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STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN HAWAII

SEARCH
MAGAZINE

AUGUST
1957

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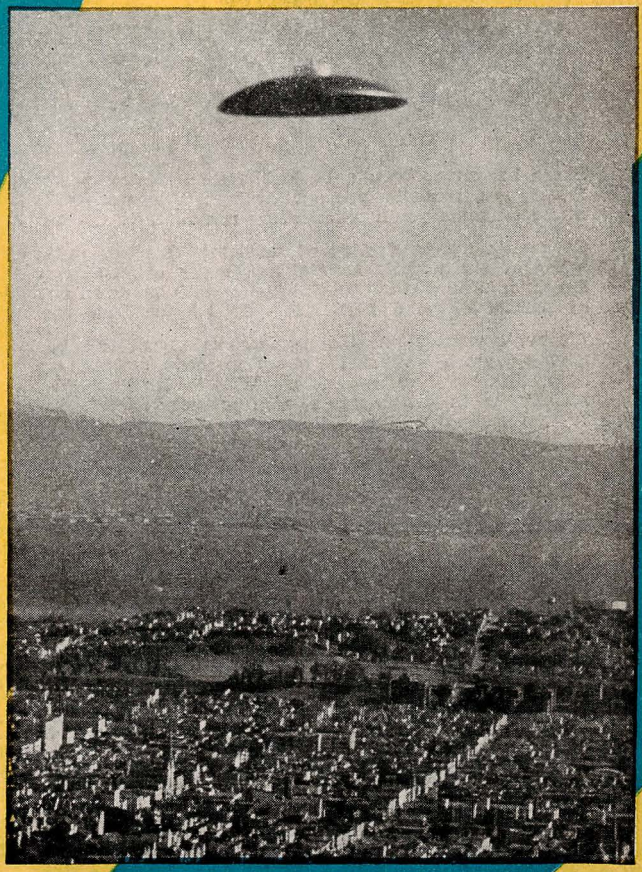
UNIVERSITY ROUND TABLE
on the
SHAVER MYSTERY

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INCREDIBLE, BUT TRUE
It Happened To Me

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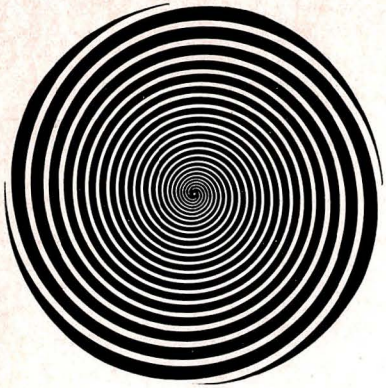
GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF
Secrets Of Your Subconscious



All Stories True

SAUCERS OVER 'FRISCO
Photo Has Experts Stumped

SEARCH
Issue No. 23
AUGUST 1957



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.

SHIPMENT TAKES THREE WEEKS

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AUGUST 1957

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Cover Photo: The Famous "Twin Peaks" Saucer.

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

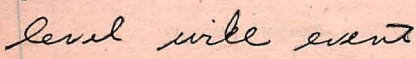
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IS Handwriting Revealing?

This is another of SEARCH's famous experiments. Is there really something to handwriting analysis? Why not help us make this test over the coming months?

Ambition (a combination of desire, optimism, energy, activity and perseverance) is the first step toward becoming a success at home or business. Ambitious people are "go-getters" and difficult to discourage because they are "down to earth" and know their capabilities. Many people who think they are ambitious are really just "day-dreamers" because they seldom plan ahead — all they are interested in is the fruits of success.

The slant of the base line of writing denotes the varying degrees of ambition. Generally, uphill slant shows ambition and the ability to see the best side of things, and downhill the reverse. Downhill slant may also indicate fatigue, exhaustion and perhaps illness. Slants frequently change with moods, but if the slant is always the same and does not change, it denotes ambition, of some kind, and general optimism.

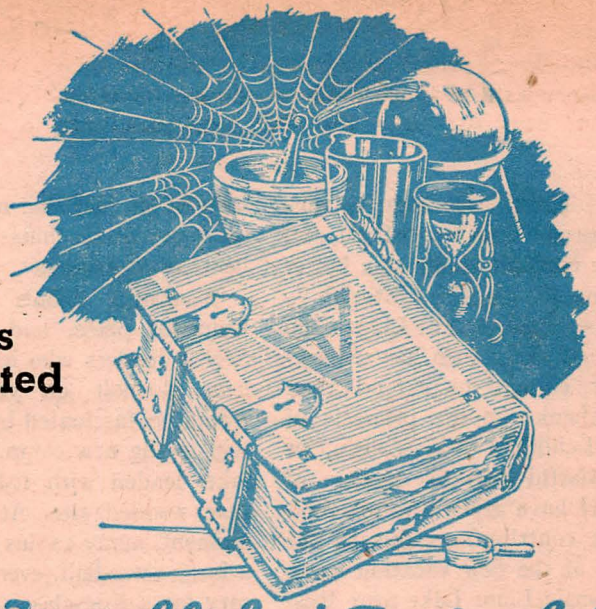


This month's specimen leaps slightly upward showing a normal amount of ambition and the ability to be hopeful for the future, facing all obstacles with the belief that most things have their good side and that difficult problems can be solved.

This writer — a man — is honest, truthful and free from hypocrisy. Note how his "a" is lightly closed and his "o" open at the top. He has firm rooted ideas and convictions that almost always are practical — each word is distinctly separated with wide spacing from the following word.

Send your handwriting specimens for participation in this test. We will ask handwriting analyst, REGINA, to select the most interesting and present one each month. Each person who sends in a handwriting specimen will receive a free copy of the palmistry booklet ANALYZING CHARACTER FROM THE HANDS.

If you wish to learn what is already known about this interesting subject, send $2.00 for her book, WHAT DOES YOUR HANDWRITING SHOW? She will send you a handwriting character chart with each order for this book.



Secrets entrusted to a few

The Unpublished Facts of Life

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

THIS FREE BOOK

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings.* Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe B.Y.B.

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Please send me the *free* book, *The Mastery of Life,* which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

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The Rosicrucians (AMORC) SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

...Editorial...

This month we have a very pleasant duty to perform, and we couldn't think of a better thing to start off this editorial — so let's be about it. The Lions Club of Amherst, Wisconsin has requested your editor: to extend their sincere thanks, in the interests of the blind children of Wisconsin, for the wonderful help the readers of SEARCH have given through their generous contributions toward the building of the new vacation camp at Wisconsin Lions Lake near Rosholt, Wisconsin. If you will remember, in our June issue we printed a story entitled "Second Sight In Action", which detailed this new camp for blind children. Well, because of your help, the Amherst Lions Club has been able to make a large portion of this dream come true! And a dream it is — for those blind children who have no chance, otherwise, to experience the joys of swimming and boating and fishing, and of camping under the stars, listening to stories about the campfires, singing and engaging in group activities, learning many fascinating things such as basket-weaving, campcraft, about the nature-things they can never see, and so many other things close to the heart of a youngster.

Wisconsin Lion's Lake is a beautiful place, and any of you *Search* readers who happen to pass near Rosholt on your vacation, would be fascinated by a little side trip to the new camp. It is a large lake, loaded with fish, on a 240-acre wooded site. At the present moment, many cabins are going up, a large mess-hall, everything necessary for a first-class camp. And because of SEARCH readers, more is being done than could have been done otherwise. And because of this, the Lions of Amherst are giving a standing vote of thanks to you!

Just in case you haven't contributed as yet, you'll find a page announcement in this issue (which we'll keep on running). Read it and do what comes natural. Let's keep right on helping these kids who must live in the eternal dark.

Speaking of pleasant things, we have still another pleasant announcement to make: If you haven't yet seen the new FLYING SAUCERS magazine, it probably isn't

your fault! You see, in most places the first issue sold out almost as it hit the stands. So if you couldn't find it, there was a happy reason for your failure. There was another reason, confined to some localities, which you might call "censorship" although it isn't actually. Some dealers refused to handle the title because they mentally class flying saucers with science fiction, and science fiction is a dead dog at the newsstands. Nobody buys it anymore. So they never even placed it on sale. Others just don't believe in flying saucers, and they let their personal feelings dictate what their readers should read. That's the way it is with flying saucers. Those who don't believe in them get quite violent about rejecting them. They snort and guffaw and tell you to go peddle your "crazy stuff" elsewhere.

However, that wasn't the reaction recently in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee when U. S. Ambassador Henry J. Taylor, who has been appointed to represent the U. S. in Switzerland, told the committee that "flying saucers have been seen by too many sober-minded people, with photographic and other evidence . . . it is very difficult to deny that something is happening around us that we just don't quite understand . . . these sightings must be taken seriously."

This is quite a reversal of opinion for Mr. Taylor, who some years ago confidentially and positively revealed to the American Public that the only flying saucers in the skies were "ours".

We suggest that if you haven't been able to find this *fact* magazine, write us — we've got copies of the first (June) issue on hand in our office. In case you want to subscribe, the cost is $3.50 for 12 issues.

Incidentally, the cost of subscriptions for SEARCH has gone up to $3.50 also. Still a bargain over newsstand price, but it looks as if Mr. Summerfield is out to put all small publishers out of business with his increases in 2nd and 3rd class rates. Originally, Congress instituted the 2nd class rates for magazines and newspapers to stimulate education, on the basis of providing cheaper reading material, and in the interest of public information. They never intended that a profit should be made on this class mail — but Mr. Summerfield has decided to change all that. Actually it is a very poor idea. We've already had a 30% increase in rates (which amounted to a yearly outlay for SEARCH, for instance, of an *extra* $1800.00 per year (for the rest of our lives!). What this means when you con-

(*Continued on page* 55)

WHY ARE THE SAUCERS HERE?

By Alex Saunders

BEING unimaginative to no small degree, and quite uninformed regarding astronomical matters, the average person has nothing but ridicule for those who believe in flying saucers, or even the *possibility* of their reality.

I have met many who look upon the UFO's as a myth or a hoax, who laugh at the mere thought of intelligent life besides our own existing anywhere in the entire cosmos. They do not suspect their own conceit. They have little conception of the tremendous, overwhelming vastness of space.

Astronomy is not an overpopular subject with the average person. Hence the disbelief regarding flying saucers; of the existence of millions of galaxies, billions of suns; of the likelihood of other planets being inhabited with intelligent beings. But when the science of astronomy is studied and grasped, then much of the skepticism vanishes.

Those who claimed five hundred years ago that the world was round, it will be recalled, were denounced as heretics. Then, early in the 17th Century, the great Galileo raised his voice against the false belief prevalent then that the Earth was the center of the universe.

Threatened with torture by papal authorities (a threat which it is said they never really intended to carry out) Galileo recanted his statements.

Consider, as another example, the attitude of the general public toward the early rocket experimenters. Pioneers such as Dr. Robert H. Goddard and G. Edward Pendray were largely ignored.

That average people display ignorance of astronomy is brought forth in clarity by the following.

Saturday, November 14, 1953 was a momentous day for astronomers, professional and amateur alike, throughout the world. On that day, between 10:36 a.m. and 1:12 p.m., here in Toronto, Canada, the Mercury transit occurred, a celestial event that takes place only thirteen times in a century.

Several members of the Toronto Center of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada assembled their telescopes on the campus of our

local university as a public service. Thankfully, it was a mild, cloudless day, ideal for such an observation. Some of the questions asked by the fair-sized crowd, it must be admitted, were unintentionally humorous. For example:

When told that Mercury would pass across the face of the sun, one man asked if it would cover the whole sun and thus plunge Earth into darkness as in a total Solar eclipse. Only when one knows the diameters of the two bodies involved can the blunder be fully appreciated. It is like comparing a pumpkin (Sol—864,000 miles in diameter) with a pin's head (Mercury—3,100 miles in diameter.)

Another girl to whom the Mercury transit was explained asked if Mercury ever passed between us and the *moon!*

Reliable pilots—airline, private and military—have contributed numerous reports of saucer sightings. Even astronomer Clyde Tombaugh, who in 1930 discovered our furthermost planet, Pluto, admitted to such an experience.

Questioning the origin of the UFO's as alien or terrestrial, we must ask if they operate within the aerodynamic laws of our present technology? The remaining answer can only be a firm and definte head-shake. *NO!*

Worth discussing is the fact that the aerial objects have on occasion been seen not by a solitary figure, an isolated pair, or a mere handful of people, but by great numbers.

One fiery object that trailed smoke (definitely not a meteor) passed over Tucson, Arizona, on February 1, 1950. It was witnessed by *hundreds.*

Farmington, New Mexico, was an ideal place to be present on the following month. Here, on March 17, 1950, *thousands* were struck numb when they saw a saucer armada "flutter" overhead, the huge formation led by one of a red color.

The *Indianapolis Times,* dated Sunday, July 13, 1952, carried this front page headline.

"MYSTERY AIRCRAFT BUZZING CITY SEEN BY THOUSANDS"

Of those many witnesses, five were pilots. American airlines pilot Captain Richard Case reported that the object—seen at night—was traveling about 900 miles per hour. He added: "It was not a meteor. It was not a shooting star. It was a controlled aircraft of some sort!"

The most heavily witnessed, however, took place over New York City on September 21, 1910. Round, shiny objects passed aloft in a procession that lasted for *three full hours.* People jammed the streets, eyes staring uneasily skyward. Traffic came to a halt.

Eye-witnesses must have reached a *million*, or close to it!

Flying saucers, as any saucer student would stoutly declare, are not only recent phenomena. On the contrary, our planet has been host to them for many centuries.

The skeptic may check the works of certain writers, notably the late Charles Fort.

However, it was not until the Kenneth Arnold affair on June 24, 1947 that the saucer visitations increased markedly. That was when Arnold watched in pop-eyed amazement a row of nine disk-shaped objects skip past Mt. Rainier, Washington. Flying at an unprecedented speed, they were about twenty to twenty-five miles away from his own private plane.

We ponder the reason for the jacked-up increase of saucer appearances since Arnold's historic observation. What is the answer? Well, the following theory may be worthy of earnest consideration.

Most people are unpredictable. When confronted with the unknown, the unfamiliar, they can so easily be thrown into a panic. Remember the Orson Welles' "Martian invasion" broadcast in 1938 when a million of an estimated six million listeners panicked at the stark realism of the H. G. Wells science fiction classic?

As the saucer occupants must obviously be our intellectual superiors, they would be aware of our shortcomings. If humanoid, and possessing a past history somewhat similar to ours (before evolving onto a higher spiritual level), they know how a planet can be plagued with ruinous recurrent wars, greed, envy, hate, etc. Let us indulge in a little pure theory and speculation:

Anxious to communicate with us, especially since the dropping of the first Atom Bomb in 1945, the aliens also realize how slowly steps must be taken in dealing with immature mankind. Extreme care must be exercised.

Thus a plan is formed. UFO sightings are *purposely* increased to allow Earthians (in the main unimaginative and skeptical) to get used to the idea of extra-terrestrial visits.

Naturally, we humans scoff. But, at the same time, we have *alien visitation-thoughts* implanted in at least our subconscious. After several years, in order to further condition us to accept the idea that Earthians are not alone in the universe, the saucer entities put plan number two into operation.

Now their wondrous space craft actually land on terrestrial soil. The selected areas are unpopulated, and the aliens deliberately permit themselves to be seen by a few witnesses.

In some cases the meetings are brought about via mental telepathy, the chosen humans experiencing an "urge" to go to a certain place at a certain time. On other occasions the meetings occur through pure chance. An act of God—a coincidence—fate; call it what you will.

The aliens allow the observers, numbering one or several, a brief look at their machines (and themselves) before vanishing skyward. Or they remain to converse for a short spell, even take the human for a space ride. I have in mind George Adamski, Orfeo Angelucci, Cedric Allingham, Truman Bethurum, Daniel Fry.

These men, among others, have made such unique claims. They receive publicity. Their stories are told in newspapers and magazines. Books are written of their experiences.

So far, the only evidence given is that of photos of the space craft, or the alien pilots, allegedly taken by the human claimants themselves. Signed affidavits by witnesses confirming their stories are sometimes given.

Of course their stories are not going to be accepted as pure gospel by *all* people. Still, even the most stubborn and prejudiced will be getting more and more used to the idea of intelligent unearthly creatures visiting us.

Thus, in this way, when saucer landings take place on a mass scale in populated areas sometime in the future, panic will be averted to at least a great degree. Certainly this theory is within the realms of possibility.

But let us still theoretically get to the root of the whole thing—the *purpose* for alien visitations on Earth. Do the aliens have a message for us? One that is important and full of significance? This is highly likely. And it might very well tie in with a major astronomical puzzle of our solar system—the asteroids.

Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter where they are mainly concentrated, is a vast, circular belt of independent, orbiting bodies over 340 million miles wide. Called the asteroids, they are also referred to as "planetoids" and "minor planets". Over 2,000 are known in various shapes and sizes, with more discovered yearly.

It is estimated that they total about 50,000 (some astronomers go as high as 90,000), and they average 260 million miles from the sun. Largest is Ceres, 480 miles in diameter. One of the smallest, Adonis, is less than a mile through, as are likely the vast majority, if not actually of pebble size.

Are the asteroids the remnants of a former planet? There are some

astronomers who hold to this theory. Dr. Harrison Brown of the University of Chicago is one. Dr. Carl A. Bauer is another who believes that the asteroids, in ages past, made up a planet smaller than the Earth.

No one can tell positively whether the present asteroid belt is the result of the break-up of such a globe, or whether Jupiter's proximity prevented the remnants of the material from which the solar system was formed from coalescing into a planet.

Supporting the exploded-planet hypothesis is the fact that at certain times some asteroids reflect sunlight much stronger than at other times. This may be due to their possible non-spherical shapes, being instead immense jagged masses of rock or metal.

Giving our imagination a bit of a work-out may be a good idea. We will assume, then, that the asteroids did once make up a planet. Such a one, considering its distance from the sun, would have cooled much earlier than Earth, and as a consequence would have become habitable long before our own planet.

Then what caused its destruction? Was it an act of nature? Or had the fifth planet from the sun evolved a race who, on reaching our present stage of technology, conducted experiments with A-and H-Bombs (as we are), experiments that got out of control and wrecked their world for good?

Admittedly, this is conjecture in every sense of the word. But, the way the Earth is headed, it does make one wonder if a second asteroid belt is not already in the making.

This *concern* may be the major reason flying saucers have come here in growing numbers in recent years.

If the space visitors inhabit one of the other planets of our solar system—Mars or Venus, for example—ancient records may have told the Martians or Venusians how the planet between Mars and Jupiter was destroyed when their scientists went a little too far in experimenting with unknown forces. Possibly their own world was imperiled, came close to being wiped out.

That being the case, the aliens would be determined to prevent the disaster of a second asteroid belt from forming from a similar cause.

If not from our solar system, however, but from another star, the aliens may have come here because of "humanitarian" reasons. Children playing with sticks of dynamite in inflammable settings must be stopped. And who can deny that we *act* like children!

STRANGE ECLIPSES

By Pete Bogg

HISTORY records some unusual eclipses of the sun which science cannot and does not explain.

33 A.D. The year of the Crucifixion. "Darkness over all the land from the sixth hour to the ninth hour." According to St. Luke, "the sun was darkened." Eusebius notes an eclipse in the 202nd Olympiad, but this could not have been the one indicated, as that occurred on the 24th of November, 29 A.D. The Crucifixion occurred on the Jewish Passover, which was the 14th of the month Nisan.

409 A.D. When Alaric appeared before Rome, there was so great a darkness that the stars were seen by day.

626 A.D. Half of the sun's disc continued obscured for eight months.

934 A.D. The Earth was without light for two months in Portugal, for the sun had lost its brightness. The heavens were then opened in fissures by strong flashes of bright lightning, when there was suddenly sunlight again.

1091 A.D. On the 21st of September the sun was darkened for three hours, and when the obscuration had ceased, the sun's disc still retained a peculiar color.

1206 A.D. On the last day of February there was complete darkness for six hours, turning day into night.

1241 A.D. Five months after the Monoglian battle at Liegnitz, the sun was darkened so that the stars could be seen in the heavens at three o'clock on Michaelmas Day. There is no eclipse recorded for that day.

1547 A.D. The 23rd, 24th and 25th of April, the days preceding and immediately succeeding the battle of Muhlbach, the sun appeared as though suffused with blood, while at the same time many stars were visible at high noon. The cause could not have originated in our atmosphere because the stars were visible at noon. Charles V complained that "the sun is always obscured when I am about to enter into battle with the enemy."

Less striking, but worthy of mention, are the following:

45 B.C. After the death of Julius Caesar the sun remained pale

(*Concluded on page* 18)

GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

By John Mentor

Beginning a series of articles on how your subconscious mind controls your destiny; and how you can learn to control your subconscious.

Number 1

WE LIVE OR DIE — BECAUSE WE WANT TO!

The human organism is the most sensitive, most highly attuned scientific instrument available to man. It is also the most disorganized.

The human mind is capable of literal omniscience and omnipresence, but its disorganization in most cases turns its potential omniscience into omnistupidity and its omnipresence into omniblindness. Yet, even so, the individual functions with an almost incredible degree of adeptness.

Few people die a natural death in the genuine sense of the word. The fate of most of us is to become unconscious suicides, often going to great lengths to make our manner of death seem — even to ourselves — entirely beyond our ability to avoid.

We get cancer, or a bad liver, or have an automobile accident. We die, and no one ever suspects, least of all ourselves, that our death and even the manner of our dying was our own choice.

But death is not the only thing we choose for ourselves with deliberation. Almost everything that happens to us is something we asked for and went after in some manner or other, from success to failure, from true happiness to outright insanity.

Just as iodine does not heal a cut but only keeps out an infection which might complicate the natural healing process, the psychiatrist in charge of a patient in a mental hospital cannot cure insanity, but only clear away some of the things causing the patient to *want* to be

insane — and to hope that the patient then might want to become sane again.

Almost everything that happens to us does so because we wanted it to happen — on some level, in some dark corner of our complex minds.

We seldom realize this because we are disorganized, not integrated. One part of your mind is not on speaking terms with another part, consciously you want one thing, and some unconscious part of you wants something else. Consciously you try to get what you consciously want — and fail. Afterward you realize that if you had tried in a different way you would have succeeded, or if you had not done this or that you would have succeeded. But you cannot accept the fact that you *deliberately* did things to ensure the failure of your conscious desire.

Of course, this is not always so. Sometimes accidents do happen, though not one tenth as often as they appear to. Sometimes people do die from unavoidable causes. The ability to know whether what happens to you is accident or design — your own design — can come only with a complete understanding of yourself.

A complete understanding of yourself can come only through patient study of yourself, an uncovering of the hundreds of little purposes operating in you that become cross-purposes. With such an understanding comes an entirely new — an enlightened — viewpoint of yourself.

With such an enlightened viewpoint you can get the parts of you on speaking terms with one another. You can say to yourself, "I want to die for such and such reasons and am trying this way and that to kill myself. I want to live for this and that reason, and am trying to keep on living in this way and that," and know exactly what you are talking about.

In the process of getting to know yourself, your perceptive horizons expand in ways you cannot believe possible until you experience them. You have the ability to read other people's minds, but in most cases you don't know it. You have the ability to read other people's minds however far from you they are. How often two friends' letters cross in the mail! Friends who have not written to each other for years!

In the process of getting to know yourself, the hidden facets of the universe become visible to you — as well as the hidden facets of yourself. There are people, trance mediums, who are able to release control of their physical organisms and permit the spirits of the dead

to take control. Yet the sad fact remains that most of us do not completely control our own organism. We kid ourselves into thinking we do. We rationalize.

To some extent we don't want to remain blind victims of ourselves. Some of you who read this would sincerely like to start on the road to self understanding. Some of you have studied the teachings of those who claimed to be able to enlighten you, but without any real degree of success.

Two things are necessary if you are to be led into enlightenment. The most important of these two is a teacher who can present his subjects with clarity. Too often the teacher doesn't know the subject well enough himself to be a teacher! Too often the teacher, knowing his subject well, still is unable to put it into language the student can understand.

Almost as important is the attitude of the student. In an impersonal subject of study such as geography the student has an open mind. If he began his study with the belief that New York City is in Texas, he would, after his first surprise in finding it wasn't, willingly accept the fact that it wasn't. Not so in the study of the occult side of reality, the occult and subconscious sides of oneself. Then, in most cases, the student comes to the classroom with certain preconceived notions, determined not to change them.

Where these preconceived notions are false, it is the task of the teacher to try to sell the student on the possibility of them being false by selling the student on holding an open mind. This cannot be done by substituting notions which are equally incapable of verification, but only by pointing out to the student *where to look and what to look for* so that, with tangible things, the student can see for himself where he has been in error and where he has been right.

Seldom is anyone completely wrong about anything — or completely right. Few truths are absolute truths, few falsities absolute falsities; they are true or false from this or that point of view, this or that degree of understanding. The viewpoint of true enlightenment brings with it the ability to turn a thing over, view it from different angles.

The teacher's most difficult task is to lead the student by steps the student can make without stumbling. Learning is the opening up of horizons. New horizons never seen before by the traveler along the pathway of learning. Often when the student is only a step or two away from some lookout point from which a great new panorama

of reality can be seen clearly, the teacher impatiently drags the student to that lookout point, and the student does not yet have the eyes to view it, nor the understanding to know what he sees.

The student's most difficult task is to abandon old cliches that mean nothing and to realize that they mean nothing. Most of the words to which we cling mean nothing. Seldom do we realize fully how much that we consider Absolute Truth is little more than words. Too often the only argument between the theist and the atheist is, basically, only a different interpretation of the meaning of the word "God".

The most misused and misunderstood word of all is the word "I". It at once unites the mind into a whole and splits it up into a disorganized and impotent mass of conflicts. There is truth in the statement that I-consciousness is abandoned by the mature spirit entering Nirvana — but it is a truth that is impossible for the ordinary and untutored person to grasp. A true adept would know what I mean.

There is an old fable concerning a Norse king which illustrates the course necessary to understand yourself.

There was a king in the far north of Europe whose queen was sickly. In the summer when she could get out under the sun she grew well, but during the long winters she grew ill, and because she was delicate she could not brave the cold to get the rays of the sun that would bring her health, and so she had to remain inside, with only the feeble light of oil lamps.

Then one day from the south came a traveler into this land who told the king he could make a transparent sheet that would keep out the wind and the cold and yet bring in the health giving rays of the sun. He would make it from the grains of sand upon which the king stood.

The king watched him as he built a fire of intense heat, which slowly melted the sand and caused it to blend together into a soft mass at the end of a hollow tube. The stranger blew into the tube, and slowly the molten mass expanded to become a giant bubble that let the rays of the sun through.

At last it seemed done. The stranger let the giant bubble of glass cool. The king was happy.

But suddenly the stranger broke the bubble of glass into a thousand pieces. In anger the king drew his sword.

"Wait!" the stranger said. "I have broken the glass for a purpose. The purpose is to pick out the impurities, the imperfections,

that would mar the window. From this shattered mass, after I have removed the flaws, I will again blow up a bubble, but this time it will have no flaws in it. It will be clear, and will let the rays of the sun shine on the queen, and keep her well all through the cold months of winter."

We can view the complex structure of the individual — the you as you are now, perhaps — as that first film of glass, filled with flaws that prevent you from fulfilling your destiny.

If you are the average person, your mind is already broken up into innumerable fragments, few of which function together as they should. On the contrary, they are in conflict with one another, with little semblance of cooperation.

You have a dream. You do not know why you had a dream, nor from whence in your mind came the dream. You don't know what your dream means, and if you think you know you are probably wrong. You have a nightmare and you awake filled with terror, and you don't know why it happened. You don't know what a dream *is!* And yet you have them.

In the next article we will begin the study of why we have dreams, what they are, what their purpose is, what affect they have on our waking life. This study, more quickly than any other, can quickly lead you to a better perspective of what you really are and how you are constructed.

Since these articles will be progressive, each depending somewhat on all that has gone before, it would be wise not to skip one.

STRANGE ECLIPSES

(*Concluded from page* 13)

for a whole year and gave less than its usual warmth. Fruit did not ripen.

358 A.D. A darkening continued for two hours on the 22nd of August before the fearful earthquake of Nicomedia. No objects in contiguous or juxtaposition were discernable when examining the sun.

733 A.D. When the Arabs were driven back across the Pyrenees after the battle of Tours, the sun was so much darkened on the 19th of August as to excite universal terror.

THE END

DANCE OF DEATH

AS THE auditorium lights dimmed, three persons nervously awaited the final rehearsal of the ballet; the composer of the score, the business manager, and Lady Eleanor Smith, a patron of the arts.

Each person's thoughts turned to the past as the music began, for the rehearsal was to feature a new work, inspired by the great dancer Pavlova, who had been dead only a few months. They watched eagerly to see if Frances Doble, now the leading ballerina of the company, could duplicate the amazing feats of her predecessor.

At the climax of the ballet, Frances Doble was to dance a routine similar to Pavlova's famous "The Swan." The rehearsal proceeded without a flaw until the dancer entered the stage for this dance. Amazed, the spectators found that the figure of the ballerina appeared to be shrinking before their eyes, until she seemed no larger than the diminutive Pavlova. More unusual, her figure appeared to be changed and every movement and gesture was an exact duplication of that of Anna Pavlova. Effortlessly, as only Pavlova could dance, the phantom figure went through an entirely different routine than the one called for in the script. It was Pavlova's from start to finish. Yet, it was universally acknowledged that no living dancer had the unearthly technique of the dead ballerina. To make the whole episode even more unbelievable, at the end of the dance, the figure on the stage pirouted three times standing easily on one point—a feat which Miss Doble could not do.

Lady Smith recorded the incident in her book, "Life's a Circus." In profound amazement, the three spectators searched each other's faces following the performance, and they realized that all three had seen the same thing. Later, they corroborated this by comparing impressions. Then they heard the voice of Miss Doble dully saying, "I'm sorry—let's try again, I couldn't dance. I must be awfully tired. My mind suddenly seemed to go blank."

She had no recollection of having danced the scene. *June Lurie*

THE END

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STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN HAWAII

By Don Hanukua

All of the Hawaiian Islands have their stories of ghosts and supernatural beings.

Hardly an area on Kauai is without its relics of the menehune. Oahu has a spirit that inhabits Nuuanu Pali and that got into the police reports as recently as 1947. Other districts have their tales of ghostly "marching men."

But nowhere are the Hawaiian ghost stories more prevalent, more current, nor better authenticated than on the Big Island.

Usually the reports of spirits and their manifestations are quickly associated in local rumor with Pele, the volcano goddess, and are regarded as presaging an eruption.

Most frequently, the ghost stories don't find their way into the public print until after an eruption, but sometimes they are reported first.

The most spectacular instance was just a little more than two years ago. Starting in mid-February, 1955, there were a series of mysterious happenings on the Saddle road, leading from Hilo to the Kona coast.

On Feb. 28 there began the first volcano eruption there had been in the Puna district in 140 years.

The events on the isolated Saddle road took a variety of forms, but there was one common factor. In nearly every instance the persons who reported them said they saw ghostly lights, usually in pairs.

After the eruption had started, the same sort of lights were seen there from time to time.

The first reported incident involved the Henry Macomber family of Waiki, who had been in Hilo to visit relatives and who left for home about 2 a.m. on Jan. 31.

They were driving in an old-model pickup truck, with a tarpaulin stretched across the right-hand door, where the glass was missing.

With Mr. and Mrs. Macomber were their son, Norman, 12, and their daughter, Daisy, 10.

The night was clear, and there was no wind.

The truck climbed the long incline of the Saddle road to about

the timberline, where the stretches of bare lava begin. There, some force pushed in the tarpaulin.

Mrs. Macomber pushed it out. The force pushed her hand back.

Her husband reached over to help, but was unable to push the canvas out again. He said he felt solid weight outside.

Then began the tapping. First it was on top of the cab, and then on the hood, with nothing to be seen.

Frightened by now, Mr. Macomber stopped the truck. He started to turn around, and as he did so the family felt a force tipping it, even when it was completely stopped.

They started back toward Hilo, and after only a few hundred feet they saw two lights approaching, apparently about 500 feet away. The lights disappeared, though there was no crossroad and no vehicle was seen.

In the outskirts of Hilo, the truck ran out of gas and Mr. Macomber got out to pour in more from a jug of fuel in the rear.

There was more tapping as he drove on, and Mr. Macomber finally tore away the tarpaulin and threw it in the truck bed. Again, he could feel a force opposing him.

And when they finally drove up again at their relatives' home, Mrs. Macomber and Daisy were unable to overcome a force holding them in the truck, although Mr. Macomber and Norman helped.

They were freed when Mr. Macomber threw a handful of salt into the truck.

On Feb. 9, a party of school and county officials, returning to Hilo in two cars from a meeting in Kona, saw lights much like those described by the Macombers. These, however, were in cactus some distance off the road.

And on the night of Feb. 14, taxi driver Pedro Monzano had perhaps the most eerie experience of all.

He was returning to Hilo alone after taking a passenger to Humuula, and had a flat tire after he had gone about 10 miles.

He jacked up the car, loosened the wheel lugs, got the spare tire, and dropped the lug wrench on the floor of the trunk.

He fitted on the spare wheel and was starting the lugs with his fingers when he heard a sound. He looked around and saw that the wrench had been tossed to the ground beside him.

Mr. Monzano was terrified, but he gasped, "Thank you very much."

He finished putting on the spare, looked quickly around the car without seeing anyone, and then drove off without waiting to put on the hubcap.

(*Concluded on page 31*)

LEGEND of QUINMAS VALLEY

By

Rex du Howard

THE storm had become quite bad, and Chatham Sound was no place for small craft such as ours, so we put about and into a nearby harbor. Further cruising into Alaska waters would be held up till the storm abated.

Overlooking the harbor was an Indian village, and having nothing better to do, I took my pencils and sketch book and went ashore to look around. I do a bit of sketching something I fondly believe to be my artistic talent.

This town was a far cry from the day when the Indians lived in log and shaik lodges, to the modern homes I was seeing; and my hopes of seeing a real Indian or hearing any native legends seemed small indeed. However luck was with me in that I found sitting on the front steps of his home a very old man, who when I spoke to him, immediately called to someone inside the house. A young lady came to the door. When I made known my wishes, she, after translating to the old man, readily agreed to tell me all the legends and tales he could recall. While he talked in his oddly drawled, yet smooth dialect, the girl, his great grand-daughter, translated this odd tale:

For several days Nis-We-Bask had been following the banks of a large creek; his friend Kae-lth had decided to return to his canoe at tidewater, thence to his summer camp. But Nis-We-Bask was determined to explore this river as far as possible, now during the low water season, just to see how many beaver colonies and other fur-bearing animals could be located. Kae-lth had suggested, rather apprehensively, that it wasn't safe for one man to venture into unknown territory; in fact even hinted that other creatures other than just wild animals might be found, with unpleasant results. Nis-We-Bask had laughed at his friend's fears; moreover he was young and strong and a good hunter as well as the fact that many other hunters of their tribe had at different times gone out hunting alone, and with one or

two exceptions had always returned. Aside from such wild animals as were usually found in these parts, what was there to be afraid of? Surely not the stories old squaws told their grand-children by the lodge fire; stories of giant men who long ago had paid their tribe a visit and taught the tribe many things now forgotten.

Musing thus, Nis-We-Bask walked silently along, sometimes along animal trails, sometimes along trails of his own devising. At the mouths of several small tributary streams he had noted beaver cuttings along the banks; thus Nis-We-Bask travelled, mentally charting and placing the spots he and fellow hunters would return to in the spring-time. Beaver pelts stacked the height of a long rifle could be used to buy the rifle, at the new trading post at Fort Simpson. With such pleasant thoughts he came upon an ideal camp site, and gathering some dry twigs, made a small fire and prepared his evening meal of smoked fish roasted at the fire, then, having eaten, he rolled in his blanket and was soon asleep. Toward dawn Nis-We-Bask was awakened to instant alertness. That there was something watching him he could not doubt, and the feeling was almost physical, then in an instant the feeling was gone. He was certain that it was not an animal that had caused him to awaken so suddenly; too any animal would have made some slight sound in leaving that his trained hunter's hearing would have registered. At the first rays of dawn Nis-We-Bask was on his way, ever up the river. Despite the odd experience of the night before he was determined to reach the headwaters of this river before returning home.

The river lessened in size as Nis-We-Bask proceeded, and toward afternoon he arrived at a high walled pass through which the stream ran. The river being low, it was difficult to find a way along its edge, which on the inside opened into a fairly large valley, through which the river meandered. Following this, Nis-We-Bask came upon a burned over area fully the length of six war canoes and fully half as wide, the surface being as smooth as the surface of the deep water in the river. Vaguely troubled as to what may have caused this burned area, Nis-We-Bask prepared to spend the night, and on the morrow start the journey home.

Even as he sat by his fire Nis-We-Bask became aware of being watched in the half light of twilight. He could not see who or what could be the cause of it. There had been no sign of bears or other large animals, yet that feeling of being watched persisted. Then he remem-

bered Kae-lth's remarks to the effect that this was where the legendary giants had vanished. Still, why believe old squaws' tales? Those were only to frighten small children. The feeling of being watched became stronger, then the creatures appeared; the things that had been watching Nis-We-Bask. Even as he saw them he knew what they were. They were the Bow-iss, neither man or animal yet with the cunning and vileness of both. Creatures which in olden times, had boldly stolen children and women from the tribes; but they were supposed to have disappeared a long time back. The Bow-iss slowly shambled toward Nis-We-Bask making peculiar sounds as if laughing at some monstrous joke. Panic stricken, yet quite unable to move, Nis-We-Bask watched the slow approach. Then the creatures circled him, removed his bow and arrows and knife; then with two in front and two behind they marched him back the way they had come.

Nis-We-Bask though terrified had time to observe these creatures closely. Each was about the size of a youth, though in shoulder breadth equal to a man, bow-legged and with long unkempt hair of a dirty brown color. Each was clad in loincloth and sandals of some smooth, shiny material, and at each belt was a knife and a small box-like affair which appeared to be a weapon of some sort. The creature in the lead headed for a low overhanging cliff at the base of which an opening to a cave was visible, followed by Nis-We-Bask and the other Bow-iss. Nis-We-Bask would have fled there and then, but even as he turned one of the Bow-iss aimed his little box-like weapon at him, causing extreme pain and paralyzing him completely. Amid wild, pealing laughter Nis-We-Bask fainted. When he regained consciousness, he and two of the creatures were traveling in a weird conveyance that made little sound yet travelled at great speed, along a wide shiny road. Inside the cave it was quite light for the very rock overhead shone with a pale silvery color. Ever downward their conveyance went, then finally came to a stop in what seemed a vast cavern.

Nis-We-Bask had no choice but to follow the creatures. He looked about for an exit should escape be possible, but saw none save the way they had entered. On all sides towered terrifying monsters of metal that somehow or other seemed to have lives of their own; one or two even glowed with a weird blue light. Beyond that his mind could not conceive or describe. One of the Bow-iss aimed his little box-weapon at Nis-We-Bask causing that intense pain and paralysis, after

which they dragged him over and chained him to a ring set in the floor of the cave, then they proceeded to place around him in a half circle a pile of wood, collected for this very purpose, this was then set afire. He knew what his fate would be; he was to be roasted alive. Already the heat from the fire was becoming unbearable. Realizing their captive's crazed fear the Bow-iss screamed and danced themselves into a frenzy, as moans and cries were forced from Nis-We-Bask's seared and cracked lips, then merciful unconsciousness.

Nis-We-Bask awoke to a feeling of infinite coolness and comfort; then he realized that he was still in the cave, but on that strange vehicle and being returned to the surface; but instead of the hideous creatures that had taken him down into the cave, the other occupant of the conveyance was a man, huge and fair of coloring. The giant seemed to be aware that Nis-We-Bask was awake, for he turned and smiled, then he spoke though his lips did not move.

"Have no fear Nis-We-Bask, you will be returned to your people, those whom you call the Bow-iss in this cave are no more. While we were absent our home was discovered and occupied by the Bow-iss. The gods were kind that we returned when we did."

Through Nis-We-Bask's mind ran the stories told him in his childhood of the giants who had visited his people in ages past. Surely this being was also one, aye even the same, as were not these ones of ancient times immortal?

Soon they reached the cave entrance and the giant and Nis-We-Bask got out of the now motionless vehicle. Dimly Nis-We-Bask could discern the outline of something huge resting where that burned patch of earth was and he knew somehow that this monster had caused it. The giant broke in on his thoughts, in that way of speaking without uttering a sound.

"I will return you to your canoe at tidewater; do just as I instruct you to. Stand within this circle I have inscribed, close your eyes and do not on any account open them."

With that the giant left Nis-We-Bask and entered the cave again. Just then Nis-We-Bask felt a sickening falling feeling as if he were falling from a great height, then the feeling was gone, and he looked about to find himself on the sand near his canoe.

When Nis-We-Bask returned to his native village and tried to tell of his adventure, he was scoffed at as having a bad dream or falling and hurting his head and dreaming it all. But there were a few who did believe and some who still do.

AM I REINCARNATED?

By V. Brooks

BACK in the Thirties I had an experience that convinced me that there is more to life than the present existence. It happened in Cincinnati, Ohio, where I lived at the time. I was twenty-four then and had already been married and divorced. This discouraging occurrence had hurt me very much, and I had drawn within myself, becoming somewhat shy and self-conscious.

However, in spite of this, I had promised to marry a man older than myself; who was a very jealous sort of person. One evening he took me to see the French *Folie Bergere*. We had seats about the seventh row from the front of the right hand side of the theater.

When the lights dimmed and silence settled over the audience, the footlights went on and the curtain parted. The master of ceremonies stepped out, began to speak, then stopped in mid-sentence and stared directly at me. I stared back, apparently in the same state of dumbfoundment. Strange scenes were flashing across my memory, and I was crouched back in my seat. All about people were staring first at the master of ceremonies, then at me. A murmur of curiosity began to run through the audience. As for me, I wasn't in the theater at all, insofar as my mind was concerned. Instead I was aware of myself and the man on the stage huddled in the corner of an old French brown house. I was holding him tightly against my bosom and stroking his hair and murmuring comforting words to him.

I knew that we loved each other very dearly. Outside the house people were shouting and running, and others were screaming. I could see the flash of torches borne by the running persons, and hear their footsteps on the cobblestone street. An ox-cart rumbled past. I knew that it was the Revolution, and that we were doomed. This was our last goodbye. Incongruously, I was aware of a large cat at the window, mewing, and I wished heartily that it would stop its caterwauling and go away, before it drew attention to us.

I stayed thus in a horror-filled trance for fully three minutes before I regained my wits. All around

me people in the theater were talking among themselves, and from off stage someone was trying to get the master of ceremony's attention. They succeeded at last, and with a face as pale as my own, he began to speak once more and the show resumed.

I felt weak and enormously saddened. My friend wished to leave, but I was fascinated, and wanted to stay. Throughout the whole show the master of ceremonies tried to keep from looking in my direction, but his eyes always seemed drawn back to mine as though magnetically. When the show was over, I asked my friend to take me back-stage to meet the man, but he accused me of having a "crush" on him and refused in an angry burst of jealousy. He took me home without granting my request.

My experience haunted me, and the next afternoon I decided to go back alone and see the show again. This time I sat right in the center of the theater. The entire weird performance happened again, just as it had the previous evening.

I went away from the theater vastly shaken, and in the evening my family was greatly concerned, as I couldn't eat or sleep.

The next day my brother decided to go with me to the next performance to prove to himself and to me that I was "off my rocker". But when the same thing happened again, my brother said later that every hair on his head stood straight up.

I never went back-stage because I was so shy and no one wanted to go with me, not even my brother. How I wish I had gone!

Some time after, I moved to Hollywood and for eight years I was on the stage myself. I've also done picture work. Had I known then what I know now, I'd have had no qualms about going back-stage and speaking to that master of ceremonies.

Many times in the years that followed I have dreamed of this strange happening, and sometimes when I am wide awake the feeling hits me. If there was only some way I could trace that master of ceremonies and perhaps learn something of a former existence; because I am certain that that is what my experience means. The feeling of love I had for that man could have been that of a mother, a sister, a son, or a lover—I cannot tell which. It is with the thought, perhaps, that someone reading this could enlighten me as to where or how I could locate this man that I write these words. The date was sometime in 1936 or 1937. The cast was supposed to have been French, playing in this country.

YOUR FUTURE

By Dorothy Spence Lauer

What does tomorrow hold in store for you? All of us would like to know, and there are various ways of predicting. Here, in Mrs. Lauer, we present a prophet who employs an unusual method, and whose ability SEARCH proved positively, 87½% accurate, over a period of two years.

THERE will be news that will be a complete surprise to everyone, very soon, concerning the clearing up of all points of strife among nations. However, the Israel situation will flare up again and again, and continue to be a source of strife. Egypt will be given terms that she will reject, but will reconsider and deem it advisable to accept them.

A new trend in "mass hypnosis" will appear, due to the publicizing of a new "flu" or "cold" ailment; however in reality it will be just the common cold with a new twist or name. As a result, those who are usually conditioned by thinking alarming things will find themselves having more colds than ever, due to this. The colds will be due to the hypnotic form the publicity will take.

Very large buildings will be involved in something that will cause much excitement. These buildings will be in varied locations, and the strangeness will come from the simultaneous occurences. It seems to me that it will be something very unusual indeed!

The mail situation will once more be in the foreground, and even though the Postmaster meets with much objection, he will gain his point. Postal employees will be very much surprised to find that they will get a raise.

News of our President—one part good, another rather alarming.

Russia again in the spotlight—but once more I repeat, *no war!* We will definitely not fight Russia.

A very well known cult leader will announce his intention to give up all his holdings, yet it would be my advice not to act hastily, as there is a good chance that he can come back, settle down (and I do mean settle down) to his original way and avoid much misery. However, it may be that undercurrent

things have gone so far that it is already too late. This man is also a well known writer.

A very beautiful actress will pass away suddenly, and no apparent cause will be found, as her health is all right. I think that eventually it will be discovered that her death was due to poison accidentally administered.

Miracle healings will become more and more prominent in the news, and many persons will be converted to the opinion that such healing is a fact.

A prominent prognosticator who predicts over TV will find his program off the air due to new owner-

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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.

ship. This new owner is of a religious belief which does not countenance predicting. In place of this forecaster, a well known Bishop will take the airlanes. The forecaster will attempt to get his program on another station, but will fail.

The big news of the year will be tidal waves, and hurricanes, many of them in different places than ever before.

News will come of the discovery of the bodies of several persons now listed as missing in a plane.

The passing of a well known figure will bring sadness to everyone.

Be on the lookout for strange news about potatoes. This will hit the headlines, and it would be well for everyone to pay attention to the warnings, and do as instructed.

To the editor of SEARCH, be careful concerning one of your children—something concerning the tongue; something stuck to it, as I see, and difficult to get off. Also very painful. I see them laughing, and suddenly this takes place. Tell them to be very careful what they put in their mouths, or touch with their tongues until after June!

Ray, you will write an article that will cause much controversy. It will, incidentally, increase sales. You will be sticking your neck out, but in the end, you will win admiration from a very well known psychic researcher. Someone like Rhine, or a person on his level.

News from England of the passing of a notable.

Alaska will be in the headlines about something very hush-hush. So far this has been kept a guarded secret, but there will be a leak, and the news will break in spite of all efforts to suppress it.

Many people who do not intend to travel this year will find themselves doing it, nevertheless!

The number of births the world over is due to be materially increased, adding fuel to the argument that we are having a "population explosion."

During this month (April) those who have had analysis from me who appear in my file under "C" will find that 90% of the predictions I made for them which they presently consider to be wrong, will have to reverse their opinions, for they will come to pass.

A prominent Hotel in Los Angeles will be robbed unless caution is taken. A new clerk will be hired and he will permit others to cause a loss that will be quite great.

A new drink. It will be quite a sensation. It will be like whiskey or vodka, but "without" the effects. It has the taste, but not the

after effect. Also, it will not be fattening and will be enjoyed by those trying to reduce. The brewers will welcome this, as it will increase sales to those watching their weight.

A large amount of mail will be lost due to the sinking of a ship.

News from Germany will perturb the world.

Japan will be highly commended for something that will put her into the world's spotlight.

Something new in TV will be announced; and the person I mentioned previously as buying a TV station will admit that he knew of this new thing, and that it would be very remunerative, which was his reason for buying the station. One well-known program will be objected to by parents.

P. T. A. will also make a radical change in policy.

A religious denomination will change a law that will amaze everyone.

THE END

STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN HAWAII

(*Concluded from page* 21)

He saw no lights.

The next incident was reported Feb. 15 by Melvin B. Summerfield, a Boston advertising man, and Mrs. Summerfield.

They were bound for Kona in a rented car. They had started downhill after the long climb when Mr. Summerfield stopped the car, set the brake and got out to take a picture.

When he got in, he put the gears in neutral and released the brake. The car began to roll back uphill.

Mr. Summerfield stepped on the brake, and then tried again. Once more, the car started to roll backward up the grade.

Mr. and Mrs. Summerfield abandoned plans for a Kona visit, wheeled around and drove back to Hilo.

The night of Feb. 20, Ron Bennett and a party of Hiloans spent the night touring the Humuula region in a vain search for similar manifestations.

Ron wrote his account of the expedition's efforts, bundled it up with photographs and placed it on a 1 p.m. plane for Honolulu. Several persons saw the package go aboard.

It could not be found when the plane reached Honolulu. The plane made another round trip to Hilo, and then another search was made. The packet simply had disappeared.

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.

A DREAM OF THE DEAD

TO me dream experience is just another phase of living. So long as I can remember I have received instruction, had "previews" of events to come and visited friends during sleep. It is a matter of sifting the dream incidents I can recall on awakening to find the clue to anything that may be troubling me subconsciously or the answer to some problem I have been trying to solve. As a natural ability it is a valuable asset. I am indebted to a dream "reminder" for the account that follows which, otherwise, might never have been told.

A number of years ago we had a close family friend whom I shall call "Uncle Bob". He was a railroad engineer with a "lay-over" in our town. In retrospect, I realize he was remarkable in many ways. His was a personality so compelling that, even in a dream, he was able to convey to me the relation of incidents and their true significance.

The first one occurred several years ago when I was having some distressing emotional experiences. I had returned home unexpectedly after a month's absence. The very next night Uncle Bob came in on his "run" and stopped to see me.

"How did you know I was home?" I asked, thinking someone had told him.

He smiled and said, "I don't suppose you will believe it, but I saw your face reflected in the Diesel headlights most of the way in tonight. I knew you were home and I knew you were unhappy about something. Thought maybe I could cheer you up a little if we had one of our talks."

I believed him. He was a man hard to doubt. If he said he saw a "vision" in the gleam of the headlights for almost two hours of his night run, you accepted the fact that he did. I asked him how he accounted for it and how he had known I was unhappy. His explanation was that there existed a strong telepathic bond between us, a statement I had cause to remember later on.

Time passed and Uncle Bob retired from the railroad to live in his hometown some distance away. He promised to come back to see us, but months went by and we heard nothing from him with the exception of a greeting card at Christmas.

Then, one night about 11:00, I had a musical program on the radio. Due to the location in which we lived reception was limited to two local broadcasting stations. It was my nightly custom to set the dial at my favorite station and leave it there till bedtime.

This particular night and for no particular reason I dropped what I was doing, dashed to the radio and began spinning the dial with what appeared to be senseless urgency. Within seconds a news commentator's voice came in loud and clear: "Robert Y——— of Blank Street, a retired railroad engineer, died suddenly today of a heart attack while working in the garden at his home." Uncle Bob was gone!

I shut off the radio and went to tell my disbelieving family. Living in different states, many miles apart, it is probable we would not have had word of his passing for months except for the news flash. The following day we verified the report.

A few nights ago in a dream I visited with Uncle Bob on the "Other Side". I was aware that he had passed on and that what I saw was his spiritual body and not the physical. He was dressed in overalls and sat twirling an old, black cap he had worn in cold weather, a cap with ear-flaps that had been the cause of much good-natured razzing when he wore it in life.

As had been our custom on this plane we discussed philosophy, meta-physics and man's spiritual life. We spoke of my mother who is in declining health and grieves that she may soon be parted from her loved ones. I wept as I considered

how sorrowful that parting would be.

Uncle Bob said kindly, "Honey, you take my word for it. We live after death. There is no end to consciousness. Here we sit talking just like old times. You know I died on the physical plane, yet here I am. Go back and tell your Mom you saw me and that I said death is not a thing to fear. Believe me, WE LIVE AFTER DEATH. Be consoled by this knowledge."

I knew I was soon to return and awake in my own bed. On impulse I took hold of the old, black cap Uncle Bob was toying with and, pulling gently, said, "Let me take this back with me and Mom will know for sure I've seen you. That would be proof positive."

Uncle Bob shook his head and hung on to the cap. "You know better than that," he said. "Nothing on this plane can be tangible on that. Now you hurry on back and don't forget what I've told you. Remember Uncle Bob always had the right information."

And so I awoke remembering these true incidents and comforted too. Uncle Bob was (and is) a man hard to doubt.

Anonymous

THE CAVERNS OF HELL

Years ago, before I had ever heard of occultism or similar things as something that might be studied, I got hold of a book that gave some exercises which I immediately tried out, with the following results.

I lay on my bed, relaxed, alone in a country house in the middle of a ten-acre plot of ground. I began the exercises as outlined, and presently I found myself, still in the lying down position, speeding through the air at an incredible rate.

Without any sense of downward motion, I found myself in a cavern that seemed to me to be about the size of the Grand Canyon. The ceiling was so high I could hardly tell it was there.

Around me were people, shaped the same as everybody else I had ever seen, but they were of a reddish color which I thought that was caused by the lights they used, which were indirect, and I couldn't tell where they were. I was 42 years old at that time, therefore fully grown, but my head only reached an inch or two above those people's knees. One man looked down at me and said, "Well, where did you come from, how did you get here, and what do you want?"

"I want to see, learn and know everything I may be permitted to see, learn and know," I replied.

"What time do you have to be back home, earth time," he asked.

"Not later than nine o'clock," I answered.

"Very well. Walk seven steps forward, turn, seven steps to the right, where you will find some steps. Go up the steps, and watch the time else you will be trapped and have to stay here."

I found the stairs located as described, went up seven steps. At that point in the stairs, there was a small landing, and three doors opening from the landing. These doors had no knobs on them, and while waiting to make a decision as to the next move, I heard a man's voice say "Who is there?" This came from the door located to my left, and when I pushed on it, it opened.

Behind a transparent curtain which looked like it was made of cobwebs, sat my dead husband. He was bound in the chair with more of the cobwebby stuff, and when I tried to push the curtain aside to get to him, it was as resistant as a solid wall, though I could see through it and talk through it.

"What are you doing here!" I exclaimed. "And why are you tied?"

"That's the only way they can keep me here," he sneered at me. "And what are *you* doing here, and how did you get here?"

"I came here to learn what I could about life after death, and I'll help you get out of there if I can."

"I don't know whether you can help me or not. I've never heard of anyone getting out of here. If we did, where would we go? Aren't we dead?"

Just then I woke up at home, but I felt as if I had made a trip to the Infernal regions, tho I saw no fire, nor felt any heat.

The next morning, at the same time, I found myself again in the entrance of the huge cavern, and without greetings to anyone, again took the seven steps both ways, and arrived where my husband was bound. This time I tried to force my way through the webby stuff, without any success. I stood outside and visited with him until I had to return to my body.

The third morning, upon arrival, I tried to slip in without being seen. All the people I saw at that time seemed to be soldiers. All had on a kind of helmet, like the pictures showing the headgear of the Roman soldiers in Biblical times, a sort of legging instead of boots, and a tunic instead of shirts. All had long swords attached to a belt, and hanging down by their legs.

I crept up behind one of the soldiers and slipped his sword out of the scabbard, and as I did this he looked down and saw me.

I ran forward and to the right without counting the steps, and up the stairs. On the platform I stopped and turned, but saw no one yet. I

dove through the door where my husband was confined and began cutting the webby stuff that confined him. I succeeded in freeing him and told him to run before he was recaptured. He disappeared.

I went back on the platform, and one of the cave people was there, waiting for me. He said: "Do you want to make this man's cause yours?"

I said "Yes."

He then said: "All right, defend yourself, and remember you are fighting in his place."

When I returned to the platform from the alcove in which my husband was confined, I had left the door into the alcove open. As the giant started to bring his sword up to take my head off, I carried the sword I had in a swirling circle around my head, and as I was about four steps above him on the stairs, I hit him on the head. He dropped his sword, put his hand on his head, and when he did I grabbed some of the webby stuff and threw it around his head. It rendered him helpless for long enough for me to get out of there.

Some of them chased me, but I was so much smaller than they, I could hide in what to them would have been a mouse hole. I escaped by following a dim light that got brighter and brighter until I was outside. My husband did not wait for me, and when I got back to my body, it was three weeks before I was able to walk.

Irene M. Steen
Route 2 Box 675
Perris, Calif.

THE DARK HOUSE

We were ambitious for a home of our own, for a little more commodious living-space than the small apartments we could afford, so we snapped up the five-rooms of furniture offered for $350, and the house it was in, at a rental of $25 a month. Five rooms seemed like a palace to roam in and at first I did not notice that the entire house was as dark and gloomy as a tomb. It was on the sunless side of the street and the back end was several feet below the level of the ground so that what light did filter in was always a half-light, a gloom, a twilight sort of murk. The parlor looked out on the street but still it too was hazy, and always half-obscured. And cold! There was such a piercing dismal, heart-curdling cold in that house that it seemed like a reprieve from sudden death, to leave it, and step outside into God's sunshine!

The main bedroom lay right behind the dismal parlor. It was still more dark and dismal being completely windowless on one wall, while the other had two long narrow

windows smack-dab up against the wall of another house. I have never seen such a cheerless abode! A dark narrow hall connected these two front rooms with first a bathroom, then, a tiny bedroom and then the airless murky kitchen, off which the dining room also faced onto the back yard through high small clerestory windows. Since there was no way to heat the front rooms at all, I solved the problem of where to sit evenings, by moving the dining table and chairs into the kitchen, and the living room furniture into the dining room. These two rooms could be made cosy and warm with the little wood-burning stove and the gas range oven going. The front of the house might as well have been in the Arctic regions for all the living we could do there. At night we tore off our clothes, jumped into flannels, got between cotton blankets and shivered in horrible shaking tremors until we finally got the bed warm. In the morning it was not quite so disheartening to waken since the front windows let in some light and sound from the street. It made a much more passable bedroom than parlor—even if it was more plebeian and cottager-style.

In the empty bedroom I used to store the baby's huge wicker carriage; his toidy-chair, his tote-bags and all such paraphernalia. Our clothes we hung in that room's closet since it was the only closet in the house. It was a black gaping hole, airless, chill and horrible. I aways had a sensation as of an abyss yawning open to swallow me when I went to that closet to attend to our clothes. I was actually afraid to step into it!

I seemed to feel a vague dread of some horror which lay in wait in the total darkness of that closet. It never took shape, it was unknown, unguessed, unformulated, and unseen; but it was potent and it was a thing that belonged to the darkness which never saw the blessed sunlight. I knew that my fear of the thing was growing and as my fear mounted, the thing grew stronger and stronger. I was caught in a trap. We couldn't afford to abandon our project. We felt we had to stick it out until we had paid for the furniture so that we could realize a little profit out of it. We were so young and untried we didn't know we could move and finish paying for it in a more congenial house!

Howard Junior was not more than six months old and he was exceptionally healthy and husky but he would wake every night at 3 a m and cry until I hushed him back to sleep again. It was a habit, I guess, as much as anything. I was meticulous about washing him and putting him to sleep as sweet and fresh as a flower; but one night, after a late movie, I was so tired

and longing for bed, that I dreaded to undress him, start him to wailing and all that, so I laid him, all dressed and asleep as he was, in his big wicker carriage in the large bedroom separated from our bed by open folding doors. I fell asleep instantly being very tired but shortly after woke up with my heart pounding, every sense alert and tense. I listened but could hear nothing. Then I became aware that I had left the baby in the room with that *clothes-closet!*

Panic shook me to my very marrow! I was shuddering with the bitter cold as I sat up in bed, peering through the darkness toward the baby carriage. My husband sensed my perturbation and woke up too.

"Go and fetch me the baby, Howard, right away!" I implored him, in a tremulous whisper.

Obediently he lurched sleepily into the other room. As he laid the sleeping child in my arms, he said, "Gee, he's awfully hot! Is he sick, do you think!"

Awfully hot! He was burning with fever. I could feel the heat rise from his body and face before my hand touched him. Terror squeezed my heart. I had a swift moment of self accusation for leaving him in that room; but there was no time to dilly-dally with anything but to attend to the child. The first thing was to move him bag and baggage into the kitchen where I built a good fire in the little heater with paper and briquettes. Then I undressed him by the warmth of the stove, got him into his warmed flannel nightie, and bundled into a warmed blanket. His little feet were icy cold. He cried weakly, murmuring over and over, "Mamma, Mamma!" I was so concerned and terrified, so helpless, watching my little darling, suffering, that I hardly knew what I was doing. It was a long anxious time until nine in the morning when I telephoned our doctor. He bade me be of good cheer, and not to worry too much which did hearten me some at least so that I felt I could stand it until he could call, in the afternoon. But when he came he said he couldn't tell just what ailed Junior. I saw that he was concerned and baffled; but he was enigmatic and professional, as always.

I was to call him if anything came up and in the meantime keep the baby warm, give him his food if he would take it, and keep him quiet and in bed.

I was not able to tell anyone that I felt the evil thing in that clothes closet had made my baby sick; I just couldn't bring myself to mention it. Something had sealed my lips.

That day my sister Hazel called up and when I told her the baby was sick she offered immediately to

come out and stay with us to help. Of course I was glad of her moral support and aid and she came after work prepared to stay. She said it might be better if Howard were to sleep in the guest room so he could rest undisturbed as we might have to be up and down often with the child. So it was settled that way. Howard went into the little room and my sister and I were up and down all night keeping the house warm and trying to keep the baby comfortable.

About 4 a.m. we were sitting in the kitchen, with the fire going and the coffee pot on, when Howard came in, pale and obviously nervous. As he was a stalwart six footer with shoulders and arms like a prize-fighter it was something to see him perturbed!

"Say," he said abruptly, "there's something wrong with that doggoned room." Then he sipped at his coffee in a self - conscious half - belligerent fashion.

We were intent and alert at once. We gave him our full attention.

Hesitantly he essayed to go on several times making a false start and then beginning over. "I saw a . . . . I thought there was a--a--spirit . . . in a long white shining robe and it stood over in the corner of the room with its arms folded and glared at me with eyes like a cat's eyes shining in the dark. I didn't dare to take my eyes off it until I saw dawn in the windows and there was some light in the room and then I hopped over the foot of the bed and through the door and in here, in two leaps." He grinned sheepishly. "I don't mind saying it scared the pants offa me!" he added.

"You must have been dreaming," I said. Hazel looked at him earnestly and said: "Well, now you know why I didn't want to sleep in there. I saw the same thing the last time I was here and slept in that room."

"Well, gosh, that makes me feel better! Shake!" said Howard, offering his big paw to Hazel. They shook hands in solemn agreement.

Now that my family shared my fears, I had no want of allies. They were very good about not leaving me to be scared alone. Howard or Hazel tried always to keep me company since they knew that I was nervous and fearful anyway. I still had not told of my dread of the clothes closet.

But Sunday morning Hazel went to it to get her black velvet frock and came staggering backward into the front room, off balance.

I caught her just as she was about to fall, seeing with dismay her wild-eyed distraught appearance. She was panting, her face white and ghastly, her eyes seemed to be starting from her head.

She was shaking violently and her teeth chattered like castanets

as she tried to speak. She sank onto the bed and strove hard to recover herself.

When she could talk she said in a low whisper, "I just reached into the closet and something rose up and it was cold and misty-wet and it threw itself against me with such a force. . . .Oh, God! it was so violent, so strong, it dashed me away as if I had been a wisp of straw!" A series of shudders swept through her frame. Gradually her color came back and her nerves quieted but neither one of us thought of going near that closet! That afternoon we nailed up a broom stick in one corner of the hall and Howard moved all the clothes down there near the kitchen. We didn't have many so that really wasn't any hardship.

The baby improved daily and still there was no indication of what had made him sick. He had always been very self-reliant and independent but during that illness he was a veritable little Mamma's Boy, always wanting to be held, or cuddled or carried. He was, in fact, afraid and wanted Mamma near at hand every minute.

We tried to ignore the dark shadow that lay over our house. We never spoke of it except sometimes when we were safely far away from it. And we never did find out while we lived there but as soon as we had paid up and were free, we advertised and sold our burden at a little loss; but we were wild to get away from it and from that place.

Some time later we got acquainted with a young man who was employed at the firehouse right across from our erstwhile haunted house. Lyle Levine remembered us finally as the young couple who had resided there. .

"So you're the folks who lived there, huh!" he said. "We used to make bets on how long you'd stay!"

All the fellows in the firehouse knew the place and its history. The house was built by a young Swede for his Mother who was a widow. She had brought up her boy alone having lost his father in an accident when the child was only a few weeks old. In appreciation he had drawn closer and closer to her until all his life centered around her. She soon found a middle-aged man who proposed marriage. Her son was outraged. He stormed and raved. But she owned the house free and clear. So she married her choice notwithstanding and the three of them settled down to live together. Until one day the son was left alone. His mother and her husband had disappeared. The police dug up their bodies out of the back yard. The son was tried and somehow escaped. When they found him they found only his body hanging in that clothes closet from a huge hook and clothesline where he had hanged

himself.

Not for worlds would we ever have lived in that house had we known! But we didn't know and somehow we got away with living there. I wouldn't want to try it again!

Eve Roe
1370 Page St.
San Francisco 17, Calif.

MY DAUGHTER'S E.S.P.

While making a trip from Iowa to Kansas to bring back my wife and children who were visiting her folks, I ran headon into another car which pulled suddenly from behind a big transport truck. I wound up in the hospital with many bruises and several stitches in my face. This happened around twelve o'clock at night.

My wife told me later that at twelve o'clock that night, my daughter, who was a hundred and twenty-five miles from where the accident happened, awakened her, telling her in a frightened voice, "Daddy has been hurt!"

Charles M. Harris
312 S. 20th St.,
Bethany, Mo.

IDENTICAL PROPHETIC DREAMS

My husband and I have been students of metaphysical and occult subjects for twenty years and yet we still come across new and interesting points of view, as well as new subject matter. We were wondering if you had ever heard of two people dreaming the same dreams night after night? My husband and I do, and have been for a number of years; and some of these are of things yet to happen.

We both saw our child's face and features just three weeks after conception, and described the unusual eyes to each other at the same time. The third time I dreamed of this child, I begged it to talk to me and it told me to beware of a certain kind of poison, and went into a long description. When the child was three weeks old it nearly died of a strange bite that caused the whole head to swell, the doctor didn't know what kind of poison had caused the condition.

Rhio La Violette
107 Elm St.
Cloverdale, Calif.

SAVED BY A PHANTOM

One dark and windy night a friend, Helen, asked me to go with her to see a man she knew who ran a racing stable out near the ocean beach.

"Well. . ." I hesitated, but her

look implored me.

"Claire - please!" she said, so together, we boarded the streetcar.

I thought we would never get there, but finally we did, and to my surprise Helen asked if I'd mind waiting outside a while, saying she wouldn't be long, but that she wanted to see Jack alone.

Reluctantly I nodded as I glanced with uneasiness at the undulating, shadowy trees, and hugged my coat about me for it was turning cold. "Don't be long," I said, with a wry smile. "I don't want to freeze to death."

Pressing my wrist quickly she returned my smile and turned from me. "I won't," she said and I watched her hurry toward a ramshackle building some yards ahead.

What a night it was, threatening to rain yet holding off. Luckily, I thought, for we had come out without umbrellas. I huddled close to a clump of bushes, praying I'd be safe there alone. Then, as I waited and the time went by with maddening slowness until I was sure Helen had been gone for at least twenty minutes, I began to feel nervous. What was keeping her anyway! My feet were like lead when I started to move toward the stable. There was a dryness in my throat that I couldn't explain, and a strange feeling of someone near.

Suddenly a circle of light played against the bush in front of me.

I stared unbelieving at it, and recognized my grandmother's gentle smiling face. The vision frightened me so I wanted to scream, but instead I pressed my hand over my mouth and so got over the impulse as the face and light disappeared as quietly as it had come.

I resolved the next moment to go in search of Helen, for all I wanted to do was get away from the nerve-wracking place, get back to town and home.

But when I walked up to the old stable and bravely knocked at the door there was no answer, though I called "Helen" two, then three times, knocking again as I did so. The wind howled and blew, and no one opened the door. Though I could see there was a dim light on inside, the shade on the one window was pulled down. I listened, then heard quick, shuffling footsteps behind the door, and my heart froze within me.

I spoke in a small voice against the wind: "I'm going, Helen—see you tomorrow."

I couldn't wait to get to the car-line, and felt that God was with me as I saw the car approaching, for it had grown so late and dark. The lighted car seemed like a sanctuary. I couldn't have waited there for her all night, I told myself with a nervous sigh as I took a seat and left the lonely spot.

How strange that my grandmoth-

er had appeared to me like that! What did it mean, I wondered? I found out the next day when the papers came out. She was found stabbed to death there at the stable, and the racing man had fled.

Loretta Van Dam
P. O. Box 3909
Carmel, Calif.

GHOSTLY PREVIEW

It was during the last part of May or the early part of June 1951, that the children and I were living temporarily in a furnished apartment at 1009 Belle, Corona, Calif. while my husband Don worked out at the small desert town of Barstow. This living apart was necessary due to acute housing shortage at Barstow and the lack of work in my husband's trade in our locality. However, Don always tried to manage the drive back to Corona every week-end.

On Saturday of this particular time, Hubby sent word that he would be delayed, but would try to make it Sunday, at the usual time of around 11 A.M. The wait was not easy, but I kept busy and soon it was time for Hubby to arrive. Even after 11:30 passed, I wasn't much worried that he had not arrived, as sometimes he was a bit late. However noontime passed and I became slightly upset. Finally with the clock hands creeping so slowly, my watching became irksome and I decided to lie down and take a nap with our three-year-old daughter and quit fretting. It was a warm day and soon light slumber overtook me.

Immediately, it seemed, I found myself out on the highway in an unfamiliar locality. I seemed to be suspended above the road when a vehicle (the type or make of machine was not clear) drove into view traveling fast. Suddenly the "car" seemed to go out of control, crashed into a tree and rolled over several times. But my gaze was focused on the occupant who was thrown clear and went hurtling through the air over a barbed wire fence to land in a field by the roadway. It all happened so quickly that I could not identify the victim, but he seemed to be a man about the size of my husband. Immediately I awoke, and my panic was undescribable. I felt sure Don had met with a terrible accident.

I had paced the floor only a few minutes, when to my astonishment and relief, my husband arrived! He seemed to be in excellent spirits, and listened to my story with amused tolerance. Then he laughed and said: "As near to an accident as I came was when a bee got up my sleeve and I had to pull off the road and get it out. Believe me, I

had quite a time."

As we had a date to keep with friends in Norco, about four miles north of Corona, we immediately set out, forgetting all about the dream.

We were busy talking and enjoying ourselves. Meanwhile several other people arrived, but we had been there a very short time and I believe it was about three o'clock of that afternoon, when we heard a grinding crash. To me, it sounded more like an old wash tub being dragged violently over concrete than any other thing I can describe. Everyone ran out to the road. Then I heard a series of bumps like a car being rolled over and over, and shouts of people as they all started to run toward the highway.

As I hurried toward the sound of the commotion, I just happened to glance to the left in time to see the tiny figure of a man hurl through the air (though I did not know it to be a man at the time, being aware only of the flying object) and land into the field at the side of the highway toward Third St.

The first things to meet our gaze as we came to the intersection was an overturned Jeep, splintered glass, and spilled water and gasoline. Another car, a small coupe was pulled up on Third Street near the corner, which seemed to have been hit, but the occupant was apparently not hurt. We were among the first to arrive. We found the man lying in the field, which was surrounded by a barbed wire fence. There was a deep hole in his right temple and I noticed it was not bleeding. His shoes had been thrown off and lay pitifully askew on the pavement of the road. Our Host held the man's head in his lap while someone phoned the ambulance and the Highway Patrol. The man moved, and tortured facial expressions crossed his face, so we thought he was alive, though his chest had a shapelessness that belied any reasonable hope. Ages afterward, it seemed, the ambulance arrived. The attendants examined the victim only briefly and pulled the blanket over his face, pronouncing that death had come instantly.

After the body had been removed, we took another look at the Jeep, and I noticed that the name on the identification slip on the steering wheel was intact. The name was William Frank Ray. I learned later that he was about fifty years of age and a well known Rabbit Breeder of Norco.

To say that I had a preview of this horrible accident is a bit superfluous, but the ghastly memory still haunts me even though I feel a deep thankfulness that my dear husband was not the intended victim.

Rosalind John
Rt. 2, Box 022
Norco, Calif.

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.

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.

ISAYIANA: The state in which the body requires no external influences, such as food or drink, purportedly reached by a number of mystics, especially Hindus.

I AM: A religious movement founded in the thirties by Guy Warren Ballard, who was believed to be Christ in His Second Coming, which still exists, though small.

JOACHIMITES: A sect existing between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries which believed that the Earth was passing through the third and last period of its existence, and that a new gospel would soon appear, replacing both Old and New Testaments. Many books were offered as this gospel, but none were ever accepted.

KALPA: A tremendous length of time; almost an eternity.

KOLOB: According to the Latter-Day Saints, the star which is immense beyond comparison and is at the centre of the universe, the revolution of which takes a thousand years. In primitive Mormonism it is also conceived as the Throne of God and the place at which all His prophets are to be found.

KRISHNAMURTI: The Hindu Master accepted as the Great Soul or Messiah by Mrs. Annie Besant, Mme. Blavatsky's successor to the leadership of Theosophy.

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.

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

THE END

MYSTERY IN THE NEWS . . . .

DON'T SHOOT 'ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN'

The Nepalese Government showed its faith in the existence of the "abominable snowman" recently by forbidding foreign mountaineers to kill, injure or capture one.

The new law will hamper U.S. explorer Tom Slock's expedition now on its way to the Himalayas. The expedition is carrying a trap to capture a yeti and two shotguns to be used in case of "extreme defense."

World interest in the mysterious creature was first stirred by members of Sir Edmund Hillary's expedition which conquered Mt. Everest in 1953.

Sherpas (Nepalese hillmen) told of a large animal that walked on its hind legs like a man. Most European authorities discounted the yeti stories and offered various explanations for the outsize footprints which were reported seen on the upper Himalaya slopes.

The Nepalese government, issuing the new "be-kind-to-yetis" law, made one exception. Pictures may be taken.

5 YEARS FOR BEWITCHING CHILDREN

A fantastic story of black magic was unfolded in court of Buddu, Uganda, when two Africans were tried under Uganda's anti-witchcraft laws.

An African schoolmaster testified his school had to be closed when 30 pupils and their parents were bewitched after the children made fun of a new girl. The girl told her parents, who called in a witch doctor to get their revenge. The schoolmaster told this story:

At school the next day, two children who began to laugh at the new girl fell into trances. The girl demanded money before she would restore them to their senses. Then she picked some leaves, mixed them with water and anointed the victims' heads. They recovered.

Next day she demanded more money and the schoolmaster threatened to call the police. Then 30 of his pupils had uncontrollable seizures.

Two African priests, Father Damyano and Father Yowana Myumbwe, told the court of the

scene at the school. Children who were sitting in class would suddenly rush out and start running around the playground "so fast that they seemed to be flying." Some scaled high walls.

Others were found in nearby trees, hanging from slender branches which normally would support only a bird. No one saw them climb the trees.

Finally the children were taken home. It was found that their parents also were suffering seizures.

The school was closed and, escorted by native police, the local witch hunter searched the house of the girl who had started the trouble. He found a collection of instruments and herbs. When these were destroyed, the mass seizures ceased.

The magistrate sentenced the girl's parents to five years imprisonment. The girl was ordered to receive 12 strokes of the cane.

BRITAIN HUNTS MYSTERY CRAFT

April 6, 1957 — Radar stations throughout Britain were alerted to look for a mysterious flying object tracked by air ministry observers over southwest Scotland.

Three radar operators reported independently that the object flashed across their screens traveling at 60,000 feet.

The operators said the object suddenly dived to a height of 14,000 feet, made two whirls, then vanished to the south.

An air ministry spokesman said: "We do not know what the object was. Intelligence experts are studying the reports and a detailed statement may be made next week."

The object was sighted by two radar posts in Scotland's hilly Wigtownshire. A royal air force station near Luce Bay on the southwestern tip of Scotland also caught it on radar.

It last was reported seen heading toward the Isle of Man.

Royal Air Force officials said no planes were in the area at the time.

The mystery object was described by some unofficial sources as too fast, too big and too maneuverable to have been a plane.

BALL OF FIRE STARTS SPRINTER ON FAST RUN

TACOMA, March 26.—A 15-year-old Puyallup High School track star is recovering from the fastest sprint of his career.

James Geise's parents revealed that the 4-H Club leader ran into the house about 9 o'clock Saturday night from his milking chores "white as a sheet, knees shaking and exclaiming hysterically."

James told of seeing a huge ball of light, traveling quietly at tremendous speed, swoop to the ground in the pasture 50 feet behind the barn.

"It hovered momentarily, then took off with a silent rush into the northern sky," James told his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph C. Geise.

"It came down through the trees!" the youth related. "They were all lit up brighter than day. I thought sure it was going to hit the barn, but it touched down, then took off.

"I dashed for the house, but I looked back just once and it was going north."

"He was utterly terrified when he came into the house," said his mother, Mrs. Geise, an officer of the Pierce County Pomona Grange. "He was carrying a part-full pail of milk, which was slopping in every direction. At first we couldn't make head or tail of what he was saying."

SAWDUST BRAINS

Sawdust may some day be a practical food for cattle, it has been revealed.

Experiments conducted in the General Electric Research Laboratory, in collaboration with the department of bacteriology at the State College of Washington at Pullman, show that irradiation with high voltage electrons, or cathode rays, makes part of the sawdust digestible by organisms in the cow's stomach.

According to Dr. W. Dexter Bellamy, of the division of biological effects of radiation in the G-E laboratory, a cow is able to utilize pure cellulose (such as cotton) as food. Wood consists largely of cellulose, combined with another compound, called lignin, in which combination is indigestible.

The cathode rays, he explained, made the cellulose available. Bacterial action in the rumen, the first of the cow's four stomachs, is able to convert the cellulose into several other compounds, such as acetic, propionic and butyric acids. These are generally known as the volatile acids, and can be absorbed in the animal's intestines.

Basswood was used in the experiments, both in the form of sawdust and small wafers. It was irradiated in the research laboratory by Elliott J. Lawton, of the X-ray division. He used a modification of the million volt X-ray unit developed by G-E scientists for medical and industrial use as a source of electrons. This is a very costly process.

Ordinarily the stream of electrons, accelerated to million volt

energy in a series of steps, hits a tungsten target at the end of the tube, generating a beam of X-rays. When used for cathode rays, a thin metal window replaced the target and the electrons themselves emerge. Various materials may then be placed in the beam to study the effects.

After irradiation, the basswood samples were sent to Dr. Robert E. Hungate, professor of bacteriology at the State College of Washington and an authority on bovine digestive processes. Since the tests could not be made with enough precision on live cows the work was done in test tubes, using cultures of bacteria from a cow's rumen. Tubes containing the irradiated sawdust and the bacteria were kept from one to two days at a temperature of about 100 degrees F. This is the cow's body temperature a little higher than that of a human.

Following the test tube digestion, steam was bubbled through the samples, causing the volatile acids to be evaporated. The vapors were then condensed back to liquid, which was added to a caustic soda solution of known strength. By determining how far the volatile acids neutralized the caustic, their amount could be measured. These studies were performed by Dr. Hungate with the assistance of M. E. Bryant and E. Hall.

At the intensity of radiation employed, exposures of less than a minute produced no great effect. The maximum was obtained with an exposure of about 12 minutes. Then the digestibility by the bacteria was about the same as for hay.

With still longer exposures, digestibility was again reduced. Apparently the cellulose was then destroyed, for sawdust that has been irradiated for such long periods becomes completely soluble in water. Cellulose itself is quite insoluble.

Sawdust has been used in Europe for cattle fodder by giving it a sulfuric acid treatment, which breaks down the lignin and makes the cellulose available for digestion in the rumen.

All this, while the world worries about its wheat and corn surplus in the billions of bushels! And sawdust is really quite in short supply! To say nothing of the extreme cost of irradiating and treating it! Sounds like a case of scientists with nothing to do. Idle hands and idle minds—and sawdust in both of them!

STIGMATA APPEAR AGAIN ON HANDS, FEET OF THERESE

KONNERSREUTH, Germany—A Roman Catholic priest said Therese Neumann, "the miracle of Konnersreuth," suffered the agonies of crucifixion this Easter as she almost always has on the three Fridays preceding Easter.

Thousands usually stream into this tiny Bavarial village on Good Friday hoping to witness the phenomenon, described as reaching a climax that day.

The priest, the Rev. Josef Naber, said the stigmata had reoccurred and that marks on her head, hands, chest and feet were bleeding.

The Roman Catholic Church has never made any official pronouncement concerning this stigmatization. But it has never placed any obstacle in the path of Catholics who wish to visit Miss Neumann, now 59. Her stigmata first were reported in 1926.

ROCKS FALL ON CYRIL PENNY

PERTH, Australia, March 30.—Government officials and newspapermen are puzzling the mystery of Cyril Penny, the world's most unlucky aborigine, who brings showers of stone around his head.

Penny is on his way back to his tribesman grandfather in the west Australian interior to see if the old man can tell him why he has rocks, not in, but around his head.

Meanwhile, back on the ranch—of A. K. Donaldson—near here, reporters are among the hundreds of curious people who are inspecting the tent in which two newspapermen sat with Penny while stones dropped, apparently from the closed canvas top.

There were 10 men outside the tent. The ridgepole holes were stuffed. Three Australians and Cyril were within the tent. All 14 persons involved are prepared to swear that stones bounced from nowhere inside the tent.

A reporter said that the stones came from different angles, softly. They landed, he said, with a thud, and his search turned up no one who could have thrown them.

The perplexed Penny sorrowfully asked Donaldson to send him away, pleading that he was the cause of the trouble. Other aborigines took up a collection to speed his departure.

Penny got another job at a ranch in the next county and the stones started plopping all around him once more. It got so discouraging he decided to go back to the tribe—if they'd have him.

The Sydney Weather Bureau says that tornado fallout, rather than Penny, could be the cause. A tornado, the bureau notes, could

pick up objects such as stones and drop them as its strength dissipated.

Residents, however, aren't so easily convinced.

THIS WILL CURL YOUR HAIR

Atomic scientists have made a hair curling discovery about what happens to straight haired monkeys subjected to radiation.

The monkeys at first lose all their hair — from head to toe. Then, much to the scientists' surprise and delight hair begins to reappear — and it is curly.

The scientists still are not sure what to make of the twist taken by the experiment. Of one thing they are sure. The research does not offer any immediate hope of hair — curly or straight — for baldheaded men.

Eventually, however, the curly haired monkeys may give an answer on how to protect man against the effects of radiation.

The research on the irradiated monkeys is being conducted by Dr. R.R. Overman of the University of Tennessee under a contract from the atomic energy commission. The results of the research thus far were outlined by Dr. Charles W. Shilling, deputy director of the AEC's division of biology and medicine.

The atomic energy commission has been interested for some time in the possibility of using an extract of bone marrow to offset the effects of radiation upon the body. Work on mice showed interesting results, so the commission decided to broaden the experiments.

But, as Dr. Shilling commented, "We don't like to jump from mice to men," and monkeys were chosen as intermediaries in the experiment. Dr. Overman, who had been doing work on monkeys, offered to carry out the experiment.

The monkeys about four months ago were given a dose of radiation sufficiently strong to kill 80 per cent of the monkeys. The monkeys were immediately given injections of bone marrow taken from monkeys that had not been irradiated.

Some of the irradiated monkeys died almost immediately, Dr. Shilling said, but a good percentage survived. Those that lived became thin, emaciated, and lost all their hair. "It looked for a while as tho we were going to lose all the monkeys," Dr. Shilling said.

A few days ago Dr. Shilling said he received a report from Dr. Overman that the monkeys were beginning to look better. They were putting on weight and growing curly hair.

Dr. Shilling could offer no explanation of the transformation from straight to curly hair. He

also cautioned that the research was too preliminary to draw any conclusions about the usefulness of bone marrow injections to treat radiation.

The monkeys eventually may all die, he said, and "we may be completely in a blind alley."

Dr. Shilling described the experiment as "a wild shot in the dark" which could provide one answer to the problem of treating persons subjected to radiation. If successful, the experiment also might have applications for treatment of blood diseases, he said.

The commission's scientists still have not determined precisely what it is in the bone marrow extract that seems to offset the effect of radiation.

SCHWEITZER WARNS A-TESTS CATASTROPHE FOR RACE

OSLO, APRIL 23—Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Nobel peace prize winner, has warned that radioactivity is "a catastrophe for the human race," and appealed to public opinion everywhere to demand the stopping of nuclear tests.

The 82-year-old philosopher, doctor and musician sent his appeal from his hospital in French Equatorial Africa and asked the Norwegian Nobel committee to broadcast it. The appeal was read in Norwegian and transmitted in French, German, English and Russian.

The United States, Britain and Russia have said they want an agreement to end nuclear tests, "but the real reason why no agreement is reached is that in their own countries there is no public opinion asking for it," Schweitzer said.

"It must not happen that we do not pull ourselves together before it is too late. We must muster the insight, the seriousness and courage to leave this folly and face reality."

Of the medical dangers of radioactivity produced by atomic explosions, he said: "We cannot take the responsibility for the consequences it might have for our descendants. They are threatened by the greatest and most terrible danger."

Fears Cancer Menace

PARIS, APRIL 23 — Professor Frederic Joliot-Curie said today radioactive elements in the atmosphere will cause outbreaks of cancer unless H-bomb tests are halted.

The French physicist, winner of the Nobel prize and former French high commissioner for atomic energy, was broadcasting over the French radio.

"Many people are indifferent, thinking they are sheltered from the effects of experimental ex-

plosions because they are far from the sites of these explosions," he said. "They are making a mistake."

3,733,000 IN FAVOR 3,777,000 AGAINST ATOM TEST BAN

SKEGNESS, ENGLAND, APRIL 23 — Britain's co-operative party—close ally of the Labor party — has rejected a motion calling on the Conservative government to suspend nuclear weapons tests.

By a narrow majority, the annual party conference here threw out a resolution urging an immediate declaration by Britain she does not intend to proceed with nuclear tests and will not manufacture or use nuclear weapons.

The result of the vote on the resolution, which took place by a card ballot on Sunday and was announced today, showed 3,733,000 in favor, 3,777,000 against, a majority of 44,000 against its adoption.

Delegates approved a party foreign policy declaration that "unilateral total disarmament on the part of Great Britain would be neither adequate nor wise."

MASS OF FLAME HURTLES THROUGH SKY, HITS PEAK

A strange "ball of fire" flashed through the sky over the Matanuska Valley last night and plunged into the near mile-high Chugach mountain range, territorial police reported March 15.

The "fireball" sent up a plume of black smoke that was visible for more than 15 minutes over the Pioneer peak which dominates the scenery in the Palmer area.

Clouds shrouded the majestic mountain a short while later, preventing a check by air of the nature of the "fire ball."

The location of the peak is only about 30 miles north of Anchorage on the main Anchorage-Palmer highway. The Knik river bridge is in the shadow of the imposing mountain.

In Anchorage it was learned that no planes were overdue or missing. The CAA and the Air Force both reported they had no inkling as to the nature of the crashing object.

The object was reported at 6:30 p.m. to Territorial Policeman Gordon Nelson at Palmer by Aaron Houston who lives in the northern section of the Matanuska Valley agricultural town.

Houston pointed out to Nelson a thin finger of smoke rising from towering Pioneer peak, thus confirming that something actually had plunged to earth there.

Nelson passed on all his information to the military, but said

because of cloud over the mountain, the military had reported they had so far been unable to send a helicopter out to check on the report.

Meanwhile, the nature of the strange fireball — since the possibility of an air crash has been ruled out remained anybody's guess.

"Could it be a flying saucer?" a reporter asked Nelson.

Nelson laughed, then remarked: "I wish I knew."

MILITARY SECRECY VEILS TEMPLE CITY SKY OBJECT

Military officials clamped a strict veil of secrecy around a Temple City home because of a crater found in the backyard after an unusually heavy sonic boom jarred the San Gabriel Valley.

Roped off from the prying eyes of curious sightseers is the home of Oscar M. Murphy, 8831 Greenwood Ave. The Murphy family was ordered inside the home, to lock the doors, and not to talk to anybody.

Although the mysterious object reportedly fell into Murphy's backyard at 4:30 a.m. April 9, the incident was kept secret by authorities until the next day.

What caused the crater, about 30 feet from the small frame home is still a matter of speculation.

The crater was described by Capt. G. H. Carlson, commander of the Temple City sheriff's station, as about 30 inches in diameter, with a 4-inch rim of dirt around the outside. Patches of dirt were scattered 15 feet around the area, he said.

Carlson speculated that whatever caused the crater "hit cleanly, and apparently went down a considerable distance."

How deep the mysterious object might have penetrated the ground was also a matter of speculation. Some observers believed 7 or 8 feet, while others said as much as 30 feet.

Capt. B. L. Hendrickson, public information officer at Ft. MacArthur in San Pedro, said that an explosive ordnance disposal unit from that station is excavating at the scene to determine if a military projectile is buried there.

He said that it could not have been a Nike missile, as it would have exploded on contact with the ground. He had not heard of the sonic blast which rocked the San Gabriel Valley near dawn.



Editorial ★

(*Continued from page 7*)

sider that SEARCH *wasn't making that much* profit per year, is quite easy to see. Now, if the rates go up another 30%, it will mean a certain loss of $2000.00 per year, unless other sources of income are found. Unfortunately SEARCH is a magazine read by special people. It requires brains to read (at least the *use* of the brainpower we have), and people just out for entertainment just aren't interested in the work it takes to think. Thus, the possible readership is very low. No huge circulations to cut the cost down, and make a postage increase just a trivial drop in the bucket.

The other day in the Milwaukee Sentinel we read a letter by a reader who asked "why should I have to pay 5c to mail a newspaper in the same way a publisher mails it for less than 1c?" He advocated that the newspaper owner pay the same rate he does. He didn't stop to think that if that was done, the publisher would have to charge him a dime for the paper instead of a nickel! This is using his brains! *Once* in his life he might spend a nickel to mail a newspaper, so he chooses to pay an extra nickel *every day* just because he thinks he's being discriminated against! Actually, that special rate makes it possible for him to get his paper 500 miles from its place of publication, sent to him way up in the wilds, for the same cost the city-dweller pays. Why discriminate against the out-of-town reader? He's howling at what he thinks is discrimination against him, but when it comes to the other guy, he's all for it!

Actually, if costs continue to go up (paper is always going up), and labor continues to go up, sooner or later the "little" magazines, those where the average little man can express himself, will be impossible to publish, and the public will have no choice but to read the "popular" big-time magazine. It will be a type of mental slavery we should never allow in this country. Yet more and more, and TV is becoming the worst offender, our "fare" of available public information and education and culture is becoming a stereotyped, dictated "menu", subject to all sorts of censorship due to pressures of various types. For instance, the sugar tycoons are now spending a great deal of money informing the public of how candy is good for the national economy because of the vast tonnage of various things it consumes. What has this to do with censorship, you ask? Well, recently a book was written titled "How to cook with-

out sugar", intended for people for whom sugar is harmful in one way or another. The publishers were enthusiastic — until it got to the advertising manager's desk. He screamed "Never! Not this book! Why, we'd lose all the sugar industry ads! We can't risk offending the candy companies." So, a good book, one really helpful to a certain segment of our population who really need it, loses out because of this unseen censorship. The name of this censor is the DOLLAR, in case you haven't guessed.

And if you fail to find SEARCH at your newsstand one of these days, it more than likely will be because the distributor sells only 10 copies there, whereas he sells 1500 copies of PLAYBOY and ROGUE and TV-GUIDE. So, he finds this "account" unprofitable to handle. He only makes 60 cents a month on SEARCH, so he won't "fool" with it. His ten SEARCH readers? Oh, to the dickens with *them*. THEY aren't making him any real money. Let them go take their 60 cents peanuts somewhere else. He can't be bothered.

Yes, that's what's happened to *everything*, not just magazines. The decision to do a thing depends entirely on the amount of profit involved. And the biggest item of all, these days, is the horrible truth that *peace* is unprofitable, and thus it cannot be considered. Without our huge armament program, which is constantly expanded, and constantly renewed by the invention of new type weapons every year which must supercede last year's stockpile, our labor force would be unemployed. We couldn't possibly keep 70,000,000 men working on just plain luxuries of life, like refrigerators, housing, camps for blind boys, clothing and sufficient healthful food for all. In no time at all, everybody'd have more refrigerators than he could use, and all the rest of what we call civilized living. No, we've got to produce USELESS things which can be thrown away, blown up, or used to destroy USEFUL things (including millions of USEFUL workers, if unemployment should lift its ugly head in spite of all the 50 million dollar atom bombers to be built).

Our need for making a profit, our dependence on UNEARNED money to keep our economy going, has backed us into a cul-de-sac which is plainly labeled "Civilization dead-end--no exit".

Labor is *real* wealth; produced goods is *real* wealth; developed resources, such as power, is *real* wealth. But *interest* charged by money owners is UNEARNED profit; rent charged by land-owners is UNEARNED profit; commis-

sions, tariffs, duties, taxes, are all UNEARNED money, and a burden on production and labor. Taxes have reached one-third of total income and this one-third is *wasted* cost--it produces *nothing*. Interest and rental have reached one-third of total income, so we've reached a limit there also--because once we begin to cut into that last third of total income which is all that remains that is actually productive, production becomes totally impossible, and total collapse ensues.

Yet, like the news dealer who has to "cut out the little guy" because he can't afford to handle his account, we are being driven to this blind alley and forced to enter it. We're being cornered by our money, and it now looms over us like a fearsome ogre.

If you think not, quit worrying about paying your taxes, or your interest on your mortgage, or your rent, or your union dues, or your sales tax, or your gasoline tax, or your import duties, or whatever it is that you pay for something you don't get in actual *products*. Go ahead, quit worrying — if you can!

Yet, all this isn't as black as it sounds. *Most* people, the world over, aren't interested in profit. They aren't even interested in money, except to pay their bills. They want to live decently, and they want to pay for it decently, with their labor. They want to enjoy the products of their civilization, of the labor of others, and they are willing to contribute their labor and skill so that others can enjoy what they make. The man who builds the atom bomber *doesn't* want it to be used to kill people, in whatever land. He would quit his job right now if he could get another. He'd *rather* make refrigerators. But he *can't!* He knows only too well that if he expended the same effort on those things, he'd be out of a job soon, because he'd have produced all there was a need for. So he'll make bombers. But one good thing about money, it offers a way to take those bombers out and destroy them, so new ones can be made, and employment kept up. It's called "deficit spending". Spending to *lose*. Spending to go into debt — a debt you never intend to pay. You just let it get bigger and bigger. After awhile it becomes a meaningless figure. Nobody intends to pay it. And all those things we produce can just be junked and added onto the debt. Very simple, and very easy.

If all you want to do is work as directed, eat as directed, and sleep as directed, and read as directed (to get *our* little oar in), go ahead with your deficit spending.

That debt is big enough now so that you know you can never pay

it. So you submit to it.

And you are a slave to the owners of that debt, to the owners of money, to the owners of land. So what, you say. I've got it good! I've got a car, a house to live in, a refrigerator, a TV set, an outboard motor (complete with trailer)--and a gadget to grind up my garbage so I don't have to carry it out. I'm living in an age of scientific miracles. This is *living,* boy! My grandfather never had anything like this.

You're so right! But one of these days you might notice that you haven't read SEARCH for quite a while. You ask the newsdealer how come he hasn't got it. He shrugs and says "they don't send it to me anymore--don't know why."

Well, the reason will be because you're really a slave. Only a trifling little indication, hardly irksome as a mosquito bite. Not a very trying slavery--not like pulling oar on a galley under the whip of a taskmaster! True, but do you really think you are *earning your living by the sweat of your brow* as God said you should when he kicked you out of the Garden? Is your conscience completely clear about it? Especially when you think that maybe those bombers might *actually* be used?

It's a mighty deep and confusing subject, and maybe you don't understand at all.

When you go to the bank to beg for a loan, how's your human dignity feel? When you go to the newsstand to read something you want to read, and the dealer tells you you can't read it unless he makes a profit on it, where's your human liberty? And when you watch the garbage go down the drain at the flick of a switch, then reach for your under-arm deodorant, is it really sweat that makes you stink?

Or is it just a fact that slaves smell bad?

There is a parallel to all this in history (many of them). In ancient Rome, this same thing went on until 1900 persons OWNED THE WORLD. Taxes reached 25%, and the laboring man of Rome's empire gave up. The Empire fell with a thunder that was heard from one end of the known world to the other. The poor fellows didn't know about deficit spending! If they had, they'd have run up a tremendous national debt--and then just died of clogged pores!

Don't be so proud of your civilization--it isn't really yours!

You are *its.* *Rap.*

UNIVERSITY ROUND TABLE ON THE SHAVER MYSTERY

Following is a transcript of two round table discussions among the faculty of a mid-western university. Due to the nature of the subject, they have requested that their names be withheld. They are, however, all competent in their respective fields, and represent the sciences of psychology, medicine, biology, science, physics, literature, and ancient history. The moderator and discussion leader is identified by the letter 'M'. The other five members of the group by the figures 1 to 5, inclusive.

(M) Our subject is the so-called Shaver Mystery; the claims expounded by one Richard Shaver in a series of stories which he has written. The stories are written as fiction, but Mr. Shaver claims that they are based upon fact, and that the persons, things, and events he pictures are either actual or typical. He has gained quite a following. Many of the students have expressed considerable interest in it, and I believe that some of the faculty are also quite interested, altho not so openly as the students. We, therefore, decided that it might help clear the thinking on the subject to discuss it, and point out the fallacies, if any. Mr. Shaver's publisher says that he holds proof of Shaver's claim but, to date, has not made it public. Under these circumstances, all we can do is to examine each point by straight logic, and try to determine the probabilities. You gentlemen have all been given advance copies of Mr. Shaver's claims, but, in order to make the record complete, I shall try to outline them as briefly as possible.

Shaver's contention is that, in far pre-historic times, when our solar system was young, the earth was inhabited by a race of superbeings who came here from another solar system. He identifies them as the Elder Race, or, sometimes, as the Elder Gods, altho the term is not used in its theological sense. Altho they were not truly immortal, they had discovered how to prolong their lives almost indefinitely. This, and their highly

developed science, seemed so miraculous to the early humans that they were regarded as gods, and the designation is continued by Shaver in order to more easily connect them with various myths.

The mechanical devices of the Elders, which Shaver calls 'mech', were almost everlasting. With various rays, they could scan, or televise, over great distances, project thought and three-dimensional images, kill or destroy, extract thought from another person's mind, or implant thought into it, stimulate any of the emotions, and cure various diseases. Other 'mech' could automatically make food, clothing, or any other article which they might need.

In time, Shaver tells us, the nature of our sun changed. At first, its radiations had been beneficial. Now they also contained detrimental rays which shortened the life-span by causing premature aging, and other ill effects. To escape this, the Elder Race went deep underground, where the solar rays could not penetrate. They constructed huge tunnels and caverns, disintegrating the rock with their rays. Here they built their cities, duplicating the beneficial rays of the sun with their mech, but excluding detrimental rays.

On the surface, the native human race, the Homo Sapiens, had evolved. The solar rays had stunted their growth, and shortened their life to its present span. The gods, particularly the lesser ones, seem to have had quite human emotions and foibles, and to have varied greatly in morality and intelligence. In general, they regarded the surface dwellers with contempt, much as we regard the natives of darkest Africa. Some of the more humane among them did help these early humans in various ways, and the ancient myths and legends are supposed to be the surface peoples version of their activities.

Meanwhile, the Elders had been searching for a more suitable home, one where the sun was beneficial and they could live on the surface. One was eventually found in a far-distant star system. Due to the great distance and the limited transport, they could not take their mech with them. Its location and operation was known only to the higher gods. One of these wanted to make it available to the surface dwellers, but the others did not consider them worthy of it. After a struggle, of which the myth of Prometheus is said to be the surface peoples' version, the humane gods were overwhelmed. The most important mech was hidden and sealed against the possibility that they might some day return to the earth, and the gods left for their

new home.

It was not possible to take all of their race with them. Some of the lesser ones were left behind in the caverns. Freed from the restraint of their leaders, some of the lower of them now sank into the depths of depravity. Some of the hidden mech was found, and its use partially discovered by experiment. Various groups began to turn the rays to the surface, bringing in the detrimental solar radiations in a greatly magnified form. This, together with certain radiations caused by the unskilled use of the mech, destroyed a certain part of their brain, and produced a very dangerous form of hereditary insanity.

THESE insane cavern dwellers, whom Mr. Shaver calls 'deros', are completely devoid of any moral sense or humane instinct. As normal persons will, by instinct, usually tend to do good, the deros will, by instinct, try to do harm at every opportunity, and derive great sadistic pleasure from the sufferings of others. With their tamper rays, they cause as much trouble among the surface dwellers as possible. When they can secure the necessary victims, who are usually surface people lured into the caverns, they indulge in unspeakable sadistic orgies. Details of some of these horrors filtered back to the surface, and are said to be the foundation of the devil, hell, and underworld legends of the ancient peoples. The damage which the deros do is fortunately limited somewhat by their lack of skill in using the mech, and by saner and more moral groups. These groups are generally more skillful in the use of the mech, and much more intelligent than the deros. Due to the manner in which the defense mech is placed, they can easily defend themselves from the deros, but cannot completely liquidate them. Some groups have friendly feelings toward the surface dwellers, but hold to the ancient taboos against sharing the mech with them.

Besides these two groups, bands of surface dwellers seem to have found their way into unused parts of the caverns from time to time. They found a safe refuge from their enemies, and the means of a fairly easy living, and remained. The descendents of some of these groups offer no threat so long as they are not interferred with. Other of these groups use the rays for evil purposes when it serves their ends to do so, but do not have the insane urge to kill and destroy which the deros have. The usual social order is the medieval lord and serf relationship. Some of the lords treat their people humane, according to their standards, while other groups are sub-

jected to great oppression.

I speak of these groups in the present tense because it is Shaver's contention that they still live there, with much of the cavern system and most of the mech still intact. He claims that some of these cavern dwellers are in contact with him, by means of rays which he calls 'telaug', and that he has actually seen the mech in operation.

Some of the Elder race in the caverns have solved the secret of some of the more complicated mech, and have become 'gods' themselves. The lesser among the cavern dwellers live in squalor, despite their wonderful mech. They either have not found, or are unable to operate, the mech which would supply them with the necessities of life. Having very little mechanical ability of their own, they can make these things only on the crudest scale, if at all.

In former times, an extensive trade was carried on between the caverns and the surface. Simple articles, either taken from the Elder storehouses or made with their mech, were traded for food, clothing, and other things needed in the caverns. As communications on the surface increased, the danger of discovery became greater for the cavern dwellers, and the trade dwindled. At the present time, trade is a mere trickle.

Even the most friendly among the cavern dwellers are determined to maintain the secrecy of their caverns, and the secrets of their mech. Shaver believes, however, that there is a chance to secure some of their mech, mainly of a medical nature, in exchange for the things which they so desperately need from the surface. His sole interest, he claims, is to arouse sufficient interest, belief, and pressure on responsible groups and agencies, to bring this about.

Mr. Shaver presents his case in several fairly long stories. It is somewhat difficult to condense it into a short summary, as I have tried to do. I have tried to do it fairly. If you believe that I have gone astray in any particular, you are, of course, at liberty to correct me. As I understand it, that is the essence of the Shaver Mystery. Is it a mystery, or is it a hoax? That is the question.

DOCTOR (1), I understand that some of your students have been in correspondence with Mr. Shaver, and that you have studied his replies. How does he appear to you as a psychologist? What can you tell us of Shaver, the man?

(1) First of all, Mr. Moderator, there is a third possibility which you have omitted in stating the case. Mr. Shaver might be entirely

sincere, but might be suffering from a delusion.

Considering first the possibility of hoax, it must be remembered that Mr. Shaver is an author. It would be in his interest to make his work produce as large an income as possible. The greater interest he can arouse in his stories, the greater the financial return to both himself and his publisher. His claims of authenticity have aroused a great deal of interest and support. The motive for perpetuating a hoax is clearly present, but it must be remembered that motive is not proof of guilt. That must be determined by the evidence.

Against this, I have only my personal impressions. He impresses me as being honest and sincere — a man who feels that he has a mission in life. Whether this sincerity is based upon fact or delusion could be determined only by a very complete psychoanalysis. I would not commit myself on the basis of the present evidence. He is obviously above the average intelligence, but this would not necessarily be inconsistent with certain psychopathic conditions.

The remaining possibility, that it might be true, can only be proven, in the absence of material evidence, by eliminating the other possibilities. We are obviously unable to do this, and our conclusions, therefore, can only be comparative, and not decisive.

I do believe that the literary worth of Mr. Shaver's stories would have a bearing on the possibility of hoax. I should like to hear an analysis, based only upon literary values, and disregarding the truth or falsity of the claims, from my old friend, Doctor (2).

(2) By comparison with the classics, Mr. Shaver's stories are not masterpieces. By comparison with contemporary fiction, they are very well written. He has a vivid and realistic manner of expression which holds reader interest. The theme of his stories is one which many people would consider too fantastic to be worthy of their time. Amazing Stories, his publisher, is not usually regarded as being among the more respectable or responsible publications. Were it not for these two facts, I believe that he would be well up among the popular fiction writers. If it is a hoax, I consider it a foolish one, because I believe that he could earn an even greater income by using more conventional themes, and dealing with a better accepted publisher.

(3) I should like to point out that the premise in the latter part of Doctor (2)'s statement would be true if it were a hoax. However, if it is true, or if Mr. Shaver believes

it is true, then the vividness and realism could easily be dependent upon this. One can always write more convincingly if they themselves are convinced. If this should be the case, then he might be a very mediocre writer on more conventional themes.

(M) I think that Mr. Shaver's space ships should have a priority in our discussion. This Elder Race is supposed to have come to the earth in space ships, and to have departed the same way. It is claimed that the present cavern dwellers, and their counterparts on other planets, still use the space ships. If space ships are illogical, then the entire contention falls. Doctor (3), that is one of your pet subjects. Are space ships, and life on other planets, scientific possibilities?

(3) Emphatically yes! If some of the boys from the guided missile project were here, they would make it even more emphatic. We ourselves are right on the threshold of space travel. It needs only a very little more data, which could be secured by more or less routine experimentation. It is quite possible that some other beings are more advanced than we, and have already solved the problems.

How soon we humans will make our first voyage into space is mainly a matter of funds. Space craft, even small ones carrying only instruments, would be expensive to build. We might have to build several. It is almost impossible to foresee every problem which will be encountered. Our first craft might be failures, from the layman's point of view, but, from these failures, we would gain the information which we needed to succeed. This would all take money; large amounts of it. So far, no government or group has been sufficiently interested to advance the funds. Meanwhile, the army, and a private group headed by Willy Ley, continue their experiments, but are badly hampered by lack of funds, and their progress is consequently slow.

If the funds should become available, I have not the slightest doubt as to our ability to successfully construct space ships. I recognize no limitation this side of the infinite on the possibilities of science. What men can imagine, man can accomplish. The only reason we cannot accomplish beyond the infinite is that our minds, in their present state of development, cannot imagine beyond it.

As for the possibility of intelligent life on other planets, I can see no other logical conclusion. There are, in our own solar system, two other planets which, so far as we can deduce from this distance, are possibly capable of supporting

life forms similar to our own. The life forms with which we are familiar are based upon the carbon atom, and depend, among other things, upon the principle of oxidization, which dictates certain limitations of temperature and atmosphere. The carbon atom is not the only possible basis of life. The similarity between the carbon and silicon atoms immediately suggests the possibility of silicon based life forms, which would probably have entirely different temperatures and atmospheric requirements.

Besides our own solar system, there are millions of stars, most of which are believed to be solar systems similar to our own. It would be conceited to the point of insanity to assume that, of these countless planets, ours is the only one capable of supporting intelligent life.

(5) Are you familiar, Doctor, with Mr. Shaver's theory of acceleration in space?

(3) Mr. Shaver may have been the first to publicly comment upon this, but I have heard it discussed by others long ago. It is merely an extension of the orthodox mass-acceleration formulae. Briefly this:

MASS is a relative and variable factor. Here on earth any object, a space ship, for example, would have a certain mass relative to the earth. As it traveled away from the earth, its mass would decrease, roughly as the square of the distance, At the same time, it would be under the mass-influence of all the other bodies in space, in the same ratio. At some points in space, these forces would be in an approximate equilibrium. At such points, the mass would be zero. If there is no mass, there can be no inertia, because inertia is dependent upon mass. If there is no inertia, then an infinitesimal force will produce an infinite velocity.

(M) At this point, Doctor, some of your students will ask: if you have no mass, how will you produce your force?

(3) By the expenditure of energy in the form of a rocket blast, to mention only one method. Any action must produce an equivalent reaction. That, so far as we know now, would hold true regardless of mass. I'd like to make it so clear that I am not claiming that the conclusions which I have cited are true. We won't know that until we get out into space. According to our accepted formulae, they are true, but errors and paradoxes have been found before. It was once conclusively proven, by facts which were considered sound at that time, that an airplane could not fly — but it does fly!

I should also like to point out to

the young gentlemen of my classes who may read this, that, from the philosophical point of view, there is no such thing as a fact. Every fact, every law, every theory, in every branch of science, is based upon an unproved assumption and is, therefore, possibly in error. That assumption may have an overwhelming weight of circumstantial evidence behind it but, in the strict sense, it has not been proven. What we do is to examine the sum total or our experience in any field of endeavor and, from that, deduce certain things which we thenceforth regard as facts. If our experience has been broad enough, our conclusions are likely to be correct. Otherwise, we may have to later revise our facts to agree with reality. Our experience in the fields of physics and mechanics have been very broad — on our own planet. The probability of our theories in these fields should be very high — on our own planets. Our experience with them in space is nil. Whether they would still hold true there, remains to be seen. That is one reason why we are so anxious to get instrument carrying ships out into space. I do not mean to say that we should disregard our present concepts lightly. The preponderance of experimental evidence behind them makes their probability high. But we should not permit ourselves to fall into a blind and slavish acceptance of them under any and all circumstances. Under conditions different than which are familiar to us, they could be wrong.

(M) During the recent flying disc scare, the discs were immediately connected with the cavern theory. I do not know that Mr. Shaver ever made such a claim, but many of his followers did. Doctor (3), while we are on the subject of space ships, what is your opinion on this?

(3) Why pick on the flying discs in particular? They are only the most recent of a long series of similar reports. The Biblical stories of the prophets ascending to heaven on a pillar of fire could, if we felt so inclined, be considered as reports of space ships leaving the earth. People have been seeing mysterious objects in the sky ever since then.

Some of the reports can be eliminated at once, because the mental unsoundness of the observer is obvious from the report itself. Others are clearly reports of some natural object, such as a meteor, or a strange, but not unknown cloud formation. Others eventually prove to be mirages. I should like to explain, because of the popular misconception on the subject, that mirages are not hallucinations. They are true reflections in the sky of actual objects on the surface,

often great distances away. They are due to certain atmospheric conditions, can be seen by anyone who is at the spot at that time, and can be photographed.

When all these cases have been eliminated, there still remain some to be explained. Either we do not have all the information needed to classify them, or there actually was some object there. Into the latter category apparently fall such cases as the objects seen in the mid-west in 1897, in New England in 1908 and 1909, and, last year, the flying discs. There were many reports about all these which were plainly hoaxes, or the rambling of disordered minds (as invariably happens when any mysterious event occurs), but there were many others from persons of unquestionable reliability. Certain details, which I will not review at this time, seem to rule out any possibility of mirage or natural objects. The only remaining conclusion is that they were either unknown aircraft or space craft.

In the case of the flying discs, our government and all foreign governments, have denied ownership, or any knowledge, of them. There are very strong logical arguments which tend to confirm these denials. If they are not of extra-terrestrial origin, then they must be the work of some unknown group upon our own planet.

(M) We note that Mr. Shaver frequently alludes to myths and legends, particularly the old Greek legends, as supporting the facts of the Elder Race and the events which he mentions. Doctor (5), you are an archeologist and our expert on ancient history and literature. Can myths and legends prove any fact, or should they be dismissed as pure invention by our primitive ancestors?

(5) Myths and legends cannot be dismissed as pure fabrications, as they are invariably based upon fact. They could be correctly defined, I believe, as obscure, and usually distorted, versions of actual events. To clarify my statement I shall have to digress from Mr. Shaver and touch upon the general subject of the formation of myths and legends.

The origin of most myths and legends is lost in antiquity. The cultural level of the human race at that time was very low. They had no written language, and little understanding of scientific facts which we consider elementary. Events which to us would be quite ordinary would, to our early ancestors, have appeared miraculous. His lack of understanding would make him a poor observer in the first place, and his report would further suffer from word of mouth transmission. As it passed from person to person, and

generation to generation, it would be subject to the natural human tendency to magnify, distort, and embellish. This trait can be noted even today in the fantastic distortion of word of mouth rumors. By the time the myth or legend would be recorded in writing, it might bear little resemblance to the actual event. However, it would still be the report of some actual event, no matter how distorted it might be. Something, at some far distant time, did actually occur, and made a sufficiently vivid impression on the observer to be remembered. By taking into account the social and intellectual level of the people, we can deduce the manner in which they might distort it, and are often able to get a fairly good idea of the actual event itself.

The events which Mr. Shaver relates could quite rationally be the basis of the myths and legends to which he alludes. They are not the only basis. Other events could be cited with equal logic and reasonableness. Mr. Shaver claims to have secured his information from the actual historical records of this ancient race. There is a possibility that, instead he has taken the myths and worked them back to a fictitious origin. If so, I give him credit for very excellent powers of logic and deduction, because he has arrived at a very logical answer. It is worth noting that the folk-lore of all peoples contains some account of individuals, or groups, usually of gigantic size, who had such remarkable powers that the early peoples regarded them as gods. These tales are undoubtedly inaccurate in detail, but their very consistency would indicate that there was some superior race on the earth in early times.

THERE is also concrete evidence of some such superior race. For example, the length, width, and height of the Great Pyramid in Egypt are exact fractions of the equatorial and polar circumference, and equatorial diameter of the earth, respectively. The ratios are so exact that it is only in recent times that our means of measurement have been sufficiently precise to verify them. To assume that all three dimensions just happened that way would be stretching the probabilities of coincidence quite a ways. The natives of Egypt at that time were semi-barbaric. They were patently incapable of the science and precise workmanship which would have been required. Most Egyptologists now agree that the Pyramid was built, or at least designed and supervised, by some non-Egyptian race.

To cite another example: there is an ancient temple in South

America built of huge stone block which interlock without mortar. The joints fit with such precision that we would have trouble duplicating it today, even with all our precision machine tools. The work was obviously beyond the abilities of the Indians who later occupied the temple. They themselves have legends of a gigantic super-race which built it, and then departed by means of great tunnels.

I shall not take the time to cite further examples, but there are enough others to firmly convince me that there was upon the earth in pre-historic times some highly advanced race. This makes Mr. Shaver's claim possible, but not, in itself, necessarily probable. It does not necessarily follow that this super-race was as he descibes them, or that they still exist. Both of those points will have to be established by further evidence.

(M) I think that the plausibility of the caverns themselves would be next in logical order. How could such an extensive cavern system exist without having been found in some of our mining operations? How could the entrances be so well hidden that they would not have been accidentally discovered by this time? Doctor (3), will you comment?

(3) As nearly as I can gather, Mr. Shaver places these caverns and underground cities deep in the earth, several miles below the surface. From what we know of the radiations of nuclear fission, and his detrimental rays appear to be something of the same nature, such depths would be quite logical, since a considerable thickness of earth would be necessary to absorb them. These depths are far below our deepest mines and wells, and would not thus be discovered.

Such underground works would have to have connections to the surface for access and ventilation. From Mr. Shaver's stories I gather that, in very ancient times, each underground city had its surface counterpart which served as a trading post between the cavern and surface dwellers. When the Elder gods left the earth, many of these entrances are supposed to have been closed. As communications on the surface improved, discovery of the caverns became more likely, and many of the remaining ones were closed by the people who then inhabited the caverns. It is said that there are still entrances and ventilating shafts, but that they are in isolated spots, and occasionally barred by movable rock barriers. In some of the stories, these entrances are placed in natural caverns, or abandoned mine workings.

It seem to be Mr. Shaver's contention that these entrances are

found by surface dwellers at times, but that few return to tell the tale. If they fall into the hands of the deros, they are likely to become the main attraction at some sadistic orgy. If they fall into the hands of certain other groups, they may become serfs. They occasionally return from the caverns, but these few find that their tales are not believed, and either soon learn to keep quiet about them, or else end up in a mental institution.

As for the caverns, they could exist. As for the manner in which they are said to have been constructed, this is outside any scientific knowledge which we have today. The subject of temperature is open to question. Our experience in deep mines has been that the temperature increases one degree in each sixty feet. If this rate of increase remains constant, the caverns would be very hot places indeed. On the contrary, Mr. Shaver describes them as being very cool, 53 degrees, as I recall. In fairness, I must point out that we are basing our idea of cavern temperature on the assumption that the rate of temperature increase remains constant, and this may not be correct. In our stratosphere, for example, it was found that the temperature fell as we went up, and it was assumed that the trend continued to the absolute zero of space. High flying rockets seem to indicate, however, that the trend reverses at certain points, and that there are also some very hot bands above us, while astronomers now believe that there are also some warm spots in space itself. Some similar conditions might exist in the downward direction.

(M) As you are probably aware, Doctor, the interest in the Shaver mystery has revived interest in a number of so-called mysterious caverns. I think a word from you about these would be very much in order.

(3) There are a great many caverns which are locally regarded as mysterious. Most of them have never been completely or competently explored, and we have little or no really accurate information about them. Some of them are apparently artificial. I think it is a good thing to explore them if it is done properly. However, I would very much hate to see the attempt made by persons, or groups, who were not qualified or prepared for this kind of work, as this might lead to some tragedies. Eliminating the possibility of meeting some of Mr. Shaver's deros, there are many natural hazards in cave exploration. The field study groups in geology classes are occasionally taken into caverns, but only into those which are considered safe, and even then all

precautions are taken.

They should be capable of judging the safety of the roof of the cavern, should maintain a guard against gas, with canaries or waltzing mice, and should have adequate supplies and equipment. I cannot, in a few words, cover all the important points but, if they are not familiar with working underground, they should seek the advice of experienced miners or cave explorers before going into a strange cavern.

(M) Our next question is on the Shaver claim that, along with the beneficial rays from our sun, there are certain rays which cause aging and other ill effects and, that if these rays could be eliminated, the life span would be extended indefinitely. Doctor (4), will you comment?

(4) In working with the atomic bomb, it has been noted that premature aging is one of the symptoms of radiation poisoning caused by emanations from nuclear fission. These same radiations are present, in very small quantities, in natural sun light. Whether they are the sole cause, or even an important contributory factor, in natural aging is not known. Certain physicists and biologists believe that to be the case. To date, no method of neutralizing or counteracting radiation poisoning has been found, altho research on the problem is in progress. Some of these research workers believe that, when an effective treatment for radiation poisoning is perfected, it might be used to arrest, or even reverse, the natural aging process, thus extending the life span materially. In the present stage of development all that can be said is that several very competent scientists believe in something essentially the same as Mr. Shaver's claim, but that nothing has been definitely proven as yet.

(1) If I may introduce a philosophical note into the discussion, I would like to observe that one very eminent biologist of my acquaintance has refused to work on this particular project because he believes that the result would not be socially desirable. Beginning in infancy, and continuing thruout life, an individual acquires certain patterns of thought and action, better known as habits. These become more firmly fixed in their mind as time goes on. If the process were continued long enough, their entire mental and physical life would be rigidly governed by these patterns. The brain would resist any change, and the individual would, therefore, become detrimental to, and parasitic upon, society.

This danger is illustrated by Mr. Shaver's description of certain of his Elder cavern dwellers who, by

artificial means, have prolonged their lives for incredible lengths of time. What he pictures is a mere blob of almost inert organic matter. It has not the slightest interest in any material thing which does not concern its own wefare, nor the slightest human emotion toward any other individual. This, I believe, is a very good picture of the logical and eventual outcome of indefinitely prolonging human life.

THE USUAL picture, as it appears to me in the stories, is a medieval organization consisting of one Elder god of incalculable age in each group, surrounded by, and parasitic on, a number of younger, and lesser followers. The social organization brings to mind that of a bee hive or ant hill, where the entire effort of the group is centered upon maintaining one queen. Only, in this case, the central figure serves no useful purpose, so far as I can see, which makes the entire set-up seem asinine.

(4) I am afraid, Doctor, that I must register an exception to the spirit of inevitability which seems to pervade the theses of yourself and your colleague. It is true that some, from sheer mental inertia, fall into fixed mental patterns which occasionally become so deeply embedded that psychiatrists find it virtually impossible to alter them. On the other hand, I personally know many persons of advanced age who are still mentally alert and fully receptive to any reasonable new concept.

It is my contention that physical aging is, in itself, an important causitive of mental inertia. The realization that the physical powers are waning, and that the end of useful life is approaching, comes as a severe psychological shock to many persons. Many gynecologists believe that this one factor is the chief cause of the various psychopathical and pseudo-physical disorders of women during the menopause, and of similar conditions in men during the climatic period of their lives. The feeling is one of insecurity and great mental uncertainty. The reaction is to hold fast to what they have, in both the mental and material sense. The result is extreme conservatism. I firmly believe that, if the period of physical vigor and well-being could be indefinitely extended, much of the ultra-conservatism and mental stasis associated with old-age would disappear.

(1) It was not my intention to imply inevitability in the strict sense of the word. However, I still contend that there would be such a strong trend toward what I pictured that it would be virtually inevitable. An increase in the life span

would probably also increase the length of useful mental activity, as Doctor (4) has pointed out, but I do not believe that the final result will be altered.

It must be kept in mind that we are not discussing the increasing of the life span by two, or three, or any number of times. The proposition is that of extending it *indefinitely*. Some may hold that this makes the discussion entirely hypothetical. I do not share that belief, and several eminent biologists do not share it. If I do not believe that the proposition was scientifically possible of attainment, not in our time, perhaps, but ultimately, I would not waste my time discussing it.

Perhaps, in my original statement, I did not make clear what I had in mind. There would come a point in our almost-immortal man's life when the very variety and breadth of his experiences would cause him to become surfeited with every human occupation and diversion. At this point, his mind would automatically seek a psychological escape from the ennui by turning inward upon itself; devising and contemplating pleasant and fanciful situations; "day dreaming" on a grandiose scale.

The brain would resent and resist any change which involved mental or physical effort, because this would take it out of its pleasant dream world. The thing that contained the brain; I hesitate to call it a man; would, therefore, oppose and resist any progress, or any other change in the familiar and established order of things. Thus it would become a menace to society, because the maintenance of the status quo is an impossibility. No matter how high a science has gone, it has never reached its ultimate potentiality. It always can be and must be, advanced further. It is an inescapable law that nothing can remain static. It must either advance and grow, or decay and die.

When this intermediate stage had passed, and the creature had sunk into its dream world, it would cease to be an active menace, but the organization which it had formed might continue the evil work. In any event, it would be serving no good purpose and would, therefore, be parasitic upon society; unless you believe (I do not) that some good in the field of theology or metaphysics might ensue.

When this problem is solved, we shall not have discovered the secret of life, the Sunday supplement writers notwithstanding because we shall not, as a necessary result, have the ability to create true life. I do not believe that we shall ever have that ability. A finite mind, by its very nature, is incapable of ever

comprehending the infinite forces which are involved in the creation of life. All we shall have discovered is the means of prolonging life which has been created by a highers notwithstanding, because we shall discover that. I do not know how soon. Whether some other being have already discovered it, as Mr. Shaver claims, I do not know. When it is discovered, I believe that it is likely to be a curse, rather than a blessing upon mankind.

(M) If we have finished with that subject, we will go to the next. What is your opinion of the alleged ray mech, Doctor (3).

(3) All of the rays described by Mr. Shaver are beyond our science at present. Radar will bring us images of distant objects, but not in detail and not thru solid material. We know of certain rays which are lethal at distances of a few feet, but these particular rays, by their very nature, cannot be transmitted greater distances. We have no ray which will blast or disintegrate objects.

Electrical transference of thought, or telepathy, has been the subject of experiment ever since the discovery of electricity, but we have not succeeded to date. We do know that the brain produces an electrical wave, and we have been able to record it and analyze it in a rather crude way. If this is ever perfected to the point where highly detailed variations can be recorded, then it might be possible to reverse the process and implant the thought in another mind.

MOST of the rays described by Mr. Shaver involve the transmission of considerable energy. This, our scientists cannot do, except on a very limited scale. A radio station transmits energy, but on a very small scale. Radar will set off photo-flash bulbs at a considerable distance, but here again the amount of energy transmitted is actually small.

To sum up, I would not care to call the ray mech impossible. Too many "impossibilities" have been accomplished to permit that attitude. They are so far beyond our present science, however, that I shall remain rather skeptical about them until more evidence is available.

(4) I do not think that skeptical is the proper word to use. As I understand its meaning, it impugns the possibilty of the proposition, and with that I cannot agree. Mr. Shaver's ray mech may be the invention of his own mind, or they may be real. That I do not know. In either case, I do not believe that he has described anything which is scientifically impossible. Let us merely say that our science has not

yet advanced to the point where it can duplicate these rays.

Take his telaug ray for example, I can see one way in which it might possibly be done, because I have been toying, mentally, for several years with a very similar idea which I thought could be used as an electronic telescope, and which would work thru certain kinds of solid material. I was basing my hypothesis on the familiar radio principle of heterodyning, where two frequencies, brought together, will produce a third frequency which is the common divisor of the other two. What I had envisioned was transmitting two beamed frequencies, which could be a penetrating wave length, and bringing them to a focus at some distant point. The heterodyned frequency, which could also be of a penetrating nature, would be reflected from the distant object back to the transmitter. There, by means of further heterodyning, it could be converted to a visible frequency, and the distant scene reproduced on a screen. I have never had time to do any actual experimental work on this, and do not know when I ever will have the time, if ever. I am firmly convinced that something along that line could be worked out, however.

The principle would not have to be necessarily confined to the visual range. For example, Doctor (3) has noted that certain lethal rays are known, but that they can only be transmitted a few feet. It might not be necessary to transmit them at all. It might be possible to produce them right inside the victim's body, by combining two frequencies which could be transmitted easily. If the principle works out, it has many angles.

Take another of Mr. Shaver's rays, his "stim ray". We already have the beginnings of that. I recently attended a demonstration of ultrasonics, that is: sound waves above the audible range. It is still in its infancy, but some of the effects stagger the imagination. It does have a very definite effect on the emotions at certain frequencies. At one point, everyone present had an overwhelming feeling of dread—of some impending doom. Another frequency went to the other end of the emotional scale and produced a feeling of light hearted gayety.

Coming to his thought tapes and telepathic mech, we also have the beginnings of something along that line. Besides the brain wave patterns which Doctor (3) mentions, let us consider the E.S.P. experiments which Rhine has been conducting at Duke University. This has been going on for several years now, and the weight of evidence is so heavy that it is no longer logically possible to deny that extra sensory percep-

tion does exist, and that it is possible to transmit thought from one mind to another. The means of transmittal have not been discovered, but it must necessarily be an energy wave of some variety. If the nature of this wave can be discovered, then it should be possible to record it, to electrically transmit it, and to synthetically produce it.

With regard to the transmission of power without wires; many years ago Nikola Tesla worked out formulae and design details of a means of transmitting power without wires. Tesla's output of theory was prodigious, and he seldom bothered to verify them by experiment. Unfortunately, he had an enormous superiority complex, which he did not bother to conceal, and his published disclosures were usually filled with studied insult to all other scientists. As a result, he was thoroughly hated by all other scientists, and his claims were always greeted with sneers. Whenever he would condescend to demonstrate his own claim, or could goad some other scientists into trying it in an effort to prove him wrong, his critics were usually forced to grudgingly admit that he was right. The A.C. motor is a case in point. Our present motors, which really form the backbone of our industrial system, are in every important respect, the same as the one which Tesla theorized and sketched up without experimentation.

In the case of his wireless power theory, he was building a transmitting plant on Long Island when World War I began. In the spy scare which followed, everyone with a foreign sounding name was suspect. Some bright boy in Washington got the sudden idea that Tesla's towers might be used to send spy messages to Germany, and ordered them to be destroyed. After the war Tesla declared that he had neither the time nor the money to rebuild, and was no longer interested in giving his invention to a people who were so incredibly dumb as to destroy it. The distaste for Tesla the man still obscures the brilliance of Tesla the scientists, and the experiment has never been made. There is some reason to believe that all the details were not revealed, and some further research work might be necessary. It is possible that the theory would not hold up if tried but, until we have tried it we cannot say that it is impossible to transmit power without wires. Just as an accused man is legally considered innocent until proven guilty, so the claim of a scientists of proven ability must be considered correct until proven incorrect.

To recapitulate; our science has not as yet advanced to the point where it can duplicate the mech

described by Shaver, but there is nothing seriously improbable about them, and it is entirely possible that they exist.

(M) We have one other point before we close. Doctor (1) will you comment on the plausibility of Mr. Shaver's dero?

(1) Insanity of the particular form described by Mr. Shaver is quite well known but such persons are usually put under restraint before they reach the acute stage of the deros. The condition could be caused by a brain injury, and such an injury could conceivably be caused by certain radiations. It is quite probable that environment would play an even greater part in creating such a group than heredity. According to the stories the ancestors of the deros seem to have been the lowest of the Elders, somewhat sub-normal, in the beginning. Close inbreeding, which would seem to naturally follow the conditions which are described, which intensify the defects, and tend to produce a moronic group. Children, growing up in an environment of evil, depravity, and sadism, would know no better emotions, and would probably never develop their nobler instincts.

To sum up; Such groups could logically exist, if the other condition were as Mr. Shaver describes them, and the dero is, therefore, plausible. It should be remembered, however, that there is a difference between plausibility and probability. All we can say is that Mr. Shaver, in describing his deros, has not introduced any impossible factor.

BACK ISSUES GETTING SCARCE!

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

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OTHER ISSUES AVAILABLE THRU No. 22

IF REINCARNATION EXISTS,

Here are another reader's thoughts on reincarnation. In a way, this is an answer to John Saul's article in our June issue, but in another way, it does not actually either challenge or confirm. Also, it presents a completely new aspect of what may mistakenly be confused with the theory of reincarnation.

IN order to discuss Reincarnation we should first consider the continuity and relativity of energy and matter. We have frequencies which are distinctly individual in themselves, yet are relative. Six conversations can be held over the small steel telephone wire at the same time, yet these conversations do not interfere with each other. We see a tree blown by the wind and immediately judge the direction of force, and unconsciously judge the *unseen* as a power and a reality. The wind is REAL to us!

With a little more science, the six conversations and the *relative* frequencies are understandable and *REAL* to us. We do not look at the little steel wire and say with smug assumption, "No one can talk over that innate thing, let alone six conversations function thru it, held by twelve individuals, at the *same* time."

Sin seems to be a word used to continually befuddle people. Why not reduce it down to just cause and consequence? The original Aramaic meaning is "to miss the mark", or "to fall short", but why not sensibly say sin is the result of wrongly directed energy? Such as, hitting your thumb with a hammer; the hurt is *REAL*, the mistake is apparent, the resolve not to make the mistake again is strong. What is advance in any field except the true recognition of sin? Is not advance based upon dissatisfaction with trouble and ignorance? The "mark missing" expressions we wish stopped? The horse and buggy "falls short" of the automobile, so it is sinful in comparison to the automobile. Make a mistake, "commit a sin", and learn by the mistake. This *IS* our action, this *IS* the way we improve.

If we go on a journey we gather materials so the journey will be pleasant and not unnecessarily disagreeable. If we journey into a discussion let us take along scientific material so the discussion can be something besides a mass of misleading and inconsequential verbiage. We are going to discuss the

IT IS A FAILURE!
By W. W. Trubshaw, D.D.

other half of something. Death. Death is the other half of physical life. Reincarnation is a certain act or phase, a place of change, a function that energy performs on the negative side of the cycle.

By relativity we can get a scientific idea of what happens to energy and substance on the night side of life. Take the small cycle of 24 hours. What happens in the darkness? Vegetation during the night stores up energy for its positive expression during the day. Man and animal sleep so as to renew themselves with force to be expended when awake. This action is chemical and biological. Take the yearly cycle, what happens in winter? Most of the vegetation dies down, the earth is recharged with energy thru rain, snow and cold. Man is less active in winter, he lives off the extra work and production of summer.

The day is similar to the year, yet it is different. The year is similar to the day, for it is made of days, yet as the days vary according to season so does the year constitute in itself this variation. There are 7, 14, 21, 28, and so on cycles, making a 7 year period something like a day. Mankind grows up according to 7 year spans. So we have this pattern of action, positive and negative, day and night, summer and winter, life and death, circles within circles, scientific and obvious to any thinker.

What is negative action? Negative action is the reception of energy, the storing of force. Man, by living in the physical body, wears that body out or depletes it of energy. Christ said of the dead person, "He sleeps"; what could be more true than death being the "sleep" side of the larger cycle?

What does the word, *incarnation* mean? "Being clothed with flesh." "A going into of a flesh condition." If a person goes out of a flesh condition because he loses his energy, then he comes into a flesh condition because he has regained, thru the night side action of negative receptivity, the formerly expressed positive energy.

Now it has been said by persons having a partial understanding of psychiatry, that influences impressed upon the embryo, shape indelibly the personality. This contention is fallacious for it leaves out that most vital factor "basic personality

drive", which to a large extent governs how much effect an influence will have upon a person. One may quit and give up because of an adverse condition, another with the same embryonic impression, shrug it off as inconsequential. The tremendous difference found in twins should make quite obvious the vitalness and "reality" of "basic personality drive." So a record, or a specific individuality is there, and influences or impressions could be magnetically drawn by the nature of that "field of force", leading to the assumption that consequences were "causes".

To blame a parent or parents, is unintegrated, unsound, evasive and untrue. Let us have the courage of being honest and fair. It is taking an intelligent concern in ourselves that leads to integration, the influence of a parental act is only relative, perhaps necessary to know but not actually "cause basic." We have shaped ourselves as we are thru living many life time days and many dead time nights, let us "to ourselves be true" and concur in this as scientific fact.

Regarding people advancing, learning and developing thru the process of many reincarnations. This is something more or less to sell people of impractical and unscientific mentalities. The fact is the record shows we have declined both physically and mentally. Dr. G. R. Clements, of Sebring, Florida, revealed many years ago that man once had a far better body physically; that glands and centers now dormant were once active and expressive of powers we now lack. He proved biologically this body to be a deteriorization from a superior form.

As man can squander a fortune and become desolute, so can man over the many centuries develop activities in worthless pursuits, neglecting the scientific knowledge so important, and become comparatively ignorant. How was the Great Pyramid built? Our engineers of today are inferior due to lost knowledge, they do not know how the Pyramid was built.

About the first thing any searcher will find is that the ancients knew far more than we know today. The knowledge and promise in the Bible is as yet far beyond our comprehension, for in all probability, writers then had powers and expressions we now know nothing about. In fact we are prone to be most skeptical when a real scientist mentions the lost arts, the lost powers of man. In our infantile cupidity, we would far rather hear praise than truth.

If an unusually smart man had come to us long before we had electricity and told us it was a law

of force (spirit), that it was comparatively a God to our known laws of energy, told us what it would do and how we could see by it, hear long distances by it, run vehicles by the use of it, etc. Now supposing we prayed and built mammoth buildings in honor of electricity,

BUT WE NEVER DISCOVERED THE LAW, so none of the promised expressions came true. The fact the promises did not come to pass would be most scientifically apparent. By praying instead of experimenting should be seen as impractical. Building places to pray instead of inventive centers in which to work still more impractical.

We have been told there is a greater LAW of life than we express. We have been told what this law will do, how it will make us free, all knowing and nondying. But, one thing is quite apparent, we have not discovered this law, and pointing to a negative expression of the law we do have, "reincarnation", is a *leading away* from the knowledge of the undiscovered.

The searcher knows there are other frequencies that express life different from that of our own. The works of Charles Fort bring out many forms, "clothing in the flesh", from giants to people so small the tools they use can only be seen by us with a magnifying glass. Why is the contemplation of a higher frequency or say even a higher octave of life expression so unscientific? Why the possibility of the so-called Christ Law so bizarre? Could it be our fault-finding, superstitious approach that has kept our certain form of witchcraft in vogue? Could it be we lack the scientific eye when regarding human possibilities?

Man has made a God after his own image. He has given this God human attributes. But the indications are that the Law of God is more like the law of electricity, it acts a certain way, knows nothing except that way, and is an addition to man. This all-knowing man made God of belief, with all His powers would certainly not forget anything, but the biblical God is a forgetter with a very poor memory. "I will forget your sins and remember your iniquities no more." This seems on a par with our forgetting how to harness and drive a horse. It also indicates a law working within certain confines, just like electricity works. A law not of a human nature but of a superhuman nature, that shuts out, annuls or makes useless, many human expressions. Like the horse and buggy, past lower energy expressions cease to be.

Reincarnation and incarnation always seem to be considered in a spiritual sense, but with a little thought there is seen to be no connection, for such actions are of the law of man that dies. The ancient script says, "I will put an end to this continual life and death." This is comparative to the automobile saying, "I will put an end to harnessing and unharnessing the horse."

Philosophical verbiage gets people up into clouds of suppositional unrealities. This training in mental states of calm and inertia have been anything but scientific. Centuries of teachings to make us content with the status quo has retained the status quo. "What you recognize you become." If you think you have God, then the law you have is God to you. If you are certain you have not the "Law of Eternal Life", then God — in the scientific sense that God is Spirit and Law — you have yet to obtain!

Regarding this *undiscovered law*, it was said, "I *WILL* be in you." With your feet on the good earth and a scientific light in your eye, it should be obvious when this law *IS* in you, your expression of life will have greatly changed, and death action, in your biological realm, will no longer exist. How far do *WE* have to go? Peers to be, a mighty pert distance. Just as well be honest — "To yourself be true" — and clearly realize that man spiritually has not moved an inch in 100,000 years, except backward.

THE END

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SAUCER OVER 'FRISCO

By Robert C. Gardner

The photo on our cover is called the "Twin Peaks Photo" and was taken October 10, 1956, 12:30 P.M., from the south side of Twin Peaks, San Francisco, facing east toward Oakland.

In 1950 I began to give lectures on UFO phenomena. In order to gather material, I ran ads asking anyone interested to contact me. It was thus I met the man who took the Twin Peaks Photo. He was an expert photographer, and we agreed that if I ever had a good sighting with time enough to notify him, he would keep his cameras ready to go on an instant's notice. Meanwhile he began excursions on his own, always looking hopefully skyward with camera in hand. At last he was rewarded. Atop Twin Peaks, which tower 1900 feet over the surrounding area, he observed two specks to the northeast. As they approached, he saw they were disk-shaped. They separated, one veering off toward Oakland (it can be been by carefully studying the skyline in the photo), while the other obligingly came much closer and came to a momentary standstill directly over the city. Excitedly he focused his camera and took his now famous picture. Before he could take a second picture, the saucer rose at a sharp angle and was soon completely out of sight. Unfortunately, he insists upon remaining anonymous, so I cannot give his name. (Editor's note: Apparently the "secret" is out, because we read in the Spring, 1957 issue of "Saucerers", put out by Max B. Miller, that the name of the photographer is Joe Kerska, however no address is given.)

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DONE YOUR GOOD TURN TODAY?

Occasionally SEARCH Magazine runs across something truly worthwhile, and when it does, it pitches in and helps. Recently it came to our attention that the Lions Clubs of Wisconsin have begun what is being said is the biggest and finest project they've ever attempted — and we quite agree. Let us tell you about it:

They've gone and purchased an entire lake near Rosholt, Wisconsin, in the heart of America's finest vacation land, and are devoting it entirely to planned vacations for blind and visually handicapped children; children who otherwise might never in their lifetime experience the camping joys of those who can see.

Here these children will get everything possible to give them, entirely free, every summer, all summer long; swimming, boating, hiking, campfire gatherings, singing, games, handcraft, nature study, music, stories, social activities. You'd have to be blind to realize the wonderful thrill it is to these children.

Well, Ray Palmer lives only a few miles from this new camp, which is called "Wisconsin Lions Lake", and he knows for sure this is one of those worthwhile things that really means human brotherhood. And he has a humble suggestion to make to his SEARCH readers:

Why not address an envelope to: Wisconsin Lions Foundation, Inc., c/o Amherst Lions Club, Amherst, Wisconsin, and enclose anything from a 3-cent stamp to a dime, or a dollar, or your check or money order for anything you can spare?

Your editor has seen what this means to those kids! And he'd feel like a heel if he didn't tell you about it!

And if you feel it's necessary Wisconsin Lions knows of my interest and this little story I'm telling you, and has given it their complete sanction and blessing. Wisconsin Lions Foundation, Inc., is a charitable, non-profit organization; and if you know anything about the Lions, you know what wonderful work they do. They don't only SEARCH for happiness, they dish it out in truckloads! For those of you who might feel you have a little karma to satisfy, here's a really good chance to do it! Take it from Ray Palmer!

Come, Let Us Reason...

Letters from our Readers

Dear Mr. Palmer:

In his article, "An Archaeologist Speaks Out," in the May 1957 edition of SEARCH, Professor J.A. Steichert expressed the opinion that the *God* mentioned in Genesis chapter One is not the God *Jehovah* of Genesis chapter Two. The professor presents an ingenious argument bringing in many different points to bolster his contention. The context of the Scriptures themselves, however, does not uphold his argument, ingenious as it may be!

In the first place, the terms *God* and *Jehovah* do not indicate that these are separate entities, but are, in Scripture, indicative of oneness. *God* (Elohim, Heb.) is applicable to Jehovah because it has as one of its meanings the term "Supreme God," according to *Strong's Analytical Concordance to the Bible. God* is not a name; *God* is a title describing superiority. On the other hand, *Jehovah* is a name identifying the particular One being spoken about.

That the foregoing is true, and that *God* is also *Jehovah* in the first chapter of Genesis, note how Jehovah is mentioned as the Creator of Genesis 1:1-31: "So Jehovah said: 'I am going to wipe men whom I have created off the surface of the ground, from man to domestic animal, to creeping animal and to flying creature of the heavens, because I do regret that I have made them." (Quoted from Genesis 6:7, in the New World Translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, Volume I, 1953 edition.) Also, Exodus 20:11, in the same Bible translation, says "For in six days Jehovah made the heavens and the earth, the sea and everything that is in them and he proceeded to rest on the seventh day."

The main point in Exodus 20:11 is that Jehovah is called the Creator of Genesis chapter One, and it is also stated that He is the One who "proceeded to rest on the seventh day." This eliminates the theory that Jehovah is *not* the one called God at Genesis 1:1!

At Genesis 6:14-22, NW, we read that Noah received instructions on how to construct the ark from one called *God*. Genesis 7:1, NW, identifies this Instructor of Noah as Jehovah, saying: "After that Jehovah said to Noah: 'Go, you and all your household, into the ark, because you are the one I have seen to be righteous before me among this generation."

Take Psalm 83. Verses one to fifteen use the title, *God*, four times, but the sixteenth to eighteenth verses call God by His name, *Jehovah*.

Jesus was of like mind. Inspired, he taught that the God of Genesis 1:27 and the God of Genesis 2:24 were really the same Person. As proof, note how Jesus quoted these two, specific verses in conjunction with one another. Jesus said: "Did you not read that he who created them at the beginning made them male and female and said: 'For this reason a man will leave his father and his mother and will stick to his wife, and the two will be one flesh'?" Notice how the One quoted in Genesis 1:27 is called the same as the Person in Genesis 2:24? Jesus plainly said the Creator spoken of at Genesis 1:27 uttered the words of Genesis 2:24 also. This is proof positive that Professor Steichert is mistaken in saying there are "two creators" according to Genesis. (Read Matthew 19:4, 5, quoted from the New World Translation of the Christian Greek Scriptures, 1950 edition.)

Also, the account of Adam and Eve's creation in Genesis 1:27 is the same as the one in the second chapter. In the first place, Genesis 1:27 does not pretend to give any sequence on man's creation and it definitely does *not* say that the first pair were a "simultaneous creation" in any sense of the word. Genesis 1:27 merely reports that there was a creation. Elsewhere in the Bible, however, we do find the sequence and that the first human pair of Genesis 1:27 were not simultaneously created. 1 Timothy 2:13, NW, gives us the truth: "Adam was created first, then Eve." Thus we have it that the creation mentioned at Genesis 2:18, 21-23 NW, attributed to Jehovah *is*, in contradiction to the professor, a *recapitulation* of Genesis 1:27! Jesus brought this out, teaching that the two chapters of Genesis are accounts about the same God, Jehovah.

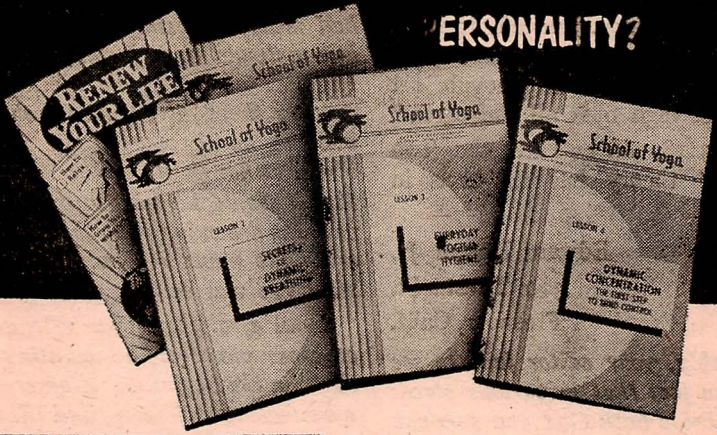
There is no need of dealing with other points in Professor Steichert's article because when we find out that *God* and *Jehovah* are the same God, the rest of his contention is foundationless.

Jehovah acknowledges no other god or creator. Thus, if the professor, as he claims to do, believes the word of Jehovah, he must accept this fact. If there are two creators what are we to do with this Scripture? "I am Jehovah, and there is none else; besides me there is no God." (Isa. 45:5,ASV)

The inspired apostle's teaching concurs with that of Isaiah: Paul wrote that "there is no God but one. . . . there is actually to us one God the Father."(1 Cor. 8:4, 6, NW)

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So all of the prophets, Jesus and his apostles, and God himself, testify that Jehovah and God are one in the same. Indeed, it is so "That men may know that thou, whose name alone is Jehovah, art the most high over all the earth." (Ps. 83:18, AV) Thus the 'two creators' theory has no basis in fact.

Edward Hamm, Jr.
320 Thesta St.
Fresno 1, Calif.

Frankly, your editor fails to see how the fact that in various places in the Bible both God and Jehovah are referred to as having created the Earth proves that they are one and the same — it merely continues the difference of nomenclature begun in the first and second chapters of Genesis. Nowhere, insofar as I can discover, does any specific reference identify the two as one, and that the differences in designations are only a matter of choice in terminology, but that in actuality only one personage is involved. As to there being only ONE creator, the following quote should take care of that argument: (*Genesis* 1-26) *"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness . . ." Why not take God's word for it, that there were more than one capable of creating, and that others actually did create, in conjunction with God?*

To get on with your letter, it has always been a question to us as to why God regretted that he had made domestic animals, creeping animals and flying creatures (as well as man), and decided to destroy them all because man was evil. It hardly seems fair to the birds, although it can be admitted that it would be hard to drown one without drowning the other, considering the manner in which the destruction was caused.

I am afraid that you also quote at cross purposes, by pointing out that "in the beginning" God created man male and female, and then later on insisting that it wasn't "in the beginning" at all, but at different times. It is necessary to give to the word "beginning" a rather long duration (arbitrarily) in order to bolster the opinion that man was created before woman, and not simultaneously. Once we begin to attach such "clauses" to the biblical statements, we are destroying all possibility of settling any argument whatever on the literal basis — which makes the whole Bible a matter of quite diversified interpretation.

Actually, Professor Steichert does not say that there ARE two creators; what he says is that the 2nd chapter of Genesis is NOT a recapitulation, because even in a recapitulation, the details must be identical, and not contradictory.



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They are contradictory. Nor can it be considered as a fact that Lamech descended from the line of Cain AND from the line of Seth. We would have to conclude there were TWO Lamechs — and reasonably so, because the Bible states that the Lamech of the line of Seth was the father of Noah, but as to the Lamech of the line of Cain, the geneology halts with Lamech and the bare statement that Lamech had killed someone, and that his lot would be even worse than Cain's. No such terrible thing happened to the Lamech of the line of Seth.

Is it possible that Cain, disowned by God, is responsible for the other account of the creation, which he fostered in order to gain for himself and his descendents the respectability that he had lost? Is the Lord God (in distinction to God) his invention? Moses, in collecting the original records, and writing Genesis, could have found it impossible to distinguish between the false and the true, and assumed, as you do, that the second chapter of his book is a recapitulation of the first? Without the 100% *similarity necessary to a recapitulation, any such assumption must remain just an assumption.*

Your editor, for one, however, believes whole-heartedly that there is but one Creator, Genesis 1-26 *notwithstanding . . . . . —Rap*

Dear Professor Steichert:

I read with great interest your answer to Louise Moore's article. You are correct in stating that "Somewhere in Genesis is more than meets the eye", however, not more than Jehovah's Witnesses have witnessed. I will now humbly try to clear up some of the mystery.

It is necessary, first, to become acquainted with the style of writing used by the compiler of Genesis, Moses. Using the "American Standard Version", Genesis 2:4 states, "These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that Jehovah God made earth and heaven." It is evident that unintelligent heavens and earth do not generate or beget offspring, and it indicates that it is incorrect to translate as "generations" the original Hebrew word "toledoth." Therefore, Darby's translation renders the word "histories", Moffatt's translation uses "story", and the most reliable "The New World Translation" uses the word "history". This, then, is a conclusion to the historical account preceding it. Similar expressions are found at Genesis 5:1, 6:9, 10:1, 11:10, 11:27, etc., and in every case they serve as a conclusion, not an introduction as is so widely believed.

This proves that Jehovah is the same God as the one who created man in his own image.



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It also proves that the first account of man's creation is a broad sweeping one, whereas the second is a more detailed account. Many contemporary writers employ this style of writing, I feel sure you will agree.

The word Jehovah means, "He causes to be" (that is, with a purpose). The fact that Cain's sacrifice of fruits did not find favor in the eyes of Jehovah indicates that his sacrifice was not a proper one. He should have sacrificed a flesh and blood animal to indicate his faith in a future redeemer for dying mankind as prophesied at Genesis 3:15. In reality Cain was not calling on the name of Jehovah, but of His arch-enemy now known as Satan the Devil. Since the righteous Abel was now dead, responsibility of faithfulness to Jehovah remained for the offspring of Seth. This they accomplished, so it could then be said that "Then began men to call upon the name of Jehovah". It shouldn't be hard for you to understand now that Adam did not wait until he was one hundred and thirty plus before fathering Seth.

Genesis 2:19 says "And out of the ground Jehovah God formed every beast of the field, and every bird of the heavens, and brought them to man to see what he would call them, etc." This does not prove that man was created before the animals, contradicting the first chapter. In point of time Genesis 2:19 was still the sixth day. The verb "form" here is in the progressive imperfect.

Common is the belief among higher critics and religious clergy that the creative days of Genesis chapter one are literal twenty-four hour days. Nothing could be further from the truth. Genesis 1:1 speaks of the creation of the entire universe, including our earth before it became inhabitable. By saying "In the beginning," the Bible allows for any estimate which science chooses to make for the age of the earth (now about four billion years). Then as he began grooming the formless earth for life, He worked in periods of time called days. That these days were not twenty-four hours in length can be determined by the fact that for the first three days the sun's rays did not reach earth's surface. It was not until day four that the sun pierced through the watery canopy to create the twenty-four hour day.

Actually, these days were periods of time 7,000 years in length as determined by the length of God's seventh day or rest day which the Bible shows to be still running in our time, almost 6,000 years from Adam's disobedience. At the end of Christ's millenial reign the earth and man will have been made perfect, Jehovah God's purposes brought to fulfillment, the rest day

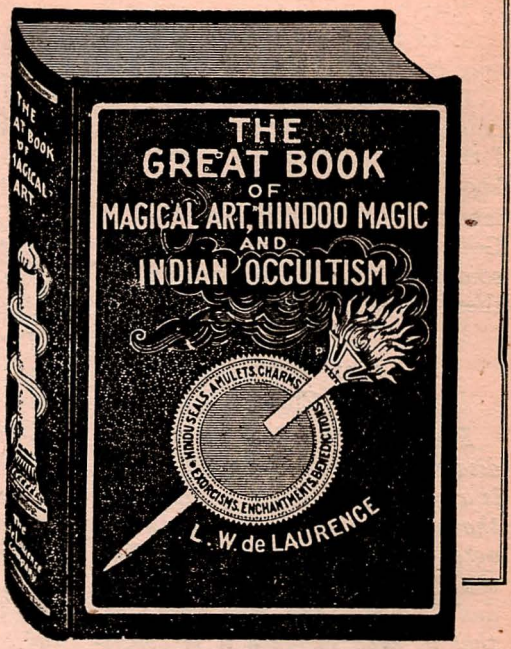
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complete. Also complete will be God's creative week of 49,000 years. In that new world no opposers will exist to flaunt the Creator's word, only complete harmony will exist.

There are a great many other points in your article upon which I could have dwelt but I sincerely hope this information will serve to increase your faith in the Word of God which is the only reliable source of information for people in these perplexing times.

Dave Kelly
2141 North Karlov Ave
Chicago 39, Illinois

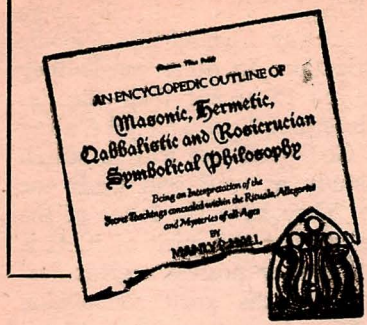
First, I don't believe there is any disagreement that the word history is a better translation of "toledoth" than "generations". But I do not agree that this proves that where the Bible refers to God, and Lord, and Jehovah, and even Lord-God, that in each instance it is consistently referring to ONE PERSON. It is like saying that when the Romans referred to Zeus, they also referred to this same person. To me, it seems possible that they did, but when they referred to Mars, for instance, another god was being mentioned. But to allow you your point, we CAN go to generations, strictly as such, and show that there are two separate geneologies that lead up to the same man, namely Lamech. If you wish to maintain that the Bible is 100% accurate, literally, this dual geneology cannot be explained.

However, when you say "It shouldn't be hard for you to understand now that Adam did not wait until he was one hundred and thirty plus before fathering Seth", I believe you are directly misinterpreting the bible for your own ends; for it states positively: (Genesis 5-3)"And Adam lived an hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image; and called his name Seth."

I contend that you are hoist by your own petard--and that you have no further basis for argument on the grounds that your own rules are not something that you live by. If you can read that verse of Genesis and insist that now I must understand that it is completely false, I submit that your proofs of the identity of Jehovah can be twisted any way you please--but they will prove nothing, except that in various places in the Bible various names are given to the Creator, but ALSO, various gods are mentioned. I could quote you a hundred instances where the Bible refers to more than one god, but it would be worthless to you as evidence, because you choose to take the Bible literally in one place, but not in another. I insist that you must be consistent. And you are not. -- Prof. J. A. Steichert.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

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This letter is addressed to "A Jehovah's Witness Speaks Out". Louise Moore, the author of this piece certainly takes upon herself a great deal of unwarranted authority and it surely reveals that she does not possess an open or teachable mind. She should reread her Bible and she will find that the Bible does teach that Hell is a very real place and one of torment for those who go there. 2 Chronicles 28:3; 33:6; Jeremiah 7:31, 32; 32:35. These were living human beings burned alive in the valley of Hinnom, as human sacrifices to show or demonstrate what happens in Hell. The Witnesses in their own translation of Rev. 19:20 "While still alive, they both were hurled into the fiery lake that burns with sulphur". The ones who were cast into this lake of fire are still there after the duration of a thousand years-Rev. 20:10. It is wise to remember that *no one is allowed to add to or take away from,* the Book of Revelation without being subject to the curse placed upon anyone who does this for he or she loses their chance for Life.

Also she takes a crack at reincarnation and the flying saucers without proper investigation. I have studied with the Witnesses and know whereof I speak, and I have found many wonderful revelations and I have written and told The Watchtower Society about them and they told me to get myself into The Kingdom Hall and study there and get away from all this demonic investigation. In other words they want you to accept their theories and interpretations and take away your God-given free will to search and study as your soul leads one to do. They have the letter of the Bible but not the spirit of it. It is true that they possess a great deal of zeal for the great commission but they do not accept spiritual things or Revelations as they should. Several years ago I had a vison of Christ right in my own room and when I told a Witness about it, they told me it was Satanic in origin, when my own soul told me it was The Christ. Just where do they get this authority to judge and control the minds of people? Is this itself not of satanic origin in view of the gift of free will?

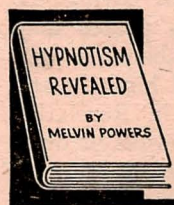
As for reincarnation I own a copy of The Second Book of Acts which was removed from The Bible and it sets forth the Blessed Mary's teaching about Reincarnation and I have checked it out with The Bible and it is true in every respect. Jesus Christ in the Book of Revelation says, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, *and he shall go no more out*: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out

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of Heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name". Revelation 3:12. If this isn't definite proof of reincarnation what is it? Also the angel that flies in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people in Revelation 14:6 is simply the gospel of overcoming which means sex and all the lusts and worldly desires that beset the human being.

Jesus Christ said "I am The Way, The Truth, and The Life". By practicing asceticism, keeping the reproductive seed in the body, never allowing it to escape, one tastes of the Tree of Life, opening the soul powers and regenerating the body to the extent that it can be raised to immortality. This is found at I John 3:9 in your own Bible. Also in the trial of Jesus he said: Salvation is by asceticism. The Book of Revelation is proof that 144,000 virgins are the ones who are redeemed from the earth, they have not been defiled by women. In chapter 2:14-16 in The Acts of Paul and Thecla from the Lost Books of The Bible (Who is to say these books are not inspired when they tie in with the regular Bible?) we find the apostles were persecuted for teaching young men and women to remain virgins. "There can be no future resurrection, unless ye continue in chastity, and do not defile your flesh". Now Jesus saw that Satan would mislead the people into wholesale generation so in the Book of Revelation He provided that a great multitude should be spared also and these are "washed in the blood of the Lamb". The Dead Sea Scrolls are further proof that the Essenes or the sect of Jesus Christ practiced asceticism. They even adopted children from other tribes and sects and taught this to them. Louise Moore would change the Book of Revelation and have it read what The Witnesses say but she had better investigate and read what The Bible says and take no man's word for it but take the Word of God, and only His Word without a single change or preconceived idea to add to it.

Why does Louise Moore condemn all the saucers as lying spirits? Again she has not investigated or been guided by the Holy Spirit. Where there is good there is evil. Action is followed by reaction. So there are Heavenly saucers as well as satanic ones, and all one has to do is test them in the Light of The Creator, to know which kind is which, and since God is over Satan and is all powerful in the Universe, He can make Satan disappear and stay away from you if you but ask Him. Let's not blaspheme against The Holy Spirit-that is the unfor-

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givable sin mentioned in The Bible. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares". Heb. 13:2 This is proof that they look like us and we should have charity for all. From the Midrashim I found this: "And it shall come to pass that from one new moon to another, and from one sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship Me, saith the Lord. But how is it possible that all flesh shall come every new moon and Sabbath to Jerusalem? Rabbi Levi saith, "In the future Jerusalem will be as the whole world". But how will they come from the end of the world every new moon and Sabbath? "*The clouds will come and carry them to Jerusalem* where they will perform their morning prayer, and will carry them back to their several homes; and this is the meaning of the Prophet's saying, 'Who are these that fly as a cloud (in the morning), and as the dove to their windows (in the evening)?' Now I have seen many saucers and they do come with clouds and I think the Rabbi has explained this very well and I am very sure that anyone who has seen the saucers will agree with me.

Also The Talmud states that it was the Angel Sandalphon who visited Ezekiel (Ezek. 1:15), and no doubt He was accompanied by Cherubim and Seraphim, or the little ones, as they ran around like the lightinings. This book also tells that it is better that a man were dead if he inquires what makes the machine go that Ezekiel saw. Now if a saucer isn't a machine and visible to humans what is it? It certainly isn't an hallucination that's for sure. Isaiah 66: 15,16 speaks of the chariots of the Lord coming to take vengeance on the wicked so we know these machines do not all come to mete out love, as many would have us believe, but they carry out the commands of The Father.

In The Historical and Archeological Writings of The Sanhedrin and The Talmuds of The Jews by Rev. W. D. Mahan, Peter says that God provided the ransom sacrifice of Jesus Christ for our immortal souls. The Talmud says that Abraham taught the immortality of the soul. Jesus Christ came to show us how to achieve immortality of the human body as well as to raise the soul to the spiritual level. The Bible is the Book of Life and points the strait gate to all who will search for it for strait is the gate and narrow is the path and few there be who find it.

Mrs. John W. Lemon
26939 Greenfield Road
Berkeley, Mich.

We seem to have stirred up a hornet's nest with our little set of articles pro and con! And it seems likely to us that some of the

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You might as well, if you're going to let dandruff and scale and skin rash make you bald as an egg. You've bought plenty of preparations, and they don't work, you say? Of course they haven't! You've probably been cheated as many times as I have. I'll bet I've spent hundreds of dollars on jim-dandy goo, and wound up with worse dandruff than I started with. Made me plenty mad, too. I always get mad when I think of the lousy junk designed to chisel your honest dollars out of you. Mad enough so that when I find something good, I'm not bashful about telling my friends about it. And SEARCH readers are my friends. I had dandruff all my life, and despaired of getting rid of it, until one day Ken Arnold (the flying saucer man) left a half bottle of Turn-er's at my house, and flew off to Boise without it. I tried the stuff, because Ken's no sissy, and he doesn't put perfume on his hair. Well, in one week my dandruff was gone! And my hair had begun to darken. My wife tried it, and her rash disappeared. You can bet we wrote Ken in a hurry and asked where he got it! And now, we're telling you. But don't just take our word for it—here are a few testimonials from our readers, to back us up.

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

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

Enclosed please find check for $5.00 for another bottle of Turn-er's as soon as possible. I have been bedeviled by a terrible itching in my eyebrows for over thirty years. It seemed to be a large flaky dandruff, but if I combed it out too near the skin, a watery substance would start, causing a scab-like condition. I have been to dozens of doctors . . . none did the slightest bit of good. After reading what Ray Palmer said, I decided to try Turn-er's. After the sixth application, I have not had an itch in my brows, and the skin underneath is as clear and clean as my face. I certainly am thankful to Mr. Palmer for bringing such a fine product to my attention.—S. W. Crusen, 2336 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

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things said in this last letter will be challenged for their interpretations, however this is beside the present point, and we'll resist our own temptation to amplify the argument even further! . . . . . *—Rap.*

Dear Rap:

This concerns Search #20; in particular, the articles "A Jehovah's Witness Speaks Out," and "An Archaeologist Speaks Out." You can call this outburst of mine "A Bible Collector Speaks Out" if you wish:

First off, there's a mistake on the Professor's part which must be corrected: The *American Standard Version* Bible is not the one quoted by Mrs. Moore, nor is she mistaken in calling her version the *New World Translation,* as he could very easily have found out by comparing her quotations in any *American Standard* edition. Certainly, editions of the *American Standard Version* have been published by the Watchtower, but that version had been in print for 53 years before the *New World Translation of the Hebrew Scriptures,* not yet complete, began its appearance. And, naturally, his quotations do not correspond to the renderings of the *New World* version, which are modern English exclusively, and phrased more fully in an attempt to do justice to the Hebrew idioms.

The Professor makes no bones about his "higher critical" assumption that the first two chapters of Genesis contain accounts that are not merely two reports of the sixth day of creation, one summarized and the other detailed--he even thinks Jehovah (a name introduced in 1520 by Galatinus using the vowels of the Hebrew word for "lord" in place of the missing ones for Jahveh--phonetically, Yahweh with the accent on the last syllable) is a different God than God. He says Jehovah created animals after man because man was lonely. But if he had used the *New World Translation,* he would have seen that it says:

> Now Jehovah God was forming from the ground every wild beast of the field and every flying creature of the heavens, and he began bringing them to the man to see what he would call each one; and whatever the man would call it, each living soul, that was its name.
>
> with the footnote to "was forming": In point of time it was still the sixth creative day. The verb "form" here is in the progressive imperfect.

The professor doesn't seem to be aware that there is no definite past, present, and future tenses in Hebrew. As the "Foreword" to the *New World* version puts it:

> The Hebrew verb is very important but differs from our English verb. In English the verb has

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quite a number of tenses. . . The Hebrew verb has several conjugations but only two "states" or "themes". These are the imperfect and the perfect states. . .

Thomas Newberry's "Englishman's Bible" Introduction states:

The tenses are, the Short, and the Long; with a kind of Intermediate tense, shown by the absence of the verbal tense (*italics*). . .

(in the King James Version, to which he refers.)

Again the Professor ignores a writer's practice to hark back historically after following one line of history to a conclusion, when he insists that Seth was not born before Lamech became a murderer. Does he call this "arbitrary reconcilement of contradictions"? The Bible may contain seeming contradictions, but adequate accurate translation reduces their number, and common sense is hardly arbitrary. I get the impression people feel relieved to find any possible reason to doubt the Bible, no matter how insignificant; rather than look to see what the facts are. (No, I am not a Jehovah's Witness.)

Mrs. Moore makes some unwarranted conclusions also. Among them, I would question her assumption that "When the earth was full" mankind "would have ceased to bear children." Such a statement merely shows she is no science fiction fan.

Before leaving the subject of versions, let's get the record straight about George M. Lamsa's translation of the New Testament "from Aramaic" advertised in your pages. His translation is actually from Syriac. Of course, he insists (at the bottom of his first page of Introduction) that "the terms Aramaic and Syriac are interchangeable". However, Syriac is an Aramaic dialect used north of Palestine and should not be confused with Biblical Aramaic. Lamsa's translation is based on manuscripts in Syriac script, not Aramaic using the Hebrew square characters; and ought to have been so designated. See P. Marion Simms' 1936 "The Bible in America," page 283.

The field of English Bible Versions is much wider than commonly realized. There are over two hundred differing translations of the New Testament itself, and I know of around eight hundred people who have put forth some portion of the Scripture in English since Wyclif's time, not counting the works of committees.

Walter A. Coslet
Box Six
Helena, Montana

Thanks, Walter! At least YOU are dealing in facts, and you've clarified a great deal. It would be rather foolish to go whole hog for the "literal", when there are so

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many variations of wordings due to numerous individual translations. Certainly we should not be at each other's throats about "today" if the original Bible writers had no "tomorrow" or "yesterday"!

.....—Rap.

Dear Ray:

The supreme sage since Jesus of Nazareth was William Shakespeare. When we read of the dicta put out by any politician—especially if he is, or was in government employ, and regardless of when, or what the office, past, present or future, we must recall Shakespeare's:

"A politician--one who would circumvent God."

But still more to the point:

"But man, proud man
Drest in some brief authority
Most ignorant of what he's most assured
His glass essence, like an angry ape
Performs such fantastic tricks before high heaven
To make the angels weep."

Now, Ray, anybody that states that Dr. Hoxsey has not cured and cannot cure a large percentage of all types of cancer, is a consummate liar and the truth is not in him. And I care not if he be President or peasant. FitzGerald, whose report I mentioned in my short in SEARCH, made a most thorough investigation and reported to Senator Tobey's committee that there was definite, positive evidence that Hoxsey had cured all types of cancer. The a.m.a. and the f.d.a to the contrary notwithstanding. And a government bureaucrat buried the TRUTH that would be saving millions of lives—Senator Bricker of Ohio—in congressional pigeon-holes, or destroyed it.

The magazine, "MAN" sent a special investigator to check on many Hoxsey cures and he, too, absolutely proved that Hoxsey cured after all types of medical and surgical treatment failed.

THERE IS JUST NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, HARRY HOXSEY IS CURING CANCER. And Hoxsey will prove this to any decent, honest man that will investigate. The f.d.a., put out a bulletin, at the taxpayers' expense stating Hoxsey was a quack and a faker. Thus the heads of the f.d.a. fulfill Shakespeare's two aphorisms we have just quoted.

Let me tell SEARCH readers a few facts: The commerical house organ of the a.m.a recently ran a lead article by Dr. Ochsner, the cancer specialist, proving that cigarets were the prime, possibly the only cause of the catastrophic increase in lung cancer. AND IN THAT SAME ISSUE RAN TWO FULL PAGE ADS FOR CIGARETS. And the f.d.a. has said nothing, done nothing about this vilest of all human betrayals.

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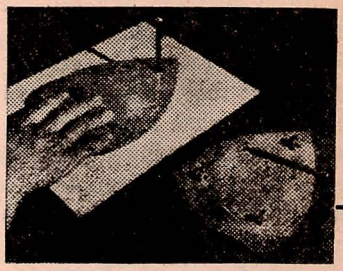
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Every man that reads the daily papers knows of the persecution launched by a.m.a and government drones against Dr. Ivy because he dared state that krebiozen was giving hopeful returns in cancer patients. But that persecution was as nothing to what happened to me. And I'm not crying on anybody's shoulder. A great invention came through me in 1922. The plans for my invention were stolen from my office during my business trip to Mexico. I applied for a patent and got it on artificial and natural ultra violet.

Ray, from that time on my life was a living hell. My home was burglarized several times and my medical records taken. My country home at Algonquin, Illinois, was burglarized and then set on fire. My phones were tapped and we were called up and threatened day and night. My laboratory, on the Main street in Algonquin was burglarized and set on fire with the infinite danger that many persons would have been burned to death because I had to carry large quantities of ether as a solvent. I was called away from home and my wife assaulted by agents for a damnable detective agency in Chicago. My laboratory on Wentworth in Chicago was set on fire and burglarized. I secretly moved to a Harper Street location but was tracked and the place burglarized.

Private eyes came to this little town and went from house to house blackening my reputation. And again we quote Shakespeare:-

"He who steal my purse steals trash
T'is something. . .nothing
T'was mine, ti's his, and has been slave to thousands
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
But makes me poor indeed."

And, Ray, the parties that did these things to me, are the very ones who are today attempting with every trick known to the art of Beelzebub, to prevent positive cancer cures from being known. I entreat every American citizen to write to DEFENDER Magazine, Wichita, Kansas, for data on the Hoxsey treatment WITH POSITIVE PROOF THAT HOXSEY CURES CANCER. And, if it would help to bring home the extreme hazards facing every living thing, I would get down on my old, rheumatic knees and beg everybody to write to Lee Foundation for bulletins showing the poison in everything we eat.

Above all, write your Congessmen to demand that the work of Senator Tobey's Committee to investigate the a.m.a. and the f.d.a. immediately resume the investigation of medical monopoly and the faithless

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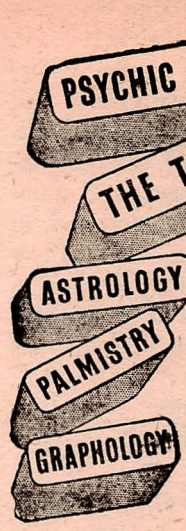
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Please, everybody, re-read my late article, "Medici Move Over." and act now, today before it is too late. Folks, did you know that government recently admitted that radioactive strontium has increased in Wisconsin and Illinois, 300% in two years? Friends, don't you care a cuss about your own lives? Is there not a little child, the flesh of your flesh, that means anything to you? Can you bear to meet your God with the sin of OMISSION on your souls?

Did you know that the yellow coloring on oranges is cancer producing? Did you know that f.d.a. admits this but has given a long term for the dye manufacturers to poison you and yours? Did you know that practically every so-called certified food color is suspect? Prayerfully, for God's sake, get in touch with Lee Foundation, Milwaukee. And DEFENDER magazine, Wichita, Kansas.

One final word: Medicine, when worthily and honestly practiced, is the noblest profession on earth--past, present and future. I've been intimately connected with the profession for over 60 years. I've seen these wonder (blunder?) drugs come, flourish, make billions for pharmaceutical houses, and die away when the new crop of 'blunder' drugs come in. Yes. Simmons (AMA head) was advertising a 'wonder' drug for cancer back in the 80's in Lincoln, Nebraska. And right today cancer is really threatening the whole human race. Get that data from Lee and from DEFENDER now. Let me explain that I have never met Dr. Hoxsey, or the editor or publisher of DEFENDER. And what I have written is the absolute truth. Best of all, I CAN PROVE EVERY WORD OF EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER WRITTEN.

Let me give you another example of medical mendacity and rascality. Governor Tom Dewey of New York appointed the Morland Committee to investigate the outrageous conduct of a broad cross section of Greater New York physicians. The Committee reports that thousands upon thousands of the doctors of Greater New York were demanding and getting splits from druggists, pharmacy houses, surgeons, specimen laboratories, optometrists and opticians, surgical instrument makers, medical book publishers and right down the line. There were innumerable cases of gougery, unneeded operation, et cetera.

The a.m.a--the business concern and medical monopoly had full punitive power to act. Did it? It is to laugh. And as we well-remember that f.d.a. permits 800 poisons



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in our food, drink and tobacco, what are we to do but place that bureaucratic agency right in bed with a.m.a., USDA, givers and receivers of deep freezers, mink coats, French perfumes, automoblies, et cetera.

Every American citizen ought to read One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs. That's all we are for crass commercialism. Get hold of the late Rep. Keefe's two speeches made in the House in 1949 and discover that you--every darn one of you—is a guinea pig. How long are we going to remain guinea pigs? When are all of us going to write a red hot letter to our representatives in Congress? Rep. Delaney, Chairman Committee on Poisons in everything we use, can be addressed at House Office Building. And while you are writing demand that the investigation of a.m.a. and f.d.a. be immediately resumed. Let's put our Congressional drones to work and see that they take a little time off from free European trips for selves and families, and earn what they get--although it still is far too much.

W D. Chesney, M. D.
Milton Jct. Wisc.

Dear Ray:

I have been reading your publication for some time and find it to be the most interesting and informative on the market today. It certainly is a help to me, even though I do not agree with everything within its pages; but who does? However I always read everything with an open mind and then study trying to gain more knowledge on the subject; for a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, according to the Scriptures.

I am a former minister of the Gospel, an active one that is. During my ministry I studied hypnosis and put on stage performances, used it in spiritual therapy, and then took up a study of the writings of the Ancients concerning psychic phenomena. Two years ago I took a trip into the interior of the Amazon of Brazil and Bolivia, S. A. It was there I studied the methods of the Tribal heads and discovered their many uses of hypnosis.

I am convinced that hypnosis deals with the inner man to the extent that I believe when a man is in the deepest trance stage he comes in contact with the spiritual world.

Realizing you do not have time for a complete explanation I will come to the point. I have said all this to point out that I am beginning to work with several subjects from the ages of 11 to 15 years of age to see if it is possible that reincarnation has a leg to stand on.

Personally, I disagree with the theory, but I am willing to give it

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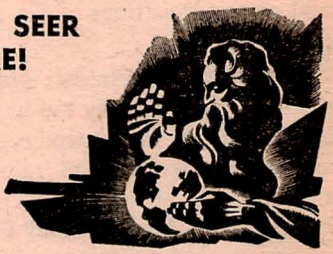
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and Bridey Murphy a chance. The experiment here will be conducted under strict regulations. In other words there will be no hint given to the subject that he or she is in another world and witnesses will be present, besides the recordings made without alteration.

Now one more thing I have discovered to be a fact is that we have in hypnosis one of the greatest and perhaps the most powerful weapons to combat sickness in existence (I am not saying it will take the place of medicine) and as yet we do not know how far we can go with it. But I have seen some of the most marvelous feats of healing, if you please, both here and among the tribes of So. American Indians.

When the experiments are completed, I shall be only too happy to let you know the outcome, for or against the doctrine of reincarnation.

Institute of Hypnotic and Psychic Research
R. Charles Kasper, DDL
Rt 1,
Stillwater, Okla.

Dear Ray:

Haven't bothered you for some time but after reading your note, following the article, "My Daughter's Reincarnation", by Mrs. Allison S. Fisk, I had a thought which I would like to pass on to you, for, I hope, serious consideration.

I would like to refer to your statements that: Doris has access to the nurse's memories; Doris could be obsessed by the nurse's spirit; or, that mental telepathy is possible between the living and the dead. Why should the stories of past life recalls, so called, deal with only *one* personality's memory? If a person has the ability to tap another's memory or to mentally contact the spirits of the departed, why wouldn't they contact several who lived during the same period? (Not speaking of mediums, of course.)

Of course that doesn't "prove" anything, but I believe it strengthens the argument for reincarnation a bit.

Elwood R. Sawyer, D. C.
104 Penobscot Avenue
Millinocket, Maine

Dear Rap:

You speak as though obsession/possession could be one answer as opposed to re-incarnation, and it has been my observation that you favor the obsession/possession theory. In accepting any belief, the searching logical mind would accept the one which fitted the most, or greatest number of observable facts.

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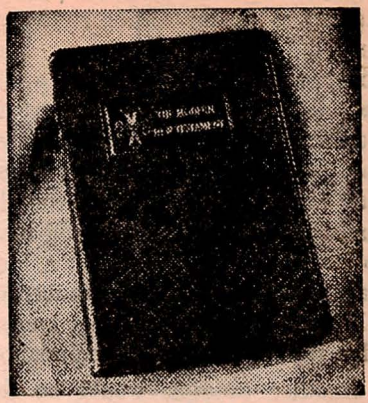
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prodigy, or genius, would be explained by re-incarnation as the inherited memories of many lives occupied in music. If we apply the obsession/possession theory we would be forced to conclude that the young genius inherited it from only one other life--that of the obsessing personality. You would have to stretch your imagination a long way to believe that a Beethoven or a Mozart obtained his great knowledge from just one life experience.

Another example would be the athletes in each generation who succeed in breaking all previous records. Just one obsessing personality? Or would you stretch your mind further and say there were several obsessing personalities to account for it? Which theory fits these facts the easiest? Or would you choose to get around the issue by saying that we become possessed of great knowledge and power after death?

I refute your statement that you have no memories of any other life, because you once said you remembered a life in Germany, but did not put it down to re-incarnation. Am I right? I would hate to have to read all my collected issues of Fate, Mystic and Search, but somewhere you said that or something very similar.

And how do you explain the photographic mind, and the mind with an electronic computer for a brain? A possessing spirit which somehow acquired these marvelous gifts?

And to cap it all off I will say to you what you so many times say to your letter writers--Is it not possible that both theories are true? Re-incarnationists believe in several planes of existence (7, I think) so it is quite possible that members of these planes can also obsess or possess a body. We do have dual personalities amongst us, don't we? No, we do not have to postulate a spirit brain. When you monkey with the physical to dis-prove the spiritual, it is like saying "the hydrogen makes the water, not the oxygen". Nobody has proved that the Soul resides in the brain. Indeed, there is plenty of evidence that there is intelligence in every cell in our body. Just what is the exact nature of the life force? A possessing spirit? Do we each have to have a possessing spirit in order to live? And if we don't, then what do we have to have? Is it not easier to believe in just one life force permeating each body through successive lives? At least it would do away with the necessity of countless brain cells to store the accumulated memories, as you argue, since the life force would have the capacity in the first place, and under re-incarnation, when full of memories

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would no longer need more lives on this earth.

You say-"don't just tell me, reason with me". I am doing just that. But in order to reason with you, it is necessary for you to reason too. When you talk about tickling the brain and stimulating memories, you are not reasoning--you are escaping. Is the hypnotist tickling the brain of the hypnotised subject when the subject performs feats never before done in his conscious life? Or is the hypnotist causing the obsessing spirit to get to work and show us some tricks? Or could it be that one life force is being brought into play which has been in existence for an eternity? Which seems the most rational? I'm asking. I reasoned with you--let me see you reason back.

Arthur Warner
704 Phillips
Clawson, Michigan

You are correct in saying I favor the obsession/possession theory, but I do not accept it. I merely use it as an example to point out that when people tell me such and such proves reincarnation, that such and such can ALSO be explained by obsession/possession, and is not, therefore proof of anything. Nor is the such and such, proof of obsession/possession, if I may anticipate your comment!

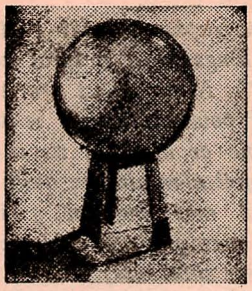
In my opinion, listed item for item, however, obsession/possession DOES fit the greatest number of observable facts.

I have yet to see the 3 or 4 year old prodigy who was superior to a person who had lived a long life, learned much, and become very expert at something. It is merely that a youngster, not having had the opportunity to learn, seems so much more unique than the older, experienced person, by comparison. For instance, Toscanini certainly was more talented than any musical prodigy I have ever heard of. Thus, I say you are assuming when you say that one obsessing entity could not be the cause of a child prodigy. But you also assume that there can only be one obsessing entity? Why not a dozen, or a hundred? If one, why a limit?

As for Beethoven or Mozart, both seem to have some queer things about them, not explainable by natural experience. Perhaps they were also obsessed. Beethoven particularly, seemed to depend on the Muse for his inspiration. His moonlight sonata is an example.

Athletes? I would rather explain the constant new records as due to the constant improvement of our physical health. It is no secret that our children are bigger and stronger than we were, or our grandparents were. Some of them, that

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is! A lot of today's crop are crass weaklings who can't even perform a simple set of basic exercises that years ago almost everybody could perform!

One thing I could say positively--that if you haven't learned a thing before you die, you won't suddenly acquire that knowledge out of nowhere by simply dying! Your reasoning and mine ought to agree there, without any need for questioning its logic!

Your memory is GOOD. I did refer to "remembering" a life, or rather, an event in Germany. But I thought I made it clear that I was not attributing it to memory. It was a dream I had, and upon which I made notes, discovered to be written in German in the morning, and when translated for me, were claimed to be accurate notes of locations in Dresden, Germany. Years later, I found that one branch of my family had come from Dresden. It could be obsession! If it was memory, the memory is now gone beyond recall, as I can't seem to bring it back, except as a memory of a dream. I remember the dream perfectly, but I remember it as a dream.

During the period of the dreaming, I could play a violin. Now I cannot. However perhaps that is because I haven't played one in so long a time? It is so easy to let our imaginations capture our logic, and rationalize a natural thing into an unnatural thing.

Photographic minds? I attribute such things to a natural accident of birth. None of us are alike in mental powers, thus it is possible that one or more of us can have that particular ability, quite naturally. A mathematical g e n i u s? Same reasoning. We know that there are shortcuts, such as adding by tens. I used to be unable to add a column of figures swiftly, until I learned the trick of adding all combinations of tens. After that, all that remained was to grasp, visually, all the tens in a column, and then add the remaining odd figures, which cut down the adding time by a great percentage.

Yes, both theories are possibly true. In fact, I believe that reincarnation IS possible. I can conceive of an entity clever enough to actually take over an unborn body and thus cause himself to be reincarnated, and live another full and complete life. There is always the exception to the rule.

As for hypnotized persons doing things they cannot do in normal life, perhaps this is just a case of "not knowing his own strength"? Hypnotized he can lift a ton--while awake, he KNOWS he can't lift a ton, so he can't.

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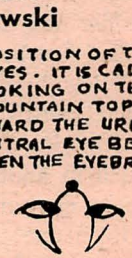
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force" with identity in your last sally. You'll first have to convince me that life force is you and me before I answer the question "have you stopped beating your wife?" My identity is me, and I live by virtue of some life force that I simply do not understand, but I am told that it is God, and that he breathed it into me at my beginning, so that I was. And I am; but I'm not God's breath. To me this seems obvious. And I agree that God's breath will be in all the people of the future, but I don't agree that any of these people will be me again. . . . . —Rap.

Dear Ray:

I for one do not consider John Saul correct on Reincarnation. Nor do I consider any man or woman well educated just because the name "Scientist" has been tacked on to them. What constitutes a learned person in America may not be considered such in another country. I for one know environment does not force itself on one! That is just a lot of tommy rot! I knew a family, ten in all, only one of these was a genius. This boy did not have to study a single lesson. He need not even see the arithmetic problem before going to the board. He need not be told anything concerning it. Yet he could take a look at it and get the answer without batting an eye. Where did he get this knowledge without a former life on earth? He did not get it through the genes of this mother and father, for in fact they were only half there, if you know what I mean. Several of his brothers could not even pass from the fourth grade, yet this boy was ready for high school at ten! And mind you this was when they started children to school when they were past six, more like eight, for these people were homesteaders. This mother did not teach this boy, she had no education! The genes idea is out as far as I am concerned. I know there is something greater than that man-made idea!

Being worthy or unworthy has nothing to do with reincarnation. Being a so called sinner, conscious or unconscious, forced or free-willed, this has no bearing on reincarnation. REINCARNATION IS and there is nothing any idiot or ignorant human being can do about it. Should he believe it or not, matters not; he or she will be reincarnated when their turn comes. We are born to earth, at our death in the Spirit world, we are dead when in the flesh! When we leave the flesh, we die, we are reborn in the Spirit World. Ones faith or religious belief has no bearing on it. It is a natural law and nothing we say or do can stop it! Most mankind do not have a brain big enough

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to grasp the true meaning of this wonderful thing we call reincarnation! Without it there would be no need of life! For all life goes through the same process. Animals, vegetable and what have you? A Scientist in our world, may be a very ignorant person in the hereafter. I have noticed people are smart only in one thing, never more than two! Check them and see! As for Great Spiritual Truths, they are only as the person understands.

The most people cannot think deep enough to even glaze the surface of reincarnation, it scares them so they say it cannot be! It isn't so! Why should we be forced to work like that? If there were no reincarnation, then there is no sense of having life! There would be no sense of me living! For what has happened to me in this life would have no meaning or purpose, and surely God meant there was a purpose of my birth. I was stolen at the age of two and one half years of this life. Why? I was treated as a slave child; now tell me why? I could not have done a wrong or broken a natural law at this tender age. Then why did this woman take me and misuse me for all those years? Without reincarnation this treatment has no sense, no meaning.

It is very simple to understand reincarnation. This is a class room, and each life represents a class, or grade in this school. There is no soul lost, nor can there be! And to change a flesh body is no more than changing from a mink coat to a muskrat. Your soul name is all that matters in the hereafter, not the man-made name tacked on your flesh coat! I can't understand why every living person cannot understand reincarnation. It is simple! And it is not as most people think and teach! Believe me it is much more simple than any one ever dared dream. And whether you believe it or not, has no bearing on it, is a Natural Law and there is nothing man can do about it. Thank Heaven for this! I can't live your life, you can't live mine, it is wonderful that it is like this!

I am Psychic and have been since birth. I can remember when I was yet in the womb. I recall all of my childhood. I have carry-overs of six different lives.

I have seen the souls of departed persons and dogs and cats. The soul in the Hereafter is only the body housing the Spirit. On this plane of existence we cannot see either one, unless we have special power to do so. Most people do not have this power developed enough to even guess they possess it. All these wonderful gifts have been stamped out of mankind by his earth training. Being able to recall former lives, does not mean I

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am possessed with an evil spirit as the uneducated would have one think. It is true, spirits of like nature will attach themselves to one's aura; they feed off your aura, so if you happen to be weak in body or mind, you might not be able to feed these spirits and keep up your own health. Why must people be so shallow as to say a thing can't be when they have no idea whether it could be or not? Is it because we are so filled with fear of the unknown future? I believe in reincarnation; it's the only thing that has any sense! And it does have a future!

Mrs. Elizabeth Reams
P.O.Box 167
North Platte Nebr.

Seems to us we know a man named Nadler who is smart in more than two things! And a little ten year old boy who's won $192,000 *by being smart in more than two things. Actually lots of people are pretty smart. But this is the first time we've ever seen anybody advance lack of smartness except in one or at the most two things as proof of reincarnation!*

However, we believe all you say, about your early memories, your recollections of past lives, etc. We've never questioned any of these things. But simply stating reincarnation is a Natural Law and there's nothing we can do about it; that it simply IS, requires a lot more faith than we possess!

For instance, we'd explain the one boy in the family of ten by the same means you do--he just NATURALLY IS smart. Just like you say reincarnation just is. If you can make the statement for one, why not the other? Is it harder to say this kid is so smart because he just is, and nothing we can do about it, than to say reincarnation just is? It seems not. And as for your childhood misfortune and your years of slavery, couldn't that have "just happened" too? and nothing you could do about it? No fault of yours. You ask why this happened. Perhaps there is a clue in your memory of six past lives? Maybe, if you're right about reincarnation, it was your fault? And you ought to remember it? That's the trouble with these things--the specific memory we really need isn't there. The problem of "justice" is the one that makes so many people decide reincarnation is true. But why do we apply "justice" to our own condition anyway? To you it was unjust that you be stolen and made a slave by this woman. But was it unjust, really? Unfortunate for you, yes, but where does the interpretation of justice come in. Were the facts all known, maybe what happened to you was the most just thing that could have happened. It



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is hard to say what is just, and what is not. If all things we don't like are "unjust", and all things we like "just", it seems a confliction of justice will very soon become apparent, because of the way our lives intermingle. It is "just" that you pay a nickel for a loaf of bread which costs the baker six cents to bake, but "unjust" to him? Lots of people object to paying an "unfair" price, which they say is unfair because they can't afford it.

Why should there even be a hereafter, if all there is is reincarnation? All we really need is a sort of waiting room where dead people can sit while their next body is being prepared. Once this cycle is set up, we don't even need a God. We could go on forever reincarnating.

We respect your belief, Elizabeth, but it isn't as simple as you say. Or else we're like those other nine kids-- not smart enough to see the obvious. Maybe you DO reincarnate! You're sure "sot on it"!--Rap

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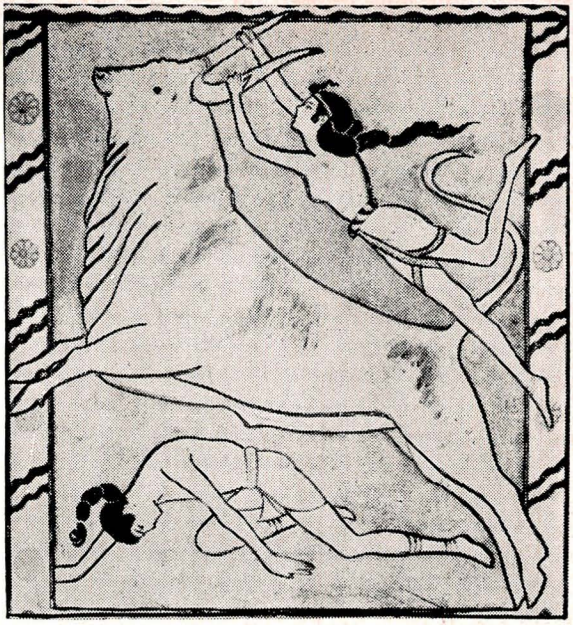
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