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MAGAZINE

MAY, 1957

A JEHOVAH'S WITNESS SPEAKS OUT

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ARE THERE COSMIC KIDNAPPERS?

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THE MONASTERY A DREAM BUILT

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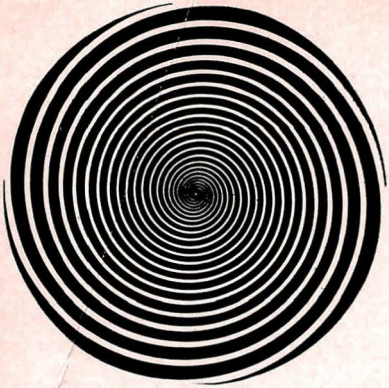


ACTUAL PHOTO

FLYING SAUCER IN SOUTH AFRICA!

MAY, 1957

TRUE STRANGE EXPERIENCES ISSUE NO. 20



The Spiral to the left is printed in an enlarged form in

THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK

Have your subject gaze fixedly at this spiral and then READ TO HIM the hypnotizing techniques given WORD FOR WORD in Chapter Two of this "Handbook of Hypnosis for Therapy." As soon as he is hypnotized, READ TO HIM the particular WORD FOR WORD therapy which applies to his particular problem. Many such therapies are given, always in the exact WORD FOR WORD form, which is essential in any scientific or professional use of hypnosis.

There has never been a book like this. A few years ago an article in **Western Family** said about its principal author: "Along the west coast, the 'hypnotism man' whose students you'll most likely run into, is Charles Edward Cooke."

Cooke has taught doctors of medicine, dentists, psychiatrists, psychologists, ministers of the gospel, nurses, and many others, from San Diego, California, to Spokane, Washington. Cooke has mass hypnotized as many as 400 people at once by READING the WORD FOR WORD hypnotizing technique in this work.

Although written for the professional man, this book will have a wide appeal among laymen who seek precise methods rather than the vague directions that have hitherto been available. THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK was written by Mr. Cooke in collaboration with science-fiction novelist and short story writer A. E. Van Vogt.

Chapters from **THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK**

CHAPTER 1: A dialogue example of a new skeptical patient on whom mild hypnosis is applied to gain the patient's confidence and at the same time tell a good deal about hypnosis.
CHAPTER 2: This is the Basic Word for Word Technique for Inducing Hypnosis.
CHAPTER 3: What You Should Know for Your 1st Hypnosis.
CHAPTER 4: The Mechanics of Hypnotizing.
CHAPTER 6: Variation of Speed of Response.
CHAPTER 7: Disguised Hypnosis—Its Use in Therapy.
CHAPTER 8: Relaxing the Patient.
CHAPTER 10: Conditioning in Auto-Hypnosis—Monologue Method Word for Word.
CHAPTER 12: Hypnotic Re-education.
CHAPTER 13: Insomnia.
CHAPTER 14: Headache.
CHAPTER 15: Constipation.
CHAPTER 16: Overweight: Reducing; Dr. and Patient.
CHAPTER 17: Breaking the Habit of Smoking.
CHAPTER 20: Hypnotic Anaesthesia.
CHAPTER 21: Painless Childbirth.
CHAPTER 22: Hypnosis in Dentistry.
CHAPTER 23: Working with children.
CHAPTER 25: Confidence—for Doctor and Patient.
CHAPTER 26: Concentration and Retentive Memory.

Space does not permit a complete listing of all the material which is in this work.

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Contents

SEARCH MAGAZINE

Issue No. 20 *Editor: Ray Palmer*

EDITORIAL ..... Ray Palmer 4
FLYING SAUCER IN SOUTH AFRICA 6
A JEHOVAH'S WITNESS SPEAKS OUT ..... Louise Moore 13
PERSONALS ..... From Our Readers 16
AN ARCHAEOLOGIST SPEAKS OUT..... Prof. J. A. Steichert 17
MONASTERY A DREAM BUILT..... Ven. Phra Sumangalo 20
YOUR FUTURE ..... Dorothy Spence Lauer 30
MEDICI'S MOVE OVER! — FOR THE FDA.... Dr. W. D. Chesney 34
ROBOT BRAIN SEEKS 4th DIMENSION..... 38
IT HAPPENED TO ME 39

- My Experience With Trolls ..... Leonard Fox
- Matchmaking From The Astral ..... Frederick G. Hehr
- The Lord's Diagnosis ..... Anonymous
- Voices ..... Mrs. George W. Harding
- Future Foretold In Dreams ..... Rev. Wm. C. Earle
- Power Over Matter ..... Luke Thomas
- Invisible Playmate ..... Mrs. F. B. Cooper

PUZZLED SCIENTISTS STUDY INDIAN MYSTICS 45
BRIDEY MURPHY'S OVERALLS..... Joseph Rosenberger 46
DID WE TAPE PHANTOM VOICES? ..... Darcea Schiesl 52
MYSTERY OF THE PERUVIAN GIANTS..... Marx Kaye 54
ARE THERE COSMIC KIDNAPERS?..... Alex Saunders 60
JAPANESE PROPHECIES OF A NEW EARTH....Wing Anderson 75
CAN A MAN BECOME INVISIBLE .....James T. Benson 81
DR. MENZEL AND THE UFO's..... Alex Saunders 82
COME, LET US REASON.....Letters From Our Readers 90
IMPROVE YOUR MYSTIC WORD POWER 122

Cover Photo: South African Flying Saucer

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...Editorial...

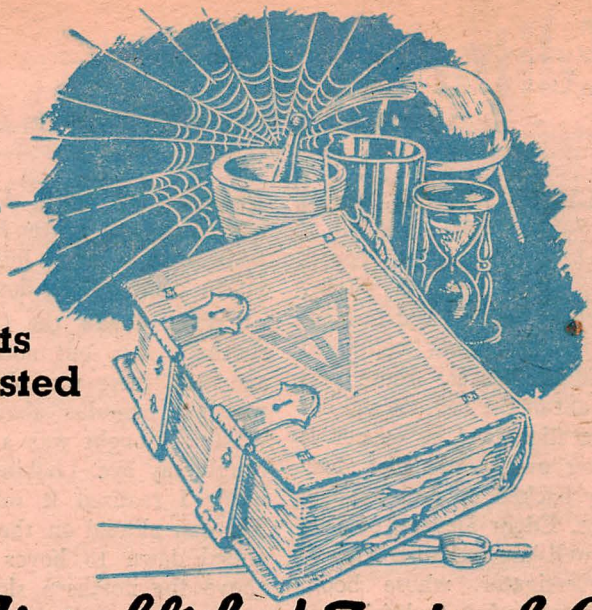
About eighteen years ago a prominent New York magazine publisher asked this editor to come to New York (at twice the salary he was getting in Chicago) and do nothing but write editorials for his various magazines. When we asked him why, he said it was because of the way we wrote our editorials — they went right to the reader, warm and personal, in a way he'd never seen equalled before. Naturally we were immensely flattered, and in speaking of it now, we feel a bit embarrassed at blowing our own horn this way; but we didn't take the job. However, we are still writing editorials, and we still go right to the reader, man to man. To us, you aren't readers, you are personal friends. We get just as warm letters back from you, and many of you have become life-long friends, in a way not at all connected with magazines or publishing or subscriptions.

This month we're coming to you more apropos the word "we" than we ever have before. More than ever, the magazine you are reading is "our" magazine. And the reason for all this is what has happened to us since we wrote our last editorial.

If you'll remember, we said the next issue would be dated April, and after that, SEARCH would be monthly. So, some of you may have noticed this issue is dated May, and have wondered why? If this was just a publishing venture, we'd have some sort of explanation like "due to circumstances" or "due to a process or reorganization" or "because of an adjustment of printing schedule" or some such "cold-fish" reason. But our reason is far from "cold-fish"! No, it's quite exciting, and quite unusual, and quite definitely something for "us" to sit down and talk about very seriously!

After we wrote our last editorial, we got to thinking. You may remember how we outlined the problems of distribution? Well, we *do* publish SEARCH so that it may reach people who would like to read it. We've depended on a "distributor" to place the magazine before those readers. But there have been problems. Largest problem of all, of course, is the enormous competition for newsstand space. A-

(*Continued on page* 70)



Secrets entrusted to a few

The Unpublished Facts of Life

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

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FLYING SAUCER IN SOUTH AFRICA

A FLYING SAUCER landed in South Africa on April 7, 1956, according to reports that have just reached *Flying Saucer Review*. (Published in England). The occupants contacted Mrs. Elizabeth Klarer, whose personal account of the contact and her subsequent flight in the saucer is given in her own words. Her story is strongly backed up and vouched for by Mrs. Edgar Sievers, of Pretoria, the well-known South African saucer investigator, whose book, *Flying Saucers uber Sudafrika,* is shortly to appear in an English edition.

The setting for this epochal event was the Mooi River area in Natal, at the foot of the Drakensberg Range. When Mrs. Klarer was a child of seven she saw a spaceship—a great orange-red wheel as large as a football, move slowly across the sky over the rolling foothills of the Drakensberg. That changed her whole life and she always hoped that one day a craft would return.

It was in a familiar spot near the old estate, where the family lived, that a preliminary attempt to contact Mrs. Klarer was made on December 27, 1954. At about 10 a.m. Elizabeth Klarer had her first surprise on a lonely hilltop when a saucer came gliding down.

"When I saw the flash in the southern sky, but nothing more," she said,"there was plenty of fair-weather cumulus about — then what I thought was a white bird caught my eye. Looking at it very hard, I realized it was no bird. The sun glinted on the craft as it glided down to hover a few feet above the northern slope.

"The craft was so close to me I could see clearly the face of the pilot through the porthole. Yet, through uncertainty and fright, I instinctively stepped back or recoiled from the strangeness of it all, but my gaze remained fixed in a fascinated stare upon the face of the pilot, the most handsome man I have ever seen. He was blonde; his eyes gave me the impression at that distance of being light grey. He smiled at me to reassure, but I backed away.

"Then the craft slowly rose and moved away in a southerly direction, until it disappeared in the distance. I stood rooted to the spot. I was left with my remorse and my



One of the two best photos out of a series of seven snapped by Mrs. Klarer

reproaches for being so stupid.

"For 15 long months I reproached myself, but always hoping that possibly I would have another chance. I continually went out in all weather and dreadful storms. But I have a family of two dependent on me, so their demands took first place, and I gradually became more patient."

Mr. Edgar Sievers, commenting on Mrs. Klarer at that period, emphasized most strongly that she is a normal healthy woman, who does not suffer from any "psychicisms." He describes her as a "gifted pianist and music teacher with studies accomplished in Italy and England and with a wide range of intellectual interests ranging from history to astronomy, an enthusiastic traveler, a lover of nature in general and of horses in particular, attractive Elizabeth Klarer has both her feet on the ground, no less than any other woman would who has to look after her family."

Mr. Sievers said that Mrs. Klarer did nothing but think of this saucer, hoping and longing that it would return.

"For all those who have noticed already that they are able to establish with their dogs or their horses an inner contact all of its own the following point will be a familiar and sensible one; and it is this point which most definitely enters the picture from here on," he affirmed.

"There are modes of awareness between living beings which are transensorial, i.e. which take place beyond the usual boundaries of



Third unblurred photo showing saucer in almost edge-on-view

sensual and sensorial control. Where a rider and a horse are at one in this way, the horse acts prompted by the mere intentions of its human friend. Mrs. Klarer, too, is gifted to a point where she establishes immediate contact with horses. Where that particular awareness is spanned from man to man to such a degree that it becomes a somewhat conscious link, we have usually been talking of telepathy and thought transference.

"Not only from George Adamski do we know that this mode of awareness comes into play, too, where relations to spacemen are concerned. There are many people in this world already who do have sensations of an indefinable kind whenever a saucer is near. Stephen Darbishire, in Coniston, England, acted on such promptings, another youth in our country, Ernst van Zyl, aged 17 then, did so and, following the hunch, had found a saucer, and likewise is Elizabeth Klarer affected when there is something 'in the air'. At least on two occasions she took friends along with her when prompted by those sensations, and saucers were actually seen.

"In an unbroken period of almost four years, in which Adamski has been talking to all who were ready to listen with discerning ear and an attentive mind, a period in which he has not hidden himself, as an imposter would have done, nor faded from public memory, as could have been expected of a hoaxer duly found out, his words have not only been ringing true, they necessarily were and are the truth. Because only truth could

have withstood such a barrage of suspicion, scorn, mockery, disbelief, ridicule and slander from every corner of the world converging on Mount Palomar in print, sound waves and by mind force.

"While Elizabeth Klarer has mustered the courage to come forward and henceforth to stand this very same test of acid publicity, there are many who know her personally and who will vouchsafe for her sincerity, as well as her truthfulness, and her integrity. Like Adamski, she will likewise stand and fall with the veracity of her claims and the absolute truth in her spoken word."

"This personal angle is so all-important," said Mr. Sievers, "because this encounter with a man from space is without direct evidence. Nor is it very likely that, had she direct proof and evidence, any of those who either cannot or else do not want to believe would let themselves be convinced.

"The restraint of the spacemen in their appearances is proof enough that they do not intend to interfere with our inner development forcibly, rather is all this being wisely measured to such a pace as will give everybody the chance to get accustomed to the thought and the fact that human beings are living on nearby planets.

"Mrs. Klarer had taken her daughter Marilyn, who is a medical student, and son David, aged seven, to Durban for a few days by the sea, when on Friday, April 6, 1956, she experienced a compelling feeling to return to the farm and to her familiar hilltop, and so back they all went to the homestead.

"Early next morning, Saturday, April 7, that particular feeling having persisted, Elizabeth Klarer slipped out and after a brisk walk reached the hilltop, about 2½ miles away."

Now Mrs. Klarer takes up the story again:

"On reaching the top of the southern slope, I saw the scoutship resting on the ground near the eastern slope of the dip. The rising sun had not topped the slope, so the craft was in the shadow. My immediate reaction was not to hesitate as I had done the first time, but to run as fast as I could — I felt as if I had wings to my feet — down that very rough slope, straight to the tall blond man standing near the craft. It was the most natural thing for me to do, because I felt that I had known him all my life.

"I stretched out both my hands to him, and he took them saying, 'You were not afraid this time.' He helped me step into the craft—the automatic door closed—and he gently sat me down on a soft circular bench, where I was able to regain my breath. What helped me

more than anything was the wonderful invigorating freshness of the air in the cabin.

"An awful doubt assailed me when I saw the other pilot sitting at the controls. He was dark and stocky. So, without thinking, I asked the tall spaceman, 'Oh, you are not a Russian, are you?' He smiled and answered, 'I am not from any place on this planet that you call Earth. I am from Venus.'

"The interior of the craft was simple, and beautiful to my mind. None of the mass of instruments and wires over dashboard and walls as in modern aircraft, but simple rows of pushbuttons on some kind of a desk. None of the stuffy smell of fuel—it was all clean, efficient and simple. A gentle humming sound, soothing and pleasant, emanated from the floor of the craft, which gave me a sense of power and security.

"The porthole covers were open. Three sets of four. I looked out of one. I could see for miles, but it was far too hazy, and I was unable to see immediately below, because the hull of the craft was in the way. I did not think at first to look through the floor lens, until the Venusian gently drew my attention to it!

"The wonderful sight of rolling green country was breathtaking—I could now see clearly for miles—even the line of blue sea in the distance.

"The tall spaceman and his companion were wearing dark-brownish suits, the trousers narrowing down to the ankles, the shirt sleeves narrowing to the wrists and a high neckline. They were close-fitting garments, but light and comfortable, made of a material not unlike a coarse shiny nylon.

"I was given refreshing water to drink, and a delicious red apple and other fruit similar to bananas. They are vegetarians. No wonder that they live and enjoy health so much longer than we do, with their diet and breathing such wonderful air. Yes, the tall, soft-spoken Venusian told me that the air I had been enjoying so much in the craft was Venusian air! He told me that there is a higher oxygen content in the Venusian atmosphere—that is, in the lowest strata of the atmosphere. That lower strata of the Venusian atmosphere is out of reach of the instruments used by scientists on Earth. The upper atmospheric envelope is poisonous and hot. He told me there is a great deal of water on Venus, and many rugged, high and beautiful mountains.

"The houses on Venus are built in a circular pattern—some are made of a special material that permits the light to come through, but does not expose the occupants to the view of anyone on the out-

side. I said that I would love to go to Venus and to the Moon. Our Moon is not a dead world. Space people are based there. How kind, civilized and cultured they are!

"They are wise and understanding. They are watching us closely now that man is moving into space, and we have stated that the Moon is our first target. This will concern them vitally. Man will take war into space.

"The tall Venusian, who spoke perfect English, told me how for a limited period he had lived and studied on Earth, travelling to various cities to see for himself how mankind lived and behaved. He was sad to see the mode of existence, precarious, and always with the threat of war. Aggressive dominating nations would continue to rise to power, nations that are still uncivilized. The power of brute force still was rampant in the world. That was the tragedy, he told me, therefore how can the space people land amongst us?

"There was plenty of room to walk around in the cabin, but my whole attention was held by the personality of the spaceman. We talked about music, real and beautiful music. Not about the primitive jungle noise that is so popular throughout this world. The space people are highly sensitive to sounds — music is a realm in which they all excel. Music is a part of their life. To most earth people it is an education that takes many years to accomplish — if not a lifetime — and there are those on earth who can never understand music.

"I felt no movement in the craft at all, beyond the gentle humming. I was told they used natural forces to propel the saucer. How wonderful to harness these forces that the universe is made of. That is why eventually man must have a complete understanding of nature and the universe — until he does, he is tied to limited mentality and capacities.

"The Venusian, who was sitting next to me as we conversed, said, 'I must now return you to the hill where I found you. Our time is up. Also David needs you. He is ill.' With sadness at leaving mingled with anxiety to return to see my son, we descended to land with a gentle touchdown on the hill.

"Both spacemen were very kind, gentle and considerate. The younger, shorter one had an olive skin and the older, taller Venusian had a fair golden-hued one. The metal of the craft was smooth polished to touch, like a mirror. The automatic door opened and the tall Venusian led me through. Sadly, I waved goodbye, as I backed away from the craft and then stood to watch them take off. Without a sound she rose

slowly to hover for a moment—the rays from the setting sun flashing in rainbow colors on her sides, then gathering speed glided away into the southern sky."

Mrs. Klarer hurried home and found all as had been told her. David had a severe sore throat, which she was able to attend to.

Mr. Sievers concludes the narrative:

"There is no need to try and assess the feelings which had accompanied these experiences, or those that must have filled her heart for days and weeks on end.

"The family was back on the farm in the summer. Mrs. Klarer was strangely expectant. On the morning of July 17, about 11 a.m., when everybody was settling down for a nice cup of tea, she however preferred to get up and go out into the open. On her way she picked up the box camera of her daughter. She had climbed an elevation, this time not very far from the homestead. While she was watching a storm brewing in the south with massive thunderclouds forming over the Berg, out from among the clouds a saucer, *the* saucer, appeared. It flew all around her, showing its paces and doing various manoeuvers. It was coming and going in and out of the clouds, generally offering her the opportunity to use up the film, which she did, 'shooting' away at the craft. Of seven photographs taken, two or three were particularly good, sharp, defined and convincing (as illustrated) while the rest were blurred.

"Negatives and object have been examined and studied. Nobody could find anything that would arouse suspicions. The family of Major Flowers, Elizabeth Klarer's brother-in-law, is in the position to testify that she took the photographs all by herself. No, there was no one to 'help her throw the hub-cap into the air,' as it immediately has been advanced, of course."

"Apart from Mrs. Klarer being of too frail a stature to be able to handle hub-caps and a box camera at the same time, we have," Mr. Sievers stated, "despite long-lasting effort, yet to discover that particular make of hub-cap which she could possibly have used. There simply is none that would come even half as near to the design of the saucer as it appears on the negative. The craft is of the type about 50 to 60 ft. in diameter, with a flat and wide dome, not with the half-sphere dome as seen on Adamski's and Allingham's photographs. Incidentally, saucers and a carrier ship have been seen over Major Flower's estate on more than one occasion. The hope is that these developments will not yet have come to their end."

THE END

A JEHOVAH'S WITNESS SPEAKS OUT

By Louise Moore

"*If Search ever neglects to publish an article sent to us in good faith, which is definitely intended as a rebuttal, or as a reply to a previous article, because of prejudice, then let the magazine fail —*" Search, December 1956, page 99.

This is a refutation, not of just one article or one person, but of all teachings, claims, and communications which have as their base the belief in the inherent immortality of the human soul. This includes reincarnation in all its aspects; it includes the 'heaven or hell' choice offered by orthodox religions; it includes deceitful message received from the lying spirits in the flying saucers — or out of them; it includes *Oahspe,* but it does not include the *Bible*. . .the Bible does not teach any such doctrine.

The first lie that ever was told was told in the Garden of Eden to a willful woman who wanted to be more than she had any right to be. A wicked, rebellious spirit, speaking to the woman through the mouth of the serpent, said, "Is it really so that God said you must not eat from every tree of the garden?" At this the woman said to the serpent: "Of the fruit of the garden we may eat. But as for eating of the fruit of the tree that is in the middle of the garden, God has said, 'You must not eat from it, no, you must not touch it for fear you may die.' " At this the serpent said to the woman: "You POSITIVELY WILL NOT DIE. For God knows that in the very day of your eating from it your eyes are bound to be opened and you are bound to be like God, knowing good and bad." (Gen. 3:1-5 NW.)

As a result of listening to this lie, the woman allowed herself to be deceived, because, of course, she wanted to be like God, and have the authority to decide for herself what was good or bad. She ate the fruit, which had no power in itself, but was simply a symbol of the right to determine what is good or bad, a right that belongs only to God. Her husband was not de-

ceived, yet he willfully chose to eat also. By so doing he asserted his independence from the good law of God, but came under bondage to the bad law of the wicked, deceitful spirit. And to give all persons involved their right names, the true God is Jehovah, the wicked spirit is Satan, the woman was Eve, and the man Adam.

Up until this point the bodies of Adam and Eve were physically and mentally perfect. Every natural function of the body and mind operated exactly as it should, so that every cell of their bodies, as it died, was replaced with a perfect living cell, a process that would have continued forever, had they remained always obedient to Jehovah. Thus they would have lived forever—on the earth, their natural home. They would have had children who by natural inheritance would be perfect like themselves, and as long as these children also remained obedient to the true God they too would have lived forever. Eventually, when the earth was full, they would have ceased to bear children.

Concerning the creation of man it is written, "Then Jehovah God proceeded to form the man out of dust from the ground and to blow into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man came to be a living soul." (Gen. 2:7 NW) By no stretch of the imagination can this be interpreted to mean that God first produced a living body and then implanted in it an immortal soul which was already living in heaven, or on the planet Lucifer, or anywhere else. The man himself, body and breath, constituted a LIVING soul, not an immortal one. Although living, and capable of living forever, he was also capable of dying forever.

And that is exactly what happened to Adam. In judgment on the sinner Adam, God said, "In the sweat of your face you will eat bread until you return to the ground, for out of it you were taken. For dust you are and to dust you will return." (Gen. 3:19 NW) Nothing is said here about progressing to a higher plane of existence. Neither is anything said about descending to some infernal region to undergo eternal torment. Adam had been living in a continual process of life, now he began to undergo a continual process of death, until at last, 930 years later, his once perfect body wore out, the process of death defeated the struggling process of life, and Adam died. His body returned to the dust, his breath returned to God who gave it. There was nothing at all left of Adam, the first soul.

When Adam sinned the human race was, figuratively speaking, all

in his loins. His unborn children had not sinned, yet he could not bequeath life to them, but only death. A child never can be anything more than what it inherits from its parents, therefore the children of Adam and Eve could only be born sinners. Absolute justice did not demand that God should spare the sinful children of sinful parents, but love did demand that he provide a way for them to escape from the bondage of sin which had come upon them without their will. If they would take this way of escape, then he could spare them, and give to them the everlasting life that he had originally intended for all mankind to have.

To provide this way of escape Jehovah immediately determined, and to let future generations know that he had determined it he uttered the first prophecy on the day that he pronounced judgment on the three rebels, Adam, Eve, and the serpent who also represented the Wicked spirit who had used it. "And I shall put enmity between you and the woman and between your seed and her seed. He will bruise you in the head and you will bruise him in the heel." (Gen. 3:15 NW)

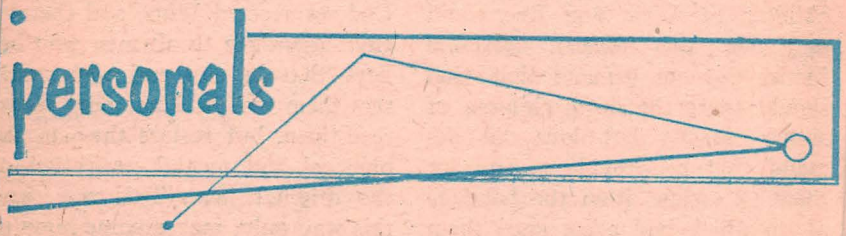
This pronouncement contained a sacred secret which was to be hid for years and for generations, but which at last came to be revealed in Jesus Christ. He is the promised Seed. Satan succeeded in bruising him in the heel when he caused Jesus to be impaled through the plotting of the Jewish clergy, but God resurrected Jesus, and thereby gave assurance to all men who believe that he can and will resurrect them too. And not only resurrect them, but restore them to the physical and mental perfection of the original man. This way, and this way only, may anyone hope to live forever.

This is not to say that of all the redeemed none of them go to heaven. A chosen few do. They are chosen, not because they are so much better than anyone else, but because God has ordained a certain number to become heavenly associates of Jesus Christ in the government that he will exercise over the earth after Armegeddon. Even they do not go to heaven because they are inherently immortal, but because they willingly sacrifice all right to life in the flesh, and for this God grants them a resurrection as immortal spirits, instead of fleshly men.

Even angels are not immortal, but those of them who have joined Satan in his rebellion against Jehovah will in time die. They will, at the appointed time, be completely destroyed, their spiritual bodies re-

turning to the spiritual counterpart of dust, their life force returning to the God who gave it when he created them.

In all the foregoing references, NW stands for the NEW WORLD TRANSLATION. This is a translation published by the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, Inc. I am one of Jehovah's witnesses.



Will buy early copies of Shaver Mystery Magazine. Would like all issues containing the serial, Mandark. Also want book by Mrs. Margaret Rogers titled "Beginning". Would rent serial Mandark or Beginning if you prefer lending to selling. Miss Janet Pierce, 937 Park Circle, Long Beach 13, Calif.... *Rev. Leontine Bryant, 8726 E. 14th St. Tulsa 12, Okla., who is a psychic, will answer one question free for anyone who sends a stamped, addressed envelope and their name and birthdate...*In reference to last month's issue, I am a female, and my full name is Claire Markowitz, General Delivery, Jamaica 31, N. Y....*Would like to hear from any readers (men or women) who have had mystic experiences, and type of experience they had. Alma, Colfax, Illinois....* I am a psychometrist and have been planning a book devoted to the occult, psychic happenings of everyday people. Am collecting data, and will give a full psychic reading to anyone who will write up in detail any such experiences they have had. Include as many dates and names of witnesses, etc, as possible. June E. Weidemann, 607 S. Jackson St., New Athens, Ill...*I'd like to correspond with persons on Mars, and on other planets, object friendship. E. Arellano — Sphinx, 1224 So. Spaulding Ave., Chicago 23, Ill.* . . .I am interested in the study of ESP and would welcome any correspondence on the subject. Mary Bryant, Rt. 2, Atlanta, Texas....*Would like to contact a kreliable hypnotist in Baltimore, Maryland. Will give full name and address through SEARCH if you reply via this column. Hope....*I want to thank SEARCH readers for their response to my

(*Continued on page* 59)

AN ARCHAEOLOGIST SPEAKS OUT

By Prof. J. A. Steichert

When the editor of SEARCH asked me to present a reply to the article by Louise Moore, he did not specify it as a rebuttal; for in fact, none can be made to Mrs. Moore's article. I can only point out certain facts concerning her basis for argument, and draw certain conclusions which are to be construed only as a personal opinion on my part. Actually, there is no difference of opinion, only a matter of identity involved. It depends upon *who* is God.

In the first chapter of Genesis (I will use the *American Standard Version,* since it is the Bible Mrs. Moore chooses to use, and which she mistakenly calls the *New World Version*) and in the first three verses of chapter two, we find that *God* created the heavens and the earth and all therein in six days, and upon the seventh, rested. He created man "in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." He further specified what it was that man was to eat, and he did not exclude the fruit of any particular tree. If this is the *God* Mrs. Moore refers to, then she is wrong.

However, Mrs. Moore specifically points out that the name of her God is *Jehovah.* In this, then, she is correct in all she says: for beginning with the 4th verse of chapter two of Genesis, the creation is *reported* (not recapitulated, I maintain) by *Jehovah God.* And Jehovah God did things vastly differently, all the way down the line. He created man out of the dust of the ground; and placed a forbidden tree in the midst of the garden. And Jehovah God, in his version, created man *first,* then, because he (man) was lonely, created the animals and brought them to be named, and yet no helpmeet was found for him, and thus, he caused a sleep to fall on him and took from him a rib, from which he made woman. All this in spite of the fact that *God,* in the first chapter, created man male and female *simultaneously* to begin with, and there was no need for *Jehovah God,* later on, to create a woman

from a rib.

Jehovah's Witnesses, who have every right to their opinion, and whose general character and devotion to opinion I admire greatly, have chosen the creation of the second chapter of Genesis as the correct one, and Jehovah God as their specific God.

But, beginning with the first chapter of Genesis, and proceeding all the way through the Bible, I would personally hesitate to ascribe to it the sweeping negative statements that Mrs. Moore attributes to it. Because of the drastic difference in the creations of God and Jehovah God, and if the Bible is true, as is maintained by Jehovah's Witnesses, then there are *two* creators involved. Mrs. Moore (and Jehovah's Witnesses) claim the one named Jehovah God, and thus, cannot be refuted in their claims as long as God (who created no forbidden tree) is not recognized by them, or is regarded as one and the same God.

Proof (if further proof is needed) that there were two Gods, is the line of descent from Cain to Lamech, and from Seth to Lamech. Chapter five of Genesis begins: "This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he him; male and female created he them, and blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created. And Adam lived a hundred and thirty years, and begat *a son* in his own likeness, after his image; and called his name Seth: and the days of Adam after he begat Seth were eight hundred years; and he begat sons and daughters. And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years; and he died."

Here we see that the Adam that *God* created had a *first son* (who was in his image — that is, male and female) (the translators of this Bible italicized the words "a son" to signify that this was an arbitrary translation, because the word actually used in the original was not the one ordinarily translated as "son"). This son was named Seth, in sharp contrast to the Cain who was the *first son* of the Adam created by Jehovah God. Also, it was not until Seth's son was born that man began to call upon the name of Jehovah. (Gen. 4-26). Yet, Cain went out from the "presence of Jehovah God", and there were the generations of Enoch, Irad, Mehujael, Methushael, and Lamech as a result; whereas the line from Seth was Enosh, Kenan, Mahalalel, Jared and Enoch (who walked with God and was not) and Methuselah who begat Lamech. And apparently, if you wish to

fuse the two lines, the *two* Lamechs were the single father of Noah. Yet, we cannot confuse the two lines, as they are separate and distinct. If we consider the 25th verse of the 4th chapter of Genesis, Adam did not have Seth until after Lamech "slew a man for wounding him". Which would make it necessary for Adam to have fathered Cain at the age of twenty-three and at a minimum of forty-six knew God as Jehovah God, whereas he was one hundred thirty, plus the time it took for Seth to have a son, before men began to call upon the name of Jehovah God.

It depends upon *who* is your god, *God* (of the first chapter of Genesis, and the God of the line of descent from Seth) or *Jehovah God* (of the second chapter of Genesis, and the god of the line of descent from Cain) in making any statement about the non-existence of a soul, of immortality, of reincarnation, of flying saucers, etc.

Those who predicate the *literal* word of the Bible as the basis for their belief must be prepared arbitrarily to reconcile numerous contradictions. Yet, it is my personal belief that a literal acceptance of the Bible, even in its apparent contradictions, is the proper attitude to take. The Bible tells me there were *two* creators, and nowhere is this refuted, except upon the lips of those who would deny one or the other.

Personally, the most logical and just weight of evidence falls to the share of the God of Seth, rather than to the Jehovah of Cain.

If man was created male and female simultaneously, why later create a purely superfluous woman, whose superfluity apparently resulted in her becoming history's worst mischiefmaker?

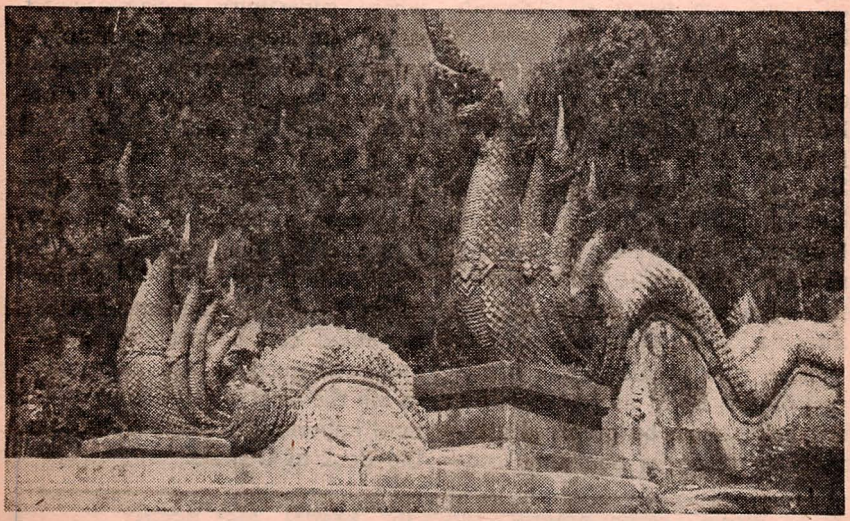
Somewhere in Genesis is more than meets the eye, and with all apologies to Mrs. Moore and to Jehovah's Witnesses, more than they have witnessed to up to now. I would, for one, certainly be interested in a reply to these opinions of mine—for if the questions in my mind can be properly erased and catalogued, it will make clear to me the most mysterious, yet the most important of mankind's books, the Book of Genesis.

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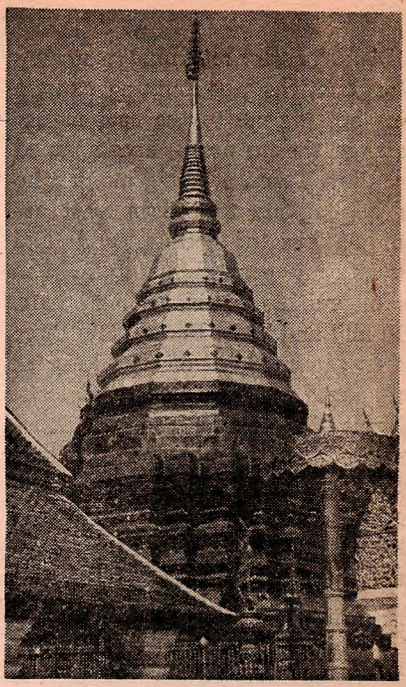
The MONASTERY A DREAM BUILT

IF YOU THINK a lecture tour is not exhausting just try one some time! And you will be doubly exhausted if the said tour covers large portions of two continents and a vast archipelago, involves almost 14,000 miles of travel by all means of conveyance from super-constellations to rickshas and requires you to make 221 lectures in 121 days at Universities, before the general public, before learned bodies, over TV and radio and, in your spare time (!) to write articles for magazines and newspapers. Add to all this the "flash-blub spots" sure to appear before your eyes and remain there for a long time as a result of newspaper insistence on photograph-



The seven-headed royal nagas (dragons or serpent-kings) that guard the highest approach to Wat Doi Suthep. The 30ft water jets were turned off for the purpose of making this picture. Length of each dragon . . 400 ft.

By Venerable Phra Sumangalo



The golden pagoda housing a relic of Lord Buddha. Erected 600 years ago. Covered heavily with gold leaf. The five-tiered umbrella finial is encrusted with many jewels of a dozen varieties.

ing you feeding apples to Kangaroos, holding a baby Koala in your arms, demonstrating the yoga of meditation and, when you alight from your 'plane once more back home, you may be sure that an early escape to some sort of Shangri La will be your heart's most earnest desire. Certainly that was my own desire when I completed my recent preaching mission in Malaya-Straits Settlements, Indonesia and Australia-including Tasmania. To add to my longing to get completely "out of the world", I had made this extended tour immediately after a similar junket to Laos, South Thailand and Cambodia which, in its turn had come hard on the heels of an extended preaching tour of India, Nepal and Ceylon. I was so unutterably tired that when the customs inspector asked me if I had anything to declare, I could barely whisper: "one boomerang!"

Six days after returning to steamy Bangkok, the woodburning express was bearing me to the cool mountains of the far north, accompanied by Phra Term, a young monk who is helping me to answer vast accumulations of letters, and Nai Prasit, my general factotum, who is an amiable combination of "Mr. Do-all" and "Mr. Fixit." The three of us can keep out of trouble in 14 languages and a few stray dialects. Twenty-four hours and 745 Kilometers later, we alighted in Xieng Mai, Thailand's second largest city, an unhurried home to some 50,000 devout, peaceable and happy people. The ancient walls of the city are still intact at many points and any structure less than two centuries old is looked upon as being almost glaringly new. The city was founded some seven centuries ago. Except for the advent of the railroad and, of course, electric lighting, the passing centuries have wrought but few changes, and rather superficial ones at that. Temples and pagodas erected ages ago by long-forgotten Kings and Princes lift their gilded grace at every turn. The roads are bordered by peacock trees and frangipani. A few minutes from the centre of town you are likely to run into a crew of patient work-elephants dragging teak logs, and you are certain to see water buffalos plowing the paddy fields, often at the behest of a sturdy peasant woman clad only in a loin cloth and what is, I am sure, the one and only genuine "lampshade hat." If the water buffalo happens to be pink, don't be startled: they come in four colors.

But, never mind the flora, fauna, architecture and history; turn you gaze northward and skyward, then brace yourself, for you are about to gaze on as fair a scene as it is given to mortal eye to behold on this earth-plane of ours. The plain of Xieng Mai is table-top flat, but 13 Kilometers north there rises Mount Doi Suthep to a height of one mile. Its rise is not the usual gradual one. Doi Suthep soars upward precipitously, without any compromise whatever. The top of the peak is a three-acre plateau, in the exact centre of which towers a great golden Chedi (pagoda), surrounded by graceful temples and monastic buildings. The tiered golden roofs with naga-head cornices, the ivory-colored walls, the liberal use of Vermillion, plus jewel-tints, all of it rising out of a sea of green and dominated by the great golden pagoda, inevitably causes the beholder to feel that he is foreglimpsing Heaven. To this returned traveller, weary in body, mind and spirit, it meant more than a mere

simulacrum of the Celestial Realm; it was Heaven indeed; so near, and yet so far away!

Only the hardiest of jeeps or the sturdiest of station wagons dare hazard the hundred or so hairpin turns with gradients that seem, in many places, to be but little less than vertical. A careless driver need relax his alertness for but a moment and car and occupants crash into death's arms many hundreds of feet below.

At the next to the highest level, the road ends. Here begin the 244 granite steps to the summit. And, in case you "had a few" before you left Xieng Mai, you need not "swear off" on beholding the two fierce seven-headed dragons coming down the steps to meet you, one on either side of the ascent; they are of stone and the total length of each one's undulations is 400 feet. The 30 foot jets of water forcefully shooting from their mouths, or rather the *central* mouth in each case, are icy cold overflows from the unfailing spring on the peak. You have now travelled 15 miles from the foot to the summit, in order to reach this one mile elevation. At this altitude it is unwise to expend energy needlessly, so take the steps a few at a time, resting frequently. Why invite a heart attack?

When finally you reach the topmost level you find yourself confronted by two incredibly fierce demons in stone, one on each side of the top landing. To be strictly correct, one is a *demoness* and, in keeping with the adage that "the female is the deadlier of the species", her mien is more gruesomely forbidding than that of her consort. Each is multi-armed and each of the various hands grasps a weapon. They are some twelve feet tall and probably serve well their appointed purpose of instilling in the hearts of evil men and women a less-than-pleasant foreboding as to their ultimate fate unless allegiance to evil be renounced sans delay. It is no accident that these demons are painted in harsh primary colors. These depressing shades are identical with the auras that radiate from the person enslaved by base passions and ignoble desires. It is a fairly common occurence to meet individuals throughout Asia who see these color-radiations as easily as you and I see the colors of a plant. Two days after my arrival at the monastery and when, to all outward appearances, I seemed fairly rested and refreshed, a member of the ancient nobility of this region came to call, but remained only a few minutes. "Your aura is that of exhaustion," she said, "and it is better that I

go away and let you resume your rest." For those who care to make mental note of just *which* of the colors is that of exhaustion, it is a dull, dispiriting, repellant shade of blue, a blue from which all life seems to have been extracted. It is by no means a case of happenstance that when we are dispirited, discouraged, weary and forlorn, we say we "have the blues" or that our outlook on life "is very blue." Those interested in these matters should bear in mind, however, that there are very many varieties of blue and some of these tints are of quite high vibratory value, indicative of worthy ideals and achievements on the part of those who possess such "*affirmative* blue" auras. Modern science is now beginning to suspect that each of the many emotions of which humans are capable has its own individual vibratory rate, manifested not only in scent (now a reasonably well authenticated fact to scientists), but also in auric emanations of colors, that have quite as objective an existence as the bodies from which they radiate. With these thoughts in mind, it does not behoove us to assume that the use of the crude primary tones often seen in Asian iconography is the result of crudity of artistic taste. A bit of study in this field can bring quite rewarding knowledge.

After getting past the guardian demons, the visitor or pilgrim emerges into the forecourt and is faced with some rather curious examples of statuary, some of it not at all Buddhist and seemingly a bit out of place in a monastery that has been dedicated to the teachings of The Gentle Buddha for not less than six-hundred years. History tells us, however, that long before Buddhism was adopted by the people of this region, the peak of Doi Suthep was a center of sun-worship. After that period it became a sanctuary of the elephant-headed son of Siva, the roly-poly Hindu god Ganesha, who delights in removing obstacles for his devotees. For more than a thousand years this has been a centre of worship and some small portions of the original structures still remain. Other portions have been incorporated into the five century-old present temple. The pagoda was erected some six hundred years ago and is a sturdy testimonial to the value of dreams as media of communications from other planes. It is well authenticated history that some six centuries ago the king of the Xieng Mai region was one Goonah the Good and that he firmly believed that dreams have real meaning. Therefore it is hardly surprising that he paid

heed to certain disclosures made to him by a holy monk from a temple much to the south of Xieng Mao. Phra Suma, as the monk was named, had dreamed of an adandoned and well-nigh disintegrated pagoda near the town of Sukhotai. In his dream he saw the roots of a great tree growing downward into the relic chamber of the pagoda and encircling a bronze urn. Inside the bronze urn was a silver box which, in its turn, housed a golden casket. In the golden casket was a luminous urn of rose quartz. The luminosity was caused by the presence in the inner urn of a small relic of the cremated remains of the Buddha. In his dream Phra Suma was directed how to make his way through the jungles and reach the forgotten pagoda. He was told to take an elephant and place the relic-caskets on the animal's back and then to bring the relics to Xieng Mai and house them in a new pagoda on Mount Doi Suthep.

Without undue hesitation, King Goonah ordered an expedition made ready and it departed for Sukhotai. The forgotten pagoda was found in dense jungle and a mammoth banyan tree's roots were plainly seen to be piercing the base of the structure. The ancient chronicles state that but little digging was necessary to penetrate to the relic chambers, as the roots had done so much damage to the masonry. There they found the urns within urns exactly as revealed in the monk's dream. The sacred relic was borne back to Xieng Mai and, by royal command, the pagoda which now lifts its graceful gold-sheathed contours only a few feet from where I sit writing, was started. When the relic chamber was completed, the urns were brought from the valley below on the back of the same elephant that had borne them from Sukhotai. In those days there was no road or even a trail to the summit and the long climb exhausted the patient elephant. On reaching the summit and being relieved of his holy burden, the tired animal breathed its last. The king ordered an almost royal funeral for the beast and commanded that a statue of the faithful animal be erected on Doi Suthep's summit. Apparently the statue was chiselled from a soft stone, as it weathered rather badly with the passing centuries. It has now been restored to its original form by the use of a special concrete. The statue is on your left as you come into the forecourt. Quite near to it is another statue of more than passing interest. It is a representation of the hermit who established sun-worship here a full ten centuries ago. He is

clad in a tigerskin and is full-bearded. He sits in the lotus position and has a benign expression. Formerly some small animals and birds were on his shoulders and grouped about him but they weathered away long ago. The former presence of the trusting animals and birds is not without significance. Throughout the full thousand years of recorded history concerning this sacred mountain, no blood has ever been shed here. War has swirled in its agonies at the base of the mountain but no sword has ever been drawn on the mountain itself. No act of cruelty has ever occurred here. Even to this day the birds are unafraid and the deermouse, usually a timid creature, is quite unconcerned when approached by humans. Occasional cobras and pythons are to be seen on the peak but no one has ever killed or injured one of them. There is no record that anyone on the peak has ever been bitten by a reptile. Even the hundreds of magnificent rose bushes are immune to beetles, plant lice and plant blights. It is possible that at some time or another angry words have been uttered here, but no knowledge of such utterances is recorded. And surely the ones guilty of the harsh words would be overwhelmed by a sense of deep shame.

The materialist who is so sure that a "rational explanation for all that occurs under the sun can be found, is fond of claiming that the unique setting of this monastery tends to overwhelm visitors and to "narcotize" them. I should be the very last to assert that the setting is totally without effect. But I can not find any rational (to me) way of bringing myself to believe that *all* the phenomena observable on his holy plateau are solely the result of a form of suggestion. I am by no means a credulous person; nor am I at the other extreme of refusing to credit whatever can not be reduced to a mathematical formula, or dissected on a laboratory slab or chemically analysed. On the basis of dispassionate observation I find myself compelled to believe that there are influences on this peak that are not the influences one ordinarily meets with on the streets of great centers of commerce and industry or in any place where men and women are so encapsulated in matter that they never lift the level of their vision above "keeping up with the Joneses" or "getting ahead in the world." I admit, albeit a bit shamefacedly, that when I first knew of Wat Doi Suthep a short two years ago, I was inclined to be somewhat sniffish at the idea that a mere change of locale could ipso facto

bring about a real renovation of heart, mind and manner of looking at life. Yet such an array of *facts* stare me in the face that I am compelled to accept as demonstrated truth the metamorphoses that occur here in large numbers. From all over Thailand come troubled hearts, disturbed minds, ill bodies, sickly emotions and all the inharmonies to which humankind is heir. In a few days or a week a remarkable transformation has come about. If I am compelled to reduce this transformation to one word, I think *re-integration* will suffice very well. If this re-integration came about as a result of cool and bracing climate, altitude, beauty of view and religious atmosphere, then surely there are probably thousands of other places in the world that would serve the same purpose quite as well as Doi Suthep and certainly far more comfortably. There's not a bed on the mountain. We sleep on the floor. We have our simple meals (two a day) from a mat spread on the floor. The day begins at five A.M. and includes two hours of meditation, a two hour period of devotions in the morning and a similar period in the evening. Usually at the evening devotions I deliver a twenty minute homily on some simple topic to a small assemblage of pilgrims. We have no enmity towards intellectuality, but we do not encourage it here. This is a centre of spiritual *feeling* and intuitive perception - both entirely beyond the power of thought to grasp and words to define. Nor do we outline a course of action for any pilgrim to follow. "Cease doing and try *being*" is advice that brings a far better result when it is followed. This afternoon I spoke briefly with a diplomat who made what some might consider a cryptic remark: "I just threw myself over the precipice!" I understood perfectly .... and there flashed through my mind the biblical injunction: "let him who would find himself first lose himself."

Within another year the monastery of Wat Doi Suthep (Wat means *monastery,* Doi means *mount* and Suthep means *Good Angel*) will be almost completely restored to its former grandeur. The half-gallon of jewels from the five-tiered golden umbrella atop the golden pagoda will be reset in their original positions and the pagoda itself regilded with 24 karat goldleaf. The costs are borne from totally unsolicited offerings. Sooner or later someone will buy us a new generator to replace the one that burned out a few days ago. In the meantime we content ourselves with candlelight. Cake is

very nice, of course, but when there's no cake we settle for crackers. They are both from the same barrel insofar as we are concerned.

In the foregoing sentences we have what is perhaps the basic reason why so few foreigners come here for more than a one-day visit. Innerspring mattresses, elaborate meals, the hot-water tap, the morning paper, the morning mail, the uninterrupted blare of a radio or TV set, the social whirl, the delightful exchanges of juicy tidbits of (salacious?) gossip and all the accretions that are now part and parcel of modern "civilization" have such a hold on moderns that but few individuals are capable of foregoing them for more than a few hours. After a day or two of more *natural* living they are likely to feel overcome by a sense of deprivation. Thus it is that the giddy international social-set passes us by ... except for perhaps an hour's visit "to enjoy the view."

Few magazines care to publish such articles as this. They care not to be accused of dabbling in "occult nonsense." The fact of ample documentation of the dream that caused this monastery to be built is lightly dismissed by most editors. Probably the same editorial types that refused to publish news of the airplane flights made by Wilbur and Orville Wright at Kitty-hawk, N.C. these many years ago. "Everyone knows that the construction of a flying-machine is a scientific impossibility." And this same type of superior (?) mind refuses to examine the evidence for the reality of anything that remotely smacks of the paranormal. Thus it is that I seldom mention to worldlings that there is a power (which I do define) at Wat Doi Suthep capable of re-orienting confused lives and bringing peace into troubled hearts and apprehensive minds. With even less frequency do I mention that this power does not depend on the performance of rituals, prayers, believing, or any course of action. It is enough simply to be here, although the process of acquiring peace *does* seem to be hastened by "throwing oneself over the precipice" — i.e., shedding the false outer shell which we gradually come to believe to be the true self. In other words, a getting back to one's original, more natural state of mind. "Except ye become as little children..... ...." But, quite apart from anything the pilgrim does or does not, there is a power inherent in the very stones of this place, a power for peace. I do not pretend to understand this power, nor do I sense any necessity for understanding it. But I know it is here. Over the centuries, many, many

thousands of others have felt this power and known its peace. There is no record that anyone ever "understood" it. Certainly there is nothing here in the way of a power the mind can comprehend. But Orientals say the *deeper* understanding is not of the mind but of the *heart!* As a concrete example of the unbridgeable chasm between the understanding of the mind and the comprehensions of the heart, let us consider *love*. The mind never understands love, but the heart does! It is indeed true to say: "the heart has reasons of its own." Perhaps some day not too far away we humans may come to recognize the truth of Shakespeare's dictum: "there are stranger things in Heaven and Earth than are included in your and my philosophy." By "philosophy" is meant power to *comprehend by mentation,* in this case.

In case "Dear Reader" should ever find himself in this remote part of the world, by all means let him come visit us here at the Monastery of The Good Angel. On reaching the top level, let him approach the first person he sights, putting the palms of his hands firmly together at about chest level, bowing slightly, and then say: "Chan ma jiem Phra Farang, Tann Sumangalo" and at once "Dear Reader" will be conducted to my quarters. If we should happen to be "on the mat" at our rice, bamboo sprouts, chilli peppers, fruit and tea, we can always find another plate and a spare spoon of bronze. And should anyone be desirous of finding himself, we recommend the process of *losing* oneself. Come and "throw yourself over the precipice."

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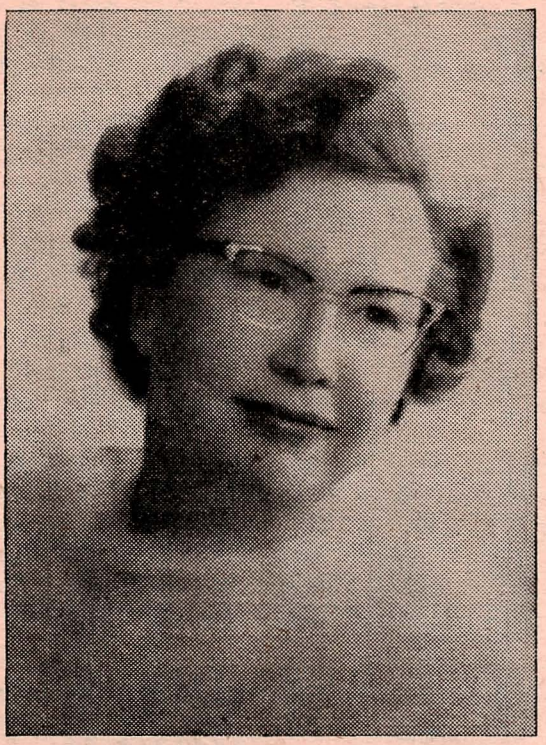
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YOUR FUTURE

By Dorothy Spence Lauer



Many people have asked me how I psychometrize. Is there any special thing you have to do to perform this feat, or is there any source of instruction you must go through; or is it just a "gift"?

Well, I personally don't believe it is a gift. I think anybody can do it. Some to a greater extent than others. It does improve with practice, I think. Here is how I do it:

First, hold the object, or letter, or bible verse, supplied you by your friend, and relax. Jot down

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

impressions regardless of what they are. In order to make sure you are not supplying the answers subconsciously, it is best to work with people whom you do not know. Ask friends to lend you old letters they have received, if you wish to practice, as I did. If you suddenly feel a headache that you hadn't felt before, it may mean that the person whom you are psychometrizing may be troubled with a headache, or about to be troubled, and accordingly they should be advised to see a physician. Never diagnose a condition; but you can say: "You may have a headache, don't let the symptom go by without attention."

If you feel something falling, it may mean that care should be exercised to present injury from a falling object. When I wrote one man, I had this feeling, and warned him to be careful of a chandelier or some heavy object that could be loose and fall upon him. He went to a restaurant, and noticing a large chandelier just over the table he had selected, moved to another table. Shortly thereafter the chandelier fell onto the table where he would have been sitting had he not been alert to the possibilities in

my suggestion to him.

If you feel the sensation of riding, it may signify a trip; and if the sensation were to be accompanied by a feeling of disgust, it might mean that the trip was a disappointing one, or annoying one. Supposed you feel talkative. It means someone will be talkative—and a feeling of reserve would mean that you should be cautious of the trend of this conversation and what you reply to it. If you feel a sheaf of papers in your hand, it might mean signing important documents. A feeling of elation at the same time would indicate that signing would be beneficial, and vice versa.

These things aren't guesses. You just *know* them; but if you waver and retrace, you will become confused. Sometimes people say "Let's start over and see if you get the same thing." This is a waste of time. Instinctively, you feel you are being tested, doubted. Under such influence, you will not function. Relaxation of mind and emotion is necessary.

I have written a series of monographs, which I've had mineographed, and if you are interested in them, I would be happy to send them to you for $2.00 each, to cover the cost of mineographing, stenography, etc. They are very explanatory of the things I do, and some of them contain information that has come to me via my unusual ability. They may be helpful to you, but in any event, if not, I am always ready to accept return of the monographs and refund money. You see, it is not out of any desire to turn this into profit that I have written these monographs, but out of a feeling that they can be very helpful to many. In the case they are not, of course they should be returned.

The titles, if you care to specify any particular one, are: 1) VISUALIZATION (which is a way of getting what you want in your future by visualizing your desire, and thus helping to implement it into reality.)

2) THE GOLDEN MAGIC CIRCLE (A concentration of the mind and body, and soul in a dynamic circle about you, to channelize the energy of accomplishment through you.)

3) CONCENTRATION (Some of us find this very hard to do!)

4) INTUITION VERSUS IMPULSE (How *do* you tell the difference?)

5) PSYCHOMETRY (A full explanation of what it is, and how to do it.)

6) MENTAL TELEPATHY (Does it exist? How to do it. How to demonstrate it.)

7) PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT (How to develop any psychic powers you may have.)

Like my psychometric analysis, you can get any of these by addressing me *personally* at Amherst, Wisconsin. Please don't address your letters to this magazine. All mail is forwarded to me, directly, and because of this, and the distances involved, sometimes an answer is some time in coming. And also, I receive so very many requests. And one of my rules is never to pass over any analysis lightly—rather I will set it aside for a better moment, if nothing definite comes to me.

I have not made any predictions for this issue, however, I will resume them next issue.

Editor's Note: Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Ordinarily she needs but an object belonging to, or handled by, the subject, or the presence of the subject, to become aware of the psychic influences from which she draws her information. However, for the sake of expediency in providing her with a sufficiently strong personal psychic impression, the editors of this magazine hit upon the Bible verse method. By writing out a verse, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given on this page, we hope that a sufficiently powerful psychic impression will be made to enable the medium to receive the information she seeks. We have made this service available to our readers purely in an experimentative atmosphere, in an attempt, first, to determine whether or not this ability is of a nature both real and valuable; and second, to provide you with an interesting bit of entertainment.

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

HOW TO GET A PSYCHOMETRIC ANALYSIS

Select a short verse from the Bible, perhaps your favorite, and write it on a separate sheet of paper, meanwhile concentrating on your problems. Then mail the sheet to Mrs. Dorothy Spence Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and enclose $3.00. Bear in mind the reply may take several weeks.

MEDICI'S MOVE OVER! — FOR THE FDA

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

"Who knows a truth and then a falsehood tell my soul abhors him like the gates of hell." Homer's Iliad

THE FDA condemns Hoxsey by stating his remedies contain potassium iodide. A fact: Every grain of iodized salt and every mineral vitamin tablet contains potassium iodide.

WHY DOESN'T GOVERNMENT PUT A STOP TO THAT?

Government permits the use of nearly 800 coal tar chemicals in our foods and drinks. Many are known to be cancer stimulating. Two years ago I dressed the FDA down by personal letter condemning the use of coal tar dyes in foods. I have an answer- -SAFELY IN A K. C. SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX stating that these dyes were not carcenogenic (cancer causing). LISTEN: The U. S. District Court ruled that coal tar dyes were possibly cancer makers and were being used in every sort of bakers goods, oleo, butter, peanut butter, bread, oranges, soft drinks, canned goods and right on through about everything we eat and drink.

Therefore, we must assume that no dependence can be placed in any major statement made by the FDA-the Pure Food and Drug Administration. Our paternal, perhaps mother-in-law government accepted the use of Agene in flour treatment for 25 years. It was then proved that Agenized flour products produced epileptic fits.

I implore every reader to send to the Lee Foundation, Milwaukee 3, for a re-print of, POISON ON YOUR FOOD SHELF, by Rep. J. J. Delaney, Chairman of House Committee Investigating Poisonous Chemicals in our Foods. Better send for a dollars worth and distribute them. *You will save lives.* Get *Time,* issue August 27th, '56, and read, "Cancer Suspects," page 70.

Here in the State of Wisconsin many orchards have a DDT content in the upper soil of over 100 pounds per acre. Cattle eat grass, in orchards, literally swimming in DDT, one of the most toxic and devilish

coal tar synthetics known to mankind. There isn't a drop of Wisconsin milk, meat or butter that does not contain traces to actual poisonous amounts of DDT.

Anybody can make accurate qualitative tests for this rank poison. Arsenic is a rank cancer producer. Cigarettes, southern vegetables and fruits carry considerable amounts of arsenical residuals. *Readers of search, if you give a continental dam for family or country write to Lee for the reprint above mentioned.* Discover that colas destroy teeth and that our paternal government then permits another rank poison, Fluorine, in an attempt to correct something that would not have occurred in the first place if this same FDA would do its sworn duty.

No other than the U. S. Navy Research Lab, Bethesda, Maryland, made these tests and furnished the truth. I have all of the Navy bulletins proving my charges. The FDA has granted a license to a maker of these condemned 'blunder' drugs, to soak fresh drawn chickens in aureomycin and freeze them together. Aureomycin is an extremely dangerous, a most damnably dangerous 'blunder' drug. The side reactions from it even when in the hands of an honest, informed doctor, are something terrible.

The Agricultural Department permits the use of aureomycin in all animals' feeds and it goes through to humans. Then, when your doctor gives you aureomycin there is infinite danger you will die from antiphylaxis. And any person who denies this regardless of who or what he is, is a most damnable liar. The same thing prevails in the use of penicillin. It is found in nearly every ounce of fresh milk because, according to the State of Wisconsin, 4 out of every 5 milk cows in that State have mastitis and penicillin is used in terrific quantities. And it always goes through into the milk.

The Hoxsey Clinic is curing completely hundreds of cases of cancer, external and internal. And most of these cases are those given up to death by oncologists (cancer specialists), after radium, Xrays and the surgeon have miserably failed. I positively, personally know many Wisconsin and Missouri residents cured of cancer at Hoxsey's.

Now let's face just one great fact: The medical monopoly put the 'bug' on our government, and supine bureaucrats snatched from suffering humanity the greatest blessing in history, for cancer has been known since the days of Hippocrates. I mean at least three positive cures for this dread disease. The conduct of the American medical association (l.c.) was so contumaceous that the U. S. Senate appointed a committee to inves-

tigate, with Senator Tobey, whose son had been cured after a. m. a. doctors said his cancer would kill him in a few weeks as Chairman. The Department of Justice loaned its best investigator, a fighter named FitzGerald, to investigate and report.

Senator Tobey died and Senator Bricker, of Ohio, was made Chairman. He quickly pigeon-holed FitzGerald's report which stated: "There is every reason to believe that the a. m. a. has been hasty, capricious, arbitrary, and outright dishonest. And the alleged machinations of Dr. J. J. Moore, Treasurer of the a. m. a. could involve the a. m. a. and others in an interstate conspiracy of alarming proportions." These were the exact words of one honest man, at least, in Washington.

Senator Bricker refuses to see FitzGerald, or to even consult with men who have the common good at heart. It has been said that the FitzGerald report has now been destroyed. With these proved facts facing us, we might remember the Biblical, "Can any good come out of Nazareth," by substituting Washington for Jesus' old home. *I never make a statement I cannot prove.* And I'll gladly give line, chapter and page of every statement made here. Let me say again, *"The Hoxsey clinic has cured cancer and if not put out of business by certain sons, it will keep right on curing cancer. I have the proof.* The a.m.a. has the proof but conceals it. The FDA has the proof and prevaricates.

Several of your correspondents have written to *SEARCH* stating that Spiritualism cannot be scientifically proved. Nothing is more erroneous. Why? Scientific proof must naturally come through a scientist. Every scientific discovery must be arrived at through the exercise of one or more of a scientist's five senses, seeing, hearing, touchings, smelling and tasting. Therefore, anything tested by a scientist, employing one or more of his physical senses, is scientifically proved, or disproved.

It is a positive fact that 99 out of every hundred accepted scientists that took up an investigation to prove Spiritualism a delusion, a snare and a fraud, *themselves became leaders in proving spiritualism true.* A list follows:

1. Crookes, probably the greatest scientist that ever lived. Nobel prize, French academy sciences, author accepted books on chemistry, discoverer element thallium, inventor Crookes tube, Radiometer, Spinthariscope, just to mention a few of his honors.

2. Lodge, Prof. physics, author, knighted for scientifics, attainments. Large contributor to radio, electronics, ether.

3. Flamarrion. Greatest French astronomer, authority on double and multiple stars, Member Bureau of Longitudes.

4. Richet. Nobel prize, physiologist, author and authority on neurology and serology.

5. Hare. Professor emeritus Chemistry. Inventor oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, calorimeter, electric furnace. Author of *"Spiritualism scientifically proved."*

6. Lombroso. Internationally recognized criminologist.

7. Ochorowicz. University of Warsaw.

8. Botazzi. Science head, University of Naples.

9. Drs. Zollner, Geley, von Schrenk-Notzing, Galleoti, Challis, Gerosa, Foa, Scarpa, Pasini, Schiaparelli, and many hundreds more; every one scientists and University professors.

I invite any person on earth to write, enclosing s. a. e. and ask me for proofs of every statement I make now, or have made previously in any of the hundreds of articles I have written and were published. I'm not posing as an authority. I will furnish the references from accepted, honest and learned men. My conclusions:

1. Practically everything we eat or drink is loaded with cumulative poisons- -that includes bread, oleo, dairy products, meat, candies, flour, bakery goods and mixes, I repeat everything we eat or drink.

2. Hoxsey has cured hundreds of cancers after doctors sent them home to die. The medical association sparked the FDA to condemn Hoxsey. The official commercial house organ of that association published a lead article, by our foremost tumor specialist, Ochsner, proving cigarets cause cancer. *In that same issue two whole page ads for cigarets were published.* The President of that association advertised commercial bread- -loaded with as much as twelve coal tar chemicals as the blessing that gave Americans the finest health of any nation on earth. Move over Baron Munchasen. Over 50% of all inductees are rejected because of ill health of body or mind. America stands 16th among civilized nations in health. We have the highest post-operative death rate of all nations on earth. Over 5 million unnecessary operations are performed each year by self-elected surgeons who are not fit to operate on a hydrophobiac coyote.

3. The mess in Washington has not been cleaned up for over 800 coal tar synthetics are now being introduced into our foods and drinks. Everything we eat and drink has DDT, chlordane, arsenic, lead, mercury, copper and/or hundreds of other herbicides and pesticides.

4. Bridey Murphy was as great

a hoax as the Piltdown Man. Practically every statement made by the woman has been proved untrue. This is simply a case of telepathy under hypnosis. The subject got the matter by telepathy from Bernstein.

5. *Spiritualism is the most scientifically proved thing on earth because every one of man's physical senses so prove plus chemistry, physics, photography. Spirits have been seen, felt, smelled, heard and fruits, apported, have been eaten.* Look up the apports, the most carefully and scientifically proved teleportations in the world's long history. Look up Bailey apports and the double-dealing conduct of Leland Stanford University.

ROBOT BRAIN SEEKS 4th DIMENSION

A team of UCLA scientists has proposed building an electronic brain in the hope of finding the true fourth dimension that may exist all around man.

Dr. Robert Tschirgi, a physiologist at the university's medical school, believes that man, handicapped by a limited ability to perceive dimensions, may actually be unaware of the true shape of things.

He has advanced the concept that by studying the limitations of his brain, man may be able to build a computer that can peer around "the fourth dimensional corner" and translate what it finds there into a language he can understand.

Time is frequently considered to be the fourth dimension. But Tschirgi proposes the idea that time is essentially a biological factor and is primarily related to a "clock" in man's brain.

"In the world outside of us," he says, "motion may occur in directions which we cannot 'see' and which we must therefore interpret only as a change in time."

"Perhaps all of man's scientific laws are only three dimensional shadows of the real world around him," Tschirgi adds. "We must interpret all motion in those directions we cannot perceive as inexorable changes in time and invoke the gods of chance and fate to explain our perceptive inadequacies. But we may venture further into the fourth dimension than our perceptive senses will allow by constructing a computer to break through the dimensional barrier."



IT HAPPENED TO ME...

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

MY EXPERIENCE WITH TROLLS

I was born and, until five years ago, lived in Rumania. All my life I have loved to take long walks in the fresh air either in the daytime or in the early evening.

One evening, I was out walking. It was a beautiful night and the sky had turned a dark lavender. A huge "Turkish Moon" had just come out. I had been walking for perhaps a mile when I came upon a makeshift bridge across a brook. I crossed the bridge and suddenly I saw in the distance, something that looked like a little boy running quickly toward me.

As he came closer, I saw that it was not a boy at all but a midget. At least, I thought it was a midget. He was dressed in a brown leather coat and leather trousers. He also wore black buckled shoes.

He ran up to me and, for no reason at all, jumped upon me. Needless to say, I was totally unprepared for this attack. He pinned

me down and, small as he was, had the strength of an ox. After a long struggle, I finally freed myself. He suddenly turned tail and ran toward the brook. It was then that the strangest sight I ever saw occurred. He suddenly *vanished* as if the earth had swallowed him up. I searched for hours around that spot, but could find no trace of the strange man.

Since that day, I have always believed in Gnomes, Trolls, and Brownies.

Lenord Fox 250 W. 104 St.
New York 25, N. Y.

MATCHMAKING FROM THE ASTRAL

FOUND out soon after marriage that my first wife had the ability to carry the day consciousness through sleep. So I trained her to go where she wanted and see and do what she intended. In fact woke her up to the after life.

She had an aunt, the wife of a carpenter, a very devoted couple in their late thirties. They had no children. The man suddenly died of cancer of the stomach, leaving her utterly disconsolate. To keep her from going insane I instructed my wife to seek her on the astral plane and bring the two together, proving to her that he was not gone forever and that she would meet him again when her time was over.

It was a tricornered meeting most of the time and every morning my wife went over to her aunt's and told her what had happened. The aunt remembered it too but at first could not get it out of her head that she had only dreamed it. But in time she realized the truth of these nightly meetings.

After about a year the man had to go on to where communication was not so easy for her. At about that time we found a similar couple where the wife had died and left the man with two daughters in their late teens. They had maintained contact via the ouija board and automatic writing.

Often we eight met in the astral and discussed things. Finally it was resolved that the widower should marry the widow and his daughters brought him over to meet the widow. Of course they knew one another after so many meetings in the astral and soon got married. The marriage was a very happy one and lasted until both died from an English bomb. This whole thing happened in the Ruhr district. Time: 1920-23.

Frederick G. Hehr
1447'D Stanford St.
Santa Monica, Calif.

* * *

THE LORD'S DIAGNOSIS

A LADY, who must remain nameless in this article, walked in to a local Doctor's office recently and very calmly announced, "The Lord told me that I should see a Doctor."

She was asked to sit down and the Doctor made a routine examination. Possibly, he was so interested in the symptoms of schizophrenia that he missed several things that should have been noted. When he had just about decided to give her some pink pills and recommend rest she said, "The Lord told me that I should go to the hospital."

When a patient decides that they are sick enough to go to the hospital, you don't argue; you humor them. Accordingly, she was sent to the hospital for observation.

The next morning, she made her third pronouncement, "The Lord told me that I needed a blood transfusion."

The Doctor decided that it would do no harm to make a blood examination. To his amazement, she did need a blood transfusion and had it been delayed much longer there might have been serious complications.

The blood transfusion and other treatment was given and a few days later the Lord told her she could go home. The Staff, not being disposed to argue discharged her.

Anonymous Doctor

VOICES

IT began on Aug. 23rd, 1955 in the morning about 6:30 A. M. I was lying on my left side with my left hand beneath my head when I heard voices in the left ear. It sounded just like listening in to a telephone conversation. There were several talking. All were women, and they were discussing their everyday affairs, cooking, canning and so on. They talked and laughed as real as could be. One woman said she had made so much slaw that all she could see was slaw, slaw, slaw. She repeated it three times. I was really interested and I thought I'd be able to remember more of the conversation, but I could not. I slipped my hand out from under my head, but they kept on talking as though I had not moved. Then I turned over and they stopped till I got quiet again, and they started talking in my right ear instead of the left. It was only one ear at the time. Finally they became quiet.

The very next morning about a

quarter to 6, I heard a man singing. He was singing to someone called Susie, and he sang until the 6 A. M. shop whistle blew, then he was quiet. I can still recall several words of the song.

I did not hear anything more for about two months; then one morning about the same time, I heard a whole group of mixed voices; men, women of all ages laughing, talking, singing and playing a piano. It was so very interesting; they were having such a happy time!

Then nothing more for another six weeks, or more. One morning very near 6 A. M. a girl, who sounded like about 16 years old spoke to me. I won't repeat here what she said or who it was about because we know the person she spoke of. She spoke very plain and clear. I got every word perfectly till the shop whistle started blowing and her voice got mixed with that so I did not get it all clear. But a few nights afterward, the boy whom she had mentioned was driving a car, and one other boy with him, got hurt so bad he had to be taken to a hospital by ambulance.

A few weeks later at 2:15 A. M. I heard shuffling foot steps coming toward me. It frightened me, for my husband is blind and I thought he had gotten up and gotten lost trying to find his way to the bathroom. But instantly I felt someone take hold of my bed spread and jerk it, and at the same time whisper my name in my left ear.

It was my Father; and that was the last voice I've heard.

Mrs. George W. Harding.
209 Co. "K" St.
Livingston, Montana

FUTURE FORETOLD IN DREAMS

DURING February 1918 I decided to join the army and not wait until drafted. I made my decision known to the local Draft Board and told them I would like to join an outfit that would be going overseas. Naturally the subject of army life was much on my mind.

Five or six times from the time I decided to enlist I had a dream, a very vivid dream. I was standing in a large building talking to a crowd of people, I being in an army uniform, but my right arm was missing. The last time I can remember having the dream was at Dover, England, where we landed after the boat we were on was torpedoed in the English Channel on the 5th of May.

After we crossed to France I began to dream of seeing a church bombed. It was a direct hit. One

wall was knocked down, then the other, and the front of the church caved in with a crash I plainly heard. I cannot recall how many times I had this dream.

A few days after the Fourth of July, my outfit was recalled to the front. The first night I was assigned to guard duty. This consisted of being stationed some place to watch and listen for an enemy attack. If I remember, we were two hours on guard and four hours off. Shortly after midnight I was stationed near an old stone fence. Less than a block from me was an old stone church.

The enemy started a barrage with long range guns. Soon they made a direct hit on the side of the church, then another hit and the front caved in just as I had seen in my dream. A large crucifix was on the wall of the edifice left standing. The pale moonlight streaming through the torn roof lit up the crucifix with a pale blue light. I had not seen the crucifix in my dreams.

On August 5, while on patrol duty ran into a bunch of German soldiers. They threw a hand grenade which shattered my right arm so that it hung by a mere thread. Needless to say it was amputated. When I turned to run they shot me in the right knee and I sustained a back injury.

Early in September I was returned to the United States, was given a furlough and went home late in October.

Since then I have sensed or learned through intuition of many things that were going to happen to me and others.

Rev. Wm. C. Earle
8726 East 14th Street,
Tulsa 12, Oklahoma.

POWER OVER MATTER

OTHER men may have had experiences similar to mine but I have never heard or read anything like this one.

In February, 1953, I met a doctor who intrigued me with his stories of inexplicable occurrences. He loaned me a book, called, "The Magic Presence."

One morning, while pondering some of the passages I had read the previous evening, I was standing before the bathroom mirror, about to begin shaving my face. I opened my Gilette razor to remove a dulled blade, when the thought struck me that if there is any truth in the proposition that the power of faith can alter matter, that I need not change that razor blade.

My beard is tough. I have tried

every kind of blade and could not get more than three or four shaves, at most, from any of them.

I looked directly into the mirror, held up the razor and as I locked the old, dull blade in place, said aloud these words: "St. Germain, you can sharpen this blade so I can use it a month."

My shaving rite, that morning, was completed effortlessly. The following morning, I must confess, I looked at that razor doubtfully, wondering if I had deluded myself, but proceeded to enjoy as smooth a shave as I ever had in my life.

It has been a habit with me through the years, when I take a day off, to forego shaving until I have to return to work, or fulfill a social obligation, so I presume there were at least three days, maybe four, when the old whiskers were twice as long and twice as tough.

Day after day, gaining confidence, I used the same old blade, expecting I would continue to have easy shaving for thirty days. But on the 28th day, having finished the job, I was rinsing the razor under the faucet when I heard a snap. Opening the instrument, I found the blade was broken in half. Then I remembered those words: "I can use it a month." A month is four full weeks, exactly the number of days my blade was kept keenly sharpened by the unseen Presence.

I never was inclined to repeat the experiment. As a matter of fact it was not an experiment; it was an inspiration and a holy visitation.

Luke Thomas,
Box 7067,
Oakland 1, Calif.

INVISIBLE PLAYMATE

IN 1931 when my grandson was five years old, he was often left with his grandad and me for the week end while his parents went fishing along the streams of the Rockies.

On stormy days Don, my grandson, played indoors, and I found it difficult to keep him occupied and interested. All boys like marbles, so I bought him a bag of assorted marbles. There were many colors and sizes.

We had to use the back of a closely woven throw rug for the base ring which I drew with chalk. Now Don was all set for the game, but there was no partner. He played happily on, and talking as though he had a companion. I could hear the friendly one-sided argument.

Becoming curious, I put my sewing aside and entered the living room where the game was in progress. I saw only Don; no playmate. Don was was not pleased to

see me and said: "Oh, grandmother, why did you come? Freddie goes away when you come in. He says you don't know him and would not like him to be in your house. I like him and he is a good 'shooter.' Please let him come in and play."

To which I replied: "Yes, of course. Tell him he is welcome." I returned to my sewing and the game went on.

I wonder.

Mrs. F. B. Cooper

PUZZLED SCIENTISTS STUDY INDIAN MYSTICS

University of Michigan scientist is on his way to India to investigate whether there is anything to the mysterious powers of Indian fakirs.

Dr. B. K. Bagchi of UM and Dr. M. A. Wenger of the University of California will attempt to find if there is a third "state of mind" other than consciousness and coma, which could be called 'suspended animation," and check other mystical powers claimed by some Indians.

Dr. Bagchi serves as chief of electroencephalography—the study of brain waves—at University hospital's neuropsychiatric institute. The expedition has the blessing of the Indian committee on medical research and the director general of the Indian goverment health services.

Using a compact 78-pound transistor machine specially constructed at a cost of $8,000 and donated by the Rockefeller foundation, the doctors will spend their sabbatical leaves traveling the length and breadth of India to find fakirs reportedly possessing unusual powers. They will do special research with these men on control of the central nervous system and autonomic functions — involuntary responses, such as heart action—by gathering electrical impulse data from the brain, muscles and internal organs of the body.

Their special machine, which is capable of recording both AC and DC impulses from eight different parts of the body at one time, is portable and can be powered by an auto battery when no electricity is available. They hope it will enable them to answer several questions about the powers of Indian fakirs which are puzzling scientists. Among them are: When a fakir places himself in a state of suspended animation by strong contemplation and meditation, does any physical change take place? Is the heart slowed down by this meditation practice?

At present time the only known methods of slowing heart action are medical and surgical.

The OVERALLS IN BRIDEY MURPHY'S CHOWDER

By Joseph Rosenberger

An experienced investigator gives us a few random thoughts on Bridey Murphy that nobody else seems to have suggested up to now. Have you an explanation?

As our investigator points out, there have been similar incidents in the past, such as Patience Worth—and in each instance, the same defects appear.

It is now possible to walk up to the newsrack of any drug store or cigar store (even grocery stores) and buy a paperback book which will clearly tell you how you will be reincarnated after you pass on from this earthly existence.

In 1956, new force was given to the belief in reincarnation, hypnotism and allied subjects, by *The Search For Bridey Murphy,* a book that was written by Morey Bernstein, a young businessman of Pueblo, Colorado. Morey hypnotized the wife of a friend, one Virginia Tighe (he calls her "Ruth Simmons") and told her to "regress" back to the days of her early childhood; then he urged her to go back *before* her birth.

Said Mr. Bernstein, "You will find that there are many other scenes in your memory, scenes from faraway lands and distant places."

And sure enough there was — as anyone familiar with hypnotism could have told him. "Ruth Simmons" scenes and dates and places and names were supposed to be of nineteenth century Ireland; and the personality was supposed to be that of Bridget ("Bridey") Murphy, who became Mrs. Brian McCarthy and died in the sweet fullness of her years.

All this resulted in the best-selling book *"The Search For Bridey Murphy";* it also resulted in a national reincarnationist-fad, plus a mass of newspaper and magazine articles, not to mention three or four suicides by pathetic persons in a hurry to get to their next reincarnation.

Investigation has not proved that Bridey Murphy existed in Ireland.

Investigation of Mrs. Tighe has accounted for everything in the Bridey fantasy in terms of buried childhood memories. There is no real point in tearing the case apart and picking up the detailed pieces, because many competent scientists and psychiatrists have already done so; except to mention a couple of points of language.

Mrs. Tighe is said to speak with an Irish brogue. Actually, her grammar and vocabulary is soldily North American English (present day), and except for a few plainly artificial additions like "colleen," there is no trace of authentic nineteenth-century Irish English.

For example: Mrs. Tighe asked a yes-or-no question, always says "yes," "no," or "uh-huh." The Irish don't say "uh-huh;" they seldom say "yes" and "no." They do say, "I will," "I will not," "It is," "It is not," and "He did," and so on. The Gaelic language, like Latin and Chinese, lacks exact equivalents of English "Yes" and "No." Replies like "I did not" are, like

some other Irishisms, literal translations of the Erse. Mrs. Tighe also uses "mad" in the modern American sense of "angry" and thinks that "lough" is Gaelic for "river." And it certainly isn't.

But her worst failure is her pronunciation of Gaelic words. In this department she does a terrible job. Irish is phonetically peculiar and has a weird system of spelling; without knowing a complex set of rules, you can hardly ever tell how a word is sounded from its looks. Mrs. Tighe pronounced "Cuchulainn" as "cooch-a-lain." "Deirdre" as "dee-ay-druh;" "Emer" as "emmer," and "Sean" as "see-an."

What does this mean? Simply that these are the pronunciations of an American who has read the words but never heard them. The Irish pronunciations are approximately "koo-khullen" (rhyming with "Sue Bullen"), "daredra" (with Anglicized forms "dare-dree," "deer-dra"), "ayver" (rhyming with "waver"), "shawn."

Forty years ago, a housewife in St. Louis, Missouri, Mrs. Pearl Pollard Curran (1883-1937) came under the periodic control of *alter ego* calling herself Patience Worth. During this period there was a surge of interest in spiritualistic phenomena, and it was only natural that many take Patience to heart. This was also the period when the ouija-board came into widespread use, and Patience made herself known by that means, announcing on July 8, 1913, "Many months ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name."

Asked about herself, Patience was evasive: "About me you would know much. Yesterday is dead. Let thy mind rest as to the past."

She went on to say that she had been a 17th century English country girl who sailed to America and was killed by Indians. But she resisted efforts to pin her down to names and dates by which her story could be checked. In the meanwhile she poured out a stream of poems, sermons, stories and aphorisms which some said had literary merit.

Patience was quite a character, because she learned to speak directly with Mrs. Curran's tongue, and finally learned to run a typewriter. Word spread. Here again was "proof" — for what? Caspar W. Yost, then editor of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, ran articles on Patience, which helped the circulation of the paper. And like Bernstein, Yost wrote a best-seller on the subject: *Patience Worth, a Psychic Mystery*. There were Patience Worth clubs and even a Patience Worth magazine.

Mrs. Curran kept on giving seances into the twenties. Scholars

analyzed Patience's output from the linguistic point of view and found it ordinary, American English disguised by Biblical archaisms and Scottish dialect words, often misused. Mrs. Curran's background provided all the clues needed to account for Patience: her English parents, the fact that her uncle was a medium, and her exposure in childhood to archaisms of Ozark speech.

For each case similar to Patience Worth and Bridey Murphy that make the glaring headlines and the book stores, there are others that the public never hears about.

What, then, are all these subordinate personalities that appear in trances, claiming to be ghosts, devils, spirits, or the entranced person in a former life?

Leaving out the friends and the very few cases in recorded history that point to obsession and/or possession by actual evil spirits, they are all cases of the same disorder: multiple or dissociated personality. Psychologists think that no one's personality is completely integrated, that all parts are tightly knit in constant touch with all the other parts. But the degree of dissociation goes all the way from the momentarily childish acts of persons in a fit of panic or hysterical fit, to permanent splitting of the personality into independent and often hostile parts.

Multiple personalities have been studied by many great names in the history of psychology; these studies have been reported at length and can be read by anyone interested, except, apparently, Mr. Bernstein. The case to top all cases thus far and certainly the best-written one, is that reported by Dr. Morton Prince in *The Dissociation of a Personality* (1905). Here is Dr. Prince's story:

A young woman called "Miss Beauchamp" (pseudonym) came to him complaining of nervousness and poor health. She was training to be a nurse at a Boston hospital. She was sickly, reserved, studious, dreamy, pious and sensitive, and Prince treated her by hypnotic suggestion. Under hypnosis her extreme reticence and self-effacement vanished. Prince called her waking personality B1 and her personality under hypnosis B2.

During the treatments another personality—B3—began to appear. This personality called herself "Sally" and was like a spoiled child — irresponsible, vivacious, contrary and completely untrustworthy. B3 insisted she was a separate person who had been cooped up for many years in the same body with B1 whom she despised, and that she knew everything B1 said or did. Or thought! As B3

gained confidence she began to control B1's actions by suggestion, making her tell lies and get tipsy. B1 was hpyer-suggestible even in her waking state. If she was told all feeling would leave a finger ... it left. If she was told she could not see a rod in front of her, then she could not see it. In time, B3 "willed" herself into complete control for as long as ten hours, and by such quaint means as burning Miss Beauchamp's arm with a cigarette, B3 could reawaken B1, who was distressed by mysterious gaps in her memory. During times of control, B3 played jokes on her body-mate, hid her money, tore up her mail and pulled her sewing apart.

Fantastic? Nonetheless it did happen. During the treatments another personality appeared—B4, a personality that was completely different from the others, B3 was worldly, vain, selfish, self-reliant, self-assertive and irascible. Her memories were the same as those of B1, with the exception that the last six years were missing; when B4 first entered the scene she thought she was still living six years before, and very shrewdly tried to pump Prince — whom she did not know — to find out what was going on.

All these personality clashes in Miss Beauchamp continued for two and a half years, as B1, B3, and B4 took turns running her body. Prince tried to get them to merge and to make one normal personality. But they would not; they all hated each other and would not cooperate.

Each personality thought herself to be the rightful owner of the body and wanted Prince to suppress the other personalities. B1 and B4 were horrified by the idea of merging, as their tastes were opposite in every way. B1 for instance, liked rings, religion, children, old people, and charitable work. B4 had no use for any of these and thought they were a waste of time. Now since B1 and B4 were unconscious when not in control, they had to communicate by leaving notes for each other. Control might switch from one to the other without warning, so the newcomer would find herself in a strange place with strange people. Each had her own friends and disliked the other's.

In addition to the struggle, B3 and B4 warred viciously on one another and tried to destroy one another by hypnotic tricks picked up from Prince. They tore up each other's mail. "Sally," to annoy B4, would pile all the furniture on the bed and then change to B4. To spite B3, B4 would go to sleep on the floor. When poor B1 awoke in charge of her body next morning, she had to put the furniture back.

B_3 gained entrance to the thoughts of others and found out how to give them hallucinations. At night she made them see spiders and snakes and rats running around the bed. She caused B_4 to be accompanied in the street by black-robed figures; she also made her think that her hands and feet had been cut off.

To say that things with the original Miss Beauchamp were in a mess would be the gross understatement of the century. Finally, Prince learned that the real, honest-to-goodness Miss Beauchamp was personality B_2, which appeared under hypnosis as a combination of B_1 and B_4. The first dissociation occurred in childhood, when B_3 split off as a result of unhappy experiences. The second split, between B_1 and B_4, took place at the climax of an unhappy love affair. Prince does not give details, but we gather that her loved one wanted something more than just talk. Miss Beauchamp was terribly shocked.

After endless plots, flights, insults, shocks, threats and deceptions among the three personalities, Prince suppressed B_3, who could not be merged and consolidated B_1 and B_4. The result was a normal girl, better fitted to meet the shock and storm of life.

This classic case shed a good deal of light on such phenomena as demoniac possession, mediumship and of reincarnation. It also casts light on borderline sciences, especially in those fields of psychic and preternormal research.

There is a moral to all this: Bernstein completely ignored all this established doctrine. He ignored the fact that a hypnotic subject, in a real and genuine trance, does his level best to please the hypnotist. If the hypnotist tells him to conjure up a "previous" life on another planet, the subject will certainly try to do so. And Bernstein does not seem to know that multiple personality is a mental disorder that can become serious if encouraged. So don't let an amateur monkey around with your mentality, any more than you'd let a blacksmith jerk out your tonsils. It's dangerous enough when a professional does it. When an amateur tries it ... it can be mental murder.

SEARCH NOW MONTHLY!

BEGINNING JUNE ISSUE

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

DID WE TAPE PHANTOM VOICES?

By Darcea Schiesl

I FLIPPED the switch to "play", then leaned back comfortably in my chair across from my cousin, Katherine Sharp, to hear a playback of a taped letter we had just recorded for a friend in another state. But I didn't stay relaxed.

We both sat up on the edges of our chairs, staring at each other, stunned. The voice that first spoke from the tape did not belong to either of us, and it spoke in a foreign language.

It was November, 1955, the Sunday after Thanksgiving. My family and I were visiting at Katherine's home. Our husbands had gone fishing and Katherine's two girls and my two boys were quietly watching Zoo Parade on television.

I brought my recorder along in order to play for Katherine the latest taped letter from our mutual friend, and to record a joint reply. We have been exchanging vocal letters back and forth with this friend ever since my husband bought our recorder, so it was a customary practice.

This particular day we followed our usual procedure of playing the letter, then settling the four children so we could, in comparative quiet, record without too much background noise. However at this point I did vary the routine in regard to one thing. And I still don't know why I did.

Always in the past I would only tape a sentence or two, then rewind and play back to see if the volume was right and if we sounded natural before going on. But I didn't this time. The thought occurred to me to do so, but I didn't follow through on it for some reason.

Our tape, a plastic-backed one, plays fifteen minutes on each side. So we taped a spontaneous half-hour letter consisting of news events from our families; the usual things one says to a friend miles away from home.

It was then, after we settled back in our chairs to listen to the play back, that we found ourselves sitting bolt upright, listening to a totally unfamiliar voice in an equally unfamiliar language.

The voice, a woman's, was clear and appeared at the beginning of

the tape. In fact, in replaying it, we couldn't really play at the complete beginning of the voice because it apparently went right to the end of the tape I had wound around the spool to hold it in place. It is impossible for me to tape that close to the end.

After the first rush of alien words, my voice came in and Katherine's, as we had taped it minutes before. However, all through the first 15 minute side of the tape, the foreign voice joined by other voices ran along in competition.

While the first voice was definitely speaking a foreign language, there were English speaking voices, too. The entire tone was friendly and conversational with an undercurrent of laughter threading through, and there wasn't a halt to the flow of words. It sounded as if there were a small group of people enjoying themselves very much.

However, as many times as we played the tape, we were unable to determine more than about six words, as our own voices covered the other voices too much. It was like having two radio stations on at the same time, but with one playing a bit louder and drowning out the other.

At the first part of the tape where the foreign voice was not yet competing with our voices, we managed to pick out two words, which, while we couldn't understand, we could at least pronounce phonetically.

They were "Nita Gra-se-ga," which to us sounded like a name. The other words were picked out from under the running current of our voices, and were "fiesta", and "I don't know . . . " which was apparently the beginning of a sentence.

While the extra voices ran from the complete beginning of the tape to the end of the one side of the tape, they were not on the other side.

After our husbands came in from fishing we played the tape and they and the four children heard the voices also. However our friend to whom we immediately mailed the tape, along with a letter of explanation, said he was unable to hear anything but our voices.

He mailed the tape back so I could save it, and since then, three other people heard the extra voices. With frequent playing, the voices began to fade, and even when after a period of rest they reappeared for awhile, I discovered, preparatory to writing this, there wasn't a trace of them, though our voices were still on.

Perhaps somewhere, someone reading this will have an explanation.

MYSTERY of the PERUVIAN GIANTS

By Marx Kaye

IN THE December, 1946, issue of Amazing Stories Magazine appeared an interesting article by the Reverend Chief Sequoyah, entitled, "America's Mysterious Race of Indian Giants." The article described a race of giant Indians who lived on the Pacific Coast and were often contacted by the Puget Sound Indians and other tribes.

Somewhere else I have read, in several sources, that one method of ocean navigation among earlier peoples was to drift on great rafts with the major currents until another continent was reached.

Admittedly, there seems to be no relationship between the first and second paragraphs, above, but most of the present article is devoted to certain evidences of the possibility that the two subjects are connected with the giants of Peru. I say *most* of the article, because in the latter part I am forced to bring in a rather astonishing anti-climax.

Antiquarians who have had occasion to study Peruvian antiquities will no doubt be familiar with the story of the Incan who was sent to Spain by the Spanish *conquistadores* in the 16th century and there became learned enough to be accepted as a considerable scholar and writer in the Spanish tongue. His name was Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, and his chief claim to fame is his formidable five volume work on Incan history entitled, *Comentarios Reales de los Incas*. Owing to its extensive descriptions of idolatry and some criticism of the methods used by the *conquistadores* in subjugating the Incan Empire, the Catholic Church and the Spanish crown were moved to suppress the work by destroying every copy that could be found of the first edition, somewhere before 1600. It was only in 1943 that Garcilasso's monumental work was republished, by Emece editors, S. A., Beunos Aires, and thus made generally available again, although antiquarians before that time had access to some of the original copies. The work has not been as

widely read as some of the better known sources, such as Sarmiento and Ondegardo, and for this reason I am assuming that few people have had brought to their attention Garcilasso's Chapter IX, Book Nine, Volume II, entitled: *De los gigantes que huvo en aquella region, y la meurte dellos* (Of the Giants which were in that region (Manta) and their death).

The tribe of people from whom this legend comes is interesting, in itself. They lived on the northern coastland of Peru in a region which was in early times called Manta. It is said that they worshipped a huge emerald which was supposed to be the size of an ostrich egg. Many gifts of value were brought to this emerald "goddess," which often consisted of other emeralds of considerable value. As a consequence, when the Spaniards arrived at this place they discovered an amazing accumulation of emeralds, but not *the* emerald which rumor had led them to seek. That was hidden and has not been found to this day. But even more interesting than giant emeralds was the story these people had to tell their Incan and, later, their Spanish conquerors concerning an invasion, many centuries before, by a single group of giant men who came from the sea, not all of which has gone unsubstantiated, as will be shown.

The giants came on large rafts or barges, composed of rushes. They were said to be so large that their knees were as high as an average man (meaning that they could have been over twenty feet tall.) Their limbs and heads were proportionately large, and their hair grew long, falling to their shoulders. Their eyes were like small plates. They were beardless. Some wore animal skins and some were naked. All of them were males.

When they landed, they established a village of gigantic houses, and Garcilasso says, in the middle of the 16th century, " . . . even in these times there is recollection of the location of these houses that they had." As might be expected of most of Peru's desert coastland, no water was found, so they were forced to dig some rather spectacular wells, a prodigious work through solid rock which was carried to great depths and lined with more rock and so constructed as to last for many centuries—a feat which even the Incans might never have been able to accomplish. The water tapped by these wells was said to be very cold, and it was healthful to drink.

The giants could not find the game that they were accustomed to hunt for food (and knowing the region to which the legend probably refers I can well appreciate

their desperation), so they became marauders and cannibals. They ate everything they could find or capture, including the natives, themselves. The legend says that one giant ate fifty normal men, but it does not mention whether this considerable gastronomical feat was achieved in a day or a year. (Turkeys are knee high to me, but I doubt if I could eat fifty of them!). Not satisfied with this fare, they also devoted much energy to fishing, with giant nets and "apparatus they were said to have."

They were a great cause of abhorrence to the natives because they would steal the women for purposes which were apparently always fatal; and they killed the men with even less compunction. The natives were not sufficiently numerous in that region to dare accost the giants, although they had many a conference concerning the possibilities of eliminating them.

The giants were said to have become degenerates in a few years' time, due to the absence of women of their own kind, and many were the ugly acts committed by them for the purpose of self-gratification (twentieth century discretion will not permit an indulgence in the naturalism which was so characteristic of the writings of Garcilasso's time).

THE LEGEND has it that an angel appeared one day in a cloud and with a sort of flaming sword consumed them in fire, leaving only a few bones as evidence of their existence. Regarding these bones, Garcilasso makes his most surprising statement: "This it was said of the giants, *which we believe occurred,* because in this region it is said that there have been found and are still found very large bones, and I have heard Spaniards, who have seen a piece of a molar, express the opinion that if the tooth had been whole it would have weighed half a pound; and also they have seen a piece of shin-bone that caused great wonderment when considering how big the entire bone must have been, all of which is evidence that this must have happened; because aside from this the site of their village and their wells or cisterns may still be seen."

Garcilasso goes on to say that "in this year of 1550" certain bones were discovered in Lima which were large enough to have belonged to such giants, and even to larger men than legend described. He adds that he has heard that in Mexico (Spanish gossip concerning explorations and finds, quoted from such an early date as 1550, was relatively fresh and close to its source!), giants' bones were also discovered in Mexico City

or its environs, in a *very ancient* tomb.

Although at first glance these giants cannot be too closely compared with Chief Sequoyah's Olympic Peninsula giants who had hypnotic powers and seemed to enjoy a higher mental state in general, it might be possible that some of them attempted a migration by sea, the hardships of which resulted in degeneracy. However, the most surprising possibility of all is that these giants may not have perished, as the legend says. They may have managed intermarriage with the natives and succeeded in perpetuating their species, because something happened here in Peru a few years ago that intimates they are at large, in the same territory, to this day!

A certain wealthy acquaintance of mine in Lima has spent more than fifteen years of his life and perhaps as much as fifty thousand Peruvian Soles in explorations among the Andes, in search of buried treasure. He has seen and found many strange things and had a number of remarkable adventures. Being a rather unimaginative individual, and not being given to exaggeration or jocularity (and inasmuch as he knew nothing about Garcilasso's story), it is very improbable that he could be perpetrating a hoax, and for this reason the story he has to tell about the giant footsteps is the more remarkable.

It is odd that, although he has no knowledge of the legend discussed above, the location in which he says he saw the giant footsteps was approximately where the legend says the giants first came. He had gotten a clue from an old man concerning the existence of a treasure, and he had persuaded the fellow to accompany him to the site. The old man was loathe to accompany him, because he was frightened of the place, but he finally agreed to go. After traveling north from Lima several hundred kilometers, they found themselves in a most desolate region of the desert, where neither food nor water were to be obtained (a place thrice visited by myself—author). Here to the east was a giant sand dune, in fact a low foothill, which the old man pointed out as being the location of the treasure. It is true that the core of this hill consists of a buried temple, the portals of which have been seen uncovered by shifting sands in years past. The old man was frightened at the prospect of spending the night here, because he said the treasure was *guarded.*

"By whom?" queried my friend.

"By a *thing* that walks in the night," replied the other.

Dismissing this remark as but the product of superstitious imaginings, my friend locked up his car, which was parked off the dirt road near the beach (since paved and called the Pan American Highway), and walked up to the hill of the buried temple, where a small tent had been pitched for the night.

"Let's go to sleep," he said. For in the morning they were to make some preliminary exploratory excavations.

About midnight, the old man grasped my friend's arm in a fit of terror and cried out, "It's coming! It's coming!"

"What's coming?" asked my friend, sleepily.

"The *thing!* Can't you feel it shaking the ground?"

My friend listened but heard and felt nothing. In an attempt to reassure his terrified companion, however, he opened the tent and looked outside. It was a clear, moonlit night, and the desert fairly glowed under its bright rays. He could see for miles up the desolate coast, from the elevation of the slope on which the tent was pitched. He also looked down toward the beach where his car was parked but saw absolutely nothing to arouse his suspicions or cause alarm. Insisting that the old man's fears were groundless, he returned to his sleeping bag.

MORNING arrived without event, and he soon started getting breakfast. While thus engaged, he was startled by a hair raising cry emitted by the old man, who had wandered some distance from the tent. The fellow was screeching at him to come running at once, for he had found something incredible.

My friend states that when he reached his friend the latter was pointing at the sand in front of him, and that he saw before him the most gigantic imprint of a bare human foot that he could have ever imagined. He still has a double newspaper sheet on which he just managed to include a pencil outline of the footprint. Looking toward the mountains, he saw other imprints, as though their owner had been walking toward the sea. Following the line they made, he saw that they headed straight for his car. He took a quick run and leapt into the air precisely at the toe mark of one of the footprints in an attempt to broadjump the length of the giant's stride, but could not. He followed the trail toward his car. He says that the giant had evidently been looking back at the tent, for he did not see the car until he was within a dozen feet of it. At this point he

swerved sharply, as though startled, because the right footstep here sank deeply into the packed sand (about eight inches deep), at right angles to the line of motion. From this point, the footsteps revealed a hasty retreat back into the wilderness of the hills. My friend followed the path for about an hour, then considered that he was too deep in wilderness to be without a gun. So he returned. The wind covered the footprints before they left the place.

At this site, treasure has definitely been discovered, although the major portion of it still must lie there buried. One priest, well known to my closest friend here, was walking around this place when he stubbed his toe on a gold ingot that weighed forty-eight kilos! This was precisely at the same place where my other acquaintance saw the giant footsteps.

But Peru is replete with such mysteries and buried treasures. A great majority of people would be very much surprised to learn to just what extent this is true . . . .

THE END

PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 16)

recent letter in this column. I wish to apologize to those who have been delayed in receiving answers to their questions because of misunderstanding. My offer is to answer questions, not give readings. State your question directly and plainly, such as: "Will I remarry? Will I change jobs?" Questions can be on any subject. Enclose a donation to cover postage and handling and I shall be happy to do all I can for you. Answers received through psychic contact with God. Vern J. Texter, Pottersville, N. Y. . . . *Are there any astrologer teachers in San Francisco or the Peninsula? Would like to learn how to erect a horoscope and read it. F. K. Matos,* 810 *B. Street, San Mateo, Calif.* . . . I have issues 1,2,3,4,5,6 of MYSTIC Magazine. Will sell the lot for $3.00, but will not bother with order for less than four copies at rates quoted on page 83 of SEARCH, Oct. 1956. V. B. Howe, 634 Plaza Ave., Arcata, Calif. . . . *R. D. Stock,* 2449 *Nineteenth St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, wants No.* 11 *MYSTIC, early issues of Weird Tales, and Summers' book "The Vampyre: His Kith and Kin." Will buy or trade for OW's Galaxys etc. in good condition. For sale:* 10c *for sample copy of Phantasy & Fact, mimeo* 8*-pg magazine.* . . . I would like to

(*Concluded on page* 69)

ARE THERE COSMIC KIDNAPPERS?

By Alex Saunders

There are so many facets to the flying saucer mystery that at times one wonders if it will ever be satisfactorily solved. Take, for example, what might be rightfully regarded as the most frightening facet of all — possible human kidnappings by hostile saucer entities! For the number of unsolved cases of people vanishing under very mysterious circumstances are legion, having baffled the cleverest minds for centuries.

According to Richard S. Shaver, some 120,000 citizens disappear annually in the United States alone. Of this number, we assume, the majority are eventually found. But, grimly enough, a few thousand never are. What could have happened to them? That they were murdered is, of course, a possibility, but the fact remains that a slain body is almost always found, it being practically impossible to destroy all traces of a murder.

People disappear for many reasons: as amnesia victims; to escape the responsibilities of marriage; to get away from an intolerable mate; to avoid paying alimony; to radically change their way of living, etc.

But what of the several thousand all over the world of whom the Missing Persons Bureau can not account each year? The cases that are marked "UNSOLVED"?

Police records of London, England, revealed the fact that of 170,472 persons who disappeared between 1907 and 1913, the number of cases that were never solved added up to 3,260.

Let us go farther back, back to the year 1869, to begin our true accounts of human disappearances that have remained mysterious and unexplainable to this very day.

In 1869, thirteen children disappeared in Cork, Ireland. During that same year, other children in Brussels, Belgium, were also missing.

Young men disappeared in Paris, France, in 1874.

Many disappearances in Montreal, Canada, occurred during July, 1883. Again, more vanishings in that same city in the months of July and August in 1892.

Three years later, in early August of 1895, Belfast, Ireland, was the scene of five disappearances of children, while another five — all men — disappeared in Buffalo, N.Y. in about a week. This was in 1902.

"Quite a number of boys disappeared in Wimbledon." 1910 was the year, and the above quote appeared in a write-up in *Lloyd's Sunday News* of London.

Individual cases are not at all rare when the following are examined.

Living near Salem, Virginia (the time was April, 1885) was a young farmer named Isaac Martin. Working in a field, he disappeared. Other strange vanishings, it is said, are confined to this region.

Sherman Church, while present in the Augusta Mills Company in Battle Creek, Michigan, in January, 1900, left the office where he had been sitting, and ran into the mill. It was just as if he had dashed into another dimension, for that was the last ever seen of him. This despite an intensive search of the mill, the surrounding countryside — the entire country.

December 12, 1910 was the date well-to-do Dorothy Arnold vanished while walking through Central Park in New York City, bound for her home on 79th Street.

When in his seventies and an incurable invalid, Ambrose Bierce disappeared. The year was 1913. Oddly enough, perhaps, and adding to the mystery, three of this gifted writer's short stories dealt with mysterious disappearances. Was there any connection, or was it pure coincidence?

Another Ambrose vanished six years later, on December 2, 1919. Ambrose Small of Toronto, Canada. (This prompted Charles Fort to remark: "Was somebody collecting Ambroses?") As part owner of the Toronto Grand Opera House, Small seemingly vanished from his office between five and six p.m.

On August 8, 1930, one more notable vanished in the person of Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York, Joseph Force Crater.

Stepping out of his barracks at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point on January 14, 1950, Cadet Richard Colvin Cox was never seen or heard from again. An intensive investigation by the Army revealed nothing. The F.B.I. fared no better.

I do not claim with fanatic zeal that all the foregoing were kidnap

victims of unfriendly aliens from what foreign planet God only knows. It could be that their disappearances have simple explanations. However, much mystery appears to have shrouded each case. Experienced detectives, experts in their line, were left bewildered at the apparent lack of motives, too-few clues (if any), and fruitless leads.

To work a bit of supposition into this article, let us suppose that flying saucer entities have been kidnapping Earthians for a good many years. Centuries, in fact, for unidentified flying objects have been making themselves at home in our skies since Biblical times.

In what manner have the abductions taken place? Have cloaked figures stalked unsuspecting humans, the jab of a needle rendering them helpless at an opportune moment, the victims then lead easily to a hidden space ship, which escapes undetected into outer space? Crude, melodramatic, to say the least.

No, a visiting race of aliens would be our scientific superiors. Obviously. The proof is in their having bridged the awesome depths of space from their planet to ours. Then it is not unreasonable to believe further that their advanced science would be put to use.

Not at all fantastic is the notion that they possess rays to nullify, or neutralize, the force of gravity. Does history record such phenomena? That is, instances where the laws of gravity were defied? It does.

Consider an August day in the year 1878, a day described as perfection itself, with an unusually clear sky.

Excavation was taking place near de Solutre, France. Suddenly, several dozen sheets of wrapping paper that lay conspicuously upon the ground lifted themselves up into the air. Higher and higher they rose until lost from sight of a dozen startled men.

Nothing else was affected or disturbed. Not even the dust that surrounded the papers, or lay underneath. This powerful force that had sprung into sudden action, was it a strong and unexpected gust of wind? Out of the question. For not one of the dozen nearby witnesses to the eerie event had felt a trace of wind.

An isolated house stands clearly in the Commune Signy-le-Pettit, France. Suddenly — no wind present — its slate roof streaks upward. Seconds later it plunges back to the ground. Nothing, for a distance of thirty feet around the house, was disturbed. All this occurred on Easter Sunday, 1879.

Two East Kent, Ontario citizens

were witness to a number of stones shooting aloft from a spot in a field about sixteen feet in diameter. This was after they heard a loud report, in July of 1880. The mystery can not be explained away by a whirlwind, as none were reported.

In a garden of the College Bar-sur-Aube, France, on May 22, 1886, there rested a number of objects in a small circle. Some baskets, ashes, a window frame—in weight totaling sixty kilograms. Unexpectedly, they rose into the air.

When some forty feet above the earth, they stopped further ascent, remained suspended for several minutes, then fell back to their former positions. The two witnesses to this amazing occurrence claimed to have felt no disturbance in the air.

What could have caused these objects to rise so mysteriously? Some for good — others rejected? Are alien space craft behind it all?

Remaining stationary some distance above our planet (but not outside its atmosphere), a ray-screen, powered to bend light rays around the ship, would keep it invisible from human eyes below. From a bottom hatch another ray is aimed downward, also invisible. Wrapping paper, stones, etc. are picked up for reasons of their own, just as other items are discarded and returned.

The preceding examples of levitation involved inanimate objects. But how about the living? A vigorous nod is the answer. Levitated dogs have been reported. Cats, too, as there are at least thirty instances of feline ascensions on file. What of human beings? Again, the answer is in the affirmative.

Let us examine what is undoubtedly a classic case of a human levitation. That of Oliver Lerch.

It started out a happy and joyous occasion, that Christmas Eve in 1890, but ended in stark, terrifying tragedy. A party made up of twenty-odd guests was being held in the farmhouse of wealthy Tom Lerch, on the outskirts of South Bend, Indiana.

Water was needed from a well located several hundred feet from the house, and twenty year old Oliver Lerch left the back door with two water pails. He had dressed warmly, for it was snowing at that time.

Then it happened. The laughter and festive singing in the farmhouse was interrupted, pierced by a loud and frantic cry of: "Help! Oh my God! Help me!" Definitely Oliver's voice.

At once the gaiety stopped. Sec-

onds later his parents and an older brother, along with the guests, were swarming outdoors, in time to catch more frightened words:

"Help me! Oh, help me! He's got me!"

There is a bit of uncertainty here about the choice of words Oliver used. He had cried "He's got me!" or *"They've* got me!"

Once more came the pleading voice for help — *directly above* the horrified group! That it was *overhead* there was complete agreement.

Oliver's tracks could be seen clearly by lantern light on the snow-covered ground. They ended abruptly — with no sign of a struggle — about half-way to the well. And where they ended was found one of the pair of buckets he had taken from the house. Beyond lay undisturbed snow. Flat ground surrounded the area for a good distance. No nearby trees, shrubbery, barns or obscurations of any kind.

For perhaps five minutes, Oliver's voice was heard crying for aid. Weaker, fainter it grew as he apparently ascended skyward.

The grounds were searched, more frantically, by lantern light. Neighbors were called in. The search intensified throughout the night while falling snow never let up. The South Bend police searched with even more care when daylight arrived.

Nothing — absolutely nothing — was found.

If Oliver Lerch was kidnapped by non-terrestrials, they may well have used a ray of gravity nullifying powers, one that might also have had another property, that of *invisibility*. For at no time was the young man seen. Only his voice, crying piteously for help, could be heard.

Another question, and an important one: Has an apparent aerial abduction ever been eye-witnessed? Indeed it would seem so from the following cases taken from an article in the October, 1953 issue of Man to Man.

Written by Leroy Thorpe, it tells of a James Greer who was working in a 40-acre field near Zanesville, Ohio, in mid-afternoon of a day that was clear, sunny and windless.

Brother Albert, on the ground, was pitching hay onto a wagon where James placed the load. Suddenly a yell tore from James' throat, his pitchfork falling from nerveless fingers.

He was rising up into the air! Slowly at first, then with mounting swiftness.

"Help, Al!" James cried to his brother. "Something's pulling me up into the sky!"

A quick jump and Albert was on the wagon. Desperately, he grabbed for the other's threshing legs, missing by a fraction.

James continued his vertical rise, screaming for help all the while, his terrified voice growing more faint. Two neighbors and the hired man ran to the scene. So high was the struggling body now that it had become doll-size to all witnesses below, soon lost from sight altogether.

A few minutes later there came a blinding flash of light from on high which then streaked northward. Could this latter mystery have been a space ship escaping after having accomplished its mission of kidnapping a human being? Unlike Oliver Lerch, James Greer remained *visible* throughout his ascension.

Author Leroy Thorpe gives no date or time, but apparently the above event occurred since 1950, as did the other few cases about to be related.

In Brooklyn, N.Y., a seven year old girl suddenly ascended straight up from the sidewalk. Her astounded mother who was escorting her home from school snatched the child's knees when she had risen five feet, and succeeded in pulling her down with no effort.

All at once the girl fell back. Both hit the ground heavily. Whatever force had caused the levitation was abruptly turned off, seemingly unable to cope with *two* figures. The "tingly" something that had seized the girl was further described by her as feeling like some kind of electricity.

What have we here? An attempted aerial kidnapping that was soon abandoned because of a twinge of conscience — or sudden change of plans? If the former, no such twinge was evident in the case of three men near Schaffausen, Germany, seen to rise vertically "with great rapidity". In all, four men had vanished that same eventful day.

Leroy Thorpe lists other cases of human levitations, some of the victims falling back to earth from several hundred feet with fatal results.

Not only have people disappeared singly and in groups, but whole *armies* have vanished!

During the Spanish War of Succession (1701-1714) an army of 4,000 Spaniards marched into the Pyrenees mountains — and out of existence!

More recent were the 3,000 Chinese soldiers who, in 1940, vanished after taking up positions south of Nanking to do battle with approaching Japanese forces!

But why stop here? What of Angkor Wat in Cambodia whose

inhabitants, numbering in the millions, vanished — overnight — evening meals uneaten? A teeming civilization of great riches was no more. What happened to the population which Chinese historians and travellers assure us existed?

Were they kidnapped by space ships, whole fleets being necessary to accomplish the gargantuan task so speedily? Removal to an alien planet — for what reason?

Now for one more story about an individual's eerie disappearance.

Between five and six p. m. on May 7, 1893, a Miss M. Scott was walking on a road near St. Boswells (Roxburghshire). Before her strode a tall man, Clerical-like in his black clothes. Turning a corner of the road, the upper portion of his body clearly seen above a low hedge, the man vanished. Not far from the spot where "he was gone in an instant", Miss Scott met her sister. On the roadway, bewilderment marbling her features, the sister cried out that she had just seen a man disappear!

Here we have not one, but *two* close observers to what *might* have been an aerial kidnapping. This one, however, differs from others such as the Oliver Lerch and James Greer cases in that no ascension was seen, or made apparent. Still, the clerical-like victim may have lost consciousness the moment he was struck by the invisible ray which automatically rendered him invisible, as his limp form was drawn up into a waiting space craft.

One can find other accounts of levitations that did not come off properly. Or so it would seem. Consider:

The *London Times*, dated September 24, 1875, tells the story of a fishing vessel that was mysteriously yanked up into the sky. When released, it dropped from a distance high enough to sink it, the crew tossed out like tenpins.

Ships a quarter of a mile away set out rescuing boats that had to be *rowed*. The word "rowed" is stressed to show that the day was windless, thus preventing the use of sails. The uplifted fishing vessel was not, therefore, caused by a sudden and powerful wind.

Were the hypothetical unseen rays incapable of drawing the vessel up to the undetectable alien space ship? Was this the reason for its release? Possibly. But then, other ships have been known to vanish utterly, never to be seen again, along with their entire luckless crews. By no means is this a new phenomena.

It is a little-known fact that in the past three hundred years, over two hundred ships with crews adding up to 5,000 have completely

disappeared. And, remember, this number represents only *recorded* ships. England, with her long sea history, has had hundreds (if not thousands) of ships sail from port never to be heard from again.

Undeniably, the mystery of the *Marie Celeste* is the most incredible of all. Let us examine the facts in brief.

This 228-ton, American- registered vessel was sighted between the Azores and the Portuguese coast on the afternoon of December 5, 1872, by the British brigantine, *Dei Gratia*. Hailing the ship, and receiving no response, the *Marie Celeste* was boarded.

Amazingly, it was found to be deserted. Everything was in place. No disorder or signs of violence. The vessel's two small lifeboats were intact, as was the log book whose latest entry bore the date November 25, 1872. The cash-box, too, was locked safely in Captain William S. Briggs' cabin.

Seamen's clothes — the crew numbered ten — were hanging neatly in the forecastle. An open razor lay near a water-filled basin. Ashes of a burnt-out fire were in the galley. Remains of a breakfast meal rested on a table. An unfinished letter lay in the mate's cabin.

In the cabin of the captain who had been joined by his wife, Sarah, and two year old daughter, Sophia, a few spoons of cereal were on a plate. The top of an egg had been sliced off. A phial of oil for Mrs. Briggs' sewing machine stood upright, indicative of calm weather.

Food and water there were plenty. The hold held an $80,000 cargo of raw alcohol for Genoa, Italy. The *Marie Celeste* had left New York harbor on November 7, 1872.

Whatever had caused the disappearance of those aboard the seaworthy derelict — Captain Briggs, his family and crew — had come about quickly, within seconds, and obviously during the breakfast period.

How are we to account for the absence of life? Was it due to a hurricane, mutiny, piracy? Does the answer lie in giant sea serpents, mass suicide, oceanic convulsion?

Or — invaders from another planet or dimension bent on a kidnapping mission?

Who knows? To this day the mystery remains just that — a mystery.

Further cases of abandoned ships:

The *Rosalie* of French registery bound from Hamburg to Havana in 1840, was found drifting with not a person aboard. The vessel was intact, its valuable cargo untouched.

A British traveling ship with

250 cadets and sailors aboard, set sail early in 1880 from Bermuda. Set sail into — oblivion. Her name? The *Atlanta.*

Leaving Durban, Union of South Africa, on July 26, 1909, the 16,800-ton steamer *Waratah* never reached her destination: Capetown. She vanished off the South African coast — along with 211 souls. At once an intensive search was conducted, one in which a trio of British warships and two privately chartered vessels took part for months.

The five-masted schooner, *Carol Deering,* ran ashore near Diamond Shoals, North Carolina, in February of 1921. No one on board, the crew had apparently "taken a powder" at meal time.

Another five-masted vessel, *Kobenhoven,* did a disappearing act. This was Denmark's cadet training ship, equipped with diesel engines, and the world's biggest windjammer. December 15, 1928 was the date she sailed from Montevideo for Australia. On board were fifty youths belonging to the Danish aristocracy. Despite the fact that she carried every modern scientific instrument (like special radio apparatus) the *Kobenhoven* was never seen or heard from again. No lifeboats, wreckage or bodies were ever discovered. Nothing.

Listed in the foregoing are only a few ships that were so mysteriously found drifting lifelessly. Many, many more could be included, such as:

The American sailing vessel *Seabird* (1850)

The *Naronic* (February, 1893)

The German bark *Freya* (October, 1902)

The motor ship *Holchu* (February, 1953)

And one of the most recent, the motor ship *Joyita* (November 10, 1955)

The New York Times for June 24, 1921, told how some dozen ships vanished almost simultaneously, ships confined exclusively to the American east coast.

Numerous commercial airplanes from different nations have for many years disappeared without a trace. Radio operators, apparently, were given no time to explain what was happening, or even signal for help.

Heavily armed military planes with up-to-date radio facilities have ceased to exist after leaving their base! Whatever befell them did so with blinding speed.

Sometimes the wreckage of a plane is found, but *only* the wreckage. Bodies of the crew or passengers are strangely missing, whether the "accident" occurred over desolate waters or densely populated terrain. Mysteriously, planes ex-

plode in the air, crash on mountain sides.

And so it goes. Year after year. Possible levitations of the living and non-living. Human disappearances of a mysterious nature where, in thousands of cases, the victims are never found.

Are they ordinary disappearances, with nothing of the extraordinary or unearthly involved? Or are they something entirely different? Something little known and unsuspected?

Like cosmic kidnappings?

If an alien race from an advanced world is responsible for missing Earth people, what, the question is again asked, is their purpose? Sadistic experimentation? Food? Scientific study? Zoological specimens? Questions — questions. Perhaps the answer can not even be presently guessed.

Only time will tell. Meanwhile, we can do but two things. Wait — and wonder....

THE END

PERSONALS

(*Concluded from page* 59)

correspond with readers of SEARCH who are American Indians, or those of Indian Lineage. People interested in keeping alive Indian handcrafts, customs and traditions. I am part Seneca and desire to hear from others of Indian blood. Gray Eagle, Al MacDowell, 76 Poplar St., Newburgh, N. Y.... I would like to correspond with anyone of any race and any creed and living anywhere in the world who is interested in Cosmopathic telepathy and has a flair for painting word pictures of lesser known locations. Myths, legends and historical stories of out-of-way places especially appreciated. Also, local idiom, patois, social customs and types of clothing, furniture, etc., peculiar to localites. I speak and write English only; but collect dictionaries of any foreign language giving English definitions. Please clearly PRINT *name* and *mailing address* and all letters will be promptly answered. Chanel Monaghan, 236 Columbia Place, Los Angeles 26, California, U.S.A.

THE END

Editorial ★

(*Continued from page 4*)

gainst such magazines as LIFE and TIME and LOOK and SATEVEPOST and T-V GUIDE, etc, you can well imagine that little SEARCH has a tough row to hoe to make its small voice heard, and make its tiny cover and titles seen.

We got to thinking of how to reach more readers, get onto more newsstands, have less copies returned unsold (and unread). And all at once it struck us: the way big magazines get that sort of added push is by hiring "road-men" who go about high-pressuring the news dealer to give the magazine better display, canvass for new outlets, and in general work constantly at placing that magazine before more and more people. Well, we can't hire such "road-men". But then we thought of our readers. Most of them buy at newsstands. Each of them is "on the scene" in their particular town, and could very easily provide information those "road-men" could get: i. e. the names and addresses of newsstands that do not now handle SEARCH and who would be willing to handle it. Many of them have never heard of it. Almost all of them can sell a few copies. Everywhere you go, there are people who would read SEARCH every issue, if they *knew* it was being published.

So here it is: we want your help. We want every one of you who can spare a few minutes to sit down, open your local directory, and send us the name and address of all the local magazine distributors and newsstands and dealers, plus the name and address of any bookstore in your area, together with the name of the manager. Given such a lead, we will personally attempt to contact that dealer and find out if he will h a n d l e SEARCH. Then we can turn such information over to our distributor, and build up circulation by this means. We will have thousands of "road-men" who need only give us a few minutes of their time. There is an old saying that many hands make light work; and one man cannot move a boulder, but many men can move mountains.

If you readers will provide us with this information, we will be eternally grateful. And if there are any readers who wish to go further, and actually contact dealers and arrange with them to handle SEARCH, we will gladly work out a commission basis whereby you can earn yourself a little extra money. Further, you can sell subscriptions. Any way at all to get "just one more reader" can be a process that will multiply. We are working on a plan now to allow

people to make money in their spare time (which is why we've requested that people interested write us, so that we can build up a file of such persons to take part in this extra-money project.) To those of you who have written, we thank you, and we will eventually contact you with our full plan.

Meanwhile, let's have the name and address of every newsdealer, newsstand and bookstore in your area, if possible!

Behind all this is a little story that will come to you in future issues, which we can only hint at now. But it is one of the reasons for re-dating this magazine (to give us 30 days more time in which to mature our plans). Also, when we go monthly, effective with the June issue, we will be in a better position as far as "cover-date" is concerned. Next, we must allow our printer time to arrange for this doubling of schedule. Paper must be bought, additional help hired, etc. You see, there are numerous problems. And also, we just engineered the switching of FATE magazine into our SEARCH printer's plant, and you know FATE is a monthly magazine, which means his production schedule has been further crowded. Not too many people know that your editor has a vital interest in FATE, being half owner of the original magazine in this field.

Another thing you can do, if you buy your SEARCH at a newsstand, is to inform the newsdealer personally that you are a regular buyer of SEARCH, and you will buy it regularly from him, and that you want him to carry it regularly for you. Don't buy your magazine haphazardly, from first one newsstand, then another. If you do this a dealer may be cut off because he doesn't sell, and one more outlet is lost. This is very important — and it is the reason many of you write us and say: "Your magazine is no longer carried by my local newsstand, and they tell me it has 'been discontinued' ". SEARCH will NOT be discontinued.

SEARCH is a new kind of magazine. It is not aimed at the "popular" field. It is aimed at thinkers, people interested in the why and wherefore of life and the world and universe we live in. It is a challenging magazine, a magazine devoted to prying into everything and anything, a magazine more curious than the cat (but not the type of curiosity that killed the cat!). It has to search for its readers diligently. There is no "ready-made" market. There are undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of people who would be delighted to read SEARCH, but unfortunately, because millions of copies do

not flood the stands and force their presence upon them, they will never know it exists. We must wait until they find us. And there, again, you can help. Why not make it a point to mention, at every chance you get when among a group of people: "Have you seen that new magazine, SEARCH? Take a tip from me and pick up a copy at Joe's newsstand. You'll find it right up your alley!" Remember how delighted you were when you "found" the magazine? There are lots of people like you—give them a break too.

So, one of the exciting things that has happened to us these last sixty days is our decision to launch a truly gigantic (for us) effort to reach more people with SEARCH, place it on more newsstands, introduce it to more people. In short, we are going to give our distributor an assist in every way we can. Today's problems of overhead and costs make it impossible for a distributor to give a small magazine the costly attention he gives to a big one. Consequently the big ones get bigger and the smaller ones get left more and more in the lurch. The time has come when we can't just deliver a certain number of copies to a distributor, have them placed on a certain number of stands, willy-nilly, the same ones each month whether they sell or not. We've got to provide that special attention he can no longer afford to give his small clients.

Make out that list and send it to us right now, will you? If you can possibly do it, ask your own dealer, where you now buy SEARCH, how many he gets, how many he sells. Ask him if he's got any particular "beef", or any recommendation. We want him to make money too; we don't want him to get more copies than he can sell; we want to work with him, not against him. Every fact and figure you can supply us will help us to get a true picture of what we can do to advance the cause of SEARCH magazine. We know we're asking for a lot — but we're not speaking to just readers; we're talking to *you* our personal friends! Would it surprise you to know that there are more than 30,000 of you whose name, were we to be introduced, we would recall and be able to say: "Oh, you're from Buffalo! How'd you like your copy of OTHER TONGUES — OTHER FLESH you bought on that special offer?" It's true. Your editor, and our lovely wife, know your names very well. We go over them dozens and dozens of times in the course of seeing that you get SEARCH, are told of any new book we publish; and so often we buy a list from some other source, and remove your name from the

list because we "know you are already a subscriber".

That's what's really different about SEARCH. It isn't a magazine being published for the purpose of making money. It is being published first because we love what we are doing, and believe in it, and feel that you believe in it too. It wouldn't be hard to prove we don't make money at it. We have to publish books, sell hair tonic and chili seasoning, and other things to balance the books and make a living. Oh yes, we could make money, a lot of it, in the publishing business — for instance, we may have told you before we were offered a third interest in the new magazine *ROGUE,* which is published by our friend Bill Hamling, and which is now well over the 225,000 sale mark! About eight times as great as SEARCH! Recently Bill offered us a job, editing a new slick magazine he's planning which he feels will easily go over the million mark. But we'd have to travel down to Evanston about once a week, and give up SEARCH, and go back to the hectic scramble that the big city is, whereas we prefer our life on our 124-acre farm, with our trout stream, and our six dogs and two cats and our three husky and healthy children who can look out their window and see a blue heron stalking fish in the shallows, or a deer coming down to drink, or a hawk circling far overhead. So, we merely smiled at Bill, and thanked him. Yes, we could make money. It is easy to do. We quit a job that paid us $9,000 a year for literally doing nothing. We believe there are more things in life than making money. SEARCH is one of the big things in life, insofar as we are concerned. We wouldn't trade one page of it for complete ownership of LIFE magazine.

Not one of our readers picks up SEARCH because he is bored and needs something to pass the time while he waits for a train. We're proud of that. What does it matter that 10,000 pick up LIFE for every one that picks up SEARCH. To us, that's their hard luck!

SEARCH is the living emblem of our own personal freedom, not only physical, but mental. It is what America really means to us. It is what true humanity and brotherhood mean to us. It is, to put it in the modern vernacular, "for real"!

So, we'll be waiting for your letter. We haven't the slightest doubt in the world that we'll be deluged with them. And we want to thank you in advance for answering our call for assistance. We'll follow through, and we think it will accomplish, in a few short months, what might otherwise take years

to do.

Sometimes we are surprised at the distance to which SEARCH reaches out, all unsuspected by us. For instance, one of our most loyal readers is the Venerable Phra Sumangalo, in a monastery in far off Cambodia. His article, in this issue, "The Monastery a Dream Built" should prove as fascinating to you as it did to us. The other day we got a great kick out of delivering an envelope to the post office, addressed to Venerable Phra Sumangalo in Siamese characters. We had to tell them where it went, but what caused the most interest was our ability to write the address in Siamese characters. Naturally we had received this from Cambodia, and copied it, but the one thing it bore home to us was the realization that there was no discernible difference between us and that far off Cambodian monk. Our interests were exactly alike, our mutual friendship was instant and unquestioned. Neither of us could ever have occasion to fear or distrust the other. The brotherhood that existed between us was unquestioned, taken as a matter of course. This is the way the whole world should be. It is the way the whole world could be! It is because we are both engaged in the sort of open-minded search that SEARCH magazine typifies, that makes our common ground so natural and inevitable. It seems true to us that it is the mere act of honest searching for true values, true realities, true understanding of one another, that is the key to the solving of all the ills of mankind. Why should not SEARCH be the same basic meeting ground between us and Phra Sumangalo and between us and Khruschev? Or Chou-En-Lai? We all know it *should* be, but why isn't it? It's because the parties mentioned are NOT searching for understanding of things as they are, but are engaged in trying to make things what they think they want them to be in terms of self. The dictating of thought, rather than the sharing of thought.

SEARCH has four subscribers in Cambodia. It has none in all China and Russia or its satellites! It will be a great day when we get the first one — because he certainly exists. If he were allowed to search for us, he'd certainly find us!

All he needs is the opportunity. So let's take this lesson to heart, and see to it, as much as we can, that at least in this country the "searchers" have as much opportunity to find as possible. That's the basis theme of this editorial, and perhaps, after all, you *can* call it an editorial! What say? —Rap.

THE END

JAPANESE PROPHECIES OF A NEW EARTH

By

Wing Anderson

Countless prophecies have come down to us thru the centuries. Many are to be found in the King James Bible, the Centuries of Nostradamus and OAHSPE, a new bible given the English speaking people of the world in the year 1882. There is evidence in OAHSPE that eight other revelations were given to various peoples about that time. The work of the Bab of Persia (Iran) on which the Bahai movement is founded seems to be one of the nine. The revelations which came thru Mme. Nao Deguchi on which the OOMOTO, or Universal Love and Brotherhood association of Japan is based, bear evidence that they are another of the nine great revelations. The OOMOTO SACRED SCRIPTURES were written over a period of twenty seven years and amounted to some 200,000 sheets written on Japanese paper with bold strokes of a writing brush.

The following are a few of the predictions given thru Nao Deguchi translated into English. They are as a "drop in the ocean" from the material contained in the complete revelations and are worthy of consideration as revealing the objective that will be attained by means of the Forty-four Years War-(1914-1958) and complete abolition of the private profit system of economy. The world is in process of a change over from the economic system of scarcity and high prices to an economy of plenty and abundance for all. Present control of governments by International Bankers, Industrialists and Priestcraft is in its last days and great will be the fall thereof.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES teach that God's Kingdom on Earth began in 1914 when the first act of the Forty-four Year session of wars began. As clearing the ground is

part of the building process it is safe to accept the year 1914 as a correct date. By the year 1980, present systems of government, religion, economy and education will be things of the past, all replaced by the peace and plenty of the Millennium.

The first prediction included in this collection of revelations selected from the OOMOTO scriptures is dated January 5, 1892.

The greater World shall burst into full bloom like plum flowers in early spring. The world shall be reconstructed and transformed into the former Heavenly Kingdom under One Ruling God. The Kingdom of God is come upon earth. The whole world shall be reigned in unity by the Father God of the Terrestrial Domain. The world opened like plum flowers shall be reigned in peace everlasting as pine trees. Know ye that the world has been one of beasts, the stronger preying upon the weaker. Things shall never go well unless taken care of by God. If things were left uncared for, order shall no longer be able to endure in this world.

The word of God given through Nao Deguchi shall never fail; there shall be nothing that shall come untrue even by the breadth of a single hair. Know ye that if God should err, He would be non-existant in this world.

LATER IN JANUARY 1892

There shall be a war between China and Japan. This shall be a successful war for Japan carried out by God from behind the unseen. Through the manifestation of Divine power there shall be a glory to Japan. There shall be another war starting from Russia. And there shall be a great war in the world. From now on the Divine plan shall become manifest and clearer to the eyes of the peoples of the world.

The China-Japanese War of 1894- 1898 *fulfilled the first part of this prophecy of* 1892 *and the war started by Russia and the "great war in the world" began in* 1914.—*W. A.*

(2) 1893.

As the sun shines but one in the sky, so shall the world be reigned at-one on earth according to the plan of God. The peoples of the world repent! The world shall be restored to the former Kingdom of God. . . .

If things big and extraordinary should happen in the world, know ye that these are stepping-stones over which the Divine plan is carried on for the reconstruction of the world.

We should not be fearful or discouraged if "things big and extraordinary" occur for it all must be to enable the Lord's prayer to

become manifest with God's kingdom on earth.—W. A.

August 29, 1897

Inasmuch as this is a reconstruction of the whole world, it might go to such an extreme that the number of the human beings would have been reduced to three percent. However, a transmission of major calamities into minor ones shall be worked out for the salvation of mankind.

MAY 5, 1898

The ruling people of the world are strong in wickedness and lacking in righteousness and sincerity. They are ever on the alert to pounce upon another's territory and whenever they find it easy to attack, they take hold of it by force. Thus, the conquered are forced to bear silently with all humiliation and tribulation. This is the way more cruel than the brutal and too cruel for the children of God. God manifests Himself upon earth to save those who are suffering by raising them up. The world shall be leveled off.

Is not the attempt of the U. S. A. to rule Asia, our exploit in Korea and throwing the weight of our nation around the world a prime example of this statement made in 1898? *—W. A.*

APRIL 1899

This world is on the verge of collapsing into a muddy field and the human beings on the brink of extinction. To leave it to perish and to re-create a new world from the beginning is to bring to naught all the work of God that has been done for developing and bringing up the world to the present stage. That shall not come to pass. The peoples of the world repent! For there shall be a change in the world for the ushering in of the new age. Ye shall be ready to work for the salvation.

We may rest assured that those aching to kill off millions of people and make our world uninhabitable with their A and H bombs will not be permitted a free hand in their plans.

A change for the better is promised. Wonder what that change will be and if the UFO (flying saucers) are hints of what is coming?—W. A.

1899.

Man the lord of all creation, how proud ye are! Even the birds and beasts can avert danger by forseeing it a few days before, while man, know ye not what a day may bring forth! How dimmed are the eyes of your soul! Ye are not aware of the coming plight unless ye are threatened by the flames under your own feet! Ye cannot see what is happening on the other side of a door. How blind ye are! In spite of such ignorance and

blindness, those who are the most arrogant wiseacres of the world hold the reins of administration, looking down nonchalantly upon God from the elevated seat of leadership. Know ye that no amount of human knowledge and wisdom shall make peace in this world if it had not been for the protection of the living God, the Creator of the universe. Give up and surrender to the will of God for the sake of the suffering peoples of the world!

There shall be the divine judgment and punishment in order to change the world into a crystal-clear one. The peoples of the world shall be put to repentance and the world shall be stabilized on the solid foundations lasting for eternity and shall be reigned under the infallible rule of righteousness. Everything shall be made new in the world under the reign of God and all the peoples of the world shall live in cheerfulness. But before that comes to pass there shall be a great crisis. See that ye be prepared and get ready for repentance!

FEBRUARY 18, 1903

The world has been warned that things shall come to such a pass as Japan being forced to become once subject to a foreign power. What has been foretold shall come true. Get ready for it!

Who could have imagined in the year 1903 *that Japan would become subject to the U. S. A.? However we have air bases, armed forces and are the economic dictator of Japan today. W. A.*

JULY 12, 1904

The leaders and followers of OOmoto are troubled and perplexed as if a thorough reconstruction of the world would have been accomplished by this single war. However, inasmuch as the Divine plan is concerned with the reconstruction of the whole world, it cannot be finished so easily. The present war is but the beginning; see that ye be prepared and get ready for everything!

At the time this revelation was given Japan was engaged in a war with Russia which she won. (Japan-Russia War of 1904-1905) *We can see by the above that the cleansing of the world, preparatory to the new age of peace, began long before* 1914 *as many assume.—W. A.*

APRIL 18, 1910

With so many kings holding the reins of power there shall be no peace in the world. Through the manifestation of Divine power, those seven kings and eight kings in the world shall be brought down and the world shall be unified into the Kingdom of God lasting for eternity.

Most of the fifteen kings men-

tioned have lost their thrones. Two unsuccessful attempts have been made to form a unified world. Both the League of Nations and United Nations have been worthy attempts. The third world organizations of nations, to follow Act. III of the Forty-four Year War of 1914-1958 *will meet with success.* —*W. A.*

SEPTEMBER 17, 1913

Japan cannot be invincible in all wars. The rulers and peoples of the nations in fighting think they are conducting affairs by their own will and power, but they are only used in the fulfillment of the Divine plan. Hereafter the truth of this fact shall become clearer to the eyes of the peoples of the world and they shall change their mind out of repentance.

This revelation was given a year before Act I of the World War began in 1914. *It served to warn Japan of a destined defeat which would humble her and turn her in the direction of peace. The people of Japan today long for peace above all else.—W. A.*

OCTOBER 5, 1912

For the past one celestial generation the upkeeping of world affairs has been left in the hands of those ambitious souls of collateral descendency. God in secret was looking upon their ways of administration. Each one of them has been proved to be a high-handed way of egoism. Being well aware from the start of the coming of such a stalemate as this, God has been working in secret and without rest lest the world should ruin. . . . When this crisis comes, there is tribulation throughout the whole world. There is no knowing how much money shall be needed by each of the nations in fighting and money shall become scarce. The world shall become desolate. Then the Divine owner shall be manifest and carry out a second reconstruction of the world once and for all.

The revelation of 1912 *foretold the loss of power and prestige by the Emperor of Japan who had long been assumed to be the one and only "Son of Heaven".*

It seems certain that the world hasn't seen the last of war, disaster and desolation. In fact the worst is to come - and soon.—W. A.

FEBRUARY 9, 1917

So long as there are those seven kings and eight kings in the world, there never comes a time when peace prevails among nations. Therefore they shall be brought down and the world shall be reigned as the Kingdom of God. Now is the time, of which it has been foretold through Nao Deguchi since 1892. The great war of the world is to make the peoples of the world

repent.

Count the kings remaining on their thrones and look for the downfall of each to gauge the time of the end of war and tribulation.

The two major world wars comprise Act I and Act II of the Forty-four Year War. Act III, the final and most killing of all will soon begin. In fact it may have begun with the war in Korea which gave the U. S. A. its first taste of defeat.—W. A.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1917

Notwithstanding all such miseries prevailing in the world, the rulers of the world are still engrossed in a struggle for land and territory at the sacrifice of the young men whose vigorous lives are torn off as cheaply as radish leaves. However, the land and territory taken over by them at such formidable prices shall never be made their own, nay, for this is the world created by God and everything in it belongs to Him from the foundation of the universe. There is a gross mistake on the part of the peoples of the world. They are as wrong as can be; therefore everything in the world shall once be taken up to heaven.

The U. S. may well forget any ambition to conquer China or Asia for such an attempt will bring defeat as it did to other nations that grew too big for their breeches: Italy, Germany and Japan. The Peoples of the world sure seem to enjoy learning the hard way. —W. A.

NOVEMBER 23, 1917

Having so many troubles within the confines of Japan Proper, those who are blind put their noses into another land's affair, without minding their own business and without knowing that they both are cutting into one another's throat. In Japan the whole situation shall become tighter and there shall be a shortage of food. The time shall come when a single vegetable leaf shall be precious to everyone. People are satisfied with laying up gold and silver coins, but in the hour of need no one can keep body and soul together with money. Have ye not been warned since 1892 that the time shall come, when a handful of rice shall become more precious than one million yen, when mulberry-fields shall be turned into rice fields? Ye, the people, are so near-sighted that ye would not listen to the word of the true God.

DECEMBER 23, 1917

The present war is not one being fought between the peoples of the world, but one between God and Satan in a scale unprecedented in the history of mankind, Have ye not been warned that all the nations of the world shall come in unison

against Japan? What has been foretold through Nao Deguchi shall never fail; there shall be nothing that shall come out untrue even by the breadth of a single hair.

The above and last revelation, given during the years of the 1914-1918 *war fortells the time of defeat of Japan when the U. S. A., and Russia were the prime movers in her defeat.*

The prophecies of the Mormons received almost a century ago foretell many of the same things foretold in the OOmoto scriptures. However, people will believe when facts foretold are at hand and not before. Isn't it safe to predict that military dictatorship, a fascist form of government, a revolution and economic chaos will visit our nation before we will give up our dollar grabbing and accept God's Kingdom?—W. A.

THE END

CAN A MAN BECOME INVISIBLE?

By JAMES T. BENSON

IN 1934 a young British inventor shocked the countryside with the claim that he could make a man invisible although he stands before you in the flesh. An apparatus was housed in a cabinet which was open in the front and elaborate precautions were taken to keep its operation a secret.

The man who is to disappear is clothed in a strange looking suit referred to as a "spectral mantle." His head was covered with what was called an "electro-helmet." This garb made him somewhat resemble a deep sea diver. He stands in the cabinet on a well lighted stage. When all is ready the man touches contact gloves above his head with both hands and an electric current is turned on. Gradually the current is increased and as it does so the man takes on a transparent look. Then starting from the feet and going up, the man completely disappears. It is claimed the subject is tangible and yet completely invisible. To prove this, observers are asked to verify the man's presence by touching him. All report that they can touch him and are unable to see him.

Several attempts were made to learn the secret of the device. One of these was the taking of photographs showing successive stages of the demonstration. However, these revealed only what the human eye saw.

★ ★ ★

DR. MENZEL AND THE U.F.O.'s

By Alex Saunders

OF THE MORE than one dozen major flying saucer books already published, there is only one that takes the stand of anti-interplanetary. Only one. All the other authors believe in the alien origin of the UFO's. Then who is this rebel, this upstart whose book stands alone?

He is a man much respected in scientific circles. He is Dr. Donald H. Menzel, a Harvard Professor of Astrophysics and Associate Director for Solar Research.

Boldly, Dr. Menzel's book — "FLYING SAUCERS" — comes out with the statement that the disks are nothing but "a giant myth." Let us now concentrate on his work which, in 1953, was published by the Harvard University Press.

Denying emphatically that flying saucers are unearthly space ships, Dr. Menzel seems to have something like contempt for people who believe the opposite, as he waxes sarcastic for the likes of such, referring to them as "Saucer Diehards" and "Saucer Cultists." Readily affirming their existence, he claims flying saucers are caused by atmospheric phenomena, the basic cause of most of the unexplained objects being the possible effects of mist, ice crystals, or mirages.

Those sighting which do not fall in that category are, then, meteorological balloons, Venus, airplanes, birds, shooting stars, etc. The idea that flying saucers are interplanetary is not exactly rejected by Menzel. Other natural possibilities are asked to be considered before the other-world hypothesis is wholeheartedly accepted. If one takes his own theories seriously, then the late Charles Fort's massive collection of strange aerial objects, for one, can not be considered as anything but natural phenomena, and we just are not being visited—and never have—by intelligent non-humans.

Though I disagree with Menzel, strongly, on many issues, I did find his attractive and informative book interesting. Extremely so. It is profusely illustrated and contains many photographs. He writes fluently, is humorous on occasion, and reaches as far back as Biblical times for accounts of odd sky-objects. I do not regard him as a fool by any means. But even though the man has a fine brain, his revealing narrow mind ties him to thinking that is both dogmatic and egotistical.

To be fair, the other side of the story, or argument (even if it is contrary to one's own views), is entitled to consideration and sober study. So along comes contrary Menzel. And in all honesty, I must admit that some of his arguments are sound and impressive. Quite convincing. A few of his chapters, like "Hoaxers and Jokers," "The Scientific Detective," and "The Invasion From Mars," are strong in the manner in which they make sense. Here the author shines and deserves warm congratulations.

Still, his book is not without faults. Evasions are not too difficult to pick out. Demonstrable facts are bypassed, if not completely ignored. Irrelevant data is much in evidence.

It has been said that many saucer reports (perhaps 75%) are merely mistaken identity of quite common objects, and that Menzel "proves" his case against the remaining 25% by disregarding important facts which fail to fit into what he wants to prove in many cases.

Several significant stories, with every appearance of honesty, have been reported of flying saucers either hovering close to the human observer, or actually landing. Humanoid figures, in one way or another, were sometimes seen closely in connection with the landings or near-landings, some even personally contacted.

Yet Menzel makes no mention of these cases. Why? Can it be through ignorance (which seems hardly likely, as he has obviously dug deeply into saucer lore) or is it deliberate avoidance?

By no means are his theories accepted by all. He has been taken to task by those better qualified than I. After all, mine is not a scientifically trained mind. I lack an academic background, and when Menzel goes into his theories technically, it is all beyond my poor understanding, and I am left out in the cold.

To be sure, articles of disagreement have seen print. One such appeared in the May, 1953 issue of *Fate,* the very first magazine of national circulation to play up

the saucer enigma. Another debunking article by Robert E. Ginna, Jr. was carried in the June 9, 1952 issue of *Life*. Still another came to the attention of *True* readers for December, 1952.

Of the thousands of saucer sightings, Menzel's theories of natural phenomena undoubtedly account for a certain percent. But many cases, well-authenticated, just cannot be dismissed so easily. To give the brief history of a few:

TUESDAY, June 24th of the year 1947 started off uneventful enough for thirty-two year old Kenneth Arnold of Boise, Idaho. In his own successful business, that of selling fire extinguishing apparatus by private plane directly to his five western state customers, he was returning from a business trip to Chehalis, Washington. His stopping point was to be Yakima, Washington. But he decided to detour in order to spend some time aloft in search of a lost C-46 Marine Transport. With its cargo of thirty-two marines, it was thought to have crashed in the vicinity of Mt. Rainier, and the $5,000 reward offered for its recovery was indeed mouth-watering.

Arnold flew his small, single-engine plane above Washington's Cascade Mountains at an altitude of ten thousand feet when, suddenly, something caught his eye. It was a bright flash reflected on one wing. Startled, he looked toward Mt. Rainier.

His startlement increased tenfold as he observed "a chain of nine peculiar-looking aircraft flying from north to south at approximately 9,000 feet elevation, and going, seemingly, in a definite direction of about 170 degrees north to south."

Twenty to twenty-five miles. That was Arnold's estimate of their distance from him. At first he thought they were a new type of jet plane. But no. This could not be, for they were entirely devoid of wings or fins!

Certainly these objects, in a line not less than five miles long, were not conventional aircraft. Their speed, hard to credit, was lightning-fast, clocked at 1,200 miles an hour by Arnold. His observation of the flat, shiny, sun-reflected "pie pans" lasted about three minutes. As for size, he placed it at 100 feet in diameter.

How did the objects come to be called "flying saucers?" Well, Kenneth Arnold appears to have been directly responsible. The following quote of his was taken from a recorded broadcast—"The Case Of The Flying Saucer"—which he did with Edward E. Murrow for the CBC on Friday, April 7, 1950.

"The objects more or less flut-

tered like they were, oh, I'd say boats on very rough water, or a very rough air of some type. And when I described how they flew, I said they flew like you took a saucer and threw it across the water. Most of the newspapers misunderstood, and misquoted that, too. I said they flew in a saucer-like fashion."

CAPTAIN THOMAS MANTELL sighted a circular object, glowing red and white, over Godman Air Force Base, near Fort Knox, Kentucky, on January 7, 1948. It was in the afternoon, close to 3 p.m, and was observed by several Air Force officers in the Godman Field Tower. High-powered binoculars were used. Four F-51 fighters, already in the air at that time, were ordered to investigate by the commandant of the base, Colonel Guy F. Hix.

One of the pilots was War Two veteran Mantell, a Flight Leader for the Air National Guard of Kentucky. Minutes after he left the formation and closed in, he communicated with the tower, saying that the "thing" was metallic and of tremendous size.

The object evaded him with prodigious bursts of speed which could not be matched. Mantell ascended in chase at 360 miles per hour. He reported his intention to rise to 20,000 feet, giving up only if unable to approach closer.

Later that day, as reported officially by the U.S. Air Force, Captain Mantell's body was found amid the widely scattered wreckage of his plane near Fort Knox.

Another official report—subsequently discarded — explained that Mantell had mistaken the planet Venus for a flying saucer. This brings to mind a personal experience concerning Venus. But more of that a bit later.

CAPTAIN CLARENCE S. CHILES and his first officer, John B. Whitted of Eastern Airlines, piloted their DC-3 passenger plane en route to Atlanta, Georgia. Their take-off point had been Houston, Texas. It was July 24, 1948, about 2:45 a.m.

From the right side of their cockpit at 5,000 feet when twenty miles west of Montgomery, Alabama, these two pilots with fine war records, saw a craft. But what a craft!

Brilliantly lit, with two decks of windows in a wingless and finless fuselage about twice a B-29's diameter! Inside was an intense blue glow. From what appeared its stern, streamed a red-orange flame, approximately forty feet long. Estimate speed: between 500 and 700 miles per hour.

As the object swung violently to the right about 700 feet away, the

pilots' comparatively small plane, veering to the left, shook in the great shock waves thus created. Only one passenger aboard the DC-3, Clarence McKelvie of Columbus, Ohio, verified the sighting. All the other passengers either slept or dozed.

GEORGE GORMAN, on October 1, 1948, had an equally weird encounter. The hour was not too late. About nine p.m. As an Air National Guard Lieutenant, and former pilot instructor for French air cadets during World War Two, Gorman was on a practice flight in an F-51 fighter.

Preparing to land on the Fargo Airport, North Dakota, he spotted a queer light below his circling plane whose altitude was 4,400 feet. Gorman went after the object which he judged to be traveling 250 miles an hour. Thus began a "saucer dogfight" which lasted for twenty-seven minutes.

Because of sharp turns, fast climbs, fantastic speeds, etc, Gorman blacked out temporarily. There were several ground observers, one of whom was L. D. Jensen, the airport traffic controller at Fargo. He used powerful night glasses.

Eventually the light, described by Gorman as "clear, white, completely round, about six to eight inches in diameter, with a sort of fuzz at the edges," disappeared. Not once during his engagement with the mystery light was he aware of any sound, odor or exhaust trail.

"I am convinced there was thought behind the maneuvers," George Gorman said in a certified statement. "I am also convinced that the object was governed by the laws of inertia because its acceleration was rapid but not immediate, and, although it was able to turn fairly tight at considerable speed, it still followed a natural curve.

"The object could out-turn and outspeed the F-51 and was able to attain a much steeper climb and to maintain a constant rate of climb far in excess of the Air Force fighter. When I attempted to turn with the object, I blacked out temporarily, due to excess speed."

The foregoing are only four of numerous cases to which Dr. Menzel's optical refraction theories can not apply. But does this stop him? Oh no! With all the cocksureness of a True Believer, he claims to have figured out what was responsible for the objects Kenneth Arnold saw over Mt. Rainier. Mainly, says Menzel, they were billowing blasts of snow, ballooning up from the hog back, reflecting the sunlight.

Captain Thomas Mantell? What

that unfortunate pilot had chased to his death was a mock sun, or "sundog," an optical illusion caused by the reflection of the sun on ice crystals in cirrus clouds.

Menzel explains the George Gorman encounter with a queer light and his ensuing "dogfight," thus: "The object was only light reflected from a distant source by a whirlpool of air over one wing of the plane."

As for the Chiles-Whitted sighting, it will be remembered that the cigar-shaped craft of huge structure rocked the two pilots' DC-3 with its prop or jet wash as it pulled up unexpectedly. Dr. Menzel is not at a loss for words concerning this event, an important event which, to my way of thinking, proves how solid was the object. It was a mirage, he claims, brought into existence by layers of hot and cold air.

To quote from his book: "One might put down to imagination the rocking of the DC-3 by prop wash or jet wash. After all, the DC-3 was in the process of veering, and the excited pilots might well have ascribed part of the acceleration and deceleration that they were experiencing in their own craft to some external force that was really non-existent."

Yes, one might put it down to imagination. Then, too, one *might not!* Had the pilots *actually* experienced the prop or jet wash, then the author's theories would be discarded as trivia, for Menzel's flying saucers are devoid of two things. Solidness—and sound.

It is not claimed, however, that Chiles and Whitted had dreamed the whole story, or that they were perpetrating a hoax, for Menzel adds: "But one could not in any way question that the men had reported something unusual, something that was a real flying saucer." Meaning, naturally, his own unique definition of a saucer.

From his book "FLYING SAUCERS" is another quote of Dr. Menzel's. "*Look* recently asked me to report on the authenticity of some highly publicized saucer photographs taken in South America. The pictures, however, proved to be so amateurish that no special study was needed to establish their hoax character."

I think Menzel is being unreasonable here. It is just another instance that the good doctor might find himself a bit tonguetied should the photos be proven genuine.

DR. MENZEL'S explanation of the Mantell case was given above, while the official Air Force explanation of Venus—later dropped, remember—was mentioned previously. Now, about my own experience regarding Venus.

It occurred on Friday, April 23, 1954, exactly two years ago today, for as I type these words, the date is April 23, 1956.

Driving through the outskirts of my birthplace, Toronto, Canada, the sky was fast darkening, for it was 7:30 p.m., but above the western horizon it was still light. In this direction lay flat, open country, unhindered by buildings or trees.

Suddenly I saw it. A solitary light of unusual brightness low on the western horizon. Atmospheric conditions were such as to bring it out in all its sharp clarity. Too, there was a touch of the ethereal about it.

For a long moment I thought I was having my first sight of a hovering flying saucer! I, who had read so much about them in books, magazines and newspapers, now seemed to be an actual witness to one. I blessed my good fortune. How I felt can be readily understood by any saucer enthusiast—rigid, excited, heart pounding.

Then, all at once, I realized what the object really was. *Venus!* None other than our sister planet!

As I returned home on the same road less than an hour later, the whole sky was now inky black. The bright object—Venus beyond all doubt—still shone in the western sky.

That it was Venus that Mantell mistook for a flying saucer (as first announced by the U.S. Air Force) I had instantly refused to accept. Surely a veteran pilot of his standing, credited with more than three thousand air hours, would know that planet when he saw it.

And since when is Venus known to be "metallic" and "of tremendous size"—Mantell's own words? Furthermore, when does it go waltzing about in the heavens to lead a plane a dizzy chase? No, that explanation, no matter how official, I had brushed aside as worthless long before the Air Force's recantation.

AT this point, one might ask for more concrete evidence for the Unidentified Flying Objects.

On record is the June 24, 1947 case involving Fred Johnson. This prospector's watch-compass hand behaved erratically from side to side when six flying saucers flew overhead in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon. Would an "atmospheric mirage" of Menzel's cause this?

My reply is a loud and emphatic "NO!" Nor would one of his "light reflections" be responsible for treetops to sway with hurricane violence when a disk of sky-blue color tore through a canyon, as

happened on August 13, 1947, at Twin Falls, Idaho.

Scores of saucer photographs have been taken, as well as sizeable lengths of movie film. Radar equipment has tracked them on numerous occasions. The same can be said of theodolites, those instruments which are used to trace weather balloons and track experimental rockets in flight.

Geiger counters when flying saucers raced by, have doubled their speed of discharge. So, too, has a wild agitation affected birds at the same time as the cosmic machines were overhead.

Several times have they been the cause for radio fadeouts. Airplanes have had their motors temporarily cut off, becoming motionless until confronted saucers sped away. Calculations have been made on their terrific speed. In one case, at the White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico, two disks were clocked at a speed of 18,000 *miles per hour!*

Metallic fragments dropped from the alien craft have been examined and analyzed by chemical metallurgists at the University of Chicago. Aside to Dr. Menzel: "Explain, please, how solid metal pieces could have fallen from one of your 'ionised saucers'?"

In most cases the UFO's move without a murmur. However, more than one sighting has been accompanied by some sort of audible sound. A roaring, buzzing, hissing, etc. But why are they generally noiseless, those saucers that reportedly vary in size from a few feet to hundreds of feet in diameter? (The average one seems to be about fifty feet across).

Does high altitude keep their sounds beyond human hearing? This could be—if they are above 25,000 feet. Reason two: If, somehow, they are capable of parting the air so that the molecules are undisturbed, their machines would at all times move with ghost-like silence. This method of propulsion, so far beyond our means, may be commonplace to the aliens.

Earlier in this article, I mentioned the fact that Dr. Menzel's technical explanation for the flying saucers was too much for my unscientifically trained mind. Regardless of this, his high-sounding scientific jargon does not overly impress me. True, a vote of thanks is due him for his thorough study of UFO's that can only be the results of natural phenomena.

But then there are other saucer reports (like the several previously discussed) that can by no stretch of the imagination be explained his pat way. Unearthly space craft is the *only* logical answer that remains, to my mind.

Come, Let Us Reason . . .

Letters from our Readers

Dear Rap:

SHAVER stated in your magazine that "120,000 people disappear yearly in U. S." This number corresponds roughly to one per cent of the total population of the U. S. A., or one person in a hundred. How many hundreds of persons do you know personally? How many "disappearances" have you heard of? Has anyone heard of? None!

I feel that you and Shaver are playing with the elements of a potentially dangerous mass psychosis. Those among your readers who walk in fear of "deros" would do well by unearthing their own "Subterranean" - or repressed - anxieties and guilt feelings instead projecting them into absurd shapes.

Dr. L. Goldschmidt
State of New York Department of Mental Hygiene, Queens Village 27, N. Y.

One of the great dangers this editor constantly runs into is the danger of playing the part of the "Uninformed" challenging the "authority" without being either just "loud-mouthed" or actually insulting. Therefore, it should be borne in mind that the last thing this editor intends in any reply to you is to insult. Let it rather be said that we are using the other fellow's weapons, those of the scientific approach, and of logic. So, it is not an insult for me to point out that 120,000 *is not "roughly"* 1% *of the total population of the U.S. The latest estimate of the population is* 165 *million, and* 1% *of that is* 1,650,000. *Thus, you preface your major point by an error in fact amounting to* 1375%! It could be said that *your entire conclusion could be wrong by that tremendous percentage! We won't say it, however -- but we will say that if your mental picture of what we originally said were correct, it WOULD be ridiculous! The actual percentage of missing persons is approximately one-fourteenth of one per cent, and this isn't such a tremendons thing.*

Now, to answer your questions: I know, personally, perhaps 2,000 *people, well enough to call them by name. I know about* 40,000 *others (I know my customers, subscribers, etc, better than most people do!) And among these, I know of at least ten persons very mysteriously missing, and as a matter of business record, as many as* 500

whom I've lost somehow on my mailing lists, and there is no way of relocating them -- which is not mysterious, considering that the post office frequently reports that I myself do not live in Amherst, and send my mail back marked "no such person". Your "none" is not factual. I know quite a few, and I know others who know quite a few. I frequently get anguished letters from persons who wish me to publish some plea in my magazine to try to locate a missing loved one. If you have predicated that the existence or non-existence of missing people is a proof or disproof of Shaver's claim that human beings are eaten as meat in the "caves", then it would seem you have effectively placed the weight of your opinion on the side of Shaver!

Now to cover the implied points in your letter, which is written as an "official" statement in the field of mental hygiene: You say Shaver, through this magazine, is playing with a potentially dangerous mass psychosis. You say that those readers who are repressed, have anxieties and guilt feelings, project them into "deros" and thus "pass the buck", so to speak. Let me ask, what happens to repressed, anxious, guilt-feeling persons who do NOT project them into some other channel? Is the projection therapeutic, or not? There are two ways to face a guilt-complex 1) *admit it, recognize it, reject it;* 2) *disguise it as something else, lay the blame elsewhere, rationalize it, justify it. The first, we infer, is the realistic way to overcome it; but unfortunately, a person with a guilt-complex wouldn't have it in the first place, if he was intelligent enough to exorcise it by the use of reason. The second way, therefore, seems to be the usual means employed to combat it. Now, taking it as the lesser of two "cures", wouldn't you say the deros were a handy way of "passing the buck", and no more dangerous than any other type of rationalization? Where, then, is the "potentially dangerous mass psychosis"? Do you mean that "speak of the devil" leads to "more and more hearers believing in the devil"? Are you suggesting that the answer is to adopt an "ignore it and it will go away" attitude?*

Dr. Goldschmidt, we respect the psychologist, who studies the human mind, and we agree that the mind is a "subterranean cave", in a manner of speaking. But isn't there the tendency in psychology to "rationalize" everything out of the "norm" as a "bogey" from a mental cave where the ghosts of our beastly origin still reside? Psychology, today, it seems to us, is forming a vast mass psychosis concerning the mind, and the dark,

dank monstrosities that exist within it, always lurking on the threshold of consciousness, waiting to spring out and devour sanity.

What you are saying is that Shaver is insane, that his caves are mental, that they are due to repressions, anxieties and guilt feelings, and that anyone who listens to him runs the risk of acquiring these same things, and that, worse, the whole thing can potentially become an unreasoning mass psychosis that can envelop great bodies of people, passing beyond the boundaries of individuality.

And to prove your point, you cause it to DEPEND on the non-existence of missing persons! You challenge that evidence of such missing persons be shown, and you are positive that such evidence cannot be produced. Dr. Goldschmidt -- the first rule of being a success in this phoney world of ours is never to stick out your neck where it can possibly be chopped off. Always "hedge". Never make a positive statement. In short, act like a "vice-president", than which there is no lower type of human being.

To conclude, name me one subject (beginning with religion) which cannot be attacked just as you have attacked Shaver? All man's philosophies can, in truth, be relegated into the dark caves of his mind, and proven to be phantoms. That is, if you are a "pre-formed" skeptic through the necessity of "always being right" in this world where conformity is the synonym for sanity. And lastly, there ARE some persons who can consider any outre subject without losing their logical reasoning ability and becoming a psychotic. We like to think our magazine is read by people who CAN conquer their repressions, anxieties, and guilt-feelings! ..... , Rap.

Editor:

Never to my dying day again, and I say *AGAIN*, will anybody ever convince me that Morey Bernstein and his Bridey Murphy isn't the real key to the never ending circle of creation.

I've never been hypnotized in my life and yet I've been telling people for years about a former existence of myself back in the 1850's. So vivid and so real are my memories, now at the age of 51 these memories seem as though I lived them only yesterday.

I died at the age of 86 on a Saturday morning with a heart condition sitting in a chair outside on the lawn. Like Bridey Murphy I saw myself laid out in a wooden box. I went to my own funeral, the hearse being a two-wheel cart pulled by a horse. I saw a group of about ten or twelve

friends and relatives in mourning escorting my body to the cemetery. I tried to attract their attention and tell them that I was all right and that dying was the biggest joke and that it was quite surprising and that someday they themselves would find out how downright deceiving and humorous it was. But try as I did to convince them they paid no attention to me and just kept on weeping. I thought to myself what a bunch of poor dumb fools and it rather vexed me because they paid no attention and wouldn't listen.

I was so unbelievably happy that I myself knew now what death consisted of and that I was rid of my sick and aged body I didn't even follow my remains right to the cemetery. I escorted it halfway up the wooded lane and turned back. I then got to wondering in what form of existence I was in and where was Jesus Christ that I had been taught I'd meet when I died. At this point of thought a light as strong and powerful as the sun appeared and an almost humorous voice strong and vibrant sounded. "Believe me," it said, "I am here, but you shall not see me yet."

I thought to myself, "my, how wonderful, I've just heard the true voice of Jesus," and I was just so ungodly happy in my new form

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of existence I just floated along in unbelievable ecstacy.

I have no recollection after that. I met no one, saw no one in my new existence and lost all contact with the physical world. It seems I just floated in a dream haze of boundless joy.

Consciousness, that is physical consciousness came back to me in a very painful way, for I was again imprisoned in the flesh and bone body of a youngster and received my first spanking where it hurt.

I carried over into this life a keen, sharp memory and before I was a year old could recite poetry with twelve or fourteen verses in it. I had been born again in 1905.

The foregoing is but a small part of my former existence that I remember. There is much much more and no Doctors, Skeptics, Scientists, Crackpots, Scoffers, Ministers, or Spiritualists or anything clothed in flesh and bone on this world today will ever succeed in changing what I know to be the TRUE EXPERIENCED FACTS OF LIFE, DEATH and REINCARNATION. The Human Beings Of Tomorrow Will Be No Other Than The Ones Who Died Yesterday. Creation is a Circle of everlasting life for the Soul and your soul and my soul and everybody else's soul has existed since the

worlds were created, and there is not one thing wrong with Reincarnation. Laugh, scoff make fun of it and condemn it if you will, but it will overtake you sooner or later whether you believe it or not, Yes, sir!

M. A. Stephenson
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This is an extremely interesting thing you say! And we grant you the personal conviction you have regarding it. However, in the first place, it is hardly sensible to state flatly that nothing will convince you otherwise than your present belief. . .because it is possible (!) that it is something other than reincarnation you have experienced. Can you say that it is IMPOSSIBLE that it be anything else? Absolutely impossible?

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you wandered, finally "were born" again, in another body, but many times it was a body ALREADY GROWN, not just being born. Oftentimes it was as in your case, at the moment of birth. But after treatment, the person who remembered the previous life was SEPARATED from the body it occupied, returned to its "out-of-this-world" place of existence, and the body STILL RETAINED another identity, in these cases, the legitimate one! In short, the "dead" person had entered the body of a living person, and lived with the living person in the same body, and as often as not, neither person knew the other was present, although in some cases they did. Memories of each were confused, and impossible to separate. HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT IN YOUR CASE IT ISN'T AN EXACTLY SIMILAR INSTANCE? That your "memories" are not yours at all? That two different identities occupy your body? That one is so submerged, it is literally "subconscious" and only intrudes its presence as these disturbing memories you seem to possess as your own, and which CONVINCE you you lived before?

Your editor does not say this is the actual fact — because it can ALSO be a number of other things! But he merely wishes to

point out to you that the evidence isn't CONCLUSIVE after all! In fact, there is much legitimate evidence that it is obsession or possession, and that instances exist, properly investigated and examined, in which the dual occupancy of the body has been proved. As some psychic investigators also say, it is possible for a living person's "aura" to entrap not only one, but many discarnate entities. Geographically, they may "live" as much as several yards away from you and still draw their existence energy from you, and provide those "pseudo" memories.

When you heard the voice you say was Jesus, you went right ahead and accepted that as the actual voice of Jesus, although you had no real proof. Wouldn't you say it was POSSIBLE it wasn't Jesus, but somebody else who might have thought it a fine joke to impose on your credulity? You even mention the "humorous" quality of the voice. Why humorous?

Speaking of humor, something even more humorous occurs to us. What if, when you die AGAIN, you find, beside you, an old gentleman of 86, who also claims to have died, and tells you the body you now own, which lies dead between you, was HIS body! Or, conversely, what if you (the old

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gent) find a very angry youngster who has waited for over 50 years to get at the usurper who "stole" his body at birth and kept him subjected to a subconscious level all those years! You might find yourself taking quite a beating! If it were I who was thus treated, you can bet you'd be in for a hot time of it!

However, you believe you are reincarnated, but you should be able to see why this editor still has his doubts about going whole hog for what seems to him could be a pig in a poke! — Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I would like to tell you of my own reaction to "Search". It has long been my belief that there are a lot of people who CAN reason, or could learn to reason, except for one thing; the lack of a medium through which they can express their views and get the views of others, both essential to good reasoning. Local discussion clubs are all right, so are the "letters to the Editor". But both are hopelessly inadequate in the matter of making opinions really count in a progressive discussion of problems or mysteries, and usually wind up in a debate that gets nowhere.

What people need, what they desperately need, is a FORUM IN PRINT where their reasoning can count for something in a construc-

tive attempt by thousands of readers to actually probe mysteries and even solve problems. What was my pleasant surprise to find that your "Search" is coming close to that!

Not only do I believe that people can reason, but I will bet that they already know many things that they ordinarily do not talk about because they don't get together with others who are thinking along the same lines, with whom they could "compare notes". And these people are scattered all over. No local discussion club or "letters to the Editor" can bring their views together so that they can be effective.

You may be pioneering in something that is more important than either of us realize. Your efforts multiplied by thousands of other publishers at some future time, may be the means that is required finally to break the strangle-hold that ignorance has on the human race.

Of course, you may not entirely agree with my slant. If not, no harm done. "Search" is a good magazine, regardless.

Merritt F. Taylor
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life has been spent in trying to trick people into thinking, into entering a discussion designed to trap them into a realization of their previous "non-thinking" state. But it is terribly hard to do! You can't imagine how enraged and vindictive some people can get when you dare to do any "thinking" which isn't in conformity with their own status quo knowledge! Actually, some persons, confronted with active thinking, resort to violence to halt it, if unable to halt it by their own ability to think. I have had people, when forced to resort to logic in a discussion, stamp angrily from the room, and thereafter avoid me like poison — and not only that, never miss an opportunity to comment on my "insanity" to others. Thus, we can't really see "thousands" of future publishers putting out magazines like SEARCH. All we can see is SEARCH struggling perpetually to reach just a FEW more people each year, a microscopic percentage of the total population. People don't want to EXCHANGE ideas; they want to CRUSH all but their OWN! And they will resort to murder to do it! For instance (and here goes a few subscriptions cancelled from the South!), one man can say to another: "Negro children should go to the same school as white chil-

dren" and the other will punch him in the nose and shout "communist!" You've seen it happen! And you can't get the attacker to "discuss" it, because he will tell you flatly: "Negroes are only 80 years removed from slavery, and 200 years from the jungle — they aren't human! So what is there to discuss?"

Yet, it MUST be discussed! And we hope you are right about the future.—Rap.

Dear Ray:

The flow of many words re the dero lies somewhat heavy on my mind. I am a natural psychic, and have been trying to organize the talent for 23 years. About a year ago I tried to get some information about the dero from my mentors while in trance. The subject was deftly pigeon-holed!

Last evening I again determined to get any information I could, and was not so easily put off. During projection, was shown through caveland, a "guided" tour, so to speak. Here is a resume—would like to hear Shaver's comment regarding it:

Ages ago, the culture of Pluto developed a magnificent science with no moral responsibility to make it human (?). They considered less advanced cultures in and beyond the Solar System fair prey,

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and declared open season. There were however, five cultures in our System who matched their science —also had learned to live with their conscience. A police force, representing these races, took the Plutonians in hand, removed them to Earth, which was not then civilized (is it yet?), and sterilized Pluto (the planet, of course). In the process, these star pirates were racially conditioned to fear and dread the emblem of the Solar Police, a five-pointed star, encircled, engraved on a silver disc, which is still protection from them.

The Plutonians, being from the fringe of the system, had no means of withstanding Solar radiation, so burrowed deep within the Earth, building their colonies in caves cut out in salt beds, which provided the necessary shielding.

The "Old Stock" has remained about the same at these lower reaches. I was shown one such. His eyes were about the size of silver dollars, with vertical cat-like pupils; ears small and round and close to the head; the forehead, which was perhaps once bulbous, exceedingly high and receding; there seemed to be a total lack of pigmentation both in the skin and the scanty hair on the crown (no facial hair at all); and blood circulation was faintly discernible under the translucent skin. At

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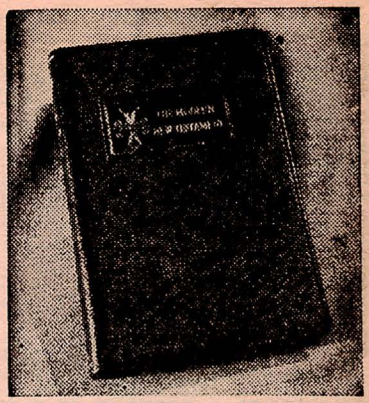
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higher levels the dero are much more humanlike, being inbred with surface races. This seems to be the main purpose of abducting of surface people - the inbreeding which will one day let them surface. However, surface characteristics seem to breed out in a few generations, necessitating continual replacement. They have experimented with genes alteration to such an extent that everything from dwarfs to giants result. Six fingers is typical (Possible accounting for such systems of counting?) It seems that as a human culture has grown toward decency and intellectuality, the dero have aided an opposing culture to tear them down (ah! History!), against the day when they will try to surface.

Mr. Shaver seems to be the recipient of many dramatic warnings from readers. May I suggest that he presents as much *factual* data as possible (or select a hard core of resistance privately from amongst the ranks of "non-ostriches"), pool ways and means and fight back. After all, we just live here! So they use "Telaugs"? I've often wished certain people did, to save me having to say what I think! If the dero would be so obliging as to turn one on me, I'll guarantee to turn his hair *black*, and disturb his sleep for revolutions to come.

One other subject, if I may. You



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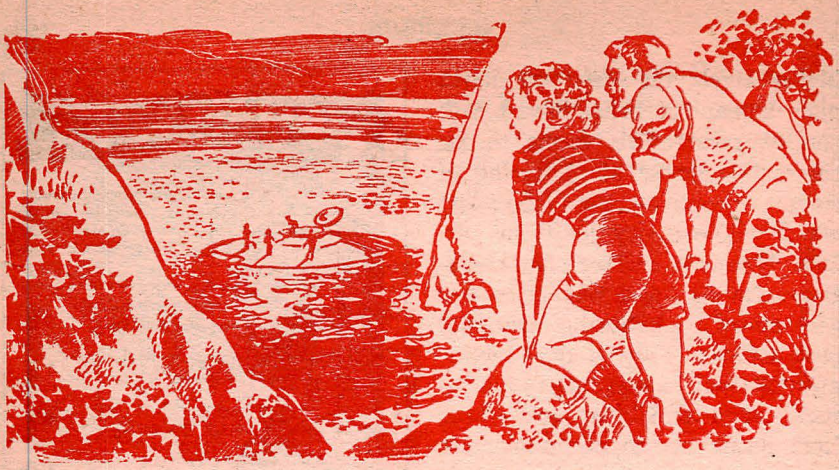
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quite dogmatically and unscientifically deny reincarnation. Why? You must have reasons - we'd all like to hear them, *and* their source. Personally, I have recall of my last five grades, the last one in quite fine detail. I was a Hindu ascetic, which somewhat complicates matters - in the current life I am a Catholic and a great meat-eater; with an ingrown Hindu perspective and a guilt complex when I eat meat. If I took myself too seriously I'd make a wonderful schizo, huh?

Needless to say, my belief in reincarnation is unshakable, not because of dogma or preference, but for the same reason that I know I smoked too many cigarets today - memory! Your attempted complication re names is rather trivial, at best. A woman changes her name when she marries-foreigners often Americanize their names - I had to use a name I had never *used* before when I went in the service, as it says *first* name middle initial. Somehow the person and personality retain continuity with that before the change. So lets keep objections on a more reasonable level, huh?

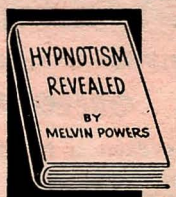
Many of us would like to know more facts about the dero, and less drama.

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The Plutonian stuff sounds like science fiction to Shaver and myself! But the description of a dero seems quite accurate. But then, you could have read that description in many of Shaver's stories.

As for my personal reasons, and their source, for disbelieving in reincarnation, most of the sources are the letters SEARCH readers write me! But the real source is my unwillingness to "accept" just because I am told to, or it is the custom to, or "it is so taught," or "it is what everybody else (the majority) think." I am constitutionally opposed to the "I read it in a book" type of reasoner. You, for instance, tell me you "remember" five previous lives, and therefore, I should believe in reincarnation. But I don't remember any previous lives! So what personal evidence have I to believe in it? It's just that I cannot imagine what it is (that is a solid basis!) that makes anyone believe in it! All the evidence I've ever come across COULD BE SOMETHING ELSE, or a variety of something elses.

Let's take memory — it is something that operates this way:

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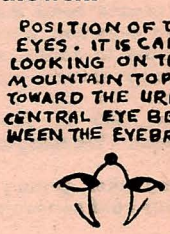
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Not too long after getting my small order of your chili seasoning, I made up a pot of chili and forgot your seasoning. After eating a small dish of it, I remembered the two envelopes of "Williams" I had, so I dumped in one package and forfot it until dinner. Well, the whole thing in a nut shell is I'll never be without Williams Chili Seasoning again! It's wonderful! I've always prided myself on real good chili, but not any more! Enclosed find $1.00 for five more envlopes of seasoning, so I can have some more REAL chili Virginia Walters, Rear 1165 Harrison Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

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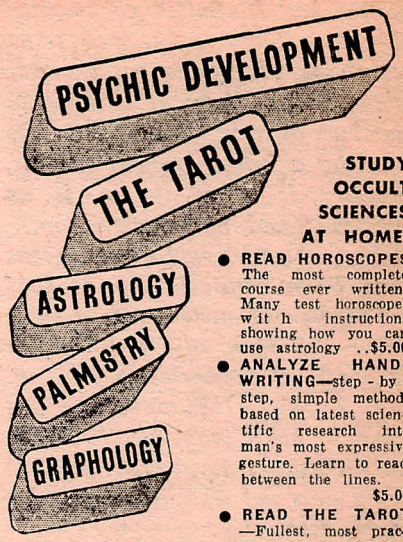
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We have a brain. In it are what we call "cells". There are billions of these cells. They have an electric charge. Some of these cells are "set aside" as memory retainers.

When we have an experience, it "registers" on these cells (enough of them to retain the particular memory), and they "lock on" to the memory by becoming "polarized" (a different sort of electricity). They are connected in chains, and also "keyed" or "filed away" in some manner, so that when we wish to recall that memory, the "stimulating key" sets the whole chain into action, and the "memory" is recalled. It can be recalled deliberately, or by accident. But it is an electro-chemical process taking place in a brain composed of material cells.

At death, this brain, its memory cells, is destroyed! In order to account for a "spirit" remembering what was in its physical brain, we must postulate a "spirit brain" which is an exact duplicate (insofar as the memory cells in question are concerned) of the physical brain, and that the "registry" also exists there, and can be carried into a future physical brain, and recoded in toto on that new brain (and after thousands of lives, we can actually begin to approach a condition of shortage, if not exhaustion, of supply of cells). No



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matter how "infinite" we imagine the spirit brain to be, there is no reasonable assumption possible that the physical brain is infinite in number of cells available to be used for recording memories. Thus, memory, it seems to me, is an illogical proof of reincarnation.

Yes, memory could be the means used by a physical brain to pass on permanent memories to a spirit brain, and then, in a new body, a new set of memories passed on, but to reverse the situation, and have the spirit brain pass on previous memories to a new physical brain does not seem either possible or practical.

I am sure that instant and loud screams of protest will arise that my picture of the process of memory is purely imaginary, not a fact at all, and that science does not offer any support for such a process — in which case, I merely ask for a BETTER theory to take its place, and ask you to investigate how today's scientists have proven it possible to stimulate a memory cell, or series of cells, without the patient's cooperation (in fact while unconscious —as well as awake) by "tickling" the brain with an instrument inserted into the skull. By "tickling" the same area, the same memory can be reactivated! Obviously, then, each memory is in a specific location in the brain! And if so, then when that brain is destroyed, SO IS THE MEMORY. So, how can you remember a past life?

Yet, you say, you do. And as a matter of fact, I also think it is possible. But I MUST demand that the means be something EXTRA-PHYSICAL and in accord with ultra-physical conditions that do not hold true in this physical existence we are now concerned with.

As Dr. Rhine says, before we even talk of reincarnation, we must first find the spirit! And

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George Hunt Williamson



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While man in his heart knows that other worlds are also inhabited, he is reluctant to admit that Earth is only one small house of the "many mansions" in the Father's house. But the truth stares him in the face, and now, having arrived at a place in his civilization where only Truth will be able to survive, it has become necessary to reaffirm and establish three truths, namely: (1) Science and religion are one and the same thing: (2) The entire universe is magnetic in nature, and even culture is influenced by the laws of magnetism: (3) Space visitors, mentioned in the Bible and ancient mythology, have been coming to Earth throughout the ages, and are now making themselves known to aid mankind in entering a New Age.

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define it. And isolate it in the laboratory. And contact it! Positively; under conditions that can be duplicated at will.

Yes, Dr. Rhine is "way behind" many psychic investigators, but it would be mandatory for those same psychic investigators to allow Dr. Rhine to "discover the spirit" in his own scientific way, rather than demand that he discard his own methods and use theirs! HIS means must prove successful, to be of value! If a spirit is real, it must be capable of proof by any scientific means. A thing does not exist only in one dimension. It can be seen from more than one direction. It can be proved by more than a "sixth" sense. At least, the effort to do so must be made. Is it fair for the man with eyes to insist that only "seeing is believing"? May not the blind man use his sense of touch to prove the sun exists?

Man's greatest triumph is the triumph of reason. Whatever is, must be REASONABLE. Reason with me, don't just tell me! --Rap.

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Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have your December issue, with Buck Nelson's story of travel to the Moon, Mars, and Venus. Subjectively, this story may be true. That is, Buck may have dreamed it or fantasied it with such vividness that to him it carries its own seal of veracity. Alternatively, the experience could "really" have happened on a parallel but contiguous plane of being similar to the "astral plane" postulated by many occultists.

I want you to understand at the outset that I am not calling Buck Nelson a liar, any more than I would call Richard Shaver a liar. Both men strike me as being sincere and sane.

It happens, however, that Buck's experiences as related flatly contradict many known and indisputable facts of science relating to the real, objective, physical universe in which we all appear to have our basic existence.

Here are the contradictions:

Buck says there is snow on the mountains of the moon on the side facing the earth, and snow and water on the other side. There is neither snow nor water on the moon, and no atmosphere. Spec-

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troscopic analysis of moonlight shows the absence of water; absence of occultation, when a star seems to pass through the periphery of the moon when being eclipsed by it, shows no atmosphere of any kind. You don't have to take my word for this. Review your grammar school general science text.

Buck says the air on Mars is "just a little different" from ours. The atmosphere of Mars is much thinner and drier than ours, and there is considerable doubt that an earthman could survive there without an extra supply of oxygen. Also, fluctuations of temperature between day and night are extreme. The martian day may well be too hot to support human life.

Buck doesn't tell us he wore a gas mask on Venus but he'd have had to, to survive. Venus has an atmosphere that is predominantly carbon dioxide, with possibly some methane. Yet Buck says that, flying over Venus, he saw horses in a pasture, and dogs and children playing.

Buck says his weight didn't change significantly, which ever planet he was on. But a man on the moon, for instance, could easily leap twenty or thirty feet into the air, because of the lessened gravitation, due to moon's having a much smaller mass than the earth.

I cite only a few of the howlers that Buck has perpetrated. Mind you, I don't say he's lying. The whole story may be perfectly true to him. But it can't be accepted as objective truth by any but the most ignorant of your readers.

The falsehoods of Hoxsey are

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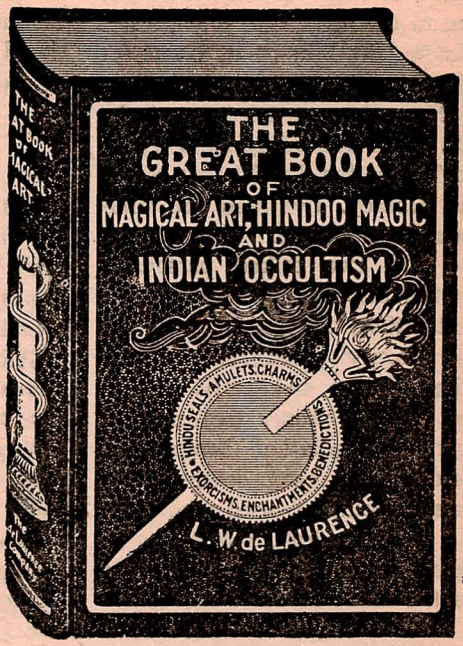
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unfortunately much less innocent than the fantasies of Shaver and Nelson. Hoxsey is a quack right down to the heels, and if you want to know how I know it, I was for some fifteen years a chemist in the New Orleans District of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration. This is the district that prosecuted Hoxsey. I've read the voluminous confidential files on the case, and I've talked personally with the inspectors who made the investigations that went into the files. Hoxsey's treatment of potassium iodide and herbs, substituted for the proper treatment of surgery and radiation therapy, has caused many, many deaths. Sure, potassium iodide is used medically. It's a common drug. But it has no curative effect on cancer. Neither have the herbs Hoxsey uses. These are not *a priori* conclusions. They have been proved by animal experimentation in the pharmacological laboratories of the Food and Drug administration in Washington, over a period of years.

I am intrigued by Hannes Bok's articles on astrology. Many intelligent people believe quite strongly in this art or science. Bok's comments are certainly more rational and convincing than those of most writers on the subject.

George McClellan
1103 N. Rampart St.
New Orleans, La.

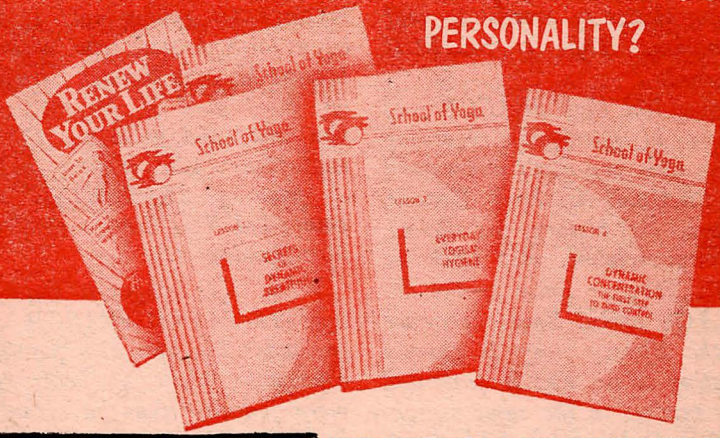
Your editor was well aware of the "contradictions" in Buck Nelson's story of his trip to Mars, Venus and the Moon. But in line with our mandatory policy, SEARCH publishes without discrimination, or editing, or adherence to a "policy" as such. Besides, perhaps just some of the conclusions you've come to regarding his story and its "whyfor" may be precisely the best reason for publishing it! We, in SEARCH, are trying to UNDERSTAND ourselves and the world and universe we live in. We must look at all of it we can possibly uncover, and try to fit it into our thinking. Last of all does SEARCH present anything with the idea in mind that it is asking anyone to BELIEVE

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it. It is asking only that you EXAMINE it! And then MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND. SEARCH looks for things to present to your examination! That is SEARCH Magazine!

If you feel that SEARCH was engaging in falsehoods regarding Hoxsey, then you don't understand what SEARCH is. It is Hoxsey, his cure, his history, his claims, the counter-claims, etc, that we present. True or False is the decision YOU make! Your experience with the Hoxsey story is equally interesting to us, and is presented to our readers in the same searching spirit. If Hoxsey is killing people, SEARCH would like to discover it! If he is curing anybody, SEARCH would like to discover it. Once discovered, either way, SEARCH would no longer be interested.

The subject of faith healing is an interesting one, is it not? Yet, what would the effect be of a laboratory testing of the effects of faith on curing cancer in animals? Negative, we would judge. But does that assumption mean we ought to refrain from publishing anything that touches on faith healing? Of course not! If there be a faith healer, who wishes to present his case through SEARCH, let him! And if presented, will you write and point out the contradictions? We certainly hope so - -from a SEARCHING stand point; but NOT from a condemnatory standpoint!

What DID happen to Buck Nelson? That's what SEARCH wants to know! The idea of a parallel or contiguous plane of being is far more fantastic than an actual trip to Mars! We are tremendously intrigued by the idea -- and it may be that Buck Nelson's adventure is actual proof of the possibility of such a thing. George! What you said! It could alter our whole concept of the universe!--Rap.

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They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers

One by one, the leading figures among flying saucer researchers, who have challenged the government denial that saucers come from outer space, have been silenced. They are still alive, still living where they used to. But they will no longer talk about flying saucers or reveal why they refuse to do so.

Who were the three men in dark suits that visited them? Were they government agents, or agents of other planets? Whoever they were, they have silenced the researchers.

Now . . . in THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, you may read the facts behind this frightening story — facts never before published!

Gray Barker, the author, was Chief Investigator for the International Flying Saucer Bureau—an organization which had its principal leader silenced by three men in black before he could reveal to the world his solution of the flying saucer mystery. Other leading investigators have also been intimidated. All their stories are here.

Grey Barker remains one of the unsilenced few. His true, amazing report includes eye-witness accounts of the famed Flatwoods "monster" which landed on a dark West Virginia hillside.

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IMPROVE YOUR MYSTIC WORD POWER

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

LETHE: Complete oblivion, usually spiritual; equivalent to the Buddhist state of Nirvana; awareness of nothing, so named from Greek mythology, in which Lethe, the River of Oblivion, was one of the five which flowed around Hades.

LA VENTA: Sacred city of the Olmecs, a prehistoric Central American people who worshipped the jaguar.

LAMA: Tibetan word, literally meaning "spiritual ocean," which is applied to all Lamaist Buddhist seekers of enlightenment. It is slightly equivalent to the Christian monk.

MICTLANTEUCLI: The god of the dead worshipped by the Aztecs, represented as a shadow.

MEMPHIS: Famous city of ancient Egypt, where a huge and famous necropolis was to be found. It was here that one of the pieces of the god Osiris is said to have landed when he was cut up by his jealous brother Set.

MAYA. 1): In Hinduism, the veil of illusion which hides the eyes of the unillumined from reality. 2) The name of the mother of the Buddha, now revered by many and called "Mother Goddess of the World." A cult devoted to her worship (in the person of a now-living woman) eixsts in America.

NECROPHAGY: The practice of eating corpses for spiritual or purely material reasons.

NECROPHILIST: A cult existing in ancient Egyptian times, believing in the wisdom and power of the dead, using corpses in their ceremonies, which they claimed to reanimate, and revering necropoli as sacred places, and using tombs for temples. Literally the word means "lover of the dead."

OM: The essential self or personality in Hinduism. Also, that part of God which is in every per-

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son.

ORTHODOMANCY: Devination by observing the irregularities of the teeth, especially that in cleaned skulls.

PRATYEKABUDDHA: In Buddhism, one who seeks salvation or enlightenment by himself, without the help of other men or of the bodhisattvas.

PASOPHY: Universal wisdom; a knowledge of everything; a state of spiritual godhood. Literally it means "all wisdom."

PARSI: The main body of what remains of Zoroastrianism, existing in India, especially around Bombay. It has developed mostly into element-worship, primarily that of fire, and is known for the Towers of Silence, in which corpses are left to be picked clean by the vultures.

PECULIAR PEOPLE: English Fundamentalist sect founded in 1838 by John Banyard. They do not use medicine or surgery, but rely solely upon prayer to cure illness.

QAHIRA: (Arabic, "the Martian") The Arabic name for the city of Cairo, founded about 1000 years ago when the planet Mars (Qahir) was on the ascendent. Ever since then, the destiny of the city is considered linked with that of the red planet. Its major historical events have always occurred when Mars was in the ascendent, and such has happened recently in the Suez conferences.

RIMMON: One of the chief of the Babylonian-Assyrian gods, later personified as one of Satan's sub-lords, and worshipped by some modern groups of Satanists as hav-

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As I have about used up one bottle of your hair preparation, please send me another. I have had very good results in ridding myself of dandruff and itching. Lionel O. Branberg, Sharon Springs, Kans.

Enclosed find money order for $10.00 for two more bottles of Turn-er's as soon as possible. You sure found a good product. In the sixth application my dandruff was cured. Thanks to you. It does all you say and more, too. And it sure brings back the natural color to your hair. Thanks! R. E. Van Gordon, 1905 W. Milham Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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ing been the incarnation of Satan on earth.

REF DZOJIN: One of the chief djinn in old Arabic superstition, who was supposed to have first suggested to Eblis (Satan) that Eve be tempted in Eden.

SEFER ZOHAR: The Book of Illumination of the Kabbala, for a long while given only to initiates, and setting forth the main metaphysical doctrines of the Kabbalists. A certain sect, the Zoharites, was completely devoted to it and accepted it only as inspired sacred literature.

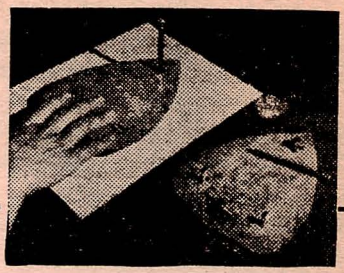
SUBH-I-EZEL: (Arabic, "the Morning of Eternity.") One of the early faction leaders of the Baha-'is, who claimed that he rather than Baha 'u'llah was the Manifestation promised by the Bab. His sect, the Ezelis, died out in the 1910's, when he was living in Cyprus.

SCAPULOMANCY: Divination by the movements of the shoulder blades under various pressures.

TATHAGATA: (Sanskrit, "the One who Has Reached Truth") A title specifically given to the Buddha, but applicable to anyone who has attained a state of Buddhist perfection.

TAO: The Way, and also the Wayfarer who chooses it, in Taoism, an old religion of China. Its exact nature is difficult for Westerners to understand; in a way, it

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approximates the Buddhist Dharma.

UZNA: A goddess worshipped by the Incas in a fire-temple on a volcano. When the Spanish entered and looted the temple, shortly after the Spanish conquest of the Inca Empire, the volcano erupted and destroyed all of them. Recently the idol was unearthed in Ecuador.

URUK: Referring to ancient Ur of the Chaldaes; a line of sorcerer-kings (the Uruk Dynasty) prominent in its early history.

VARDHAMANA: (Sanskrit, "Master of All.") One of the titles given to Mahavira, founder of Jainism.

VAMAMARGI: A Hindu sect of considerable size, stressing Smarta principles and the essential truth of all faiths and the eventual coming to truth of all consciences.

WILKINSONIANS: Followers of Jemima Wilkinson, who claimed that she had died, upon which the spirit of Christ in His Second Coming had entered her, and she arose from the dead. Her following grew in the 1830's, and she established a small colony in New York, over which she had complete dom-

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ination, usually through her main disciple and mouthpiece, called the Prophet Elijah. Eventually she died, and the Prophet kept her body hidden for almost eight years before the trick was discovered at which time the sect became extinct.

WELL WORSHIP: The veneration paid to wells by early Teutonic and Celtic tribes as being the source of pure water and thus thought to be the source of life. Several very large shrines were built around various wells, and with the coming of Druidism and Christianity they were given names suggesting divine happenings at them.

XANADU: A city in ancient Cathay, mostly during the Mongol rule, which was noted as a centre for sorcerers and necromancers and contained a college for the education of them.

YAMA: In many different Asiatic religions, the god of the dead, or the principle of death and dying.

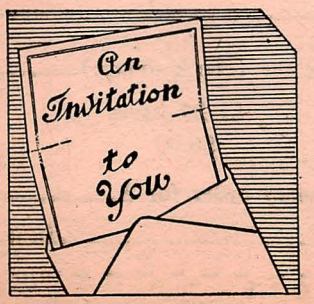
YEZIDI: A sect in Iraq forming a religion to itself, with its own sacred scripture (El-Yalvah). It regards Christ as an angel in human form, the prophets, including Abraham and Mohammed, as divinely inspired, and revering Satan, in the form of a peacock, so that when he is restored to divine grace he will show favour to those who loved him even during his fall.

YI: In old Chinese philosophy-religion, the principle of life, in a way like the Hindu OM.

ZANZALIANS: A Christian sect given to pondering the whys and wherefores of the universe, recently become extinct.

ZEND-AVESTA: The sacred scripture of most Zoroastrians, written at or shortly after the time of Zoroaster.

ZEN: A Japanese Buddhist sect, which teaches the necessity of contemplation over a long period of time, at the end of which complete enlightenment comes to one suddenly.



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See Amos 8:9: "And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord God that I will cause the sun to GO DOWN at NOON and I will darken the earth in the clear day."

Nothing else but a shift of the axis and earth could cause the sun to go down at noon, and it is clear this passage predicts such a shift which will cause the flood.

It is also stated in the Bible, "In that day the waters shall again come over the land as in the days of NOE."

NOAH and NOE are both stated in the bible to be the son of Lamech so must refer to the same person. See Gen. 5:29-28, and St. Luke 3:36; also Amos: 8:8; 9:5; Revs 16:20; Matthew 24:38; Isaiah 13:13; 2:19; 10:26; 19:5; 24:20; 28:17; 44:3; 35:6-7; 38:8; 41:18; 42:15; 43:20; 50:2; 51:10-15; Jeremiah 10:10; Haggai 2:6.

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READ and HEED the amazing book "The Coming Disaster" (29 pages) telling what the flood will be like, about when it will come, the warning to be had, and the astronomic, gyroscopic, mathematical and geological proofs, written plainly, and which are indisputable. This is not a religious prediction, but is purely SCIENTIFIC. "I freely take an oath that God strike me dead if there is any substantial error in this book. Adam D. Barber, author."

The U. S. Geophysical Year expedition to the South pole reports the equator is out of line by 3 degrees; a town in South Dakota is shifting; glaciers are on the move; the pole is wobbling very much, **and Dr. Vannevar Bush, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and one of todays giants in the field of science, declared in his final report for the institution, that "wars ASIDE, man is STILL headed for TROUBLE. We need to know whether the poles have shifted, and if so, where they have moved, whether the skin of the earth has slipped over its core, and whether it is still slipping."** These are all potent warnings that the trouble is due very soon. Eclipses are foretold with accuracy many years in advance, so why shouldn't the shift and flood be predicted by the same means?

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