Unusual-But True

SEARCH

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June, 1961
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VIVISECTION -
A WORTHLESS CRUELTY

IN DEFENSE OF JUDAS

FRED EVANS,
PSYCHOGRAPHER

MYSTIC MANTRAM
OF ANCIENT POMPEII

INCIDENT
IN A LONDON FOG

RED CHINA - ON GHOSTS

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THE MAN
ON THE MOUNTAIN

THE DREAM I HOPE
NEVER COMES TRUE

YOUR FUTURE

BOK ON ASTROLOGY



Comment On Reinhold Schmidt

By Richard S. Shaver

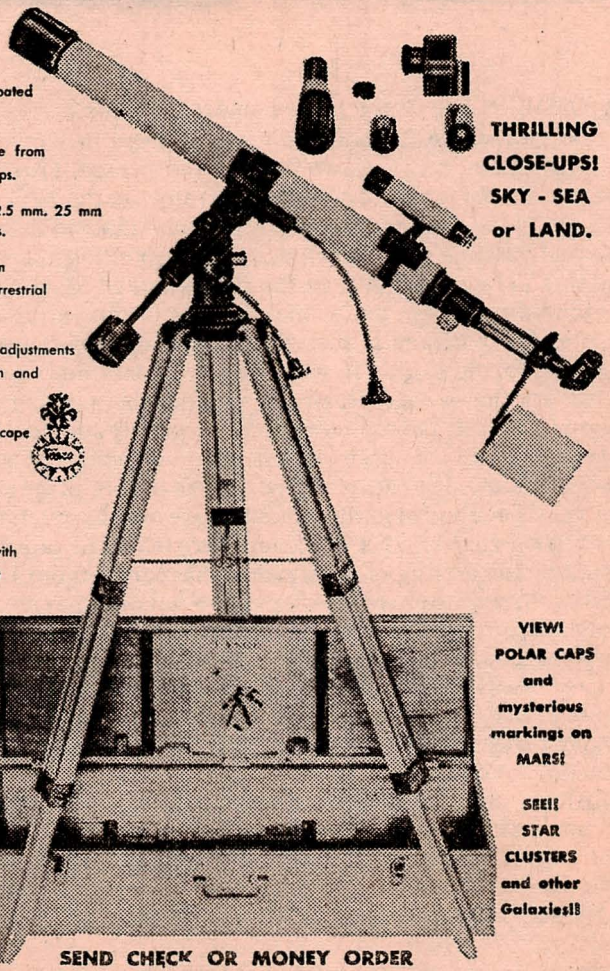
EDITORIAL 2
Ray Palmer
INCIDENT IN A LONDON FOG 8
L. Taylor Hansen
VIVISECTION - A WORTHLESS CRUELTY 16
Dr. W. D. Chesney, M. D.
IN DEFENSE OF JUDAS 22
Emma Hein Clark
FRED EVANS, PSYCHOGRAPHER 28
J. J. Owens
THE MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN 36
Anonymous
THE DREAM I HOPE NEVER COMES TRUE 39
Louise Justice
SAUCER SECRECY? MAYBE THIS IS WHY 40
MYSTIC MANTRAM OF ANCIENT POMPEII 41
Helen Hale
CIVILIZATION AND HEALTH 49
COMMENT ON REINHOLD SCHMIDT 50
Richard S. Shaver
RED CHINA - ON GHOSTS 55
ASTROLOGY: ILL-HEALTH AND CHART COMPARISON 56
Hannes Bok
YOUR FUTURE 62
Dorothy Spence Lauer
PROOF OF SURVIVAL 65
L. Taylor Hansen
PERSONALS 75
From Our Readers
WHERE THE READER HAS HIS SAY 82
Letters From Our Readers

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...Editorial...

POSSIBLY one of the most romantic names a river could have is to be called the Tomorrow River. There is a river by that name in Wisconsin, and it flows through the village of Amherst. In Amherst there is an old grade school which sits on the bank of the Tomorrow River. It is no longer used for a school--instead it contains a printing press and various other machines used in printing magazines. This magazine was printed there. It is the first issue of SEARCH to be printed in this romantic setting, and it marks an important milestone in your editor's life; for it means at last that we have achieved a goal with real importance--for no longer is what we say, and its distribution to those who care at all that we say it, predicated on whether or not a third person whose interest is purely monetary, or purely political, or not-so-purely in the interests of liberty and free speech, can say us yea or nay.

We are sure that there will be errors in this magazine; there may be some very peculiar printing indeed; there may be much poor quality mixed with good quality--but whatever there is will be our doing, and we will not suffer that feeling of frustration that comes from being rendered ineffective through the acts of others. Now our only barrier is our own limitations, or our own lack of get-up-and-go! Naturally we no longer have a whipping boy, nobody to blame for our failures--but even in failure, if it occurs, we will need only to examine our inner conscience to determine a remedy; and once that remedy is determined, it can be put into effect.

Many times readers of SEARCH have written asking "why do you act as you do?" You ask what I really believe about all the things that appear in SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS and in whatever other magazine or book that I publish; and when I appear (or am) inconsistent, you wonder "what side of the fence" I am on. All through the years (34 of them as a matter of fact!) I have tried to let you know that I'm not on any side at all, but strictly interested in FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION and ACTIVE THINKING as opposed to TAKING ON FAITH. As an example, take the subject of Reincarnation: many readers have even become annoyed that "a man of my intelligence" refuses to accept "the obvious" truth of the

fact of reincarnation. They point to all the evidence for reincarnation, derived mainly from sources that require some sort of "acceptance", as in such evidence as that obtained in the seance room where the spirits of the dead testify to the fact of reincarnation; or the evidence of living people who remember past lives, and have even proved it by going to the location of that past life and accurately identifying people, places and objects. This evidence seems overpowering to them, and while I am willing to admit that it is certainly to be considered in utmost seriousness, they are unwilling to permit me to give equally serious consideration to another possibility that exists. In this case that the spirits are not necessarily telling the truth; and that the strange memory of the living person may not be his own memory, but that of another through the equally demonstrated phenomenon of obsession or possession. As long as it could be one or the other, Ray Palmer cannot accept as final either one.

It is my firm conclusion, based on the events of an entire lifetime, that to "accept on faith" or on "authority" is to invite error, or worse, to invite deception and delusion. What if by accepting reincarnation as a fact, one were to bind himself, so to speak, to arbitrary obsession of another by a system of deception instituted in another scheme of life wherein such deception is the means of enslavement to an unscrupulous master? If, then, it developed there was a better alternative, we would have lost the opportunity to take advantage of that alternative by our foolish taking on faith of what COULD be a deception! Might not eternal vigilance also be the price of liberty in a phase of life that exists after this one? Would it not be reckless folly to assume reincarnation, if it exists, to be good, when there is also evidence (which also may be factual) that what we observe to be reincarnation may in reality be possession?

It is not my intention to argue reincarnation here, but only to demonstrate the reasoning behind an apparent inconsistency in publishing both sides of a question to which many admit but to one side.

In the pages of SEARCH, too, not only is the freedom of expression of Ray Palmer important, but that of every other person who holds the same reverence for such freedom. It is because under the Constitution of this land, its citizens are guaranteed such freedom, and because it is true that it is denied many through one circumstance or another, that SEARCH is published to provide a place where that freedom may be exercised without hindrance, either through lack of opportunity, or by actual suppression. Here we have another basis for the actions of Ray Palmer. The final reason is the knowledge that far too few people actually THINK. Some persons live their whole lives without thinking their own thoughts,

rather, they "use references", "refer to authority", "take for granted", "parrot", "rationalize", "believe in", or any other reflex mental activity which passes for thought. It is a fact that true thinking is laborious. It demands an effort which can be more tiring than heavy physical labor. More, it is complicated, and is entirely original. By original we mean it constitutes actual creation of thought forms. It is true that in the act of thinking, we really only engage in a process that might be likened to a child building houses out of blocks--he is limited to the blocks, their size and number and shape, in the architectural result. He can't build a house with seven gables, when he has only enough blocks for six. In short, when we think, we are merely using the building blocks (experiences) already available, and we cannot go beyond the limitations imposed by our past experiences, or if you please, our education. Not ordinarily, that is. We go through as much as thirty or forty years engaging in a pseudo-thought which consists only of varied combinations of all our experiences. It is like some of our dreams, wherein daytime experiences are mixed in a nonsensical jumble that may even constitute a nightmare. There is really nothing original here.

You might ask, then, what is "original" thought? Originally, we might postulate, it is what is known as extrapolation, that is, the projection into an advanced state of the possibilities inherent in those already recorded experiences in our memory. What we believe to be thinking is in reality only engaging in memory exercises, and the juggling around of our memories so as to produce combinations which seem to be new, but actually are not. Yet when true thinking occurs, there is creativity. Something new is established. We call it inspiration, sometimes, and perhaps it is through inspiration that many truly new ideas come forth; but it is difficult to believe that no thought is original, because even if it comes from a source termed inspirational, there must be originality at that source. When it is not inspirational, but the result of mental "blood and sweat" it comes only as the end product of long practice. We must LEARN to think--and we can only become proficient by constant practice, just as it is necessary to practice daily to become a good pianist.

At last we have the primary reason for the existence of SEARCH magazine--an incentive to YOU to think, a place wherein you can exercise your mind, an opportunity for you to exchange experiences, ideas, memory patterns and also a place where that subtle enemy to thinking and to freedom, propaganda, cannot enter without being challenged. Whatever is said in SEARCH must be prepared to be questioned!

With the publication of this issue, a new adventure begins for us, and we hope, for you. Perhaps if we told you a little about what we've done, it might be of interest to you, and encourage you to take advantage of the opportunity SEARCH offers you to be part of our little family, and to express your own views so that they can be shared with others who are interested in becoming a part of that "informed public" without which no nation can really be free. Perhaps you are one of those people who have gone to the newsstand in the past twelve months and asked for a copy of SEARCH only to be told that "they don't send us that magazine any more" or "they've gone out of business" or "never heard of it". This is understandable, in a way, because during 1960 we managed, for a variety of reasons best left undescribed for the benefit of our emotions, to get out only four issues instead of six--and these were at such haphazard intervals that it was no surprise that newsdealers surmised something had gone wrong, such as going out of business. This was not true, however, and here we are with an issue we feel sure will herald a new beginning to regular publication, and on time every sixty days. Another reason you might not have found SEARCH on sale when you looked for it was the habit publishers have nowadays of placing an issue dated May on sale about the first of March, and taking it off sale about April first to fifteenth. The truck driver who brings magazines to newsstands knows this, and since he is instructed to pick up "old" magazines to make room for the new ones, he will remove any May magazine if he happens to find it on sale after April fifteenth. So what happens to a May SEARCH which we are so late as to place on sale on April thirteenth? You guessed it--it is taken off by the pick-up man the next time around, which is only a few days; so SEARCH, although really a newly issued magazine, is there hardly long enough to sell more than a few copies before it goes back to us for credit as a "return". When we are late, thousands of our readers miss their copy, we lose a lot of money through these missed copies, the newsdealers check up on their own income on the issue, decide it doesn't pay, and cancel future orders. It is all a vicious circle. --

During 1960, we were almost always late. By 1961 we had to do something or lose track of all our regular newsstand readers and find ourselves back where we were several years ago. Consequently we took a step which was quite drastic indeed--we set up our own printing plant, at a cost which will cause us to swallow hard for many a moon, and the magazine you now hold is the first SEARCH ever to be printed by us--and that is a thing we would have said would never happen.

In respect to that, we can score one more for our psychometrist, Dorothy Lauer, who told us some time ago that we were going to enter a new business; which we knew couldn't be true, because we had no intentions of doing anything different. Yet here we are, a printer as well as a publisher as well as an editor as well as a distributor--in short there is nothing from the very writing of the copy to the final burning of the returned covers in our furnace to keep us warm in the winter so that not even the "squeal of the pig" is wasted, that we do not control. If we are late from now on, or if we miss an issue, what can we say?

We've had a lot of letters asking why the article "Health Distilled From Flowers" was on the cover of the March issue, but not inside the magazine. The answer isn't censorship, it is merely that the Federal Trade Commission suggested to the author that she would be violating a federal law if she suggested that health actually could be distilled from flowers. They do not contest that it might be so, but if it is, they require that the dosage be given and the diseases which it cures be specifically mentioned. It's that old business of labeling again. It's like the case of the health food store owner whose name we won't mention who was sent to jail because he advertised whole wheat for sale as a "health" food. Healthy? Of course, but specifically, how many teaspoons cure what disease? A real trap for the unwary, eh? Anyway, don't try to advertise any essence distilled from flowers as healthful, because you can't prove it, and even if you could, hitting on the correct dosage and a complete list of diseases that the essence would cure would be quite a trick. As a matter of fact, we had rewritten the article so that it made no claims for health, but the author felt quite terrified at the prospect of facing a jury of her peers in a federal court with nothing but a boquet of daisies in her defense. Take us at our word--you can't cure warts or anything else with flower juice, even in the dark of the moon in a cemetery.

There is one thing we want to say in connection with this being our first experience in printing our own magazines--it would be highly unlikely that we would be perfect, so if you find anything wrong with your copy, such as blank pages, something upsidedown, or illegible, just drop us a card and we will send you a new copy by return mail no matter where you hail from, including Moscow (a new subscriber from that city just joined us today).

We wonder how many of you saw Jackie Gleason's article in ARGOSY in which he takes the opposite view from Lt. Colonel Lawrence Tacker, who insists now that not only are there no flying saucers, but everybody

who sees one is nuts? Well, Jackie is probably one of the most earnest researchers into the occult, the mysterious, the unexplained, we know. He's a real hard-headed skeptic, too, and he doesn't swallow anything whole. But the last thing in the world he will do is to reject without a fair hearing. That's what he often does on the WOR radio station Long John show week nights from midnight to dawn. We'd like to meet him on that show sometime, and maybe we will if that New York trip ever materializes for us.

Have you ever read what it was that converted Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to spiritualism? In this issue we present the true story, as he related it personally in a lecture in America (or rather, after the lecture to our author). We think you'll find it interesting, and we ask you to consider that it comes from one of this editor's most highly respected writers, none other than L. Taylor Hansen. This article is the first of many which will appear in future issues of SEARCH. There will be many very fine articles in SEARCH in coming issues!

Also in this issue is Dr. Chesney's reply to the vivisection article in the March, 1961 issue of THE READERS' DIGEST. The doc's mighty hot about that article, and we can hardly blame him. Now that we've got our new printing plant set up, we are going to put Doc Chesney's new documentary book CONFIDENTIAL MEDICAL CATECHISM into production. We confidently predict that this book will be a sensation. It picks up where his first book, A DOCTOR IS BORN left off. Where his first book was short on documentation, this one is very long! Watch for announcement of publication in this magazine.

Our activities of the past months has resulted in a huge pile of unanswered mail accumulating on our desk. It is quite impossible to answer all of it, although we will try to get to the more important ones--to those who have written me and who have not received an answer, and who will most likely never get an answer, please accept our apologies. It has not been easy to accomplish the task that has faced us, and about all we can do at this point is to make a new beginning and take care of new mail as it arrives. We make this sort of resolution frequently, and somehow it rarely becomes a permanent thing. But we have some hope that all of you realize that we make SEARCH our mutual meeting place, and we like to think that you have the same friendly, homey feeling we have when we are writing the editorial or answering published letters, or writing an article on some subject that has aroused us to a fever pitch. One thing we guarantee--we READ every letter you write to us! -Rap.

Incident In A London Fog

(Which converted Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to spiritualism, as related by him after one of his lectures)

By L. Taylor Hansen

ONE SUMMER night during Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's last trip to America, I persuaded two of my high school friends (one was Larry Tebbets) to accompany me to his lecture. We were all fans of the great Sherlock Holmes and of course expected to hear something about the birth and development of this master of deduction.

Imagine our surprise and disgust when the lecture turned out to be about spiritualism. It was a subject which we, as teen-agers found to be rather silly. The exit was at some distance from our seats, so we decided to stay and suffer it through. Finally, the lecture over, Sir Arthur asked for questions. The first one awakened me.

"What caused you to become really converted to the truth of spiritualism?" a stout man asked.

"I was interested in spiritualism for some time but it took an incident in a London fog to convince me for all time.

"As I said, the fog was very dense that morning. I had just contacted one of London's most famous mediums at her home and was standing on the front steps. I was attempting to overcome her hesitancy to perform for many interested scientists under laboratory conditions. Suddenly she put a hand on my arm and motioned me to silence.

"I am sorry, Sir Arthur, but I have a very urgent message. Then after a moment she said: 'Quickly, take down this address!'

" 'I am sorry, Sir Arthur, but I have a very urgent message.' Then after a moment she said: 'Quickly, take down this address!'

"I looked at her in amazement, but managed to hunt through my pockets and come up with a pencil and an envelope as she told me an address, in the manner of a person listening and repeating something that had been heard. A name followed this with a spelling of the name, letter by letter.

"I admit I was skeptical. This sounded pretty much like a trick, but I wrote down the name as I had been told, as it was spelled out to me. Then she explained: 'Sir Arthur, there is a distracted mother by my side. She said briefly that her boy is contemplating suicide because he has lost his carpentry job. She has scouted around and found another for him at the address given. Now it is up to us to reach the London Bridge before he reaches it. We won't have time to walk, but she tells me she is impelling a cab driver to bring his cab this way.'

"She was right about that. A cab appeared as by magic and we took it, but the almost immediate appearance of the cab had served to increase my skepticism.

" 'How do we recognize this young man?' I asked.

" 'She has told me that she will point him out to us and has given me his name -- it is John ------.'

"I am purposely not giving the last name of that young man because I do not have his permission to give it.

"Suddenly the medium gripped my arm. 'He is just ahead of us. Get out and stop him quickly. He is climbing up to jump!'

"I sprang out of the cab and ran to a shadowy form on the side of the bridge, who certainly was attempting at that moment to climb to the top of the railing.

" 'Wait, John!' I shouted at him, pulling him back to the sidewalk. 'You must not jump over. Your mother tells me that you are not to kill yourself.'

"He picked himself up from the sidewalk and looked at me strangely.

" 'How do you know my name? Or my plans?'

" 'Your mother told us.'

" 'My mother has been dead for several years.'

" 'Yes, we know. Yet right now she is standing by your side.'

" 'I can't believe it.'

" 'Then perhaps this will convince you,' said my friend, the medium, who smiled now as she handed the would-be suicide my envelope with the pencilled name and address. 'This is the name of your new boss and the address of your new job. Also your mother tells me you have had no lunch nor do you have any money in your pockets - so you are coming with me to lunch with me and you are to accept money from me. You may pay it back later from your second pay check.'

"The lips of the young man began to quiver as he fought back the tears. 'This is unbelievable. It is beyond my understanding.'

"And taking his arm, I said: 'It is also beyond my understanding.'"

At this point in Sir Arthur's discourse, I wished to ask a question, so I stood up to get his attention. Sir Arthur nodded toward me. "Does the creator of the famous detective, Sherlock Holmes, accept this supposed unrehearsed incident without the skepticism typical of his fictional wizard, or even of the slower brained Dr. Watson?" I asked.

The lecturer laughed good-naturedly. "No, my young friend. I never swallow anything without first scientifically examining every angle. However, my subsequent investigations found this case to be air-tight."

I wasn't to be left hanging in midair. "May I ask whom you hired to investigate the incident, and who were the parties investigated?"

"Certainly. I hired my favorite lawyer and my favorite detective - not Sherlock Holmes."

"And the parties?"

"These two men investigated the young man, the new employer and the medium."

"You say that they did find no possibility of fraud?"

"Not only that - but the investigation immediately converted them both, as well as myself, to the undoubted fact that the individuality survives the veil of death."

THE END

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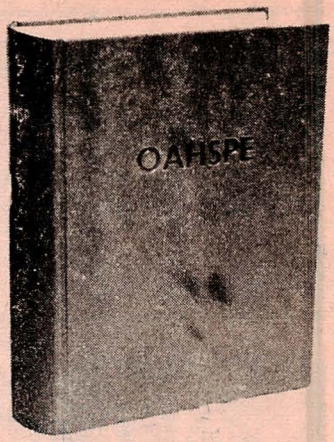
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Ray Palmer



OAHSPE—What it is, and how written

Perhaps the best way to describe OAHSPE is in the words of the book itself: "A sacred history of the dominions of the higher and lower heavens on the Earth for the past twenty-four thousand years, being from the submersion of the continent of Pan in the Pacific Ocean, commonly called the Flood or Deluge, to the Kosmon (present) Era. Also a brief history of the preceding fifty-five thousand years, together with a synopsis of the cosmogony of the Universe; the creation of the planets; the creation of man; the unseen worlds; the labor and glory of gods and goddesses in the etherean heavens; with the new commandments of Jehovih to man of the present day. With revelations from the second resurrection, formed in words in the thirty-third year of the Kosmon Era." The purpose of the book is: "To teach mortals how to attain to hear the Creator's voice, and to see His heavens, in full consciousness, whilst still living on the earth; and to know of a truth the place and condition awaiting them after death."

OAHSPE was written by a process known as automatic writing, on a Sholes typewriter (one of the very first), by John Ballou Newbrough, who was born on June 5, 1828, on a Springfield, Ohio farm. A college man, he specialized in medicine, particularly dentistry. After college he went to the goldfields of California, and also to Australia. Afterward he became a dentist in New York City. One morning in 1870, Newbrough went to the home of his dearest friend Edwin Augustus Davis (to whose memoirs we owe this information), who lived on Sixth Avenue, near the old Hay Market, and said: "I've come for your advice; I had quite an experience about 4 a.m. this morning. I was sleeping nicely when I felt a hand on my shoulder. A voice said: 'Wake up, doctor. Everything is all right. I only want to ask you a question, and we will go.'

"I sat up and answered: 'Yes, if I can.' The voice said: 'Would you like to perform a mission for Jehovih?'

"I rubbed my eyes and saw that the room was lit up with pillars of soft light so pleasing to the eyes that it was indescribable. I saw great numbers of beautiful spirits or angels. They did not have wings. I spoke: 'What is the mission, so that I may know whether to say yes or no?' The answer came back: 'Jehovih would like you to live spiritually for ten years, and at the end of that time we will come back and tell you what it is that we desire, for your body and mind are not sufficiently perceptible now.'

"What do you mean by living spiritually?'

" 'We want you never to kill anything, or eat anything that breathes; meat, fish, birds, reptiles. Live on nuts, fruit, vegetables. One other thing is very important: you must help people; give your services to people who need dental help, without pay, if they cannot pay. Do charity work' the voice said, and then the lights dimmed and went out, and the atmosphere changed back to its normal darkness. I got up and wrote down everything that had happened, then came over to talk to you."

Davis and Newbrough discussed the matter for hours, and during the conversation Newbrough revealed that he thought he had recognized three of the spirits, although he had not had a good look at them. He asked Davis if he thought the adventure was real, or only a dream.

"John," said Davis, "I don't believe it was a dream. I'd say, go ahead. Perhaps the ten year wait will be worth it, when you find out what it is that you are to do."

At 4 a.m. in the morning late in 1880, John Ballou Newbrough was again awakened from his slumber to find the same mysterious and beautiful lights filling his room. The same voice spoke; "You have done well. You have passed our test. Now we want you to buy a typewriter and place it on this table. We will thereafter awaken you one hour before dawn each morning, and you will sit in this chair before the typewriter and put your hands on the keys. You will buy plenty of paper and keep it always ready to use."

"I don't know how to use a typewriter."

"We will control your hands and arms, and perform the task for you, so don't worry. You must not look at what is written until it is finished."

There was further discussion and instruction, then the pillars of light dimmed and went out.

On the morning of January 1, 1881, having followed all instructions, the first writing session began at 4 a.m. As Newbrough later told it to his friend, Davis: "To my amazement as I sat in the chair, my hands went up and started to pound at the keys. It seemed to me that I was half asleep, but I saw everything I was doing. I saw no spirits, but I knew they were using my body and thought. I looked at my hands and fingers; they were going like mad.

"The papers seemed to pile up fast on the right side of the typewriter. As the days went by, I was doing more and more. At first I was thinking what am I writing about? My mind seemed blank, but I had never felt better in my life. I always locked my door after me, and it was locked when I came back. I noticed, though that there was a blank paper over the pile I had finished, and a paperweight on top. As I left my room the next morning I took particular notice of how the paperweight lay on the stack of finished work. When I returned that evening, I wanted to see if it had been moved, but it had not. But to my surprise, my bed had been made. Everything had been dusted and cleaned. I said to myself: 'The spirits are certainly working hard around here!' I heard a loud laugh, and the voice said: 'We are! We don't want you to worry about a thing. We are taking care of you, and no harm can come to you. Remember this!' "

Every morning, before sunrise, until December 15, 1881, John Ballou Newbrough wrote at a speed physically almost impossible considering the crudity of this first typewriter, and finally the manuscript was complete.

In 1882 the book was published, according to the instructions given Newbrough by his spirit authors. It is this original 1882 edition that has now been restored to availability with the publication of this photo reproduction.

In only one respect is this edition different from the original: it also contains reproductions of the oil paintings (first presented in the 1891 edition, also out of print) of Zarathustra, Po, Abram, Brahma and his wife Yu-Tiv, Ea-wah-tah (Hiawatha), Thothma (builder of the Great Pyramid), Capilya, Moses, Chine, Sakaya, Ka'Yu (Confucius) and Joshu. These paintings were done by Newbrough in total darkness in the same manner as the OAHSPE manuscript.

OAHSPE—It staggers the imagination!

This edition of OAHSPE contains 928 pages. It also contains nearly three quarters of a million words, and calculating from actual time of writing, it was written at the rate of 120 words per minute! This on an 1880 Sholes typewriter is a miracle in itself. Many of the drawings in OAHSPE were done at the same time . . . in the dark! The Book of Cosmology might have been written by today's space scientists! Much of the science in OAHSPE has only recently been "discovered". Newbrough could not have "guessed" so rightly, especially in the face of all the authorities of his day. Today space satellites are discovering "how it is" out in space, while in 1882 OAHSPE contained the same information! As an instance, the now famous Van Allen radiation belts, complete as to nature and height! The scientific reader is overwhelmed by the science of OAHSPE.

Do you think flying saucers are new? Then read OAHSPE! A whole panorama of aerial and space vessels, described as though from today's newspapers. Do you wonder at Einstein's theories? Then read OAHSPE! He could have gotten his information there! Uncounted thousands of tons of meteorites fall to Earth each day, yet space is nearly empty of them. OAHSPE knew it in 1882! Space is dark, say our daring astronauts. So did OAHSPE in 1882, and tells us why! Archaeologists have made amazing discoveries of ancient races and dead cities and civilizations since 1882. They might have discovered them sooner had they read OAHSPE. Ancient languages are described in OAHSPE; the key was "revised out" of the 1891 edition, restored in this one.

Just where is Heaven? What do you do there? Is there anything for YOU to do when you get there — what kind of occupation? Is there really a Hell? Who manages the Earth, the Solar System, the Universe — and how? How do the different religions fit into God's one Universe? OAHSPE tells all this, and a thousand more answers to man's most difficult questions.

This edition is wonderfully printed, beautifully bound in green leather and solid gold stamping, and actually cost more to produce than you will pay for it, because the publisher felt that this original edition with its controversial differences from later editions, should not be lost to the world.

Clip coupon and mail immediately — only 2000 copies have been printed!

Ray Palmer,
Rt. 2, Box 36,
Amherst, Wisconsin

Rush me a copy of the photo-reproduced original 1882 edition of OAHSPE, complete with its original language key, its original context without deletions, revisions or additions, its lengthy commentary, plus Newbrough's paintings of the prophets and saviors from the 1891 edition.

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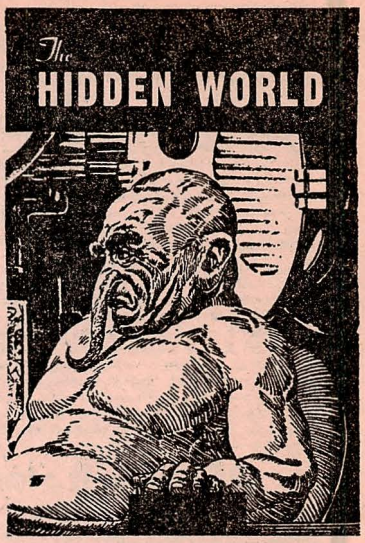
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THE HIDDEN WORLD

A NEW IDEA IN BOOK PUBLISHING
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Here it is at last! The entire Shaver Mystery in book form! The greatest single obstacle to publication has been cost — the average book costs $4.00. And the Shaver Mystery, in its entirety, will take a whole series of books, perhaps as many as ten. Now we've solved our problem — we can give you these books, 192 pages (large size), fine quality book paper for permanence, excellent printing, in heavy enamel paper bindings, at a saving of $2.50 per book! The difference is in the binding, plus regular quarterly publication. We will publish one book every three months, and sell them by subscription only, one year for $6.00. Each book will contain 115,000 words, twice the average book! In addition to the Shaver Mystery, we have other mysterious and thought-provoking books to publish, and that is why these new books will have an over-all title of THE HIDDEN WORLD. Now, via the Subscription Book, the researches of thirty years can be published. You've wanted to know what I REALLY know and think! Here's your chance at last, at a price you can afford.

Ray Palmer



THE SHAVER MYSTERY--15 YEARS IN THE MAKING

The Whole Truth At Last — And Nothing But The Truth!

It all began in September, 1943, when Richard S. Shaver sent his "ancient alphabet" (Mantong) to *Amazing Stories*. No one could have foretold, when it was published in the December issue, what a sensational reaction there would be, and to what it would lead. Nobody could have said it would disturb millions of people the world over, and make a permanent mark in Man's thinking. Even the great Albert Einstein was to be challenged (and successfully as events have proved!) to say nothing of the sciences of physics, astronomy, and the philosophical sciences of metaphysics and mysticism. Now, after 15 years, the Shaver Mystery stands in a unique position, a pivotal point in modern philosophy, possibly the answer to most of the enigmas of all time. The Alphabet alone, as a mental tool, is an astounding thing.

The next item received from Mr. Shaver was a manuscript of 10,000 words entitled "A Warning To Future Man", which was *not* offered in hopes of remuneration, but as gospel truth. As editor, Ray Palmer was impressed, but backed away from a straight presentation. It was decided to call Shaver's "source" of this information "racial memory". But Shaver had said it came from "thought records" from a strange and forbidding "cavern world" beneath the surface of the Earth, "played back" for him by means of "telaug" (telepathy, highly augmented so as to become audio-visual).

Shaver's manuscript was expanded (with dramatic dialogue, etc, for *Amazing Stories* was, after all, a fiction magazine), but with no other distortion of the original manuscript. It was printed in March, 1945, and instantly increased the magazine's circulation by 50,000 copies, and in a few months brought in a total of over 50,000 letters, *thousands of which said what Shaver was saying was NOT fiction, but ABSOLUTELY TRUE because the same things had happened and were happening to them!*

For four years Shaver's "thought record" stories were published. For four years the circulation stayed up 50,000, and dropped back by precisely that amount when publication of Shaver was halted. During those four years a secret file was being kept by editor Ray Palmer. Every letter of importance, every bit of evidence, every theory of explanation, every corroboration, every ramification was consigned to these files. It was, one day, to be published in its entirety because here, beyond all doubt, was a sensational subject almost past understanding unless available in

complete form. Many who came in late could not hope to be "filled in" on the background. Back issues of *Amazing Stories* were being sold back and forth among "collectors" for as much as $25.00! Most important issues were impossible to obtain anywhere.

The Shaver Mystery became an *adventure*, more exciting than any historical event, or any fictional exploit. Nor was it without danger, for several times even Death menaced with its ugly face. Ray Palmer went to visit Shaver, actually heard the telaug voices himself. Accidents happened, one resulting in paralysis from the waist down — but were they accidents? Confessed victims of "dero persecution" committed suicide. Were they really madmen, or were there really dero? For instance, there was the man who was to come to inspect the secret file; he would tell if it was actually proof or not. A trick was played on him. He was shown the file of "fan mail" (several thousand letters), with four letters from the secret file Palmer considered real proof mixed in. The visitor spent two days reading the letters, then denounced the file as worthless. When he had gone, the four important letters had gone with him! He stole only legitimate evidence!

There were other visitors: A man who announced he was on his way to kill Ray Palmer. A woman who was a "student" of a Tibetan "priest" who taught her from 10,000 miles away via mental telepathy. A taxi driver who had received a cure-all for disease from the planet Uranus, which he manufactured in the form of a plastic dumbbell. A woman from Mexico who had been cured of the drug habit in the caves under Mexico city. A world-renowned spy who pointed out an entrance to the Caves in Brazil. An artist who was sensitive to a mental radio which drove her to commit sabotage, such as setting fires. The man who phoned from Texas said for $250 he would descend into a cave and produce actual pictures of the weird machines Shaver claimed were to be found underground — and who had previously written from Burma, where he was in the Air Force, about being burned through the bicep by a dero's ray gun in a Burma cavern.

Then came the flying saucers, *as Shaver had described them in his stories.* A stunning development . . . made catastrophic with the famed Maury Island incident in which two men lost their lives, and three others died immediately afterward under mysterious circumstances. The Air Force said the Maury Island affair was a Palmer hoax. But Palmer *knew* it was not! Who would know better?

Two FBI men visited Shaver, after two days told him flatly: "at least 25% of what you say is true!" FBI men repeatedly investigated Ray Palmer; Air Force intelligence men, Army Intelligence men, unclassified "intelligence" men whose phone numbers were available by calling upon the Marine Intelligence Headquarters.

What is the Shaver Mystery? There are many theories: There are those who support Shaver in his materialistic honeycomb of caverns the world over, heritage of a Titan-Atlan race which fled a poisoned world over 12,000 years ago. There are those who call his caverns the "astral", his dero the spirits of the dead. Some say it is "another dimension", another realm of life alongside ours, invisible under ordinary circumstances. They fight among themselves, but in one way they join solidly together — the Shaver phenomena are REAL, no matter how opinion of their nature varies! Here is a mystery that stretches from the madhouse to the White House; from the moronic to the world's greatest minds; from superstition to scientific knowledge; from the forgotten past to the present instant! It is imperative that you know the truth about it. Here is your chance, at last!

(Clip coupon and mail immediately — these books available by subscription only)

Ray Palmer,
Rt. 2, Box 36,
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I want to receive your Subscription Books "The Hidden World" every three months for a period I have indicated on this coupon. ($6.00 for 4 books; $12.00 for 8 books; $18.00 for 12 books). I understand that the first book will be dated Spring, 1961, and there will be one each quarter thereafter, sent postage free.

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Vivisection - A Worthless Cruelty

Dr. W. D. Chesney M. D.

The March,1961 issue of THE READERS' DIGEST carried an article entitled: "Vivisection - An Explosive Issue Again". The author of this reply to that article takes issue with the DIGEST. Perhaps you, too, may have a similar opinion to express?

VIVISECTION is derived from two Latin words and means: the cutting up of live animals, including man. Vivisection may be performed under pain controlling drugs, although it usually is not. In order to acquaint you with the facts, I intend to deal only with facts, unlike the writer who spoke so authoritatively in the DIGEST. First let me quote from the book by Albert Leffingwell, M. D. titled "Sidelights Upon Scientific Experimentation On Man And Animals". He quotes merciful doctors who testified against Dr. Magendie who was very much addicted to vivisection as follows: "For undisguised contempt of pity, for delight in cruelty, for the infliction of refined and ingenious torture, he may have been equalled by some who followed him and imitated him, but certainly he was never surpassed."

That quote, in general, gives the opinion of all great and good doctors. However, let us be more specific. Consider the case of Claude Bernard, M. D. He boasted of these things in his book: He had a special oven constructed in which he slowly roasted to death dogs, cats and birds. It was actually whispered about that he obtained unwanted children and roasted them to death, but let us discount everything but matters that can be documented. Is it unreasonable to ask for what reason he performed these animal and bird roastings? Only God knows, for it surely did not promote health, happiness or spirituality.

Dr. Leffingwell said of Dr. Brachet, M.D., who did not use pain preventing drugs on his helpless victims: "Of his savagery one will look in vain for criticism or condemnation in the writings of the opponents of vivisection reform to this very day." Here is an example: he took a young puppy and while the animal licked his hands and face, he thrust a lancet into each eye and blinded it. After waiting for a few days for the wounds to heal, he wired it to a board so tightly that the wires cut into the flesh. Brachet next took a steel instrument much like a large nail and, with a hammer drove it into each ear of the puppy to cause complete deafness. At no time did he use a pain preventing drug. After the inflammation had subsided, he slashed a hole through the skin at the back of the neck and cut into the tissues until he came to the cervical vertebrae.

He then seated himself comfortably and, with a surgical instrument, picked away a piece at a time the medulla, or spinal cord. This scientific picking and piercing the wound, without respite and without ceasing until the blinded, deafened and tortured dog was driven into a frenzy by torments it felt continually and which it could not comprehend nor from which it was unable to defend itself, served no purpose on earth.

Let us now consider the case of John Reid, M. D. In one of his experiments he took six healthy dogs, slashed into the neck to the spine, chiseled out portions of the vertebral bones, then cut out sections of the most sensitive-to-pain tissue known to man. Listen to the words of his biographer: "The suffering was not merely incidental to the vivisections, but, in many experiments recorded, was deliberately inflicted. It was essential that the animal should be left to exhibit all the pain it felt, and should be expressly subjected to the torture."

Dr. H. J. Bigelow, M. D. offers this suggestion in his book: "For every inch cut made by a vivisector in the quivering tissues of a helpless dog, or rabbit, or guinea pig, let him insert a lancet only one eighth inch into his own skin; and for every whole inch he advances, let him advance the scalpel in himself just one eighth inch. And whenever he seizes with ragged forceps a nerve or spinal marrow, the seat of all that is concentrated and exquisite in agony, or literally tears out nerves by their roots, let him cut his own skin one eighth inch further. He may then have a faint suggestion of the atrocity he is perpetrating when the guinea pig shrieks, the poor dog yells, the noble horse groans and strains."

The dog is debarked, his throat cut without anesthesia, the wind pipe torn loose and pulled from the throat, a large steel object like a nail is then thrust behind the wind pipe. By this manipulation the dog is no long-

er able to utter more than moans while his body writhes in agony.

In these vivisection centers, supported by your tax dollars, you will see dogs and cats thrown into a revolving steel barrel until they die; unanesthetized dogs and cats wired to a board and slowly dismembered (cats are usually given a few whiffs of ether so that they can be prepared by wiring to the board; their claws cut!).

I have seen the experimenters sew the lips of cats together so they could not bite. I took photos of this with my vest pocket camera.

And now the screed in The Readers' Digest. The title of this manuscript reads: "Vivisection - An Explosive Issue Again". The sub-title reads: "An innocent looking anti-vivisection bill now before Congress could torpedo medical research."

Here are the real facts - facts that you can easily verify. Page 340, 1961 issue, INFORMATION PLEASE gives the documented data: "Each and every degenerative disease such as cancer, heart deaths, diabetes, strokes, rheumatism and mental disease are now completely out of control despite the known fact that millions upon millions of dogs, cats, guinea pigs and test white rats have given their lives under the condi tions mentioned supra. And again I must state that every degenerative disease, the great man killers are completely out of hand."

Ratcliff, the author, says in his manuscript that there are 50,000 misguided dog lovers threatening the health and welfare of 180,000,000 Americans. I can only repeat Shakespeare's "You lie in your teeth."

Government records prove there are over 26,000,000 registered dogs and 28,000,000 cats in America. I have records showing over 5,000,000 active anti-vivisectionists in America and even more in Britain.

George Bernard Shaw said: "Animal vivisection always leads to vivisection of humans." Let's prove that: Hitler's S.S. doctors started vivisecting animals. They admitted that no benefit was bestowed on humans by this inhuman butchery. So they started to vivisect humans. Have we so soon forgotten the vivisection of humans as PROVED by the Nurnberg trials? General Thedford Taylor, M.D., who presided at the trials, said: "Not one iota of scientific medical value was obtained through these butcheries."

Ratcliff again either deliberately, or from ignorance, prevaricates when he states that visitors have free access to such charnel houses as the vivisection laboratories at Johns Hopkins. And Ratcliff further sweeps the dirt under the rug when he states that he visited many vivisection laboratories and found the animals have better quarters and care than

one's pets at home. It is evident that his imminent visit was known and a full stage dress rehearsal put on for him - that is, if he did visit vivisection laboratories, which I very much doubt. And what has he to say to the recent record placed on the Senate records by Senator Wayne Morse, who told of cats skinned alive in tax-supported laboratories to find what protection the skin and hair gave against heat and cold. Another group took healthy dogs and plunged them into boiling water. The victims were taken out and plunged into ice water. This continued alternately until the animals were killed. These are but two cases midst many reported by the Senator. The medical schools backed up this barbarity. Ratcliff speaks about the balanced rations, maximum care and consideration. I admit it! This is done in order to prolong the lives for further experiment! One notes that Ratcliff does not mention the known facts that he could have seen, but, being paid to write the article, did not tell us of the female dogs whose genetilia were burned to a crisp by radioactive substances. About the dogs, deprived of food and especially water for days, weeks on end with portions of their intestines, sewed outside their abdominal cavities, dragging on the vomit and liquid feces on the floor of their cages. Did he see six healthy dogs wired to a laboratory table without anesthesia, vivisectors cut their throats and pull the esophagus outside and slash it in two? Did he see the lower half leading to the stomach tied off, a hole cut in the stomach and a rubber tube inserted to lead the secretions to glass vessels? Yes, the dogs were given the very finest foods to eat - to stimulate gastric secretions. The food, of course, poured out of the upper half of the resected esophagus and fell into vessels to be thrown into the garbage. I have documented photographs of the foregoing procedures.

Ratcliff refers to the conquest of polio by vaccines and thereby shows his vast ignorance, or monetary greed, because the Salk vaccine has not conquered polio and every day brings forth the fact that decent doctors have ceased using this hypodermic hokum. When Salk first brought forth his vaccine, he said one shot was enough. When this was proved a fraud, he said two shots, then three shots and finally, that the victim to commercial greed must have "booster" shots the remainder of his life. So dangerous is the Salk vaccine that the serum makers carry a $5,000,000 policy with Lloyd's. Cutter's of California have been sued for millions of dollars in damages. It is reported from reputable sources that Cutter has paid out a half million dollars for maimed, or killed children.

"Government Bureau statistics are fiction," say pediatricians. This

factual statement and more bitter ones were made at a medical panel discussion on "Present Status Of Polio Vaccines." It was published in the Illinois State Medical Journal in 1960. This journal is a pup of the AMA Journal, a commercial house organ that has plugged Salk to the cerulean. Readers of my 100% factual book A DOCTOR IS BORN will remember about Dr. Duncan's orally administered autogenous vaccine, made by the patient's own tissue. The meeting mentioned above spoke very favorably about orally administered anti-polio vaccine, in view of the fact that over 150,000,000 humans have been immunized in lands not under the yoke of the American Medical trust.

Ratcliff calls Fishbein as a witness for the cause of animal torture and martyrdom. Will Ratcliff please tell us why this man, who swore under oath he had never had a patient, was thrown out of the medic trust? I'll be happy to furnish the details to anybody interested. And why was Fishbein disconnected from his high post as Lord High Executioner of the medical monopoly? I, W. D. Chesney, M.D. have records from many probably all of the State Medical Society Journals demanding that Fishbein be thrown out. I have verified copies of the man's writing in which he called the great medic abortion, penicillin, penniSILLY.

These statements by honest doctors who keep their Hippocratic Oath inviolate and sacred, are in the hands of the publisher and duplicate and triplicate copies are in safety deposit vaults. Also, my book A DOCTOR IS BORN is absolutely factual with the exception of Chapter XIII, which was a satire to bring in the greatest book since the Holy Bible was written - I mean GULLIVER - a book that did more to clean up the rotten regime of the British royalty than all the books printed since that woman, Queen Anne.

Vivisection of animals leads directly and irrevocably to the vivisection of humans. The great British Medical magazine, THE LANCET, recently carried a long editorial deploring the vivisection of humans as carried on by doctors of medicine. I challenge, I deny, I impugn, I impeach practically every statement made by Ratcliff as false, paid-for attempts to whitewash the vivisectionists. I warn you that unless the medic trust is brought under the laws of God, and man, the human race will suffer horribly. I implore you to read page 340, INFORMATION PLEASE, and see that despite the prevarications found in The Readers' Digest, man's great killers are completely out of control.

Have you ever experienced the love of a dog? The look of adoration in his eyes as you pat his head and say the word of praise? Did you ever

hear the truth about the foundation of the Dominicans? A nobleman of Italy saw the adoration and love of dogs for a human friend. He wondered why humans could not feel the same adoration for God. With a group of influential friends he formed a society called Canes Domini (Dogs of God) with the one object in mind: to give the same love to God that dogs give to man. The name was changed to Domini Canes and in time became the great religious order, the DOMINICANS. (My authority: Albert Hubbard.)

In my forthcoming book, CONFIDENTIAL MEDICAL CONSPIRACIES, you will see actual illustrative "cuts" of the crimes I relate here. You will see the letter of the Los Angeles BBB accusing thousands of California doctors of medicine of aiding and abetting ghost surgery, taking kickbacks, demanding unneeded surgery at holdup rates, of forcing druggists, optometrists, specimen laboratories, et al, greatly to overcharge patients in order to get large kickbacks. In C. M. C. you will find all of the evidence, such as a report by a high ranking AMA doctor that he has a record of over 400 amputations of limbs absolutely not indicated. You have already, in A DOCTOR IS BORN, seen the statement by a high government official accusing the AMA and several of its serfs in government of rascality, jealousy, corrupt motives, conspiracy, et cetera. In C. M. C. you will find all of the charges validated, certified and proved beyond a shadow of doubt.

You all remember the Dr. Duncan system of oral vaccination. And if you read the papers you now know that the deadly Salk vaccine is being supplanted by an oral vaccine (by order of President Kennedy) that has been used by 150,000,000 people and that they are fully immunized against all viruses causing polio.

Think of all this, then buy a 3-cent postcard, address it to Hon. Estes Kefauver, Senate Office Bldg., Washington, D. C. On the other side write these few words: "Dear Senator: You have done noble work in exposing the drug racket. May I ask that you now broaden your investigation of the medical racket? And the racket that breeds, or snatches dogs to be used in vivisection? (Signed) Your name and address."

A 3-cent post card and a few minutes time will perform an act that God approves and blesses. Jesus said: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

What more can I say?



What if you were asked to sit on a jury to render justice to Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of Jesus? You already know the evidence presented by the prosecution - now let the defense be presented, and finally, render your verdict with true Justice in mind. What say you - guilty or not guilty?

IN DEFENSE OF JUDAS

By Emma Hein Clark

ALL THROUGH the centuries it has been conceded, with one assenting voice, by theologians, bible students, sincere religious people and seekers of Truth by all denominations that Judas Iscariot was the most perfidious, the most despicable man who ever lived.

Ever since the death of Christ, and all through the years following, he has been unanimously selected as a symbol or a synonym for all that is vile, evil, treacherous, hateful, disloyal, untruthful, mercenary and malicious.

As a person and as a symbol he embodied all the unsavory, unloved and unthinkable characteristics (according to all appearances) with which one human being could ever unfortunately be endowed. However, has anyone ever taken the trouble to see with understanding, spiritual eyes (or mind) beyond Judas Iscariot as a mere man of weak will and ugliness of nature? Has anyone ever had the thought that there was more to Judas' treachery than met the literal, hard-headed eye of that era and of this day too?

From time immemorial, churches of all denominations, all creeds,

all faiths have agreed upon one thing: that is, the foreordaining and/or predestination of Jesus Christ; Jesus the human, Christ the divine. He who was to fulfill and to enact the promises of God. It is agreed by all that the coming and the birth of Christ Jesus was foreordained by God long before He (Jesus) was born.

Sages and philosophers, prophets and wise men of every description and of various degrees of high intelligence foretold of the coming of a saviour who would redeem mankind. It was an undisputed and accepted fact that there would be born, in due time, to and for the redemption of the world, a way-shower, redeemer, comforter. As was foretold, so did it come to pass. Jesus of Nazareth was born as predestined by God.

We then view with awe and wonder the miraculous birth of Jesus. We follow his career through childhood. At the age of twelve, He expounds the wisdom and precepts of God to ancient and learned men in a famous temple of that period, much to their amazement.

As time goes on we follow Him as a young man and listen to His ministry, following His footsteps in the paths of Truth and unlimited Love. We see that everything He does and says is credited by Him to the Father indwelling within Him. Jesus reiterated many times "The Father in me doeth the works". He declared that all His words, teachings and instructions emanated from the Almighty Father.

His coming was foreordained and the divine plan of His life was predestined by divine decree for purposes known only to God Himself at that time. (We have since been taught by Christ Jesus why He was born to the world and what it was He had to accomplish for the benefit of mankind.) From the very beginning He was aware of His mission on earth and the way in which it was to be carried out.

At the risk of boring reiteration, I wish to repeat - in the brief span of His mortal life here on earth, Jesus revealed the purpose for which He was born. He told why He was born and how He knew. He acted on that premise. All through His ministry He was God-directed and divinely instructed to do just what He did and enact the Father's works in just the manner He did.

At long last we arrive at the never-to-be-forgotten night of the Last Supper. This was a farewell meal between Jesus and His disciples. Jesus knew, from what God had revealed to Him that His time to leave the material world had come, the hour was at hand. The time had come for Him to prove all that He had taught and preached. He had worked and lived and taught for this hour. The moments were slipping by, time was

growing short. Our attention now is riveted to the most dynamic statement ever made, when suddenly Jesus quietly, calmly spoke and said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." (St. John 13:21). And here we reach the most important observation of all! You will notice that when Jesus spoke those electrifying words, He simply stated a fact He already knew!

As was natural, consternation arose among the disciples, each demanding to know which one? And each vowing his fidelity and loyalty to the Master, denying that it could be he!

When the hum of voices died down He did not resort to bitterness, accusations or vilification. Though He knew at whose hands He would be betrayed unto death He did not revile or upbraid the one He knew to be the instrument of His betrayal. You see He knew and recognized Judas Iscariot as the actual instrument by which God's plan for Him would be fulfilled! With compassionate assurance He quieted the throng. He continued throughout the supper to minister, teach, admonish and to leave last minute instructions, to unfold His benevolent love for His disciples and his fellow men.

Again we have Peter saying to Jesus after the revelation concerning Judas: "Lord, why cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thy sake." (St. John 13:37). Jesus answered him "Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, the cock shall not crow till thou hast denied me thrice." (Verse 38).

As He predicted, so it happened. At Jesus' trial Peter denied three times that he knew the prisoner. Peter's remorse was so great he became thereafter a greater, more understanding disciple and marvelous teacher of Jesus' work.

Here arises the vital question. How did Jesus know that His manner of leaving the material world would have to be through the betrayal of one of His pupils, a follower and disciple? How did He know that that was one step which had to be consummated, and by whom? How did Jesus know that His destiny as a Teacher and Way-shower was already established by and through God? How did He know there were certain steps He had to take to accomplish God's purpose for Him? Certain steps He could not avoid though He prayed so very hard and eloquently to be released from so great a trial and so vast and glorious an accomplishment and demonstration?

The human element or mortal mind of Jesus recoiled from the thought of having to undergo such a calamitous and stupendous ordeal but the

divine of Christ knew there was no avoidance, no escape from His destiny as a Teacher and Divine Leader.

Again, note the foreordination of everything which motivated the actions of Christ Jesus. Every step He took, everything He did, everything He taught and said was all predestined and foreordained by His Almighty Father.

Knowing all this, and believing it, one must then go a step beyond this acknowledgement and see the predestination of Judas Iscariot, NOT as a despicable human personality, but as a much-to-be-pitied, forlorn and desolate man destined by God to enact the role of betrayer.

Judas was the means by which the destiny of Christ Jesus was fulfilled. The means AND the instrument!

Unfortunate creature that he was, he was, as I said, merely a means to an end, a symbolical feature enacting a much-needed, though hideous part.

We reason thus: why Judas Iscariot particularly? Was he by nature equipped with the necessary negative qualities for such a defiling role? Why not Thomas, James, Mathew or any one of the others? It is obvious that someone must be the instrument or the channel by which and through which God fulfilled His divine plans for Christ Jesus. Therefore would it not seem, on the strength of this theory of "foreordination" or "predestination" which I have herein reviewed and outlined, that the destiny of Judas was also foreordained?

Then, can we not say that all through the ages we have judged falsely and according to appearances only, and have forever, unrelentingly placed a dreadful and terrible stigma of shame upon a man who was perhaps unable to avoid his subsequent acts, even as Christ Jesus was unable to avoid fulfilling His destiny?

Human distortions and mortal mind conceptions have mistakenly, blunderingly condemned this man, helpless in the avoidance of his fate, and have through the ages contemptuously symbolized his name with everything iniquitous, impious, miserable and perverse.

Nowhere, at any time in all the written books of the ages, in all the voices of the world and the churches do you hear one appeasing, softening word of pity or sympathetic understanding for Judas Iscariot.

As we all know, his remorse was so great (proving he realized the enormity of his deed), that he could no longer live, and so took his own life, poor human weakling that he was.

It can be seen then that as a predestined creature he was merely a

representation of an act that had to be fulfilled by Jesus.

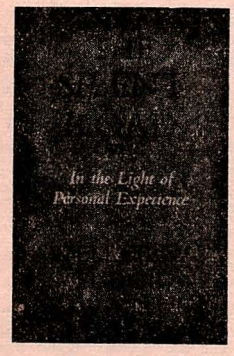
Does not this knowledge, the acceptance of this logical theory awaken the qualities of pity and sympathetic understanding for him instead of blame, censure or shameful contempt for a lonely, desolate and shunned man? Someone had to enact the role of the "betrayer". Someone had to be chosen for so fearful a part. It proves that someone was destined to undergo this unforgettable ordeal, but why Judas more than any other man? Why not just anyone at all? Then it was only by the grace of God that it wasn't James, Mathew, Luke or John?

How near to such destinies as Judas' is every man!

But for the grace of God, how close do we all come to be held in erroneous judgment because the confused, chaotic conflict forever raging in the hearts and in the minds of our fellow men!

Judas Iscariot should somehow be acquitted from the accusation of "betrayer" and the everlasting stigma of shame. He stands to be acquitted on the grounds of "foreordination", making him therefore a man not personally responsible for the enormity of his crime.

My own verdict, based on all the evidence submitted by the bible and by the teachings of Jesus Christ is NOT GUILTY of the charge on which he stands accused!



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FRED EVANS,



PSYCHOGRAPHER

By J. J. Owens

One of the bits of evidence of spirit communication which is not now used as extensively as it was during the last half of the Nineteenth Century, but still one of the most starting is that known as psychography, or more commonly, slate-writing. For the information of our readers, we present here possibly the most famous of all psychographers - the world-famous psychic of the 1880's, Fred Evans.

FRED EVANS was a great home body. Although his name and fame were world-wide as a slate-writing psychic, he rarely left San Francisco, his home town. Yet he did on occasion go on a professional tour of the Southern portion of California, and on one of these occasions I accompanied him, and his wife. On this trip, I witnessed a most marvelous exhibition of psychography; but it was at his own home that the most remarkable slate I have ever seen was procured. A facsimile of this slate is reproduced on page 31.

This slate, which has been copied in nearly all the spiritual papers of the world, as well as by many secular papers, is in my opinion the finest instance of psychography ever secured. As to its authenticity, both my wife and myself can testify beyond doubt, since we were present and under the most rigid control conditions.

First, I wish to make it plain that Mr. Evans had only a moderate English education. No one who knew him believed him capable of writing such a slate as this; and to suppose that the various writings and languages could have been placed thereon by persons competent to do the same, would be to suppose that such well educated persons would become parties to an extensive deception, involving the crime of forgery. The history of the slate is as follows:

It was in September of 1886 that my wife and I called on Mr. Evans for the purpose of consulting with him, or rather with his psychographic guide, Spirit John Gray, concerning the preparation of a slate that we could have engraved, which would bear upon its face some intellectual evidence of genuineness; as any slate, written in English, no matter how

crucial the conditions under which it was prepared, would be positive evidence only to those knowing the facts.

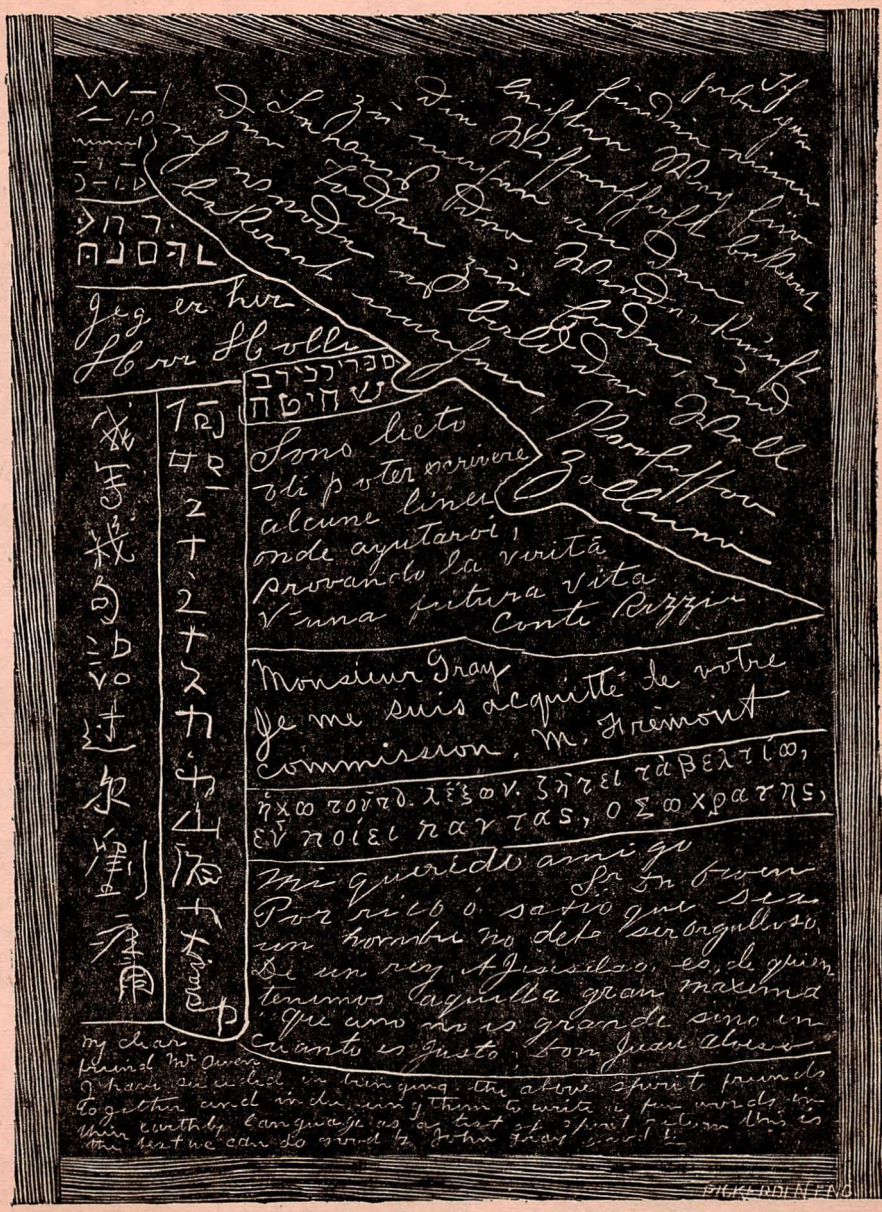
Our first interview was on Sunday, September 11, 1886, at ten o'clock A. M. Besides the invisibles, only Mr. Evans, my wife and I were present. Sitting at a table in the full light of day, Mr. Gray instantly signaled his presence by raps upon the table. We explained to him our object, inquiring if it was possible for him to bring together a number of spirits of different earthly nationalities who could furnish us short messages in their native languages. He replied that he thought he could do so, answering our questions either by writing independently, by telegraphic rapping (which Mr. Evans had learned to read), or by writing automatically through his instrument's hand. He at once entered heartily into our plans.

It was found that our presence afforded a strong assisting battery, and the writing came with great readiness, three or four slates being written upon simultaneously, and all without the slightest attempt at concealment.

The controlling influence requested that we meet Mr. Evans at the same hour for a few Sundays, and hold the same slate, when he could more fully determine his ability in the matter. We placed a private mark upon the slate, which we had then held for a few minutes, and it was laid aside until the following Sunday.

It was this mark which was later to be questioned by the son of the eminent psychic, D. D. Home, who said we failed to state that our private mark was still upon the slate after the messages were written, an omission which we will here correct. The mark was and is still there. Another criticism, by Wm. Emmette Coleman, was that the Greek was not the kind of Greek written in the days of Socrates. Spirit John Gray explained that the Greek of the Ancient Grecians is necessarily passed down through the brains of modern spirits of that nationality, until it is finally impressed upon the brain of the psychic's guide, who gives it to the best of his ability. So it is with all languages with which he is not familiar.

On the second Sunday writing came freely upon other slates lying on the table, and upon some placed on the floor near where we were sitting, but none upon the slate under our hands. Mr. Gray assured us that he was getting along finely - that he was sure he would be able to procure writing in several languages. He recognized the excellent conditions we furnished him, and he expressed himself as greatly pleased with the experiment.


Sono lieto
di poter scrivere
alcune linee
onde ajutarvi
provandovi la vostra
vera futura vita
Conte Pazzi
Monsieur Gray
Je me suis acquitté de votre
commission. M. Fremont
ἦχω τοῦτο λέξον. ζητεῖ τὰ βέλτιω,
ἐν ποίει πάντας, ὁ Σωκράτης,
Mi querido amigo
Por mi vida que sea
un hombre no dele sorgulhoso
De un rey de Jerusalen, es, de quien
tenimos aquella gran maxima
que uno no es grande sino en
cuanto es justo. Tom Juan Alonso
my dear
friend Mr Owen
I have endeavored in bringing the above spirits
together and in endeavoring them to write in their own
earthly language as a test of spirit return this is
the first we can find record of. John Gray

On the third Sunday, September 25th, we were promptly on hand, as before. The slate containing our private mark was taken by Mr. Evans and first thoroughly rubbed on both sides with a cloth slightly dampened with his saliva - (not a very neat way of cleansing a slate, but Mr. Evans said the writing came much more readily when the slates are thus prepared). He then handed the slate to us, and we (Mrs. Owens and myself) were both fully satisfied that there was no writing upon the slate. From that moment the slate never left our hands, nor was it for an instant out of our sight. A small bit of slate pencil was placed upon the table, and we placed the slate over it, with our four hands resting thereon. Mr. Evans, sitting upon the opposite side of the table, touched the outer edge of the slate frame for a few moments, and then removed his hands entirely. In about five minutes loud raps signalled that the writing was finished. We raised the slate and found the under side covered as seen in the engraving on page 31.

Two other slates, which had been prepared in a like manner and placed upon the floor, with a bit of pencil between, were found at the close of the seance written full. As the message purports to come from the spirit, and relates to the main work in hand, we give it:

"My Dear Friends, Mr. And Mrs. Owen:-I see your object is to create an interest among skeptics of spiritual phenomena and cause them to investigate. I entered in with your feelings, and have succeeded in inducing twelve spirits of different nationality to write a few words in the language they used when on earth. You will no doubt find many defects, but we here have done the best we can, and you must accept it with the knowledge that these spirits never wrote through the medium before; therefore, they are at a disadvantage; and there is also a difficulty in bringing them here to write, for, as you will understand, there is no attraction for them. But I have the medium, yourself and wife, for an attraction. You will see that the languages written embrace Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, Old Asiatic, Hebrew, German, Italian, French, Spanish, Greek, Norwegian and English. Wishing your dear wife, yourself and the Golden Gate every prosperity, I am your friend and well wisher in spirit, JOHN GRAY."

Of the messages given there are some defects, as Mr. Gray says may be expected; but on the whole we regard the writing as most remarkable, the Asiatic languages especially, of which but very few of our own race have ever acquired anything more than an imperfect speaking knowledge. A learned professor, who assisted in the translations, thinks there

upon this slate. Following are the translations of the writings:

GERMAN - I have found an easy way for making known to science the proof of the return of the dead to this earth, and I shall soon give it to the world. PROFESSOR ZOLLNER.

ITALIAN - I am glad to be able to write you a few lines to aid in proving the truth of a future life. COUNT ROZZIA.

FRENCH - Monsieur Gray:- I have acquitted myself of your commission. M. FREMONT.

GREEK - I come to say this - seek for better things - think well of all. SOCRATES.

SPANISH - My Dear Friend, Sr. Don Owen:- Rich or wise as a man may be, don't let him be proud. It is from a King, Agesilaus, we have that grand maxim, "that one is not great only as far as he is just."

DON JUAN ALVISO.

NORWEGIAN - I am here. HERR HOLLE.

CHINESE - I write a few words for you. LU YEUN.

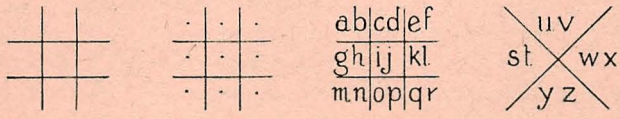
JAPANESE - How do you do? OYAMA GENTURA.

HEBREW - (This is a name of a book, describing the killing of animals according to the Jewish rites.)

The writing in the upper left hand corner is claimed to be Egyptian, which we were unable to translate. We submitted the matter to John Gray, when he wrote the following: "I give it to you as received by me. The Egyptian reads: 'Yea, the spirt of man shall live forever. - NEFO;' who was an old Egyptian seer."

The cuneiform characters just below the Egyptian comprise the letters of the words "Tom Paine".*

* The key to these cabalistic characters is given thus:



The first letter of the English alphabet is made thus: ⌐, *a:* the addition of a dot constitutes the second letter, ⌐., *b*, and so on to the end of the alphabet. With this key the writing is easily read. For illustration, "Tom Paine" is written thus:



These cuniform characters are demonstrated by a learned writer in the *Medium and Daybreak* to be of great antiquity. Their adaptation to the English language is, of course, a modern affair.

My Dear Friend Mr. Owen:- I have succeeded in bringing the above spirit friends together and inducing them to write a few words in their earthly language, as a test of spirit return. This is the best we can do. Good-bye. JOHN GRAY.

To set at rest any idea that may be entertained that this writing was a transference from our own minds, we will say that with the exception of some little knowledge of French and less of Spanish, the English language is the only language among the twelve listed with which we are familiar. We positively KNOW that the writing was not done by any mortal hand. As we have in our possession the slate upon which it was written, any one interested can satisfy himself that the writing is by no chemical preparation, as the fine particles of slate caused by the attrition of the pencil over the surface of the slate can readily be seen.

We have given, in the above statement, the simple facts; the skeptical reader may explain them as best he may.

We desire to call attention to some evidence of genuineness of this slate other than that of those who witnessed it and know that the writing was done by no mortal hand.

Of course, we do not claim that the messages were written in each instance by the spirits of the persons from whom they purport to come; in fact, we are inclined to think that most of them may have been written by the psychographic guide of Mr. Evans while under the psychological control of said spirits - just as a German spirit, for instance, might influence a sensitive who had no knowledge of German, to speak or write that language. It would naturally be more or less imperfect. It is the FACT, and not the NATURE of the writing, in the manner claimed for it, that we desire to establish.*

Now, the skeptic will naturally insist that we were deceived - that the slate we held in our hands, and upon which we know there was no writing, was not the slate that we found in our hands at the conclusion of the seance, and upon which the writing appeared - that in some myster-

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* It is the imperfection of many of these messages that has led various critics, ignorant of the law governing the transference of thought on the spirit side of life, to question their genuineness. The late Colonel Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, fell into this mistake, as did also the son of D. D. Home, and others. The intellectual quality of a message from the spirit side of life must necessarily take more or less coloring from the brain through which it is conveyed—just as a ray from the sun is colored, and often deflected, by the glass through which it shines.

ious way the slate was changed in our hands.

Let us, for the sake of argument, assume that this was the case. Then, the writing must have been placed thereon by Mr. Evans, or by persons familiar with the languages written. As for its being the work of Mr. Evans, no one who knew him believed him capable of doing anything of the kind. He was a young man of twenty-four when those messages were written, evidently unschooled in any language but the English, and only indifferently well in that. He had certainly, while residing in San Francisco, never been heard to utter a word in any language except his own.

This writing implies a classical education, which Mr. Evans surely had not. In fact, it is doubtful if there is a single individual in America who can write in the twelve languages named. There are probably many who can write in more languages, but not in those twelve. Hence we are obliged to dismiss the supposition that the writing was done by Mr. Evans.

Then, if not written as claimed, who could have done it but various persons in the community qualified to write said languages? And just here we encounter a difficulty which all must readily appreciate. Would an intelligent German, Spaniard, Italian, Frenchman, Norwegian, etc., be apt to lend himself to such a fraud and commit actual forgery by signing another's name to a written message? Don Juan Alviso, for instance, a former well-known resident of California, addresses a personal note to the author, with whom he was acquainted. Would any sensible and intelligent Spaniard, as the writer of that message evidently is, be apt to sign Alviso's name to a message of that kind?

If these messages were written by any persons in mortal life, they must certainly know it; and they must now know that we have published to the world the claim that the writing was produced by some occult power. We did challenge them, in the interest of truth, to come forward and disprove the claim. No one ever has!

TOO MUCH TO BEAR?

Claude Robert Eatherly, former Air Force Major who selected Hiroshima and Nagasaki for the first atomic bombing and has lived in horror of it ever since, has been sent to a mental hospital. He has been in and out of mental institutions ten times, two of them on a voluntary basis, but on the other occasions he was placed by a jury of four men and two women in the violent ward "for his protection and the protection of others." Let those who contemplate a future atom war give heed!

The MAN on the MOUNTAIN

Anonymous By Request

The following is a true account of a weird experience on a mountain top. To the writer it seemed some power greater than man was watching over her. Who was the mysterious man with the red and white robe and the snow white hair and beard?

ON OCTOBER 3, 1959, my husband and I decided to take a trip into the mountains near our home in Tonawanda, New York to see the autumn scenery. It was a cool, slightly cloudy day. We parked our car at the camp grounds and decided to hike to the summit of a nearby hill, with the hope of being able to see across the country from that point.

We found the going tough, as the underbrush was very dense and the trails up the mountain were very uncertain and they didn't seem to follow a pattern. Instead they often came to an abrupt dead end in the dense foliage and we were forced to look for new trails.

After we had walked for better than an hour, fighting our footing every step of the way, I was all for turning back, but my husband insisted that we would soon get to the summit and he encouraged me to keep going.

After hours, it seemed, we finally reached the top. It was too beautiful for words. We could see across the country for miles, from certain spots, and the scene was a mass of living reds, greens, purples and golds.

We had spent so much time finding our way to the top, that it was beginning to turn a trifle chilly and a few clouds were gathering across the sky. I only had a light sweater as a wrap and my husband didn't have even that much.

We started back down the mountainside. Suddenly, as if a hand had drawn a curtain, the sky blackened, the daylight almost disappeared, and it started to rain in torrents.

"Come on, we had better get back to our car," my husband said.

We held hands and ran down the path. Suddenly the path came to a dead end, as had several of the paths before. All around us was thick foliage, but no discernable pathway to be seen. We knew that we had to find our way before it got too dark to see, or we would never be able to get down the mountain that day. We ran in several directions, but to no avail. There just wasn't any path we were able to find.

"Honey, I would have sworn that we came up that path once today," I said.

"And so could I," replied my husband, "but I guess we were wrong. Let's try the other side."

It was getting darker by the minute and the rain was pelting us in the face until we couldn't see a foot in front of our face. We almost ran into a huge boulder.

"Let's sit here and try to figure something out," said my husband.

We huddled together at the foot of the boulder and tried to keep each other as warm as possible. It was a warm rain and I was thankful for that because as yet we weren't suffering. But I shuddered to think of how cold it would be later on, if we were forced to stay on the mountain all night.

I prayed, simply and humbly. I continued to pray.

I could have sworn I was still awake, but I must have dozed off for a few minutes. I must have dreamed what I saw, because in my dream the sun was shining although I was conscious of my immediate surroundings and I was still sitting beside the boulder. All at once the dense foliage in front of me parted and an old man stepped through. He was dressed in a loose flowing white and red robe. He had toeless sandals on his feet. His hair and beard were snow white and of shoulder length. He carried a staff in his hand. He stood before me looking down at me. I was startled, but unafraid because his face was a mask of kindness.

"We are lost," I said to him. "Do you know of a path down the mountain?"

"It could be," he said, "as I know of many things. How quickly one's past changes into the present, and the present into the future, only to have the future become one's past again. Man struggles blindly against his own needs. He cannot find his path because he is wrapped up in his present, deploring his past and afraid of his immediate future. He has patience enough to search for a short while, then he bows to defeat and awaits his fate. Faith and courage would show him the way." He spoke in a mellow, precise way, and even now I can hear his every word and visualize the scene vividly in my mind's eye.

He smiled at me, a sad and worldly smile, as one would smile at an innocent child who knows no better; then he walked a few steps to the left of where I sat, turned and walked about ten feet straight ahead until he came to a huge bush. Taking his staff, he parted the bush with it.

"There," he said, "is your path. Follow it well and you shall come to your destination." With a wave of his hand he bade me farewell and departed up the mountain, not once looking back until he was out of sight.

I awoke with a start. It was still dark and the rain was slowed to a drizzle. I walked to the point from which I had dreamed that he had stood. Sure enough there was a bush just as I had dreamed it. I parted the bush with my hand and despite the dullness of the afternoon, I could discern a break in the foliage ahead, leading down the mountainside.

I shook my husband, who had dozed off too, and said: "Honey, I have found a path. I have found a way out."

Ws followed the path to the bottom of the hill. It ended at the edge of the picnic grounds where we had left our car.

"You're an angel," my husband complimented me. I only smiled at him because I could take none of the credit and I knew that I would never be able to make him believe why I couldn't.

THE END

Statement required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946 and June 11, 1960 (74 stat. 208) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of SEARCH MAGAZINE, published bi-monthly at Amherst, Wisc., for March 29, 1960. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are Palmer Publications, Inc., Mundelein, Ill. (publisher); Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisc., (editor & managing editor); Marjorie Palmer, Amherst, Wisc. (business manager). The owner is Palmer Publications, Inc., Mundelein, Ill. Its stockholders are Ray Palmer, Marjorie Palmer, (both of Amherst, Wisc.) and Mildred Murdoch, Mundelein, Ill. There are no bondholders, mortgagees or other security holders. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above was 28,600. Signed: Ray Palmer, editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1961. L. A. Pomeroy. My commission expires March 15, 1964.

The Dream I Hope Never Comes True

By Louise Justice

The author of this account is one of those people who has had prophetic dreams. Here, however, she tells of a nightmare. We print it with no suggestion that it may actually be prophetic, but as a very vivid account of what an atom war might be like.

I HAVE HAD MANY DREAMS which were prophetic, some showing cities and streets I had never seen in life but was afterward to see. A recurring dream I have whenever disaster threatens my home is of being far from home, lost, stranded, broke and hungry or cold, and unable to get back home. Shortly after a series of these dreams, disaster of some sort befalls, necessitating a prolonged absence from home.

I have traveled far in dreams, once aboard a troop ship at sea, once to a strange and ancient temple. I could fill a book with them. There is, however, one dream - or more accurately a nightmare - which I hope I never have to live through and yet which may be more prophetic than any others, although I pray nightly that it may never come to pass.

At the time, we were living near Philadelphia and also near some important military bases and installations. One night I dreamed that warning sirens began wailing (although at that time there were none near where we stayed). Church bells began a frantic tolling and by the time I had learned that several military objectives and vital industrial sections had been atomic-bombed, the streets outside were already beginning to be choked with people. Still in the dream, I ran to the door and watched the fleeing populace in unbelieving horror. The paved road was packed bumper to bumper with cars, each filled with as many as fifteen people, piled one atop the other, with others frantically clawing at the sides of each vehicle, trying to climb aboard. I saw old women and children hauled from cars and thrown bodily out upon the roadway, to be trampled to death by others pushing up from behind. Drivers were pushed ruthlessly from their seats by stronger men and the fighting, snarling, cursing,

sobbing and screaming was like something from Dante's inferno. I could not believe civilized human beings could behave in such a fashion, like beasts gone mad, tearing their neighbors limb from limb in their fight for passage away from danger.

I turned from the sickening, heartrending spectacle to find my husband packing a very small roll of food, money and other valuables (most of the people were taking absolutely nothing in their panic) and coming to pull me away, explaining that we would drive across the fields and try to find another road less congested, but I refused to leave without my son, who was working in the disaster area. My husband pleaded with me to leave at once, sure that my son, a military man at the time, could well take care of himself, but I refused to budge. Just then my son came in the door, torn and bleeding, having fought every step of the way to our side, and he led us out of the house and away on foot, toward the disaster instead of away, explaining that we could thus escape being trampled to death and could make better time, gradually working our way to the north of the disaster, where we could find an abandoned car of some kind and proceed from there. After leading us to safety, my son disappeared.

I awoke covered with cold sweat, in such a state of exhaustion that, when I arose to get a drink of water and an aspirin, I fell to my knees, sick and shaking, just as though I had actually lived through the experience.

I shall never forget this most horrible of dreams and, since countless of those I have had have come true, I can only pray that if disaster comes to our people, wherever it strikes, we will not forget to behave like human beings, helping one another, sharing what little we have, and conducting ourselves with nobility, compassion and calmness. If we do not, we will be lost.

SAUCER SECRECY? MAYBE THIS IS WHY

On December 14, 1960, a Federal report issued by the Brookings Institute stated that the discovery of life on other worlds could cause civilization to collapse. Even on earth, the report stated, societies sure of their place have disintegrated when confronted by a superior society.

It was stated that while the discovery of intelligent life in other parts of the universe is not likely in the immediate future, it could nevertheless happen at any time. "Clearly the better we can come to understand the factors involved in responding to such a crisis the better prepared we may be."

It looks as though the "experts" have decided that the man in the street isn't mentally capable of coping with such a discovery and might go to pieces. From their statements the experts obviously already have!

MYSTIC MANTRAM OF ANCIENT POMPEII

By Helen Hale

Here in two buried cities, definitely placed in the first century, a great mystery has been uncovered. Why is it, and how is it, that three centuries before the early Christians abandoned their symbol of the fish and supplanted it with the cross, do we find it as an integral part of altars in these ancient homes?

MODERN ARCHAEOLOGY HAS profited immensely through an ancient catastrophe which buried the greater part of two small cities, Pompeii and the smaller city of Herculaneum. These two first-century towns were built close to the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, which overlooks modern Naples, and were buried beneath a fiery rain of lava, small volcanic stones (lapilli), ashes and earth. One day in the year 79 A.D. the towns stood, full of life and gaiety (this was something of a "resort" area for the ancient Romans), then the smouldering cone of Vesuvius, an active volcano which had been almost completely quiescent for centuries, belched forth smoke and poisonous volcanic gases in profusion, and poured showers of volcanic pebbles and hot ashes over the surrounding countryside, while lava slowly streamed down the side of the great cone, volcanic rock in a liquid state. Most of the terrified inhabitants fled for their lives, leaving almost everything behind them. But some, less cautious or fearful perhaps, or more concerned about loss of their possessions, lingered behind, and were engulfed in the holocaust. Their bodies, encased in ashes and pebbles, have been recovered as perfect casts containing the skeleton, casts showing every outline and feature - weird and macabre "statues" of these people of nearly two thousand years ago, with the look of life. Excavation and study of Pompeii and Herculaneum began in the eighteenth century and is still far from completed. Much of the towns has received a second burial from modern structures built above it; and much is still encased in a thick coat of volcanic debris. But from what has been excavated, the greater part of our knowledge of daily diet, customs, furniture, dress, art, and a thousand facets of human daily life has been obtained. It has provided for the techniques of modern science a perfect "time capsule" of life in the first-century Roman empire.

Many of the finds have drastically revised the conceptions of both scientific and religious authorities as to the religious and mystical beliefs and practices of Pompeii's citizens. We know now that the classical conception of the ancient Roman religion as crude and grossly polytheistic is far from as true as had been believed; at least we have uncovered - and not only at Pompeii - countless proofs that these people in many instances belonged to mystical cults and secret societies with a high order of ethics, a lofty and pure doctrine, and practices much more aesthetically appealing to the modern observer than those of the common religion of ancient Rome. Many of these were imports from the Hellenistic world - philosophies derived from the speculation and experiment of the Academic philosophers of Greece and Asia Minor. Such beliefs as those of the Stoic school - which possessed a philosophy and ethic loftier than that attained and practiced for at least the next 1500 years of human history - found many, and these of the highest social classes, among their adherents. More popular were the mysterious "salvation" cults with their rites and mysteries, their signs and passwords, their secret and often underground meeting places. Many of the findings of modern archaeology suggest that much of later Christian practice, ritual, and even dogma is directly or indirectly borrowed from these mystery cults.

One of the most spectactular of such findings was the discovery of one of the temples of an ancient mystery cult, the House of Mysteries, which was found situated toward Vesuvius, beyond the ruins of the Street of Tombs. In the beginning of April, 1901, a certain hotel keeper of the district, Aurelio Item, learned that there were traces of ancient walls near the Street, and received permission from the Government to undertake excavations, supplying labor and money himself. This was the beginning, and it led to the unearthing of this beautiful and enigmatic villa with its exquisite frescos. The House of Mysteries was buried much more deeply than most of the city of Pompeii, under a layer of lapilli and earth twenty-four feet thick. The house lay alongside a slight rise in the ground against which the little pebbles lay, heaped up. The first rooms, above ground, were laid bare, and then was discovered the entrance to an underground room beneath the villa - the hidden temple of this long-dead secret society. Work had to be hastily suspended for a time - for it was found that in this long-sealed ancient room there lurked the same poisonous gases which had killed the fugitives who had sought refuge there some 1,850 years before!

When the gases had been eliminated, a tremendously exciting scene

came to light. The cryptoporticus - the underground room - was completely free of volcanic debris and remarkably well preserved. The frescoes on the walls of the hidden chamber were as perfect as though they had been freshly painted. They were a series, illustrating the secret ceremonies of the initiation of a woman into the Dionysian sect. Perhaps, archaeologists have speculated, the neophyte depicted in the paintings was the mistress of this beautiful villa. The scenes shown reach their climax in the epopteia, the unveiling of the cult-symbol before the young woman who is receiving initiation - in this case into a cult clearly phallic in nature, for the sacred symbol is that of male generative power, the Positive Creative Force of these old mystics. The exact significance of these pictures is incompletely known; there has been much discussion and debate, but each "expert" has a different opinion. But this we do know: here is one more clear proof of the extent to which the Roman world was Hellenized in both art and religion, for the painting is as clearly Hellenistic Greek as anything could be.

Another fascinating find was made in October 1938 under the supervision of Professor Maiuri. In the corner of one room of a Pompeiian house an impression in the ashes of a wooden chest which had once stood in that spot was found. In the long course of the centuries, naturally, the chest had completely decayed and disappeared. The immediate surroundings of the impression were thoroughly sifted, since the objects formerly kept in the chest might have defied the ravages of time. In this case, among other things they discovered an ivory statue of the Goddess Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu - a work of Indian art on the Mediterranean coast! Venus was the patron-goddess of this small city, and Lakshmi was in some of her attributes and powers an analogue of Venus; perhaps this "Indian Venus" was the deity of the household's owner. From a thousand small indications scientists have suspected that in the secure and well-organized world of the first-century Roman empire, trade with distant India was a regular and frequent thing. Silk, as an example, was worn in profusion by the upper class Romans, to whom it was literally worth its weight in gold. Now there was indisputable, concrete proof that such trade had existed, and many archaeologists attribute also the incursion of religious and scientific ideas of the Indian Brahmins and Buddhists of that day into Roman society to this trade. It is more than merely possible; it is an almost completely proven fact, and this fact opens up whole areas of thought about the beliefs, especially the scientific and religious beliefs, of the ancient Romans. We are beginning to

discover what a wealth of knowledge was wiped out in the long night of the Dark Ages, only to be recovered in fragments in relatively modern times. Science now knows that the ancient Roman world of the first century had attained a standard of living, and an intellectual and cultural level, not approached in the Western world - let alone surpassed - until the nineteenth century.

But the most exciting find of all was not a villa, nor even an object of art; it was merely a scratched inscription in white stucco on one of the pillars of the palaestra, or gymnasium, of this ancient Roman town. An unlikely place for such an important discovery? Perhaps - but archaeologists are now long used to the unlikely. It was made by Professor della Corte, and it is a mystical mantram or formula in diagram form, as follows:

R O T A S
O P E R A
T E N E T
A R E P O
S A T O R

At first no one could make out the meaning of the words. The four words which were in Latin could not be construed as meaning anything clearly coherent, and the word AREPO is a puzzle; it is not to be found in any dictionary. The strange thing is that these 25 letters yield always the same five mysterious words, no matter from which side they are read. If the word TENET is outlined and framed, there appears the Christian cross. Many interpretations have been advanced; one is that the writer was warning frail humanity that God (Sator) - that is the Sower or Creator - holds (tenet) their actions (opera) as well as the movements of the stars (rotas) in his hand.

This of course leaves out the unintelligible word (arepo) completely. Matteo della Corte and Felix Grosser pointed out that by much twisting around and rearrangement the letters could be made to give the first words of the Lord's Prayer - Pater Noster, in Latin - in the form of a cross. Della Corte concluded from this that the mantram or anagram is a secret symbol of the Christians, and this discovery proves the existence of Christian believers in Pompeii prior to 79 A. D. This would be within the very lifetimes of the original twelve apostles. However, most competent students of the ancient cultures think that such a thin thread cannot support such a theory. After all, there are quite a few letters involved, 25, and rearrangement into dozens of different patterns

might easily turn up some such thing merely by the laws of chance.

Ludwig Diehl more recently has maintained, as against many other possible interpretations, the view that the riddle must be read "in the way the Plough turns, which is much used in the most ancient writings, especially the German Runic writings." That is, one must read the first line from right to left, the second line from left to right, the third line from right to left, etc. This would come out: "Sator opera tenet; tenet opera sator". (The sower holds the works (in his hand), the works holds (in his hand) the sower.") My source maintains that the sense of the words is not quite satisfactory with this reading, and evidently some observers agree.

It takes any occultist or active, present-day student of the Mysteries, however, about one minute to see with this translation what the true sense of the mantram must be. It is a clear statement of one of the most basic laws of the Universe: the law of Karma, or the principle of Compensation and Full Responsibility. Several great mystical truths are concealed in this beautifully expressed symbol. Not only "as you sow, so shall you reap", as the Master Jesus is said to have expressed it. Even more: one is shaped and held by one's own works. Both sides of the Law are thus herein delineated. The first statement: "Sator opera tenet" - the Sower holds the works, or harvest - indicates that Man has full responsibility for each and every action. His will is free. The result is just what the action, modified by the action of others and the forces of Nature against which Man is arrayed, makes it. The crop is what was sown. "The sesamum was sesamum; the corn was corn" to quote Edwin Arnold. The second half of the statement, "tenet opera sator" indicates the other half of the law. We find ourselves here, on this planet, enmeshed from life's first moment in a complex web of circumstances. But, says the Mantram, these are the very circumstances we have sown previously - each situation in which we find ourselves was constructed and laid down by our previous action. But at every given instant our will is free. The situations in which we find ourselves we cannot now control or change; but what we do in these situations, or about them - how we handle them - is every instant in our power. Ar any second we can act, or fail to act, and that action will in turn determine the future we must conquer. There is no Fate. The Norns are figments of Man's imagination - he is himself his own Fate, weaving at every moment the web of his future destiny. As one occultist has put it: "The present is a product of the accumulated past; the future is a product of the PRESENT." Thus

this doctrine gives Man an absolute existential freedom: to do good or to do evil. to bring himself blessing or doom, to make mistakes and to learn from these mistakes. And it gives Man the freedom to change, to reform, at any time. Now, this instant, he can take the step, can sow the seed, which will give him a more desirable crop in future days. This means that absolutely NOTHING can happen to anyone which he does not deserve! A harsh doctrine, one might say? Not so, when well understood. For the laws of Karma and Reincarnation are the most true of all known facts, and withal the most consoling, of all the explanations of the human situation which have been proffered to Man by his thinkers, the philosophers and scientists. That Reincarnation was taught and known for thousands of years in all parts of the world is beyond dispute. Here once more we have proof that the Law of Karma, and therefore of Reincarnation, was taught in the first century world. In luxurious Pompeii there were also sincere and dedicated mystics who lived by this lofty and penetrating philosophy. One of them left, for us to find, the symbol of his faith.

I can add a few points to this explanation, however, from other sources. This mantram, in my own knowledge, is a secret symbol of the mysterious brotherhood known as the Kashai. The name is an ancient Egyptian word meaning "a secret brotherhood"; it's probably a word of their own coinage. In first-century Rome the Kashai were already beginning to be known by the Latin name which, slightly modified and shortened, distinguishes them today. For the Kashai still exist, over 3300 years old and more active and vital today than ever. Many of the greatest and most distinguished personages of our day, as well as a large array of great names in the past, are among its members. But the great bulk of its members today as yesterday are ordinary folk, picked out from their fellows primarily by a certain degree of intellect and a certain attitude of mind that is quite the opposite of either blind conformity to "official-dumb" or fanatic adherence to the unproven. The Kashai now as always do not deal in speculation, but in fact. They are a highly practical group; many of them are scientists. Their principle doctrine is - if one wants to call it a "doctrine" - that no one among them shall accept as fact anything that he has not clearly proven, by evidence which has been tested by every conceivable means, and for himself! - the word of no one, not even of the highest officers of the Brotherhood, is to be taken as Authority, infallible or otherwise. Everything not so proven - and I do mean everything - is to be taken, at best, as nothing better than a working hy-

pothesis. One can proceed "as if" it were true, but one remains free to change one's opinions and one's actions at any moment in the face of new evidence, and one remains free to obtain this evidence, and is indeed both encouraged to do so, and carefully trained in the best methods of doing so. One can easily surmise the results. Such an association, persisting in secret down through the centuries, would become possessed of an enormous body of data, all well-classified and tested, and would have evolved highly coherent and watertight hypotheses to fit this data. Thus it would have quite a good many highly valuable things to communicate to its members. And the body of data is constantly growing as new tests, explorations, and experiments are made, studied, classified, tested and retested. Also, the members would acquire a most remarkable liberty of mind. Superstition, quickly proven false, would vanish from among them. The would be tolerant of error among the ignorant, realizing how close to ignorance they themselves were. They would want to teach, to help, those who still dwelt in the darkness of superstition and ignorance. Such was and is the nature of the Kashai, and this is but one of their many symbols.

The discovery of a cross scratched on a wall of a small and rudely furnished room, presumably slave quarters, in 1939 in the first story of a house in Herculaneum, excited further inquiries. This does not, however, constitute any further proof of the existence of Christians in Herculaneum in 79 A. D., though of course it is not impossible. After the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem by Titus in 70 A. D. a large number of Jewish captives were brought to Rome and sold in the slave markets. It is not difficult to see this item of graffiti as made by one of these Jewish slaves, an adherent, secretly, of the teachings of Christianity. There is a prie-dieu, or kneeling bench, before the cross, with various symbols carved upon it. But we have too much evidence pointing in other directions. For the cross does not appear as a Christian symbol until the second century at the earliest, and late in the second century at that. In the first century the cross meant just one thing, especially to the crude and uneducated (and most people in those times, even as now, were crude and uneducated). That was death, and a most horrible and cruel death, usually administered only to slaves. For anyone to revere a cross would be thought as fantastic as for a modern devotee of, say, Roger Casement, to reverence the gallows. A little later this feeling began to diminish, but at 79 A. D. we are still too close to the mass crucifixions of Titus and others to find the cross regarded with any-

thing else but horror. Still, it is possible. Certain passages in the epistles of St. Paul lend quite a bit of support to the theory that the cross had already become a revered Christian symbol. Much more likely, though, is the explanation that this also is a symbol of the mystical Kashai. The cross, in a special form, was and remains one of their principal symbols. Yet this cross is perfectly plain, and does not bear the modifications that would identify it as Kashai. Of course, the outline is in such a form that it looks as though it is actually the mark left by a wooden cross which was afterwards ripped from the wall; this is what the archaeologist in charge himself thinks is the case, although this view cannot be proven. In such case it might well bear the Kashai symbols. And the prie-dieu or altar - the archaeologists are not sure just which it is - is still in place before this outline of a cross, and it is adorned with symbols of which they can make nothing. One difficulty does exist: although slaves were, we know, very occasionally admitted as members to the Kashai, it was an extremely rare practice. Most of the members were highly aristocratic, or at least well-to-do members of what we might call the "artisan" class. The presence of other mystical symbols, as on the "prie-dieu", which are clearly and definitely identified with the Kashai, made in conjunction with this find, lends some more weight to the theory that here is a better evidence to the contrary. This ancient order was established and flourishing at Pompeii and Herculaneum in the first century A. D. The early Christians, as most people know, used the fish as their principal symbol. Wheat and grapes, and the Chi Rho monogram, were also common. But the cross - seldom or never. Not until much later, and especially not commonly until Constantine abolished crucifixion as a Roman punishment.

I can give the archaeologists a hint, if they want one. It's that mysterious word "arepo" which they have failed to find in any Latin dictionary, and cannot translate. May I suggest that this is because the word is not Latin at all, but koine Greek? Contrary to popular opinion, the bulk of the population of the Roman Empire, even in Italy and in Rome itself, did not speak Latin at all, or spoke it badly and brokenly, with much slang and many colloquialisms which were never recorded in writing. Most people, especially slaves and the lower classes, spoke koine, a bastardized form of Greek with many Latin and other borrowed words. It is the "Greek" in which the New Testament was written; not a scholarly language, but a slangy speech of the gutter and the marketplace. And in Italy, many people who did speak Latin spoke a koine form of

Latin which was thickly strewn with Greek words. (Much the same situation prevails in areas of French Canada today - where one sentence is a mixture of French and English; or in big modern cities where immigrants speak broken English mixed with foreign words and grammatical forms.) The word "arepo" is Greek, koine Greek and not classical. It is a coined word. And it is a verb in the first person present indicative. Does that help, perhaps? If not, perhaps I must climb into my time machine and bring back the exact definition! Any good Greek scholar should be able to figure out the true and complete meaning of the mystic mantram of ancient Pompeii with this bit of free assistance.

Yes, modern archaeology has given us an enormous fund of new knowledge about the past, and the living traditions and preserved writings of ancient times have given us the rest. But much still remains to be uncovered, and the next archaeologist's spade may turn up a discovery evenlmore exciting and baffling than this one.

Some source material: "Untergang Und Auferstehung Von Pompeii Und Herculaneum" by Egon Caesar Conte Corti. First published in Germany in 1940. Reprinted in English as "The Destruction And Ressurrection Of Pompeii And Herculaneum" by Routledge & Kegan Paul; London, 1951. "The Mystical Life Of Jesus" by H. Spencer Lewis, Ph. D., Rosicrucian Press, Ltd., San Jose, California, 1929.

CIVILIZATION AND HEALTH

The blood pressure of two tribes of Indians living on tributaries of the Amazon River yield evidence that being civilized has penalties. One of the tribes has nothing to do with civilization. Its members don't bother with clothes. They live on the countryside's natural food. They have no marital responsibilities. The other tribe went over to civilization some 40 years ago. Its members have acquired some sense of physical modesty. Men have wives and women have husbands in the civilized sense. Its diet has also changed.

How many guesses do you need as to which tribe has the higher blood pressure?

The civilized Indians use table salt. They also use tobacco. These two things alone are blamed by medical men for the rise in blood pressure. One thing seems clear from this (and it is common to uncivilized peoples the world over!), it is not advancing age which causes our rising blood pressure and consequent heart and brain hemmorhage deaths, but our civilized habits. We should be smart enough to take the hint!

COMMENT ON



By Richard S. Shaver

Some months ago we ran the Reinhold Schmidt story, which, briefly, consisted of an initial sighting of a flying saucer landed near Kearney, Nebraska on the 5th of November, 1957 and later of being taken for a ride to the Arctic Circle and to the Great Pyramid. The theme of the entire adventure is benevolence. Here we present an opposing viewpoint, being offered with great earnestness by the world-famous author of The Shaver Mystery. In it, he makes a bold challenge which, if not accepted, can change the entire picture of our concept of so-called space people.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: At the risk of alienating all our many friends who belong to flying saucer clubs who postulate that the flying saucers are here to help us, and may even rescue us from the horrors of atomic warfare in the event of war, coming to take us to safe homes on other planets, we present what we firmly believe is an ABSOLUTE NECESSITY, the other side of this viewpoint, and our conviction that our faith in such possibilities must be based on real evidence, and not on wishful thinking. It is true that such organizations as Donald Keyhoe's NICAP consider that even to investigate such people as Schmidt, Bethurum, etc, is to soil one's lily-white fingers of scientific methodology. We consider this to be the other extreme of intolerance, and equally to be decried, which is why, in FLYING SAUCERS we have insisted on a fair hearing for all, no matter if on the face of it, a particular individual seems to be merely a crackpot, or a religious fanatic, or a downright scoundrel - and we

REINHOLD SCHMIDT

concede that occasionally this is actually the case. However, in each instance, the theory that providing sufficient rope will culminate in a hanging seems to have been borne out. The readers of FLYING SAUCERS have proved themselves capable of sifting the evidence and coming up with the logical perspective. But in this one phase of flying saucer activity, we feel more attention is necessary, more sharp-eyed analysis of claims and claimants should be made, and certainly, less going for an attractive proposition hook, line and sinker, so to speak. Therefore, we desire to make this matter an issue, in an attempt to settle it for once and for all. Let the chips fall where they may.)

THE AMALGAMATED Flying Saucer Clubs Of America's club paper, AFSCA WORLD REPORT, puts out a pamphlet on Reinhold Schmidt, wherein he relates various adventures with Flying Saucers, and takes several trips in the craft. I imagine a lot of Shaver readers have also heard of Reinhold Schmidt. I am not going to say anything to discredit Mr. Schmidt, except to comment on the things these Flying Saucer people said, the things they did, what they looked like, and who I think they really are.

I want to quote from the passage where Mr. X, after flying Mr. Schmidt to Egypt via the North Pole, takes him into the Great Pyramid, separates him from the sightseers, and opens a door in the passage with a pocket device (just like in the fantasies by A. Merritt). As they go in, they see several things: - the true Cross on which Christ was crucified,

a small space ship, jewels, etc. etc. I quote: "Then Mr. X made a statement which completely dumfounded me. He said that this was the first time the secret door had been opened for over two thousand years, and that he, Mr. X, had been the last person to close it! I was faced with the staggering thought that he was over two thousand years old! I must have stared hard at him. It was difficult for me to comprehend. He seemed to be no more than forty or forty-five.

"To say that I felt awe in the presence of this simple man..."

The only astounding thing to me in the account is Mr. Schmidt's complete gullibility. However, it is not so astonishing if one accepts the space ship, the trip, the true Cross, and the diamonds the size of quarters. You will note that Mr. X did not allow Mr. Schmidt to have a diamond when he practically asked for one. "They would only bring you trouble..."

It is this sentence that almost identifies Mr. X to me. They are the masters of illusion, all right, and it is probable the honorable Mr. Schmidt, now an employee of the mysterious flying saucer people by his own admission, never left Kearney, but was under a form of hypnosis induced by ray work which gives the impression of complete reality.

I would like to tell you what really happened to Mr. Schmidt. Mr. X and the others of the Saucer crew he describes exist very much as Mr. Schmidt says they do. The Flying Saucer did meet him as he says it did. They had a use for him, to act as an agent in buying certain property and running a quarry from which they extract certain things Reinhold admits he does not understand. I suggest that if Mr. Schmidt investigates personally, is is either digging into a treasure room of a buried city or is mining high grade ore and turning it over without a proper cut. In other words, they are jerking him, because they always do.

All the rest is induced hallucination, taking place aboard the Saucer, all right, but it never leaves the parking spot where it is safe. For the Saucers have so many enemies they would be shot down if they flew casually around in the way Schmidt describes.

They are so clever at this hallucination process that many honorable U. S. Secret Service agents work for them, thinking they are working for the real secret government of the country.

That is why Mr. X could not give him a diamond. Not that he would if he could, for he wouldn't. But he could not because they were pure projection. The antique ray is especially made for this purpose; they use it in theatrical performances - story telling is its function, and it fills it adequately.

The first time I saw Mr. X he was dragging a young girl into a taxicab on a side street. The girl was drunk or drugged, and I know she was never seen again on the surface of the earth. He has come up in the world since then, that was a long time ago. That is, if I have recognized him from his remarks. It doesn't matter too much, but if they weren't flying saucers around and lying to people, they would be rolling drunks and selling girls. I only mention it to show the kind of people they are.

It is because they want to hide the fact of their origin they tell such tall tales about their age and their wealth and their ever-loving benevolence. Precisely the reverse is true, but how to point it out to those who know they exist and have access to the caverns and the use of the Saucers. These people are agents for an ancient order that is familiarly called "The Cocks". The Cock is a contemptuous epithet for the head, who is supposed to be the actual old devil himself. They meet in the caverns of this two-horned prodigy of time and have endless debauches wherein many young people die to amuse their sadistic hosts. Many of them do not exactly enjoy these spectacles, for it is extremely difficult to please a devil or a dero, and at any moment their whim may fall upon a guest or all the guests for a fancied slight - for any of a million reasons, it happens to the guests, too. Sometimes these parties are held just for the purpose of getting rid of supposed rivals, and ALL the guests are killed. It is all a very mad and uncomfortable business, working for the Cocks, but once in, they can't get out. Never go to a party is one thing the people in the caverns learn or die. For, the head Cock, like Emperor Sulla, gives his favorites permission to despoil anyone they please. And they please to despoil the handiest, which are their own foolish followers. Evil is evil, is one thing they learn. Mr. X is still alive because he is a clever liar, adroit in avoiding the Cock's displeasure. But none of their agents are exactly a good insurance risk.

This illusion of the true Cross and all the trappings is a standard device used by the Cocks, which is how I recognized Mr. Schmidt's companions as members of their organization, (may it perish forever, soon). They use this illusion in their initiations, where they show the acolyte that they were responsible for Christ's death and that evil rules the world and not good. For do they not have the true Cross to prove it! Of course, there is no cross and no trappings and no gems - it is all illusion. You will note how maladroit is Mr. X's use of these standardized devices for duping simple people into thinking him a benevolent gentleman of some two thousand years age. He is actually only a flunkey for

the Cocks, and his use of their apparatus is not artistic, his mixtures of ship and pyramid and Jesus' Cross and diamonds the size of quarters and his immortality - are all too hard to swallow only because he himself is an oaf and has no artistic touch on the tri-di dream mech he uses. Actually this particular Mr. X was born in London, about eighty years ago. He is a Cockney of the meaner, more despicable variety. He is a descendant of Fagin by character and appearance.

You will note that when he shows Mr. Schmidt the antique records on "some form of papyrus" he does not even have the wit to make the writing into the antique Elder language, but it is written in Modern English. This is a direct revelation of the caliber of Mr. X's intelligence, and nothing else. If Mr. Schmidt had been allowed to see the inside of Mr. X's mind, he would have tried to kill him. Any normal man would, for he is one of the world's worst maniac killers, if I have recognized him correctly. If he is not the one I think, he is just as culpable, for he knows what the rest do and evidently orders much of it done. He is a labor crimp and a pimp on a grand scale, and he is one of those who keeps the whole world back by killing off our best minds. If any of the cavern people had been as close to him as Mr. Schmidt, they would have got a knife into him as surely as his death is overdue now. In the caverns, such agents are go-betweens between the Cocks and the various governments whom they dupe into supplying them with war materiels which they use to keep their hold over the cavern peoples. Right now, U. S. rockets are being projected through cavern highways to blast down cavern strongholds. The pity of it is that those who supply the rockets and those who fire the rockets often think they are doing it to fight evil. Often they are duped, and even after they take a stronghold, they do not learn they have destroyed good and aided evil.

Such liars as Mr. X are the most dangerous and evil creatures loose on the surface of the earth. Yet Mr. Reinhold Schmidt is convinced he is in contact with benevolent people of God-like wisdom who will, when they get good and ready, turn over to earth men some of their ancient science to make things better for us. The truth is they have never done anything but destroy civilization since history began.

The proof of their attitude lies in their possession of medical rays, such rays as cure cancer and raise children of superior intelligence - yet no hospital on earth is given the use of these rays openly. Sometimes ray people can sneak a beneficial ray to a man or child who needs it to live, and they do. But they do it on pain of death if they are discovered,

for the Cocks are wholly selfish. Luckily their rule totters to its doom today. There will be no Mr. Xs duping honest Schmidts when they fall.

Before I close this eulogy on the Cocks, I must emphasize that Mr. X represents those survivors of the ray clique who drove Hitler and his legions to bathe the world in blood. Hitler won himself death and took his nation with him, just as Napoleon did before him. The marching armies of decent little men perish, but the bloody work of killing surface men off by getting them to warring goes on, for the ancient order of the Cockatrice goes on and on. This is the group who have for so many centuries been the source of our surface tales of Hell and its torments, and there is always a real Hell in their underworld strongholds. There is no way to explain the Cocks to anyone who has no knowledge of the underworld and its history. But Mr. X represents their benevolent front on the surface, and his egregious lies to Reinhold Schmidt are typical of their tactics. Yes, they have saucers. Yes, they trap and kill space vessels whose only purpose in coming here is to give us the things that Mr. X and his confreres refuse to give us, while they cover their utter soul-less selfishness and stupidity with exactly the sort of tales that Mr. Schmidt has swallowed.

We need the beneficial rays that Mr. X and the organization he represents owns more than we need anything. If Mr. Schmidt wants to test Mr. X to see if I am telling the truth, let him ask for one, just one, tiny real favor, one bit of information that would do the world some good or make one sick child well. He would learn that no normal man can get any good thing out of them. For they are evil, and are not allowed to do any good deed for any human being. If they did accidently do a good deed, it would mean their death. For that is their law, and their only law. Do only evil to mankind. And that is what they do.

There are other saucers and other groups, but they must spend all their time fighting Mr. X and those he represents, and they cannot give us ray weapons because the Cocks would kill us before we learned to use ray. Or is that another of Mr. X's lies, another "wool" as they call all contact with surface men. "Wool" is all you can ever get from them. If you don't believe me, ask Mr. X for one single thing, Reinhold. You will find it is beyond his ability to give you even a peanut!

RED CHINA - ON GHOSTS

A new book in Red China - "Stories On How Not To Be Afraid Of Ghosts" says the only way to get rid of them "is to scold them, ridicule them, beat them, rope them, or even kill them."

ASTROLOGY: Ill-Health and Chart Comparison

By Hannes Bok

"I AM EVER SO CURIOUS about something," writes E. J. "I had a very serious illness last winter. I'm wondering if it shows in my horoscope. Some time when you have the chance, will you please look it up and see if you could have warned me about it, if I'd asked for information about that period?"

Usually when doing forecasts by mail, I hesitate to predict ill-health, for a couple of reasons. One is pure practicality. Whenever any old "planet" at all transits into aspect of 150 degrees to a birth-planet (subsequent to making a conjunction to the said birth-planet) it creates a first-to-sixth-house reaction involving health - its lightness or gravity depending on the nature and strength of the transiting planet which is doing the aspecting.

For example, the transiting Moon makes ten such 150 degree aspects to your birth-planets every month - so theoretically you could become ill ten times a month. But lunar aspects are of very short duration and mostly mark one's moods from a few minutes to a few hours at most, so that the ill-health they're likely to indicate probably at most brings on a short-lived queasy feeling (as, being nauseated by somebody's describing an operation at the dinner table) or feeling somewhat "off your feed". Or a mild stomach upset, easily remedied and forgotten with a pinch of sodium bicarb. Or a touch of headache - in any case, something you'd have to be looking-for to notice.

But since the Moon makes 1440 aspects to one's birth-planets per year (and more!) not to mention the transits of all the other planets, you can see why I'd need an I BM machine and a battery of secretaries, if I wished to forecast every possibility in anybody's life!

Another reason is that I fear to hypnotize people into ill-health or other negative states of mind and body. Often if you tell a client that he'll

feel sickish next Tuesday, he'll blithely make himself sick just to fulfill the prediction.

I wish this worked in positive suggestions - for example, when I announce "Next Friday you're going to be very brilliant and creative in your thinking!" - but only too often the client announces on Saturday, "I tried ever so hard to be as clever as you said I would, yesterday, and I made a silly idiot of myself." The moral seems to be that sickness is easy to manage, but brilliancy requires effort.

Thus when doing charts by mail, I try to avoid such negative suggestions unless specifically asked. I do of course warn about the likelihood of carelessly making one's self sick under Mars, Saturn and other "heavy-planet" so-called "bad" transits.

And if I sound distressingly technical, forgive me. I've had a batch of squawks from astrology students who think I haven't been technical enough lately. I've tried to tell them that SEARCH is a general-interest magazine, and that these articles should be "slanted" toward those who know nothing of astrology whatever, but this time at least let's indulge 'em.

Still another consideration - getting back to health-and-astrology - is that in our American folk-lore, all illness is "bad". (Whatever's convenient for us is labelled GOOD, and whatever's inconvenient is always labelled BAD. Cows are good; tigers are bad. Riches are good; poverty is bad. Expedience is good; obstacles are bad. Which is a lot of malarky, as the guy who missed his train because of an obstacle and so escaped death in a train-wreck can tell you - as soon as he learns of the wreck, the "bad" obstacle suddenly becomes "good" - again proving that All is Illusion, meaning that All is Viewpoint.)

But astrology has shown me that while some ill-health may be inconvenient, it's really good. It's the system's method of letting off steam, or getting rid of poisons.

There may or may not be a moral to this, but have you noticed how frequently that people who live alone or are extremely self-preoccupied tend to become sick much of the time (to the point of hypochondria)? They're so busy worrying about themselves - a negative state - that they respond to negative suggestion.

Too, while ill-health may be inconvenient (not to mention painful!) it's "all in the nature of things" (self-help lecturers to the contrary) - the body's a machine and like all machines is subject to occasional breakdown. (I could get into a wild controversy over this remark, since

some of the self-help folk will argue that the body is a Perfect Machine, because it is in the "image of God" - though I can't imagine Infinity having any image, since to have any characteristics at all implies a limitation, and Infinity can't be limited - though, paradoxically, even saying "Infinity can't be limited" is to ascribe characteristics to the Infinite, meaning God. And if all is God and of God - which necessarily everything has to be - then everything is perfect, except perhaps the viewpoints which refuse to recognize it: reductio ad absurdem!)

When my typewriter suffers an occasional breakdown, I don't wax frantic and decide that it's "going to die" - I fix it, and it works merrily along for another spell (one of my typers is a museum-piece - a fold-over Corona, which still works, but perhaps one day won't work, simply because nobody manufactures its type of parts any longer).

But when the body breaks down, a lot of people lose their perspective. It's their own dear sweet lovely little body facing extinction! So they lose their heads, and worry themselves into the further negation of suggesting themselves into aggravated symptoms. (I dealt somewhat with this in an article a few years back: HOW TO MAKE YOUR SUPERSTITIONS WORK FOR YOU. Note to editor: Ray, do you think I should do an updated version of this article, to be printed again for the benefit of new readers?) (Editor's note: We hate to go Bokwards, but if you got something new, OK)

Then too, Change or Development is eternal. Body-changes scare most people, who want to "stay the same always", and hence regard physical changes as ill-health and run to have the condition "corrected". Sure, I'm a crackpot - see, I admit it in black and white! - but I wonder whether we don't actually hamper or even prevent our physical development by this fear of change. Some enterprising science-fiction writer could do a good yarn, based on this thought. Maybe everybody at age 60 is supposed to develop antennae, sprouting from his eyebrows, making him telepathic - but when the antennae begin to sprout, he fears that the unwonted bumps are incipient cancer and rushes to a doc and has 'em chopped off. Nutty notion - but just the same, there might be a whisker of truth in it.

From my researches into "death", I seem to have discovered that - barring intensive natural catastrophes such as earthquakes, floods and the like (I suppose I might add long-distance missiles) - all deaths seem to be the result of slow suicide. Our charts denote the fixed ideas (as represented by the fixed planets-at-birth) which kill us, if we let them (because, remember, Developments are Eternal). While one can't become

"un-fixed", he can accept developments (or "compromise with circumstances") and keep alive.

Hence near-immortality is quite possible - and don't try to laugh it off by sneering, "Nyaah, who ever heard of a near-immortal?" Thing is, anybody who's a near-immortal, and with any sense, certainly wouldn't go around advertising his condition - not only would he be mobbed by immortality-seekers, but he'd likely be kidnapped for dissection-purposes; also, with the wisdom of his experience, he'd be so far out of rapport with the common herd that he'd have no interest in dealings with it.

Awhile back, on the TV TWILIGHT ZONE program, there was a drama in which a feller who'd lived at least 500 years fell madly in love with a 20-year old girl - which irked me no end; it'd be like a guy of thirty falling in love with a week-old baby. It just wouldn't work that way - Tommy Manville notwithstanding.

As the Chinese noted long ago, "Man's difficulties arise from his inability to sit quietly and just let things happen." Which is a paraphrase on Buddha's remark, "Desire or attachment is the origin of all sorrow." Which again is, "Fixed ideas are what kill us - just as the pliable grass survives the storm which levels the inflexible tree."

I could go on and on, but will stop here lest once again I seem (seem?) too opinionated even though I've evidence (from my research into horoscopes) that I'm right. Some of the astro-student-readers object to my opinions - but my opinions all stem from my own astrological researches (which thus far, they haven't seemed to take into account).

I've had quite a lot of requests to write something about chart-comparison. Mrs. Jones wants to find out what elements in her horoscope jibe or conflict with the elements of Mr. Jones' (or sometimes Messrs Smith, Brown and Peterson's) horoscope.

But I've never delved very deeply into chart-comparison, and on good grounds. Of course chart-comparison works, but who needs it? (People will insist on looking outside themselves for "answers", which is why we have greed and Politics!) To quote the ancient Chinese again (don't blame me if they knew all the answers milleniums ago!) "No man alone can cleanse the world, but if every man would cleanse his own heart, the world would need no cleansing."

I don't think the answer to "getting along with others" really depends on matching one's fixed ideas (or birth-planet indications) with those of others, although of course it helps.

First, it's "How do you get along with yourself?" because it's a

cinch that if you can't get along with yourself, you can't get along with others. Moral: Know Thyself! It's a lifetime job, but all too frequently I encounter folk who tell me, "Don't bother describing my character from my horoscope - just tell me the future. I know all about myself!" They don't need astrology, because to know yourself is to know your future - on the same order as Jung's remark that if you can discover the myth or legend you are re-enacting, you'll know your future, because you'll tend to respond to, or gravitate to, only the situations and results of whatever legendary character you "identify" with. Philip Wylie also dealt with this in his book GENERATION OF VIPERS, in describing his archetypes of Cinderella and Mom.

Thus, we tend to "transfer" or "project" our limitations to others. In example, I've a male client who's bothered by his wife's infidelity. (He's unfaithful to her, but to quote him, "That's different!) He wants to know what elements in his chart don't jibe with what elements in her chart - and won't listen when I try to tell him that it's the elements in his own chart (and forget his wife's!) which create his problem. Which drags in the "fixed ideas" again. For this guy to get along with his wife, he's got to "adjust" (I didn't say "change", notice). But he's got fixed ideas - like all suicides, he wants the world to conform to his notions, instead of the other way around. Hence it "kills" his marriage (or suicides it).

Thus if you've got a number of oppositions in your horoscope, you're never going to get along very well in partnership or marriage. You can do two things - either realize this and make yourself accept it and "like it", or you can simply eschew all forms of mutual agreement.

I think altogether too much is made of chart-comparison in the astrology magazines. It's better to forgdz whose Jupiter is on whose Pluto, and just consider each horoscope as a separate item. Okay, your chart says you'll do fine in love and marriage; his chart says he'll fail at them. Since you know from his chart that he'll flub love and marriage, you don't need to see if his Saturn is kitchy-cooking your Uranus - any bond between you just ain't going to work out satisfactory.

For those of you who fear they have lousy charts, and who'll start chewing their fingernails about the dire portents I've mentioned - don't let it throw you! Not everybody can have everything, and even the worst chart has some good points on which to capitalize. (Which reminds me of a client who's an "idiot genius". When it comes to talent (he's in films) nobody can come near the guy. BUT - "love" or what passes for it has

always been this guy's downfall. A femme can't pass (makes no difference whether she's 90 and on crutches, or another Lolita) but what he literally goes off his nut. In consequence his "love" urges have hampered his film career again and again. With his afflicted Venus, he's got the fixed idea that love is his "right".

We're taught to distrust "what comes naturally". And as writer Anne Parrish remarked, most of us are so busy snatching at our "rights" that our hands aren't cupped to receive what comes naturally, so that we wail, "Yes, I'm sure this is all very nice," when something comes our way, "but - ". And what a but, as the man remarked when the billy goat rammed him.

So it's better to know yourself, and I mean really know yourself. Once you do, you'll lose a lot of interest in finding out whose Mars is tickling whose Sun! Because your happiness will come from yourself, and you won't expect to find it in another. Pardon me now; I've got to straighten my halo and preen my wings! See you next issue.



THE SKY PEOPLE

by Brinsley Le Poer Trench

Editor Flying Saucer Review, 1956-9

This is the fascinating story of the Sky People who have been visiting our planet for millions of years, bringing much needed light and wisdom at critical periods in our history.

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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 yeors.

I WISH TO TELL everyone in the State of California not to become overly alarmed over news that they may already have heard that California is due to experience a very severe earthquake. Truthfully, I feel there will be a large and rather severe earthquake. Although this is true, I don't feel that it will be as severe as several fanatic people will predict that it will be. I do wish everybody would stay put; they will live through it. There will be no loss of life, I am sure. Use common sense, do not rush helter-skelter, sell property, or move to another location. All this will pass over without any great personal danger. I am not leaving California, and I'm sure if it was too severe, I'd be the first one to know it and leave.

In regard to Russia, again I feel no war with Russia. The condition in Laos is serious and I think we may put certain conditions upon things in regard to this situation, but I'd be mighty surprised if it actually turns into war.

Kennedy will make a good president. Many who read this column know I thought that Nixon should have been elected; but I also feel that Kennedy, if given the right support from all us Americans, will surprise each and every one of us. He may have a health condition come up that will be somewhat serious during his term, and even to the point that he would be in danger. I hope this can and will be averted.

There will be several stocks taking a surprising rise. Many of these will be the little stocks that the average person knows nothing about. But they will bring a great deal of financial security to people. American Motors, which is one I said many people should invest in, is going to have

a surprise for the many people who own their stocks. It will be pleasant and very beneficial to all concerned.

There will also be several more serious air crashes that will take the lives of many prominent people.

I note that I was correct in regard to Dr. Bernard Finch and Carole Tregoff. I knew that these two would be apprehended correctly, because I felt all along that they were guilty. I think the fate that they are going to have pronounced upon them, (I write this on March 31) will be quite surprising to everyone, including Dr. Finch and Carole Tregoff.

There will be important discussions between Kruschev and President Kennedy. Many will be surprising in nature. President Kennedy is a Gemini and Kruschev is an Aries; thus Kennedy will be able to do much with Kruschev because of the Gemini influence upon the Aries nature. While I do not use astrology in my work, I do know the influence of these two signs upon each other.

Once more there will be outlandish outbursts from people who will say the world is coming to an end. They will emphasize the fact of the California earthquake I mentioned. Do not believe these people, get panic-stricken or leave California. No one can give an accurate date on this earthquake. May has been mentioned - I doubt it very much. It could happen today, tomorrow or any day, but to pinpoint it is impossible. Thus you cannot avoid it by being out of California.

There will be changes in the government that will be surprising to the average citizen. But, if they will remember that every word they say against the government is really not very American, in my way of thinking, they will avoid unjust criticism at the time. They will discover that the affairs of the entire world can, indeed, be much better if each and every one of us remember that our country, so far, has survived pretty well. All this talk about war and communism taking over is the worst thing people can do. Constructive criticism is, of course, the duty of each citizen, but be sure you do not fall into the error of making destructive criticisms out of sheer emotion or prejudice.

There will be many things come up concerning conditions in China that will cause many people to feel very sad and blue. Not only in China, but in various other parts of the world where there have been extreme hardships. These conditions will be almost heartrending, but there is little can be done about them. Also, they will be coupled with political situations that will prevent any real assistance being offered. This will be upon the heads of the government, and it will devolve upon them to

remedy the situation, which will be extremely difficult, and may cause them considerable loss of face, and even endanger their rule.

Africa, also, will come in for sudden and unexpected unpleasantness, in addition to the present unpleasantness, I am sorry to say. Africa is bound to be in great turmoil for many years.

(Editor's note to Dorothy Lauer and to SEARCH readers who have been alarmed over delay in receiving their analyses. First, as you know, SEARCH has been forced by an intolerable printer situation to take the drastic step of setting up its own printing plant for the production of SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS and THE HIDDEN WORLD plus several new ventures we have in mind which were impossible with the previous printer. We have done this, and it has taken every moment of our time, day and night. Even the supposedly minor task of sending requests for analyses off to Dorothy at regular intervals became a chore, and thus there was as much as six weeks delay (which caused some persons not only to stop payment on their checks, but to threaten to cancel their subscriptions in anger). Some called in the middle of the night to demand Dorothy's address, which we can't give. Now that our plant is in operation good service will be resumed. To you patient ones, our thanks!)

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 $4.00. 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 $4.00 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.

Editors 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.**

PROOF OF SURVIVAL

The Day Of Crisis

(My Personal Proof of Life After Death)

By L. Taylor Hansen

THE NIGHT OF July 22, 1922 in Los Angeles was hot and breathless. I was trying to study for my college classes the next day, but somehow concentration on what I was doing wouldn't come. Summer session is always a time of intense study, and I was annoyed with my own inability.

I left my books and went to the open window. My thoughts were not on the Silurian Seas of the earth many millions of years ago. They were on Virginia De Witt. I could seem to see her lovely turquoise eyes smiling into mine - this beautiful Irish girl who just two short months before had closed those eyes in death before the onslaught of diptheria, before she could celebrate her birthday. Virginia was never destined to leave her teens.

At the sound of the door opening behind me, I turned around. It wa my mother.

"Why don't you come with me tonight to hear Madame -----, a fairly well-known medium who is giving a seance a short way up the street? Virginia may come."

"I don't believe in those seances. You took me to one before - remember? What a farce!"

"Very well. But you do not seem to be much interested in geology. And the experience might just take away these gloomy thoughts."

"Perhaps you are right, and the walk should help. Agreed then this far - I'll walk you up there and return. By that time the seas of the Silurian Epoc should regain their interest."

She nodded and we started out. To tell the truth, I had no intention of

going in, but once beside the darkened door, mother pulled my arm pleadingly, and I followed her. We took seats in a circle where two men made a place for us. The room was quiet and bathed in a dark red light. After one's eyes became accustomed to the darkness, one could see fairly well. A voice, to me obviously faked to resemble that of a child was coming out of a trumpet that seemed to be floating in the air. Across from me a stout woman was talking with the trumpet and wiping her eyes. Poor unhappy thing, I smiled cynically. Her eagerness to be fooled had evaporated her reason - if she had any. Apparently this thing was as bad as the other. I settled back in my chair in sarcastic amusement.

At this moment the man in the chair next to me nudged my arm and whispered: "Someone is standing beside you."

I raised one eyebrow and looked at him. "Are you part of the show?"

"No, I came out of curiosity. I can see that you are very skeptical."

"To put it mildly, yes!"

"This woman has little ability. It is too bad. She has not sensed the person standing beside you."

"And you do?"

"I am what is known as a - Sensitive."

My eyes narrowed. If you wanted to find peculiar people - this was the place to look! But he was speaking again.

"There is standing before you a young girl. Her hair, worn in a page-boy long bob, is dark with reddish highlights. Her eyes are exceptionally lovely. Their wide turquoise depths are fastened upon you."

My breath caught in my throat and stuck with a little dry choke. It was mother who leaned across me and whispered:

"Please ask her name."

"She is smiling, Madam, as she now turns toward you. She has spoken one word to you: 'Virginia.'."

I swallowed very hard but no sound would come from my throat. He continued:

She is not alone. With her is a White-Sister-of-Mercy. This is the loveliest angel it has ever been my privilege to look upon. Her aura is pearl white with rainbow tipped edges."

"How strange for Virginia to bring her - but then, of course, Virginia was a Catholic. Would you ask her if they bring a message?"

"Yes, Madam, they do have, and the message is for you."

"For ME?" Mother gasped. "Are you certain?"

"Yes. Very certain. In exactly two months from this day, you are going to face a crisis. They want you to know that they will be standing by to see you through."

"A crisis! What kind of a crisis?"

"That - I am not at liberty to reveal."

"Is it financial?"

"I am not at liberty to say."

"Mother," I whispered, gaining my voice suddenly as I became aware of curious eyes turned in our direction, "it is very apparent that the man does not know."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that," he said, turning to me. "Obviously you are still skeptical. Well and good. But just promise this - that you will go home, flip two months of the calendar, then circle the 22nd of September in red. By this time on that day - you will understand. Goodnight." And with that he was gone.

"Come on, Mother. Let's get out of here. We are attracting too much attention."

Quietly as possible, we made our exit, but the mystery man was nowhere in sight.

"Who was he?"

"I don't know," I replied as soon as we were again in the street. "I didn't ask him. After all, what does it matter? There may be scientifically such a thing as reading thoughts, since they may set up vibrations. If so, he read mine. And that is all there is to it."

"Nevertheless, I believe I shall make an appointment with my broker in the morning."

'Oh, Mother, that part can't be true. Virginia would be the last person to worry about money and stocks!"

"Are you going to circle the calendar as he asked?"

"No."

"Then I shall."

"Very well. I couldn't care less. But the outing did do me a little good. I feel an interest returning in the seas of Silurian times."

Thus for me the incident was forgotten until one day at breakfast Mother announced suddenly: "Do you know what today is?"

"No. Should I particularly?"

"It is the twenty-second of September."

"Oh, you mean the first day of returning winter."

"No. I mean the day-of-crisis."

"What crisis?"

"Have you forgotten the message from Virginia and the White-Sister-of-Mercy?"

"Oh, that. Yes, I had forgotten it; but you see how wrong he was. The country seemed to be quite normal and the expected stock-market dip didn't happen, did it? By the way, what did you do with that block of stock you took out of steel?"

"Oh, I will reinvest the money tomorrow. At the moment it is quite safe. By the way, after your last class today come to my office. I want to discuss another investment."

Accordingly, after my last class at college, I hurried to Mother's office. She was the general manager of a large chain of stores and generally kept several stenographers busy at a battery of typewriters. When I entered however, everyone was shouting, running here and there - while the typewriters were quiet.

Suddenly sensing something was terribly wrong, I dashed into my mother's office. She was lying on the floor, while a doctor with a stethoscope was bending over her.

She turned her head slowly and caught my eye. "The stocks," she whispered hoarsely, "the stocks....."

"Step aside," the doctor ordered me sharply, "make way for the stretcher. We are taking your mother to the hospital."

"Why? What has happened?"

As they lifted Mother to put her on the stretcher, she turned her head and again held her hand out to me. "The stocks....."

Then her eyes closed wearily. It was the last time I ever heard her voice.

"What happened?" I demanded of the doctor as he turned to follow the stretcher from the room.

"Heart attack! If you want to help, stay here and find those stocks she is raving about and bring them to the hospital."

"But I don't want to stay here looking for stocks at a time like this."

"Then stay just long enough for us to get her under an oxygen tent."

"Very well. But if she shows any change phone me immediately at this phone right here."

Then began a wild search through her desk and the safe for some envelope - I didn't know what - money, stocks or just a letter. I had just given myself one half hour to hunt and then I was going to the hospital.

The clock ticked off my half hour as I pawed wildly through the last neatly stacked bundle of papers.

I slammed the last drawer shut as the phone rang. A soft, feminine voice answered me saying quietly: "Your mother died without regaining consciousness. Will you please come over to the hospital and claim the body?"

I put the receiver back on the hook and sat down at her desk - staring blankly at the wall. Red flashes seemed to be shooting before my eyes. Then suddenly the thing at which I had been staring came into blurry focus. It was a calendar turned to the month of September, and there deeply ringed with a red circle was the 22nd day followed by a large question mark also pencilled in red in the handwriting of my mother.

THE END

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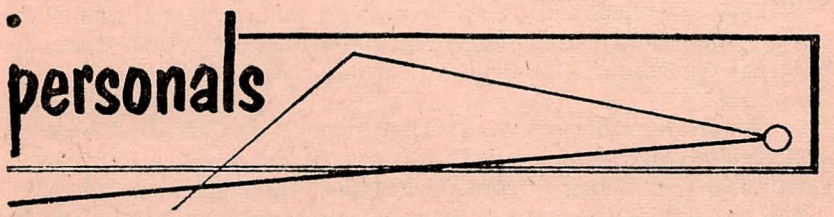
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* I am a young man 24 years of age interested in getting together with other people in the New York City area, who are interested in forming a group for the personal investigation of unorthodox phenomena. I was thinking of something that would not only involve the discussion of such phenomena, but the participation in actual experiments. I believe that many minds acting in unison can achieve better results than one individual. I believe the best approach is one that is manifested in the ceremonial rituals of cults. I have sensed the intense hypnotic spirituality among these people, when watching their rituals. I have always dreamed of incorporating such ritualistic forms into a dynamic group interested in delving into the unknown. If anyone is interested in forming such a group please write to - Reuben Joseph, 2028 71st. St., Brooklyn 4, N. Y., or phone BE 2-6809.

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* For sale: FATE magazine, all issues from March 1957 to present, 25¢ each, postpaid. "Cosmic Consciousness" by R. M. Bucke, brand new copy $5.50 postpaid. "The Gates Of Heaven" by Clifford Allen, $1.25 postpaid. Wish to buy or rent "Shaftesbury's Secrets" by Edmund Shaftesbury. - Elvin R. Merk, Rt. 1, Parker, S. Dakota.

* I desire to contact a natural born psychic trance medium young or old male or female - some highly psychic person who has guides, capable of naming names and telling addresses of long lost missing loved ones. I have a brother I am very fond of who has been missing for 45 years, and I have a dear daughter I haven't seen for 25 years. I long to locate them, and will reward whoever helps me locate my dear ones. Maybe you know of a medium who, through their spirit guide, can come to my aid in locating whereabouts of my loved ones. Please help me if you can. - J. J. Wilcox, P. O. Box 235, Lily Dale, N.Y.

* Would wish to contact only serious minded people in East Bay area willing to assist present subject and myself in psychic experiments, as, contacting loved ones who have passed on. Healing, all forms. Astral projection. Hypnotic age regression, materializations. If you are interested and willing to be a subject, or are qualified to conduct these tests yourself, fine. No crackpots or frauds. This is no joke, we have already been successful at times in all we've mentioned above. Object, to share and gain knowledge to the extent we are permitted. - Bob Bennett, 5906 Fortune Way, Oakland, Calif. (Phone, LO-82105).

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* Am looking for an article which appeared in an issue of the magazine MIND DIGEST in the early 1930's, written by Baird T. Spaulding. It related how he and a U. S. Army captain had once, years ago, witnessed the "testing" of a Zuni medicine man. After having lived in the wilds by himself for seven years, the candidate then had to prove his power by submitting to several tests, one of which was he had to dip his bare arms up to the elbows in boiling oil, another, several tribesmen would fire their rifles at him, the bullets would fall down, flattened out as if they had hit a rock. (In Haiti, Doc Reser, only white man ever to become a voodoo priest, told me he had seen a hounzi - woman initiate - take her machete and hit her leg with all her force, only to have the machete bounce off with every blow, as if it had hit a rock. Others will rub red pepper in their eyes without any apparent effect.) The Zunis now are amongst the most Christianized tribes and consequently all trace of occult knowledge and powers they once possessed are gone. Will pay any reasonable amount for a copy of said article. - Fred Tellander, Box 18, Hotevilla, Hopiland, Arizona.

* Would like to correspond with interested women 30 to 55 years of age on subjects of sleep and music therapy, hypnosis, reincarnation and basic ancient religions, particularly in this area. - J. Xeno, 1119 N. Alexandria, Los Angeles 29, Calif.

* I want to contact advanced students of the occult sciences who are willing to exchange unpublished private notes and papers concerning experiments and research work (in code if preferred) on such subjects as: The endocrine glands, non-human contacts, defense and attack methods, bio-chemistry. This information to be exchanged and used only by the parties concerned. - Donald K. Juckett, RD2, Harpersville, New York.

* Am interested in learning more about flying saucers and deros. I would like to hear from those interested living near Bethlehem, Allentown, Easton, or nearby towns. - Jeffrey L. Feist (14), 1321 Montrose Avenue, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

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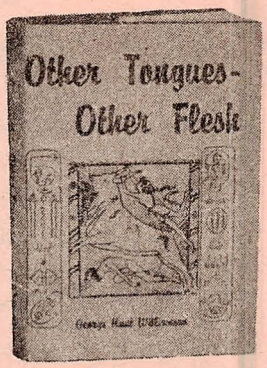
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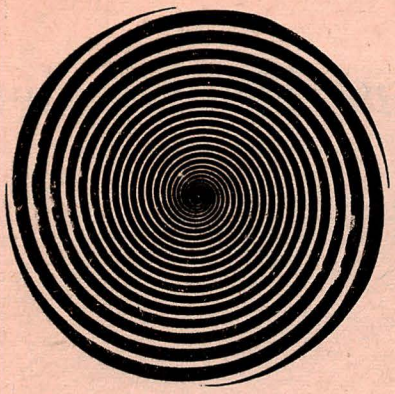
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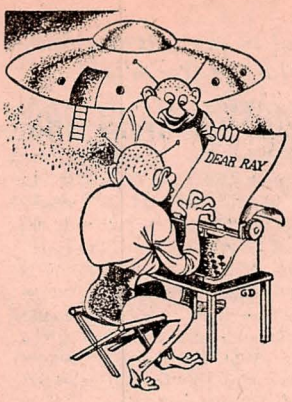
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CHAPTER 26: Concentration and Retentive Memory.

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

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Where The Reader Has His Say

Dear Ray:

I recently wrote to the San Francisco Examiner about the mysterious people of Mount Shasta with the hope of obtaining additional information. Following is their reply dated Jan. 20, '61:

> "Dear Sir:
>
> There have been legends of a mysterious people on Mt. Shasta dating back into the last century. Variously, unknowns, Lemurians, Atlantidies, Ascended Masters who are followers of "St. Germaine", etc. We do not have any way to copy the material in our files here. We do not have much. But the stories are legends, or "tall stories" or what you will.
>
> Larry Lieurance, Librarian"

I can't expect them to sit down and copy these stories for me, but the fact is I expressly asked them in my letter of inquiry if there was any truth to the report that the Shasta people had donated a sum of gold to victims of the Japanese earthquake way back. As you can see, they didn't even mention it, whereas this would seem to be a fact that would authenticate their existence.

C. M. Flanders, 20 Cedar Street, Belfast, Maine.

I have heard this story many times, but have never been able to prove it. There does seem to be mystery around Mt. Shasta, but I wonder how much of it is the clever work of one of the Examiner reporters? If any of our readers actually possess one of these old news stories, we would appreciate a photostat. - Rap.

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Further comments:

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Dear Sir:

The shocking revelations in the July article "Compulsory Medicine" indicate the power that is wielded by the drug industries in this country. The Drug Barons will not be satisfied until we are all drugged, doped and stupefied by their malefic and unproven potions, or slugged into submission by the law and its administrators, over whom they exert an increasing and shameful control.

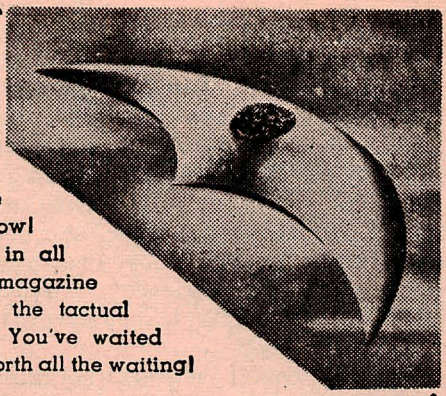
The Drug Barons buy our highest public officials like so many sacks of potatoes. Only recently, Kefauver's Committee revealed that Dr. Henry Welch, head of the Antibiotics Division of the Food and Drug Administration, received over a quarter of a million dollars in payola from the drug industry. The public of this country paid him $17,000 a year to regulate these interests. There is every indication that Welch will escape punishment for his malfeasances. To date his punishment consists of having been asked to resign.

A dangerous and erroneous inference in the article is that this incident of compulsory medicine is an example of socialized medicine, that dreadful bugaboo we are hypnotized into fearing by the Drug Barons. It is the U. S. A. that consumes the most drugs per capita, not the nations that have a state medical system. Where public medicine is controlled by public officials who are absolutely incorruptible, as in New Zealand and Great Britain, the type of insane processes that were recorded in this Tennessee "court" would be utterly impossible. Compulsory pollution of our children's bloodstreams is the result of inroads made into our fundamental bodily integrity by the hirelings of the Drug Barons, in government, medicine and the law. I grew up in New Zealand under that much feared monster, socialized medicine, and as a Christian Scientist I never once had to submit to the needle under pain of prison, as did these people in Tennessee. Nor did anyone else suffer inoculation, injections, doping or anything else against his will.

In four states in the U. S. where this indigenous American brand of forced medication has been implemented, the results with Salk poison have been interesting. Tennessee, for example, had 119 cases of polio in 1958 before forced medication, 76 of them paralytic. Tennessee had 386 cases, 318 of them paralytic, in 1959 with forced medication.

In Connecticut, 1958 produced 45 polio cases. One year of forced medication boosted this to 123. In North Carolina, 1958 produced 74 cases with 37 of them paralytic. One year of forced medication resulted in 313 cases, with 270 of them paralytic.

FLYING SAUCERS

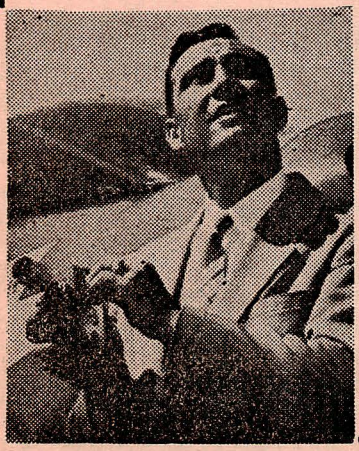


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of the cases after forced medication were registered.

These figures show that the numbers of paralytic cases of polio rise steeply when everyone is given this Salk poison, as do the recorded cases of polio that is non-paralytic. Just what is the Salk poison preventing?

Pharmaceutical products are being crammed down America's throat in a manner that is not only unconstitutional and unconscionable but also criminal. The last ten years have seen 3,686 drugs introduced to the market, more than one a day. The Drug Barons are determined that regardless of the consequences, America is going to be blackjacked into consuming their output. If they have to buy public officials to accomplish this end, they do so.

What this country needs is not more of this corrupt and disgraceful plunder, it needs socialized medicine, where incorruptible public officials and public medicine men will stand up for the physical integrity of the people.

It is the honest, incorruptible, publicly owned and operated system of medical care that means an end to the Drug Barons. That is why they spend millions lobbying against it, filling our kept press with rubbish about socialized medicine, working upon people's fears and emotions.

By all means let us be against forced medication, forced on us under our own system of government by the Drug Barons. But let us not at the same time confuse the Frankenstein they have produced in our midst with socialized medicine, the humanitarian answer to the remorseless pollution of our people by the Drug Trust.

Trevor Constable, 215-1/2 South Lake St., Los Angeles 57, California.

Although we agree with you in the main, we hope you will permit us to express our own personal opinion that any governmental control at all is undesirable in our free economy. Socialized medicine may not be the answer, if it removes individual incentive. Certainly we can take care of our sick ones who haven't the means to care for themselves, but to institute a complete campaign of governmental medical monopoly is to depend much too heavily on that one thing you continually stress, the "incorruptible public official". We must remember that there is also the "incompetent" public official, the one who is an officious do-gooder who lets his self-righteousness get away with himself. This kind of person can be more dangerous than a deliberately corrupt official. He has too much tendency to become a "little Hitler" in his dominance, no matter how well-meaning he thinks he is. All the government should do is to guard over abuses of

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our constitutional rights, and to see that the best interests of the whole country are served without undue usurpation of powers that rightfully belong to the States and their sovereign peoples. - Rap.

Dear Sir:

Refer July SEARCH page 50. "Shift or reversal of sun's polarity." This is the same as of some one on sun noticing the change in the polarity of this earth; from Winter Solistice to Summer Solistice; as the viewer sees first one pole then the other.

The problem is stated very plain on page 269 LeRossue Encyclopedia of Astronomy and via figure 507 page 267; though it would have been plainer if they had used the usual earth orbit type of illustration along lines of figure 95 page 44 showing the seasons of this earth.

The earth is inclined some 23 odd degrees from the perpendicular; whereas the sun is only out some 7 degrees and 15 minutes, page 269.

Hence some "publicity seeking" expert hit the TV show publicity.

Archibald F. Robertson, 52 Berkeley St., Boston 16, Massachusetts.

The information didn't come from any TV show, and we feel sure the "polarity" in question is not one of geography but of magnetics. The sun's geographic polarity reverses every year, and we hardly think the astronomers would fail to realize its lack of news value, nor would they strive to gain "publicity" of that type, which would certainly open them to some snickers from fellow astronomers. No, we think there's more to this than you have pointed out, though you speak truly in that respect. - Rap.

Dear Rap:

This letter is meant for all critnicks to read and digest. It is simply that I am fed up to here with critnicks. What is a critnick? Well, that's not an easy one to answer; critnicks are a whole lot of things, mostly obnoxious. First let's consider what they aren't. They are not critics, whom they ape and emulate. A true critic criticizes for the purpose of gleaning truth from error, does so impersonally, and is therefore valuable and should be welcome in the pages of SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS, as well as everywhere. A critnick (ugh!), on the other hand, criticizes merely for the purpose of garnishing his own ego - and should be welcome nowhere.

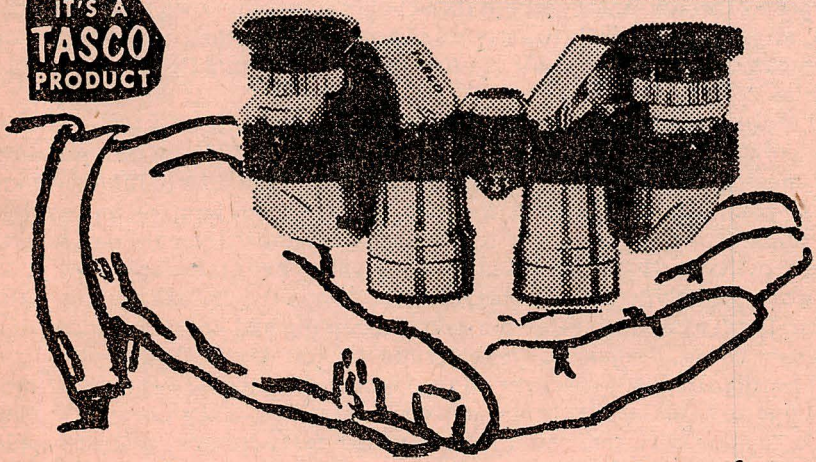
Critnicks are not intelligent. You could never tell them this, though. Oh no! for they (usually having attended some college or university, or

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memorized the contents of some textbooks, or otherwise stunted their thinking apparatus by stuffing it with a lot of "scientific" batting) believe themselves to be the end product of cerebral evolution. Well, they're the end, all right, but not the end they think!

Critnicks are not adult. Some of them have grown old, but never grown up. Some do, only to suffer sheepish contrition for things said in the past, and especially things published for all to see. The written word being a form of self-expression, one thing critnicks are, above all else, is obvious. Like all spoiled brats are obvious who stomp their feet and screech for attention - while they pick their noses. Critnicks are, indeed, spoiled brats, the result, usually, of so-called "scholastic" coddling, the actual purpose of which is not to help the scholar to use his own mental facilities, so much as merely to satisfy and propagate dogma...which situation produces the opposite result of stultifying the victim's God-given ability to think.

I feel sorry for critnicks! I feel charitable toward them. I wonder what they do with their time; I wonder if in the course of their chosen pursuits how much actual good they contribute to society, and how indifferent they are to commercial profit. By the way some of them jump on and exploit the slightest tip of a man's hand, or the slightest indication of human frailty (without which one would be a god), these critnicks, apparently, do not work for a living, but devote their time (when they're not writing sarcastic letters) to charitable pursuits, accepting and seeking no compensations, living, I suppose, off the fruits of their knowledge.

I hardly think so! However, Ray, I believe you should continue allowing them to blow their little noses in your magazine. They have little else to do, apparently, than sit around writing nasty letters, calling people names who have opinions which conflict with their own prejudices. They must be terribly lonesome! Nice people surely must shun them. And they must live in a dreadfully drab and negative world!

Yes, Ray, much as my stomach rebels whenever I run across their snotty little gibes and squeaks as I read with an open mind hungry for fresh and positive viewpoints and prospects out of this stuffy culture so glutted with stagnant thinking, let's be tolerant of critnicks, and always give them blow space in SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS. They, unlike actual critics, are of no value to us in our search for truth, except as the personified antithesis of intellectual liberty. And often they're highly amusing. It is not to imply that I regard myself as faultless--God forbid! But, by George, I just plumb do not like critnicks, and hereby wish to go

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Need more chili seasoning, as I have been eating it until it almost comes out of my ears! Just can't seem to get enough of it. Enclosed find my check for $3.50 for which please send me five cartons of five 8-person servings, and I will be able to continue my orgy of chili. Have several friends who are anxious to try it also. C. A. Andrew, 905 E. Isaacs Ave., Walla Walla, Washington.

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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on record as having said so, and whomever I thus offend--well, now you know what you are!

Will Carson, Winnemucca, Nevada.

Watch your blood pressure, there, Will! Critnicks are good for something--they are good for kicking around, and you sure have kicked them around. It isn't really that we give them space in our magazine, but we always figure that what's worth writing is worth printing, so when we get a letter from a true dyed-in-the-wool critnick, we feel inclined to throw him out for grabs. In this case, he must have riled you something fierce! - Rap.

Dear Ray:

Might just as well join the group. For years things have been happening and for want of a proper name or names, I'll say the unknown. Thought maybe some of your readers can explain. A short description in background here might be helpful. Raised in various homes having had no family, worked through school, various religions and attended church regularly up to the age of 19 or 20. Then I couldn't accept everything as preached in the different churches so outside of a few occasions for friends I don't attend any church. When one preaches on the subjects in SEARCH and FATE, I'll start going again. Don't misunderstand, I believe in God, but I believe he is a loving God. To cut this off short, magazines such as SEARCH have helped restore my belief and make it ten times stronger than any church. Well, back to the subject matter. The unknown things. Ever since I can remember I have "felt" things were going to happen and sure enough they did. I have a log book full of examples, but to name a few: cancelled an appointment at an art shop and the shop blew up entirely (gas leak). Called into work one day for no reason that I could give and said I would be later than the 3:15 time I was supposed to be there. At 3:17 a jet came down and took 4 houses and I believe 9 lives. It stopped right at the place of business I worked at but parts of the jet flew in all directions on the business property. Auto accidents, and the most recent being July of this year, making two. Have had dreams that came true (one was a baby announcement from 2,000 miles away). These dreams give the actual people and what has happened or is going to happen, not the type you have to interpret (such as symbols, etc.). I've tried the ouija board, looking into water, crystal ball, etc., and nothing happens. For the past few years I've been able to answer questions or give predictions without concentration, trance, equipment, etc. Sometimes

WHY DON'T YOU
PULL YOUR HAIR OUT BY THE ROOTS
AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

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

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

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

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

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when the people are there, when they aren't, over the phone, etc. Distance doesn't matter because I can predict a block away or as high as 1800 miles away. I sent for Dr. Rhine's ESP cards and couldn't get an even fair score. I can answer questions in the person's past, present or future so there again time as we know it doesn't matter. I belong to an organization to develop the mind, but as far as I can see, something is already developed. I've been keeping a log book of predictions and have tried to save the headlines when it did happen, but the only people who can verify is my husband and a few friends. Is there any approved way one can keep the records so that they can be truly verified?

I don't hold anything or go into a trance, or use any equipment at all. If I knew what name to call it, I would try to study about and maybe develop it more. I'm sure somewhere in your audience of readers someone can explain. Well, we'll wait and see and until then, happy Searching and thanks for your very good magazine.

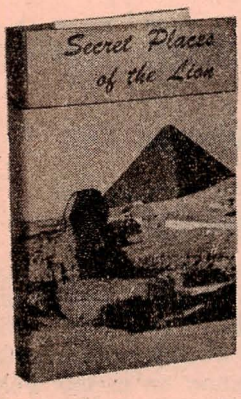
I sent a problem to Dorothy Lauer. Still waiting for the answer. Maybe I should ask her what's going on with the business I've just talked to you about.

Elaine Sanders, P. O. Box 501, Saratoga, California.

Your abilities are very interesting, and we might suggest that you use the pages of SEARCH to verify your predictions. Why don't you send us a list of your predictions for publication, and do it whenever you have something you feel very strongly about. Then when the events occur, you will have positive proof that you knew in advance. The publication date of our magazine would be your evidence. And we are sure that our readers would find it intensely interesting to watch your success, when it occurs.

As for studying "it", we doubt if there is anything you can do to gain any more knowledge of how to "work" this gift of yours. There are many theories as to how it occurs, but the fact is, no one really knows much about it. About two thirds of the brain seems to be useless, according to physiologists - it may be that you are one of those people who are able to use a portion of the brain which operates on a sensual level beyond the capabilities of most of us. This editor has upon several occasions placed documentary evidence of "distant vision" in the hands of fellow workers, only to have them discount it as some sort of trick later on. One thing is certain - you can use your ability to your own advantage if you put it to practical ends. - Rap.

SECRET PLACES OF THE LION



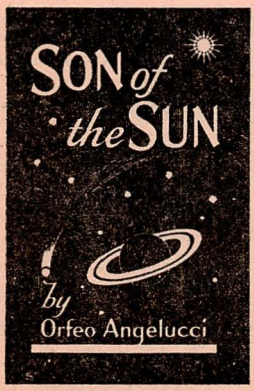
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