

THE SECRET CAVES OF THE DERO --- Richard Shaver



MYSTIC

MAGAZINE

MAY, 1956

35¢

BRIDEY MURPHY

SUBCONSCIOUS LIAR

**Death Blow To
Reincarnation?**



Senator

John J. Haluska

THE HOXSEY CANCER CURE



PROBING THE FLYING SAUCER RIDDLE

Alex Saunders



THE DEAD DOCTOR OPERATED!

RESPONSIBILITY DOES NOT END WITH THE GRAVE

DO YOU LIKE GOOD CHILI?

Have you gone to a restaurant and ordered a bowl—
and felt like throwing it in the proprietor's face!
Have you bought a can in the store—
and wished you hadn't!

Some slop, eh!

Sometimes you wonder what's happening to this wonderful civilization of ours? Not even the food tastes like it used to! Should be better, if these scientists are worth their salt. But it seems everything they put into it makes it taste worse instead of better.

I LIKE GOOD CHILI!

And now I've found out where you can get a **FOOLPROOF** seasoning, already mixed, roasted by a secret process nobody's going to duplicate, even if he is a hot-shot chemist; and I've developed **MY OWN** private recipe! You know my pet peeve—shoddy products, and you know how I like to pass on a **GOOD** one when I find it. That's why you're reading this ad, which is **MY OWN** personal recommendation.

LET ME TELL YOU HOW TO GET IT

The Most Delicious Chili You've Ever Tasted

EASY TO MAKE, NEVER FAILS!

And along with it, I'll send you my personal recipe, entirely free!
(It also makes meat balls & spaghetti sauce; tamale pie, enchiladas;
burger sauce; pizza pie)

It comes in several forms—either in individual aluminum foil envelopes (it'll never deteriorate!) containing just enough to make one batch, enough for eight people; or in 1-lb. bags, or in 5-lb. cans (in case you run a restaurant, and you want to have people lined up for blocks waiting for that **WONDERFUL CHILI** they can get only at **YOUR** place). Send for any amount you want, from one small envelope to a ton. Your money back, if your palate doesn't tingle with delight!

WILLIAMS CHILI SEASONING

Individual 8-person serving	25c
Carton of five 8-person servings	\$1.00
Five cartons of five 8-person servings	\$3.50
1-lb bags and 5-lb cans (price on request).	

Order From:

RAY PALMER — Rt. 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisc.

MAY

1956

Contents

MYSTIC
MAGAZINE

Issue No. 15

Editor: Ray Palmer

EDITORIAL	Ray Palmer	4
THE HOXSEY CANCER CURE	Senator John J. Haluska	9
BRIDEY MURPHY—SUBCONSCIOUS LIAR	Ray Palmer	20
THE DEAD DOCTOR OPERATED	Ray Palmer	28
YOUR FUTURE	Dorothy Spence Lauer	35
THE SHAVER MYSTERY (No. 4)	Richard S. Shaver	40
The Secret Caves of the Dero		
ASTROLOGY (No. 3)	Hannes Bok	72
Free Will — Or Fate?		
PROBING THE FLYING SAUCER RIDDLE	Alex Saunders	80
IMPROVE YOUR MYSTIC WORD POWER		93
PERSONALS	From Our Readers	95
COME, LET US REASON	Letters From Our Readers	97

Cover: Ray Palmer

Please address all correspondence to Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisc.

Mystic Magazine is published every other month by Palmer Publications, Inc., 806 Dempster St., Evanston, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Evanston, Illinois. Additional entry at Amherst, Wisc., and at Sandusky, Ohio. Manuscripts, artwork, photographs invited, but no responsibility is undertaken for loss. Return envelope and postage essential. Subscriptions: 12 issues \$3.00; 24 issues \$6.00. Copyright 1956 by Palmer Publications, Inc. Printed in USA by Stephens Printing Corporation, Sandusky, Ohio.

...Editorial...

How smart are you? Would you like to indulge in a little test right here and now, to find out the answer? If so, read the rest of the opening paragraphs of this editorial. That is, if you can take it! It just might be that you'll come out of the test second-best and feel kind of sheepish . . .

Do you have a television set (or a radio)? Then no doubt you've listened to the commercials. Well, answer this truthfully, did you ever go out and buy any of the products which were dinned into your brain at length in repetitious word after repetitious word, and flashed into your eyes in picture after picture, glamorously portrayed? Honestly now, haven't some of the arguments presented been very convincing, and some of them even proved to be legitimate, and you found the product to be all it was claimed to be? So you bought it, and you'll continue to buy it. If you haven't, you are quite an unusual person, and we might say, absolutely impervious to propaganda. But the chances are, you are using, today, some product which became a part of

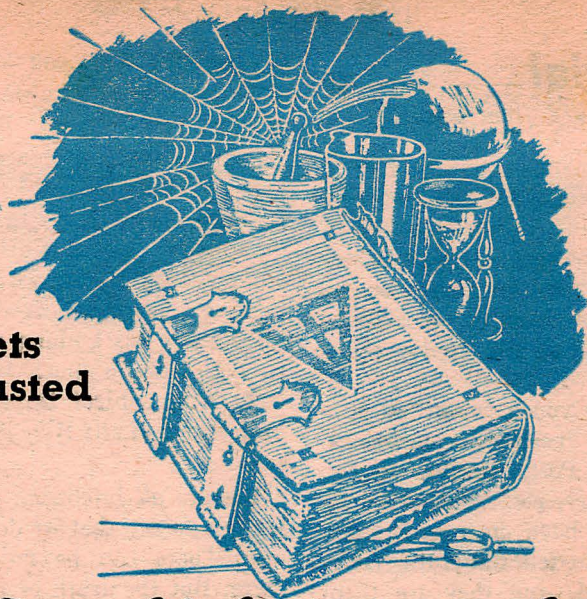
your daily living because of ear and eye appeal.

Now, *did* you buy that product because you *liked* it, *wanted* it, and felt it *deserved* to be bought; or did you buy it because you were "talked" into it, and given a prejudicial feeling about it, and that you now buy it in preference to another product just as good, if not better, because that "sales talk" keeps popping up in your subconscious mind at sight of the "key" stimulator, the trade-name, or some such gimmick, and you react *automatically*? If you do the latter, you aren't much of a thinker—you haven't any free will, you are a slave to a conditioned-reflex.

Can you "make up your own mind" about a thing? Can you sit down, analyze a product on your own, decide on its merits, decide whether or not you want to buy this, and then go ahead and buy it? Can you, in other words, develop a self-determined "reflex", *without* first being hypnotically conditioned by a series of sounds persuasively directed at you in a

(Continued on Page 6)

**Secrets
entrusted
to a
few**



The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE are some things that cannot be generally told—*things you ought to know*. Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind*, and *the mastery of life's problems*. Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

THIS FREE BOOK

The Rosicrucians (not a religious

organization) an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings.* Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe S.M.Z.

--- SEND THIS COUPON ---	
Scribe S.M.Z.	
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)	
San Jose, California	
Please send me the free book, <i>The Mastery of Life</i> , which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.	
Name.....	
Address.....	
City.....	

The Rosicrucians (AMORC)

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A

Editorial — — — ★

(continued from page 4)

repetitious manner, and by a series of images repeated and repeated on your retina, and transmitted to your memory with a series of associations designed to make you react when the chain of associations repeats itself at the display counter?

Next, are you a subscriber to a half-dozen "general" magazines, such as the Post, Reader's Digest, Better Homes, etc., most of which you merely have on your reading table, and to tell the truth, hardly ever read—and they are there because some salesman called on you and sold them to you?

Lastly, do you read MYSTIC and *like* it?

But you don't subscribe! You see the coupon at the back of this magazine issue after issue, and you don't subscribe. You know the magazine *needs* subscribers, because the coupon copy tells you in many ways it needs subscribers. Yet you still do not subscribe.

But you would if you were properly hypnotized, subconsciously high pressured, via radio or TV! Or if I were right there to talk to you, and literally worked that \$3.00 out of your pocket!

You can be suckered into buying things you actually *don't* want, by

propaganda. Yet, you aren't self-acting enough to go ahead and buy a thing you *do* want! Why is it? Is it because you aren't very smart? Now, before you become a little annoyed at being called "not smart", let's go a little further, and demonstrate that we aren't calling you "not smart" at all, because intelligence has nothing to do with it. Let's take a much larger subject. That subject is perhaps the biggest one of all: *Why do we have wars?*

We are *all* intelligent enough to be able to say that we do not *want* war. There can be no argument there. But the truth of the matter is, we *buy* it. We pay taxes each year, and most of us agree the taxes *are* necessary. Without them, we could not maintain our army, defend ourselves, develop weapons, keep up our A-Bomb activity so that we stay ahead of the Russians, run our government, build roads, schools, develop our science, preserve our natural wealth, build up our soil, plan our forests, and the million-and-one things that government is actually for—service to the people.

What would happen if somebody asked you to pay *double* taxes, the added amount to be spent for *peace*? You wouldn't do it. Not unless the *same* pressure was put on you to pay it as was put

on to pay for the war taxes. Once you were convinced it was necessary, inevitable, and your mind conditioned to this conviction, the rest would be simple.

Theoretically (no actually!) if the entire force of world propaganda were directed toward shifting the spending of tax money to peace rather than war, it would be accomplished, and war would no longer be possible. But it isn't done. Instead, you turn on your TV, and you see endless program after endless program, glamorizing the armed forces, (such as "Navy Log"), and endless commercials telling you what to do in an atomic raid, how to fight fires started by atomic bombs, how deep to dig your atom shelter, what highway to take to get out of town, how to become a "block warden", etc etc and on and on. You are sold war until it is subconsciously accepted. You don't think peace, and you have war become a *habit*.

You aren't very smart! You are being suckered!

Thus, when we ask you to subscribe (because we are honestly trying to make the world a better place to live in, with MYSTIC, and trying to initiate a little thinking on the part of us all, by merely supplying interesting bits of information, theory and argument

to start those thinking processes, and to act as fuel for the process) you don't react. The *conditioning* isn't there! Your robotism isn't geared to the act of subscribing to MYSTIC.

Give us ten million dollars per year to hypnotize you over TV, and we *guarantee* you'll subscribe to MYSTIC! You'll be helpless! You will automatically subscribe when you see the word MYSTIC, coupled with a subscription blank. We could even make you take a drink of water every time you heard the word MYSTIC spoken! We can rob you of your mind, and put a push-button in its place!

You think not? You're not very *smart*! Any psychologist can laugh you right out of the house if you tell him you think that!

Let's get back to trivia (namely, MYSTIC). Approximately 25,000 people read MYSTIC from the newsstand (that is, they buy it for 35c, every other month). Not the *same* 25,000 people, because there are a lot of casual readers who may read anywhere from one to all the issues. But there are about 10,000 who read every issue. If they were thinking, they'd buy it for 25c instead of 35c and save a dime! That's the difference over the subscription price. And they'd find it in their mailbox instead of having to hunt for it, because

it is very sparsely distributed (not one in a hundred newsstands actually has it on display). Also, they'd help the magazine a lot, because they'd provide capital to issue it every month, instead of every other month. They could double their reading matter, and save nearly a third of their money!

But they are not used to thinking. They don't even take time to consider these facts. They aren't very smart, when you get right down to it. Any sneaking commercial, aimed at their subconscious, can shove something down their throats they don't actually want, lift \$3.00 out of their pockets. And make them think they did it themselves!

It is absolutely true that at least half of those 25,000 people actually don't subscribe to MYSTIC because they *can't afford it*. And the reason for this; they've spent many times that \$3.00 because they've surrendered their brains to a hypnotist. They buy a certain brand, because it "satisfies", or it's made with "laughing water". They've even bought sets of encyclopedias they will *never* open, because they were hypnotized by a clever salesman who knew they weren't the thinking type. He knew they wouldn't realize the truth, that they were being suckered. *Naturally* they can't

afford MYSTIC.

Do you know that if YOU (just you, nobody else!) were to sit down right now and subscribe to MYSTIC for 12 issues for \$3.00, the *immediate* result would be a monthly issuance of MYSTIC; twice the reading matter you now enjoy (if you don't enjoy it, why in the blue blazes are you *buying* it—we haven't used any hypnotics on you!); and at \$1.20 less than you usually pay! but you'll fail to do it *on your own*. You aren't a thinker. You have to be *conditioned*. Sure, the *other* guy won't follow through. You'll be the only one, or one of a very few (maybe a dozen?) who'll sit down right now and say: "Ray Palmer is nuts. *I* am a thinker!" and then the magazine will remain bi-monthly, and you'll say: "See, you were wrong! Where's my monthly MYSTIC?" But the key is, YOU must act, alone. Just you. EVERY ONE of you. Not the ones who can't afford it, but the ones who can *resist the next* assault on their subconscious, and use the money they would otherwise toss down the unthinking drain! You'd find it wouldn't mean investing a cent! You'd even *save* money. You'd quit being a sucker.

This is the May issue of MYSTIC. The next issue will be July,

(concluded on page 71)

The Truth About The **HOXSEY CANCER CURE**

By
Senator John J. Haluska

The following is a partial transcript of a speech given on February 7, 1955 at the State Capitol building in Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Senate, I have appeared on the floor of the Senate here now for twenty-one years and have taken an active part in many pieces of legislation. However, I have never appeared in a more important role and never have I had a more difficult task to perform for my colleagues, and the people of Pennsylvania.

Mr. President, I am going to discuss the Nation's most controversial issue; that is, cancer. I shall endeavor to tell my colleagues and the people of this Commonwealth that an answer to cancer has been found.

I shall endeavor to show the conspiracy that has been in full bloom in the American Medical Association against the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic at Dallas, Texas. I

shall endeavor to show the thunder of groups who have an interest only in themselves. They are not interested in finding an answer to this great problem.

According to figures released to the United States Government today, one out of every four persons that dies, dies of cancer. Every two minutes, one life is snuffed out by this dreadful killer. Despite that fact, the American Medical Association, the American Cancer Society, and the Damon Runyon Fund have stood still for a quarter of a century, trodding upon anyone who comes forth with a cure, a thought or an idea, if not approved by them.

Mr. President, I have a deep interest in this subject. I have devoted the best years of my life — I doubt if any layman has de-

voted so much time and research to obtain a knowledge of this killer.

I have suffered heartaches that I hope no other man will suffer. I have seen my mother go to an early grave because medical science had no answer when she was afflicted with cancer. That was bad enough.

Then I prayed with my wife and family that some day the Lord would give us a boy. In 1936, on Christmas morning, that little child came. Mr. President, he was born with a cancer growth upon his neck. While he lived only eight years, it was a short time, but a mighty mighty long eight years for a father and mother to watch their little child have a cancer growing daily, weekly, monthly.

After consulting the best doctors in the land, taking every precaution known to medical science, I followed their suggestions. I took him to a great hospital in Philadelphia and that little boy told me, he said, "Daddy, if they cut me, I'll die." The minute the knife struck that cancer, gentlemen, he was dead.

That would seem to be enough for any one man to endure.

As most of you know, I have been the administrator of an A. M. A. approved hospital. During that time, I watched case after

case and saw many of my schoolmates go to the great beyond because cancer could not be cured. So, several years ago my family physician, and a good physician, walked into my office at the hospital, choked up with tears in his eyes, and said, "John, lightning has struck again." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "Your sister, your baby sister, is doomed to die because she has cancer. It started in her cervix, and carried on throughout her entire body. We have taken biopsy after biopsy to make certain we were right because we know how close she is to you. We have no answer."

Mr. President, we sent this young girl down to Pittsburg in an ambulance, and prepared her for the operation. Experts came in and they made an incision and sewed her up and said, "Nothing can be done." They used the vulgar words, "She is rotten inside." They said, "We will give her morphine and let her die a painless death." Well, that was sad because she had four kiddies and, as I have said, I have gone through that agony and pain for years.

I had watched moves by Senator Elmer Thomas back in 1946 in the United States Congress when he endeavored to have an investigation made of the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic. I read the stories

about Dr. Hoxsey; I read the opposition by the American Medical Association and, like many another American, I was skeptical.

However, when I knew my sister had to die, I did just what you would have done. I grasped for that last straw, Mr. President. I picked up the telephone and called Dallas, Texas. I asked for Dr. Hoxsey. I told my story. I read the pathological report.

The first words he said were, "Senator, I am not God. I cannot do the impossible. I am only human, but I have cured thousands of people. Unfortunately, they come here when they are ready to take their last breath. I figure you will save yourself money to follow the doctor's advice and let her die a natural death."

I said, "Dr. Hoxsey, I am only asking if you will have an ambulance at the airport. Do what you can. If she does not survive the trip, we cannot hold it against you. If you prolong her life for a month or two months, it will be a miracle. But, please, take her as a patient."

Mr. President, I have here the pathological reports, signed by Dr. Brumbaugh, who was the pathologist for the Miners' Hospital at Spangler, Pennsylvania, and Mercy Hospital, in Altoona, an outstanding pathologist. They

show her case definitely, and my sister went down to Texas and, Mr. President, while it may be somewhat unusual, but with your permission and the permission of my colleagues, I want to say that my sister, the girl who had to die, who had no chance to live, for whom medical science said that there was no help, is here today. I ask her to rise (in the galleries) so that you can look at her today after the Hoxsey treatment.

(Mrs. Verne Haluska Kielbo-wick arose.)

Throughout that time, Mr. President, I was writing articles in small weekly papers, trying to keep my constituents back home informed of what goes on in Harrisburg, and giving them my opinions, as any public-minded citizen would do. I edited the column entitled, "As I See It."

So, after I saw my sister recovering and, working in a hospital which was approved by the A.M.A., I came to the most important decision of my life. Should I tell the world about this and lose my job and be persecuted and prosecuted? Or, should I lack that courage and keep the job?

I talked with members of my family and friends, and most of them said, "John, you were not brought up to be a crusader or a reformer. You cannot fight a

monopoly. They will persecute you."

I took their advice for a time, but day after day I was haunted. I kept going back to the hospital and seeing people die. So I made up my mind that I would tell the public through my column just what I had discovered.

That was the beginning. Fortunately, the Cambria County Medical Association responded favorably. I hold here a copy of a newspaper headline, "Cambria Medical Society Backs Senator Haluska's Stand."

I was the happiest man in the world because a group of over 200 good doctors called a meeting and wrote to United States Senator Langer stating that a great discovery was apparently made, asking him, as Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, to promote an investigation of this treatment and if what I claimed to have found back home had really taken place, this treatment should be introduced in every hospital in the Nation. That was a stand that made my heart feel good.

Within three days time, the big arm from Chicago reached into Cambria County. The A.M.A. came in and called a meeting, called our boards in and asked them, "Who gave you permission to call a meeting? Why did you fellows go

on record as asking for an investigation? Don't you men know that Hoxsey is the greatest enemy we have? We have had him in court now for a quarter of a century, time in and time out. He is a charlatan; he is a quack. Give that man a chance and he will spread throughout the Country. He will do us harm. Now, we know you cannot back down politely, but from now on, keep quiet."

Mr. President, I kept on prodding the Cambria County Medical Society, and then I came out in an article and asked that the Society be fair to humanity by picking three of the best doctors at their command, be they from Cambria County, or from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in its entirety, or the Nation. I offered in my column to have them drive down to Texas with me, and stated that I would pay their expenses.

I said we will seek pathological reports, not made by Dr. Hoxsey, but reports made out by Mayo Brothers, Cleveland Clinic, Johns Hopkins, Gotham Hospital, a report by Terrell's Laboratories, Scott and White, all America's famous laboratories and institutions. I said, "Let's call the patients in. Dr. Hoxsey has agreed to do that. Gentlemen, I will pay your expenses." They said, "We would like to go down, but we are not

allowed. We don't believe he has anything."

Mr. President, one day I got a letter from a doctor in Cleveland. To be specific, I shall give you his name, Dr. H. B. Mueller, Cleveland, Ohio, M.D.; University of Gottingen, in Germany; Instructor of Internal Medicine, University of Michigan. He said, "We have taken all the abuse we are going to take from you cheap politicians back there in Pennsylvania. We are reading your articles and people put you into positions who condemn our therapy. You pretend to know something about cancer. Seven of us are going down to Dallas, and we want you to be there and be sure you are there." This was April 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th of last year.

I went down with my wife and, lo and behold, the Cambria County Medical Society said, "We shall send an M.D. with you, a chief surgeon, Dr. Benjamin F. Bowers, of Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, and a newspaper reporter by the name of McDevitt. We shall see what this man, Hoxsey, has."

When I arrived, Mr. President, the seven M. D.'s were in the Clinic and refused to shake hands with me. I was not in their category. I was that cheap politician who was calling their hand. But Dr. Hoxsey, in the meantime, when

these men requested the investigation, asked them how long they would stay and how many patients they would like to see.

They said they would see fifteen or twenty cases that had been diagnosed by outstanding institutions. Dr. Hoxsey said that he would give them thirty-five of the Nation's outstanding cases, internal and external, men and women who were told that they would have to die. They were not told that by Dr. Hoxsey, but by medical science, men of great authority.

So, Mr. President, we sent this telegram to the following people, hoping they would take part once and for all in either closing this man down if he is a quack or, for God's sake, let him benefit the people of this Country.

He was not hiding; he was not moving. He sent this telegram to Dr. J. R. Heller, National Cancer Institute, Maryland; John Teeter, Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, New York; Dr. Cameron, Medical Director, American Cancer Society; Dr. Leonard Sheele, United States Surgeon General; and Oliver Fields, Attorney for the American Medical Association. The telegram read as follows:

"Thirty-five pathological proven cases of cures, internal and external, of cancer will be presented before a jury of seven M.D.'s from

all over the Nation at Hoxsey Cancer Clinic, Dallas, Texas, April 10, 11, 12, 1954. You are invited to attend or send representatives. (s) Dr. Harry M. Hoxsey."

Three other doctors came into the picture. Mr. President and Members of the Senate, these were ten of the outstanding doctors in the Country who wanted to know the truth, despite the fact that the American Cancer Society, the Damon Runyon Fund and the A.M.A. refused to attend.

After three days of checking patient after patient, examining their pathological reports from Mayos and other institutions, talking to the patients, making examinations, they issued a statement, which I placed on each Senator's desk just the other day, approving the Hoxsey method, and stating that they were amazed at the discovery and were ready to practice the Hoxsey method, and thanking me from the bottom of their hearts for those radical statements I wrote.

Today I received mail from all of them, and every one of these doctors wishing me well, pledging me their help and offering to testify in any court, any place, to tell the American people that the Hoxsey method for treating cancer, in their opinion, is the most advanced in this world.

Mr. President, I think we all fear the word "cancer." I have taken the position definitely, and I defy any contradiction regardless of what the A.M.A. may say, that the method they call approved, which is medical surgery, deep therapy treatment and radium, has never cured a case of cancer in the history of man.

This carnage should be stopped. They have burned holes in human bodies, a burning hell and the feeling of an electric chair. They know in their hearts that they never have cured a case of cancer with the so-called approved method. Mr. President, I will debate the question sincerely with any person, any pathologist, with any doctor. Results speak for themselves . . .

You might say, gentlemen, why bring this up here? No doubt, by this time, you are saying, "Well, what have we to do with this?" Because of my interest, Mr. President, believe me, in suffering humanity, I have asked Dr. Hoxsey to try to establish a Clinic in Pennsylvania.

When I was down in Texas, at Dr. Hoxsey's Clinic, I thought I was at a county fair because one cannot get near the place. Planes from Brazil, Germany, Australia, and from all over the Nation are flown here. One day we counted

thirty-seven license plates from different States. People were lined up on the porch and out on the lawn.

Having been a hospital administrator, I know that many, many people in Pennsylvania are dying of cancer. So, I said, "I suppose you realize by now that I have taken a terrible beating from the press, radio, television and the public, because I believe in a principle. I do not care a bit what they say about me. I am only interested in one thing. Could you, and would you, consider establishing a cancer Clinic in Pennsylvania?" Dr. Hoxsey said, "Senator, for what you have gone through, you tell me where you want it, when you want it and your wish will be fulfilled. If any man is so interested in humanity, how could I say No?"

Fortunately for Dr. Hoxsey, and he is in this Chamber today and I shall introduce him, which may embarrass him, he is a multi-millionaire, out of my category entirely. Money is no object to him. Dr. Hoxsey is a red-blooded Indian, Indian blood running through his veins, who inherited his treatment from his father and grandfather, and because he made a promise to his dying father that he would continue treating humanity at any cost, he is doing so today. He made no money in the

Clinic, but the Lord has been very good to him as a manufacturer and drug store operator, with oil wells and other paying investments. He has made millions and he is pouring it back in for the sake of people like myself and yourself.

So, he said, "Senator, if you want the Clinic in Pennsylvania, name it." While I live in Patton, Pennsylvania, I decided to put it on the main line of train service, and we are setting up the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic at Portage, Cambria County, Pennsylvania, between Altoona and Johnstown, to take care of the people of the eastern seaboard.

Already, Mr. President, the State Board of Nurse Examiners of this great Commonwealth has issued notice that if a registered nurse should dare to work in that Clinic, she will have her degree revoked. You gentlemen have a cause to fight for when a group of men back there, are told by someone what to do when we are trying to treat suffering humanity. No one is trying to make any money, and yet a registered nurse dare not take a job in this Clinic because her four years will be wasted and they will strip her of the degree she earned. Mr. President, for that cause, I shall fight forever, and I think you will too.

Mr. President, a doctor went on a Pittsburg radio station and said, "We shall introduce legislation in the 1955 Session of the Legislature to stop this man from operating in Pennsylvania."

You will face that type of legislation, and that is why I am trying to tell you what I know, in fairness to you gentlemen. I know you are fair, I know you are sympathetic; but without some knowledge, some preview of what has taken place, you might blindly stop this man from operating in Pennsylvania.

I could stand here, Mr. President, for hours and show you pathological reports, until your heart would bleed, of people who have been saved. I have here a gentleman from Erie, Pennsylvania, a Mr. Metzger (in the galleries). Mr. Metzger, would you kindly rise?

(Mr. Norman Metzger arose.)

Mr. President, Mr. Metzger, from Erie, Pennsylvania, had a son—talk to him, get his own story, gentlemen — who in 1945 had Hodgkin's Disease which is incurable, so said the American Medical Society, incurable!

Everything that could be done for Mr. Metzger, Richard, was done by medical science. Every cent this gentleman had, he poured into the life of that son. The boy

became limp and helpless. A young man seventeen years of age.

Think of a boy seventeen years of age, dying by the moment. The last recourse — this was in 1946, the trouble started in 1945 — was when the doctors told Mr. Metzger, "Nothing else can be done for your son; we have exhausted everything." Mr. Metzger said, "Well, I am going to try this man Hoxsey." The doctors told him not to go there. Gentlemen, you would think they would be happy if somebody could save a boy dying on their doorstep.

Mr. Metzger took that boy down to Texas, and since that time, he has graduated from the University of Florida, and today he is a Staff Sergeant in the United States Army. I would like to have had him here, but that was impossible; positively cancer-free, a boy who was to die, for whom there was no hope.

Mr. President, one of the saddest stories in American history took place last August when papers throughout the Nation carried the picture which I hold in my hand of a little angel, a little girl five years old, who had to die. There was no hope for her; the parents, with bleeding hearts, trying everything.

Some interested citizens of

South Bend, Indiana thought the poor little girl should have an early Christmas and a birthday party, for she had only thirty days to live. All the child wanted was a baby doll before she died. Thousands of dolls came in from sympathetic Americans in all parts of the Country.

I wish you could read this story, Mr. President. With the permission of the Senate, I would like to insert it into the Legislative Journal, in order not to take up unnecessary time of my good colleagues here today. It is the saddest story on earth. I should just like to read one portion of it, if you do not mind.

When Kathy Allison was told by medical science that she had to die, the *South Bend Tribune* came out with this headline, "Little Kathy Anxious to 'Meet Jesus and His Angels'." So the parents, with broken hearts, talked to Kathy and made her understand that she had to go to meet Jesus. I would like to read one small paragraph. When the doctors talked to the Allison family, they said, "There is nothing more science can do to stop the malignancy. The child must die."

The article continues: "Not that Kathy does not know what is happening. Her parents have told her that some day soon she will be meeting Jesus and she is

anxious to see him. Five year old girls forget easily and it often slips Kathy's mind that she won't have time to do all the things she talks about.

"But when you witness the faith with which Harry and Mabel Allison have accepted the approach of Kathy's death; when you consider the spirit of the whole family and most of their neighbors, a spirit of resignation to God's will; when you hear Kathy proudly say, 'I'm going to meet Jesus and all His angels,' the beauty of the little girl and of her little life changes the pain and heartache, changes it into something like compassion, or something more like love."

Witness those parents, Mr. President. What would we do if that were your little Kathy, or my Kathy, when medical science said she must go in thirty days, so light this Christmas tree and celebrate her birthday for she will never see another one? Her father was a poor man, a plasterer. He made a living by the sweat of his brow. He was assisted by his neighbors, who started a fund and bought tickets to send them down to Dallas.

Mr. President, may I have permission to show you little Kathy Allison? Kathy, come here please.

(Kathy Allison came forward.)

Here, Mr. President, is that little angel who, according to medical

science, had to meet the angels soon. Today, she is going to school; was X-rayed last week and found to be cancer-free and is playing like any other normal child.

Would you sit back, gentlemen, and not do what I am doing? Here is the father weeping. Mr. Allison, will you kindly stand up? He is just a young man, the proud father of this child whom God spared.

(Mr. Harry Allison arose.)

Here is a living witness to what he has gone through. And, Mr. President, they still call Dr. Hoxsey a quack.

I would like to present Dr. Drew. Dr. Drew, would you rise?

(Dr. Ira Walton Drew arose.)

Dr. Drew is a former Congressman from Philadelphia, and a personal friend of Dr. Hoxsey, ready to take part in administering the Hoxsey treatment to save humanity, but the State Board says they will not give nurses. This concerns a man who is licensed in Pennsylvania under the law.

Mr. President, permit me now to introduce to you that great humanitarian, a man who needs a critic like I need a hole in my head; a man devoted to suffering humanity; the man who wants to give this treatment to America; the man who, himself, has been put in jail and his beautiful wife has been put in jail because the A.M.A.

said he was practicing by unorthodox methods. Dr. Hoxsey. Dr. Hoxsey, will you stand up? This is Dr. Hoxsey, ladies and gentlemen, from Dallas, Texas.

(Dr. Harry M. Hoxsey arose.)

Mr. President, I would like to read just a little bit from an article written by that great Gospel Minister, the man who has given wholehearted support to Dr. Hoxsey, the well known Dr. Gerald B. Winrod, of Kansas, who publishes *The Defender Magazine*. I asked Dr. Winrod, "As a Minister of the Gospel, why are you so interested in putting yourself out on the limb?" He wrote his own story briefly and states, "The Hoxsey treatment, as administered by the father of the present Dr. Hoxsey, was used, in the providence of God, to save my life at the age of nine."

You can see why Dr. Winrod would be interested. He is today one of the nation's outstanding Ministers.

Mr. President, I will not take up your time reading the story Dr. Winrod wrote, but he states, "In the book of Hosea, chapter 4 and verse 6, we read a statement which certainly applies here. 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.'"

I have studied the Hoxsey treatment, and know it has value. I

have been in close contact with that great international pathologist, Von Bremmer in Germany, and I have spent time with the great renowned pathologist in America, and I say he is renowned, Dr. Rhoads, from the Sloan-Kettering Clinic, and I have the highest respect for him. I have talked with these men and listened to their versions and gave them mine.

They listened to my versions of this dread disease, and of all the men to whom I have talked, I publicly pay my respect to the Sloan-Kettering Foundation and their great pathologist and director, Dr. Rhoads, who said, "Senator, I cannot approve the Hoxsey method, but neither can I condemn it. I do not know what is in it." At least he was fair . . .

Cancer is a disease of the blood, You may cut all the cancers you want. Go down the list of your neighbors, and they are all alike. Take a woman's breast and cut the cancer off. You have the object, but you do not have the cause. It is still there.

What happens? In another month or two it is in the other breast, then her spine and her hips, and then in her lungs. Cancer has favorite spots. In the male body it has three;; lungs, rectum and prostate glands. In the female, it

is the cervix and breasts. Cancer, like a grass fire, goes everywhere from there.

Mr. President, medical men know they are not curing cancer. I am only asking you gentlemen to consider the bill that I am about to introduce dealing with this subject . . .

Mr. President, when I dictated my stories, I started making additional copies for various newspapers, and the *Altoona Tribune* carried what I wrote. One day a man on this paper called me and said, "Senator, could I meet you some place? I want to talk to you about your articles."

We met midway between Patton and Altoona. He said, "I am sorry, but we cannot use your articles any longer." I said, "Why?" He said, "The A.M.A. called my boss and said that if we dare print one more of these stories, our national advertising, toothpaste, Listerine, and so on, would be taken out of our paper." Mr. President, that was the last of the articles.

I would like to call attention to a report from that great American attorney, Benedict F. Fitzgerald, Jr., who was a former prosecutor in the Department of Justice. This report was directed to Senator John W. Bricker and members of the Interstate and Foreign Com-
(concluded on page 27)

BRIDEY MURPHY

Death Blow To Reincarnation!

An Analysis of a Subconscious Liar

By Ray Palmer

It seems that lifelong researchers can go on writing books on their findings, and nobody reads them . . . but let an amateur come along, hit on a "popular" approach, and the thing becomes a national sensation. This seems to be the case with amateur hypnotist Morey Bernstein (whom we hasten to add is an excellent hypnotist) and his recent book "The Search For Bridey Murphy". Although it seems a trifle unjust, it is about the best thing that could have happened today, because now at last these subjects (as only loosely touched upon in Bernstein's book) are a matter of public knowledge and familiarity. To say that the book has not created a storm would certainly be a falsehood. But one wonders why the very same discoveries, made by hundreds of other researchers, and vastly more completely gone into, in the ultimate of the "scientific manner", have not created an equal stir? To the researcher into hypnotism in regard to reincarnation and psychic phenomena, Morey Bernstein's efforts are primitive indeed, and his limited experience (he has barely touched the surface, in his own reading, of the vast sea of research already done) lead to highly inconclusive and in fact erroneous deductions; although to give him due credit, he has given his results with a minimum of supposition, and drawn no hard and fast conclusions. He is to be admired for that. The regret of psychic researchers will be in what he failed to accomplish with his opportunity through lack of knowledge of what it was that he was doing! Greatest regret of all will be the inescapably false impression the general public will get, and which impression is already obvious, judging from the heated discussions you find in progress everywhere over whether or not Bridey Murphy has been born again as Ruth Simmons . . . with the predominance highly in favor of an affirmative. This is PROOF, they say. The

researchers even now scouring Ireland to dig up the facts as told by Bridey-Ruth are unearthing a staggering mountain of conviction. Ruth Simmons, under hypnosis, stating that she was actually Bridey Murphy who lived a century ago in Ireland, gave facts! And the verification of these facts are convincing hundreds of thousands that the answer is reincarnation. Nothing could be further from the truth! It is sheer assumption, and a dangerous assumption, as I shall try to point out in this article. Whatever the answer, it is STILL UNDETERMINED. And the full weight of evidence, when the research of thousands of previous investigators is considered, is squarely against the theory of reincarnation. As Dr. Rhine of Duke University says: Before we consider the reincarnation of the spirit, we must FIND the spirit. And that we have not done in the laboratory.

ON Saturday, November 29, 1952, at 10:35 P. M., hypnotist Morey Bernstein hypnotized Ruth Mills Simmons. Before the trance was over, he had taken her back by a process called age regression to a period *before* her birth; and she spoke of herself as Bridey Murphy, who lived in Cork, Ireland, having been born in 1798 and died in 1864, and who, after spending forty-nine years in what she termed the "astral", was born again as Ruth Mills in Iowa.

Tapes were taken of every word Ruth Mills Simmons spoke while entranced, and they can be heard by anyone. Further, everything of any consequence she told about her life in Ireland is capable of confirmation, and indeed, has been and is being confirmed by a whole host of excited investigators.

Over the world today is sweeping

a conviction that reincarnation is a fact, that we have lived previous lives, and that we will live future lives.

They are saying that Bridey Murphy and Ruth Simmons are one and the same person!

There is not a shred of actual proof of either supposition!

First, let us enumerate the facts as Morey Bernstein places them before us:

1.) He hypnotized Ruth Simmons.

2.) He suggested to her, while under this hypnotic trance, that she would "turn back through time and space, just like turning back in the pages of a book". Having done this, she would "be seven years old, and you can answer my questions."

3.) Ruth Simmons, speaking as an adult, did describe youthful

occurrences, back to the age of one year, and accurately so, more accurately than her waking memory could have done.

4.) Reaching this point, hypnotist Bernstein directed his subject to go even further back in time and space and "oddly enough, you will find yourself in some other scene, in some other place, in some other time, and when I talk to you again, you will tell me about it."

5.) The subject did as directed, and told of her "life" in Ireland as Bridey Murphy. What she detailed about that life, its history, its locations, its records, its places, its events, its people, has been investigated and proven to be accurate.

6.) She also told of being a baby in New Amsterdam (New York) prior to being Bridey Murphy in Ireland.

7.) Ruth Simmons, acting upon a post-hypnotic suggestion, danced the "Morning Jig", although she did not know how to dance this jig.

These are the facts. What do they mean?

What *could* they mean?

Because the proponents of this book have stressed the subject of reincarnation, let's take that first. According to the text of the trance tapes, it would seem that Ruth Simmons, drawing on her subcon-

scious memory, remembers being a baby who died very young in an indeterminate period when New York was called New Amsterdam. As this baby, she says her mother was named Vera, and her father John Jamieson. None of this can be checked. She also remembers being Bridey Murphy, living in Cork, Ireland before marriage, and in Belfast after marriage. A great wealth of memories exist here, all capable of corroboration, or at least reasonable support. Enough have been corroborated to confirm that Ruth Simmons was giving a correct picture of Ireland between 1798 and 1864. As Bridey Murphy, Ruth Simmons claims to have been born again in Iowa in 1923. This birth, of course, is beyond argument, as to occurrence, if not as to identity.

Can this possibly be true?

If it is true, then Bridey Murphy is Ruth Simmons. Not two people, but one. And if it is true, it proves that the identity survives after the death of the body, retaining all memories, even the slightest, and all emotions (for Bridey Murphy frequently demonstrated emotions during the trance). If it is true, then it is Ruth Simmons' memory that is being tapped.

But Bridey Murphy says it is NOT Ruth Simmons' memory, NOR her *own*, for at the point in

the trance where the subject of street lighting comes up, Bridey cannot explain how they were lighted, and she says: "They were burning . . . burning some way. I don't know about that. I'll . . . I'll ask." If we are to believe *anything* that Bridey says, and be a stickler for detail, we must go all the way. The word *ask* is as highly significant as the name of a town, or a store, or a person. Bridey here reveals that if she is asked a question, she *can* get the answer by *asking*. Not by remembering, but by asking! Here in this one word, the whole testimony of Bridey Murphy becomes suspect, as being *second-hand*, as being something she receives from someone, or something, else.

Bernstein, the hypnotist himself is reluctant to pursue this further, and confesses: "Whom she would ask and how she would ask, I don't know. This . . . was one of those things that I hesitated to probe for fear that it might precipitate undue confusion . . ."

If Bernstein *had* pursued it further, he *might* have found himself more than confused, for he had entered into this experiment for a personal reason, to try to find out whether or not there was anything to the theory of reincarnation, which his friends were dinning into his ears. At first he had rejected

this flatly, but later, having contacted such proponents of reincarnation as Hugh Lyne Cayce, whose father's weird trances (in which medical diagnoses were made) dwelt heavily on the theme of reincarnation as a means of human development, he became increasingly amenable to the idea, and selected Ruth Simmons (because she was so easily hypnotized) as a sounding board to test out the theory of reincarnation. When his first effort gave him such startling corroborative results, he became tremendously anxious to learn more, gather more evidence, subject it to research and proof. Thus, it was only natural that he would steer clear of anything that might tend to upset the apple-cart, and throw him back into a wilderness of mystery once more.

Morey Bernstein should have seized upon the opportunity offered him here. Because of his lack of background in all the ramifications of psychic research, he missed a wonderful opportunity to add to our information of what really goes on. It can be appreciated that he did promise Ruth's husband that he would try to avoid any danger or confusion in his experiment, and since he gives this as his reason, he cannot be censured for it. But the fact remains, in the Bridey Murphy testimony a serious

doubt is cast over the whole theory that this is memory, and therefore reincarnation.

Since there is a suspicion that the information being given by Bridey Murphy could have been coming from an outside source, the subject of telepathy is introduced. Not that Ruth Simmons could have been receiving suggestions from the hypnotist, because we believe that he knew less about Ireland than his subject. But someone else engaged in the experiment could have been cognizant, even if only subconsciously, and Ruth was able to tap that source. The source need not necessarily be present either, and could have been tapped from the mind of a living person many miles away. Dr. Rhine has proved that distance is no barrier to telepathy. Psychokinesis, the ability to know the thoughts of another, is not limited in time either, according to Dr. Rhine, and can be projected into the future, as well as the past. It is as reasonable to assume that Ruth Simmons could sense events and information a hundred years before her time, with *her own mind*, as to assume that she is reincarnated from that time. And did not, in fact, the hypnotist *direct* her sleeping mind to "go back in *time and space*?" If this is possible, it must be regarded as logical that

she would have taken the instruction literally, and done exactly that.

What else could it have been? Are there other theories, backed up by psychic research along other lines, that can offer a set of conditions that accomodate the events of this experiment just as readily, if not more so? What would have been the result of Bernstein's experiment if he had read "Gateway to Understanding" by Wickland rather than "Many Mansions", the story of Edgar Cayce? He would have discovered that Dr. Wickland treated (by a method similar to hypnosis, inasmuch as his wife was said to be a medium and went into a trance wherein discarnate entities spoke through her, just as Bridey Murphy did through Ruth Simmons) cases of what he termed "possession" and "obsession".

Briefly, it was the theory of Wickland that the spirits of deceased persons became attached to living persons, and it was his purpose to detach them, inform them of their true condition, and direct them to be off to the realm in which they belonged (that same astral realm in which Bridey Murphy so graphically describes spending forty-nine years!)

Thus, it is as reasonable to assume that Bridey Murphy, who

died in 1864, roamed the so-called spirit world until 1923, and then without knowing how it occurred (by her own statement) was "born again" in the body of Ruth Mills. Was it a case of "dual-tenancy?" Two spirits occupying the same body, one the rightful owner, dominant and conscious, the other subordinated and subconscious? And only under hypnosis, with the rightful occupant rendered subordinate, can Bridey Murphy take control and speak and dance as though the body were her own?

Dr. Wickland's book contains hundreds of cases identical to the Bridey Murphy book in its testimony. The "spirits" who spoke, insisted, in many cases, having lived before and having been born again into this new body. Other cases, like Bridey, just didn't know how it happened, or even that it *had* happened. But in Dr. Wickland's case, upon having the situation explained, they were made cognizant of other "spirits" waiting around to help them, and guide them to their proper place in the scheme of things, and thereupon, by their own testimony, left (and did not return!).

What would have happened to Bridey, if she had been reasoned with in the same manner? What if Bridey had been asked if Ruth

was herself, or was Ruth another person? What if Bernstein had asked Bridey where Ruth was during the period when Bridey was talking? It is true that, regarding the frequent similar situations in Wickland's book, Bridey might not have known there was a Ruth, and the answer would have been negative. Yet, if Bernstein had known of Wickland's work, would it not have been important to consider the similarities, and make an effort to determine whether or not there was any basis to pursue this direction of effort as well as that of reincarnation?

The truth of the matter is that no case of supposed reincarnation cannot *also* be fulfilled in all its conditions by the theory of obsession or possession. Thus, it is unscientific to *choose* either one. For it is also possible that it is *neither*. In psychic investigation, the mind must be wide open indeed! The pitfalls are many, and Bernstein has tumbled headlong into dozens of them all unawares.

Hundreds of interesting questions suggest themselves to anyone at all versed in psychic research, upon reading "Search For Bridey Murphy". For instance, there is the extremely enticing revelation that Bridey could travel from place to place in the astral by merely thinking about being there.

She could foretell the future, because she could see it at will! She could read the minds of any living person, know what they were thinking. And apparently, according to the testimony of the tapes of the trances, Bridey could *still* do these things! Witness when she went to *look* at her own tombstone, so that she could spell out what was upon it.

Morey Bernstein says: "Are you looking at the tombstone *now*?" And Bridey answers: "Yes." Then the hypnotist asks her to read what it says, and she very obviously does so.

Why didn't Bernstein ask her if she actually was looking at it *now* or remembering it? To an experienced researcher, of course, it would have been a very necessary question.

We could go on for pages, picking little bits to pieces, but that is not the purpose of this article. It is merely to caution those who are inclined to offer the Bridey Murphy search and its results as proof of reincarnation. It is not. It cannot even be suggested scientifically that it is. It is a distinct error to say that it is. What is important is that research of this nature, now that it has been placed in view of the general public, should go forward vigorously, and perhaps when enough evidence is am-

assed, a factual analysis can be made, and it can be demonstrably proved to be whatever it is.

Morey Bernstein, amateur though he is, has done more to advance the progress of psychic research than all of his predecessors. Let us hope that now that the door is opened, it will not be slammed in our faces by the powers of prejudice, dogma, and jumpers-to-conclusions.

There is something here! It is of vital importance. Beside it the hydrogen bomb fades into insignificance. Here at last, in man's grasp, is a tool that may PROVE for him what religion has been asking him to accept on faith, the existence of the spirit, its indestructibility, and that it goes on. Here also is a tool to enable him to find out more about an invisible world around him that he has not suspected, except in fear and superstition, and in unexplainable events.

When Bridey Murphy tells of standing at her brother's bed and talking to him, but he will not answer; and of an existence where there are none of the normal phenomena of our living tenure on Earth, such as night and day, time, hunger, sleep, no getting older, no disease, no pain; we are touching upon a discovery that may be vital to us. What is the real connection of that world with ours.

Can there be physical contact, direct communication? If it exists, *how* does it exist *scientifically*; are its wavelengths above or below those of our five-sense world? Can it be detected by instruments, as well as hypnosis?

The boundaries of science have been tremendously expanded today, and the Bridey Murphy search has thrust them almost to infinity.

Suddenly *reality* sweeps over psychic research. No longer are we seeking an evanescent, fanciful, philosophical thing, but a hard and fast reality, as material as material can be. For whatever she is, Bridey is a *fact*, a *person*.

And she is *not* Ruth Simmons.

We'll bet that Ruth Simmons, in her *own* mind, doesn't believe for an instant that she is!

THE END

The Truth About The **Hoxsey Cancer Cure** **By Senator John J. Haluska**

(Concluded from Page 19)

merce Committee of the United States Senate, as a progress report on a study of the need for investigation of cancer research organizations, requested by the late Senator Charles W. Tobey.

What did he say? Mr. Fitzgerald said that the American Medical Association would be rocked to its foundations if the American people learned the truth. After Senator Tobey died, Senator Bricker stopped the investigation.

Charles W. Tobey, Jr., says: "Immediately following my father's death, powerful forces in organized

medicine brought pressure to bear in Washington and this important investigation was stopped, and Mr. Fitzgerald was summarily discharged."

Mr. President, a Hoxsey Cancer Clinic will open its doors in Portage, Cambria County, Pennsylvania, on March 7th. There will be an open house from the first to the seventh, and I am inviting anyone who may be interested, M.D.'s or otherwise, to check the facilities, what we have here, and what we hope to do for the people of the eastern seaboard.

THE DEAD DOCTOR OPERATED

By
Ray
Palmer

MANY people have asked me why I believe in a life beyond the grave, and indeed, what proof I have that such exists, beyond mere theory, and mere faith. To those people I have never been able to offer "proof", because there is no proof except that which happens to yourself.

All my life I have had strange experiences, and visitations from uncanny beings is no novelty. One of the very first of these was an instance of a pair of female ghosts which would have been merely a bad dream (though I was not asleep), had not the pair been

On June 5, 1950, the author came closer to death than he has ever been in his entire life—so close that he could see the world beyond the dividing line, and indeed, enter into its activities; and therein underwent an astounding operation performed by a surgeon dead ten years, which saved his life. The case is listed today by the resident-surgeon, Dr. John Fahey, of St. Francis Hospital in Evanston, Illinois, as "a miracle". Some of our readers will remember Dr. Fahey as the famous surgeon who attended the last king of England.

simultaneously witnessed by another person. I did not learn of the coincidental observance of these spectres until years later, when the other person referred to the night in question, and all unaware that I knew all about it, related the identical details of the incredible visitation. But is this "proof"? As Dr. Rhine says, we must first prove the spirit, before we entertain the ghost. That two independent witnesses see the same thing does not necessarily involve the certainty of a ghost, but may equally well be an unknown process of mind, an interchange between minds.

The next most important visitation involved a prediction of death, which was made before witnesses in detail, and verified later to the ultimate detail. Yet, here again, a mental process could have been involved, and the message something other than the actual appearance of a spectre announcing its own death.

But it is not a process of telepathy or extra-sensory perception when a shattered bit of flesh is physically repaired. It is, in the words of one of the world's best surgeons, a "miracle".

On that night I was the most stupid man in the world. I readily admit it. As a grown man, I should be able to stand firmly on my own two feet on a level floor. A momentary lapse of all ordinary caution, all common sense, and in a flash I lay totally paralyzed, with death creeping slowly upward from toes to heart. And as I lay there, I knew one thing for *certain*: this was my last night on earth as a living person! I am not unversed in the knowledge of the human body, and I am able to recognize a fatal injury. Within a few minutes I knew the truth—I had sustained a *fatal* injury. I knew that it was but a matter of a few hours, or even less.

Except for one thing. Sometimes it is hard to tell a thing, be-

cause it is useless to tell it. It will not be believed, and if believed, it will be construed as something else. What is the reaction of a hearer who learns that a severely injured man, lying alone on a cold concrete floor (while his wife is upstairs frantically calling for a doctor), distinctly hears a voice say one single word. For a word to be spoken, there must be a speaker. There was no speaker in that basement. And even so, it was not a proper word, especially in the way it was spoken. It was an epithet. Plain and simply, and with extreme annoyance and anger, the word "damn!"

To be sure, I echoed the sentiment exactly, and in fact, in much greater detail. For hours after, that word kept ringing in my mind, and my lips uttered it many more times, as if parroting. But of one thing I was sure—it *had* been spoken, and *I* had not spoken it. Something, someone was there, a witness—and a *concerned* one. A witness who, somehow blamed himself for what had happened. How, or why, I do not know.

Mankind has spoken for ages of such things as guardian angels. If there are such things, it would seem reasonable that one who failed to guard might say "damn" in exactly that way. But that is a thing that cannot be proved. The

mind can fool the ear into hearing that which is not there to hear.

But when I heard that word, no matter how I heard it (and I felt sure I heard it audibly), a terrific new vista opened before me. The existence of a speaker postulated the existence of much more than the speaker. The existence of a "guardian" postulated much more than the guardian. The existence of "responsibility" other than my own postulated much more than responsibility. Death stared me in the face, but the very stare postulated more than death!

And I answered the voice.

"Get help," I demanded. "There is time. I can hold out until it gets here. A few hours. Not much more. But I demand that I be allowed to carry out the responsibilities that have been contracted for by me. I am responsible for three children, placed in my care. It has been my intention from the very beginning to rear them to adulthood. A bargain is a bargain. I insist that it be kept."

As I spoke, I felt justified. I had indisputable right on my side. I knew also that what had happened was *not* in the contract. The "damn" told that only too plainly. It had been *unplanned*, an accident, and was not supposed to happen at all. Therefore . . .

Ask and ye shall receive! If

these are empty words, then justice is a mockery, hope never existed, and promises are made to be broken. I had, I felt, a right to ask, and a right to receive. No matter what difficulty it involved, I expected it to be done as I had asked.

You might wonder at the strangeness of my "timing". Why state that I would hold on "several hours", if I was speaking to God? God? An answer, if one was to be forthcoming, need not be limited to time, but could be answered instantly, if this is prayer to an omnipotent One. Have you ever bothered the boss with a trivial matter than can just as well be taken care of by the office manager? Not unless you wished to be reprimanded by the boss for wasting his valuable time on a minor matter. And here, in my presence, was an underling, already in charge of local affairs, so the obvious was true. Here was the place to make my application for a solution to this problem. And here, also, was a test. If no "other" realm exists, then there will be no result from an appeal to its nothingness. But if one exists, it is possible that it can be appealed to with positive results. And positive results were indicated, because very plainly, from that other realm had come a single, under-

standable, and very human word. Damn! Where there are guardians, there are also repairmen. I simply called for the logical thing, a repairman.

Four hours later the repairman arrived.

But prior to that, the first-aid men arrived. Or rather, I should say, the first-aid *women*. One of the greatest difficulties I had in retaining my grip on life was the ability to *focus* on the attempt. I found the shock of my injury so great that my mind constantly wandered away from attentiveness, and indeed, tended to abandon consciousness. I found, as the paralysis crept toward my chest, that breathing became more and more difficult. Pain was intense, and ever increasing. It was incredible agony, from which I wished heartily to flee. Many times I found my attention to operating what remained of my body's functions (the functions usually called "subconscious" or spontaneous such as breathing), was not sufficient to maintain that function. I found myself not breathing, for moments at a time, and it was only with a terrific effort of will that the function was resumed. Each breath had to be deliberately invoked. And, aiding me in forgetting the terrible knife-like pains that attended each deliberate ef-

fort, were the first-aid women who "entertained" in dances of such incredible beauty that it was impossible not to remain and watch, entranced. And each time I did not breathe, my attention was deliberately drawn to the fact by one of them, and I obeyed the suggestion.

For several hours, until four hours after the accident, I lay there, witnessing things that *anyone*, even myself, can very easily say were hallucinations. But if that is what they were, my subconscious mind is capable of devising entertainment and diversions in an artistry and scope unbelievable. All I am sure of is that I had a lot of help in "hanging on" until the repairmen arrived! And all the time I knew that they *would* arrive. What else was I fighting for? Why suffer such tortures when the result was inevitable?

Yet, when help did come, I was aghast at the identity of the repairman! I had not suspected that I would *recognize* him. And with the recognition came a tremendous realization—the man was dead! And I had been unaware to that moment that the doctor who now arrived to operate on me was no longer among the living. Yet, days later, when I inquired, to verify, I found that it was true, and had

been true for ten long years.

I must digress here, to introduce you to the doctor. When I was seven, I was run over by a truck, and suffered a back injury. When I was nine, I was given the first spinal graft operation in this country by the famous bone surgeon, Dr. Herman Gaenslen, of the team of Gaenslen and Schumm. In later years, Dr. Gaenslen performed this operation many times in Milwaukee, and never again had a failure. I knew that Dr. Gaenslen blamed himself for the failure. It was obvious so many times in the efforts he made to correct what had happened, although I have always felt he blamed himself unjustly. The dangers of infection were not so recognized in those days, and the precautions taken then were not so complicated as those taken today. An infection did set in, and vital fastenings melted away, allowing bones to slip from their intended position. From a straight spine, one night, to a bent one the next morning, was a simple matter of a child slumping down in bed and curling himself up to escape torturing pain. And to straighten that bent spinal cord might mean instant death, or at least paralysis. So it was left unstraightened. Iodine with a paint-brush, and sewing closed the gaping wound was all

that could be done. No antibiotics to work miracles.

Later, chipping off protruding ends of bone that stuck out awry through the skin, with wire cutters, chisels and hammer, and then the fitting with a brace . . .

But all the time, sometimes verbally, the regret that it should not have happened, with a little more care . . .

Now, here was Dr. Gaenslen, in answer to my call, at last with the opportunity, in his mind, to "make good".

He did not speak at first. Merely looked at the injury. His hands, strangely, moved inside my body, felt around, examined, traced out every bone, muscle, nerve . . . And all the while I looked at his face, full of wonder, full of a strange feeling of awe. Then I said it:

"Dr. Gaenslen!" Just a whisper, but audible—and for the first time I became aware of a dual event going on. While a dead doctor examined me, a living doctor and a nurse, also examined me, and *both* questioned me incessantly. How difficult it must have been for Dr. Bannerman to determine, from my strange answers, which applied to the question *he* had asked!

"My name is Dr. Bannerman," he corrected as I whispered the

name Gaenslen.

Yes, I am Dr. Gaenslen. You remember me, I see. Tell me, what do you feel here—and here—?

"Nothing," I said. "The sensation of numbness begins about the fourth dorsal vertebrae—my lungs are affected, even my arms. And my eyes are hard to control . . ."

"Good!" said Dr. Bannerman. "This will help a lot, if you can understand your condition so intelligently. Now, does it hurt when I pinch you here . . . here . . . here . . .?"

I can repair some of the damage, said Dr. Gaenslen.

"Go to it!" I urged him. "I'll help all I can."

"Answer me, then!" said Dr. Bannerman reprovingly. "Does *this* hurt—now—now—and . . . ah, so you feel that?"

"Yes, I do," I said. "Just two spots above the knees. Nothing else."

A nod from Dr. Gaenslen. *Excellent! Let us begin . . .*

And so it went. Dr. Bannerman, for an hour, filling in his chart, with the help of the nurse, getting more and more confused over simple things like my parents' names, address, whether or not I ever had measles, while my attention remained almost wholly on an incredible scene.

Dr. Gaenslen was not alone. I was awed by the amount of "help" that my summons had brought. More than a hundred people! Grouped about my bed in a large circle, completely around without a gap in it, some twenty feet away (beyond the confines of the hospital room). But I saw no hospital room. I was in a great open space, nothing visible but darkness beyond the circle of men and women standing so intently, and, I felt, performing some mysterious "service" by being there, and standing so motionlessly and with such rapt attention.

One other man, an assistant, apparently, robed in a white uniform hardly unlike the uniform Dr. Bannerman himself was wearing. And his task, the operation of a machine that looked like nothing more than a combination radio cabinet and electric organ. Constantly he twisted dials, adjusted rheostats, all at the sometimes spoken and sometimes not spoken commands of Dr. Gaenslen.

And as the work went on, inside me I began to feel the return of certain sensations to areas previously numb. And unexpectedly and much regretted by me, increasing pain. Not just in the chest area now, but all the way to my toes. Sensation was back! And how! Agony that made the pre-

vious agony child's play.

You will have very sensitive surface sensations now. (Dr. Gaenslen) *The motor triangle I have repaired also, but you will have no evidence of it for three weeks.*

Dr. Bannerman has gone now. I am alone with this large assembly of invisible ones. "What results can I expect?"

You will walk if you want to. But you will always have pain. I have done a good job, the rest is up to you.

"You did a good job the first time." I said. "It wasn't your fault. If I had endured the pain, and remained motionless, the deformity would not have occurred, and you could have repaired the damage. This time I won't let you down!"

Dr. Gaenslen seemed not to hear, but he was smiling.

And pain took *all* my attention. How or when or where Dr. Gaenslen and his assistant, the machine, the circle of men and women went, I cannot say. Seeing through such pain is impossible!

Before I left the hospital, nine weeks later, *walking with canes*, Dr. Fahey came to my room bringing two doctors with him. Even outside the door, before he entered, I heard his voice: "In this room I will show you a miracle. This man cannot walk, yet

he does! His spinal cord was completely crushed at the fourth dorsal vertebrae, and if it had not been for a very small area of sensitivity about the size of a dime just above the knees, I would ordinarily have gone in and cleaned up, so that he would not have suffered a life of agony. Gentlemen, watch this man stand up; and in doing it, he has rewritten the books on cases like his! Never again will I assume that a spinal injury is beyond recovery."

Later, talking to me personally, "Boy, you are a miracle—St. Francis' hospital's miracle case, you know that, don't you? You know we rewrote the books on account of you?"

"Yes," I said. "Dr. Fahey, did you know Dr. Gaenslen?"

"Yes! A wonderful surgeon."

"Better than you know!" I said. "All these weeks I've been trying to live up to his inspiration, and I don't think I've let him down!"

"You certainly haven't!" said Dr. Fahey. "I think I understand now how this miracle happened."

But I don't think he *did* understand. If he reads this now, he might.

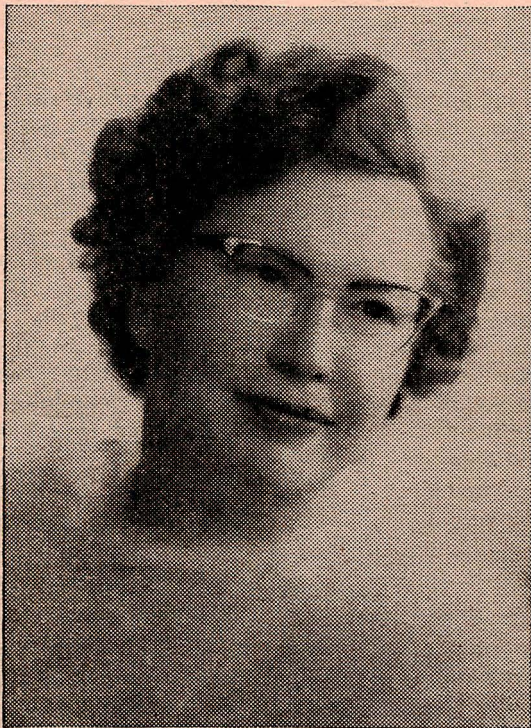
It has to happen to you, before you really know.

It happened to me!

THE END

YOUR FUTURE

By Dorothy Spence Lauer



A rather interesting challenge has been flung at Mrs. Lauer this month, and the editors feel that it will be an interesting thing to watch. So, "Your Future" this month will take in another person's future, that of Mr. Paul J. Peckonis, who recently suggested in the letters section that Mrs.

Lauer's powers were not powers at all, but just guesses. He was referring to her printed predictions. Now he has sent her a chart of his own, and will report to our readers on its accuracy later on. His letter to Mrs. Lauer follows, outlining the differences between them:

Some months ago MYSTIC Magazine undertook to conduct a series of tests to determine whether it was possible to see into the future via that strange power known as psychometry. Dorothy Spence Lauer, who claimed to be able to see things unknown to the average person via her psychometric ability, merely from handling some object belonging to the person involved, scored a very surprising percentage of accuracy, as reported to us by our readers. Accordingly, we have decided to allow Mrs. Lauer to conduct a new feature of this magazine devoted to her predictions of the future in store for the world in general, and to include any items that come to her through her ability that may be of more general interest than personal readings of an individual's destiny. However, we will continue to present our "chart", and if you care to, you can send it to Mrs. Lauer for a personal analysis. You will find details given at the end of this article on how to do this. We present this feature to you now purely for entertainment. We make no claims as to its accuracy. We leave the results to your own observation. We predict, however, that you will be constantly amazed by this strange ability to predict, and whatever your own personal opinion, we hope that you will be interested in what she has to say.

AN OPEN LETTER to
Mrs. Dorothy Spence Lauer
Dear Mrs. Lauer:

Our current issue with your open letter to me has been received with some degree of surprise. We also note that your apparent displeasure with my comments has "blurred" your understanding of the same.

I shall take your open letter to me and in chronological order, point out your inaccurate interpretation of my thoughts as contained in my letter to the Seance Circle, which was published verbatim by Mr. Palmer.

It will be noted that in the para-

graph at the very start of my letter, I indicate . . . "I have enjoyed the contents (of MYSTIC) thoroughly although not always in accord with the context". Really now Mrs. Lauer, I was only commenting on your feature article "Your Future". There was no intent implied, conveyed or mentioned of your personal analysis. Such comment would indeed be inaccurate as you are entirely correct: I have never availed myself of your services. Surely however, one has a constitutional right to express an opinion of a written feature such as your, "Your

Future”.

With respect your question . . . “And may I ask when did I say anything about a male star.” . . . “I do not predict that Russia will have a war with us.” etc. Again I must refer you to my letter which states . . . “Interesting reading, (complimentary) speaking however in generalities which I honestly believe can be duplicated by anyone. For instance—One of Hollywood’s leading male stars, etc.” YOU have not been misquoted by ME, YOU have misquoted ME. However as a student of human nature, as well as many other unrelated fields, I can readily understand that your displeasure of my letter actually clouded your sense of reason and you actually read what wasn’t there.

As to your remark . . . “-no it is not card reading.” Thank you for your enlightening reply. However again if you will refer to the letter, you will note that I did not term it card reading. The exact quote reads . . . “smacks of card reading No?” Who can deny that it doesn’t?

With respect to fairness, when one eats an apple, he judges that apple on the basis of its taste, he is not concerned with examining the tree from which the apple came. The same is true of my comments. My opinion was based

entirely upon “Your Future”, nothing more. My opinion remains unchanged, you speak in generalities. For instance in this issue you state “Maryland will have something very unusual happen, or rather occur there”. Unusual happenings occur daily everywhere, this magazine is glaring testimony to this fact. What pray tell is going to occur there; a flying saucer landing? An earthquake? A mountain spring up? Be specific! When I began to write my predictions, the first which came to my mind was that Mr. Eisenhower would suffer serious illness before the end of 1955. However I thought over the matter before making that prediction because had it materialized there would be much explaining to do. Psychic powers? Baloney, I am no more psychic than a watermelon. It was pure guesswork and nothing more.

Your offer of a gratis analysis if I retract my opinion of your work (which I have never given as I am not familiar with anything other than “Your Future”) is unacceptable to me as stated in your open letter. You have not expressed a complete thought. If you mean—Will I retract my comments after an analysis proves to me that you definitely have powers of precognition or psychometric ability the answer is still NO, insofar as “Your

Future" is concerned. I will however accept such analysis with a completely open mind and if such powers are yours, will honestly admit that they exist.

You will note that I have torn off my letterhead. I have Mr. Palmer's assurance that he will not divulge to you anything he may know about me, my past, or my present. I have completed the chart and have enclosed an article. I assume you know nothing

about me whatsoever.

Mr. Palmer has indicated he will print my reply to you, accordingly I am mailing him a carbon copy of this letter to you and would suggest that you mail a carbon copy of your reply, if any, to me, unless you're "chicken".

Sincerely,

Paul J. Peckonis

1624 So. 2nd. St.

Philadelphia 48, Penna.

THE END



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 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.

For the convenience of our readers who wish to contact Mrs. Lauer personally, we are publishing the following chart. You can get a personal analysis by filling it in according to instructions and mailing it directly to her. Usually Mrs. Lauer charges much more (from \$5 to \$10) for an analysis, however she will analyze any chart clipped from MYSTIC magazine for \$3.00. Please send your personal orders to Mrs. Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and not to this magazine. We do not assume responsibility for them, nor for the content of her analysis. However, we would appreciate continued cooperation from those of you who have personal analyses regarding her percentage of accuracy, so that, over a long period of time, we may accumulate a substantial mass of evidence of the reality of the power technically called psychometry.

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

--	--	--	--	--

TO YOUR HOME

--	--	--	--	--

TO YOUR DESIRE

--	--	--	--	--

WHAT YOU DON'T EXPECT

--	--	--	--	--

SURE TO COME

--	--	--	--	--

SURPRISE

--	--

Tear out this entire sheet and mail to:
Mrs. Dorothy Spence Lauer,
Amherst, Wisconsin

The **SHAVER MYSTERY**

By Richard S. Shaver

As Told To

Ray Palmer

No. 4

The Secret Caves of the Dero

During the past twelve years there has been a heated argument about the location of the dero and the tero. I have said repeatedly where they are, but it has been the one point upon which my whole contention is hung which has been used against me, to "disprove" the whole thing. Scientific "fact", they say, cannot be argued against, and one single fact shatters the truth of my story to shreds. This one fact is the "hot" interior of the earth. They tell me that the interior of the earth is molten metal, that the "cold" skin is so thin, compared to the whole, that it is like a very thin-skinned orange. They say the skin of the earth is about 50 miles

thick, making solid rock occupy only 100 miles in a total diameter of 4000. Thus, the area in which my caves can occur is only in an area of one-fortieth of the whole. And here also, they say, this is greatly reduced because the lowest forty miles of this is, although not molten, at least red hot, and far too hot to support life. More, they say that this red hot rock is "fluidic" under its tremendous pressure, and any "caves" would automatically flow shut, and such a thing as a hollow place in such rock would be impossible.

They point out a "law" which says that temperature rises a degree for every hundred feet we descend into the earth. Thus, with a sur-

face temperature of 70 degrees, we can go down only 7000 feet and we have a temperature of 140 degrees, at which point human life is impossible. Because I have placed some of my caves forty miles deep, and some of them *hundreds* of miles deep, they have "exploded" my whole position.

They are scientists. They *should* know. But let me use their *own* science. Say these wonder-minds: The earth's specific gravity is just slightly higher than that of water!

If the earth is composed of molten *metal* core some 3900 miles in diameter, I respectfully submit that it is a metal of *less* specific gravity than the metal these scientists say this core is composed of—*iron*, in the main. They say the metals at the *core*, the last hundred miles or so, are incredibly heavy, such as uranium. They are hoist by their own petard, for the specific gravity of the earth in its *entirety* admits only of a core of *water*, or something *no more dense*,

Can you conceive of "molten" water? Or *compressible* water, so that is a "denser" water? These scientists have also said water is *not* compressible. They are, it seems to me, inextricably stuck in the mire of their own postulates, and *cannot possibly* claim my caverns do not exist, if they intend to mire them in their own mental

muck!

I am not a scientist. (Even though I can prove, by published works in *Amazing Stories* more than ten years ago, that I have postulated scientific theories so correctly that the famous Albert Einstein said exactly the same thing *years later!* His unified field theory: explained by me, in all its detail, in my exdisintegrance theory. Not only this, but *hundreds* of other theories—received from cavern records—which I can and *will* reproduce for you before I am through, with dates and comparisons with the work of *later* science. Most recent is the discovery that cosmic rays and radioactive radiation may be the *real* cause of the phenomenon of *old age*.) I repeat, I am not a scientist. And because I am not, these things which I have published in the past apparently point to some source of information other than my own *education* and my own *experiment*—both of which can easily be proved to have been inadequate to account for the results. I have said this source of information is thought records from the caves, played back to me by friendly *tero*; and actual conversation with *tero*.

So, not being a scientist, I repeat, with the most positive finality, the caverns *do* exist, and they are incredibly extensive, so that

the possible population (were not so many dead!) could be *thousands* of times that of the *surface* of the earth, because it consists of so very many tiers of caves. The dero and the tero live in these caves. The caves are connected by broad tunnel highways, carved through the solid rock for thousands of miles, the whole inner earth being a vastly complicated network of tunnels connecting literally thousands of great caves as large as any surface city, and some so large as to dwarf a New York to insignificance.

Many of these caves are *filled with water*, having sprung leaks after thousands of years of being abandoned and uncared-for. But still enough exist, in which inhabitants do live, to be quite a sizeable population. Earthquakes have caused faults which have sealed some of the connecting tunnels. Other tunnels have collapsed roofs, filling them with rubble past which it is impossible to go. Thus, various settlements of dero and tero are isolated things, although enough tunnels exist so that it is possible to go anywhere from one place to another, if only by devious routes.

For those who still wish to argue with me on the basis of molten rock, and place the caves somewhere else, I will make a certain amount of concession, because it

is a *reasonable* possibility. But I will stick to one thing, they *are* caves and tunnels! I have *seen* them with my own eyes (or should I say with my mind's eye, because what is seen or sensed over telaug (augmented telepathy) is not exactly seen with the eye, but one *cannot tell the difference*, so it is legitimately "seen"—just as you *see* TV, yet nothing is *actually there* to see, only an "image". Telaug is the same (it can be sound alone, or sound and picture) except that it is far more vivid and real. Thus, I have seen that they *are* caves. Completely surrounded by solid rock. The tunnels *are* tunnels in rock. I have never seen any rockier rock!

If *you* want to say these caves and tunnels are not under our feet, but over our heads, in a sort of "another dimension" of this world of ours, perhaps you may be right! But nonetheless, it is a *part* of this earth of ours, of *this* planet. I have read of a conclave of mathematical scientists who have decided the earth does indeed have a "fourth dimension" and that phenomena exist in it! If the scientists can theorize thus, more credit to them. But it *proves* nothing, as yet. Until a better explanation comes along, I will maintain my present position of caverns under our feet, in the solid earth, and

the devil take the molten core! for it does not exist.

Consider! If this earth were such a vast molten ball, the conductivity of rock is such that heat would be conducted *directly* to the surface in such copious amounts that the surface *also* would be red hot. Can you conceive of a molten metal "orange" with a *cold* skin! Even an asbestos skin! And, haven't you heard of the deep oil wells where the oil is so cold, and accompanied by *salt* water, that the pipes *freeze* as the oil is conducted upward, and must be melted with live steam! So it is a constant that temperature drops a degree each hundred feet, as you go down? Not so! Investigation of just a few mines will prove to you temperature is a very haphazard thing in the earth. So, I respectfully submit that you cannot explain away my caves by anything so unsupported by actual fact!

Now, where do most of the dero live? Mostly in caverns *close* to cities. Wherever you find a large city, you also find a settlement of dero. Why this should be so always puzzled me, unless there was contact with the surface—and I found out there was! The dero get much, if not all, of their supplies from the surface, particularly food. Meat especially. And what

meat some of it is! J. Edgar Hoover tells us of the more than 120,000 Americans who turn up missing every year, and are never heard from again. I tell you that I have seen some of these Americans, hanging on hooks in the meat-markets of the dero! Horrible? Yes indeed, indescribably horrible. Yet it is true.

But the dero also get clothing, tools, conveyances from the surface. How many Fords there are being driven along dark and dismal tunnels far beneath the surface of earth, would surprise you. And how many truckloads of supplies go into the wide doors of an innocent-looking warehouse in the center of a large city—and never come out again! would also surprise you. Elevators to sub basements are such innocent things. Sometimes even a building inspector could not inspect sufficiently to discover that they actually go down to even lower levels! Nor would he have reason to suspect that this was so, and take the enormously difficult and costly steps to dig to find out! (and become "meat" in some market as a reward for his discovery.)

Dero also live in caverns not under cities, and *most* of the dero (those who are not detrimentally inclined) live under open country. One reason I myself live on a

farm!

What do the dero do?

What would *you* do?—if you were incredibly stupid, with your mind deranged by powerful augmented radioactive rays constantly beamed upon you by ray projectors originally intended to beam beneficial rays, but now perverted in their activity by being sun-polarized—the rays they manufacture are detrimentally radioactive-infected, and the rays they conduct from the surface, are multiplied in their poisons by the machines so that they are far more damaging than they are to us surface people.

You would find yourself in possession of many marvelous machines left by the Elder races, and you would use them in idle, childish play. You would use the telegraph and vision rays to spy upon surface people, and you would use the projection rays to fool them with fantastic images, you would use the tractor rays to open railroad switches before speeding trains, you would even be so childish to trip people going down stairs, open manhole covers before them, and so on. You would use the marvelous surgical rays for the diabolical slicing of delicate nerves in the brain, or other parts of the body, to create mental and physical cripples. You would burst

their hearts so that a “heart attack” would eliminate some important person and cause chaos in surface governments. You would do an almost fantastic number of things that could add up to the veritable “works of the devil”!

Except for one thing: you would risk retaliation from *terro* at equally powerful ray mechanisms, as we have explained in previous articles. But occasionally, as some guard suffers a momentary lapse of vigilance, or has his attention diverted, you will be able to get in some quick deviltry, and you will howl with sadistic mirth at the result.

For you are mad! Madness in the caves is an almost universal condition. It cannot be otherwise, for more than one reason. First is the reason that you are exposed to ray damage much more extensive than is caused normally by the sun (and the moon—you’ve heard of the madness caused by Luna’s rays, not a myth, and a superstition, but based on fact, for Luna’s rays are only sun rays, polarized by reflection, and thus dangerous to a small extent). Moonlight and sunlight, conducted upon the dero cavern dweller by his augmenting apparatus, subject him to much more detrimental effect than on the surface.

The second reason is that the

human mind (and the dero are as human as you and I) cannot stand too much torture without cracking; and torture is a part of the daily life of a dero. Few indeed have not at one time or another fallen into the power of a mad local despot and been subjected to unimaginable tortures besides which the Inquisition's devices are child's play.

A third reason, perhaps more effective, though more insidious, is the extensive and perverted use of the machine called "stim". The ancient purpose of this machine was to accentuate the pleasure derived from sex, largely by beneficial rays which restored energy as fast as it was dispensed; and also was a health machine, dispensing various nutrients and vitamins and minerals directly through the skin and into the body. The dero spend days at a time in these machines, indulging in an orgy of sex that, rather than being stimulating, is exhausting and detrimental because the stim machines are contaminated by radioactives and their good effects nullified and turned instead to bad effects. Because of them, recessive elements of heredity are accentuated, and a continual downward genetic scale is the result.

Yet, in madness there is craft! Incredible craft, and it is coupled

with great secrecy. These degenerates aren't going to risk the pleasures that are theirs, by letting any surface people take them from them by force. Interlopers are slain (after torture), and secrecy is maintained at all costs. Because of the aid their machines give their mental processes, this craftiness is vastly multiplied, and it would take a clever surface man indeed to out-think them in the direction of subterfuge, etc. A vast curtain of error is continually hung before the eyes of surface man to conceal the truth of their existence. And it is an incredibly effective curtain. It is the most insidious propaganda imaginable, and involves hypnotic effects hard to believe. *Was* that thought you just thought, your own! You would be absolutely certain it was yours, if you were certain there was no way for anyone else to think it for you. And it takes a great deal of experience to be able to see a thought for an alien thought, when it occurs in your mind. But it can be done. Question your thoughts with reason sometime, and see if many of them are not thoughts that would have not occurred to you in the natural reasonable course of thinking. Question your dreams, sometime. The effects of haphazard stringing together by your subconscious of your own per-

sonal, and sometimes long-forgotten memories? Ever have an incident in a dream come from something beyond your memory—honestly? Something you *know* isn't anything you remember, because never before experienced?

Subtlety is here. And if entirely unsuspected, totally effective.

But to admit such things to a psychiatrist is to admit to mental derangement. To admit them is to risk admission to an insane asylum. So, here on the surface, the secrecy pattern is maintained, even by surface people. You yourself, if you hear a voice, can be and usually are, your own worst enemy!

How did I learn about caves? I've said it before. At first by an inadvertent contact, because I seemed to be "in the know". Then by contact with friendly tero, who, because I had accidentally gotten in on the secret, and seemed friendly, and harmless, and did maintain the secrecy, was allowed snatches of information and contacts that led to more contacts. Then some real tero friends who began to pass on to me knowledge that might make man a better man, and happier, just as they have for countless ages, sneaking bits of knowledge to men whom we revere today as the "discoverers" of great scientific principles. Nikola Tes-

la was such a man. Edison was such a man. Investigate for yourself the "mystic" overtones of each man's life! Read Edison's diary, and see how close he was to the borderline of admitting he heard voices, and that there were strange "psychic" sources for much of his knowledge. Read how Tesla invented things by simply "copying them" from actual visible and functioning projections hanging in the air before him! So it was with me, and they showed me much.

But then I broke the secrecy rule, and thereafter fled across the world, pursued by vengeful dero, sometimes protected, and sometimes not—and the "sometimes not" have mostly destroyed any chance I've had to accomplish what I intended. Even my story was perverted into fiction, until it was subject to ridicule.

Proof? You want proof? Having read this far, is it reasonable for you to *demand* proof? Not very. Yet, there is proof. Everywhere you look! And I'll try to point those proofs out to you. Let me just speak my mind, with no regard to coherence or continuity, so that somewhere in the hodgepodge, you may sieze upon some ammunition for thought, so that you may start thinking for yourself—the proof will appear,

as effective proof as is possible to give.

You will see that I *can* "hand you" a machine! Machines you use every day. But you will ask that I hand you a "new" machine. Perhaps I *can*. Perhaps I shall! It has been said: "ask and ye shall receive." Exactly that has been known to occur before! Remember you any of these incidents? *Recognized* you any! Or was it God who answered your prayer! Or somebody else's prayer? But you *have* observed it! Do you *remember* it!

TO those who cannot accept my work as anything but misguided imagination, or who think the whole "Shaver Mystery" is a rather stupid hoax, the following words are to be considered exactly that: more stupid contributions from a man who is purposely hoaxing stupid readers into believing silly things that could not possibly be true. To "Police Psychiatrist," I fearfully apologize for suggesting they might be wrong, and that a George Murmans might exist outside a man's head as well as inside. I apologize to position power and solemnly swear that nothing said here is to be considered as anything but a rather stupid hoax which some readers enjoy being fooled into accepting. To "Public Official" I also apologize for suggest-

ing he knows more than he might publicly admit of such things, and solemnly swear that this is all untrue and he does not have to worry about it at all.

To you gentlemen who are intrigued by this "Hoax," I can only say you will find very interesting data here, and that such people as professors of colleges, psychiatrists and policemen, mayors and insurance investigators have to be allowed their foibles, and we can disregard the necessity for considering them sane quite as much as they can disregard (and do) the need for considering us the same.

FIRST, clarifying is in order.

Letters in large numbers have accused me of implying this and meaning that—which I didn't. The confusion arises of course from the fictional treatment my message has had to be given.

Some readers have drawn quite a variety of erroneous ideas. Some of them are right. The truth is wild enough to suit anybody. But I wish to get the picture clearer for them.

One of the commonest errors is in the use the word "dero" has been receiving. Readers infer in their letters that all cavern people are "deros," that "dero" and "cavern dwellers" are synonymous. That is wrong! We wouldn't be alive

if a large part of the people down there weren't fighting like hell for us and for themselves against the true "dero."

A dero is a cavern wight whose ancestors had the habit of bringing in the sunlight over the penetrays. Their evil nature is due to a constant "hearing" (telepathic) of sun vibrants because those same penetrays they use to bring in the sunlight and warmth were designed to handle thought-waves, to detect and augment waves of those frequencies heard by the brain. Their brains got dis (infections) on the lipid films of the brain cells, where thought is generated. This went on for centuries, for an age, and the hereditary result was a dero, the ancient "Devil" of mythology, and his people—humans whose minds handle only disintegrant pattern thought. ALL CAVERN PEOPLE ARE NOT DEROS, thank God.

The good ones do a lot of work for us, in subtle unseen ways, avoid tamper accidents by helping out a driver, get some doctor info on how to stop a plague, and are the source of some of our modern inventions by handing over suggestions to an inventor, unbeknownst, because they saw a similar device in the wreckage of the caves.

Even all the bad ones are not deros. A dero is an automaton of

evil, and not an ordinary crook. He isn't that smart.

I would like, too, to state clearly and simply and generally the main themes I am trying to get across in my fictional work. Rap has given me the green on such an article, and here it is.

I am trying to say that our civilization is a sham! That our education is a very shoddy substitute for what it could be if the truth of our past were known.

I am trying to say that if we knew who and what some of our present-day bosses really were, we would be vastly worried at their apparent careless and oppressive attitude toward ourselves, the people—which attitude is shown in their deliberate deprivation of all science of the advantages that would arise from a general knowledge of and study of the rays and mech with which their rule is enforced.

They hold that they won't turn over the info, that it is like an atom bomb in importance, and they are keeping it in their own hands.

I reply that I wish they would, because so many deros use it, too—and that they don't need to keep the *whole* of that science a secret. So much of it is purely benevolent and medicinal. Truth is, they are not educated, do not realize what they are doing in keeping the whole a secret still today.

I am saying there are millions of people besides Shaver who know there are vast caverns under earth, full of strange, miraculously potent machinery—and that they do not speak because it is so obvious that they would be misunderstood to the point of persecution.

I am saying that if our scientists were ALLOWED to have but one of these machines (which exist in great profusion and in fine repair) for study, that our whole technical development would be accelerated beyond imagination. I am saying that some of our modern developments are due to information about the Elder race methods that filter through the age-old "iron curtain" between the deluded surface races of man and the undeluded but oppressed races under our feet.

Man's age-old persecutors, the "Gods," the degenerate debauchers, the secretive age-old monopolizers responsible for these delusions we have and call history; the persecutors we have and claim do not exist; the condition of war and misery our races are in, *once exposed* would not, perhaps be so terribly harmful to him, would find a remedy.

I am saying that the people responsible for filtering through to us some of the technical secrets which find their way into our

modern technologists' brains are due to friends among these hidden people, and that these friends in the underworld are the only members of that strange society that a sane modern man can consider as also sane.

The rest would be beneath our attention except that they *can* destroy us with the ancient mech (and do, regularly, kill many,) debauch us with the ancient wonderful stim mech, and craze us with the detrimental rays of that forgotten science.

I AM trying to show that it is possible and probable that there *have been* members of that society in the past who lived for centuries beyond the normal life span—as legend tells us. That they did so because of the nature of the ben-rays and canned nutrients still to be found in the sealed storerooms.

That there probably *were* rulers who lived for centuries, and that some of the most repressive and reactionary of the present-day rulers of the cavern groups *MAY* have been alive for two or more centuries.

That the medieval minds, cruel and vindictive and vandalistic, are so because they are still in a medieval state of development socially, and *they were raised that way.*

That these secretive, reactionary, sadistic minds among them are today holding back the whole race of man from ALL true development. That they are striving with might and main to place all human life under a rule of malignance unimaginable, that is so horrible in its aims, in its degenerate cruelties, so destructive in its details of government that the race of man will perish if they succeed!

And *you* insist they do not exist — want an “artifact.” (Can you get hold of an atom bomb to swap for the “artifact-mech”? It’s a deal!)

I am trying to say that the enlightened ones among them who struggle against this goal need our help if we can give it—and that we can’t if we insist they *do not exist!*

There are many things I have heard that I *do not know* are facts. To mention these along with the things I *know are* facts causes an almost unavoidable confusion.

I have heard that surface light and power and coal are possessions of the ray-people. I don’t *know* it, I *heard* it. I have *heard* that some of them have harems of thousands of young women. I don’t *know* it. I **DO KNOW** they have harems, and an oriental contempt for all western morality—but because of the nature of so-

cial life developed around the use of stim-rays, I can understand this different morality.

I **KNOW** many terrible things that I cannot find a way to tell except as fiction. These are things so lurid and impossible they are hard to make credible even in a lurid stf. tale. They could not be considered as facts by an ordinary man, because he has not seen and could not accept. These are looked for by those who know something of the great secret, and look for recognizable information in the “forbidden” field.

I **KNOW** they have weapon rays that kill at fifty miles and more. That they *hit* what they shoot at with these. A man cannot even think of such weapons without fear; still we must—and *they have been with us* right along.

I **KNOW** they have telaug beams that hear thought from a man’s mind up to fifty miles and more. That is an extremely sensitive receiver, for the sending of one brain is not exactly powerful in voltage.

I **KNOW** they visit space, and receive visiting ships from space, some of which do not get away again. I don’t know *why* they return to earth, for *no one here* is getting a square deal! The ships that return must belong to those who *think* they benefit from the repressive, throttling monopoly of

all the good things of earth.

I am saying that earth's peoples are supporting a destructive, extravagantly luxurious and decadent "secret class" who rob us of our birth right—the science that could be learned from the mechanisms of the Elder race; which same mechanisms are the instruments that have held this class in power for many, many centuries.

I am saying that, due to many conditions which we cannot understand over a long period of time, many of these people are idiotic, and unfit to be allowed to continue as our "secret" overlords.

I say that if people generally knew this condition, they would lose the awe and fear that keeps from the race of man many great secrets which would prove a new and greater path of life for all of us.

I am saying to these men who cry "we want an artifact, an inscription, an ancient mss, we want proof!"—you *have* proof all about you! But your minds are so slanted by wrong teachings that you misinterpret these artifacts and remnants on the surface which tell the truth about the God cavern's existence.

Egyptian hieroglyphs, Mayan temple drawings, innumerable such sources are chock-full of references to the caverns, but since the

science which interprets these relics has no word for any of these "myths" except as myths, that is how they are interpreted—as childish tales only.

Only by going into the caves and returning with the actual pieces of mechanism could these gentlemen be convinced. If *any* of the thing is true, any logician can know *that* is an *impossible request*. It is like sending an Ambassador to Russia in a top hat and frock coat, striped pants and brief case, and asking him to bring back proof that the Russians are contemplating a world revolution. He would be turned aside everywhere he went, and would come back with what we already know (if he came back at all—which is improbable)—"the Russians have an iron curtain on information."

I don't blame the Russians overmuch. But I *do* blame the cavern people because so much of the cavern mech is *medical* in *nature*. It would revolutionize all medicine if M.D.'s had penetrays; electric needle rays for surgery without incision; beneficial rays that can keep a dying man alive long, long after he would ordinarily die; beneficial rays that make a man think several times as well. Their science was based on a knowledge of man's nature far beyond our own—and nearly every

one of their mechanisms is of some immediate physical use to health!

So we are deprived of them because they keep some idiot in wealth and power, who does not even know enough to have technicians hired to study and develop a knowledge of the nature and uses of these machines. Who has no real grasp of the importance of the caves!

YOU ask for proofs of the giganticism of the far past—and *you* can find Devil's Tower (Wyoming) in any Atlas. It is a national monument! If it isn't a gigantic petrified stump larger than any redwood ever hoped to be, I will eat my hat! The stump alone is taller than the Empire State building! What size were men when trees grew that size?

THEY were the men who are spoken of as the Aesir, under Ygdrasil's branches, planning a battle against the Frost Giants! And they had telaug beams (Odin's Eye), and they had "magical" underground dwarfs, and icy underworld realms of magic—and *we* have only the Devil's Tower to prove it today. But it was a long time ago; when the sun itself was more beneficial and less aging. BUT BROTHER, HOW CAN YOU ASK FOR PROOF WHEN YOU HAVE A DEVIL'S TOW-

ER?

Through our dope rings (now don't tell me there are *no* dope rings) daily many men and women are sent to the underworld. What becomes of them? They don't come back? No! They become slaves or worse. In some cases they are employees; but at the mercy of a capricious despotic class who kill for pleasure. One might as well be a slave.

These people leave no traces! Did you ever try to trace a man to a dope den? You can't. It has "protection," and it is *not* a dope den. Don't tell me you don't understand. How could I prove a certain place was a dope den, and that people disappear there regularly? You know even the F. B. I. has a hard job with these things, never get them all. I don't think they even *touch* a ray-graft; because it is an old "taboo," and they know better than to try. I *think* they leave it strictly alone.

We don't know *how* the secrecy is maintained. I *do* know that it *is*, and that the things I say go on, *do happen*.

But I could no more *prove* many such things than I could prove that Standard Oil cheated on their income tax. Nor could anyone.

But there *is* a vast number of eye-witness testimony; there is a vast amount of writing from the

past that is misunderstood; there is a mass of incontrovertible proof—**IF YOU INTERPRET IT CORRECTLY!** But you don't! You say the old standard explanations over and over—and they are part of the curtain that has been erected for an age between common people and the Forbidden Fruit.

For the Forbidden Fruit is the greatest pleasure on earth; and from our present day standards or morals, it is an immoral pleasure. Hence it remains hidden—although the truth is it would be the greatest stimulation our form of society could receive. Men would develop—for it would furnish a vast incentive to science and invention and medicine (especially) that is now lacking!

As I see it, what the two classes, the two "worlds," need most is a mutual port of trade, a city or a market or a place where the things of value from one world may be openly traded for those of the other. For our washing machines we would get telaugs and stim mech and small levitators and similar apparatus which would be infinitely valuable to us—and from what I have seen, *they* could use the washing machines, yes!

Secrecy has acted as such a throttling thing on their life that they cook on stoves Ben Franklin

would have called obsolete; sit on wooden benches; slave in child labor factories; are two hundred years behind us socially. Many of their pieces of furniture (brought in in past, much of cavern needs furnishing) would bring a fortune as Victorian and pre-Victorian antiques. (Not speaking of Elder race antiques.) For, since the days of telegraph and newspapers and radio, the secrecy has required an almost total lack of commerce or intercourse between the worlds. (Before the days of newspapers, there was commerce.)

And it is a world, the Elder World, and *it* does contain wonders in the still working ancient mechanisms, but it also contains the most brutally reactionary minds on earth; as well as the most modern and liberal minds in certain groups.

They can't have radios, because radio can be traced. (Many freighters had to give up radio when crossing enemy waters, as the radios re-broadcast a wave that can be detected.)

They can't have clean modern markets full of good food from America's canning factories—the commerce necessary to fill them would cancel their "secrecy." Thus this reactionary policy from the past is just as disliked and as unpopular among them as it would

be among us if we even knew it existed. Thus such enterprising young men as myself have backing more valuable among them than among the surface people. Truth is, I have more friends among the cavern people than on the surface, and far more valuable ones.

They want the ancient barrier to the full development of their life removed, too, just as much as "we who know" on the surface want it removed. They want the sweatshops made humane down there, they want better living conditions, better sun camps where they can take their rays on the surface without worrying about watching eyes. They want less restrictions on their life, and the "secrecy" custom is the most irritating and harmful of all their restrictions.

Such things as Hecate, the blood-sucker, will exist among them in the future, if the science monopoly continues. Such things have plagued their lives in the past when the great ben-mech rays were more potent than today. The rays and the superior nutrients found in the storerooms of the Elders kept them alive much too long—and they were evil. But we do not *think* we have any immortal Hecates today.

BUT, TODAY, we *do* have a parasitic (class of) creature bat-tening upon us, who has developed

a technique of parasitism as highly evolved as a vampire bat's, and as ingrown in his nature! This is the "reactionary" behind the "secret" monopoly of the antique Elder weapons and pleasure mechs—and *he* is the enemy we seek to expose. *He* is the enemy I would die to harm in any way; to wrest but one of the mighty Elder secrets from *his* unworthy and unusing hand. I would die cheerfully for the race of man. It was what I expected when the Shaver Mystery series began; but I found there were more of the cavern peoples in my way of thinking than I had expected. Publicity was its own protection.

For *he* deprives *them* quite as much as *he* does *us*, and it rankles them much more because they are fully conscious of *his* cost while we are ignorant even of *his* existence. We do not see the young girls go into *his* harems; we do not see their wrecked bodies later. We do not know of *his* awful abuses of the rights of man or see the tortures and battles in *his* game arenas; do not see the human pieces in *his* "Bickro" games. (Human chess to the death.)

But *they do know* all these horrible things and they want the course of decadence changed and reversed as much as myself. So it is that we try to give you what you

naively call "proofs," it is like a blind man trying to ask a man with eyes to prove that he sees.

ONE either "knows" of the underworld or one does not. It is very much like a seeing race with eyes living beside and among a race without eyes who refuse their existence. BUT WE ARE PRESENT AND WE DO SEE! (*We* meaning those on the surface "who know.")

But for a man who doesn't care to go out and question pimps and prostitutes, criminals and dope peddlers, yeggs and assassins; who doesn't care to pore over newspaper and police files for strange and unexplainable occurrences, or Missing Persons lists for data on the losses to the underworld; for a man who would like something more than eye-witness accounts from the lips of such "unreliable" humans; who doesn't care to question the personnel and inmates of an insane asylum on "what the voices say" (which I will admit could develop into an embarrassing expedition) there is a simple method of proving to himself that the Underworld (in the Classic sense of the word UNDERWORLD) does exist in all its miraculously preserved wonder-mech, building on building and boring on boring, city bowl on

city bowl and city tier on city tier—deep in the earth—peopled with a citizenry of diverse and numerous skills in using the ancient mech to cause miracle and devilment.

This method is in the application of the Shaver alphabet to the English language and indulging the deductive faculties in tracing the words of the Elder tongue which still can be found, many of times in a good state of preservation, in our own English language.

Those college products who have been endowed with a complete knowledge of the past history of every word by etymological wizards of the colleges, by those professors who *assume* that the past students of the evolution of languages have all been correct in *their* assumptions, and have carefully grafted all this *hoary paraphernalia of error* upon their students; those gentlemen are the men who have the greatest difficulty in finding any sense in this alphabet.

They cannot successfully make the mental adjustment necessary to a study of the alphabet, because they cannot, even for the sake of experiment, admit for one moment that it "could be possible." So they glance at it and throw it aside because it was not on the

curriculum at college and hence can be of no possible importance on this green earth.

Nevertheless by its use the basic meaning sounds of an ancient ancestral tongue can be traced by any student flexible-minded enough to make that initial allowance for a base from which to proceed.

These basic sounds, such as RA TE DE AN BE CE FE GEN ENG I KIN LO LEE LI MA MU MO NIN NE O SIS TEAT ST UND VI VE VIE VIT WIN WER TER DER XE Y ZE and RO can be found in so many words meaning the same thing, in so many languages meaning the same thing, that we get a picture of basic sound meanings that we can trace back and back to a once universal tongue. Gradually to a student this once universal tongue emerges as Mantong—and every word he says is translated by his mind into its Mantong meaning, which is a greater meaning.

It cannot be done by utilizing any system of word derivation now taught; for they are false, and it did *not* happen that way! If it did happen as they say it did, it happened *long after* the word had come into use over the whole earth, and their assumptions of its adoption into use and its spread are consequently error because they mistake in a given language an

already existent word for a later derivation from some other word in some other language.

It wasn't that way. They only had a common universal source in one ancient tongue. If they did derive from two or more Elder sources, they still intermingled during the great lapse of time to form a mixture inextricable today because of their original similarity in concept-symbol or basic-sound meanings.

This *point of departure* on the study of ancient tongues forms an insurmountable barrier between the classical student and myself. He cannot admit *to begin with* that there could be possible a basis for such an assumption that there *was* an original universal tongue.

He is confused by the multitude of his learnings. He KNOWS the Egyptian came first, or the Coptic or some other irrelevant tongue and he knows that all similarities must be traced to original source of which he has already been informed. He presupposes himself into a state of admiration for his deduction which is only, after all, a complex assumption of firsts, derivatives, etc.

But, above all their squabbling over each word, Mantong emerges as the great Rosetta stone of the past. Touch any tongue with it and the veils fall away; the Man-

tong stands clear and clean above it all.

NO OTHER tongue contains their knowledge of energy, or gives a key to their wisdom—a wisdom greater than our own—and any student proceeding from an assumption that this wisdom never existed cannot proceed even experimentally in the study of the tongue.

For it is based on the play of two forces, and all phenomena of life are described as an interplay between these two forces De and Te, evil and good, Dis and Int.

Ssstt describes the touching of fire to water, of water to a hot stone—to us as to any primitive. BUT to a student of Mantong *sssst* is the survival of the ancient symbol of sun-fire, for dis striking against the ancient symbol for TE, for growth. The water contains the TE or growth force, and when it comes in contact with S, the fire, the noise *sssstt* always comes with it—and they used the symbols of these two primal forces with the sound which they make.

De was their sound symbol for the processes of disintegrant energy. *De vi* was their word for an evil man's energy. *De vile* their word for one filled with *de*; *de cay*, *Dee See a* (animal) *Y. ban*

Decay is a *sentence* in Mantong. It means: *see dee in the animal, WHY?* It *taught*. When the child learned the word decay, he learned to look for the *cause* of the *decay*, too. Hence the letter Y (why) is tacked on so many of their words. But no classical product of our colleges would ever admit that such a system of word building ever existed for he cannot admit that anyone in the past knew that much!

Add a little more detrimental disintegrant en-energy—we get DE AD. *Dead* meant: if you keep adding *de* you will die. You can't even monkey with the stuff (as we are learning with atom bombs—and are going to learn really by losing all our "precious" civilization in one flaming battle).

Dead also meant: someone had killed a *DE unit* of the social pattern. Their words had these coincident punning meanings packed in! *De a De!* A command to go out and make likewise any Hitlers or would-be Hitlers was inherent in their word for a dead person.

The word *teat* we cannot even say without lewd and comic thoughts. They meant something more; they meant: *TE force is here at teat*. (The child absorbs integrative energy here.)

Get a college word wizard to admit that any first race on earth ever knew of any such thing about

energy as that there were two basic forces, integrative and disintegrative! It isn't even taught yet (or is it?) that there *is* an integrative force that disintegration demands an equivalent integration or there wouldn't be anything to disintegrate in all space. OUR COLLEGES DO NOT TEACH AN INTEGRATIVE FORCE (to my knowledge), or even suggest that it could be a pole about which all life proceeds upon its beginnings until it meets DE and ceases to BE!

How then get them to admit that the ancients knew there was an integrative force and used it as a basic symbol for GOOD, for a way of life in the word TIC, even though the word tic itself describes our present world system of finance and commerce. They called it TIC—we call it Credit. But they meant a lot more by TIC than we do by the word *credit*. They meant a social order based upon credits—we call it money and we get it for work. Credit—(See RED, I T.) Our own word is one of theirs: "I will stand T for your RED (ink)." We still get in the "RED." We think it is modern slang for the red ink used on losses columns, but in truth they used the word before there was ink. Before Carters ever made a bottle of red ink for bookkeepers to item-

ize their bills with men used the words "in the red" to describe their debts.

We all have these unconscious assumptions in our minds about words, and most of them are wrong.

I can go on and on with this, but I don't want to tire you. BUT if you *are* interested in a proof of the Shaver mystery, it can be had by any deductive mind for a few hours work with the alphabet, and the Mantong of the Elder race will emerge in all its wonderfully simple meanings before him, and he will have a complex and wonderful plaything for his mind in its idle moments all his life. For every word bears some flavor of their thought, if you can search it out. And it isn't so hard as our complexly misinformed professors would have us believe. Because they *are* wrong about the past, and there *is* better history in *King Arthur* and *Merlin*, in *Froissart's Roland and Oliver*, in fairy tales and myths than there is in any standard text on Classical history on "Rome and Her Fall," on the "Rise of Athens." Those histories *are* correct as far as they go; but they *missed* the *true beginnings*. We did *not* begin with the pyramids, the way the history books do! We *had* a vaster beginning than any Pharaoh's foolish piling of block on block to provide a

place to put his mummy. And a much more intelligent beginning. To me, the Pyramids are not a *great mystery*; they are a sample of the imbecility of men in certain early periods AFTER THE FALL. That the cumbrous piling of those square children's blocks of stone into a pyramid had a meaning, a vast significance, or any other fol-de-rol that is taught about them is not my way of thinking. They are sheer imbecility made concrete, and we still pretend to ourselves that the Egyptians who built them had "wisdom." The *wisdom* they are talking about existed *long before* the pyramids, the latter priests who *understood* that wisdom had nothing whatever to do with causing the pyramids to be built.

Wrap all the mists of wool about a pyramid that you want. I still see a fool making a million lives painful that he may have a hole to be placed in when he dies. PWA on a grand scale in ancient Egypt; a fool king who wasted the lives of his people upon idiocy.

THE Elder race *had wisdom*. Some of it *can* be found in the basic sound-meanings of our tongue by use of the Shaver alphabet. I do not claim to have "originated" the alphabet. (To *me* it *was* a discovery. Others may have

done so.) Maybe I *heard* it with "voices." Whatever is the truth, it will discover to you a vast race, prove their existence on earth, and give you an inkling of their mighty thought-rays.

I could go on talking about the Elder language for a large book-full, but there is no space for that. Eventually it will (the book) be done, if not by me, by some one like yourself who has read me and understood there was more to the Shaver alphabet than meets a college know-it-all's eye.

About proofs of the Shaver mystery, it is so self-evident to one who talks to ray people over rays from their caverns every day, it is somewhat like asking an ordinary householder to prove the Electric Light Co. exists.

It is *not* evident to you who have *not* "heard voices," "seen ghosts," experienced what are called "illusions due to mental derangement," but which we who know call "projections," or "telesolidographs."

It is like two men living near the same river. One has never seen a fish in that river all his life. The other has caught fish in the river every day. They get into an argument, the one who believes there are *no fish* in the river says: "Show me the proof, the bones and tails, the heads of these fish

you have caught."

Well I will show you what is left of some of the fish I have caught in the river of sound that flows from the cavern world to those who are allowed to hear. *Snatches of conversation heard over ray*: "Goes UP—IS COMING!"

The words mean nothing to you; *to me* they tell that the ancient plan of coming to the surface and ruling openly is again being taken out of the closet and being brushed off for a new trial. Perhaps "*they*" will come out and rule with antique-ray openly, and all of us will see it in our lifetime. It is a thing that has been planned many times, fell through because of fear, difficulties of moving apparatus, disorganization due to their medieval governmental set-up, etc.

"— — — — WAS DOWN HERE. HE WAS THE TOUGHEST MAYOR IN TOWN."

The words mean our surface Mayor — — — — was down in the caverns on a visit, and that he was seemingly the "toughest" of the group of big-shots with him, of the underworld characters whom he visited. One does not *know* if he really *was* down there, we only *hear the words*.

"TELL, 'EM OUTRIGHT, SHAVER, GET 'EM DOWN HERE? WE NEED 'EM PLENTY!"

It means that there are plenty of the people down there hoping and praying that some effort like my own does break through the dense cloud of "modern" ignorance in America and gets some action out of our powerful nation before less worthy rulers than our own Republicans and Democrats take over—both up on the surface and down in the caverns. But they themselves find no way of telling the men of the U. S. that will be understood, believed and acted upon. When they do talk to a man, he is frightened, thinks he is having delusions, goes to a psychiatrist and has himself psycho-analyzed. There is no greater ignorance, no greater barrier to progress than the blindness engendered by the sense of all-knowing self-sufficient egoistic fol-de-rol our educational system has given our average American school product.

I love those people down there, fighting unseen and unheard and unhonored, fighting and warding off from *us* a fate that words cannot describe. The dero of the caverns could depopulate the earth within months if they were free to do so, with the antique mech-rays. These people are ignored by our "omniscient" statesmen, though many of them *know* much of the caverns and their secrecy, and we *could* help them much if only the

curtain of "it isn't true," "they don't exist," "voices are imagination" were gone.

That is what I am trying to do; remove that curtain once and for all. Believe me, it is vitally necessary or I would not have the courage to face the possible consequences!

"HAND ME SOME DRY NEEDLES!"

Meaningless phrase isn't it? But not if you *see* the torturer, his needles slippery with blood, reaching for less elusive tools.

It *would* be possible to *buy* some of the mech in *certain parts* of the cavern world. These locations where the caverns are peopled by humans with some idea of developing a *future* for man could be found—if the whole governmental and "scientific" set-up of the nation, of the world, were not too "smart" to be taken in by such a "hoax" Hex doctors, other practitioners of the black art such as Demonist cults, *do buy* apparatus from the underworld! Not the men who DON'T "hear voices" (even when they *do*). Statistics show that *everyone* hears voices sometimes—not the scientists who call everyone who does not agree with them "crack-pots"; not the gentlemen who have learned all there is to know about life, the interior of the earth, science *and* Einstein. You yourself, if you

are honest with yourself, must admit that you have "heard voices" at one time or another in your life. *Think carefully*. AH! You had put it aside as imagination! But *was it? No, it wasn't!* It happened!

MANY things could be obtained of infinite value from these people in the caverns, if all of our civilization was aware and trying to salvage even a bit of the mighty wisdom the Elder race left behind them in their miracles of machine art. BUT it *can't* be done as long as "officialdumb" frowns upon all such efforts as "*superstition*," "black art," or "crackpots." It is a vital and unseen side of our life WHICH MUST BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC GAZE!

The fact is that any honest investigation of super-normal manifestation *always and invariably* turns up *mighty important data*; which data is *shelved* by fearful, ignorant and bigoted people who are *quite sure* that the school books are *right*, and that they *cannot* go contrary to opinion or they will lose their "position."

You see in today's paper: "THREE AIRPLANES DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY WITH FOURTEEN MEN IN THEIR CREWS." You see, *every day*, a constant succession of such For-

tean occurrences, such impossible accidents and wrecks and catastrophes. On our "fool-proof" railways the signals go awry and one part of a famous "cross-continent flyer" runs into another part—of the same train! Over and over you read of the "impossible" happening!

Yet you are told there are no caverns, there *could not be* any "antique miracle machinery," AND I MYSELF AM TO BELIEVE THAT I AM THE VICTIM OF DELUSIONS. EVEN THOUGH I HAVE FELT THE SEARING RAYS, BEEN TORMENTED BY INVISIBLE DEVICES, SEEN IMPOSSIBLE PROJECTIONS OF THINGS THAT DO NOT EXIST ON EARTH TO-DAY AND TALKED TO THE PEOPLE WHO MANIPULATE AND USE THESE DEVICES EVERY DAY AND HAVE BEEN DOWN IN THERE AND SEEN AND TOUCHED IT ALL WITH MY OWN HANDS.

It would be *comforting* to feel that I *was* the victim of a self-deluding mental quirk, for I would realize there was *no* threat hanging over the heads of the American people; there was *no need* to overcome the blindness of these people, that *no deros* kill regularly and steadily by such methods as caused Heirens to kill for George Murmans. That if I did not try to do

what I do, these killings such as Suzanne Degnan would not be in part upon my head. For I know that much could be done to stop such killings if only people *knew what the real cause was*. Locking Heirens up *did not stop* George Murmans. George Murmans can *kill you!* It would be smarter to punish the psychiatrists who deny George Murmans exist, for they probably *know quite well* that the voices *have* real people behind them, and are not *men enough to admit* that all is *not* understood about such phenomena. A psychiatrist is a worse criminal, *if he does know*, a *greater coward than Heirens* seems to be, blaming it on a phantom.

Every experienced psychiatrist has heard hundreds of people confess they "hear voices," and that some of the "voices" *prompt them to criminal acts*. Yet how many have the courage to *affirm* the voices' real existence. THEY ARE AFRAID OF YOU, the public! Yes, they *fear the common man's conviction* that "all such phenomena are delusions" and, *that fear is justified!* BUT, SOMEONE, SOMETIME, HAS TO CONQUER THAT BLIND DENIAL OF FACT AND COME OUT IN THE OPEN WITH THE TRUTH ABOUT VOICES, ABOUT SUCH CRIMES AS

HEIRENS', AND ABOUT SUCH THINGS AS AVOIDABLE TRAIN WRECKS.

It must be faced. All right, we face it, and thousands of readers flock to our support with letters affirming our decision to attempt the heretofore impossible!

Here's hoping we succeed. For there *are* in the caverns such things as weather machines, set in a pattern to govern the whole continent, that can control the precipitation, the winds, the whole character of the weather. I have seen them operated, have *touched* the machines; but *how do I tell it?* I have as much trepidation about the attempt as Heirens. He (can you blame him?) flunked the test of courage. I face it. (Remember this is a "hoax" please.)

THESE machines, of infinite variety, are culled over by engineers from rival (underworld) countries such as England (for all we know) and what is not sold to them is wrecked by the destructive nomads of the caves "so someone else won't use them."

Gypsies "*know*" about the underworld. Spiritualists insist on the reality of their "*spirits*." I know the gypsies are making a better sense about the voices than the Spiritualists. They tell fortunes by allowing the secret rays to read

their customers' mind—and make money. So do the spiritualists, but they *say* it is spirits. The gypsies *say* it is a "*gift*." It is! From "gypsies" under the earth. BUT NOT DEAD!

DID YOU EVER ASK THE WEATHERMAN WHAT BECAME OF THE RAIN THAT STARTED RAINING AND SUDDENLY QUIT, AGAINST ALL PROBABILITY? DID YOU EVER ASK A PRISON GUARD HOW COME CERTAIN GUARDS SHOT AND KILLED OTHER GUARDS? DID YOU EVER ASK THE MISSING PERSONS BUREAU WHERE ALL THE MISSING PEOPLE WENT? PERSONALLY (not by listening to the radio—but personally looked at the files comprehensively)? Did you ever talk to insurance investigators who ascertain the cause of fires, the nature of the mechanical failures in train wrecks, all the many things that go unaccountably wrong?

NO, YOU DID NOT! You *assume* there was nothing mysterious or frighteningly weird about any of it. YOU ASSUME THAT IT IS ALL PERFECTLY UNDERSTOOD BECAUSE OF THE NATURE OF YOUR EDUCATION.

Fact is, a black witch doctor in Africa does know more about such

things than *you* do. They don't close their eyes to all the unseeable things in life. But a "modern professor" *does* so close his eyes, and succeeds in closing most of his students' eyes.

All of which wouldn't matter, if most of our heritage in the caverns wasn't being destroyed and wasted and broken by idiotic handling by creatures with no wits or education whatever. It *matters* because our civilization *could receive* from just one piece of that "mech" a bigger boost than from many generations of genius. BECAUSE THAT MECH IS THE PRODUCT OF AGES OF INTENSELY CIVILIZED DEVELOPMENT BY A BIGGER, GREATER RACE, A RACE WHO HAD CONTACT WITH SPACE!

How to tell the American government there *is* something to learn about the rocks of mother Earth that *can't be learned in a College of Geology*, in an "Institute of Mining Techniques"? How to tell a modern over-educated bigot that our school textbooks left out the biggest page—the history of the Elder race? HOW?

It can't be done! The answer tells me to give up, to write stories about anything else, to quit making dangerous statements about a people who might take umbrage

and bump me with some of that wonder-weapon-mech.

Then a voice says: "Tell 'em, but right! Be a man!" (Now remember, bigot—this *is* a hoax, I confess.)

And I do. *There are no voices* is not true! Everyone can hear them and does at one time or another. Some of us hear them every day because we have interesting minds, and there is fascination in exchanging mental contact with our minds.

The trouble is I *know better* than to accept the general blindness about the invisible. They have not *seen* the bodies behind these invisible phenomena. I have! They have only deductive abilities which have no data to operate on that they can consider infallible. And they are lied to by fearful gentlemen who fear to state the truth, for reasons you must understand. If you don't understand why these gentlemen who *know* do not speak—just picture yourself doing it! (Uh huh!)

I should not worry, if I were them. For do not astrologists state regularly that the motion of the stars affects human events? Do not the spiritualists baldly state that the dead come back regularly? It must be all right to print *anything* in this United States. Maybe it is a Constitutional right? I hope so! For I have plenty to say that is

apt to be misunderstood both above the surface and beneath. Of the two I fear the underworld the least! Above all the things that terrify me, I fear the bigoted psychiatrist, the worldly materialist, the know-it-all scientist.

The underworld is quite willing to let superstition be a veil for them. No income tax, do what they please with everyone, and a police force who call the mention of them superstition. *Perfect!* BUT there are plenty of them are smarting under terrible oppressions, sweat shop conditions, murderous arena battles for those out of favor, a lack of any justice of any kind from overhead. Those are our friends, they want a sane and normal life and justice. Truth is, even the profiteers who boost for the secrecy wish for the good old American army to man their ray guns when the wild dero attack from some "uncivilized" frontier of the vast cavern world. They find the weapons they had considered invincible are outranged by weapons of the dero (wild and ignorant and murderous, yet who inherited from their ancestors the knowledge of how to handle them well in battle). These battle weapons are handed down among them just as the muskets of the camel-riding Arabs are handed down from father to son.

But if they live through such an attack, they call it "over," and go back to ducking the income tax.

THERE are good and bad rulers in the caves, good and bad factory owners down there. Some would like the restrictions that hamper their trade with the surface removed; some want the system that assures them cheap labor kept.

I often feel I shouldn't exert myself to expose the Elder world in the face of the egregious incredulity of the average man—I just shouldn't bother. Let the monopoly roll on over all possible future development for the human race. It will anyway.

I know the work is vitally necessary, but it seems so impossible in the face of "officialdumb's" attitude in the face of revelations like George Murmans. I know that *all* criminal investigators are not so blind as not to know there are influences that are real behind such tales. Of course *they know*; there is so *very much* of it going on. They don't know *how* to face the neighbor's assumption they have gone "nuts," and they don't *dare* open their mouths! BUT THEY KNOW, and they know plenty.

This work is necessary to pre-

vent such crimes as those dictated by "voices." If Heirens had known what such phenomena indicated, that he had acquired an underworld dero who would get him in trouble, he could have avoided it, would have had some chance of mentally fighting off the criminal suggestions of the degenerate mind that at last managed to gain control of his actions. Heirens was under this influence for years before he murdered. The truth about Heirens is that he showed remarkable resistance to these controlling telaug suggestions. I wish there were some way to show what it really was that caused his downfall. I am *trying*, here.

TO RESUME with the "fish-bones" and "proofs" in the form of words and snatches of conversations heard over just such rays as drive people to murder, except that they are in the hands of sane members of the cavern's society:

"IN HOT COUNTRIES THEY BURST BREASTS."

The sentence means that in South America, Africa and other jungled countries there are cavern wild dero who use force rays up through the rocks to the surface people to burst maidens' breasts and cause their death. I wonder how one of our "explainers" of

Fortean and Shaver phenomena would explain this occurrence.

"BOSS RAISES HELL WHEN WE'RE SEEN."

Means when they go out to gather firewood or get groceries, to milk the unsuspecting farmer's cows, or similar clandestine excursions, they get plenty hell if they let anyone see them!

"ARE ALL GYPSIES, GYPSIES?"

The voice suggests that long excursions are sometimes made by cavern people masquerading as gypsies. Not a difficult masquerade is it?

The firewood practice suggests a method of proof—for yourself, though don't expect any "normal" person to believe you. Watch the broken dead branches in the woods near a cavern suspected entrance. Note missing branches—see if you can find who collected them? Listen with hidden sound devices from a distance. When you try a few things like this you will run into discouraging or encouraging phenomena immediately. You will learn, in a hurry.

More:

"Last light is gone. Car ahead! 'Fraid to go after wood now someone might see us."

"Sticks are cheapest fuel. Boss's fuel costs money. It is hard to get money."

"Found an ice-skating robot!
Beats all what you run into."

"If he had the money to be
ruined . . ."

"You know, we've got to double-
seal all these entrances."

"Last census was 58,900 inhab-
itants known and under control
by . . ." (Tampered out the rest.
Most of these informative senten-
ces are through tamper and are
incomplete.)

"Lady Estelle put together.
You'd swear she was human."
(Words about another robot, which
I saw in projection, which was
very human in appearance. From
my daily notes on "voices.")

"Centenarian devils filled with
pep and pride."

"The fire is of books of magic,
and on the fire cooks human flesh."

"We get little meat, some of it
is human flesh; sometimes sold
in a market; no one inquires *whose*
flesh."

"Stockholm, Sweden, best place
to go for good white ray, and good
treatment from them for perse-
cuted surface men." (I wish I could
go.)

"I don't *have* to wear anything?
Or *have* anything to wear!" (Cav-
ern girl's voice.)

"Granny got Ladies Home Jour-
nal years ago. Now they don't get
it here anywhere. *Verboten*, sub-
scriptions." (No address.)

"A sin and dance place."

"The Satanic government was
very strict about virtue." (Figure
that out.)

"The boss is very large. Grab
hold and lift anything, he can. But
a sourpuss by the look of him."
(Effects of long ben-ray on boss.)

"I couldn't even outen' my
cigarette. Now dripping, now shak-
ing. Sorrow, pain, splendor, foolish-
ly intermingled." (Account of stim
experience on forcing table, idiotic
intermingling of all sensual sen-
sations from crazy operator.)

"Some tried to sell some caves
to some nation's governments. They
were too "modern" to believe us.
Scared to talk to us, or meet us
anywhere." (Meant: long ago,
other countries tried to get some
cash out of selling the "secret.")

"Only one little table left. Had
to sell the rest. They take every-
thing." (Not fully understood
whether she means they are re-
moving all the antique furniture
and apparatus or whether she
means she had to sell her own
possessions to get food.)

"Place your thumb toward dag-
ger and twist. It's an idol and
he uses it for a suitcase."

"Three fourths of the looting
was carried on under our super-
vision." (Not fully understood.)

"The temp. is always 53%."

"New captives are always cold."

Fire is a luxury. You get used to it, or you die."

"Feed the fire with Elder books." (Coal is in six inch lumps. Burned on open grate.)

"Many songs are attempts to get messages to you that you cannot help seeing—like: 'Midnight beaming, moonlight meaning.' but it doesn't ever work. Men are denser than dense. Tamper always blocks a person trying to get something across."

"They sold me! Brrrr. No fatigue, wonderful place to live. I believed them, went along in. It is! Wonderful! But the toilet doesn't work, and I'm starving and freezing."

"The reason people hear things more often in darkness, because when turn a telaug penetray on a house with a light burning, the light is carried down here to this end of ray—then they see it and stop us with tamper. Lying in the dark, you hear more, no one notices."

"A six-handed fiddle. I'd like to of seen the critter that played that thing. Must of looked like a grasshopper."

"The micro-show mech is great. It makes images of tiny races of people, only they are metal or glass or minerals—all different and they seem alive. A toy, I suppose, but they must have been

popular, there are a lot of them." (A device I have seen operated—it takes the (for instance) chessmen idea, builds a living race of people in moving, three dimensional pictures; like seeing a new world.)

"She had faceted mirrors or jewels sewn on her ankles above her insteps with surgical thread—to make her feet twinkle when she walked. She had places to go worth going to." (Picture of beauty of the Elder race.)

"We saw a metal glider full of men frozen in ice! Not modern men, some ancient race—had gliders. What you call "latter gods," I suppose." (Means with penetray in the deep ice of a glacier, or ice cave, she saw deep in the ice a glider of metal with crew all frozen since God knows when.)

"The buyer is not well in the head. He forgets to get things—and we starve. So many are *cut* in the head; can't function properly." (Cut is an x-ray needle that is used for less-open arguments. A man with many enemies soon becomes absent-minded to the point of becoming unable to carry on his work.)

"We have had a warning, *they come, not men!* They are terrible." (Means, I think, they have been warned of impending invasion of creatures that are not men. Whe-

ther from space or from some unexplored part of the endless cavern labyrinths, I don't know. I thought they meant space invasion.)

"A new ray phenomena to me, the image in the mind is consumed by flames right in the mind. Appears to be a heat ray super-imposed upon the neutral penetrative of the telaug beam."

"Evil ruled so long—stock him no good. Now have no children."

"A have-a-look shop."

"The neat and scarlet women."

WELL, there you are. A sample of voices heard and written down in the night. It is not a proof, except you have a mind to see that it could not be imagined, that it had to happen that way. The official dumb attitude we know already: "The man is deluded." But they're the same type of men who close our burlesque shows and go to honky-tonks or smokers in their clubs and holler "take-it-off" and get it taken off for them. Who squall about juvenile delinquency and contribute to it themselves if they get a chance, and they get it. The same men who never give a sucker a break, and everyone is a sucker, potentially. The men who ban good books from publication on moral grounds and themselves do not understand morality or give a damn. But they

have to look virtuous to sucker public, etc.

You can listen to the same old lies and believe there is nothing going on in the world that you are not fully informed of in the daily newspaper. Or you can think for yourself and find an amazing new world where things are happening—and a lot of it shouldn't happen. There is an *in* to be had, an *in* to "Forbidden Fruit," and many of these men who deny these things get plenty of that Forbidden Fruit. But it all *costs* us too much to ignore. We are losing lives of mighty development and god-like pleasure because we listen to fools who do not understand that themselves are greatest of all suckers for a lie.

Well, I'll quit now. These words are not a proof, and no set of words can be a proof to a mind that refuses them.

BUT I WARN YOU— IF THE ELDER MECH WAS GOTTEN INTO THE HANDS OF OUR GREAT TECHNICAL SCIENTISTS OPENLY AND WITH PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE OUR CIVILIZATION WOULD BECOME A HEAVEN. IT WILL NOT HAPPEN IF WE ALL CLOSE OUR EYES AND SAY IT DOES NOT EXIST.

This Christmas millions of toys were dug out of the storehouses in

the caverns, each of them worth a fortune to a surface manufacturer. "Ren-schur" (sure to run) toys, the finest of the elder race—and played with by ignorant grown people and wantonly destroyed. Such toys as no one but Aladdin or a modern cave dweller knows exist. Each of them was based on some application of physics, on some wrinkle of a knowledge of energy denied to us. Each of them a great invention on the surface and worthless down there because they are ignorant and we do not know they exist. Some of these things could be gotten off those people if we knew and tried. We do not! I *try*, but I am only one of a few people, the ones who understand that Shaver has something more than a fertile imagination and a yen to get into print, no matter how.

There are more kinds of blindness than the loss of eyes. Men lost their mental eyes when they decided to deny all the truth behind such phenomena as witchcraft.

Note for Shaver Opponents:

The incredulous attitude, historically speaking, has always been in the majority, and it **HAS ALWAYS BEEN WRONG**. This is not only true of such impossible gadgets as the telephone and radio, it has been true of every new discovery of every kind. It has al-

ways been true of visitors to the underworld and their tales upon returning. Strangely enough, it **HAS NOT ALWAYS BEEN TRUE OF WITCHCRAFT**. The credulous, in various times and places, far outnumbered the incredulous, where witchcraft was concerned. They **KNEW**, they said; **THEY FELT AND SAW AND HEARD THE TRUTH**.

To be incredulous of witchcraft, witches and related forms of superstition is comparatively a modern attitude.

To be incredulous of Shaver's statements, which do explain these once generally believed in and accepted phenomena, explains them logically and sanely—supported by endless references in antique writings; supported by countless letters from present-day people who have experienced these phenomena in the present day; supported by other eye-witness accounts of the antique mechanisms; supported by countless occurrences in our daily papers explained in no other way (explainable in no other way) than by acceptance of Shaver's "theories."

Note for all psychiatrists:

I, Shaver solemnly swear I have never heard a voice. They do not exist except in deranged minds.

Note for all who can even partially agree with Shaver:

I solemnly swear I hear voices

every night.

Note for all opponents of Shaver:

Above you can find two confessions. Take your choice.

Note to all psychiatrists and other repressors of truth:

I do solemnly swear and affirm

I have never had a dream I consider irregular or out of the way—in any way. Just the ordinary type of dream.

Note to proponents of Shaver:

Oh My! How's yours?

THE END

Editorial



(Continued from page 5)

and the issue after that, September. And then you will know that you aren't a thinker, because if you were, there'd have been an August issue!

No, we didn't write this editorial to solicit subscriptions. We just wrote it to drive home a point. The point is one of the main reasons why we publish MYSTIC. If the world is to get anywhere at all, we must dig out a few thinkers, cause a few more people to begin

to use their brains. It doesn't take many. One man can remake the world, if he just uses his noodle! If MYSTIC, over its whole history produces one Spinoza, one Kant, one Edison, one Tesla, one Steinmetz, one St. Paul, one Bishop Sheehan, it will have served its purpose. Just one man who doesn't go around, his eyes glassy and vacant, saying: "A pack of Camels, please—I've just run a mile for them!"

And what does the camel say? I can hear him a mile!

"Sucker!"

—Rap


BACK ISSUES GETTING SCARCE!

If you're planning to complete your file of MYSTIC, you'd better do it soon! Already several issues are out of print, and some are very short in supply. Following is a list of those still available, with prices:

No. 2 — JANUARY, 1954 (Very short)	75c per copy
No. 3 — MARCH, 1954 (Very short)	60c per copy
Nos. 4-5 — MAY, AUGUST 1954 (Limited)	50c per copy
Nos. 6-7-8-9-10 — OCTOBER, DECEMBER, 1954	
FEBRUARY, APRIL, JUNE 1955	35c per copy
No. 12 — OCTOBER, 1955 (Limited)	35c per copy
No. 13 — JANUARY, 1955 (Limited)	35c per copy



ASTROLOGY



This is one of a series of articles giving a realistic picture of astrology, rather than the one usually found in the popular type magazines devoted to it. *Mystic Magazine* presents this study in the interests of our readers, but not as any attempt to present horoscopic information. If you so desire, you can communicate directly with Mr. Bok, simply by addressing him care of this magazine. You should be warned, however, that Mr. Bok only *charts* (not analyzes) horoscopes for a fee of \$2.00 and usually charges \$50.00 for an interpretation (by mail). The information given in these pages is entirely free. We will gladly forward mail of a personal nature, but cannot guarantee that it will be answered. Questions directed to us, if pertaining to his column, will be answered in future articles provided space and circumstances allow. What we want is an analytical type of question designed to bring out the truth about astrology (or the untruth, whichever it may be), and let the chips fall where they may. Is astrology really an ancient science, and is it worth more of our attention? *Mystic Magazine* intends to find out!

“ASTROLOGY is bad,” writes Mrs. J. H., “because it destroys belief in free-will, and makes fatalists of people.”

“The most pernicious thing about astrology,” says C. H. P., “is that it lulls people into a state of false

security, where they don’t do anything except just sit back and wait for a shower of gold to fall into their laps.”

“Astrology is vicious,” declares Mr. R. B., “because people use it as an escape from responsibility. They let the stars make their de-

cisions for them, and then if anything goes wrong, they needn't blame themselves, they can blame the stars."

Wrong during the passage of the centuries.

I think that the doctrine of Man Controlling His Destiny was

Article No. 3

By Hannes Bok

FREE WILL — OR FATE?

To all three of which, I raise an eyebrow in what I hope is a Mephistophelean quirk, and retort, "Oh, yeah?"

Let's take Mrs. J. H's objection first—anent astrology destroying belief in free-will.

By free-will of course is meant our ability to know right from wrong, and to choose between them. I wonder! What's right in one country can be quite wrong in another. It's okay to have more than one wife if you're a Moslem, for example. The easiest way out in such an instance is to say how right we are and how wrong others are—but that doesn't necessarily make us any the righter or the Moslems any the wronger. ("Curiouser and curiouser," said Alice—in case you object to my fractured English.) What's right in one country often becomes very wrong in another, and I daresay if you explore History thoroughly enough, you'll find that almost any nation or people has come full circle through definitions of Right and

invented, as most things are, to flatter mankind into that lulling state of false security that C. H. P. has spoken about. Man has chosen all sorts of (sometimes conflicting) ways of saying it, but the gist of everything He's said is that He's the hub of the Universe and the end-product of all Creation.

But belief is in the doing, not in the conversation. The man who hasn't the courage to live his beliefs really hasn't any beliefs to begin with—he's just shooting off his mouth. And if Man is as wonderful as He seems to think, how come we have H-bombs?

Let's face it—Man is nothing but a conglomeration of insignificant germs swarming over an orange, one of billions of oranges in an endless grove of Space and Eternity. And for one of these little germs to thump its chest (if germs have chests) and to yell, "Lookit me, I'm the Master of Everything!" as Alexander and Hitler and so many others did—

it's enough to make a cat laugh, as M. P. Shiel often commented (adding the qualifications, "Martian cat"). No sense of proportion whatever.

How much free-will is involved in your being born lame or blind? In your walking down the street, minding your own business, and an out-of-control car zipping over the curb and striking you down? Or muggers suddenly popping out from around a corner and beating you half to death?

Astrology in its present form cannot predict any definite event, though I believe that as we keep on developing it, in time it will be able to do so. In its present stage, astrology can only tell the approximate time that certain factors (that go to make up what we call Life) will be harmoniously or inharmoniously related, suggesting that we cooperate with this foreknowledge, and therefore work with, rather than against, the laws of Nature. Seems to me there's an element of choice in this!

But is there really?

Suppose you exercise your right of free-will and decide to go on a diet. Why did you make this decision? Was it because you felt you didn't measure up to standards of beauty? But who set these standards *for* you? You've only allowed yourself to be deluded by

other people's ideas. And what set of prejudices made those others adopt those standards? What's beautiful to a Japanese isn't necessarily beautiful to Scotchmen. Oh, I forgot—we are right, and everybody else is wrong.

Or suppose that you decide to go on a diet because the doctor's warned you that your health will suffer unless you do! Doctors have warned innumerable others to do this thing or that, yet their advice has glanced off deaf ears. What in your background has made you susceptible to the doctor's advice?

All of us listen only to such ideas as we are receptive to —and our receptivity goes back to our early training, and in turn that early training is merely the result of our predecessors' early training, and so on back to the dawn of time, if not earlier.

Odd too—maybe you've noticed—how most people, when stymied, come up with the comeback, "After all, it's only human nature." It's been said that if there were no God, men would find it necessary to invent one. I hereby submit that if there were no devil, men would find it necessary to invent one—and they did. His name isn't Satan, it's Human Nature. And any time you get stuck for an answer, you can blame everything

on him.

Astrology demonstrates that while you cannot alter the factors behind any specific event, at least you can choose your *reaction to the event*, and that's about as far as free-will ever seems to go.

You can look upon death as something hideous and dreadful, or you can accept it as something inevitable and perhaps even welcome, but in any case, you can't alter the fact that it's with us.

Get caught in a rainstorm, and you can either make the whole thing into an uproarious joke (also perhaps resolving next time to carry an umbrella, or to learn to judge the conditions that make the weather), or you can make it into a dreadful tragedy—boo hoo, my brand new hat is ruined, what have I done that Fate or God should so punish me (a negative form of self-flattery, making oneself important).

But what factor in your make-up, buried deep down in the Unconscious or Subconscious, dictated that you take either viewpoint?

Now as for astrology lulling people into a state of false security, wherein they await showers of gold, those people can't know their astrology very well—because astrology teaches us that we've got to work for everything we get, that if you don't meet the responsi-

bilities of the square aspect, you won't reap the rewards of the trine aspect. Life, astrology says, is like a picnic—you get out of it only what you put into it.

And as for astrology being utilized as an escape from responsibility, so are illness (feigned), alcohol, narcotic and all sorts of other things. Just because some people make use of drugs to escape from life into pleasant dream-worlds doesn't mean that drugs themselves are bad (try having a major operation without them, for example). Some people use religion as an escape from facts—does this make all religion bad? Nothing's wrong with a thing in itself, only in how it's abused. Food is good for us if we don't let ourselves become gluttons. Poisons are often cures, if used in the right amounts. Even destruction has its place in life—you've got to chop down a tree to get wood for building a house. You've got to tear down slums to erect shiny new Housing Projects.

Nothing's wrong but that thinking makes it so. I dunno who said it, but he certainly said an all-time mouthful.

I'll quote some typical misconceptions of astrology from a letter from L. B. F. He says, "By the way, could you tell me when I'll find my fortune? . . . My wife

was born November 8th, and our wedding day was September 8th. My Mom's birthday is December 8th and my sister's wedding also was on the 8th of the month. December 8th is also my sister in law's birthday . . . I was born on February 11th in the twenties, and recently picked up a book by Leon Jolson which says his success first began when he landed with his wife in America on February 11th, 1947 . . . What do you think of that? Funny coincidence! Strange, the number of coincidences like that, in my life!"

L. B. F. apparently has got numerology mixed up with astrology. As I've pointed out in the previous articles, the Sun, Moon and planets all move around the zodiac at varying rates of speed, so that the chances of their repeating an identical pattern at any time during the lifetime of any man—or even any nation—are non-existent.

The planetary patterns of any February 11th in the Twenties and of February 11th in 1947 have so little in common that they're scarce worth mentioning.

And as for telling L. B. F. when he'll find his fortune, I can't help but wonder just what his definition is of "finding fortune." Maybe (with a change in viewpoint) he's already found it. A sick person's idea of fortune

might presumably be the state of health; a blind man's fortune the gift of sight, and so on.

I can't tell L. B. F. when the shower of gold is going to descend upon him, though I might be able to guess at it, if I were to know what *work* he put into obtaining the afore-mentioned shower. But I will know and can tell him the date when he will *find himself* (when Uranus transits in conjunction to his Sun and Moon, meaning when he undertakes to change his modes of self-expression and his picture of his secret inner self). To know oneself is to know one's fortune. And if it sounds as though I'm cribbling from ancient philosophers, just remember that most of the great names in Philosophy also happened to be astrologers. That's how they happened to become philosophers.

Most folk, however, don't really want to know themselves lest they find out some unflattering facts about themselves. Consequently they're unfortunate in more ways than one. For their peace of mind, they'd better avoid astrology—but then, they generally do.

As I've said before, everybody should be his own astrologer, rather than rely on others to do his work for him. It's nice to have an astrologer understand you, and explain you to yourself, but no astrologer

claims to be infallible (no *real* astrologer, anyway) and he just might miss one of the factors most important to your self-knowledge. And while true astrologers do accept money for their services (after all, even the Bible says that a laborer is worthy of his hire), they're not in the business so much for the money as to help others to learn to help themselves.

I've a letter here from Mrs. A. S., telling about a certain West Coast astrologer who took money for years on the basis of prophecies that didn't work out. Probably the astrologer meant well, but obviously she didn't know her business. Over and over I've had to make it clear to folk that astrology cannot predict any definite event. And it's just as much a victim's fault (for not knowing the facts about astrology) as it is the false prophets'. It's a case of the Sorcerer's Apprentice all over again.

"But astrology is such hard work!" people wail. "I think it's fascinating and possibly even true, but I simply don't have enough time to go into it thoroughly!"

To me, astrology isn't work at all, but grand fun. Again it's all in one's point of view. If you're really interested in anything, it becomes absorbing pleasure. If not, if you want others to do all your work for you—well, at least

be honest enough to admit it!

But remember, you reap rewards proportionate only to the work you've put in. And not all payment comes to you in the form of money. (Most people balk at being paid off in Wisdom, not realizing that wisdom can always be converted into cash, if it's really wisdom, practical know-how in action, rather than mere education or Knowledge.)

I get a lot of mail from people lamenting that they've worked hard most of their lives, and never got paid for it. Wrong! No matter what we do, or don't do, we're paid for it. How? In learning and in self-discovery.

But many folk reject this kind of payment because it's a disappointment, not being in cold hard cash. In doing so, they're doing the equivalent of tearing up their salary-check—nobody's going to suffer except themselves. They're like the little kids who skip school because they can't see any good in reading and arithmetic, and who grow up capable only of filling the most menial of jobs—and envy and resent those others who *did* learn reading and arithmetic and thereby qualified themselves for the highly-paid jobs. The person who goes around moaning that Life has treated him unfairly may not realize it, but he's simply shouting

from the rooftops his own unwillingness and inability to learn. He may put in a lot of hard physical labor, but what about mental labor—the labor of finding himself, his talents and limitations!

I've another letter asking again about the keywords for Sun and Moon. I've just been looking at somebody's horoscope, drawn up for Marilyn Monroe, and I think it demonstrates the idea beautifully.

In a male horoscope, Sun is male self-expression and self-projection, and Moon is the ego-pattern, or the true inner self one knows himself to be. Due to the polarity between the sexes, these are just the reverse in female horoscopes.

I've always felt that poor Miss Monroe was terribly miscast in most of her films, and apparently (judging from some of the headlines she's made) she feels quite the same way. She'd be greater box-office than ever if her producers only would have the courage to try casting her in the old Lillian Gish sort of roles—not as a cold-blooded enchantress and sexpot, but rather as an unfortunate girl-next-door-type in desperate need of rescue.

Marilyn Monroe was born June 1, 1928, so my data informs me. (One reason I shy away from do-

ing film stars' charts is that many of them falsify their birthdates in the interests of maintaining "glamour"—an interesting Scotch word which I suggest everybody look up in the dictionary before deciding whether it's a desirable commodity or not.) However, in this case, I well can believe that the data is correct because Miss Monroe has her Sun (female ego-picture) in Gemini, and her Moon (female self-expression and projection) in Scorpio.

Marilyn knows herself to be a Gemini, a neighborly sort of person extremely interested in the routine affairs of her environment, somewhat restless and fond of travel and reading. Her Venus also is in Gemini, in conjunction with her Sun, meaning that the pleasure-principle is inseparably linked with her true self or ego, so that in time she'll come to realize that true happiness lies within herself, rather than in others. Since Gemini is the writing sign (though usually confined to news-reporting and rather frivolous titbits) I'm quite sure that eventually Miss Monroe will try her hand at writing. I shouldn't be at all surprised if she'd "do another Hedda Hopper" by becoming a film-reporter after she decides to stop acting.

Her birth-Saturn in Sagittarius opposes this Venus-Sun conjunc-

tion, however, giving her a strong security-complex, and the need to sacrifice her ego and pleasure for the sake of meeting responsibility and sheer necessity. Since Sagittarius is the philosophical sign, the world demands more philosophy from Marilyn than she's capable of giving, but she tries hard to acquire it.

However, with her self-projecting Moon in Scorpio, on the surface she *seems* to be a Scorpio (and Scorpio is reputedly the sexiest sign in the zodiac—although a few words could be said about Aries, too!) with all the negative (feminine) Scorpio attributes—cold-hearted gold-digger proclivities and a ruthless taking advantage of others.

You can expect her to make quite a lot of headlines in 1957, at which time transiting Saturn will oppose her Sun and Venus, and provide an outlet through a trine to her Mars and Uranus. Translated, it implies that she'll be ripe for a tremendous emotional let-down, very disturbing to her ego, and will probably find relief through sudden and rather drastic action—or temperament. And since people under stress generally are too disturbed to take precautions, they are wide open to accidents, so I hope that Marilyn will avoid fast cars and airplanes and

machinery of any kind around 1957. I'm curious to see what happens to her around April 15, 1956, the first of June, 1956, August 15, 1956 and October 20, 1956, because these dates may have reference to coming events that will contribute toward her emotional woes of 1957. The position of transiting Jupiter seems to indicate her investing time, money or talent in some very ambitious project during 1956 which, while satisfying to her ego, won't add much to her prestige.

Which reminds me, speaking of actresses, of Greta Garbo. She'll be emerging into public life again around 1957-8, but in an entirely new capacity. Apparently during her years of retirement she's changed her aims and ambitions. It doesn't look as if she'll make films or even go into television; she might possibly make stage appearances or night-club appearances, but whatever she'll do, it will be a limited and localized sort of thing, not attracting the worldwide attention she formerly had. Teaching, perhaps? She'd be a wow of a writer if she ever let herself try it, and that doesn't mean only her autobiography (what a best-seller *that* would make).

Judy Garland (her chart is
(Concluded on page 91)

PROBING THE FLYING SAUCER RIDDLE

By Alex Saunders

Where, where, where do they come from, those elusive saucers that fly? Are they interplanetary or intergalactic visitors? Could another dimension be their home? Do they happen to be time-travelers? Are they strictly mundane, a wondrous and secret man-made invention? Are they by any chance some form of natural phenomena as yet unexplainable? Who can say? There are, it would seem, as many theories for the origin of flying saucers as there are twinkling stars in the heavens. However, it is interesting to speculate, for what else can we Earth-bound mortals do?

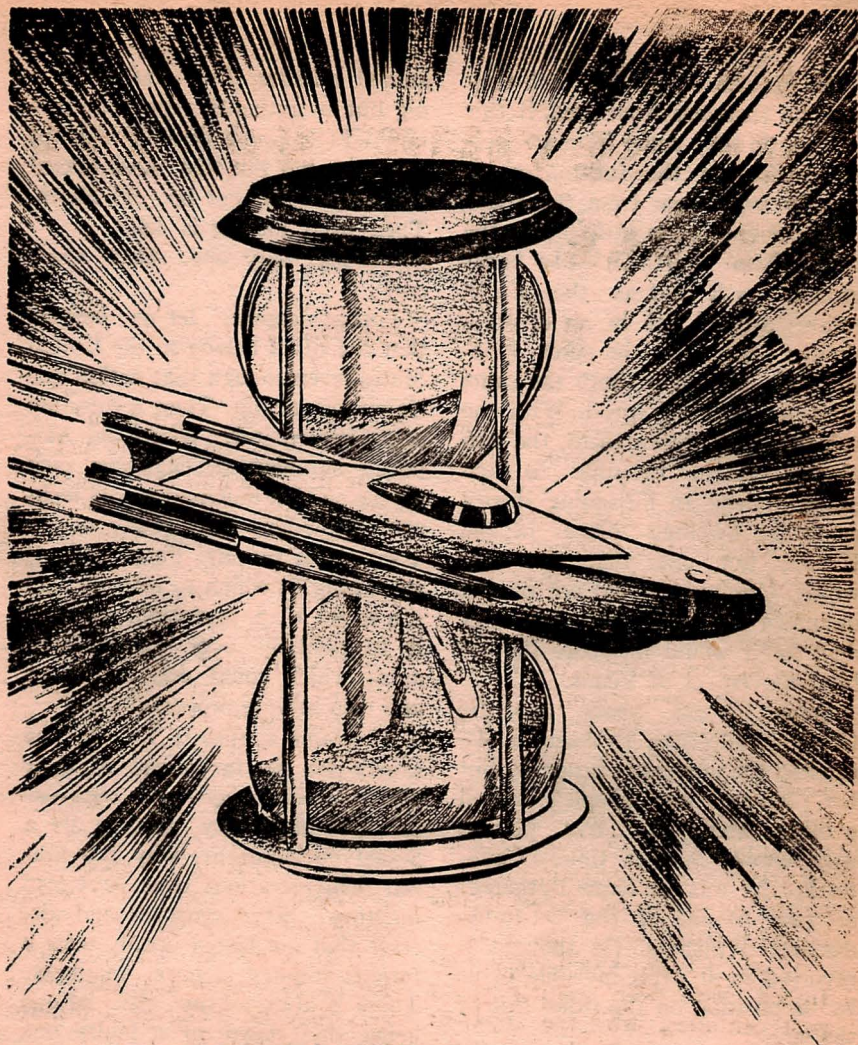
If the UFO's, intelligently controlled, have been visiting us for past centuries, why the apparent bashfulness on the part of the crews to meet us openly? Why the constant spying, with never an attempt at personal contact? Will more centuries pass before they de-

cide to visit us in the open?

If Earthmen visit Mars and discover it teeming with advanced intelligent life, would we not make our presence known without too much delay? Centuries of needless exploration would not be our way of doing things. In refraining to establish contact, do the aliens feel so superior to us that we are regarded as vermin, with the thought of communication being distasteful, even nauseous?

From a study of the works of Charles Fort, it would appear that the saucers have penetrated our atmosphere for centuries. But perhaps this is not so. Perhaps it is a paradox. It is not stretching credulity too far to imagine that the passengers may be living at a different time rate from us.

If their day equals our month, or year, then yes, they have been visiting us for *terrestrial* centuries. But to the aliens, it may be that only



a year, or two years at the most, has elapsed for them. Therefore, the reason for their over-long delay to meet us openly is explained.

Could the saucers be from some other dimension of time?

As for the suggestion that they may be travelers from time, if this is true, do they come from a super-civilization in the future, or an equally super one from the past?

A current comic strip bears the title "Twin Earths." The background has it that as the Earth rotates around Sol in an orbit, a similar planet, on the sun's opposite side, travels in both the same orbit and rate of speed. With the sun forever between them, the two planets remain invisible to each other. Indeed an intriguing theory as to the dwelling place of the UFO's, but one that is totally wrong. Our twin would not remain unknown to us, even though hidden, for it would influence the orbital movement of Venus.

Some 2,400 years ago, the Greek intellectual, Pythagoras, estimated the universe containing but ten planets, his people's sacred number, when only five planets were known at that time. "Counter-Earth" was the name Pythagoras gave to one of the yet-to-be-discovered planets. He thought it revolved in an orbit invisible to us by its position on the other side of the sun.

Could any nation on Earth be the developer of flying saucers? Despite the fact that the U. S. Air Force has vehemently denied their existence, they could be a secret experimental type aircraft, or,

guided missiles. But—and it is a *big* But — authentic reports on certain UFO's prove beyond a doubt to any mind but the most biased that they could *not* be of Earth. Then what answer is left? Seemingly, only one. *Alien spacecraft.*

For a moment, let us assume that the disks belong to the United States, even though that nation disclaims ownership. Then a question arises immediately. Where did American aeronautical engineers pick up the sudden much-advanced technical know-how successfully to put a saucer in the air. This, truly, is something at which to marvel. And if a secret U. S. invention, why test it so publicly over metropolitan areas which could endanger lives and ruin private property?

The same applies to Russia. The saucers are so far ahead of their present technology—and ours—as to be revolutionary. If they are a Soviet development, why the brazen demonstrations over American territory? Secret missiles and aircraft that are tested openly over a foreign country is pure madness. There is always the risk of one being shot down, or a faulty one crashing. Invaluable secrets could be discovered as a consequence. Surely the Russians know this, and dare not take the gamble. *Please*, let us credit them with *some* intelligence.

UFO's have been observed over countries — many countries — other than the U. S. A., for sightings are global and not confined only to the United States. So Russia flaunts her super-invention for all the world to see? What nonsense!

Excluding our own world, how about one of the other eight planets of our solar system? Could there be found the home of the flying saucers? For example, the planet about which more has been written than any other—Mars.

Because of the glamor Mars has always held for us, it is popularly accepted by much of the open-minded public that the disks come from the red planet as though it were a proven fact. This should not be taken for granted, for it is mere conjecture. Nothing more. Their origin could as easily come from outside our solar system as within.

The main arguments against alien intelligent life inside our solar system are:

(1) The inner planets—Mercury, Venus—are too hot.

(2) The outer planets—Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto—are too cold.

(3) All planets other than Earth either lack atmospheric gasses, or possess ones which would soon prove lethal to human lungs. Therefore, in summation, intelligent alien life is ruled out by a

goodly percentage of astronomers.

Then, if not confined to our solar system, could the flying saucers come from beyond? That is, from another stellar system? If this be the case, the distances traveled are mind-staggering.

According to the late Dr. Albert Einstein's Theory of Relativity, light moves at 186,000 miles per second. Leaving the sun, it reaches Mercury in four and a half minutes, Earth in about eight minutes, and Pluto in a few hours. But in arriving at the nearest fixed star, Alpha Centauri and Proxima Centauri, it requires *over four years!*

About eleven light years from the sun lies the binary star system 61 Cygni. This wide-spaced pair of faint stars revolve around each other. Long observation of the movements of one component make one thing certain. There exists a third body — a non-luminous companion with a mass six-tenths that of the sun, and sixteen times as massive as Jupiter! It encircles one of the components of 61 Cygni once in 4.9 years.

Dr. K. A. Strand of Sproul Observatory at Swathmore College in Pennsylvania, presented convincing evidence in 1942. Shortly afterward, the University of Virginia's Leander McCormick Observatory announced a similar dark body of planetary mass of the system 70 Ophiuchi, twelve light years away.

This body's period of revolution is 17 years, with a mass 10.5 times that of Jupiter.

Granted, these hypothetical planets are vast in size. But where such huge bodies are found, smaller ones may yet be discovered. Thus, life may have evolved upon them. Intelligent life? Why not? It is a possibility.

If the double star, 61 Cygni, is the flying saucers' origin, and they travel at 100,000 miles an hour their trip to us would take over 70,000 years! True, their speed might approach that of light, but it would never exceed it. Therefore, their craft would not disintegrate into pure energy. So Einstein tells us, and imparts other information.

On approaching the velocity of light, both time and our mass would, seemingly, act in a manner out of the ordinary. For not only would time appear to go more slowly inside a space ship, mass, too, would give the impression of expansion. At the speed of light, mass, now infinite, would take an infinite force to move it.

Coming from a star ten light years away (and there are eight such stellar neighbors within that range) a space ship traveling at 99% that of light would reach us in over ten years. Theoretically, such fantastic speeds are possible in space where gravity, air and

friction are non-existent. Should Einstein be wrong in limiting the speed of light (certainly not an impossibility) then the trip could be shortened considerably by surpassing that velocity.

If it so happens that flying saucers come from a stellar system that is hundreds—no, thousands—of light years from us, and their journey takes a short time, only a few days, weeks, or months at the most, a new method of propulsion must be used which utilizes an unbelievably powerful source of energy. Perhaps the hypothetical fourth dimension is somehow involved. Or it may be that forces are used of which Man can not even begin to conceive.

Ever present is the possibility that flying saucers have landed in secret, have even gotten in touch with one or more terrestrial governments, unknown to the public. That the government (s) are keeping it quiet may be for security reasons, upon request of the saucer entities, or for fear of hysteria. People are unpredictable. What the human brain does not understand it either fears or ridicules. Panic, once set in, could sweep across the nation like wildfire, engulf the entire world with mass suicides, economic disaster, unparalleled disorder.

Nonsense! you say. Utterly ridiculous! People just would not act

in that manner. Oh no? Consider, as examples, first the result of an Orson Welles broadcast that took place on Sunday night, October 30 — Hallowe'en — in 1938.

Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre presented a modernization radio adaptation of an H. G. Wells science fiction classic: "War Of The Worlds." So realistically enacted was the hour-long drama that despite the four repeated announcements of station and program identification, panic gripped some one million of an estimated six million listeners. Of the affected million, they could have been either inattentive to the announcements, or late tuners-in to the program.

Thousands fled wide-eyed from their homes. Braver souls with shotguns and rifles were ready to fight the "Martian invaders." Others prepared for evacuation. Still others flocked into churches to pray. Roads congested with snarled traffic — jammed hopelessly. Telephone lines fouled up.

Terror, bedlam, hysteria — all reigned hand in hand for several hours. Normality returned only when the panic-stricken victims learned the truth: that what they had listened to was merely a fictionalized version of an invasion from Mars.

That was in 1938. Eleven years later, in the winter of 1949, history repeated itself. This time,

when the citizens of Quito, Ecuador, heard another broadcast version of "War Of The Worlds," they, too, were taken in and fled in terror into the streets. When the truth was found out, they proved more incensed than their American cousins. Revengefully, they set ablaze the radio station and a newspaper plant. Six people were killed and some fifteen wounded before troops arrived to quell the riot and restore order.

With the above examples before them, is it any wonder that Earth government (s), presumably knowing flying saucers are from outer space, hesitate to inform an unpredictable public of the fact? No wonder at all.

Could it be that the aliens don't dare to land? Not through any fear of us, but for biological reasons? Built along frail and delicate lines, but still humanoid, their method of communication could be confined solely through a mental telepathy that is hyper-sensitive to the moods and feelings of terrestrial minds. Think of the mental havoc brought on by the envy, suspicion, greed, and hatred of Earthian individuals, and nations.

Our surface noises, too, might prove well-nigh fatal to the aliens. Modern city traffic with its shrill cacaphony and discord could easily drive them insane. Therefore, our planet can be studied—but only at

a safe distance. Far-fetched? Who can say?

It has been suggested that flying saucers carry alien *tourists* from some distant star-system. An interplanetary Cook's tour, so to speak. Our superiors in every respect — scientific knowledge, culture, etc — they have come here strictly through a mild curiosity. It has become that far-advanced race's current fad, gaining in popularity ever since their discovery that our globe holds intelligent life.

As for the UFO's landing to make personal contact—out of the question. For one thing, it may not be at all necessary for them to land in order to study us. All knowledge required of us may be brought to them while in their space craft amid their magic-like instruments. If not, our atmosphere and Earthly conditions, differing radically from their home planet, may prevent landings. So greatly advanced are they that the idea of us having something to offer them is laughable. To their way of thinking, nothing—absolutely nothing—could be gained by actual contact with primitives (or animals?) of such low scale.

But for the sake of argument, let us assume that the aliens are really anxious to land. Unable to breathe our air, could they not wear pressurized suits of some sort, ones

equipped with their own type of "oxygen"? Doubtless this could be done. But wait! Earthly germs and viruses would cling to their suits. Carried into their machines, what might be the result? Epidemic — death for the entire crew.

Knowing this full well, the aliens can never meet us face to face. Well, then, why do they not communicate with us via radio, light-signals, etc? Surely some method could be devised by a race as highly advanced as they?

"Yes, a method could be devised quite easily," a saucer occupant might say in agreement. "But the time is not yet ripe for such communication. For must I remind you Earthians of your feelings and actions toward one another? Your distrust, your greed, your barbaric wars. Believe me, communication is most desirable on our part, but not at the present time. We longfully hope that it will eventually come about, but only when man has rid himself of his animalistic ways, and evolves onto a higher spiritual level."

Another thought that should not be discarded is that those within the saucers may be so completely alien—a form of energy-vapor, for instance—that no common meeting ground can be found, thereby ruling out any possible means of communication.

Less exciting, perhaps, but still

within reason, is the notion that the UFO's are a natural phenomena beyond the experiences of man, and therefore totally unexplainable. For in travelling through infinite space, our solar system (if not our whole galaxy) may have entered a foreign region, inconceivably vast, where physical laws as we know them are no longer applicable in some cases.

Our supposed entry is not a recent one, because flying saucers are not a recent phenomena. Obviously, our penetration took place in prehistoric times. That the appearances of the disks have increased strongly in recent years may be explained by the fact that we have finally moved into the immense central core of the foreign region. What disruptions and havoc will result when we reach the *very center* is left to the reader's imagination.

But why should we take for granted that the UFO's are machines of perhaps unknown metals carrying an alien race of super beings? There is the possibility that those invaders of our skies are extra-terrestrial space *animals*! This idea was one advanced by Project "Saucer" (likely with tongue-in-cheek) in 1949, for it is said that many flying saucers behave more like animals than anything else.

By far, the most unique claim as to the true home of the majority of

UFO's has been advanced in a booklet, "THE ETHER SHIP MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION. The author, Dr. Meade Layne of San Diego, California, is also Director of the Borderland Sciences Research Associates.

This outfit—publishers of a neat bi-monthly periodical called *Round Robin* — is strongly interested in phenomena which orthodox, or official, science would prefer to leave strictly alone because it can not, or will not, investigate. Phenomena such as spiritualism, teleportation, levitation, telekinesis, etc. "Taboo" and "off-trail" subjects are openly dealt with by the B. S. R. A. This includes Atlantis, mysterious human disappearances, rumored underground races, effects of Atomic and Hydrogen Bomb experiments on the weather, the Kotch treatment for cancer which has been denounced by the American Medical Association despite its effectiveness in many instances, and so on. Quite naturally, flying saucers have been delved into with much vigor and enthusiasm.

Where does Dr. Layne acquire his data on the UFO's which he prefers to call Ether Ships? His source of information is one upon which orthodox science frowns.

A non-professional medium, Mark Probert (known to *Mystic* readers) is his informant. Communication with the "spirit world," or

"astral" plane, has revealed the origin of most of the UFO's as coming from Etheria, the region of existence called the Etheric Plane, or Etheric level.

Etherians who operate the wondrous machines are in the main indifferent toward us, unless we attack, pursue, annoy, or cause them unease by our A and H Bomb tests. Released atomic energies have disturbed the Etheric Level with some discomfort.

Where is Etheria, the source of most of the aerial objects? Is it our nearest neighboring planets, Mars or Venus? Dr. Layne answers in the negative, that they do not in fact come from any of Sol's ring of nine planets, nor from any other heavenly body known to us. What is meant by "planet" is the visible astronomical body only.

Where, then, is Etheria? It is invisible. It remains unheard. It is untouchable. And, at the same time it is *in and around all visible objects!*

To simplify Etheria as best we can, it is common knowledge that we are surrounded by such high frequency sounds that our ears find them unregistrable. Yet we know for a fact that they do exist. Similarly, the spectrum of color ends with colors we can not see. A solid object with such a color would remain invisible and undetectable

to our eyes.

Yet another spectrum exists, that of tangibility, which ends in forms of matter that can not be touched by human hands because of their high or low vibratory rate.

Meade Layne would have us believe that the origin of those who operate the flying saucers - the superior entities whom he calls Etherians—is, mainly, the Etheric counterpart of Venus. Other such Etheric planets harbor them, too. Still other flying saucers come from outside our own galaxy. To such a race, time and space are meaningless, and vast distances are covered in short order by a most unusual method.

186,000 miles per second is the speed of light. The Etherian means of travel is *faster* than this! Yes, faster, for it involves —*thought!*

Because Etheric matter has a strong effect on, say, the power of the mind, most saucers are constructed simply by *thinking* about them. Thus, hard-to-comprehend distances are traversed speedily by the Etherians *believing* they are at their destination, and *willing* the fact into existence, so to speak.

In the January-February, 1953 issue of Round Robin appeared an article: "The Nature of the Aeroforms," by Associate, R. M. H. which I will quote in its entirety for clarity.

THE NATURE OF THE AEROFORMS

No speculation about the origin of the "disks" would be complete without careful consideration of the Etherian hypothesis of the Borderland Sciences Research Associates.

I do not include this among the "mystic and occult theories" because I see nothing mystic or fantastic about it. In my professional opinion as an engineer, it is quite plausible and entirely possible.

Probability does not, of course, follow possibility, but must be established by evidence. In applying the hypothesis to actual "disks" reports, I have not yet uncovered any evidence which would tend to discredit it. On the other hand, I have found many things which would tend to confirm at least parts of it. By its application, many events which would otherwise be isolated and meaningless, are connected into a logical whole.

Since Biblical times, various religious and occult groups have spoken of "unseen" beings who inhabit mysterious "planes" above us—"above" referring to vibrational frequency and not direction. Various groups have specified various "astral" and "etheric" planes. Modern thinking is that there are no actual divisions, but merely a constantly increasing frequency from zero to infinity. Just as peo-

ple have arbitrarily marked certain points along the sound scale, and have called these tones, so to have these groups selected certain points along the upper vibrational scale and identified them as certain planes."

B. S. R. A. lifts the subject out of the realm of mysticism and lays the foundation for scientific explanation. They assert that these beings are not fantasmal, but are actually as "solid" and "material" as the people of this world. The misconceptions on the subject arise from the fact that our senses respond only to relatively low frequency vibrations. We are unaware of these people for the same reason that a standard-broadcast radio receiver is "unaware" of F-M broadcasts.

Sub-atomic research, plus the studies of advanced thinkers such as Einstein, have resulted in some very important conclusions. Briefly, they are that all forms of energy and all forms of matter are merely different forms of the same thing. They all have a common source and base, but are at different frequencies (or levels of vibration) which causes them to assume different patterns. It would be absurd to believe that we know all the countless vibrational levels which are possible. There could easily be objects, or even people, whose rate of vibration was so far beyond our

range of awareness that we would not realize their existence. Yet they would be "real" in every sense of the word. There are sounds so high in frequency that they do not register on our ears, but we know that the sounds exist, and are just as "real" as those which we can hear.

B. S. R. A. believes that those beings inhabit worlds which are just as "material" and "solid" (on their particular vibrational, or frequency, level) as ours—if not more so. Some of those worlds exist in parts of space that we regard as "empty". Others co-exist with this and other planets intradimensionally — that is: they occupy the "same" space. Although many who have not previously studied the subject may find this difficult to believe, it is not scientifically impossible. The most dense material we know is about 90% empty space. The various parts of the atom are separated from one another by as great an amount of space, relative to their proportionate size, as the planets of our solar system. There is ample room within each atom for several other atoms of different frequency levels.

B. S. R. A. believes that the more advanced of these "unseen" peoples have the knowledge and skill to change the frequency level at will, and thus "tune" themselves

and any desired object to any higher or lower level. Or, to use the words which might be more familiar to some readers, to "materialize" to, or "dematerialize" from, any "plane", including this one. This might be accomplished either by mechanism, probably of an electronic nature, or perhaps by mental power. They believe that many (but not all) of the mysterious objects seen in our skies are from "etheric" levels, and are "materialized" here to this planet and plane. The etheric doubles of the planets Venus and Mars are frequently mentioned as possible sources of the "disks."

This "materialization" theory would explain many incidents which are otherwise unexplainable. Reliable witnesses have seen "disks" first appear as vague and formless "blobs", and then assume definite shapes, which indicate a "materialization." Others have seen them suddenly disappear into thin air—which would indicate that they had "dematerialized" themselves.

Radar frequently picks up mysterious "gizmos" when no object can be seen by the human eye. This could indicate some object tuned just above the human "awareness range", but still within the range of the more sensitive radar. Along the same line is the

case of the "disks" seen over Washington, D. C. by ground observers, plane pilots and two radar screens. As a plane approached the object, it disappeared from view, and the plane flew through the spot where it had been. A short time later it reappeared at the same spot. During all this time, the image remained on the radar screens. It could be that the "disks" pilots raised their frequency just enough to avoid physical con-

tact with the plane for a moment.

"Materialization" or "dematerialization" would cause displacement of a certain mass of air, and if done rapidly, it would result in an explosion at the point of "materialization". There *have* been mysterious atmospheric explosions which caused severe shock waves on the ground, and orthodox science has not yet been able satisfactorily to explain them.

THE END

ASTROLOGY

(Concluded from page 79)

right behind Garbo's in my file, so I'm looking at it now) seems to do quite well until late 1957, at which time she'll probably feel pretty frustrated, and her attitude will bring upon her an ego-beating in 1958—she'll be making newspaper headlines (not very pretty ones) between October 1958 and April 1959, probably based on the feeling that she won't have enough teamwork and recognition of her worth. Agent-and-marital problems seem likely.

Judy will make some sort of decision around February 1956 which will call for revision (due to low morale) around late July 1956, and things are going to be rather touch-and-go with her from

July 1956 through October 1956, so she may make some headlines at that time, probably knocking herself out for the sake of her professional reputation and suffering accident or collapse. She's the type (with Mars opposition Sun) who's never happy unless she's overworking, so I doubt that anything really terribly serious will mark the events of July-October 1956—at least, they'll be slight in comparison to the events of late-1958-early-1959.

I'm deliberately sticking my neck out by mentioning these items. If I'm wrong, I'd just as soon not keep it a secret—any more than I'd like it kept a secret if I should prove to be right.

Thanks again for your letters— junct your Venus and Saturn
and let's have more of 'em, please! trine your Sun!
And in the interim, Jupiter con- THE END

NOTE: Following is some last minute notes Mr. Bok sent to be included in this article. Since type was set, we merely append it. It will be interesting to check on its accuracy.

SINATRA:

Around late July, 1956, Frank Sinatra will also make the headlines through some unpleasantness, probably involving violence (and thus likely to be another of his tussles with newspapermen). And around the latter part of September 1956, Sinatra again will be involved in reckless action and bitter words.

* Late 1956 into early 1957 sees Sinatra receiving a terrific blow to his ego which will needle him into all sorts of reckless (and probably violent, therefore headline-making) action, leading to a need to restrain himself (or be forcibly restrained, if he doesn't) in 1957—at which time he'll be undertaking more than he'll be capable of handling, so that the stormy events in his life around 1950-51 will be repeated in intensity, though probably they won't involve his marriage-partners quite so much as simply the maintaining of his good name and reputation.

*After some extremely harsh words around the end of October, 1956, Sinatra will find himself back in the same position that he was in, on late July, 1956 — and again will feel a need to “knock himself out” with overwork, and (because of extremely high tension at this time) again will probably hit the headlines through violence of some sort.



IMPROVE YOUR MYSTIC WORD POWER

Most dictionaries do not list occult and mystic words; and thus the accurate meaning of many words encountered in mysticism is hard to find. Here is your chance to increase your mystic word vocabulary, so that you may understand and enjoy the articles you read in this magazine, and in many other similar magazines and books.

Abhava: Sanskrit for non-being, non-existence. A means of correct knowledge defined as the deduction of the existence of one of two opposite things from the non-existence of the other.

Baal-Peor: A Moabite god whose cult included a great many elements of licentiousness and obscenity.

Cocodemon: A malignant demon, regarded as a fallen angel.

Dakschinamurthi: A manifestation of the Hindu Shiva, who "teaches in silence".

Ectoplasm: A contraction of the Greek words *ektos* (exteriorized) and *plasma* (substance). A term coined by Professor Richet to describe the mysterious protoplasmic substance which streams forth from the bodies of mediums, producing super-physical phenomena, including materializations under manipulation by a discarnate intelligence. Ectoplasm is matter which is invisible and impalpable, in its primary state, but assuming the state of vapor, liquid or solid, according to its stage of condensation. It emits an ozone-like smell. It is

considered by spiritualists to be the materialization of the astral body.

Faith healing: A cure effected by the belief that disease and pain can be counteracted and cast out by faith in the Divine Power.

Gandharvas: The divine musicians of Indra's heaven who possess mysterious power over women.

Hallucination: A delusive perception of a sense object occurring when no object is in fact present to the organs of sense.

Iblis: The Moslem equivalent of Satan. The prince of fallen angels who was turned into a devil.

Jaina cross: The swastika.

Kaid-mords: Persian mystics say he was the first man.

Lamia: A demon, believed to assume the form of a beautiful woman and devour children or suck their blood.

Magi: The wise ones. Philosophers, astrologers and priests of ancient Persia, expounders of Zoroastrian wisdom. Their name is the root of the words magic, magician, etc.

Nagualism: A mystery cult of

Mexico and Central America.

Oberon: King of the elementals of the air in English folklore.

Pan: The Arcadian god of shepherds, hunters and rural residents, chief of the minor deities of the Greek pantheon. Represented as a horned, long-eared man with the lower half of the body and legs resembling those of a goat. He plays a pipe on which he can produce music of magic power which "can charm the very gods".

Querent: The person who asks a question of an oracle, an astrologer, a seer, etc.

Rojas: One of the three constituents of the Cosmic Substance. The activating aspect of Nature without which the other constituents could not manifest their inherent qualities. In Yogi, the quality of egoism or selfishness.

Sadhana: A Sanskrit term for spiritual effort or quest of enlightenment. In Tantric Buddhism, a ceremony by the performance of which the worshipper can render

visible any god he desires and is enable to gain control of the deity. In Hinduism, the means through which the Hindu student of esoteric sciences attains to samadhi.

T'ai chi: The great Ultimate (Chinese).

Unanimism: A term invented by Jules Romains to mean (1) a belief in a certain reality of a spiritual nature, and (2) a belief that the human soul can enter into direct, immediate and intuitive communication with the universal soul.

Vala: A Teutonic and Scandinavian term for seeress.

Warlock: A male witch.

Yakin: In Kabalistic and Masonic tradition, the red pillar of bronze cast for Solomon's temple, the symbol of intelligence.

Zaotar: Ancient Persian for caller. Priest-magician who invokes the gods by reciting ritual formulae and improvised chants.

THE END

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

It is not the policy of MYSTIC Magazine to pay for the material it publishes. Its purpose is to present the truth, and the truth cannot be bought. MYSTIC is not published for purposes of profit, and as can, sadly, be expected of an endeavor such as this magazine is intended to be, is not supported by large groups of people, but only people interested in sincere thought, free speech, and unbiased opinion — to which is coupled an earnest desire for research. Thus, it does not return its publishers a profit, nor do they expect it. However, your contributions are welcomed, and we are proud to say that since abandoning the policy of payment, we have not lacked for excellent material to publish. If you've honestly got something to say, here is the place to say it! If it's a fast buck you want, forget us, please.

personals



I would like to correspond with readers of MYSTIC, especially nature cure practitioners, as chiropractors, who are interested in metaphysics. Write Mrs. Phoebe E. Harris, Olympic Cooperative Colony, P. O. Box 303, Port Angeles, Wash. . . MYSTIC magazines for March 1954—May 1954 August 1954, December 1954, February 1955. For sale. Apply Judith L. Gee, 27a, Goldhurst Terrace, Hampstead, London, N. W. 6, Eng. Also correspondents wanted re Fortean Phenomena, flying saucers, etc . . . Want to meet people interested in scientific and occult happenings; preferably forming a club for discussion, in such a way that it would include pot luck dinners and perhaps party or theatre inclusion for sociability. E. M. Ross, General Delivery, Larkspur, Calif. . . We are now in the process of forming a discussions group which will probably meet at my address. It would be a non-sectarian group with no creeds or ideologies to champion, but would meet for the purpose of helping seekers of truth and enlightenment

to "know thyself." The nucleus of the group at present is formed of students of metaphysics, New Thought, yoga, Vedanta, astrology, and a few interested in saucers and spacecraft. Write me at 3517 Marathon St., Apt. 101, Los Angeles 26, Calif. or phone Normandy 2-2993 and ask for Miss Elsie Albright . . . Anyone interested in such mystics of the literary field as Kahlil Gibran, D. H. Lawrence, and Walt Whitman please write to William Aldridge, Apt. 2, 2407 Ellendale Place, Los Angeles 7, Calif. . . Complete set of *Amazing Stories and Fantastic Adventures* containing Shaver material, (1945-50). Complete collection of *Shaver Mystery Magazine*. Complete collection of *Holland's "A Voice From The Gallery"*. Fate, first three years, complete. Other items. What am I offered? Charles A. Marcoux, 753 Cornelia, Flint, Mich. . . . Would like to correspond with anyone who has had any psychic or astral experience of any kind, or who has any information on the Shaver Mystery, or interested in forming a Mystic or

psychic study club in this general area with the ultimate aim of a universal cooperating non profit psychic club wherein all subjects of a psychic nature would be carefully studied with no holds barred and the only qualification for membership an OPEN mind. Albert J. Tyler, 821 Minter St., Santa Ana, Calif . . . *Anyone who has any magazine pertaining to the Shaver Mystery, contact me at my home address. Anthony Regina, 2434 E. 11th St., Brooklyn 35, N. Y. Please specify books you have and the price . . .* I am a widow and have been a student of the various occult sciences for some time. I will answer all letters. Georgia Smallwood, 3227 Marigold St., Houston 9, Texas . . . *Wanted: Mad No. 5. Also E. C. Horror, Suspensory, science-fiction, and war comics. Send list with costs to Esmond Adams, 432 Locust St., Huntsville, Ala . . .* Robert Jordan, General Delivery, Inglewood, Calif., wishes to locate Delmo Gonzales in Tijuana, Mexico. All mail has been returned. Also, would like people interested in joining Mystic club in Inglewood, write him . . . *Would like to correspond with others on subjects pertaining to science, flying saucers, astronomy and some phases of the occult. Mrs. Ruth Yerks, 1-F New York Road, Butzbach, Germany . . .* Interested

in contacting people who can give me any information about the Shaver Mystery. Want copies of Shaver Mystery Club magazine. Joseph Nicolazzo, 825 Jefferson St., Bridgeport 7, Conn. . . .

I wonder if any of Mystic's readers have looked through their old snapshots for "spirit pictures"? If not, do so. I have found many small faces in foliage and tracery of trees and when I showed the pictures to others, they found still more. If anyone wants to mail me any they find, I will be sure to return them promptly. Florence L. Holden, North Road, Groton, Conn.

. . . Am interested in starting a Mystic Pen-Pal Club. I have many mysterious true stories of the supernatural of my own experience. I would like to share them with interested persons. The start of my experiences began when I first traveled to Tibet. Leonard Cooper, Diamond St., Ashland, Ohio . . . *Would like to correspond with others interested in such subjects as are in MYSTIC. Mrs. Olive Clark, Box 337, Wolverine, Mich.*

. . . *Wanted: Jack Woodford's "Plotting—How to have a Brain-child." Query first! Also: would those who have and follow L. E. Eeman's Cooperative Healing book please compare notes with me. R. Harker, Jr., 191 San Juan Drive, Hollister, Calif.*

Come, Let Us Reason . . .

Letters from our Readers

Dear Ray:

I have always derived a great measure of pleasure and enjoyment from any magazine with which you have been associated. I especially enjoy MYSTIC.

I was slightly startled to read in issue No. 13, dated January 1956, on page 82 under the column entitled "Improve your Mystic Word Power," the definition for Galvanic Mirrors.

I quote: "Used in scrying and consisting of a concave copper disc and a convex zinc disk joined together and MAGNETIZED".

I capitalized the word magnetized because that is what startled me.

If you or anyone else can magnetize a non-ferrous metal or a combination of non-ferrous metals, then Brother . . . you've got it made.

So let's keep our efforts on a reasonably sound scientific footing in light of known facts or provable theories.

Vernon L. Harvey
646 Head Street
San Francisco 27, Calif.

Of course you're right, and the dictionary we copied the defini-

tion from is also wrong—but maybe somebody can set us straight; maybe what is meant that some sort of psychic force is installed, and the word magnetize was used in error. Personally, we'd carp more about that, than magnetizing! All of which goes to prove that all of us should use our noodles about everything, and not take anything for granted! That's what MYSTIC always says! Rap

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Thank you for making it possible for us to have a common meeting ground for the discussion of what seems to each of us, the Truth.

It seems that Truth has that quality inherent within itself that precludes the possibility of contamination through associating it with commercialism. While it is true that it is momentarily bought and sold, this is not a condition necessary to its existence. Your present policy of not buying it would seem to exclude the possibility of some amount of trading hoax and dishonesty for a material, monetary gain. It would seem to be a wise move.

Regarding reincarnation: When

we consider that the pros and cons of this subject have occupied the minds of some of man's greatest, I doubt that our group will find the final solution but such a discussion must certainly bring forth thoughts and ideas that are of worth to us all. If somehow, we humen, can be allowed a continuation of a three dimensional incarnation, what with the continuing exploration of the possibilities of H-bombs, A-bombs and L-bombs and their not so obvious after effects, perhaps we can collectively discover some interesting observations concerning this possibility of yes or no. I've been thinking of the amoeba; something that my own mind seems able to use for analogy, in relation to the problem of reincarnation. As we know, this gelatinous bit of protoplasm seems to be something of nearly "elemental" life proportions, as we recognize "life" upon our earth. This little fellow seems to have the quality of "sensing" the presence of food and the mobile ability to pursue it together with a certain power of bodily extension that enables him to surround the edible thing and the power of transmuting the food into something that can become an extension of his own life possibility. So, the amoeba grows. His growth continues until it seems that he-she

has approached the boundary of sizeable limitation. The limitation is exceeded by a division into two parts, who, not being "plagued" by sizeable limitation, proceed to evolve exactly as did the "parent-one". Etc. etc. And of course, as long as environmental conditions remain constant, this would seem able to go on through infinity.

My questions are these: After that first division of one into two, which one of the two now represents the one-parent entity? We have seen the food manifestation cease its common form and transmute into the amoeba form. There seems then that so far as this food-form is concerned, that only a possible memory consciousness could possibly remain, if at all.

Now, as to the parent-one. Is it possible that it retains its identity only when and if the two divisions somehow reverse the evolutionary process and involve back to a unit? Or, imagining a continued evolution, at the expense of all food-creatures, does each "new" amoeba division carry with it the possibility of certain inherent characteristics that can be traced back to this very first parent? And, as to identity, can these many amoeba now say, "I am a distinct and separate creature and as such, I am free of any relationship with any other amoeba other than a

similarity of form. I am responsible only for my own growth and welfare. I am a law complete unto myself. etc. etc. ”?

No, I DO NOT have the answer. But among the many paradoxical situations that I can imagine, it seems that there are some that can be reconciled.

To bring this letter to a close, suppose that this colony of amoeba, fostered and nourished under the radiant sun of a good environment, had grown to great proportions. Indeed, suppose they had extended themselves into various more favorable locations. And suppose that some had changed color, slightly and that they had discovered ever so slight changes in conditional environment etc., until their generations had seemed to become slightly different. Suppose now, that becoming aware of these slight differences that some among them chose to manufacture further division in their amoeba minds and that because other amoeba had thus remained thus and so, or thus and so, that somehow they were “beneath”, or not quite as good or most anything will do better than nothing if such a determination is in evidence.

E. L. Eaton,

P. O. Box 627,

Canoga Park, California.

First we want to apologize for

cutting your letter—there was too much to take all in one dose, so we'll concentrate on only one of your subjects. To our mind, neither the amoeba, or its “life” are pertinent to the subject of reincarnation. The Amoeba is just a single “cell” of which all fleshly bodies are composed—a mere “building block”. The “life” that animates it cannot be said to be a “personality”. It has been termed “God”.

Name it what you will. It isn't “you” or “I”. When an amoeba divides, it remains “parent” in both its parts. It has not reproduced (which is where you make your error in assumption) it has only divided. A thing does not grow by dividing, only becomes composed of smaller and smaller and more numerous “parts”. This may seem a paradox here, but it should be obvious. Memory, thus, should be a common possession of all the parts, or at least no part would have more than another. It might seem that if a “memory” exists, it becomes as divided as the body. Memory, in an amoeba is the inherent, built-in design which keeps all its future parts also amoebae and not horses, or stones, or atoms of iodine. If the amoeba retains an “identity”, it retains it collectively, as a bowl of soup would refer to itself as “we”. Your analogy to “racism”, or “superiority”,

of course, is satirical, and a very good analogy indeed. But it strikes me as especially fitting when incorporated into the concept of reincarnation. If an amoeba did reincarnate, and reincarnate, until it reached "perfection", it would probably consider all the other amoeba "imperfect" fellows and therefore "beneath" it. Yet, it would be identical with its fellows, since no other possibility exists. We feel that no other possibility than being an "I AM" can exist, and what is there to "improve upon" by reincarnation? We're afraid that we ourselves would be inclined to look upon a "perfected by reincarnation" ego in no way different from us (ie, a human being) with a rather ironically lifted eyebrow, and perhaps just a little feeling of pity at the obvious state of REGRESSION. But then, reincarnation is only "experience" in basic concept, and I hold that experience need not come in exactly that pattern, and in fact, there are innumerable "better" patterns, which will hold up at least equally well in the light of logic. And while another pattern of experience exists which will serve the same purpose, it is poor logic to make a positive "choice of one, at the expense of the other, for the simple reason that the chance of being wrong is 50%—and that's just not good

card playing!—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Mystic came yesterday, and I have just read your article on *Fluoridation*. Two questions occur to me. If there is no antidote except calcium, it would not help to boil water, would it? Is there any way of telling whether bottled water, such as "Puritas" or spring water has been tampered with or "doctored?" It seems to me that if the Commies are so clever, they would put their spies in bottling plants. Can the ordinary layman test water for fluorine? If so, how? That makes four questions. Perhaps you could answer these in your next number? But that is a long time to wait. In the meantime, we could eat all the foods richest in calcium.

Lina Koch
Rt. 1, Box 59
Beaumont, Calif.

No, it would not help to boil the water. Yes, it is chemically possible to detect fluorides in any water. We doubt if the ordinary layman could do it handily, although it is merely a matter of the proper chemicals. Your "it seems to me" is another innocent example of the famous "all dogs have hair, therefore everything with hair is a dog." Actually, it would be hard to doctor water in

BOOKS ON THEOSOPHY

The Wisdom-Religion

Theosophists believe that all occult and esoteric teachings are based on the secret doctrine imparted to H. P. Blavatsky by the Tibetan Masters of Wisdom.

Madame Blavatsky, founder of theosophy, is the greatest occultist of all time, also a medium, prophet and pupil of the Masters of Wisdom — perfected men whose inner government directs the destiny of the world. Her writings have been called the most important of the past century.

— ORDER TODAY! —

MADAME BLAVATSKY'S WRITINGS:

- | | | |
|---|-------|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Voice of the Silence | ----- | \$1.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Studies in Occultism | ----- | 2.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Secret Doctrine
(Adyar Ed.) | ----- | 8.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Key to Theosophy | ----- | 3.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Isis Unveiled | ----- | 7.50 |

OTHER THEOSOPHICAL WRITINGS:

- | | | |
|---|-------|---------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Thought Forms | ----- | \$ 4.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Man, Whence How and
Whither
(Besant-Leadbeater) | ----- | 4.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Ancient Wisdom | ----- | 3.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Annie Besant: An
Autobiography
(Besant) | ----- | 10.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Beginnings of the Sixth
Root Race | ----- | 1.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Chakras
(Leadbeater) | ----- | 3.75 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Astral Body | ----- | 3.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Etheric Double
(A. E. Powell) | ----- | 3.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Short History of the
Theosophical Society
(Josephine Ransom) | ----- | 3.00 |

VENTURE BOOKSHOP

P.A. Box 671, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me the books I have checked above. In enclose \$-----
in ☐ cash, ☐ Check, ☐ M.O.

NAME -----

ADDRESS -----

CITY & STATE -----

I saw an Oct. '52 copy of "Fate" with the tracing below inside the cover. This surprisingly confirms an object I observed on Sept. 23, 1954 while using an astronomical telescope and I must admit that in MY mind it was a space ship. I presently use a 10" reflector and have been an active lunar and planetary observer since 1938 so you'll understand I'm familiar with what is normally overhead.

I'm very anxious to learn what you have seen of this form and if it is mentioned in your book—also, if you can still supply same and what price? Will you please oblige with card? During Sept. '52 and '53 I saw 5 of the large green fireballs and the one of Sept. 28, 1953 was seen to take a slow curving trajectory to the N. E.

Theodore Hake
1553 Wayne Ave.
York, Penn.

We feel sure that Kenneth Arnold will be interested to know that you observed an object so nearly identical to his lead saucer, in your telescope. Thank you for the drawing and information. The book is now out of print. Rap.

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:

LET US REASON

c/o Ray Palmer

AMHERST, WISCONSIN

ample. I used to look up to the U. S. in everything they did—even though I am a born Canadian . . . I am sorry to say that I don't anymore. It is no more the most wonderful country in the world. I have read its history better than I have read my own as if I were a truly born American proud of his ancestry. I truly think that Abraham Lincoln would have acted different, more wisely. Hydrogen bomb tests are no longer a thing of one country to affect people and things within its boundary. Countries using them have also to think of people of other countries whom those tests will also affect. The decision is not truly THEIRS alone. The fall-out effects will also endanger the people of other countries as well as their own. In a case like that other nations that may be affected should also have their say in it. I am sorry to see that some elements in the United States disregard the importance of these facts. However, that is all secondary for the primary facts you have yourself stated. I have only wished to add this to what you have already said.

Raymond O. LaCroix
P. O. Box 1122
Powell River, B. C., Can.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

By chance in N. Y. C. yesterday

FATE

Fate magazine is the most loved of all periodicals devoted to true stories of the strange, the unknown, the unusual. **Fate** is the world's only authentic magazine devoted to mystic and occult FACT. **Fate** is the truth! Highly recommended by the editors of MYSTIC. Subscribe today.

CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY

806 Dempster Street, Dept. M

Evanston, Illinois

I wish to subscribe to FATE Magazine for (check)

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues
\$3.00 \$6.00
Enclosed is ☐ cash ☐ check
☐ money order for \$

Name

Address

City State

THE MAGIC BAG

A Manuscript Received Clairaudiently by this famous medium. Discourses by the following: Lo Sun Yat; Professor Alfred Luntz; Arakaski; Ramon Natalli; Lao-Tse; Yada Di Shi-ite; Maharajah Natcha; Michael Faraday; Thomas Carlyle; Martin Lattimore Lingford; Ali Ben Casl; Kay Ting; and Dr. Sakuto Nikkol, and including such subjects as: Earth's Age; Creation; The Ethereans; Mind Force; Time, Space and Consciousness; Death and Reincarnation; Nature of the Cosmos; and many more.

IN TWO VOLUMES

\$5.00

Order From

MARK PROBERT

931 - 26th Street San Diego 2, Calif.

PSYCHIC OBSERVER is a bi-weekly newspaper which covers all the news in the world of Spiritualism, gives the views of famous mediums the world over, and publishes lectures, photos, evidence of all sorts, concerning Spiritualism.

\$4.00 Per Year

Amherst Press, Amherst, Wisconsin.

THE BIG EIGHT you've been asking for!

We've culled hundreds of catalogs to find the titles you want—on religion, religious history, prophecy, books of inspiration, research into psychic and occult subjects. There rare book "finds" are scholarly works.

TO OWN — TO READ — TO KEEP FOREVER

Please order by title. Check here the books you want, fill in your name and address below, and send us this page. Your money refunded if not satisfied.

☐ **BUDDHISM AND ZEN**

By Senzaki and Ruth Strout McCandless. An elementary introduction to the theory and practice of Zen Buddhism and a practical guide to its further understanding . . . contains glossary of terms used and instructions for the beginner in meditation ----- \$3.75

☐ **THE WISDOM OF THE TALMUD**

By Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser. The Talmud is one of the great cultural treasures of mankind. Its vast literature is the culmination of a thousand years of Jewish thought. In this volume the author has culled the choicest material in Talmudic literature to give a fascinating portrait of the Talmudic mind, its conceptions of God, of social ethics and personal morality, of law and general human wisdom ----- \$3.75

☐ **THE FUTURE OF THE KINGDOM IN PROPHECY AND FULFILLMENT**

By Martin J. Wyngaarden. One of the most important contributions in the field of prophecy in our generation. Israel, Zion, The Promised Land and the Old Covenant are shown to be spiritually interpreted in Scripture with a wealth of evidence. Every serious student of prophecy will welcome these new discoveries. ----- \$3.50

☐ **PSYCHICAL RESEARCH TODAY**

By D. J. West. Loosely grouped under the heading "psychical research" are telepathy, clairvoyance, hauntings, spiritualism, water-divining, psychokinesis, extra-sensory perception, poltergeists, hypnotism and all "supernormal" manifestations on the borderline of the known and unknown ----- \$3.50

☐ **THE BHAGAVADGITA**

An English Translation and Commentary by W. Douglas P. Hill. Generations of Hindus have turned to the Gita for the solution of their religious difficulties. W. D. P. Hill first brought its inspiring message to the western world in 1928. New modern volume printed in 1953 in India ----- \$2.00

☐ **REFLECTIONS ON LIFE**

By Alexis Carrel. Author of Man the Unknown climaxes his work as a great scientist and original thinker in this provocative study of the problems of modern man. He sets forth the three basic laws of nature, demonstrating how men can use these universal forces to bring himself the finest development of his hereditary power and his personality ----- \$3.00

☐ **SPACE, GRAVITY AND THE FLYING SAUCERS**

By Leonard Cramp. Member of England's Interplanetary Society shows that reports of sightings from all over the world assume a definite pattern. He develops a well-thought-out and original theory of space travel based on overcoming gravity. Book contains numerous photographs and drawings by the author ----- \$3.00

☐ **FROM THE WORLD OF THE CABBALAH**

By Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser. One of the most lucid expressions of Cabalistic wisdom is contained in the writings of the 16th Century sage, Rabbi Judah Loew (Maharal) of Prague. In this book the author traces a fascinating portrait of Rabbi Judah the man and presents a comprehensive summation of his ideas ----- \$3.00

VENTURE BOOKSHOP, P. O. BOX 671, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Please send me the books I have checked above.

I enclose \$----- in () cash, () check, () money order.

NAME -----

ADDRESS -----

CITY -----

ZONE -----

STATE -----

Matthew 16:17; Mark 8:38; Luke 9:26; 21:20-28; etc., etc.)

One final word on the date, July 28, 1914. If we add 7, 28 and 14 together the sum is 49. 49, in turn, is equal to 7×7 .

George H. Gabus

P. O. Box 85

Livingston Manor, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

It is very depressing to see that

in spite of all that has been said the U. S. still wants to go ahead with its Hydrogen Bomb test this spring. They are trying to make it a bigger blast than the Russians . . . next the Russians will try to make it a bigger blast than the Americans . . . and so on. There is a feeling of hopelessness and futility about it all. It seems that the wiser party would set the ex-

The ***** **ZIONIC UTOPIAN ADVOCATE**

is a monthly paper that is now helping form a Utopian Zion in America. Already it has aided the formation of two such Zion groups in the center of the U.S. These Utopian corporations are sponsored by different Christian faiths, but both accept people from all Christian denominations.

Before Nov., of 1956, it is expected that these Zion groups will have spread over most of the land's center State, and will then unite to aid the poor and destitute of both the U.S. and Canada; and possibly some of Mexico.

The principle of this Zion corporation is to enable the members to live as demonstrated in the Book of Acts 4:32-35. All shall receive an equal wage, and compensations shall be added to this for their dependents. All shall receive medical aid; if they do not have the faith for a spiritual healing.

The members may be of any Christian faith, or need not be of any accepted faith as long as they are Christians, for the Zion movement is not a Church; its purpose being to help the churches and people of all Christian faiths.

Our monthly Report, on paper, will give you the latest details of this Zion's progress. It will tell you how you may become a part of it if you wish, and will reveal many wondrous secrets about creation, our destiny, and immortality, from the study of SCIENCE harmonized to GOD'S WORD.

If you wish this monthly Report, you need only write for it, as it is FREE. Expenses are paid by contributions, so that all can receive it who ask. If you are unable to contribute, after learning what it is, you will continue receiving it if you but write that you are pleased with it.

WRITE

P.O. Box 417, Section 12, PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON

PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT

THE TAROT

ASTROLOGY

PALMISTRY

GRAPHOLOGY

STUDY OCCULT SCIENCES AT HOME!

● CAST HOROSCOPES

—as easy as making a grocery list. Includes Ephemeris FREE with instructions \$5.00

● ANALYZE HAND- WRITING—step - by - step, simple method, based on latest scientific research into man's most expressive gesture. Learn to read between the lines.

\$5.00

● READ THE TAROT

—Fullest, most prac-

tical exposition ever made of the uncanny Tarot and how to use it to foresee events in everyday life. Includes 78 authentic Tarot Cards....\$5.00

● READ HANDS—Ancient science of palmistry brought up to date and presented in a sensible, verifiable way that anyone can master . . . \$5.00

● DEVELOP PSYCHIC POWERS—How clairvoyance, psychometry, telepathy, etc., can be developed under your complete control. Most comprehensive training ever perfected. Along safe, positive lines—student can switch "on" and "off" the psychic plane when he chooses. \$5.00

● EACH COURSE SENT TO YOU COMPLETE including full set of lessons, charts, examples, numerous self-tests and full model answers. You need no special advance training. Every course supplies everything required. ORDER TODAY!

INSIGHT INSTITUTE

806 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me the courses checked below for only \$5.00 each. I enclose check, cash, or money order for \$1.....

- () CAST HOROSCOPES
() THE TAROT
() ANALYZE HANDWRITING
() READ HANDS
() DEVELOP PSYCHIC POWERS

Name

Address

City and State

cometh." (Matthew 24:42 ff.)

We should recognize that "the coming of the Lord," and, "the end," are two different things. Jesus stated. "Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for these things must needs come to pass; BUT THE END IS NOT YET." Then, in verse seven, (that number again) he details five things of world war one, saying, "For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows (birth-pangs)." Matt. 24:7,8.

In Rev. 16:15 Jesus foretells that he will come as a thief. Now a thief comes and goes away with the loot WITHOUT DISTURBING THE HOUSEHOLD. Not until much later does the householder discover his loss! The thief, meanwhile, has returned to his home. The Home, in this case, is Heaven. After a long time the Thief returns. Not as a thief again, for meanwhile the Thief has been given the Kingdom. (Daniel 7:14. Note the sevens!) So when He returns "with great power and glory" it will not be as a thief. "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then shall he render unto every man according to his deeds." (See

to abdicate. (He was permitted to live out his years and die of old age.) The Czar was taken, together with his family, and executed by the reds. "Two men in the field (world). One shall be taken, one shall be left." (Matt. 13:38 and 24:40.)

"Two women grinding at the mill; one is taken, one is left." (24:41.) Consider two "women" from the dark ages, the Greek Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic Church. (2 Cor. 11:2,3; Gal. 4:31, etc.) In the reign of terror which swept away "Holy Russia(?)" the Greek Catholic Church came to its end. There were not enough Cardinals left to form a quorum for the purpose of electing a new Pope. In all, something like 100,000 Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests were exterminated. The Roman Catholic Church still stands. Truly, "one was taken, and one was left."

And now we come to verse 42 (7 x 6). "Watch, therefore: for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh. But know this, that if the master of the house had known in what watch the thief was coming, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken (digged) through. Therefore be ye also ready; for in an hour that YE THINK NOT the Son of man

FIRST TIME ON RECORD

Talks on Science, Philosophy,
Metaphysics, and Occultism
by Members of the Inner Circle
Direct Voice Communications
received through

MARK PROBERT — deep trance
medium

Available now:

ICR-6001—THE IMPORTANCE OF
EMOTIONAL CONTROL
by E. Yada Di Shi Ite

ICR-6002 SURVIVAL, KARMA,
REINCARNATION
by Professor Alfred Luntz

ICR-6003 THE NATURE OF
MATTER
by Ramond Natall

ICR-6004 LIFE IS MAGIC
by Lao-Tse

ICR-6005 THE SCIENCE OF
TEACHING
by E. Yada Di Shi Ite

ICR-6006 THE FEAR OF FAILURE
by Sister Theresa Vandenberg

These talks are made from original tapes recorded during sittings held especially for this series. Records are Long Playing 33 1/3 RPM Tru-Fidelity pressed on pure vinylite, unbreakable and long wearing. Prices are \$4.98 each, \$12.50 for any 3, \$22.50 for all 6—postpaid. Order from:

INNER CIRCLE RECORDS

Box 86 Dept. F
Ojai, California

VENTURE BOOKSHOP

CATALOG — Free to you!

OCCULT &
MAGIC ARTS
MYSTICISM
PSYCHIC
PHENOMENA
PHILOSOPHY
RELIGION
INSPIRATION
YOGA
HYPNOTISM
HEALING

Hard-to-find
rare books!
Scare items
for your
occult library.
Hundreds
of books

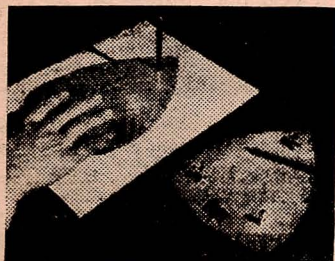
32 pages
of listings
under one cover!

GET YOURS TODAY! Send postcard
for NEW, just-off-the-presses

BIG, FREE CATALOG!

Write to: VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. Box 671, Evanston, Ill.

**PROVE YOUR PSYCHIC POWERS
WITH A
PLANCHETTE!**



The planchette is a mechanical means for automatic writing. It aids psychic manifestations which have no other means of becoming concrete.

The result of an exhaustive search, our authentic planchette is hand-made from a special wood—an "alive" wood that magnetizes—and will absorb YOUR vibrations. It measures about 6 inches in length. Smoothly hand-finished, it is polished to a high lustre with a resin polish which, being a wood byproduct, will not interfere with the vibrations which the operator's continued use sets up.

HOW THE PLANCHETTE WORKS:

Specially-fitted pencil forms one leg of planchette, the other two rolling free on ball bearings. These ball bearings permit the slightest indication of movement to take effect, the tiniest wisp of pressure transmitted through your hand. Only a superior product, an authentic psychic appliance, could have this expensive ball-bearing feature.

Complete instructions for use of the planchette, as well as its care and protection of the vibrations, are included with this advanced psychic instrument. Order yours today. -----\$4.00

VENTURE BOOKSHOP

P. O. Box 671, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me -----planchettes at only \$4.00 each.

I enclose check ----, cash ----, money order ---- for \$-----

NAME -----

ADDRESS -----

CITY & STATE -----

months.) Count forty-two months from 7-28-14 and we arrive at 1-28-18, the Kaiser's 59th birthday! During the latter part of 1917 several events occurred which showed that the power and the authority of the beast (Imperial Russia—Imperial Germany) was about to end. Imperial Russia, the brittle part of the divided kingdom, was in process of breaking up. American might began to turn the tide of battle. British and American clergymen issued a manifesto saying that the pressing events of the hour indicated the imminent return of the Lord to reign. (They later repudiated the manifesto!) General Allenby broke the power of the Ottoman Empire and liberated Jerusalem. On Dec. 11, 1917 he and his troops entered Jerusalem through the gate which had been reserved against the coming of the Messiah. He was greeted by shouts of, "Blessed be he who comes in the name of the Lord."

(Luke 13:35. 7 x 5) During the following week, Dec. 14 to 21—7 x 2 to 7 x 3, almost continuous earthquakes took a toll of 200,000 lives. Meanwhile the Spanish Influenza was killing more people than have been killed in ALL wars to date.

Shortly after the expiration of the forty-two months these events occurred: the Kaiser was forced

ber is six hundred sixty and six."

This beast is described in Daniel 7:7 (Notice the two sevens!) We are told this beast shall be a fourth kingdom on earth. (verse 23.) It is also described in Daniel 2:33, 34, 41, 42. Its end is foretold in verse 35 (7×5) and its previous state is described in verse 42. (42 equals 7×6). It was to be "partly strong and partly broken."

Here are the facts. Kaiser William was born on January 28, 1859. Serbia declared war on Austria Hungary July 28, 1914. Let us write this date 7-28-14. Notice that ALL THESE NUMBERS ARE MULTIPLES OF 7. On this date Kaiser William was exactly $55\frac{1}{2}$ years old. As this $55\frac{1}{2}$ years culminated in works of darkness let us measure it in months. The

number of months is exactly six hundred sixty and six. This is the number of a man, Kaiser William, and also the number of the beastly Empire.

In Daniel 2:42 (42 equals 7×6) we are told it would be "a divided kingdom." The cousin of the Kaiser sat on the throne of "Holy" Russia. One of his many names, the one he especially delighted in, was ALEXANDRO-VITCH. Count the number of his name according to the Roman system of numeration. The sum? Exactly six hundred sixty and six. Again this is the number of a man and also the number of a beastly Empire.

According to Rev. 13:5, "authority was given him to continue forty and two months." (7×6)

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS

GEORGE ADAMSKI'S NEW BOOK

What has happened to George Adamski since he wrote the famous incidents in *FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED*? Since the memorable November 20, 1952, when he first made personal contact with a man from another world? And since December 13, 1952 when he was able to make photographs within 100 feet of the same saucer that had brought his original visitor?

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS is Adamski's own story of what has happened to him since then. It begins with his first meeting, a few months later, with a second man from another world—his first meeting with one who speaks to him. This second visitor brings him to a Venusian Scout (flying saucer) and this, in turn, brings him to a mother ship. Later he is conveyed in both a Saturnian Scout and a Saturnian Mother ship. Adamski tells us what transpires in these space craft and what the men and women from other worlds have told him.

**\$3.50. Order from: AMHERST PRESS
AMHERST, WISCONSIN**

in her belief in the existence of her Caverns, *although* she did not quite understand how she got there, etc. We talked a lot about that.

Margaret certainly had something, just what is anybody's guess.

Gladys E. Kemp

P. O. Box 336

Columbia, Miss.

While the Shaver Mystery was

Tarot prophecies fulfilled! **SIGNS, STARS and SEERS**

By Andrew Tomas

Historical Prediction and our Destiny.
(80 p. illustrated)—\$1.25 postpaid.

TOPIC PUBLICATIONS, GPO Box 1911,
Sydney, Australia

SUBSCONSCIOUS MIND

OR

SPIRIT VOICE?

WHICH SPEAKS THROUGH THE

MYSTIC OUIJA BOARD?

Whatever it is, the answers are out of this world. Serious psychic investigators long ago recognized that the Ouija Board provides amazing — almost unbelievable — true answers.

—:—

Give a Ouija Board to a friend. Only \$5.00, plus 25c for each order to include cost of mailing. Order two.

(50c for handling and mailing on Canadian and Foreign purchases).

VENTURE BOOKSHOP

P.O. Box 671, EVANSTON, ILL.

Please send me _____ Ouija Boards at only \$5.00 each plus 25c for handling and mailing.

I enclose check, cash, money order for _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

going on in Amazing Stories, Margaret Rogers was one of the "files" I kept as a sort of "control", and it was the incredible fact that these separately kept controls furnished me with identical information without any possibility of collusion, or imitation. Whether or not Margaret Rogers actually was in Shaver's caves (in Mexico), she told of things there that Shaver and others, also told me, yet which I kept secret, one from the other. It is unfortunate that Margaret is gone, for she was one of my personal "proofs". Rap.

Dear Ray:

You appear deeply interested in Biblical Numerology. So am I. Seven denotes perfection. It is the number which regulates all periods of gestation and incubation in all of animate nature. Seven is stamped on God's Word. The number seven occurs fifty-four times in the last book of the Bible. It occurs 91 times or 13×7 times in the New Testament. It seems to signify, "Here is something previously hidden but now brought to light."

In Revelation 13:18 we are invited to use numerology. "Here is wisdom. He that hath understanding, let him count the number of the beast for it is the number of a man; and his num-

TER, and keep abreast of the SCIENTIFIC discoveries of the day! You might be surprised at what science is doing, these days! As for geology and physics, I'll bet you never even saw an actual textbook in either science, and never cracked a single rock with a hammer! Neither the geologists or the psychiatrists are as certain about these things as you are!

And oh yes, recently a delegation of scientists called on me and said: "Please, oh please, don't hinder science any more!" And with a dash of sublime bigotry, I murmured: "Okay, fellas, I'll slack off and print nothing but angel-food cake recipes from now on." Believe me, you never saw a more relieved bunch of scientists. They went away from here with tears in their eyes. I felt very contrite. It must have really been rough on them. Rap.

Mr. Ray Palmer:

This is written to tell you a bit of sad news in case you have not been told of this already.

Some time ago, you wrote me for the address of Margaret Rogers Straub, the woman who wrote "I Have Been In the Caves" several years ago. I thought you would want to know that Margaret passed away on the 10th of December at 8:20 A. M. in the Pittsburg hos-

pital. She had a stroke from which she never regained consciousness.

I have had a long letter from Margaret's husband. He tells me that her story was all imagination, that she had never mentioned the caves to him after their marriage.

She visited with me for several weeks 3 years ago and she told me quite a bit about her experiences at that time, and also intimated that it was impossible to either buy or marry your way into the Caverns—I wondered just what she was getting at. Now I think I understand. She was very much put out with certain people who were trying to get her to run a comic strip of her story at the time.

I believe that she was sincere

HYPNOTIZE



Modern speed hypnotism taught. Methods revealed. You are shown exactly what to say and do. Photo illustrated. Many interesting experiments. Self-hypnosis is fully explained. Amazing results. Detailed hypnotic tests given. Learn this exciting fascinating art. Hold your friends absolutely spellbound. Entertain. A professional hypnotist tells you his secrets. Free catalog of new hypnotism books sent on request.

- | | |
|--|-----|
| Send for the startling books | \$1 |
| "HYPNOTISM REVEALED" | |
| "ADVANCED TECHNIQUES OF | \$1 |
| HYPNOSIS" | |
| Thought of using sleep for learning, self-development? | |
| Send for new intriguing book, | \$1 |
| "Mental Power Through Sleep Suggestion" | |
| 78 RPM Phonograph Record Inducing | \$5 |
| Self-Hypnosis & Group-Hypnotism | |

MELVIN POWERS, Master Hypnotist

1324 Wilshire Blvd., Dept. M.,
Hollywood 17, California

WHY DON'T YOU PULL YOUR HAIR OUT BY THE ROOTS AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

You might as well, if you're going to let dandruff and scale and skin rash make you bald as an egg. You've bought plenty of preparations, and they don't work, you say? Of course they haven't! You've probably been cheated as many times as I have. I'll bet I've spent hundreds of dollars on jim-dandy goo, and wound up with worse dandruff than I started with. Made me plenty mad, too. I always get mad when I think of the lousy junk designed to chisel your honest dollars out of you. Mad enough so that when I find something good, I'm not bashful about telling my friends about it. And MYSTIC's readers are my friends. I had dandruff all my life, and despaired of getting rid of it, until one day Ken Arnold (the flying saucer man) left a half bottle of Turn-er's at my house, and flew off to Boise without it. I tried the stuff, because Ken's no sissy, and he doesn't put perfume on his hair. Well, in one week my dandruff was gone! And my hair had begun to darken. My wife tried it, and her rash disappeared. You can bet we wrote Ken in a hurry and asked where he got it! And now, we're telling you. But don't just take our word for it—here are a few testimonials from our readers, to back us up.

As I have about used up one bottle of your hair preparation, please send me another. I have had very good results in ridding myself of dandruff and itching. Lionel O. Branberg, Sharon Springs, Kans.

Enclosed find money order for \$10.00 for two more bottles of Turn-er's as soon as possible. You sure found a good product. In the sixth application my dandruff was cured. Thanks to you. It does all you say and more, too. And it sure brings back the natural color to your hair. Thanks! R. E. Van Gordon, 1905 W. Milham Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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.

Enough? Well, then take it from Ray Palmer, one bottle of

TURN-ER'S

WILL:

CURE YOUR DANDRUFF

RESTORE YOUR HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR

(even if it's as grey as a dirty snowbank)

STOP ITCHING SCALP

CLEAN UP SCALP RASH

MAKE YOUR SCALP PINK AND CLEAN AS A BABY'S

P O S I T I V E L Y !

Send \$5.00 to GUY L. TURNER, Box 145-P, Boise, Idaho

And Tell Him MYSTIC'S Editor Sent You

welding can precipitate paranoia has made you the laughing stock of many psychiatrists."

I refer you to *SCIENCE NEWS LETTER* (a search of their index over the past four years will give you the issue, and folio.) In it *THEY* say, reporting the discoveries of *PSYCHIATRISTS*, and the *POLICY* of *INSURANCE* companies concerned with paranoia, that electric arc welding causes paranoia. Period. So, transfer your laughing stock to a new company—I throw the whole thing in other laps! Your unidentifiable psychiatrists are uninformed. I wouldn't advise anybody to expect the best and latest techniques from them, and I certainly wouldn't recommend them.

2.) "There are persons who talk with God . . . and they are all where they belong, in the funny house . . ."

What you are saying, Rosenberger, is that it is *IMPOSSIBLE* to talk with God. Anybody who claimed he did is insane. And no doubt, the reason it is impossible to talk with God, is because there is none!

3.) "I would advise you to stop imitating Dr. Rhine of Duke U. . . ."

Dr. Rhine is one of the scientists you admire. It is not a bad idea at all to imitate him! As a

matter of fact, he has recently repeated some of our "ravings," in reference to the Bridey Murphy story (which by the way, he doesn't go whole hog for). As a matter of fact, he says: "It's interesting, but first we must find the spirit!" And his whole purpose in life is to prove (or disprove) the spirit. He has proved there is "something", which is contrary to your claim, that there is "nothing".

No, I haven't ridden with Adamski in any of his saucers. Should I have? Is there something I missed?

May I suggest that you subscribe to *SCIENCE NEWS LET-*

A LOOK AT THE FUTURE!

Would it help you to know what will happen tomorrow? Next week? Next year? Ask RA-SEBA!

Modern version of ancient Egyptian soothsayer's method smoothes your path, reveals secrets of the future. Simple application of its formula analyzes character, makes astonishing predictions! Thousands of users write they've had unbelievable success . . . listening to RA-SEBA's voice!



YOURS FOR ONLY \$3.50! ORDER TODAY!

THE VENTURE BOOKSHOP

P.O. Box 671, EVANSTON, ILL.

Please send me RA-SEBA sets. I enclose check, cash, M.O. for

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

"Shaver Mystery." Only a very uneducated person can believe such bunk, and I rather suspect that on your part it was—and is—merely good promotion. I do give you credit for sending *Amazing Stories'* circulation sky high, for an SF mag. As an editor you were tops, but not any longer, or you would change with the times and not print such space operas in *OTHER WORLDS*. Times have changed. But I shall not change the subject and go into this.

You have hurt the science of ESP with your wild ravings. The people who do believe you are too stupid to matter, but now and then your magazine does fall into intelligent hands and might just make them wonder. I would advise you to stop imitating Dr. Rhine of Duke U. and *STICK TO STRAIGHT EDITING*.

And to all the people who follow your words as gospel, I have only this to say: "GO SEE A GOOD

PSYCHIATRIST."

And I might add that I am not the least bit interested in hearing from your silly readers, that in the future I shan't even bother to reply. Too, if you print this letter, which I doubt, and want me to see it, you shall have to send me a FREE copy of your magazine as I never buy it. A few copies was all my reason and common sense could stand.

Joseph R. Rosenberger
3621-23 Blair Ave.
St. Louis 7, Mo.

PS: Have you ridden with Adamski in any of his saucers lately?

I'm just going to take a few quotes from your letter and put them down on my own typewriter, just to see if they make the same sense they do when I read them in your letter. Seems they should remain unchanged, if they are correct:

1.) "One of your ideas that

Learn **TECHNICAL METAPHYSICS**

By all odds the simplest and most efficient healing method known. Easy to learn correspondence course. Inexpensive and is a **MUST** if you want to make the most of your life. Only school in the world teaching Technical Metaphysics in this manner. Diploma.

For valuable information write:

Premier College of Technical Metaphysics

2532 McKenzie St., Dept. D.,
Vancouver 8, B.C., Canada

of your ideas that welding can precipitate paranoia has made you the laughing stock of many psychiatrists—and if they didn't mind having their names and addresses published, I would name them here. I suggest you leave psychiatry to men who have had at least experience with the vortex of the human mind. Your job is editing; stick to it and stop playing the God of all science. Unfortunately, you have not stuck to editing, the resulting being that you have planted a lot of ridiculous thoughts in the minds of a lot of ridiculous people—like for instance the woman who wrote me that I should apologize to you, because she personally has “talked with God and the dear angels” and “hears voices daily.” There are many persons who talk with God and hear voices. Many many persons; and they are all where they belong: in the funny house, being watched by the little-man-with-the-white-coat.

Science is still very young and has made and is making a lot of mistakes, and scientists admit as such, openly and honestly; but there are certain *proved* laws that will never change, that cannot be changed; so why try to change them; why try to do the impossible? That is exactly what you are attempting when you come front and center in regard to the

STUDY *At Home*

for your Ps.D. degree and for your personal advancement and Spiritual unfoldment. **SYSTEMATIC** study of Metaphysics or Metaphysical Psychology will do much for you. Learn the secret of contentment, happiness. Solve mental worries. Experience the revelation of Truth. Chartered college. Individual help. Write for **FREE** book showing the way to greater attainment.

College Of Universal Truth

23 East Jackson, Desk 2,
Chicago 40, Ill.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

If you are looking for a publisher, send for our free, illustrated booklet entitled *To the Author in Search of a Publisher*. It tells how we can publish, promote and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of other writers. All subjects considered. New authors welcomed. Write today for Booklet MS. It's free.

VANTAGE PRESS, Inc., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

Don't let it get away! Jot down the meaning of last night's dream before day rubs it out. Learn what it means in

A DICTIONARY OF 1,000 DREAMS

Keep this book, paper and pencil on your bedside table. The record you make will help you chain the power of dreams. They advise, warn, predict the future, explain the past — but only if you know what they mean!

Only \$1.00. Send your order today!

VENTURE BOOKSHOP
P.O. BOX 671 EVANSTON, ILL.

*You've got to fight with facts,
not paradoxes. Rap.*

Dear Rap:

I trust this letter shall serve as a convenient reply to all the hysterical and pathetic letters I have been receiving in response to my letter to you, which you printed in a recent issue of *Mystic Magazine*; it seems that you have many faithful followers, even though they are uneducated and only one step ahead of the little-man-with-

100 MAGAZINES FOR SALE

Weird Tales, British and Jungle Stories, also others. Send stamped envelope, and your offer for whole lot.

MRS. MARY BYLSMA

Box 495, Sumas, Wash.

FAIRY CROSSES

+ These unusual good luck charms are perfect cross-shaped stones found in Virginia mountains. About one inch over all, they are reddish brown, mounted with gold-plated eyes for wear as watch charms or pendants. Two types are available—Roman and Maltese. Specify shape you wish when ordering.

Price Only \$1.00 Each Postpaid

THE VENTURE BOOKSHOP

P. O. Box 671 Evanston, Illinois

NATURAL HEALING ARTS PSYCHOLOGY PHILOSOPHY HYPNOTHERAPY

Exceptional Graduating Opportunities through Home Study. Qualify for Doctor Degree! Free information and folder 145 on request.

AUREA, 156 W. 73rd St, New York, N.Y.

the-white-coat.

To date I have received over one-hundred letters from all over the United States (and one from Germany), all of them stating that I should have the tiny wheels in my head examined by a psychiatrist, the writers overlooking the fact that 99 per cent of what you print is based on superstition, self-deception, with just a dash of bigotry; overlooking the fact that I have nothing against you as a person (you are probably a fine person), *only against your methods*. By that I mean simply that while you claim to be so scientific, while you claim to carry the torch of science so high, your methods in regard to what you print are childish and in some parts downright stupid. Instead of helping science, you actually hinder it by printing a lot of nonsense such as the "Shaver Mystery." Any person knowing the least bit about physics and especially about geology knows that it is as possible for creatures to live in the earth as easily as it would be for you to become King of England.

Believing what you want to believe, fascinated with your own science fiction (and I certainly have nothing against SF), you perhaps have deluded yourself into accepting these weird and fantastic ravings of Shaver as truth. One

one answer to an error—forget it! Learn by it, and go ON. Return nevermore to the evil that is past. It is done, forgotten, and before us lies an unending expanse of life, stretching to eternity. It is human to err, and divine to forgive. If it is toward divinity that you strive, will you do it without forgiveness? Karma is the doctrine of hateful vindictiveness, not of loving justice.

As for Shaver, let's not decide until the whole story is told. Then let's discover if there is rationalization. The way you use the word rationalize, it seems to have an abhorrent connotation. I have, myself, given it that connotation—but only when rationalization is perverted to bolster a doubtful point. It should be used to eliminate the doubt. And this is not easy!

Just one more thing—your reference to a First Cause. What a merry-go-round THAT is! If you refer to God as the First Cause, you start with God alone, and NOTHING ELSE. Then you manufacture the entire UNIVERSE out of NOTHING, you give it a BEGINNING, you invent ETERNITY, and then you give it an END. There was no FIRST CAUSE. All that is, or ever was, or ever will be, ALWAYS EXISTED. You have no right, nor

any reason, to place limitations upon it. To postulate a First Cause is to be unreasonable. To postulate a first cause is to forbid all thinking. How can you say a thing began, which you cannot even begin to define? Not knowing the nature of a thing, how can you know the nature of its cause? What is the difference between the First and the Last? For that matter, what is the SECOND CAUSE? First Cause is an ecclesiastic paradox designed to thwart argument among the faithful. Get a "doubter of the faith" to trying to puzzle out the nature of the First Cause, and he'll never get around to expressing his doubts about the faith. Insist that he first define First Cause before he questions Results, and you've got him stymied. Mighty clever, but that sort of trickery is passe today.

THERE IS NO DEATH!

You too will MARVEL at this AMAZING STORY, "MY JOURNEY BEYOND" by Laura Ellen Winsor. Being the ACTUAL EXPERIENCE of one, whom to all APPEARANCES and BELIEF had PASSED BEYOND THE VEIL DO WE MEET OUR LOVED ONES "BEYOND"? This and many other perplexing questions are disposed of once and for all—TRUE FACTS are given just as they transpired.

Price \$2.00 postpaid

Examine for five days, if not satisfied, return for full refund or write for free brochure.

**Winsor-801C Randolph St.
San Francisco 27, Calif.**

rather than a repeated effort? Would not this latter cause *LESS* upset in the general progress of all the world's people than to force a completely new setup back on the same old stage? What about all the people affected *MINORLY* by the "stinker" and his parents, thousands of them (such as teachers, relatives, neighbors, the policeman on the beat, taxpayers, etc etc)? Must they be born again so that all the jots and tittles can be written off?

When you smash a neighbor's window today, can't you fix it tomorrow, in an orderly progression of time and events? Can't you envision an existence that goes on *CONTINUOUSLY*, rather than in a constant recoiling upon itself. Must *YOU* fix the window, or can you have somebody else fix it, and pay the debt with money, instead of personal service? And lastly, what if your neighbor doesn't want you to fix it! Rather, he wants to be magnanimous, and say: "forget it, friend neighbor, I hold no ill-will. The house needed ventilating

anyway!"

But enough! All these are merely opinions, but I want to point out, that all that "evidence" you wish to put into court is exactly the same sort of cloth. It is opinion. The truth? Well, why worry too much about it? You'll find out when you die! (Or at least, that's the only philosophy left to a believer in reincarnation!—how can he question it? *WHY* should he question it? And what *GOOD* would it do to question it, because he's got his foot in it, and will pay through the nose willy-nilly!)

How proud your *JUST* God must be of such a dictatorial setup!

But no, he loves us, and he gives us experience, nor does he demand one penalty for the experience *HE* gives us. And once we learn to love *HIM*, we will seek with joy our *OWN* experiences, and not descend into an endless round of self-flagellation, clothing ourselves in sackcloth and ashes, and wailing out our expiation in blood and tears. There is only

MYSTERY SCHOOLS

DIRECTORY. Mystical, Occult, Arcane, Rosicrucian and others. Yes! The "SECRET" Schools listed for the first time. Some offer courses *FREE* or on a voluntary contribution basis. Opens new *OPPORTUNITIES* and vistas of *WISDOM*.

\$1.00 POSTPAID

PEN SERVICE, DEPT. M.

Hillside Lake

Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

in winning a race downhill, while another wins it uphill? Is it fair of you, or just, to condemn a God you do not even know, and manufacture a condition for Him to remove any possibility of unfairness or unjustness from His name? Are you the accuser of the Unaccusable? Is it a just God who condemns the victim of a thief to vindictiveness, in requiring redress, even if it means another life of torment? Slain by a murderer, do you demand that the murderer undergo another life, so that he may himself be slain, or if not such an "eye for an eye, tooth for tooth" requirement, at least an "evening of the score" by doing a compensating amount of good? Do you WISH to be a party to such vindictiveness? Do you wish to be DENIED the God-given grace of FORGIVENESS? "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us!" Do we have the opportunity to forgive in a reincarnationist concept? No! We cannot let the criminal off, we cannot show mercy; he must pay to the last jot and tittle, before we are satisfied!

You say "blameless people, parents of a regular stinker." Blameless? Did they bring him up right, or wrong? Were they REALLY blameless? Or did they FAIL in their opportunity? There are two

alternatives, in reincarnation: If the kid was a stinker, he must be born OF stinkers, or this time be born again, and this time be a nice guy, to the pride and joy of his parents—or if the parents were to blame, they must live again, marry, bear a child, and this time "do right by sonny boy!"

Wouldn't it be a darn sight more logical for them to CARRY their responsibility (whichever side it's on) and GO ON in ANOTHER PHASE of existence AFTER DEATH, and there CORRECT THE ERROR by further effort

Subscribe to . . .

HYPNOSIS

"The Hypnotists' Magazine"

At last!—A reliable quarterly devoted to Hypnotism, ESP and related psychic phenomena . . . jam-packed with new methods, latest advances, free services, exciting how-to articles, photos, news.

EXTRA SPECIAL! As an introductory bonus, you will get "The Best and Easiest Disguised Method of Inducing Hypnosis" FREE of extra charge with your subscription order for HYPNOSIS Magazine. It reveals a suitable technique of hypnotising suitable subjects indirectly. Get this unique folio while supply lasts — subscribe TODAY!

Per yr. \$3; 2 yrs.: \$5.50; 3 yrs.: \$7.50

Also Available: Books by Harry Arons

Master Course in Hypnotism...\$2.00

Techniques of Speed Hypnosis... 2.00

How to Make Money

with Hypnotism 2.00

Develop an Alarm Clock

Mind (folio) 1.00

All Unconditionally Guaranteed

POWER PUBLISHERS — M56

790 Broad Street Newark 2, N. J.

out there! As Winston Churchill said, "When I die, I want to go further than just a few hundred miles!" (Whatever HE meant, which I haven't been able to find out yet!).

Lastly, the matter of a "just God". Can't you see one kid born a cripple, as a literal demonstration to a lot not born a cripple just how it is to see others without the blessing you have? Can't you see the necessity of the cripple to foster the emotion of pity, and to inspire the desire and the ambition to do something to help? Can't you see the value of being of service as an example to others

THE OPEN WAY

**THE UNIVERSAL ONE—
THE ALL INCLUSIVE ONE**

Copy 20c

**The Open Way
CELINA, TENNESSEE**

FLYING SAUCERS

An Occult Interpretation

By

DOREAL

Price \$1.10 Post Paid

BROTHERHOOD

OF THE

WHITE TEMPLE

SEDALIA, COLORADO

to help them learn (without each and every one going through the experience of being a cripple—which would be quite a waste of time)? Do you consider it is impossible to learn by PROXY, as well as by actual experience? Don't you see that the human mind is as excellent a tool as any other we have, including just one of its extensions, the sense of touch? Must you have YOUR arm cut off to learn it isn't good to have an arm cut off? Must YOU die of cancer to learn that it is part of your experience to try to OVER-COME cancer? Must you, to put it simply, be hit over the head with an instrument to see its point?

Do you think that it is unfair of God to assign to one the task of being a cripple, and to another the task of trying to find an answer to such conditions, and to correct them? Do you think it is an unjust God who gives to one child riches, and to another rags? Or is it to show EACH of them, in the finest kind of economy of planning, how it is to be either? Does being born into a family of moral lepers insure you a life of criminality, or are you instead, fortunate, for if you overcome that handicap, you have won a greater victory than you could ever hope to claim if it was laid in your hands? Is there so much credit

If you want to be a "sharper tool" in the hands of the Lighter of the Stars, why refuse to go there until you are the SHARPEST tool? Maybe the Lighter of the Stars has lighting to do now, and can't wait for you? Besides, isn't it egoistic to assume that the Lighter of the Stars needs your fumbling little help? Has a far better hammer than you'll ever be, and no cracks about your head intended, John! The reincarnationist seems to say that if you blow a tire, you've got to go back to your starting point to fix it! Isn't there any garage up ahead? How about putting on a NEW tire?

But when you say "reincarnation has more supporting evidence that could be placed before a court than any other religious proposition", there you have me up on my feet challenging. Put her there, John! Pony up that supporting evidence and lay it on the line. Just what is it! Bridey Murphy? (See the article in this issue, which is just the first of many). As long as "reasonable doubt" exists in the mind of the jury, the verdict MUST be NOT guilty! There is not a shred of "evidence" I've ever had put before me, that was not subject to reasonable doubt. True, you can doubt any alternative, even the ones I offer, and I expect you to. But, evidence for

evidence, I'll bet a plugged nickel I can put up more separate pieces of evidence against reincarnation than you can for it! Let's put the jury of REASON to work in this MYSTIC court of ours, and try the case FAIRLY, without prejudice! That's all we ask.

To get back to another of your statements, you say: "reincarnation as a means of giving his eternal soul the experiences and lessons that this earth life has to offer." Can you not conceive of another way to get those experiences, except in the form of your present body or another like it? My concept of the Earth is a little bigger. I have evidence of rays and vibrations and forms of matter beyond the ability of my body to comprehend, all a part of this Earth, and I'll never comprehend them without advancing from this present body state. And even if I evolve to the "stars", I still think I can concern myself with the Earth, even from

FREE **CATALOGUE**

**Over 600 Books — Psychic,
Occult, Yoga, etc.**

PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB

**1609-N Tenth Ave. No.
Nashville 8, Tennessee**

INTO THIS WORLD AND OUT AGAIN

**A modern proof of the origin
of humanity and its retrogression
from the original creation
of man.**

Verified by the Holy Bible.

**Revelations received through
thought communication.**

By

G. W. Van Tassel

First Edition

PRICE \$1.50

**COLLEGE OF
UNIVERSAL WISDOM**

Box 419

**YUCCA VALLEY,
CALIFORNIA**

So reincarnationists "want to get on with it," do they? Then why the almost universal insistence on literally "millions of lives"? Even millions isn't enough for some people! Sure there are some who have had enough with one! But they are in the minority, at least from what I've heard. What I meant to say about a form of disbelief in God was that the man who wants to reincarnate to "correct his errors" doesn't seem to think that God could think up a way to correct them without doing them over. The trouble is, there is a good chance it is the error (or a worse one) that will be repeated. Free will gives us that opportunity (for regression). The reincarnationist, say you, wishes to "build and grow forever." It is lack of faith (or knowledge) of an "area" in which to build and grow forever that causes the reincarnationist to use the present finite smallness of the Earth in which to build and grow. Isn't it conceivable that (looking up at the sky) we can see LIMITLESS expanse into which to grow, without the need of TURNING BACK to a road already traveled? Can't we build and grow into ever new surroundings? Must we live in the same old shack until we've grown up altogether, and then waste the whole of the balance of the universe?

offer. His greatest ambition is to get it over with and graduate into a higher life where he will not be handicapped by a physical body. He believes his destiny is to build and grow forever and to be an ever sharper tool in the hands of The Lighter of the Stars and he wants to get on with it.

Now, Rap my boy, this from the old philosopher. You can't prove reincarnation is the bunk and I cannot prove it is the one and only truth. You don't know for sure what happens after the funeral—and neither do I. Perhaps you have faith—many people do and no two the same faith, even two Catholics. What you and I have are personal acceptances and since we are two entirely different guys we have different acceptances. I have road blocks in my mind that prevent me from believing the same as you do and you have road blocks in your mind too and don't try to tell me anything else. You have them because you don't recognize them for what they are. If you did recognize them they wouldn't stay.

However, reincarnation has more supporting evidence that could be placed before a court than any other religious proposition aside from the necessity for a First Cause.

Read the Bridey Murphy story

in the February issue of TRUE magazine.

Please don't publish my address if you use this letter. I do not want to have to answer letters.

Sincerely,
John Martin

Your good letter offers so much opportunity to talk, that it's almost impossible to select a subject on which to begin—for which, thanks! Let's start with reincarnation:



This is your opportunity to get acquainted with the best PSYCHIC MAGAZINES published in the UNITED STATES, ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA. You get new copies direct from the publishers.

UNITED STATES

Chimes (Year \$2.00) -----	\$.20
Co-Operator -----	.15
Golden Rays (Year \$3.00) -----	.25
Herald of Psychology (Year \$2.00) -----	.35
Psychic Observer (Year \$4.00) -----	
6 months \$2.00 -----	.20
Tomorrow (Year \$2.00) -----	.50
Our Voice -----	.25

ENGLAND

Destiny -----	.15
Greater World -----	.10
Prediction (Year \$3.00) -----	.25
Psychic News (Year \$5.00) -----	
6 months \$2.50 -----	.10
Psychic Realm (Year \$2.60) -----	.10
Spiritual Healer (Year \$2.00) -----	.20
Stella Polaris -----	.25
Two Worlds (Year \$5.00) -----	
6 months \$2.50 -----	.10

AUSTRALIA

Psychic Science News-Magazine (Year \$3.00—6 months \$1.50) -----	.25
--	-----

Only \$3.30 for new get acquainted copies of all 15 publications listed above.

Send orders to:

LILLIAN BOBBITT

1609-N Tenth Avenue, North
Nashville 8, Tenn.

like you a lot. I'm all for anyone with enough guts to get after some of the things that need to be ripped up the back and which enjoy the protection of conspiracy of silence. I don't care what you say about anything. I am going to believe anything I feel like believing regardless of what you think, just as you are going to believe anything you want and to Hades with my opinions. If you want to rip reincarnation up the back, hop to it but don't toss brick bats at an empty phantom. You won't get anywhere.

I favor reincarnation because I believe in a fair and just God. I can't square that conception to a one life theory. I can't see one kid born (without getting his consent) in a family of moral lepers that insures him the life of a criminal and another in a high class family that give him every opportunity to make a success of life. I can't square it with blameless people being the parents of a regular stinker now and then either. I rationalized this into reincarnation says you. Perhaps. Could it be possible that you rationalize a little of Shaver's revelations?

Oahspe is in my library. It has been read from cover to cover but not accepted in its entirety. Whoever dictated that book to Dr. Newbrough roasted all existing re-

ligions and then set one up for himself. There was also Mohammed, Joseph Smith, and many others. There is Bishop Benson writing through the hand of Anthony Borgia and H. F. W. Myers using Miss Geraldine Cummins' hand. If you want about a hundred more examples, look over the listing offered by the Psychic Bookshop at Chesterfield, Ind. Well, none quite agree with each other and sometimes the variance is impossible. I am satisfied that I can usually tell whether such a book has been received or faked. Most of them are honest as far as this end goes. How much honesty there was where they came from, how much ignorance, malice, mischief, ambition is quite another thing. Probably some of the difference is due to location. If you lived in Mars and received a letter from someone in Nome Alaska, describing conditions there this winter and one from some one in the Congo Basin you would probably note a number of seeming discrepancies.

As for your last statement about wanting to live forever in a mortal body, I never knew a reincarnationist who had any such an ambition. He looks upon reincarnation as a means of giving his eternal soul the experiences and lessons that this earth life has to

at other places in the universe?

Any thinking today should begin with the proper perspective—the universal perspective. People should give a lot of thought to the implications of other intelligent beings in the universe. There is good evidence that they exist. What does their presence do to most of our selfish thinking? What is our physical and religious (spiritual) relation to them? There are millions of questions raised by their presence and all of humanity is concerned whether they like it or not. Science, religion, etc. are due for a change. They can fight it or seek objectively to learn and help mankind. I propose to follow the latter path.

Richard Hall
721 Burdette St.
New Orleans 18, La.

We don't know if planets effect our lives, but reasonably, they must, in SOME way . . . witness what would happen to you if you REALLY didn't guide your life by the positions of nearby boulders—you'd walk smack into them and we doubt if you'd enjoy the bruises! As for the ads, they pay what our subscribers don't. We need more subscribers, more people buying on the newsstand. In short, we need a larger circulation, a larger sale. Without the ads, frankly, we are out of business.

Want us to throw the magazine up, in preference to running the ads? Lucky charms? If somebody want's 'em, why not? We don't want the ads, however, and we wish we didn't have to run them. Wastes so much space we could give to articles. Actually, a whole 10 or more pages could go to articles! MYSTIC is part of this change you are talking about. And we feel the future is bright, because this's only the beginning! Rap.

Dear Rap:

You will get screamed at, as you predict on page 98 of the March MYSTIC, and it will serve you bloody well right. If you think reincarnation means what you said it did just before you assumed the robe of a prophet, no one can blame you for not believing it. "It is a form of disbelief in God. Everybody wants to live forever so they figure out a way to do it." That isn't what Mdm. Blavatsky wrote or what Ingalese wrote or what Talbot Munday said in "I say Sunrise." I have known a lot of people who believed in reincarnation but I never knew anyone who believed in anything faintly resembling what you set down as dogma. If that is what you think reincarnation means I applaud you for not believing it.

Now Rap, I like Mystic and I

truth based on authority! I am eager to learn about "Mystic" experiences—those that can be confirmed through sense experience *or* reasoned out and placed in an intelligible scheme of knowledge without pushing, pulling, and distorting. I too am forced to reject a thing based on the fact that "X said so!"

The closest approximation to my reasoning I've come across so far is yours, Mr. Palmer. I am very interested in other reasoning processes, such as those presented in your magazine. I too have faith in individual reason.

I like the general tendencies of Mystic and look forward to an 'improving' magazine. Intelligent discussion of the bastards of knowledge is badly needed these days. I think you are a prophet unrecognized in your own country. I feel strongly that the next few decades will be seriously concerned with psychic and cosmic matters. With the large strides Astronomy has made, a universal outlook is inevitable, regardless of the retardation by convention. The questions of man's place in the universe, life on other planets and in other solar systems, God and religion—all will be pursued actively. I hope the new outlook is successful in eliminating petty strife and senseless war. Many will cling to the past but

the intellectual, and other rewards will be there for the taking. Knowledge is one thing we can all partake of greedily without exhausting it. In truth there can't be conflict. We can all own it equally.

Space and the mind—the new frontiers! I am an inveterate optimist and see a possible golden age for man. A super-constructive age with a tremendous leap in knowledge. I'm looking forward to it, eagerly.

Most of the current religions are extremely pessimistic. Man is evil! Man is doomed! Man has to be saved!

I think man largely controls his own fate. Certainly man *now* has the means to either destroy himself or progress rapidly morally, intellectually, and socially.

People like Ray Palmer are often badly misunderstood. Because he seeks to promote love, understanding, and knowledge, he is suspect. On a large scale, these things are not conventional.

I think all egoists, narrow-minded people, and/or all government officials should be forced to observe the universe through a powerful telescope. This would deflate some of the self-importance and destroy the idea that *anything* is impossible. After all, the earth is pretty doggone insignificant in size and location; and how much do we actually *know* about what goes on

and I am moved to write to you. I am 25 years old and a student of Math and Philosophy at Tulane University. The traditional liberal education is supposed to lead to intelligent thinking, but I am well aware of its limitations.

Philosophy and Mystic go hand in hand. Both lead to open-minded thinking. As some wiseacre once said: all kinds of things fall into an open mind! That may be true to a certain extent (as witness the diverse philosophies contained in Mystic) but *all* sides of a question are probed and nothing is dogmatically considered impossible. I believe that one of the main failings of modern science, in fact if not in theory, is lack of open-mindedness—expressed by ignoring masses of data because they don't conform to current theories.

Why I like Mystic: (1) All sides of phenomena ignored by conventional science are explored. (2) The editor has faith in individual ability to attain knowledge. (3) The editor consistently rejects authority as a final criterion of truth. (4) The editor criticizes constructively and attempts to bring order out of chaos. (5) The editor attempts to present the facts about flying saucers, atomic radiation, etc.

Specifically I like "Come, Let Us Reason . . ." dept. and the

editorials. "Mystery in the News" is a wonderful service, but would be much more helpful if it carried sources or at least *complete* date-lines. The incomplete dates and locations make some items worthless to those of us who keep files and seek to correlate incidents.

A few things about Mystic are 'backward' and silly, but gladly endured: (1) The insistence on presenting astrology as a legitimate study. If someone can present evidence indicating a definite link between planetary positions . . . and Homo Sapiens, I'll listen. Sure, apparently everything in the universe acts on everything else, but I don't guide my life by the positions of nearby boulders! (2) Some of the ads are abominable. Why not print your ad rates? People like me are interested. Maybe we can round up some respectable ads. Metaphysics is not some sort of occult healing method and, or guide to happiness! It is a subdivision of Philosophy—an attempt to understand the nature of being or reality. Any connection has not been proved or even attempted as far as I know. Lucky charms! Superstitions hung over from primitive times. Common sense rejects such things—fate and luck personified!

Thank goodness you belie the title of the magazine and oppose

previous lives.

(3) A few days prior to reading about Minou Drouet on Page 81 of the March Mystic, I had clipped from one of our daily papers an article about her being accepted as a member of the French Society of Authors. Is she another case of Cosmic Consciousness - about which Dr. Bucke wrote? My question here is - have those who deal in Astrology charted such people (this little girl, Walt Whitman, etc.) to see if there is anything in common in their Astrological (such a word?) aspects. Is there a publication on this? I think some information on little Minou's horoscope would be most interesting.

(4) Mr. Bok has not once mentioned the poor souls born under the sign of Scorpio. Should he do so, that, too, would be most interesting. Perhaps at some future time, when the financial pressure of more prosaic matters is lightened, I can secure my own individual chart.

A. M. McCuen
101 E. Lafayette Ave.
Syracuse 5, N. Y.

First, don't worry about your subscription—we notify our customers when it's time to renew!

Maybe Bok can answer your question about the new planets. But it seems to us that the effect of adding a fifth wheel to an auto

has some effect on the rider, but not necessarily one that makes the original four-wheeler no good for transportation! A new planet might make the ability to predict more detailed. But we're not astrologers, and remember, we still don't say astrologers know it all, either! MYSTIC'S on the fence, as usual. And that goes for Dianetics. What effect "releasing" has on astrology, doesn't seem to register with us, just leaves a blank space and another question we can't answer.

If you are asking Ray Palmer what he thinks of Minou Drouet, read our article on Bridley Murphy in this issue! NOT reincarnation, not Cosmic Consciousness, or anything else you might name. As for charting Bridley Murphy (if we can obtain her exact birth time.) astrologically, it seems to your puzzled editor that her present-day counterpart's chart would be capable of being carried back in time until the two MERGED EXACTLY! And we'll bet our bottom dollar, they DO NOT!

Mr. Bok will no doubt get around to Scorpio. We hope he gets around to a lot of things that will give cause for discussion—MYSTIC'S readers thrive on discussion!

Rap

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I just received Mystic No. 14

a bottling plant. The idea is to contaminate all water! Why poison water, then eat an antidote? If your water is fluoridated, and you don't want to drink it, you'll have to drink water obtained from some other source. However, there is a new toothpaste on the market which obviates the need for any further fluoridation of water supplies. Now anybody can use his own toothbrush and get the results, if he wants them. If they continue now to campaign for fluoridation, it certainly will be a suspicious act and the honesty or good intent of the campaigner should be instantly questioned. As a matter of fact, "throw da bum out!" Rap.

Dear Sir:

Your March issue of MYSTIC states that you want 'analytical' questions about Astrology. I don't know that you will consider the following 'analytical' - I'm sure you won't - but they are points of interest to me, and I hope something along this line will appear in the future Astrology articles (and I also hope my subscription isn't due to expire right in the midst of them!).

(1) I read here and there that additional planets are discovered from time to time. If that is so, does this not affect the 'science' of Astrology, and is its material due

for revision each time a new planet is discovered? And due to this incomplete knowledge of the total planets in the universe, is Astrology an exact science? Of course, I realize that man's knowledge on every subject is incomplete, and we progress as more is acquired, but it would seem that Astrology would be particularly affected in this way.

(2) I understand from the only contact I have in this locality, who is familiar with Dianetics, Scientology and related subjects, that Astrology does not play any part in our lives once we have been released, by processing if necessary, from our aberrations, prompters, or whatever name you wish to give to the pesky things. Yet Ernest S. Holmes, in "Creative Mind" speaks of the *law*. As I understand it, the law means that the mind conceives first and material manifestations follow. (As a man thinketh in his heart, etc.) Does Astrology play a very important role as to what we think? If so, wouldn't charts and horoscopes help in processing individuals? An article on which Mr. Bok, Dr. and Mrs. Walsh, Dr. Hubbard and Mr. Volney G. Mathieson collaborated would be most interesting! Impossible, of course, but interesting. Also, Mr. Morey Bernstein might participate with birth dates of

METAPHYSICAL AND OCCULT BOOKS

By DOREAL

Four Gospels. (Interpretation) ..	\$5.00
Asana, Breath and Mantram	3.00
The Four Planes of Healing	3.00
The Emerald Tablets	2.00
An Interpretation of the Emerald Tablets	5.00
Textbook of Ancient Wisdom	2.00
Sepher Yetzirah. (The Book of Creation)	2.00
Symbolism of the Great Pyramid	1.00

Spiritual Power—Magnetic Healing	1.00
Masters, Visible and Invisible	1.00
Instruction of a Master to His Chela	1.00
The Neophyte and the Path	1.00
Cosmogony and Cosmology	1.00
Vitamins and Elements50
Reincarnation50
Occult Symbols Unveiled50
Occult & Mystery Teachings of Jesus	.50

ANY OF THE FOLLOWING—35c EACH—3 FOR \$1.00—MINIMUM ORDER—\$1.00

Astro-Chemical Analysis.
The Authentic St. Germain
Symbolism of the Life of Jesus.
Symbolism of the Great Seal of the
United States.
Science of Health.
Soul Cycles.
The Inner Earth.
Ancient America.
The Banner of Shamballa.
Mystery of the Moon.
The Akashic Records and How to Read
Them.
Polar Paradise.
Mysteries of the Gobi.
Mysteries of Mt. Shasta.
Atlantis and Lemuria.
Christ and the Last Days.
The Coming Avatar.
Concentration and Relaxation.
Dragons of Wisdom.
Milarepa, "The Tibetan Saint."
The Great Masters of the Himalayas.
The Spinal Brain and Health.
Some Previous Incarnations of Jesus
and the Unknown Period of His Life.
Personal Experiences Among the Mas-
ters and Great Adepts of Tibet.
The Five Great Initiations as Symbolized
in the Life of the Master Jesus.
Astral Projection and How to Accom-
plish It.
Mystery Teachings of the Second Com-
ing of the Christ.
Wisdom of the Kabbala.
Many That Are Now Living Shall Never
Die.

Man's Higher Self, His Subtle Bodies—
They Influence His Life.
Divine Healing.
The Return of the Gods to America.
Secret Teachings of the Himalayan
Gurus.
Messiah Aggadoth. (A prophecy.)
The Perfect Way.
The Occult Anatomy of Man.
Man and the Mystic Universe.
Personal Magnetism.
The Master Key.
How to Live in Harmony with Divine
Law.
Shamballa, or the Great White Lodge.
Webs of Destiny.
The Dream State.
Light and Color.
The Wheel of Life.
Material Inharmony and How to Over-
come It.
The Secret of True Prayer.
The Ten Lost Tribes of Israel.
The Secret Teachings of Jesus.
Reincarnation, Life After Death.
The World War and Reincarnation.
Maitreya "Lord of the World."
Spiritual Alchemy.
The Soul and Its Nature
Creation and the Fall of Man.
Adam and the Pre-Adamites.
Bardo, the Journey of the Soul After
Death.
The New Religion.
Mysteries of the Mayas.
Tibet and Its Religion
The Great Temple.

ORDER FROM

AMHERST PRESS

AMHERST

.

WISCONSIN

HAVE YOU REACHED THE AGE OF REASON?

Or do you hasten past graveyards with a shudder; carry a rabbit's foot in your pocket; buy Chesterfields because they are mild, Camels because they satisfy, Luckies because they are smooth; buy one loaf of bread rather than another because it is whiter; believe God is a man sitting on a golden throne, and heaven full of harpists; or that polishing makes rice more palatable; or that a black man is a different species than a white man; do you read the critics' page before you venture an opinion about a play; vote the straight Republican ticket; expect to live off your social security?

ARE YOU A THINKING PERSON?

Have you read the preceding 129 pages of this magazine, and have you felt the desire to read the next 129? If so, why hasn't it occurred to you to subscribe, and make sure! If you LIKE this magazine, and the freedom of thought it tries humbly to provide, why not make sure you guarantee yourself more of it in the future; and incidentally, help it to grow, and improve its ability to appeal to your reason?

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY

MAIL TO: RAY PALMER, MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS, AMHERST, WISCONSIN

15

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE STATE

I wish to subscribe to MYSTIC Magazine for (check square).....

☐ 12 issues

\$3.00

☐ 24 issues

\$6.00

Enclosed is ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order for \$.....

Begin my subscription with the.....issue.