I had witnessed the death of two men, one white, the other colored. Believe me, in death there is no difference. Both minds or souls were the same.

Several older nurses tried to kid me out of what I told them. Finally I gave up trying to convince anyone.

Later in life, I met one of the nurses again. She told me that she had believed me— but didn't want to be ridiculed again. She had seen a woman, in one of the smaller wards, and spoken to her. When she asked why the woman had been moved later that night, they told her that no one had been in that bed for three days. Her story had received the same ridicule as mine. That was why she had remained silent. There are things that happen that we keep to ourselves," she informed me. No doubt she is right.

As a nurse I was trained not to show emotion or panic, even when something was hard to comprehend. One Friday evening I had a call for an interview regarding an elderly man returning from the hospital the next day. His daughters told me he had insisted on coming home. For mother's sake, they hoped I could tell them in time to return him to the hospital to die.

Never will I forget the light in his tired old eyes, as he gazed about his beloved room.

My heaven! he murmured. "Well," he smiled at me "You look efficient, what's your name?"

While I made him comfortable we talked of his illness. Mr. David S. was both intelligent and gracious. He told me of days long since gone. Never have I had such a daughterly devotion for any man except my father. At times I would find him bellowing at his family, "I'll tell her how you all neglect me." When I walked in he would start his list of complaints, calling me "The White Avenger." I knew he was merely letting off steam.

After a few months my patient had another slight stroke. Still the doctor nor I revealed his secret, but his time was very short. Somehow I knew the doctor was on Mr. David's side also. I changed to night duty from eleven to seven, at once. In consideration of Mr. David I burned a very small light. It was

too dim to read so I knit, and automatically sipped my coffee. Looking up I saw a young man. "Yes?" I enquired. He had fairly run into the room, calling, "Dad." His eyes met mine. "I'll return," he said. He had been surprised and embarrassed at seeing me. Confused he fled. I was indignant. At two o'clock in the morning for anyone to romp into a patient's room — of all the nerve.

At breakfast I asked the girls about their brother. "Yes they answered, "We have a brother, dead." Shocked, I said no more, dreading what they might think of me should I have said that we had had a visitor. Next day they insisted, as Mr. David was in a coma, that he be transferred to the hospital. I accompanied him in the ambulance. On the way he came to, asking me where we were going. Then he turned his head toward the window, softly saying, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." I was no longer on the payroll, but stayed as long as possible with him, knowing that his son would call for him very soon. But I had to leave. He passed on at two o'clock that morning. I was grieved that I could not be with him at the time of his death.

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THE END

THE DAGGER BEHIND

FOR many years before atomic fission became a fact, scientists were studying sunspot activity in relation to heavy rainfall. Sir James Jeans, the British physicist, proved a definite connection, through charts made of tree ring growth and sunspot charts. Andrew E. Douglas, Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Steward Observatory for the University of Arizona, went much further. His work started in 1901, and he has records dating back to A. D. 11. His findings prove conclusively the definite relation of heavy rainfall and heavy sunspotting.

How "storms" on the sun can affect earth weather has never been determined, but in some way they do.

Since the invention of radio, other interesting discoveries have been made. During periods of high sunspot activity, magnetic storms in the atmosphere of the earth are greatly intensified. This interferes with radio and telegraphic communication.

For this reason, amateur astronomers in different parts of the

country are employed to keep charts on sunspots. In this way radio and telephone communication lines can be kept open. Weather men also use this information to route planes and shipping.

Sunspot activity has been intensified immensely since the first atomic explosions in 1945. The largest sunspot area *ever recorded* was on February 5, 1946. As 1942-'43 was the expected maximum, only the size of the spotted area was unusual; but activity should have diminished after that, until the minimum was reached in 1953-'54.

Instead, in May, 1947, the area of spottedness of the solar surface was the greatest recorded over nearly a hundred year period. Then in 1948 another peak occurred which was nearly as great. And in May, 1951, Dr. William Markowitz, of the Naval Observatory, reported a giant sunspot group, the largest in four years, followed by the usual serious disturbances in radio and telegraphic communica-

the weather, our health, earth's equilibrium?

THE ATOMIC CLOAK

By Marion Kirkpatrick

tions. This, when sunspot *minimum* should have been approaching.

It would seem that not only do upsets on the sun affect our earth, but our earth can, in turn, cause disturbances on the sun. These were *all* periods of atom bomb testing activity.

Solar phenomena and the effect on the earth has been studied extensively since the war, not only in the United States, but all over the world. Russia is known to have been notably active. The fields of solar physics, the earth's atmosphere, meteoric astronomy, and especially magnetic phenomena are of special interest to astronomers at this time.

This, of itself, would not be so significant if our sun were not known to be a yellow dwarf. A yellow dwarf is the most interesting, and also the most dangerous, type of star. It is known as a variable star, which means that it pulsates, or expands and contracts. But

every once in a while yellow dwarfs expand and keep on expanding. They are then called exploding stars.

Because astronomers know this, but do not know what causes a star to explode, professional astronomers have enlisted the aid of many amateur astronomers. These amateurs are assigned certain variable stars to watch. They check the brightness at stated times each night. Some of these stars vary in brightness over a period of hours, some over a period of months. By keeping a constant check, astronomers hope to be able to learn what causes a yellow dwarf to explode. For this reason they also keep records of sunspot activity.

Many astronomers believe that excessive sunspotting may cause our sun to burst all bounds and become an exploding star. If it should explode, Venus, Mercury,

Earth and Mars would be engulfed in a matter of minutes.

During heavy sunspot activity, cosmic radiation on earth rises far above normal. Our earth is sending some radiation into space during test bombing. Is it unreasonable to believe that this radiation—unintended by Nature—could seriously upset the sun? The radiation is small, compared to solar radiation, but it is possible that even a small amount can upset natural balance, when coming from a source never intended by Nature.

It is generally known that the true north pole and the magnetic pole do not coincide. It is also known that the magnetic pole varies several degrees as the earth wobbles on its axis. At the American Meteorological Society meeting in Washington, Drs. Walter Munk and Gordon Groves stated the belief that monsoons pushing against the high Himalayas and air masses moving over the Asiatic continent keep the North Pole moving in a flat circle of 20 feet in diameter.

This would indicate that the earth is very delicately balanced. If winds and air masses could cause the pole to move, a series of A-and H-bomb tests could surely nudge the earth on her axis—and in a direction opposite to Nature's intended direction.

It is believed that, should the

magnetic pole approach too near the true north pole, the poles would "jump" together, causing tidal waves, earthquakes of unbelievable magnitude, and possible volcanic eruptions throughout the earth.

Are they getting dangerously close?

The orbit of the Moon around the earth depends on magnetic attraction. Proof that our magnetic system is out of order comes from the Royal Astronomer of England. He states that the "moon is out of gear," and is, in consequence, *re-charting the tides for the first time in history.*

He does not say that atomic blasts are responsible for this condition, only that the condition exists. But many people would like to know *why* this has happened.

The denials by military authorities, government officials, and scientists that A-bombs have caused drastic weather changes, have become notorious. Do the facts bear out the denials?

In the September 8, 1951 issue of *Science News Letter*, Jerome Namias, Chief of the extended forecast section of the United States weather bureau, said that the unusual weather conditions of the winter of 1949-'50 could persist for months, and "result in ice age epochs." He cautiously started that the explanation is clearly anti-

cyclone, or clockwise whirls in the atmosphere. This anticyclone movement was in the Pacific area, the first ever recorded. The following year the pattern was repeated, which was very unexpected. This movement of air masses was midway between Alaska and Hawaii.

A-bomb explosions cause a pillar of smoke and fire to race toward the sky at a speed of nearly *eight miles per second*.

Imagine, if you can, the terrific disturbances this causes in our atmosphere. Air currents are drawn toward the explosion site, regardless of their normal direction. Cold air from the polar region, hot air from the tropics, all crowd toward the test site.

Anyone with good eyesight and normal intelligence can look at a map of the Pacific area and account for the clockwise whirls in the atmosphere. Still, a report from military sources stated that tests do not bring rain!

During the tests early in 1952, the little town of Mina, Nevada recorded three inches of rain in less than three days. This is the *yearly* average for the town. Moreover, Arizona, New Mexico and Northwest Texas received the first drenching rain in over a year during the same period. It was news of national importance that Northern California experienced heavy floods during both the 1951

and 1952 tests.

Many parts of the United States and the Hawaiian Islands are undergoing serious drouth conditions. This could be accounted for through the change in pressure areas. The highest air pressure belt, located for centuries over the Bering Sea, is said to have disappeared, and to be re-forming over Northwest Africa. If this is true, what earthly disturbance could have caused it?

What more logical explanation than atomic tests?

Another question many people would like to have answered by our scientists pertains to the ozone. This is a protective layer of oxygen gas which is slightly different from ordinary oxygen, in that it is composed of three atoms to the molecule, instead of the usual two.

The ozone layer is probably the most important single layer in our atmosphere. Although it is only one-tenth inch thick, it filters out most of the ultraviolet and red and infrared rays of the sun. It also filters some of the yellow-green radiation. So well balanced is it in thickness, it allows just enough ultraviolet light to penetrate to the surface of the earth for health, but keeps out enough to keep us from burning, as long as we are sensibly cautious about sunburn.

Is this layer of ozone self-renewing?

Atomic blasts, causing pressures that travel skyward at speeds of eight miles per second, must draw huge amounts of atmospheric gases into outer space. If the layer of ozone is *not* self-renewing, how many more blasts will it take to change it enough so that our earth will no longer sustain life?

Smithsonian scientists are using a 50-year record of variations in the yellow-green band to trace changes in the ozone layer. Radionic instruments show that longwave, electromagnetic energy is entering our atmosphere. Ultraviolet radiation is known to decrease during sunspot minimum, but there has been no sunspot minimum. Could harmful rays be penetrating the ozone layer, rays unknown on earth until now?

Many times in the past our earth has experienced heavy meteor showers, often called shooting stars. These usually follow the appearance of a comet. Following these showers, many new disease germs seem to become active causing ailments difficult to diagnose, and even more difficult to treat. A belief, surviving from ancient times, is that pestilence follows the appearance of a comet. Could this be caused by harmful rays allowed to enter our atmosphere by the "holes" made in the ether by the meteors?

Hans Thirring, Austrian physi-

cist, says: "Cosmic rays have very much the same effect on the human body as atomic radiation."

Whether atomic blasts have opened the way for new disease germs to enter our atmosphere from outer space, or whether new diseases are being caused by radioactive dust, remains problematical, but it is a fact that science cannot account for "Virus X," the "three-day flu" or the disease which attacked the leg veins of the 22 nurses in a New York hospital.

The increasing frequency of the dread leukemia, which so closely resembles radiation sickness, is causing the greatest alarm throughout the country. Many people would like to know whether leukemia is actually increasing, or whether many people are dying of radiation sickness.

Radiation from debris of the fission process can be picked up all over the world. It is reported that the first radioactive cloud is still being tracked as it wanders over the earth.

Studies by the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission found there is a definite trend toward more leukemia in children of residents of Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

If our atmosphere in the United States is not polluted from debris from the fission process, why has leukemia increased so alarmingly here also?

Mankind is playing with forces far beyond his understanding. Our scientists have admitted they are, at times, uncertain of the outcome of many experiments. How far have they gone toward evaluating the final outcome of unrestrained use of the A-bomb?

Could it be possible the Russian scientists have been investigating many of these problems, and for that reason want to outlaw the A-bomb? Are *these* some of the things Andrei Y. Vishinsky was alluding to when he said the American press will understand some time what a disaster for mankind lies in the race for atomic and hydrogen bomb superiority? Note that he did not say in atomic warfare.

The answers to the questions presented here could not give "aid and comfort" to the Russians. There is a strong possibility that the answers would not aid and comfort the Americans, either, but they would not feel quite so frustrated and

helpless.

What right have military authorities, in a democracy, to "classify," or, more plainly, *hide* from the people those things which might frighten them? Is the American public so mentally unstable that every frightening fact should be "classified" or hidden; that military authorities should appoint themselves nursemaids to the people, in order to protect them from the facts of life?

The knowledge of Russia's development of the atomic bomb was "classified" for many months. Surely Russia knew about their bomb! *Who* is the enemy? Do our military authorities merely like the role of nursemaid? They "classified" flying saucers, and in so doing they pronounced thousands of our citizens insane. *Who* is insane? The people who saw them, or the people who said there was no such thing, because they have never seen one?

THE END

Bishop Sheen's Ghostly Straight Man

During Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's March 14 broadcast, he asked: "Would the communist find Christ for the cross?" A loud, clear feminine voice was heard to say: "Of course not!" The explanation for this strange occurrence was said to be a technician, in transferring the program from the studio control to the master control, inadvertently threw the switch to ABC for an instant instead of Dumont, affecting the sound, but NOT THE PICTURE. Is this possible? And does a recording of the ABC program for the same time actually have those words in it? You TV technicians, let's have some facts about this. Can you switch the sound of a program and leave the picture behind?

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Studies by the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission found there is a definite trend toward more leukemia in children of residents of Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

If our atmosphere in the United States is not polluted from debris from the fission process, why has leukemia increased so alarmingly here also?

Mankind is playing with forces far beyond his understanding. Our scientists have admitted they are, at times, uncertain of the outcome of many experiments. How far have they gone toward evaluating the final outcome of unrestrained use of the A-bomb?

Could it be possible the Russian scientists have been investigating many of these problems, and for that reason want to outlaw the A-bomb? Are *these* some of the things Andrei Y. Vishinsky was alluding to when he said the American press will understand some time what a disaster for mankind lies in the race for atomic and hydrogen bomb superiority? Note that he did not say in atomic warfare.

The answers to the questions presented here could not give "aid and comfort" to the Russians. There is a strong possibility that the answers would not aid and comfort the Americans, either, but they would not feel quite so frustrated and

helpless.

What right have military authorities, in a democracy, to "classify," or, more plainly, *hide* from the people those things which might frighten them? Is the American public so mentally unstable that every frightening fact should be "classified" or hidden; that military authorities should appoint themselves nursemaids to the people, in order to protect them from the facts of life?

The knowledge of Russia's development of the atomic bomb was "classified" for many months. Surely Russia knew about their bomb! *Who* is the enemy? Do our military authorities merely like the role of nursemaid? They "classified" flying saucers, and in so doing they pronounced thousands of our citizens insane. *Who* is insane? The people who saw them, or the people who said there was no such thing, because they have never seen one?

THE END

Bishop Sheen's Ghostly Straight Man

During Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's March 14 broadcast, he asked: "Would the communist find Christ for the cross?" A loud, clear feminine voice was heard to say: "Of course not!" The explanation for this strange occurrence was said to be a technician, in transferring the program from the studio control to the master control, inadvertently threw the switch to ABC for an instant instead of Dumont, affecting the sound, but NOT THE PICTURE. Is this possible? And does a recording of the ABC program for the same time actually have those words in it? You TV technicians, let's have some facts about this. Can you switch the sound of a program and leave the picture behind?

A PLOT AGAINST OUR LIVES

by an age-old enemy of the human race, which has for thousands of years destroyed civilizations, and has during our civilization, murdered the best minds, and invoked all the hatreds that have kept us from uniting, until today its grim threat is death itself in the form of atomic war, and atomic death in its worst form.

By

Richard S. Shaver

“THE unseen world beneath our feet, malignant and horrible, is complete in its mastery of earth. Most horrible of all, it is a world of madmen . . .”

Reading over these last sentences of the first installment in this series (February, 1955 issue.—Ed.), I discover a flavor of pseudo-horror, due to my choice of words. The reality is dark enough without the shadow of my poor abilities. Though the words are true enough, they intimate two things I don't like: they convey only despair to those who know of the caverns of the degenerate dero; and they do not convey the desperate need for action by those in a position to neutralize the poison being spread from these underground centers—I deplore the need for the words—of evil power.

One can hope that there *are* those who could help to free us, that they do exist. But one can only conjecture why they do not act . . . and that conjecture always ends in a dark conviction that such powerful people must be deluded, systematically degraded, mentally destroyed by vice and temptation everlastingly purveyed to them by their sycophants, by the real rulers who must use them as figureheads.

This is also true of our own surface people, of whom we know and whose careers we can trace through the newspapers. For instance, to

take a name and personality familiar to all of you, remembering always the name is chosen only because she has received such worldwide publicity.

Barbara Hutton received the benefits of America's best educational efforts, was given all the power of one of U. S. A.'s greatest fortunes, as you know. It is not entirely chance that she made of her life the mess she did. She had unseen “help”, and so do nine out of ten of the other rich who squander their wealth on trifles. There is a purpose behind such apparently purposeless lives. They are but puppets on unseen strings. They are helpless to stay the course of what seems to them “relentless fate.” Barbara Hutton is typical of these victims of the enemies of the American people's aspirations toward a greater, finer culture, toward a better future. We are not to become greater. The power of the people must not grow. The watchword is not so much *down with the commoner* as *down with anyone who might become a power for good*.

If you remember your history, the revolt of the French people against their aristocracy ended in bloody defeat for every goal of the people. Remember, especially, that Lavoisier went under the guillotine along with every other prominent mind in France! It was *not* the fury

of mob violence which so ruthlessly and inescapably destroyed every leader, every thinker in all France. It was malevolent plan, carefully and completely worked out to the last drop of blood, that destroyed everything fine in France—and blamed it all on Democracy, on “the people”.

The blood bath of the French “revolution” was but the culminating crime of a long series of terrible campaigns against the minds of man. History records one of these campaigns as “the witchcraft purges”.

In Spain this witchcraft persecution built up to the Inquisition, peaked by the *auto da fe*. All over Europe this terrible business of killing thinkers went on and on through long centuries of elimination of the best of mankind.

Scholars today seem to see little connection between the horrors of the Inquisition and the terrors of the French revolution. Yet to those who know, there is no essential difference, in fact not even a pause, between the succeeding operations upon the growing mind of the race of mankind.

They, the ancient dwellers of the caverns, fear the mind of mankind as they fear no other thing. The long drum roll of the Inquisition, the witch burnings all over Europe, the persecution of the “heretics”, all the dark, bloody doings of me-

dieval darkness, were in actuality but the mopping-up from an older, longer war—a war of century after century of careful pruning back of the growing race. That endless struggle was, and is, for the greatest possession, the most tremendous value that exists on earth. That treasure is *the science of those great peoples who built the caverns*. The so-called “witches” and “sorcerers” they burned so enthusiastically were the last surface possessors of fragments of that Elder science. Today we laugh, ignorantly, condescendingly, at their “magical” books, at their mumbo-jumbo recipes for magic. Those things of magic which have come down to us from medieval times seem the work of ignorant, credulous fools. For they are just that! The true “Black Books” the actual scrolls of genuine scientific data, were very carefully eliminated, for that was the purpose behind the whole campaign. The silly relics left us today are purposely left to mislead moderns into having the attitude they do have toward the “dark ages”.

The underworld succeeded admirably in that long struggle for complete possession of the ancient science. They did overlook one fact, that you must have scientists to own science, and their fear and ignorance today is the same as their fear and ignorance then. Even among themselves, they cannot let

any one man know too much, for the same reasons they destroy our surface men of science.

So they succeeded, and confined all knowledge of the underworld to the underworld, bottled up apparently forever. But, on the surface, the minds of men like Lavoisier were laying the base of modern science as we know it today. They feared modern science, but somehow it grew, even though they aborted its birth. I, perhaps alone among men, fear they succeeded even here. For modern science rests upon several false premises; its base has serious faults which may cause its complete downfall.

Our modern technological culture rests upon the tenuous base of the atom bomb, waiting for that moment when the master pulls the puppet's strings and the terrible holocaust begins that will end our civilization. It is not a solid base for our people to consider, that atom bomb.

The atom bomb is a product of our surface science. If we possessed the elder science, we would never produce fission bombs. They knew better, from ancient experience with radioactivity and kindred ills of all atomic fire. In their science, all that is not integrant, and all that is disintegrant is an enemy of life. We know that much, up here today, yet we handle and work with disinte-

grance both as a weapon and as a tool. We are beginning to recognize it for the deadly adversary of life that it is, but will our knowledge of its nature come rapidly enough to stop its injuries? It doesn't look that way. It looks as if the atom bomb, the H-bomb and atomic energy are going to finish us before we finish with them.

Yes, our modern industrial civilization rests upon a base completely undermined by our deadliest enemies. Apparently we are already done, just waiting for the axe to fall. The air fleets are being readied; potential nation-destroyers await their cargoes of universal death. All this is, as always controllable by unseen rays upon the minds of the men who command. We think those commanders and leaders are our own, chosen and trained by our own—and they are. But their minds can be taken over at any time by a people who have no love for us, nor for themselves or any other living thing; a people raised in a tradition unbelievable unless experienced.

Over our heads this ancient enemy now holds the greatest club it has ever held! The whole future of mankind upon earth, any future at all, depends, today, upon whether *they* fear the after-effects of the bombs more than they fear the future development of man.

(Hence, any solon who belittles the total peril of atom bombardment is an ignorant fool who has no real knowledge of the issues involved.)

Our world-wars, the first in 1914, and the last the Korean farce (if anything so tragic and expensive can be called a farce), all occurred in my lifetime. To the average citizen these wars have seemed inevitable struggles between great nations for living room, for power, for all the things that make nations great and rich. Yet over and over our present day historians point out that no nation has visibly profited from any of these wars. They are right; no nation profited, all lost.

But they are wrong in thinking that any one nation or any group of nations caused or ordered these wars. The Hohenzollerns lost everything in their great gamble for world domination—we say. Doesn't it seem strange that any great family having so much would gamble it all in a mad thirst for more and more?

These wars are but parts of the ancient time-worn process of keeping surface man whittled down to size. Before the first world war Germany possessed the great universities, the laboratories, the famous physicists and men of research. Today, after two generations and three great wars, it is

our turn. For today we, the U.S.A. possess the greatest and best cradles of scientific learning, where the scientists who will build the future are being trained. As the pattern goes, the U.S.A. will emerge inevitably from the next war defeated, broken, and shorn of all true scientific power, shorn probably forever of all true mental growth.

If we emerge from another world war, it will be as a staggering nonentity, a remnant of flesh without a mind, a France forever after futile.

After the next world war, when recovery sets in, the technicians of the world will come from some other nation. Perhaps from the new Canada, grown great by staying neutral. Perhaps from such now little nations as Switzerland and Sweden, grown great because others have grown small. That is, if radioactivity from the atom bomb lets any nation live on in health.

All young thinkers refuse such pessimism, such despair toward the future, and rightly so. Optimism is natural and right for the young. I only hope they can see deeply enough to accept the information I can give them, while refusing to accept the despair. It is not easy for the modern public school product to accept anything of this kind. It is contrary to all

they have been taught. First they have to think their way out of a mental strait-jacket of untruth.

Let's step back to the days before the French Revolution. This was the hey-day of the Marquis de Sade. Today we use the word *sadist* without realizing the man was not a myth. The Marquis was real, a man as well known to France as Tommy Manville is to us. He was a fashionable aristocrat, leader of a coterie of powerful and rich young libertines. Let's suppose for the sake of illustration that the Marquis de Sade was one who had access to the caves, one who had signed on with the avowed enemies of mankind. (Today such recruits are usually dupes. Though they pay millions for the privilege, they get little for it. But, according to what little writings exist on the subject, this was not always so in the past, and such recruits sometimes achieved power.) Now, let's further suppose that the Marquis de Sade and his followers lived at the exact time of the Revolution (they were in fact earlier) and that they escaped its fury, went down into the caves. . . .

What would such a group have done to the people who destroyed their monarchist playground, replaced it with a young "people's state"? Wouldn't they have engineered a counter-revolution to

avenge the artistocrats?

Isn't that about what happened to the revolutionists?

Looked at through the eyes of the Marquis, history gives a different picture than we ever see in a school text. Sadly one must conclude that the sadists have had far too many successes for comfort to the right-makes-might theorists.

Suppose, too, that the cavern rulers could give a servant like de Sade a life-span two or three times the normal three score and ten. How much deviltry would he accomplish in 200 years of cruel debauchery? Enough to wreck the French race, do you think?

Napoleon and his wars wrecked the French race, probably without too much prodding from beneath. We do know she has never regained her former position.

No, it didn't happen exactly that way. I was trying to draw a picture of their work in a form you could grasp easily.

The reality of their work is a subtler and less evident meddling. But we today have our groups of favored "aristos" who do their bidding on the surface just as they did in the days of de Sade. That their work is less dark, or their pleasures less grisly than those of the Marquis, I have no reason to assume.

(Naturally, these past remarks are directed only to those who

know something about de Sade's history, his record of cruel and unusual amusements, his group's habit of indulging in dalliance while victims were tortured under their eyes.)

I wonder if "the flimsy base upon which our civilization rests" will be a fully understood phrase? The elder culture (to compare for illustration), was based upon an understanding of the causes of human conduct denied to us (literally denied). We have no true understanding of human nature or why we are driven to destroy each other and our work. Hence, not knowing "why", we cannot stop the approach of war.

The elder monitors knew the influence of sun and star cosmic radiations upon human thought, and they were trained to recognize this influence when its symptoms appeared in the affected individual. There are a number of symptoms to look for, especially in children, whose little minds are forming. Their pedagogy was based upon a system of picking out these affected individuals while still young and subjecting them to special treatment and restraint. In the worst cases, of course (such as the young Hitler must have been), they were destroyed.

I know a few of these symptoms, though only a few, from sources you can guess. One of

these is a habit of plucking at the bedclothes, in the very young child. It is the same movement the doctor today recognizes as approaching death in a very sick person. All children go through a stage of life when they have not learned to resist these mental influences, we call this the "mischievous stage". This is a very important stage of life, when the character is really formed. If the young mind does not learn unconsciously to resist these powerful influences when young, he becomes what we call "the stinker". If the "stinker" does not learn to fear the results of his errant conduct, he becomes the true criminal.

The work of such men as Freud, Kraft-Ebbing, etc., would be vastly more valuable to pedagogy if it recognized this true basic cause of errant behavior. As it is, psychiatry is a false science, because its premises contain large errors. This is demonstrably true, however it may horrify the student who has swallowed the pedants' errors whole hog (by pedants, I mean the teachers who have made Freud and the others a kind of infallible fetish to explain all human behavior).

It is very difficult to go on discussing this thing as if it were in the past, or were some abstract theory . . . as it actually developed in my experience, so that I know

and want to scream a warning of present peril to the world. It is difficult to struggle with the general lack of knowledge on this subject.

For instance, if every scientist working on research knew that certain lines of research meant sure death for himself . . .

For instance, if border patrolmen, police, immigration inspectors, customs inspectors, etc., etc., knew *not* to learn certain things, they wouldn't die like my brother did . . .

For instance, if the human race as a whole knew they had an enemy who meant to make simple obedient cattle of them, and were approaching success in this ancient campaign . . .

For instance, if I could remember that a hint worked in subtly was more apt to reach a hearer than any broad statement of fact . . .

This silent scream of warning to the helpless, dear, unknowing future human race goes on and on. But how to make the present-day human hear is beyond me. Too, it is beyond me what they are supposed to do about it if they do hear. They could be far worse off knowing than not knowing.

Nevertheless one can't help trying though it is like shouting at a deaf man on a tight rope. You want to tell him the rope is

fraying, but he goes on with his antics.

There is an old Chinese adage that goes something like this: "The fool is killed by accident, the smart man dies by his own hand." The adage dates from the days of decadence of the Empire, when the value of life sank to its lowest ebb. It is the true pessimist's negation of the value of life.

Let us hope it is not really applicable today. But with the atom bomb hanging over our heads, and the ancient menace under our feet, the outlook is not exactly an optimist's picnic ground.

You who read will probably discount "the ancient menace", but you can hardly discount the atomic weapons as an illusion. The average man can do as little about one as the other, it seems.

The man of research, the men such as those who helped to create the atomic menace, *can* do a lot about both. If they *knew*.

For instance, there are about a dozen relatively nearby stars whose radiant emanations are deadly to thought, damp out the sensitive electrical mechanism the human brain really is. Our own sun, of course, is the worst offender, but there are several stars which help. The survival of this ancient knowledge is evidenced by the existence of astrology, insisting as it does that the stars influ-

ence human character and behavior. They do, directly so!

These mentally disturbing rays could be isolated, studied, some defense against them attempted. These rays and their effects upon life were the original cause of the construction of the caves. The miles of rock insulation overhead should help to keep out the harmful effects. That they have not done so for the cavern people of today is no fault of the builders, but the fault of the ignorance of the original rediscoverers of the caves after the twin disasters of sun-fire and water swept earth nearly clean of life.

They turned the conductive beams of the mechanisms *upward*, bringing in sunlight . . . *bringing in* the same evil that afflicts us on the surface with criminals. The mechanisms were not *meant* to be used as they used them, and as time went on the inbuilt filters and protective devices broke down, letting in the degenerative influence of the rays. Poured through in concentrated form upon their own bodies, the cavern dwellers were more adversely affected by them than ourselves on the surface.

So we have evil in the caves, and we have evil upon the surface. The religionists say God will destroy us all for this evil. Mystics like ourselves can only ponder and

wonder where any solution can be found, where any power can be produced to combat evil. The childish mental error that grows up to become the adult evil is a power upon earth and under the earth, today as in the far past. There can be no true progress for mankind until this prime source of evil is understood and fought at its source, rather than on the futile battlefields of gory "glory".

(Editor's note: For those of our readers who are not acquainted with what has come to be called "The Shaver Mystery", it all began back in 1944, when Mr. Shaver penned a "warning to future man" in which he claimed the interior of the earth was inhabited (in a vast network of ancient protective caverns built by a noble race long emigrated from the planet) by a degenerate descendent of this noble race, called by him "abandondero" (and thus, for short, dero), who, in their idiocy, use the wonderful machines and rays still workable, but contaminated by radioactives called "de" which de-file all positive thinking, and by reversing its polarity, produce the evil that is live backward) to plague surface mankind and prevent them from any real progress. Incredibly, when his warning was published (in semi-fiction form under the title "I

Remember Lemuria!") it brought more than 50,000 letters from people who claimed their own experiences corroborated those of Shaver. In a four-year-long series of stories, derived from a source called "thought records" (the actual lives of ancient men and women recorded on imperishable metal tape which exist in the cavern libraries and were played back mentally to Shaver by friendly cavern dwellers), the Shaver Mystery became a part of mystic knowledge recognized the world over.

A vast argument raged, still unsettled one way or the other, as to whether Shaver's caves were real, and actually beneath our feet, and could be found if searched for; or were psychic in nature, and a manifestation of the region known as the lower astral, the region of the dead, or the religionists' hell. It is the purpose of MYSTIC magazine to delve into this argument anew, and to present all the evidence that can be secured. As part of this search, we will present from time to time, from Mr. Shaver himself, his own ideas concerning his mystery. We also invite the opinions, and, if possible, the evidence of others, which we will be glad to publish.

Evidence, we feel, will be as difficult to present as evidence of life after death. Such adventures as Shaver's, and those who receive

visits from the dead, are almost exclusively *personal* adventures, and immediately they are related, they become hearsay, second-hand. Yet, there has already been much proof.

How many readers know that Shaver predicted the appearance of the flying saucers, precisely, in every detail? How many readers know that he predicted the death of Nikola Tesla by three days, and that your editor still has the documentary proof in the form of a postmarked letter three days prior to the event?

What is the truth about the Shaver Mystery. It is, today, in the same category as the flying saucers. No one doubts their existence—the proof is too overwhelming. But WHAT are they? That is the question. WHERE do they come from? Shaver says from the caves. Angelucci says from the astral. Adamski says from other planets. The army air force says from outer space. Your editor says from our own atmosphere, in another dimensional existence, co-existent with ours. Who is right?

One thing seems reasonable—science CAN prove the actuality, because modern electronics has provided wonderful mechanisms capable of detecting what the eye cannot ordinarily see, and detect what the body cannot ordinarily

feel. A ray that can move a railroad switch and wreck a train, can be detected by an electronic equipment. An invisible planet in the sky can be seen by radar. A soundless message from the stars can be heard by the radio telescope. The means are here. The proof may already exist, and be held from us. It is our purpose to dig it out, or create it, if possible.

We are interested in knowing if our readers would like to have the entire Shaver Mystery presented, in small instalments, from its very beginning, this time with all the fiction removed, and with all the

theory, the research, the corroborating evidence catalogued as to its source. If you would, please write us and let us know what the interest actually is. If sufficient, one of the most amazing mysteries of our time can be brought up to date, made a usable file of information, valuable to the "searcher into the unknown."

Your editor has on file hundreds of scientific discoveries made since 1944-48, which were described in full detail in the Shaver "thought records". Are they just science "fiction"? We don't think so!

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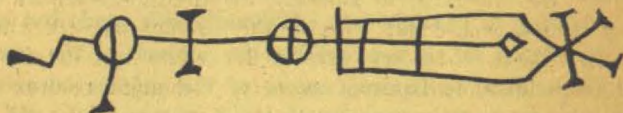
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YOUR FUTURE

By

Dorothy Spence Lauer

**We'd all like to know what tomorrow
will bring. Is it possible to know?
Here is an experiment to prove it!**

Editor's Note: Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Ordinarily she needs but an object belonging to, or handled by, the subject, or the presence of the subject, to become aware of the psychic influences from which she draws her information. However, for the sake of expediency in providing her with a sufficiently strong personal psychic impression, the editors of this magazine hit upon the playing card method. By laying out the cards, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given at the end of this article, and by writing them down on the chart, we hope that a sufficiently powerful psychic impression will be made to enable the medium to receive the information she seeks. We have made this service available to our readers purely in an experimentative atmosphere, in an attempt, first, to determine whether or not this ability is of a nature both real and valuable; and second, to provide you with an interesting bit of entertainment. Naturally we cannot publish all the requests for readings we receive, but we will forward all charts to Mrs. Lauer, asking her to select several which give her the strongest and most interesting impression, for publication entirely free in this department of MYSTIC Magazine. We assume no further responsibility for the charts. If you wish to correspond personally with Mrs. Lauer, we will be glad to forward your letters.

Sarah Walker

To Yourself:

You should be very happy, because things look quite good in your chart. However, you may have one disappointment between now and June. There seems to be something coming up which could cause you to feel very depressed, but if you do nothing about this and permit things to take their own course, this will work out exceptionally well. A friend of yours may be in a great deal of difficulty and you should definitely do whatever you can to help this person. This person will be so depressed that only *you* seem to be able to cheer them up.

To Your Home:

Something over which you have felt very badly-and this is in regard to another person-seems to have a few setbacks. You shouldn't be hasty where this person is concerned, nor listen to advice from well-meaning friends, as this could cause a separation. This is all going to turn out all right but you, yourself, will have a lot to do with it.

To Your Desire:

Many times you walk around your home, thinking of your wish, and wondering if it will ever materialize. I feel you will be surprised at the outcome and again I urge you not to do anything to force the issue. Someone wants you to sign a very important paper, but you

could suffer quite a loss through this. I urge you to be very careful here.

What You Don't Expect:

Someone who has quite a temper may vent their feelings on you. This person has had their own way for so long that any opposition causes them to have almost a tantrum. Regardless of what they say they will do, I am sure most of it is simply talk.

Sure To Come:

Things are going to change much for the better for you. Several things you have almost given up hope of obtaining will now materialize. Finances are going to be better than they have been for quite some time. Someone very dear to you will have unusual success in their work.

Surprise:

Someone whom you have wanted to see for quite some time will come to your home rather suddenly. For some reason, Sarah, you seem to be almost confused as you talk to this person, but I feel if you will just be your own self, you will gain more. This person must be extremely important to make you feel this way.

* * *

Mrs. Fred O. Stalnaker

To Yourself:

You are indeed going to be very pleased about something a man says to you. Now he is going to say

many of the things you have always wanted him to say. For some reason, this will almost shock you, as this very same person has opposed you to a great extent.

To Your Home:

There may be talk of a residential move, but I feel this will be delayed. Someone comes from a distance, and you seem extremely pleased over this. Something you possess, which is quite valuable, may be misplaced or lost. I feel that by being forewarned about this, you will take extremely good care of this valuable possession.

To Your Desire:

There appears to be something which is holding this desire from you; either through a person or conditions, it would be impossible for this desire to materialize very soon. In fact, I see several old desires being granted before this one is.

What You Don't Expect:

You will receive two letters from a distance; one has extremely good news in it, and the other contains something of a scandalous nature. You should not answer this last letter. Two people want to talk to you in regard to someone very dear to you. Unless this person is present with you at this time, it would be better not to talk to these two people.

Sure To Come:

Many people are going to tell you

their troubles, for some reason. You are a person, Mrs. Stalnaker, who is usually very helpful to everyone. However, you will become a little aggravated inasmuch as you will feel they are not heeding your advice anyway. You will be among quite a few people whom you haven't seen for a long, long time, and the circumstances under which you will see them will also be quite a surprise.

Surprise:

You should take care of your health. This is nothing serious, but you shouldn't neglect any symptoms which might show up. Things for the future look quite good for you.

* * *

Mrs. Louis Kimbell

To Yourself:

Three people cause you to be a little concerned and you will have to handle this with a great deal of diplomacy. Could it be possible that someone would bring a child into your home and ask you to take care of the child? This would be all right for a short period of time, but not indefinitely.

To Your Home:

Many things have been on your mind . . . several of these you have hesitated mentioning to another member of your family, but very shortly you will be forced to do this and you will be surprised at their attitude. Be a little cautious of going somewhere in the evening.

Someone says something to you that could cause you to feel very badly. If this person would be at this gathering, it would be better for you not to attend.

To Your Desire:

You will have to wait a little while for your wish to be granted. Something of a surprising nature will take place before it materializes. You have been disappointed because you haven't obtained this, but you will just have to have a little more patience. You are also going to receive a telephone call from quite a long distance and will be quite surprised at the news you will hear.

What You Don't Expect:

Could you oppose someone who wishes to move into your home? This does not seem to be advisable unless it is absolutely necessary. Sure To Come:

You are going to be successful over someone who has put obstacles in your path. Several times it will seem as if this person has gained their point but, in reality, they haven't. You are going to take a young person into a very large building, and some sort of a decision will be made in regard to this person.

Surprise:

A woman who talks to you rather sarcastically really is ill, and you should not handle this person the same way you would someone who is conscious of all their actions,

Mrs. Kimbell.

* * *

R. L. Maethner:

To Yourself:

News of a disturbing nature will reach you rather soon. Someone suddenly comes to you for advice . . . this person is in such a confused state of mind that you should be very careful what advice you give them. Something which you have thought was out of your life now comes back into it.

To Your Home:

There have been upset conditions around you for quite some time, and you seem a little skeptical as to future happiness. Within three months, though, you should see quite a change for the better. I urge you not to become cynical to the point that you don't believe in people. Let past conditions remain in the past, and do look to the future with optimism.

To Your Desire:

Yes, you surely have had your share of disappointments and upset conditions. Even as you made the chart out, you were very dubious about obtaining the wish you had in mind. I am sorry that I do not see this wish materializing but, later on, you will realize that it was just as well it didn't. You will make new wishes which will bring you a great deal of happiness. You will also look back and see that many things that happened were really for

your own good.

What You Don't Expect:

Someone is a little hesitant about telling you their true feelings about many matters. Perhaps at times you appear to be very stern and this may be what is holding this person back. Then, too, you may appear to be so stern in order to avoid more disappointments. However, with this one particular person, you can definitely be yourself without fear of being misunderstood.

Sure To Come:

Be careful of making an impulsive change. A man has it in his mind to do something that will be very beneficial for you, and you should definitely let this man know how very grateful you are.

Surprise:

You will be asked to keep something very confidential, and something will come up which tempts you to tell the person what was told to you. This would cause a great deal of unhappiness.

* * *

Mr. A. Duguay

To Yourself:

You are indeed going to have to be very careful about making rash decisions. As I first held your chart it seemed as if you were very upset at the time you filled it in. Things are slowly working for your benefit, though. Two obstacles are going to have to be met very

shortly.

To Your Home:

You will talk to a man in regard to a business condition which could turn out very well. However, every word this person says should be weighed . . . the person extending you this opportunity is a very shrewd business man. This person draws you into conversation to get your viewpoints on things. Be very careful of what you say. A woman is rather upset over you. She has either shed tears or will.

To Your Desire:

There are many changes ahead for you and many times you will not be granted, there will be entirely new paths opening in your life for you, and while your wish will not come, you will look back and be glad it did not materialize.

What You Don't Expect:

Could you, or anyone around you, have trouble with the throat? This condition clears up for a while and then recurs. A physician should definitely be consulted. Also, you are going to be very frank with four people who have upset you quite a bit. Don't be surprised if you hurriedly put things into a suitcase and go quite a distance.

Sure To Come:

You had your mind on many things as you filled in this chart. Do not neglect writing someone who is very concerned over not hearing from you. Usually you have a very nice

disposition, but something has come up rather unexpectedly which has caused you to be a little temperamental of late. This is a cycle you are going through which may last another three or four months. Surprise:

The month of August looks exceptionally good for you. You meet three or four new people, and you should not turn away from these people.

* * *

Mrs. Eleanor G. Reed

To Yourself:

Two people have tried to change your mind about many things you have had your heart set on. They have done this far too often, and you should be very firm and refuse to give up these things.

To Your Home:

Someone is going to tell you a falsehood in connection with someone of whom you think a great deal. By all means, turn your back on this as there definitely is no truth in it. Conditions around the home are going to improve a great deal. Two people are very determined to cause changes around you that you do not want to take place. This is going to be very important, and I urge you to follow the advice given in the above column.

To Your Desire:

Your wish has a very good chance of taking place very suddenly, Mrs. Reed, and will result in many

changes taking place much to your benefit. Also, financial conditions are going to improve, and a confused state of mind will now clear up. Your chart looks exceptionally good.

What You Don't Expect:

An elderly person will ask a very large favor of you. You should do all you possibly can for this person, even though two others seem to oppose your doing this.

Sure To Come:

Things that have been very dear to your heart will now materialize. You are very fortunate in having someone think a great deal of you who is very loyal and sincere. You are going to have quite a talk with this person and will be quite amazed at the depth of this person's feelings for you.

Surprise:

A very young couple come to your home unexpectedly with good news. Also, there could be someone coming from a distance to see you. You hear news from a distance, a little on the sad side. There will be something extra for you to do between June and September, and this is something you are not contemplating at present. You will know of no way to get out of this, but it will be all right, though.

* * *

Mrs. Florence B. Rosenquist

To Yourself:

Do you become exceedingly irritated

with someone? Very soon things are coming to a climax with this person, and you will be surprised at the outcome, wishing you had spoken to them about this before. This is something you have withheld doing because you were afraid of the outcome.

To Your Home:

There will be a change taking place in your home much for the better. Finances look to be a little better and there could be quite a few things purchased which you have wanted for some time. Do not turn your back on someone who is very sincere with you.

To Your Desire:

Your wish or desire will not take place as soon as you would like it to; in fact, you may have a disappointment and a delay and several times you will think I was wrong in saying you would ever have it. At present there are three obstacles in the way of your attaining it, and these are what is causing the delay. What You Don't Expect:
You are going to be among many,

many people. On several occasions, it is for pleasant entertainment and on others it is in connection with business. It seems, too, that you may be asked to do something for one of these groups which will come as quite a surprise to you. You are a very capable person, though, and should go ahead with this.

Sure To Come:

Your wish appears to be extremely important to you, and when this does take place, it will be well worth any delay that has been connected with it. You are going to receive a letter, Mrs. Rosenquist, with some very exciting news in it. I urge you not to be impulsive where an older person is concerned . . . this person needs a great deal of understanding.

Surprise:

Sometimes you worry about things that will never happen. Things look quite good for you, and anything mentioned above that seem to be a little on the discouraging side are only showing up so that you may be prepared.

Mrs. Lauer could not possibly analyze all of the charts we have received. Obviously Mrs. Lauer has duties to attend to, as do all women. And to take the time to do these charts would be costly. Equally obviously, we cannot retain Mrs. Lauer to do them for us. Therefore, at Mrs. Lauer's kind offer, we are informing our readers who would like to get an analysis not depending upon chance selection in the magazine, can obtain one by retaining Mrs. Lauer at a fee. Usually Mrs. Lauer charges much more (from \$5 to \$10), but she will analyze any chart clipped from MYSTIC magazine for \$3.00. However, please send your personal orders to Mrs. Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and not to the Psychometry Dept. of this magazine. We do not assume responsibility for them and they will not effect our free analyses, as selected for publication.

THIS IS YOUR PSYCHOMETRIC CARD LAYOUT

Instructions: Shuffle cards, meanwhile concentrating on your problems. Lay out five cards in a row, face up, from top of deck, then discard five; lay out five more cards in a second row, and discard five; and so on until you have five rows of five cards each, and 25 cards discarded. Lay out last two cards in sixth row. Write denominations and suit of cards in corresponding squares below, using pencil, as ink will blot.

TO YOURSELF

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TO YOUR HOME

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TO YOUR DESIRE

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WHAT YOU DON'T EXPECT

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The SEANCE CIRCLE...

Letters from the Undead

Dear Ray:

In reply to a letter from Clayton Pieder, June Mystic, you refer to the electronic telescope invented by Grote Reber and the reception of hissing noises in intelligent sequence. Also that we are not being told what these signals tell us. I would like to say that these messages are coded by nature and that the intelligence we get from them is a reflection of our own intelligence. Identical noises are received from fluorescent lamps and in their way are just as mysterious as the noises received from the distant stars. I do enjoy your magazine and hope you will endeavor to keep the facts straight.

A. E. Covington
269 Pleasant Park Road
Ottawa 1, Ont. Canada.

*What was that you said again?
Did the government spend \$4 million to "reflect their own intelligence"?*

* * *

Dear Ray Palmer:

I have never written to MYSTIC before, but could not let Mrs. Ellen Beers go unchallenged. I think she should re-read "The Golden Kitten" by Charles Lee. Personally I would like to see more stories by him, because I think it is one of the finest stories ever written. Not only as a story of fiction, but also the general idea it conveyed.

When I was a child we had a multi-colored cat that insisted on giving birth to one black kitten.

Not black one in every litter, but a black one every time the preceding black one died from any cause. "Blackie" never lasted over a few short months and I can still remember taking "Lucky" in my arms and crying to her that my Blackie was gone and begging her to bring it back . . . and then waiting for the next litter. A childish idea and a childish faith? Yes, I'll admit that, but Lucky never failed me. And Blackie was always born with his eyes open, and not only washed his own face the second or third day, but also washed the rest of the kittens, or tried to.

Mrs. Waunda E. Lang
5254 W 119th Place
Inglewood 2, Calif.

* * *

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I note in the current issue a letter by Mrs. Ellen Beers stating that "kittens do not have their eyes open the first morning after birth." My wife and I, during 47 years of most happy marriage, raised many kittens, as we were both lovers of the feline family. On one or two occasions, some of our kittens were born with their eyes open.

I am now in my 85th year, and have seen many marvelous things.

Henry Diehl
20 Orange Place,
Irvington, N. J.

And that would seem to settle the kitten argument! Also, Mrs.

Beers has resubscribed, and we are all very happy. Kinda proud of MYSTIC's sensible little family!—Rap.

* * *

Mr. Palmer:

I have before me a reply to a letter which I had written to Mrs. Pansy E. Black, of San Antonio Texas, hoping to persuade her to write the story of her other known lives. Few people have this insight, in fact, I have only ever met one other person who had this faculty. Other than being a John Hopkins graduate, and one of the archeologists who assisted in the opening of King Tut's tomb, he spoke of far distant places where few white men have ever been just as you and I might speak of a shopping tour down Main Street. In other words, he was nobody's fool. So it is with Mrs. Black. She is a person of ability. No question about it. And she can write. And she does have "something on the ball."

However she will have no part in that story for *Mystic Magazine* because of the ridicule directed to her other letters and which was one big mistake. I wonder if you know of the interest that her letters have aroused? Not only has there been mail from across the United States, but letters have come from Canada, Mexico and England as well. You see, Mr. Palmer, it does not really matter how much we "strangle at a gnat and swallow a camel," reincarnation is still a natural law that does not need the defense of anyone. We have but to look about us to see its expression everywhere, particularly at this season of the

year, and there is no denying that it was part of the ministry and teaching of Jesus Christ. In fact, it was a philosophy so well established that it had a place in our early church dogma. For more than three hundred years after the crucifixion it was preached as the only means of reconciling the existence of suffering, inherited deformities, and disease, with a just and merciful God.

Justin Martyr (100-167 A. D.), the greatest authority on church history up to the middle of the second century, expressly speaks of the soul's inhabiting more than one body. St. Clement, Bishop of Alexandria (150-215 A. D.) who brought the culture and philosophy of the Greeks to the Christian Church, and who was the teacher of Origen, also held and taught this doctrine. Then too there was St. Gregory, of Nyssa (329-384), St. Jerome (340-420), Arnobius Rufius (345-410), and St. Augustine (354-430 A. D.). These were the great men of their day. They built the very foundations of today's church philosophy regardless of the fact that it has been warped, bent, twisted and mutilated to meet the present views and standards of various sects and denominations.

I bring this to your attention because of your letter of a few days ago asking that I renew my subscription to *Mystic Magazine*. Where, may I ask, will it benefit me? What would make it worthwhile? I buy metaphysical papers, books, and magazines for learning and enlightenment. It is not a whim, or a fancy. I have spent thirty-five of my sixty-seven years in the study of church history, and

gone through many translations, through a twenty-eight volume edition on evolution and anthropology, and several versions of the Bible, to arrive at my conclusions to put me in Mrs. Black's corner. Not only that, alone, but the greater majority of the entire world's population is there too. Especially in her view of reincarnation. In all their mingled languages they speak of the eternal cycle of life, and of the transition that men call death.

Merritt L. Gruver
350 Church St.
Catasauqua, Pa.

To answer your last question first, the reason you should renew your subscription is the very fact that you are a student! Why rest on your laurels, with the books you've read? Why not read more? Even the other side of the story. We did not ridicule Mrs. Black. Is disagreeing a form of ridicule? We disagreed, and the published words are the record. And now, we must disagree with you. We strangle at the gnat. You make a statement. You say: "Reincarnation is a natural law." How so? The dictionary defines "natural" law (as distinguished from man-made law) as "the uniform occurrence of natural phenomena in the same way or order under the same conditions, so far as human knowledge goes." "The rule of civil conduct deducible from the common reason and conscience of mankind." Since everyone does not believe in reincarnation, it is not deducible from the common reason and conscience of mankind, therefore it is not a natural law. There are no exceptions to natural law. What is your

proof? You merely quote a multiplicity of "philosophys". And most of them are nearly 2000 years removed from us. You are convinced because it is the "only means" (!) of reconciling the existence of suffering, inherited deformities, etc. It is not the only means. To my way of thinking (which is not positive) it is not the means. As for quoting the Bible, see one of the following letters. As for seeing the expression of reincarnation everywhere in this season of the year. (spring) we just don't follow you. Is this leaf we see coming forth the leaf that fell last fall? How could it be—we still have the leaf! And the leaf is not the tree, nor did the tree die. When it does die, it will remain dead, to be replaced by other trees. Not the same tree, but others. There are more trees now than when trees began to grow on earth. If all are reincarnations, whence comes their number? Whence comes the first?—Rap.

* * *

Ray:

This reincarnation idea sounds sorta un-Christian—anti-Christian: if man is his own saviour via repeat-lives, he has no need of Christ? Rather puzzling that the scriptures are almost silent on reincarnation; strange that a subject so vital is omitted in the New Testament. What do you think?

No one I know chose to reincarnate. These memories of prior lives might be impressions caused by spirits; is it improbable that Aunt Emma who "comes through" might be an impersonation? I would need better proof—or better evidence to answer doubt.

That impressions are from out-

side, (not of our conscience or sub-conscious); I have several times dreamed of objects as well as scenes or events that I could never have known or seen heretofore—nor imagined—and later these scenes and objects were seen in the physical! Hence an impression of event from a "prior live" could come from the same source?

My Bible reads that "It is given unto man once to die, then the judgment." One death is to say ONE life! The New Testament says more about ONE life than reincarnation. What shall we believe?

Lin Clark
Box 132

Abington, Conn.

* * *

Dear Mr. Palmer:

You seem to be wavering on the subject of reincarnation. Perhaps that attitude is due to a desire to provoke (or evoke) argument and discussion. Well, here is a bit of an argument on the positive side:

I have always had an innate belief in an All-wise, All-good, compassionate Deity, the creator of this solar system and everything animate and inanimate in it, Who has projected Himself into every particle of it. How could such a God spend his time creating millions of new souls every day and then condemning large proportion of them to everlasting punishment?

In all his infinite power where could He find a Hell large enough to accommodate all the souls so condemned since the beginning of Time? It is illogical, uneconomic. What is the answer? There is only one: Evolution and Reincarnation. I reached this conclusion by pure reason, long before I ever con-

tacted occultism. But when I did, it clarified my thinking, revealed the Great Design, and I learned the Purpose of Life.

You are too well versed in paranormal affairs to becloud your writings with doubt. Your friend Dr. Paul M. Vest has the right attitude—go along with him and help dispel the cloud of ignorance that besets the world, and help make it a better place to live in.

W. M. Steele
942 West 43rd St.
Houston, Texas

Just what is an "innate" belief? One you were born with? Who says God creates millions of souls each day, then condemns a large proportion of them to everlasting punishment? Also, this business of where to find room for them—how about Einstein's theory of relativity? It provides ample room for everything. Even we poor humans can understand Einstein. Also, this beginning—of time. Aren't you assuming? How could it have a beginning? It has no end either. You speak of time as of an entity, when all scientists tell you that none of them know what time is. Our only concept of it is mechanical, a measure of duration. What is the Great Design, and the Purpose of Life? Having thought it all out, now you can tell the rest of us. You think in words; repeat them for us. Frankly, you have us itching with curiosity. Just think, the answer to it all, right here, within our grasp, and your letter doesn't put it down! Just the bald statement that you have it, and then you deny it to us. For goodness sake, don't tantalize us like that! —Rap.

• • •

Dear Rap:

Much interested in the debate between you and Miss Black in last issue. I would like to enter a possibility which neither of you have taken into account. The possibility of cellular memory. It is known that each cell in the human body has a sort of memory (racial) and this memory allows each cell to form in the place where it belongs. There are millions of cells in the human body and many different types of cells which form many different types of tissue. How does each cell know how to form so that it will be skin tissue (for instance) and not liver tissue or brain tissue? Racial memory. The skin cells form in the proper place for skin because they "remember" how they should be. Often a cell or several cells "forget" and then we have a harelip or a tumor where there should be none. (Actually the cells that form the heart could form a tumor if misplaced.) Assuming that this is true, then is it so outlandish to assume also that the brain cells (nine tenths of which apparently have no known use at present) remember also?

By this hypothesis everything ever done by any ancestor would be "remembered." The dominant ancestors' lives would be remembered best. Hence, perhaps, your memory of a past life at your ancestor's home in Dresden, Germany. Perhaps that other 9/10's of the brain will be found to be a storehouse of experiences of ancestors. It would be safe to assume that some or all of the minor incidents of an ancestor's life would be forgotten, just as you can't remember

now what you did on Aug. 5, 1934 unless it had a special significance for you, but you may remember what you were doing on Dec. 7, 1941 because it is an important date in most of our lives. It's an intriguing possibility, and one that should not be overlooked in the reincarnation debate. Good work all around in Mystic.

June Weidemann
607 S. Jackson St.
New Athens, Ill.

We think there's a hole in your racial memory idea, too. Remember the initial cell is just a plain cell, and if it just reproduced itself, it would remain only a larger and larger mass of the same kind of cell. It is the genes and chromosomes each cell contains (and each contains them all!) that determine the color of hair, eyes, skin, etc. What your theory doesn't explain, is how the particular chromosome or gene remembers when it is its turn to act, and how to act! We believe it is not an action, but a reaction—in other words, the gene or chromosome goes into action when it is prodded into action, and the identity of the prodder is still not identified by science.—Rap.

* * *

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I would love to expose my three cents worth in your interesting and helpful magazine. I believe I have every issue so far. The prediction by Mr. Ashby in *The Man from Tomorrow*, April issue, regarding a future dominant religion based on reincarnation really stirred me.

It seems the theory of reincarnation (repeated rebirths in the physical body) has been with us since the dawn of cognizance. Su-

perstition and error easily take root in the consciousness of us simple and trusting souls; likewise in the consciousness of those who cannot conceive of higher states of being than that of the earth plane.

As its dogma, the school of reincarnationists assumes that the earth is the only place within the Creator's infinite universe whereon divine justice can be administered. It assumes that the law of consequences by which every act receives its exact recompense—can only be possible of application through a succession of earth lives.

The ideas are thoroughly materialistic. It is an attempt of the external mind to harmonize good and evil. There is nothing of high intuition or true spiritual knowledge in the theory, and it has never been taught by true adepts, or those who have penetrated beyond the astral zones.

The seeming proofs advanced by some who "remember" their past lives lie buried in the mysteries of mediumship, whereby some sensitive natures come en rapport with invisible entities. In this condition a semi-transfer of identity takes place and the sensitive person seems to exist in some previous age, and under such circumstances becomes deceived by his own ignorance. He believes he is recalling some incarnation of the past—that is, if he is acquainted with the doctrines of the reincarnationists. Otherwise, he may think it a day dream. But all this is due to the simple action of mediumship, and is delusion of identity.

The theory has been foisted on mankind by ignorant, earth-bound spirits in the astral realm and by

oriental sacerdotal systems. It is a stumbling block to students of mysticism, for the belief tends to keep the soul in bondage to the earth plane, waiting in the astral to be reincarnated again, where-as he should progress onward.

There is a teaching in regard to incarnation, but it has nothing to do with the repeated re-birth system. This idea of incarnation concerns the descent of the soul monad from the spiritual realm to the material. In the descent, the soul monad passes through many conditions of subjective life before it reaches the external—or stage of matter. When the lowest point of materiality is reached, a change of polarity is experienced by the soul atom and it starts on its way back up the ladder of life on the objective plane. But there is no repetition in nature. Once and once only is the law.

Let us lift our consciousness beyond the dull veil of external appearances.

Beth E. Pomeroy
P. O. Box 349
Santa Monica,
Calif.

* * *

Dear Ray:

Just digested June *Mystic*. Splendid Ray, Splendid! I love your editorial. Why is it that "love" is such a strange and forsaken word these days? To anyone wishing the true answer to that question, I say, turn to Oahspe, for there you will find the complete answer and the only sensible solution. That brings me around to the age old will-o-the-wisp, "re-incarnation". Since I consider 'Oahspe' to be the highest authority that has come my

way, (and I have studied all major world religions and masses of evidence and arguments in support of "re-incarnation"), may I just present, in a brief manner, the explanations found in "Oahspe", the miracle of the ages?

Page 11, v 21, Jehovih, the Creator is speaking:

"And as I have quickened the seed of the first born, so will I quicken all seed to the end of the earth. And each and every man-child and woman-child born into life will I quicken with a new spirit, which shall proceed out of Me at the time of conception. Neither will I give to any spirit of the higher or lower heaven power to enter a womb, or a fetus of a womb, and be born again.

Page 767, v 8, God, Jehovih's Son, Governor of this planet Earth during the present cycle, speaks:

"In likeness of the father and mother are all children born into the world; and every child is a new creation, quickened into life by the presence of the Creator, Who is the All Life."

Page 537, v 27-28: Chine, ancient prophet of Jehovih and founder of China speaks:

"Chine said: The Ever Present quickeneth him (man) into life in his mother's womb and he is then and there a new creation, his spirit from the Spirit of Jehovih, and his body from the earth; a dual being the Father createth him.

"His destination is everlasting resurrection; in which matter, man can have delightful labor as he riseth upward forever and ever."

Page 26, v 9, Jehovih speaks:

"Hence the first of man, the new born babe, I created a blank in

sense and judgment, that he may be a witness that even he himself was fashioned and created anew by My hand. Neither created I him imperfectly, that he should re-enter a womb and be born over again. That which I do is well done, saith Jehovih."

In connection with the foregoing quote, some may ask: "What about those babes born with imperfect bodies?" We are speaking now of the spirit of man. The body is but a temporary house for that spirit. A newly born imperfect body is the result of interference, knowingly, or unknowingly, of negative mortal mind power, with the natural positive creative forces. This is a deep and vast subject by itself and does not concern us in this particular discussion.

Page 251, v 20, Zarathustra, ancient prophet of Jehovih speaks:

"As it was in the olden time, so will it be again ere another generation pass away. Drujas will teach that the spirits of the dead go into trees and flowers, and inhabit them; and into swine, and cattle, and birds, and into woman, and are born over again in mortal form. Argue not with them; their philosophy concerneth not thee. Whether they be in darkness or in light, judge thou by the glory and beauty of the heavens where they live. If their words are of the earth, they belong to the earth; if they are servants to false Gods and and false Lords, they will preach him whom they serve. But these matters are nothing to thee; for thou shalt serve the All Highest, the Creator. In this no man can err."

Page 449, v 11-12, dealing with

the land of Egypt just following the building of the Great Pyramid, we read:

"Suffice it, these spirits lost all sight of any higher heavens than to dwell on the earth; they knew no other. And they watched about when children were born, and obsessed them, driving hence the natural spirit, and growing up in the new body of the newborn, calling themselves reincarnated; and these drujas professed that when they previously lived on earth they were great kings, or queens, or philosophers.

"And they taught as their master, Osiris, the false, did: That there was no higher heaven than here on the earth, and that men must be reincarnated over and over until the flesh becomes immortal. Not all of these spirits drove hence the natural spirit; but many merely engrafted themselves on the same body; and, whilst such persons lived, these spirits lived with them and dwelt with them day and night; not knowing more than their mortal companion. And when such persons died, behold, the druja went and engrafted itself on another child, and lived and dwelt with it in the same way; and thus continuing, generation after generation."

Page 604, v 116, in part reads:

"Many of their women had familiar spirits, and they prostituted themselves in consulting with the multitude on earthly things, and they thus invited into Egypt spirits of the lower heavens who would not rise up from the earth; and when young babes were born they were obsessed, and these evil spirits in justification of their sins,

taught reincarnation." (Moses, in reference to the Egyptians.)

Page 488, v 12-15, "Now, behold, there were millions of angels in those days who knew no other life, but to continue engrafting themselves on mortals. And when one mortal died, they went and engrafted themselves on another.

"These were the fruit of the teaching of the false Gods, who had put away the All Highest, Jehovih. They could not be persuaded that etherea was filled with habitable worlds.

"And they professed that they had been re-incarnated many times, and that, previously, they had been great kings or philosophers.

"Some of them remembered the ji'ay'an period of a thousand years, and, so, hoped to regain their natural bodies and dwell again on the earth, and forever. Hence was founded the story that every thousand years a new incarnation would come to the spirits of the dead."

This is sufficient quotation from Oahspe to show its explanation of the condition erroneously called "reincarnation". Perhaps those advocates and teachers of re-incarnation will say: "So what? You have simply quoted from a book called Oahspe. Is that infallible?"

Let the book itself answer; page 2, v 24,

"Not infallible is this Book, Oahspe; but to teach mortals how to attain to hear the Creator's voice, and to see His heavens, in full consciousness, whilst still living on the earth; and to know of a truth the place and conditions awaiting them after death."

Just as Oahspe is not infallible; so I say those sources, books and teachings that are spreading the blind and false propaganda of re-incarnation are not infallible. To those teachers of re-incarnation, I say: You have no moral right to spread such a philosophy among mankind until you have at least studied all available evidence both pro and con, concerning that philosophy; and until you have carefully studied Oahspe *clear through*, you have not studied all *available evidence*. Study Oahspe; then if you still believe in re-incarnation and still desire to teach it, the privilege is yours, and so is the responsibility yours!

As for compensating for sins, wrongs, or injuries committed in this mortal life, we are given ample opportunity to correct our errors and pay off our obligations to others in the First Resurrection, immediately following physical death or soon there-after. Again, Oahspe teaches the simplest, most sensible plan of compensation ever studied by this writer.

The memory flashes of past history and so-called previous existences, so freely used as "proof" of re-incarnation, are but memory flashes of engrafted, or possessive spirits being projected into our conscious mind. At this very time, there is probably not one human being on this earth who is not carrying around one or more engrafted spirits who, because they were formerly taught that they must re-incarnate, do not know how to rise up away from earth and into the higher heavens. *Beware of earth binding philosophies!*

I prefer to learn about our Cre-

ator's Ethereal worlds and heavens now, in this present life; to correct my errors and pay my obligations as I live, when possible; and most of all to live in such a manner that nothing will hinder me from advancing ever onward through the Creator's scheme of things, without imposing myself as a burden upon some poor innocent babe born on this earth at some future time. In short: my philosophy, my religion, is—LOVE!

LeRoy G. Powell,
Harlem, Montana

Well, it looks as if our readers can argue about reincarnation quite well. Lots of ideas in these foregoing letters, and lots to think about and digest. Keeps your editor busy too! How many more readers have something to say about this? We'll print all we can.
—Rap.

* * *

Dear Mr. Webster:

Please don't allow your name to be used in connection with such periodicals as MYSTIC. Sincere devotees of FATE will automatically subscribe (as I did), only to find themselves perusing—with a feeling of outrage—a somewhat messy anthology of the editor's inner psyche.

Life is full of people who wave their psyche's about. A sympathetic listener will "take" as much as he can stand, and a psychiatrist will listen to far more—at a price. However, one buys a magazine or book for pleasure and information only.

Congratulations on your wonderful periodical, the which I wait for each month.

(Name withheld)

The foregoing letter is an example of the unethical things your editor sometimes does. He's a sort of Judas who would kiss a pig for a porkchop. However, it happens that your editor is one of the two founders of FATE, and half-owner, although he does not now edit the magazine as he did for several years. This job is performed by our partner. A bit of humor here. We started FATE, to present just what it presents today, for just such people as (name withheld). We started MYSTIC so we could retain FATE on its own plane out of a tremendous desire to keep (name withheld) satisfied with the magazine. We REALIZED that some of the material we publish in MYSTIC, could not go into FATE, so we started a new magazine. We respect the wishes of ALL our readers, both for FATE and MYSTIC. We give them our best. And when we do not satisfy, we ALWAYS refund any money paid for something unwanted. We have always made that plain. Well, we snitched this letter (a very underhanded trick!) and are publishing it in MYSTIC without permission. But we DO have to explain even to (name withheld) that we are not imposing upon him. We are sorry that he tried MYSTIC and found our psyche in the way. But our psyche is in FATE also. FATE is an integral part of our psyche. It is a realized dream, an ambition come true, the expression of our psyche that we have found most successful in all our life. We are proud of FATE, and we delight in its success. It is wonderful to know that you are accepted as something of value—and FATE is

flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood, and mind of our mind! And because we know that it isn't nice to impose our psyche where it isn't wanted, in its wilder phases, our starting MYSTIC, just to avoid this, ought to prove we aren't "waving" our psyche in anybody's face! However, we do agree with (name withheld) in one respect—it sure would be worth everything a psychiatrist charged us to listen to us—if we ever really unburdened ourselves to him! He'd never get a word in edgewise, and we'd talk for twenty years. Poor guy! But then, all psychiatrists must be introverts. If they were extroverts, their psyches would show! Besides, somebody's got to do the listening!—Rap.

* * *

Dear Mr. Palmer:

This incident may seem fantastic, for in a material sense it bears little weight, and after reading it you will probably doubt the truth of my statement. The memorable incident occurred during the winter of 1941, while residing in an isolated section of New York State. I was alone at the time awake and aware of my surrounding. Although, it was unusual, I was not disturbed, for I have experienced similar occurrences.

Outside, the ground was covered beneath a blanket of snow, and the light of a winter moon flooded the desolate landscape. Inside, a log blazed in the rock fireplace, the flames leaped upward and cast weird dancing shadows on the walls.

I lay upon a couch, my body relaxed and my mind at ease as I listened to the crackling fire and

the wailing of the wind as it lashed the brush and trees that grew along the frozen river banks. A clock in an adjoining room struck ten, and a shutter creaked on its rusty hinges.

I lay upon my back, one arm resting at my side, the other reclining from the edge of the couch, my hand within a few inches of the floor, when suddenly something soft and silky brushed my fingertips. My first thoughts were of my German shepherd, but the dog was not at home, and the fur my fingers encountered was not like Pal's. The thing moved slightly and as I drew back my hand, my fingers came in contact with something that felt like the head of a huge cat.

I was somewhat startled, for I realized that the creature might be a bobcat that had wandered from the hills in search of food, and by chance had entered the house. My hand moved toward the silky throat, but strong jaws closed gently upon my wrist. I struggled in an effort to free my hand, and in doing so, I rolled from the couch landing squarely upon a powerful body that squirmed from beneath me as it released its grip upon my wrist.

A chain attached to a golden collar about the creature's throat tightened and as it drew back I caught a glimpse of the prowler; it was a cheetah; (a hunting leopard of India). My gaze wandered upward from the cat to a green clad figure that held the chair. It was a woman, and the loveliest I have ever seen. Her countenance resembled a bronze statue, that had been exposed to the elements until it had become a pale green; the

highlights showing white with a greenish tint.

Her sheer garment and sari seemed to float about her, and revealed more than it concealed of her supple body. Hers was a strange beauty. Oriental in a sense, yet alien to this world. Her eyes were dark, wide apart, and queerly slanted, and within their smoldering depths was a familiarity of our past intimacy. She was the type of beauty found in Southeastern Asia. She stood framed in the doorway smiling down upon me; it seemed that I had known her, at some time, and in some other place, but when and where?

"Who are you?" I asked, but she hesitated as she beat a tattoo with her dainty sandaled foot upon the floor boards, and inclining her head slightly she replied: "Think, think well!" The huge cat lay at its mistress' feet, as she smiled knowingly upon me, sitting on the floor in an awkward attitude. She sighed deeply, and as I stretched out my hand to determine whether she was of solid form, or just an illusion, she and the cheetah vanished.

I scrambled to my feet; the entire room was filled with a dull gray haze that appeared to be smoke from the fireplace, but it cleared instantly, and in place of the smoke odor, the scent of jasmine hung heavily in the air. I glanced at my wristwatch which convinced me that it was five minutes past ten, and after a survey of the house, I was convinced that my experience was not the work of human agency. The house itself was no entity, and I knew that the incident was not due to optical il-

lusion, or hallucination, for to my knowledge I suffered no mental, or physical disorder.

I am making my letter as brief as possible without omitting important details, for I do not wish to occupy more than the allotted amount of space allowed for readers' letters. I do not present fictitious stories as facts. I am placing the facts before you and the readers; you may accept them, or you may reject them as you wish, and you still have my best wishes. I invite correspondence from sincere Truthseekers, and would like to hear from those that have had similar experience. In conclusion, I extend my kindest thoughts to all, and my best wishes to you, and your publication for a brilliant future.

Sincerely,

Anagarika Dhammasiri
(Ven Alexander MacDowell)

Representative Burma Buddhist
World Mission
76 Poplar St.
Newburgh, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Ray:

Reading the very significant little item in April Mystic re the predicted climax year of 1953, I am impelled to explain to Mystic readers the meaning of that epochal date and what did happen then.

As Mystic pointed out, it marked the end of the 3rd 666 yr. cycle since inauguration of the Julian calendar, 46 B. C., and the 2nd 666 yr. cycle of the Mohammedan era, and the 6666th year of the 'Julian period'. Incidentally it was also the 166th year since Delaware led the 13 states in ratifying the Constitution, and 666 yrs. since the fall

of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, and 4 cycles since the destruction of Sennacherib's host besieging Jerusalem.

The reason most occultists expected a great historical climax in 1953 was quite different. It was because the internal gallery and chamber measurements of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, representing world history at a rate of one inch per year, terminate with the open sarcophagus, at 1953. This was meant as a symbol of the great resurrection of the dead before the day of judgment.

The truth is that the year 1953 A.D. did fulfill its high significance. To understand what this was one must study the number 1953 itself, and the signs and prophecies given in the Bible concerning the 'end of time' of the Christian era.

After Christ's resurrection his chief miracle was the draught of the 153 great fishes from Lake Galilee, in Peter's net, only a few days before the Lord ascended to the devachanic plane, bodily. 153 had long been recognized as a great mystical number. It is the kabbalism (pyramiding) of 17, the prime that signifies 'grace', our universal assurance of eventual reunion with our Father. The pyramiding implies a *realization* of the principle (or prime) thus expanded.

In the case of the prime 17 its kabbalism is also exactly 9×17 . Nine is the number of 'sonship'. 153 then equals the 'sons of grace', or, in other words, those graduating from the long school of reincarnations into emancipation from physical plane limitations, forever. So

we call it 'the number of the elect' (or elite).

It is also symbolic of the Trinity, 1 of the Father, 5 of the Son, and 3 of the Spirit. These are the 3 points of Neptune's trident, by which he rules the fishes. Fishes symbolize all souls in the spiritual realm (water). In 1953 there were drawn up on the spirit planes the final battle lines for the greatest conflict in all this planet's millions of years of inhabited history, the show-down between the forces of light and darkness that will end some 70 years later at the Battle of Armageddon in Palestine. 1953 was the deadline for deciding one's allegiance on the *spiritual* plane. The great division generally followed lines of allegiance in the last world civilization's final conflict, my genie says. That was presumably on Atlantis.

Chronology's basic cycle is 360 years. Five cycles of the Christian era brought us to 1800, and 1953 was the year 153 of the 6th cycle. 6 is the number of decision, the problem of the virgin, 6th sign of the Zodiac. 153 posits at 3 degrees of Virgo. Next year, 1956, at 6 degrees of Virgo, will mark the entry into the final 66 yr. period called the 'golden age', or 'tribulation', the furnace that refines the gold of human nature from its present dark ore, in preparation for the Sabbath Millennium of Rest. How marvelous is the pattern of chronology!

Curtis L. Gibson
218 E. 31st St.

New York 16, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Ray Palmer:

With your permission I would like

to bring up for dispute one or two points mentioned in the February issue of MYSTIC. The first has to do with the phenomenon known as astral projection. The second concerns the question of whether or not mankind is at the mercy of supernatural creatures living beneath the surface of our earth.

Before going further, I would like to point out that knowledge, to be worthy of consideration, must be susceptible to the following. It must be susceptible to PROOF—it must be CONSISTENT with what others have found to be so—it must be DEMONSTRABLE under any condition—and, it must be USEFUL.

Much of our present day knowledge in the field of occultism comes up to these expectations. Through these standards re-incarnation has become a proven fact. Thousands of persons, utterly uninterested in occultism and in many cases utterly out of sympathy with it, have suddenly and without warning remembered past incarnations or incidents from them. Also, telepathy and clairvoyance have become established facts because they have been tested by these standards. All of our scientific knowledge is measured by them. With these standards in mind let us now proceed.

Dr. W. D. Chesney, M.D. states in his article on DEVIL WORSHIP that astral projection is dangerous and should not be attempted by amateurs. I'm taking issue with that. Further, I say that Dr. Chesney's statements are proof of his ignorance of the true laws and principles involved in projection. I will go even further and say

that he has never experienced projection, and that anyone who agrees with him has never experienced projection. How do I know? I know because I HAVE experienced projection. Further, my experiences are consistent with the experiences of others. Further, I have demonstrated to others my ability to project. And last, my ability is useful to me, that is, I am not limited to certain conditions, but can use my ability at will.

Projection, Mr. Palmer, is a natural ability, just as natural as being able to walk, talk, see, and hear, and everybody does it. But because it is a subjective experience, not everybody can consciously experience it, because not everybody can cross the threshold between objective consciousness and subjective consciousness. This is an ability which requires some time and much practice of certain psychic and mental exercises to acquire. I would dissuade the amateur from attempting projection for one reason only. Unless he always knows the principles involved he will not be successful, and he will never know the laws and principles involved unless he places himself under the direction of those who already know and have mastered the principles. Some persons mastered these principles in a previous incarnation and so retain the ability to project even though they have no training or instruction in this one.

I would like, while writing this letter, to clear up the gross superstitious idea that another soul can take over one's physical body while one is projecting. It is beyond my comprehension how such an

idea ever came into existence. All I can say for it is that it is an example of the many stupid and silly misunderstandings which untrained and incompetent dabblers in occultism have advanced. And there is absolutely no reason or foundation for it. The truth of the matter is that the soul does NOT leave the body during projection. Projection is nothing more than the extension of consciousness out of the physical body into space. The only time one's "soul" leaves the body is when one dies, which is why one dies. And not even a "disembodied soul entity" can take over your body for the simple reason that during projection YOU DO NOT LEAVE IT.

Another utterly false misconception is that projection can be used for evil or immoral purposes. It is a fact that a very few of those who know the laws involved have tried it in spite of warnings, and what happened to them? Did they succeed? The answer is NO. They succeeded only in driving themselves mad, and ending their days either in an insane asylum or by suicide. The psychic faculties of man can not be used for evil purposes, and to even attempt to so use them will bring swift and just retribution upon one's own head, for these faculties will boomerang truer than anything else we can conceive. So much for so-called black magic, and projection.

Mr. Richard Shaver claims to have discovered an underground race whose purpose seems to be the harrassment and perhaps the extinction of the human race. Unfortunately, I am not aware of the whole story concerning Mr.

Shaver, but may I ask a question? If, for thousands of years, certain Masters and other highly developed persons have been exercising their psychic faculties, why has such a race been only now discovered? The facts, as I understand them, are far different from Mr. Shaver's. I am aware that surviving descendants of the Lemurian race are still in existence but I am not aware of any malignancy on their part, nor am I aware of such a race of beings as Mr. Shaver describes.

Mr. Shaver's revelations do not measure up to the standards set forth at the beginning of this letter. He has no proof. His contentions are not consistent with those of others. He cannot demonstrate anything, and the knowledge, if true, is useless.

I suppose, at this time, you are wondering what my credentials are that I should speak so authoritatively. My credentials, Mr. Palmer, are years of study, experience, and application of what I have learned. I can say no more than that.

Before I close this letter I would like to make a suggestion. I notice that your magazine carries advertisements of several schools of occultism, mysticism, and yoga. According to their advertisements each is an authority, each knows what, supposedly, the rest of the world does not know. Why not investigate these various organizations and schools of mystic wisdom and perhaps write an article on one or two of them. Particularly interesting would be an article on the several secret mystical societies. However, if you do, be sure

to take your facts from the source for popular books on them are not reliable and are often very misleading.

I think this covers about all I have to say, except that I would like at this time to wish MYSTIC every possible success. It is unusual in this day and age to find something which does not have an ISM attached to it, and it seems to me, the less ISMs we have the better. I hope that you will print this letter whether you favor my opinions or not, and at least give the reading public a chance to compare the facts revealed herein with whatever possible experiences they may have had.

Yours very truly,

William Broderick
23 Gradwell Drive
Toronto 13, Ont., Can.

P. S. In reading over my letter I find that I have unintentionally created a general atmosphere of intolerance for what I conceive to be the wrong opinions or mistakes of others, especially Dr. Chesney and Mr. Shaver. While I cannot retract what I have said, I do apologize for the rough manner in which I have said it and hope that these two gentlemen will forgive me.

If stating one's convictions is roughness, let's have the roughness! We certainly wish we could demonstrate for our readers! Now, if we had universal TV, we might put you on, demonstrating astral projection. You might project your consciousness to some point where what you observe could be checked, and then, upon returning your consciousness to your body, you could prove your projection. But maybe

we can actually perform such an experiment? Can you suggest a means? Like picking a neutral observer, you project to him, then both report, independently, to me, and I report to the readers? Seems there ought to be some way to do this demonstrating to the satisfaction of all. Maybe it's a good thing your editor can't project, he'd be steering toward Jane Russell in her bath—and, oh yes, you say he'd fail then. Well, no use trying that, is there? Trouble is, your editor sometimes has trouble telling what's moral and what isn't. Take two beautiful things, as an example—a sunset and Jane Russell. If our purpose is to admire their beauty, what makes the sunset okay, and Jane Russell immoral? Or would it really work, if our intent was just admiration, honest and simple? But let's get back to Shaver—. Personally, after years of study, I found plenty of proof. Enough to convince me beyond all possible doubt. Not that I agree with Shaver's interpretation, but I have my own, and it agrees with his story in all essentials. And he certainly can demonstrate—at least as well as you can. He's passed many of the sort of tests I mentioned before. About why such a race (underground) hasn't been discovered before, it has. Legends about them are thousands of years old. However, using your logic, let's paraphrase, and ask a similar question to the one you asked: If, for thousands of years, certain sailors and highly developed navigators have been sailing the seas, why was America only discovered in 1492? When you asked that question of Shaver, you presumed

the answer to be because it didn't exist. Is that fair? Just because a thing hasn't yet been discovered, it doesn't exist.

At this point, it occurs to us that this "letter" section is the longest and most involved ever to be published in a magazine. It shatters all precedent. It just "isn't done." It hasn't been done. Maybe it shouldn't be done. What about it? Are we publishing too much of this sort of thing? Is it worthwhile? Is it what you want? Do you care to carry on this kind of discussion? Should the editor stick to tradition and keep his nose out of the whole thing, and merely print the letters, except for a few "stuffy" platitudes? Or should he adopt a "neutral" attitude and practice "the customer is always right" tactics? Maybe he should do like we used to do back in our pulp days, and print only laudatory letters saying "Mystic is great, Mystic is fine, hurrah, hurrah," and leave out any criticism? Actually, we get an incredible flood of mail. Some of the letters are thousands of words long! We couldn't begin to publish 1% of the letters we receive and it hurts our conscience, because so many have good points, and we just itch to pass them on. We have to be arbitrary, and pick and choose. And as we put one letter into the "reject" pile, we feel like a criminal! It's tough! But to limit the whole thing to a page or two, and these only compliments, would drive us nuts. What shall we do?—Rap.

* * *

Dear Ray:

There is a silence so vast and deep that almost everyone is too

• • •

Dear Ray:

May one horn in again? First it is a pleasure to know one editor who has the intestinal fortitude to tell the facts—and damn the torpedos. I am speaking specifically about the turning of the people into Guinea pigs—willfully, deliberately and feloniously. And, in the name of God, I denounce the calculated risks to which we have been, are being, will be subjected.

This refers not only to the atom bomb, but to the use of atom reactors. And I refer, likewise, to experiments on human beings by so-called, but falsely so-called 'wonder' and 'miracle' drugs. We now go into the matter specifically:

The damage to future generations has already been done by these dastardly tests in Nevada and elsewhere. Already the AEC has announced that shortly the whole oceans will not be large enough to contain radioactive wastes. Furthermore, one of the principal geneticists, Sutherland, has stated IN PRINT that the last H-bomb explosion has made 70 mutations in the genes—the cells that control, or govern fertility.

And for the love of God and humanity, how many Americans have expressed an opinion to their hired and darn well paid representatives in Congress? One hundred dollars to one cent not 1/1000 of 1 per cent have written. The case IS hopeless already as far as the coming generations are concerned.

This morning Tribune states that nurses and laymen are to be trained in intravenous infusions, or transfusions, in case of atomic warfare. What, in the name of God,

are they going to use? Already and RIGHT NOW the waters of the Great Lakes are radioactive. And they become increasingly so day after day. AND THERE IS NO WAY KNOWN AND THERE NEVER WILL BE ANY WAY KNOWN TO NEUTRALIZE OR REMEDY THE SITUATION. The blood of every citizen on earth is already radio-active. The blood of every living mammal is radioactive. Again, what is going to be used to replace the normal and natural blood?

And, Ray, any man that denies in the least any one single statement made here is a LIAR AND THE TRUTH IS NOT IN HIM. Why doesn't the AEC tell the facts that radioactivity is cumulative and lasts for centuries? This man Strauss, who now heads the AEC knows not a whit about atom fission or fusion. He is as fitted for that job as he is to meet his God and answer for the lives now being destroyed as he gets the headlines. God help the world!

Ever since I became a medical apprentice some 60 years ago, insouciant pharmaceutical houses have been forcing 'wonder' drugs down the throats of the people. These 'blunder', 'wonder' that is, drugs were to wipe disease from the face of the earth. Yet every day cancer hypertensive sequelae, diabetes, heart diseases and a host of other killers, not to speak about these new virus diseases (unquestionably developed by the use of 'wonder' drugs) are increasing at supersonic rate. Every generation brought forth another 'mess' of these 'miracle' drugs. Where are they today?

Great God, can't the people break away from the bridge game, or the television, long enough to ask themselves, **WHITHER AND HOW SOON?** Don't the people read their papers? Can't they realize that the army no longer uses transfusions because the donated blood, or plasm, was spreading metastatic cancer, hepatitis, malaria, etc.? Didn't they read that all of the Army Red Cross blood collecting stations were being discontinued?

Just a few years ago medical bosh stated that gamma globulin was the answer to polio. What now? A new vaccine for poliomyelitis—infantile paralysis. Ray! Ray, I was on the road for years as salesman and detail representative for houses putting out vaccines, sero-bacterins, serums, phylacogens and like junk that mainly benefitted the bank accounts of large stockholders in the houses mentioned. Where is Coley's toxin today, and Alcresta Ipecac, and Furunculosis, Acne, Colon, and a hundred other vaccines and sera? Where is the Gamma globulin that was to put an end to polio? How much did the hog packing company that had the job of processing human blood, make out of this deal?

The new vaccine for polio? I do most earnestly pray that it is as successful as predicated. But is it? What effect will it have on those that get it, in the ensuing years? And what is polio, anyway? There are some authorities, and mighty brilliant ones, that claim that most cases, diagnosed as polio, are nothing but DDT poisoning. The so-called antibiotics have killed their tens of thousands—"Verbum sat

sapienti." What will make this human race **THINK?**

Probably the greatest, wisest epigram ever enunciated was—**"QUEM VULT PERDERE DEUS, PRIUS DEMENTAT."**

The leaders in politics and literature and science have gone stark insane. No wonder Paul wrote to Timothy condemning "disputations of science falsely so called." In your excellent editorial—June issue—you point out that man does not develop spiritually. That he accepts **HATE** instead of **LOVE. RIGHT!** And your **"DESPERATELY YOURS"** was a masterpiece.

And now to page 114 which concerns the mediumship of Margery. Mr. Rasch brings out some very interesting points. As to the Probert matter I know nothing. I do not venture an opinion. But, about the proof of human survival brought out in the Margery manifestations, I do know plenty. Now, Mr. Rasch, your comments show that you are seeking the truth. Aren't we all? First, regarding Dr. Dingwall. If you will carefully read the Pro. A.S.P.R. you will find that certain members of the committee were so unfriendly to Spiritualism, they were not capable of giving an unbiased, honest opinion. You will note that the man, Houdini, was excoriated for his chicanery. (I'll give you page and verse, if required). The conduct on the part of Wood was a disgrace to the honor of the human race. You can also find that in Pro. A.S.P.R. I make the unqualified statement that his conduct was the most dishonorable record in the history of Psychic Re-

search.

I declare unconditionally that if there were false prints found, it was a case of the good, old 'switch-eroo'. And, Bro. Rasch, if you will just read the Pro. A. S. P. R. and note the dishonorable conduct of Houdini and Wood, you will understand what I mean. Now then, get Pro. A. S. P. R., 1926-1927, Vol 2. Turn with me to page 840. Let us read together the last sentence:-

"The facts here chronicled constitute conclusive proof of the existence of Margery's supernormal faculties, and the strongest sort of evidence that these work through the agency of her deceased brother Walter." I was in Boston much of the years 1926-27 putting over my infra red line to the medical profession. And I state with all the earnestness I can muster, that Margery was never exposed. That Houdini even pushed pieces of chewed up pencil erasers under the switch to try to disqualify Margery.

I state with equal positiveness that THERE IS NO WAY IN HEAVEN OR EARTH FOR ANY PERSON TO SWALLOW WHOLE BOLTS OF CLOTH AND CAUSE IT TO EXTRUDE FROM EARS, NOSE, NIPPLES AND VAGINA, AS IT DID IN THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MARGERY. And I urge you and every truth seeker to consult the Margery mediumship as published in Pro. ASPR and see the actual flashlight photos. And finally, truth seekers, let me quote verbatim from a letter written by Dr. Tillyard to Sir Oliver Lodge:

"It seems to me quite impossible to find a single flaw in this wonderful result. But it is my object to record scientifically that they

do occur, that they are part of the phenomena of Nature. And that Science, which is the search for Truth and for Knowledge, can only ignore them at the deadly peril of its own existence, as a guiding force for the world. This seance is, for me, the culminating point of all my psychical research. I can only ask that you and your family will accept my statement as absolute truth, knowing me as you do . . ."

Ray, we did ATTEMPT to give the facts. We actually did give the facts. And the mediumship of Margery was true and unadulterated with any form of fraud as far as she and her husband were concerned. The frauds were pure and simple the work of several of the investigators. You see, all the great Spiritualistic phenomena were proved by actual photographs and this was true of the Margery mediumship.

But, I'll say this: if we don't put a stop to this atomic murder, we're all soon going to be talking with her face to face. I have examined some aborted lambs lately—ALL RADIOACTIVE.

W. D. Chesney, M.D.
Milton Junction, Wisc.

* * *

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Having nothing better to do in this god-forsaken place, I couldn't resist commenting upon your mention in "The Seance Circle" to the planet so-called "Clarion", in *Mystic*.

What amuses me, more than amazes me, is that it is located (1) on the other side of the sun, and (2) on the other side of the moon. This of course, could be anywhere

in the universe to be on the safe side, but to one who is basically familiar with our own solar system, it would have to be within our solar system.

It is obvious that the individuals in question who have placed this mythical place somewhere out in space have not acquainted themselves with any facts beforehand, but perhaps this isn't necessary if you are making up fairy tales. The Sun, as I understand it, is the center of our solar system, and the Earth together with its moon, and eight sister planets revolve about the sun, which in turn is traveling through space at a tremendous speed.

In the course of our revolution about the Sun, we surely would have met Clarion somewhere on the other side of it, when we happened to be there, and insofar as the moon is concerned, this poor lifeless, airless sphere which is chained gravitationally to the "Planet of Painful Endeavor" (and here the progenitors of Clarion probably wouldn't know what we were talking about (maybe I don't either . . . comment not for print), we'd have spotted Clarion somewhere between Earth and Mars, the third and fourth planets from the sun respectively. (I still think we'd stand a better chance of finding Vulcan between Mercury and the sun). I guess its just the little planet that wasn't there!

More specifically, Sir, why do you print that stuff? Tongue in cheek, or otherwise, as an ordinary individual of mediocre intellect, I consider it on insult to my intelligence, sub-standard or otherwise! And it certainly reveals the

calibre of the individuals who "unearth" such tales for the consumption of John Q. Public.

Material like this with regard in particular to the saucers about which I have an interest, and like to read about, is responsible for people of science and responsible individuals turning their backs to the subject in general, and just supposing in time, that people from other planets in or out of our own solar system do make themselves known to us (and I don't particularly want them to either) . . . won't we look like a bunch of fools? Here for years the saucers have been seen here and there, and people with any intelligence at all deny their existence.

Oh well, thanks for listening . . .

Mrs. Ruth Yerks
% CWO William F. Yerks
W-907071 Svc. Co., 22D Inf.,
APO 39, U. S. Army
New York, New York

P. S. I rather liked your "Editorial" in the April edition of *Mystic*.

Of course, Mrs. Yerks, our point exactly. This places Clarion in the same position as Shaver's dero and caves. But it doesn't prove that those who talk of Clarion aren't being truthful, only mistaken in their interpretation of what is happening to them. Where do your very true and very scientific arguments go, if we interpret Clarion as being in another dimension, or one of the worlds of the dead? Then it could be behind the city hall, for all we'd be able to detect it with a telescope. What we're trying to do is bring all these things out into the open and find out WHY. Why are a lot of

people claiming rides on Clarion space ships? Curiosity (which is the search for knowledge and truth) cannot be selective.—Rap.

* * *

Dear Mr. Palmer:

The other day some friends and I were discussing various subjects when the flying saucer mystery came up. One of the fellows started the ball rolling by saying though there are seemingly honest reports of saucers landing to have their alien occupants alight briefly, always does this occur in unpopulated areas of the Earth, with eyewitnesses few in number. Why, he wanted to know, doesn't a flying saucer descend on the White House lawn in broad daylight, ask for global communication facilities, and give mankind vital, significant messages, if such exist?

Well, I happened to have read both disk books written by Daniel W. Fry, who claims to have communicated with an extra-terrestrial. This very question was asked by Fry. He was told such a landing would prove unsuccessful. First, there is the psychological angle.

If aliens appeared as members of a superior race to lead Earthians, about 30% would look upon them as Gods, placing on them all responsibility for their own welfare. Most of the remaining 70% would regard the aliens as potential tyrants who were planning Earth's slavery. The immediate goal of these 70 percenters would be the aliens' utter annihilation. Humans, it was carefully pointed out, must be lead by human leaders.

Immediately upon landing on the White House lawn, the aliens would be surrounded and taken in charge

by military forces whose duty it is to protect the heads of their government from any possible danger. The aliens would be questioned for hours, perhaps days, before any request of theirs would even be given consideration. They would be forced to demonstrate their scientific superiority, after which the military leaders would inevitably say it was imperative that their country acquire and "protect" this advanced scientific knowledge. Today, the attitude of all progressive Earth governments is that all new knowledge, particularly scientific, is the property of the state.

Among other things, Fry asked: if the aliens gave the U. S. their highly advanced technical knowledge, wouldn't that tend to prevent the outbreak of another major war? The extra-terrestrial disagreed, explaining that a landing in the U. S. would have the government attempting to keep it a secret. But in this it would not succeed. No more than it succeeded in keeping the secret of its nuclear weapons. For when Russia learned what was going on, they would believe that their only hope of avoiding complete U. S. domination would be to launch an immediate attack. A simultaneous landing in both countries would only intensify the existing race for armaments. Eventual result—HOLOCAUST!

Now, Mr. Palmer, what is the editorial comment?

Alex Saunders
34 Hillsdale Ave., W.,
Toronto 12, Ontario,

I remember one day when an Army Intelligence colonel told me

I had flown over a military establishment in a yellow plane, had been fired upon, but had escaped, but now they had me, and they had the goods on me, in the form of the actual negative from the camera with which I had taken the picture. (It was a picture of Hiawatha Falls, in your own country, and I took it from my red Buick, actually.) But remembering how the Army fooled around for a week, making these stupid claims (no, they were lies, because they knew the photo wasn't of a military installation all the time), when it would have dumped their whole case in the junkyard in ten minutes had they a print of the negative in question. I can well understand how Fry is right. Yes, if a saucer landed on the White House Lawn, I'm sure we would see the all-time record for stupid behavior. You'd have the thing so "classified" it would be filed under the 27th letter of the alphabet! The only question a general could think of asking a space visitor would be "what kind of weapons have you, and how do they work?" and then he wouldn't believe he wasn't holding back the REAL weapon when he was told. Don't ask me such silly questions, Alex. I get awful irate every time I think of the brass. I'm not a fair recipient of such questions, because I'm so prejudiced I get downright insulting whenever I try to spell the word colon-el.—Rap.

* * *

Dear Ray Palmer:

It is possible you may recall my name as that of a science-fiction writer back in the 1920's and 1930's. I have been a reader of MYSTIC

and FATE ever since they first appeared. The purpose of this letter, however, is to express my opinion of such writers to the Seance Circle as David Stevens, in your April number.

Doesn't he realize that the mind can adventure *anywhere*? To his orthodox mind OAHSPE (about which, by the way, I knew nothing until I read the article in MYSTIC) is untrue because it isn't well-known "inspired" scripture.

You never state any of your articles as whole truth and nothing but the truth. Naturally you expect your readers to exercise some degree of selectivity. If I don't swallow every word, hook, line and sinker, I feel no resentment, as so many of your readers seem to do, that something is being foisted on them, and they are eternally suspicious of being "taken in". Naturally you can't prove or disprove every word you print.

Where is their spirit of mental adventure if they won't try intelligently to sift the wheat from the chaff in all they read? Often I find later, myself, that I have discarded some wheat, and am glad to go back after it! Why this fear of distrust of their own mental discrimination? Don't they enjoy exercising it? I do, and a lot of other people I know do too.

Personally, for instance, I don't now believe in the planet Clarion, but my mind is held in abeyance. It might be true. I feel no personal affront because some do. I'm just waiting for more evidence either way.

I am a member of the Philosophical Research Society, and naturally I dislike anything that

savors of hide-bound orthodoxy. I try to maintain the Golden Mean between a closed mind and gullibility. It is in the exercise of mental ingenuity within the range of the Golden Mean that the pleasure of mental adventure is experienced. Take that away, and your readers would believe everything or nothing. What a sad plight! The majority of your readers fortunately fall into neither of these extreme classes, but like myself, expect to open up each issue of MYSTIC in the spirit of adventure; that maybe a new facet of truth will be revealed to them; If not this time, then the next! Little by little we learn. I like MYSTIC. You can't affront me!

(Mrs.) Clare Winger Harris
P. O. Box 96-M,

Pasadena,
California.

* * *

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I just received my "Mystic" for April and simply MUST clarify my statement that "no one is doing anything about the basic teachings of all religions that "we love one another", a careless statement indeed and not meant in that sense at all. My most humble apologies to the many many good and kind souls who are spending their lives in this world doing good and loving people(some of whom are hard to understand) for the love of God and for obedience to His Will.

I am a member of the Bahai Faith which teaches that in every face we look into, we see the face of God, so how could we even dis-

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like anyone? I will admit we get out of patience sometimes but maybe we get too enthusiastic about what we believe too. Each soul is a reflection of God-our beliefs an attitude we take towards God which is reflected in our lives. There is only One God, the Creator, the All-Knowing, the Self Subsistent. If we love God, we are bound therefore to love our fellow man and try to help him in all Brotherhood sincerely.

In future I will read my letters over before sending them. We CAN do a lot about it (loving one another I mean) It starts in the home, spreads to the countries and will some day embrace the world which will have but the one Faith for all, understandable to all-the Bahai Faith which already is Universal and to be found almost everywhere you go. It is NOT a new religion but simply religion re-

newed with the old rites and superstitions torn away from the Light of the world.

Your reply to my letter was so kind and understanding. Thank you very much. Truly "I didn't mean it as it looked in print."

Marget Stange
920 E. 36 Ave.
Spokane 36, Wash.

* * *

Dear Sir,

My comments . . .

Superstition—This is knowledge which has become stagnant neither going forward nor backward nor up nor down nor left nor right but remaining where it is until thrust aside by minds which have gathered the light of truth.

Oahspe—This book tells about the explorations and migrations of people in inter-galactic space over a great length of immeasurable time. The odd words mentioned in

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the book can be found in the languages of this world.

Reincarnation—This simply means the propagation of the human specie. Nothing more and nothing less.

Mankind—This word tells about the sort of life to be found on this planet called: Man, Men, Min, N, Amen, Amun, Aten, Adam.

The Temple of the Baha'i—This structure has one meaning only and that is to convey to all the people of this globe that we are all descendants of space voyagers and that we will return therein when all is ready. You will notice that the building looks like a spaceship set into its launching platform or pyramid. It points the way to the stars.

Ghosts, spirits, poltergeists, phantoms are one and the same. They are human beings of a high order who use the powers of nature to limit the evil of all the earthly races.

People in search of truth should seek it through their own thoughts by using their eyes and ears and not to discard the things that seem to have no connection with what they are looking for. They should have no fear when exploring phenomena but should exercise common sense when working in these fields because of the tension at work against them. Those who emerge from darkness without animosity towards people from other places and dimensions will be rewarded by a direct feeling of good fellowship with the powers of the Creator.

Umberto V. Orsi
83-85 MacDougal St.
New York 12, N. Y.

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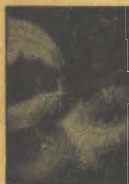
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Dear Mr. Palmer:

I started reading MYSTIC when you first came out. I always looked forward to it as I do FATE, but the last few issues have been nothing but TRASH. Throughout the magazine I find that you contradict yourself and print articles which you yourself don't believe. I'm not condemning MYSTIC entirely, as you do publish some very good articles, but it is no wonder FATE outshines you. Even you admit in your editorials that you print what FATE rejects.

In this issue are two articles which are definitely true, but which should not have been published for obvious reasons. They are the two concerning devil worshippers. These, like any other magazine, TV, movies, influence people.

William Barelay
Gettysburg, Penna.

How many of our readers want the editor to print only what HE believes? How many want their MYSTIC to contain filtered material, and anything contrary to what Palmer believes to be summarily rejected? We print articles rejected by FATE, because FATE is dedicated to publishing only "documentary" material. It strives to print only what can, as far as is possible, be proved. When it can't, it adopts a neutral viewpoint, or carefully points out that the article lacks proof. MYSTIC will print a theory. FATE will not. MYSTIC is intended to round out the field filled by FATE, so that the two magazines form a complete coverage of the subject of the psychic.

The worst thing in the world, to our way of thinking, is "shielding"

anyone from anything. If the devil worship article influences anyone, it will influence them. But we cannot reject an article because it may result in forming someone's opinion. That is why MYSTIC gives all types of material, to the exclusion of nothing; people have to make up their own minds, and they must not be misled, denied their right to make their own decision, by cheating them out of some of the evidence, by screening the items.

Certainly your editor doesn't believe half the stuff he prints! He's had a lot of experience, and formed a lot of opinions, and he keeps changing them every day, as new evidence presents itself. He is wildly happy when something comes up that revises his thinking, by presenting a powerful argument, and he'd be completely miffed if someone had presumed to "shield" him from that argument.

Dear Editor:

The article on Harry Houdini left me confused. According to Dr. Chesney, Beatrice Houdini received the message from her departed husband, through Rev. Ford. The article in TRUE by Mr. William Lindsey Geesham, on the condensed book of Harry Houdini, says that no such message was received by Houdini's wife.

Jerry Penniher
539 Roseville Ave
Newark 7, N. J.

Mrs. Houdini issued a sworn, signed statement that she did receive the message and that it was authentic. Later she denied that the message had been received, stating that her previous state-

ment was untrue. You take it from there. When TRUE says no message was received, it is presuming. All that can be said is that Mrs. Houdini lied, one way or the other. Which way? Darned if we know!

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have just finished reading Mr. Shaver's article on "the cave people" and I hasten to add my little word to this amazing, yet profoundly important subject.

Strange as it seems, less than a month ago while attempting to make another psychic contact with the Planet Venus as I did fifteen years ago (as told in my recent book—MY FLIGHT TO VENUS) I came in contact with these horrible creatures Mr. Shaver talks about, and learned something of the role they play in our human drama. They were not lovely to look upon—some were grim, forbidding creatures of human stature—others pudgy little people with bulging eyes, flattened nostrils and ugly mouth—"frog people," I called them. I learned too there are places on our globe where volcanic fires have seared deep into the earth, that lead into grottos of murk and darkness. The only visible light emanates from the Satanic fires, the purpose of which is to create poisonous vapors. It is these poisonous vapors let loose from these unholy grottoes and picked up by the people of earth, that causes much of our misery and woe.

I quote from the tape recording of this psychic experience; "Except for this red flame it is black as stygian night here. It is from these vile, archaic cesspools of evil that we draw all our troubles.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO*if you found***A GOOD THING?**

Enclosed please find check for \$5.00 for another bottle of Turn-Er's as soon as possible. I have been bedeviled by a terrible itching in my eyebrows for over thirty years. It seemed to be a large flaky dandruff, but if I combed it out to near the skin, a watery substance would start, causing a scab-like condition. I have been to dozens of doctors . . . none did the slightest bit of good. After reading what Ray Palmer said, I decided to try Turn-Er's. After the sixth application, I have not had an itch in my brows, and the skin underneath is as clear and clean as my face. I certainly am thankful to Mr. Palmer for bringing such a fine product to my attention.—S. W. Crusen, 2336 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

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These *must* be blocked up and purified before the New Age transition can come. The saucer people and other-planetary beings are here more to absorb and purify these evil influences than they are to impress us. In time this underworld of evil would completely destroy us if it were not checked."

This is not the report of a visionary, but an experience in "true vision." In the light of that experience I disagree with Mr. Shaver's viewpoint that the saucer people would be destroyed by these unholy ones were they to try to help us. From my own experience on Venus fifteen years ago, I know that they have the ability to change conditions without bloodshed. In my recent experience I learned there are literally thousands of them just beyond our unreachable limits busily engaged in building a new world in space. I was shown a closeup of the flooring that is being put down as "foundation." While it is created out of etheric substances it has a tensile strength greater than our iron-clad earth. Cities will eventually be built here and when this present cycle draws to a close many earth beings will be transported to this Utopia in the sky. At the same time these unhappy creatures from below will have been purified sufficiently so they can step out of their grottos of darkness and see the light of the earth's day.

Dana Howard

P. O. Box 68

Palm Springs, Cal.

You psychic researchers, just where does this letter fit in your thinking? Interesting, isn't it? But would you have us "decide" you

shouldn't read it, and toss it into the waste basket? Of course not. And likewise, publishing it doesn't mean endorse it. We just don't know. And we certainly respect Dana Howard as an individual with the right to speak. Does this confirm Shaver? Does it confirm Oahspe? Does it confirm the Society for Psychic Research? Does it confirm all three? Does it fit another link into your own private theory?

Dear Editor:

I have found a real "honest-to-goodness" Witchcraft word. It doesn't matter where or how I found it, and I am sending it on to our readers. The word is *hemlock*, and it is the word for sleep.

If you have insomnia just lie down on your bed and say "hemlock" three or four times, and you will have no trouble going to sleep. It gives you the very same feeling you experience when you swallow a sleeping tablet—only more so. You become light as a cloud, and just drift away into sleep.

Sometimes if I say the word nine or ten times—though I don't guarantee this will work with everyone (it doesn't with mother it just puts her to sleep)—it will create weird mental pictures, before falling asleep, all of woodland scenes; gloomy paths over-grown with moss, waterfalls—some of them reaching up, up as high as the moon—and sunlight vistas reaching away into infinite distances—beautiful almost beyond imagination.

Then when I fall asleep—and this seems to be true with everyone—I have weird unusual dreams. Sometimes, frightening dreams.

I wish "*Mystic*" would publish

some witchcraft words or spells. If any of our readers know any I wish they would please send them to your magazine, or to me, individually. Witchcraft words mean power, and I could use some power, if I possessed it.

I look forward eagerly to your magazine, and wish it came out every month!

Maude C. Parker
566 S. Water St.
Keyser, West Va.

Anything that will put me to sleep would be worthwhile. We haven't tried it yet, but maybe some of our readers will, and report on it. As for witchcraft words and spells, we're afraid that's something we just don't possess. We've seen lots of them, but never tried to work them. Can't see where they'd help, personally. But we can understand power. If you want it . . . ?

Hemlock has put some people into a pretty deep sleep, we'll admit!

Dear Mr. Palmer:

As a trained psychiatric social worker with some nine years of experience interviewing the mentally ill, I am interested in your magazine from the viewpoint of abnormal psychology. While I am not a scientific conservative and I have accepted the findings in extra-sensory perception at Duke University, I draw the line at much of what you publish. Nevertheless, I realize that a periodical such as yours must explore the boundries of thinking and experience and, rather than going over material verified by research, may best serve to point the way toward new areas for research.

I do not think that this absolves you from the RESPONSIBILITY of

learning for yourself a very great deal about mental illness in order to protect your readers. As you well know, there are mentally ill people who latch onto such experimental stuff as you put out and use it to prove their own delusional systems to their own satisfactions if not to the satisfaction of those who are trying to help them back to an adequate adjustment.

From this point of view, I have long considered Richard Shaver one of the most dangerous individuals in the United States from a mental health viewpoint. Voices of "evil" content, bedeviling, reviling voices or voices which prompt the victim to evil deeds are products of the unconscious minds of those who hear them. They represent the impulses and opinions of the repressed, unacceptable part of the victim's own personality. Only by coming to understand these unacceptable impulses and find acceptable outlets for them, can the mentally ill person find his way back to reality. Whether or not there is a universal or collective unconscious mind is a matter for further research, but it is certainly unhealthy not to recognize these phenomena as being in the mental sphere.

At the time when I first read Richard Shaver's material in *AMAZING STORIES*, I wrote something to this effect to the magazine and they were so unethical as to turn my letter over to Shaver, who wrote to me. I wish I had preserved his very interesting letter, which comprised a request that I tip him off psychiatrically so that he could avoid being taken for a schizophrenic. I referred him to a psychiatrist in his area and challenged him to

go in for an interview and that is the last I heard from Mr. Shaver.

I'll continue with brief comments on the other February articles. I SAW AN OBEAH MAN WORK is interesting. Such recollections as well authenticated and verified as possible are worthy of compilation for study. It could also be just the product of Mr. Hemming's pen. Most of the material I'm inclined to take seriously does not spin itself out so smoothly but exhibits glaring irrelevancies which spoil the literary quality of the story.

Swedenborg's Magic Mirror is the more valuable for its little bibliography and these, I think, are important to the serious reader,

Having seen Mark Probert in person in a trance in which he was supposed to be invoking the spirits of Lao Tze and other ancients, I am thoroughly disillusioned as to his abilities. I believe he does go into a trance and may not remember what he gives out, but its content has been gleaned from library sources. I noted that the strained artificial accents of these invoked spirits were all essentially the same and not representing the speech of different individuals. This is Mark Probert himself talking, a guy with knowledge by which we can profit, if studied critically and in the light of his research. I think these trance states would not have become necessary had he not found himself a teacher with no students, a philosopher with no audience. If he continues to encourage and exploit this splitting of his personality, he is very likely to wind up in a mental hospital when his audience thins out. Consciously or unconsciously, I believe that he is using the occult to

put his own ideas across. But again we are up against the possibility of a collective unconscious (see Jung) which may exist and whose boundaries are poorly defined. It is yet to be proven that the source of every irrelevant thought that pops into our minds is personal rather than telepathic or that time and its mental content is not an entity which can be tapped past, present or future at any given time, as Bergson believes when he discusses **THE MIND AT LARGE** or Aldous Huxley echoes in **"THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION"**.

Since starting this letter, I've managed to get hold of an October issue, so will comment. As far as I am concerned, you can skip the fiction. I'm interested in articles, especially backed up by a little research. The exception would be the story called **THE HOLY MAN**. It is profound and I'm rather surprised and pleased to find some good psychiatric thinking in it. It has taken the West a long time to find out that objective reality is less important to people than the way they **FEEL** about things and it is practically the first lesson in counseling. I also want to say that your cover is a great deal more presentable than the gaudy paintings on **FATE**.

This is getting to be quite a letter! But I have a good deal to say on the subjects you bring up. Really everybody does once you get them started on the strange, the unusual and the unknown.

But at this point, I'm going to change the subject entirely and say that I go along with you all the way on your plugs for outlawing the atomic bomb and settling world issues intelligently instead of with

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force. I don't know how well you and Dr. Chesney are actually informed about these things, but on the ethical side you are right and everybody knows it. Ending war is going to have to get right down to *the individual conscience*. I am convinced that the Average Russian is no more warlike than the Average American. Given a chance to vote and not influenced by scare propaganda, the people would say NO to war everytime. But what happens? They elect REPRESENTATIVES of the people and hand those representatives their conscience—that is expect them to do what is best for the group. Thus the individual conscience is lost in the principal of EXPEDIENCY. The leader no longer says "Killing is wrong" but "It is my job to protect the people I represent". The leader has to say "My country right or wrong". When we add to this collective selfishness, the disagreeable aspects of BIGNESS, we are really in trouble. By this, I mean, that the bigger and more complicated a government becomes, the more difficulty there is in getting anything done, the more red tape is involved in every decision and act of communication. The bigger an organization becomes, the more difficulty there is in keeping the lines of communication clear so that *anybody* can get *anything* done. You read bulletins, you go to meetings, you have conferences and pretty soon these avenues of communication are cutting your actual working time in half. A State Government must be even more inefficient and it is beyond me how the Federal Government ever gets anything done at all! No wonder the lawmakers get panicky and authorize wars instead

of thinking things through!

All of this is leading up to saying that I think you are doing the right thing in taking the decision right back to the people where it belongs. If every American would examine his own heart and conscience and decide in the light of his own eternal values whether the risk to his own life was worth having the sin of bombing the population of some other country, the answers would make more sense. And if every American could reach the point personally of saying "Let the other guy make bombs. I'm going to bake bread or build houses or even clean up the streets and I object to having the taxes I pay go into making bullets", then we'd be getting somewhere. And we couldn't do it all by ourselves either. Somehow the people of this country would have to reach out to the people of other countries and develop understanding and faith in one another's intentions. That's a big order! But it's all that is going to save humanity from blowing itself to bits so we've got to try. (Name withheld)

I've done some studying about mental illnesses. I was able to recognize Mr. Shaver's particular classification, and I believe I had great success in placing him on an even keel. Will it satisfy you to be assured that Mr. Shaver will not suddenly become violent, when his theories are denied or crossed, and attempt to kill the denier? Do you know that it was my work, with Shaver and others, that developed the theory that electric welding is an occupational hazard, causing paranoia, and that it is now acknowledged by insurance companies and severable? So, please be assured that

when I accept a responsibility, I accept it after careful consideration and study and an attempt to understand what I am doing.

If Shaver was dangerous, the danger failed to develop. Here, indeed, was a tremendous test of that theory. 50,000 people went all the way for his material. The resultant danger was indiscernable, and in fact, failed wholly to develop. Rather, according to psychiatric standards, the mental health of many was improved. We'll not discuss methods of diagnosis and treatment and results here, but I believe you yourself would be highly satisfied with many case histories I could demonstrate for you. These voices which prompt evil doings are there, even if you insist they are from the subconscious. But they will not be obeyed, if a counter-force is set up to bring forward an instant resistance to the suggestion. There can be a lot of argument as to the proper therapy in such cases, and mine may be full of holes, but fire is frequently fought with fire. I could tell you a good many cases of where it succeeded, and I believe that paranoia can be rendered totally harmless with the proper treatment. Don't the religions tell us to pray when tempted? Fight words with words?

Mr. Shaver did not go to a psychiatrist because he knew very well what the diagnosis would be. Paranoia. How do you know you weren't exposing that psychiatrist to a very great danger of his life! Well, Mr. Shaver is not a paranoid. I doubt if he ever was. Yet he would be the first to admit that his behavior fell into such a pattern. But a paranoid does not fictionize his experiences,

does not construct a deliberately false picture for a practical purpose such as making money. What Shaver presented was fiction, but it was drawn from fact, and much research. Everything he said was basically true, philosophically so, but sugar-coated to make it acceptable. He wrote the greatest textbook on the psychic that has been written in a hundred years.

On Probert, I'd even say less than you do. He interests me. And I want to know more. And personally, he's quite amusing. As a fiction writer, with a fetish for being "in character", he is intensely interesting. I always reject a story in which a character steps out of character. I am interested in Mark because he does step out of character! In quite shocking ways to a person with my training. It opens a field for research.

Glad to know you found the Holy Man story contained good psychiatric thinking. It was written by a "psychiatrist's paranoid". Maybe it proves psychiatry doesn't know its paranoids too well as yet!

Do you realize that when you say "let the other guy make the bombs," you are opening yourself to a rather indefensible stand if Mr. McCarthy should ever quote you out of context (or within it for that matter)? A form of conscientious objecting. And objecting to your taxes going for bullets. What about your oath of allegiance? Yes, this business of "love thy neighbor" is a form of treachery these days. If your neighbor is a Communist!

Dear Ray:

Congratulations! I have just finished reading Letters from the Un-

dead and your answers in Mystic-April issue. You have done very well indeed with these answers—revealed considerable wisdom, plenty of forbearance and patience. Some of these letters would try the patience of a holy saint to the breaking point! Said saint would duly deliver to the writers a swift kick in the place where it would do the most good! If you ask me I would say they are asking for many swift kicks and they will not be disappointed! One writer says: "I value the truth so highly." (what she deems the truth about little kittens). This trivial matter is of supreme importance to her so she stops reading Mystic. Another shrieks: "blasphemy against Almighty God," and referring to a good story (God is in the Mountain): "a fabric of almost unbelievable evil." Experience keeps a dear school—but these silly little people can learn in no other!

I desire to personally thank you for publishing Mystic an excellent and greatly needed magazine. Keep up the good work. Nothing in the magazine offends me (except letters from Christians who shriek "blasphemy") but then I am a Zen Buddhist.

May your efforts meet with greatest and continued success.

Cordially and fraternally
Rev. Ralph Rayburn Phillips
1414 S. W. 14th Ave.
Portland 1, Ore.

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the Editorial of the April, 1955 issue of Mystic and was very interested in the part about Jesse James and especially his old negro servant. According to you they have all passed

away, but according to an old Negro whom I met in Choctaw (suburb of Okla. City) Okla. he claims to be the old servant. He says he is 117 years old and according to what you have written it does just about match for age. He also brought out a picture showing himself, Jesse James and several other people celebrating Jesse's 102nd birthday. He pointed out another man who as he said "was that bad Cole Younger".

The picture was taken somewhere in Missouri, but I can't recall just where.

I don't remember his name, but I do know the family he is living with. I had a business transaction in Dec. 1954 with this family so I'd rather not have them know I'm writing this. Just in case there might be ill feelings, but maybe you could write to them and get very good information to prove your point a little farther.

Write to;

Rev. James B. Ellis

Choctaw Rt. No. 1 Box No. 375

Choctaw, Oklahoma.

J. W. H.

Clinton, Okla.

Apparently we assumed too much. The negro you mention is the one we referred to, and we're happy to learn he is still alive. If anyone is interested, we think they'll find that Rev. Ellis can convince them that Jesse still lived, and died at 103.

Dear Rap:

Date: Wednesday, February 16, 1955.

Time: Between 7:30 and 8 a.m.

Riding on a street car to work, I am reading to help pass the time. What holds my interest does not inspire broad smiles. I am concentrat-

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ing on a grim and frightening article from April, 1955 Mystic: "Atomic Power—Will It Murder The Human Race?" Presently I alight from the street car. I buy the morning paper. Double headlines catch my eye, stop me short. **REVEALS 7,000 SQUARE MILES LETHAL AFTER SINGLE HYDROGEN BOMB BLAST**

I learn that the Atomic Bomb Commission reported that the H-Bomb tested by the U. S. a year ago polluted a 7,000 square-mile area with lethal radioactive fallout. There is more to the news story, but what catches my attention are the remarks of Dr. H. L. Keenleyside, Canadian director-general of the U. N.'s technical assistance administration. "Our only real hope," he said, lies in the possibility that at the last minute, before the ultimate catastrophe, we may frighten ourselves into sanity."

Addressing the McGill University School of Social Work, Dr. Keenleyside, former undersecretary of state for external affairs, went on to say: "The scientists and soldiers tell us that today—or at the latest tomorrow—hostile nations on opposite sides of the globe can hurl guided missiles at each other with a margin of error on landing of only ten miles; that each of these missiles can carry explosives that will destroy all life within an area of 300 square miles; that there is no way by which they can be effectively intercepted; that even a brief continuance of such a bombardment may so pollute the atmosphere that life anywhere on earth will become impossible."

Dr. Keenleyside goes on to say that although fear had never been

an effective deterrent to war in the past, it is just possible that humanity, appalled by its own inventions, may finally achieve peace.

In keeping with the subject, one may wonder why, during the past several years, flying saucer sightings have steadily increased. One reason, at least, was related by a Mark Probert trance Control, Lao Tse, in 1948. To quote:

"Always when a civilization has reached its height, and is destined to collapse, the Etherians have appeared in numbers. They come to make examination and final record for their own knowledge."

Needless to say, Wednesday, February 16 of the year 1955 is one day I do little smiling.

Alex Saunders
34 Hillside Ave. West
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Dear Rap:

Having followed your editorial adventures since 1945 and of course the Shaver Mystery, I believe I'm entitled to have a few bothersome questions answered.

Since 1945, when Shaver's Mystery first came into prominence, about eight or ten "Shaver-type" shafts were reported by various readers—of these only (1) was actually verified, and the report on it was far from convincing. Two reasons could account for that sad state of affairs; deliberate falsehood in reporting the existence of a shaft—and; although there was a great deal of talk, not much actual investigation was carried out. Several times through the 1945-1949 period you mentioned shafts whose locations you stated you could not reveal for some dark reason or other

—particularly a couple of shafts out here in the desert region. Come, Come, RAP! The only way to prove something exists is to have it verified by a competent investigator. Perhaps I flatter myself, but I consider myself competent. One of the shafts out here was supposed to be investigated by the mysterious Mr. L. Taylor Hansen. You said you were going to keep this location secret also. My first question is; where are the approximate locations of all the above mentioned shafts? If only for my own benefit I'd like to prove or disprove their existence.

Question number two is; what was the final decision on Mr. Ed John's Mendocino county phenomenon? He gave two different locations (to two different magazines) as being the "only" site of his Fortean experiences.

I realize answering the above will take up an editor's valuable time, but if you really want to prove a theory that is almost as much yours as Mr. Shaver's, I believe you'll take the necessary time.

Let's be truthful RAP, in nine years no one has proven the existence of Mr. Shaver's caverns or shafts—nor, unfortunately, disproven Mr. Malcolm Sargeant's remarks in Life Magazine.

I'd appreciate your answering my questions as truthfully and completely as possible. Let's finally get something accomplished!

Leonard Alberts
147 north Alta Vista blvd.
Los Angeles 36, California

P. S.

Please, please, don't tell me that my answers to my above questions will be found in future issues of Mystic—we both know they won't.

Well we're still trying to find Mr. Hansen. He didn't give us the exact location of his shaft, perhaps because he thought there might be something of value in it. But to our knowledge, he never came back. We never heard from him, at least, and we've tried for years to dig him up!

Another shaft was reported to us by a Minnesota man who later turned out to be one of the government's top secret service men, the ablest spy we had in the last war. Naturally we have reason to suspect this was not a true report.

Yes, we did investigate several caves. Harold Sherman told us of one. What did we find? Nothing, ever, in any cave. Why bother to keep on looking? Nothing in them.

Ed John's phenomenon? Can we help it if he wasn't consistent? We offered to check, and so did many readers. These many readers checked and some got negative results, others positive. Neither proved anything.

Yes, I've proven Shaver's caves. Shaver doesn't agree with me. I say they are extra - dimensional. Shaver says no, you can walk into them without any fancy dimension dideoes. He doesn't, though.

Yes, I hope some questions will be answered in MYSTIC. The whole purpose of the magazine is to provide answers, one way or another. We've got more and more strange things coming up, and some of them will be pretty interesting..

What about Shaver's caves being what psychics call the lower astral? (See Dana Howard's letter). What about the deros being dead? What about the worst of the caves being Hell? And the best, Heaven? What about them being up instead of down. What about a lot of things?

Only don't say that the Shaver Mystery is founded on absolutely nothing. I don't fool around with nothing.

You know, Leonard, your "challenges" can be applied to religion too? And will you get any "put up or shut up"? The "show me" attitude doesn't work, because when you get right down to it, it's a tough proposition to "put up". However, even if we can't "put up", don't make that failure pay the penalty of "shut up".

I heard Shaver's voices, coming from his own lips. He says they come from caves. Willing to believe me? Were they his subconscious? Were they "obsessing spirits"? Were they "telaug ray"? Was Shaver "controlled" by a gadget deep in the earth? Or a gadget in the stratosphere? Or by a flying saucer? Is he a medium? Questions, questions, questions . . . and all you want is pat answers. Okay, NO, there are no provable caves, and every one we've been in was just a cave, no more, no less. But Shaver is real! We don't pass him off that easy. We keep on trying.

Dear Editor:

I am writing about the SHAVER myth. Richard S. Shaver is no mystery man. He writes science fiction that is out of this world. Like all writers who want more than minor circulation he had to think up a "gimmick." Unfortunately his gimmick took the form of the DERO legend. I say unfortunately because the idea of persecution by malevolent unseen powers has a powerful attraction for many of us, a carry-over from the stories of childhood and an appeal to the formless fears that are a core of our personality.

I think this DERO thing is not a harmless one. It could be almost vicious. It is so appealing to the imagination that it is bound to influence those science fiction addicts who are sensitive and tend to be unstable. At least some of them will blame their unpaid grocery bills, importunate foremen, nagging wives and those other ills flesh is heir to, not on their own lack of performance and shortcomings which they can remove by hard work and effort, but on persecution from some mysterious underground source. The insane asylums are getting more crowded each day. The number of patients who suffer from delusions of mysterious persecution is really pitiful. Anyone who supplies a powerful impetus that may push additional souls in the direction of further instability and further from reality is not to be taken lightly.

I think we can dispose of SHAV-ER in the same way we do the Fortunetellers who, for a price, will foresee next month's goings on for us. Could these same people only foresee accurately the race results for one week, or the stock market fluctuations for a few days they would be so rich they would need no price but could offer their services for free, telegraphing them from their villa on the Riviera.

In the same manner let us remind Richard S. Shaver that if there were really a race of Deros he could not write concerning them. If he did he could not get anything published. In fact let us go a step further and point out the obvious. If there were such things as Deros there wouldn't be any such thing as Richard S. Shaver.

That ends the Shaver mystery for

a while, I sincerely hope. Although frankly I doubt it.

Philip A. Hastings
15807 S. Roselle St.
Lawndale, California

Philip, you are guilty of a common fault, and that is making a statement and assuming it is gospel, and then hanging your whole argument on it. You say in effect that Shaver's stories are shoving people into insane asylums. Having said that, you proceed to prove Shaver is a myth, then you discard him. And you deplore the whole thing. Fact is, Philip, you can't trace a single person to the asylum because of Shaver. I can name two who are there, but they were there before Shaver, and went back with Shaver added to their woes. I can point to several hundred thousand who are there because they cracked up in the front lines, but I don't see you dismissing the army on that account! Yes, we know about unstable people who refuse to shoulder responsibility. But why make them synonymous with Shaver readers? This business of making a false assumption, then going on from there, is decidedly unfair, and misleading. You can't dismiss anything with me, until you hang your dismissal on a legitimate hook. Trot one out. We're waiting to publish it.

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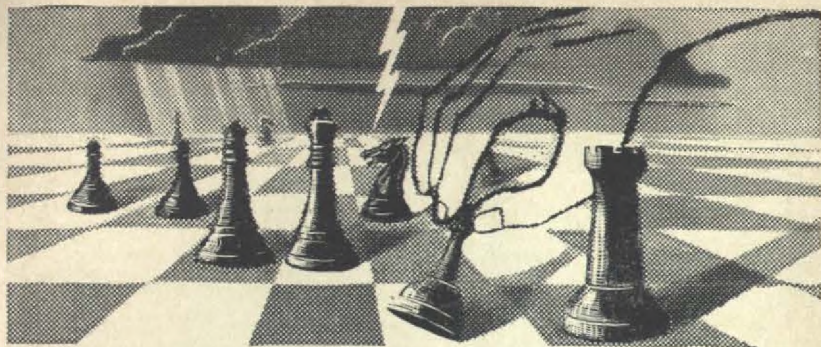
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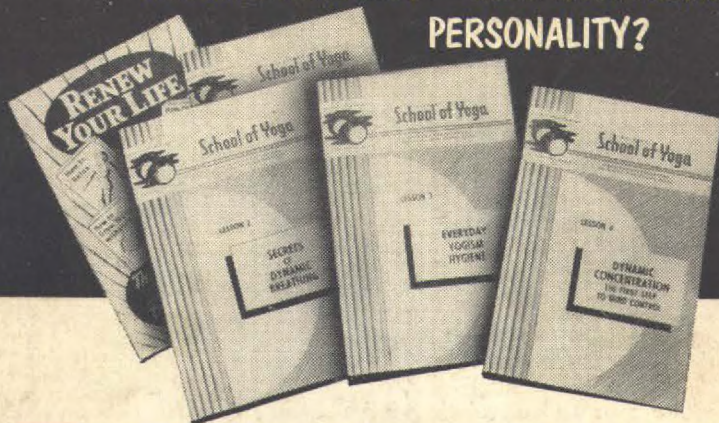
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