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SEARCH
MAGAZINE

APRIL
1958
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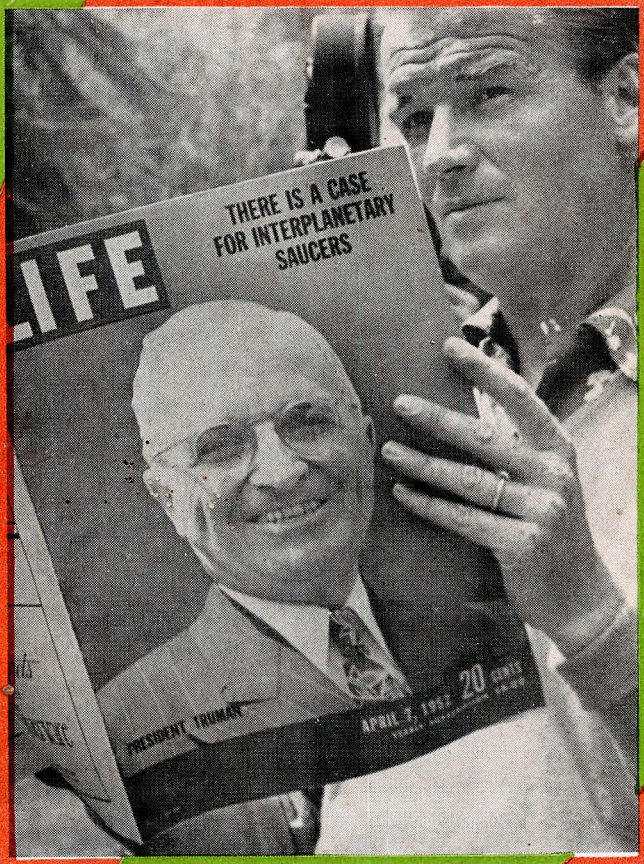
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An M.D. Tells The Truth!

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Contents

SEARCH MAGAZINE

Issue No. 26 *Editor: Ray Palmer*

EDITORIAL ..... Ray Palmer 4
A CRISIS IN DRUGS ..... Dr. W. D. Chesney 12
I LIVED TWO MONTHS WITH A GHOST ..... Charles Burger 21
SUBLIMINAL ADVERTISING 26
GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF (No. 4) ..... John Mentor 30
THE SEERESS OF HELL'S CANYON ..... Dabney Taylor 36
A MATTER OF THE MIND ..... Dr. D. E. Wood 40
U.F.O. AND THE BLACK LODGE ..... Devanada 46
IT HAPPENED TO ME 52
Dream In 13—W. E. Farbstein
Two Minds As One—Charles E. Wade
Christmas Gift Of Music—Lois Alike Kali
The Voice—Anonymous
The Lost C-47—Ex-Sgt. Donald H. Baker
Mama Was Psychic—Rosemary Fanning
"GHOST, PULL MY GREY HAIR" ..... John Stewart 61
THE BETROTHAL RING ..... Eve Roe 64
YOUR FUTURE ..... Dorothy Spence Lauer 67
THE DEADLY TOYS OF MOLAR BUND 70
MYSTERY IN THE NEWS 71
ICE CAKE CRASHES ROOF 75
IS HANDWRITING REVEALING? ..... Regina 76
PERSONALS ..... From Our Readers 77
COME, LET US REASON ..... Letters From Our Readers 79

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...Editorial...

Just the other day we received a letter which went something like this: "Gentlemen: We regret extremely that due to rising overhead costs, we must discontinue handling all small-sale magazines because of our inability to make a profit on them. Therefore we request that you discontinue sending us SEARCH, for which the demand does not reach the proportions of the larger magazines. You have been wonderfully cooperative and helpful, and it has been a pleasure to do business with you. If in the future situations change, we may be able to resume distribution of your magazine."

All over the country news distributors are finding it more and more difficult to make money at selling magazines unless they handle only the large-circulation magazines. Just last week (January 6-11) four small-circulation magazines were forced out of business simply because they cannot secure newsstand space. This is the trend today in all business. The small operator is being forced to the wall by the cost of competing. Our government well knows the plight of the small businessman (all businesses, not just magazines), but it does nothing about it except tax him to death. However, something is being done in the magazine field that is decidedly new. It is best illustrated by the following letter:

"Dear Sir: I run one of the largest newsstands in Detroit. I have many demands for your magazine, SEARCH, but am no longer able to obtain it from my distributor. Will you please inform me if I can obtain it direct from you. I will be very happy to give it good display, and I know that we can sell many copies."

Some years ago, an individual newsstand owner would not have dared to write such a letter. Magazine distribution was a monopoly. If a magazine distributor learned that a newsstand was getting magazines direct, he held the power, by withholding the larger-sale magazines from this newsstand, of putting him out of business. Today things are different. Individual newsstands, faced with the necessity of going out of business be-

(*Continued on page* 6)



Powers to overcome sickness! Means to escape poverty! Knowledge to bring happiness and peace of mind! Skill and genius to create a civilization which we still copy today! These are only some of the accomplishments of the ancient Egyptians.

Above and beyond these physical achievements was the secret wisdom possessed by the Egyptian mystery schools. In these centers of learning men and women were taught the laws of life and how to master them. With this mastery they were able to shape their destinies as they wished them to be. It takes no greater mental effort to *achieve results* when you know how. Successful living is the oldest art in the world. It consists of developing *initiative, foresight* and the ability to combine experiences into new and workable ideas.

These laws operate as unfailingly as the laws which govern the sun, moon and planets. They were discovered centuries ago by certain wise men of Egypt, and preserved down through the ages by the Rosicrucians.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Time has since crumbled Egypt's walls, but it couldn't destroy this formula for the control of life. In your hands, this knowledge could alter the entire course of your affairs.

The Rosicrucians offer to you—if you have the courage to break away from limited forms of thinking—these same simply expressed truths of life which have led thousands to a joyous method of better living.

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Editorial ——— ★

cause he, too, cannot make a profit due to the high price he must pay for handling magazines in a volume he cannot sell, but must handle because the distributor decides how many he shall get of each title, is beginning to look for other ways to secure his magazines. He is taking on not one distributor, but *all* of them, and also taking on individual publishers, and is dictating how many copies he shall receive. If he receives too many, he waits until the time the magazine should come off sale, then rips off the covers and returns them as unsold copies. He has found that the boycott works both ways.

Thus, from the many cities where SEARCH has been denied distribution (out of necessity, due to lack of profit), the individual newsstand with customers is beginning to buy copies direct from us. But many times he does not know where to inquire for the magazines. That is where our readers come in. And we want to thank those of you, especially subscribers who reach cities where no newsstand sale exists, for your wonderful work in sending us the names of newsstands in your area whom you have spoken to and gotten permission to solicit an order for SEARCH. Both of our magazines, SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS, are now on sale in hundreds of places where they formerly did not appear. And as these contacts are confirmed, we are following through on our offer to pay $5.00 for each new newsstand outlet thus secured. We are behind in our bookkeeping, but we will catch up! Meanwhile, encouraged by this success, we are repeating the offer on a permanent basis. Here is your chance to make some easy extra pocket money, and at the same time give SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS the boost they need.

We need newsstands in Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Milwaukee, Chicago, Alaska, and many other places. If you are a resident of any of these places, you can make yourself some easy money. The demand for the magazines is large in these areas. If you want to know whether your city is "open territory," why not write us and get specific information? Newsstands who accept your offer will have full return privileges on returned cover headings, and will, in addition actually double the profit they will make on each individual magazine.

If you are a travelling salesman, here is your chance to earn hundreds of dollars by simply

FLASH! TWO GREAT NEW SAUCER BOOKS

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They went on a 23,000-mile pilgrimage to meet the people who claimed to have seen flying saucers, even ridden on them! They wanted to know these people for themselves, so they could judge their stories! Here, now, is their factual account of that pilgrimage. Meet them all for yourself: Adamski, Fry, Bethurum, Williamson, Angelucci, Van Tassel, Desmond Leslie, many others. And then they saw a saucer themselves! Read their exciting conclusions, their singular message to you!

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Other Tongues -- Other Flesh

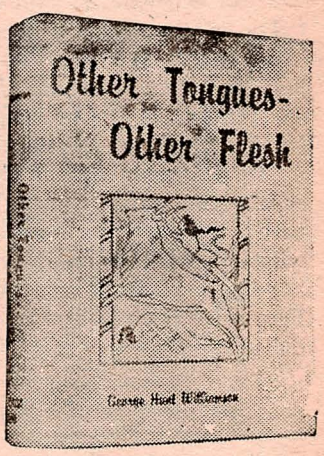
George Hunt Williamson

In more recent times, there has been a growing realization that on other worlds than ours, even in other universes, there are other living beings. The idea that earthbound man may some day journey into the heavens to discover other men and women, like or unlike himself, grows by leaps and bounds. Within man's soul lies the truth — mortals exist on other spheres!

In this book, many references and quotations are given from the latest authentic reports on Saucer phenomena. Because many believe there are contradictions in some of the reported happenings, it has been necessary to show that there is a great story and purpose behind all these experiences.

Here, in this book, is the history of OTHER TONGUES, and of OTHER FLESH; calm, scientific evidence that there are brothers of ours in the skies overhead.

We are not alone in the Universe!



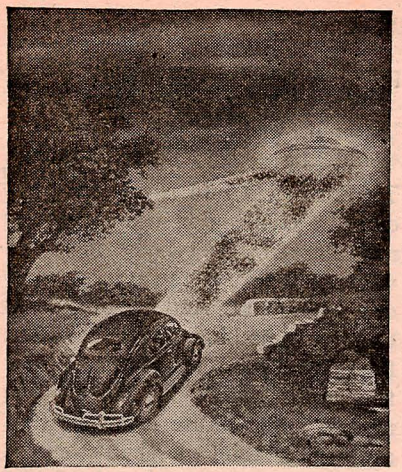
chatting with the owners of newsstands in the towns through which you pass, or cigar stores where you buy your cigarettes. We have one salesman who made $155.00 the first month he tried it.

Your continued efforts along this line will mean that before long SEARCH will be the widest-distributed magazine of its kind in the world! Our progress in the past sixty days has been proof of that.

All of the foregoing, of course, is a sales talk, not an editorial. But in a sense it is the most important editorial we have written in many a month. For, contrary to our gloomy observations of the past, the day of opportunity for individual effort is not past. Faced with an economic situation which today is the greatest menace to individuality this nation's people have ever faced, we still find that one little magazine, by simply asking its individual readers to speak up for it, can overcome the pressure of a cruel economy and actually advance to a position of what amounts to security. What has happened is an amazing thing. Free speech can still overcome the dollar tax placed on its utterance.

SEARCH magazine, it is true, does not speak for the masses, as does LIFE Magazine. It speaks for a small segment of our population, interested in things most people never hear about, or if they did, would scorn because they do not "conform." Thinking today is very much a pattern, dictated by the very way we live. We think on statesmanship as a matter of politics, and the very word politics suggests a "policy." Thus, the man who discusses politics today, based on the news that comes to him via television, radio, his newspapers and magazines, is limited to one policy or another. His thinking is a policy, regrettably not his own.

He does not engage in theoretical statesmanship. He doesn't even know what true statesmanship really is. Statesmanship is, or should be, the influence of government to the best interests of the populations (not of just one country, but of all of them in relation to one another). A true statesman tries to influence his government, and other governments, so that the populations of all will benefit to the highest mutual degree. A politician tries to accrue all the benefits to his own government, particularly to his own position in that government, and often at the expense of his fellow citizens. He most certainly tries to arrange things so that the populations of other governments do not enjoy the benefits he is trying to secure for his own (with his personal



FOURTH EDITION!

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THE COMPLETELY TRUE, COMPLETELY HONEST STORY OF

ORFEO ANGELUCCI

So great is the demand for this wonderful book that we were forced to reprint it. Such a reception must be deserved!

It's no fairy tale. Psychic experience, yes! But backed by *fact.* Authenticated by eyewitness confirmation. Dozens of people saw the physical reality, while Orfeo experienced the psychic adventure. Simultaneous evidence that will astound you. There *actually* is an unknown world around us, usually invisible, but at last the veil is being torn away. You owe it to yourself to read this incredible, yet totally *credible,* book! Many thousands bought the first editions, and their letters are a remarkable tribute to the great message of the space men given to Orfeo Angelucci in his strange adventure into higher realms. The world is astir today with new thoughts—and their eyes are fixed on outer space.

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!

Read the amazing history of the saucers, of the people who fly in them, of their mission on earth. Read the prophecy of the future, the message to our troubled earth. Live Orfeo's tremendous adventure with him, as he tells it in his own words, simply and honestly.

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AMHERST PRESS, AMHERST, WISCONSIN

Enclosed is $3.00 for my copy of THE SECRET OF THE SAUCERS by Orfeo Angelucci. Rush my copy to me by return mail.

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position and salary and "fringe" benefits in mind).

SEARCH magazine engages in the fostering of free thinking for the benefit of all, including non-thinkers. It is a sort of statesmanship of the mind. If we use our minds, expose them to all types of thinking, opinion, experience, theory, we build for ourselves, and for all our fellows, a firm foundation to stand upon and avoid the quicksands of dogma, prejudice, conditioned and therefore pseudo-thought, and that strange monster, brain-washing.

Desirable as this function is, it is then scarcely understandable how the very system we have set up as the "democracy of liberty," or the "liberty of democracy," stifles the free-thinking magazine, and fosters the type of magazine that caters to the lowest forms of thought and to a conformity of that thought. An instance is evident in the predominance of westerns on TV. They predominate, not because they are good, but because they please the most. And the producers of shows, observing the success of one type of show, channel their thinking of future shows along the lines of past successes. Thus, long after a show is a success, its repetition goes on and on. And because there is no other show-type, the sampling of public opinion reveals only which of the westerns is the most popular, not whether something else would be even more popular. Thinking gets into a rut here, because a challenging comparison is not allowed. Everybody looks at westerns because there is nothing else to look at. And no one dares to give something else a place on the air because he must consider the profit angle. He might lose money, and because it is true that conformist thinkers shun thought that does not conform, it is almost a certainty that the challenging show will lose money. Once a loss is suffered, future such shows are rejected (out of necessity).

This is a trap we have fallen into. It is a trap which can be "sprung" by such magazines as SEARCH, if we can get them into the hands of those who have been walled about by conformity. How often do we receive a letter from someone who has discovered SEARCH, perhaps in the home of a friend, who says: "Your magazine is amazing—I never realized some of the things you say. You are making me think. And by the way, I'd like to put in my oar: if karma isn't true, then why are some babies born blind; what did they do to deserve it; where is the justice here?"

SEARCH itself asks these ques-

tions. But it also points out that rationalizing the questions is just what our politicians do. It is false thinking to say that because so and so is thus and so, therefore this and so is a logical conclusion—and therefore is true. It *isn't* necessarily! It is only true if we can *prove* it, and demonstrate it, time after time, *every* time. The exception is the rule. If a law works ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it is not a *law*, only a *probability*.

Logic is a peculiar thing. It leads us into dark alleys. We observe certain things we believe not to be justified by the conditions around us—so we imagine a set of conditions in which the observed things are justified. We believe in justice (without reason) and then when we see so many unjust things, we invent a condition wherein our preconceived justice can again function. A baby born blind isn't just. (Why not?) So we invent karma, a previous existence in which an *injustice* was done, which is now being paid for in equal coin, or equivalent coin. Presumeably, the blind child learns the value of sight, by lacking it, and the injustice of taking it from another. If this is a valuable lesson, cannot it be learned as a *process* rather than as a *punishment*? We learn how it is to be blind, by being blind; but cannot we also learn how it is to be blind by observing someone who is blind? Is it not reasonable that the child is born blind so that those of us who are not blind can observe and learn without the necessity of *all* of us being born blind? Is this unjust to the one born blind? If we limit our thinking to *now*, it would seem so. But what if the one born blind, going on in an existence we don't know about, is no longer blind, and thus, having sight restored, is all "even steven" with his "luckier" fellows. Is there any injustice in such a system? Must we envision the sadism of "an eye for an eye," a grim personal brutality, a lesson taught by cruel imposition? Is it not more reasonable that among an unlimited number of personalities, all possible conditions exist naturally, and that the *entire* picture is wholly just, and that the end result is the same? Must all experience be *pleasureable*? Is anything not pleasant the result of error or sin or karma or what have you? What is the standard by which we will gauge the category of experience? How shall we say that this man "suffers because of karma" and this man "benefits because of karma"? Are not both experiences of identical value and justice? Can

(*Concluded on page* 63)

A CRISIS IN DRUGS

Is Abraham Lincoln's Prediction Coming True?

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

How much harm are we doing to our nation through drugs and poisons? How much protection is our government giving us against indiscriminate use of unsafe chemical products?

The day after "Spootnik" took the air, a friend rushed up to me and almost shrieked, "Doc, we have gone to the devil."

"Why and how have we gone to see the Old One?" I asked him.

"The Russians have an artifical planetoid in the air! They will beat us to the moon!"

I had to laugh as I next demanded, "Well, George, so they may beat us to the moon. So what?"

There again we find the eternal, infernal smoke screen that our Washington drones are using to pry the last drop of blood out of us. Abraham Lincoln predicted it when he said:

"I see in the future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As the result of war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow. The money power will endeavor to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated into a few hands and the *republic is destroyed.*"

Can any of us be so naive as to doubt that this condition is with us now when we observe the permitted poisoning of our whole people—both physically and mentally?

The great Englishman, Lord Maccauley said about it: "Your republic will be pillaged and ravaged in the Twentieth Century just as the Roman Empire was by barbarians of the Fifth Century, with this difference, that the devastation of the Roman Empire came from abroad, while *your barbarians will be the people of your own country and the products of your own institutions.*"

Can anybody deny this time is at hand when we know of the diabolical crimes being committed against America and the world?

1. Roach poison in our drinking water to prevent cavities in youngster's teeth that would not have been there were it not for cola drinks that enrich the Aluminum trust and the crooks in government—not to speak about the a.m.a. This bedbug juice is forced down the gullets of Americans in hundreds of cities.

2. Several cancer cures, that cure cancer, have been condemned by the government. Cigarets positively cause cancer, Buerger's disease, hypertension, heart disease. That is positively known. WHY DOESN'T THE GOVERNMENT PLASTER THE MAP WITH WARNINGS AGAINST CIGARETS?

3. DDT has killed tens of millions of song birds, game birds, fishes—AND HUMANS. WHY DOES THE GOVERNMENT NOT INTERDICT DDT? Who pays them for this betrayal? Communists who want to weaken us and then take over?

4. There is not one single food or drink that does not contain one or many—usually many—cumulative coal tar poisons. The f.d.a. and its master, the a.m.a. know this, admit it, BUT TAKE GOOD CARE THAT THE PUBLIC NEVER DISCOVERS THIS DIABOLICAL CONDITION. WHY? WHO PAYS WHOM? THE GERMAN DYE CARTEL'S AGENTS IN AMERICA?

4. X-rays cause cancer. X-ray technicians, despite the fact they work behind heavy lead glass and wear aprons and gloves, have 9 times as much leukemia (blood cancer) than doctors who do not work with X-rays. Yet, OUR CHILDREN ARE LITERALLY DRIVEN TO HAVE THEIR TENDER BODIES SUBJECTED TO THESE RAYS EVERY SIX MONTHS? THE RADIO, THE TV, THE PRESS CONSTANTLY URGES THESE RAYINGS TO DETECT SOMETHING THAT IS FAR EASIER, FAR SAFER AND MORE POSITIVELY DETECTED BY TUBERCULIN. WHO IS TO BLAME? WHO PAYS? TO WHOM PAID? HOW MUCH? MAY WE HEAR FROM GENERAL ELECTRIC AND WESTINGHOUSE?

5. Alleged reputable and so-called scientific physicians first condemn and then urge the use of these modern abortions called 'wonder' drugs. Honest doctors are extremely critical of this continued technique of the poisonous vipers who use the hypodermic needle needlessly in ninety five per cent

of all cases . . . and far too often to the detriment of creature life. There is a physician named Van Dellen, who writes a column for the Chicago *Tribune*. He is quite evidently a mouthpiece for the american medical association. He claims that 12 million people listen to his daily *Tribune* broadcasts. He admits that X-rays cause cancer. And yet he again is all out for using these rays. He admits that the serious reactions from the use of antibiotics makes their future very questionable. However, almost every day he advises the use of the products of putrefation. Not too long ago he advised widespread tonsilectomies, and of late condemns them. Why the turn about?

He boasts in a recent issue that medicine has changed from an art into a science. (If medicine is a science, which it definitely is not, for the word science from its derivation means that which is known.) If medicine is a science why do we find great physicians like Smith and White pointing out that America has the poorest health of any civilized (?) nation on earth? But Van Dellen says in the *Tribune* of December 28th, 1957 that SOME OF THESE OLD TIME DOCTORS DID MORE WORK THAN TWENTY OF OUR MODERN DOCTORS WILL EVER DO. He said a mouthful and then got his foot caught in his mouth the next day because he is all out for using antibiotics (blunder drugs) for every condition from alopecia to zoophilia. One can hardly help wondering why this split tongue talk. What did the makers of these infernal products do to bring about this change of thinking in a man who supposedly took the Oath of Hippocrates with uncrossed fingers?

Let me give this physician a bit of information: The antibiotics do not increase the patients' resisting power, the *Vis Naturae Medicatrix* (normal healing power of the body). One of his saner oratorias states absolutely that these blunder concoctions kill off the normal body-protecting b a c t e r i a and leave the body wide open to countless strains of viruses and viral diseases. Why doesn't this man look back over the history of medicine and discover something he evidently never knew, viz: every generation had its long list of panaceas for every known disease.

Today all of these specifics are as dead as King Tut. I would be most happy to give him a list of them from sheep nanny tea to the biological abortions and enzymes obtained from the barn yard and rotten vegetation.

The old time physician did one

great service to humanity—he sought to increase the normal protective properties of the body. He was opposed to unneeded surgery at gougery prices. Most old time physicians took a voluntary oath —AND KEPT IT. Especially did he fight kick-backs, split surgical fees and the raping of the human body of the uterus, the ovaries, the tonsils, the darn near everything that left the patients nothing much more than an empty husk. If medicine has degraded itself from an art to a science, why the horrific increase in heart diseases, cancer, kidney diseases, palsies, hypertensions, and a host of other killers and cripplers?

6. The U.S. f.t.c. is now putting the hex on Ray Palmer because he advertised a hair tonic containing a small amount of lead. Why doesn't that gang put the bug on all the poisons in grains, fruits, vegetables, water and air? Why doesn't it study the now highly advertised hair dyes and hair tonics? A hair tonic is for external use and it is highly probable that not one millionth of one per cent of lead is absorbed. Foods and drinks are used for the internal man. The copper, lead, parathion, DDT, and two thousand other poisons are in everything man uses. Here is a dandruff remedy called SEBB. Its label gives its content
Chloride N-trich
to-4-chclohexane-
How about this,
is another dandru
Theradan. It co
to label, (Bis-(lau
monium)-polythionate; Tethradecylamine N-Lauroyl Sarcosine. How about this, government agencies, among whom are the f.d.a., the U.S. public health department, the U.S. f.t.c.? And what do you say about these preparations, a.m.a.? Also U.S. department of agriculture? What are you doing for the people who vastly overpay you?

And worse, if anything can be worse: You permit the advertising and sale of a long list of sleeping tablets, powders and liquids. One instance among hundreds: Consider 'Sleep-Eze' containing according to label, Methapyrilene Hydrochloride and Scopolamine Hydrobromide. Did you know that Scopalamine is one of the most treacherous poisons known to medicine? And there is that Hydra-headed bunch of so-called commentators on T.V. and Radio yammering for twelve hours out of every day, THE MIRACLE OF YOUR GOLDEN LIVER BILE. Why don't you chaps put a stop to this, or at least tell us suckers that there is no golden big toe bile, or back hair bile, and

...is 'wonder' piece of tripe ...othing but one percents worth of aloin and podophyllin?

Then there's this eternal, infernal advertising of antacids. Why don't you pick on Alka-Seltzer for a while? Tell the great unwashed that a penny's worth of common baking soda will do far more good, and far less harm. Why don't you tell us about the symptom, alkalosis? Then another matter of moment to suckers, like us—the great unwashed. The U.S. f.d.a. says that Hoxsey's treatment is dangerous because it contains potassium iodid. Isn't there a single party in your clique who knows anything about anything? Or dares to tell the truth without first kneeling at the throne of the medical monopolist moguls? Every grain of salt we use contains potassioum iodid. Every commercial or therapeutic vitamin-mineral tablet or capsule contains that salt. Every doctor uses it, or has used it. The pharmaceutical houses that now tout blunder drugs, put out millions of gallons of preparations containing potassium iodid, and billions of tables and pills containing that same most awful drug. Were hundreds of thousands of doctors crazy when they prescribed and dispensed a salt that you call carcenogenic? What other chemical than iodine and the iodides is worth a plugged nickel in thyroid diseases?

Why do you not tell us suckers the absolute facts? Why do you seek by every stratagem to withhold known cancer treatments? And what about this we hear dinned into our ears and super-conscious minds, "MILLIONS MORE TAKE BROMO QUININE." Is there no one of you with brains enough to know, or honesty enough to confess that bromine and fluorine are a million times more dangerous that iodides? Of course these parties know all this. Are they paid to keep the news from the honest people who do the weeping, the paying and the dying? Who pay? How much? Shakespeare said something about modern commercial and mechano-medical Lex Talionis:

"This Judas did to Christ, who among twelve found faith in all but one. I in twelve thousand none."

Well did Woodrow Wilson write: "The masters of the U.S. Government are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States . . . we have come to be the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world . . . no longer a government by free opinion, no longer controlled by the vote of

the majority, but by the opinion and duress of a small group of dominant men." Do we not see how President Wilson simply reaffirmed the words of President Lincoln? Could they have been gifted with the attribute of prescience? Were they not speaking of government slave drivers, themselves slaves to the medical trust? The drug trust? The tobacco, the booze, the radio, the TV, the makers of over two thousand different poisons to instill into everything we eat, drink and breathe? The employees of our government who permit these poisons in our every product, and forbid the use of a certain method of curing cancer?

And knowing as they do know of the common necessity of eating these poisons or starve, yet persecute a man because his product contains an infinitesimal amount of a harmless salt of lead. I say harmless because the sulphur in human hair converts the lead salt into harmless lead sulphid. Listen and learn, all of us suckers: An osteopath in San Luis Obispo swallowed a toothpick. He went to a.m.a doctors and surgeons for an exploratory. They refused relief. WHERE WAS THEIR BOASTED OATH OF HIPPOCRATES? These a.m.a. doctors forced him into the psycho ward of an insane asylum, and he was kept confined in Camarillo State Hospital for the Insane for two weeks. (Man, was he lucky. Darn few men escape so easily.) Finally, Dr. Saint, of Santa Barbara performed a gastrectomy, found and removed a toothpick, and the osteopath, R. L. Skinner was well and remains well. (From L. A. *Times*, December 12th, 1957.)

How about all that? Which has the most hirsine odeur de william goat? Those that sold body and soul for deep freezers, minks, cars, wines, et cet., or those that now are receiving the same thing PLUS? And the same series of crimes reported by Governor Dewey's Morland, showing kickbacks, ghost surgery, split fees, are getting worse by the day. And the same sale of anything loose by you know whom and what. SPLIT FEES FOR SURGICAL OPERATION! *Will they soon be DEMANDING KICKBACKS AND SPLIT FEES FROM THE UNDERTAKERS? What else is even now open for further exploitation?* Why don't we turn off the radio and TV long enough to THINK? That is, if the dopes in our diets have not put us beyond the ability to think! THIS VERY YEAR, THE READER'S DIGEST BROKE AWAY FROM CAPITALISTIC DOMINATION LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE ALL

BRANDS OF CIGARETS ANALYZED BY CERTIFIED, REPUTABLE CHEMISTS. GET THIS, YOU WHO SMOKE: A GROUP OF MEDICAL EXPERTS FOUND THAT THE SUM TOTAL OF SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE ESTABLISHES BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT THAT CIGARET SMOKING IS THE CAUSE OF THE RAPIDLY INCREASING INCIDENCE OF LUNG CANCER. Can it be made stronger? Did you who smoke cigarets with their fine, nice, tastier, delicious, flavory, et cet ad vomitum, know about homogenized cigaret tobacco? The coarse, strong leaves are ground up with stalks and roots, and homogenized. This melange is then rolled out like a sheet of paper, and shredded into that fine, ripe, rich, rare, flavorous, flavorsome, light, mild, mellow scrap and we idiots smoke it. The laughing hyenas at Washington let the ghouls get away with it, while at the same time persecute men who are as much above their low level as heaven is above hades. Then we go to the polls and vote the same old Democratic or Republican foresworn mannikins to Congress. How idiotic can voters be? How rotten can career politicians become and remain?

One notes, now, that one or more brands of cigars are openly advertising their smokes made from this homogenized tobacco. I never knew a prostitute to openly and shamelessly advertise her body as these ghouls advertise their prostitute wares. Get the August *Readers Digest* and read the facts about cigarets. We spoke, before, about a sane man being railroaded to an insane asylum. Representative Delaney, chairman of a committee investigating the poisons definitely pointed out the possible relation between government certified coal tar chemicals in foods AND THE HORRIFYING, GHASTLY INCREASE IN MENTAL DISEASES. Today, yes every day, the radio and TV bray for funds to be supposedly used in finding the cause, and supplying a remedy for mental diseases. They tell us that one out of every ten Americans is bound for the booby hatch. May one add to that, stating that the rate of mental disease increase will continue unless we of unsound minds do wake up and clean house from President down to the lowliest swamper who cleans out the cuspidors.

Let no man, woman or child say that I am partisan. All, *all* actually stink. You doubt it? I worked with Wilson's brother-in-law John Boling. I formerly work-

ed Abilene and Hope, Kansas. I have sat in Masonic Lodge with Harry Truman. The varmint Vaughan was a cousin of my first mother-in-law. I lived my youth in the hypocritical politicians paradise, Topeka, when the Republican party ruled the roost with the most corrupt conglomeration of scoundrels since God said, "Let there be light." For years I lived in Kansas City and Independence, Missouri. Maybe you doubt the means I saw exerted by the Pendergasts, the Bulgers, and on down the line, put in seats of power by Democrats. POLITICIANS? GARBAGE!

I am an American. Does that suffice for the hatred I hold for such scum? And the terror I feel as I see the scum pull the wool over our eyes while we go down the drain? You still doubt? Go to your public library. Pick out the daily papers printed before each election and discover the most abject set of lies and liars in the history of the human family. I mean most of the people we elected. Your attention is called to the fact written herein and in former articles and letters, and I insist, that not one statement has been made that is not fully documented as positively true. Attention is again called to the fact that although bills protecting our foods have been before our congressional junketeers, as is proved by honest members of congress, for many, many years, not one continental thing has been done of a corrective, or punitive nature. Your attention is also called to the positive facts that career government slave drivers have admitted the indictments herein charged. However, their admissions are always conveyed in a manner that makes the knowledge of their contumaceous conduct unobtainable to 95% of the American people.

Attention is again drawn to the FitzGerald report to Senator Tobey's Committee—a report that virtually accuses the a.m.a., the f.d.a. and other government rogues of premeditated murder by withholding the use of disease prevention and the cure of diseases from unfortunate sick humans.

On this the last day of 1957, the radio presents more of the idiocy or rascality of Congressmen. Senator Wiley has just demanded that the millions now out of work be put to work building atom power plants. Joe is a Republican (definitely not the A. Lincoln type, God save us.) Doesn't this person ever read the facts. Does he realize that the Valley is coated right now with disastrous amounts of radioactive elements, that Nature will not be

able to eliminate the hazards for hundreds of years? Does this career (phui) politician not know that atomic power would cost at least twice that produced by coal, oil, gas or water? Does this person not know that SUN POWER is the only safe power, and after SUN plants are in operation, it is free from then on? Didn't this party read about the recent disasters at Milk River, Canada, and in Britain, and the recent one in Texas? Doesn't this one know that Blue Panties (without the fringe at the bottom) Strauss announced time after time that every day once free Americans were being submitted to a calculated risk? What risk! The risk that Blue Panties might lose a fat sinecure?

If Senator Wiley has done one constructive thing in his term of office, it would be a pleasure to give him full credit. What has he done about the layers of DDT and radioactive strontium and cobalt on every inch of Wisconsin soil? And, DEMOCRATS, don't go away. You went gaga when Proxmire was elected U.S. Senator. Oh, Brother, did he go about remedying the ills of America—he went forthwith to Europe. It is so significant that three quarters of our congressional crumbs must go to Europe to save America. THEY GO AT OUR EXPENSE, TAKE ALONG FAMILIES AND FRIENDS. Did I ever tell you what Sam Johnson, the great Sam Johnson, who produced the first dictionary in the English language said? "PATRIOTISM IS THE LAST RESORT OF A DAMN RASCAL." That's just what he said.

SEARCH, start over again, read every word written, THINK. Was A. Lincoln, the one great Republican, right in his statement? Was MacCauley right in stating that it was the internal maggots who would destroy our America? Was Shakespeare right in defining our present race of political poltroons and pirates as:

"A POLITICIAN: ONE WHO WOULD CIRCUMVENT GOD."

We have presented another of the fiery articles of our "Grand Old Man" of medicine, Dr. W. D. Chesney. What do you think of it? Is he right, or is he wrong? If you think he is right, and we believe you will, you will be more than interested in the book which the good doctor has written, "A DOCTOR IS BORN" (to which Dr. Chesney adds in his foreword: "An Honest Doctor.") It will be some months as yet before the book is printed, however, if you'd like to order a copy, reserve a

(*Concluded on page* 60)

I LIVED TWO MONTHS WITH A GHOST

By Charles Burger

ALL my life, I had considered that group of people who gave credence to any kind of psychic demonstrations, as being somewhat soft headed.

Only after actually living two months with a ghost, was I convinced that my previous concepts of this much misunderstood phenomena had completely changed—also became invalidated.

It all happened like this. One morning during the big depression, I awoke to find my financial world had dropped completely out from under me. All I had left was a good wife, a three months old baby and a car that had cost me two thousand dollars. I sold the care for two hundred and fifty smacks, and was glad to get it.

My next step was to phone a friend who lived in the country. I asked him if he could locate for me a small house with very low rental. He told me he knew of a vacant little cottage that could be had for fifteen dollars monthly rental, and asked me to come and look at it immediately, which I proceeded to do. The cottage in question, located in a small village, was indeed ideal for my purpose, and I was delighted with it.

The cottage was sparkling clean and quite modern. The lot was spacious with flowers and shrubs growing all over the place. I was charmed by the whole outlook and was certain my wife would be delighted.

The following day I returned to the city and brought my wife back with me. We drove at once out to see our new home.

When we first entered the yard and walked toward the house, my wife paused a moment, and I could sense at once that she didn't share my enthusiasm. The moment she put a foot on the front steps, she stopped suddenly and looked straight into my eyes. She said, "I wish you hadn't rented this place."

"Why," I asked, "what's wrong with it? You haven't been inside yet."

"I don't know what it is," she said, "but I have a feeling."

I was not only nonplussed, I was also disgusted. "Listen," I said, "I suppose this is another one of your hunches, or some more of that psychic nonsense you're always talking about."

My wife could see quite plainly I was becoming angry. The final result—I had my way. We decided to move in at once, without further delay or argument. That first day we spent in rearranging the furniture and giving the house a thorough cleaning. We had not entirely completed the job at bed time. For sake of convenience I decided to sleep on a cot in the living room. My wife slept in the adjoining bedroom.

I was dead tired and on retiring fell asleep at once. Some time later I awoke suddenly out of what I thought was a nightmare. I had had a most terrifying dream of someone pressing his hand against my throat trying to choke the life out of me.

I sat up in bed, weak and shaking like a leaf, with cold sweat covering my face and body. I got to my feet and turned on the light.

Seeing the light on, my wife awoke and came into the room. "What's the matter?" she asked. She stared at me a moment, her eyes reflecting stark fear. There was something like horror in her expression.

Finally she said, "My God, you're white as a sheet." She came over and put her hand on my forehead. "What is it?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

"No," I said, "I'm all right. I had a most horrible dream." I could still feel the imaginary fingers at my throat. "I—I dreamed someone was trying to choke the life out of me," I said. "I'm all right now," I said, feeling my throat.

My wife got me a drink of brandy. In a short time the horror of the dream left me, and I felt perfectly normal again.

I slept well during the remainder of the night and the following morning I was enjoying my usual excellent health. I joked about my dream, but my wife was serious. "I think you should have a physical check-up," she insisted.

I told her it would be nonsensical, that it was only a silly dream —and for goodness' sake to stop worrying.

The week following I succeeded in landing a job with a local real estate firm. I had all but forgotten about my bad dream, when one night after returning late from a call, I was surprised and frightened to find my wife almost in a state of nervous collapse. She could not stop crying and for some minutes could not pull herself together

long enough to tell me what the trouble was.

Finally she said, "Don't ever leave me alone again. It was terrible—terrible," then she burst out crying again. I was holding her in my arms, trying to quiet her.

"What was it that frightened you?" I kept repeating.

"It was that horrid face—at the window," she said finally.

"You're only imagining things," I said. "That couldn't possibly happen." I reminded her that the kitchen window was at least fifteen feet from the ground level. It would be impossible for anyone to climb the wall without a ladder.

However, this did not convince my wife. She insisted that she saw the face plainly, and that it was the face of an old hag—the most horrible face imaginable, staring straight at her for several minutes.

A week passed, during which time I was absorbed with my work, and I would have completely forgotten the incident but for the effect the fright had left on my wife. She was normally a happy and well-adjusted person, but now she had changed completely and I was beginning to worry. She would not let me stay away from home one minute after dark. She kept insisting that we move out of the place. She said she could never be happy, until we found other quarters, but I felt it would be impractical to move and lose our rent money. Besides, I was certain she would soon recover from her imaginary frightening experience.

Two weeks followed without any further incident to cause further alarm. Spring days came warm and pleasant, with orchard's bloom and flowers bursting with a mass of exciting color, flooding the air with fragrance. I was pleased and happy that my wife was adjusting herself to our new home. She spent most of her time in the garden.

On an evening a few days later I sat in the kitchen reading the paper. It was almost eight o'clock. My wife had put the baby to bed. She had switched off the bedroom light, leaving the room in semi-darkness. My wife had evidently gone in the bedroom to have a look at the baby.

Suddenly I heard a piercing scream and my wife came running out. Her face was white and she was in a state of hysteria. She ran over to where I sat. "I saw it again," she said, her voice trembling. "Oh! It was horrible," she said, covering her face with her hands. "It was directly over the baby's crib. It followed me all the way out."

I said, "What was it you saw?"

She said, "It was an old hag's face, with long streaming hair. It

was in the room."

I tried to tell my wife that what she was saying was all foolishness, but she wouldn't listen. For the first time I was beginning to worry myself. These crazy demonstrations were beginning to get on my nerves.

From that day and every day following for two weeks, my wife couldn't control herself. She grew so nervous she hardly slept at all. I began to feel concerned about her health. She reminded me over and over again that she had warned me about the house. She even threatened to leave me if I refused to find other quarters.

I promised her I would try to find a house before the next rental was due. Then, just three days before the rental was due at the end of the second month, came another manifestation of such weird and inexplicable nature that I agreed at last with my wife that it was indeed about time we left the house without further delay.

That evening we had retired early, about eight o'clock. We were both reading, as was our usual custom. Someone rapped on the front door. I got out of bed and went to answer the call. A neighbor friend had called to pay me the sum of five dollars he owed me for some work I had done. We exchanged a few words, my friend handed me a five dollar bill, and I returned to the bedroom.

My wife had hung her purse on the opened closet door near our bed. I opened the purse, put the bill inside, closed the purse and hung it in place again. About an hour later my wife finished reading. She lay with her hands clasped at the back of her head in a relaxed position.

Suddenly she looked at me with a puzzled expression on her face. "I feel something inside my pillow case," she said. "It feels like a piece of paper."

"I thought you changed the pillow slips this afternoon," I said.

"I did," she said, "but there's something inside that rattles." Then she lifted the pillow, reached inside the pillow slip and pulled out a five dollar bill. I didn't know what to think.

"Did you have any currency in the house?" I asked, "except the five dollars I just put in your purse?"

She said, "I positively did not. The only money I had was a few dollars in change."

I got out of bed, took up the purse, opened it and looked inside. After a thorough search, I found only the few dollars of small change. The five dollar bill was missing. I was dumbfounded. The

bedroom light had been on all the time. I was convinced beyond any doubt that the five dollars had been transported by some means other than physical. I was not only flabbergasted; I was frustrated and really frightened.

It was hours later—well after midnight—before either of us was able to close our eyes and sleep. And little wonder. We had witnessed something too miraculous and frightening ever to be forgotten, but more was to follow.

I'm sure we had only slept a few minutes when we were both jerked awake by a thunderous noise that set our nerves jumping. The noise sounded like a herd of horses running across the front porch directly under our bedroom window.

I almost fell out of bed, I was so frightened. I switched on the light, then ran out to the living room and switched on the porch light. I opened the door and looked. The porch was bright with light, there was not a horse in sight, or anything else that could possibly produce a sound, but the heavy beating of the horses hoofs on the porch boards continued loud and distinct. The thunder of the horses trampling continued for at least fifteen minutes.

Well, that did it. My wife no longer had to coax me to leave. If anything, I was more anxious to vacate the premises than she was.

My wife and I were careful not to give out any reason for our sudden departure from the little cottage, knowing an honest report would undoubtedly arouse unpleasant gossip in the neighborhood.

About four months later a young couple rented the cottage. They had only lived there two weeks when tragedy struck. Their two months old infant was found dead in its crib.

This obviously might not have had any connection with our unpleasant psychic experience, but the autopsy as reported in the press left the cause of the baby's death an unsolved mystery.

The child's bed clothing had not been disturbed. The doctor said the baby had evidently met death by strangulation, as evidenced by contusions on its throat muscle, but just how this could have happened was left unexplained.

"HYPNOTIZE
With ONE WORD, ONE FINGERSNAP," on stage . . . . . $2.

"SELF-HYPNOSIS
The Limb-By-Limb Self-Trance Induction Technique." . . . . $2.
Sat. or ref'd. Hypnomaster, 846-B3, Sunnyside, Chicago 40

SUBLIMINAL ADVERTISING

— An Attack On Your Threshold Of Awareness

Americans should be up in arms against this new advertising invention; but they probably will accept it without a murmur, unaware that it is potentially the greatest attack ever made on their freedom of will. Once in general use, what is to prevent it from being used unscrupulously to convert the entire population to the status of a herd of sheep, hypnotically governed into a slavery beyond the imaginations of the most vicious of dictators? Read this challenging article, and decide for yourself whether or not you want to be "conditioned" against your will and without your knowledge.

Recently in a New Jersey theatre, subliminal advertising was tested on a movie audience. Subliminal advertising is a process, invented by James M. Vicary, of flashing advertisements on the screen so rapidly that the viewer is not consciously aware of seeing them, although they make an impression on his subconscious mind. Subliminal is defined as "below the threshold of sensation or awareness".

Here's how it works: The message, a very simple one of a few words, is flashed on the screen with a separate projector, in a bright flash that lasts only one 20,000th of a second. You, looking at your movie screen, are not conscious of seeing the message, nor even of seeing the flash. You are totally unaware that your movie has been interrupted by a "commercial". Yet, your "awareness" is on the job, and just at the threshold, the message has made its impression. Because this message has not been passed by the censor or the consciousness, it has not been subjected to any reasoning process, and it is accepted by the subconscious as absolute gospel, or as a command. It may even believe that the message has been "okayed" by reasoning facilities, and is therefore to be acted upon. The result is simple, and effective. Let us say the message was the one used in the theatre: drink cola; eat popcorn. Believing you have a hunger or a thirst for either or both, you buy them and consume them in larger than ordinary quantities. You may even dislike the stuff, but you feel the urge to eat it. You don't know why.

You *should* be roaring mad, if you were one of those who ate popcorn in that theatre because of

that insidious attack on your threshold of awareness! You've been taken, brother! You've been robbed of your free will. You've been brain-detoured. You've been tricked!

What if the message had been something more serious?

Like "Vote Republican".

Not serious, you say? Not if it isn't serious to become a mindless slave to a system! Not if it isn't serious to have your decisive thinking and resultant action done for you! Not if you're just a sheep, and not a free, democratic American (otherwise known as a guy who won't knuckle down to a dictator or a whip)!

To make matters worse, inspired by the success of the movie test, radio station WTWO-TV in Bangor, Maine, decided to try it over television. The privacy of the homes in Bangor was invaded by a message that would be worthy of a Summerfield himself—the viewers were told, via subliminal flashes, to "write WTWO". A harmless thing indeed. If most of the TV sets in Bangor (like most TV sets) hadn't been out of focus, the whole darn town might have deluged the station with mail. And at 3c each, Summerfield would have made quite a haul!

Do you see the possibilities? Billions of senseless letters written each year could wipe out the Postal Deficit. Those of us with the weakest thresholds of awareness would be "taxed without representation" to a merry tune. And we'd be spending ourself bankrupt buying everything from popcorn to licorice sticks. Even kindergarten kids (the precocious ones who could read) would start smoking Kents until the micronite came out of their ears, and they coughed their lungs out with cancer. And they wouldn't know why.

A man could go insane worrying about *why* he does things he doesn't really want to do.

According to "one of the spokesmen for the *owners* of the subliminal method", "It's up to the advertisers to determine what use they'll make of it."

What can you do to an advertiser who violates your constitutional right of privacy? Legally there is something, we're sure. But actually, he should be hanged.

Go back to that word "owners". Who gave *anybody* the right to *own* a technique that imposes his will upon your own! So they have the right to "determine" how they'll use it on us, have they? If *you* let them use it, you deserve to be stuffed with popcorn and mounted on a billboard!

Actually this is only the first step in what can be a very horrible

thing. Let's go to Dr. Curtis R. Schafer, project engineer of the Norden-Ketay Corporation of Milford, Connecticut, who, at the National Electronics Conference held in Chicago in 1957, warned his colleages that "already practitioners of a new science known as bio-control can put electrodes into people's brains and control most of their actions".

Before we go into what bio-control is, please note that there are *already* "practitioners" of this new science. In short, it's already being done.

Bio-control is the control of the physical movements, mental processes, emotional reactions and the sensory perceptions of the higher forms of animal life (including, of course, man) by means of bio-electric signals.

How is it possible? A few months after a baby is born, a surgeon can equip the child with a socket mounted under the scalp and electrodes reaching selected areas of brain tissue. A year or so later, a miniature radio receiver and antenna can be plugged into the socket.

Electro-encephalographic research has been done on experimental animals where bio-electric signals have been transmitted to the brains of higher animals by means of electrodes embedded into the parts of the brain that do particular thinking jobs.

Experiments in which rats and dogs are made to feel hungry just after eating, or afraid when they have nothing to fear, "simply by injecting the appropriate neural currents into the central nervous system," give the pattern for human "bio-control."

This already has been used in some regular treatments on schizophrenic mental patients, using the same surgical techniques that would be required for the "bio-control."

In this operation, small holes are drilled through the skull, and silver electrodes are inserted into various sections of the brain. The electrodes cause no discomfort to the subject or noticeable damage to the brain tissue, and no interference with the functioning of the brain except when they are energized. Normally they are left in place for several months and presumably may be left there permanently.

Bio-control some day may make it possible to control and enslave entire nations of people. Some writers have predicted the mass enslavement of whole nations as the result of a World War III.

This enslavement could be imposed upon the vanquished as a condition of peace, or through the

threat of hydrogen bombing. The means for "bio-control" to prevent people from thinking as individuals is already at hand.

It may become a working science within 50 years, or it may take 500, or it may never occur at all, but the ultimate achievement of bio-control may be the control of man himself. We should be aware of its tremendous capabilities, and we should realize that a great deal of research is going on which will make bio-control possible.

Picture it, if you can. The children of a conquered nation could be operated on, ala Hitler, and made into robots whose thinking would be done for them by radio! Such a nation would never revolt! Such a nation would make an ideal slave-labor force! We wouldn't like to be that nation.

But our own people, our "advertisers", don't want to wait for the invader to come and take away your minds—they want to do it right now, in a more insidious way, via your subconscious. No operations needed. . .just your attention, please. Go to a movie, or watch a TV show, and while you amuse yourself, have your thinking, your future actions, your future decisions, pre-fabricated for you! When election day comes, you'll go dutifully to the polls and vote for Schmoe (only you'll never suspect *why* it was the right thing to do).

Let's have none of this "subliminal" stuff. It's not sublime; it's ridiculous. The very thought of James M. Vicary's flashing advertisements is abhorrent. And if he ever tries his invention on us, he'll see flashes all right—in his own eyeballs!

How about you?

GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

(*Continued from p.* 35)

terpreting the dreams you have.

What you should aim for at first is success in interpreting your dreams, here and there. Spot success, that can be slowly expanded until, now and then, you are able completely to interpret a whole dream and prove the symbology by connecting the dream with what it symbolizes in real life. Success breeds success.

In the next article we will touch on some of the problems of telepathy, prophecy, and allied phenomena which come under the heading of *messages,* things that impinge on our mind from other sources than our physical senses or our own internal mental processes, and are brought to our I-conscious department through the dream department, sometimes while we sleep, more often while we are wide awake.

GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

By John Mentor

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

Number 4

THE GENERAL PATTERN OF SYMBOLOGY

IN the three previous articles we have described the human organism as an instrument more sensitive than any other, capable of literal godhood, but disorganized. We have begun to get acquainted with one part of the total organism, the dream department. We have pictured the dream department as being in contact with all other departments of the mind, as having a simple, dog-like devotion to the I-conscious department, trying to communicate with it in the only way it knows how—by what we call dreams. We have described the language of dreams as a mixture of symbols and things that aren't symbols, whose meanings are peculiar to the individual, rather than derived from some cosmic dictionary.

In this article we will describe briefly some of the major aspects of symbol origins and their formation, so that you can apply these patterns to an understanding of the symbols of your own dreams.

How does something become a symbol, to be used by the dream department? It must make a profound impression on the mind, and it can do so in one of two ways; by a dramatic and emotional impact, or by its continual presence in one's everyday life. (In the same way a stone can be made into fine powder by being ground up by giant grinders, or eroded by wind and rain.)

Something that makes a profound impression may do so in a fraction of a second. It generates strong emotion at the time. This emotion

may be terror. In may also be love, grief, awe, anger, frustration, etc.

The thing itself may be external or internal. There is a brief moment during which the attention is completely focused on it, viewing it with preternatural clarity, and in that moment the strong emotional reaction to it becomes strong and undiluted. The next moment the whole incident may be forgotten, but a symbol has been born, probably to have a dominant influence on you for the rest of your life, in your dreams and in your waking life.

The other kind, the things that become symbols by their continual presence, are more subtle, and practically rule your existence. They become ninety percent of the symbolism of your dreams.

Because they are things that are around you all the time, they are peculiar to the culture you live in, and your individual environment. For example, a house becomes a certain symbol to you. A cave would have the same symbolic meaning to a cave deweller, a tepee to some tribes of Indians. By the same token a cave in your dreams would have a different meaning than it would to a cave dweller.

At the same time, a given thing will have a different affect on you than on your sister or brother who is also continually around it. With this clearly understood, we can say, cautiously, that some things will have much the same effect on different people, and acquire the same general symbolic meaning to more than one person.

However, NO thing ever takes on the same, symbolic meaning to ALL people. No dictionary of dreams can do more than mislead you.

Let's take one of the Freudian symbols, the candle. It is supposed to be the phalic symbol, the symbolic representation of the male human penus, so that a nice girl who goes to sleep in a sexy mood will dream of picking up a candle, and perhaps lighting it. If she is afraid of sex perhaps in the dream after she lights the candle it will burn her hand. That may be true, but that does not mean that EVERYONE who dreams of a candle is dreaming of the penus. To the person who was raised in the Catholic or the Episcopalian faith, a candle will have a quite different symbolic meaning. It may symbolize God (the Father or the Son), or an Angel, or perhaps doing right, taking the right path or the right course of action in a situation.

To a girl whose candle symbology is non-sexual and noble, then, if she has a wonderful father, there

is a tendency for her to make her father the God symbol, or vice versa. If, then, in waking life, she had a serious problem bothering her, she may dream of holding an unlit candle in her hand, of taking it to her father, who lights it for her.

She gets out a book on dreams and finds out from it that she dreamed of having sexual intercourse with her father. What her dream department TRIED to tell her was to take her problem to her father, or perhaps to take her problem to the priest, and she would be shown what to do (the candle would be lit and dispell the darkness so she could see where to step). But not knowing this, and believing what the dream book told her, she finds her other problems complicated by the discovery of a "subconscious sexual attraction to her own father," which Freud and a lot of psychiatrists gloat on like vultures over carrion. And in some cases they are correct in their diagnosis, but not often. The evil in this is that the girl may believe it, and actually develop a sexual attraction toward her father!

This example could be multiplied by thousands of others, filling this magazine ten times over; but this one example should amply demonstrate how careful we must be in interpreting dreams and how open minded and clearly analytical we must become toward our own dreams and those of others.

So, though we must be extremely cautious about assuming that any symbol means the same thing for two people, we can find some things which might. Things common to all of us and having much the same daily effect on all of us. A room is such a thing.

Most of us are born in a room. All of us live in rooms. We enter a room through a door, we leave a room the same way. In our daily lives are various rooms. The room we sleep in, the rooms we are with others in, the room where we work, perhaps. When we leave a room, we can go back to it, and when we enter it it is the same room it was before. But the problems of our lives are much the same way.

A problem is generally confined to one part of our activities. It is confined. Similiarly, our desires, our goals, are each in some confined direction toward some desired destination. Most events are similarly confined. We enter them, we leave them, we go back to them, we know they are there when we are away from them, or we know they are someplace and try to find them.

That is why most dreams have

some sort of architecture, rooms, doors, houses, barns, caves, tents, theaters, etc., in them. It is also why, in most dreams, we are in such places, leaving such places, on the way to them, searching for them, or trying to get through obstacles to enter them or to leave them.

The architecture in a dream, in general, symbolizes the shape of the events, and the interpretation of the architecture is the best starting point in finding the actual meaning or message of a dream.

Under architecture also falls geography, but since most of us spend most of our time indoors, and our reactions in waking life to the contours of the outdoors are more romantic, philosophical, and partaking of fantasy, dreams containing seashores, mountains, and such, generally have to do with long range decisions or major changes that are troubling us.

Alongside the architecture and geography is the furniture of a dream, and furniture has a general function in a dream quite separate from the architecture. In the geographical dream we have rocks, stones, plants, birds, and such, under the heading of furniture. We will call all these elements the *furniture,* as being distinct from the *architecture.*

Finally, we have the general classification of the *characters* of a dream. People and animals, usually, though anything that moves may come under this classification.

Now we can make certain broad generalizations about symbolic meanings. The architectural confines of a dream are descriptive of the situation or state of affairs the dream is about. The furniture symbolizes the static elements of the situation. The characters symbolize the dynamic or active elements of the situation, and what they do and say symbolizes real events and what should be done.

Right here we must say that *static* and *dynamic* are the principle notions involved—not human or non-human. For example, in a dream an actual person may be a chair, a picture on the wall, a book, or anything whatever in the furniture classification, as well as a person or animal. If the real life person plays a static role in the dream, he or she will be a piece of the furniture.

But furniture is also used in a dream in a descriptive capacity for the dynamic elements. For example, if you are in a room talking to people and while talking you go sit in a chair and it is solid and comfortable, that will probably mean your position in the real life problem is secure, but if the chair falls apart while you

are sitting in it, that would of course mean your position is treacherous to you. In either case the chair would be fulfilling an adjectival or descriptive capacity—but it might also have a further symbolic meaning, because if it symbolizes a person, then the solid chair would symbolize support from that person, while the chair that collapses would symbolize a person who trips you up or fails you when you rely on him. Also, if there are other chairs, your choice of chairs would symbolize a choice of positions you might take in the real life event. In that respect, tables, the floor, a bed, a couch, or anything you might sit on or beside could symbolize and be descriptive of a stand or position you do or should take in the real situation of waking life.

It is complex, but—and this may sound facetious but it is literal truth—the dream department pictures a certain person of real life as certain piece of furniture, but once you have established the connection, the more you study it the more it dovetails. And you will come to have a high regard for the character insight of your dream department!

We come now to the general nature of the characters or dynamic elements of a dream. There is, of course, yourself, and what you yourself do. You may remain the same throughout the dream, or change bodies, be aware you are some animal, or change clothes without being aware of having changed clothes. Any such alterations in you during the dream symbolize things you do or are made to do by events.

There are people besides yourself, and with each of them you must remember that he or she may not be an actual person in real life—and in most cases isn't, even when the person in the dream is someone you know. Bear in mind though that the person in the dream may not be symbolic, but literal. If, for example, the problem of the dream concerns you and someone close to you, you and that person *may* both be literal in the dream.

In general, though, most of the people in your dreams will symbolize dynamic factors of the events the dream is about, and to discover what a dream person symbolizes you must bear in mind the universal tendency of all people to *personify* things. A troublesome and frustrating everyday task may become a nagging woman in a dream, the real life nagging woman may enter a dream as a yapping little fox terrier threatening to nip at your heels.

A business man who depends on

big sales transactions for a living may symbolize those real life transactions as women, and in his dreams he may always be chasing girls, trying to get girls in bed with him, or even bringing a beautiful girl home with him while his wife frowns her displeasure. That business man is not oversexed, he is simply unable to drop his work while he sleeps!

For ninety-nine percent of us, animals in dreams are ALWAYS symbols, and nearly always symbolize definite people we are with during waking life. The reason for this is twofold: first, ninety-nine percent of us never become dominatingly close to any animal and almost never have a problem *in common* with any animal we are associated with, such as a pet or an individual farm animal; second, in addition to our universal propensity for personifying things, we have a tendency to *animalify* (to coin a good word) people. This person is a yapping fox terrier, that person a pig, another person a cat. We would all be much surprised to learn the symbolic effect we have on other people, and how much of the time we are animalified in their minds. Most of the time they couldn't tell you if you asked, because it isn't conscious in their minds. And if they did know, you might be disgruntled to learn that instead of an animal they symbolized you into a highbacked uncomfortable chair.

But we do not call one girl kitten and another cat for no reason. The reasons are generally deeprooted, and very seldom do we know their origins.

There remains one more type of dynamic or moving thing in dreams, which comes under the general classification of *conveyances*. They have one common property. You get into them or on them and they take you along while you remain in or on them. They are *transportation*. Transportation generally symbolizes your job, or some continuing activity that carries you along. If the accent in the dream is on getting into or on the conveyance, it indicates a continuing activity you *could* engage in, or should (unless it carries you into trouble in the dream). If, in the dream, you arrive at some destination, then that destination, when the symbolism is interpreted, tells you where the job or continuing activity will take you.

So much for the general approach to dream symbolism at present. All the above is a comprehensive picture which should enable you quite accurately to decipher most of your dreams, if you study it over and use it as a guide in in-

(*Concluded on page* 29)

The SEERESS Of HELL'S CANYON

By Dabney Taylor

One morning in the summer of 1908 a man walked into the Overland Bar in Boise, Idaho and ordered a whisky from Jim Cox, the owner, who was working the bar alone during the slack morning hours. When Jim handed the lone customer the shot glass the man grabbed his arm and drawing him down close to his face whispered, "Hear you're stuck on mining."

Cox had been playing around in the mining game ever since he and his wife had moved west from Kentucky to Cle Elum, Washington in 1874. On his first venture he had cleaned up $30,000 for his fourth interest in a copper mine. Then he tried his luck in the Klondike where his partner Bob Casson died of scurvy. When Jim brought Bob's body back to the states to be buried he had a scant thousand left out of the thirty he took with him.

Soon after this bust he set up a hotel and saloon in Sumpter, Oregon and started making money there until a fire hit and burned down his place with the rest of the town.

Ups and downs never bothered Jim Cox too much and he scraped together funds to open a fine saloon in the historic old Overland Hotel. It was while running this place that he met an old prospector from the Seven Devils in Hell's Canyon named Tom Heady.

Heady soon suceeded in interesting Cox and his mining partner Harry Colby, who ran a blacksmith shop, in a prospect he had been working on located up Deep Creek in the monstrous Hell's Canyon gorge of the Snake River. When Cox and Colby finally reached the claims Cox had named them the Red Ledge group because of the beautiful sand tone gossen red tints of the dyke standing out in the Deep Creek gorge in flaming contrast to the somber greenish gray of the canyon and the river.

Early in the game, before the digging got started, Cox satisfied himself that there was copper in the gold-silver ore by throwing a

dime and his pen knife in an open pool which held acid water seeped from the ore body. After 24 hours a thin copper film had formed on both objects so, satisfied with their experiment, Cox and Colby decided to take a third interest each with Heady.

Shortly after the men started to tunnel with a right good will. After a couple of months of hard work and with grub running low, and still no ore vein in sight, they decided to get back to Boise and their regular jobs until they made enough money for another grub stake and a string of pack animals to haul their gear through the hazardous canyon trails, which at the highest point stand a thousand feet deeper than the deepest drops of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

So, when Cox gave a laconic "Some" to the question about his interest in mining, he was indulging in the understatement peculiar to the men of the early west.

"Wal, then, Cox, if you be," the stranger leaned more confidently across the bar, "Why don't you hit out for that fortune teller that's just come to town. She's livin' on Idaho street, just around four squares from here and I'm 'tellin' you she sure beats the devil when it comes to locating mines, lost lodes and such. She'll give you a straight tip sure."

"Hell," Cox answered wiping some spots off the bar with his towel. "I ain't interested in that kinda stuff. Don't take no stock in it."

"This is on the dead level." Undaunted by Cox's curt answer he reached in his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar. "It'll only cost you a buck and I'll sure stake you to it."

"Put your dollar back where it come from," Cox snorted. "I'll take a chance on payin' out my own dough."

Acting on an impulse he reached for his Stetson hanging on a hook behind the door. "But look here, if you're on the square you'll stay here and watch the place 'till I git back."

"That suits me fine." The fellow laughed and stretched out on one of the big leather chairs and started rolling a cigarette as Jim banged through the swinging doors.

An open verandah ran completely around the porch of the one storied house on Idaho street. Cox walked up the steps and knocked on the door. It was answered by a gaunt, sandy haired woman dressed in a cotton house dress.

She stood there looking at him for a long moment and Jim noticed that her eyes were the color of sherry wine with specks of black.

Their expression was cold but penetrating. "Come in," she said in a professional tone. "I suppose you've come for a reading."

Cox nodded and took a seat on a rickety bamboo setee. The woman sat down beside him and in a matter of fact way took his wrist between her fingers and sat in silent contemplation. Finally. . . "You're in the liquor business, ain't you?"

Cox didn't answer, just looked out of the window and tried to make his mind a blank in case the woman was a mind reader.

Suddenly the voice of the seeress grew tense, "I see you in a country of great canyons. They are full of rich ore and they are red and yellow, beside them rushes and jumps a strong white, deep stream and it dashes into a sullen river far below."

Jim was startled at her accurate description of Deep Creek where few whites had ever penetrated and also at the change in her use of language, which before had been mining camp western.

"You've been tunneling up stream." She covered her eyes with short, white hands on which brown liver spots made a startling contrast, then she took down her right hand and suddenly pointed down. "I see it now," she cried. "Dig down stream. That's where you must dig, down stream." Again she pointed with a sweeping gesture. "Down," she said again. "Down below the cabin."

"How on earth!" Cox marveled as he left the house after giving the woman a five-dollar gold piece, "How on earth did that woman know where the old Heady cabin was located below Deep Creek?"

When he got back to the Overland Bar, the man that had steered him to the fortune teller was asleep in the black leather arm chair. Cox shook him by the arm, "Hey, wake up!" With a deep yawn the man opened his eyes and seeing who was shaking him smiled knowingly. "Well, did you find the old lady in?"

"Yep." Cox went on back of the bar. "Sell any whisky?"

"Sold some beer and left the money on the till thar and washed up the glasses."

"Much obliged. Belly up to the bar and have one on the house."

"Thank, guess I will."

There was a few minutes of silence while the man emptied his glass then he said slyly, "Git your money's worth?"

"Maybe."

"Most folks do. She's got a big name 'round Denver and Leadville."

"What's she doin' here then? Don't notice she's wearing no dia-

monds."

"Well, she's funny that way. Says she don't want no more money than it takes to live on simple. Says she'll lose her second sight if she does take more."

"Huh." Jim Cox said cautiously, "What claim you got on her? You related?"

Just then some one walked in the bar. When Cox finished serving him and went back to talk to the man he had slipped out.

As soon as the other bar tender came in at noon Jim walked down the street to call on Colby at his blacksmith shop and told nim to hustle over to the woman on Idaho street without telling her who he was or what he did and see what she had to tell him. Colby laughed at the idea but Cox insisted, finally Colby said he'd give it a trial.

Harry Colby was received by the same woman in the same fashion which Cox had described. She told him he was a blacksmith by trade and was the partner of the man who had called during the morning. She told him then some personal things about his life and then gave him the same descriptions for working the Red Ledge claims she'd given to Cox.

Cox and Colby got together that night and talked it over They decided that the fellow must be her "shill", as gambler's decoys are called in the camps, and that somehow he must have found out all about them and told the woman how to read their fortunes. One thing that stuck them was how she could have known about the location of the claims and the cabin on Deep Creek. The country was so rough that few had ever penetrated it and the three men had kept mum regarding the location of the workings. Finally they decided to keep their eye on the man and call again on the seeress and see what more she had to say and maybe find out where she got her information. However, the men never came into the saloon again and a day or two later when they called at the Idaho street house it was empty and the door boarded up with a TO LET sign stuck on the front porch.

Later in the season the two partners got their stake together and sent a message to Tom Heady to meet them at Ballard's Landing on the Idaho side of the Snake and from here they started up the canyon and after a tough trip finally made it to the Deep Creek camp. All this time they had kept mum to Tom about their experiences with the mysterious fortune teller, but, nevertheless they had agreed that they would start their season's work by tunneling down

(*Concluded on page* 45)

A MATTER OF THE MIND

By Dr. D. E. Wood

In writing an article dealing with the mind of man in relation to the brain and the reaction caused by death, it is needful for the writer to condense, and speak in lay terms. Therefore, I am forced to ask the reader's forgiveness for the brevity on some points that ordinarily would be pursued at greater length.

In the evaluation of this article we must keep in mind that nine tenths of the human mind is now a mystery of the first order. Some think that this unused area was at one time used for E.S.P. or mental telepathy. Still others believe its use was an "awareness" area; a sort of sixth sense we once had that enabled us to be aware of wild animal, or other dangers to primitive man. But this "awareness" ability decreased fast after civilization set in and man invented more and more mechanical safeguards.

One other mystery regarding the brain has never been solved. Due to accidents, large portions of the brain have been destroyed without doing any damage whatever to the person's ability to carry on as usual.

The A.M.A. journal of the medical profession related (June 1921) the case of a man aged 30, who had developed a brain tumor. The patient finally allowed the brain specialists to operate. Up to the day of operation, this patient kept himself busy by studying his textbooks on law, as he was preparing to take the board examinations to become a lawyer after his release from the hospital.

When the operation was just starting, the patient's heart gave out. They were unable to start it again. But, as is usual in most cases, the operation was completed as scheduled, as an exploratory procedure. The surgeons were dumbfounded to find upon opening the skull, only a piece of the brain as large as an orange. The rest of the brain cavity was filled with a watery fluid. Yet the patient was a brilliant man with a high I.Q. and had never once shown any signs of brain deteriora-

tion. Many similar cases have been reported since then.

Think for a moment what this means. The substance in this patient's brain cavity consisted of fluid and an ounce or so of brain tissue. The cortex, all of the memory banks were gone, as well as the motor areas. All of these important parts of the brain had liquidized. We will admit that all of the brain was there in a changed form. The liquid that used to be cells were there, so the only conclusion we can come to is the fact that this patient was using the electrical components of his brain, even though they had changed their shape and mass into a liquid form. Would this patient have become an idiot if this fluid had been drained off? Or would he have died? We can only guess.

Any honest doctor will tell you he was just as scared as you would be when he saw death at work for the first time. And even though a doctor works side by side with death, he is never on good terms with him. They snatch souls from each other at every chance. They play by a set of rules that is known to both, but they are never broken unless God has time to enter the game. Then all house rules are down and both the doctor and death step back and watch the Supreme Master work. Then we see what is called, a miracle.

The so-called "Soul" of Man has stumped our best scientific and theological minds.

As a student of medical research I have watched many men and animals die. But I am always amazed at the reaction death causes. Especially is this true when you study the eyes of a person when death strikes.

Watching a person's eyes when death takes over is startling. The pigment in the iris grows darker, then they collapse, and lose their depth. The deep, three dimensional aspect is gone in a flash. It gives even the most hardened of doctors a sense of frustration. Maybe this is because we know that nothing we can do can prevent us from going through this same process at some future date.

The fear of death has been handed down through the ages, and man has forever feared what he can not understand. And when a mystery is too big to be solved, the mind of man works in such a way as to shove the problem into one of the inner vaults of the brain, and lock the door. He knows he has solved nothing, but it allows him some peace of mind to go on searching for problems and answers to lesser mysteries.

But getting back to the very moment of death, not many people

are aware of how fast the body starts to decay after circulation stops. Deterioration starts first in the brain cells. These fragile cells are supplied with food and oxygen by the lymph and blood. When one of the tiny veins of the brain ruptures and spills out blood, we have what is called a stroke. If too much is spilled out, it's fatal, or the person is paralyzed. A clot no larger than a bean can cause the loss of the ability to close or open an eyelid. Or it can cause the loss of memory to a degree. Even speech can be impaired.

It's not the presence of the clot itself that does the damage. Nature could take care of that. It's the loss of food and oxygen to the tiny area that vein supplied. The nerves in the starving cells are too weak to give out their signals that open the motor circuits to the muscles of the body directed from this area of the brain. This same process is repeated all over the body when death stops all circulation.

Lots of patients have died upon the operating table due to the heart stopping for some reason. And these reasons are too numerous to list here. But in most all cases the chest cavity is opened and the heart is compressed manually by the surgeon. In a few cases the heart is started again and the patient lives from a few hours to many years. But if the heart is stilled for too long a period and then comes to life the patient's brain cells have been too long without nourishment, and the result is a partial moron, or he is paralyzed in some section. These patients don't live very long.

Thousands of re-awakening processes have been tried on dogs, rabbits and other animals with the same sad results. It's trying to relight a 60 watt light bulb with a six volt current.

Quite a few research workers agree that there must be a great cosmic battery (God?) some place in the celestial make up that supplies the initial spark of life to start us off. That's where the great argument for reincarnation begins. Are these same impulses of life used over and over again for new birth? Or is new material generated and used as needed when the mother feels life inside?

The brain wave machines now in use are proof positive that each brain gives off its own pattern of electrical particles in the form of impulses. And the ratio of electrical energy given off is in direct proportion to average blood supply needed for each brain. Take for example, a test that some medical schools use to illustrate points of this nature.

A healthy, well developed student is placed on a seven foot teeter-board in a supine position. As he lies there, his body is perfectly balanced to the very grain. While he is being balanced, he is told to make his mind a complete blank and concentrate on seeing nothing but a black void around him. When the utmost balance has been acquired, he is told to figure a problem in mental algebra. After a moment or so of mental concentration, the board will begin to tilt downward at the head position. This is caused by the weight of the excess blood called to the brain to nourish the brain cells that are using up energy to solve the mental problem. When the problem is solved, the board will return to its former position.

There is another reason why I have written about the test above. That reason is the difference in weight in a body a moment before death, and a moment or so after death.

An article in the medical journal "Lancet," a publication for members of the British Medical Society, stated in 1901, that an experiment in weight was carried out by a group of interested medical men on a patient (with his permission) before and after death.

The patient was placed on a wide padded board which was suspended by a sling from each end to a spring weighing apparatus attached to a rafter of the ceiling above.

The results were a mystery to all, for at the moment of death, the body lost a total of six ounces to the gram.

The man's breathing was fairly audible before death, so to make sure of the moment of death, a stethoscope had been taped to the patient's chest, and was arranged to an apparatus that amplified the heart beat which could be heard all over the room.

The questions unanswered are many. The main one is, does this prove the soul weighed six ounces in this man? Are all souls the same weight? Was this the weight of a soul or what?

Getting back once more to the matter of the mind and death, we have another odd fact.

A patient may have had terrible pain for long weeks such as terminal cases of cancer etc. Then all at once, the pain ceases, and the patient feels as well or even better than he has in his entire life. His relatives and friends are astonished, but overjoyed as they see the remarkable change appear. The patient is now sure he is going to get well, and he even makes plans for the future. Everyone is happy except the doctor. He may not

say anything, but he knows what is coming. It may be only an hour or so, or even a whole day. But the doctor has seen this happen, so he waits for the blow to fall. It comes without warning. One moment the patient is talking and laughing and the next moment he is dead. It's a great shock to all.

The doctors are in the dark regarding this mystery. Something in the body, (or the mind) orders a short reprieve. It must be a powerful order, wherever it comes from, for at once, as if on order, the nervous system reverses itself. Instead of carrying pain signals to the brain for action, it now sends up glowing messages of good health and well being. The whole body relaxes in this warm glow of hypocrisy. The glands pour out hormones and adrenalin with other secretions to help support this immense lie. If the research people could isolate this substance, it would be a God-send to man.

The mind is a powerful thing. Take the mystery of the American Indians that has the medical profession baffled to this day.

When an Indian gets too old to be useful, and can't help himself, he sets a date to die. And he never fails to accomodate. When the date arrives the Indian takes his favorite blanket and strolls off to some quiet corner of the reservation. Selecting a tree, he wraps his blanket around him, seats himself, and proceeds to die. At sundown his family brings him in for burial.

An autopsy will show nothing at all organically wrong. No poison, no trace of heart trouble. No nothing. All that can be said, is the fact that he is dead exactly as promised. He willed himself to die. The entire makeup of man including the brain and its mysteries, are being studied by more and more scientific circles than the average person is aware of. Their eventual findings will amaze the world.

Just now the center of interest is around the mind's ability to order the body to do certain things that are contrary to known medical laws.

For example, directed faith and concentrated prayer are doing things to the human body in some cases that has the medical profession and scientific circles in a dither. Here are the facts, as they are known now.

It has been known for some time that the component cells and structures of the human body have a positive and negative attraction, including the brain and spinal column. But what amazes the biologists and research people, is the fact that the germs and viruses are also controlled to a certain

degree by these fields. This fact brings an interesting theory into mind.

The miracle faith healings by certain people, may be due to the healer's magnetic make up. If viruses can be controlled by the concentrated will power of certain people with a strong positive or negative field, there are no limits to the cures that can be made. For example, if a certain virus is found to be of a positive makeup, then a healer with powerful negative fields can control the direction of blow of a weaker virus of positive make up. In others, the reverse would be true. By using his mental power, the healer could command the virus in question to become dormant or even paralyzed. Then nature could take over by using the body's normal defenses to destroy or wall up the invading virus.

The above may sound far fetched, but a lot of fields are being opened up today that were never thought of a few years ago.

In closing let me add that hypnosis is merely an order from the brain to the nervous system to either ignore, or do certain things. For example, when told by the hypnotist that the subject will not feel pain or even blister when a flame is held to his finger is an example of the power that the mind holds over the body. In just such a manner the mind could control the ability of the body forces over an invading virus.

Let us hope all of these miracles will come to pass soon.

THE END

The SEERESS *Of* HELL'S CANYON

(*Concluded from page* 39)

stream below the cabin.

Old Tom Heady was completely bewildered by the change of operation and grumbled mightily but after several weeks of heavy work, when they had gone into the rock to the depth of 18 feet, Heady who had gone in first that morning came rushing out with a beautiful specimen of chalcopyrite (rich copper ore) that had dislodged from the true vein during the night. They had hit the main ore body at last by following the advice of the strange seeress of Hell's Canyon.

U.F.O. and the BLACK LODGE

By Devananda

IF the good reader will forgive an Easterner for borrowing a Western expression, American students of U. F. O. phenomena have "missed the boat" in their speculations. This is due, in large part, to the Western method of deductive reasoning: proceeding from particulars to universals. In the East the pupil is trained to view Nature in broad, general patterns before being permitted to analyze its innumerable, interrelated parts. Thus he escapes the curse of specialization in knowledge and mounts to wisdom free from the bewildering limitations that the Western mind imposes upon itself.

"As above, so below." Everything visible on our objective and illusory plane has its subjective and "non-illusory" counterpart on a "higher" plane of being. The selfishness and evil observed in human life are but feeble reflections of a colossal wickedness obtaining in the high places of super-human life. And this brings us to the ancient problem which has taxed the wits of theologians and philosophers for thousands of years: Good and Evil.

For our present purpose it is sufficient to state that "good" *on our plane* is representative of that Eternal Harmony which is the Heart of the Universe, and that "evil" *on our plane* mirrors the outflow of discord from the dark side of Nature. Good, therefore, partakes of that which endures forever, while evil belongs to all that must ultimately dissolve away in the Ocean of Time.

To understand the mystery of Flying Saucers and other Unidentified Flying Objects, a working knowledge of Occult Science is required. With rare exceptions, the leading writers and students interested in U. F. O. are of the Science-Fiction school which deals with fantasy rather than fact. Occultism is fact. Flying Saucers are also fact, but few Western minds approach the subject from this direction. Science and officialdom are

as much in the dark as the humblest layman because they, like he, have no true grasp of life's meaning and purpose.

When universal manifestation begins in any given cycle or manvantara, the Ineffable Mystery, the Boundless Reality behind all that is, flows forth or expresses itself in two aspects: Purûsha or Spirit, and Prakriti or Matter. "These two, light and darkness," says the Bhagavad Gita, "are the world's eternal always." There is always that which we call Spirit, expansion and light, and that which we call Matter, contraction and darkness. These two polarities operate in human nature, and we, the minds that choose, feel this dual pull of Spirit and Matter, Good and Evil.

For some nineteen million years we as human egos have been reincarnating on this planet, living life after life with self-conscious moral awareness. We have made many wrong choices and many right choices. And now we approach the time of Final Choice. It may be near at hand for you, or it may be distant, but someday choose you must between Spirit and Matter, Light and Darkness.

Some have already made this choice and gone ahead with developing powers and expanding vision. We call these beings Masters or Adepts. And with the two paths of Spirit and Matter, there are two kinds of Masters who follow these Paths. There are Masters of Spiritual Glory and Wisdom who work with the harmonious, constructive forces of the universe, and there are also Masters of Wickedness and Hatred who seek to undo and destroy all that is good. At the end of each major cycle of manifestation these Masters of Wickedness are exterminated by the very forces of Nature which they sought to misuse, while the Masters of Light go on to greater glory and power.

This fundamental truth is unknown to the world except among Occultists, and these individuals are rare. The writer happens to be one, and part of his present service is this sharing of knowledge pertaining to the mystery of the Flying Saucers. He seeks no personal acclaim. Praise or censure mean nothing to him. He offers this paper with the knowledge that among those who read it will be men and women able to understand and apply what is given in a beneficial way at the right time. The world faces strange developments in the next nineteen years. In 1975 the White Lodge of Masters will send one of its number out into the world to strike anew the keynote of Ancient Truth, and this document is part of the preparatory work.

From time immemorial the White

Lodge of Masters has had its location in the highest part of the world -- the Himalayan mountains. The White Adepts represent all that is spiritual and good. Therefore they live ABOVE THE EARTH. Where would you dwell if you were a living incarnation of wickedness? Would you not seek a remote, secret place in keeping with your character? Of course you would. Why are liquor taverns and dens of vice always dark and curtained? Because they vibrate to and symbolize that which is evil. Therefore the Masters of Blackness selected, ages ago, the caves and caverns BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH for their retreats.

The Black Adepts know well their terrible fate, their self-chosen doom of final extinction; but while they live (if their existence can be called living) they enjoy the thrill of power, of hatred and destruction, and desire to draw as many souls as possible into their own maelstrom of spiritual death. They work in mysterious ways subtly, craftily, rarely seen by the outside world. Sometimes, for a very important reason, one of their number appears among men to perform a work of evil. Such was Rasputin, who presided over the collapse of the Russian Empire. Such was Aleister Crowley, who came to undo the work of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, an agent of the White Lodge.

The Black Masters do most of their work through unsuspecting human agents. Charles W. Leadbeater, the renegade Theosophist, was their instrument, and, more recently, Richard Shaver, a mediumistic writer, was used to promulgate a fantastic theory of their underground world. They knew that in this century there was great likelihood of their retreats being discovered, and therefore, to throw a cloud of utter disbelief over the idea of subterranean civilizations, they inspired Shaver to write his incredible stories which served to discredit any serious thoughts that sharp minds might have in the right direction. The Shaver fiction paints a grotesque picture of what actually goes on below the surface of our earth, although Shaver himself was sincere and reported faithfully what the clever Sorcerers impressed upon his mind. And the final result of his nightmarish tales which appeared for five years in AMAZING STORIES was precisely what the Black Lodge wanted: total disbelief among all scientists and most laymen that anything was going on in the caverns of the earth.

Flying Aircraft are as old as Atlantis and Lemuria. They have always moved in our skies and have always been seen by men. Both the White and Black Lodges use them.

and have always employed them for their work in the world. The Masters have scientific knowledge that orthodox science will not possess until millions of years have passed. If a genuine Flying Saucer or a robot such as terrified the seven people at Flatwoods, Virginia were given into the hands of modern technologists, it would remain as much a mystery as ever. It would be like handing a television set to an Australian Bushman.

Several intuitive students of the Flying Saucer Mystery have come close to the truth, but in every case were frightened into silence by agents of the Black Lodge. It was not the governments of the world that clamped down the real censorship, but the Sorcerers who are determined to keep their hideaways secret. It is true that the governments now exercise a newspaper and radio censorship of their own, engineered by religionists who want their superstitions protected and by scientists who attack all ideas that challenge their own fantasies. Pride and love of power also dominate the government bureaucrat playing with little rules and regulations that affect the common man. But the reader can take comfort in the knowledge that he now knows, having read this much, more of the actual truth than any official of orthodox scientist in the whole world suspects. It will be a long time, if ever, before the secrets of U. F. O. are known to our scientists, whose clumsy imitations bobbing about in the sky are sorry travesties of the real thing.

The Adepts, Black and White, are no busier now with their Spacecraft, robots and other aerial instruments that they have been for millions of years in the past. The Flying Saucers and U. F. O. phenomena will always be with us because they belong to earth. They do not come from the Moon or from any planets, visible or invisible. Some are etheric, appearing and disappearing, and some are of solid metals. The Adepts themselves, or their pupils, are often at the controls, but more commonly robots are used.

There is little to fear. Your likelihood of being kidnapped by the Sorcerers is very remote. (An Occult Astrologer could tell from your horoscope what the chances are). You will live out your present life and reincarnate many times more on this planet, which will be in space for eons to come. The accumulation of snow and ice on the polar cap will not disturb the balance of the earth for many ages, and by that time, if you run the race of life successfully, you will belong to the White Lodge and have nothing to fear.

QUESTION: Why are the scientists so bitterly opposed to public interest in U. F. O. phenomena? *ANSWER*: Modern Science is wholly materialistic and therefore fights any theory that suggests a spiritual or metaphysical aspect to Nature. In fact, Science is so antagonistic to the Flying Saucer idea that it attempted to downgrade the great scientist, Dr. Tombaugh (who admitted seeing a Flying Saucer) by denying that Pluto, which he discovered in 1930, is a planet! Officialdom, like Science, is pompous and proud and, being unable itself to solve the mystery is determined that no unofficial body shall have the truth.

QUESTION: Have certain Flying Saucer enthusiasts contacted the "Space people" and been given "rides" in the Saucers? *ANSWER*: No. This is a complete fabrication of self-hallucinated amateur mystics and headline-hunting charlatans. In certain cases Adepts of the Black Lodge, working from the astral plane, have contacted living sensitives and mediums to give misleading information which in turn has been circulated as fact but in no instance have true details been communicated.

QUESTION: Will the Masters behind the U. F. O. phenomena ever declare themselves to the world? *ANSWER*: At the present time it would be useless, even dangerous, for the Adepts to communicate directly with mankind. What good purpose would be served? Half of humanity would blindly worship them as gods, while the other half would regard them as agents of the devil. Many years must pass before the world will begin to suspect that a true knowledge of man and universe even exists. In 1975 an exoteric effort will be made to restate some of the ancient teachings, similar to the work initiated by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875.

QUESTION: If the Flying Saucer bases are terrestrial, where are they located? *ANSWER*: Some of the bases of the White Lodge are in the Himalayan and Andean mountains and also near the north pole. The Black Lodge bases are mostly subterranean, but a few are near the south pole, which is the earth's point of egress, negative and malefic.

QUESTION: What are the Adepts, Black and White, doing in the Saucers? *ANSWER*: The White Masters are busy always with their innumerable duties and services to mankind. They labor for the good of all living creatures in harmonious, constructive ways unknown to us. The Black Masters are equally busy, but with destructive, evil motives. The White Adepts seek to unify and enlighten man-

kind and protect it from cosmic forces that would otherwise destroy even the planet itself. The White Lodge seeks to UNITE all peoples; the Black Lodge to DIVIDE. The latter works toward the promotion of war and strife, religious bigotry and politican factionalism, using many prominent but ignorant individuals as tools in their terrible work of destruction.

QUESTION: Is there any truth in the idea that the Saucers come from inner, invisible worlds? *ANSWER*: None whatever. The earth is one of 7 globes making up our planetary chain. The other 6 globes are made of finer substance and are inhabited by living beings, but there is no contact between the entities of the 7 globes. Such would be impossible because of the tremendous differences in substantiality of the bodies. Only the Dhyan Chohans or Gods who watch over the progress of the life-waves and communicate directly with the Masters can penetrate into these ethereal realms. Ordinary people of a highly spiritual nature may at times "tune in" on the invisible worlds while their bodies are asleep, and bring back to waking consciousness a few vague impressions of what they have seen, but such cases are rare.

QUESTION: Is there any basis of fact in the claims that people can disappear into a "4th dimension" and then be brought back to earth? *ANSWER*: There is no "4th dimension" that Occult Science has ever discovered. There are only three dimensions in the universe, but the *astral plane* which interpenetrates the physical world is often mis-called a "4th dimension." Objects of all kinds can be dematerialized and then rematerialized, but LIVING TISSUE once dematerialized into its astral state is destroyed and cannot be restored as living tissue. Adepts and even some Chelas can, by Occult power and knowledge, cause light rays to bend around them so that their physical bodies are not seen, but their bodies are still there. Entities manifesting at spiritualist seances are dead people or the shells of the dead on the astral plane who draw from the medium and sitters enough material atoms with which to temporarily clothe themselves and become visible.

QUESTION: What is the Flying Saucer's source of power? *ANSWER*: Gravitation is one-half of the "law" -- the other half is repulsion, the counter polarity. Levitation, well known to mystics for thousands of years, is a demonstration of the repulsion-polarity in Nature. The Flying Saucers and other Space Craft contain a secret

(*Concluded on page* 60)

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.

DREAM IN 13

We had arranged for a motor trip to Canada and in mid-July my daughter and her husband, my wife and myself left our home in Pittsburgh and drove to Camp Arowhon, Ontario. Here we spent the afternoon with their two youngsters. From there we went on to Montreal to spend a week with my son and wife, and their youngsters who reside there. We then motored down through New York State and northwest Pennsylvania in easy stages. On the last night of our trip we lodged at the Vestal Motel, near Binghamton, N. Y., which is only 300 miles from Pittsburgh. This is an easy day's ride, and we were happy we were so close to home. But when we woke the next morning, I could see my wife was upset and I asked her what was wrong.

"I had a terrible dream," she said. "I dreamed that Beryl and I were carried into a hospital on stretchers."

I laughed and replied, "You women are always worrying. You're just tired from the long trip, that's all—and that's why you had this nightmare. Forget it.

And don't say anything to Beryl or Dave about it. We don't want to make our driver nervous."

We topped on the road for breakfast, and everything went smoothly until we got to Williamsport, Pa. Here, at a street crossing in the middle of town, a big city bus bore down on us and smashed broadside into our car. The impact jammed our doors and one had to be opened with a crowbar before we could be helped out and rushed to a hospital. We were given first aid and X-rays were taken. Fortunately, our worst injuries were cracked ribs. But, as they wheeled the women out of the X-ray room into the hall on stretchers, my wife looked up at me and said, "Do you remember my dream?"

"Yes," I replied, "I do. And do you remember what our room number was in the Vestal Motel last night? It was 13! I should write that manager a letter and tell him to change it to 12B."—*W. E. Farbstein.*

TWO MINDS AS ONE

When I was inducted into the Army, I had only been married a short time and naturally felt quite lonesome upon being shipped from Long Island to Massachusetts. I was placed in a barracks at Fort Devens and from what information I could gather, would be there for some time.

I had written to Rose, telling her where I was and how much I missed her. The first Saturday after our arrival, I got a pass and hiked to the nearest town which was Ayer. Locating the railroad station, I collected some timetables before returning to camp. That night, I studied the tables and figured how Rose could get to Ayer from Brooklyn. Of course, I wasn't sure she would come, but I had hopes.

Sunday, I wrote my daily letter to my wife, giving detailed instructions on how to reach Ayer and asking her to let me know when she was coming so I could meet her. The following week, although I received several letters none of them mentioned anything about Rose coming to Massachusetts.

On Saturday, I had a strange feeling; it seemed to urge me to walk over to Ayer. "What's the use," I told myself, "she might not want to take that trip up here."

But the idea kept hammering in my head and I asked for a pass. Arriving at Ayer, I checked at the station to find what time the train

would arrive. I hung around the waiting room until at last the train pulled in. Soldiers, men and women alighted on the platform and I strained my eyes looking for her. "Why did I think she would come today, she didn't write, perhaps I will hear from her next week." I thought, turning away, disappointed.

But something drew me back to the far end of the platform and there was a bewildered young woman carrying a suitcase; it was Rose!

After our excited greetings were over, she clutched my arm tightly and asked. "How did you know I was on this train? I didn't write; I just came on an impulse."

Oblivious to the crowd around us, I grasped my dark-haired wife in my arms and pressed my lips to hers. "Don't ask me, dear, I had a strong feeling that you would be here on this train. I tried to shake it off, but here I a ."

She smiled happily as she clung to my arm. "I kept thinking and thinking, 'if only he would meet me'. It worked, because you came without knowing I would be here to meet you."—*Charles E. Wade.*

CHRISTMAS GIFT OF MUSIC

LAST YEAR I was given the Christmas gift of music. Even since December 3 I was aware of a faint sound of music whenever I would lie down on my bed; music that I knew did not come from the physical.

On the night of December 13th I was aware of two beings in my room and heard one say to the other (not in the physical, of course), "Well, shall I do it?" I did not hear the reply, but felt someone touch me in the center of the back. Then the music that I had heard before came out plainer. It was very seldom I could understand the words of the songs, but they were familiar songs. I knew what they were. There were hymns, played on all sorts of instruments, from harps to bagpipes. There was even the whistling of hymns and other songs. There were old folk songs, patriotic songs—from the Revolution to World War One. There were old popular songs: "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," etc. At Christmas time the Hosanna choruses were so beautiful I thought I was listening to the Everlasting Song around the Great White Throne (Perhaps I was.)

When it first started this wonderful music would keep up almost continuously, day and night, hardly ever stopping. I didn't care.

I enjoyed every minute of it.

My husband is an Hawaiian prince who was kidnapped as a baby, mistreated cruelly for years, and finally brought in contact with his uncle. This uncle, after spending all his funds in search of the child, became leader of a troupe of players, still keeping up the search. This was Pale K. Lua, leader of the troupe of players, known as the Irene West Royal Hawaiians. He died in World War One, the same war in which my husband served, enlisting at the age of fifteen. Pale Lua made a number of phonograph records. It was one of our great pleasures to buy these records and play them over on a record machine. My husband, who was taken into the Irene West troupe at the age of eight, also knew these songs and played them on his guitar.

It was my great pleasure to hear my husband's uncle Pale and his cousin David Kaili, who had also passed on in World War One. play these lovely old songs that no one else plays. They play them on all sorts of instruments, and sometimes sing them.

Sometimes I take a book and sing along with this wonderful music. I can also sing my own compositions, audibly or mentally, and have them sung right back to me, or played on different instruments.

Now that this wonderful thing has happened I realize my husband's uncle must have been helping me with my music and poetry for a long time. I remember especially trying for several hours to compose a song for one of my fairy poems. I couldn't get it to suit me. That night while lying on a couch, I heard a large orchestra of string instruments play it over for me until I learned it.

I am very grateful for this gift, to God and to my husband's uncle. I never saw him, but I admire him so much for what he did for my husband that I have composed a song and a poem in honor of him.

The music does not come on as often as it did. It was meant for a Christmas gift of course, but I can start it by singing mentally. They especially like to have me sing in old classical Hawaiian. I am not Hawaiian, but I learned to sing in the language and appear on my husband's programs.—*Lois Alike Kaili.*

THE VOICE

"TAKE his picture-NOW!" said the Voice. "In three weeks he will die of cholera infantum."

It was a very hot day in July, 1941. There had been no rain for weeks and there was a shortage of water, but an abundance of heat everywhere—the worst heat wave in years, so it was said.

I had started to hang out the family wash as our eleven-month-old baby boy played on the floor near the door, when the Voice came with the strange message.

My camera was on the dresser in the bedroom with films in it, but how would any one outside the family circle know there were films in it? My fingers shook with fear as I hung up the wash. I didn't mention the story till later.

But on July 28th, the baby died after an illness of a few hours with what our old family doctor called the worst case of "cholera infantum" he had seen in more than twenty years.

I have the picture now that the undertaker took of the baby as he lay in the little white casket before they took him away that day.

The three eldest daughters and a son talked about what had happened, but they couldn't understand it. A pen friend wrote: "There was someone on the Other Side who wanted to help you."

* * *

It was on a cold night in November as I awaited the coming of the same family doctor, as we were expecting a new baby. But the baby was born dead before he could come through the rainstorm to reach the old farm house where we lived. I kept back the tears as I waited and tried to think of other things than the Hand of Death that had come as always uninvited into our home.

"I wonder what his name would have been had he lived?" I asked myself as I looked down at the little form beside me.

The Voice came as once before, clear and sweet as a bell. "His name would have been George Michael."

I was strangely not afraid of the Voice any more.

Some years ago a friend sent me a clipping that I have kept. It seems to fit so well in what I've been trying to think and believe about my two boys.

"For there are two Heavens, friends, both made of love. The one inconceivable, so divine it is, the other far on this side of the stars, by men called Home."

So it must be with your boys and mine who have gone on to that other Home. If they must be away from this home, we can be comforted by knowing that the other Home beyond is there for them for Eternity.—*Anonymous.*

THE LOST C-47

DURING World War 2 I served as a radio operator on flight status with the 20th Troop Carrier Sq. (Sp.) of the 6th Air Force based at Albrook Field, Panama. Our job was primarily freight carrying and making mercy missions in addition to transporting troops by air. We flew C-47's, which were known as flying boxcars, and the famous Boeing XB-15 which had been converted into a transport plane. A detachment of our squadron was based at Trinidad on detached service, and we often made over-water flights to this tropical island.

In 1943 one of our C-47's mysteriously disappeared on a flight estimated about half-way between Albrook Field and Trinidad. On this particular flight the weather was clear, and the radio operator had sent the pilot's hourly position reports on schedule. The radio operator, whom I knew well, was the conscientious type and monitored our radio station frequency continuously. However, it appears that he did not get time enough even to transmit a dit to warn of danger.

Later search and rescue planes were sent out to try to find our missing aircraft, but no trace was found of it or the members of the crew which included the two pilots, two engineers, and the radio operator. My buddies and I thought that a German sub might have surfaced and shot down the aircraft, but had that been so it seems likely that some part of the plane or clothing of the crew would have remained afloat. The crew was well trained in ditching procedure and had ditching equipment aboard so that it would appear that there must have been an explosion which did not give the crew time enough to launch a life raft and send out an SOS on the Gibson girl emergency radio set. As far as I know there was never any publicity concerning this disappearance nor has it been written up since then. I will leave it up to your readers as to what might have happened to my former comrades—*Ex-Sgt. Donald H. Baker.*

MAMA WAS PSYCHIC

IN the realm of human experience, surely there is none stranger or more exciting than making one's home with spirits.

I never knew a spirit or a ghost, but I did know a jolly, round, delightful little old lady who knew them intimately. She was one of

the genuinely psychic people, possessing that rare gift, which has declined even more in the fast-moving world of today. She was my grandmother, or "Mama," as she preferred to be called. You'll find scores of people in a mid-western city who still love and remember her.

She was born in Ireland, in County Kerry, somewhere in the latter seventies. Born with a caul, some say. When she was a girl in the lush rolling green of the Irish countryside, she used to spend whatever time she could snatch for herself, sitting on a hillside listening to voices.

Their calling was irresistable and impelling. They needed her receptive mind, I suppose, and finding so few tuned to this extra-sensory wave length, compelled her to listen. Her family could little understand her strange behavior, but their quiet village life was undisturbed by it, until one moonlight night. As she lay asleep in her bed, the voices told her to rise and look out of her window. There in the milky light she saw the form of a man long dead. She was not frightened, but her parents, when she told them, were shocked. After this there was no doubt that she was different from other people. Despite such manifestations, her life was normal and happy, and in her seventeenth year, she met a tall young Englishman with drooping mustaches. She fell in love with him and they were married.

Now, Papa didn't know he was getting a young miss with her head in the ether waves, but I doubt he would have cared. For where was there an Irish lass so bright of eye, sharp of tongue and possessed of a wit to shame the Blarne out of anybody. She was five feet tall, red-haired, plump as an apple, with the triangular eyes and mischevious grin the Irish so often have. On their honeymoon, they visited the Blarney Stone and she was swung up on ropes to kiss it. No doubt this added to her natural wit and love of a good joke, especially the practical kind. (I remember when I was a little girl, how she would laugh at a mischevious trick she played on somebody. You could hear her for blocks.)

When the young couple had been married about a year, Papa decided to go to America leaving Mama behind until he could send for her. In Ireland he had been a professor of Gaelic, but in America he established himself in Law. In a few months, he sent for Mama. By this time there was a baby boy. Mama made the trip on a heaving ocean with the baby

strapped to her waist. The ship had run into a storm and was in danger of sinking, so the passengers were confined to the holds. Whether her voices calmed her fears, I do not know, but I like to believe they did. Once again safe on land, in New York, they began the journey to the middle-west to meet Papa. They settled down to raising thirteen children in all. Mama used to say she had a baby on her lap and under her lap all the time!

During the next years, a man entered her life, who was to be the biggest influence in it ever afterward. He was an Indian, White Feather, and where Mama met him, I do not know, but when he learned she could hear spirits he promised to contact her after he died. Not long after, he did die and became her "control." Whatever Mama was told after that came through White Feather.

As the children grew up they learned to live with their unusual mother, and accept odd things as part of their lives. Papa died when the youngest child was two years old. Mama took his death very hard and kept him in a vault for a long time. Several months after his death, she had the casket opened to find Papa with a long white beard. It seems strange that she hated to part with his body. When she, out of all others, had positive proof of some kind of afterlife. But even though she was gifted with this power, she was, first of all, a woman and a wife. Just as death brings blind sorrow to others, so it did to her.

As the baby girl of the brood grew, she was allowed to sleep in Mama's deep feather bed, and she learned from infancy not to be frightened at the weird noises that followed Mama to bed. She lay in the dark and listened to sharp knocks on the walls; dresser drawer being flung open and slammed shut; and footsteps thumping around the room. But in the midst of this pandemonium, which fortunately did not happen every night, mother and baby went soundly to sleep.

After Papa's death, Mama supported her family by holding "circles" and private appointments (readings). She abhorred cards; she didn't need them. She just sat across a small table and held the hand of her guest. She brought help and comfort to many troubled souls and prevented numerous tragedies. But once again, tragedy entered her own life. In the dead of night she woke screaming, rousing the household. She had seen, in a dream, one of

her sons in a train accident. One of his limbs had been smashed and had to be amputated. Shortly after she had told the family of her dream, the telephone call came, telling them of the accident exactly as she had seen it.

During her long experience with people, mama delighted strangers by reading their minds, often embarassingly for all. She could sing like Jenny Lind and speak Indian as fluently as a native (thanks to White Feather), and once, visiting in Oklahoma, she did so. dumbfounding a reservation full of Indians! She always knew what was going on around her; no wonder she often seemed fretful and tired. No one ever had to tell mama when one of the grandchildren, spending the night in her feather bed, had had an unfortunate accident. She would come in laughing, her eyes twinkling, and say that White Feather had told her what the "papoose" had done.

In later years it tired her to listen to his voice and she often had headaches. When she died, she went quickly. I wonder if she knew what was happening to her? I have been told that White Feather did not tell her too many things that came close to her own heart. And I wonder if she will mind my writing this? I think not, as I write in all respectfulness and love. I think she would have liked it.—*Rosemary Fanning.*

A CRISIS IN DRUGS

(*Concluded from page* 20)

copy, or even buy a copy right now, please address your letter to "Amherst Press, Amherst, Wisconsin." Because of the importance of this book, an extremely low price for this kind of publication has been set, at $3.50, *thus bringing it into the popular range. Actually, it's worth ten times that. The information in it could save your own life!—Ray Palmer.*

THE END

U.F.O. AND THE BLACK LODGE

(*Concluded from page* 51)

mechanism which neutralizes the gravitational pull, allowing the other "law " to act. This, together with a vast wealth of scientific knowledge, has been known by the Adepts since the days of Lemuria, but orthodox science does not suspect its existence. This is fortunate for humanity because it would only be mis-used -- as all scientific findings are in the present black age of Kali Yuga.

"Ghost, Pull My Grey Hair!"

By John Stewart

Elsie Casey was murdered by her husband, but her vanity reached beyond the grave — and his specter came back to perform a beautifying service!

I had never believed in the supernatural - ghosts were always a source of merriment. It was without hesitation that I agreed to spend the night alone in a house where murder had been done.

It was my unpleasant duty to rent or sell the house - the house of ghosts. Renting proved an impossibility. I had firmly believed it was due to the gossip of neighbors. But prospective tenants insisted it was haunted.

It all started five years ago. One chilly November night Victor Casey returned home from the late shift to find his wife, Elsie, with another man. He shot her. Had he been content with that perhaps he would be alive today. He chose to dismember her body in the bathtub. Then Victor took the remains into the mountains - that is, all but her head.

Elsie Casey had been a middle-aged woman with auburn hair, greying slightly at the temples. There was about her an attractiveness men could not resist. She often chided Victor for his jealously. "I'm attractive to men, Vic," she would say, laughing. "All men except you."

This, of course, was not exactly true. Victor worshipped his wife. Unfortunately he was a quiet little man and held within himself all hurt and anger. It was common knowledge in the little town that Mrs. Casey was not a faithful wife. Sympathies were with the murderer - but corpus delecti had been established and after a two year wait, Victor Casey went to the gas chamber.

The one outstanding feature of the crime was that Elsie's entire body had never been recovered. A birthmark had been cut away from her left shoulder. Fingerprints were questionable since each finger had been severely slashed. At one point in his trial, Victor stated that his wife's head could be found

near the spot where he had dumped her body. This proved to be false.

The stories of ghosts started with the first tenant a year after Victor's execution. They claimed to have seen Victor sitting on the floor of the bathroom. Others reported a similar story, one or two said they heard him speak but could not understand him.

After a year of being empty and uncared for the house began to take on a shabby appearance. The once charming garden became an extravagance of thorny shrubbery.

As a real estate agent, I realized the value of the property and after a long discussion with my wife, decided to buy it. The one condition my wife stipulated was that I spend one night in it alone.

I arrived after dark and discovered I would have to use candle light since the electricty had been off for months. I made a thorough search of the house and ascertained that I was quite alone.

In the front bedroom, moonlight wavered through the curtains. I felt perfectly at ease and lay down on the bed falling into a deep sleep.

Shortly thereafter I found myself wide awake. I listened to the stillness and heard nothing. The moon had passed over the house and the bedroom was darker than when I had retired.

Then I heard it!

A shuffling sound coming up the front steps. "Who the devil is coming here at this hour?" I muttered. I waited for the sound of a knock. There was none. I went to the window and looked onto the porch - it was empty. The shuffling noise seemed to be in the living room. I had not heard the front door open. Then a soft humming noise seemed to float through the bedroom door.

"Mac - you're really falling for this ghost business," I told myself "Go on out there and make sure." I lighted the candle and cautiously opened the bedroom door. All seemed quiet. I went into the living room and found it empty, the same for the kitchen and rear bedroom.

I was about to go back to bed, smiling to myself for being so stupid when I heard the noise again. I stood in the hall listening, trying to locate the sound.

The bathroom!

That had to be where the mysterious sounds were coming from. I walked slowly toward the door and found it open. There hunched in a sitting position beside the bathtub was a figure. The only movement came from the arm, tracing an irregular pattern in the air. I recalled the same type of movement when my wife sewed

buttons on my shirts. Yes, that was it. A slight hesitation as though a needle were being forced through a resistant material, and then a swift pull of the thread.

I raised my candle higher and walked toward the figure. I stopped, a chill passed through me and I could almost feel the hair rising on the back of my neck. "What are you doing?" I spoke through the emotion of strain.

"Poor Elsie . . . . She hated grey hair . . . ."

The man continued whatever it was that so enraptured him and chanted the same thing over and over. My first impulse was to reach down and pull him to his feet and call the police. I realized there was no phone and also there was something about this man that was not genuine. I could see the outline of the bathtub - through him!

"No one will ever find your poor grey head, Elsie . . . . Cess pools are deep, Elsie . . . Poor Elsie . . . She hated grey hair . . ."

During this chanting I managed to walk closer to him. Then I knew. This *was* Victor Casey. The house *was* haunted and only its complete destruction would ever rid it of this ghastly scene.

Victor sat there humming and chanting. In his lap was the head of Elsie. Victor was busily searching for - and plucking out - each grey hair - one by one!

EDITORIAL (*Concluded from page* 11)

we look at the ocean from within a drop of water and say that it is not fair that the ocean is so big, and the drop of water is so small? Faced with unfathomable mystery, can we claim any one answer simply because we reason so?

There is only one thing we can say is a fact, and that is that we do not KNOW. That is why SEARCH is called SEARCH and not KNOW. It would be the height of egotism and folly to claim that we *know*. We can only *search*. Whatever you read in SEARCH is exactly that—a search, a voyage of discovery through using our thinking abilities and our observing abilities. SEARCH acts as a sounding board for your thought, acts as a forum where you can exchange thought, as a marketplace where many things and theories can be displayed for examination. But it admits freely that when it comes to stating a fact, it just doesn't know!

But it will keep on looking, and we know you'll look with us. There's no telling what we'll find—but it always proves to be intensely interesting.—***Rap.***

The BETROTHAL RINGS

By Eve Roe

Did a dead hand take these rings from her lover's grasp?

October 30th came, and Pietro Dominic, true to his word, banged the knocker on the Butterfield door. After a short interval during which he waited impatiently, he turned round and walked back to his Hotel which was only a few blocks away, in the small town of Antler.

That same evening, Pietro, furbished up like a bridegroom, presented himself again at the Butterfield home. Mr. Butterfield, himself opened the door.

"Pietro!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Good evening, Mr. Butterfield! Here I am, true to my promise! Is Eda ready?"

"Ready!" the little man gasped, growing pale. "Eda? Ready for what!" He started back, as if appalled.

"Ready! For what! Why, to get married. You know what you promised us! One year from when I left we were to marry. She is sixteen now and she promised to wait for me."

"My boy, don't you know! Haven't you heard?" asked Mr. Butterfield, wiping his brimming eyes.

"Heard what!" demanded the lover, a fearful look of anxiety replacing the expectant joviality of his countenance.

"Eda. . .she's dead. . .buried a week ago today!" the sad father told him. "Typhoid fever. . ."

"Buried. . ." Pietro's healthy complexion became a sickly pallor. He staggered and caught hold of the door jamb for support. "You're fooling!" he said. "I talked to her right here on the doorstep this morning. . .I saw her! I tell you! She was here this very morning.

I held her in my arms. She kissed me. She promised to marry me tonight!" He threw his arms wide in a dramatic gesture. "I came all ready to go to church."

"You can't be serious, Pietro!" Butterfield implored.

"Serious!" the younger man said impatiently. "Would I be likely to joke about the girl I love. . . my affianced bride. . .whom I am to marry this very night!"

"But come into the house, my poor boy. . .why do I keep you here on the doorstep talking. . . come in, come in!"

Weeping, they entered the old fashioned parlor. Pietro produced from his breast pocket a trim jeweler's box which opened to reveal twin betrothal rings, set with emeralds which Eda favored.

As he extended the box toward Mr. Butterfield he unashamedly wiped his tears away.

"Too late!" the older man mourned, then controlling his grief, he confessed that he bitterly regretted having forbidden the marriage. "I thought she was too young . . .it would be better for her to wait until she was at least sixteen . . .and with that, I sealed her death warrant. If she had had her way and gone away with you, she might have been living and gay and be here with us now! A happy wedded wife!"

"So she would! So she would!" the bereft lover wept. "She loved me. . .and I adored her! We would have had a wonderful life together."

"I bitterly regret not giving my consent!"

"It was a sad mistake. . ." the lover assented; and added that he had better be getting back to his hotel for he meant to take the ten o'clock train to the next stop on his tour. He held out his hand. "May I have the rings, please?"

"The rings?" Mr. Butterfield exclaimed. "Why, where are they?"

"I handed them to you," said Pietro. "You took them out of my hand. . ."

"I took them!" Mr. Butterfield was indignant. "You are teasing. . . I never touched them."

"You took them out of my hand. Come! Come, what kind of tomfoolery is this. Give me the rings!"

"It's no good your being impatient. I tell you, I never touched them."

"Could they have dropped to the floor?" Both men got down and searched the floor, then the couch, then the chair cushions and tables and even the window-sills! They felt and probed and spied into every conceivable cranny, but all in vain. While they were thus engaged, Mrs. Butterfield returned from evensong at the chapel which

she found a comfort, as she was very religious. She joined in the hunt with them but wearying of it, left them to go upstairs and lay aside her wraps. She bethought herself that she had promised her dying daughter to give Pietro the daily journal which had helped to while away the long time of waiting and went into Eda's closed room to fetch it. The room was tidy, bare and peculiarly empty. The dresser was bare of everything except a small white box. A jeweler's box!

Mrs. Butterfield's cry of amazed alarm alerted the men downstairs. They came into the room just as she snapped open the lid of the box. She gasped and her staring eyes swivelled to meet theirs.

The box held the rings. There they both were, the emerald stones a-gleam! She stood like one turned to stone, herself, holding out to them the missing rings.

"It was right there. . .on the dresser!" she whispered and then burst into a torrent of tears. The men looked on in that silent painful helplessness before agonizing sorrow which is all mortals can feel.

Pietro who had picked up the ring-box gazed down at them sadly. "They were for my darling girl. . .they are hers. . . ." he said. And as he lifted his tear-dimmed eyes he thought he saw for an instant a blithe young form, smiling with angelic constancy and sweetness from the shadows of the mirrored hallway.

He laid the ring-box back on the dresser and bent to embrace the weeping woman.

"Mother, leave her rings on her dresser. . .she wants her rings, I think!" he said. And with that, he departed, leaving the grieving parents to comfort each other.

Pietro never returned to Antler; but so long as the Butterfields lived, Eda's room remained just as it was with her betrothal rings on the dresser.

The End

Mrs. Butterfield was my maternal aunt and lived near the Depot in Antler North Dakota where this sad story took place.

E. Roe

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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.

I wish to thank each and every one of you readers of SEARCH who sent lovely Christmas cards and also for the beautiful gifts I received. Truly no words can express my feelings. I felt especially happy to think you'd take time to remember me.

I also want to say that much irritation at delay in answering your requests for analyses would be avoided if you would understand the way my work is done. I don't *rush* it. I want to be *right*, not fast. But I don't dally.

In reporting *time* of predictions, no time can be given. I've always been honest with those who write for an analysis. Until a prediction is proven to be impossible of occurence, it still has a chance of taking place. So don't think that because six months or a year or more has elapsed, it cannot occur. Some write me and tell me things happen immediately. Others say it took six months. One lady wrote me that a whole year had passed before my prediction came true. No one honest in this work can say that an event will happen on such and such a date.

One thing I will not do is predict your death, even to an approximate date within years. I have been asked many times to do this. I will not. Nor will I predict the winners of horse races. I'd rather keep you from making a wrong decision than counting on your own death or on a horse race.

If you will try to *place* the incident I predict, you will find that many times when you thought I was wrong, I was not. For instance, if I say a letter will bring important news, signed by a man, and one comes signed by a woman, the detail isn't important, but what is important is what I say to do about the letter. Many have written that they have been saved many dollars by not signing such a letter, or a paper, when I ad-

vised against it.

The following is in answer to questions that are frequently put to me:

About Reincarnation: I have an open mind, but am *not* convinced.

About Astrology: I like astrology very much, but unless it is done by a person who really knows it, I'd rather not have a forecast. I've seen many couples misled because an astrologer said they could not get along together. I dabble in it, but I do not use it in my work at all.

About Spiritualism: Many fine spiritualists exist, but I don't use such ability in my work.

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.

One man wrote and was angry because I would not predict winning numbers. He said others had done so, and he had paid $25.00 for the information. No matter how prominent the reader is who does these things, do not infer that I will do the same. If I can help anyone, I would not charge any such sum anyway.

I like to be frank, and if I think you are wasting your time wanting anything, I tell you so, I make my analyses as complete as they would be if you were visiting me personally. It isn't the length (I've done as much as twenty pages). Each analysis is given a length of time during which I concentrate. I then dictate the answer on a tape recorder. This way I have no interruption. My efficient secretary, Dorothy Anderson, then types the analysis.

I hope to have the pleasure of being of assistance to you during 1958.

* * *

In the absence of any predictions by Mrs. Lauer this issue, the editor will take a crack at it himself! Which ought to be interesting! First, we will pass on an addition to a prediction Mrs. Lauer made concerning the sinking of an ocean liner, which comes from Nyle Rothenbach, 357 Ninth St., Brooklyn 15, N. Y. He says the liner, which has a black hull with white trim at top (a *big* liner) will catch fire on its Europe to U. S. run before the middle of March, 1958. It will be a terrible fire, and the ship will be abandoned. The holocaust will be fed by high winds.

Next, we have another which isn't our own, but our source is rather an unusual one. It predicts that a certain North American leader who is now in office will not live out his term, but will die of cancer of the colon. How many North American leaders are there?

Now for a few of our own: Atom bomb tests will be stopped in 1958, by mutual agreement of the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Action will be taken by both parties in the U.N. to insure that no other nation will fail to be a party to the bargain. This bargain will not be evidence of mutual friendship, but of the absolute scientific certainty that the damage already done is tremendous, and that future testing might be tremendously far-reaching in its bad effects. Public feeling will play a large part in this action, especially among scientists, whose geophysical year research will bring to light frightening amounts of polution of both soil and air.

Kenneth Arnold will appear on CBS to air his saucer sighting to

the nation. How do I know? He just phoned me and said so. You will have seen the show by the time you read this, and if you missed it, you are sorry, aren't you?

Tomatoes will be cheaper—than grapefruit!

Most important rocket test was the U.S. altitude test (rumored at 4000 miles). Reason, U.S. is worried about invaders from space, and is perfecting weapons to attack them many millions of miles away from Earth!

Editor's Note: Obviously the editor isn't so good at predicting—Kenneth Arnold did NOT appear on CIRCLE THEATRE (CBS). He chose to decline the opportunity after CBS had flown him and his wife to New York! For the sensational reason. and for the COMPLETE true story of what happened (including the censorship of Major Donald E. Keyhoe, and what it was that he was saying when censored—) by cutting off the sound—will appear in the April issue of FLYING SAUCERS, our tremendously popular new sister magazine. Get it at your newsstand, or better still, subscribe now. $3.50 for 12 issues, address Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisc. There are four back issues available (June, August, November 1957 and February 1958).

THE DEADLY TOYS OF MOLAR BUND

MOLAR Bund, a small village about 15 miles from New Delhi, India, is a community of snake charmers. Every male child is taught to handle the most poisonous reptiles in the world almost from the time he can stand. Every family owns wicker baskets of writhing snakes to be used in training. Children are given cobras and vipers to play with instead of rattles and dolls.

When a boy is old enough and has sufficient skill he takes a bag of snakes and musical instruments and goes out into the world to earn his living.

There is more to the art of charming snakes than the blowing of a gourd flute, according to the head of the village. An apprentice must be able to catch a snake in the field, must keep him contented and healthy in captivity, must know how to mix a quick antidote for bites that may be fatal within a matter of minutes.

The charmer must also be able to extract the venom from the snake. He grasps the snake just behind the eyes with a thumb and forefinger. Then with a small knife he cuts deftly near the inner angle of the jaw and scoops out the sac of poison which is about the size of a pea. The snake is uninjured.

The men of Molar Bund wear dirty turbans of brilliant colors and their ears are pierced with ivory rings. The richer snake charmer may have gold dots inlaid in his teeth. These men travel all over, entertaining in the cities of India, once they have "graduated" from Molar Bund, the snake-charming village.

MYSTERY IN THE NEWS . . . .

"TINSEL" MYSTERY

A mysterious something that looks like Christmas tree tinsel was found all over the fields around Little Falls, Minn.

Amazed rural residents are rolling it up in balls, gathering milk pails full and looking questioningly at the sky, wondering what it is and where it came from.

One guess was that the silvery-on-one-side and gold-on-the-other "stuff" had something to do with radar detection.

Col. R. A. Rossberg, stationed at nearby Camp Ripley, wouldn't say if the mysterious substance was his or not, but he took a sample and said he was going to analyze it.

An even greater mystery is where it came from. Nobody saw it come down, if it did come "down."

But whatever it is, it's all over Ripley, Swan River, Parker and Belle Prairie townships.

FREAK SHEEP FOUND

CANBERRA—Four specimens of a freak type of merino sheep, whose breeding has not been explained, have been discovered in widely separated parts of the interior of Australia's New South Wales State.

The sheep have long, shiny yellow wool, quite different from the fine white wool of the normal merino.

Experiments indicate the yellow wool lends itself to felting processes better than any other wool in the world.

DEVIL'S DESCRIPTION

In Toledo, Ohio, a boy, 8, admitted in juvenile court that he had stolen milk and fruit juice from a delivery truck. He blamed his conduct on the devil and described him as "short, all covered with hair and having big balls of fire in his eyes, three horns, a long tail and four feet like a cow." The judge advised the boy to learn about angels.

HYPNOTIZED ARTIST

LONDON, April 20—A person of average ability could become a genius under the influence of hypnosis, a British hypnotist says.

The hypnotist, Dr. S. A. Van Pelt, president of the British Society of Medical Hypnotists, said that "this is no Svengali-Trilby

story but cold scientific fact."

He cited the case of an artist who painted a picture in six hours while under the influence of hypnotic suggestion. The painting would normally have taken 70 hours and it was one he was trying to paint for 10 years.

FLYING ICEBOX

CLAYTON, California. You can pooh-pooh the spooky goings-on in the ancient Gomez home in Clayton if you want to—but don't pooh-pooh too loudly in Clayton.

There are too many Claytonites who've seen and heard "things" themselves.

As Andy Bloching, who lives about a block away, says:

"Myself, I don't know. If it's pranksters, they're going pretty far to make a joke. If it's ghosts . . ."

Bloching works in a feed store in Walnut Creek, though, and misses most of the fun.

On August 23, 1957 he missed another flight by the restless Gomez fountain pen, an everyday-type Parker 51 which takes off at odd times from its resting place in a pocket of the calendar.

Early in the afternoon, the pen flew out of its accustomed place, turned a sharp corner, and sailed 28 feet to a landing in the other room.

What's more, this was seen by a perfect stranger, a Concord high school boy named Jim Hayes, of 1554 West St., who talked his way in by explaining he's an amateur sleuth. Jim paced off the 28 feet and recorded the phenomenon for science.

He was surprised, but not the Gomezes—grandma Mary, Tony, sons Elmer and Melvin, grandsons Tom and Bob—when the pen went sailing.

Furthermore the icebox fell from the top of the well. This takes a bit of explaining. It seems it was a camp icebox that had been set on the covered top of the backyard well. It flew through the air.

There were other spooky adventures at the house. A gallon jug fell from the top of the well and broke to pieces . . . a table in the backyard fell over and jars on it broke . . . a bottle rose up from the floor of the back porch and slammed a window pane into pieces . . . a bowl jumped out of the sink and hit the stove.

Oh, yes, the salt shaker the family thought had sailed out the broken window was found perched on the curtain rod over a kitchen window.

Visitors, intrigued by the strange goings-on are beginning to come to the house for a look-see.

Mrs. Gomez who related the

new incidents with detachment said the family plans to sit it out, adding "We'll stay here."

Grandma has been hit by a flying onion, a potato and a pound box of salt, that came at her across the kitchen without visible means of propulsion.

For two weeks, and more, the Gomez house has been scene of falling and flying objects. Before that the house was battered by hundreds of falling rocks—seen flying through the air by several persons outside the family—and 15 of its windows smashed. And almost every night there's such a knocking on the rear wall it can be heard by the constable next door.

Bloching, himself, was nearly pelted by stones from nowhere. He parked, one noon, in front of the Gomez home. "Pow" came a rock on the top of his pickup truck. He moved it behind the townhall and "plop" a rock landed at his feet as he got out. He walked toward a group of small boys—including the Gomez grandsons—who suddenly hollered "Look out"—and a big rock landed behind him.

"At least I know THOSE kids didn't have anything to do with it," he says.

Bloching is one of the townsmen who joined Constable Vic Chapman and other lawmen in a day-and-night stakeout to try to find out who—or what—was flinging the rocks toward the Gomezes. He didn't see anything unusual, though Chapman did and says others did. However, the rock barrage lessened following the police stakeout.

But what got into the pot, the skillet, the fountain pen, the salt shaker, the bulldog ornament on the TV set, the tree-stump doorstop, and uncle Elmer's sleeping pills?

They've been on the prowl ever since, flying and falling without reason.

Maybe they'll quiet down after whoever is knocking on the back wall in the middle of the night learns how to get in.

JESUS WAS A TALL MAN

Jesus Christ was more than six feet tall, long-limbed and finely muscled from his preaching pilgrimages on the shores of the Sea of Galilee.

This is the conclusion of Roman sculpture - artist Lorenzo Ferri after 21 years of study of the Sancta Sindone, the shroud believed by many scholars to be the white linen cloth Joseph of Arimathea wrapped around Jesus' body after it was taken down from the cross.

Ferri is convinced that the shroud

—preserved in a cathedral at Turin and long the property of the former royal house of Italy—is the cloth of which both St. Luke and St. John wrote.

St. Luke, describing Jesus' passion and death, wrote that a man named Joseph went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus.

"And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid."

Like Veronica's veil, with which the holy woman wiped the sweating bleeding face of Jesus as he labored under the cross on the way to Calvary, the shroud bears an imprint. The imprint is of an entire body, both front and back.

Its history has been well known for ages. In the past it was the center of frequent and sometimes hot debate over its authenticity. It remained for the discovery of modern photography to bring about new intensive study of the shroud.

* * *

The first international study group of the Sancta Sindone was received in special audience by Pope Pius in 1951. The Pope later accepted reproductions of the head of Christ sculptured by Ferri after minute calculations of the image on the shroud.

These show a noble, majestic face, with a powerful, dominant brow, prominent nose, mobile lips and two-tufted beard.

When the shroud was exhibited publicly in 1898 a photograph of it was permitted. There was a sensation when it was discovered that the photographic negative held a positive image. This proved that the image on the shroud, in effect, itself was a negative.

The discovery complicated and at least partially refuted old arguments the shroud had been the work of a middle-ages artist. It caused renewed study of the shroud and—by comparison with other museum linens—at least definite establishment that the cloth dated from the time of Christ.

The shroud was photographed again in 1931 and was last exhibited in 1933 when a special Holy Year was held in Rome to commemorate the 1900th anniversary of Christ's death. The last photographs of the shroud were made that year. Ferri, in his studies, uses life-sized copies of these most recent photographs.

Meticulous study of these photographs finally led to Ferri's belief Jesus Christ was considerably taller than first thought from preliminary examinations of the shroud. These had conceived of the figure as having been straight and flat on the cloth.

Ferri noted that its folded hands came to a point on the thighs they could not normally reach if the figure were erect or lying flat. From this he deduced that Jesus' body was curved slightly in the shape of the letter "S."

Then, using living models and placing them on a sheet that reproduced the measurements of the shroud, he arrived at his computation of Christ's height. This, he discovered could not be less than 6 feet 1 inch nor more than 6 feet 2 inches.

The shroud at Turin can be clearly traced back to Lirey in the diocese of Troyes, France, where it appears to have been first heard of about 1360.

In 1453 it was at Chambery in Savoy, where in 1532 it narrowly escaped destruction by fire. Since 1578 it has remained at Turin. The authenticity of the shroud has been taken for granted in various papal pronouncements. Julius the Second formally approved an office mass "De Sancta Sindone" in the papal bull "Romanus Pontifex" on Apr. 25, 1506.

The Rev. Francis L. Filas of Chicago, a Jesuit priest, has studied information on the shroud of Turin for 16 years.

Was the man in the shroud Christ?

Father Filas says:

"The man had been crucified. A circlet of blood stains under the head suggests the crown of thorns.

"There is a stain in the area of the heart. It indicates an issue of blood and body fluid after death. After Christ died, his side was pierced with a spear.

"The man in the shroud was given a rich burial cloth. Christ was buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, a wealthy man."

ICE CAKE CRASHES ROOF

A slab of ice two feet square and several inches thick dropped from the heavens through a San Rafael, Calif. roof at 3 a.m. January 25, 1958.

The owner of the house under the roof, James Carmine, 62, a mechanic, was wakened by the noise and went into his kitchen.

A large chunk of plaster from the ceiling was on the floor. Mumbling, perhaps about the way houses aren't built anymore, he and his wife Nora and stepson Dominic Duchini, 35, went back to bed.

After dawn, he took another look. The plaster had been jarred loose by the chunk of ice, which had torn a two-foot hole in the roof and smashed into some beams in the attic.

The End

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?

Concentration is the ability to pay attention to one chosen thought, thing, subject or problem to the exclusion of all others - in other words, "fixed attention" on some one idea.

In order to be successful in any endeavor in life, you must concentrate—but never become a slave to it. A man should not carry his business cares home, nor to bed at night. This is the wrong kind of concentration and is dangerous. Never let a thought rule you, instead of you ruling it.

Most successful people know how to concentrate, how not to diffuse their energies. They have trained their minds to a higher than average degree, have learned to organize their capacities, take advantage of their strength and market their abilities to the highest bidder.

Power of concentration is shown by the size of the letters. Size, in this case, meaning the height of the letters rather than their width.

Thanking you for making this

This month's specimen is uniformly small showing he has an excellent, far above average mind with fine powers of concentration. This, along with his fine judgment, gives him the ability to adhere to specialized work with keen observance of, and strict attention to, detail. Though he may at times have to work long hours, his powers of concentration never diminish. He knows how to weigh his words - thinking much and saying little, although he has outstanding critical ability and keen perception.—*Regina.*

HERE ARE SOME OF THE ARTICLES IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF

FLYING SAUCERS, On Sale At Your Newsstand March 10

THE TRUTH ABOUT "CBS" CENSORED FLYING SAUCER DOCUMENTARY! . . . EXCLUSIVE! KENNETH ARNOLD'S OWN BOOK "THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS" . . . "CHASING THE FLYING SAUCERS" with GRAY BARKER . . . And Many Other Sensational True Articles On UFO.

personals

For Sale: two complete issues of FATE from Vol. 1 through Vol. 8. Also, some MYSTIC mags. Dean Alderholt, 5961 Rugby St, Huntington Park, Calif.

★ ★ ★

Anyone, teenagers or adults, interested in forming a nationwide group to study and discuss material pertaining to flying saucers please contact me. Nikolai Pronvich, c/o Blades, 1902 Wantagh Ave., Wantagh, New York.

★ ★ ★

Steve Vivian of 43 Berwick Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, would like to hear from anyone interested in U.F.O. allied subjects and anything unusual, particularly from people living in southern Ontario, Canada.

★ ★ ★

Do you know of any saucer group in Toronto or Ontario, Canada that I might contact? I am a member of APRO in New Mexico, but I would welcome the opportunity of occasional discussions with a group who think along similar lines. G. Conway, Apt. 401, 3570 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., Canada. (You and Steve Vivian should get together! —Ed.)

★ ★ ★

James P. Whitaker, Jr. of Gen. Delivery, Fabens, Texas, wishes to locate James P. Whitaker, Sr., originally of Fort Worth, Texas.

★ ★ ★

Haven recently gotten interested in the study of Dianetics and would like to correspond with anyone of same interest. Am also a student of the occult and metaphysics. Mrs. Bea Hunter, 1736 S. W. 14th Ave., Portland, Oregon.

★ ★ ★

If you have any subscribers living near me (a radius of 50 miles) I would appreciate their names as I would like to start a "psychic development" club. Eugene Carini, Clark Road, RFD 2, Manchester, Conn.

★ ★ ★

I would like to correspond with persons interested in the phenomena of "flying saucers", ESP, prebirth age regression, etc. Am interested in trading accounts of early

saucer sightings. Richard G. Dixon, 5274, Marlborough Drive, San Diego 16, Calif.

★ ★ ★

Does anyone have an idea how to control or ride magnetic lines of force? Walter Jones, Box 121 La Rue, Ohio.

★ ★ ★

I have 6 MYSTIC magazines on Richard Shaver and would like to sell them. From August 1955 to October 1956. Make me an offer, enclosing stamped envelope for reply. Helen Korus, 2119 P Street, Lincoln 8, Nebraska.

★ ★ ★

Wanted: to buy, April 1948 and June 1947 issues of Amazing Stories. Will also trade. I have many books dealing with occult and metaphysical teachings, and first six issues of MYSTIC. Anthony Regina, 2434 E. 11th St., Brooklyn 35, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

Wanted, the entire Shaver Mystery. Willing to rent, buy, or borrow. May H. Plath, 4525 Winifred St., Wayne, Mich.

★ ★ ★

For Sale: Back issues of FATE, SEARCH, OTHER WORLDS, AMAZING STORIES, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, etc. Many containing stories by Richard Shaver. State wants or send list. Shirley Deal, 524 N. County St., Waukegan, Illinois. (May Plath, here's you chance!—Ed.)

★ ★ ★

Mexican widow, middle forties, very interested in mystic and metaphysical things; penniless; would appreciate immensely old magazines and correspondence on these subjects. Adriana de Zola, San Jose del Cabo, Baja California Sur, Mexico.

★ ★ ★

What am I offered for FATE complete from Vol, 1 No. 1, to current issue? Otto Mayer, 250 E. 31st St., Erie, Penna. (93 issues).

★ ★ ★

I have some Shaver Mystery Magazines. One is a pink paper cover, but can't find a date. Others are Vol II, 1948, Nos. 1 to 4, Vol. III No. 1 (1949). Vol. III No. 2 (1949). Mrs. C. W. Swenson, 417 Stevens St., Fling 3, Mich. (c/o Apt. "C").

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Come, Let Us Reason...

Letters from our Readers

Dear Ray:

I read with immense interest and delight the article "Why Should We Believe In Reincarnation?" which appeared in the Dec. issue of "Search" magazine. While I am a thoroughly convinced anti-reincarnationist, I believe that Mr. Bradford did as good a job as *can* be done in presenting his side of this great controversy. And of course your own footnotes and comments that you added to the end of the author's article so beautifully and logically demolish the reincarnation illusion, that in the mind of any *unprejudiced* thinker little more remains that could be said.

As a student of Oahspe or the "New Bible," the wonderful books of Dr. Carl Wickland, the teachings of Abdul Baha, etc., it seems to me utterly incomprehensible why so many people should be attracted to such a wretched, dismal, and pessimistic superstition like "rebirth" as the *only* adequate explanation of the mysteries of existence, when a much more congenial, brighter, and heart-satisfying philosophy of life is available to all who are willing to seek for it.

However, there is one small admission expressed at the end of your footnotes with which I am compelled to take issue. You state that "reincarnation can be done and most likely is, even frequently. But it is a matter of free will, and for a definite purpose, and not by any law, and certainly not as the "way." But the *only* possible "way" this can ever happen is through "obsession," and certainly no sane person would admit this as a normal or wholesome method.

For those who are interested in learning how spirit-obsession and reincarnation are really inseparable twin-doctrines, I refer them to the two classics of Dr. Wickland entitled, "Thirty Years Among the Dead," and "Gateway of Understanding." There they will learn the only "way" in which "reincarnation" can ever possibly be achieved on earth, and why once it is understood no one will care to follow it.

Adolph Kazler
R.D. #3
Perkasie, Pa.

If you are a student of Oahspe, you should have run across the references to "higher personages" taking on "corpor" in order to achieve some purpose on Earth. In fact, the whole thing got started when the Ethereans allowed people who had died in infancy to come to Earth, build themselves corporeal bodies out of the surrounding atmosphere, and by cohabiting with Asu (the primitive man), thus create human beings with a spirit capable of resurrection. For this deed, they had to stay on Earth until they had raised their creations up to Etherea also. That is what we meant by reincarnation being possible for a special job.—Rap.

Dear Rap:

I see in the last SEARCH you were unable to let a fellow give his opinions on reincarnation without picking him apart. Your violent objection to this old theory is a weakness and about the only one you appear to have.

You partly gave yourself away by remarking that no believer in reincarnation could observe your physical impairment without blaming it on karma. Karma it may be but there are other explanations as valid and no one has any authority to judge; guess is a better word, since no one knows anything about your past lives. It is just possible that you deliberately planned this physical venture with a handicap just to prove to yourself that you could overcome it.

At this stage of the game reincarnation needs but three dogmas. The first of these is: "There is a Planner and a plan." You once

objected to me identifying Diety by the words, "First Cause," and you may object to Planner. I have no way to identify Diety except by Diety's attributes. I can say "The Lighter of the Stars," or "The Giver of Life," or "First Cause," etc., but I do not care to use such words as Jupiter or Jehovah or Odin. Allah and God are little better. I am not talking about an oriental potentate, magnified any number of times or anything in human form. Man may be a very small edition of his creator spiritually and mentally but I cannot see man's physical form as anything but a transitory condition and of no particular importance in time without beginning or end.

The second dogma is that there is more to life than physical bodies. Note I left Human out. I am satisfied that all life is related and I can speculate on it but that is all I can do now. If life goes on after death. If a man can say with Descartes, after death, "I think therefore I am," he probably is going on for a long, long time, able to do that. If he has eternity before him, he may have a long history behind him too.

The third dogma is that he returns to a physical body as often as is necessary to learn whatever lessons physical life on earth have of value to him. He has to pay off his back debts. He has to be square with his accounts before he can get out of it. That is karma. It is possible some great souls volunteer to return for a specific mission. It looks that way frequently.

Beyond these three dogmas, in my personal opinion, reincarnation is a personal philosophy. What is written from here on is my personal philosophy. Other people; other notions.

There is a cosmic law—for everything—physical and spiritual. The physical law is reasonably obvious. The mental and spiritual laws are less clear. Karma is governed by law, but here is the catch: presumably anyone who understands the law of karma, or any of the others, can use them to his or her advantage. The greatest of these laws perhaps is that lack of malice aforethought holds down the karma. There isn't much karma in two soldiers killing each other in a battle or in one soldier killing another, but a war does not excuse a malicious killing even if there is no legal comeback.

It is foolish to think of karma as an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. If Bill Jones punches Tom Smith unjustly, there are many ways he can settle the debt and all of creation does not have to be arranged so Tom can punch

the Jones probocis. The purpose of karma is to teach people lessons. Whatever there is of punishment is to punctuate the lesson. There is no vengence in it at all. That Hitler and Stalin will have to make amends to each individual for whose death they were more or less responsible is most improbable. To a large extent they were agents of karma, which is not to say that they will escape unwhipped of justice and are not in for a rugged time of it, but that they will not have to make millions of return trips to earth to settle with each and every person they injured. Possibly at some future time they can make mass amends.

It is said that reincarnation is a failure, if true, since the world is getting no better fast. It has been improving for the last three centuries though far from perfect yet. However this has exactly nothing to do with re-ensoulment. The earth is a school. The average intelligence of a school does not change either. New kids come in at the bottom and old kids graduate out at the top, and the school remains the same from year to year. The earth is like that. Sometimes a group of older souls come to one place during a short space of time and there is a great and sudden blaze of glory, as in Classic Greece. Sometimes a group comes for some purpose, as for another example, to get United States going. Ordinarily, there isn't much change.

Where do new souls come from? I don't know. I do not have to believe in reincarnation to be ignorant about that subject. Where did you come from? You don't believe in it.

Well, anyway, earth life is too tough. The way of the transgressor is too hard and cigarettes ought to grow on trees. You learn through experience and grow through opposition. If you could lead the life of Reilly here there would be no point in earth lives.

The Good Lord could do it some other way. Certainly he could, but possibly reincarnation is his way.

Reincarnation gives an explanation for most of the problems of life, for the difference between races and the difference between people in all races and why some are born intelligent and some are born morons. It may be a rationalization of the utterly irrational but I cannot bring myself to believe in there being anything irrational in the universe. Just things I cannot comprehend.

As for people getting killed in accidents in the flower of their life and all such things; if life is but an episode in an eternal exist-

ance, and one of many such episodes, such tragedies take on a different meaning. They are not final in the sense they appear final to mortals who see only one earth life at a time.

As for the memory block. It's a favor. It keeps us from worrying about long past misdeeds, from getting a swelled head because we may have been the Duke of Whatsit sometime, and from getting all of our mortal lives tangled up in one grand mess. We do bring all of our intelligence and character with us. We are here to learn to be kind to old Uncle Charley because he is old and lonesome and needs to be looked after and not because he may remember us in his will. A man might spend three earth lives getting in shape to be a great doctor. With that accomplished he might start at the bottom again on the way to be a great engineer or statesman. It is to his advantage to keep his previous lives out of this one.

I have found a lot of good evidence, in my lifetime, tending to prove reincarnation because I looked for it. You find evidence against it because you look for it. You have probably read Charles Fort's books. Well so have I. If you have read them, you know what I mean. Let it rest there.

Russ Sputnik

Because I hold a job that makes it unwise to have any opinions except official opinions I am asking you to withhold my name.

There is one sentence we like particularly in your letter. That is where you say "New kids come in at the bottom and old kids graduate out the top, and the school remains the same from year to year." You refer to Earth as being this school. I would change the school to Life, and apply your sentence. Reincarnation, it seems to me, is coming in at the bottom, going out the top, and coming back to the bottom because you don't have any higher institutions of learning. Only one school, so you got to keep running through the same classroom year after year, with each year a different subject being taught in the classroom. It would sure be hard to introduce "new souls" into this classroom. There's no room for them! As for new souls, where do "old souls" come from? Are you saying that there never were any new souls? If there are new souls, why not keep up with new souls? And if there are new souls, and the population of the Earth is (obviously) limited, wouldn't a system of continual progression provide less confusion than a chance number of retrogressors who might jam up the pipeline somewhere if they just

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happened to be abnormally numerous?—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Your magazine "Search" is a recent discovery of mine and I feel I must, before I get out of the mood, thank you for your efforts in bringing into light, topics and events the mind of man needs so badly for its development.

There is so much that we do not know about, and so much that we think we know, but in Truth is little more than superstition or ancient tradition that sought to qualify itself as wisdom by attempting to explain the unexplainable. Our great need in this age is an opened mind examination of all phenomena. Your magazines are giving this opportunity to many of us that do not have the means or the time for individual research.

I liked particularly your reply to Mr. George Brunner, of Loomis, Calif., in which you stated that the books you had read on reincarnation seemed to raise more questions than they answered. I have also had that thought myself and wondered why the Reincarnationists demanded such a complicated method of evolution of the Spirit when simple, continuous existence on ascending planes of consciousness would get the job done so much more efficiently.

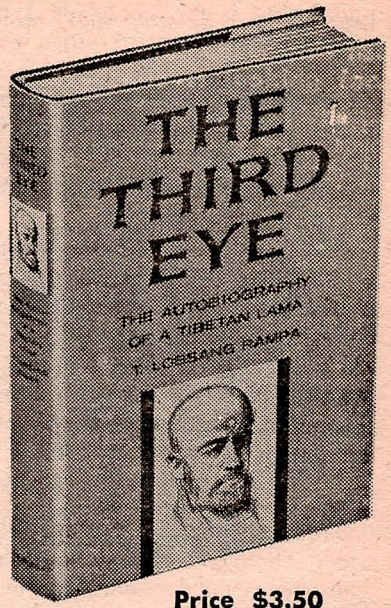
The school of thought embracing Reincarnation is very old, and many find it acceptable for that reason, forgetting that age alone is seldom authority for Truth. Prior to 1492, there was quite a school that scoffed at a round earth and before Gallileo anyone who dared to even think that the earth was anything but the hub of the Universe was apt to find himself gently roasting at the stake for the good of his Soul.

Most Anti-Reincarnationists are passive in their faith and are too willing to let the opposite camp do the drum pounding, but I feel they are wrong in this. For every question Reincarnation seems to answer, a better and more logical explanation can be found. As we once demanded this earth to be the sum total of intelligent creation, the Reincarnationists are clinging to this plane of consciousness as the sole proving ground for Spiritual progression. After the evidence of the Hale 'scope of billions of light years away', uncounted universes still come into sight and possibly all peopled with intelligence, why should we limit the Creator to such an ineffecient method of developing the mind of His highest (?) Creation? If I am a returned Spirit and am being punished for misdeeds of a former life, I'm not aware of what the

When T. Lobsang Rampa entered Chakpori Lamasery he was told by the Lord Abbot: "I know all about you, all that has been predicted . . . of every thousand monks, only one is fitted for higher things. . . . You will be specially trained, intensively trained, and in a few short years you will be given more knowledge than a lama normally acquires in a long lifetime. The Way will be hard, and often it will be painful. To force clairvoyance is painful, and to travel in the astral planes requires nerves that nothing can shatter. . . . You will be trained here in medicine and in astrology. . . . Your Path is mapped for you . . . although you are but seven years of age. . . ."

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punishment is for, nor could I be aware of this as reward either, and I often ask myself why is it necessary for anyone to experience all the possible variations of error in order to prove a rule of existence a mathematician would find this rather laborious progress.

My vote goes for continuous consciousness on ascending planes in the belief there will be helping hands to assist me on each one as there was on this. And I also like the idea of NEW life being given expression, as well as retaining old beloved ties.

Hugh M. Phillips
1014 W. Hillsboro Ave.,
Tampa 3, Florida

Dear Ray:

Your Dec. '57 issue of SEARCH arrived for me last night, and I was grieved to see how angrily you tore into Bradford's article on Reincarnation. I hardly call yours a judicial attitude in spite of that footnote method you adopt.

Wrote Alan Leo, in "Saturn: The Reaper": "Question how we may, the evidence in favour of reincarnation is too strong for us to reject. Why did Sir William Hamilton at the age of 13 know 13 different languages when it takes an ordinary man several years to learn a single one of these languages? Why should Mozart show in early childhood musical powers that many of us cannot hope to obtain after lifelong work?" And Leo asks: "Why should it be considered a 'gift' for the writer to take to astrology with ease without any previous study, a subject that is known to tax the keenest intellect-if he had not studied the subject closely in former lives?"

The large majority of astrologers believe in reincarnation, and the best minds of the ages have delved into the starry science and art. You like to think of yourself as "The Thinker," but are you thinking when you can reject such heavy and favorable evidence regarding reincarnation?

The Bible prophets abound in statements to the effect that Jehovah will visit upon his people the exact rewards of their doings; and sometimes the statement is made that they will receive double the wrong and injustice that they have done to others. There is no way that such a settlement of the account could be made other than by being born again into physical bodies through which to receive the recompense merited by wrong-doings. Ezekiel writes: "For thus saith the Lord God, I will even deal with thee as thou has done"; also: "I will also remember thy way upon thy head, saith the Lord God."

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The subject of return to earth in the flesh to reap the rewards for deeds done in the flesh is summed up in Revelation as follows: "He that leadeth into captivity must be led into captivity; he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword" (Rev. 13:10) John tells us in Revelation that, after the destruction of the Babylonian system, the righteous are to live again, or be reincarnated.

We learn that Abraham later incarnated as one of the sons of Jacob, next as David, and subsequently as Hosea. He was again incarnated as a prophet at the time of the captivity of Judah, and in A.D. 26 was one of the four fishermen to be first called by Jesus. Jesus said to the Jews: "Abraham, rejoiced to see my day; *he saw it* and was glad."

Jacob reincarnated as Samuel, who picked David for the kingship, and later as Isaiah. Finally Jacob came to earth as Joseph of Nazareth. And Joshua reincarnated as the fisherman Simon, surnamed Peter by Jesus.

The 144,000 is a well-known Biblical symbol. They constitute the real House of Israel, which means "the family of the princes of God." These 144,000 must not be understood in any limited numerical sense, but as a symbol of an inner Israel, a group of saviors or spiritual teachers. They renew in spirit, and raise humanity from its self-imposed bondage to evil. They are the Chosen Ones only in the sense that they chose God and lived to please Him, not themselves. They represent the virtues of the 12 Zodiacal Hierarchies, the life-giving energies of the Tree of Life. There is no predestination involved here. Nor is their evidence of any deific favoritism. You and I may become one of the 144,000-if we will it.

You scoff at the idea that our ultimate aim here is to get to Heaven. But isn't this just what grown-ups ask us as children: "Don't you want to go to heaven when you die?" Heaven, of course, involves getting saved, and what are we to be saved from? From nothing but ourselves, from our selfishness, from our capacity to do evil, from our willingness to inflict pain, from our lack of sympathy with all suffering and from the heartlessness that is willing to let others suffer that we may escape. The person who is willing to purchase bliss by the agony of another is unfit for heaven. He could not recognize heaven if he were confronted with it.

Reincarnation represents person-



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al responsibility and therefore justice. It shows that not merely in the future, but also in this life, the degree of our happiness depends upon our past and present course. Reincarnation furnishes a deterrent for the evil-doer and a tremendous incentive for the man who desires to obey natural law and to be happy. There is no possible way to avoid reaction; that one must return life after life to associations and environments determined by the ill he has done is a just law. There can be no escape from the consequences of evil deeds. Why not be honest, admitting that it is so? Instead, you fall back on the idea that reincarnationists insist you must have been a big bum because of present suffering. You believe they practice a sort of mental sadism in this manner. Far from it. The ancient teaching is, however, that we suffer from ourselves. Are we wiser than those ancients?

Just as God takes no pleasure in the pains and sufferings of the wicked, neither should we. Our heaven is not made more delightful by these things. We are heartless fiends and monsters, indeed, if we could be happy while others are unhappy. All of us are brethern.

The theory of Reincarnation is an inevitable corallary of the eternity of the soul. It gives men all the chances they require for self-knowledge and for self-prefection. How much better is this than the once chance throw of orthodox Christianity. How it makes God good and gentle instead of evil, harsh and forbidding, a veritable devil or fiend. Do we not tire of hearing the nagging and sentimental weeping and moaning of so-called evangelists and preachers in regard to our "lost souls?" No soul can be lost or spend eternity in hell. But minds can become ungeared by the preaching of such tommyrot. Here is psychological crime parading in the cloak of piety and of religion.

The Hindus, specialists in spiritual matters, believe that the soul is spirit. Weapons cannot cut it; fire cannot burn it; water cannot wet it; wind cannot dry it. It is birthless and deathless, and the body is only its dwelling-place. In its essence, the soul is free, unbounded, pure, perfect. There is no such thing as sin, which can destroy the divine quality of the soul. What we call sins are only mistakes which we make in life owing to our ignorance of the truth. So-called sins may contract the soul's divine nature or create barriers around it, but they cannot destroy the soul or cause it to get "lost." The soul is believed to be beyond time and space and therefore infinite. Being infinite,

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it is one. The many souls in the world are but reflections of the One Soul. Each individual soul is a reflection. The goal of man's evolution is to reunite the reflection with the Universal Soul.

It appears that our "apparent" soul assumes body after body in this world of time, space, and causality in order to gain experience, and through experience knowledge, and through knowledge freedom. Death is not related to the soul but to the body. The present state of the soul is determined by the past, and its future by the present. The law of karma, or cause and effect, and the theory of rebirth explain the happiness and unhappiness of the soul during its earthly sojourn.

We are responsible for our actions and their consequences. Neither a dark Fate nor an inscrutable Providence nor a cruel Satan, independent of our own actions, ever influences our lives. The moral world is ruled by the law of karma as the physical world of the scientists is governed by the law of cause and effect. No soul can escape the law-we speak of the "long arm of the law"—as long as it identifies itself with material life. However, this law of cause and effect cannot create a permanent prison-house for the divine spirit.

The goal of our activities is neither pleasure nor pain. Nor is it material achievement which is equally impermanent. The goal of activity is experience for the soul, the expansion of self. Through experience we attain to knowledge. Through knowledge we win freedom. True, we get lessons from both pleasure and pain, perhaps more from pain than from pleasure. But we are not meant to stop there, but to go on to the winning of freedom. We are meant to discover the wonderful things that are within our Real Self, within that One Soul or Spirit whom most of us label "God." Says the Bible: "Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he knoweth and understandeth Me . . ." This is man's true glory, not his riches, not his academic knowledge or number of college degrees, not his beauty, not his strength or athletic prowess. Knowledge, understanding, freedom—these constitute the "more abounding life," the life of our Real Self, eternal life.

When we can see God in all and all in God, we shall show perfect reverence to every being in the universe. This is the basis of freedom of thought, freedom of action, freedom of speech and all our democratic ideals. Democracy can never be lost if we keep this in mind.

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Your fight against big corporations may represent reaction to some high-handed action of big wigs, a good example of Reincarnation or Justice. One is reminded of Robert G. Ingersoll's searching statement: "I sympathize with every honest effort made by the children of labor to improve their condition. That is a poorly governed country in which those who do the most have the least. There is something wrong when men are obliged to beg for leave to toil. We are not yet a civilized people; when we are, pauperism and crime will vanish from our land."

How often in history the underdog has been right. The Church would not be so hidebound in rigid creeds and intolerable dogmas if it contained more "underdogs" and fewer persons from privileged backgrounds. Truly, we must "sell all" and follow Him who has the words of eternal life if we would win through to eternal life. It is not a question merely of becoming a "crackpot," of thinking for one's self. Truly, we ought to be mindful of *others,* we should be thinking of *others* even before ourselves, for they are our larger and better Self, a Self far more lasting than our own small persons. True optimism must always be based upon a sincere, unfeigned altruism. If the light that shines more and more unto the perfect Day is to be ours, we must bring our small light into the great Light of God. Our proud, narrow, limited, selfish intellect needs to be oriented and trued to God's light. In His light we shall see light. The glorious liberty of the children of God can be ours—if we are willing.

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You spend a great deal of time in your letter saying things that would seem perfectly obvious, as a way of life. With them we have no argument. But we do argue that when you bolster your belief in reincarnation, you quote as authority, and accept without question, certain ancient sources, which you apparently do not conceive of being subject in themselves to question. Why? Because the Hindus "specialize," you construe that they are right. Why? We've covered the question of how Hamilton could know thirteen different languages at age 13, and how Mozart showed such musical talent in early childhood. First, all of us have different capacities. It is therefore possible for one man to have a particularly good capacity for languages. It is also possible for him to speak a language without ever learning it, by another means than reincarnation: obsession, for one; mind-reading for another; eidetic memory for another.

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You could go on and on with possibilities. Reincarnation is only one of the possibilities, and demonstrably weaker when subjected to logical analysis. But because the Bible says he that kills by the sword must be killed by the sword, does that make it so? Is it somehow a "law" that you must not question that statement? And if you agree that it should not be questioned, does it mean that there is no way to die by the sword but in the flesh? Are you sure there is not a death in another kind of life? Why be positive about something that in itself is so unpositive? —*Rap.*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

There is probably no subject more hashed up in the world than that of reincarnation.

Your argument with Bradford in December *Search,* taken together with the unmitigated drivel by Elizabeth Reams, adds up to one of the more impressive snafus on the subject.

I had thought first of trying to take the whole thing apart paragraph by paragraph, then decided that the best thing would be to just start all over again and let the arguers compare on their own.

What I have to say is not taken from the messy Field of Western speculation or Bridey Murphy type of illusions (Cayce type either) but from the Orientals, who were seriously investigating it when our own ancestors wore wolfskins and painted their faces blue.

To start with, let's just throw the word "God" and everything that goes with it in popular notions, right out of the window. Reincarnation is no "God's plan" because there is no god in that sense. The Power that operates a hundred billion stars in this galaxy, with all their planets, and probably an infinite number of other galaxies, is nothing that works on such anthropomorphic lines.

The entire Universe consists of one Principle, infinite, all-pervading, and boundless. This principle passes perpetually, in various volumes of space, through alternating cycles of activity and rest. During the cycles of inaction, there is nothing about it that can be conceived or described. During activity, it exhibits two phases, consciousness and substance, neither of which can exist without the other. They are like the two poles of a magnet in that respect; and whenever you break a magnet in two, you don't have a positive and negative pole, but two new magnets. Same with everything in the universe. During periods of manifestation everything is conscious in its own way and on its

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own plane of existence. But there are innumerable stages of that, and consciousness as we usually understand it requires a certain degree of organization, such as a brain, to manifest itself.

Universal consciousness operates through permanent centers in a cyclic manner; every self-conscious being, such as man, has one of those centers in him. This center is imperishable. The qualities that it picks up during its cycles of manifestation, and that aggregate around it, are variable and changeable. That is, they are subject to evolution, and stuck together, so to speak, by the imperishable center, so that they have the appearance of an individual. (That's us; so-called "subconscious," "superconscious," and the rest of it.)

Intelligence in this aggregation evolves slowly by experience, and through a process of aggregation, dissociation, and reaggregation. All experiences are retained in detail in various levels of this combination, but not necessarily interconnected; hence a considerable amount of evolutionary change and progress - or sometimes temporary retrogression - can take place in one part of the organism without at the moment affecting the rest of it.

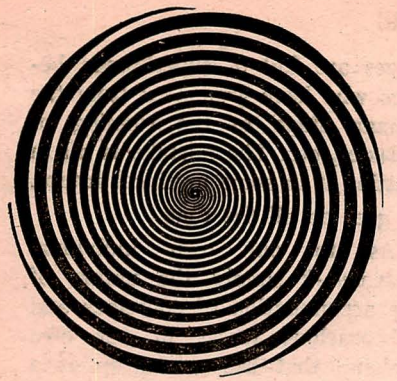
This aggregation, dissociation, reaggregation around a permanent center is precisely what, in human terms, we call birth, death, and rebirth.

"Karmic Law" is merely LAW. There is no special, particular "law" of that name purely for the benefit of humanity. But wherever it operates - and that is everywhere - it brings about a strict causal relationship between what is done and what follows the doing.

Where the big argument comes in is that in the Eastern doctrine law extends into all areas of being and experience, and is not merely confined to physics, chemistry, etc. (Why imagine a Universe, in half of which law rules, and in the other half, chaos or chance?)

In terms of human psychology, under the operation of that law in universal consciousness, a man always reaps as he has sown in the form of sooner or later sharing whatever experiences he has caused others to experience - whether they are good, bad, or indifferent. It is through that that evolution of mind takes place. It does not matter too much whether at a given moment he recognizes or remembers the things done whose effects he is experiencing.

Consciously to his "normal" mind, that is. He remembers every detail *subconsciously,* and it impresses and has an effect on his



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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.

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

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whole nature. If he is alert, and looking for some kind of sense in life as he lives it, he will *consciously* find plenty of lessons in terms of his own behavior and the consequences of it. The conscious mind of one incarnation becomes the subconscious of the next—added to the subconscious accumulation of many preceding lives.

There are two very important turning points in the evolution of an individual. First, when the light of self-consciousness, the power of introspection, dawns. This is what distinguishes him from the animal, and puts his own evolution largely in his own hands from then on. The next great stage is when his mind has evolved to where the subconscious merges with the conscious and all his past experience is integrated—"Total recall" of all the past for millions of years of evolution. From that time on his opportunities are as different from the purely human stage as the human stage differs from the animal. He becomes an active force in the intelligence of nature at large - not an "angel" or other fantastic votary of some supposed personal god, but simply a being using enormously expanded mental powers to command and improve the operations of nature. (They need it!)

Every day the science fiction pages are full of superhuman beings who have graduated from the human stage to the running of galaxies, etc. The mistake is all in putting it in some mythical future. It goes on all the time.

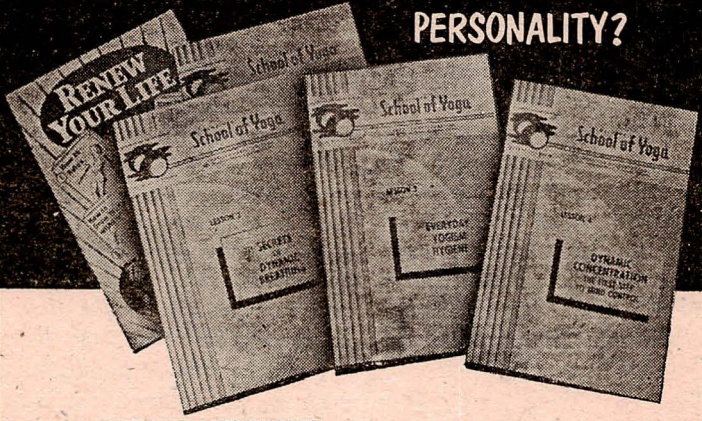
As to our own individual "karma—" simply the nature of the accumulation of conscious and subconscious forces in our own makeup that has grown up as a result of our thinking and choices of action during the past. The accumulation is subject to one simple rule - the universe being one and life being one, action or thought by any constituent part of life against any other, bounces back on the aggressor in kind, and either warps him mentally or physically or both, or causes him disaster of some other kind.

There is also the karma of disuse - whatever are the powers latent in life anywhere, are in us also potentially. If we ignore or misuse any capacity we have for constructive thought and action, that power rots in us and produces a variety of bad effects.

(There is of course no "good" or "bad" so far as the universe as a whole is concerned. Everything is part of it. Good and bad are the result of human scales and human experience. If something hurts, we have to find out why in order to stop the hurting. If

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something brings happiness, we also have to find out why in order to perpetuate and increase it.)

We don't *have* to learn anything. Nature doesn't give a damn. It just runs over us if we stand still. And naturally, if we don't *think* we can learn, we can't learn. If we don't think there is a law of cause and effect, and a reason of a just and logical nature for anything that happens to us - then naturally we won't try to study, understand, and control results as they affect us.

Incidentally, there are two points in each incarnation where we see things as they are. At the moment of death, and at the moment of rebirth. When those two moments extend, as they can be made to extend, to cover the lifetime, our stay in this stage of existence is drawing to a close.

But we can't jump grades of school; either by going to "heaven" or by going to some other planet or "dimension." What percentage of the possible knowledge obtainable in this material life do you think you have acquired, or ever will acquire in any one incarnation? Why move to some totally different sort of existence and leave almost untouched what we can learn in this one? Periodic death simply breaks up the old crystallizations of mind and body so that we can be free for another burst of learning.

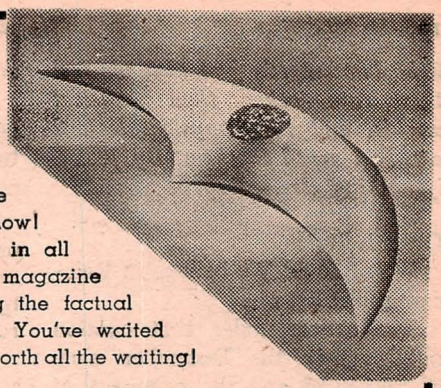
Victor Endersby
P.O. Box 427
Napa, Calif.

Forgive me for breaking off your letter at your comments on our footnotes, but without the footnotes, they'd be hard to understand for those readers who never read our December issue. I'm sure you'll understand. Also, you stated your case very clearly in the first four pages of your nine-page letter.

I think it should be obvious that what we both have done is to rationalize. You've made a few assumptions (such as there being a LAW) which I deny. But why should your rationalizations be accepted as evidence of a law, and mine rejected as evidence? How is one to make such a decision, except by mere arbitration? Isn't it a fact that neither of us KNOW there is or is not reincarnation as the only and fixed way to learn our lessons?

Think of all the billions of inhabited planets, on each one of them people living life after life to learn all there is to learn before they become "cosmic citizens" as you say. Citizens of what? Of an existence where there is nothing more physical to be learned? It infers all the other worlds are identical. Well, maybe they are.

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Who knows? It's just that we feel there are other than physical worlds, and that physical lessons can be learned in them. By proxy, if nothing else.—Rap.

Dear Editor:

Why Should We believe in Reincarnation?

The article under that caption published in the December issue of SEARCH and the comment of ye editor thereon prompts these thoughts.

If it was the purpose of ye editor to incite controversy, it may be a logical action if the argument be conducted in an orderly manner; but who shall be the arbiter? How may we know when the argument has been properly resolved?

"Behold a sower went forth to sow . . ." Seeds are sown in the ground; while thoughts are planted in the mind. Who may know the range of the mind?

"Ye regard thought as confined within the mind of Man where it is conceived. I tell thee no thought be so confined. It be sent forth, consciously or unconsciously, into the realm of world-thought activated by the desire which gave it birth."

Society recognizes two forces—creative and created. Also five senses. The creatives are invisible, all-powerful and ever-lasting; while created forces, or objects are visible and passing.

"The Bible is the most spiritual book in existence; from beginning to end it is a book of psychical phenomena."

Not one word ever was spoken or written; not one object (mineral, vegetable or animal) ever came into being except through the manifestation of psychic phenomena.

The sleeping giants of radio, television and the secular press in its various manners of expression are awakening to the signs of the times, flexing their sinews to supersede the church in the dissemination of God's immutable Truth. A subject which heretofore has been verboten, now is given much time and space.

How may we interpret these excerpts from the scriptures? "Before Abraham was, I am." "Who do men say that I, the son of man am?" and "Who is my mother and who are my brothers?"

Isn't it logical to presume that in these utterances, Jesus gave indubitable evidence—yea proof of reincarnation; that He had known other mothers and brothers from their conceptions?

Jesus said, "I will come again." In this utterance He did not indicate in what manner He would become manifest.

Without further argument I, and perhaps many of the readers

MANY WONDERFUL THINGS

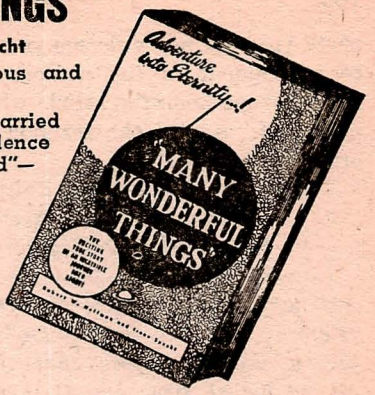
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of SEARCH would welcome ye editor's comment in the manner of his comment upon the article when published: as well the reaction of other readers.

George L. Ralston
2007 Rosebud Avenue
Los Angeles 39, California

In very ancient religions, the I AM was God, and to say that "Before Abraham was, I am" is just a way of saying that God existed before Abraham. It is also a way of expressing the illusion of time. To say that you exist before somebody who existed before you, is to suggest that existence is something not dependent upon location in time. Time, say many theoreticians, is only matter in motion, and that the rate of motion changes the rate of time. Such as the idea that space travelers, traveling at near the speed of light, will return to find themselves much younger than those left behind.

When Jesus asked: "Who do men say that I, the son of man am?" he wanted to know what MEN said he was. What they said was that he was the son of God. But what Jesus said, in his very question, was that he actually was the son of man. He said: "I, the son of man." How can we misconstrue this to mean: "I, the son of God"? When he asked that question, he was denying what men said he was.

"Who is my mother and who are my brothers?" is a loaded question if there ever was one. To be the mother of God, and the brother of God, is to be gods. Jesus specifically states here that neither his mother nor brothers were gods, any more than he was. If Jesus said he was reincarnated, specifically being Elija, then there is a contradiction in God's statement at Jesus' baptism: "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." If Jesus is his son, then so is Elija, yet the Bible makes no such claim. ALL men are the sons of God, in that they are his creations; but also, all men are the sons of men, in respect to their incarnation. Men are carnal, and out of carnality comes offspring. But the identity which is not carnal, is out of God. It is His son.

Yes, Jesus said he would come again. But not as a new-born babe in a modern counterpart of the stable, a garage, nor born of a virgin. Nor as the son of man. But simply as himself. From wherever he has gone, and wherever all of us are certain to go, for if we believe him at all, he promised to go to prepare a place for us. Not a physical, carnal, corporeal place, but a place synonymous with Spirit. Would he go to prepare such a place for us, if we were not to use it, but to return to the

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flesh again and again, through long eternities?

There are many quotations in the Bible advanced as proof of reincarnation. They should be read carefully by those who advance them as such proof. Interpretation is a tricky thing. Even the interpretations we have placed on them are dependent upon the wording, and can we say that this is still inviolate after thousands of years? There are those who say it is, but they only say it. And, IF it is inviolate, then these statements, based on English translation, cannot be said to be proof of reincarnation. They state exactly the opposite.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

In the May 1957 issue of *Search* Magazine, my wife, Rev. Leontine Bryant had a personal in which she offered to answer one question to those who sent an addressed stamped envelope and their birthdate.

The response was actually tremendous! I think Rev. Bryant received several thousand letters.

Shortly after inserting the above notice in *Search* she had a heart-attack. She answered as many of the questions from time to time as she was able. Her illness finally caused her passing to the higher spheres on December 18, 1957.

Letters are still coming in at the rate of six or seven a week from the original May issue of *Search*.

In fairness to you and your magazine—I state that Rev. Bryant did the best she possibly could under very adverse health conditions. There are a number of letters that remain unanswered. I have returned all that I have found containing money. The balance I must just file in a barrel for a period of time. None of the letters will ever be sold to letter brokers.

The writer is the surviving husband of Rev. Bryant.

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

Dear Mr. Palmer:

In the February issue of SEARCH you published a letter from Mrs. J. W. Davis in which she has mistaken ideas about the functions of sex. She quotes the Bible to justify her views. It is her opinion that sex was created not only for reproduction but for pleasure as well. According to her view, where the Bible mentions retaining the seed it does not refer to one's own seed. She also claims to have four translations of the Bible and none of them tell us to keep our reproductive seed in our body to become immortal. I regret to say that she is sadly in error.

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

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The Song of Solomon is based on the love of the body for the soul. In mysticism the body is female and the soul is male. In The Song of Solomon the body is the sister, mother, and the garden.

The love of the body for eternal life is attainable when the seed is retained and transmuted into the spirit that is the light and life of the body.

It is because people refuse to live up to the biblical teachings about retaining the seed that there are so many cases of cancer, heart trouble, and mental ailments.

Vast sums are being spent in search of a cure for cancer. Paracelsus cured cancer over 4000 years ago. The Bible contains information for the cure of cancer. It is based on a certain art of which Paracelsus was a Master. In every century there are a few men who are Masters of the art and a vast number who pretend to know the art. The first important step in learning the art is to retain and transmute the seed.

Mrs. Davis made the statement that she cannot find where Jesus said salvation is by asceticism. In Galatians 3:16 she will find these words, "Thy seed, which is Christ." Now, Jesus is the Christ, which means that Jesus is the seed, and, in St. John 1:4 we are told, "In him was life; and the life was the light of men," and, the Bible also tells us that Jesus, the seed, is the way, the truth, and the life, and no man can come unto the father except through Jesus, the seed.

Morris Katzen
Faith Farm,
Cooks Falls, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

The letter by Mrs. J. W. Davis, Rt. 2, Newport, Wash. demands an answer as she would change Holy Scripture to suit her thinking rather than face the facts to accept The Truth, as it really is set forth in the scriptures.

Mrs. Davis quotes 1 John 3:9 in its entirety which I referred to in my letter which appeared in the August 1957 issue of Search. Now this verse refers to the reproductive seed as I mentioned, and I will quote it as it appears in the

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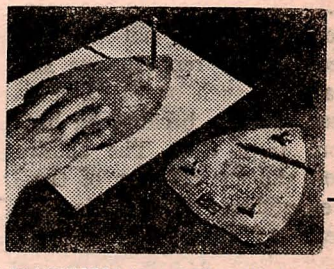
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New World Translation by the Watchtower and Bible Tract Society "Everyone who has been born from God does not practice sin, because His reproductive seed remains in such one, and he cannot keep sinning, because he has been born from God. The children of God and the children of the Devil are evident by this fact." First Peter 1:23 reads "For you have been given a new birth, not by corruptible, but by incorruptible reproductive seed through the word of the living and enduring God." This definitely is speaking of one's own seed and is the gospel of regeneration as taught by Jesus Christ, the greatest and only teacher who gave this great mystery to all mankind and a truth that is the only way to eternal life. Since Mr. Goodspeed left this great Truth out of his translation we can only assume that his eyes were blinded by Satan who would rather lead men into death than into eternal life.

From The Gospel of The Holy Twelve let me quote: Section LXIX The Christ Within, the Resurrection and the life. 1. As Jesus sat by the west of the Temple with his disciples behold there passed some carrying one that was dead to burial, and a certain one said unto him, Master, if a man die, shall he live again? 2. And he answered and said, I am the resurrection and the life, I am the Good, the Beautiful, the True, if a man believe in me he shall not die, but live eternally. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. Blessed are the dead who die in me, and are made perfect in my image and likeness, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them. They have overcome evil, and are made Pillars in The Temple of my God, and they go out no more, for they rest in the Eternal. 3. For them that have done evil there is no rest, but they go out and in, and suffer correction for ages, till they are made perfect. But for them that have done good and attained unto perfection, there is endless rest and they go into everlasting life. They rest in the Eternal. 4. Over them the repeated death and birth have no power, for them the wheel of the Eternal revolves no more, for they have attained unto the Centre, where is eternal rest, and the centre of all things is God. 5. And one of the disciples asked him, How shall a man enter into the Kingdom? And he answered and said, If ye make not the below as the above, and the left as the right, and the behind as the before, entering into the Centre and passing into the Spirit, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of God. 6. And he also said, Believe ye not that any man is wholly with-

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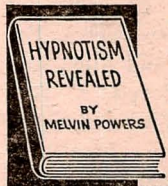
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out error, for even among the prophets and those initiated into the Christhood, the word of error has beend found. There are a multitude of errors which are covered by love. 7. And now when the eventide was come, he went out into Bethany with the twelve. For there abode Lazarus and Mary and Martha whom he loved. 8. And Salome came unto him, and asked him, saying, Lord, how long shall death hold sway? And he answered, So long as ye men inflict burdens and ye woman bring forth, and for this purpose I am come, to end the works of the heedless. 9. And Salome saith unto him, then I have done well in not bringing forth. And the Lord answered and said, Eat of every pasture which is good, but of that which hath the bitterness of death, eat not. 10. And when Salome asked when those things of which she enquired should be known, the Lord said, When ye shall tread upon the vesture of shame and rise above desire: when two shall be one, and the male with the female shall be neither male for female. 11. And again, to another disciple who asked, When shall all obey the law? Jesus said, When the Spirit of God shall fill the whole earth and every heart of man and of women. 12. I cast the law into the earth and it took root and bore in due time twelve fruits for the nourishment of all. I cast the law into the water and it was cleansed from all defilements of evil. I cast the law into the fire, and the gold was purged from all dross. I cast the law into the air, and it was made alive by the spirit of the Living One that filleth all things and dwelleth in every heart. 13. And many other like sayings he spake unto them who had ears to hear, and an understanding mind. But to the multitude they were dark sayings.

From the Book of Mormon I quote: 2 Nephi 2: 22, 23, 25, 26, 27. "And now behold, if Adam had not transgressed he would not have fallen, but he would have remained in the garden of Eden. And all things which were created must have remained in the same state in which they were created; and they must have remained forever, and had no end. 23. And they would have had no children; wherefore they would have remained in a state of innocence, having no joy, for they knew no misery; doing no good, for they knew no sin. 25. Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy. 26. And the Messiah cometh in the fullness of time, that he may redeem the children of men from the fall. And because that they are redeemed from the fall they have become free forever, knowing

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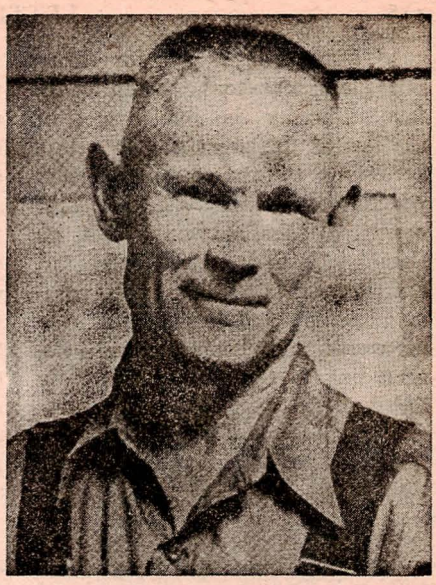
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good from evil; to act for themselves and not to be acted upon, save it be by the punishment of the law at the great and last day, according to the commandments which God hath given. 27. And now, my sons, I would that ye should look to the great Mediator, and hearken unto his great commandments; and be faithful unto his words, and choose Eternal Life, according to the will of His Holy Spirit.

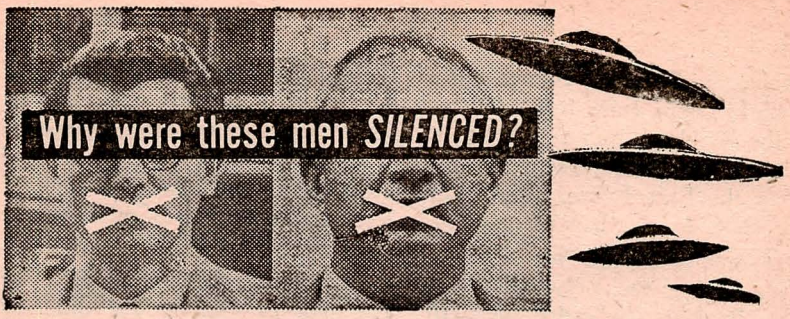
1 Corinthians 7:9, I quote "But if they cannot contain, let them marry: for it is better to marry than burn."

Now we can see from these scriptures that God leaves the choosing of The Way up to the individual person—they can choose life or death. We know from the Scriptures that as the seed is retained in the body the soul powers are opened and Jesus speaks of this as the yielding of twelve manner of fruits or the gospel of the anointing, a gift of God which gives life to the soul and leads to immortality of the body.

Mrs. Davis has changed the Book of Revelation to read that the 144,000 are not virgins but are beings who do not have their minds all fouled up by the various churches. These are virgins and there is nothing symbolical about this scripture for it is a pure statement of fact. And in my letter I did not refer to them as old maids or bachelors which I feel are desecrating terms to use on anyone. Also my letter clearly stated that the great multitude are those who are washed in the blood of the lamb and that Jesus had visioned down the stream of time that many would be led astray into generation and those covered by his sacrifice are spared. These definitely are not old maids and bachelors as designated by Mrs. Davis, whose terminology for them is anything but Holy.

We know that Jesus told us that at Matthew 22:30 "For in the Resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

The apostles must have preached the Gospel of the Anointing for here is the way they died. Matthew was slain by the sword, in Ethiopia (Abyssinia). James son of Zebedee, was beheaded at Jerusalem, James, the brother of the Savior was thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple and then beaten to death with a club. Philip was hanged against a pillar at Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia in Asia Minor. Bartholomew was flayed alive in Albanapolis, Armenia. Andrew and Simon Zelotes both came to their ends in the same manner as Christ, Andrew on a cross at Patrae, in



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

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Achaia, a Grecian colony, and Simon in Persia (now Iran). Thomas the Doubter was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel in the East Indies. Thaddeaus was shot to death with arrows. Peter was crucified, head downward, during the persecutions of Nero. Paul was beheaded by Nero in Rome. Judas Iscariot, after betraying the Lord, hanged himself.

To my way of thinking the apostles must have preached very radical sermons on the virginal life to have suffered such violent deaths. The lukewarm gospel of today departs from the Truth of Eternal Life. Jesus Christ told us to Search The Scriptures for in them we think we have Eternal Life. The only way to analyze the Scriptures is to follow the footsteps of Jesus Christ all the way through, for he proved he had gained Eternal Life by rising from the dead.

Mrs. Davis belittles the saints who have kept the seed in the body. She does not believe anyone can do this but many people have and Revelation tells us that exactly 144,000 beside the Lord Jesus have done this and they make up the True Church of Christ.

I did not intimate that I had kept the seed but I was relating the Truths that I have found in The Bible and other scriptures, and since gaining this knowledge I am following the narrow way of attainment, but knowing that I have many faults to overcome, I feel very far away from the goal.

Thanks to *Search,* though, we are able to express our opinions and our findings, and some will agree and others will disagree, but it all comes under the heading of the gift of free will. As Voltaire has so ably said, "I may not agree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

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

Many of the quotes that you have used can be thought about and will prove very rewarding in results. They will most certainly vary greatly however, in individual thinking.

Regarding the retention of seed, it would be interesting to know how a woman, if she should decide to do it, would accomplish this cessation of a natural and inevitable function? It is true that some women do not menstruate, but not because of deliberate purpose.

Aside from this particular question, it occurs to us that the fate of the apostles, as you outline them, is extremely hard to re-



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concile with the statement in the Bible "Those who live by the sword . . ." Obviously you do not have to live by the sword to die by it, or by any other method. Their deaths, however, are quite reasonably explained by the fact that they preached AGAINST the existing powers, and thus met the usual political end of those who menace the existing clique. To say that their deaths came as a result of preaching the virginal life is rather far-fetched, and without confirmation.

When we speak of the Resurrection, and neither marrying nor giving in marriage, it appears that Jesus was speaking in the present tense. How does this explain the belief that the Resurrection has not yet come? The Resurrection sounds like a continuing process. We live in the flesh, marry and give in marriage, then we die, are Resurrected, and no longer marry. Except those who are reincarnated? It is all very baffling. If Life is a continuing process, proceeding along a straight-forward path, with physical life as the beginning, then it makes sense to say that after physical life, there is no marrying. The angels of God do not marry, obviously. But are they male and female? Again it is obviously so, according to the Bible. Is there sex among angels? Among the resurrected? If the word "seed" refers to sex in any way, then sex is the Way and the Truth and the Life, which we find in Christ.—Rap.

As Ray Palmer has indicated often enough life can be progressive. If so then might the progression be from a life within dense matter to life within ever more rarefied stratas of matter?

Then it seems logical to accept that Shaver's caverns may really be within this earth's central core, but be so dense as to seem to us a solid. The caverns and the dero and tero may well be there, yet be so dense as to be nonexistant for us.

As are all things heat is also relative to the observer and so what would be for us prohibitive temperatures might be normal to the caverns and seem to the inhabitants as does the surface seem to us.

Is it not possible that Shaver is recalling a former life lived as a denser being and within the caverns? That the inhabitants would like to come up to the surface is understandable, but seem doubtful that it is possible for them to do so.

Do we originate within extremely dense matter and live a life there then die to be reborn on or in a less dense strata and so ever progress toward what is called Etherea? Is that what the rein-

OVER THE THRESHOLD

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dana Howard has been a subjective sensitive since childhood. While still a youngster, she was stricken with tuberculosis of the bone and sentenced by specialists to amputation of a limb or an untimely death. Guided by a power higher than infantile reasoning, while still awaiting surgery, the young girl went on a hunger fast.

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carnationists think is a return to surface conditions?

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Why don't we remember? For one thing might it not be possible that beings of greater density might have a memory held in dense molecules which upon transferring to a less dense strata would diffuse and so render memory so tenous that we can not grasp it?

B. T. Stevens, Sr.
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Dear Sir:

We have heard much about flying saucers, space opera and trips to other planets, all of which are not fully authenticated.

There is no mystery to flying saucers and space psychology as believed by the public. Those who have become proficient in the art of "exteriorization" (separating the spirit from the body at will) can visit any planet, talk with any space being, or be in contact with whoever, or whatever desired at anytime.

Scientology is the first science to make a complete study and teach "Exteriorization," although there has been some groups in India, who far back in the misty past, used "Exteriorization" as a means of gaining knowledge. The Tibetan ascetics have some knowledge of the subject, but their training is so rigorous that it's doubtful any westerner would be interested. Yet their results are hardly as good as what Scientology can do with modern techniques called "processing."

L. Ron Hubbard, Founder of Scientology, says in his book, "Scientology, The Fundamentals of Thought," that the thetan (spirit or soul) is described as having no mass, no wave-length, no energy and no time or location in space except by consideration or postulate. Then spirit is not a thing, but the creator of things.

This is in no way connected with what the Spiritualists call the Astral body, but that part of man's being called "the true self, or spirit," and of which St. Augustine spoke of in his book "City of God." Other great philosophers wrote of it in a similar manner.

The usual residence of the thetan is in the skull or near the body. A thetan can be in one of four conditions. First, he would be entirely separate from a body or bodies, or even from his universe. The second, would be near a body and knowingly controlling that body. The third would be in the body (the skull) and the fourth

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would be an inverted condition whereby he is compulsively away from the body and cannot approach it There are degrees, or subdivisions of each of these four states. The most optimum of them, from the standpoint of the individual is then the second.

Teleportation is another method of moving mass energy such as the body from one physical point to another without visible means, but the thetan (spirit or soul), doesn't normally do this sort of thing. An Astral body must use an energy wave for travel.

The goals of Scientology is to help those interested in getting to a state of proficiency of "Exteriorization." By becoming stable outside the body and being able to control it from a distance knowingly the individual can handle himself in any emergency such as atomic explosions; is happier and capable of handling life.

Those interested in looking into this subject can contact Scientology, 1812 19th street, N.W. Washington 9, D.C.

John J. Colby

Dear Sir:

I spent a nice cozy Christmas day—reading *"Search."* I had other nice things around me too; but I read *"Search"*—from cover to cover.

Ray Palmer, you put your finger on the perfect and exact definition of *God* where you said in an answer to one of your Readers' letters. "We're more boned up on God than on reincarnation, because we look at the parts of God we can *see,* and *they* are *things we love."* That last word—*"love"* is the *key*: for *that's* what *God is.* And we shall *never* get to the *end* of *"seeing"* the *"parts"* of *"God"* for *He* is *Infinity, Eternity* Itself. The *one thing* we *know* He *created* is our *Consciousness.* We all have *"consciousness" in common.* The universe—as *much* of it as we can *cognize—is* our *"consciousness"*—some (at this present plane of our development) *"cognize" more* than *others* do.

Some *few* (I hope *"few"*) of us are not *yet* even *"conscious" of God,* or—maybe I should put it *this* way—they are not *"conscious"* of *being* "conscious" of God.

There was a time when *I* was in this category. *Then,* in a moment of sheer *extremity,* I raised my arm and cried out to Him to *'show* me a way *out'* of the *impasse* I had believed I had come to, with *life,* and in that moment a great "peace that passeth all understanding" swept down from heaven, as it were, and flooded through, over, and around me and I *knew* I had been *heard* and *an-*



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swered by "Something" greater than the whole universe of which I was able, at *that* period, to cognize; and,—*remembering* I had *called to "God"* I *saw clearly now* that *this "Something" was God answering* me! From that moment *on I* have been *very* "conscious," *very* "conscious," *very* "cognizant" of *God.* This answering *God* brought me, *tenderly,* and *promptly,* to a *Religion* which *explains* Him *as "divine Love,"* and *teaches* one *how* to *have* that *"consciousness"* which *"loves" all* things which appear to one as *His creation,* how to *guard* one's *"consciousness"* as one would guard a tender flowering plant; for *His* creation is *precious beyond* our present ability to express in mere human language. Our *best means* of *"expression"* is just to *"love."* To *"love"* as *He* "loves."

I do not *know* whether reincarnation is fact or fiction; but I *do know* that our *"consciousness"* being a *"part"* of (and inseparable *from*) *"God"* we shall *always* and *forever have "consciousness";* and in order to *have* "consciousness" we must need *have* something to be *conscious* of. *Presently* we are all "conscious of" a *world.* Just as we have *"consciousness" "in common"* so we are conscious of a *"common" world.* The mere fact of *"death"* (which is no *"part"* of *god's* creating) ought not to "change the picture" much for us. One of *God's* great *purposes* and *intents* is to *teach* us to *"love"* our way *out* of *believing* in *"death"* as a fact—in other words—to teach us to become so *filled with assurance* of *God's Love for* us, and *our* love for each *other* that we will *forget* about *dying, forget to die! Forgetting* to be *ill* or *sinful* are *two* (*presently* possible) ways of starting on our "trek" back to that *"Paradise"* where God *waits* for us with a whole-hearted *welcome*—and where *"death"* is no longer *known.*

I *know* what you mean, Ray Palmer, when you speak *so lovingly* of your "one hundred and twenty-four acres" of *earthly* paradise. For *I* am thinking now of *one* of the great *"loves of my life"* —an old farm *Homestead* back in *"Concord"* Township, Bureau County, in Illinois. I was privileged to live there but six years; but after twenty-four years *away* from it—(and I don't even *own* it)—*thought* of it still brings the *tears.*

Yes, *indeed,* I *know* what you *mean.*

And my best and heartiest wishes go to you and all of your Readers for a *beautiful experience* in the New *Year* about to open up before us.

Nellie Heuer
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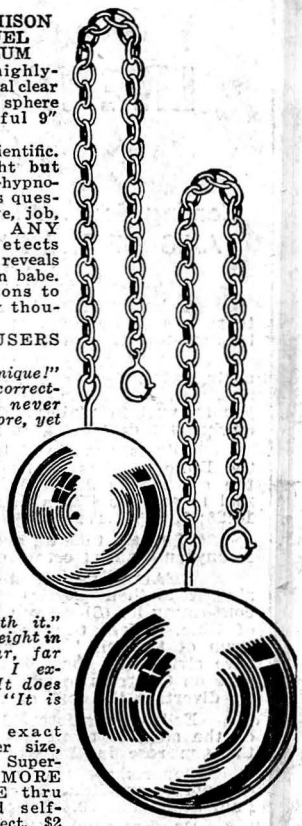
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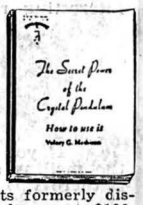


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