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THE STORY OF FATIMA

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lived with the
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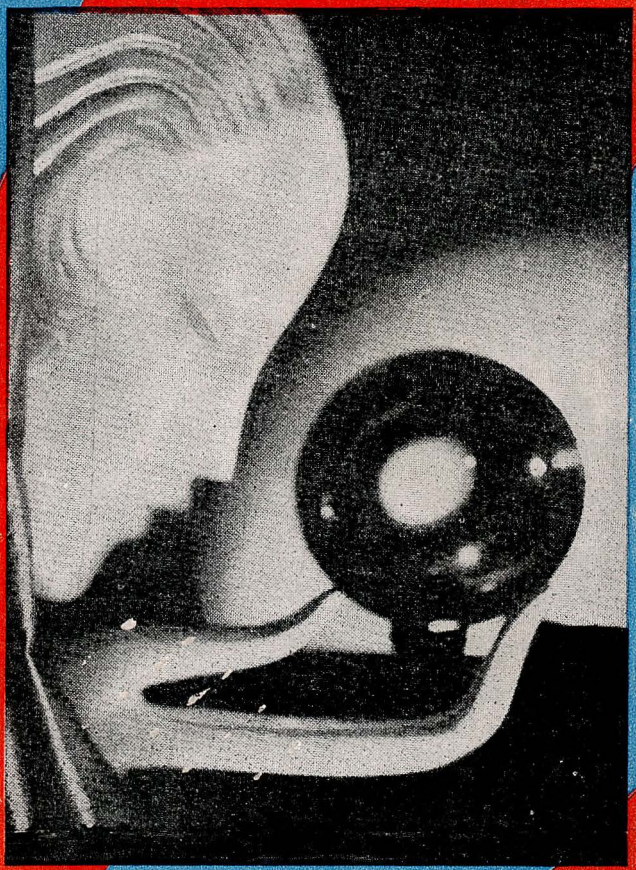
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GRAFTSVILLE, U. S. A.
Dr. W. D. Chesney, M. D.

★



YOUR FUTURE
Dorothy Spence Lauer

SEARCH

ISSUE NO. 31

APRI

"The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true science. He who knows it not, and can no longer wonder, no longer feel amazement, is as good as dead."

— ALBERT EINSTEIN



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APRIL 1959

Contents

SEARCH MAGAZINE

Issue No. 31 *Editor: Ray Palmer*

EDITORIAL	Ray Palmer	7
THE STORY OF FATIMA		14
FLYING SAUCER SCRAP BOOK	Alex Saunders	22
GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF (#9)	John Mentor	40
GIANTS LIVED WITH THE MASTODON	Mary Elsnau	54
THE CHRISTMAS GIFT	Gustave Chambon	61
THE MYSTERY OF THE MAYAN TEMPLE	Mary Elsnau	65
GRAFTSVILLE, U.S.A.	W. D. Chesney, M.D.	70
YOUR FUTURE	Dorothy Spence Lauer	75
SEARCH VISITS A FLYING SAUCER LECTURE	Dulcie Brown	78
THE PHILOSOPHER'S CORNER	The Old Philosopher	84
VOCAL HOMICIDE	Jim Wentworth	87
COME, LET US REASON	Letters From Our Readers	88

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...Editorial...

THE editor of SEARCH goes through life learning lessons; and usually the lessons are painful. However, he has come to know that experience is the best teacher, and taken in the long view, lessons so learned are not expensive. Mostly they cost only money; but when they begin to cost friends, then the price becomes too high! In the last two months we have learned a lesson that has cost us both money and friends . . . perhaps as many as a thousand friends! It is, in fact, the highest price we have ever paid for learning anything!

It might be interesting to you to read the details of our latest session in Experience's classroom, and it might be of some advantage to your editor in the way of a commentary on various phases of our "way of life" which have always been something less than desirable, from our way of looking at it. Perhaps from your way of looking at it, too. In any event, we hope that we can pass on to you some of the underlying value in our just-completed course in "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee."

Actually, a great many of you are directly involved. We feel sure that many of you have been greatly annoyed, even angered, by what has happened. Some of you have been alarmed. Many of you have showed amazing tolerance. Some have shown incredible understanding. A few of you would gladly have nothing to do with this editor for the rest of your lives; and a few of you never will!

It all began last summer . . .

At that time we entered into a contract with Neville Spearman Ltd., of London, England, to purchase from them 3500 copies of a book by George Hunt Williamson, entitled "Secret Places of the Lion" This book was a sequel to our immensely popular "Other Tongues—Other Flesh". The idea of publishing the second book in England was to double the market, and the coverage, and thus reach a much greater area of the world with a pair of what we consider important books. We published the first, and sold copies to Neville Spearman for the English audience. Spearman was to publish the second, and sell copies to us for the American audience. The intent was not to save

money, because actually we each paid nearly double the price per copy we would have paid had we printed it separately. Williamson went to England to premier his book in London, even to the extent of a lecture before royalty. Everything was a huge success, and it has been assured that when Williamson's third book "Road In The Sky" appeared next summer, it would serve to cast him as one of the most important writers of the day in his field, and rank him with such greats as Churchward.

Accordingly, given the delivery date of the book as August 1, 1958, we went ahead with an advance sale of the book. We sold 1300 books to our very good friends, readers of SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS. We promised delivery in October of 1958. Surely this was a safe promise, for it could not possibly take more than two months to ship the book to us from England!

But late in June, 1958, Dr. Williamson decided that an index would greatly enhance the book, and accordingly, this index, which took time to compile, was added to the book. This delayed the publication of the book until October. But still we believed we could deliver before the last day of October. Alas, we were wrong. The book was shipped in November, and actually arrived in New York aboard the steamship *American Flyer* on December 13.

We received notice of arrival, plus a request from Customs for the answer to a single question—was the author of this book an American; because if he was, it would raise the duty charged us for this import to 9% from 5%. We wrote and acknowledged that Williamson was indeed an American, and gave his address. We were then billed for better than 50% of the purchase price of the books. Aghast, we inquired, and were told duties were estimated on the *selling price* of the book, not on the purchase price! Away went our check for ocean freight and customs duty totalling $900.00.

On the 30th of December, the books arrived in Amherst, and we began frantic preparations to get the book into the mail to our waiting customers, who by now had written us over 1000 letters of complaint—and what complaints they were, some of them! Some threatened to go to the postal authorities; others to the Better Business Bureau; others demanded their money back; others cancelled their subscriptions to *both* our magazines; others swore they would never again do business with us. We answered their letters, and promised delivery on what we felt was a now-certain date. We wrote to every one of our

buyers, and spent over $100.00 in the process. Truck freight to Amherst for the books came to another $100.00. Already we had spent $1100.00 and still owed Spearman for the books. And we had invested $1500 in four-color mailing pieces to conduct our mailing campaign. But we were not too unhappy, because at last we had the books in our office, and although we now had no chance to make any money, in fact, if we sold every one of the 3500 books, we would lose $255.00, we could deliver.

Then came the letter from Customs. It was a nasty letter. It used words like "demand", "penalty", "forfeiture", "seizure", etc. It said, briefly: "Demand instant return of all books to Customs custody, subject to confiscation and forfeiture of all bonds and duty, as a prohibited import"—the reason being *the author was an American!* According to copyright law, any book written by an American and published abroad is ineligible for import with the exception of 1500 copies in any five year period.

In vain we protested. If we were allowed 1500 copies, why ship *those* back to New York, and then *back* to Amherst again (possibly months later) and cost us all this freight? Another $100.00 back to New York, and another $100.00 back to England? Now indeed we were in the soup—through ignorance, of course, which is inexcusable, and cannot be arbitrated. You will pay through the nose for ignorance!

A great deal of red tape, paper signing, permissions from Washington, from the Treasury Department, perhaps even from Satan, and perhaps by March or April we would have 1500 copies of the book back in Amherst, and could send them to our now terribly annoyed customers.

Now our $255.00 loss could easily become $10,000.00! We would have to return all the money collected, or hastily print an American edition. It was necessary to contact Williamson, who was on tour, to get an "ad interim copyright permission" from Washington for the 1500 copies we could import. We spent much money phoning all over America trying to reach Williamson and finally did. But Washington was in no hurry to send us the necessary forms. We still haven't got them as of this writing (January 19, 1959), and whe they do come, it will be weeks, perhaps months, before lethargic civil service employees sandwich our request between coffee breaks and send us the papers which then must be filed with the Treasury Department, both to import the 1500 books, and to export the 2000 to England, with further lethargy of

action.

How was it, we wondered, that Customs officials knew enough to charge 9% for the fact that the author was American, rather than the usual 5%, but at the same time to be completely unaware that the whole import was prohibited for that reason (Americanism), until after the books had gone all the way to Amherst? Imperiously we are ordered to throw our money around like water on senseless shipments across two continents.

Could we be blamed if we began to see "men in black" lurking in the background? Of course there were not. But if there had been, they could not have engineered the thing more expensively for us. The whole thing was a major catastrophe.

But do you think this was all? Oh no! We had decided. way back last Summer, to "double" this project up. We ordered the printing of Dr. Chesney's great book "A Doctor Is Born", and we did exactly the same thing with this as with Williamson's book—we sold 1300 copies in advance to our friends. Our printer promised delivery faithfully in October . . .

Of course you know what happened! We finally delivered on January 12th! A dozen promises broken, week after week. Such promises as "we are sewing the book now", and two weeks later, your editor, sneaking in the back door of the $750,000.00 deluxe plant talked to one of the humble employees in the sewing department, who informed us that "sewing would *begin* in a couple of weeks".

Oh yes, we've got a new printer. We've gone to one of the oldest, biggest, best book printers in America, one that has a reputation in the last twenty years of never having missed a promised date of delivery. Such a thing as happened here with "A Doctor Is Born" will never happen again! Such a thing as an import of a book from abroad will never happen again!

As for those of you whose respect and trust we have lost, we are truly sorry—for we can ill afford to lose friends.

Perhaps you think this is all there is to the story? There's more, such as shipping book dust wrappers by air mail only to have a four-hour flight turn into a three-day non-appearance of the immensely expensive air mail shipment. And a letter from our importers in New York, containing vital information needed by us immediately, mailed in New York January 6, and being delivered in Amherst on January 13! Where was a first class letter all that time? Uncle Sam just shrugs his shoulders and says "so what?" and at the same time he threatens

to raise the first class letter rate to 5c. Little things, all of them, really. But when they are piled on interminably, a gigantic rage begins to mount in one's breast; a terrible sense of futility. We begin to wonder how this country of ours can fail to become hopelessly lost in a maze of incompetence in government that will inevitably snarl everything into complete civilian frustration. If the employee in Customs who performed this incredibly stupid and unjust transaction were employed by a private firm, he would be fired instantly. But being employed by the American taxpayer, he need not perform efficiently, cannot be fired, and to cap it all, becomes overbearing, officious, demanding, capricious, and insulting. His incompetence has cost us many hundreds of dollars, and we have no recourse. In fact, if we complain too loudly, he will "confiscate" the $800.00 we have on deposit with him, because according to the letter of the law (of which we should not be ignorant), we have attempted a prohibited import. and through brilliant detective work, he has caught us at it!

Meanwhile, with two books which we expected to have on hand in October to sell, we had planned our activities for the following three months. But without the books, we have nothing to sell, and the activities must be abandoned. Three months without turning a constructive hand. Naturally there is no income, if there is no work. But the bills go on! Our gross income for 1959 will be much less than otherwise, and consequently, any profit we might have made. We have that single consolation—Uncle Sam will receive 25% less income tax from us than he would have, if this had not occurred. He may lose as much as $25.00 in Internal Revenue. The budget will not balance.

We wonder if the same thing is true of 175,000,000 other Americans —and wonder if it isn't our general governmental incompetence which is behind the tremendous $280.000,-000,000 public debt which we owe and which we can never pay, and which may someday rise to a figure which will spell final disaster to our American Democracy and to our individual freedoms.

Yes, it seems all right for the government to protect the American printer against overseas competition It seems all right to prevent American citizens from giving their business to foreigners. It seems good to protect Americans, look out for their well-being in a harsh, competitive world. Encourage Americans to sell to foreigners, but discourage foreigners from selling to us. Let the money come in, but don't let it out. A wise policy, it seems. But

does it work? Perhaps it does—we wouldn't know. All we know is that our ignorance precludes any chance of us doing business on a fair basis with our competitors overseas. We just can't keep track of the hundreds of thousands of laws by which we can be tripped up. Rather than risk running afoul of these "fine print" regulations, we decide to shuck the whole thing, and just not do business with foreigners. Discretion is the better part of valor.

But we still feel that people in both America and England should read George Hunt Williamson's books. And therefore, we are now in the process of concluding a contract on Williamson's third book, "Road in the Sky", being published by Neville Spearman, Ltd., of London England. But this time we won't import—we'll print an American edition simultaneously with the British. We'll work hand in hand. The author will get royalty from both sides of the ocean. When he goes to England this coming Summer, he will have English pounds to spend while he's there. He can save his American dollars to spend while he's here. And he can lecture to people all over the free world, wherever the pound and the dollar are held in esteem by the gentry who control the purse strings.

These are good books. They have a tremendous influence on making people think—and the more they think, the more proficient they will become in thinking. And thinking is something we must begin to do in all seriousness if we are to preserve our way of life, our independence, our physical, mental and moral as well as spiritual freedom. We are becoming a world of automatons, directed in all our activities by propaganda, psychology and subtle subconscious control. We are having our thinking done for us on a "mass production" basis by those who intend to use us to their own secret and devious and devilish ends.

There is no secret government, you say? Then who is it that stands frustratingly in our path, no matter which way we turn? It cannot be the government we elect, because that's us! We would never be the cause of our own frustration—or would we? Can it be that our wounds come from the rocks of responsibility against which we crash as we drift down the river of history, thoughtlessly and listlessly and irresponsibly? Are we our *own* worst enemies?

As part of the flying saucer mystery, there has grown up the idea of the "men in black", a mysterious organization of frustration, secrecy, and deceit. Is this idea really a rationalization of the reason for the frustrations that face us in this mystery? Is it really our complacent

assumption that "Joe's doing the job" (supposedly) that raises these phantoms before us to cause us to recoil in terror? The flying saucers are real, but who's *doing anything about it?* The public? No, most of them laugh at the "believers", the "sighters", the advocates. The military? No, they seem determined to make the whole thing disappear through some sleight-of-mind double talk. The government? No, because they have been assured by the military that it is all a delusion. You and I? No, because even we don't trust each other.

One thing about us, though; we're going to go right on publishing books like Williamson's, no matter how we bungle, and how incompetent bureaucrats compound our bungling. We believe in what we're doing, and we'll find a way out of every difficulty. We know there are many of you readers who want these books and more books, because in them are portions of the answers to our mutual problems. These two books, "Secret Places of the Lion" and "A Doctor is Born" will be in your hands, those of you who have already paid for them, before you read this editorial. Perhaps the editorial will be anti-climatic with the books already in your hands. But no matter; regard the delivery of the books as evidence that we'll be back again soon offering another book—but with one little difference . . . we'll have the book right in our bumbling little hands when we send you our sales literature. From now on it's delivery on the spot, by return mail. The only delay will be one we can do nothing about—Uncle Sam's marvelous postal system, which can never be anything but a perpetual deficit no matter how much postage is charged.

We sincerely hope that most of you who bought these two books will forgive us for our complete bungling of this matter, and that you'll let us start from scratch with the next book, upon our promise to do better. We publish these books because we think you want them. They're the kind of books a publisher with a hard head wouldn't touch with a ten foot pole. They don't make best sellers, like a "Peyton Place". They're "food for thought", and indigestible to the non-thinker. They don't contain a "thoughtless man's filter" to protect him from disturbances to his complacency. The bitter taste of reality comes right through, and not all of us can or will take reality.

THE CAUTIOUS CHRISTIAN

"It is well to trust in God; but to play it safe, let us spend $42,000,000,000 each year for weapons of defense."

The STORY of FATIMA

By Prof. J. A. Steichert

In a recent issue of our companion magazine, FLYING SAUCERS, we mentioned as a possible UFO the famous "Vision of Fatima" witnessed by 60,000 people. One of our readers has challenged us to tell the truth about Fatima—and here it is.

ON A COOL spring day in 1916, Lucy dos Santos, age 9, and her cousins, Francisco and Jacinta Marto, ages 8 and 6 respectively, took their parents' sheep to pasture in a place not far from their homes in the mountain village of Fatima, Portugal, about 90 miles north of Lisbon. It started to drizzle, and the children sought shelter in a nearby cave. Suddenly across the field, a white globe of light appeared, moving over the open space toward the cave. The three children stared in awe as they saw in the center of the light a beautiful young man in flowing white garments.

The stranger began to speak: *"Fear not. I am the Angel of Peace. Pray with me."* Kneeling on the ground, he bowed low and recited this prayer three times, with the children repeating it after him: *"O my God, I believe, I adore, I hope and I love You. I ask pardon for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope and do not love You."*

In mid-summer, as the children were together, the angel came again, and said, *"Pray! Pray a great deal. The Hearts of Jesus and Mary have merciful designs on you. Offer prayers and sacrifices continually to the Most High. Make everything you do a sacrifice, and offer it as an act of reparation for the sins by which God is offended, and a petition for the conversion of sinners. Bring peace to our country in this way . . . I am the Guardian Angel of Portugal. Accept and bear with submission all the sufferings the Lord will send you."*

The angel came again in the fall

of that same year, this time bearing a golden chalice in one hand and a Host above it in the other. The amazed children noticed that drops of blood were falling from the Host into the chalice. Presently, the angel left both suspended in mid-air and prostrated himself on the ground, saying this beautiful prayer: *"Most Holy Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—I adore you profoundly. I offer you the most precious Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ, present in all the tabernacles of the world, in reparation for the outrages, sacrileges and indifferences whereby He is offended. And through the infinite merits of His Most Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I beg of you the conversion of poor sinners."*

Such was the prelude to one of the most remarkable messages ever to be given from Heaven to earth —the "peace plan" of Our Lady of Fatima.

On Sunday, May 13, 1917, slightly more than a year after the angel's first visit, the children were pasturing their flocks as usual. This time they were in a rather barren hollow, known as the Cova da Iria (Hollow of Irene), which was about a mile from their homes. It was a noon of a clear, sunny day, when suddenly a flash of lightning cut the air—then another. Fearing a storm, the children quickly gathered the sheep to get them home. Then their glances fell upon a small holm-oak tree directly in their path. A dazzling light hovered over the topmost branches, when—wonder of wonders—what should they behold but the form of a lovely lady standing atop the tree in the light, her feet hidden in a shimmering cloud. She was like the angel, only far more beautiful. She wore a long white dress, and the mantle over her head and shoulders reaching to her feet was edged in burnished gold. Her hands were joined before her breast, and from the right hand hung an exquisite rosary of white pearls. As Lucy later described her, *"She was a lady more brilliant than the sun."*

After telling the children not to be frightened, the vision said: *"I come from Heaven. I want you to come here at this same hour on the 13th day of each month until October. Then I will tell you who I am and what I want."*

In June the Lady appeared again There were about 70 people present, though only the children could see the apparitions. She told the youngsters that many souls go to hell because they have no one to pray and make sacrifices for them. She said Francisco and Jacinta would soon leave the world for Heaven. Holding out her heart surrounded

by thorns which pierced it from all sides, Our Lady told Lucy: *"God wishes you to remain in the world for some time because he wants to use you to establish in the world the devotion to my Immaculate Heart. I promise salvation to those who embrace it, and their souls will be loved by God as flowers placed by myself to adorn His throne."*

During her appearance in July, Our Lady, in answer to Lucy's plea, promised that in October she would work a great public miracle so that all might believe and know who she was. Again the Mother of God told the children to sacrifice themselves for sinners, and to say many times, especially when making a sacrifice, this prayer: *"O my Jesus, I offer this for love of Thee, for the conversion of poor sinners, and in reparation for all the sins committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary."*

As she spoke these words, Our Lady stretched out her hands, and bright rays came forth which seemed to penetrate into the earth. All at once the ground vanished, and the children found themselves standing on the brink of a sea of fire. As they peered into this dreadful place, the terrified youngsters saw huge numbers of devils and damned souls. The devils resembled hideous black animals, each filling the air with despairing shrieks. The damned souls were in their human bodies and seemed to be brown in color, tumbling about constantly in the flames and screaming with terror. All were on fire within and without their bodies, and neither devils nor damned souls seemed able to control their movements. They were tossing about in the flames like fiery coals in a furnace. There was never an instant's peace or freedom from pain.

Looking with compassion at the pale and trembling little ones, the vision spoke to them: *"You have seen hell, where the souls of poor sinners go. To save them, God wishes to establish in the world the devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If people do what I tell you, many souls will be saved and there will be peace."*

"The war (First World War, then raging) is going to end. But if people do not stop offending God, another and worse one will begin in the reign of Pius the Eleventh. When you shall see a night illuminated by an unknown light (January 25, 1938), know that this is the great sign that God gives you that He is going to punish the world for its many crimes by means of war, hunger, and persecution of the Church and the Holy Father.

"To prevent this, I shall come to ask the consecration of Russia to my Immaculate Heart and the

Communion of Reparation on the five first Saturdays. If my requests are granted, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. If not, she will scatter her errors throughout the world, provoking wars and persecution of the Church. The good will be martyred, the Holy Father will have much to suffer, and various nations will be destroyed . . .

". . . But in the end, my Immaculate Heart will triumph, the Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me, Russia will be converted to the world." The Lady asked that this message be kept secret until she gave permission to reveal it.

The apparitions rapidly were creating so much excitement that the civil authorities became alarmed. At the next scheduled appearance of the Lady, August 13th, though more than 15,000 people were waiting in the Cova, the mayor of Ourem, under whose jurisdiction Fatima belonged, had the children placed in jail. In spite of his threats to have them burnt alive in boiling oil, the children refused to reveal the secret given to them. Fearing violence from the people, the mayor released Lucy and her cousins the next day. Near the village of Valinhos on August 19th, the Lady appeared to the children again. She told them she was greatly displeased at the action of the mayor. As a result, the miracle promised for October would not be as impressive as originally planned.

More than 30,000 people were present in September, and saw a shower of mysterious white petals fall to within 10 feet of the ground before dissolving into the air. Many also saw the globe of light bearing the Lady, come to rest atop the tree, and the branches bend as though someone were standing on them. Later, they saw the cloud depart into the east, from whence it had come.

By now, all Portugal was stirred by the events taking place at Fatima, suddenly the most important spot in the land. Particularly were the newspapers interested, especially in the statement that a great miracle was to take place. Many reporters and photographers were on hand to record the events, or to prove that the statements were nothing more than lies.

On the days preceding October 13th, all roads led to Fatima, with people coming from all parts of the land in any form of transportation they could find. Many walked for miles over the rough fields. It rained all the night of the 12th and the morning of the 13th. By noon, more than 70,000 had crowded into the Cova. Standing in mud up to their ankles, they huddled together under umbrellas, seeking protection from

the relentless rain.

Shortly after noon the Lady arrived for her final appearance. She told the children: *"I have come to warn the faithful to amend their lives and to ask pardon for their sins. They must not offend Our Lord any more, for He is already too grievously offended by the sins of men."*

As the Lady was about to leave, she pointed to the sun. Lucy excitedly repeated the gesture and the people looked into the sky. The rain had ceased, the clouds parted, and the sun shone forth, but not in its usual brilliance. Instead, it appeared like a silver disc, pale as the moon, at which all could gaze without straining their eyes. Suddenly, impelled by some mysterious force, the disc began to whirl in the sky, casting off great shafts of multi-colored light. Red, green, blue, yellow, violet, the enormous rays shot across the sky at all angles, lighting up the entire countryside for many miles around but particularly the upturned faces of those 70,000 spellbound people. After three minutes the wonder stopped, but was resumed again a second and a third time—three times in all in about 12 minutes. It seemed that the whole world was on fire, with the sun spinning at a greater speed each time.

Then a gasp of terror rose from the crowd, for the sun seemed to tear itself from the heavens and come crashing down upon the horrified multitude. *"It's the end of the world,"* shrieked one woman. *"Dear God, don't let me die in my sins,"* implored another. *"Holy Virgin, protect us,"* cried a third. All were on their knees in terror, asking pardon for their sins. Just when it seemed that the ball of fire would fall upon and destroy them the miracles ceased and the sun resumed its normal place in the sky, shining forth as peacefully as ever.

When the people arose from the ground, cries of astonishment were heard on all sides. Their clothes, which had been soaking wet and muddy, now were clean and dry. Many of the sick and crippled had been cured of their afflictions.

While the miracle of the sun was taking place, the children alone were privileged to witness several remarkable visions in the heavens. As our Lady had promised, St. Joseph had come with the Holy Family and he had blessed the world. Then, Our Lady appeared as the Mother of Sorrows, accompanied by her Divine Son, who also blessed the world. Finally, Lucy had seen the Blessed Virgin Mary, dressed in the brown robes of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, crowned as queen of heaven and earth, holding a brown Scapular in her hand, with

her infant Son upon her knee. However, in none of these visions had any of the figures spoken to the children.

Truly, it had been a great day for Portugal. The reporters, many of whom had come to scoff, gave long and detailed accounts of what had taken place, while the newspapers published many photographs of the great crowds and of the children. Although these were released to the entire world, (copies on file in U.S. Congressional Library). few people outside Portugal paid any attention to these events, and newspapers in most other countries ignored the story completely.

As the Blessed Mother had promised, Francisco and Jacinta soon joined her in Heaven. The little boy died from the flu in April 1919, and his sister from pleurisy in February 1920.

Before she died, little Jacinta, revealed some little known but remarkable statements made by Our Lady of Fatima. Here are some of them:

"More souls go to hell because of sins of the flesh than for any other reason."

"Certain fashions will be introduced that will offend Our Lady very much."

"Many marriages are not good; they do not please Our Lord and are not of God."

"Priests must be pure, very pure. They should not busy themselves with anything except what concerns the Church and souls. The disobedience of priests to their superiors and to the Holy Father is very displeasing to Our Lord."

"The Blessed Mother can no longer restrain the hand of Her Divine Son from striking the world with just punishment for its many crimes."

"If the government of a country leaves the Church in peace and gives liberty to our holy religion, it will be blessed by God."

"Tell everybody that God gives graces through the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Tell them to ask graces from her, and that the Heart of Jesus wishes to be venerated together with the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Ask them to plead for peace from the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the Lord has confided the peace of the world to her."

In 1921, upon the advice of the Bishop of Leiria-Fatima, Lucy entered a convent boarding school to learn to read and write. Later she became a nun in the order, a Sister of St. Dorothy, whose Motherhouse was at Tuy, Spain.

One day, while Lucy (now Sister Lucia) was kneeling in prayer in the convent chapel (December 10, 1925), the Blessed Mother and the Christ Child appeared to her with

a new message. The first to speak was the Christ Child, who said: *"Have pity on the heart of your Most Holy Mother. It is covered with thorns with which ungrateful men pierce it at every moment, and there is no one to remove them with an act of reparation."*

Holding in her hand a heart encircled with sharp thorns, Our Lady then said to Sister Lucia: *"My child, behold my heart surrounded with the thorns which ungrateful men place therein at every moment by their blasphemies and ingratitude. You at least try to console me. Announce in my name that I promise to assist at the hour of death with all the graces necessary for salvation, all those who, on the first Saturday of five consecutive months, go to Confession and receive Holy Communion, recite the Rosary, and keep me company for a quarter of an hour while meditating on the mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of making reparation to me."*

Our Lady appeared to Sister Lucia in 1927, this time giving her permission to reveal the first two parts of the message of Fatima: the visions of the angel; the promise to take the children to Heaven; the vision of hell; the predictions of another war, martyrdom for Christians, the destruction of nations, the persecution of the Church and of the Holy Father, and the spread of Communism. All this had previously been kept secret.

In 1929, Our Lady came once again. She completed the promise made on July 13th to come and ask for the consecration of Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the Communion of Reparation on the First Saturdays. If men fulfilled her requests, Russia would be converted and there would be peace.

There is still an unknown part of the message of Fatima that has never been revealed. A few years ago, Sister Luica wrote down this secret, placed it in an envelope which was sealed and given to the Bishop of Fatima to be opened in 1960. General opinion is that this secret contains threats of disasters more terrible than anything else predicted at Fatima, and these will come to pass unless enough people grant Our Lady's requests for penance.

On the night of January 25, 1938, Sister Lucia stood at her convent window and saw an ominous red glow that lit the entire sky. This light was seen throughout all Europe and Africa and part of America and Asia. Scientists tried to explain it as a most unusual Aurora Borealis. But Sister Lucia knew that it was the great sign foretold by Our Lady July 13, 1917, that the punishment of the world was at hand.

Several weeks later, Hitler invaded Austria, striking the match that was to set the world aflame. (Thus began another and worse war in the reign of Pius the Eleventh as predicted by the Mother of God at Fatima.)

The Bishop of Leiria-Fatima, after 13 years of thorough and careful investigation, released in 1930 his pastoral letter stating that the revelations at Fatima were worthy of belief by the faithful. Today, in the place where the Blessed Mother appeared to the children as they pastured their sheep, there is now a magnificent Shrine, where millions of people come on pilgrimage.

Pope Pius XII, on October 31, 1942, personally consecrated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Not long after, he instituted throughout the universal Church, the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which is celebrated everywhere in the world on August 22nd each year.

Finally, on July 7, 1952, Pope Pius XII dedicated the Russian people to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Each passing day brings additional proof, with a more complete fulfillment of the dire predictions made by Our Lady of Fatima in 1917.

(Below is an actual photo of the whirling sun.)



FLYING SAUCER SCRAP BOOK

By Alex Saunders

THE late Charles Fort was responsible for my transformation. He it was who changed me from a quiet, "normal" human being into an avid saucer fan. For it was my purchase of THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT in the early forties that instilled within me an undying interest in unexplained phenomena—UFO's definitely included.

Never, until I read his collected works, had I come across anything which filled me with such heart-pounding wonder. It was exciting. Invigorating. The sparkling-fresh implications had my head swimming like one intoxicated. I quite agree with Maynard Shipley who said: "Reading Fort is a ride on a comet."

That we have long been visited by extra-terrestrials seemed indisputable when studying Fort.

Then, to further intensify my interest, along came June 24, 1947, and the historic sighting of Kenneth Arnold, with the subsequent flood of UFO reports.

Oh yes, I consider myself a "saucer fan," for, besides having most books on the subject (hard cover and paper) which to date is over one hundred in number, letters of mine on the UFO's have seen print in our three Toronto, Ontario newspapers.

Other such letters have appeared in various magazines, science fiction and otherwise. Original saucer articles have shown up in this publication, SEARCH, which devotes much space to the subject. I also subscribe to several privately published "saucerzines."

Since the Arnold affair, it was inevitable that I start work on what I proudly refer to as my FSSB (Flying Saucer Scrap Book). Ever-thickening, it contains nothing but saucer articles, both pro and con, related ones on astronomy, pertin-

ent letters, editorials, theories, book reviews, etc.

My scrap book gathers little dust as it is handled frequently in my efforts to keep it up-to-date. Much of the material comes from our local papers. Much more is taken from magazines, mostly American.

Thumbing through its numerous pages I find myself again and again reliving those exciting times when, back in the late forties, the UFO's first hit the headlines with block-busting force. As the mystery was then comparatively newer and fresher, it was therefore more exciting. Not that the enigma has begun to wear thin. Far from it. Only, the excitement was a bit more intense—somewhat more gripping, fascinating—in those early days.

In building up my scrap book, I have concentrated more on articles than on brief news-clippings of UFO sightings. Serious students of the phenomena will understand just what articles I mean. For example:

SATURDAY EVENING POST - April 30, 1949. "What You Can Believe About Flying Saucers," by Sydney Shalett. (Part one appeared in the above-dated issue; part two made its appearance in the succeeding May 7, 1949 issue.)

TRUE - January, 1950. "The Flying Saucers Are Real," by Donald E. Keyhoe.

LOOK - February 27, 1951. "A Nuclear Physicist Exposes Flying Saucers," by Richard Wilson.

LIFE - April 7, 1952. "Have We Visitors From Space?" by H. B. Darrack Jr. and Robert Ginna.

Needless to say, all additional saucer articles of the above prominent magazines are neatly pasted in my scrap book. They shall remain unlisted. Many other magazines of lower readership printed articles of interest to saucer fans. These have helped to fatten my FSSB, and include:

MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED - December, 1947. "How Will You Talk to the Martians?" by Willy Ley.

POPULAR SCIENCE - May, 1948. "Are Secret Balloons the Flying Saucers?" by Devon Francis.

ARGOSY - July, 1949. "The Case of the Flying Saucers," by Frederick G. Moorehouse.

FLYING - July, 1950. "The Flying Saucers—Fact or Fiction?" by Curtis Fuller.

NEW LIBERTY - October, 1950. "Are There Really Flying Saucers?" by James Montagnes.

PAGEANT - February, 1951. "What I've Learned Since Writing 'Behind the Flying Saucers,'" by Frank Scully.

POPULAR SCIENCE - May, 1952. "Flying Saucers Are Old Stuff," by Robert L. Unger.

CORONET - November, 1952. "Flying Saucers: Myth or Menace?" (picture story).

PIC - November, 1952. "How Do Saucers Fly?" by John W. Campbell, Jr.

MR. AMERICA - January, 1953. "You Are Being Watched," by Martin Cadin.

NIGHT AND DAY - March, 1953. "Humans Travel in Flying Saucers," by Philip Rand.

BLUEBOOK - February, 1954. "Flying Saucers Are The Bunk!" by Donald H. Menzel.

SIR! - May, 1954. "Will The Sun Explode?" by Leroy Thorpe.

FURY - August, 1954. "Will We Have Visitors From Mars?" by Ken Crossen.

STAG - February, 1955. "They Tailed Me From Outer Space," by Captain James Howard of British Overseas Airways Corp., as told to Graham Fisher.

SIR! - April, 1955. "Flying Saucer Fakers," by A. Smith-Henderson, Ph. D. D. Sc.

MAN TO MAN - May, 1955. "Flying Saucers Terrify Europe," by Leroy Thorpe.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW - November, 1955. "The Planets Are Not Enough," by Arthur C. Clarke.

MACLEANS - June 9, 1956. "How Man Will Conquer Mars," by Wernher Von Braun and Willy Ley.

TRUE STRANGE - August, 1957. "Are They Hiding The Truth About Flying Saucers?" by Frank Edwards.

TRUE OR FALSE - April, 1958. "I Flew Aboard a Flying Saucer." As reported by Professor Joao de Freitas Guimaraes of the University of Brazil.

CHALLENGE - January, 1959. "I Spoke to Space Men," by Reinhold O. Schmidt with Wambly Bald.

And that is only a partial list. Much more saucer literature remains. I have not, for example, mentioned even one write-up of the phenomena taken from a science fiction magazine. I don't dare, because once I got started, I would undoubtedly—and irresistably—fill page after page to the possible point of monotony.

Rest assured, however, that my FSSB contains the "classics" of saucerdom, those stories that involve Kenneth Arnold, Thomas Mantell, Scoutmaster J. D. Desvergers, George Adamski, etc.

None of the above will be discussed in this article. Instead, I shall tell of lesser publicized saucer experiences that are claimed to be true, or ones I deem of special significance. Included for brief mention, too, will be other pertinent matters of interest.

So, with my dog-eared FSSB before me, I start turning the pages.

THE first half dozen pages are devoted entirely to the writings of two Ontario astronomers — Drs. Helen Hogg and Peter Millman— both of whom contribute weekly columns for two of our local papers. Their information on matters within and beyond our solar system is essential for a better understanding of the great flying saucer mystery. For this reason, I included many of their columns to tee off my FSSB.

Of necessity, pages will have to be skipped with no comment whatever regarding the contents. I do this because there are just too many scrap book pages, and this article should not be overly long.

THE TELEGRAM - Monday, March 27, 1950.

Printed in this Toronto paper was a letter by Mr. F. R. Dawson who voiced strong skepticism of the existence of flying saucers. Indeed, the whole business was viewed by him as the product of vivid imagination.

Here was a challenge I could not airily dismiss. My hastily-written answer was published. And so began an exchange of letters that, though lively, never reached the too stormy stage.

Mr. Dawson, whose knowledge of the phenomena was practically nil, made statements, and asked questions, which sought to answer. One of his paragraphs went like this:

"Cameramen, those uncanny people with that happy knack of being in the most unlikely places at just the right moment to come up with an unusual picture, have so far failed to take a photograph of these flying objects."

Man, there is a flat, positive statement if ever I heard one!

So Mr. Dawson wanted saucer photographs? Obviously he had never heard of FATE (to mention one magazine) which in past issues had reproduced several from reputable newspapers. One such paper was the ARIZONA REPUBLIC for July 9, 1947. As I pointed out to Mr. Dawson, even a local newspaper—THE GLOBE AND MAIL—front-paged a saucer photo on September 20, 1947.

Then there was the two-page spread of several mysterious sky objects presented by TRUE for July, 1950. The magazine said they could vouch for the authenticity of the UFO's to this extent: "we have verified that each is a true photographic image appearing in the original negative. Whether the objects shown are Flying Saucers, we cannot state with certainty, since we are not able to testify, out of our own knowledge, concerning the circumstances in which the pictures were taken."

Mr. Dawson goes on to ask: "Another thought, has one of these machines ever been plotted by radar?"

The answer, of course, is in the affirmative as I so informed him. In literally hundreds of cases they have been tracked by radar.

Also well known are the theodolite trackings. As an instance, on April 23, 1949, at 10:20 a.m., a UFO was detected through the above instrument's telescope at White Sands Proving Ground base, New Mexico. The whitish, elliptical object—tracked for sixty seconds by aerologist Charles B. Moore—was roughly estimated as fifty-six miles up, one hundred feet long, and moving soundlessly at seven miles per second with no vapor trail. Other technicians confirmed this sighting.

"We are asked to believe," Mr. Dawson writes further, "that these are visitors from another planet. but how can they be termed visitors when as yet, not one of them has landed here?"

Oh, come, come, old chap. What, in heaven's name, makes you so *certain* none have landed? I wrote back and asked if Mr. Dawson would not grant the *possibility* that landings and take-offs have already been accomplished in secret in some uninhabited spot on our globe? I was not claiming with fanatic zeal that this had been done. I claimed only that it was possible. Mr. Dawson never replied to this pointed question.

Certain matters that puzzled him were answered to the best of my ability. Still he could not be swayed, and in a later letter affirmed his continued skepticism of the (as he termed it) "flying phantoms."

Arthur Constance, who wrote THE INEXPLICABLE SKY, has a special name for people like Mr. Dawson—*prejudiced scoffers.*

Two years later, in the same newspaper dated Wednesday, July 9, 1952, I again "tangled" with a couple of other saucer doubters. And, again, we all remained loyal to our pet beliefs.

Several pages of my FSSB are devoted to the history of flying saucers which, written informedly by a good friend Coral Lorenzen (Director of the saucerzine A.P.R.O.) appeared as a series of articles in the GREEN BAY PRESS-GAZETTE from issues April 14, 1952 to May 1, 1952. TORONTO DAILY STAR—Thursday, April 17, 1952.

A short newspaper article about UFO's is worth quoting in full because of the unbiased attitude, most commendable, of my fellow-Canadians mentioned.

Canada's top scientists now openly admit flying saucers

are a definite possibility.

In a quick about face from the pooh-pooh attitude adopted during the past three years of reports of mysterious sky objects seen over North America, top air force and atomic scientists yesterday (April 16, 1952) admitted the possibility of mystery phenomena in outer space.

Dr. Peter Millman, dominion astro-physicist, said "we can't laugh off these observations."

Dr. J. C. Mackenzie, chairman of the atomic energy control board and recently president of National Research council, flatly announced "these reports can not be ignored as nonsense."

Dr. O. M. Solandt, chairman of the defense research board, admitted he was "as mystified as anyone else" and said both he and fellow-researchers were "keeping open minds" on the question.

Group Captain D. M. Edwards, director of air intelligence, admitted the RCAF had taken active interest in reports of the mysterious flying discs for "some time."

A year ago the air force was only too ready to deny any interest in reports of flying saucers, and tagged them the result of mass hysteria in the United States.

Yesterday G-C Edwards said one of his intelligent officers had investigated every case of a reported flying saucer in Canada.

Since the first of the year, he said, there had only been the recent instance over North Bay, but before that several cases had been thoroughly checked and all witnesses had been interrogated.

The result of each investigation had been submitted to air force headquarters, and had then been given to governments of other countries where the flying saucers had been observed. Reports from these governments had been received by Canadian authorities.

"All information is pooled and interchanged with other countries," Group Captain Edwards said.

Dr. Millman, the astro-physicist, pointed out that "it was no good just laughing at these reports.

"We can't discover any conventional explanation which would cover the reported behavior of these objects."

Four veteran airmen stationed at North Bay recently reported seeing flying discs over that town, and in their official reports described in detail the flight paths of the object.

W.O.E.H. Rossell and Flt. Sergt Reg McRea said they spotted "a bright amber disc" over the North Bay airport last Saturday night.

W.O.W.J. Yeo and Sergt. D. V. Crandell reported seeing a flying saucer the night of January 1. This latter report was not revealed by the air force until Tuesday.

The average meteor, Dr. Millman explained, is visible to the naked eye for only half a second. The brightest meteor for not more than three seconds.

The first of the year reports from North Bay had veteran airmen keeping a "thing" under continuous observation for more than eight minutes. This, Dr. Millman pointed out, could not have been a meteor.

The North Bay disc was reported to have completely reversed its direction, and this, too, was prima facie evidence that it could not have been a meteor.

Dr. Mackenzie atomic energy control board chairman, said: "It seemed fantastic there could be any such thing. At first the temptation was to say it was all nonsense, a series of optical illusions.

"But there have been so many reports from responsible observers, such as airplane pilots, that they can not be ignored.

"It seems hardly possible that all these reports could be due to optical illusions."

ACTION—May, 1953.

"I Rode A Flying Saucer," by Fred Reagan.

During a very hot day in July, 1952, Fred Reagan took off in his Piper Cub at an unspecified spot in the United States. Levelling off at maximum altitude—8,000 feet—he caught sight of a distant object that looked like a "bright, dazzling lozenge," drawing ever nearer. Its size and distance could not be judged because of its brightness and lack of definite shape.

Reagan banked his small plane and made for the object which could only be one of those controversial flying saucers. In the back of his mind was the funny idea that maybe, somehow, he could give chase, capture it, and sew up the enigma once and for all.

Then, too late, he saw the object coming straight toward him. Before he could turn, the plane was hit—its tail sheared!

He was tossed clear, fell like a rock. The ground rushed up to meet his parachuteess form. He was choked by the wind, blinded . . . .

Suddenly the tearing wind stopped! And the pilot—Miracle of miracles, he was no longer falling! The stretched-out countryside, thousands of feet below, was motionless!

While the stunned man remained suspended in the air, the wreckage of his plane could be seen hurtling earthward.

What force held him in suspension? He was afraid to move lest he disturbed the mysterious balance.

However, when he made the attempt to turn so that he could look up, his body would not respond. Then— But let Reagan tell what happened in his own words:

"Then I felt it, a sticky, clinging force which penetrated my clothing, my flesh, pushed through to my brain . . . and grasped me like a huge, invisible suction cup. As my mind groped for some rational explanation, the force grew stronger and more compelling, and I felt myself rising, sucked upward by that inexplicable something."

With ever-increasing speed, Reagan was drawn upward, upward to a monstrous, brilliant object that swallowed him. There was no doubt of it now. He must be inside a flying saucer!

In the dark interior, Reagan was grasped by . . . something. Light was issuing dimly from the circular hatch over which he was being held, and, as his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he began to make out the grotesque and unfamiliar shapes of objects.

Three were starting to stand out next to the hatch below. They glistened weirdly, seemingly three feet high, and resembling "huge stalks of metallic asparagus." When one moved, Reagan, screaming in near-hysteria, passed out.

Upon regaining consciousness, he found himself lying on his back on something infinitely soft. He was in a room, dark except for a pin-point of a distant blue light, and aware of a peculiarly stimulating smell which might have been ozone.

Presently a voice spoke in perfect English as though through a loudspeaker, saying (after a "How do you do, man" greeting) that they were from outside his planet and extremely regretted the unavoidable circumstances which caused their vehicle to collide with his. They were here only to observe his primitive . . . civilization.

From the alien: "We do not wish our activities to interfere with man-living in any manner. We cannot replace your vehicle, but we have examined your body and assured ourselves of its undamaged condition. We have also corrected an abnormality of your body which we have found is most common in your species. It is called . . . cancer."

Reagan was appalled at the idea of him having the dreaded disease —and being cured of it.

The droning voice went on:

"We offer this as slight reparation for the loss we have caused you. We shall return you to the surface of your planet. We caution you, for your own peace, not to reveal your experience with us. You shall not be believed. Think of us in kindness."

Silence followed.

Reagan's next recollection was awakening in a hospital where a doctor, a nurse, and several men—CAA inspectors — were grouped around his bed. When told how he had been found in a farmer's field near his demolished plane miraculously uninjured, he explained what had happened, but was disbelieved as prophesied by the alien voice.

The pilot ends his story by swearing to its truthfulness. The editor ends the article with a newspaper clipping that recently came to his attention. Here it is in full.

SAUCER PASSENGER DIES

Atlanta—May 16, 1953. Fred Reagan, who made headlines last year when he claimed he had been a visitor aboard a flying saucer, died today in the State Asylum for the Insane. Cause of death was determined to be degeneration of brain tissue due to extreme atomic radiation. Authorities are unable to offer an explanation.

MALE—September, 1953.

"I Shot A Flying Saucer," by Lloyd C. Booth as told to Glenn D Kittler.

As the operator of a general store on Highway 701 (8 miles north of Conway, South Carolina), Lloyd C. Booth always closed shop around 11 p.m. Thursday, January 29, 1953, was just another day—up until midnight.

Now it was a half hour before that time. He had already covered the mile's drive to the farmhouse where he lived with his now-sleeping parents and brother. Food awaited him in the kitchen, and, as he ate, he read.

Worry prevented relaxation, for he was thinking of the preceding night when one of his cows had unaccountably died. What added to the strangeness was the fact that the past few weeks had seen the unusual deaths of some twenty other cows in the county. Veterinary diagnosis revealed death was due to poisoning by some caustic substance. Hogs were dying, too. One farmer lost as many as 75. It was all a deep mystery.

Before long, Booth heard the braying of a mule in the barn. The sound was ignored. But when another mule joined in, he decided to investigate.

As he was about to step from the house, there arose a frenzied cry from the chickens and ducks. What brought this on? A prowler?

Booth grabbed his .22 calibre pistol and hurried into the cold yard, making straight for the barn whose outlines besides the huts and fences was clearly seen by the unusually bright moon. The livestock grew noisier.

When a look in the barn revealed

its emptiness, Booth crept around the back to see if a prowler was escaping across the fields. What he saw (instead of a prowler) took his breath away.

It was a balloon-like object, light grayish in color, and lit up on the inside. Slowly, from a height of about ten feet above the tree tops, it drifted quietly toward him over the clearing beyond. It was all so eerie, and brought on a feeling of terrible insignificance, making Booth feel as if he was the only person on Earth.

Never before having had too great an interest in flying saucers, Booth now watched one in stunned silence. About two hundred yards away was his house where his family slept peacefully.

He yelled, over and over again, but failed to arouse them. He gripped his pistol more firmly as the aerial object was now overhead. His description follows:

"It looked like an egg, cut end to end. It was about 24 feet long, perhaps 14 feet across, and it seemed 10 feet high. The front sloped at approximately a 60-degree angle, and the rear dropped away at about 40 degrees. The entire craft was highly streamlined.

"There were two glassed-over areas in front, like cockpits, but there weren't any bubbles as our craft have. I couldn't see anyone or anything inside. In the back was another cockpit, and light was pouring through what seemed like tinted glass. I couldn't see inside.

"Underneath was an opening about three feet wide, and from this protruded a crescent-shaped object that looked like part of a large wheel. I wondered if this might be a landing gear, as I had never seen anything like it."

"There was no visible means of propulsion. The thing had no propeller, no exhaust, and I didn't see any vapor trails. There were no markings, nor did the ship give off any vapor trails. There was no soft humming noise coming from it."

That his description was so finely detailed is not surprising when considering Booth had been trained in an anti-aricraft unit to recognize all types of aircraft. Even after the war, he kept alive his interest in aviation. And what he saw that wintery night was definitely unconventional.

It passed on about ninety feet over the trees. And as it continued its westward course, Booth turned and followed it. This brought him in a woods. The object was kept in sight for about twenty minutes. Had it taken off recently? Or was it going to land, unseen, here in the semi-wilderness?

Booth hurried ahead to a small clearing in the woods. A few feet

away was a fence. Beyond that were several acres of farmland. A swamp lay further ahead. Booth realized he could not follow the UFO much longer.

He looked back, watched its approach. Again it passed overhead. He raised his arm, aimed the pistol, and when it was slightly west of him—fired!

Hitting the craft, the bullet made a metallic sound before bouncing off. A second shot was wasted. For with the first bullet's impact, the craft produced a much louder noise —"like a stepped-up electric motor —and took off with terrific speed at a 65-degree angle." It vanished within seconds.

Booth remained where he was for a few minutes, and, as nothing further happened, returned home. Here his mother called him when he entered the kitchen. She inquired the reason for the gunshots. As his father and brother were awake too, he told them all that had happened.

To escape ridicule, the family decided to keep quiet. Booth's experience never left his mind. A return to the woods a week later for the bullet which had struck the UFO was unsuccessful. Fallen leaves, lying thickly on the ground, saw to that.

Booth confessed all to a Baptist minister friend, Ewell Jones, who believed him, and gave the story to the public. This had other respected people in his parts telling of their own sightings at the time of Booth's.

At the conclusion of his article, Booth says many things remain unexplained. What caused the strange —and fatal—epidemic of his cows and hogs, as well as those on neighboring farms? Was there a connection between their deaths and the appearance of the saucer? Why the frequent localized visits of UFO's? And why the sudden stoppage?

The questions go unanswered.

TORONTO DAILY STAR—Wednesday, November 11, 1953.

Harold Greer, in a lengthy front-page story, tells how electronic engineers are constructing a station, unprecedented, at Shirley's Bay, ten miles north-west of Ottawa.

The station, ready for operation by the year's end, is being equipped with every conceivable recording device. For example: various types of radar, an ionosphere recorder, a magnetometer (to measure electrical charges), a recording gravometer (to measure gravity), and a radio set running full volumn at 530 kilocycles (to pick up any radio noises).

Why all this heavy concentration of recording instrumentation? To obtain, it is hoped, the scientific measurements necessary to prove or disprove the existence of flying saucers.

The small station, which has been designated "Project Magnet," is to be run by department of transport engineer, Wilbur B. Smith, and would be manned night and day. BLUEBOOK—April, 1954.

"Why Astronomers Won't Talk About The Moon," by Joseph Millard.

Mounting evidence in this thrilling article—written by a man noted for his historical and scientific articles—makes it clear that Luna is anything but a lifeless, airless hunk of rock. For example: "curious formations of criss-cross lines and squares bear a startling resemblance to long-range aerial photos of city blocks and streets."

The first one was discovered by Gruithuisen over a hundred and thirty years ago. This was north of the crater Schroeter, and the above astronomer was ridiculed at that time for calling his discovery a *city!* However, no one came up with a better theory.

Other such formations have been found during the intervening years. The crater Plato and Gassendi possess large ones. And some of them (including Gruithuisen's) are expanding! New blocks appear—streets lengthen.

Sudden appearances have been made of such things as: a black wall in the crater Aristarchus (December, 1915), artificial-looking mounds on the floor of Archimedes (1922), a wall that was long and curving, as well as another straight one with *arches* astonishingly resembling a *viaduct,* a group of bright, white spots on Littrow's floor arranged in the form of a Greek letter *Gamma,* etc.

Enigmas include the silver-lustred rays, deep clefts known as rills, domes (largest to be found in the crater Darwin), and so on and on.

If Luna is *airless* (and I can't use that word without wincing), what causes the support of clouds, refracts light, and produces incandescence in meteors?

How can Luna be considered a dead body when detection has been made of a "something" that *grows and changes seasonally?*

Science dismisses the idea of volcanic craters—yet some erupt.

The reader will, I am sure, forgive this interruption of my discussing Millard's article by injecting a recent and appropriate news item. TORONTO DAILY STAR—Friday, November 21, 1958.

RED DOT ON MOON
SIGHTED BY BRITON

London, Nov. 21—(UPI)—

H. Percy Wilkins, British astronomer, said today he had observed a reddish patch on the moon which might confirm Russian claims they had photographed an erupting volcano on the supposedly dead satel-

lite.

Wilkins said he observed the red patch in the same area named in the Soviet volcano report, although he could not confirm it was the exact same place pending receipt of Russian photographs.

The red patch showed up on Wilkins' 15¼-inch telescope at Bexley Heath, near London, Wednesday night, the first time since the Russian announcement Nov. 12 that portion of the moon has been visible.

The British astronomer said the red patch could have been caused by "gases—anything of that nature" or by other conditions causing a color change on the moon.

Most British astronomers branded the Soviet claim as nonsense Dr. Reginald F. Waterfield, former president of the British Astronomical association, said: "I would not believe it."

Wilkins was the first astronomer outside Russia to lend credence to the Soviet claim.

Millard writes (to get back to his article) that countless lunar enigmas are of late ignored by professional astronomers who would far rather study distant—and safer galaxies. Safer for guessing, that is.

He points out that for the past ten years, the journal of the Royal Astronomical Society, MONTHLY NOTICES, has not listed the moon on its index of subjects. Most other such magazines have acted the same. Who, then, operates the telescopes for lunar study? For the most part it is the amateurs, those worthies having made major discoveries.

THE TELEGRAM, in the spring and summer of 1954, contained write-ups of the coming June 30 total solar eclipse. Written by Dr. Peter Millman, they appeared in the issues dated June 15 and 17.

In the July 2 issue, Dr. Millman told how he witnessed the eclipse in the very centre of the moon's shadow. This was 27,500 feet above the North Atlantic Ocean in a Royal Canadian Air Force plane.

Of the nineteen people aboard, nine made up the crew. The other ten worked on the scientific program.

Dr. Millman's account of the preparations for the eclipse, and of the eclipse itself, made very interesting reading.

TORONTO DAILY STAR—Monday, August 9, 1954.

Further news of "Project Magnet," the world's first saucer sighting station near Ottawa, Ontario.

After many months of quietness, oil was struck, so to speak. On August 8, 1954, the sensitive gravimeter jumped into action. Normally, when a large aircraft passes overhead, the instrument's elec-

tronically-operated pen deflects only slightly and draws a wavy line.

But on August 8, 1954, at 3:01 p.m., the gravimeter activated an alarm bell system that had the eyes of head-man Wilbur B. Smith bulging with excitement. For the line drawn was making a deflection far greater and more pronounced than any previous one. What had been picked up so unexpectedly? A long-awaited flying saucer?

Smith bolted outdoors for a visual confirmation. But the sky, as luck would have it, was overcast! Nothing could be seen above the low-hanging clouds.

The official statement later issued by Smith said that the object which had caused such a sharp and sudden unbalance could have been a flying saucer, or many other things, not forgetting instrument failure. As for the idea of it being a plane, never — definitely not! Smith was very emphatic here.

SIR!—February, 1955.

"Flying Saucers on my Ranch," by W. C. Hall.

W. C. Hall is the owner of a 15,000-acre ranch in the North Queensland section of Australia. In late August of (presumably) 1954, a horde of locusts ravaged the earth to the point of near-starvation for Hall's cattle and 1,500 sheep.

On an inspection tour a few months later, he rode his horse to a hilltop in a remote section of his ranch. The overcast October sky permitted good vision for wide stretches of his land. Distant cattle were sighted grazing on the sparse grass.

Suddenly Hall's consciousness was penetrated by a soothing, whirring sound. When he looked up, he saw on high the descent of six tiny white dots.

An open pasture about three quarters of a mile away became their landing spot. Now Hall noted their resemblance to petrol tanks. And, too, how strangely calm had the atmosphere become. Not even a breeze could be felt.

Hall directed the horse down the hill and made for the objects. About thirty feet tall, elliptical in shape with a rim, or ramp, running around the bottom, they were white-colored. Ribbon-like blue streaks lay across their middle sections.

Humanoid male figures, about twelve in number, left the mysterious objects. They were uniformed —somewhat like American paratroopers—and stood in a huddle, deep in some discussion.

This was broken up when Hall approached to about three hundred meters, and was seen. There was a moment of unmoving indecision, then the group turned and ran back to their machines. Scurrying up short ladders, they disappeared in-

side.

Again came the soothing, whirring sound, and the six machines rose from the earth.

The horse Hall was riding reared violently. He dismounted as the air became completely clear, and mysteriously dropped to the ground.

Lying there, his eyes focussed on the aerial objects. In amazement, he saw a kind of odd-colored exhaust fume spewing from them before settling earthward.

The objects hung suspended from the sky for some five minutes, fumes never once letting up. Then they zoomed off to regain their former tiny sizes of white dots.

When this happened, Hall could not stop shaking. He blanked out, and, remarkably, became clairvoyant. Events which were destined to come true paraded before his eyes.

No longer, in his vision, was his land locust-ravaged, but a broad plain of fertility exceeding his imagination. Sheep, cattle, grass—all plant and animal life, for that matter—grew and multiplied with astonishing speed.

With these visions before him, his lost sense of gravity had him floating about five feet into the air. The tiny white objects in the distance were giving out a whining sound as they vanished from sight.

Upon awakening from his trance, Hall saw his senseless horse lying nearby. It took some minutes to revive the animal and get it on its feet.

Was it all a dream of some kind? This is what he wondered as he rode back to the ranch house. His wife, on hearing the strange story, thought the elliptical objects must be some new type of airplane.

With the passing of two months, Hall noticed a transformation in vegetation that was nothing short of amazing.

"Ring-bark trees"—to use his own words—"stood like forests where a few weeks before the land was void of vegetation. Rabbits, the plague of good pasture land, bounded everywhere, devouring the grass as fast as it sprouted from the earth."

A year passed. The wonders continued.

Grass grew on the ranch, unnaturally, over hundreds of acres, revealing itself as matted.

Chickens multiplied enormously, as did the cattle, some of the heifers being born five-legged. Shearing was made very difficult by the unusual thickness of sheep wool.

And the jack-rabbits— These pests, too, multiplied at an alarming rate, causing terrible destruction on his property.

Hall has what he believes the only logical explanation for the whole incredible affair. The genes

of the animals were obviously changed. So, too, was the vegetation affected.

As for what produced the change, Hall thinks it was atomic radiation. And where did it come from? Never having forgotten the six strange objects that landed that October day on his ranch, he recalled how the oddly-colored exhaust fumes (if it could be called that) touched his land.

These fumes, Hall believes, must have contained atomic radiation that affected his animals and vegetation.

But Hall's greatest concern is for his wife. She is pregnant, soon to give birth.

"Every night," he says in ending his article, "I pray the gene changes won't affect the normal life of our child."

MALE—July, 1955.

"The West Virginia Monster," by George Snitowsky as told to Paul Lieb.

It was September 13, 1952, about 8 p.m., when a car moved along an off-the-highway road in Braxton County, West Virginia—somewhere in the area around Frametown and Sutton. Inside the car were George and Edith Snitowsky and their 18-month-old son, all returning from a Cincinnati, Ohio visit to Queens, New York.

Without warning, the car's relatively new battery went dead. Next, the occupants became aware of a faintly sickening odor "somewhat like a mixture of ether and burnt sulphur."

In the backseat crib, the awakened baby wailed and coughed. Nothing about the car was responsible for the odor, and George could not get life back into the engine.

With the odor getting stronger, he closed all windows. The baby continued to cry. To ease his wife's mind, George suggested that a sulphur plant was probably burning off waste, and that the wind ought to carry it off.

It was now fairly dark. George hesitated about leaving the other two on the deserted road to walk the twelve miles to the nearest town of Frametown. He thought they could all relax and either wait for a passing car to give them a hand, or sweat it out until morning.

Then came a dazzling flash of light which flooded the car with a wavering, unsteady beam. The light seemed to originate from the woods bordering the road and, although it was a soft, violet hue, somewhat diffused, it was still eye-blinding.

When George opened the dust-clouded window for a clearer look, he shut it again—fast!—for the nauseous smell made him feel like vomiting, as Edith gagged.

The baby, choking and scream-

ing, was suffering, too. A fine silk handkerchief was doubled and tied lightly over his nose and mouth to afford him some relief.

George got out of the car, quickly slammed the door shut, anxious to discover what was going on.

The smell was becoming overpowering. He doubled up beside a tree and threw up. In his own words:

"The roadside dropped into a valley, and when I looked down between the trees, I was able to make out the outline of some kind of luminescent spheroid. It was like a frosted street lamp a couple of hundred times enlarged. It wasn't solidly implanted upon the ground though. Instead, it seemed to float on one end, moving slightly back and forth."

The object was two or three hundred feet away in back of a few trees. George headed for it, fighting back the nausea, determined to get closer to this . . . what else but a flying saucer?

When halfway to it, a hot, tingling sensation hit him. A detailed description of the object could not yet be made. He covered a few more yards when the low-grade electric shock sensation intensified. George turned, stumbled back to the car.

Before he reached the trees bordering the road, his numb legs collapsed under him several times. He leaned against a tree to catch his breath.

Next came Edith's piercing scream. He dashed wildly to her, to see her white face jutting out of the car window, staring speechlessly past her husband. He swung around, sagged against the car at what he saw.

There, on the fringe of the road about thirty feet to his right and sharply silhouetted against the light beam from the spheroid, stood an immobile creature perhaps nine feet tall! It was humanoid, with a bloated body and indistinguishable features.

George jumped into his car, slammed the door. A knife was grabbed from the glove compartment where some cooking utensils lay. He pulled Edith and the still-crying baby down on the floor.

"Try to quiet him! Muffle his mouth—!" he instructed his wife who was whimpering in sheer terror.

They remained huddled for several minutes until George poked his head up, just in time to see something reach across the windshield—a long, spindly arm forked into two soft ends. Apparently the car's surface was being examined!

It did not last long, for a few seconds later the giant, having made no hostile or aggressive moves toward them, started back for the woods. Walking? No, apparently

not. Nothing resembling legs could be seen. The lower torso was a single, solid mass that seemed to *glide* across the uneven road surface before the figure vanished among the trees. The smell remained sickening.

George waited some minutes before he helped Edith and the baby up from the floor. The former became hysterical. He replaced the baby in the car crib, and, as he tried to calm his wife, he caught sight of the iridescent globe rising over the trees.

In its slow ascent, it made intermittent stops, hanging in mid-air for a split second before continuing upward. When approximately 3,000 feet high, it swung back and forth like a pendulum gathering momentum. Suddenly it swooped up in an elliptical arc, and with a dazzling trail of light, vanished from sight.

Only then was George able to start his car. He drove, wordlessly and shaky, until he came to an all-night roadside diner where several trailor trucks were parked outside.

If he and his wife told the people in the diner of their recent terrifying experience with a flying saucer's occupant, would they be believed? Or would they be laughed at as a couple of crackpots? Better to keep silent.

Later, they stopped at a motel for the night. In the morning, when they started the car (the date was now September 14) George noticed an odd thing.

Along the hood, where the creature had seemingly examined the car, a dark discoloration was browned into the paint as though the metal had been singed.

The outline was fork-shaped!

At the end of George Snitowsky's account, author Paul Lieb—President of Flying Saucer Research Institute—makes some sober observations.

As he points out, it was on that same morning (September 14), shortly after the Snitowskys awoke, that the Sutton Story broke. But those two did not break it, for they had not yet told a soul about their encounter with the hideous monster. To quote:

"It was a Mrs. Kathleen May of nearby Flatwoods, West Virginia, who related the details later, on the UP and AP news wires. In the company of six boys, one a 17-year-old National Guardsman, she climbed a hill near Sutton to check the claim of her two young sons who said, 'We saw a flying saucer.'

"According to Mrs. May and the others, they came upon a 'monster 10 feet tall with a bright green body and a blood-red face.' It moved toward them with a 'sliding, floating' motion. On a nation-wide

(*Concluded on page* 53)

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 9

HOW YOUR MIND IS FORMED

At the close of the last article we stated that all the bewildering jungle of human relations and satisfaction of inner needs is completely reduceable to a few simple factors or common denominators which, when injected into the total picture, make it all obvious and simple. And we promised to reveal those factors in this article. We will now make good that promise.

There are, in reality, two types of universes; the total universe as it is, and the universe that relates to some individual thing no matter what that thing may be. That thing could be an individual ego, and if it is we have what we call an *ego-centric* universe. An ego-centric universe consists of four parts; the ego itself, objects, forces originating from those objects, and the impressions those forces make on the ego. Objects do not exist in this ego-centric universe unless they are giving rise to forces which are making an impression on the ego. Because of this, the ego-centric universe is much smaller than the total universe.

Logically all we can be sure of is our own individual ego-centric universe. We can only intuit or presume that the total universe exists, and we have only two things to go on in this presumption; (1) we are aware of being aware, and (2) we are aware of originating forces in our own right. These two things enable us to intuit ourselves as objects, and then take the

step of presuming we are one object among many. These steps reorient us *into* the total universe, and in this new orientation we can intuit that objects continue to exist when they do not exist in our individual ego-centric universe. The total universe becomes, then, the *reservoir* of objects as they come and go in our individual universe.

We all pass through this line of reasoning as inevitably as the salmon goes upstream from the ocean to spawn, and for the same reason —it is inevitable to our nature. I can remember that at the age of eight I was still not absolutely convinced that things existed when I was not aware of them. Perhaps you can too. Or, possibly, you have never really become convinced of it . . .

* * *

The impressions made on us by forces are called *our awarenesses.* Awarenesses are pleasant or unpleasant, in varying degrees. That is, one pleasant impression can be more pleasant or less pleasant than another, one unpleasant impression can be more unpleasant or less unpleasant than another. Some can be extremely pleasant, others extremely unpleasant.

In the beginning there is nothing much we can do about the impressions we receive, but we are so constructed that we prefer pleasant impressions and prefer not to have unpleasant ones, and by trial and error we develop the ability to obtain more of the pleasant ones and avoid or cut down the duration of unpleasant ones. Now, to see clearly what we are doing, please return to the picture of the ego-centric universe, and visualize the notion of objects coming into existence and going out of existence in this personal universe.

At first they do so completely by themselves and in their own good time. What we do has no effect. Then, once in a while, what we do seems to affect this phenomenon. After a while we are sure that what we do can sometimes call objects into existence or banish them from existence, in our ego-centric universe.

When we do something intended to bring something into existence in our personal universe, what we are doing is *evoking,* and if it comes into existence we call this *successful evocation. What* we do is called a *technique of evocation.* And we learn from the start that there are plenty of *unsuccessful techniques of evocation* and few *successful techniques of evocation.*

When we do something intended to expell an object from our ego-centric universe, what we are doing is *rejecting,* and if the object ceases to exist in our personal universe as a result of what we do, we call this *successful rejection.*

What we do is called a *technique of rejection,* and there are successful and unsuccessful techniques of rejection.

All of our personal acts, then, are of four types; successful or unsuccessful evocation or rejection. Gradually, over the years, we classify more and more of them, and gain the ability to select for use those which are most often successful.

Meanwhile we have discovered something else of great significance: different forces can originate from a single object, some of them producing pleasant sensations and some of them unpleasant. And without rejecting the object itself, we can gain some success in evoking forces from the object that give pleasant sensations, and also some success in rejecting forces from the object that give unpleasant sensations. We thus gain partial control of such an object. And to some extent, we sense, it gains a partial control of us.

By this time we have reached a basic insight of something about our techniques of evocation and rejection. In general our techniques of evocation are of a type that we find pleasant when some object applies them to us, and our techniques of rejection are of a type we find unpleasant when used on us. We come to visualize objects as having awareness, and the forces originating from the objects as being motivated in the same way our own are.

When we have come this far we begin to classify objects as friendly and hostile objects—objects that like us and objects that don't like us. When we reach this advanced (but sometimes mistaken) viewpoint we shove our attention out to the objects themselves, with only one eye, so to speak, on the forces coming from them and the impression those forces make on us. Our main objective now is to make objects like us, and reject them if they refuse to.

In our drive toward our new objective we are by now quite skilled in techniques of evocation and banishment, and seldom think consciously of them. They come automatically, we are fairly satisfied with them, and what we want to do (in the ideal sense of the word) is permanently rid our egocentric universe of all objects that don't like us, and people it exclusively with objects that like us.

It is, from our personal viewpoint at this stage, the logical objective. It is as inevitable as it is logical because of a cumulative factor in our makeup analogous to that of being aware we are aware—it is unpleasant to have unpleasant sensations and it is increasingly unpleasant to have them frequently.

With this objective clear in our minds, we concentrate on it, and

because its principle element is perfect techniques of rejection, we tend to concentrate on such techniques. If we can just perfect them, we can banish any hostile thing the instant it comes into existence, and we can banish any hostile force originating from any object in our universe the instant it appears. We can go even further and banish all hostility in our personal cosmos *before* it shows up.

It is, in a sense, an all out war of destruction of all hostile forces. War isn't too good a word, because the actual campaign has two aspects, attack on fronts where attack brings success and retreat on fronts where retreat brings success, the objective in both cases being to terminate the existence of forces hostile to us in our personal cosmos.

The symptoms in children are obvious. "I won't!", and "Shut up!", and pretending not to hear, and looking the other way. An accellerated campaign of such devices.

One positive result comes out of this campaign, whatever its eventual outcome, and this result is the same in principle for everyone. A new classification of objects emerges that is complete, absolute, and final, in our ego-centric universe, and will never again change. It is this new classification that we are primarily interested in, in this article.

This classification embodies four distinct types of objects: (1) friend; one which is a source of friendly force when properly evoked; (2) enemy; one which is a source of unfriendly force when properly evoked; (3) mother; one which is a source of friendly force regardless of what we do; (4) father; one which protects us from ourselves.

Few if any objects fall completely into one category, but the force originating from any object at any time always falls into one of the four, making the object that type of object at the time. But we come to realize that below the surface there is a longer range tagging of objects. We can be fooled temporarily by their actions, but eventually we know them for what they *are*—friend, foe, mother, or father. When we become sure of them we are, to use the proper common expression, no longer fooled by appearances.

Most objects, we learn from experience, shift from one role to another, but tend to stay in one role more constantly than the other three. In turn, we ourselves in our motivations toward objects shift from one of the four roles to another, depending on circumstances, but tend to remain in a single role toward any given object as much as we can. With this in mind, that few objects fall in only one of the

four categories, let's get a completely clear picture of what those categories are.

Enemy and father are similar in one aspect—father objects are enemies of certain aspects of ourselves which we recognize as being harmful to us. They are direct opposites in a second aspect—enemies attack the central core of us from any angle, fathers attack our periphery (its imperfections and its restrictive imperfections) and never the central core of us.

Mother and friend are similar in one respect, they both are direct and indirect sources of forces that produce only pleasant sensations. They are unlike in a second respect. Friends are passive and have to be evoked or they require payment. Mothers always provide pleasant sensations independent of evocation and don't require payment.

Enemy and friend are similar in one aspect—they are in the rigid world of cause and effect where any errors on your part are more likely to balance against you than in your favor.

Mother and father are similar in one aspect—regardless of cause, resulting effect is always pleasant. With the mother the immediate effect is always pleasant and remains so. With the father the immediate effect may be unpleasant but the end effect is invariably pleasant.

In short, with friend and enemy you give and take, with father and mother you receive receive receive.

But there is another aspect to it which returns us again to the philosophical aspect of the problem. This aspect is security versus insecurity.

* * *

In our ego-centric universe things cease to exist for us when we banish them. Our techniques for banishment are (so far as we can consciously accept them) the passive one of neglect, and the active one of hostile action—whether that hostile action is retreat from the object until it ceases to exist for us or inimical acts that make it do the retreating.

But by the same token the acts of all enemies in our ego-centric universe take on the nature of spells or invocations to make us cease to exist in our own ego-centric universe. We can contemplate this abstractly and even experience it indirectly when we have instances where we recognize clearly that our successful banishment of some enemy from our private universe was perhaps more of a being banished from his.

From the aspect of banishment alone, we come to realize that enemies are banished when we are successful, and we could be banished if they are successful. We also come to realize that friends can be

banished by neglect, and also when our techniques of evocation of friendly forces from friend objects are in error they can unpredictably become techniques of banishment of a friend. Projecting these factors to their extreme, we visualize our private universe as possibly becoming void of everything but ourself—a form of death-by-default.

Then we realize that the essential quality of mother and father objects is that they resist banishment with complete passivity. If they are present in our ego-centric universe it will never be void—we will never be alone in a death-by-default void. Our continued existence is therefore ensured by their presence, and we are secure. If they do not exist, then even though we exist at the moment we may cease to exist at any moment, and we feel insecure.

Security is a pleasant feeling, insecurity an unpleasant one. *The pleasant or unpleasant sensations arising from separate sources are additive.* Therefore a feeling of security increases the intensity of pleasant sensations from other sources and reduces the intensity of unpleasant sensations, while a feeling of insecurity lessens the intensity of pleasant sensations and increases the intensity of unpleasant sensations from other sources.

This additive property of sensations (as though pleasant sensations were positive numbers and unpleasant sensations were negative numbers and no sensation whatever were the number zero) is obvious in every aspect of our behavior. A child who is hurt runs to mother and begins techniques of evocation of pleasant sensations from the mother object, and the intensity of the pain is reduced. The pain itself is still as intense, but the intensity of its unpleasantness is reduced. If no mother object is present, the feeling of insecurity that comes from failure to find one adds to the intensity of the existing pain.

The absolute necessity of having mother objects always present in our ego-centric universe or under proven and tested techniques of evocation at all times is evident, both in theory and and in practice.

The necessity for father objects, on the other hand, is different for different people, and depends on several factors. It can vary in the individual case from a violent exclusion of all father objects from the ego-centric universe to a compulsive need for the ego-centric universe to be dominated by one or more father objects.

Now, before we go into the subject of factors determining need for father objects, let's briefly orient all we've been saying to practical examples.

* * *

Techniques of evocation and banishment of anything are a good entering wedge.

We are the center of our ego-centric universe, and it is somewhat like an egg in structure, with the yolk being our person, controlled (so far as it can be controlled) by thought alone. The white of the egg is the world we live in which is external to our body. The hard shell around this is the resistance of the contents to banishment and also the resistance of things not in it to evocation. We ourselves are a pinpoint that can figuratively move around freely inside the yolk itself but never leave it. (We will ignore astral travel and existence after death in this picture for simplification.)

Moving about physically is a standard technique for evoking or banishing objects, and is commonly used by all forms of life that exhibit evidence of having awareness. We can picture this as the geographic techniques. Fleeing from an enemy is one form of destroying him, for when you have successfully fled from him he ceases to exist in your ego-centric universe. Causing him to flee from you accomplishes the same purpose. Making him incapable of unleashing hostile forces is a third way, for it is the forces you primarily want to banish, not the object particularly.

Normally we develop a somewhat permanent potential ego-centric universe, in which we can evoke and banish as we desire by simply moving about. Our job, our home, our circle of friends, etc. The objects in it are preponderantly friends, mothers, and fathers, with a few of the objects being all three rolled into one. The physical parents are preponderantly mother objects when we are young, the wife or husband is preponderantly a mother object when we get married. With well adjusted people the job is mostly a friend object with a potential toward enemy in one direction, mother in a second direction, and father in still a third.

In this normal ego-centric universe there is always a fair balance of friend, mother, and father objects at all times. They respond to evocation or banishment without much fuss. They complement one another. The job as a friend gives money which can be used to evoke friendship from the grocer in the form of groceries. The police and fire departments as mother objects are evocable in case enemy forces appear, as is evidenced by observation and by reading the paper. The police department is evocable as a father object by the same evidence, if you lose control of yourself.

Speech, laughter, crying, facial expressions, and gestures are some-

what standardized techniques of evocation and banishment in this normal universe.

Inanimate objects also play their roles. Even colors do. Some colors have a mother effect, some a friend effect, some an enemy effect. This can work on both the conscious and subconscious levels.

A little thought and study will bring out the four facets of your surroundings, animate and inanimate, with respect to your ego-centric universe.

If you are perfectly adjusted, you are satisfied with this potential universe you manipulate by moving about. Everything is functioning as it should, and now that you have read this far you could sit down and classify every object in it in relation to you.

* * *

On the other hand, the chances are you are not satisfied with it completely. If not, right now you could list some of the changes you would like in it, and examine them for their potential role, and understand more clearly WHY you want them.

Insofar as you are not satisfied with your present universe, you are *searching*. Searching can take on any intensity from harmless looking (such as most married men engage in) to the opposite extreme of frenzied demand.

In its milder form, search is little different than the normal routines of living, and successful search never goes beyond that in intensity. With unsuccessful search, however, we get into something else, and enter a land we would be happier to stay out of, if we can.

There is a device to use for the purpose of staying out of this. Relinquishment. Emotional acceptance of defeat in some areas as well as intellectual recognition of defeat. If we have been brought up right we have this device built into us to trigger when the intensity of the need that causes our search reaches a certain peak. This safety device keeps most of us normal.

There is a second device. We like to think of it as intelligence. Intelligence largely consists of devising new techniques or new combinations of old ones for successful evocation, or successful banishment or a combination of both which will make our unsatisfactory ego-centric universe more satisfactory. When used, intelligence can bring success to a search before it gets too intense and dominating, by completing the search and making it unnecessary to relinquish it.

Plain old maids with flat personalities relinquished their search for a husband. Plain married women with pleasing personalities used intelligence to make their personalities so pleasing that their plainness became an asset.

But, as with most things, relinquishment and/or intelligence can also become techniques of invocation in themselves. I'm a sucker for the technique of relinquishment myself, usually. Demand something from me and I might resist the demand to the bitter end, but suddenly and sincerely relinquish the demand and I'm apt to hand over what you wanted without a murmur.

The third device is the opposite of relinquishment, and is most accurately described as all out hostility, with its purpose being to make something else relinquish what you are searching for. Overwhelming hostility would be a better word. Insofar as it is overwhelming it brings quick success and an end to the search.

The fourth device is fantasy, which might be considered the opposite of intelligence. Fantasy evokes a substitute for the object of the search, and thereby ends the search.

It might be thought that fantasy is a form of self delusion, but this is not always so for two reasons: (1) quite often we don't know exactly what object we are searching for in the first place and have formed snap judgments on it, so settling for what seems to be a substitute may be the answer, and (2) accepting a substitute can often be more realistic than relinquishment.

We can best fix these four devices in our understanding by considering specific examples, and how people react in them. Examples of obvious search are easy to think up. A person faced with what seems certain death. A person faced with grave danger. What would *you* do under such circumstances?

Let's take this situation: you wake up and find the house on fire. You open the door and then shut it quickly to hold out the impassable flames outside the door. No escape that way. You go to the window, it is certain death that way for some reason (the drop would kill you, or you would land in an inferno). You have no way of leaving where you are, and very shortly the room you are in will be in flames and you will die. It takes only a few seconds or minutes to find all this out. During that time you have been using your usual techniques of invocation in an attempt to banish hostile forces and evoke safe forces into your ego-centric universe. Now you realize this phase is over. You enter the phase we have called *search. Due to the urgency of the situation search tends to zoom violently into an intensity in the frenzy band.*

At this point we can begin to see what I am talking about. Some people will panic completely and remain that way until the end.

They have no safety device that triggers. The rest of us have such a safety device. We jump from the growing panic within us to a relative calmness and bring into action whichever of the four techniques of search we have the most tendency to use in all search. Let's consider them, and what you do.

First, relinquishment. You either faint or you "freeze" or you huddle into as small a bundle as you can and whimper.

Second, intelligence. You halt suddenly, the panic gone. You review what you have found out with an eye for a loophole. You search your memory for possible knowledge applying to the situation, such as breathable air being near the floor. You listen attentively for sounds of outside activity. You weigh everything, then decide on a course of action and set about carrying it out. That course may be the one of going through the flames in the hall.

Third, all out hostility. First, your panic ends. Perhaps you blink once in your physical pause. Then you shout with rage. You curse violently. You kick at the door, screaming—not with fear—with rage. You hit the wall with your fist. You pick up something and use it as a club to attack something.

Fourth, fantasy. Whatever specific direction it takes, its aim will invariably be the same. A substitution of *conviction that you will be rescued* for the rescue itself. Think about this carefully and see through to what I am saying. It has nothing to do with reality or unreality of religious beliefs; as many men have died in foxholes crying, "Mom! Mom!", as have died praying. And in a dangerous situation if you throw your hands over your eyes to blot out your sight of it you are reaching for a conviction that it isn't there—you are reaching for a fantasy. If, due to outside circumstances, you are then rescued, it still doesn't negate the fact that you yourself used the device of fantasy to obtain a *substitute for rescue.*

Observation of others under such circumstances can be misleading. Number three can appear to be a continuation of panic. Number one can appear to be panic or number three if your mind and body continue to function after you black out. Number two can appear to be number four if the observer believes something a reality you know first hand is a fantasy. Number four can appear to an observer to be number two if he knows something is real which you do not know is real. Number three can appear to be number two if it accidentally stumbles onto an avenue of rescue. Number two can appear to be number four to a person more intelligent.

Perhaps after the emergency is over, if you survive, you can't be sure yourself.

But you can recognize now, in the calmness of security, that you will either continue in the increasing frenzy of blind panic or you will trigger into one of the four patterns of search, *and you can't decide which you will do and then do it.* If you can decide, you have already triggered into two—intelligence—and are using any or all methods simultaneously or in succession as techniques of evocation.

With this insight into our behavior under stress, we can see that cowardice, bravery, reliability, unreliability, etc., have ambiguous meanings. They really don't apply to emergency situations at all. They are tags of rationalization applied to behavior, based on appearances and results rather than true mental states. They are further confused by the fact that what may be an emergency to one person may be old hat to another. For example, in the same situation laughter in one person may be evidence of enjoyment of danger, and in another person evidence of blind panic, and in still a third person evidence of triumphant escape into fantasy, and in still another person evidence of intense rage.

But you yourself, right now, can know by thinking back to emergency situations and being honest with yourself *exactly what your true mental state is under extreme stress.*

Whatever it is, don't be ashamed of it or proud of it, it was built into your makeup long before you had any voice in your basic construction. Before you reached your first birthday, in fact.

It *could* have been built in intentionally if your parents or nurse knew what they were doing; but it was done by them without their knowing what they were doing, and with no conception of the formative factors involved.

In this article we are not primarily concerned with formative factors. What's done is done. We are more interested in showing you how to discover your structure as it is—raise it to the conscious level.

What you do under the stress of extreme emergency, you do in a milder form in any compulsive but more leisurely *search.* Emergency merely pinpoints—lifts into the limelight—what you do.

* * *

Search, and panic, then, are behavior patterns distinct from the normal behavior patterns in a person, and they are triggered by a feeling of insecurity. The feeling of insecurity is produced by an unbalance of friend, enemy, mother, and father forces in our ego-centric universe and the failure of our normal techniques of evoking and

banishing to bring those four types of force into balance.

In the real emergency, of course, the cause of the unbalance is obvious, and is usually an overwhelming enemy force. Other normal causes of this unbalance are the death of someone who was a major object in your ego-centric universe, internal changes in some major object (such as your job—new and hostile boss?) which alters the balance, and the normal influx and eflux of objects or variations from the normal rhythm of influx and eflux of objects. It's a complex subject, but the normal person can and does handle it adequately without any real need for knowledge of it.

What we are interested in here is unbalanced ego-centric universes where there shouldn't be such—where the normal course of events should automatically produce balance.

Here the cause of the unbalance lies in the person himself. What has happened is that the person has been misformed by his original, formative environment in some direction, so that he is incapable of evoking a normal balance in his ego-centric universe from the reservoir of the total universe.

The form of the misforming is generally a misconception. That is, his initial formative environment deceived that person and he remained permanently deceived, so that today he can't believe a normal environment is normal, and can't make it function in what he thinks would be a normal manner.

For example, one of the most common of these misconceptions takes the form of *father-rejection.* Let's analyze its basic structure.

As we have said, a father force operates very similarly to an enemy force, but the motivation of the father object is friendly and the results are beneficial. If formative events in your life did not bring you this insight, you jumped to the conclusion that father forces are enemy forces. Today you do not believe there can be such a thing as a father force, and therefore classify all father objects as enemy objects. In a normal environment, then, you see only enemy, friend, and mother objects—BUT, since no object is exclusively in one of these classifications, you classify any real object of a balanced nature as being treacherous, because you think it has turned enemy when it manifests a father force.

Even with perfectly normal people with a lifetime of fairly accurate distinction between father and enemy forces, they have a tendency to misjudge. And you, as an object in someone's ego-centric universe, may often direct a father force at that person when you shouldn't. The issues should be

clear in your mind and made clear to the person you turn the father force against, or it may be mistaken for an enemy force and you become classified as treacherous or as an enemy, or both.

The person with a deep father-rejection psychosis cannot find security in a normal environment. There are too many enemies, and everyone is treacherous. The only way such a person can find an ego-centric universe that creates in him a feeling of security is for him to create it in his own mind and withdraw into it completely, banishing the external world from existence by various successful techniques such as refusal to listen, refusal to look, refusal to move, etc.

We call such a case an example of schizophrenia in an advanced stage of complete withdrawal, and classify the person as insane, but this is not so. The person is perfectly sane and perfectly logical. There is just an error in his basic theory of the nature of the total universe. Disregarding the basic error, he has been completely successful in carving out for himself an ego-centric universe in which he feels secure. Most of us do not have that ability.

Not all cases of schizophrenia are father-rejection ones. ALL cases of schizophrenia, however, are cases of error in basic theory of the universe which makes an ego-centric universe based on reality fraught with danger due to misclassification of the objects in it.

But no such person is insane. In fact, there is no such thing as insanity. We are all scientists who find ourselves the center of the universe, and we form a theory about it based on observation and experiment in our formative environment, and carry that theory into our later environments as a yardstick like any good scientist will. If we have made a major error in basic theory, we wind up insane by world standards, but perfectly sane, nevertheless.

The treatment of insanity should be along the lines of finding out the error in basic theory in the individual case and presenting proof to that individual of his basic error. But he, you, or anyone, can go a long way toward uncovering your own basic and not so basic errors by repeated study of this article and gaining a thorough acquaintance consciously with the nature of the problem and the various factors involved in it.

* * *

In the next article we will tie all this in with the subject matter of previous articles, symbolism and the dream department especially, aiming toward consolidation and coordination of the various facets of the mind into a simple whole. I wish to apologize for any seeming

inadequacies in this most important of all the articles, but the subject matter of the ego-centric universe has too many ramifications to even begin to get them all in.

So-called organic insanity, other types of insanity, individual conceptions of the total universe, and a thousand such facets of the problem have not been touched on. This magazine could be filled with just a list of them. So those inadequacies you have found in the article have not stemmed from oversight, but from the impossibility of getting everything in.

I'll close this article with this thought: anyone who really masters the subject matter of this article in all its ramifications can take a newborn child of either sex and in one year, *with conscious and deliberate premeditation* shape it so that it will become exactly what he intended it to be—normal, insane, a success or a failure, sexually normal or a sex deviate—anything. *You* were shaped largely by accident, by people who had little or no idea what they were doing to you. If you are half way normal, half way happy, half way successful, you should be very grateful to God.

FLYING SAUCER SCRAP BOOK

(*Concluded from page* 39)

hookup, Mrs. May told a television audience that the monster 'looked worse than Frankenstein and it couldn't have been human.' All of the witnesses mentioned a noxious odor on the scene that brought on violent choking spasms and vomiting."

The above happened on the night of September 12, 1952, which was a day before the Snitowsky affair.

Investigators at the scene smelled a strange, sickening odor close to the ground. Skid marks were also found where the creature supposedly stood. At the sight of the flying saucer's alleged landing, burnt and broken branches were discovered. Here seemed to be concrete evidence of an alien landing.

On several different occasions, honest residents and non-residents of nearby Braxton County who were strangers to one another reported peculiar goings-on in the vicinity, like the sightings of a big, ball-like object bright orange in color.

George Snitowsky, once skeptical about UFO's, was anything but that after his harrowing experience one September night in 1952.

GIANTS LIVED WITH THE MASTODON

By Mary Elsnau

Torrential rains washed away the earth in a flood-control ditch in Los Angeles last May 28, 1958, exposing to view four pre-historic elephant tusks. County Museum officials removed the find to the Museum for safekeeping but Mrs. Margie M. Tralle claims ownership since they were found on her property, so there's a battle brewing over some ancient ivories!

The Museum scientists report that the tusks measure eight feet in length and are 10 inches in diameter at the base. They believe that the monster elephants who grew the tusks date back to the Pleistocene Age of 30,000 or more years ago, but his descendants at least, lived down to a much later period and were contemporary with man, even giant man. Actually these are the tusks of the prehistoric mastodon, an extinct elephant-like mammal and just as he lived near to our time, so did the giants, as we shall see.

Up to a hundred years ago, giants are reported as having been seen in the Americas. Real live giants complete with tiger skins and tattoo marks! In the 1850s, Antione Snider-Pellegrini, a traveling Frenchman is reported to have said, "Giants whom we have ourselves seen in America among groups of savages, were seven feet tall and the women nearly as tall." Fearing scorn and ridicule, he and his companions said nothing of this to the authorities later when they returned home. But another Frenchman was not so reticent.

This Frenchman was Commodore Byron of the warship La Patrie. He told of meeting giants in Patagonia, near Port St. Julien in the southern most part of South America in the spring of 1858. There were some five hundred of these giants, the chief being over seven feet tall who swung over his left shoulder, the skin of a tiger; his body was covered with tattoo

marks. Harold T. Wilkins in his book, "Secret Cities of Old South America", reports Byron as saying,

"The band of savages with this chief, also giant men, sang a song that fairly stunned me with its noise. These giants were perfectly built and a lieutenant on my ship who himself was six feet two inches was struck with astonishment at seeing himself made to look like a pygmy by the side of these giants. So much so I laughed!"

In that same year on the other side of the globe, on the site of old Carthage on the north African coast, a sarcophagus of giants was found. The Carthagian, Tertullianus who lived during 196 A.D. says that in his day a number of giants were to be found in Carthage. Philostratus of Lemnos, an island in the Aegean Sea, who lived in the third century A.D., says that he saw a giant skeleton of a man twenty-two cubits long and another of twelve cubits on the Asian shores of the Dardanelles.

The books of the classic authors who wrote near the turn of the Christian era were full of such references to giants who strode the earth and many were eye-witness accounts. We also find records of them in the very early manuscripts and in the myths and traditions of every race, in the Orient, Europe and in the Americas; Irish folklore refers to them and we have our own Jack the Giant-Killer.

The Java man, an anthropoid discovered in Java at the outbreak of the Second World War, was a giant according to scientists who studied the extraordinary size of the jaw. They gave him the scientific name, *Giganto-anthropos*. They also studied the tooth of a giant man found in a "dragon shop" in China. The size of the man, calculated from the size of his tooth, could have made him up to twenty feet tall!

The Abbe Pegues, in his book, "The Volcanos of Greece", wrote that in the neighborhood of the volcanoes of the isle of Therla, in the Aegean Sea north of Crete, giants with enormous skulls were found laid out under colossal stones, the erection of which in every place must have necessitated the use of titanic powers. Tradition in all lands associated together, the ideas of giants, volcanoes, magic and mastodons, an elephant-like mammal. Where you found one you were likely to find the others.

Pausanias, the Roman historian of 170 A.D., tells of seeing the tombs of the giants, Asterius, Geryon and Hyllus. Asterius was the son of King Minos II. of Mycenae of the mysterious and age-old island, Crete which lies south of Greece. Geryon was King of Ga-

des, in Spain, who also had many flocks of sheep said to be man-eating, and Hyllus was the son of Hercules.

Hercules performed the Twelve Labors assigned to him, and he also gave many miraculous services on his own account one of which was in lending his assistance to the Gods in their wars against the giants. Jupiter gave Hercules full credit saying it was through him alone that he, Jupiter, obtained the victory.

Antaeus, a giant killed by Hercules, was laid away in his tomb. Over a thousand years later, Quintus Sertorius, the Roman General of the first century B.C. claimed he saw this tomb while in Spain! Plutarch also tells of Antaeus' tomb and says that the skeleton found in it measured six cubits in length or from nine to eleven feet!

The Odyssey of Homer speaks of the giant Lestrygonians who, when Ulysses came to their coasts, sank his ships and ate his men. It is supposed that Norway was the locale of the Lestrygonians because of remains found in the caves and fjords there, and Homer did not name the country.

The Cyclopes, a race of men of gigantic stature, were well known by the ancients. They were said to be the sons of Coelus, a God who came down from heaven and married Terra, a daughter of earth. The Cyclopes had only one eye and that in the middle of the forehead where the famous Third eye is said to be. It is from this fact that they got their name. Hesold said there were but three of them, Arges, Brontes and Steropes, but others claimed there were many more. Their King, Polyphemus ruled them during the time of Ulysses. They lived in the western part of the island of Sicily and, according to the poets, were "men-eaters" or cannibals.

A peculiar custom among them was the wearing of small bucklets of *steel* which covered their faces having a small aperture in the middle of the forehead exactly fitting their single eye.

It is said they worked for Vulcan and formed the thunderbolts of Jupiter. The ancients credited them with the most solid walls and impregnable fortresses. Jupiter was armed with their labor and the shield of Pluto and the trident of Neptune were also their work.

The Cyclops were deified and placed among the Gods and a temple was dedicated to their service at Corinth where sacrifices were offered. But Apollo destroyed them all because they had made the thunderbolts of Jupiter with which his son Aesculapius had been killed.

Moving up to more modern times, to the years 1035-1045, we learn of some Frisians who went exploring in the north Atlantic. Adam Bremensis, historian of the 11th century tells of them. The Frisians had reached Iceland when a storm arose that blew them south to an island encircled with high, unscalable cliffs. In cruising around, they finally discovered a landing-place. Disembarking and looking for any inhabitants, they discovered signs of people who lived in underground shelters at the entrances of which were large urns. These they joyously carried off to their rowing boats and went back for more. But now the inhabitants were alerted and the Frisians were astounded to see extremely tall and savage men with large, fierce dogs leaping to the attack. Those they caught, they tore to pieces and ate. The rest of the Frisians ran to their boat while the giants shouted and gestured threateningly. Eventually the seamen returned home to Bremen where they told their story to Archbishop Aldebrand and where, some thirty years later, Adam Bremensis wrote the account in his History.

Further south, in the Americas, we find many tales of giants and also extensive remains of them. As late as 1938, a well-known traveler and explorer in South and Central America, Mr. de Valda, told of astounding remains of giant men and women found in Ecuador. He himself in the wilds of south-west Mexico came across the remains of men and women at least eight feet tall. In the grave with them was pottery of a blue tinge that bore a Grecian type pattern.

Giants have intrigued us all from the cradle up, not omitting staid professors of temples of learning as Dean Byron Cummings of the University of Arizona and Professor Manuel San Domingo, a Mexican Government scientist of Sonora who together went into dangerous Yaqui territory in 1929. About 160 miles from the border in an ancient burial ground called "the Cyclopes necropolis", they found three giant skeletons of two men and a woman eight to nine feet tall. They reported that the skulls were a foot long and ten inches wide. The remains of children were also found and these were all six feet tall. Human ashes were found in tall *ollas* or jars. Early Indians in other parts of South America burnt the vital parts together with the entrails in just such jars and this is probably what was found here.

Beautifully intricate and delicately jewel-ornamented pottery was found buried with the remains showing a high degree of skill, proving these giants were highly cultured and skilled workmen. Tra-

gically, before these archeologists could settle down to the difficult work of excavating, cleaning and collecting the finds, the Yaquis swooped down on them with rifles and sharp knives. In vain the Mexican scientists tried to soothe and quiet the emotional savages. They battered and hacked to bits, the ancient remains and the scientists had not a chance to rescue any part of their discovery. By a conservative estimate they believed these giants lived at least 2000 years ago, but probably much earlier.

The giants strode into our own south-western states and here's the proof. Mr. Paxon Hayes, in 1929, found mummies of Mongol type giants in the dry caves of the Sierras in New Mexico. Laboring for four years among these remains, he got out thirty-four mummies. They were well preserved in resin, wrapped in burial clothes and bound with fibre. Describing them he said that their features were different than those of other Indians. They had slanting eyes, sloping foreheads and were about seven feet tall. It was obvious that their culture was not far advanced.

In the long distant past, forests covered what is now St. Louis, Missouri. Here are found the remainds of mounds or tombs and the ruins of columns of a colossal type, suggesting colossal men. They built forts with adobe walls facing the east and forming a line of defense some fifty miles in area. Remains of such strongholds have also been found in Ohio, on the shores of Lake Erie and even in New York State. Further north, they are found in Nova Scotia and the legends of the Algonquin and Osage Indians tell of giants who lived here previous to their time.

In the book, "American Antiquities" by Priest, we are told of giant footprints impressed in hard rock near Braystown at the headwaters of the Tennessee River. These show six toed feet of giant men and also the prints of the hooves of HORSES. One of these horse prints show that he slipped for several inches but recovered his footing. This proves the great age of these impressions; they were marked when the rock was still warm and soft from some catalysmic disturbance of bygone ages. Possibly they used these rocks as surer footing than the ooze and slime that must still have been steaming all about them.

In the province of Yucatan, Mexico, there is abundant evidence that the early Mayans worshipped the mastodon. This same animal is still worshipped in India as the elephant, Ganesha; in ancient Crete where the mastodon was not native, he was replaced with the Bull,

Monitor to which youths and maidens were "sacrificed" each year at the vernal equinox. This was part of their Mysteries of Initiation. Neophites "died" that they might be born again into a New Life of understanding and Wisdom, here and now. In Egypt, the bull, the largest and most useful of their domestic animals, replaced the mastodon and became the Bull, Apis. In the Mysteries of Osiris the Initiates were told that Apis represents Creation and the Everlasting Blue Flame or Spirit, which hovered over the waters.

In India, Ganesha was called the God of Prudence, Wisdom and Letters, pictured as a man with the head of an elephant. His blessing is still invoked before the start of almost any important move whether it is ground-breaking for a new building, drawing up a contract or even writing an important letter. His image is seen at the crossroads, often decorated with an offering of flowers. It is always placed in cornerstones of buildings and is sculptured or painted on the door of the home as a protection against evil.

In the jungle-covered ruins of Chichen Itza, Yucatan, scene of ancient splendor, is a temple which the natives call *Kuna*, the House of God. On its facade and at the two corners, are large ornate symbolic mastodons with curled, uplifted and extended trunks. Where did the builders see the original, what was their pattern for this art if not that they had seen and lived at the same time of the mastodon? This emblem forms the principal ornament of many temples and palaces of the early Mayans.

G. Elliot Smith in his book, "Elephants and Ethnologists", tells of a certain Maya stela that portrays "an unmistakable Indian elephant ridden by an equally characteristic turband mahout." Some ignorance in the elephant's anatomy was explained by assuming that the artist had never seen an elephant . . . (which would mean it was a mastodon.) "In that case," wrote Smith, "one wonders how the lineaments of the Hindoo and his turban were so accurately remembered?"

C. F. Cook in an article on "The American Origin of Agriculture" takes the position of many scientists. He states: "We are not without numerous indications that agriculture proper, together with the agricultural organization of human society which lay behind modern civilization, originated in America and has now completed the circuit of the globe."

To return to the symbolic mastodon on *Kuna*, the House of God. We learn from the book, "The Sacred Mysteries Among the Mayans

and the Quiches" by Dr. A. Le Plongeon, that this was the emblem of King Can and his descendants.

Over the trunk and between the eyes of the mastodon, a human head was sculptured in the stone. It wore a royal crown which is still in place, showing a small portrait on the front. On either side of this tableau are shown two figures, one male, one female, in the attitude of worship and it is evident they are worshipping the mastodon. These two figures symbolize the two forces of Nature, the positive and the negative. The human head over the trunk would be that of the Creator and the small portrait in the crown, that of the king who held his office in trust, as the representative of God.

In this very remote period of Maya history, the mastodon was sculptured on the facades of all temples and on public buildings. On their trunks were often seen certain signs which are of a deep religious significance for they tell the story of creation.

In all ancient religions, including our Genesis, we read where in the early chaos, all was darkness except for the Blue Flame or Spirit, and the waters were everywhere; gradually the earth appeared, slimy and mucky and the sun came to dry the earth and Life slithered out of the water into the light, air and warmth, and the stars were set in their place and orbits.

The ancient priest-scientists, worshipping Nature, knew that all life has its origin in water. This may be the reason why the mastodon was selected as the emblem for the God of the water and was also the God of rain, because, like the elephant its descendant, he can propagate only in water. Since the ancients were aware of this fact, then they also lived contemporary with the mastodon. And now we have positive proof:

Dr. Emil W. Haury, Director of the Arizona State Museum, announced in April 1952 the discovery of 10,000 year old bones of a glacial period elephant or mammoth. In one of the giant ribs of the great beast were imbedded five stone spear-tips, proving conclusively that man hunted and killed the prehistoric mammoth with the only weapons at his command. Dr. Haury said this is "one of the most important archaeological discoveries yet made." He give the entire credit of the find to Fred Navarette and his son, Marc Navarette who are full blooded Maya Indians.

The bones were discovered in an arroyo near Naco, Arizona, and Dr. Haury went there himself hoping to uncover additional evidence of early man and his association

(*Concluded on page 64*)

The CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Gustave Chambon

Here is a strange true story that will leave you with a thoughtful feeling. An ordinary enough experience, on the face of it . . .

I was desperate. I had lost my job three months ago and I couldn't get another, anywhere. There wasn't a sou left in my pockets. I hadn't even enough for my Christmas dinner tonight, and tomorrow I would even be without a home; the landlady had given me until tonight to pay the rent I owed her, and I had failed.

It was the memory of past days, of other Christmases that I had spent so happily with my beloved folks, disappeared forever now out of my life by the bitter cruelty of the war, suddenly added to the state of mind I was in that made me lose all hope in the morrow, all faith in the future and caused the decision to throw myself into the Seine and finish once and for all my seemingly useless existence.

I walked with this firm decision through the cold streets of Paris, heading to the site that awaited me to fulfill my destiny. The frozen air of the December night clawed itself into my face, hurting my flesh with agonizing pain. I began to walk faster. The streets beside me were crowded with people who were joyfully celebrating the event of Christ's birth; but all their gayety couldn't manage to distract me from my obsessive thought.

Finally I reached one of the bridges. I stood there motionless for a few seconds. I looked upon the placid waters, watching how they reflected the scarce light that reached its surface and that appeared to dance in a sort of monotonous cadenza that magically seemed to invite me to join the tempo.

The sound of a passing car distracted me from my vision; at the same time an instinctive moment of doubt invaded me. The car passed away swiftly and with it my moment of hesitation. Again the waters began to speak to me with their invisible language that as a mirage

of beautiful far away places made me forget everything that surrounded me and remain ecstatic, embalmed by the scent of its odorless perfume.

No, there wasn't really anything to live for. Not a thing attached me to this world. I glanced at my surroundings to see if I was able to accomplish my aim unnoticed. Darkness and silence were sovereigns all around me. It was the precise moment! I made the motion to throw myself into the river, but an iron hand detained me.

"Don't do it," spoke an energetic voice.

Seeing myself caught in my delictuous intentions I quickly turned to see who was addressing me. I saw an elegantly dressed man in evening clothes, about 35 years of age, with a flower in his coat lapel and a serene smile upon his lips.

"When one is as young as you are," he continued speaking in an authoritative but gentle tone, "one makes foolish decisions over causes that really have other ways out. A broken heart? There's always in the future someone who appears, apparently out of nowhere, unexpectedly and gives us the true love and consolation that we have always cherished! Incurable disease? Come now! Science nowadays has developed enough skill to give hope to any dreaded illness! A guilty conscience? God's kindness is infinite and can forgive the most revolting sin! Economic problems? Things of the moment that, when you open your eyes again and see the dawn of the coming day, are easily solved when you have your strength refreshed and new inspiration is able to enter the mind!"

Without saying anything more he took from his wallet a 10,000 franc bill and extended it to me.

"Take it," he said. "The look of you makes me guess that after a good meal you will think different on several aspects of life. Come on. Take it. Accept it as my Christmas present. Go and have a good time with it. Spend it on anything you wish, on anything that comes upon your mind. Go home afterward and have a good night's sleep. You'll see how everything will change tomorrow for you."

I intended to answer him, turn back the money, explain myself. But enigmatically and perhaps having the intuition that I wanted to do just that, he stopped me without even starting with a crisp voice:

"No, don't tell me anything. I don't want to know the motive that impelled you to act in the manner in which you did a few moments ago. I don't want to know your life either. All this would do nothing else than shame you further and knowing it is really not important

to me."

Without knowing what to do or say, I mechanically took the money. The words left me without current of thought for a few seconds. Afterward the reaction came and when it appeared I saw myself walking back through the old streets of Paris heading toward the restaurant of my old friend, Louie. The wind in the street didn't seem to be as cold as before. When I reached the place, I ordered dinner: turkey and red wine. Upon finishing the bottle I made a toast:

"To you, mysterious stranger—may you have a Merry Christmas."

As I was speaking in a low voice I lifted my eyes and saw on the old wall clock that it was only 10:30. The toast had been made a little early. Midnight was still far off. Yet it had been made with sincerity and regardless of the hour I considered it to be equally valuable. Time didn't matter really. Just the intention.

Afterward and influenced perhaps by the words of my unknown friend, the good dinner and the delicious wine, I felt like sleeping for a while and so I directed myself home. Halfway I met Charles, an old friend of mine I hadn't seen for a long time.

"At last I find you," he said in a hurried voice when he saw me. "I've been looking for you all over Paris. I've just returned from Italy and I have brought back with me the exclusive representation of a very important house of antiques and art who want to open a branch here. I need a man of confidence to help me in the business and I have thought of you. What do you say? Will you accept? We'll start first thing in the morning if you do."

I was baffled. I didn't know what to do or say for the second time this night.

"Why ye—s, of course!" at last I managed to utter.

"It's settled then," he answered back gladly. "I will meet you tomorrow at 8 at my house. Good night, then and . . . Merry Christmas." And then he disappeared into the night.

I was saved! Truly my friend at the bridge had been right. His sage words and intelligent thinking had taken me away from the destiny that awaited for me in the waters of the Seine. I just had to find him again and thank him for what he had done!

I went back to the bridge to see if he was still somewhere around. This time the night air barely made impression upon my flesh. I felt wonderful. The chimes of a nearby clock struck eleven. I had to hurry if I still wanted to find him; yet when I recalled the appearance of unconcernment and nonchalance

which he had had when I saw him I just knew he would still be around there by this time, perhaps still killing time, hoping the hour of his engagement would arrive soon; perhaps he had a date with a beautiful woman or maybe with a rich man and aristocratic family for Christmas dinner. Perhaps this was to be for him his important night in which he would fulfill one of his most cherished dreams. Perhaps . . .

With these thoughts in my mind I reached the bridge. There was a rumbling of cars, people and noises of all sorts. At one side of the river there was a huge crowd gathered. The police could hardly control them. I curiously reached the place to see what had happened.

"He's dead," said one of the gendarmes.

"Case of suicide it seems," said another. "Put him in the car and send him to the prefecture for further investigation."

Two men then lifted the body to put it inside an ambulance. Through the reduced vision that the huge crowd permitted me to have I saw the extended arm of the man carrying a watch that had stopped at 10:30. Later on as they lifted the body a little higher, I saw that it belonged to a very elegantly dressed man in evening clothes, about 35 years of age, with a flower in his coat lapel and a serene smile upon his lips.

GIANTS LIVED WITH THE MASTODON

(*Concluded from page* 60)

with the primitive beasts. A total of eight spear-points were found and the remains were taken to the University of Arizona at Tuscon. In measuring the bones, he said they indicated the mammoth stood eight to ten feet tall at the shoulder, closely resembling a circus elephant in size. The jawbone still contained four teeth.

Who is to say the size of the man or men who made the spear-points and threw them with mighty force, great enough to pierce the tough hide and imbed themselves in the ribs of this huge animal?

The MYSTERY of the MAYAN TEMPLE

PART 1

By Mary Elsnau

RECENT DISCOVERIES of a burial tomb containing a beautifully carved sacrophagus in the heart of a pyramid in Palenque, Chiapas, Mexico, are of inestimable value to modern science, for they prove to be very old. Yet science dates it as a mere 1000 years. On the other hand such tombs are found only in the Egypt of a far-gone day. In truth it is more like 10,000 years old, if we believe the ancient religious ritual of which the engravings on the outer walls and on the sarcophagus slab tell.

The temple stands on the crest of the leveled pyramid, as is usual in Mexico, with a broad stairway leading up to it. Because the walls are covered with deeply cut inscriptions, it is called the "Temple of the Laws" or "The Temple of Inscriptions".

Actually it is the Temple of the Rain God, used for the purpose that men might give their most precious possession, their very manhood, to the Rain God and/or his consort. With a sharp shell found there, they made eunuchs of themselves. A great tear-drop pearl also found there was the "Pearl of Great Price".

Senor Alberto Ruz, director of the Office of Prehistoric Monuments in Yucatan, and his co-workers, recently uncovered a stairway in the floor of the Temple leading down into the bowels of the pyramid. They cleared the rubble to a depth of sixty-five feet and were on a level with the foundation of the pyramid and the outside plaza. Before the door leading to an inner sanctum, they discovered a chest made of stone-and-lime masonry covered with stone slabs and containing three shells painted red, a magnificent tear-drop pearl half-an-inch long, and a collection of beautifully carved jade ornaments.

Eventually they entered the tomb chamber, a room about thirteen by twenty-nine and some twenty-three

feet high. They marveled at the seven stucco bas-reliefs on the walls portraying a procession of nine priests sumptuously costumed. In the center of the room, almost filling it, was a great block of stone weighing twelve to fifteen tons, supported at the corners by *square blocks* representing carved human heads, and two smaller blocks in the center. Resting on this was a stone slab weighing another five or six tons. All were ornately sculptured. When this sculptured slab was removed it was found to be the cover for a massive sepulcher. The full effect gave "new evidence of the unsurpassed mastery in the delicate art of stucco modeling", according to the astounded discoverers.

In order fully to understand the grandeur of this ancient tomb we must look to the early writers and the myths of other lands as well as the hieratic writings found in Egypt. These bits gathered from here and there add to our understanding of the people and religious rites of Palenque.

Modern anthropologists have long believed after studying an abundance of evidence, that man originated in the Americas, but they lack the proof. We believe that a thorough study and understanding of this magnificent tomb will give this proof.

In early days men used symbols to express their thoughts. The Palenque Temple is oblong in shape as is the inner tomb chamber, the holy of holies. In the hieroglyphs of Egypt, the oblong means Mu, the Lands of the West. In Yucatan the oblong held the same meaning, since the early Mayas migrated to and colonized Egypt.

The oblong shape tells us this Temple was built in honor of Mu from whence came their Sacred Mysteries. Their first colonists brought with them their religion and numbers even as did the early pilgrims when they arrived to settle in the New World, America, at Plymouth Rock We learn this too from translated inscriptions found on crumbling buildings in the jungles of Yucatan, Mexico, just as it was West of Egypt. We read in Plato that the number three stood for the three largest of the ten islands that composed the Lands of the West. This is the significance of the three shells painted red discovered within the temple. Red was the color reserved for royalty. Hence we know this was a royal tomb and that the priests instructed the neophytes in the sacred mysteries even as was done in Attica and early Egypt.

The people of Palenque however, were not Mayan, as the Mayas did not deform their skulls, though there may have been and probably was, communication and exchange

of ideas between the two races. The Mayas, being navigators, worshipped the Mastodon, cousin to the elephant, the God of the sea, and this is why we find so many mastodons carved on their temples in Yucatan.

This temple was discovered to have "ventilator shafts" pointing to the West. What science calls "ventilator shafts" found in the Great Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt were also used as telescopes. Could not those of Palenque have had the same use?

Human sacrifices were also discovered in the temple. The same was done at the lowest level of Ur of Chaldea, *below water marks,* showing flood waters had wiped out this civilization. "The greatest flood of all", the Egyptian priests of Sais told Solon, who wrote it all down later to be published by Plato in his *Timaeus and Critias,* "was in 1600 B.C." What caused this flood was the submergence of Mu and this in turn pushed up the mountains of the world, necessary to keep the balance of the globe.

Further proof of the great age of this temple was found in the corbeled construction of the arch over the doorway. This was *before* they learned the principle of the keystone arch which has been known for many thousands of years.

And again, it was built of stone cemented with mortar which held so firmly it was impossible to chip it . . . an age-old secret long lost. It was known in the earliest days of Peru and again found in ancient Turkestan, Kyzylkum and in and around the Karakum sands, north of what was known as Afghanistan. Miles and miles of ruins are found here, as in Peru, where it is easier to break the stones than it is to separate them on account of this firm mortar. This too proves the great age of this temple.

The sculpturing on the sarcophagus found in the inner tomb chamber is called "primitive art" but this is hardly the word for this beautifully symetrical art which stands side by side with engineering skill which modern engineers still study with awe today in these wondrous ruins. Here is expert masonry, and they were able to work with blocks weighing tons as used in the Great Pyramid; our puny efforts in spite of modern equipment, are clumsy compared to theirs. These Master Masons *did have instruments* as is proved by their fine work. They had the magnifying glass and the wheel though science is reluctant to admit it. Remember their libraries were burned by Cortez at the time of conquest, and in the thousands of years since their use, their instruments have disappeared. However, magnifying glass has been found in the sands

of Peru, as has the wheel. Furthermore, they started their Sacred Fires with the magnifying glass, not with the primitive method of friction generated with two sticks of flint. All these ruins give proof of a highly civilized society.

Within the sarcophagus was a smaller, inside cover, "of a peculiar curved outline, with one end flared like a fish tail", according to the report. Again we must go to the ancient world to find its meaning. Oannes, God of Chaldea, was called a Fish God. He was half man, half fish. He was pictured with the lower half of his body, his legs and feet, as being a fish tail; such carvings on stone walls and gateways are still to be seen.

Oannes was called a Fish God because he "came up out of the water, from across the seas," say their legends; thus to primitive people, he must be a fish. Heading a fleet of ships, Oannes and his group came as colonists and to instruct the aborigines in religion and husbandry.

Oannes was the same as the earlier Osiris, God of Mu, the Americas and Egypt. Orsiris and Isis, his sister-wife, went about teaching early man the arts of civilization and religion, yet Osiris was never known as a Fish God. But the fish was connected with Jesus who was born at the start of the Piscean age whose symbol is the two fishes, and this shows how this ancient religious worship has persisted.

The skeleton found within the sarcophagus was that of a robust man of perhaps five feet eight inches tall, unlike the short, lithe Mayans, and he had unusually long arms which again shows that this is early man.

Within the casket was a profusion of jade ornaments and figurines of exquisite carving. A jade religious emblem was placed in each hand and another was in his mouth. Like the Egyptians, these people believed that the soul, or Ka, finds release through the mouth. Again like the Egyptians, the face of this man was covered with a death mask. The Egyptians used papier mache while this one was of jade mosaic. The eyes were made of shell with inlaid bits of obsidian to form the iris. This too is ancient art. The same mode of making the eyes was found in the statuary of the earliest times at Ur and other places of Chaldea and Mesopotamia. This jade mask has been beautifully restored, showing almond shaped eyes . . . the "fish" eye, and the lips are fine, reminding one of a "fish" mouth. This is old!

Biology teaches that we evolved from the cell, fish, etcetera, and the human embryo shows the same in its various stages of develop-

ment. Here we have proof that the ancient people of Mexico knew this scientific fact also, for it is written on the so-called "calendar stone" which is in fact instruction in biology.

At Chichen Itza in Yucatan, Mexico, is a "Funeral Chamber" of Prince Coh, brother-husband of Queen Moo, of 14,000 B.C. This date is proved by the Troano Ms. now in the Madrid Museum in Spain and by the pictographs on the great monolith, the single-stone gateway, in the ruins at Lake Titicaca, Peru. Over the door of Prince Coh's Funeral Chamber are four carved fish. The fish was the symbol of Prince Cay, brother of Queen Moo. In this day rulership descended to the eldest daughter, not the son. Prince Cay was also a High Priest as most royalty was, and Cay is the Maya word for "fish". Here too was found in bas relief on one of the antae of the portico, a face which greatly resembles the jade mask of Palenque.

Archaeologists tell us that the people of Palenque were squat-figured, coarse-featured, large-nosed thick-lipped and flat-headed, for they deformed their skulls during infancy. The jade mask is thin-lipped as is the portrait of the Mayan at Chichen Itza at Prince Cay's "Funeral Chamber". The skeleton was taller than those who surrounded him. The fish tail, symbol for the Mayan Prince Cay, ties him to Mayan royalty, as does the color red with which the interior of the sarcophagus was painted, as were his teeth. Also his bones were stained red, though this was probably due to the dust of the red burial robes.

We believe that this man was born among these people to instruct in the arts of civilization and religion, hence his head was deformed as a child, though he was actually of Mayan descent rather than of Palenque. All of the Gods of the ancients were born of "virgin" mothers, having "no father", as was Jesus. This is symbolism which we learn from the Mayan sages as told by their stone inscriptions which are plainly seen on ruins still standing. The "virgin birth" means the original cell, the Cosmic "virgin" Egg from which all life evolved. This Cosmic Virgin Egg is carved about the arch of a Temple in Chichen Itza, with rays of Cosmic Light extending from it. All of which means this Palenque tomb is very old.

Senor Rud, who made this discovery at Palenque, noticed certain resemblances to ruins still standing in Cambodia. This is quite true because the Mayas colonized the East and South coasts of Asia and India

(*Concluded on page* 86)

GRAFTSVILLE, U.S.A.

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

TWO years ago, SEARCH began publishing articles by your humble servant proclaiming the true facts that you are now reading in your daily papers. As you have heard, I personally knew the politicians in "bleeding" Kansas. Rascals—but amateurs, for they had not acquired the European finesse. Then I went to Kansas City and Independence, Missouri and saw some real rascals running the show The way these villains could slug voters and rob ballot boxes was something you see in nightmares. My first wife was a cousin of Harry Vaughan's father. You have not forgotten, I trust, the deep freezers, mink coats, French perfumes, the ballot boxes stolen and burned. I will not forget, and I'm not going to let the American electorate forget.

Then along came a gang swearing it was going to clean out "the mess" in government.

The Supreme Court of the United States ruled at various times that the off-shore oil belonged to the American people. Vote-hungry mess-cleaner-outers overruled the Supreme Court and feloniously turned the people's property over to the oil trust and were paid off by Texas, Florida and California votes.

Benson, another cleaner-outer, then pulled off the now famous cheese steal deal. He made us taxpayers buy cheese from the dairy trust. The cheese was never checked or moved. Then Benson sold the same cheese back to the same dairy trust, giving it a profit of *two million* dollars. An honest federal judge chalked the deal off as a steal, and ordered the thieves to return the money to the United States treasury. The next cleaning was another attempted steal of our money. It was the Dickson-Yates steal. People woke up a bit and raised so much clamor to high heaven that the chief-cleaner-outer had to forgo a portion of his six-months, twice-a-year vacation, and order the steal cancelled.

With great difficulty I persuaded Representative Smith (R.-Wis.) to get me the figures on the actual destitution existing in these United States. According to exact figures from the census bureau, there are nearly *five million* families trying to live on less than one thousand dollars per annum. Benson was crying his eyes out because of the bil-

lions of dollars of surplus farm products. He asked for suggestions. Poor fool I, I wrote to him offering the only real suggestion: issue every family with incomes of less than $2000.00 per annum so much surplus farm products. So much to families with less than $1500.00 per annum. And real help to the over 2 million American families with less than $500.00 per annum. Benson wrote me a personally signed letter stating my plan looked good enough to receive study. Perhaps it is still under study after three years. I know that additional millions of families are in worse condition than when Lawrence Smith sent me the Census Bureau report mentioned.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture has fostered more and deadlier poisons in everything we eat and drink—more coal tar additives, more forced sprayings with DDT and worse insecticides that have killed off horrifying numbers of our native wild life. More and more free goods go to every despotism on earth. Except Russia and China, but the cleaner-outers send free goods to England, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, *et al,* knowing that these goods are *immediately forwarded* to China and Russia. The very arms given as gifts to France and England are used to mow down peoples who are guilty of no wrong, and when England and France strafed Cairo, their paid assassins were careful not to blast that portion of town where England had large holdings.

Before going again into the matter of the cleaner-uppers, it seems expedient to repeat Abe Lincoln:

"I see in the future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow . . . and the republic is destroyed."

The F.C.C. was caught in most damnable corruption. The cleaner-upper administration refused to clean up until the people arose and demanded that the villains be thrown out. But why was the chief corruptionist not sent to Leavenworth? May we ask the cleaner-outer-public-promiser about the mess created by H. E. Talbott, Peter A. Strobel, E. F. Mansure, R. T. Ross, Victor Purse, R. A. Mack? All permitted to resign without criminal proceedings, all permitted to draw lush pensions.

Surely we can not have already forgotten the vicuna villiany, done to insure that all of us harken unto golden liver bile, smoke Kent with the micronite filter, tums for your tummy, less tars and nicotine, a hundred hair lotions, self-construct-

ed permanents, sprays to hold the hair in dazzling, lustrous high lights (now under suspicion of causing lung cancer), nutritionless, devitalized ready-to-eat cereals, carcenogenic coloring dyes in everything.

There is the matter of the wife of the principal cleaner-outer and her trip (at our expense) to a beauty emporium in Phoenix. Did the owner of that place not depend on the free advertising to zoom her business of attempting to turn grandmothers into granddaughters?

Adlai Stevenson, twice candidate on Democratic ticket for president, actually prevented the Kefauver Senate Committee from investigating Union goons in Cook County. Let's whoop it up for that party for our next President!

Sherman Adams admitted, after considerable wrist twisting, that he got a near thousand-dollar vicuna coat for friendship's sake. A $2000 oriental rug was loaned to him by a millionaire maker of mis-branded materials. Thousands of dollars of hotel bills were paid, out of friendship. Adams admits calling the F.C.C. (just a matter of friendship) and the F.C.C. forthwith forgot Goldfine's false advertising of false goods. Goldfine admits he gave vicunas to every governor in the States. What favors have our governors handed to Goldfine?

Presidential Press assistant Jim Hagerty admitted that he also permitted some good angel to pay his hotel bills. What else did Jim Hagerty receive, and what was the price? Goldfine said he gave a vicuna to Eisenhower. Hagerty denied it vigorously, then admitted that Eisenhower did get a piece of vicuna, *but forgot to whom he gave it.* Drew Pearson, who has a knack of ferreting, pointed out that that piece of missing vicuna, worth a real piece of folding money, was sent on a government plane to a woman's tailor-designer in New York. Fur trusters gave Mamie enough almost priceless beaver furs to be made into a cloak. Let's take a look at just a few more gifts passed on to Eisenhower:

1. A herd of 25 registered, blooded cattle by breeder's association.

2. A $4000.00 tractor by Co-ops.

3. An auto, with a fringe on top, by a friend.

4. Blooded horses from Texas admirer (Was the donor one of the gainers from the off shore oil?)

If you will pick up a loaf of bread, a package of oleo, a pound of packaged lard, you will find that many chemicals (embalming fluids) are added. Growers of fruits, vegetables and tobacco use arsenic, in its various forms, as insecticides. Over thirty years ago it was definitely established that arsenic was a cancer maker. Some European na-

tions deny entrance to our fruits because of the poisonous arsenic content.

The White House defended the use of military planes used in carting Milton Eisenhower from a fishing trip in Wisconsin to Graftsville, D.C.

Elliott Roosevelt bumped homebound-on-furlough wounded Yanks off air flight in favor of two big dogs. There is the small matter of the quarter of a million dollar loan that was arm-twisted out of a great grocery chain. Then a quarter million dollar loan forcibly settled for *one cent on the dollar.*

James Roosevelt signed a sworn confession that, while married and living with his wife, he committed adultery with twelve different women. And there was quite a stink raised—and should have been raised —about some arm twisting that brought the same Jimmy Roosevelt a few million bucks in insurance deals—or you name it.

Dr. Paul Smith, Eisenhower's cardiologist, stated that the health of the American people is the worst of any civilized (?) nation. A great oncologist on the staff of the leading cancer research hospital stated before a symposium for A.M.A. doctors: "We have the best hospitals, the best medical colleges, and yet in 1956 there were more hypertensives, more cancers, more heart disease, more strokes, more mental cases, than in any year in our history."

The Journal of the American Medical Association printed a lead article by a recognized oncologist, Ochsner, New Orleans, proving cigarettes the main cause of cancer of mouth, throat, larynx and lungs. And that same issue carried two full-page ads for cigarettes. The A.M.A. persecutes known cancer cures, and prescribes known cancer makers.

Van Dellen, who claims he is a doctor of medicine, says that X-rays are one of the principle causes of leukemia. Then he urges constant use of X-rays to detect TB, which is safely diagnosed by tuberculin. A short time ago he stated that cigarette smoking had not been proved the main cause of lung cancer. All of these medical buck passers speak of residual tars and nicotine. Why don't they tell of the arsenical and coal tar residuals from *insecticides* used on tobacco? The horrific increase in all degenerative diseases are caused, without a shadow of doubt, by the poisons in foods, drinks and tobacco!

Heller, U.S. National Cancer Institute, asks for delay in move to cut cigarette use. WHY? He admits that the American Cancer Society, and the U.S. Public Health Service, believe that cigarettes cause cancer of the respiratory tract, but says:

"We believe that more research is needed to identify, isolate and eliminate the various factors that CAN cause cancer . . ." He knows positively that cigarettes are causing 33,000 deaths per annum. He asks that tens of thousands of idiots who enrich the tobacco trust continue to die while the so-called scientists play along on princely incomes as to what exact by-product is killing millions of human beings from heart, cancer, Buerger's, hypertension, stroke and insanity.

International Cancer Congress meets in London. Seven out of every eight of the scientists present believe, from scientific tests, that cigarettes are the main cause of cancer.

At another time I told you that America's greatest diagnostician said, "On exploratory surgery well over half of the diagnoses are proved incorrect." So how do we know that the cured one third actually had cancer? And the author has ready for SEARCH an article about these so-called diagnostic laboratories that would shame satan. I'll reveal such a situation that lady readers' hair will curl, without this so-called permanent.

Do you think I like to write this kind of copy? As God judges NO! I'd like to be writing books about my beloved Ozarks, showing a minimum of human selfishness and greed. I'd like to revere the noble healing arts as I did when doctors were the people's honest, sincere friends; before the days when they were nearly all attacked with QUICK moneyitis. I'd like to write some unknown facts about an honest President whose greatest ambition was the common good—Abraham Lincoln.

With even these few samples in view, why does the American public close its eyes to the black hearted villains who are destroying all that is good, laudable and decent? Is there no way one can get human beings to rise from the sodden ground, face these villains, and send them to sequestered bricked in walls? Again I call to your attention Lord Macauley's prophecy: "Rome was destroyed by barbarians from without. America will be destroyed in the Twentieth Century by barbarians from within."

THE END

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YOUR FUTURE

AS REVEALED THROUGH PSYCHOMETRY AND YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC AURA, BY THE MYSTERIOUS PSYCHIC ABILITY OF

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 two unusual methods, and whose ability SEARCH proved positively, 87½% accurate, over a period of more than four years.

BEFORE I make my predictions for this issue of SEARCH, I want to thank all those who sent me such lovely Christmas cards and gifts. In return, I want to take this opportunity to wish you all a very happy and prosperous 1959.

Also, I want to make one comment on my aura analyses. If you send me a photo too often, and I see that your aura has not changed, I will not feel right about it, and will instead give you a psychometry analysis, or refund your money. When I see aura colors in your photo, they are for YOU, regardless of what others may interpret. I know my color analysis is correct for you!

These predictions are being made on December 11, 1959. It may be that some of them will already have come to pass when you read this, therefore I give you the date on which these predictions were placed in the mail to Ray Palmer for publication in SEARCH. They will probably not reach the newsstands until mid-February, since that is approximately the time required to prepare, print and distribute a magazine.

Two very prominent men will pass on. One will be greatly missed, be-

cause his good works have been known the world over.

A film will be completed, and ready for showing in the movies of the country, and then, due to a scandal involving those who appear in it, a decision will be made NOT to show the movie.

Eddie Fisher will NOT be happy with Liz Taylor. I wish he'd think many times before going ahead with this marriage.

Several changes are due in the White House, because of death. These vacancies will be filled, of course, and it will be headline news.

Many people who are presently overweight will find their weight dropping. This will astonish them; but we are at the end of a cycle in which weight had to persist no matter what was done to reduce. That cycle's end will please many.

Older men will soon have a more secure feeling about their future. Many will find that they can get jobs more readily, as employers are going to utilize the many older who are really very efficient. So if you have heard that "too old" phrase in the past, don't be discouraged—your services will be more valued and sought after in the future.

I wish I could be optimistic about those "moons", but I cannot see great success ahead. There will have to be much more research before success rewards their efforts. More will be tried, more will fail.

The Far East will present problems. Sometimes it looks much as if all our efforts have been in vain. One flare-up will have to be analyzed very carefully, as it will be a period of shifting things onto our shoulders to evade committing their own actions. We will be baited into pulling others' chestnuts out of the fire.

Russian scientists will develop a new type sputnik—but it will fail.

Money situations will be better. More work for people, and the financial position of the general public will better.

All should go slow on speculations right now. Also avoid anything that appears to be "given away" for a small price. Later many hidden costs will be found, and the generous offer will prove to be quite expensive in actuality. This will have something to do with land, or other thing, now undeveloped.

A disaster again strikes where schools will be a headline.

England will want us to do something for them that I should advise applying careful thought to its ramifications—or we shall be caught in the "middle".

Several plane crashes plus an electrical storm in one city will bring such commotion that many will be sent to help.

Messages will fly fast between

Washington and Russia. Some degree of advancement will be reached by us with Russia. A pact or a promise will be made, and it will be kept!

Things calm down as to talk of war, and people will develop a more cheerful outlook in regard to this. Many who have predicted war with Russia (surely by now!) will have to retract their words. They will set a new limit, saying 1960 for sure. But I say there will be NO WAR with Russia.

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.

HOW TO GET A PHOTO AURA ANALYSIS

Send a snapshot of yourself to Dorothy Spence Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and enclose $3.00 to cover the cost. Be *sure* to include your return address! Surprisingly many applicants forget this! And please, if possible, report the results to SEARCH magazine, after their accuracy or inaccuracy is determined. Remember, reports of inaccuracy are as important as those of accuracy.

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, by writing out a verse, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given on this page, 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. Please report results to us.

SEARCH Visits A Flying Saucer Lecture

Reported By DULCIE BROWN

MY INVITATION to this affair came in such a way as to lead me to believe that I was being asked for a friendly neighborhood discussion. Although I had never met the beauty operator known as Roxy it was my understanding that she claims to have contacts with saucer people and is not averse to talking quite freely about them.

Upon entering the beauty parlor, the door being open for all comers, I saw at once, to my surprise, that seats had been placed in rows through the store as for a meeting. Also, there was a sign that said very emphatically DONATION $1. There was also a stack of books with labels ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER. It was not Roxy who greeted me. In fact the lady did not come near me, but was chatting with some people she seemed to know. Some one was busy rigging up a tape recorder up front.

Having received my dollar donation, no one seemed to care any more about what I did or make any effort toward the friendly chat. I sat down. The room was rapidly filling up and I would say there were about 75 or 100 people in all when the show showed signs of beginning.

The speaker was introduced: Mr. Truman Bethurum. He is a mild and rather pleasant appearing gentleman. His age I would guess at between 60 and 70. He is well set up, being a large man and has a rather more than ordinary for his age appearance of rugged health and vigor. He kept his eyes shaded with a pair of dark glasses all the while so I did not get a good look at his eyes. Although I understand he has enjoyed rather less than average grammar school education, he speaks excellent English, and in all his manner is one of intelligence, refinement, and sincerity. He began

his story in simple but correctly spoken words, speaking rather better than an amateur, but without that affectation of the trained lecturer.

Mr. Bethurum's story follows. It is in my own words as a result of notes kept throughout the discourse:

* * *

On July 29, 1952 I (Mr. Bethurum) was employed in the vicinity of Glendale, Nevada as night mechanic for a paving construction company. It was my night off.

Members of the day crew reported a deposit of sea shells atop a mesa some miles away from Glendale. After supper I decided to go to the spot and investigate the shell deposit to satisfy my curiosity, since such a deposit would prove that the mesa had once been under the sea. I used a company car, a truck of the type known as pick-up. I drove out on the highway that extends from Las Vegas east to Salt Lake City. Arriving at a place some distance from the mesa I left the highway and drove the truck some half mile or so from the paved road. There I parked it and left on foot toward the mesa. It was then dark, but I could see fairly well in that half light which bathes the desert. I carried in my hand a high powered flashlight.

It took some time to reach the mesa and time to climb it. Having got there I expected to find rather large shells that could be detected readily. Instead I could see no shells at all and so spent an hour or two walking around expecting to find specimens any minute. I did not then know that the shell deposit consists of minute particles of broken shells.

Finally, I gave up, descended the mesa and walked through the sand back to the truck. I was tired, the night was warm and the air bracing. I decided to remain on the spot for a while. I entered the cab and let the automatic lock snap shut after me, the windows I left open. Then I lay down in the seat, my head back of the steering wheel. There I slept.

I do not know what time it was when I awoke, but judged it to be around 3 in the morning. It was voices that had awakened me. I lay quiet trying to hear what was being said. I thought some of the crew had been sent out after me, but when there was no one at the windows, I lifted my head a little and peered out. I knew at once that the 8 or 10 men that were around the truck were unknown to me. Thinking of the $60 or more that I had on me, my next thought was of a hold-up. So I lay down, feigning sleep, trying to catch some of the conversation. It soon occurred to me that the language being used by the

strangers was not English, nor could I decide what foreign language it was. Then my next thought was of foreign spies saboteurs.

Deciding that I had best face whatever was there, I raised up and looked straight at the figures. I saw that they seemed dressed alike and in a uniform somewhat like bus drivers wear. They seemed shorter than the average man. Opening the truck door I slid out and stood on the ground. As I did so one of the persons stepped up to face me, speaking a few words in the unknown tongue.

"What do you want of me?" I asked.

In faultless English, with no trace of accent, the man said "You name it."

"You speak English!" I exclaimed. "But are you members of a foreign country?"

"We speak English, yes," the man said, "but we are of no country on Earth. We come from another planet."

I extended my hand in a gesture of friendship and the man extended his. But, to my surprise, he did not grasp my hand but brushed it with a quick gesture. Even that very quick and incomplete contact almost knocked me off my feet, and showed the man to be of very great strength. Each of the men came forward, one by one, and made the same quick brushing gesture and with them all it was the same evidence of strength so great they dare not touch me. I was not sure if this was so or if it was a gesture of contempt made by an enemy. I saw that there was no evidence of weapons on the men of any sort. Their faces seemed to be friendly and they nodded and smiled.

"Which of you is the captain?" I asked. "I would like to speak to your captain."

One of the men pointed back of me and I turned my head, looked around the truck, which was behind me, and saw what I had not seen before. It was a huge silvery disc gleaming in the light of a thousand stars and seeming to lie on the sands of the Nevada desert. It was about 200 feet across and could have been around 40 feet high in its center which rose from a gradual slant from the rim.

Immediately I was grasped by the arm and hustled across the sand toward the disc at a speed I didn't think possible. As we came nearer, I and my captors, I saw the light that emanated from the disc. It was of a bluish cast and illuminated the faces of the men who were bustling me along. They were of a complexion we call Latin, not swarthy, but of a glowing and radiant hue, olive in texture. Some wore caps like bus drivers and the suits were

of dark color, belted, obviously uniforms.

As we came to the side of the great disc I saw that it did not rest quite on the ground, but could not tell what held it up. The rim of the disc was some height over our heads but it began to slowly come down as the craft rolled, or tripped to our side. When it had come to a spot level with my head some steps came down, a door swung open, and I was quickly inside. The door shut behind me and I was in a large hall finished with a shining material like stainless steel. I was led part way, about 55 feet down this hall and through another door.

When I came into this room which was about 15 feet across there was only one man with me. I did not see where the others went. This one man left me then. He just simply wasn't there any more and the pressure on my arm had gone just as fast. The door shut behind me and I was in a room which contained a desk with attached chair, many drawers like file drawers, a divan and a girl. She was about 26 years old, her complexion was faultless and she was well set up, slender but of a radiantly healthy appearance. Her skin was the same olive. She was beautiful. Her dress was a red skirt, a black blouse and black beret. I felt apprehensive, for I now expected myself to be the hostage of a foreign power. I was also embarrassed since I was garbed in only a mechanic's uniform and around me was so much grandeur: the lady was so obviously one of class.

"You asked to see me, friend," the lady said. "Speak up, you are not hexed."

"What nationality are you?" I asked.

"None of Earth," she replied. "But do not be afraid. No harm will come to you. Be relaxed and sit down." She indicated a place on the divan where she sat. There was no other chair except the desk chair. I sat down, in the place indicated.

"Now," she said, "what do you want to know?"

I asked the lady a number of questions. But I would sometimes find myself ready to ask a question and find I could not speak. Or I would get it out and find it ignored as though the lady had not heard it. But the information I gathered from that interview is that the people of Earth have many lessons to learn, that help will be given to the Earth and for the sake of the good people of Earth. The Earth is the most backward of all the planets. The visitors call the vehicle to which I was taken a scow. The power unit is very small. In their world no one person is higher or lower than the

other. All are equal, there is no war, but disputes are settled by world council. There is monetary system, but no per[illegible]robs from another even though money may lie in the street; the owner may reclaim it without anyone picking it up. There is no poverty, no extremely rich, no disease, education is the main issue. There is birth, there is marriage, there is vegetation similar to Earth's, rivers, oceans, and most of all that Earth has. And more. Or perhaps more has been discovered and developed.

The man of Earth will not visit other planets until he learns to live without strife, greed and lust for power. There will be no atom war upon Earth because the atomic project will fail. When the Earth is ready we will contact them and converse with them as brothers. Until then we do not care whether Earth people believe in us or not. We come to Earth merely for research. We want nothing from Earth, we will not seek conquest on Earth, we will harm no one on Earth. But we will do what we can to educate the citizens of Earth.

I was still ill at ease in the presence of the lady. I was not sure she was real or that any of the adventure was real. Sensing this the lady said:

"I am as real as you are. Take hold of my arm." Seeing my hesitancy she said: "Do not be afraid. Take hold of my arm."

I then examined her arm. It was of slightly more solid flesh than that of a seasoned athlete, but it was warm and smooth in texture. It was in every respect equal to very healthy human flesh with the feel of muscle and bone beneath.

The door opened. The same man stood there that had escorted me in. I followed him out through the same gleaming hall and the outside door was open. I was gently let down to stand once again on the sand of Earth. I turned as I detected a motion of the disc behind me. The door was closed, the disc was rising, and right before my eyes it gained momentum and was quickly away so fast I could scarcely see it go.

In the period between 1952 and now I have had 11 contacts with the same saucer crew and learned many things from them. Their planet is Clarion, lying beyond the moon from us.

* * **

After the discourse Mr. Bethurum asked for questions, a number of which were asked. He showed us a picture which is a photograph taken from a painting he made of the saucer in the location of his first visit, he showed us blue-prints of the construction of the scow and drawings of the lady he questioned.

He claims to describe the whole of his adventures in the book ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER, in a comprehensive and detailed way, with a message for Earth. The price is $3. I did not buy a book. There was an invitation to go up front for some refreshments. I accepted that. Roxy was presiding over this.

As she handed me a cup of punch I said: "I have been wanting to meet you. I have heard so much about you."

She said: "You must listen to him," indicating Mr. Bethurum who was being surrounded by a lot of people.

I said: "I have heard what he has to say. I would like to get together with you some time."

She replied, "You will learn all about it in Mr. Bethurum's book."

I said: "But what do you think?"

"You are asking very personal questions," she answered. That from a woman who has, heretofore, shown no disinclination to speak of her experiences to any who would listen.

I sat down with a cup of punch in one hand and cake in the other. After a minute I saw that something that looked like a butterfly wing was on the sleeve of my coat, a filmy, gauze-like fan shape. Before I could put down the plate to have a free hand to examine the object an old lady leaned over the person sitting beside me to hit my arm with sufficient force to send the partly filled cup of punch I held in my hand cascading down my coat. I unhanded the cake to stop her hand, but she would not let go until the little fan had disappeared. She did not appear to take it with her, but I could not find it afterward. In a room full of people where all the attention is on one man and excitement is high why did this woman notice an object of so little apparent account? Why was it so necessary to destroy it before I could see it well that she had to spill the cup I held in my hand? She offered no apologies, did not try to help me clean off my coat, but just left abruptly. A young girl had accompanied me and she sat beside me. I said to her, "Let's get out of here." Then I asked her if she had recognized the woman who had gone to such means to spill my punch.

"That's Roxy's mother," she said.

COMING NEXT ISSUE:

"The Essenes and Their Dead Sea Scrolls"

By Mary Elsnau

The PHILOSOPHER'S CORNER

It is a well known fact that all so-called material substances are by some process according to their own nature reducible to force.

This being so it can but follow that material substances are composed of concentrated accumulations once called chaotic energy. The riddle pertaining to the process of this chaotic energy which changed it to material substance, the era and place where the first grain of material took form is a problem which remains for those in some future generation of super beings to solve.

We do know, however, that our physical bodies, the proverbial gate post and all other materials, whatever, wherever, however remote from one another in eternal outer space are all related. They are related by having had the same parents. They were all caused to come into material existence by the pregnancy of force sired by facts.

Such knowledge attained by reasoning is a lumpy mattress upon which thinking people cannot rest.

We cannot go to sleep on laurels and premises, borrowed from our past, for they are far too strongly suggestive of further and deeper facts lying beyond apparent frontiers of knowledge. They suggest that all material substances are basically of a spiritual nature—that is, to know about one grain of sand is to solve the riddle of the universe.

The hypothetical contention of Plato some 2,400 years ago regarding the atomic structure of all material substances has long since been proven to be true. We of the last decade have proved it and have gone much further. We have broken the atom down to its component parts; we have succeeded in throwing nonafinitive charges of related materials among the atoms' orbit-

ing constituents causing them to release a portion of their energy. The force released by such a process proved to be far beyond our wildest and most fantastic dreams of the possible devastating qualities of an explosive.

We are now scared of our new found toy and at the present feel much as though we were holding a lion by the tail, but if we hold on long enough, the lion will turn to a bull, and we will have him by the tail on a downhill pull. In the process, we will certainly learn much more about that which makes him tick, so to speak.

We now find ourselves faced with the problem of determining as far as we can the nature of the force which energizes the atoms' subminute components. The electron components of the atoms travel in orbit around their central nucleus just as the planets of our solar system circle in orbit about our sun. The electrons, however, travel at the speed of light 186,000 miles per second.

In seeking the source of the animating force which keeps the components of the atom and the components of our solar system in constant motion and holds them in their rightful position in relation to one another, we have no choice but to seek it in the fields around and about these bodies.

It lies within the distance between them. It now becomes quite obvious that this force permeates all space, all distance, lying between what we call material objects, however infinitely remote they may be from one another.

Since all visible objects and many that are invisible are composites of atoms, it but follows that the components of the atom must in turn have component parts themselves, which also in turn are composites of the force that animates them.

It's also a fact that this same force gives us life and gives us the power of reasoning. Thus far, the human beings of this earth have not acquired the ingenuity to construct a mechanism capable of utilizing this force directly. Our use of force is contained in whatever process has been through the medium of the atomic components.

Space travel by human beings of this earth will never be a succes until such a mechanism is devised. It is by utilizing this eternal force that creatures of other planets in outer space have long since ceased to be bound to their home planets. They are able to travel in their flying saucers from one planet to another, often visiting this planet.

The same faculties of judgment which gave them their abilities to devise such a mechanism also gives

them an understanding of us; they realize how backward and primitive we are compared to themselves. They also know that were they or their saucers to fall into our hands while in our present state of development it would prove disastrous to them as well as to ourselves. We are evolving rapidly both mentally and spiritually. The time will come when they can accept us with confidence. That time will be only after the majority of us recognize the spirituality of all material substances.

At such a time we will be beyond error in our knowledge of the nature of cause and effects up to a point of rendering us acceptable by them.

We must search deeper and deeper into the infinite and be able to concede through spiritual knowledge that all material bodies, the infinitely small and the massive, are governable by laws of conduct for they are, in fact, but a composite of laws. All laws of cause and effect are of an absolute nature; they, as well as all other forces, make up the body of universal, spiritual intelligence—God, if you choose.

THE END

The MYSTERY of the MAYAN TEMPLE

(*Concluded from page* 69)

in very early times, then edged on to the Euphrates and Chaldea, colonizing along the river banks as they went. This is why the "new world" is so reminiscent of the "old world".

One of the Atlantes supporting the Table of the Altar in Prince Coh's Memorial Hall of Chichen Itza, shows a small figure with the white apron of the Masonic Order as worn today. These same figures are found in Cambodia, in the ancient city of Angkor-Thom.

So much for the age of this wondrous Temple. In a second article we will consider why it was built and why it was such a holy place; we will get to the heart of its meaning as given by earlier writers.

Read Our Sister Magazine: FLYING SAUCERS

VOCAL HOMICIDE

By Jim Wentworth

In his classic book on Huna, the primitive religion of Hawaii. Max B. Long has given us a rather complete account of the operation of the practicing Kahuna's "death chant," used for homicidal purposes. Ultra-skeptical scientists think it is smart to sneer at such reports without bothering to investigate. They summarily claim that the victim of the chant is absolutely uninfluenced by it until informed of what has been done, and that his resulting decease is due entirely to auto-suggestion. This claim is contrary to fact. Long lists successful death chant cases in which the victims could not possibly have known what was being fomented against them.

About twenty years ago the New York *Times* carried the account of a homicidal ritual similar to Huna's, which is practiced by savage tribesmen in parts of India. The *Times* correspondent reported that tribesmen in the Assam Hills were addicted to the practice of "singing people to death", and that these savages sometimes chose a victim for the most trivial reason, such as jealousy or even mere displeasure. The tragic drama was consummated in three acts.

The tribesmen first selected a tree that stood by itself and stripped all the bark from the base up to the height of about a yard. One of the men then used a knife to scratch upon the denuded trunk a picture representing the body of the victim. This outline always depicted one of his legs as perfectly straight, the other doubled under him. And around the biceps of the left arm a string was represented as being tightly drawn, so as to cut into a vein.

As soon as the picture was finished, another tribesman quickly dug a hole under the root of the tree. Into this depression he deposited a baby lizard, which was instantly covered over with heated stones.

The stage was now set for the final act. The executioners seated themselves in a circle around the tree and began the ritualistic chant, which consisted chiefly of the endless repetition of the victim's name. That was all—nothing more was necessary. Nobody had to inform the victim he had been sung to death. Once the machinery was set in motion, the hapless man invariably dreamed that the death-dealing ceremony had taken place and died a short time later.

THE END

Come, Let Us Reason . . .

Letters from our Readers

The account of my harrowing experience with the bewitched cat in "The Witch of Calhoun County" is perfectly credible to anyone familiar with the Occult Teaching of feline beasts. The cat, lion, tiger, etc. are Lunar creatures, belonging to the night-side of Nature, and therefore under the direct influence of the Moon, which is wholly malefic. Cats have been used in Black Magic from time immemorial as the nature of their astral bodies makes possible a number of amazing, but evil, phenomena. It is true that only the primitive earth- or sex-magician makes use of them in his nefarious work, but, then, the old broken-down witch of Calhoun County was certainly no Priestess of High Magic!

Anyone with rural or backwoods knowledge knows that mothers NEVER permit cats around their babies because of the danger of the beasts sucking the infants' breath and suffocating them. Cats are actually pranic vampires and while even in the flesh behave like any medium's "guide" who keeps his astral together by drawing life from the living. Cats have been known to kill babies and even sleeping adults in the exact manner I explained in the story. And with a crafty witch controlling a mesmerized cat it usually means certain death.

One moral can be drawn from the tale: keep away from cats! No Occultist worthy of the name ever lets them near him because of their defiling magnetism. Dogs are Solar animals, capable of love and unselfish devotion, but no cat ever lived that was anything but an incarnation of cruelty and evil. Such is their nature. They can't help it. They are imps from the Pit.

George Cardinal Le Gros
238 N. Pine Grove
Chicago 14, Illinois

Thank you, Mr. Le Gros, for your explanation. This should answer the letter in our previous issue which called you to task. Actually, we don't believe the trouble is entirely with cats, but with witches!. Ray.

Dear Ray:

RE: January, 1959, Issue 30, pp 114-116; reply to one Hal Barebo. Your remarks are admittedly directly pertinent to the specific questions asked by Hal, wherein you proceed to quote Jesus' exact

reply as recorded, following which you quote further to apparently complete the episode. You go further, however, and it is the manner in which you do so, the inferences you draw, and the inferences you apparently so strongly desire to have accepted, that I wish to point out to you . . . so that you may examine them thoroughly, including their effect upon the gullible among those with whom you deal so very brashly.

"How could anything be clearer?" What is clearer? Your own belief, or the particular case of the man discussed in the passage? *"Jesus denied his disciples' belief, and stated flatly that . . .etc."* What you say that Jesus "stated flatly—" is definitely and unequivocably a matter of record, and may justly be taken precisely as you mention in the latter portion of this sentence of yours. Not so, however, regarding the first five words of that selfsame sentence. That is pure inference that you have read into the passage, neither more, nor less. The record shows that Jesus disposed of the particular isolated case in question; the record does not indicate in any way whatsoever that the belief (?) which may have been responsible for the disciples' question was itself disposed of in any manner at all. Whether or not this particular record is complete, we are not totally sure. There is a possibility that it may not be, a point that would pose some questions as to why it may not have been. As yet, that is neither here nor there, nor at this stage of the game may it be made pertinent to the question you have answered for Hal. (I am making arrangements to review a transcript of the "Dead Sea Scrolls", that recent and allegedly authentic discovery of which you may have heard. I am doing this through a friend of mine who heads the department of philosophy at the University of Pittsburgh. This item, among others, I wish to ascertain the full completeness of, if that be possible.)

Let us look at the record that we have! A man born blind was brought before the Master. His disciples' question, through the recorded words in which it was couched *would seem to infer* that they *possibly* had some belief in reincarnation . . . and neither more, nor less. The record goes no further. Jesus denied that such was the case *regarding this particular man* . . . AGAIN neither more, nor less. The record goes further. Anything else that you may read *into either phase of the problem,* at least as regards this passage in question, is nothing but *pure personal inference* read into it by the reader and/or the discussers of the passage, and the

problem itself.

Only one true and just conclusion may be formulated through this particular passage in the Gospels. The question of reincarnation was inferentially raised in the passage; *it was not absolved,* either one way or another, at least as far as the current record goes. Whoever goes further than that is stepping entirely out of bounds, and brashly, injudiciously so. It is this instance of a partial truth (?), its interpretation, the confusion involved, the incorrect impressions that may follow . . . *either way* . . . to which I object so strongly . . . *as also does any individual who truly thinks with the welfare of the race at heart.*

To you . . . as an editor perforcely exerting some influence through the printed word . . . I have a recommendation to make. When you quote an authority, to make your point or for whatever reason, aside from of course quoting correctly (by which I also mean being careful not to omit—deliberately or otherwise—any portion that should be pertinent), be exceedingly careful to make *all* the inferences that are apparent . . . *whether they coincide with your own personal belief, or not.* It is the reader's place to judge for himself . . . not yours to do it for him.

Freedom of speech (and consequently freedom of the press) is one of the things wisely guaranteed us by our Constitution. *That freedom is definitely not license*; there is a great deal of difference between the two, something which too many of us are quite likely to forget in our undoubtedly partisan zeal, whatever that may be, I repeat . . . as an editor you have an immeasurable responsibility to your readers, of whatever intelligence they may be, we are all different, a responsibility to state *the full case* when you state it, whatever it may be, stating it fully and completely with whatever pro or con that may be a part of the case or the problem you select to so discuss.

You have decided to allow the discussion of reincarnation to appear in your pages. It is admittedly permitted you, even as editor, to insert your own personal belief among the rest. That is freedom of the press and speech, the freedom of expression that we all desire, and so must have. But to quote merely the portion of the authority, the findings, the record—as the case may be—in other words to cite but a partial or half-truth, directly or inferentially as such, just for the sake of getting across that which you personally wish to get across, is but *license,* not *freedom,* in the sense that the latter has been so wisely guaranteed to us in this free nation of ours.

Your job is to present the case . . . fully and completely *pro and con* . . . and neither more nor less. Please do so.

Now . . . I have long been one of your readers, obtaining your magazine at the bookstands when I can find them. I do not always agree with much that may appear in them, a fact to which some of my previous epistles may attest, of that there may be little doubt. Occasionally I have deplored some apparent degeneration from your oft-stated comparatively high purpose, but that is generally to be expected now and then, and does not truly detract from the general worth of the magazine . . . at least not yet?

In spite of which . . . maybe even because of which . . . among other reasons, kindly allow me to become a direct and steady subscriber. I enclose a check for $6.00 for 24 issues, which you will start *if you will* (since the item mentioned by Hal seems to be the question of mutual interest) with the November, 1958 issue, and skipping the January, 1959, which is to hand. being responsible of course for all the possibly obnoxious above remarks.

Harry W. Evans
706 Blythe Ave.
Drexel Hill, Pa.

You are perfectly right in your criticism of my "inferences". I bow to your correctness. But allow me to explain what my reply to Mr. Barebo did not make clear (I often find that my written words fail to carry out my logic as I conceive it!) The quote which I used as evidence that Jesus denied reincarnation should not be used as such without using all other such quotations, both pro and con, I admit; but the fact is that this PARTICULAR quotation is continually being hurled at me as PROOF that reincarnation is a fact. Since it is used "by itself" by reincarnationists to support an argument, I merely replied in kind! IF THIS QUOTATION is the EVIDENCE in this particular argument, then I submit that it CANNOT be construed to be anything but a DIRECT REFUTATION of reincarnation — because Jesus specifically (flatly, if you wish) states that it is NOT REINCARNATION.

I will not argue that the disciples obviously believed in reincarnation, as did a great majority of the world's people 2000 years ago (just as they do now). Nor do I know the basis for that belief. I have read the Bible through many times specifically searching for a complete set of evidence on reincarnation and though I may have missed many references through lack of understanding of the phraseology used, I am forced to conclude that nowhere

in the Bible can I find any positive evidence FOR reincarnation; while at the same time, there are several references which, although applicable only in a "local" sense, state a direct negation. This quote we are speaking of is the most direct of them all.

The disciples ASSUMED, because of their belief in reincarnation, that this blind man must NECESSARILY be expiating a sin, either of his own or his parents' omission, in a PREVIOUS life. Jesus stated (as flatly as is possible, it seems to me) that such was NOT the case. The FACT is, this PARTICULAR man was born blind through a deliberate act of God, so that Jesus could take spittle and clay and heal the blindness, to prove His power.

I submit that it is not unreasonable, lacking definite evidence to the contrary, to assume that other persons born blind may have been so born to prove something else (for instance how terrible it is to be sightless to the rest of us born more fortunately?); or to make us realize that there IS injustice, that there IS an unseen, unknown cause; or to stimulate us to do something constructive to correct such injustices, to study and labor to help one another.

Regarding freedom of speech, I truly hope I use freedom, and not license. Where it seems to be license, let it be understood that I am expressing my own opinions! I cannot remain neutral, because it is my firm conviction that the "neutral" editor is the bane of freedom, and his nearest relative is the weasel. I feel that it is despicable for an editor to take two letters, each presenting an opposing viewpoint, and printing them side by side in a "fair" presentation of both sides of an argument, playing one against the other, and then "sitting on the fence" with a smug "I'm out of this, boys—either of these jerks may be right or wrong, but one thing is sure, I WON'T STICK MY NECK OUT!"

I will present both letters, yes. And I'll argue with both. And in addition, I'll present my side. That way, all THREE of us jerks may be right or wrong! I'm no better than my readers, no matter what side they are on, and I'll never "lord it over them" in the editorial fashion I so despise.

My job is NOT just to present the case, fully and completely, pro and con—and neither more nor less. ANYBODY can be that kind of an editor. All he needs to be is neutral. I'm not neutral. I'm in this as far as anybody, and in fact a heck of a lot farther! I've learned everything I know by taking part in the same world my readers live in. My read-

ers have been the only worthwhile teachers I've ever had. I wonder if you realize how wonderful it is for me to have this magnificent opportunity to contact so many other minds! Would that every man could be in my boots! —*Rap.*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

This is written in defense of Mr. Anthony Regina of Brooklyn, N.Y., in letters to SEARCH, November, '58.

While I fully agree with you that Mr. Regina's blanket statement of "proved" and "known fact" are too vague, and that it is wise when presenting such argument as he sets forth to quote either source or authority, this is as far as I can go in agreeing with you.

A few years ago I wrote you taking an emphatic stand against the Shaver mystery. Your reply was, as always, coldly analytical, logical and victorious, though warm and friendly.

However, since that time I have been fortunate in obtaining an excellent—and original—copy of "Etidorpha" by John Uri Loyd. Fascinated by this wonderful book, I have come to the conclusion that there is too much I do not know about too many things to be able to say "this is not so" or "that is so". Believing that "Etidorpha" has much hidden meaning and has to have a body to go with the legs, as you put it, if nothing else, it has left me with an open mind on the Shaver thing—except for one thing, which I will get to presently. Which brings me to you.

To Mr. Regina, you say, "You say if I believe in one thing, why not another? What's the connection?" Why, Mr. Palmer! Shame on you! My son and I discussed Mr. Regina's letter and your response, and we agreed that Mr. Regina is right, and there is a connection.

You say you KNOW the Shaver bit is true. So many mysterious things (legs) have been brought to your attention. Have you ever been down in the Shaver caves? Ever really seen or experienced anything concrete besides these "mysterious things?" Yet your mind is open enough to accept the Shaver thing, probably because you find it fascinating and possible? It whets your interest and satisfies your logic? Your reasoning mind says, "It could be, therefore I can accept the possibility—or certainty?"

Yet, on the subject of reincarnation your mind dismisses it as improbable and undesirable because you are not interested in it? And because you are not interested in it, you cannot accept it? Your mind therefore is closed to it. So, on the one hand, your mind is open to one

fantastic idea, but nailed shut on another idea, far less fantastic, with just as much "mysterious" evidence to support it! (NOT Bridey Murphy.)

THAT is the connection, Mr. Palmer. If one idea is believeable, though phantasmagoric in character, why not another? Or are you in the enviable all-wise position to say "this is so—that is not so"?

Recently the Dupont Show of the month telecast a fascinating program, "Gateway to the Mind." Among other things, it showed that when the brain was exposed to electrical stimulation, the "memory department" became keenly alive. Several patients were shown, each speaking during the operation. The most interesting was a woman, who said, "I feel somehow as if I remember this—as if I'd been here before." This could mean anything, of course, but the POSSIBILITY exists that such electric stimulation COULD open the subconscious memory to the past—distant—and then where would you be? This is fact, Ray.

This is why I say, if you can believe one thing, why not another? Merely because it displeases you? Or because it refutes everything you have been "taught"? No one taught me anything about reincarnation. In fact, the first time I heard the word and knew what it meant I laughed it to death. Wild, weird idea! BUT—I DO have a curious and inquiring mind, and an OPEN one, so at a much later date I decided to see what I could find on the subject and did several years intensive study on it. Result: I believe it. I must. Without it, life makes very little real sense, and God remains remote.

The trouble with most people who deny it flatly, is that they consider it in an isolated sense. They do not think of it in conjunction with karma, and without the law of karma, frankly, it does NOT make sense. But karma and reincarnation are as closely related as skin and flesh, and one cannot be considered without the application of the other. Perhaps if you could open your mind to the subject, and consider it in all its multifarious facets, you, too, might think differently, but it takes a lot of time and study to do that.

In your Editorial in the November issue of SEARCH (EVERYthing is in the Nov. issue, isn't it?) you go on about the apathy of the "peepul" and advocate the digging of better ditches by better diggers, etc. . . .

Why? WHAT IS THE USE?

In your reply to Mr. Chas. Toland, you (quoting Shaver) say ". . . If God exists, and it is possible he does, he has gone away

from Earth, and doesn't seem to have any intentions of coming back . . . etc. . ."

Frankly, I don't see the use of a better ditch when we're all relegated to abandoned destruction. If this is a sample of Shaver's materialistic credo, then you, Ray, are playing both sides of the fence. On one side, you implore us to bestir ourselves, and on the other, you state (in two different letter replies, true, but you DO state it) that you BELIEVE the Shaver thing. Believing in the legless body, then it follows you also believe in the foregoing abandonment theory. If there is no connection here, within the very framework of your convictions, your connections have missed connection somewhere along the line!

Why on earth should I bother to fry a better egg, paint a better wall or do ANYTHING? Why should I even bother to get up in the morning? Why bother, period? What's in it for me? an abandoned world? Of what use is SEARCH? Or ANYthing, if it's lost beyond recall already?

If this is some of the Shaver "mystery" (and I fully intend to read everything I can find on the Shaver thing so I'll know more about it) then it is indeed, a dangerous thing. Far more dangerous than apathy. Even an apathetic person can be roused beyond the point of endurance to rebellion, but not a hopeless, abandoned creature. Without HOPE, what is there? SHAVER? Thank you, I'm not having any of THAT. That is spiritual starvation, and the poor planet is hungry enough as it is. Thanks for the chance to argue, though, I love it!

Esther L. Sheperd
437 Salerno Drive
Riverside, Calif.

When I say I "believe" in the Shaver Mystery, it is because I have enough evidence on hand to CONVINCE me of its actuality, and my "belief" therefore has concrete evidence to support it. Merely to believe in a thing without any supporting concrete evidence at all is "faith" and when God said: "Whosoever shall believe in me shall be saved" He did not mean we were to accept him BLINDLY. He seems to me to be directing us to SEARCH for Him, to find Him in all the positive concrete evidences of Him that anyone can find all about "if one has ears to hear and eyes to see". Certainly to KNOW is to be safe! If you KNOW the train will be at the depot at 10:00 *A.M., you will not miss it; but if you BELIEVE it will be there at* 11:00 *A.M., you will certainly miss it.*

That's the way I feel about re-

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incarnation—if I believe it to be so, I may miss the train. Let me draw an analogy, put it in parable form; A certain man died, believing he had lived before, and that he would live again, and finding himself dead, immediately began seeking the doorway to a new reincarnation. Seeing an open door, he walked through it, and found himself lying in a hospital. There a woman was in labor, and seeing that a birth was about to be accomplished, this man entered into the foetus, and became part of it, and was born to another life, convinced that he had fulfilled his current destiny. Later in life, things went terribly wrong, and he suffered greatly. After a lifetime of agony, he died again. Now, if this man, the first time he died, had not been so sure in his faith that he was destined to reincarnate, he might have searched further, to see if there were not other doors he might enter, to a new sort of life he had not even suspected existed. Or, if he had met someone who said: "Come, reincarnation is a fake, let me take you where we progress eternally along a LIVING and continuous road that ever expands our horizons and our experience," he might have found his faith in reincarnation a fallacy, and a wonderful new kind of life before him, upon which he had turned his back through ignorance and prejudice, and through lack of caution.

Believe me, my mind is open to BOTH possibilities, and so far, the evidence is quite heavily on the side of the non-reincarnation theory.

You link karma with reincarnation, and say that taken together, they make sense. It takes karma to make reincarnation hold water. I have said it before, and I repeat it now—why must you postulate that reincarnation is the ONLY way karma can be satisfied? If you hurt Joe, in this life, and you do not repay him for the hurt before you both die, why is it so repugnant to you to consider that you can repay the debt AFTER death, in a non-fleshly (as we understand the term) sort of life? I have never had anybody give me a satisfactory answer to that. They simply snort and say "it just ain't done that way—it's reincarnation or nuthin'!"

In life you blind a man—in another reincarnation you are yourself born blind, and the debt is paid That's the theory. But why not expiate your "crime" in a spirit world where you both live a spiritual kind of life, by helping him to gain something of equal value? A sort of fair trade. If he accepts what you offer, the deal is square. Or he may even be magnanimous and say "Aw forget it, Pete. I can see now, and besides, I learned a lot of valuable

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lessons being blind. I really owe you my thanks." If the man himself thinks what you did to him was really okay in the end, where does karma come in? "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" was really a man-conceived defiance against God, who said "Vengeance is Mine!" To err is human, to forgive is divine.

Karma? Sure! There are an infinite number of ways for justice to work out—and to limit it to reincarnation is to limit it indeed. It's like saying God could conceive of only one way to render justice! Personally, I think the reincarnation theory is highly egotistic. What's so important about us, the whole plan of life has to depend on our damphool mistakes?

I thought I made it plain why we should learn how to dig a better ditch. It's the very concept that life goes on (not reincarnation) and that living is doing, and therefore, the more we KNOW HOW TO DO, the better we'll manage in that continuing future life we expect to live. A man who has never used his hands to make anything, cannot be expected to be able to make anything when the need arises. I don't mean to say that you'll ever have to dig a ditch in "heaven", but I do mean to say that having dug ditches, you know how to use your hands in certain ways, what energy need be applied to move a certain weight, what geometry you need to know to throw it in the proper direction so that it won't fall back in the hole, and the mechanics of construction that will be sound enough to remain in place after you've built it. The "jack of all trades" might be quite a whiz in a life where knowledge of how to do things is tantamount to the doing! There is the school of thought that believes there are "chairs" in heaven, and they have to be made just as they are made here, with one exception—they are made out of "pure force" by "mental energy". Thus, the man who has made a chair on earth, knows how it is done, and the mental energy he expends in making a heavenly chair results in a chair that hangs together and can be successfully sat upon. The man who hasn't the haziest idea of how to make a chair cannot be expected to turn out a "mental" chair that will hold up under his weight. This is perhaps a crude analogy, but it illustrates what I mean by digging a ditch, frying an egg, painting a wall, or ANYthing. Why bother? THAT'S why Esther! The poor sap who "never bothers" will find himself helpless when the chips are down and he HAS TO do it himself!

Hopeless? Shaver? Not at all. He hopes the Titans will come back

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and take him from this deadly planet. Maybe his God is a Titan. Maybe his Titan is God? Who knows? Consider—Shaver was not apathetic, in spite of his horrible conviction that he was abandoned and that all was hopeless. He fought for years to explain to his fellow man, to urge them to seek beyond the narrow sphere of vision, and by the records of the past, realize "'twas not always thus", and to try to search for a way back to the wonderful glory that once was man's on this planet. He felt the Titans were "out there" immortal and alive, and if we could only get back out there, we could become immortal too, and alive in the true sense of the word, as they were. Perhaps now that man is at last shooting his rockets into space, he will get his wish! Wouldn't it be strange if the first thing the U.S. Air Force met out there in deep space was Shaver's Titan race, waiting for man to come out from his radioactive poisoned planet and be cured of the cause of death?

Shaver told us all, back in 1945, that radioactivity was the cause of our shortened lives, and of our death. Today science has confirmed his statement to the hilt. Perhaps all matter is radioactive, and all physical things eventually die—but do they all die so SOON? Our Bible tells us man lived nearly a thousand years right here on Earth. When the Flood opened the "gates" of heaven, (broke the bubble of water that shielded us from the radioactive rays of the sun) the radioactivity came through instead of being captured by the water (we use water around our piles today to trap the escaping radioactive rays) and mankind SUDDENLY found his life span cut to 120 years, overnight, and thereafter it slowly decreased in length until it has reached the present three score and ten. Now, with the added radioactivity which man himself is throwing into his atmosphere, his water, his food, the span will shorten still more. Already biologists state that the life span will decrease by weeks, on the average, due to the radioactivity already released.

Shall we suppliantly accept our cruel lot, or shall we, as Shaver has urged, make an effort to escape and overcome it? —Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Reading some of the articles in SEARCH in which the name of Harry Hoxsey is mentioned brings to mind happenings when I was a boy living in Muscatine, Iowa during the great depression. We had a local man, a Mr. Norman Baker, inventor of the caliaphone and proprietor of a mail order business, build a radio station — KTNT meaning Know The Naked Truth.

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D. M. Martin,

12835 Strathmoor Ave. Detroit 27, Michigan

He also later published a magazine bearing the same name. Now how he came to know Harry Hoxsey I do not know, but one day he converted a roller skating rink into the Baker Hospital with Hoxsey as head.

At about this time he started up the Midwest Free Press. My brother used to sell subscriptions to this paper covering the state. The presses started rolling on the first issue by President Herbert Hoover pressing a button in his office in Washington to complete the opening ceremonies Hoxsey's treatments were successful from the start according to the radio broadcasts and Free Press announcements, but before long the rival papers started printing a list of persons dying in the Baker Hospital and attacking both Hospital and Baker Enterprises. Then came attacks by the American Medical Society.

All these helped bring about the big court case—the one million dollar suit by Baker against the AMA This took place in Davenport, Iowa and lasted several weeks. Cancer cases in all stages were presented and the one I recall best was a man given up by the Mayo Clinic to die with cancer of the brain caused by a fall off a scaffold. The Mayo doctors trepanned the skull, but the growth prevented them from removing the section of skull. The Hoxsey treatments washed away the growth allowing new healthy tissue to grow in its place. As a witness for the prosecution this patient caused quite a stir by having his skull lifted, exposing his brain. Baker lost his case of course, but gained his point. He proved to most people that cancer was curable.

But the odds were against him. His newspaper advertisers quit his paper and it dwindled down in size until it became a small weekly. The Federal Communications Commission probably by being pressured by AMA, closed KTNT. The hospital was left however, being operated by licensed physicians and not breaking any law. Baker left town and built a powerful transmitter in Mexico and opened another cancer clinic in Texas.

The fact that these men—Baker, Brinkley, Hoxsey and others are still operating in spite of years and years of opposition by the AMA is testimony that they are doing good. And they want people to come and investigate their claims, to study their patients and to give an unbiased report on their findings. This is the reason I would not donate one cent to cancer foundations.

It seems that anyone with backbone enough to step off the beaten path, to act individually and to express himself publicly or privately

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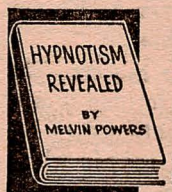
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AUREA, Central Valley, New York

is branded a heretic, or outcast and sometimes even called queer because he does not conform. Trouble with this age is lack of spirit in the individual, his utter willingness to fall in line with others, to become as a cog in the machine.

A word about the saucers. The only UFO I had the fortune to witness was the one mentioned in the AP report of Dec. 3, 1957 in which a brilliant light was seen racing through the skies over Michigan and Wisconsin. I happened to look out the window at the time mentioned and saw a blue glare speed Northwest through the sky. It happened so quickly I began to wonder if I really had seen anything at all. The appearance was that of a moving flash resembling a neon light or welder's torch. When I read the news item I knew I had seen my first UFO.

I believe the fuzziness halo or color surrounding these objects is a sort of energy field associated with the force that propels them, that changing of colors or intensity of force or speed. While not necessarily believing in it, I feel there is one possibility as to the origin of these objects not often mentioned, namely that they may be time travel ships. This could easily explain their right angle turns, their fading or disappearing from the observer, their existence in all periods of recorded time. Anything that can be imagined can be realized, and to say that man centuries from now cannot conquer a means of journeying from the future into the past is like saying fifty years ago that he would never journey in space.

I have a scrapbook of clippings on UFOlogy 1947 to date. Another on Fortean phenomena. It makes better reading than any saucer book I've had. If someone were to print a book with nothing but clippings and photos from the papers it would be a best seller and believe me it would convince the most skeptical So as one rebel to another I wish you success in all your undertakings.

H. Custer
30635 Helmandale Drive
Birmingham, Mich.

Dear Ray:

This is a belated "THANK YOU" for the wonderful issues of your most interesting magazine which you were good enough to send me some months ago, which I have just finished reading.

Allow me to tell you that you had not heard from me before because I work in the States as a servant several months and when my strength gives out, I return to the WONDERFUL peace of my old and modest house in this small, poor Mexican village of my birth I was the victim of an unfortunate

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accident in Los Angeles that kept me bedridden for several months and the meager savings I had accumulated naturally wasted away for medical care, etc. and I returned to San Jose del Cabo early in October and the following day a typhoon hit my village and lifted the roof right off my house, so I wallowed in mud and water for almost a week, all my clothing and my wonderful library were all shot, and here I am, living in a corner of a room, with tarps over my head hoping for the best and resting up to return to the States to again go to work as a servant.

Ray, I have come to the conclusion that YOU are Shaver . . . and you are everyone of these guys who write the hair raising articles in your SEARCH!

I would like very much to contribute to your SEARCH, a very informative article on mezcalin or peyote as we know it in Mexico. I, personally, have carried on extensive research on it and have tried it on myself with far more reaching effects than those described by Huxley in the Doors of Perception. Do you suppose it would be of interest to your readers? . . . According to the Tarahumara and Huichol tribes it is supposed to separate the soul from the body and such were my findings. I made many experiments with the cactus itself, the buttons, as well as the little tits that the root sprouts, which are supposed to do innumerable things. If you're interested, let me know.

You are a slippery one in all your replies to the letters you get! Do you ever agree with anybody? . . . Your replies make most interesting and SHARP reading, and I STILL contend that *YOU ARE* the sole fulcrum of your magazine.

I also received magazines from several of your readers, for which I am very grateful, but as the typhoon churned up all my papers their notes which I had set aside for replies were lost and now I cannot thank them, would you be so kind as to insert a little note in your 'personal' column? I don't want them to think that I am ungrateful, because I truly appreciate their magazines MORE than they imagine. Being penniless and thirsting for reading the kind of stuff one likes is rugged, to say the least.

Adriana de Zola
Apartado No. 8
San Jose del Cabo
Bajo California Sur
Mexico

No, I am not Shaver, nor am I all those other people who write in SEARCH. We have many wonderful contributors and although we never pay them, they keep us stocked with fine articles. As for

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your article, we'll be waiting for it! —*Rap.*

Dear Ray:

Am enclosing a copy of one of the "Revelations" that your dear friend Dorothy Spence Lauer said would be revealed to me a couple months ago. It happened on the 11th of December, 1958 and I've been receiving new ones regularly since then.

Dorothy Spence Lauer is a wonderful Psychic. I just sent to her an Aura analysis. I'll send a full report later on her correctness in my readings thus far. She has been away over 87½% correct where I am concerned. Good for Dorothy. I sure look forward to her column every issue of Search.

Vern J. Texter
P. O. Box 370
Chestertown, New York

Mr. Palmer:

In October, 1958, I sent my photo to Mrs. Lauer for an aura analysis. She told me many interesting things. She saw brown in my aura, which indicated an illness. She said if it was not checked right away, it would lead to something serious. Exactly one month later I went to the hospital for a very minor operation, and the doctors said that if I hadn't come in, that in time it could have become more serious. I felt good and had never given my health any thought, until her analysis.

Juanita Benton,
Box 124, Rt. 3
Stanton, Mich.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I will let you know how pleased I am with Mrs. Lauer's predictions. I sent her my picture as well as a bible verse, and the result is amazing. Since the picture was two years old, *all the things she saw have come true already.* I will certainly make her my steady advisor!

Mrs. Tutta Longbrake,
375 Furnace St.
Elyria, Ohio

Dear Ray:

You have asked the readers of SEARCH to write to you concerning Dorothy Spence Lauer's predictions, and the results. Well, here's my experience (deleted by editor for personal reasons). I'm really beginning to bank on what she predicts.

Cosette Weiss,
Las Cruces, N. Mex

The foregoing four letters are only a few of the very many we get from our readers who have written to Mrs. Lauer either for a psychometry analysis, or an aura analysis, or both. Add to this her uncanny personal predictions for

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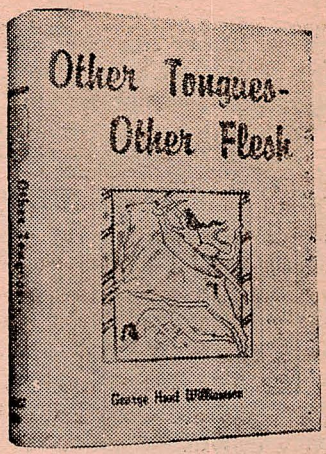
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your editor, we can positively say she's sensational. Her accuracy is astounding, although we must admit that in some cases reported to us, she can be entirely wrong. But recently her percentage of accuracy has risen above 90%. Whatever Dorothy has, she's GOT it! —Rap.

Dear Ray Palmer:

I have noticed there has been quite a hot argument to the pro and con of human reproduction. One side advocates, Go forth and replenish the earth and the other, all manner of twisted references to retaining "Seed". There is one Bible reference that, to date, I have heard no one refer to. That is found in I Tim 4:1-6; Quote: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats which GOD hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the word of GOD and prayer. If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine, whereunto thou hast attained. But refuse profane and old wives' fables. and exercise thyself rather unto godliness." King James Ver.

Weymouth put it this way: "Now the Spirit expressly declares that in later times some will fall away from the faith, giving heed to deceiving spirits and the teaching of demons; and this through the hypocrisy of men who teach falsely and have their own consciences seared as with a hot iron, forbidding people to marry, and insisting on abstinence from foods which GOD has created to be partaken of with thankfulness by those who believe and know the TRUTH. For everything that GOD has created is good; and nothing to be rejected, if only it is received with thanksgiving: it is made holy by the word of GOD and by prayer.

"If you put this to the brethren, you will be a good servant of Jesus Christ, nourished on the lessons of faith and of the good teaching which you have faithfully followed But profane stories, fit only for old women, having nothing to do with."

Now here we have it by George M. Lamsa: "Now the Spirit speaks expressly, that in latter times some shall depart from the faith, following after misleading spirits, and doctrines of devils; who with false

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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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appearance mislead and speak lies and are seared in their own conscience; who prohibit marriage, and demand abstinence from foods which GOD has created for use and thanksgiving of those who believe and know the truth. For all things created by GOD are good, nothing is to be rejected if it is received with thanksgiving, for it is sanctified by the word of GOD and prayer. If you teach these things to the brethren, you will be a good minister of Jesus Christ, brought up by the word of faith and in the good doctrine you have been taught. Refuse foolish and old wives fables, and train yourself in righteousness."

Some folk put more stock in the Moffatt translation so I will give you that one also: "But in later days, the Spirit distinctly declares. certain people will rebel against the faith; they will listen to spirits of error and to doctrines that demons teach through plausible sophists who are seared in conscience—men who prohibit marriage and insist on abstinence from foods which GOD created for believing men, who understand the Truth, to partake of with thanksgiving. Anything God has created is good, and nothing is to be tabooed—provided it is eaten with thanksgiving. for then it is consecrated by GOD's word, by the prayer uttered over it.

Lay all this before the brotherhood, and you will be an excellent minister of Christ Jesus, brought up on the truths of the faith and on the lessons of the good doctrine you have already followed. Shut your mind against these profane, drivelling myths; train for the religious life. The training of the body is of small service, but religion is of service in all directions. it contains the promise of life both for the present and for the future. It is a sure word, it deserves all praise, that "we toil and strive, because our hope is fixed upon the living GOD, the Saviour of all men"—of believers in particular." Moffatt; I Timotheus 4:1-10.

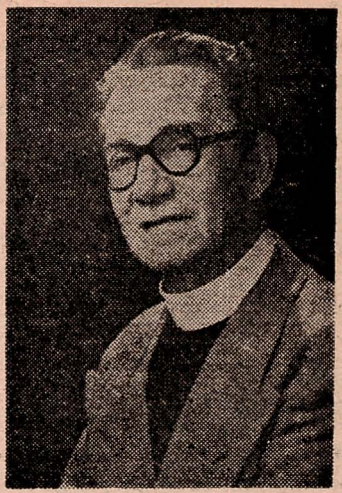
I believe this text of scripture has been ignored long enough. There are many of the so called teachings today that will come under this Prophecy. "Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they that testify of ME." I particularly like "By their Fruits you will know them"! I can think of many more Scriptures that would lay this teaching wide open as pure error.

I hope you will publish this letter as I know there are many true seekers that may be on the fence about this subject. I remember when I was quite young when an old sister told me almost the same thing and it almost broke up my home.

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May I say to you I have enjoyed "Search" and "Flying Saucers" very much. I read the Editorial first and then the letters and then the rest of the magazine. I don't always agree with the articles written but I try to keep an open mind at least.

Mrs. Mary J. Hughes,
2513 Mission Ave.
Carmichael, Calif.

Dear Ray:

In the left-hand column of page 124 of SEARCH No. 30, the printer (or someone) played a practical joke on me, apparently. Line six from the top: For "wife" read "life" or "life-span". I meant 1959 instead of 1949 in both places, lines 9 and 11 from the *bottom* of the page. And 4292 in lines 6 and 9 from bottom is wrong; it should be four-thousand-three hundred and six, or its digital equivalent, because 4 B.C. was included in that sum. What I had in mind was a radio-carbon date being pre-Flood (or antedeluvian), and a half-life is certainly not the upper limit on the number of years a once-living relic (such as a mummy or a tree) has been dead. Wish they'd C-14 date *Mateo Tepee* . . . fat chance!

As to the "argument" whether or not the longest possible half-life is between 5 and 6 thousand years, the *causation* of light-element radioactivity has no bearing upon my half-life data. You and Shaver may be right about heavy-element decay being the source of particles which "infect" light elements with radioactive instability, but your 6000 year upper limit on half-lives is quite mistaken, even when heavy-element data is considered.

Half of a pure sample of neodymium-150 decays every 2 *quadrillion* years or more. Bismuth-210 has a half-life of about one million years. Beyond a long list of short half-lives (of intensely radioactive elements, cf. radium), there is thorium-230 with a half-life of 80 thousand years. For protactinium-231 the half-life is 34,300 years. Uranium-234 has 248 thousand years. Uranium-235 has a 710 million year half-life, and finally, for uranium-238 we find 4 billion 498 million years. All of these mentioned radioactivities are *natural,* as distinguished from artificially induced. They all make a mere 6000 years look like a flicker on an IBM computer panel.

Now, the modern scientific view of a "constant decline", if it applies to a given sample of, say U-238, is correct, because the half-life is mathematically refined as the quotient found by dividing the Napierian natural logarithm of 2 by the disintegration constant *lambda*. This lambda (Greek lower-case L) stands for a "statistical-average" sort of

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constant, which is most dependable if the number of atoms per sample is sufficiently great—and more than the number in a small grain-sized quantity would be more than sufficient.

It is reasonable to imagine that Shaver's phrase "detrimental energy", to which he gave the code-name DE, is the cause of, rather than the result of, radioactivity. Space-fluid energy, according to a new slant on atomic physics, circulates in and out of the vortex-ring cores of the elementary particles—electrons, protons, neutrons, and antiprotons—to maintain their existence. If this fluid's fine-scale pulsations be modulated *discordantly,* it conveys DE, and is detrimental to the core-structures of the atoms. If these cores lack centroid-centered symmetry, then DE would render them unstable and therefore radioactive. Apparently DE consists of eddies of too large a size to be absorbed and returned to space, by the elementary particles, but the interspaces in the largest atom-cores could admit them. Eddies, as such, usually possess the kind of elasticity which resists distortion of shape. They also are very poor conductors of optical pulsations in straight paths, and may be the reason why material substances are opaque, with few exceptions (even the purest transparent substances of Earth are opaque for great enough distances through them). "Integrative energy" (TE), on the other hand, must consist of finer energy that is modulated with Perfection, Divine Love, etc., the highest frequencies possible. Let me know, somebody, are these speculations on the right track and close to Truth?

It is what we do not know that makes utterly unusual ideas seem like ridiculous nonsense to us. Today's radio shop-talk would have seemed like Zbtpfn to the ancient Greeks, fit for the maritime oar benches. Our society has absorbed this branch of technology because it creates new jobs and enriches the nation. If only the populace would have an equally high regard for riddle-solving pure-science philosophy—Truth for its own sake—sufficiently to back basic research and make the teacher's profession the best-paid and the most sought-after! At a Church social, surely, the advanced thinker ought to be looked up to much more than the shareholder. In this sentiment there is nothing new, of course.

E. Schroedinger gave us a useful new concept recently. He said all life-forms feed upon negative entropy, upon the opposite of chemical disorder and the antithesis to disorder in energy itself. That means that *anything* which has *anti-*

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entropy is intrinsically alive and sentient. According to this idea, an atom of matter is just as much rudimentary brain as it is rudimentary body! Poor tormented radium atoms!—making cancers worse by means of their gun-play . . . DE in manifestation.

V. M. Waage
811½ East 4th St.
Duluth 5, Minn.

SEARCH Readers:

For several years the writer has been publishing in many magazines and newspapers. He has been exposing corruption in medicine and politics. Nothing has been exaggerated. It is even worse than we have stated. Over 2,000 documentary proofs are in safety deposit boxes where rascals will never have an opportunity to destroy them, as was done at least four other times.

If there is anybody on earth you care about, I lay this duty on your souls. I say to you that we have all been guilty of the grievous sin of omission, if we have not demanded redress from Congress as provided by the Constitution. You and I (but not W. D. Chesney) will continue to be guilty before God, and condemnable by Jesus the Christ, if we continue in that sin.

"In as much as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it NOT unto me. And they shall go away into everlasting punishment." Matthew XXV. DID YOU NOTICE the word *NOT*, the word that spells omission? The same Chapter condemns the lazy virgins who did *NOT* fill their lamps with oil. Again, the sin of OMISSION. And please note, that is separating the sheep from the goats, Jesus did not ask if any of them followed any creedal rigamarol. He condemned them for NOT doing what they should have done.

We have just elected a new set of career-politicians all with a thirst for re-election. They will act if YOU, and YOU, will WRITE, and order YOUR servants to open up the matter of the FitzGerald report that was nicely hidden or destroyed by a certain senator, who has been charged with doing that awful deed as the Judas price of his election. THANK GOD, this man has just been snowed under despite the A.M.A. and its bottomless purse.

Read TIME Magazine, January 20, 1958, page 66. Then write demanding congressional investigation of A.M.A., F.D.A. et cet.

Read NEWS LETTER, September 8th, 1958, page 58. Write and demand full scale, public investigation of A.M.A., F.D.A. and the poisoners of Pervertsville on the Potomac.

Most of the men we elected to high offices are lawyers and past

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If you do not care for your life, the lives of your family, your country, or your God, then DO NOT WRITE, with the assurance that your sin of Omission is just as culpable as if YOU personally have conspired at the poison genicide of the human race.

W. D. Chesney, MD
Milton Junction, Wisc.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have been reading your magazine for quite some time now, and every time I do, I become a little annoyed in regard to people criticizing the articles you print.

They all seem to be big authorities on whatever subject they are running down. If they are so intelligent, why don't they either disregard the article for one thing, or keep an open enough mind in order to get something out of it, instead of jumping up and telling you how stupid you are for allowing such a thing to enter your magazine.

I think we should give people credit for being intelligent enough to know what is truth and what is not. These authorities think they are confusing some of the people. Because some people aren't spiritually developed enough to understand some things concerning the unknown. But judging by the many copies you sell, people are at least making an "effort" to understand. Which I feel, deserves a lot of credit.

Therefore, I feel any and all kinds of research should be exposed to the public. You are doing a fabulous job of carrying out this mission.

I know I am eager to learn all I can; and have enough faith in God, which makes up my intelligence, to let me use what I can out of the articles, and quietly disregard what I can't use, until a further date, if He sees fit.

I have been around ridicule all of my 24 years, and I still hurt inside when I am around it or read it. Maybe I am wrong, but I should

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think the world would be a better place if there were more expressions of love and less ridicule.

Mrs. Barbara LaComb
4305 E. Florence Ave.
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Back in the early days of *Fate,*
of SEARCH and *Mystic* too;
I used to read rebuttals
With delight, put out by you!
No 'Philly lawyer in his prime,
Nor orator supreme
Could hold a candle to you, Ray,
But (sigh) 'tis like a dream—
For now, you peddle chili!
Just a vendor yet, you are,
Not even flying saucers, nor
The life on some faint star
Intrigues you as it used to do
When you were "on the way"!
'Tis "Senor! Buy some chili, si?
And warm your guts today."
Ah, Raymond pal, how could you
Forsake the real crusade
To pander to men's appetite?
'Til "bridgehead" you had made
On "spirit plane" or planetoid,
Where the "whatzees" have
three toes.
To satisfy the inner man
With gastronomic woes!
Who'll "talk" now with Aunt
Emma?
Or Uncle Joe (long gone)?
Who'll tell us where we're going;
When our spirit form we'll don?
Not you! You're making chili,
And with Mammon plan to stay!
Oh, why must all my heroes
Forever act this way (sob)!

Bertram W. Hanscom
Kennebunk, Maine

'Tis chili out in space,
So warm your gut before you go;
Lest neglecting the inner man,
Before your time you blow!
Rap

Besides, it's the best darn chili you ever ate! Hundreds of SEARCH housewives say they're grateful to me for introducing them to so wonderful a product. And it DOES its honest bit to keep SEARCH carrying on! —*Rap.*

Dear Ray:

In answer to the portion of the letter of Howard Neuberger saying, "space people are wicked spirits-demons".

Howard must have some basis for saying what he does. It also appears possible to me that people (or people that have no flesh) live in space, and also they that travel in airplanes and other vehicles of space could be demons, wicked. People that live on earth also occupy space and they may be demon infested.

In Religions are often teachings that point out to live for self, to make sacrifices of other people for self pursuit, self glory, is a demon manifestation. It seems to me, to judge on the basis of geography or

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by some name would be a doubtful or erroneous judgment and in this state could not really listen to one speaking as we then may have already condemned, saying, "devil, devil". Some people take to the opposite judgment having decided to use a certain name or appearance as a basis or vehicle of truth and dependability and so do not question and could be led about blindly. As to Howard he may have really met some demons, but if these evil people wore red coats and green hats can then one say: people that wear red coats and green hats are demons—evil spirits?

In Oahspe (advertised in this magazine) page 514 verse 16 to and including verse 56 tells people to be guarded against misleading spirits and to know who is afflicted with them.

Roy Thoreby
Box 404
Florence, Oregon

Dear Mr. Palmer:

The author of A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH — Herbert Bailey, just published by Putnams and exposing medical monopoly suppression of Krebiozin cancer cure has just been beaten almost to death by thugs for his great effort on behalf of cancer sufferers. You ought to give this fullest publicity. Full information available in PREVENTION Magazine, Emaus, Pa., November 1958 issue. You should also publicize the arrest, AND TORTURE of one health store dealer for selling ten pounds of wheat clean and without the usual deadly cumulative insecticides in it. Get the facts from Capsule News, 1737 H St., N.W. Washington, D.C. The U.S. Public has no inkling of what goes on in the health field!

R. Steinhilber
Hermosillo, Sonora
Mexico

Dear Ray:

Some time ago in SEARCH I noted a paragraph that stated that your prime objective was to investigate and publish the TRUTH. I got a big laugh out of reading that, and I imagine you got a big laugh out of writing it. You and I know that this is an Ideal held up for all of the readers to see, but not to be *strictly* carried out in fact. If you disagree with my last statement, why don't you serialize, condense, or in some way push the monumental documentary book by John Beaty, "THE IRON CURTAIN OVER AMERICA" (your magazines aren't being carried on the newsstands anyway) Published at Chestnut Mountain Books, Barboursville, Virginia. Could it be that it is *too* well documented, and *too* well referenced? It has sold

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through 16 printings from Dec. 1951 through Nov. 1957, and is still selling strong. If you were publishing a couple of books like this, they would finance quite a bit of expansion in your magazines designed to tell the Truth, all the Truth (?), etc. The *American Mercury Magazine* is traveling in the direction of this book, but hasn't gotten there yet. This book ties in with "Rockefeller Internationalist" by Josephson, and "The Drug Story" by M. Beale, although it has far more references than both of them put together.

Dennis Kier
1303 9th Ave.
#502
Seattle 1, Wash.

Dear Sir:

I am one of a group of people interested in all the information I can get on the mysterious woman called Frances Sande whose Headquarters here are called SPACE MEN. She declares Space Men are reincarnate GREAT of the past and proves whom she has been by changing to show past incarnations. She says that TRUTH must be made known and invites any to understandings sufficient to HIS COMING as "A LITTLE CHILD TO LEAD THEM," spoken of in the Bible. THE CHILD "appears" with her and sometimes a second Child "appears" whom she declares is John the Baptist.

Great Theosophical Masters of Wisdom "appear" with her and the Master Hilarion within her, while Master Kuthumi (whom she declares to be an incarnation of CHRIST) comes in a great light to sit in the place from which she vanishes. She declares Hilarion was an incarnation of Virgin Mary whom all clairvoyants report as one of her incarnations. Queen Nefertiti and Joan of Arc also "appear" in what seems to be a cosmically televised picture which came over her face. Sometimes she actually changes bodies and even looks like Mdm. Blavatsky. She says that THE CHILD was hers and was "caught up" several years ago when the Mafia leader tried to get possession of HIM. She declares HE will soon be restored to her arms as GOD removed the evil ones giving her so much trouble since their clairvoyants found her five years ago.

We will be glad to share clairvoyant reports and all of our findings in return for anything of interest you might have on this case. Would believe it well worth your time to come here and "SEE" for yourself.

Blanche Worrell
Box 626
Boulder, Colorado

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FATE Magazine — a copy of Fall, 1948, and March, 1950, issues wanted. Write: Ruby M. Oliver, Box 1025, Alpine, Texas.

HAVE YOU SEEN A FLYING SAUCER? If so, we want your detailed account of the sighting, giving all known factors. If you have a photo of your sighting, no matter how imperfect, please send us a print with details surrounding the taking of the picture. FLYING SAUCERS, Rt. 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisconsin.

WANTED: Occult and mystic books for our library. Don't throw away those old books. Send them to us and we'll gladly pay the postage. SEARCH, Rt. 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisconsin.

INFORMATION WANTED: Twelve years ago L. Taylor Hansen left to descend into a cave somewhere near Death Valley, reported by him to be a "polished black shaft, obviously artificial," and possibly an entrance to Shaver's caves. He never returned. Anyone who saw him before his disappearance, knew where he was going, or knew anything about his plans, should immediately contact Ray Palmer, Rt. 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisconsin.

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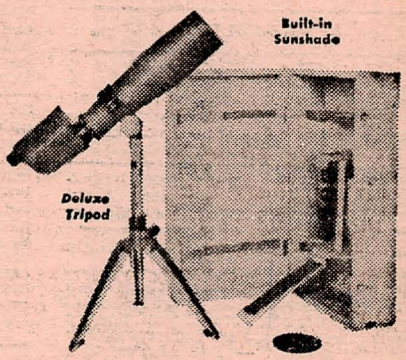
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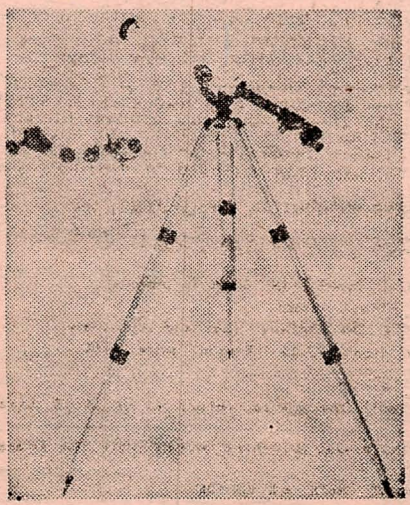
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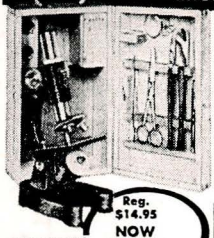
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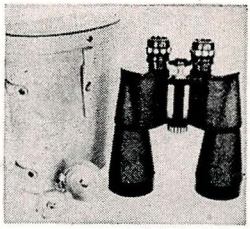
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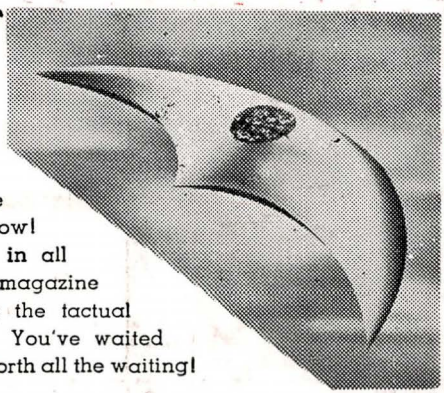


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