

*Money, Magic and Mystery  
in My Life*



HARRY J. GARDENER

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MONEY, MAGIC AND MYSTERY  
IN MY LIFE

- by -

HARRY J. GARDENER

"MONEY, MAGIC AND MYSTERY IN MY LIFE"

Is an educational and inspirational  
Course of Study especially written  
for Budding Individuals everywhere.

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## FOREWORD

For the past quarter of a century I have had many requests for an "autobiography" of the "magic and mystery" in my life and affairs.

Up until some time ago I failed to see how my unusual experiences could be of benefit to my many Students due to the fact that my experiences were highly personal, and personal experiences in things mystical to any other person, even though he may be a Budding Mystic, are quite often mere trivia.

I began to realize, however, that my Students were moving forward on THE PATH -- there are perhaps thousands of them -- and were experiencing magic and mystery in their lives, and while the Supernatural was highly NORMAL under such circumstances, it could be a bit baffling.

If the unusual in my life can be of any value to any of my Students, I am more than glad to share it. Just remember, no two people will have the same kind of a mystical experience -- they are all highly INDIVIDUALISTIC.

All of the Five Departments of Life can be subdivided, and any of those sub-divisions can be divided again and again. You can have a mystical experience in any of the sub-divisions, or in any of the sub-sub-divisions, and so, do not limit yourself to any particular "category".

If you do not tell anyone of your Mystical Experiences at this time, you will experience them all the more often. Some of these mystical experiences will have great value for you if you make it a practice to "TELL NO MAN".

Also, by keeping silent about your supernatural experiences, until you are much further on THE PATH, you will be spared the embarrassment of telling them to the wrong person. Telling them to the wrong people could give you a severe setback, and we do not wish this to happen to you.

"Keep your feet on the ground" in dealing with the mystical and you will be very happy and lead a most successful LIFE.

THE AUTHOR



## MONEY, MAGIC AND MYSTERY IN MY LIFE

by

Harry J. Gardener

I know something about astrology, but I have never "cast" a horoscope, not even my own. I am informed by those who know their way around in astrology, that it is "bad" to be born after twelve o'clock, noon. I was born in the afternoon -- 2:30 P. M.

And what is worse, I was born in a "cusp" (the overlapping of two signs of the zodiac) between Taurus and Aries. Taurus is said to be most "earthy", while Aries is a "fire" sign of the first magnitude.

I have always been plagued with the double sign in my life. My sincere suggestion to all "incoming souls" is, do not be born in a cusp!

My mystical life actually began a number of weeks before my birth. My mother, being well along in pregnancy, was reclining on the bed. It was just about eleven o'clock in the forenoon when from the living room a huge  
THE BIG CLOCK clock slowly tolled the hour of TWELVE. When  
THAT WASN'T the clock stopped striking mother rushed out  
THERE. into the living room, but there was no clock there. She could not have heard the neighbors clock because there was no such clock in all the area, and besides, it was a cold, wet day and all of the windows were securely closed.

The clock mystery so filled my mother's mind that she "just knew" that I was going to be born dead, but when the day of my birth came, and I let out a hearty "yowl" she was greatly relieved, and thought no more of the "Big Ben" incident ... until some time later.

Although I was but a four-and-a-half pound infant, I grew by leaps and bounds, and was of normal weight when I became two years old. Then out of a clear sky I took ill. When the doctor said that there was no more hope, my mother remembered the "tolling of the clock", and suddenly "knew" that there was no more hope, and I would die shortly.

But that was not the end of me. As if by a miracle, I began to get well so fast that all of those "who knew" said, "Just before the end they often get better."

After my illness (at about two years of age) I started



to remember "everything". By the time I was four years old I was "philosophizing" about "the mystery of adults" -- how they felt themselves so "smart", yet could not answer the most simple "occult" questions.

I would wander far out into the tall fern, which grew on stems about five or six feet tall, and was very dense. It was there that I did my best meditation on the superphysical.

Before long I learned to keep my "philosophy" to myself. Children in those days were to be "seen and not heard". It was a pity, how many things I could have discussed with my elders if I could have been both "seen and heard". But it was perhaps best that way, I may have confused them to no end. Only now are there adults willing to learn about mystical things, and they are not yet overly plentiful in number.

When I was seven years old, my sister was three. We were playing about a small spring in the garden in which the water bubbled up. The water was barely six inches deep, and the pool about fifteen inches in diameter. I did not see my sister fall into the pool, but when I turned around she was lying face down in the water and was struggling with all her strength to get her face above the water. I rushed to her aid, and started to lift her out when I realized that there was an amazing ~~FORCE~~ present that was drawing her down.

Fortunately my father was close by. He rushed up, flung me aside, and with great ease lifted my sister from the water. What he "didn't tell me" wasn't worth telling.

Of course there was nothing to do but "take it". What would you have done in my place? Would you have explained that there was a terrific power present drawing little sister into the water? That was exactly the truth. The power instantly ceased when my father touched my sister.

That experience gave me something else to "philosophize" about -- phenomenal, unaccountable power. I have never solved the mystery to this day, but I have a good idea that it was just intended for me, even if my sister was involved in the mystical demonstration.

About a year and a half later I had another mysterious experience. I was the "out-door type" and roamed the forest far and wide. During the "dark" of the moon I prowled closer to the house. It was on a pitch-dark evening when coming to the rear of the house, I suddenly looked up and saw a glowing



rod of dazzling bluish light about ten feet up in a nearby peach tree.

The glowing rod was about six feet long. One end was approximately two feet higher than the other end. It was about an inch and a half in diameter. It was winter time and the tree did not have a leaf on it.

THE GLOWING STAFF I could see the shadow of the limbs in  
OF "SAINT ELMO" front of the rod, and the limbs back of  
the rod were well lighted from the glow.

Amazement, fear and panic held me rigid. I wanted to flee but could not move a muscle. I do not know how long I stood there viewing the awesome sight. Then the thought occurred to me; "If I could close my eyes perhaps IT would go away."

Exerting terrific will power, I managed after a while to close my eyes. Finally, I thought; "If I could open my eyes, perhaps the 'apparition' wouldn't be there." I had almost as much difficulty in opening my eyes as I had in closing them, but finally I succeeded, and to my amazement and vast relief the glowing rod was gone.

Every muscle in my body instantly relaxed, and I made a hasty retreat into the house. I entered the house as "casually" as I could so that my folks wouldn't know that I had just experienced a miracle -- I was certain that they would not understand.

I stood the agony of the phenomena for about three days when I went to my mother and told her what I had witnessed back of the house in the peach tree. She was sitting in the old rocking chair, sewing, and she listened to my mystical experience without saying a word. At last, when I stopped speaking she asked, "Are you all through?". I indicated that there was nothing else to tell.

After quite a long silence and with fear written all over her face she spoke most forcefully: "If you ever tell me a lie like that again, I will whip you within an inch of your life" ... and she meant every word of it.

The reason that I know that the phenomena I witnessed in the peach tree was not a simple case of "St. Elmo's Fire" that often appears on the masts of ships, and on church steeples when the weather is right,

"YOU ARE DIFFERENT" because, when my mother told me that she would "whip me within an inch of my life" a kindly but very distinctive voice said to me, "You are different". From then on, and up to the present moment, anything that takes place in my life and affairs that I can not explain, I think of that kindly voice many



years ago which said to me, "You are different".

In those days of long ago it was an undisputed "fact" that when anyone reached the age of forty he (or she) could no longer expect the blessing of good health. He "just had to have" some kind of a bodily affliction at about that age, if not, he could expect a really "dreadful one" not many years later.

On nearing forty my mother became dreadfully ill. Several months before she had reached that age she had a very vivid dream that on Washington's Birthday -- February 22 -- she would permanently pass out of physical embodiment. She became very ill about the 20th of February. On the 22nd she was bed-ridden, and we children didn't leave the house all day. But that evening her pain began to subside quite rapidly. In those days, as I have mentioned before, when a sick person's pain left, it was a "sure sign" that death was near. We couldn't tell our father about the dream because he "would not understand".

The next day mother was a great deal better, and weak as she was, she got up for quite a time. The following day she was up and about her work all day. We were all mystified about her dream not "coming true". Four years later she was again bed ridden, and died on February 22nd.

I afterwards learned a lesson from her experience of not having events of consequence take place on schedule. Time is pretty much a "creation of this mundane plane". Prophecy is of the Other World where there is no time. This is the reason prophetic happenings often do not take place on the day they are scheduled for.

During the four years that my mother remained in physical embodiment she was often quite ill. One night when she was very ill, I was having a kind of nightmare. I was sleeping on my back with my legs drawn up. Suddenly I BE QUIET!!! was "whacked" across both knees by the edge of an open hand which awakened me immediately, and when I fully regained my wits a voice said to me in a rather loud and commanding voice, "Be quiet. Your mother is very ill. She needs all the rest that she can get."

I did not get much more sleep that night. I knew that the unusual had definitely spoken. It was not my father's voice, he spoke with an accent. But next day, to be sure I said, "I had a nightmare last night. Did I awaken you?" He answered that he hadn't heard a thing. I knew that he was telling the truth. If he had been awakened by my "moaning



and groaning" he would not have let the opportunity pass without "chiding" me about my "nocturnal misbehavior".

It was just about that time I became very interested in flying. "Flying machines", as they called them then, weren't the sleek, speedy monsters of today. In fact, they looked

I FLEW THROUGH much like a piece of harvesting machinery  
THE AIR WITH with wings attached. They were positively  
THE GREATEST ugly. I wanted something much more beautiful and simple. Perhaps like the young  
OF EASE. Greek, Icarus, who attached the feathers of

a great eagle to his arms with wax and flew to great height, in fact he flew so high that the sun melted the wax, he lost his feathers, and plunged into the sea.

One night I dreamed that I was actually flying, not in a "machine" or make-shift arrangement like feathers glued to my arms, but I was using my own outstretched arms and hands to propel me about. I found out later that to dream of flying (under your own power) is a very good "sign" -- it is a sign that you are not "earthbound". Well, anyway, it was a very enjoyable experience.

After the passing of my mother, my father who had taken up the study of Spiritualism secretly some months before her death, "worked openly" on his meditations and practices. My mother, being a good Methodist, abhorred anything that pertained to the supernatural. She was psychic enough to know that her days were numbered, and we therefore had Sunday School in our home every Sunday for months to counteract the "evil" that my father was practicing.

My father became quite psychic. At the age of fifteen he let me read his tome on spiritism. The book contained all three forms of magic -- "white", "gray" and "black". Black magic consisted of using supernatural powers to harm someone that you did not like. Gray magic consisted of dealing with Black magic for one's own amusement or amazement. White Magic ... well, it was probably written up in the back of the book, but I never got that far. A change of events prevented me from further pursuing my studies in the big book.

One interesting "experiment" a person could conduct in the realm of Black magic was the "poison-oak rite". It was something like this: Secure a large wooden wash tub, fill it nearly full with water. Then get a mirror with a wooden back or frame large enough to cause the mirror to float on the tub of water without touching the tub. Next secure some poison oak leaves (poison ivy will do in an emergency, but poison



oak is said to be best) and fashion a wreath of loose leaves all around the frame of the mirror, and you are now ready to put the "hex" or the "evil eye" on anyone you do not like.

One more thing, you must have the tub sitting outside so that you can get the reflection of the full moon in the mirror. Then, all you have to do is to look at the moon in the mirror,

CONDUCT CAUTIOUSLY concentrate on the victim and the "hex",  
MAGICAL EXPERIMENTS. "evil eye" or "voodoo" will shortly be-  
gin to work. A word of caution to the  
experimenter of the poison oak (or ivy)  
magic is in order. If you feel a peculiar smarting about the  
eyes you will have to work the "hex" quickly. You have touch-  
ed your eyelids with your "infected" hands. This bit of "voo-  
doo" will not work after your eyes are swollen shut.

In the field of Gray magic a delightful (?) experiment can be conducted -- it requires twelve people. About eight o'clock in the evening build up a rousing fire in the fire-place. By ten o'clock that evening the fire has burned down to live coals. Give each of the persons present a freshly laid egg. Have them place their eggs in a semicircle on the hearth. You then are all to take comfortable seats which also should be arranged in a semicircle, and back far enough in the room so there will be no crowding.

Take your places just before ten o'clock. Let no one speak, and no one fall asleep. If these simple directions are followed to the letter you can expect success at twelve o'clock -- the "witching hour". The coals

MAGIC WITH A will flare up, the eggs will start rolling  
DOZEN EGGS. about in all sorts of "crazy" ways, and that  
is not all. Down the chimney will come a  
great number of big, black bats, and black owls. They will  
fly about the room in every way. Do not be afraid of them,  
they cannot hurt you, because they are on a lower plane than  
the plane you vibrate upon.

In fifteen or twenty minutes, it is said, the fire will start to die down and the winged creatures from the lower other world will disappear up the chimney. The magic of the dozen eggs, plus the semi-darkness of the room, plus the TWELVE sitters all casually concentrating on the eggs is what really works the miracles of the appearance of the creatures from the nether world. Of course when the live coals flare up you can see these creatures clearly from the lower astral world. By the way, other creatures may appear belonging to the reptile family, rather than owls and bats. Likewise do not be afraid of them, they cannot come in contact with you in any way.



When I was about fifteen I spent several weeks with an aunt and uncle some distance from my home. I had cousins in great number whom I had never seen before. But my aunt and uncle knew everyone of them by their "first, middle and last" names. I also had second, third and fourth cousins whom my aunt and uncle insisted were all "kin-folks" no matter how far they were "removed".

Two second cousins, young girls from another part of the state whom I had never met before, came to pay my aunt and uncle a visit. They came to recuperate from an ordeal with the supernatural which they had experienced a short time previous. They were both in a state of "shock", one more than the other. The stronger of the two played nurse to her more afflicted cousin. They were both school teachers, I liked both of them and they weren't a bit of trouble to my aunt and uncle. But the cousins were always on the "tense side". I would come into the room and they would quickly "change the subject", some times right in the middle of a sentence.

Finally, thinking that I knew a lot more than I did about their "mystery", they broke down and with almost bated breath told me of their shocking experience.

It seems that they had visited their grandfather recently, who was an uncle of mine by marriage. He was of great age and lived all by himself in the huge family mansion. Nobody would live with him, not because he was a spiritualist, but because the old mansion he lived in was haunted.

The two young school teachers were just out of "normal" (a training college for teachers), and they ridiculed the idea of houses being haunted. That was something that "went out with the dark ages". And so they thought it would be "great fun" to visit their grandfather in his "spook-infested castle".

He remembered them, and gave them a great welcome. They cleaned up the kitchen, and the dining room. There was dust over everything, and by dusk the two girls had everything in "apple pie order". The dining room was huge, the family had been a large one. The old man had constructed the massive dining table out of solid oak planks three inches thick. And now, supper was ready. Grandfather put on a clean shirt for the occasion, and the three of them enjoyed the fine meal, and in a most leisurèly manner. Even at his great age the old man was very witty, and kept his two grand daughters genuinely amused.

THE SORCERER AND HIS  
UNSUSPECTING APPRENTICES



Nothing of a spiritualistic subject was discussed or suggested until after the evening meal was over. After the last cup of coffee had been consumed the grandfather asked, "Would you like to see a spirit demonstration. If you would, the spirits that are working with me would like to show you something interesting".

The two granddaughters said that they would be most delighted to "witness a demonstration". They probably thought to themselves, "What is the old fellow up to? He can't fool us with any of his spirit tricks". The girls removed the dishes from the table, and stacked them in the kitchen. The grandfather put the two kerosene lamps on the sideboard, and placed the chairs against the side walls.

When everything was ready he placed the two girls on chairs alongside each other against the wall. He took a position across the table from them in a chair against the opposite wall. The lamps on the sideboard were burning brightly. Then grandfather began to make a few incantations, and the table began to move. Only a few inches at first, in either direction, then the "fun" began in earnest. The table leaped to the far end of the dining room. Then it jumped so high in the air that it almost touched the ceiling and came crashing down like a "box car" at the other end of the room. My skeptical cousins were now fully convinced that the place was "spirit ridden", and they got out of the house fast. They ran as far as they could when a young man gave them a "lift" in his wagon. He took them down the road and let them off at another family of cousins. The family was glad to take in "kin folks". The two girls did not sleep much that night.

The next day they went back to the "haunted" house for their things, but they wouldn't go in. Their grandfather came out of the house and explained to them: "The spirits didn't mean to frighten you. They only wanted to show you what fun we have when we are alone".

Now that I knew the experience that my cousins had passed through, I could partly understand why they were both so nervous and "fidgity". I say "partly" understand. I could not fully understand their attitude regarding the action of the spirits. I knew something about these things at that time, and would probably have jumped at the chance to have visited my "spooky" uncle and witness the spirits do their table-tossing act.

There are a number of ways the spirits can make just



such a demonstration, but the most simple way is to materialize substance from the mediums physical body, just enough to "create" fingers to lift with, and of course enough in the way of feet to stand on, and the rest is simple. The girls' grandfather "loaned" the spirits this material substance. Between the soles of their feet and their fingers they can exert terrific power. They do not have to be fully materialized to do this. If the granddaughters had been psychic they may have witnessed the spirits at work -- play. It was all in the "spirit" of good, clean fun!

A physician and surgeon with whom I have had correspondence tells of an interesting spirit experience he had, however the spirits in the case he relates were very angry--unlike my uncle's spirits who were just having fun. The Doctor, being a religious man, wanted to know definitely if I John 4:2,3 -- "Every spirit that confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit that confesses not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God", really pertained to the supernatural or not.

The Doctor knew of a medium who was conducting a "circle" -- meeting. When it was his turn to ask the entranced medium a question he asked, "Do you (of the spirit realm) confess that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh?"

For a moment there was utter silence, then "all Hades broke loose". Chairs came hurtling through the air at the M. D. The "sitters" made a hasty retreat to the nearest exit. All the furniture, except the chair the medium was sitting on, was demolished. A GENUINE DEMON-STRATION. When the medium came back into consciousness and saw the utter confusion that the room was in, and that nearly every one had departed, she also left in record time.

If the spirit forces present had been of God, nothing would have happened, but they were not. It only required a moment to secure enough of the medium's substance to materialize sufficient hands and feet to make a "hellish" demonstration.

Also, by this demonstration, it indicates that the medium was genuine, and that she was entranced. Otherwise the evil spirits could not have gotten any of her material substance which they had to have to enable them to pick up and crash furniture about with such fiendish abandon. Had the medium not been entranced she would not have given up her material substance.



When I was seventeen my father sold the homestead and we moved to a city in the eastern portion of the Pacific Northwest near the Canadian border.

Here my father contacted a very reliable Spiritualistic group and they formed a church. It was an Episcopal form of church and my father was chosen as the first Bishop. This, of course made my father very happy and FATHER BECOMES A he "pontificated" with great dignity. He "SPIRIT" BISHOP. was at last in the "inner circle" of things psychic, and of course knew all the "best people" in the movement. Just at that time we were invited to board and room with the most noted medium in the city. She had a large house, and to augment her income she took in a few select boarders. My father accepted the invitation and we at once found ourselves in a new and delightful environment.

Madam X, despite her mediumistic powers, was never more happy than when she was cooking, and I, a growing youth, was supremely delighted with her cooking. I ate to the extent that I not only ate the profit off my own board and room, but all the monetary rewards off my father's also. After about three months Madam X began to "radiate" a slight aversion to me. Suddenly it happened, "his grace" the Bishop, and I were politely informed that Madam wasn't keeping lodgers any longer.

Twice a week while my father and I were at Madam X's house she held well attended "circles". It was positively amazing how she could locate lost articles for any member of her group. Lost jewelry, missing wills, deeds and stock certificates were her specialty. The articles were all tangible, they were lost in the NOW.

She could also see the future very clearly, but had no way of judging time. In the psychic world, from where Madam X got all of her information, time just does not exist.

I was attending some evangelistic meetings at that particular time. One Wednesday evening I did not come directly home from my place of employment. I had my dinner in town, and went directly to the meeting. It lasted quite late, it was winter time and it began to snow. When I arrived home there was a pile of something under the snow in the front yard of Madam's house. Curiosity got the better of me and I walked over to the pile under the snow. As I got up closer, and by the aid of the street light on the corner, I realized that Madam X had ordered a load of firewood. I thought nothing more of the incident until next morning.



Madam X was in quite a "huff". She didn't waste any time in telling my father and me that someone stole part of her wood during the night.

On my way out of the house I expected to find at least half of her woodpile missing. But the wood was all there. What she suspected as being the tracks of a thief, were in reality my tracks, made the night before while doing my "investigation" of the strange heap under the snow. The snowing had continued for a short time after, but my tracks were plainly seen.

I immediately thought to myself, "If Madam X can't tell the difference between curiosity and thievery her psychic powers evidently shut off when it came to stove wood."

My father and I moved to an old but "respectable" hotel and occupied a well-lighted front room on the second floor. It was in this room that I had the scare of my life. I had no knowledge at that time that mirrors could  
MY SKULL IN bring out the "psychic" in one. One day about  
THE MIRROR. five o'clock in the afternoon I felt strangely  
impelled to gaze into the mirror on the bureau. I looked at my reflection for only a short time when my reflection in the mirror suddenly vanished and turned into a grinning skull the same size as my head.

I was literally "scared stiff" by the experience. I did not have too much difficulty in closing my eyes. When I opened them the skull was gone and only my reflection and the reflection of the objects about the room were in evidence.

I learned later that "gray magic" and "black magic" societies use the "magic-mirror technique" to develop psychic sight in their students. Of course, in place of grinning skulls the psychic sight (by the aid of a mirror) produces (at first) beautiful, out-of-this-world flowers. Skulls and sordid scenes come later with the "graduation" of the neophyte into "mysteries". Up until the present time I have never known why it was just the reverse with me, why "skulls" came before "bouquets". I feel now that it was a definite warning not to engage in the "gray magic" of mirror gazing with which the "mystical societies" get a most tenacious grip on their subjects.

I decided to leave the frigid north country and to migrate to "sunny" Central California. There I secured a position with a large hotel chain as second assistant night clerk. Suddenly, the following February I took ill with Mediterranean Fever, a kind of fever that was almost unknown on the Pacific Coast at that time. It is a kind of



fever that one "never gets over" -- it keeps reoccurring at shorter or longer intervals.

Other afflictions of a serious nature were present. The doctors said I had but ten days in which to live. The doctors were almost right -- had I lived but a few more days, "I would have died on schedule".

THE WRONG MEDICINE But a good-sized miracle took place.  
AT THE RIGHT TIME. The nurse on night duty got the medicines mixed up. She gave my medicine to the patient in the next bed, and his medicine to me. Before long I experienced a most violent reaction from head to toe, but principally in the region of the stomach.

To say that I "regurgitated" time and again is putting it mildly. Everything that I had eaten that day came up. Then about midnight I began to experience relief. A short time later I drifted off into sleep. Next morning I awoke very, very weak from the ordeal of the past night, but somehow I felt greatly refreshed.

I ate a hearty breakfast, and from that very moment I was definitely on the mend. I gained strength, energy and weight so rapidly that in ten days I was discharged from the hospital as "well".

In reporting back for my old position as second assistant night clerk at the hotel everyone was amazed to find me up and about, looking fine, when I was supposed to have died ten days previous.

The hotel had already put a permanent replacement in my position, and there was nothing else available. Then, "from out of the clear blue yonder" I found myself traveling on a clergy pass -- a gift from the railway company -- to a small city located on the shores of Monterey Bay. I was full of vigor and vitality until the following February -- just a year after I had my first "death-dealing" illness, and took to my bed again.

This latest illness resulted in fever up to 104 deg. F. every day. But that wasn't all, I could not keep any food in my stomach for twenty-eight days. Not a particle of food "stayed down" in all that time. My weight dropped from 140 to 115 lbs. in a few days time and I was completely bed-ridden, having frequent unconscious spells.

A few months before taking ill I had rented a cottage from a widow that had three 'teenage daughters. I got along with the mother and daughters very well. The mother was quite



religious and was a "practical psychic". When I got ill I went directly from her place to a private sanitarium where four doctors attended me. Nothing they could suggest or prescribe did me the slightest good. They were baffled beyond words with my "condition".

Hearing nothing from me, the widow of whom I had rented a cottage, paid me a visit on the twenty-eighth day of my enforced fast. She had a strong "premonition" that I was in need of her. She came into my room, stood at MYSTERY TO the foot of the bed and just gazed at me for a THE RESCUE. very long time. Then she exclaimed, "The lad is dying". The nurse replied quite sarcastically, "Yes, the lad is dying. We have four doctors attending him ... and they are doing all they can for him".

The widow repeated the words of the nurse, "Four doctors attending him, and he is dying". And then she continued, "All you have to do is to go down to the ocean and get a pail of fresh salt water, give him a glass of it each morning and he will be well within two weeks". After this "saline" advice she quickly left the room.

I thought the matter of the salt water "fresh out of the ocean" over all the rest of that day. Then I suggested to the nurse that it would do no harm for "us" to try the widow's remedy.

The nurse "exploded" at the thought of walking three-quarters of a mile each morning to get a pail of salt water. Later in the evening when the doctor who was directly in charge of my case came in, I told him about it. Due to the fact that I could not live but a few days longer, anyway, he went along with my "dying request", and ordered the nurse to fetch a pail of salt water from the ocean every morning.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth day of my enforced "fast" the nurse went down to Monterey Bay and got me a pail of salt water. She was very angry with the whole precedure, and secured a "jumbo" size glass and filled it to the brim with the saline solution. It went down like "molten lead" and laid in my stomach like red hot coals. In about a half an hour the "fire" subsided and I ate my first meal that morning that stayed down.

The widow had predicted that within two weeks I would be well. In just twelve days I was back working on my old job. During that twelve days I had developed a ravenous appetite and "ate like a young horse". I gained weight, strength and vitality with amazing rapidity.



The reason that I had such faith in the widow's "prescriptions" was because of something very mystical that took place in her family several years before. Her husband, the father of the three 'teenage daughters, had been afflicted with tuberculosis for some time. On the very night THE APPEARANCE OF A MESSENGER OF THE WHITE FORCES. he was to die the widow and her three daughters were quietly praying in the living room for the recovery of the afflicted man. After they had prayed for a while one of the daughters noticed that the corner of the room was being illuminated by a golden light. She whispered to her sister nearest her of the phenomena, and she in turn called her mother's and other sister's attention to it.

Soon from the golden light an Angel materialized, and he spoke directly to the mother:

"The Lord has heard your prayers. Your husband will recover. He will recover rapidly, will experience the best of health, but he will die one year from tonight."

The Angel gradually faded from their sight, but the golden light where he stood remained for some time.

The family went into the room of the dying man to tell him the good news, but he was sleeping so peacefully and soundly that they did not awaken him. In the morning he felt very much stronger, ate a hearty breakfast, and by that afternoon he was able to sit up. He actually got up the next day and walked, something that he could not do for a number of weeks before.

He seemed to be filled with a mystical energy. In ten days he went back to his old job of carpentry. He was a good carpenter. His employer made him the boss of a large construction job and at an excellent salary.

He paid off all the doctors' bills, paid off all other bills, and started a sizable bank account, but the man knew his days were definitely numbered, and on a certain night he would die.

Just about a week before his year came to a close, he began to cough again. His old affliction, tuberculosis, returned. He withered away rapidly, took to his bed and died exactly a year later, and to the hour, as the Angel had said.

Knowing all of this, is it any wonder I had such confidence in the widow's salt-water "prescription"?



By the way, I met her on the street several months later. I wasn't long in getting around to thank her for advising salt-water for the cure of my affliction. Of course I inquired how she knew that ocean water would so miraculously restore my health. She did not know that it would have a beneficial effect on me. In fact, she did not even remember "prescribing" it -- she was in a trance at the time.

Years later I had two more illnesses. These came both in the same year, very close together. Both times the doctors said that it would be a miracle if I regained consciousness let alone get well. But I did regain consciousness and received my health back with fantastic speed. After each illness I became healthier and stronger than I had ever been before.

Unlike the people I have read about, when I am unconscious I do not bring back beautiful memories of the Higher Other World ( or the lower one either). I have probably had wonderful experiences while I was out. I have every reason to think so due to the fact that I feel so rested after every unconscious experience, and I feel very joyous upon my awakening into physical embodiment again.

My best inspirations come in the midst of seething activity all around me. The "metered beat" of printing presses are especially inspiring. Typewriters, adding machines, mimeographs all going at once are a great aid to my genius, such as it is. In fact I am oblivious to all of them until they stop, and all is quiet. Then my inspiration doesn't exactly desert me, but it has just a little difficulty in keeping "its mind on my work". In fact, right now, I am working under very peaceful and quiet conditions. I have trained myself to do it, but it wasn't easy.

While I was in the old Spanish town on the shores of Monterey Bay I had two vivid dreams, at least I thought they were dreams at the time.

In one I saw a very unusual, two-story brick building. What was unusual about the building was that the second story was set back from the lower story about three feet, both along the front of the building and along the side. I know enough about architecture (even while dreaming) to know that a recessed second story has to be held up by something -- either a second wall or post and girders. In my dream I saw beautiful flowers growing in the three foot space along the front of the building and along the entire side.



A short time later I had another vivid dream. I dreamed that I was sitting in church, and looking up at the ceiling. The ceiling of the church consisted of a large, low dome with stained glass that let the light come through very beautifully without shining on the audience. This seemed to give some of them a rainbow effect.

About that time I had to pack up and leave for Central California. I reached my destination, was on the job bright and early Monday morning. I got acquainted with the bookkeeper and she invited me to church the following Sunday. I accepted her invitation, and while waiting for the service to begin I glanced up at the ceiling, and there was the IDENTICAL ceiling that I saw in my "dream" just a few weeks before. Fortunately I was sitting far enough back in the church that I could look up at the interesting ceiling without drawing attention to myself. I am sorry to say, but the unusual ceiling so took up my attention that I can't remember for the life of me what the sermon was about.

I was obliged to go on a business trip to another city in which I had never "set foot" before. When I had transacted my business, I had about an hour to "kill" before train time, and so I began to take in the sights. After some little time I happened to glance across the street and there was that same building with the recessed second story, the flowers growing in great profusion along the front and side on the second floor -- EXACTLY as I had seen them in my "dream".

After these two experiences of traveling in my astral body I read considerably about "astral projection" and "dream projection". I moved, once again to a city in Northern California. Once again I dreamed that I was in a very clean and orderly basement. Through a round opening in the floor I saw a grape vine about two inches in diameter growing up a post. When it had reached the ceiling of the basement it traveled along a beam for some twenty feet to an open window. The further it traveled the smaller it became. It had not gotten as far as the window yet, but almost. There were three leaves on the end of the vine. I was viewing the grape vine trying to determine what it meant, when a voice back of me said, "This vine represents you. You have been traveling toward the Light for a long time. You are almost there".

Six months later I had exactly the same dream, but this time I was on the outside looking in. I could see the entire



length of the vine clearly. Then to my joy I noticed it had more than gotten out of the window. In fact it had sent up three separate branches, and each branch was three or four feet long and covered with bright green leaves.

No voice spoke to me this time, but I realized that I was out of the basement (which represents restriction) and was flourishing like a "Green Bay Tree". There was now no more limitations on my efforts.

The next experience was quite interesting. It started as a dream. I dreamed that I was in bed lying on my side and with my head propped up by my hand and arm. On the chair beside the bed sat a middle-aged Capuchin monk. We were probably discussing something of a mystical nature. I awakened in exactly the same position that I described above -- hand holding up my head, lying on my side. And the amazing part of it, my friend, the monk still sat there talking. But my hearing had shut off completely, however my psychic sight didn't close for some little time.

The situation reminds me of television when the action of the players continue but without sound effects. I could see the monk move his lips in conversation, but he was not getting through to me -- my "audio" had shut off.

All these experiences were working up towards something, but I did not know what they were working toward. They were evidently preparing me for something unusual.

A few weeks after talking to the Capuchin monk I had the experience. It started with a dream. I dreamed that I was wide awake, and so I sat up on the edge of my bed. My room was on the third floor of the hotel. The street light lit up the room quite nicely by shining on the ceiling, and I could see my way about the room quite clearly.

I got up from the bed and walked over to the writing table. I was wide awake by this time, and I couldn't make up my mind to switch on the lights or go back to bed and try to get some more sleep. I decided to go back to bed. I turned about and started for the bed. I received quite a large surprise, for there was my body under the covers sleeping comfortably and I was standing beside the bed looking at myself!

I went closer to examine my "mortal remains" and found that I was breathing quite normally, and by this I knew that



I had not passed out of physical embodiment. I was so fascinated by the experience that I cannot tell how long I stood there viewing my living, breathing physical part of me. I was out in the Other World, and as you know, time doesn't exist there. I was in a lower strata of the Other World, but in it nevertheless.

All of a sudden the thought "struck" me, "How many people have actually looked themselves in the face?"

This thought amused me very much, and I started to laugh. I suppose that was the wrong thing to do, for I was quickly returned to my body with such speed that it awakened the sleeping body. Once again I sat on the edge of the bed with my feet on the floor thinking about the event that had just taken place. I meditated on the experience for quite some time, then went back to bed and slept until morning.

I was very glad of the experience. Looking down upon my sleeping, breathing body fixed firmly in my mind the difference between the mortal and the immortal part of me. Never again would I think of myself as a body possessing a mind, but a mind (such as it is) possessing a body. The idea made quite a change in my thinking -- in my philosophy of Life. Afterwards I could understand much better what St. Paul meant about our "earthly house". -- "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." -- (II Cor. 5:1,2)

From this time on I had no desire for "astral projection" -- to view this mundane world in my spirit or astral body. I was very interested in what the Higher Astral World could teach me. I am not at all adverse in going into the Higher Realms when I go to sleep at night, and I do not desire to remember the beautiful Country to which I TRAVEL. I well know that at this stage of my EXPANSION INTO LIFE that it would greatly hinder my progress.

The very beauty and delightful harmony of the Higher Other World would not by any means make this earthly existence more bearable, but on the contrary, make this earthly pilgrimage of ours all the more dreary, ugly and inharmonious ... if we could bring back memories upon awakening each morning of the Higher Other World, or just one morning for that matter, we would be too dissatisfied with this world to make progress in our Five-Fold EXPANSION.



As it is I can tolerate conditions here very nicely. People do not look too ugly to me nor I to them. Earthly fields, valleys and mountains "radiate" a sort of grandure that I can appreciate, never having brought back memories of the Fields, Vallys and Mountains of the Summerland -- First Heaven, or Higher Other World. Flowers on this earth plane

look quite beautiful to me. I say "quite beautiful" advisedly because I have had a glimpse of the Summerland flowers on one occasion. But if I had had more than a "glimpse", I am afraid that my viewing of earthly flowers, as beautiful as they appear, would be very disappointing, and their fragrance, as delightful as it seems to us, would be frightfully nauseating.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND  
FRAGRANT FLOWERS OVER  
HERE ARE AS SO MUCH ILL-  
SMELLING "SKUNK CABBAGE"  
OVER THERE.

I am satisfied for the time being to receive from the Higher Other World Inspiration and Information that I, and others, can put to practice right here and now. The kind of Inspiration and Information that speeds US along on the Five-Fold Path of Life.

Getting back to my narrative, I had another most wonderful experience in Northern California. Let me go back to the time when I saw "St. Elmo's Rod" in the peach tree. If you will remember, I was absolutely speechless, stiff as a rail, and I couldn't close my eyes for the longest time. After I came out of the experience, at intervals of about twice a year I would dream that millions of volts of electricity was passing through my body. I would awaken, but the "electricity" would continue for a short period of time. The terrific power that was present did not scare me, but every time it occurred I thought, "What if the power should not shut off ... what would I do?", and that thought frightened me.

One night I had a very vivid dream. I dreamed that I was in a very beautiful room. The room was approximately forty feet long, twenty feet wide, and with walls almost twenty feet tall. Above the walls was a kind of vaulted ceiling. The whole room seemed to be of bronze. In the middle of the room was a huge, ornate sarcophagus or casket about eight feet long, four feet wide and four feet high. It rested on a "slab" of the same kind of metal, which protruded out in all directions for about three or four inches.

ON THE HIGH ALTER

I became aware in my dream that I was viewing all of this from the far end of the beautiful room. Then I was picked up very gently by unseen hands, and placed full



length on the sarcophagus. My head rested on a soft metallic pillow, and my hands were folded across my chest.

Then the power, that I had experienced twice a year for the last quarter of a century was gradually turned on -- the power seemed to be within me. The power began to increase. It had never before been over "a million" volts, but this time it passed the "million" volt mark, increased to "two million", increased to three, and on and on up to what seemed like "ten million" volts. I use "millions of volts" to indicate its intensity. This time the force was ten times more powerful than it had ever been before.

Of course I was fully awake by now. My eyes were wide open, and I couldn't close them. I could see the beautiful ceiling in the room but could not move my eyes.

Then after quite a while the room began to fade from my sight and I knew that the "initiation" was coming to an end. The room grew dark and I was conscious that I was in bed in my own room. The "ten million" volts of electricity began to slowly decrease. When it got down to "a million" I knew that all was well. The power vanished to deep inside me, and suddenly I was released. Every muscle in my body relaxed.

The following morning I got up from my bed feeling that I would be tired and listless all day, but to my surprise and delight I was my usual, energetic self. I, of course, kept thinking of the EXPERIENCE of the night before, but I had no difficulty in keeping my mind on my mundane work.

By the way, I have not been informed as to what the "High Alter Initiation" was all about. It was a continuation of my "peach tree" experience -- a period which covered about twenty-five years.

In my recent publication -- "THE FIVE-FOLD-LIFE EXTENSION COURSE" -- I tell of a most unusual experience that occurred nightly for approximately six years. This experience didn't bother me at all. All I had to do was to think of some other matter and it would "shut off" immediately, and I would go back to sleep again. I found that it actually didn't "shut off". When I started to think about something else, I was unconscious of it, but it still kept running on like a never-ending cinema.

When it became very interesting and beautiful I used to spend fifteen or twenty minutes viewing my "moving picture" of which I was definitely an integral part. A great number of you Students have "THE FIVE-FOLD-LIFE EXTENSION COURSE". It is in Chapter 15, entitled, "Welcome New Experiences".



By the way, before I had the "sarcophagus experience", I had never dreamed in color, but sometime later I had my first "Technicolor" dream. It was very beautiful, and concerned itself with a thrilling subject. I saw everything in live and gorgeous colors. Usually dreams are light gray on a dark gray background or vice-versa.

I am not entirely color blind, but pretty much so, but when I have a colored dream I see everything with my psychic sight in full color and very clear and vivid.

On account of my color blindness I do not see colors in the bright sunlight or even in the daylight too well. Some colors I cannot see at all. A number of years ago I discovered, much to my delight, that I could see colors very distinctly in the bright moonlight. A flower garden that had practically no color at all in daylight, became alive with the most vivid colors in the full-moonlight. I am convinced that this has something to do with psychic sight, and so, all of you men who are color blind or partly so, do try the "moonlight test" and see if your psychic sight doesn't become radiantly alive. This test does not apply to men or women who have normal sun-light sight.

Until after the time that I had my "sarcophagus experience" I had not given the going into business on my own much thought, but after I had the experience I became little by little much interested in a business of my own.

The organization that employed me was world wide. There was plenty of room at the top if I cared to wait ten or fifteen years for some one to retire or perhaps pass out of physical embodiment permanently. At about that time I began attending "success" lectures. The various instructors had one or two good points, perhaps three, and they based their success on these one, or two, or three success (?) points. These lecturers were very successful, and really "cleaned up" financially. I attended so many of these assemblies on success that I began to "radiate" success myself.

I did not know of it at the time but practically all of the "professors of success" had been flat failures up until the time they went on the lecture platform. Not every one was a success at lecturing, but all those who acted like he was a success, was successful. Some became millionaires in a few short years, went into the commercial field, and lost all they had.



The day finally came when I severed my connection with the great mercantile organization, and I lost no time in going into business for myself.

Of course as you can guess (after attending all of those lectures on success) I was successful from the start. This did not surprise me in the least. One thing the lecturers all agreed upon was that "zeal, fervor, and enthusiasm" was the secret of success. ALL AGREED THAT Z. F. AND E. WAS THE SECRET OF SUCCESS! Of course each "success teacher" would add a few "frills" of his own to make himself (or herself -- there were a few women in the lecturing business too) the most outstanding teacher in the field of success lecturing. Many of the teachers were completely honest, and thought that they were giving their students all there was to know about how to achieve success.

I had about two years of grand success on "zeal, fervor and enthusiasm", and then I found my enterprize stuck on a sand bar in the stream of success. In fact I found myself dead broke in the business that I liked best, the business in which I could use unlimited amounts of "Z, F, and E".

Fortunately at that early age I knew of the twelve sub-faculties of Mind. I knew the three in the Conscious Realm of Mind -- Reason, Will and Judgment; the six in the Sub-Conscious Realm -- Memory, Imagination, Belief, Affection, Emotion, Conscience, and the three in the SUPER-CONSCIOUS REALM -- INTUITION, INSPIRATION, GENIUS. The latter three I began to employ.

I made a wonderful discovery that if I employed ZEAL, FERVOR and ENTHUSIASM to anything that I was attempting to accomplish that INTUITION, INSPIRATION and GENIUS would awaken and would quickly come to my aid. I DISCOVERED THAT BUT they would lie dormant until I IF I EMPLOYED Z. F. & E. was sufficiently zealous and enthusiastic about the work that I was THAT I. I. & G. WOULD attempting to accomplish, and then QUICKLY COME TO MY AID they would be awakened. Once I had them on "my side" everything would work like MAGIC. But it was amazing how all three -- Intuition, Inspiration and Genius -- would go back to slumberland the moment my Zeal, Fervor and Enthusiasm fell below a certain degree of "heat".

None of the "professors of success" made this point clear, in fact they did not even touch upon it. They were so "hot" about lecturing on success they never realized when their own Intuition, Inspiration and Genius would "cut in". Had they known of this, they would really have been superior.



After a considerable period of time I worked up enough "Z, F, and E" to get my INSPIRATION, INTUITION and GENIUS, fully awakened, and then it was no problem to get my "ship of business" off the "financial sandbar", and into mid-stream again. I then steamed along at a great rate financially and acquired more bankable wealth in a single year than I had been earning with the corporation in the previous ten years.

"The larger the ship the bigger the crew" is a true saying. My business grew so large that I was forced to hire everything done. I did not neglect my business (at least I thought I hadn't) but I awakened to the fact quite sometime later that my ship was on a sand bar again. I rushed to the "wheel house" and found that my three co-pilots -- Inspiration, Intuition, and Genius -- were soundly asleep. No wonder my ship had not made the turn to the right and kept in the center of the stream of lucrative finance. Once more I awakened my co-pilots, got my financial ship off the sand bar and into midstream, once again I began to enjoy "big" business.

I know the great value in possessing Zeal, Fervor and Enthusiasm in any worth-while undertaking. I also know the tremendous value of Intuition, Inspiration and Genius in conducting a business -- any business, but as valuable as these powerful forces are you and I have to employ another two forces in any business undertaking to make it successful, and these two FORCES are found in the Conscious Realm of Mind, they are REASON and JUDGMENT.

A note of WARNING. You must not allow your REASON and JUDGMENT to be so cold that they will chill your Zeal, Fervor and Enthusiasm, nor on the other hand to allow REASON and JUDGMENT to become so "hot" by their exposure to Zeal, Fervor and Enthusiasm to warp your Reason and your Judgment.

A dozen books could be written on MONEY, MAGIC and MYSTERY for YOU, but if you are not a MYSTIC or not very far on THE PATH of Budding Individuality try employing "Z, F and E", plus "I, I and G" plus "R and J" (warm, but not hot Reason and Judgment) and you will be amazed how you can go places financially, and all this regardless of your age, environment, education or present financial standing. And the nice part of it is, when you really do things in the Financial Department of Life, you will have the DESIRE to EXPAND in all of the other Departments of Life as well.

When the Financial Department is EXPANDING, your Mental



attitude will be much improved. Little, silly things that others do, which "irked" you once upon a time to no end, will not bother you in the least when you get to EXPANDING INTO LIFE FINANCIALLY. Yes, you will be greatly improved Socially.

One thing Financial EXPANSION will definitely do for you if you are "old and ailin'" will cause your health to improve (in most instances) very, very thrillingly. In a great number of instances you can throw your "pills  
YOU CAN THROW YOUR powders and potions" down the drain. You  
PILLS, POWDERS AND will be making fewer trips to your family  
POTIONS DOWN THE doctor, and all this just because you  
DRAIN. have renewed your interest in a most  
thrilling way in the FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT  
OF LIFE. Actually, money will not cure you of anything, even if you had a million dollars to spend on your poor health -- it would give you but temporary relief, but the Zealous acquiring of money, through Inspiration and Genius will actually work wonders for the Physical Man.

Quite naturally your Mental Department will be greatly improved. Concentrating on the acquiring of wealth is a wonderful practice, and there is almost nothing like the acquiring of wealth to improve the Mind, that is of course when you are "hot" about the subject. The use of the directions on Oral and Visual Memory as found in "THE FIVE-FOLD-LIFE EXTENSION COURSE" will aid you when you become zealous about the acquiring of wealth, or of anything else.

Of course the Spiritual Department of Life is all important to the Budding Mystics and all other MYSTICS on the UPWARD PATH. If you have never had a Spiritual or Mystical experience of any kind, then, an all around EXPANSION of your FIVE-FOLD-LIFE will lead you in the right direction.

By first Expanding your Financial Department of Life you will acquire the rare ability (through Inspiration and Intuition) to instantly know whether or not certain persons or organizations are honest, half-honest, or perhaps just ignorant. I have found that many teachers of "the mysteries" are honest, but oh, so ignorant. They are Zealous to do a good work, but Inspiration and Intuition (both of these marvelous POWERS are from the Higher Other World) are not working with them.

In closing, let me say that all my time is not spent in the Financial Department of Life. I work in all the other Departments as well. It will be a very thrilling Life when you have all your Departments continually EXPANDING. Begin with the Financial and you will shortly experience a most amazing FIVE-FOLD-LIFE.







