

GOD IS IN THE MOUNTAIN—Worth

K
MYSTIC
MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1954

35¢



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DECEMBER

1954

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...Editorial...

WE have a copy of the Everyday American Dictionary, and in looking up the word "mystic" we discovered it was not included. This was a shock to us, because we had assumed the word was a part of our everyday life. But apparently a "mystic", or things "mystic", are NOT a part of the everyday scene insofar as the compilers of an "everyday" dictionary are concerned. The answer to that discovery must be that the meaning of the word is not understood. For, emphatically, the word should be in that dictionary! Why? Well, let us tell you why.

First, just what is a mystic? Is your editor a mystic? That's a fascinating question! Is he? Whenever your editor sits down to ask himself the why of anything, he resorts to a very private source of information, a truly mysterious source, since it is used by only one other person on the face of this globe that we know of. And that other person is NOT a mystic. His name is Richard S. Shaver. His only place in this editorial is as "source material" for what

we have termed, the Shaver Alphabet. For those "scientists" among you, who wish to know *exactly* where he got what he claims is the original alphabet of a language called Mantong, once used on Earth by a race called the Atlans (and also another race called the Titans), it was given to him by what he believes to be the actual voice of a living women in a cavern far beneath the Earth's surface, transmitted to him via a mental ray machine called a telaug (telepathic augmentation). He seems to hear it audibly at times as well as mentally. We won't argue as to the real source of his "voice", but it DID give him the alphabet we always use FIRST, when we are delving into the meaning of a word. Thus, let us use the Shaver Alphabet, the Mantong Language of 12,000 (or more) years ago, now long dead and forgotten, except in those mysterious caves Mr. Shaver has made a permanent part of the occult knowledge of this world.

M-Y-S-T-I-C. The letter M means "man". Y is not really a letter, but a whole word, the word

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Francis Bacon

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"why". S is the symbol for the "sun", any sun, but for our purposes, it represents "sol" T is the "cross symbol" (adopted by religions), and means "integration"; it is that which builds up, constructs, becomes material. I is the personality, the ego; it is the "I am" of the occult sciences. C, again, is not a letter, but a word, specifically "see"; it is to understand, to know, to realize.

Thus, taking the first step of our analysis, we have: *man-why-sun- integration-I-see*. This is, we believe, an informative word. When we say informative, we mean it is *especially* important, and is designed to carry a message to man which is vital to his existence. This word, broken down, forms a sentence: (We will interpolate a few words to give it a more understandable continuity.) *Man ask the why of the sun which causes integration so that the I (the ego) will see (understand)*. Not only is the word informative, it is a command. It instructs us to delve into the reasons for man's presence on the Earth, which gets its constructive energy from the sun, so that we may understand ourselves and our destiny.

Now let us go a step further in our analysis, and draw on a very incomplete dictionary of "mantong" which Mr. Shaver has given us via his telaug voices. One of

the most important words is TIC. The last half of mystIC. Tic is science, scientific knowledge, research, discovery It is: *integration-I-see*. The understanding of how things go together, how they are made, what makes them what they are.

Specifically, then, MYS-TICS are scientists; men who ask the why of their own existence, the how, of it, and the place that the sun (the symbol of matter) has in the whole picture. Mystics are those who seek to understand themselves and their place in the world of the material.

Isn't this an impressive result of our use of the strange alphabet Mr. Shaver has given us? But no matter; if you are a semanticist, you will call this a word-game, and you will discount it, no matter how many thousands of words make *perfect* sense (by sheer accident, no doubt) when broken down into the mantong symbols. If you prefer Webster to Shaver, you will have to call Shaver's success a matter of "generality". So let's go on to less "mystic" sources.

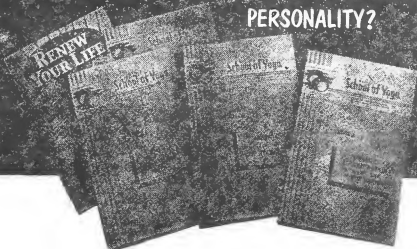
In this world we have four great religions, and a multitude of minor ones. Each of them seeks to understand the why of their existence, and their final destiny. ALL of them are mystics. If you go to church, you are a mystic, for is

(Continued on Page 17)

WHAT DO YOU SEEK FROM LIFE?

PSYCHIC POWERS? SELF CONFIDENCE?

PERSONALITY?



TEST YOURSELF

Yes No

- ☐ Are you satisfied with your mental power?
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The **EXPOSER EXPOSED**

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

ON October 31, 1954, a group of publicity seekers will gather on a bridge in New York City. This will be on the stroke of midnight. A be-whiskered gentleman will raise his eyes toward the skies and solemnly invoke the shades of Harry Houdini (nee Erick Weiss) to appear and identify himself. Probably a few flashlight photos will be taken and the great news gathering agencies will again send the message around the world that man does not survive because Houdini did not keep his tryst.

What a farce! The spirits of the so-called 'dead' are not like your canine pet, Fido, who comes at your whistle because he knows he is going to be fed if he comes, and spanked if he does not. Houdini did not agree while living to send a message through Tom, Dick and Harry. He made a solemn compact with his wife, Beatrice, which encompassed a most secret message, in a certain sequence, that he would, if he survived death, relay to her.

I open my encyclopaedia at this point and look up the word,

Because Mystic magazine knows that the newspapers will publish a lot of one-side publicity this October 31, it only seems fair to even it up a bit, and make the other side available to the public at the same time, so that a fair judgment can be made of a subject which is of paramount importance to all. Therefore, we present once more the story of the magician, Houdini, and his message.

Houdini. There I find a 'cut' made from a photograph, showing Beatrice Houdini seated in a seniorial chair, surrounded by some bewhiskered gentry, together with the implements of the professional sleight-of-hand artist. The caption under the picture states that this test was made on the tenth anniversary of Houdini's passing. It also states that this has been carried on every year on this exact day of the month; that Harry Houdini's shade was invoked to appear; but, that he never had.

The article states, furthermore, that he left a secret code that would identify him as present and thus prove or disprove human survival. The article also tells us that the secret code was never received by his widow. And that Houdini's great work in life was exposing false mediums. That is as fancy piece of beating around the bush as you will ever find, because, if there is a north pole on a magnet, there must be a south pole. Therefore, if there are *false* mediums, there must be *true* mediums. Proof: otherwise the article would have said "exposing mediums" PERIOD.

Now for a change, suppose we get the attested facts in the matter. Let us have some reputable witnesses covering the subject whether Houdini survives. And whether he gave Beatrice Houdini

the secret code message. And, after clearing up that matter, let us take a look at this vainglorious exposor of mediums.

Houdini passed on October 31, 1926. In 1928, Rev. Arthur Ford made the startling announcement that he had had a preliminary message from the shade of Harry Houdini. We may assume that his widow was vastly interested. In any event she contacted Rev. Ford and seances were held. On January 9th, 1929 Mrs. Houdini issued the following statement, on her own personal stationery:—

"New York City
Jan. 9th, 1929

"REGARDLESS OF ANY
STATEMENT MADE TO THE
CONTRARY, I WISH TO DE-
CLARE THAT THE MES-
SAGE, IN ITS ENTIRETY,
AND IN THE AGREED UP-
ON SEQUENCE, GIVEN ME
BY ARTHUR FORD, IS THE
CORRECT MESSAGE PRE-
ARRANGED BETWEEN MR.
HOUDINI AND MYSELF.

(Signed) Beatrice Houdini¹

Witnessed: Harry R. Zander
Minnie Chester

John W. Stafford"

Mrs. Beatrice Houdini was of course interviewed by many newspaper reporters who suggested that Rev. Ford had gotten the code message through telepathy, or

ESP. She replied, "Of course I knew the code message but I had no idea of what combination of words Harry would use; and when he sent the 'believe' it was a surprise." Before she could check the message that came through Ford she had to go to the Manufacturers Trust Company in New York and, in the presence of reputable witnesses, obtain the envelope containing the code message, and open it.

Her press agent, Charles Williams, stated publically that he considered the message authentic. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle cabled Mrs. Houdini asking her if she had received the correct code message as prearranged with Harry Houdini. She cabled the one word, "YES." John W. Stafford, who witnessed Mrs. Houdini's statement that she received the true and correct code message stated categorically that he was fully convinced that contact had been made with the discarnate spirit of Houdini. Frank Harris, Houdini's press agent attended a seance held by Frank Decker, at the Wellington Hotel. N. Y. Harris later stated that the independent voice was unquestionably Houdini. He said, "Decker could not possibly have been speaking, while Houdini spoke, because I was holding my hand over Decker's mouth." This seance took place

March 1st, 1942,

Harris made a written statement and it was witnessed by Dr. H. P. van Pelt and Dr. H. S. Rhode. Said Harris, "I swear it was Houdini's voice." In this life one of Houdini's best friends was Alex Martin, the well-known psychic photographer. Houdini sat with Martin, and many people Houdini had known, while they yet existed on this plane, appeared as extras on the films.

Mrs. Houdini wrote a letter admitting that the message received was correct in every respect, to Walter Winchell. It appeared in his column "YOUR BROADWAY AND MINE," Saturday, January 19th, 1929. In 1938 Mrs. Houdini joined hands with a woman to produce a film which was to condemn Spiritualism. Mrs. Houdini stated later that she was to get one million dollars to permit the following statement over her signature, "We must look out for the leeches who claim to bring messages from the dead." She was to star in a film called, "RELIGIOUS RACKETEERS," and this film was produced and shown for but a few days. It was a complete flop. Why? Various theatre managers who were shown her previous statement about the validity of Houdini's code message, cancelled the bookings.

The old Latin adage, *De mor-*

tuis nil nisi bonum, (Of the dead say nothing but good), is good advice. However, we folks who pay the piper have a right to dance. Let us, therefore, go back to the time the Margery investigation was taking place in Boston. As it happens the author was there during that time. I had invented *infra red* modalities for the use of the medical profession and was headquartering at Boston, engineering a sales campaign in the New England States and Quebec Province, Canada. As a consequence I got much of Houdini's peculiar conduct at first hand.

But there is a better witness, *The Proceedings of the American Society for Psychic Research*, 1925-7. Of course Houdini was there and busy as a cranberry merchant. His conduct was so execrable that one of the honorable investigators spoke of Houdini's conduct as disreputable. The medium, "Margey" Crandon had been submitted to thousands of tests. Not once was there the least justifiable suspicion of fraud, or attempt at fraud. Houdini stated hundreds of times, "Under the same conditions, I can do everything the medium does through her controls." The other researchers finally got fed up on his rank, rash claims and decided it was time for him, 'to put up or shut up.'

According to *A.S.P.R.* Houdini held a conference with Dr. H. C. McComas of Princeton University and Prof. E. W. Brown, a well and favorably known scientist. This conference was held on September 17th, 1926. The following convention of action was drawn up and signed:

1. Houdini was delighted to repeat every phase of the Margery performance for a group of gentlemen to be selected by Dr. McComas.

2. He was to be permitted to use everything used by Margery in her seances.

Margery was to be wired to her chair. Then Houdini was to be wired in the same manner.

On the next seance held by Margery she was wired and taped. Nevertheless great quantities of ectoplasm was extruded from her ears, nose, nipples and genitalia. (Author's note: some rather unwise researchers used to say that ectoplasm was simply a long yardage of soft cotton cloth that the medium swallowed before the seance, and later regurgitated. But these folks have never given us the secret of how the medium swallowed a few hundred yards of cotton piece goods into the stomach and forced this filthy mass out of her ears, nose, nipples, vagina and navel. Furthermore, that honest and reputable scientist von

Schrenk-Notzing, brought together ONE HUNDRED skeptical university professors. After many seances every single professor signed statement that there was not the least possible doubt about the existence of ectoplasm, or teleplasm. *Geley, Ectoplasm and Clairvoyance*, page '27, Chapter VII.)

We readily understand now why Houdini could not even approximate the Margery manifestations. Why? Margery had a blown up balloon in her mouth all the time she was sitting. And, Houdini, supposedly a male, would have had some serious trouble getting extrusions of ectoplasm from something he did not have, considering the anatomy of male and female.

On September 18th, just five weeks before he passed on, he wrote a letter to Dr. McComas clearly indicating that he was backing out of the agreement. On September 19th, 1926, Dr. Cranston and his wife "Margery," accepted the agreement. AND HOUDINI TOOK OFF FOR THE TALL TIMBER.

The Journal *A.S.P.R.* commented, "The somewhat naive plan of McComas to bring Houdini to book and at the same time establish the super-normal character of the Margery phenomena came to naught." (Prod. *ASPR*. 1926-7,

page 530). Houdini hired a disreputable artist to make some drawings to show his idea of just how Margery cheated. But the honorable members of the investigators, all of them former skeptics, had a reputable photographer on hand. Houdini, balked in his scheme, was furious because he, not Margery was proved a fraud and cheat. He was caught red-handed slipping small pieces of rubber under a switch to prevent contact in an electric bell circuit.

Again he was caught with his rompers out of their natural order. In fact there were but few incidents in his connection with the Margery case when he was not off base. And yet one cannot find one single mention of all these lapses from grace in any encyclopaedia. In fact the refusal of the publishers of practically all great books of reference to mention any of the proved facts of the supernatural, or supernormal is at least one of the great sins of omission. The public has been taught to depend on them and are often thereby deceived.

A witness to that statement is to be found in the fact that few if any encyclopaedias even mention the fact that Sir William Crookes did vastly more service to humanity in his psychic investigations than he did in his strictly temporal Crookes' tube, Radiome-

ter, Spinthariscopes, and other material inventions.

While on the subject of psychic investigations, it would be illogical not to bring out the questionable activities of one member of the Margery committee. When these investigations were being initiated one Prof. R. W. Wood of Johns Hopkins University, signed a solemn pledge not to handle the ectoplasmic extrusion from Margery. He furthermore agreed in writing not to show any form of light unless authorized to do so by the spirit control. None the less he wrote in his notes that he seized an ectoplasmic rod and squeezed it hard. The medium was seized with hemorrhages and was forced to take to her bed. Wood took a powerful flashlight, armed with a wood filter, and shot its harmful rays into the medium's face. Wood was thoroughly excoriated by several members of the committee for his actions.

Does not such a breaking of faith set forth dishonor and perjury? He was to the minds of his co-investigators well teamed up with Houdini. One has but to consult the learning of the ages to be fully informed that many forms of orthodoxy are as brutal, blood-thirsty and barbarous as the medicine men who held the lash over our ancestors.

In spite of the trickery launched against Margery, we read in *The Journal of the A.S.P.R.* 1926-7, Vol. 2, page 140, "The facts here chronicled constitute conclusive proof of the existence of Margery's supernormal faculties, and the strongest sort of evidence that these work through the agency of her deceased brother Walter."

THE MARGERY PHENOMENA

1. Materializations of those known to have been 'dead' many years. Many of them were identified.

2. Impressions in wax of the thumbs of known 'dead,' among them those of her deceased brother Walter. The prints checked perfectly.

3. Moulages of hands made from wax gloves. The hands were in such a shape and relation to each other, that no human agency could have done it.

4. Telekenesis — the movement of a body without any known force being applied.

5. Telepathy, or ESP messages were proved beyond shadow of doubt.

6. Independent voices of those called 'dead'. To prevent any suspicion of ventriloquism, Margery carried measured amounts of tap water in her mouth. The water was later found to be almost the exact amount she originally took into her mouth. The re-

searchers sought an even more positive measure against ventriloquism. They put toy balloons in her mouth and blew them up until she could not even breath through the mouth. Still the independent voices came through.

Possibly one of the best tests—one to rather disprove the unproved theory of reincarnation—was the messages in foreign languages that came through her mediumship. That is particularly true about long vertical rows of most ancient Chinese ideographs. It was necessary to find learned Chinese, having a knowledge of the Chinese of Confucius, to make the translations. Chinese savants declared, without exception, that the language and the philosophy expressed might well have come from Confucius himself.

One of the most honorable scientists who investigated Margery was Dr. R. J. Tillyard, F.R.S., Entomologist in Chief of the Commonwealth of Australia. He sat in a locked room alone with Margery. She was securely bound to her chair with strips of surgical tape. A blue pencil marked down the tape on the medium's skin, so that any moving of the tape would be immediately detected. A Voice Cut-Out device was attached over Margery's mouth. It was therefore an absolutely impossible matter for her to make a single intel-

ligible sound.

During the seance strong, clear thumb marks were made on pieces of wax. Bertillon experts declared that these prints did not match those of Margery or Dr. Tillyard. Keep in mind that Margery could not speak. Nevertheless, independent voices of those we call 'dead' conversed with Dr. Tillyard. On August 11th, 1928 he wrote to Sir Oliver Lodge as follows:

"It seems impossible to me to find a single flaw in this wonderful result. My object is to record as a scientist that they do occur, that they are part of the phenomena of Nature, and that Science, which is the search of Truth and for Knowledge, can only ignore them at the deadly peril of its own future existence, as a guiding force in the world. This seance is, for me, the culminating point of all my psychic research. I can now say, if I do desire, *Iunc Dimittis.*"

Lord Kelvin, a scientist without peer, made the following observation that started Crookes, Challis, Barrett, de Morgan, Hare and other foremost scientists in their search for primary truth—the truth that there is no death, "Science is bound by the everlasting laws of honor to face fearlessly every problem that may be fairly placed before it."

When is Science going to accept

the problem now facing it?

But, meantime, there is no doubt that the spirit of Houdini did manage to confer the secret code message to his wife. Thus the

man who claimed to expose the frauds of mediums, came through a medium to tell the truth that he still lived.

THE END

Editorial — — — ★

(Continued from Page 8)

it not true that what you practice there is a mystery, to a very great extent? If you are a Catholic, you deliberately recognize that there are mysteries which are accepted *without* understanding, because they cannot be understood. The trinity (yet oneness) of God is an example. The Immaculate Conception is another. The Resurrection is another. Each religion is the same in this respect—it is full of mystery which is not understood, and yet is accepted as fact.

In the Bible, you are asked to "prove the spirits", which is an admission that there ARE spirits. But you aren't asked to "prove your religion?" Your editor thinks you ARE. Spirits (and therefore life after death—unless spirits are something other than man) are part of your religion, and should be "proved". It follows that all parts of your religion should be proved. Is God capable of proof? Certainly not! It would seem that He is incapable of being under-

stood, but not of *proof*. Religion seeks to prove him. It employs the TIC, the science, of mysticism.

Therefore, all people who have a religion are mystics.

Then there is the materialist. Let's distinguish him from the scientist who is also religious. Let's take the atheist scientist, the man who says the whole Universe is "chance", and he, himself, a happenstance. Yet, he trains his telescope and his spectroscope and his bolometer on the sun, and seeks to know the how and the why of its energy; and he turns from his telescope to his microscope, and looks into the how and why of chlorophyl; and he announces with a great show of importance that there is a connection! He looks further, into his own body, and observes the products of chlorophyl being digested, and formed into the substance of his own flesh and blood. He finds a connection. He SEES that the SUN is the cause of the INTEGRATION of the EGO that he actually is, in the flesh; the PERSONALITY that he knows he is. *He is a MYSTIC!*

And there we have it! Every-

body on Earth who questions his own existence, wonders about it, and seeks to know more about it, is a Mystic. So we wonder why the compilers of the *Everyday American Dictionary* left out a word so BASIC; so much a part of our *everyday* life that it is worldwide and practiced by *all* men?

How obvious it is that there is a great NEED for a magazine called MYSTIC!

One great consolation we derive from our research into the word mystic is that we suddenly are not a minority group, an off-trail handful of outer people who "live in a world of their own". We are the *most numerous* species on Earth! The only other personality on the whole face of the globe who is not a mystic is the poor unfortunate who cannot question his existence because of brain damage, or lack of brain development; the complete idiot!

I-D-I-O-T. I - disintegrate - *the* ego source-of-integration. An idiot, the personality which has broken down its connection with the source of integration, lost contact with growth. How amazing! But Webster doesn't give so lucid a definition of the word! He only tells the *result*, not the *cause*! The *word* tells the *cause*!

But enough of word meanings. There are other things more im-

portant to discuss.

FIRST, we have a "retraction" of a sort to publish. On page 18 of the August issue of MYSTIC, in the story "Venusians Walk Our Streets" by Paul M. Vest, it is stated that Max Morton (pseudonym for a Los Angeles newspaperman) sent a metal plate, together with a laboratory report, which supposedly had been marked deeply by the fingernail of a Venusian, to the FBI. Mystic did not state this as a fact, only that Max Morton "said" he had submitted this report.

Recently we were called upon by a Milwaukee, Wisconsin representative of the FBI, who stated that no such report had been made. He also requested that MYSTIC avoid publishing unchecked references of this kind, because they resulted in much querying of the FBI, the necessity of reply, and waste of time and funds.

Thus, in the future, we will first check with the organization named, and publish their reply along with any report we make, so that full information will be given our readers. We wish to point out that Mr. Vest, himself, did not check either, and his report was plainly labeled "hearsay". If Max Morton wishes to provide us with the report he says he obtained from "a foremost laboratory in Los

Angeles" regarding the facts concerning the metal plate, we shall be glad to publish it, along with a statement from the laboratory that the report is a true and accurate copy.

LAST July, Kenneth Arnold and his wife were guests of CBS Television in New York, and appeared on the TV show "It's News To Me", during which he related his experience in the now famous Flying Saucer discovery. This TV show coincided with the close approach of Mars to Earth, and also with the rash of flying saucer reports which also coincided with the close approach. Obviously it was the approach of Mars that was responsible for the TV show, but we wonder why it has been so strongly hinted that the flying saucer reports are to be credited to Mars' gyrations in the heavens? After seven years, Kenneth Arnold's report can hardly be considered "It's News To Me." But then, there is no accounting for the brainstorm of a New York TV script writer, or idea man.

However, one result of the trip was the visit to our home of Mr. Arnold and his wife. While here, Mr. Arnold gave our two daughters instructions in swimming (we have a lake right on the farm), and he did right well, because he formerly was a swimming instruc-

tor. We thank him for that. Another thing he gave us was a brand new slant on flying saucers, and the promise of a new book, which we intend to publish just as soon as it is completed. Saucer enthusiasts will remember that his book is considered the only straightforward report to date, and they can be sure that his new book will do much toward unraveling the tangle in which flying saucer data is now enmeshed beyond all recognition. We feel that the book will be a tremendous surprise to the American public, and perhaps tremendously embarrassing to a great number of people, particularly those whose reports to the people might be expected to be most reliable.

—Rap

NEW FLYING SAUCER BOOKS

The WHITE SANDS INCIDENT, by D. W. Fry, former technician at the White Sands Proving Grounds, who took a ride in a Flying Saucer and conversed with a Man from Outer Space. Explains the secret of incredible speed, gives revelations about Mu and Atlantis. Fascinating.

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EXTRA – TERRESTRIAL VISITOR?

By MIRIAM TEEL CLARKE

The question of "visitors" to Earth from either other planets or strange realms we know nothing of is a great one today, and our request for the kind of reports given in a recent issue by Mr. Paul Vest, and others such as Mr. Angelucci's flying saucers, has resulted in still another report, which, frankly, we are unable to evaluate in its proper category. Where do these visitors really come from?

REGARDING the article "Venusians Walk Our Streets" appearing in the August issue of *Mystic* and the Editor's request for additional material in the way of evidence others may have, prompts me to write this article.

I am writing not to add to Mr. Vest's story (for he, and he alone, knows what he knows) but to present the experience of another for the benefit of those who hesitate to lend credence to one man's statement.

Many of Mr. Vest's statements are very familiar to me, such as

the approach of these beings whose gentleness and poise is outstanding while there is a certain aloofness or, shall I say detached manner and withal a great compassion for the children of earth.

Now I cannot say whether the entity with whom I talked face to face was from another planet and I have never seen a flying saucer, but I sincerely agree with Mr. Vest when he says that extra-terrestrials are familiar with our manners and I add, even our thoughts; and in most cases resemble earthlings to such a marked degree as

to be mistaken for one of us. Nevertheless, if the reader will travel back a few years with me I shall tell the story.

It was a brilliant May morning and I was standing on the curb of a busy downtown street waiting for my daughter, when someone stepped up beside me and I looked into the face of a tall, slender man who had the most piercing deep-set black eyes I have ever seen. His face was a singular face, sallow and lean with heavy creases about the wide, kind mouth and hollow cheeks. Immediately I thought of Abraham Lincoln. Though this man was not so tall, he wore the long black coat and tall silk hat so much in vogue at that period.

I smiled, thinking he was someone I had met and now failed to identify and was not prepared for the question when he asked, "Have you ever seen hell?"

Hardly conscious of my own words I replied, "Yes when my husband was sick unto death."

Then he continued, "Have you ever seen heaven?"

Again I answered, "Yes, in the eyes of my baby and the heart of a moonflower."

He appeared to turn and address some invisible companion, for he said in a low tone: "Therein lies wisdom."

I was becoming alarmed; my

serenity had turned traitor and was deserting me; had my senses taken leave also or was I dreaming the strange experience? In a sharp retort born of desperation I demanded: "Who are you? Have I ever known you before?"

For the first time he smiled a knowing, yet radiant smile and said, "Yes, you knew me a thousand years ago, but who I am is of no importance; now my friend, hear me well and heed my words for I have bridged a chasm, the 'gulf between thee and me' in order to bring to you good tidings, proof that the words spoken by the greatest teacher of all times, are true: 'I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore. Amen: and have the keys of hell and of heaven!' I am sent to give this proof in describing in detail the appointments of your home though I have never stepped across its threshold."

Which he proceeded to do correctly until he reached the living room, where he had every stick of furniture misplaced. "In your living room there is a dark blue couch resting against the north wall beneath a window and I see a bookcase filled with books standing against the south wall and upon it stands a crystal vase filled with honeysuckle, while beneath it are two one-dollar bills. There

MYSTIC

is a rose rug with gray flower design and two large chairs, one a platform rocker in blue."

Inwardly I was laughing him to scorn because surely I knew how my own room was arranged and his description was wrong regarding the position of the furniture—and there was no honeysuckle in the vase—the bills had been left securely down inside it.

In an attitude of humility he asked: "am I correct, my friend?"

"No," I replied with a trace of sarcasm in my voice, for this man's manner nettled me, "you are all wrong."

At that moment my daughter walked up; she looked first at the stranger, then back at me, in undisguised wonderment.

"One more thing," he added "then I shall depart. I see a letter lost in the vines growing on your front porch; it contains a check which will be a very pleasant surprise." Then before our very eyes he disappeared into nothingness.

I struggled with many unfamiliar emotions; I was confused, then suspicious, thinking perhaps he had been in my home when I was away—however how could he have made such a mistake if he had been in the room?

I told Anna what had transpired and after much surmising on the part of both of us, we de-

cided that it was a useless expenditure of time and effort to attempt to explain it, so we dismissed it from our minds and spent a happy-day, lunching in town, and shopping.

About four o'clock I knocked on my front door which was locked from the inside. That was strange, because we seldom ever latched the screen; presently my other daughter appeared from behind the blinds.

"Wait just a minute Mama, you can't come in yet—I have a surprise for you." She was bubbling with excitement and her big blue eyes were sparkling with happiness.

When I was finally admitted she threw her arms around me, exclaiming, "I've cleaned the whole house for you—look, I've changed the living room around, just look! Isn't it beautiful?"

For a moment I stood speechless—for there was my room exactly as the man in black had described it to me. A peculiar weakness assailed me and I staggered across the room and sank to the couch beneath the north window. On the opposite side stood the bookcase and upon it the vase, filled with honeysuckle whose fragrance permeated every corner of the room. Beneath the vase were the two one-dollar bills.

Noting my expression of amaze-

ment, Mimi asked in a hurt little voice, "Don't you like it Mama?"

"I love it," I assured her, "but tell me, has anyone been in this house today?"

"No Mam, not one soul, because I locked all the doors so no one would disturb me; no one has even come to the door."

Suddenly I remembered the letter he spoke of, lost in the vines. Pulling out the mass of tangled branches I peered down deep behind them and there to my utter incredulity, was the letter — from *Photo Play Magazine*, containing a check for \$25.00, first prize won in a contest; I had sent it in weeks before and had forgotten all about it. If I remember rightly the title was "My Dresden Doll."

I cannot say it was a dream because the facts remain; the room had been changed; neither can I place it in the category of imagination, for the facts still remain—the letter was there — so, what shall I say other than it appears that someone, somehow, succeeded in "Bridging a Chasm."

COMING OF THE GUARDIANS—the Who, What, & Why of "Flying Saucers," by the famous Probert Controls, deep trance mediumship, Mimeo. book, 2nd printing, very important. BSRA Associates, 3524 Adams Avenue, San Diego 16, Calif., Meade Layne, M.A., National Director.

Price \$3.00

WHAT WOULD YOU DO

if you found

A GOOD THING?

You'd pass it on to your friends, wouldn't you? Well, that's exactly what Ray Palmer is doing in this ad, which is a **personal** endorsement. You know how he grouches about the way things fall apart ten minutes after you buy them, or they fail entirely to perform their purpose? Shoddy products from shoddy workmen, he calls them, and he suspects it's a deliberate inferiority component to cheat you. So when he finds something that's really good but hasn't a chance because it's put out by an honest man who can't buck the big BUSINESS boys, he ballyhoos it. You see, Ray's had dandruff for years, and no product he ever bought did a bit of good. Then, through Ken Arnold, he met Guy L. Turner, of Boise, Idaho. Well, Guy has a hair treatment that licked Ray's dandruff in ten days! Although Guy doesn't claim it, the stuff cures a lot of skin ailments, not only scalp ailments. At least it cured his wife's rash. So, if you're like Ray, and appreciate an honest man and an honest product, here's his tip to you: Get

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It Turns Hair Back To Its
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WRITE:

GUY L. TURNER

Box 145-P

BOISE, IDAHO

And Tell Him Ray Sent You

MYSTERY IN THE NEWS

"Whatever it was, I never saw anything like it," said George Sarosy, an infantry captain on leave from Camp Drum, who saw what he believes to be a flying saucer at 12:15 a.m. Monday, July 26, 1954.

Sarosy had just brought his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Grindrod, of 70 Dewey avenue, Devon, Conn., home when they both saw a green glow in the sky going in the direction of New Haven. It was flying in a flat projection, fairly low in the sky, heading east toward the ocean. "As we watched," he said, "the glow broke into three parts, then the parts became a red glow which disappeared."

"I'm not sure what it was," Sarosy commented, "but I've seen enough flares in the army to know it wasn't that."

* * *

Now the flying saucers are having babies in the skies, we're told.

Seven-year-old Sandra Griskell, of 8546 McVickers, Oak Lawn, Illinois, ran into her home Thursday to report seeing a big flying saucer give birth to a smaller one.

Her mother, Eleanor, 28, said that when she ran out to look, the

larger one had disappeared but had left several smaller ones. All had vanished by the time her husband, Phillip, 32, came home.

* * *

American and British Air Force intelligence officers studied reports that seven weird flying black objects followed a British airliner for 80 miles near Goose Bay, Labrador.

Cpt. James Howard, pilot of a British Overseas Airways Corporation (BOAC) airliner bound from New York to London, said the objects vanished when an American Air Force fighter plane came up to investigate. Howard, 33, from Bristol, is one of Britain's most experienced Atlantic captains.

The story of what he and his crew and some of the passengers reportedly saw 19,000 feet over the Atlantic is told in these extracts from Howard's log book:

"At 0105 GMT on June 30 about 150 nautical miles southwest of Goose Bay, height 19,000 feet, flying in clear weather above a layer of low cloud, noticed on our port beam a number of dark objects at approximately the same altitude as our aircraft. I drew the attention of the first officer to them. He said he had just noticed

them also.

"I jokingly said they reminded me of flak bursts. He agreed. It then became apparent that they were moving along on a track roughly parallel to ours and keeping station with us."

Goose approach, in reply to a query, told the first officer there were no aircraft in the area.* It was 0107 GMT, the log continued:

"During this time the shape of the large object changed slightly, also the position of the smaller ones relative to the big one. Some moved ahead, some behind. The first officer then told Goose Bay what we were watching and they said they would send a fighter to investigate.

"The shape of the large one continually changed, but its position relative to us did not. It was always about 90 degrees to port. The distance from us appeared not less than five miles, possibly very much more.

"During this time both engineers, both navigators, the radio officer, the two stewards and the stewardess watched it and all of us agreed on its shape.

"A number of small objects accompanying it, usually six, were visible. All were agreed they never saw anything like it before. At about 0120 GMT the fighter reported that he was approaching us. The objects immediately began to

grow indistinct until one only was visible. This grew smaller and finally vanished at 0123 GMT, still at the same bearing from us.

"All who watched the objects are sure that the large one, at any rate, was no sort of winged aircraft. The smaller ones were just dots. They left no vapor trails, no lights were seen, just black silhouettes."

* * *

A young Canadian miner is insisting he saw a flying saucer and its crew of three—"all 13 feet tall with ears like spurs and three sets of arms."

Ennio LaSarza, 25, told his story July 7 to Royal Canadian Airforce authorities. The RCAF started an investigation, but refused to comment.

LaSarza claimed he saw "a huge disk" descend from the sky north of the nickel mining center of Garson, Ontario, last Friday the day on which the planet Mars was nearest to the earth's orbit.

LaSarza said he asked the creatures, from a distance, who they were and "they fixed me with a hypnotic stare until I fainted; when I came to they and the ship had vanished."

* * *

Radio station WBRE, Wilkes Barre, Pa., reported on July 9 it had received calls every day this week from persons reporting they

saw mysterious objects in the sky.

A news reporter for the radio station said some of the objects were reported in the area of the U. S. Air Force radar station at Red Rock, Pa.

* * *

The body of 16-year-old LeRoy Valentine, missing since he was drowned May 15 in the Rogue River, was found May 24, and a Medford, Oregon, spiritualist was credited with playing a prominent part in the recovery.

The spiritualist, who asked that her name not be disclosed, was contacted after a search party including the boy's father had covered the area unsuccessfully for about three hours.

Searching parties had been on the river almost continuously during daylight hours for nine days, and the area where the body was found had been one of the most heavily searched during the hunt. Civilian "frogmen," underwater experts, had covered the section of the river earlier, but had concentrated on the opposite bank.

Carl Spencer and Carl Dawson, members of the search party, and the Valentine boy's mother, came to Medford to see the spiritualist as a "last chance" measure. The two men went in to see her, while Mrs. Valentine waited in the car.

This is what she told them:

The body would be found about a mile downstream from where the boy was last seen. It would be on the south side of the river, around a bend in the stream, and would be caught deep under water on a forked tree about 20 to 25 feet out from the shore. She added that because of swift water, they would have to get to the spot from the shore, and it would be necessary to build a bridge to the partially submerged tree.

The woman told Spencer and Dawson that she could be wrong and suggested that they call another spiritualist in Gold Hill. They did, and the second woman gave them an almost identical verbal picture of the scene.

The two men believed that they recognized the spot, and returned to the river and resumed the search. They searched briefly around a similar spot less than a mile downstream, and then continued on down until they found a place that looked like the right one. It was about a mile downstream, and around a bend in the river.

The bank of the stream was as the spiritualist had described it, and when the searchers tried to work from the boat, they found that the water was too swift. They went ashore and built a bridge to the tree, and Dawson climbed out on the log where he found the

body at about 3:30 p.m.

State Police Officer Gene Hankins appeared on the scene at that time, and went into the icy river to recover the body.

The story of the spiritualist was confirmed by members of the search party and by the woman herself. Officer Hankins said that he heard the story from members of the searching group.

Deputy Coroner Frank Perl said that the Valentine boy's father told him the same story after the body was found.

The Medford woman said that she was "very happy," that she was able to help. She said that she had been able to find lost articles for many years, and is always willing to aid when help is really needed. She admitted, however, that she is plagued by people wanting to find minor items, and even by those looking for jobs.

She added that she called the second woman in Gold Hill and both were overjoyed that the search had been successful.

* * *

A check by The Times-Union revealed that the visiting pressure at St. Mary's Cemetery, Saugerties, New York, wherein rests the nationally famous "bleeding" statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, had become so great that fencing had been erected not only around the white marble statue itself, but

around the plot it rests upon.

Further, it was disclosed, barricades barring automobiles have been thrown up at both cemetery entrances. They do not prevent pedestrian travel in the small cemetery, however.

There has been considerable of that, it was said, with literally thousands visiting the four-foot-high statue of Christ, including the crippled and the blind. Busloads of individuals from the Albany area have arrived to marvel at the sight, it was pointed out, and at one time the surge was so great that cemetery officials feared for the safety of the statue itself. The fencing, as high as the carving, surrounds it entirely, but the statue may be seen through apertures in the barricade.

One of the reasons for the fencing, it was said, was to prevent souvenir hunters from chipping the white marble, only recently imported from Italy to adorn the grave of Michele Fabiano, husband of Mrs. Maria Fabiano, of Glasco, near Saugerties. Mr. Fabiano died Nov. 28, 1953, at the age of 57, after having been crippled for 17 years.

The discoloration on the statue was first noted by Mrs. Fabiano and shortly afterward, when the word got around, police had to control the surging crowds which visited the area. Samples of the

stain, which run downward over the forehead of the statue, from the hairline, have been taken and sent to Kingston for analysis. Chemists said that the substance was not blood, but a type of moss which excretes the red substance.

Refusing the explanation, crowds still gathered at the site to see the "miracle" and to implore such acts for themselves.

At one time the sheriff's office of Ulster County increased its guard after midnight, as hundreds of vacationists from nearby Catskill resorts drove to the cemetery.

The ground near the statue is

thoroughly trampled, the grass is either eliminated or beaten flat. There is a small "gate" in the fence surrounding the plot, through which people may advance to the statue, but the fencing surrounding the marble figure of Christ is uninterrupted by any aperture.

Even though the red substance has been washed away by rain, it has re-appeared. The cemetery is situated near the Esopus Creek, near the village limits of Saugerties and is an auxiliary to the original St. Mary's Cemetery, which adjoins St. Mary's Church, Saugerties.

THE END

IMPORTANT NOTICE

ALTHOUGH Mark and Irene Probert have now returned from their extended tour of the country, giving seances with the famous Inner Circle Controls, there was not time to receive the answers to the questions sent in by our readers for this issue. Therefore, the seances will resume in our next (February) issue, and will continue thereafter uninterruptedly. We have not included the question box in this issue because a great number of questions are on hand as of this moment,

and we prefer that questions be as current as possible. Therefore, please hold your questions until you read the February issue.

As a feature of our next issue, we will present photos of all of the members of the Inner Circle who have been depicted in the marvelous paintings executed by Mark Probert.

The February seance will be held exclusively by the Yada Di Shi'ite, leader of the Inner Circle, and oldest of its members, dating back to 500,000 BC.

YOUR FUTURE

By

Dorothy Spence Lauer

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

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

Following are the charts selected for analysis this month. The name and address is published, and we must remind you that no charts can be published without full address; we do not publish anonymous letters or articles in MYSTIC.

Chart 005

Mrs. Mary Moore,
3046 H. 12th,
Cleveland, Ohio

A message in the evening will concern you and a gentleman. This is something that will make you very happy, indicating that you have desired this for yourself and materialize. It will. All delays that have kept things regarding your home in an upheaval now will dissipate. Brighter financial conditions eliminate a worry. You have had a desire for some move by a person who will now make that move and restore your confidence. There are happy tears over news of a marriage, which could cause you to make a trip. Someone will come to you for financial assistance. They need this assistance to take them out of town. You doubt it, but success will attend them. This investment by you will cause a turning point in their life. This request is sure to occur. A reconciliation will take place, very surprising to you. You will believe your happiness complete when it occurs. A small child also has success in re-

gaining health, and you feel life is very good to you.

* * *

Chart 006

Mrs. Cora D. Simmons,
117½ E. "N," St.,
Wilmington, Calif.

You will be surprised by someone you love very dearly doing everything you have desired them to do in order to assure your happiness. At one time you said: "If that person ever does the way I really want, that will be the happiest day of my life." There has been much contention between you, may almost have been a separation (think there was at one interval). Thus this will be a happy surprise. You have two wishes concerning this person, and even while assembling this chart, obstacles have been very prevalent. These two wishes will be granted in spite of the obstacles in the way.

A message tells of an elderly person coming to visit you, with the result a very pleasant time.

Someone comes to you asking you to take them into your home, wishing to break up a marriage. This would be a very serious mistake to make. No matter how emotional, how heart-rending the story, insist this person return home and try to get along. Many little things they neglect to tell you they do, cause friction in this home; however a stubborn nature causes them to think themselves right. You can

indeed help two people stay together who need to be together. 25 months will pass before they thank you (especially the one who comes to you) for saving their marriage from dissolution.

A professional person you know will marry, surprisingly to everyone. Letters that should have been to you now start arriving, several with very exceptional news.

Indications of a scandal. Best to keep out of this regardless what you could say. This will involve several very fine people, and all those throwing the first stone will someday wish they had not done so. One person feels so badly over this that health will be damaged permanently; a bad result since all will prove to be lies. Even though you will wonder why one word from you could mean so much, you will find it does. This will be hard for you to see my way at the time, however please remember it—so much depends on it.

* * *

Chart 007

Mrs. Lorena Blumberg

2744 No. 72 St.

Milwaukee, Wisc.

Doubt in regard to one individual will be cleared up. This is one of those things where everybody meddled in your mutual affairs; stories were carried; perhaps it caused them to doubt you too. This will be cleared up much to the dis-

may of all those who tried so hard to break this up. This should show you both not to listen to things against someone who has been a wonderful person to you. You seem to be smiling and walking down the street arm in arm; such happiness to you both.

Something new in the home that has been wanted for a long time; something you have gone without in order that someone else may have some comfort of some kind. Looks like this was wanted for maybe 10 years or more.

Your desire has been delayed already for sometime. By the time you have this desire—wonder if you still want it?

Someone drinks alcoholic beverages too much — this will cause much sickness unless it is curbed immediately. Perhaps they may find that the loss they suffer won't be worth the little pleasure they derive from the drinking.

A very talented young man will receive honors that make you very proud.

Confusion prevails in regards to a person who exaggerates a lot. This confusion can be altered if you take with a grain of salt what they say. A special gift comes to you.

* * *

Chart 008

Gertrude Konik

1051 No. Evergreen St.

Burbank, Calif.

Unexpected activity for you, something you really enjoy doing. You have done this work before but have been kept from it. You surprise everyone by returning to this activity—you may feel now that this is absolutely impossible—but wait and see.

Be a little cautious of a conversation on the telephone, which could be misconstrued in such a way that you could be accused of telling a falsehood, causing doubt and mistrust in someone you really love very much.

No immediate success with your desire. Confusion exists, then after quite a period the desire is granted.

Opposition in money matters causes you some disappointment and would advise careful and cautious buying, at least until after the new year. This will make you a little irritable with people, but after the new year things seem on the upward trend.

Someone who has caused you unpleasantness in the past reappears and the best solution is deliberate rudeness — otherwise disappointments and losses. This has been a problem of a long time standing. Even after they reenter your life you wish you had remembered your own words: "Never shall they come into my home again. They can find happiness in other directions much better."

Evening brings an offer to an entertainment that could some way brighten the next few months of your life considerably, but it seems this through an odd circumstance. You have not been as active in evening affairs. This will be changed. An extra amount of joyfulness issues.

* * *

Chart 009

Neil A. Reid

*2918 Meadowlark Ave.,
Waukegan, Ill.*

You should delay purchasing a rather expensive article such as a car, or large involvement of money. This may prove disappointing news to you but later on you will be very glad you did not do this. Plans also may be delayed about you going on a journey. Someone who intended to visit you may be temporarily delayed.

Are you planning on moving? An unexpected, but desired, move is indicated. Earning capacity increases and finances will be very good. Things resume a settled atmosphere, but first this move takes place.

A positive person has stood in your way in regard to a desire you have had, however this person seems either not interested anymore or they go to another town or place where their influence is no longer troublesome to you. Jealousy was a great deal the cause of their actions.

Many new friends, many old also, congratulating you on something that makes you very happy. You seem almost afraid that it is too good to be true: many new contacts for you. Also you are very appreciative of things that bring you happiness (that is to say, you do not accept happiness or anything good with an attitude you have it coming to you). Also you have helped someone or will. This will again give you the feeling that doing good is indeed worthwhile. Someone you haven't heard from in many years looks you up.

You are shocked over the actions or attitude of someone you think a great deal of, almost as if they antagonize you deliberately; however this is due to their being influenced by someone who is bad company for them. This will soon pass away, but it will really try your patience. It seems to be a great deal to have you lose patience—but this will be a case of counting to ten before saying or doing what you want. You should advise the person involved that they are indeed not going to benefit as they think they will from such actions.

Can you place anyone owing you money? This seems to have been awhile back, in fact you may have considered it a closed issue. Much to your surprise the money is returned. Doubt about a person you now have will be verified. Also

watch health a little—you don't like being sick—just a little caution that if heeded could avoid something more serious.

* * *

Chart 010

D. Edward Lowe

3507 Liberty St.

Parkersburg, W. Virg.

You will be extremely busy during the next few months. This will make you very happy. Also could something be restored to you that has been taken? This does not seem clear as to article or health. Restoration seems to you like a new lease on life. A child will prove much concern to you; unnecessary worry as all will turn out well for the little one.

Many people around you; much of a surprise to you—many you haven't seen for awhile, I do not see why this shows that is the reason involved. Several seem to wish you to make plans their way. This should be given careful consideration, however, use your own ideas.

Many changes take place when your wish or desire is granted. There has been a delay and a little more delay is indicated, but with your desire granted there will be a change of times, disappointment turned into joy. Things seemed so upset over this. Very shortly smooth sailing, almost like a cool blue lake.

So many surprises in store for you before the year is out. A per-

son who has been unusually spiteful has a change of heart. You are reluctant to believe they could change—but they have!

Do you have any dealings in a very large building? This will be most important to you in the future. There seems to be much handled in this building, many trips, then a completion of something that you won't have to return to that building — business being settled. Large, important letter from a quite prominent person.

I have not seen a chart for a long time with—so many changes to take place. I venture to say 1954-55 will be the years that most changes take place with you. So many, many people, seem to mill around you. You discern immediately any ulterior motive; use this keen judgment or insight. If I could list surprises in store I know it just would not sound logical or reasonable—so I look forward to your report through Mystic as to the outcome of all these things.

* * *

Vivian Graca Dobb

Chart 011

1351 Mayfield Ridge Rd.

Mayfield Heights 24, Ohio

Disappointments seem to have been very existent around you. At times you felt like giving up, a sort of tiredness that went with the disappointments. However cheer up—things are on the upgrade with

you, but you look so skeptical—seems like you want to be SURE before you make any more plans! Some letters important; in fact ONE especially, makes you happy.

You plan on going to another state, not permanently but for a visit, although, somehow you seem to go not with a happy condition but a little sadly. This would cause others sadness too. You could be the instrument of bringing people closer together, but you must face the reality of some condition—this you seem to want to evade.

Before your desire is actually granted you have to make the best of something connected with the past, either accept a condition that was in the past and forget it, or change your mind entirely about your desire. This past situation is just that, past—and to harbor it is causing you untold indecision.

Someone calls you by phone or writes you a letter. You will be so happy. That is probably the ONE letter you are looking for. I suggest you do not answer the same day as receiving; this in the case of the person involved would only cause them to be more evasive. Wait a few days, then answer casually—if you can! You have much good ahead of you. I feel so plainly that in several instances you may step in your own light—this can be avoided—but only by you.

You will buy many new things,

brighten up and take a new lease on life. You seem concerned where a young person is involved. No need to worry there. This person unsettled and never quite able to grasp all in front of them. Your help in understanding them helps them much. You can discard any feelings of misgivings about this person. Everything will be right. A new hobby will interest you very much.

A very elderly person wants you to know they are very happy that you will have considered things before jumping into a situation they feel would cause you unhappiness. Be sure to let them know of your decision, as they worry a great deal about it. Kind expressions on this person's facial features will enable you to be frank with them; no need not to tell them your feelings—they know anyhow! Can you place someone complaining of a ringing in their ears? This occurs quite frequently; could be the elderly person. A year from now you look back and say "I just almost gave up."

* * *

Chart 012

Norman E. Langdon

Bundy Hotel, Apt. 217

Marshalltown, Iowa

Important decision in store for you. You have to make decisions for yourself as well as others. People will depend on your judgment a great deal this time in your life.

At times you will wonder if all your decisions will be correct. You should have more faith in your ability.

Do you ever feel that an unpleasant message to someone is something you don't want? That too will be in your lot, either to tell someone they are out of your life, or it could be a dismissal of someone that you find difficult to do. However it is for the best. You seem so very busy that you will say the day hasn't enough hours in it. Signatures will almost deluge you; why all these signatures I cannot say, but you will see them.

I feel disappointment with your desire—either you are now disappointed or will be. In this desire be sure—be very sure—or you will wish you had taken more time to consider it. Also can you place with this desire darkness or silence that seemed to mystify you? This will all be explained, that is why I hope the delay will not be too much of a disappointment to you.

Opposition comes through a will, either you oppose it or someone opposes your name on one. This will not be thrown out of court, but by just being firm all will turn out well. "In case where will is indicated it may mean also important paper that must be settled only by a court" You may receive a call very suddenly about this.

Your affection will be regained be someone, although you say no.

Looks like it may be so. Can you place turning away someone who really cares and stood aside while you seemed a little intrigued by someone new? Your future depends a great deal again on decision that only you can make. You should also not give up some type of study or work that is really meant for you—but you let this lie idle awhile.

* * *

Chart 013
Chris Michaels
 8423 Monticello
 Skokie, Ill.

Success in things you want to accomplish; some may be past things you have given up. You renew old friendships. Also you seem busy and contented. A discontent that has spoiled your good humor will be soon passed over. You could also take a trip to quite some distance.

Large sum of money is spent in relation to a wish; quite a sum. Also material or equipment purchased. Things in order for you. Disorder seems to upset you in anything; now things calm down and serenity is the key word in your home.

A surprise comes that brings a shock with it; not too good, but it takes a lot to shock you! This is one of those situations to let the other person do all the talking, and I mean to talk in this situation could cause much upsets, especially

where your desire comes in.

A marriage that will be much to your approval, much happiness follows. You are not easily convinced and in this case many thought you would never approve! You will go out of your way to make people happy, therefore as time goes on you will find much happiness is yours!

Someone may face a serious charge with the law. This can be avoided only if that person changes their own ways. This person has caused upsets with many lives—this time though they seem to be apprehended. Try to give them this advice—only don't let them know it is advice. This person cannot be told anything—unless they agree with the advice. You may be the means of helping this person as no one else can.

You seem to be disregarding old ideas about things, some you just decide aren't worth even thinking about. A person you have been very loyal to now realizes this fact and is eager for you to know.

* * *

Chart 014
Sally A. Salomon
 1501 Bernal Ave.,
 Burlingame, Calif.

Your mind has been spinning like a top; many ideas and plans seem to be there, and most of all a desire you want very much. This wish is so clear in your mind that you can

"feel" it going to be! It will, but so far you are the only one who has faith in it! You've talked about this so much, planned so much, still not granted-but you will be so happy, because to many you can say "I told you so".

Relates a lot to the above, also someone around you wishes with you; they love you dearly! You seem so elated over this desire you may shed tears with this person so happily trying to help you get this desire.

A message that brings a little sadness, but the person involved will be all right, even though they may be in danger at the time. House will be upset over new furnishings of some kind, also rearranging furniture a great deal. Be cautious of a step down that may cause a little mishap to you. You're in such a hurry.

Four people come suddenly to your door. They are not expected and two seem welcome, the third seems to be treated a little cool, however diplomacy should be used with this person. Also a very pretty necklace or jewel of some kind that you are fond of could be lost through not clasping same correctly—you love something you really love it—even a necklace! It could be a jewel, ring or something of that nature. You will also hear of a person you know being missing. They will be returned unharmed.

Some service person (they are now or have been in service) also may have a bad report sent home to their parents, but this person is well and will return not too far off. No matter how blue this makes anyone feel, remember they are all right.

Don't let someone you know, who may get a divorce, cause you to feel all marriages are wrong. This person is as much to blame as their partner and I feel this could upset you. You like everyone to be happy, being sympathetic in nature you feel for people; however in this case your sympathy is wasted.

* * *

Chart 015

Helen E. Landram

56 N. 2nd West St.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Have you chided yourself as to being completely fooled by someone? This seems to be a case where you knew in advance what to expect. I feel you should follow your hunch about this person, otherwise much sorrow is indicated. This person usually knows just how to say things that break down your barriers. Someone has tried to warn you of this, but if they weren't care—you'd be angry with them for trying to help! Hope you won't be angry with me!

The above is almost like turning aside a diamond for glass—my I hope this makes you take heed! I

feel you know just what I mean—you know so many times we do get so wilful. I feel the influence very plain here that is not good for you; guess I'll just have to take a chance on you being angry with me, because now only YOU can help keep the tears and heartache away from yourself.

This entire analysis looks as if it were centered on one thing you want, but to be honest I cannot and will not condone this—I do hope that with so many warnings you will listen. Also stay close to those who really love you. Much happiness ahead if you just stop, look and above all, listen.

You will experience many happy days with close attention to all the above. A journey is indicated later, ever so much later. Also guests be-

ing received to your home with you being grateful that you see things as they are. Someone stands patiently aside hoping and praying you will not do as you wish.

Someone should watch their health a little around you. Nothing real serious except they worry over you! You seem to have so many wonderful things ahead for you. You will, I am sure, start on a new venture or path almost like a turning point in a road—but you will have much to plan about, and mostly you will realize how much you could have lost. Place important papers in safe place, you will need them. Signing of papers also for you, nothing disastrous just routine. Two new items in the home.

Many friends around you and you will just be beaming.

NOTICE

Mrs. Lauer could not possibly analyze all of the charts we have received. Obviously Mrs. Lauer has duties to attend to, as do all women. And to take the time to do these charts would be costly. Equally obviously, we cannot retain Mrs. Lauer to do them for us. Therefore, at Mrs. Lauer's kind offer, we are informing our readers that anyone wishing to receive an analysis, not depending upon chance selection in the magazine, can obtain one by retaining Mrs. Lauer

at a fee. Usually Mrs. Lauer charges much more (from \$5 to \$10), but she will analyze any chart clipped from MYSTIC magazine for \$2.00. However, please send your personal orders to Mrs. Lauer c/o MYSTIC Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin, and not to the Psychometry Dept. of this magazine. We will forward all such communications, but we do not assume responsibility for them, and they will not effect our free analyses, as selected for publication.

THIS IS YOUR PSYCHOMETRIC CARD LAYOUT

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

TO YOURSELF

<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
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TO YOUR HOME

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TO YOUR DESIRE

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WHAT YOU DON'T EXPECT

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SURE TO COME

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SURPRISE

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Tear out this entire sheet and mail to:
MYSTIC MAGAZINE, Psychometry Dept., Amherst, Wisconsin

THE PHANTOM JEEP

By

Bobette Gugliotta

Beauty is one of the most important words in the life of a mystic. And when your editor read this story, he felt an overwhelming desire to pass on this beautiful bit of mysticism with its thrilling message of the wonderful mysteries we should realize are always with us, just out of sight of our conscious mind. You will find a soul-satisfying secret revealed in this story, but like your editor, you won't be quite able to say what it is.

I LIKE to think of Sammy and me as living the kind of life that everyone would live if he had the chance. Some people call us bums, some people call us beachcombers, some people don't call us anything; they just look and sigh and say: enjoy it for us too. Actually Sammy is an artist, a real one, who has a fix on the sea. I painted a little until I saw what Sammy did, then I turned to scavenging the fruits of the sea and the marshes nearby, doing arrangements of shells with dried grasses, lily pods and berries. I sell my work to the florists in

town to keep the cans of beans and hot dogs coming in. Sammy doesn't sell anything yet because real art takes a long time to perfect.

We live in a shack a few miles from the coast of Virginia. Our only luxury is a jeep with a four-wheel drive that enables us to go miles and miles along the coast into Carolina. No ordinary jeep can make this drive; there are no roads, no stores, no civilization; but the farther you go the better the painting, the better the scavenging for unusual materials.

That morning we started off in

the usual spirit. There were no warnings that this day would be unique in my life, that in this beginning would lie the key to the end. We bumped happily over the dunes until we got down on the smooth runway of the shore at low tide. The water was spanned with fiery coins of light that forced me to reach for the sunglasses in the pocket of my jeans. Right away I got what Sammy and I call the cathedral feeling. It happens whenever there are big expanses of sea and shore or mountain and desert.

If I could show you Sammy's paintings you'd understand right off the grandeur of what we saw. Before us was the proud pure sweep of white sand, nobly indifferent, at low tide, to the flirtatious lifting of the sea's foamy skirts. At the sound of our motor, gulls took to the air streaking white against a rose-blue sky. Clean air and boundless space surrounded us in a world as fresh as the day it was born. I drew it in to me, seeing it as always for the first time, wanting to get enough to last forever if by mischance I never saw it again.

"Let's go further today than we have ever gone before," Sammy shouted above the grinding motor of the jeep.

"Okay."

"That means no stopping off be-

fore one o'clock," Sammy warned. "No oh-ing and ah-ing and turning back for driftwood or anything else."

"I promise," I assented weakly, immediately spotting what looked like the most interesting piece of driftwood I'd ever seen.

Sammy hopped up the speed and determined to keep my promise I settled down and gave myself up to the drive. This complete relaxation may have heightened my perception, or the prismatic quality of air reflecting sun, reflecting sea, reflecting sky until I was drawn into and became part of the whole may have had something to do with what happened.

I know we passed the fishermen drawing in their seines, brown bodies with thick back muscles straining in the sun as they drew the nets in hand over hand. I recall the cypress stumps, ugly and black, pocking the water where once a whole grove of trees grew before the sea eroded its way in. I distinctly remember two buzzards standing guard over the corpse of a decayed fish, wings spread and threatening. I'm sure that I saw the bleached hulls of the three sisters, as we call them, three wrecked fishing craft all in a row. Yet I must have fallen asleep, Sammy says I did, because I do not remember the transition from the fa-

miliar to the unfamiliar.

When I awoke I was alone in the jeep, head flung back against the hot leather seat, mouth un-beautifully open. The mouth stayed open as I rubbed my eyes, looked around me and then rubbed them again. Here was a stretch of beach I had never seen before. It was as white as snow, as smooth as velvet and as wide as the world. I looked around me as far as I could see but it was not the beach alone that made me draw my head back into the shelter of the jeep in superstitious awe. The beach was littered with conch shells, each one the size of a wash basin and in every variety of color. Conch shells in any quantity or size are extremely hard to find except after a good hard storm and even then they may be imperfect, broken or bored through.

There had been no storm for several weeks. I noted this with the part of my mind that was still working, then, being a practical soul by necessity as well as inclination, I climbed out of the jeep, hitched up my jeans and started to gather the conch shells. Each one would pay for a weeks supply of food and fuel to see us through the winter.

Almost at once I lost my efficiency in a strange feeling that I had happened upon something left

over from primeval days. Excitement gripped me and I began to run from shell to shell, exclaiming aloud to myself, looking no doubt like an ineffectual midget skittering amongst the giant shells on the huge white beach. My tension mounted as I rolled the great things over, running my fingers over the satiny insides, thrilling to the beauty of coral against gray, honey-beige against black. I would lug a particular beauty a little way toward the jeep and then drop it as I spotted another. The sun, a dot of fire high in the sky, beat down on my bare back and shoulders. Heat and excitement pressed sweat out of every pore, twisting my hair into wet snakes that coiled against my scalp.

Suddenly I felt dizzy. When I closed my eyes the image of red sunshine splashed against the lids. I felt the warm sweat turn clammy between the waistband of jeans and bare stomach. Fumbling with the door of the jeep I managed to hoist myself in before I dropped limply against the steering wheel. I didn't quite pass out; the hard bump of my head against the steering wheel served to bring me out of it the way a slap brings a person out of hysteria.

It as then, when I opened my eyes, that I saw the ghost-blue jeep in the distance. I watched it come, thinking only of Sammy

whom I had forgotten until now. I made the effort of turning my head, still wobbling on a neck that felt as though it might fold up like an accordion at any minute. Sammy's painting gear was gone, all of it. He had probably wandered off while I was asleep and finding something he wanted to paint would be gone for hours.

The jeep came closer, a strange color for a jeep, I thought, like sea water mixed with sky. In spots the colors had streaked making the snub-nosed little machine look as though it had just emerged streaming from the ocean. The driver of the car nosed it expertly through the conch shells, stopping some distance from me because the mass of shells piled between us.

"Hello there." It was a woman's voice and I was relieved that it was. "Are you stuck? Perhaps I can help." There was sympathy in the voice.

"No, not stuck, thank you just the same. I believe I've got a touch of the sun."

She walked toward me and there was nothing unusual about her. She was a very plain woman, her undistinguished features innocent of make-up, her skin burned brown from the sun, her small wiry body clad in a sleeveless housedress, immaculate but faded. She wore a pair of old tennis shoes

and her tread was firm and sure on the sand as though she was used to it.

"Here now," she exclaimed, opening the door of the jeep. "You look seedy and it's hotter inside that jeep than out. I live close by, come home with me and rest a bit. Your husband will be painting for a couple of hours yet."

I didn't hesitate at all. "It's very kind of you," I murmured accepting the support of the arm she offered me.

She opened the door of the ghost-blue jeep and I climbed in, marveling at the cool interior. "It feels just like the ocean," I sighed. "I was going for a swim to bring myself around, this is just as good."

"Sh," she said. "Rest for a little; close your eyes."

We started up and I obeyed her, not looking around until I felt the jeep stop. When I opened my eyes I couldn't help exclaiming, "Oh, what a wonderful house!" I just stared at it for a few moments. Situated atop a high dune, it faced the sea and seemed to belong to it. It was a low house that hugged the dune and the exterior had the undulant quality of shallow, gentle waves.

"I've never seen a house like it." Walking up to it I put out my hands to touch the weathered board of which the house was

made. "It's exactly the kind of house that Sammy and I want to build some day."

"They're Juniper boards," she explained, "just as they come from the saw mill without the wavy edges planed down."

A grove of pines shaded the back of the house, leaving the big front window open to the view. She unlatched the door and preceded me inside, turning to look at me with a smile on her face as though she had anticipated my reaction. I could only stand mute, loving the big room with the beautiful riches of the sea that were its only ornaments. The enormities sold in grim little shops along populated beaches crossed my mind. The cigarette boxes stuck with shells, the hideous pins and earrings. Here was a woman who loved the sea and knew that there was no fashioning its art into conventional splashes. In the center of a large coffee table in front of the window was one of the giant conch shells, pure white inside and out, the kind of white that only sun and sand can bleach.

"An albino! I've never seen one before, not even a little one."

"You'll have one exactly like it someday," she nodded reassuringly.

"And that piece of driftwood on the mantel," I pointed.

"I helped nature out a bit there;

not the shape of course but the finish—I sanded it down." She turned toward the dining area of the room. What do you think of my collection of bottles? You haven't started on them yet, have you?"

I stood next to her looking at the bottles, fascinating things in unusual shapes and colors, a fragile miracle of survival. Proof that the sea can be gentle through thousands of miles, hundreds of years. She seemed lost in contemplation and out of the corner of my eye I noted that she was just my height and that her hair, where it wasn't sprinkled with gray, was the same brown as mine. The cool freshness that she radiated reminded me of my grimy condition. No beauty at best I had a sudden mental picture of myself. Faded halter that didn't quite meet the belt line of my torn jeans; soiled, home-cut hair jagged in back where Sammy hacks away at it; bare feet black with tar. Feeling like a polecat I moved away from her and with the uncanny way she had of seeming to read my mind she said quickly.

"You're not comfortable. I'm a poor hostess, but I seldom get to talk to anyone. Please sit down. I'm going to fix you a cool drink."

Waiting for her to come back I had a chance to let the room soak into me. Hanging on one wall

were two blue bottles, hand blown by the looks of them, with round bubble-shaped bottoms. She had crocheted a sling to hang them by and filled them with the tan feathery grass that grows near the marshes. It was a nicely balanced arrangement, carefully done I noted with professional interest.

"You won't have to wait long to start your collection of bottles." She came soundlessly into the room, carrying a tray with a tall frosted glass on it." When you live right on the water you can search every day with the tides. I've been many years finding these few. It takes patience."

Putting the tray down she motioned toward the glass. I picked it up. The drink was delicious, cool as mint, green-white and tangy sweet. "Ummm," I took a long draught. "What is it?"

"Things out of my herb garden," she said vaguely, "with just a few drops of sea water for the tonic effect."

Suddenly the sun dropped in the sky and purple shadows slid throughout the room like fingers spreading on a hand. I seemed to see Sammy in front of me beckoning silently. There he stood not much taller than I, very straight, the level gaze of his green eyes seeking mine beneath thick sun-faded brows. I put out my hand to touch him and half rose from

my chair.

"My husband," I murmured.

"And mine," she added.

"What do you mean?" I turned toward her and the vision faded.

"Mine will be home soon, too."

I started toward the door but she made no move to accompany me. I felt a small wrench of panic. Suppose she didn't offer to drive me back? I had no idea where I was or where I had come from. Her continued inactivity oppressed me. I must placate her, be diplomatic to get my way because I sensed that she didn't want me to go.

"I've had a lovely time," I said politely. "I'll never forget it."

She didn't answer and I fought down my feeling of fear and tried again, hands thrust casually into my pockets, the fingers clenched tight where she couldn't see them. "I certainly enjoyed seeing your house and the drink was delicious."

"You've forgotten one thing." She spoke very slowly and she didn't move from the chair.

I was baffled for a moment, then I heard myself say, "Who built the house?"

She arose immediately. "My husband, all by himself."

"Without plans?"

"No, he had plans, you'll be able to get them, too." Now she moved swiftly toward the door, opening it and striding ahead of

me. "We'll have to hurry," she called out, running toward the jeep, "or the tides will be wrong. You can't spend the night here."

The return drive was frantic and cold. I shivered in the dank mist that surrounded us, obscuring my vision but not seeming to bother hers as she drove straight ahead with a sure hand. Tulle fog streamed around us and the crash and rumble of the waves was so loud that they seemed to be breaking over the car. Icy spray cobwebbed my hair and plastered my clothes against me like a second skin. I was rigid with the chill of a sea-dead corpse, my lips drawn back against clenched teeth to keep them from chattering. When the car stopped, the door flung itself open and I leaped out not caring where we were as long as I was free. Without farewells she started back immediately, the open door banging and swinging in the wind, the ghost-blue paint luminescent in the dusk.

I stood without moving for a long long time until the jeep had disappeared entirely, then I gave myself up to panic with all the frenzy of a voodoo dancer. I could see nothing at all but tatters of fog swirling around me. Falling on hands and knees I crawled and sobbed feeling for the big conch shells that would be littering the sand if this was the place where

Sammy had left me. There were no shells, there was nothing but smooth emptiness. At last I was in absolute blackness screaming senselessly at the pandemonium of night things that surrounded me on all sides.

"Sammy, Sammy," I cried, huddling in primitive fear, knees drawn up, arms clutching my sides. Then it came, out of the dark.

"Where are you?" It was Sammy's voice shouting as loud as mine.

I flung myself on the figure that loomed up before me, digging my fingers into his arms, holding on against the tempest of my own tears.

"My God, you're soaking wet." He folded me against him trying to still my shaking by the force of his embrace.

"It was just the spray," I gasped.

"Spray, my eye, the waters streaming off you, you might have drowned."

I couldn't argue with him. My knees buckled when he released me and I would have fallen if he hadn't grabbed hold. It wasn't faintness, it was sheer muscular inability to operate under my own steam. Sammy picked me up and carried me over to the jeep.

"I'd like to give you something to drink," his voice fought through the screeching wind, "but we have-

n't a minute to spare. If we don't leave right away we'll be stranded; tide's due in."

He tossed me the blanket that we carried for emergencies and I wrapped myself up in it and fell asleep immediately.

I WOKE to the odor of kerosene that always pervades our shack whenever the stove is lighted. There was coffee mixed with kerosene and the tinny vegetable smell of canned soup.

"Hi." I felt Sammy's long thin fingers stroking the hair away from my brow. "I'm a lousy husband; I shouldn't have stayed away so long and I should have warned you to stick close to the jeep in case one of those fogs came up."

"I didn't get any conch shells. I'll never find any like that again."

Sammy went over to the stove and stirred the soup. "What conch shells?"

"Those great big ones."

"There weren't any conch shells."

"Yes there were," I said positively, raising myself up on one elbow.

"There wasn't a shell on that beach, conch or otherwise."

I got up off the bed. "Listen here, I saw them, I even dragged some of them over to the jeep. They were as big as this." I formed a big circle with my arms.

Sammy rubbed his nose hard, a familiar sign that the argument is going to continue. "There were no shells on the beach," he repeated stubbornly, then he glanced at me and his hand stopped stirring the soup. "What's the matter with you? You look funny."

"Look," I put my hand on his arm, "we'd never been on that beach before, had we?"

"No, it was about five miles further than we've ever gone."

"Wasn't it the widest beach that you've ever seen?"

"I wouldn't say that. There were dunes right behind it and a terrific wreck in back of the dunes; that's what I was painting."

"You mean you were within calling distance?"

Sammy looked abashed. "Yeah, I should have called too but I took some sandwiches and water along; when I started painting it seemed like I was there a couple of minutes. It'll never happen again, I promise you that."

I shook my head in bewilderment. "There were no conch shells?"

"I'm sorry, honey, but there weren't."

I hesitated, wanting to tell him all of it, the ghost-blue jeep, the house, the woman who owned it. I knew he wouldn't laugh. Sammy knows instinctively when it's

something important.

He was watching me curiously.
"Go on, spill it."

Something held me back.
"There's nothing to spill, as much as I've been in the sun I honestly think it got me today."

"Okay." He ladled soup into chipped blue bowls and I knew there'd be no further questioning. That's one reason why I love Sammy; he respects your privacy and let's you have a secret in peace.

After supper Sammy got up from the table and began to pace the worn linoleum floor of the little shack as he does when something's brewing in his mind. "I need your opinion," he said at last, opening the door without further explanation and going outside.

I could hear him taking things out of the jeep. He came in with a canvas, the painted side held toward him. "What do you think of this?" He turned the canvas around suddenly.

I didn't answer for a minute. I couldn't. Finally I said, "This is it."

He studied the expression on my face, searching it for any note of false enthusiasm. "I think so too, but I can't be sure."

"That man in the city, that dealer he—"

Sammy took it from there.
"Yes," he said, "when I thought

I was ready to bring my stuff in —"

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes."

We both slept badly that night on the sagging three quarter bed whose width didn't leave much room for restlessness. I decided during the gray hours of the morning that I wouldn't tell Sammy of my queer experience, for a while anyway. He had enough on his mind as it was.

We packed up Sammy's things right after breakfast. You could have weighed the clothes in ounces, but the canvases were another story.

"I may be gone a couple of weeks." Sammy was struggling to hold the jeep and keep up the running fire of admonitions, orders and instructions he was giving me.

"I know, I know. Take your time. You don't do this every day."

He stopped hauling to look at me. "Damn, I wish you could go, too."

"There's just enough money for one and besides I have all those Thanksgiving arrangements to do."

"That reminds me of something else; don't dare go near that lily pond; it's full of water moccasins this time of year."

"Okay, okay."

"And if you get scared or anything hop in the jeep and go stay with Ira. You can help him out

in the store; he always needs extra help when the hunting season begins."

I stopped listening, but pretended I still was. When Sammy gets a worry streak he never stops talking. He kept it up all the way to the station even leaning out the train window to shout one more admonition to me. Of course I glory in it; any woman likes to think that her man is concerned about her safety.

I WORKED hard during the next few weeks. Goodboy, our hound dog, went along with me whenever I hunted the cattails, berries and puma grass that combine with shells and driftwood in arrangements I sell to the quality florists in town. I like my work. I was happy and content as my jeans shredded into rags from daily contact with briars and thorns. The ghost-blue jeep, the woman and the house at the beach were things I didn't think about very much. That was sewed up inside me and maybe the stitches would never come out, not even for Sammy.

Despite Sammy's admonitions I did go into the lily pond albeit equipped with hip boots; the brown seed pods on the long brown stalks were an integral part of my best fall arrangements. Once I had supper with Ira and his wife,

enjoying the dry but pithy flavor of their remarks about the hunters who traded in the country store during the season. The time passed pleasantly, the weather alternating between warm summer and cool autumn. My hands grew horny and calloused from grasping the reedy stems of the beautiful fronds that beckon invitingly from what always turns out to be a most treacherous and inaccessible spot. There were no untoward incidents except a wild exhibition of barking and snarling from Goodboy when he happened upon a drunken hunter sprawled amongst the cattails near the bay.

I had one letter from Sammy about ten days after he left. It was brief and unenlightening as I knew it would be.

"—I may have something to tell you when I get home but I may not. Don't build your hopes too high. I haven't been in a city for so long that it scares me. I had to laugh at myself, Sammy, the kid from the sidewalks of New York, jumping like a rabbit when a taxi driver blew his horn. I forgot to tell you that I think Goodboy has a tick behind his left ear. Keep out of that lily pond. Love—Sammy."

About three weeks after Sammy had left I spent one whole day packing my arrangements for shipment. This is a tedious business,

the only part of my work I don't like because of the finicking exactitude necessary so the arrangements won't be crushed in transit. After six hours my fingers felt as brittle as dried leaves from crinkling the miles of tissue paper that has to be tucked in and around the fragile materials of my trade.

The sun had almost set by the time I was through and I was hungry, surly and sticky dirty when I heard Goodboy's moaning bark of agonized joy with which he greets Sammy or me. Through the open door of the shack I saw Sammy's familiar figure weaving carefully through the briars because of his good suit and the muddy paws that Goodboy tried to throw against his chest in a rhythmic dance of glee. As Sammy came closer I went to meet him and saw immediately that he looked tense. He didn't speak, he just took hold of me and rubbed his cheek against my hair.

"How was it?" I asked.

"It would have been all right if you'd been with me."

"Then it didn't work?"

"Yes it worked, I sold two pictures and I'm commissioned to do three more."

"Then what are you talking about?"

"I never felt so alone as when the good news came, I never needed you more."

Sammy gets a little crazy sometimes when things happen too fast, not big things like fire flood or famine but high geared city things that have to do with sophisticated people. Hugging him close I began to chatter about all the little inconsequential home things, not asking for any details about the trip until he was ready to let go. As he put away his good suit and changed into dungarees I fussed around the stove regaling him with Ira's tales about the hunters until I had him laughing.

When he asked me, "What's for chow?" I knew he had begun to relax and when I saw the quantities of black eyed peas that he stowed away I felt that the complexities of the city had begun to recede from his mind.

After we finished our coffee I sat down on his lap and said, "Now tell me about it."

Looking down at his long hands resting against the table he drummed his fingers nervously on the worn wood. His expression was that of a small boy caught in a fib. He looked guilty as the devil and I sat erect sniffing the air like a hound dog, trying to scent out the cause of his discomfiture.

"How would you like to drive down the coast tonight?" he asked.

"Tonight, but you just got home."

"I have a reason for it." His

mouth set in the straight line that meant that the argument could continue but no amount of palaver would change his mind.

"Okay," I said grudgingly feeling very tired and put upon as I remembered the hot day and the long working hours. I pointed toward the heap of boxes in the corner of the room. "I did those today, I'm tired, when do we go to sleep?"

"You can sleep on the way down and cat nap tomorrow." He began to get his painting equipment together as I wearily packed food and all the other gear we would need. We worked in silence and I thought what a strange homecoming it was and what an equally strange way to take the biggest news of our lives. Sammy and success didn't seem to mix any better than oil and water.

Sammy had the tides figured out and I realized that this expedition was planned before he ever walked in the door. This knowledge didn't serve to make me more amiable as I tried first one position then another, pretending unsuccessfully that the slippery little seat of the jeep was a soothing preamble to a night's rest.

I was so occupied with resentment and discomfort that it was several hours before the beauty of the night and the sea made any impression at all. It's no accident

that black and silver are used to denote the mysterious. The night that opened before us gleamed with silver light laid against black shadows. There was no wind, the sea barely moved at all, its voice a hushed whisper hinting many things. I listened and looked trying to catch what it was saying.

When we passed the moon-white hulls of the three sisters I knew we were going on into unfamiliar territory. We drove on and on, sometimes the dunes seemed to ride with us in a slow roll that mocked the panting haste of the little jeep. I glanced at Sammy now and then and he looked pale, a trick of light or the result of his tan having faded after three weeks in the city?

We had traveled many hours in territory strange to me when Sammy suddenly stopped. He drew a piece of paper from his pocket and spread it out against the steering wheel. Looking over his shoulder I saw that it was a map, inexplicable to me as all maps are.

"It should be very near here," Sammy murmured more to himself than to me. The moonlight was so bright that we had traveled without headlights all the way. He had no difficulty at all in reading the map, pushing aside the flashlight I handed him. Starting the jeep again he turned toward the dunes

and we began the bumping, floating and grinding of gears necessary to navigate the slippery sand hills.

After a mile or so I began to have the feeling that I'd been here before. When I looked up and saw in front of me a grove of tall pines in the highest dune of them all, I knew where I was. The space in front of the trees was empty and open to the sea. We stopped, Sammy got out and took my hand drawing me after him.

"I bought this," he said. "I wanted to show it to you and tell you about it all at the same time. I found it when I was looking for you that day you got lost and I made a diagram of the exact spot figuring to surprise you with it if I sold my pictures. But I got to worrying before the train pulled in. I was afraid you wouldn't like it."

"I like it!" My voice was barely audible.

"I'm going to start building the house right away."

"The house?"

Sammy went back to the car and dug around in his painting gear. He came back with something in his hand. "It's a funny thing, a few minutes before I got on the train I picked up some magazines to read. This was in one of them." Sammy flipped the pages and felt no surprise as I saw the

architect's drawing of the house with the Juniper boards. "Was I wrong?" Sammy queried. "Isn't this the house we've always wanted?"

"It is." I was unable to speak more than a few words at a time.

"You haven't said much—" Sammy looked at me, "but I feel that you like it and just have to get used to the idea before you can talk."

I nodded mutely. Sammy walked over to the pine trees with the map in his hand and began to pace out what I imagined were the boundaries of our property. I stood quite still and then something made me turn around and look at the jeep. It was ghost-blue, the mixture of sky and sea water washing down its sides as though it had just emerged from the ocean.

I began to walk slowly toward it and I was quite close when the door opened and she got out. I could see the gray in her brown hair the color of mine and she was wearing the same white tennis shoes and faded housedress. Her arms were wrapped around the huge albino conch shell but she balanced steadily as she walked through the moonlight toward the water, her wiry figure clearly detailed in the pure light against the black water and the black sky. Suddenly a shower of stars splash-

ed through the sky and I looked away from her for a moment. When I looked back she had disappeared.

I heard Sammy coming 'up be-

hind me and without turning around I asked, "Did you see someone get out of the jeep?"

"Sure," he said. "It was you."

THE END

FIRE WALKING by D. C. McGOWAN

Our author actually attended a fire walk at the University of Hawaii, and himself walked across the glowing stones.

WHEN I saw an announcement in the local paper that Tahitian Chief "Tunui Aripeu" and a group of native dancers would give a performance in the outdoor theatre at the University of Hawaii, the entertainment to be climaxed by an exhibition of firewalking, a friend and myself got our cameras and loading up with plenty of spare film we hied ourselves to the university prepared to see and photograph either a genuine exhibition of a feat science is so far unable satisfactorily to explain, or a clever trick of some sort designed to impress the credulous among the audience.

We arrived in the stands about two o'clock in the afternoon and immediately noticed that in the center of the arena a large pit had been dug in the earth about fifteen feet in length by six feet in width and possibly three to four feet in depth.

A number of logs had been placed in the pit filling it from

one end to the other and to within about a foot of the top. On top of the logs about fifty or sixty stones and boulders ranging from the size of a football to three or four times that large, had been stacked. The logs had been set afire about noon, we learned, and we watched them flame under the rocks all afternoon during the dancing and singing which preceded the fire walking ceremony.

At five o'clock a number of young Tahitian men came out to the pit and began the task of removing the still flaming logs from beneath the rocks using ropes and forked sticks for the purpose. After as many as possible of the logs had been removed (very little actual flame remained in the pit during the ceremony) the chief, barefoot and in shorts took his place at one side of the pit followed in a line by about fifteen or twenty young men and women of his troupe all barefoot as well.

The announcer stated that the

ceremony was about to begin and invited any member of the audience who was sceptical about the whole thing to line up on the other side and on his return trip across the pit the chief would lead them also.

The announcer then explained that the chief's protection would extend to those persons following him as long as they obeyed all instructions; namely to walk slowly (this was unavoidable anyway, as long as you maintained your place in line you had to walk at the same rate as the other members and as the chief was at the head of each line that rate was predetermined by him), not to look back and not to attempt to leave the pit by the sides but to continue on through to the end.

At last all was in readiness. The chief walked to the very edge of the pit bowed his head for a moment and then beat three times at the stones nearest him on the path with a cluster of *ti* leaves he was carrying. Immediately thereafter he started across the pit walking very slowly and calmly and followed one after the other by the members of his troupe.

Of the original group of about 20 people who had followed the chief across, none showed the slightest signs of discomfort and none attempted to hurry or—outwardly at least—exhibited any

signs of nervousness or fear. This seems to be fairly important in relation to some of the events which followed.

The chief having made one trip across the pit from west to east placed himself at the head of our group and started back across in the opposite direction. I happened to be the last man in our line and as my turn came to step out on those blackened stones I'll admit I was slightly nervous.

I obeyed the instructions we had been given and stepping on the first stone in the pit started slowly across. I remember no sensation of heat on the soles of my feet at all. It was similar to walking barefoot across the concrete floor of a house in summer. Unfortunately, however, having traversed almost the full length of the pit with no ill effects I decided to end the suspense as rapidly as possible and jump from the stone on which I was then standing to the bank. This turned out to be a mistake because as soon as I started to make the leap the stone started feeling hot and though I was out of the pit within a matter of not more than one second from the time of my decision to rush things a little, I received a good sized blister on the sole of my left foot.

The friend who had preceded me in the procession acknowledged an identical experience later. He,

too, had attempted to hurry toward the end and had received a slight burn on one foot from the last rock (this did not raise a blister in his case however).

Later on I talked to two or three of the others who had been in our line and none of them said they had gotten burned in the least.

Several tests which I might have made occurred to me later and as the performance was being given again the following week I headed for the same location the next Saturday carrying several more rolls of films, cameras, lens shades, filters, a small bottle of water and accompanied by six friends this time, most of whom had decided to also try their hand (or would it be foot?) at fire walking.

By far the most vociferous of this group was a radio engineer named James Engle. who announced that it was bound to be a fake and that he was going to walk the thing, first to prove that: 1) none of the stones was hot, 2) the hot ones were placed along the side of the edges of the pit and the path through the center was fairly cool, 3) progress through the pit was so rapid that the feet didn't have a chance to get hot.

The events leading up to the actual ceremony this Saturday duplicated those of my first trip except that the announcer when asking for volunteers from the

audience warned that the rocks had been heating for over six hours and requested that anyone who was frightened, very sceptical, or could not approach the test with the feeling that he was participating in a solemn religious ceremony, abstain from making the trip as it was definitely possible to become badly burned.

Four of the six people with whom I had attended on this occasion finally walked across the pit. I contented myself with taking pictures of their crossing, feeling the stones with my hands, and finally sprinkling them with water after the ceremony from the small bottle I had brought for that purpose. The stones were so hot that the bare hand could not be left on them for longer than about $\frac{1}{2}$ second (by a stop watch) and a small amount of water poured on them turned to steam almost instantly. Exactly as it would on the bottom of a hot flat iron.

All four of the men disobeyed instructions in some degree and hurried or ran across all or part of the pit, all felt the stones to be hot, one man received no blisters, two developed small blisters the next day and the fourth man, James Engle, received second degree burns which necessitated hospitalization.

In his own words: "I stood in
(Concluded on Page 69)

The **GOLDEN KITTEN**

By Charles Lee

This is a beautiful story in itself, but it is more than that; it is a beautifully executed expression of the concept of transmigration of souls. In oriental philosophy, it is held that the soul had its beginning in a very primitive element, in fact, the most primitive. Many people believe that they were once a stone, and after that, a microbe, or a worm, or an animal of some sort before they took up their lodging in a human body. Whatever the basis for this philosophy is, author Charles Lee has given it brilliant exposition in this charming little story.

THE minute she got on the bus she reminded me of the golden kitten. Maybe it was her hair, like spun gold, yet molded to fit her features by the arts of hairdressing. But it was her face too, so cheerful-like by habit. You knew she wasn't one to see the dark side of things. Maybe it was her body too. Far from fat, but certainly not skinny. Large bosomed with small waist and large hips and long legs. I could see that in the contours of her dress and coat. But she wasn't the sexy kind.

More like the eternal Mother. I would have bet that when she was a little girl she mothered her dolls more than most, and as she grew up she generally found something or someone to mother. That type.

She sat down beside me, stretched a little, then relaxed. She darted me a smile before her eyes went past me to the window with a wistful look on her face as her eyes fixed on someone out there. I didn't look to see who it was, figuring it was her business.

Other people were getting on.

The seats were filling up. I glanced at my watch. It was three minutes past time for departure — but buses always started late . .

When Martha and I had gotten married almost the first thing we did after we found a house with a yard was to get a kitten and a puppy. A male kitten, coal black except for his throat and his paws and the left half of his nose. Those were white. We'd named him Fred. It just seemed to fit him for some reason. Fred. The tomcat.

He'd grown up to be somewhat of a bachelor by nature. More than once female cats had come around to woo him, and he'd stood them off. Some quirk in his nature, no doubt. But eventually when we finally bought a house of our own we decided it was time to get Fred a wife. He was a wonderful cat — like the time a place we had lived in burned down to the ground. Martha was away at the time visiting her mother, and I didn't tell her because I knew she would rush back and there was no place to stay. I was staying at the next door neighbors until things got straightened out. I went over every day and poured some canned milk into a saucer on the charred floor for Fred. That went on for four days. The neighbors had a big bird dog that would pile all over Fred if he went into their yard.

Then one night Fred had come up the path, *prrowing* something wonderful — and climbed up on the roof to sleep under the eaves where he would be safe, and near me. He was just over the windows of the bedroom where I slept and he seemed to know it, because all night I could hear him purr every once in a while.

But that had been two years before we bought our own place and made up our minds to get Fred a wife all his own. She was a little calico kitten.

We'd named her Susie. We got her from some people who had a poultry farm, and she was sort of wild at first. We kept her in the bathroom in the bathtub the first few days until we had made friends with her. Then we moved her out into the kitchen.

Fred didn't like her. He was a four year old bachelor and she was a six weeks old kitten. He wanted nothing to do with Susie. But she, female-like, fell head over heels for him — probably because he didn't want her around.

He got so he would tolerate her. I never saw any animal get such a look of intense suffering on its face as Fred got when Susie was playing with him. He would put up with it for maybe two or three minutes, then bowl her over with a disciplining paw, claws sheathed,

and stalk into another room — with her right after him. She never gave up. And it looked like he would never give in.

Susie became a young woman — so beautiful with her calico coloring that I almost wished I were a tomcat. Maybe she sensed my admiration of her beauty. I know she loved me only less than she did Fred.

Then one day a change came over Fred. He liked Susie after that. The patience she had had with him! I loved her as much as I ever had loved Martha and Martha loved her so much. The kittens came. Fred got his look of infinite suffering back again but you could see when he didn't know you were looking that he felt proud of them.

A batch of kittens became a regular thing around the house. When they got to be a couple of months old Martha would put them in a box and take them into town to Hanson's Feed Store and put them in the window. It never took more than two days for Harvey Hanson to find homes for every one of them.

That went on for two years. It was raining the day Fred wouldn't come in at supper time. He was sitting out on the lawn, and Martha remarked "When I got home from work that he was behaving pretty stupid for a cat. I looked

out. He was hunched together, his paws under him. After a minute he moved a bit. I knew his fur must be soaked. It was raining — not hard, but steady.

I went out and bawled him out goodnaturedly. He looked up at me once, then seemed to ignore me. I bent down and rubbed the nape of his neck. He didn't purr. Suddenly I knew something must be wrong with him. On a hunch I picked him up very gently, cupping my hands under him and lifting him without making him change his position. I went into the house and ordered Martha to let supper go. We went out to the garage. Martha drove, while I held Fred in my lap.

The vet diagnosed it as poisoning. He gave Fred a shot of digitalis, but Fred didn't respond. He was getting an emetic ready to give when Fred died. An autopsy showed Fred's stomach lining half eaten away. The vet said it must have been poisoning, because it was the action of a fluoride poison, and that form was used in ant pastes.

Susie seemed to think Fred had just gone prowling somewhere. During the days that followed, she would go out to the back porch and *proww* loudly for him, then come back in and ask us why he didn't come. There was no way we could explain to her why Fred

didn't come home any more.

She got in heat again. She followed *me* around, looking up at me with large, round, green eyes, so soft and loving. She would *prrowwww* at me with that come and get me call, and I would say, "No, Susie, much as I would like to be the father of your next batch, it's impossible." And Martha and I would have a good chuckle, with maybe a tear mixed into it. Susie had loved Fred so much.

Finally the second or third day I put her on the back porch and gave her a good talking to about the facts of life. Maybe she got the idea, because a couple of hours later when Martha and I were almost asleep, she started calling loudly for any tomcat within hearing . .

THE bus driver slammed the door shut and started the motor. He gunned it a few times, let it idle while he leaned out the window and talked to the dispatcher.

The girl sitting beside me waved out the window as the bus started to move. I looked out and saw a woman and two little kids waving in my direction, so I knew they were seeing the girl off. She seemed unconscious of me at the moment. Her golden hair was very close to my face. I drank in the faint perfume. It was sort of musky, like

Martha used to use. It had been twenty-seven years now since Martha passed away. Martha was different though, shorter and sort of dumpy in a loveable way. With black hair until it turned almost snow white.

The girl reminded me all the more of Martha when she was so near me, and I was sorry when the bus moved out of the depot and she settled back in her seat beside me. I couldn't smell her hair any more then.

When the bus had gone a couple of blocks and was hung up at a stop light in thick traffic the girl turned to me and smiled. "Do you mind if I smoke?" Her voice was smooth like good bourbon, a little of the quality of Martha's voice.

I cleared my throat and said "Not at all. In fact, I'll join you." I hastily reached into my pocket to provide cigarettes, then guiltily remembered that I hadn't smoked a cigarette in over five years. Not since I was around sixty-five. But suddenly I wanted one. "I seem to be out," I said. "May I have one of yours? Just one."

"As many as you like," she smiled. "I have plenty. A whole carton in my bag."

I insisted on lighting them. I had a book of matches. We smiled at each other occasionally, but neither of us seemed in the mood

to talk. After a while we were out in the country and it was growing dark. The bus was going quite fast, passing lots of passenger cars. I put out my cigarette stub carefully in the ashtray.

Yes, Susie had called for a tomat, and as the days passed it became evident that one had answered her call. When it became certain, we got the calendar and did some figuring. The kittens would come in September.

It was funny the way it happened. I was in the kitchen breakfast nook writing some letters that badly needed writing. Susie kept coming to the door. Martha would talk to her. The box in the garage was already fixed with lots of paper for a nest.

"Do you want me to be with you?" Martha would say.

Susie would start off the porch up the path. Martha would follow. But when Susie would turn around and see Martha she would come back to the back door.

Finally Martha said, "Charles, she wants *you* for some reason. You'll have to put off those letters until some other time."

"Okay," I said wearily. I got up and went out the back door. Susie, seeing me following her, marched up the path on her toes, purring all the way.

"See?" Martha said. "She want-

ed *you*. Something's wrong this time."

"Sure, sure," I said, and Susie looked around with her heart in her tawny eyes.

Martha and I followed her into the garage. She went to her box and turned her head to make sure I was there, then jumped in, lying down in the paper and half curling her body until her hindsides were on her back.

I watched, and pretty soon I saw something almost impossible to discern — a little tip of a baby tail. I knew in a flash what was wrong. One of the babies had broken its sac. No wonder she needed help!

Martha, beside me, probably didn't know the critical balance upon which Susie's life rested so precariously. Susie was looking at my face, infinite love and trust in her eyes.

I reached down and, oh so gently, took a firm grip on that quarter of an inch of baby kitten tail, and with the lightest of touch I pulled. By some miracle of attunement with Nature, I could sense every movement of that unborn kitten. I edged it out until it was free. Susie hadn't been hurt.

From there on the births were normal. Susie took care of them herself. That first one was a mottled gray-black. there were three

more. She took care of each as it came. Two black ones and a mottled one. That seemed to be all.

Even Susie seemed surprised when the golden kitten was born. It was the last one, and almost twice as big as the others. Right from the start, almost, it opened its eyes and took on the responsibility of caring for its brothers and sisters.

I became aware of a hand covering mine. I became conscious of the humming sound of the bus tires, the rhythmic gentle jouncing of the bus. I looked down at the hand, then followed the arm to the shoulder beside me, the sympathetic face of the girl with the golden hair.

"Just — something in my eye — I guess," I said. I took out my handkerchief and wiped my damp eyes.

She brought out her cigarettes again. I accepted one and once again insisted on lighting them for us. I liked this girl. She had brought out the cigarettes to give me a chance to cover up. I was grateful.

I wondered if she would be interested in hearing about the golden kitten, but decided she wouldn't be. She had her own troubles. I didn't know what they were, but I could feel them. So I

smoked and kept my mouth shut. We smiled at each other when our eyes locked . . .

Susie was all right. On the way back to the house Martha said, "She must have known she was going to have trouble. I'm envious! She wouldn't trust me. She had to have you!"

"Naturally," I said more than half jokingly. "I am her *god!*" But I knew that what I had said in jest was more true than untrue, in Susie's cosmos. And I felt a little self conscious about it.

When I went out to see her a while later she was doing fine. When I went in the house I put on an air of indignation and said to Martha, outragedly, "Do you know what Susie's told her brats already? That I'm their father! Oh, what a liar she is!" We had a good laugh over my joke, and I felt less self conscious.

Two days later the rains came. It settled down to a steady cloudburst, hour after hour, and I knew it would last for days. I moved Susie and her brood into the house near the oil stove so they'd keep dry.

I'd come home from work at night and find Susie washing one of the kittens, and the golden kitten washing another. I would rub the nape of Susie's neck and

she would look at me and purr. Then I would squeeze the golden kitten's shoulder blades and tickle its spine down to the tail, and it would look up at me and purr. A three day old kitten purring! But it didn't seem surprising. The golden kitten had been born with a developed personality all its own, or so it seemed.

The kittens were ten days old when the first one died. It was one of the two black ones. No apparent reason. It was just stiff and cold, shoved into one corner of the nest away from the others. It was the first one of Susie's kittens that had ever died.

"Probably smothered," I told Martha. I took it out and buried it on the slope beside Fred's grave.

In the morning when I looked in on the kittens after getting the fires going I discovered that the other black one had died. The other two dark colored ones looked a little feeble, but the golden kitten was industriously washing one of them. Susie was asking for her breakfast.

On the way out to the garage and to work I went over and buried the second black kitten.

Martha had to go to some meeting that afternoon, and I got home first. When I unlocked the kitchen door and went in, Susie was there to meet me. There was

a wild look in her eyes. I knew right away that something was radically wrong.

I went to the box. In one corner was the third of the dark colored kittens, its posture strained and stiff. I knew without touching it that it was dead. The fourth of the dark kittens was almost hidden from view. The golden kitten was lying over it, covering it.

They didn't move. I touched the golden kitten and it was cold. Dead.

I left them that way. I wanted Martha to see when she got home how the golden kitten had tried to keep its brother warm even while it was dying itself.

I went and sat down in the front room and held Susie on my lap. That's where we were when Martha came home. We had a nice little funeral out on the slope for the kittens. I said a little prayer for them.

And Martha got a strawberry box and half buried it at the head of the mass grave and kept flowers in it for a week until the rains came again. And once or twice when I caught her crying I pretended not to notice. I knew her tears were for the golden kitten. It had deserved to *live*

ONCE again I became aware of my surrounding as I felt a

soft warm hand close over mine. I became aware that, I had had a bitter expression on my face — a reflection of my inner emotion at the memory of a year long gone, when I was young, and Martha still lived. I looked over at the girl with the golden hair, my face relaxing, my bitterness evaporating. My fingers clamped over her hand, and we remained that way, an old man and a young girl holding hands in a bond of silent understanding, while the massive bus rushed through the night, its motor humming the muted sounds of power, its tires whining against the pavement at high pitch. Around us, inside the bus, the overhead lights had been turned low.

"I'm an old man," I muttered vaguely. Then I gently lifted her hand and kissed her fingers, feeling the softness of her hand against my cheek. And I thought of the way the golden kitten had spread its little paws when it purred while I pinched its shoulder blades and tickled its back.

The girl gently released her hand from mine and touched it to my eyes, bringing it away damp with my tears.

"Smoke?" she said, her voice hardly more than a whisper.

My "Yes," was a hoarse rattle in my throat. Somewhere in the bus a baby was crying. And some-

one laughed about something .

It has been spring again when Susie kept Martha and me awake calling for a tomcat. She had again wasted the first couple of days appealing to me, and I had gently told her it was impossible for me to father her children, and bitterly complained to Martha that I might as well father them, because she would tell them I was their father anyway. Then Susie ceased her callings and wore a smug face, and we knew another brood was on the way. I got out the calendar and performed the arithmetic, and came up with a date somewhere in July. That would be a good month. No rains. Little chance of sickness

I snapped back to my surroundings and stared out the window. It was snowing now, but the flakes were fine as sand. It had been cold when I went to the bus depot. Out here in the country it was probably close to zero. I glanced up front and saw the bus driver's back in the half light, his head erect, the windshield swipes moving across the windshield in uniform rhythm. Outside it was cold, but here in the bus it was warm. The girl with the golden hair seemed asleep.

I stared into the falling snow out-

side the bus window. Some of the flakes now were large and soft. More snow on the ground along here, too. It had been raining the night Susie's kittens came

Martha's mother was sick that July. A heart attack. Martha had rushed to her side. I had the house to myself. Martha had fixed the box out in the garage before she left and said, "Now be sure and put Susie out at night. She knows where to go when they come." But Susie followed me around and stuck pretty close to me, and I didn't have the heart to put her out at night. I did keep her out of the bedroom though.

This night after I went to bed she kept scratching on the bedroom door. I guess I never completely woke up, but I remembered the next day having a lot of trouble. I finally had let Susie into the bedroom so I could get some sleep. She kept waking me up. Finally, in a half asleep way, I realized what was up. So I got up and pulled out the bottom drawer of the linen closet and piled its contents on the dresser and spread a lot of newspaper in the bottom of the drawer, leaving it half open so Susie could get in and out. All the time I was doing this she was overseeing the job, and I was grumbling at her that she was more bother than she

was worth. When I finished, she hopped in and inspected the nest, then looked up, thanking me with her eyes.

I turned out the lights and went to bed. This time I slept. In the morning when the alarm went off I groped out and shut it off. Then I could hear them. Little kittens. I sat bolt upright, memory of the night before flooding in. Memory also of the other time, when Susie had had trouble. Cursing my sleepy stupidity for not having remained awake, I leaped out of bed.

But Susie was all right. She was downright proud of herself, too. I grinned at her smug expression and looked down into the drawer to inspect this new batch — and caught my breath. The golden kitten was there.

It had one of its littler brothers or sisters down and was holding it still while it licked it industriously. The little black one's pink mouth was wide open, bawling its discomfort, but the golden kitten went right ahead.

Wonderingly, I reached down and pinched its shoulder blades, then worked a finger along its little back, feeling the thick golden fur. And it began to purr, brokenly, as though its little purr motor didn't have the ignition system smoothed out yet for a steady purr.

It was *the* golden kitten. Every

detail of marking, size, and personality. It was while I was was fixing my breakfast that I realized I had forgotten to count the kittens and look at the others. Susie left her saucer of milk to march proudly into the bedroom with me while I rectified my oversight. There were five. Four and the golden one. It looked up at me with large blue eyes and purred happily, as though to say, "I'm back again."

What a wonderful coincidence, I told myself on the way to work. During morning coffee break I called Martha long distance and told her the news. Her mother was better. She said she would start home in the morning.

When Martha arrived home Susie wanted to move her brood out of the house. I think she remembered the fate of that other batch, and somehow believed Martha was the cause of it. In her tactful way she didn't let it show, but I noticed she was very wary and anxious when Martha was near her kittens.

Susie moved them out to the garage. A couple of days later they had disappeared. I went searching for them, and found them out beside a path in a clump of brush, sleeping against a dead robin. I called Martha. We looked at them and the dead robin. I picked up one of the black ones and moved

it several feet down the path. It fought free of my hand and went back to the dead robin. Martha and I thought it might be just trying to get back with the rest, so we moved all of them away from the robin. They moved back to it quickly.

In some mysterious way, Susie had moved them out here and impressed upon them that they must stay in this one spot. We marvelled. But the weather was nice, so we decided to let Susie use her own judgment.

The next morning she had moved them into the basement — all except one of the black ones. We found it beside the robin. It was cold and stiff.

A sense of impending doom possessed us. We went back to the basement and looked at the others. The golden kitten was — worriedly, it seemed — hugging one of the mottled brown ones and washing it, while it protested feebly. It was past time for me to start to the office.

I told Martha, "If any more of them show signs of getting sick, call the vet."

When I returned home from work they all seemed fine. They were nursing. Susie adored me with her eyes. The golden kitten purred without seeming to miss a swallow when I petted it gently.

Every time I looked in during the evening the kittens all seemed quite healthy. The next morning it was the same. I went to work with a feeling that they would be okay. Martha shared my feeling. She felt it would be safe for her to attend a club meeting that afternoon. I promised to stop at the place where the meeting was being held and pick her up, on the way home in the afternoon.

When we arrived home we made a bee line for the basement and the kittens. Susie was nowhere in sight. Together Martha and I went toward the box where the kittens were.

Stark tragedy met our eyes. Two of the dark kittens lay in separate places — obviously dead. The golden kitten covered the last of the black kittens almost completely with her body. She looked feebly up at me as I looked down. I picked her up off the dead kitten.

"We've got to get her to the vet!" I said. "*She must not die!*"

Martha held the little golden ball of fur cuddled in her hands for warmth while I broke speed laws getting to the veterinarian. It was still alive when we got there. We rushed in and I raised the roof with the receptionist until one of the doctors came out to see what the trouble was.

He took the golden kitten and

examined it. We went with him into a back room.

The golden kitten seemed to go to sleep in his hands. It wouldn't wake up. It was dead.

"What was wrong?" I demanded.

"Distemper," he said. And he told us about the disease. "Cat distemper," he explained, "almost never strikes grown cats. Always kittens. There's no cure for it so far as we know. Once it lights in a place it spreads like wildfire. That's why raising cats is such a precarious business. Once it settles in a place it stays there. It reseeds itself every time another batch of kittens comes along."

"What can we do?" Martha pleaded.

The vet shook his head. "You'll just have to keep your cat from having kittens for at least a year. After a year you can try it again. Sometimes the distemper dies out in a year."

We took the body of the golden kitten home with us, and once again held a mass funeral over on the slope.

During the following year we had a time with Susie. I know she thought we were punishing her, but there was no way to explain to her. It was the following summer that we decided to see what would happen.

Martha worried about it. "If another golden kitten comes and it dies, I just couldn't stand it," she said.

"Huh uh," I said. "We can't stop now. The golden kitten tried twice to live. It deserves to live. We've got to give it another chance," Martha looked at me queerly and said no more. Grimly I picked Susie up and went to the door and let her out.

It was late September when they came, and the golden kitten was with them as I knew she would be. She was still the same in every respect—not another golden kitten, but *the* golden kitten. I was sure she recognized me.

We held our breath, figuratively. The days stretched into three weeks. We began to feel the kittens would live. Mrs. Lambert, a friend of Martha's who had heard the story of the golden kitten many times wanted it if it lived. Martha hesitated about giving it away, but in the end Mrs. Lambert talked her into it. It was really the chair Mrs. Lambert had reupholstered with material that exactly matched the shade of gold of the kitten that swung it.

Susie had several more litters before she died, but never another golden kitten. And Mrs. Lambert devoted her life to the kitten, but no matter how long it was before

I dropped in for a visit, the golden kitten remembered me and deserted her fresh liver or her comfortable chair or whatever occupied her when I showed up, to come to me and love me until I left

WITH a deep sigh I put my memories aside. I became aware that the girl with the golden hair had moved in her sleep so that her head touched my shoulder. She had half turned and partly curled up so that her knees were against me.

How old was she? I guessed her age to be twenty or twenty-one. I knew she couldn't be older than twenty-four, because the golden kitten had died twenty-five years ago.

I had stayed on in the old house for two years after Martha passed away. The Lamberts sort of adopted me, and I spent a great deal of my time at their place. The golden kitten, now a giant form that was the very incarnation of feline grace and beauty, followed me everywhere—even following me home half the time. Mrs. Lambert resigned herself humorously to it. She nicknamed me "Indian giver." I knew though that the main reason she kept insisting on my coming over for dinner at least five evenings a week was because the

golden kitten loved me. If it hadn't been for that she would have been no more friendly than any of Martha's other friends.

But eventually I grew restless. I was getting older every year, and I had enough money to see something of the world before I died. One day I made up my mind, sold the house, and made plans to go east, which I did.

Two weeks after I left for the east Mrs. Lambert wrote me. The golden kitten had disappeared. The people who had bought my house said they had seen it several times during that two weeks, but after it disappeared neither they nor anyone else saw it again.

After a few months Mrs. Lambert wrote, saying that she felt sure the golden kitten had started out in search of me.

Maybe it had. Maybe if I had stayed put in one spot it might have eventually found me before it died. Stranger things have been known to happen.

For about a year after it disappeared I would have the feeling every once in a while that it was still looking. Each time it would seem to be in a different place. A big barn once, hiding beside a highway another time . . . Then one day right in the middle of something else I thought of the golden kitten with a sense of great loss.

After that I could only think of the golden kitten in the past tense. I knew she was gone

Unconsciously I reached up and began massaging the back of the girl's neck, feeling the soft luxuriance of the thick golden hair. I wasn't really aware of doing it until she sighed happily in her sleep and snuggled closer to me.

And then a feeling of wonder and awe crept over me, coupled with an absolute conviction that this was no fantasy, no coincidence. *This girl was the golden kitten!* In what way, I had no idea. Perhaps nothing so pat as reincarnation of a soul. Something more. Indefinable. The delicate artistic touch of something lovable and divine — I couldn't place it into words, but I could feel it.

In a few minutes or a few hours this girl would awaken. She would straighten up, perhaps apologize for having "sprawled all over me." I would smoke another cigarette with her, even though my throat was quite raw from those other cigarettes. Somewhere along the road she would get off the bus and I would ride on alone. I would perhaps never see her again in this life.

Gently I pulled her head down onto my lap. She doubled her legs up and curled them against her

body so that her toes were tucked against the end of the seat, without waking.

Yes, I thought, the golden kitten has found me at last.

I stroked her golden hair softly, tears blinding me so that I could

not see clearly.

And outside, the snow came down in large soft flakes that settled gently into a blanket of purest white, hushing even the noisy haste of the bus, while the golden kitten slept.

FIRE WALKING

(Concluded from Page 54)

line barefooted waiting my turn to start. I must have acted rather nervous or upset because a girl about 19 or 20 who was next in line ahead of me turned and advised me not to go through with it if I was as nervous as I looked. I assured her that I would be all right, so she turned back and then started to move following the group in front of her. I watched her step on to the first stone and then I deliberately waited until she had crossed from one end to the other, stepping very slowly and calmly and seeming not to be in the least conscious of the heat. This encouraged me considerably so I gingerly put first one then both feet down on the rocks and started off. I don't remember any sensation of heat at all and was walking along quite calmly and slowly when at the about center of the pit on one of the stones in the path ahead I spotted a glowing ember and in making certain I did not step on that particular spot one foot started to slip off the

rock on which I had placed it. Thoroughly alarmed by this time I determined the best thing to do was to complete the path in the shortest time possible and started full speed for the bank at the end of the pit. With the first quick step I took, whatever it may have been which had caused those first few stones not to feel hot disappeared and for the remaining second or two that it took me to reach the end of the pit I was in agony."

By the time Jim had reached the stands a distance of some 50 feet from the pit and had been able to sit down and inspect the bottom of his feet, large blisters had formed on the soles of both feet and on the toes of one foot. The toes of the other foot were bleeding where the skin had adhered to the rocks in the pit.

We immediately rushed him to Queens Hospital where he was given emergency treatment for second degree burns.

THE END

SAUCER ROUND-UP

By

Tom Comella, Jr.

ARGUMENTS as to the origin of the "disks" usually include the following: 1) planets in our own solar system; 2) planets of some other solar system; 3) etheric or fourth dimensional matter. Numbers one and two are easily understood. Magazines and papers frequently carry articles concerning Mars, Venus, and other planets in our system. Likewise, astronomers have speculated in numerous journals that other stars might have a planetary family not unlike the one to which Earth belongs. And, if the environment of that planet is like that of Earth, it is possible, they say, that beings like ourselves could have evolved and are ahead of us in progression. But when considering number three, one usually meets with complete unbelief. To most people, the etheric or fourth dimension, is linked with the supernatural or spiritual. This view has absolutely no basis for existing, for etheric matter is explained in a scientific manner very easily.

Just as there is a spectrum of sound and color (ending in sounds

we cannot hear and colors we cannot see) so there is a spectrum of tangibility ending in forms of matter we cannot touch. Whether the form of matter is high or low on the spectrum is determined by the vibratory rate of the matter. If the low matter has a low vibration rate, then it is what we shall call "light" matter. The "stuff" or matter of which the Earth (and all other celestial wonders the eye can see) is made is between this "light" matter and what we shall call "heavy" matter, on the spectrum scale. (Just as green is between red and violet on the color spectrum scale.) This "heavy" matter has a very high vibratory rate. Matter with a very low vibration rate is matter that is much *less* dense than the matter which makes up the earth. Whereas matter with a high vibration rate is matter that is much *more* dense than Earth-stuff. Therefore, the Earth-stuff passes through the less dense matter much like water or air would flow through a screen with huge meshes. And likewise, the much more dense matter passes

through the Earth-stuff in the same way.

And so it is probable that that throughout cosmic space, there are planets and suns; planetary systems; nebulae and galaxies; even another complete "Universe", which are constructed of stuff denser and stuff less dense than Earth-stuff so that they are intangible to our touch as well as invisible to our sight. There might even be another civilization existing right here on Earth of which we are unaware because it is constructed of matter which is denser or less dense than Earth-matter. And so we give the term etheric to those existences which we cannot see nor touch, but which are just as real as we. For as etheric matter is invisible to Earthmen, so are Earthmen invisible to "etheric men."

But if saucers are coming from etheric matter, how can we see them? Let's say that an entity from an etheric world wants to materialize, so to speak, on the Earth. Or wants to become visible to Earthlings. If he were constructed of "light" matter, that is, matter with a lower vibration rate than Earth-matter, he would have to speed up his vibratory rate until it coincided with that of the Earth. Thus he would become visible to Earthlings. Also, if this etheric person were constructed of "heavy"

matter, or matter with a higher vibratory rate than Earth, he would have to slow it down until it was within the Earth's material spectrum; or, until his vibration rate was slow enough for Earthlings to perceive.

Such "saucers" materializing into the Earth type of matter would have a peculiar quivering look about them. Recently near Goose Bay, Labrador a jelly-like object was sighted by an airline pilot. He described the "thing" as continuously shaking or changing shape. Was this a "saucer" from an etheric world?

The foregoing interpretation of the saucers is indeed interesting, but rather hard to comprehend at first. But regardless, just because some saucers seem to fit the etheric explanation, it doesn't mean that all saucers are from such a place. Many craft flying through our atmosphere are definitely material objects, objects constructed of our own form of matter. These ships could be coming from visible planets of our system, or from planets of visible suns or stars. We are probably being visited by saucers from all three places.

SAUCER NOTES AND SHORTS

There are now two more satellites revolving around the earth! These were discovered by radio-

telescopes back in the latter part of 1951. A special project is under way at White Sands Proving Grounds to locate the swift moving "moons", and chart their orbits. Two of the scientists on this project staff are Dr. Lincoln LaPaz and Dr. Clyde Tombaugh. Readers will recall that Tombaugh is one of the few scientists who has admitted seeing a saucer. Likewise, LaPaz has given much of his time and energy to the investigation of the mysterious green fireballs. The project is supposedly hunting "natural moons" which "may serve as stepping stones to the stars". Why scientists believe these to be "natural" moons is not explained. Perhaps they are artificial? Some of our own rockets?

Mars is again pulling away from Earth. During her close approach to Earth saucers were being reported at the fantastic rate of 700 per week. Although these sightings did not reach the papers, they did take place. Undoubtedly astronomers now have good photos of the martian "canals". But what this writer is wondering is whether or not they also took a good look at the two martian moons. Phobos and Deimos. These satellites are five and ten miles in diameter, but they reflect too much light to be made of earthly substance. The albedo of these bodies is more comparable

to *metal* . . .

* * *

The September issue of *SIR* magazine carries a feature article concerning a crashed saucer that was found on a little island off the coast of Germany. It sounds official, and if true, there will be many apologies thrown in the direction of Frank Scully.

* * *

Watch our closest celestial neighbor, the moon!! In the past many strange things have been observed upon its surface. Recently Clevelanders received a rare show. Early on the morning of June 14th, policemen, cabbies and pedestrians saw black marks appear on the moon as well as vapor-like rays shoot away from it. One cab driver saw a white plate-like thing zoom across the moon from east to west. Police observers reported a saucer shoot out from the moon at a high rate of speed. Dr. J. J. Nassau, astronomer at nearby Case Observatory, explained the whole thing: "The moon was near the horizon. Clouds can give similar effects sometimes."

Bell-shaped objects were observed over Elyria, Ohio, on June 30th; and, more recently, citizens of Zurich, Switzerland experienced a fast moving saucer-like object that flashed, red, white, and blue lights.

* * *

A new "saucer" organization has just been created. It is the Celestian Vehicle Investigation Committee. The group publishes a bi-monthly paper called, NEW HORIZONS, the subscription to which is \$2.00 per year. Address correspondence or subscriptions to: C.V.I.C., 3290 Chadborne Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

Everybody and his brother has given his or her theory to account for the mysterious windshield "pox" that recently plagued the United States and Canada, and this writer is no exception. I think

they are linked directly with the green fireballs. These fireballs, I think, are sent out by space intelligences to combat the excess radioactivity in the Earth's atmosphere as a result of A & H-bomb tests. They are controlled automatically and are capable of operating on a long-distance basis. When the fireballs become saturated with radioactive particles they explode, sprinkling bits of fireball to the ground. It is these bits, the remnants from high altitude fireballs, that are damaging the windshields of cars, for a special compound used to construct the fireball reacts with glass.



SCIENCE-FICTION BOOKS & BACK DATED MAGAZINES. Science fiction and fantasy books and back dated magazines (Astounding, Galaxy, Unknown, etc) bought and sold. Lowest prices. List free of several thousand items. **CURRENT TOP-SELLER:** "The Books of Charles Fort," all four of Fort's books in one huge 1125 page volume, containing complete contents of the original editions of "Book of the Damned," "Wild Talents," "New Lands," and "Lo." There are just naturally no other books like these in the world. They contain thousands of actual, documented occurrences that fall way outside the boundaries of our arbitrarily tidy human sciences and fields of knowledge, completely unexplainable happenings. For just a few examples, there are dozens of documented instances of teleportation, of astronomical and geological enigmas and "impossibilities," and of space ships seen repeatedly during the past three centuries (not just since 1947!). Incidentally, that's why the Army issued these books to all Project Saucer investigators.

If you read these four books, your orderly, safe and sane little world will never again look the same to you. Your money back in full and with a smile (of pity), if you don't find that's true, and can bear to part with these fascinating books and return them within a month! With non-fiction books coming out nowadays at \$3.50 to \$5.95 per book, you'd expect these four Fort books to cost a total of anywhere from \$14.00 to \$23.80. They don't. They come to only \$2.49 per book, \$9.90 for the entire, huge, four-book volume, postpaid, and with my money-back guarantee if you're not satisfied, in fact, stupefied! And if you order right now (which will help me meet the cost of this ad!) I'll include a copy of a superb Fortean novel by a top SF author at no extra cost, with your "Books of Charles Fort," thus lowering your cost per book to only \$1.99. Good enough? Send check, cash, or Money-Order to:

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GOD IS IN THE

Another Thrilling Adventure of

CRAIG BARNES, PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR

It is only fair to give you a warning before you begin to read this story: first, you may begin by being very shocked; next you may feel inclined to snort "ridiculous!"; and lastly that you may be offended. But if you are really interested in *Mystic* and what it is striving to do, you will stick to the end, and you will be handsomely rewarded! This story, which is another of our fiction-based-on-fact stories, adheres closely to our rigid requirements, and it contains a message that can be conveyed in no other way! Some of our readers have asked why it is necessary to use the medium of fiction to portray a mystic philosophy; why not an article? Have you ever heard of realism? Have you ever tried to assimilate a really difficult subject written in dry, article or thesis form? Let us say a phase of occult teaching is true: isn't it better to portray it in pseudo-real manner, so that for those whose ability to visualize is not full developed, the occult teaching can actually be seen in the mind's eye via the "stage" on which we enact our message? When we say "God," what do we mean? Strangely, we mean many things. To some, God is a man in Heaven, sitting on a throne. Is this true? To others, He is Unknowable, ever beyond conception. Is this true? To still others, He is Many. Like the old Roman and Greek pantheons of gods. Is—or was—this true? Would you say that Man could think of something the Creator hasn't? Or that Man could think of something that wasn't? There is a startling answer to each of these questions in this story. To some of you it may be well known, to others, completely new. It may be that you will die tomorrow; if so it may be of value to you to read this story today.

MOUNTAIN

By

**PETER
WORTH**

THE woman slept. Her name was Helen Holcolm, and she was very beautiful in the ghostly light of the moon, filtering in through partly closed venetian blinds and filmy window curtains.

Outside her bedroom the mountainside cascaded down and down into the misty valley far below—and to the rear of the sprawling house the mountain reared to snow-capped heights; but here the pines whispered drowsily, their sound blending with the soft moonlight.

At the edge of the forest two baleful lights blinked on suddenly—a mountain cat in search of prey. But it made no slightest sound. And inside the sprawling shadow that was the house. Helen Holcolm slept, her sleep untroubled by dreams, one milky white arm thrown carelessly above her head—if there had been anyone to see it. But she was alone in her house.

Abruptly the scene changed. The full moon, high in the sky, was blotted out as though it had never been. Angry clouds swept in on winds that had not yet made their voice heard among the pines. The constant ghostly illumination of the full moon was now replaced by the intermittent flashes of lightning followed by growls of thunder.

The smooth features of Helen Holcolm twitched in the brief flashes of electrical discharge in the angry heavens—as though the sudden storm had engendered a nightmare.

Without warning the mountain shook. In the far distance the quake set loose an avalanche of rock and snow and ice that bounded down toward the peaceful valley below with unnatural slowness, huge boulders erupting from the chaotic downward surge to remain aloof for eternities compressed into seconds, before merging once again with the landslide.

MYSTIC

In Helen Holcolm's bedroom darkened lamps swayed precariously. Pictures swayed on the walls with pendulum-like rhythm. A vague creaking sound emerged from the walls and ceiling as the house compensated for the sudden stresses and shifts of the rocking to and fro.

And into Helen Holcolm's dream consciousness crept a face. It was a face of what seemed infinite wisdom, blended with infinite suffering. In her dream state she instantly recognized the ineffable features of God Himself, but overcome by grief and a suffering beyond the ken of mortals—yet within the whole a Divine Majesty that defied description, unshakable and innate.

The lids did not move, but a voice seemed to enter into Helen Holcolm's awareness. It was a strangely sweet, utterly deep, ineffable sequence of sounds dream sounds

I must coalesce.

The very thought brings torture, as do all things in this strange Hell wherein I dwell.

A strange, Godlike poetic rhythm to the sounds and the tone of thought . . .

And though I know not why, I must coalesce.

A strange voice whimpers, and I know it is my voice. There was a time when it was as the thun-

ders. Now it whimpers, beaten, whipped. But I am not!

That too is strange, for how could my voice be whipped into submission as though it were an entity apart?

An entity apart

The thought brings a nausea to the core of my being and I must escape—but to where? Or when? And why do I think now in terms of time and place which are conveniences of the unperfected mind, unless—

Blasphemy!

Am I not God?

Of course I am.

But if I am God, why have my angels, my hosts, deserted me? . . . as though they had been swept from existence by some unseen hand . . .

I AM God.

The three words blasted into Helen Holcolm's physical ears and she awakened. As she awakened, those three words became, by some subtle change, the physical sound of thunder, cascading in measured stride across the maddened sky. But it had been a real voice, she thought. And fingers of lightning forked venomously outside her bedroom windows.

And almost with tender gentleness her bed, her rambling house, the mountain, shook. Or was it the body of God, shaken with sobs of despair? *If only I were back in*

my dream, I could know, Helen Holcolm thought. An abrupt surge of pity for this Vast Being created an impulse to pray for it—that brought the question, *TO WHOM?*

For the first time, Helen Holcolm felt absolutely *alone*.

* * *

“**H**I, Sonia.”

The auburn haired girl's fingers paused briefly on the typewriter as she flashed a smile toward the young man who had just entered. The smile changed to a questioning look. “What's the matter, Carl?” she asked.

Carl Vance shook his head. His lips started to form a reply, then seemed to give up the attempt. He jerked his head toward the door marked PRIVATE. “Craig in?” he asked.

“Now I get it,” Sonia said. “A fan letter again.” She frowned. “But none of them even left you speechless before. Can I peek?”

Over the years a natural partnership had developed between Carl Vance and Craig Barnes. Carl Vance was a staff writer for a publishing firm that specialized in stories of mysticism and the occult. Craig Barnes was an investigator of things “supernatural.” Carl often received items that could be written up into ar-

ticles or stories from Craig. And Carl's mail sometimes brought something that Craig felt was worthwhile to investigate. There had been several times when such investigations became highly dangerous adventure.* (**Mistress of the Kama-Loka*. May 1954 *Mystic*.)

Carl shook his head. “Tell Craig I've got to see him,” he said. “It was a phone call.”

The door to the inner office opened and Craig Barnes stood framed there. He did not give the impression of being big. He merely made the doorway seem smaller than standard. This was a quality that Carl (himself an average five foot nine), had never quite gotten used to. It carried over into Craig Barnes' personality. You found yourself listening to his every word as though it were extremely important, wanting to do whatever he suggested, wanting to find some way of doing him a favor—if you wanted to be his friend. His enemies? They had a habit of underestimating him far too much. He often complained of this, claiming it didn't give him a chance to feel he came out on top by ability, but rather by lack of common sense on the part of his enemies. And he would add sadly, “There's a difference you know.”

Craig left the doorway and

crossed the outer office to shake hands with Carl, a smile of affection tugging at the corners of his firm lips. "What was the phone call you received?" he asked.

"It was from a woman who lives in Ashford, Washington," Carl said. "I think she's just a plain nut, to be frank about it."

"Ashford," Craig said slowly. "That sounds familiar. Isn't that on highway Five going into Rainier National Park from the west? Say, I heard over the radio this morning that an earthquake was centered in the park area last night about midnight. It was reported by the University of Washington seismograph station. And this morning you get a long distance call from a woman living in that area. What did she have to say?"

"I would have shrugged off the call," Carl said, "but the woman's sister, who evidently lives right up in the earthquake area, seems to need help. As nearly as I could gather, this is the story: Mary Price, the woman who called, is a subscriber to *Mystic*. I checked the subscription files after the call. That explains her call. She's read about the things you've done, and when long distance calls come in asking for you the switchboard girl turns them over to me.

"Mary Price has a spinster sister who lives part way up Mount

Rainier. Mary and her husband run a motel on the outskirts of Ashford. Mrs. Price says that about one o'clock this morning she suddenly woke up and sat up in bed. It was raining, with thunder and lightning. Right in the middle of the bedroom floor she saw her sister Helen, glowing with a white luminescence, and Helen said in a perfectly distinct voice, 'God is in trouble. I'm on my way down the mountain to get help for him.'

"Mrs. Price says she saw her sister as plain as life, and behind her in the darkness was a huge shape of deep, glistening *black*. A purple black, she described it, and she was convinced that it was Satan himself. Then her sister Helen just vanished, and this other figure too.

"But Mrs. Price was convinced it hadn't been a dream. She wakened her husband and made him get up with her. They got dressed, and Mrs. Price made some coffee. They turned on the driveway floodlights. The storm was the worst one they'd ever experienced.

"They decided to wait until four o'clock. That would give Helen time enough to get there if she was coming. Then if she hadn't come Mr. Price would take the station wagon and drive up to her place and make sure she was all right.

"Well, Helen—I think her name was Holcolm—got there at about two-thirty. They didn't know how she had made it. There was a deep dent in the top of her car like a tree had fallen on it, and the right front tire was flat and torn to pieces. Mrs. Price says she must have averaged sixty miles an hour on twisting, slippery mountain roads to make it in a little over two hours, and not even slowed up when she got the flat.

"And Helen was stark raving mad. Insane. She foamed at the mouth. Her eyes rolled back into her head at times. And Mrs. Price says she could see that big black being settled around her like a living three dimensional purple shadow. Mr. Price carried her from her car into the house. They forced coffee spiked with Scotch down her throat. It seemed to lessen the fit she was in, and suddenly she began talking so fast they had a hard time understanding what she said. She told them God was in trouble. In some way Satan had captured him and put him in Hell, and unless help were gotten immediately Satan was going to take over the world. Then she went into this fit again, foaming at the mouth, her eyeballs rolling around in an awful way. And there was an awful smell, like burning sulphur and garlic and rotting flesh. Mrs. Price says even her

husband could smell it.

"Mrs. Price was convinced something had to be done right away. She thought of you, and, as she put it, 'realized that God had chosen her sister to carry the message for help to her because she was the only one around there who knew about Craig Barnes, the only one who could rescue Him.' So there you have it. This Helen Holcolm probably got some sort of a blow on the head during the storm and should be getting expert medical attention. But Mrs. Price wouldn't listen to me. I wish you'd call her and talk some sense into her. If there's anything genuinely psychic about this, we could investigate after the docs do what they can."

"She gave you a phone number where she can be reached?" Craig asked.

"Yes. She'd been trying to reach us since four o'clock, she said. She also said for you to get right out there or the whole world would be taken over by the devil before the day is over." Carl chuckled.

"Then I think we had better hurry," Craig said gravely. "Sonia, call the airport and see if they have a plane we can charter for a week or two. If they have, tell them to get it warmed up immediately."

"Hey!" Carl exclaimed. "You don't *believe* what Mrs. Price

said, do you? Or do you?" he added weakly.

"*What if it's true?*" Craig said, an enigmatic light in his eyes. "Can we—the world—afford to take a chance?"

"You're kidding me," Carl said, but his tone indicated he wasn't sure.

"The airport will have a four-seater ready for us in an hour," Sonia said from the switchboard.

Craig hesitated. "I'd tell you two to stay here," he said, "but I know I'd just be wasting my breath. Carl, give Sonia that number. Sonia, call Mrs. Price and tell her we're on our way and should get there by this evening. Ask her if she knows of a landing field close to Ashford."

* * *

"**Y**OU *must* be kidding me," Carl said for the dozenth time.

Craig's mouth twitched with a suppressed smile. His calm eyes watched the landscape two thousand feet below the plane. Bugs were crawling along narrow lines. They were the cars on the highways. The land was laid out in checkerboard fashion except where ranges of hills, and the tortuous river beds played havoc with man's plan.

Sonia, who had been busy with

the lunch supplies provided by the airport passed plates of sandwiches to the two men.

"Thanks, Sonia," Craig said. Then he turned to Carl. "I don't know how much I was kidding you and how much I wasn't, Carl," he said. "What do we know about God? Does the name have any meaning at all? We think it does, but if you ask ten people to tell you what they think the name God applies to, you'll get ten different descriptions. And few of those descriptions will actually mean anything. For example, the one that says God is Spirit. It's like saying skumabble is behoolifram except that it *seems* to mean something."

"But how could God get into trouble?" Carl said, his tone carrying all the incredulity in the world. "And, assuming He did, what could a puny mortal do?"

"Craig isn't exactly puny," Sonia said.

Craig chuckled. "Did it ever occur to you that the human race may have built God up a lot bigger than He actually is?" he said. "Suppose He created the universe, then the angels, one of whom became Satan, then He created man, as the Genesis version of the Bible portrays Creation, so that even the laws of behavior of what we know as reality were built into the product by Him—like the hinges

on a refrigerator door were designed and built by engineers. It doesn't necessarily follow that He is unable to miscalculate. Frankenstein created a monster. There are countless instances of people starting something that outgrew them and destroyed them. It may be possible that even God couldn't have estimated the latent potentialities of Lucifer, and if Lucifer or Satan actually exists, he has had at least a couple of thousand years to develop those latent possibilities."

"But-but," Carl exploded, "God just *isn't* a ten-foot Englishman with a beard. Satan *could* be, and probably is something on that order; but God is as far above that as—as the human race for all time from the beginning to the end is above one man."

"Yet one man," Craig said, "with a time machine and absolute weapons and defenses might possibly make the entire race his slave, from the first man down to the last one."

"Sure," Carl snorted. "Anything can be imagined. We can even imagine Satan getting the best of God and putting him in Hell and becoming god in his stead. But—" Carl shook his head in disbelief. "It just doesn't make sense, the idea of God being on Mount Rainier and in trouble. I can't tell you why, but it doesn't

make sense at all. It can't *be*."

"I know what's troubling you," Craig said. "It's the idea of God being in a time and place. I agree with you. It would be like finding Henry Ford inside the motor of your car when you dismantled it for repairs. But don't forget this: what can be doesn't necessarily coincide with what we can think can be. Anyway—" He pointed ahead to where the white peak of Rainier lifted majestically into the sky. "Let's eat so our food will have time to start digesting before we land."

"Rainier has such quiet majesty to it," Sonia said some time later. "In some ways I could almost imagine it as *being* God."

She still wore the subdued, thoughtful expression when Craig dipped the plane for the landing on the postage stamp airstrip just outside Ashford.

* * *

HE circled the town before landing, and picked out the motel, or what seemed to be it. He became certain when he saw a station wagon break away from it and speed in the direction of the airfield. He nodded in satisfaction. Mrs. Price or her husband was coming to meet them.

He skimmed across the airstrip to get acquainted with it, then

made a lazy turn and came in on a long glide. To the southwest a bloated red sun was slowly sinking behind the hills.

Craig taxied to a position in line with the two planes already parked at the edge of the field, just behind the highway service station. The station attendant was there ahead of them, and immediately proceeded to anchor the plane.

"Might have another storm tonight," he explained cheerfully. "Make sure she's closed up tight. You from Seattle maybe? Been sort of expecting the police to send someone down to investigate the murders and everything. Been quite a day."

"Murders?" Carl croaked.

"And worse," the man said. "There's some that say—well—I'd better get busy."

The station wagon sped onto the field, skidding to a slippery stop on the watersoaked sod. There was a woman behind the wheel. She leaned out the window, her smooth skin pink and healthy, her brown hair did up in a style that exactly suited her type of beauty. Carl decided silently that she didn't look as crazy as he had pictured her from their phone conversation.

"Hello!" she called cheerfully. "One of you Mr. Barnes? I'm Mary Price." She had glanced

with the professional appraisal one woman gives another at Sonia, given Carl a brief glance, then settled her attention hopefully on Craig.

"I'm Barnes," Craig said. "Sonia Mills, Carl Vance," he added.

"Oh yes, Mr. Vance," Mary Price said with a self-conscious laugh. "You must have thought you were talking to a lunatic this morning. Thank God you got Mr. Barnes to come though."

"What's this about murders?" Carl asked. "You didn't say anything about that this morning."

"There hadn't been any this morning," Mary said. "But get in the car. I can tell you all about everything when we get going. All hell has broken loose, and I don't mean that figuratively. I may not have completely believed everything I said to you over the phone but I do now—and more." She paused while Craig slid into the front seat beside her and Sonia and Carl got in back. She pushed down on the gas pedal, eased up when the wheels started to spin on the slippery ground, coaxed the car toward the blacktop road. On the highway she darted Craig a doubtful glance. "I hope you're as good as Carl Vance has built you up in the pages of *Mystic*, because you're going to have to be. Of course, the State Police

don't believe any of it—don't know the real explanation, in fact. They are talking about some mysterious pocket of gas opened up by the quake. They are even searching the mountain cabins on the theory that some scientist had a secret lab out here where he could experiment on modern nerve gasses." Mary chuckled dryly as she braked the car almost to a stop at a four-way stop intersection, then shot forward in a wide left hand turn. "They say the gas would have to combine the effects of opium with the effects of some of the known nerve gasses. There may be such a gas. I don't know. It could be the cause of the whole thing. But I've known Helen all my life—except for the first four years. She's my younger sister. And I've never known her to be anything but level-headed. Something's got her, and I know what I saw."

"Why do they think it might be a gas?" Craig asked.

"All over the Park people are doing crazy things. So much is going on and so many stories are circulating that it's impossible to tell what's happened. They say one man killed his wife and four kids and would have killed himself if he'd had more bullets. He gave himself up and told the state police he'd done it because God was going to be destroyed by Sa-

tan, so it was better that they die. Another man perched in a tree overlooking the highway and shot five people before they were able to bring him down. He laughed at them and shouted that they couldn't hurt him with bullets because he was God. According to the story it looked for a while like he might be right. About the bullets, anyway. Several of the police swore they couldn't have missed him. One of them even threw his gun away after taking a shot and got down on his knees and started praying for forgiveness. They've got THAT trooper in the hospital right now, diagnosing his blood stream for traces of a gas—claim he must have gotten a whiff of it."

"Where's your sister? In the hospital?" Craig asked.

"Not on your life! Bert and I decided we'd better keep her where she is until you came. We've got her tied up, and it breaks my heart —" Mary Price bit her lip to keep it from trembling.

Suddenly Craig and Carl and Sonia were aware that her cheerfulness had been just for them. Underneath she was terribly afraid. She forced back the tears and smiled, too brightly.

"You have to have a guinea pig to start on, don't you, Mr. Barnes? And my sister should be the best one. She's right in on the thing, whether it's a gas or

something else. I hope I did the right thing, only—" The tears were suddenly streaming from her eyes. Blinded by them, she braked the car to a jerky stop. "I love my sister!" she cried, giving way to unrestrained grief.

Sonia, woman-like began to cry too. The two women clung to each other over the back seat.

"Get in front and take the wheel, Carl," Craig said quietly.

"I'll get in back with — with Sonia," Mary said. She smiled bravely through her tears. "I guess I just sort of let down, now that you're here."

* * *

"I WANT to tell you a little bit about Helen before we go inside," Mary said when Carl stopped the car before the motel office. "She's a sculptor and a painter, has a rambling house up on the mountain. Built from some money she got for a painting of Mount Rainier that a brewery up in Tacoma bought for a trademark or something. She's good. Walt Disney had her doing some work for him when he did some nature shots up here a few years back, and wanted her to go to Hollywood to work for him. She turned it down. She said the technique fascinated her, though, and since then she's submitted some charac-

ters she created to Disney. He bought a couple of them; paid her good money for them too, and renewed his offer. She sells a lot of things to big magazines like *Sports Afield*. She has feeling. She has a soul for things. That's the only way I can describe it. But *Mystic*? I subscribe to it, you know. She's glanced through it several times, but turned her nose up at it. Doesn't have a superstitious bone in her body. But I saw her in my bedroom while she was still upon the mountain, and I saw that devil, and it's still there, possessing her."

She looked appealingly at Craig.

"Okay," he said gently. "Let's go in and talk to her now."

Mary led the way into the motel office. They heard a buzzer signal that the door was open. Almost instantly a door behind the counter jerked open and a man came out. He was unshaven and extremely tired, and had had a few drinks.

"This is Bert, my husband," Mary said. "Bert, this is Craig Barnes, and Carl Vance and Sonia Mills, Mr. Barnes' associates."

"Glad to know you, folks," Bert said quietly. "You'll have to excuse my appearance. I've been having to keep an eye on Helen every minute of the time, and talk to her a lot to get her quieted down. Also I've been juggling

back and forth taking care of new rentals. Looks like we'll have a full house tonight. People from Seattle and Portland who want to look at the earthquake area."

The other door opened and a stranger came in.

"Here's another," Bert said. "Mary, you take them in back and I'll take care of the customers. With this fellow there'll only be two more vacancies to take care of, then I can lock up."

"What about Mr. Barnes?" Mary said.

Bert slapped his forehead with the flat of his hand, audibly. "Shows how upset I've been," he said. "I never thought. Let's see, there's the double Yeah. I'll give this fellow number seven, and that takes care of it". He went to a row of toggle switches and jerked one with finality. The neon VACANCY sign, visible through the windows, went dark. Bert took the stranger by the arm and urged him firmly toward the register cards on the counter. "Sign," he said impatiently. "It will be six dollars, and be sure you put down make of car and license number."

"What if I don't like the room?" the stranger hesitated.

"You'll like it," Bert said. Then his patience snapped. "Either take it or not," he snapped. "I have things to do."

"I'll take it," the man said stiffly.

Mary led the way through the door behind the counter, Sonia following, then Craig and Carl. "Poor Bert," Mary whispered. "He's worn out. Only about an hour's sleep last night. He insisted that I take a nap this morning—and then let me sleep until four this afternoon."

They were in a large, comfortably furnished living room, with a gleaming kitchen off to one side through an archway, and a large picture window that brought a perfect view of Mt. Rainier.

"Helen's in here," Mary said, crossing to another room. It opened into a short hallway. Craig followed Mary, noting that one of side doors opened into a bathroom, and surmising that the other two led to bedrooms. Mary had paused at one of them to give him a last appealing look. Then she opened the door and went in. "Mr. Barnes is here," Craig heard her say. Then he was standing in the doorway looking at the young woman tied up on the bed.

Helen Holcolm was quite obviously mad through and through. Not insane. Just plain mad. "Will you take these—these—ropes off me?" she snapped. "A fine sister and brother-in-law I have. I break my neck coming to them for help and they tie me up.

They're crazier than I thought I was. Well! Don't just stand there!

Craig's eyes narrowed slightly. With studied aloofness he turned to Mary. "Have you had a doctor in to see her?" he said.

"I don't blame Helen for being mad," Mary said, "but Bert and I decided to tie her up, and I still think we did right. I know what I saw!"

"You and your backwoods superstitions!" Helen gritted. "Now will someone untie me or are you all utterly insane?" She glared at Craig, and at Carl and Sonia who were looking over his shoulders.

"It would be wise to get a doctor," Craig said firmly. "He would give her a sedative that would quiet her down. Her dilated eyes show that she's suffering from extreme shock. If her delusion she told you about was caused by a gas released by the earthquake she should be in a hospital where she can be properly taken care of. They'd give her an opiate to quiet her down and probably a quart of plasma for shock. If they thought it necessary they would put her in straitjacket. Rope is too harsh on the wrists and ankles."

"I guess we should have done that," Mary said, sinking into a chair dispiritedly. "But we thought we were doing the right thing."

"Is someone going to take these ropes off of me?" Helen shouted.

Craig shook his head. "No," he said. He turned to Mary. "I would like to be alone with her for half an hour. While you're gone I wish you would call the doctor. Sonia, you and Carl stay just outside the door. I believe that you are aware that sometimes there is danger."

"You're going to try . . . ?" Sonia said, worried.

"I have to try to get through to whatever is behind this," Craig said. "There's no other way, and Miss Holcolm, whether she knows it, or not, is *en rapport*. He herded Mary out the door and closed it softly, then turned to face Helen again.

She glared at him while he picked up a chair and took it over beside the bed. He sat down. The baleful anger in her eyes began to fade, against her will. Uncertainty began to replace it.

"There are many things," Craig began, "as Shakespeare put it, not dreamed of in your philosophy, Miss Holcom. The world is a vast place. Much vaster than we are usually aware. We are born, we grow up with a few friends around us. We tend to fence out the world. We all do that, to a large extent. *All two billion of us*. And, just as we exclude all but a few

of those two billion people from our lives, we tend to exclude the past and the future from our lives.

This bed you are on is new. Maybe five years old at the most. This room is no older. The ground it rests on hasn't changed much in several centuries, and the rocks and dirt ten feet down are probably just as they were a hundred thousand years ago. Five thousand years ago people from the Asian continent crossed over to Alaska and came down this way. They may have camped on this very spot, or built a village on this spot and stayed here a brief five or six centuries—and the tribe to which you and I belong has roamed this continent for about four centuries. In contrast, some of the snow and ice you can see on Mount Rainier has been there, unmelted, for two thousand centuries or more. If, somehow, a movie camera could have taken a film of the entire world during those two thousand centuries, and could run it for you on the bedroom wall here, compressing the whole into a short two hour film, you would see the wash of human waves, the brief pauses here and there of the human tide that, to the humans involved, were long periods of stable civilization where art and sculpture and literature and architecture flourished, and Helen Holcoms spent their fraction of a

second of life trying to grasp the soul of Nature—and often succeeding.

"Think of it for a moment. Isn't it pathetic? A little bubble of consciousness coming into existence, expanding its awareness to the point where it can in a very real sense walk with God—only to snuff out without having existed long enough to hear more than one tick, if that, of the cosmic clock? It wouldn't be so pathetic if those little bubbles of awareness were just—bubbles. I've stood on the beach at the edge of an ocean and seen the waves wash in and froth and foam with billions of tiny bubbles, and thought, *what if each of those bubbles has a consciousness, expanding to the point where it can become aware of my standing here, before the wave that laps at my feet retreats back into the dark depths of the ocean?*

"We dash madly about. We glance swiftly at something as enduring as a mountain, jot down our impressions on paper or canvas, and almost before the pen or the brush is dry the paper or the canvas rots away. It's gone, and even the civilization it existed in is gone."

"No!" Helen Holcolm said, her eyes wide.

"Yes!" Craig said. "Those ropes that hurt your wrists will have rotted away. Your flesh will have

grown old and died, and rotted off your bones, and your bones will have turned to white dust that is washed into the soil."

Helen shook her head slowly, staring into Craig's piercing eyes, unable to turn away.

"And where will Helen Holcolm have gone?" Craig asked slowly. "The tragic little bubble of consciousness? One tiny bubble in the froth of a wave whose fingers reach hopelessly, extending toward the land they can never reach—before sinking back into the eternal sea.

"But it *could* break away . . ."

"Yes, Helen whispered. "It *could* break away."

"It would have to trust me, and not be afraid," Craig said.

"But how?" Helen's lips whispered.

"By closing its eyes, and listening. It would have to sleep like a little child while I oh so gently lifted it out of the wave. Then when the wave sank back into the sea it would still be there, gleaming like a jewel, safe . . ."

Helen's eyes slowly closed. For a brief moment she fought their closing, then relaxed under the hypnotic spell.

"But it would have to stay with me," Craig said slowly. "If it became lost the wind could catch it and shatter it against a rock. Only with me. It must resist every-

thing, that tries to take it out of my hand."

He became silent, his eyes watching the form lying on the bed. Suddenly the form of Helen Holcolm seemed to blur in his eyes and separate into two partially superimposed identical forms, as though his eyes weren't coordinated. Then it was one form again.

He held out his hand. "Come!" he whispered. He held his hand extended for another moment, then slowly closed it and brought it toward his chest. "Remember," he whispered. "*You must not leave me. You are safe with me.*" Slowly he unclasped his fingers against his chest. For another moment he remained still. Then with a deep sigh he straightened and reached into his breast pocket for a cigarette.

He lit the cigarette and inhaled deeply, exhaling slowly while his eyes returned to the sleeping form of Helen Holcolm. Her skin was deathly pale. Her breast seemed not to move at all with breathing. To all appearances she might have been dead.

With impersonal curiosity Craig leaned forward and inspected the knots on the ropes that bound her. Moving suddenly with purpose, his fingers swiftly undid the knots and carefully unwrapped the ropes from the raw skin. He carefully straightened the body into a more

comfortable position.

Standing up, he gave the sleeping form a last glance, then went to the door and opened it and went out, closing it again. Sonia and Carl looked at him questioningly. Mary Price and her husband were huddled together part way down the short hallway. They looked at him with numb eyes.

In a voice that sounded loud in the silence—or was it purposefully loud?—Craig said, "I put her to sleep. She's all right now. I undid the ropes so she would rest better."

"C-can I see her?" Mary Price asked.

In a more normal tone Craig said, "It's all right to peek in, but it would be better to leave her alone for the time being. Did you call the doctor?"

Mary and Bert tiptoed to the door and opened it a little. They could see Helen Holcolm on the bed. She appeared relaxed. The ropes were hanging over the foot of the bed. They closed the door again gently.

"Yes, I called the doctor," Mary said. "I couldn't reach him, but his office girl said she would have him come when he got back."

"What did you say?" Craig said, his voice loud again. "It's all right to speak in a normal tone. It won't awaken your sister."

Louder Mary said, "The doctor is out on a call. He'll come when he gets back."

"Good!" Craig said. "Let's have a cup of coffee or something. I'm beginning to get hungry."

He urged them insistently out of the hallway into the living room, and closed the hall door. Mary hurried into the kitchen. Bert, looking much relieved and a great deal more friendly, smiled at Craig. "Care for a little drink while you wait?" he suggested.

Craig returned the smile. "It's just what I need," he said expansively. Bert went to the liquor cabinet. Carl and Sonia were looking questioningly at Craig. He gave them a warning look and shook his head imperceptibly.

"I think I'd like a drink too," Carl said with elaborate casualness.

"Why don't you go out and bring in our bags?" Craig said hastily. "You can have a drink later. I think I'd better help you. My bag has some things in it I don't want to get banged around."

Bert turned from the liquor cabinet. "I could show you your rooms now. Then you could put your bags in your rooms and know where to go later. We can all have a drink when we get that out of the way."

"Sure," Craig said. "That's a good idea. We might as well get

settled. Then we're ready for anything. Come on, Sonia."

"I might as well start dinner then," Mary said. "I bought some nice steaks this morning, soon as I knew you were coming."

Craig hesitated. "Better delay the steaks," he said. "The doctor might come any minute. We can always eat after he goes."

"That's right too," Mary said. "Coffee'll be ready in five minutes." The percolator chose that time to give its first experimental snort. They all looked at it in surprise, then laughed.

Outside, Craig looked up at the star-studded sky. "Nice night," he said to Bert. "By the way Mary said Helen's car had the top smashed. Where is it? At the garage being fixed?"

"No. I changed the tire, that's all. It's parked on the other side of the office. Want to look at it?"

"I'd like to," Craig said. "It runs all right?"

"Sure. Want to see it now or after—?"

"Might as well take a look at it while I'm thinking of it," Craig said.

Bert led the way. It was a bright red hardtop convertible. Craig ran his fingers along the dent that had pushed the top in two thirds of the way across. His fingers touched little flakes of tree

bark. There was a jagged indentation where the broken butt of a branch had hit hard. Farther back was a deep scratch made by the same thing as it slid off.

While still seeming to be examining the damage to the car, Craig studied the windows of the motel and checked them with his memory of the interior. The car was parked just outside the window where Helen lay unconscious: "You sure Helen's car will run all right?" he asked, raising his voice slightly. "How's the gas?"

"Nothing wrong with the motor," Bert said. "Gas may be low. I don't know. I doubt it though. Helen always likes a full tank and it wouldn't take more than two three gallons for her to come down."

"I see," Craig said. "Well let's get our stuff in and get settled for the night." He turned away from the car. Back at the station wagon in front of the office he said in a barely audible voice, "Do you have a spare key to the station wagon, Bert? Things may happen in a hurry when they get started."

"I was wondering if anything was going to happen," Bert said "I've been noticing things, but wouldn't say nothing. You take my key." He slipped it into Craig's hand.

"And the key to Helen's car?"

Craig said.

"I put it in her purse—in the bedroom with her."

"Good. Leave it that way," Craig said.

Carl had lifted out the three light bags. Sonia picked up hers, and stood waiting.

Craig turned with his back to the station wagon and looked toward the peak of Mt. Rainier, a silent, ghostly giant. Even as he looked, dark shapes seemed to materialize around it, obscuring it.

"Could be another storm brewing up there," Bert said quietly. "After last night I wouldn't be surprised."

"Could be," Craig agreed. "Let's get our things in and have that drink." He picked up his bag.

They followed Bert Price down the row of identical fronts to the two motel units. Just before they went in Craig said, "Darn! I had a small instrument case. It must still be in the car. Go ahead. I'll go back and get it." He set his bag down and started toward the station wagon without waiting for a reply. He had almost reached it when the sound of a starter broke the silence. A car motor came to life on the other side of the building. Craig ran the rest of the way and was turning the station wagon when the bright red convertible shot out onto the highway.

He heard Bert shout, "Hey!"

Then he was on the highway headed toward Rainier National Park, his foot pushing the gas pedal to the floor, the tail lights of the car ahead two red dots in the distance. He didn't turn on the headlights. He didn't want the car ahead to know it was being followed.

Had he done right? He pondered the question now, when it was too late. There was so much he didn't know and could only guess at. Too, his understanding of the goal and purpose of existence might be wrong. There were those who would have insisted he was wrong, he knew.

And if he were wrong, he was opposing God and allying himself with the forces of evil. But it went deeper than that. It went to the very foundations of Reason. Almost from the day of his birth he had been aware of other-world beings guiding him, teaching him, influencing him. He had accepted them as real even when adults with their "greater wisdom" had solemnly assured him they were the product of his imagination.

As he grew older he encountered the teachings of men of past eras, and men of modern eras, who confirmed his experiences with their own. The writings of these men had assured him on the validity of his extra-normal senses, but confused him on the validity of the

teachings of his spirit friends, for *almost invariably the books written by world authorities taught that the soul of man had always existed and reincarnated time after time until it became perfect.*

But their teachings went farther, were more subtle. These great living teachers proclaimed that the ultimate goal of these many incarnations was *abasement of self to the point where self was completely eradicated.* Heaven to them, was a state where all desire was destroyed. All memory of self was eradicated, and the psyche became one with the Creator forever, *having lost its identity by voluntary relinquishment.* Self was Sin, to them. The desire to survive as a person was self-ish, and synonymous with Satan.

To become One with God was the goal of existence.

All religions all philosophies, from early Greek literature to all modern religions affirmed this solemnly, though some totally ignored the re-incarnation aspect.

It was this very unanimity of teaching that made Craig doubt his own teachers. He still doubted, *and the doubt was encouraged by them.*

What did they teach? They taught him that a new soul was created with each new-born child, immortal, enduring forever, but newly created, never existing be-

fore. They said each physical world was a vast Garden, a breeding place where souls came into existence, to rise eventually toward the stars, toward the interstellar regions *where the vast and eternal civilization had its dwelling place.*

But they also taught that self was forever a vital part of the freedom of the soul, that communion as individuals, growing toward *complete development of self,* rather than its annihilation, was the goal of existence. They taught that reincarnation unless conducted along rigid lines of preservation of identity was *The Evil* of the flesh; that teachings leading an individual toward a goal of loss of identity, to merge with the identity of God, were a snare prepared by self-proclaimed gods who set themselves up above the Creator and believed they were the one God.

It was all so subtle and all so intangible—and *all in his own mind,* in the last analysis. And the two teachings were diametrically opposed. The one, the teaching of reincarnation, was that blending of the soul with God was the goal. The other, that of his teachers, was that identity of self was the inherent right of even the finest unit of all reality, God-given.

Which philosophy was right?

Until this moment Craig Barnes had been positive that he knew. But now—

He stared grimly at the twin red lights ahead on the highway, aware that they were guided by an entity intent on saving God, *while he, Craig Barnes, was guided by an equally inflexible intent to destroy God. It was as simple as that.*

Ahead, somewhere within the vastness of Mt. Rainier, was God. Ten billion, a hundred billion, ten thousand billion souls, their paths through reincarnation after reincarnation completed, all self wiped out, their identities lost in subservience to *one* identity. Subservience? Submission, perhaps. Blending. Self-awareness completely gone and fenced out as the paramount sin inherited from the flesh.

Craig had only had glimpses of its vastness. Almost an entire civilization covering hundreds of generations, sprawled over the entire western half of the world eight or nine thousand years before the dawn of recorded history, had lain here in the heart of Rainier, undetected, lost from the records.

Or so Craig's teachers told him, while God patiently told him these teachers were the Serpent, whose cunning was unmatched, but whose tongue could tell nothing but lies.

Grimly Craig rode through the

night, guided only by two red eyes that retreated faster and faster into the approaching storm. *And he didn't know!*

God had called for help through a mortal, and of all the people alive on this earth that call had been relayed to one who would come, not to help Him, but to destroy Him.

The voice of thunder swelled and crackled above the sound of the motor, the whine of the tires. The dark clouds cracked up in jagged rents of blinding light that immediately closed and healed.

And the twin red spots ahead raced on and on, while Craig clung grimly to the wheel and followed, his headlights still darkened, the ghostly shadows of trees rushing past on either side.

The highway began to slope upward. Now with dangerous regularity the twin lights that guided him blinked out as the car ahead rounded a curve. He was tempted to turn on the headlights, but voices, familiar voices, whispered to wait a while longer, to follow their direction. They were his teachers, who claimed they were from the stars. Devils? Or angels? Cunning devils. They asked him to doubt them, to prove they weren't angels. Even now they didn't seem to care one way or the other whether he believed what they had taught him was the truth

..
Slowly to the right now.

You won't see the edge of the pavement ahead for a hundred yards, but go STRAIGHT!

The road twists too much for directions ahead, so follow me. And a barely perceptible ball of glowing light materialized, seeming to be a refraction within the windshield. But Craig followed it, never slacking his speed though the car skidded dangerously and once seemed to hang over the edge of a cliff, the valley below seeming unnaturally far down.

It was a matter of opinion, in a way. Just because his teachers were unguessed centuries old, and spent most of their time in interstellar space, didn't mean they had discovered Absolute Truth. On the other hand, God Himself could be wrong. Hadn't He guessed wrong about Lucifer? About Adam and Eve? But he couldn't be wrong about knowing He was God. Nor could these billions of human souls that had travelled the long hard road toward Nirvana—and reached their goal. All things are relative. There could be no Absolute Truth except that determined by God Himself.

That was it, wasn't it? *That was why it was necessary to have faith. Wasn't it?* Reason led you nowhere except in circles built upon words that had no meaning.

Once you accepted Absolute Truth and believed it absolutely, everything was simple, your goals definite.

Then why do so many different faiths follow so many different Truths? AND EACH INSIST IT HAS THE ONE TRUTH?

REASON! The basic teaching of Reason is doubt. Doubt even of Reason itself! Cunning, to teach you to doubt everything and moil around in circles, never getting anywhere.

God was the only refuge from doubt. God was infinitely kind. He would permit him to keep his identity so long as he felt a need for it. Only those who willingly renounce all memory of self, of identity, could become One with God. God forgave even those who came, not to save him, but to destroy Him!—provided they repented and gave their soul into His Keeping.

A feeling of peace and happiness crept over Craig. It had taken so long, so many years of study and doubt, to find the Truth. But God had known he would!

The *contact* was strong, now that he accepted God, and the thoughts emanating from that Vast Being were dignified and gentle, incapable of deceit or error. How many times had his teachers deceived him—and chuckled merrily when he finally saw through

their deceptions. They had called it part of learning!

The twin red guiding lights ahead blinked out again. Their absence sent a flood of terror through Craig. Abruptly, viciously, he snapped on the headlights. He was no longer a spy, sneaking in to destroy God. He was an ally of that being controlling Helen's body. God had had to take that way to bring him up here to mend the rent in his chamber within the mountain. How infinitely wise was God, how mysterious his workings! That small case of explosive his teachers had inspired him to bring to destroy God would be exactly enough, placed in the right spot, to make God secure again, his auric shield imbedded in unbroken, timeless granite.

The tail lights appeared again, going slower. Undoubtedly the spirit possessing Helen's body now knew he was following to help.

Not in seven thousand years had anyone had a chance to help God like this! The thought made Craig almost giddy. And it was only the beginning. He would remain with God, of course, sealing himself into the chamber; but in time things might develop so he could return to the world and bring it into the fold.

He was directly behind Helen's convertible as it turned off the highway to park under the trees.

Lightning crisscrossed the low ceiling of unbroken clouds so constantly that its light made the ground clearly visible through the driving rain.

Craig put the small bag of explosive under his coat even though the bag was waterproof. No use taking chances. He opened the door of the car, stepped out, and went to the other car. He could see Helen's face through the rain drenched window. She smiled at him, trusting him. It was her body that smiled, not Helen, but if she had been in her body she would have smiled, just the same, because God had contacted *her*. Right now she was imprisoned, asleep, within his own auric shield. When she awakened she would be happy that he had finally seen the truth that she saw. It was all so simple, so single-valued, so exhilarating to the spirit.

He opened the car door for her and held out his hand to her. "Come," he said simply.

She stepped out into the rain. She looked up into his face, a glad light in her eyes, her divinely beautiful face being cleansed gently by Nature's raindrops. His hands, unguided by his conscious mind, lowered the bag of explosive to the ground.

She went into his arms, her own encircling his neck. Her red lips sought his in the rain, their mu-

tual wetness making the contact slippery and delightful.

Her body pressed hungrily against his, and after a moment their body warmth mingled and destroyed the clammy feeling of wet clothes. Her body and lips moved with the eternal promise of womanhood; and a voice came into existence within him, assuring him that that promise would be fulfilled, a thousand time a thousand times, in a thousand successive lives, and throughout eternity. *Was this* not the first step on the long road to becoming One with God—to become One with each other? To love one another as yourself—or more than one's self.

"Please, Craig," Helen said huskily after an unguessable time. "We have something we must do, before . . ."

"I know," Craig said gruffly. "You'll have to show me the way. Is it far?"

"Not far. I traced the way and know every step."

Craig picked up the explosive and cradled it under his left arm. He put his right arm protectively around Helen's waist to keep her from stumbling. Their hips touched, and blended into the rhythm of walking.

"Who are you?" Craig asked abruptly.

"Who am I?" Helen echoed. Her gay laugh sounded, then was

lost in the thunder that exploded almost directly overhead. In the quiet that followed, she said, "I am God."

"But how can that be?" Craig said, surprised. "Something tells me it's true, but how can it be?"

"God is not confined to one place or time," she explained. "When the hosts of the Serpent are finally destroyed and cast into the eternal pit, God can be present in every person on Earth in full consciousness"

"All two billion?" Craig asked.

"Even if there were a thousand times that many people," she said. "I can be Omnipresent, Omniconscious. Those are the attributes of God alone. And they are possible only when self is destroyed in the final blending with God—the return of the spark, the soul, to the Creator."

"But—but—" Craig's mind refused to complete the thought.

Helen's laugh was musical. "No," she said. "You did not kiss God. You kissed the lips of a girl. A girl who truly loves you or even I could not have forced those lips to meet yours so intimately. Her original desire was there already. I merely permitted it to express itself." She peered through the rain toward a cliff that had just emerged from the obscurity of the rain. "We are almost at the opening," she said.

Then Craig saw the opening. It shone with a strange light that came from within. It seemed utterly black to his eyes—and then he was sure he was not seeing it with his physical eyes.

At the same moment the heavens seemed to rip open. Rain fell in rivulets. Lightning was millions of angry tongues of fire. A terrible wind swept past him into the tunnel opening, but it was not a physical wind. It was frigid with the cold of outer space, yet warm as it swept through and around him.

And it was forced back, hot and humid.

The ground trembled with an earthquake. A thousand atom bombs seemed to explode a few feet above, so loud was the thunder. But the wind retreated, seeming to hover and to wait.

"God has repulsed the full might of the Serpent!" Craig marveled in his thoughts.

"God is Omnipotent," Helen said simply.

Then the rain was behind them. They were in the narrow passage-way. Craig could see the freshness of the tunnel walls. The freshness and ancientness. Thousands of years ago this tunnel had been carved by human hands—and sealed up with concrete. He could see bits of it clinging to the surface.

"Yes," Helen said. "Man turned away from God. With the help of the Serpent he sealed this chamber—for all time, he hoped. But God turned it into His abiding place. By the clock of eternity He would be here only a brief moment of time."

The bore went straight at a gentle slope. The problem of sealing the tunnel again began to occupy his thoughts. For a permanent seal the bore should not have been so straight in the first place. It should have been an irregular line. Even then, concrete wasn't the best thing in the world. It would crack into chunks from overheating. That was why a good quake had sent it tumbling out into whatever cavern lay ahead.

"When you find a place," Helen said.

Craig didn't answer. An eagerness to get it done possessed him, hastening his steps.

Helen tripped. He picked her up and carried her.

"Let me hold the explosive," she suggested.

"Uh uh," he said automatically.

"Please?" she teased.

"Don't distract me," Craig said, grinning. "I've got to keep my eyes open for a place this stuff will do some good. Along here it wouldn't even chip the walls, let alone plug the tunnel."

"But it's the same all the way,"

she protested.

"Then I'll have to look the whole thing over," Craig said. "There's only this one shot. We can't waste it."

"Let me down," Helen said.

Craig hesitated. "Sure you'll be okay?" He let her down. She walked along beside him.

The black light took on a gold tinge as it grew stronger. Hours seemed to have passed. Eventually Craig could see a circle of light almost pure golden in color. He went toward it, forgetting to study the tunnel walls. Helen, beside him, seemed as eager to go forward.

They emerged into the vast underground chamber within the heart of Rainier. Craig halted with a gasp of amazement and awe. Man-made steps descended the sheer wall of the cavern, hugging the wall and touching bottom a third of the way around, two hundred feet below.

The half of the cavern floor butting on the stairs was of smooth stone, upon which huge chunks of broken masonry were scattered. Here then was the concrete that had plugged the bore, sealing this hidden place for seven thousand years, so that with the almost impregnable auric shield God had set up around it, it had been undetected even by—by whom? He ran his hand vaguely over his eyes.

He couldn't remember, but it didn't matter.

Beyond this semicircle of stone floor was a space that dropped to still further depths, into which he could not see unless he descended the steps to the floor below.

Out of an opening to the right, in the sheer wall, flowed a river of purest gold. Its flow was almost imperceptibly slow. From the depths came a soft roar as of a waterfall, and golden droplets were coming back up in a fine spray, and in their depths a thousand rainbows glistened.

Without being aware of having started down, Craig found himself almost a third of the way. Helen was ahead of him, running. He tried to catch up with her but she reached the floor when he was still a fourth of the way up.

She ran to the edge of the floor where it dropped into the depths. For an instant his heart stood still as she seemed about to leap. Then she stopped and looked back, and he felt a conviction within him that she had been going to leap, but a thought made her change her mind. Remembrance of him, and of the task of closing the tunnel.

Then he was standing beside her, looking down.

He had been here before!

This face across the abyss, fully twenty feet from chin to the

top of the head, had been etched into his soul for a past eternity. It's terrible majesty, the infinite wisdom revealed in the life of those half hidden eyes. The mercy and kindness molded into the huge but perfectly formed lips.

Black. Black deeper than any mortal color, more wonderful than mere physical eyes could detect. No physical light emanated from it, and instinctively Craig knew no physical radiation could touch a single atom of that giant face *because each atom, each cell of that vast face was an immortal soul.*

This was God. Each atom of this giant head was God. He knew now why Helen had intended to leap to her death. That atom from the Face of God had forgotten its purpose in its desire to return to its place.

He knew, too, why he remembered this place and thought he had been here before. This place was etched into the racial consciousness of man. A thousand unformed thoughts struggled within him to emerge, but were too lost over the generations.

This was the face that no mortal could look upon and live.

Craig stepped closer to the edge of the abyss with the intent of leaping to his death—to free his spirit so it could become part of God. The expression on that ob-

sidian Face held him. He remembered that first he must seal the cavern.

That was why he was here. It had to do with states of matter. Vibration. *God couldn't seal the tunnel.*

His teacher could seal the tunnel, but that hadn't been their intention. *Why had they needed him here?*

God couldn't seal a tunnel and the teachers couldn't do something else. What was it? It was funny. The more Craig thought of it the funnier it seemed. He tittered, his lips drooling. He wiped his chin and thought about it some more, and it got even funnier. God couldn't seal his own cavern! He needed a man, a mere mortal who hadn't existed at all thirty-five years ago, to do it for him. And some high power explosive, of course. Where was the explosive? Oh yes, under his arm.

He held them up where he could see the brown bag they were in. He had bought that bag in a drug-store for a dollar ninety-eight, and the explosives from a wholesale house after getting a permit through a long distance call to his congressman.

It was so funny he wanted to lie down on the floor and whoop and roll.

And the teachers were no bet-
(Continued on Page 116)



WHEN France rejected the EDC plan on August 21, 1954, it was just another "man from tomorrow" prediction come true. But what is more important was the manner in which this prediction was made. When we first made the prediction nearly two years ago, the idea that France would upset the applecart was remote; it was the problem of Germany refusing to build up an armed force for the proposed army. It was purely "psychic" prediction. Against all reason. And it is in the same way that we wish to make a further

prediction for France at this moment. She will protest the American bases in Spain, and refuse to permit American aircraft to cross her territory. She will demand, as a price for relaxation of her obstinacy, a military helping hand in holding African colonies. She will be refused.

Although today the publicity is toward a threat against Formosa by the Chinese Reds, the island will not be menaced, but military pressure will be put upon all non-English-interest areas in south-east Asia, to convince them that cooperation with Chinese Com-

This is MYSTIC Magazine's "department of prophecy." In the past, some sensational prophecies have been made, which have come to pass. Generally they consist merely of random thoughts of your editor. But we also publish prophecies by any of our readers who care to "get in on the act." The purpose of the department is to prove, by actual prophecies published, and a record kept of those that come true, whether or not we do have a strange sense of precognition. You are invited to join the editor in his unusual experiment. Can you foretell the future? Are you also a "man from tomorrow?"

munism is not only expedient, but desirable.

During the week of April 6, 1955, a disastrous earthquake will strike in the East Indies. It will be followed swiftly by one in China, and another in Italy.

Three governmental leaders will die before July 1, 1955.

A tidal wave will cause moderate damage to the West Coast of the United States and Lower California.

The wettest winter on record will be recorded all over the world.

The "temporary" increase in the debt limit (another man-from-tomorrow prediction come true) will be permanent, as predicted.

There will be an up-surge in business for the next two years, and all thought of depression will be forgotten. Yet, it will be big-business which profits most, and many little businesses will be driven to the wall by the unfair competition. Labor will suffer reverses, because a surplus of labor and a generally rising fear on the part of the working man that he can and will lose his job unless he eases up on strike threats and wage demands. Labor unions will suffer from internal dissension.

Contrary to expectations, the Republican Party will strengthen itself in coming elections: this due to the up-swing in business, and the decision on the part of voters

not to be hasty, and to give the Party a chance to show one way or the other what it can do.

A showdown is due on flying saucers. Many people will criticize handling of the project to date, and vehemently denounce will-o-the-wisp chasing and heavy spending in fruitless research.

A series of baffling discoveries regarding Mars and the Moon will cause astronomers to be very cautious in the future on giving vent to positive statements regarding their knowledge of these two bodies and the possibilities of life on either of them. A large meteorite will fall during 1955 in a heavy populous area, but there will be an element of luck due to the hour of the day in which it falls.

Biggest news of the year will be supplied by radio-telescope research. There will be much more interest in the nearby heavens than in the distant galaxies.

It will be increasingly evident that insect sprays, weed-killers and chemical preservatives for food are far more dangerous in their long-term effects than in their temporary benefits. Many states will forbid the use of weed-killers.

A wave of food-fadism, as it will be called will sweep the nation, and fortunes will be made in "natural" products. Doctors everywhere will endorse the fad.

The SEANCE CIRCLE . . .

Letters from the Undead

Dear Mr. Palmer:

May we congratulate you upon the completely refreshing new approach to modern Occultism as presented in your fascinating new MYSTIC Magazine.

Your editorial comment introducing each major article gives one such a revealing and self-participating feeling, it adds 100% value to the reader. It has been said that in this new Aquarian Age, successful theatre productions will include audience participation. You have scooped the new theatre in this respect by your arresting suggestion to freely express one's views on the subjects presented.

Particularly do we wish to mention "STRANGE CHILDREN" by Millicent X. Horton in your August issue. We have heard this discussed at various places. It seems to have made a deep impression upon every reader. Now I am rather expecting, the next place I go to hear some one say again, "Have you read Strange Children in the August Mystic?"

Since the writer happens to know some of the people mentioned in this article, I can vouch for the truth of the comments made. Miss Horton has done a superb bit of artistry in combining factual proof with the less well known principle of reincarnation.

What she has done to bring a greater understanding of a child's world to parent or teacher, is something that should be reprinted in every educational publication. Chil-

dren everywhere will rise up and call her Blessed! Would be glad now to have a sequel for the teenage and young adult—where unthrilling marriages were found to be due to the fact that in a previous lifetime, the present husband and wife had been brother and sister. Am sure Miss Horton could again create new Light on many a puzzling home situation. Her writing is so lucid, no one can fail to follow thru and reap a real value from this new Light on the Higher Laws.

Ariel Taylor Warren
154 West 57th
New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor Palmer:

Why, or why don't you hire someone to edit the errors out of your Mystic publication? The more gross of your errors can only stimulate mirth in derision of your magazine.

I cite the statement in 'The Ghost of Granada' published in the August 1954 issue, "He picked the dog up to examine him for whelps on the skin—". Not only is the creature in question not of the correct sex for whelping, but a new scheme of propagation would have to be devised to permit whelps appearing on the skin.

In your own editorial you stated that the first issue of the magazine was published in November of 1954. As that date has yet to come, you really performed a neat trick.

When there is such a wealth of genuine psychic phenomén at this time why do you not present some of it to the public rather than the cheap fiction which clutters Mystic?

All these comments I have meant to be constructive. I am glad that Mystic is being published. I hope it can grow to fulfill the needs of the psychically inclined. I do feel that a good proof reader would do much to stimulate the circulation of your publication. Errors do much to lower the value of any magazine in the estimation of the reading public.

M. I. Codding
4572 W. 147th Street
Lawndale, California

Breathes there a proofreader who to himself has not said (as the printed product in finished form was placed in his hand): "Now how did that typo get there!" He will swear he corrected it, and accuse the printer, and the printer will thrust his okayed proofsheets at him and silence him forever. One time your editor determined there would be an issue of his magazine absolutely free from errors, and he strove mightily—only to find, in the finished product, that his own name was misspelled! Since then, he has shuddered at every error, but he has also realized—it CAN'T BE DONE.—But we DO try.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Received reading from Mrs. Dorothy Spence Lauer from my chart which you were so very kind to forward for me. I wish to express my sincere appreciation for this kindness.

Mrs. Lauer has requested that I let

you know if I have been pleased with the reading. To say that I am pleased with the reading is putting it mildly. The proof of the pudding is in the eating as the saying goes.

Part of the reading told about my being worried about a person who seems very confused, but will snap out of their actions thereby proving they are seemingly under an illusion of something—not facing reality, they will, so don't worry. This is positively exactly what I have been doing. Also I am urged not to make a residential move at this time—I will know WHY later. This is also correct, as I have been toying with the thoughts of such a move. Also was advised to be very sure about going to another state later on was really what I wanted because once the move was made it would be permanent. Had often given this a lot of thought.

Most of the reading concerns the future which I shall be happy to report as to the accuracy as things transpire.

Again thanking you for the opportunity to contact such a gifted lady as Mrs. Lauer, I am,

B. F. Robinson
116 North Pearl St.
Buffalo 2, N. Y.

We have been receiving numerous letters from readers who have had an analysis of their psychometry chart by Mrs. Lauer, and although it is much too early to say as yet, it would seem that Mrs. Lauer has a great deal "on the ball"! Particularly has she called the shot on your editor, and we to thank her for writing to us so

often with her random impressions, which she gives us without asking! How can she know these things, unless she has some strange ability? One thing we want to mention is that Mrs. Lauer has been swamped with charts, and if your answer is not immediately forthcoming, please be patient!—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I am very much interested in MYSTIC MAGAZINE having been a student of the Ageless Wisdom since 1927. I note in your statements to correspondents that you often say "I do not believe" some particular thing. I wonder if you will resent a suggestion.

Many years ago I learned that the word belief could be stultifying or limiting to one's thinking. I then substituted the word "accept" for it.

That is to say, let us take the idea of reincarnation which you seem to particularly emphasize in your comments. Now I am either blessed or cursed, whichever way you wish to put it, with a somewhat logical mind. Anything that seems reasonable to me I "accept" as part of my philosophy. I mull it over, bring facts to bear upon it, turn it over in my mind. If in the end I find it grows into my conception of things and helps me to live a fuller and more complete life, then I know that for me, and I emphasize the word, for ME, that thing is a truth.

When I first encountered the ideas of reincarnation and karma, or the reaping of what we sow, the two concepts seemed reasonable—far more reasonable than the idea

that we are born at a certain time, live a certain number of years then depart for some unknown goal. Reincarnation explained so very much that otherwise had no answer, also I would very much rather be punished by my sins or errors than for them. (Is this last idea clear to you?)

So reincarnation found a permanent place in my life and then a very wonderful thing happened. I was given the opportunity of proving that it was indeed a fact. And it is a fact.

Do not mistake me. I can not prove it to you or to Henry Smith or Mary Jones, but I have relived at least four of my own past experiences and so I KNOW.

What I am trying to do by this brief letter is to suggest that ideas, concepts and doctrines be "accepted" rather than believed. Then after so long a time if that idea, concept or doctrine is not for you, discard it and you have lost nothing. On that contrary if it is for you you may have gained a very great deal.

Mrs. Pansy E. Black
1231 Pasadena Street
San Antonio, Texas

Pansy, would you mind if we asked you a question? Mind you, we mean no offense, and are actually trying to learn something from you. For our own benefit. You can be very helpful in our "acceptance" of things. Let us say that I was God. And I appeared before you and said: "Pansy, I'm going to ask you one question, and your answer will decide whether you go to eternal happiness, or you cease to exist forever as of now." Well, Pansy, the

question I'm going to ask is: "Are you willing to stake your very existence, right to this instant, on your conviction that reincarnation is a fact?" In other words, are you absolutely positive? Is there any chance at all that these "four existences you have relived" are not what they seem to be? Have you the facts, mam? Let me say this, Pansy: if my future existence depended upon whether or not Jesus really died on the cross, and depended on my answer as to whether He did or did not, I'd have to say: "I'm not sure." And if I suddenly "remembered" a "life" 2000 years ago and remembered being there as a witness to the event, I'd still have to say "I'm not sure". I couldn't trust my memory, or whatever it was that gave me the opportunity to relive my past life. The idea that we reap what we sow doesn't need reincarnation to make sense. Reincarnation seems to say that there is nothing to existence but our life here on earth, so we must return here to reap what we didn't have time to reap before. What I want to know, is why can't we reap somewhere else? In some other form of existence. Why must it be here? A murderer doesn't reap at the scene of his crime, he reaps in the electric chair, or the gas chamber. And if he escapes, you postulate that he **MUST** live again so he can reap. Who says he won't reap after he dies, wherever he goes when he dies? If he exists at all after death, he is capable of reaping. The wages of sin, it is said, is death. Death is called the Grim Reaper. And when we have been paid our wages, why

have we anything else coming to us? To me, reincarnation poses ten questions for every one it answers. You "accept" reincarnation, but as **YOU** say, Pansy, don't you **BELIEVE** it! I hope I've made myself clear, and I hope you don't think I'm giving you one of my "dressing down" treatments! I'd appreciate it greatly if you'd tell me about your four past lives, how you relived them, and what made you accept them. It would be mighty helpful!—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I've just finished your August issue of *Mystic*; and I sometimes read *Fate*; I haven't made up my mind about either as yet. Maybe there is something to this sort of stuff.

I mean that in most things if a person makes a statement he can back his word up with proof. Can anyone prove they saw one or more of these "saucers?" Can anyone prove "reincarnation?" Can anyone prove their psychic, or mystical, powers? If one engineer says one motor is better than another, and you challenge his opinion he can give you facts which may convince you; he doesn't say, "You aren't evolved enough; have faith, believe, etc." - If you have enough knowledge you may prove him wrong; but you have to have facts to do it. There is too much of, "You'll have to take my word for it."

Advertisers know they can induce the customer to buy with emotional copy instead of factual copy, usually. You don't use logic to seduce a girl. Emotional appeals are always bombarding us: Contribute to

this drive; Vote for this candidate; Wear these clothes; Join this church; Buy this car.

After you've been "stung" a few times you wonder; you start demanding proof, if it is possible to get it. You become more choosy. I'm still interested in the sort of things you cover in your magazines; but I'd like to see some good old facts. I've been reading about religion, mysticism, the occult, psychology, for a few years now; and most of the stuff seems to be rehashes of what you can read in the Sunday papers. Speculation, most of it; nothing new, definite, or practical.

We are supposed to be using only ten percent of our mind-power. I'd appreciate being able to use twenty percent; but what book or course will really tell me how? I've come to the conclusion no one can tell me; but they sure try to make you think that they can! Everybody seems to have the answers, then you find out they don't. Inspirational books are the worst; they tell you to have faith, (that's their out) but neglect to tell you how to acquire faith. "Life can be Great" routines—I can smell that kind of book, and don't bother to read them. If an author of inspirational piffle can't get his message across in one book, how in the heck is he going to get it across in ten, or twenty—He isn't.

I think most of us would like a method, or formula, that would really work, one that we could use to help ourselves, and I mean in a practical way. But I guess there aren't any . . . I don't think we want a Good Fairy to wave away

our troubles with a magic wand; but we'd like a real honest to goodness "key."

Robert D. Harker, Jr.
726 Fourth St.
Hollister, Calif.

Bob, I don't know why you are asking for a "key"; you've got it! But don't hang all those things on us: we don't say "have faith"; we don't ask you to vote for anybody, or wear clothes (there are even persons we'd ask not to), we don't present any answers; we don't dish out inspiration; we don't tell you life is great. We don't have any routines as you call them. You say everybody has the answers then you find out they don't. Well, we don't have the answers, so there's no disappointment waiting you there! You are interested in this sort of thing, and we consider it a good idea to give it to you. What else can we say about your letter? You say it all yourself. And for that reason, we kinda think you'll go on reading us. We'll try to stay interesting and not Good Fairies!
—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Allow me to thank you for the pleasure and instruction I receive from *Mystic Magazine*, which I happily discovered about a month ago.

What pleased me so much in the latest issue was your editorial—which demonstrated what is not seen too frequently, i. e., open-mindedness and a fair and square attitude; an absence of smugness, know-it-allness, and dogmatism.

I have found in *Mystic* what I have dreamed of for a long time—

a magazine treating of the occult and psychic in an intelligent manner, and recognizing that unseen, unknown, or mystic forces exist and cannot be denied or pooh-poohed as sheer poppy-cock.

I confess that the Seance Circle is not only interesting to me, but I have searched in it for the possibility of finding writers from the Pittsburgh area as I am comparatively new here. For some time I have had the hope of meeting others interested in the subjects you deal with in *Mystic* and *Fate*, and possibly that I might belong to, or aid in the forming of, such a group. Perhaps other of your readers entertain a similar wish. As to my own personal purpose in this, it is only this: to bring kindred souls together, to form friendships, to encourage a study and investigation of the latent powers in man, and as a result, to advance ourselves and to help others

Larry Chieco
3403 Ward Street,
Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

Your idea of forming local groups of MYSTIC readers is a very good one. We'll be happy to help anyone who wishes to do this, by providing space in MYSTIC to announce such a purpose, and invite readers to make contact.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer,

We thought that you would like to hear about the club we have formed. Our purpose is to learn all we can about Saucers and to prepare ourselves for the mass landing. The club is made up of ten teenagers. We meet twice a month at different homes. At our

meetings we discuss books, letters and magazines (*Mystic*) that we have read pertaining to Saucers and related subjects.

We haven't decided on a name for our club yet and we wondered if you could give us a suggestion.

We think it would be a good idea if more clubs of this type were started among other teenagers. If there is anything that we can do to help them get started, we would be happy to do so.

Several people including members of the club have seen strange objects and cloud formation, over Maquoketa this past month.

Thank you for taking time from your busy schedule to read our letter.

Joanne Stoll, age 15 and
Catherine Bailey, age 16

Here is a club already formed! Anybody want to join? Good luck to you.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Aren't there any women on Venus? How come that we only get the men? We would like more information on life on Venus, about their atmosphere, their vegetation, food and family life, if any.

"In The Twinkling Of An Eye" is perfectly logical to me. In the eternity of no-time, the past, present and future are all in the present moment, and it merely becomes necessary to tune-in to that octave to get the information quoted in that article.

In dreams we run sequences that seem to cover months of time but when we awaken again we find that only two or three minutes have elapsed.

"The Inner Circle" meets my own convictions of many years regarding reincarnation and karma.

Very interesting number is this August *MYSTIC* Magazine.

Addison O'Neill, D. O.
1128 Hampton Road
Daytona Beach, Florida

We hope there are women on Venus! But as for the other information, we wonder if it makes any difference? What if we did know that they have a vegetable unlike anything we have; or that they have potatoes? Family life? We might suspect it is something like ours, (in which case there are women!) But what if it isn't? Maybe they have no family life. Maybe not even marriage. Maybe all children are illegitimate. Is it valuable information? But of course, maybe Mr. Paul Vest will ask for us next time, and we'll be happy to print the answer. But really, is that what we are "investigating" in MYSTIC? We really don't want stuff like that—we want the opportunity to get it if we WANT IT! And up to now, there have been so many hindrances. MYSTIC is out to break down the barriers, and not interested in the details, except as the fruit of the breaking down of the barriers. We want to clear the way for communication on a common level, available to all, and with all the prejudices removed.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I am writing this as a criticism, not to you nor anyone, but I would like to say that your statement about Mark Probert being the greatest medium in America today

takes in a lot of territory. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Probert, have made recording on wire of his controls, and my recording was substantially the same as what you published in *MYSTIC* Magazine.

I am associated with Dr. F. Gerish, DD, who is a trance medium and with myself, head of the Church of Harmony in this area. I have many recordings made of sermons by the various controls, including such people as Daniel the prophet, Samuel the prophet, Thomas Edison, F. D. Roosevelt, Richard Halliburton, Ileana de Angeleno, and many others.

I would like to tell you a little about our church. No minister or worker in the church is ever paid in money for any service; whether weddings, funerals, readings, healing treatments, etc. We neither ask for nor accept money, nor is there a collection taken in church meetings whether here or in any other city where we serve. We are non-denominational, we will work in any church, and have done so on many occasions, and do not ask even for travel expenses, as we know that God will provide. He has in the past and we expect in the future. We are not so well known in the world, but there are over ten million who are teaching and demonstrating the same things that we do here at Harmony Haven.

I read *FATE*, and once in a while *MYSTIC*, but in general, we are so very busy giving healing treatments nearly every night and much of the time in the daytime, that we have little time for ourselves.

I visited Mr. Probert and talked with him concerning the testing of spirits as provided in the Bible. I John 4:2 "Every spirit that confesses that Jesus Christ came in the flesh is of God." He told me he was not interested, but that he was going to get what he could financially out of his mediumship. He has the right to do as he pleases, and I do not mean it as a criticism, but *we* do not believe in *selling* the gifts of God, nor in buying. Read Acts about Simon the sorcerer, who offered Peter money for the Holy Ghost.

Mr. Probert used to have a control, Lao Tse, but I have reason to believe does not participate in his work any more. He came to me some time ago, and requested of me, would I pray for his progress, that he might better work in God's vineyard. Much good has been manifest by our work along that line in past years.

I would have you investigate for yourself. We have had 100% accuracy in all prophecies given to us, and we believe it to be because we do test them. Ask any medium if they use the test. I have yet to find one who charges or accepts, who do this. We consider it the MOST important teaching in all our teachings.

There are many famous mediums in the world, but I wonder, are they great and wonderful in the sight of God. Are they doing God's work for God, or are they seeking the praise of men, and reaping their glory here on the earth?

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Joseph B. Garinger
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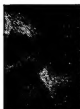
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We actually were unfair in saying Probert was the greatest medium in America today, weren't we? Let's say he's the greatest your editor has ever seen—which leaves him quite an ignoramus, doesn't it? So, our apologies.

This question of "trying the spirits" is one we have very much at heart. MYSTIC is TRYING THE SPIRITS! By giving them a sounding board. By letting them talk! The proof is not a matter of answering questions correctly (who knows the correct answer positively, in order to use it as a positive check?); it is a matter of performance! Let them perform; watch, and decide for yourself if they are proving themselves! And likewise, what we say next is not in criticism of you, but I John 4:2 doesn't constitute proof of anything, least of all that the spirit is "of God". What spirit is NOT "of God"? Is there ANYTHING not "of God"? If you are speaking of the Creator, obviously nothing. Even Satan is "of God." Therefore, asking a spirit if he is a believer in Jesus Christ's appearance

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on earth in the flesh, merely means he is a believer in Jesus Christ's appearance on earth in the flesh. It DOES NOT PROVE that he isn't the rankest kind of liar in anything else he says; nor of course does it prove that he is. Actually, what the spirit says is its own proof.....What we are interested in is this: **IS HE A SPIRIT!**

What he says, is no more valuable than what WE say. For we also are spirits, or so we would like to **FIND OUT!** Investigating the truth is not acceptance; it is investigating—and nothing else.

Your work is **PROOF**. You do these things, including healing, and without pay. It **PROVES** something to us. It proves there is something in Man that isn't in a dog. It proves there is something unseen.

We don't know about Mr. Probert's financial aims—but we do know that Mr. Probert refuses to accept any money for his contribution to **MYSTIC!** There you have a fact. Is it proof? Apparently only 50% proof, because Mr. Probert apparently does not believe in the requirement of I John, 4:2. And judging from his recent tour, giving demonstrations of his abilities, and allowing many people to listen to his controls and decide for themselves, Mr. Probert is not selling his gifts—because he is a very poor salesman, if he is! He succeeds remarkably in losing money!

But, Mr. Garinger, we ARE interested in Dr. Gerish, and we'd delight in anything you and he could contribute to **MYSTIC**. But really, could you ask us to believe you have Samuel the Prophet, or F.D.R. just because the voice speaking says "I believe in the flesh appearance on earth of Jesus Christ?" Certainly F.D.R. could prove it more positively! Perhaps you have that proof, in which case, for pity's sake, let **MYSTIC** broadcast it to the world! And mind you, **MYSTIC** doesn't say Yada is Yada,

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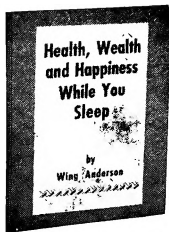
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and believes what he says. But MYSTIC does observe that Mark Probert gives us SOMETHING we ought to understand better — and we expect to do just that!—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Today I picked up a copy of MYSTIC MAGAZINE. Insofar as you are sincerely trying to investigate certain phenomena which have received little attention you have my full support. However, I think that your readers have a right to demand that you do so in a man-

ner which makes clear that you are investigating and not merely accepting.

Let us consider "The Inner Circle," since I gather that you have used such material before. Here we have the case of a medium—described as the "most amazing" in America—allegedly giving communications from three controls.

The first is a Professor Alfred Luntz. Luntz gives information that he was an Episcopal clergyman, but carefully avoids all men-

tion of dates and places. In other words, it is impossible to check up on him.

The second is Ramon Natali, who claims to have been a contemporary of Galileo, and speaks of the fact that the latter was "greatly persecuted, made to suffer terrible degradations." Let us look at the facts. Galileo got into trouble when he tried to use the Bible to prove his astronomical views. He was committed to the care of a minor nobleman, a friend, for a while and then to his son, and ordered to say the Seven Penitential Psalms daily. If this constitutes persecution, terrible degradations, then Natali uses the Djughashvili technique and communication with him is impossible.

The third is Yada, who tells us

that during the reign of Montezuma a nomadic race belonging to the Aztec race left Mexico. They left their home in South America, established a civilization now buried under the sands at the south of the Grand Canyon. Now, first of all the Aztecs were a tribe, not a race. Secondly, it is obvious that they did not leave both Mexico and South America. Third, the Aztecs seem to have emanated from around Puebla and northern Oaxaca; there is no reason to mention South America in connection with them. Fourth, the Aztec Empire fell about 1520. To say nomads from there roamed around a while, then founded a civilization on the Colorado, then disappeared and their cities were buried under the sands, all without leaving any his-

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torical record among the Spanish settlers or oral traditions among the Indians is manifestly impos-

sible.

Fortunately we have developed certain intellectual tools for considering material of this kind. We may use the logical approach in looking for coherence and consistency. Such statements as the one that the Aztecs left Mexico and South America obviously fail this test. Second, we may use the positivist approach and ask how this can be verified. In the whole article only those statements given can be submitted to verification. Of the three speakers, we find one of them must be marked "insufficient" and the two others "erroneous." "We may be pragmatic, and ask what can be done with this material. The answer is 'nothing at all.'" So far as contributing to our knowledge, you might just as well have printed blank pages. We may ask the semantic question, "What does it mean?" I think it means two things: Superficially we might say that it proves the controls don't know what they are talking about and it is useless to waste our time on them. On a deeper level I think it means that the medium is talking while his consciousness is more or less disassociated. That means the controls are simply his subconscious. I suggest you test this. Before publication of this letter, casually ascertain whether the medium's ideas about Galileo and the Aztecs concur with those expressed by the controls. I predict that you will find the two are identical.

Now let me make this medium a challenge which I have previously made Sophia Williams.

I will furnish the names of three

Americans who lived between 1800 and 1900. No one knows where they were born or where they died. Obviously some kind of verifiable records — birth certificates, death certificates, grave markers, newspaper obituaries or what have you — must be in existence. Now the point will be for the controls to contact one or more of these individuals and ascertain where documentary evidence may be obtained. Recovery of such information will be a definite indication that the medium has access to supernormal sources. The test is simple; there is no trick of any kind in it and I am ready to make my records of the three individuals concerned available to you or your agent so that there will be no question of their actual existence.

Sophia Williams would not accept this challenge; I hope Mark Probert has more confidence in his alleged powers.

P. J. Rasch
567 Erskine Drive
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

You should have been at the seance in Chicago, where your editor asked Professor Alfred Luntz whether it would do any good to check with the Episcopal Church of England and determine whether there ever was a Professor Alfred Luntz, and when he died and where he is buried. Our answer might prove something to you: "You will be wasting your time."

Now look at it this way: If Luntz-Yada-Natalli, etc., are at all "clever" or "fozy" (they objected to the word "intelligent") they would beat us to the punch in picking an identity whose physical

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(Continued from Page 99)

ter. They couldn't do something that had to do with blowing something up. They couldn't even get into the place. They had tried — after he found the opening for them. *And they had forgotten to tell him what he was to do with the stuff when they told him to buy it!*

His laughter degenerated into giggly, grunting breaths. He didn't bother to wipe his chin any more. It was too funny, this position he held, of being necessary to both sides. God and Satan, *and which was which?*

God was black. But look who called the kettle black! The teacher! He should be struck dead by both sides in this struggle for the universe, but he even knew why they couldn't touch him. He was mad. Utterly mad.

God had done that. He should have remembered no mortal could look upon His face and live. His reason was destroyed, and it was God's fault. God was a black devil without a body. No wonder the teachers wanted Him destroyed—

Faster than thought Craig's arms lifted, carrying the bag of explosives. For a split second he looked directly into the eyes of the superbeing across the abyss, into a mass consciousness that had grown from one selfish spirit that had incarnated through thousands

of lives, *gathering one new soul into its complex with each incarnation*, until finally it became supreme upon the Earth—for a time.

He looked into those eyes knowing what he was to do, and within him he felt the forces of the archangels of Heaven holding his shattered mind steady for this one supreme act.

Then he saw the brown bag sail outward, and he was conscious of having thrown it. He saw fear flash across the awesome face. He saw that Face begin to change shape, to flow in an effort to avoid the explosion.

He was flung backward by the force of the blast. Even as he stumbled to the floor he felt a frigid wave from outer space sweep past him.

On some level of consciousness he was aware of thousands of etheric ships hovering over the dissociated parts of that terrible face, gathering them into subatomic nets, separating each soul and isolating it.

A hundred generations of man of seven thousand years in the past was finally freed from bondage to a self that had never been God, never been more than that of a human, and never could have been more, however long it hid.

He became aware of cool soft hands caressing his forehead. He

(Continued on Page 124)

existence could be proved, and thus, when we went seeking, would be convinced. Or, if it is Mark Probert fooling us, perhaps he would have been smart enough to pick controls he can substantiate in real life. **WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE IF IT IS PROFESSOR LUNTZ or not?** What does it **PROVE** if he is? And since, as he himself tells us, we would be "wasting our time", what proof is there? Certainly not in a musty church record, or a grave. The proof **WE** want is in what Professor Luntz says, and what **VALUE** there is in it! One person present wished to know if there was going to be an earthquake in Chicago which would destroy the city. Professor Luntz refused to tell him. "So that you can die in your automobile as you flee from the earthquake?" he asked. And how true. **HOW CAN PROFESSOR LUNTZ KNOW WHETHER YOU SHOULD FLEE OR REMAIN**, even if he knew there was going to be an earthquake? Would you want that responsibility? This isn't a place to mention Karma, as it is entirely misleading, but just as an example, what about Karma? Some of us butt into others affairs entirely too much, and it is a fact that consulting the spirits has not made any of us rich, or healthy, or given us power.

About Natalli. **WHY** are you believing what he says? Or disbelieving it? He says Galileo was greatly persecuted. You say (and history) that he had to say a few prayers daily in penitence for his astronomical views. All you should want to know is this: **IS RAMON**

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NATALLI really MARK PROBERT? Is EITHER ONE a fake? By golly, Mr. Rasch, you've got to decide that for yourself, by LISTENING TO THEM BOTH.

Another spectator asked Luntz if he was really what he claimed to be, why did he speak with a Cockney accent. Luntz asked if he really "dropped his aitches", (which of course he didn't). It only proved the questioner didn't know what a cockney accent was. But **EVEN IF LUNTZ HAD TALKED IN AN ACCENT** not consistent with what he should talk in, what would it prove? That he wasn't LUNTZ? But then **WHO** is he! The answer to this sort of proof only brings up a bigger mystery. It **DOESN'T** prove he is **PROBERT**. Only one thing can you say: Natalli is erroneous. But then, so are you. Especially in assuming that Yada was talking about a race or tribe existing in 1520. In my question, I was referring to a race or tribe **OVER 10,000 years old!** I admit I didn't make myself clear, but apparently Yada understood sufficiently so that he realized I wasn't asking about the "recent Aztecs". Yes, I know the true Aztec of Mexico, of 1520, is exactly as our researches find him to be. So let's not accuse Yada of an error. Researchers also tell us the Aztecs stem from a much older race, about which **NOTHING** is known. Your editor wanted to **PROVE** Yada in his question, as he has information from another source he wanted to check. If Yada confirmed it, there would be proof. Unfortunately Yada just didn't know.

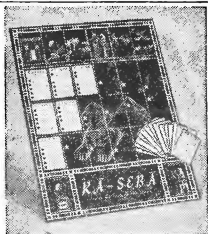
Your challenge is interesting

But your editor has dealt with such challenges for many years, and NONE has ever been successfully met. We still hope one will. Maybe Mark Probert can do it. But if he doesn't, it isn't a proof of anything except that neither Mark or his controls know the answer. Even if he did give you the information you seek, it wouldn't prove Yada to us! It proves nothing, because it COULD be Mark Probert, using a mental power we still don't suspect or understand, which is capable of obtaining that information. Dr. Rhine is our ace researcher today into such possibilities. More power to him.

But more on Mark in the following letter.—Rap.

Dear Ray:

Last Friday, I met Mark and Irene Probert and found they were very lovely people. But Saturday, is the evening that I won't forget. I was a member of a very small group that attended one of Mark's meetings. I spoke to Yada, I listened to the very sweet voice of Sister Therese Vanderberg. She gave a talk on love that I wish I could hear over again. Unfortunately, the tape that took down the talk had been used quite a bit and wasn't much good. I asked questions of Professor Luntz. And to answer one of them, he used an incident that happened to my husband when he was very young, and that no one knew but he and I. It is an experience that no one could possibly put down on paper and bring alive. On Monday night I heard the tape recording of the entire Inner Circle as published in



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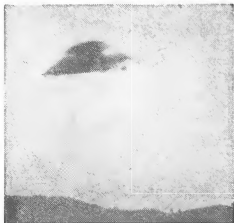
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August MYSTIC, and I think that you made a mistake. I am sure that Prof. Luntz, said, Coming into the astral world you do *not* find yourself, etc. I am sure that you left off the *not* which changes the entire sentence. Both my husband and I agree that we attended the meeting thinking that we went open-minded, but really didn't; we just did not believe. Now it is an entirely different story and we both intend to be at every meeting that is held within a 250 mile radius of Chicago.

Karlotta R. Carmelle
6558 S. Cottage Grove
Chicago, 37, Illinois

Here seems to be just such a test as is suggested in the previous letter. Luntz referred to an incident that he (or Mark) couldn't have known (unless it is true that Mark can read minds—which is as astounding as the question of whether or not a spirit is talking through him). What does it prove? Only that something strange is going on. Let's not go overboard on what it is! But let's DO place it before the world, and talk about it, investigate it, dig out more and more of these strange things — so that we CAN decide, if deciding is possible. At least, we WON'T HAVE these things thrust into the background, denied access to them, and worse, derided and laughed at for attempting to see for ourselves!

Yes, Karlotta, we did leave out the "not". And it is one of the strange things we've noted so often in our researches. WHY does it so often happen that the FEW typographical errors change and completely reverse the sense of

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what we MEANT to say?—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I bought the August issue of "Mystic" merely out of idle curiosity to see what sort of tripe would be printed in a magazine which announced on its cover that Venusians walked our streets. I took the book home, and laid on my desk a magazine which I thought would be merely another adventure in the lower regions of science fiction. Later that evening, however, after reading the first few pages with the preconceived prejudice that what I was reading was harmless, I came to the conclusion that either you or I are greatly mistaken about certain semantic, philosophical, and religious questions. I laid the book down and said to myself, "Now look here Goldman, you are supposed to be a professional philosopher, why not read the book with a completely open mind, no prejudice or rationalization, then draw logical and reasonably thought out conclusions. After all there may be something in it. They scoffed at Kant and Spinoza too."

Well, sir, that's exactly what I decided to do. I read your magazine from cover to cover with a mind as completely open as I was able, and I discovered the following: (Please take no personal offense).

You are too quick to print articles without substantiating facts. (Aristotle's rules of logical Thought.) Your authors do not define their terms (Ibid). You too are guilty of this logical flaw. You use the term "Philosophy"

very loosely. According to accepted definition, Philosophy is an attempt to deal truly with human experience as a whole. If one wishes to deal truly, one does not rationalize. Every blessed word in your magazine is a rationalization to the end of the thesis that there is such a thing as para-psychological and other such supra-normal phenomena. (I do not say whether or not I subscribe to these doctrines, I merely point out *your* lack of open mindedness.) In your department, "Seance Circle," you immediately squelch any criticism of You, your thesis and doctrines, and your colleagues, by labeling your critics, "Un-open-minded." Do you realize, sir, that by doing this you are being the most "un-open-minded," of all. You as much as say that a "non-believer" is a moron with just about as much intelligence to allow him to eke out his pitifully unenlightened life; as if he were an automaton. I will be very happy to name at least fifty scholars of higher intelligence probably, than you or your authors, who care not a penny-whistle for supra-normal doctrines, and yet live a very happy and open-minded life of philosophical and logical thinking.

I notice that you use the term "metaphysics," a great deal; as usual you have failed to define your terms. I get the impression, however, that the metaphysics you speak of and the accepted definition of metaphysics are not in the least related. I have always been taught, and have taught, that metaphysics was the branch of philosophy dealing with essential princi-

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(Continued from Page 116)

opened his eyes and saw Helen bending over him. He looked into her eyes and knew it was the real Helen.

"Are you all right?" she asked. "Where are we? How did we get here?"

"You were asleep," he said, taking her hand and holding it. "I put you under hypnosis so you could lead me here."

"Oh yes," she said. "I think I remember. Shall we go? Now why did I say that?" She smiled.

"Yes," Craig said. He struggled to his feet. He looked across the abyss. The Face was gone. The etheric ships were gone. He thought of those billions of souls that had believed they were one with God, and who would now have to start all over again, unlearning and relearning. Perhaps that was the path upward, *to err and to search, to grow in understanding, unafraid in the knowledge that wisdom comes from inner enlightenment, growing judgment.*

"Yes," he repeated. "I think it's time to go Helen."

She hesitated, her eyes clouding. "We helped God, didn't we?" she said.

Craig looked across the abyss a last time. "Yes," he said, "I really think we did."

* * *

THE plane lifted from the too short field, leaped upward almost into a stall, caught, and began to gain altitude. Ashford was to the left. Craig Barnes, his features showing the effects of four days of fever, glanced down and then turned the ship so that it would pass over the motel. Three figures were standing on the lawn in front of the motel office waving white handkerchiefs in farewell. Sonia and Carl tried to wave back, and gave up. Craig dipped the plane, zooming up again before straightening out on a course that would carry them along the southern edge of the park. Rainier seemed bigger from the air than from the ground. The sky was cloudless, as it had been ever since that last night, almost a week ago.

"Now," Carl Vance said. "At last we can get the lowdown on what happened. We know you didn't want to talk too much with the doctor around and the nurses always butting in. What really happened, Craig?"

"I thought I explained it," Craig said. "Helen was suffering from a common type of delusion. It was due to a fixation about mountains. I put her under hypnosis and suggested she go to the source of her fixation. She did. It cured her."

(Concluded on Page 127)

ples, or abstract principles. You give the impression to the layman that metaphysics is a mystic art known only to such enlightened men as Haym pipik d'shmo the great seer of po-dunk (an ancient civilization of the Appalachians which died out X n years ago).

Lastly, sir, and without facetiousness, I do truly believe that many of your authors and correspondents are neurotic people to whom occult and related subjects are merely an escape mechanism.

I do hope that you will forgive my typing and syntax, but I am used to writing in German. I would sincerely appreciate an answer. I am enclosing a self addressed envelope for that purpose if you find it impossible to publish this letter.

M. Bart Goldman
1729 68th Ave.

Philadelphia 26, Pa.

SPHD, FAPS, BFAD Ph.

(Doktor Semantische Philoogie,
Fellow American Philological
1 Society, Bruder des Akademiei
Deutschen Philosophieren.)

P.S. Where do all the characters in your book, from other planets, other civilizations, other nations, and millenia ago, learn English?

Tryng to answer your letter is like entering a maze. One must forget sequence, form, and coherence, merely to take one item at a time, and let it go at that. So, let's do it that way, and allow our own argument to suffer thereby, if so it does.

First, we would have no articles to print, such as we purpose to print, if we first had substantiating facts. In most cases, there are no facts, and obtaining them

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would be the highest kind of impossibility, and even believing they could be obtained the highest kind of optimism. But printing a thing sometimes brings its own proof, or at least disproof. A man tells you a lie. You do not know it is a lie. You repeat it. Somebody who knows it is a lie, calls you a liar. And proves you are a liar.

If it is a malicious lie, you are also proved to be a malicious gossip. But MYSTIC only prints lies (when it so happens that it does) as innocent publication of untruths. And it HOPES they will be proved lies, if they ARE. Thus, your first accusation is invalid, as we ARE quick to print articles without substantiating proof. But we'd be even quicker to print them WITH substantiating proof, if we had it. Our sister magazine, FATE tries HARD to print only articles with substantiating proof. In MYSTIC we print what obviously FATE cannot considering its intent.

Second, we do not define terms. Frankly, it is much too difficult.

We are in a bewildering maze of terminology which is contradictory and even senseless in our everyday life. Actually, we do not rush to the dictionary to quote the definition of every term we use. To us it smacks of the fox who will not eat anything for fear of poison, so he starves to death. We try to speak as we understand. Certainly philosophy is a loose term. It depends on what dictionary you use. I could even use a dictionary you never heard of which says it is "to have your fill of sophism". Playing words with games is a very interesting pastime and

(Concluded from Page 124)

"And those murders and suicides?" Carl said. "Uh uh. And that explosion—although I would still swear that a bolt of lightning bigger than any I ever saw before in my life shot down and blasted that cliff moments after we saw you and Helen come away from it."

"The explosive I bought in Chicago, before we started out," Craig said. "No use taking it back with us. Foolish to just throw it away. So I put it against the cliff and set it off."

"Uh uh again," Carl said. "We're your friends We've stuck together through thick and thin. You know I can keep a secret. So give."

"I give up," Craig sighed. "Here's the real dope. You see, Helen is in love with a hermit that lives up there. The hermit is a poet and practicing yoga for two hours every morning. He has a great deal of psychic ability, and that led to his basic trouble. Helen, of course, believes in him because she's in love with him. And he believes he's God."

"Can't you see Craig doesn't want to talk about it?" Sonia said, half angry at Carl.

"Why not?" he said. "Oh, I get it. How could I be so stupid!"

"Of course!" Sonia said, winking at Craig. "It was obvious to me the moment Craig took off

after Helen. It's just too bad that she had to love another."

"That explosion though," Carl said, not quite satisfied. "I would swear it came from a bolt of lightning blasting the cliff. Even the state patrol men thought so. It was darned nice of them to take us along on that chase after Helen. What a system the forest rangers have, too. They kept our state patrol car informed every minute of the way up how far ahead of us the two cars were."

"Why don't you shut up!" Craig snapped suddenly.

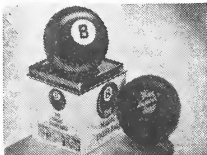
"Are you mad at me?" Carl asked, amazement in his voice and expression. "Well—I'll be . . ."

Sonia laid her hand sympathetically on Craig's arm and glared at Carl.

"Well!" Carl said. "Well!" With great dignity and stiffness he added, "Very well. I *will* shut up."

The stately majestic peak of Mt. Rainier slowly rotated from the north to the west. As the plane under Craig's guidance continued on toward Chicago, the mountain seemed to follow, never growing smaller. Snows that had lain on its upper slopes for ten thousand years gleamed in crystalline beauty from the refracted light of the sun. The plane's motor settled into a steady drone

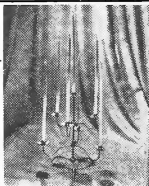
THE END

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sometimes is hardly more than childish.

Just what is human experience as a whole? These fifty scholars you can name who are quite happy without any supra-normal doctrines (pardon us for frowning at the world doctrine); are they enjoying human experience as a whole? They may be quite happy, but it is because they are ignorant of the possible whole. Third, you say we rationalize. Is anything in Creation, as we understand it, anything but rationalization? Can you, as a philosopher, say you know **ANYTHING** for a fact? You even rationalized when you said, "Now look here Goldman . . . etc." You deliberately sat down and tried to "find an answer" for us and answers began to come. Answers out of all the "past experience", including the dictionary, and you finally concluded we were nuts. Rationalization, my dear friend.

What else is it? Is a dictionary a fact, or a rationalization of the myriad of sounds uttered by the mouth and tongue and throat which we call a "language"?

Fourth, how can we advocate or oppose without being "closed-minded"? Let's not make our minds a complete vacuum merely to be able to say that they are not closed! Certainly we are not as open minded as we'd like to think we are. But we are trying to create a crevice in our thick skull through which a little light may penetrate, and thus result in something more open. Today there is hardly anybody pointing toward the end of the thesis that there is such a thing as para-psychological

and other such supra-normal phenomena; and there are millions pointing with all their might, and even with effect, toward the non-existence of such things. They roar loudly with derision and laughter. It's about time some of us little bunny-rabbits began to rationalize a little. At lease, it takes a rational mind to rationalize. To do otherwise is to be irrational. And the irrational minds are making a gibbering madhouse of the world.

Fifth we can only construe your next statement to mean that to answer a reader's letter is to "squelch" him, if we do not agree with him. The very fact that we print the criticism he makes, requires that a balance be kept, by making a reply to that criticism. That the reply is made in wisdom we cannot and do not claim. And you are quite wrong in saying we make use of the term "non-believer" in the sense that you use it. Quite the contrary, we PLEAD with our readers not to BELIEVE anything! Least of all an unfounded theory!

That there are people who "do not give a pennywhistle" for anything, no matter what it is, amazes us, as it certainly indicates a closed mind. Is there anything in the whole cosmos which does not deserve a "pennywhistle" of consideration? Are you saying that ANYTHING so great a being (?) as the Creator created, isn't important enough to merit the consideration of one of the creations (disregarding whether or not we are the "least" or the "greatest" of his creations)?

Metaphysics means things un-

known to us, or at least, undefined. When they are defined, they are simply physics.

Lastly, it is truly 'amazing' in what walks of life we find the neurotic. But my own experience has been that there is less of the neurotic in the questioning mind, no matter how unorthodox the questions, than there is in the "realist" who faces the "facts of life" securely plunked down in his mechanical civilization. There is nothing neurotic about a dollar bill, but it makes me neurotic to have to handle it!

As for where our characters learn English, possibly from the editor. But frankly, WHY is it impossible that English is the basic language from which all languages stem? Would you, a philosopher, indulge in semanticism and play games with words? It would get you nowhere. The real reason for a language is to exchange ideas. Therefore let our other civilizations, planet-men, etc., exchange ideas the best they can. Perhaps the real truth would astound us all. The basic language of Mars might even be GERMAN! Would be a funny joke on us, wouldn't it! But mighty good evidence of a sense of humor, if we didn't refuse to consider the possibility—even if reason rejected it almost instantly.—Rap.

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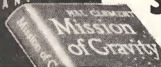
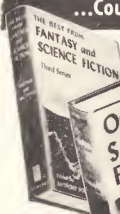
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