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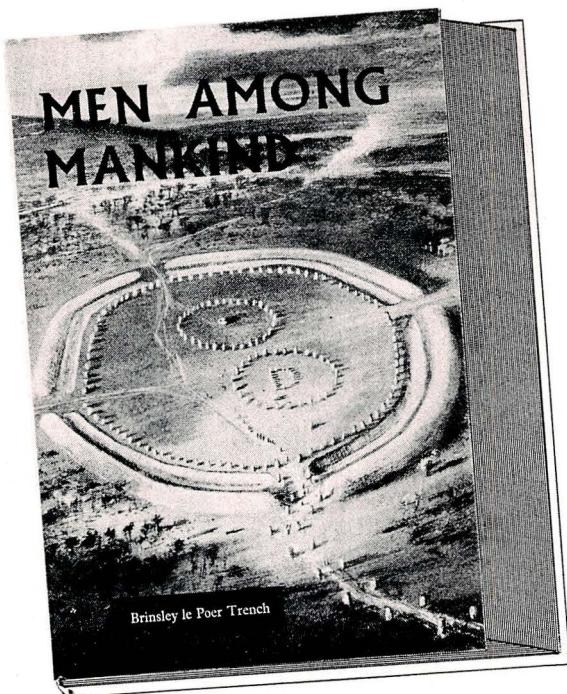
# SEARCH

MAGAZINE

July 1964

DID  
JESUS  
COME  
TO  
AMERICA  
?  
EVIDENCE  
PROVES  
MORMON  
CONTENTION





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Human progress has been the gift of this inspired minority. Isolated by their genius and extraordinary in their abilities, they have demonstrated a marked difference from the ordinary people of any period in time.

What sort of men were these? Most important of all, to us and to our future, how has mankind utilized the knowledge these men have brought into the world?

# SEARCH

## MAGAZINE

JULY, 1964  
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### COVER:

Hair Dance (Anguh - Chi-na) by  
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## **What SEARCH Means To You**

The pages of SEARCH are open to all who have something important to say concerning the occult, the unknown, the metaphysical, the controversial, the suppressed and allied subjects.

It is the policy of this magazine to present both sides of any question, and to refrain from discrimination. However, the editor considers himself "one of the gang" and will slug it out with anyone who cares to enter a battle of words.

Manuscripts are NOT paid for, and nothing is solicited with any guarantee of publication if circumstances intervene. SEARCH assumes no responsibility for photos, drawings, manuscripts, and will not return unless sufficient return postage is furnished by contributor. Manuscripts should be typed, or written neatly, one side of paper.

# EDITORIAL



In OUR last issue we stated a problem that has faced us, that of the possibility we might have to forget about newsstand distribution in any large sense, due to the difficulty of making it a profitable operation. We suggested that, if you failed to find your SEARCH magazine on the newsstands in some future time, it wouldn't be because SEARCH had been discontinued (that will not happen in many a year!) but only because your particular newsstand was losing us money. We suggested that you could then continue to get SEARCH by subscribing.

Now, subscribing is always a good idea, because it enables us to operate on a cash basis, saving interest on loans, taking cash discounts, etc. And even now, you may fail to find SEARCH on your newsstand, but --

SEARCH is a magazine of the strange, the mysterious, the usual,

and sometimes of miracles. Through the years many miracles have happened to us. This is no exception. Almost before we had time to think of the issue following the one in which we stated our problem, and it had been solved. Not only will we be able to continue our fairly large newsstand distribution, but we will more than double it! All because an offer came from a most unexpected source. We will be more widely distributed now, and much more efficiently. You'll be able to find SEARCH (and also our sister magazine FLYING SAUCERS, and our big brother SPACE WORLD) on many more newsstands than before, and it'll be out where you can see it, not hidden behind some bigger competitor.

We thought we'd just tell you about this mysterious thing that happened, out of all reason, and actually not in the cards. It seems as if SEARCH has a guardian angel

who knows his way around - and is always there when we need him (or her?).

Do you think you have a guardian angel? Have you ever been aware of him? (We do, and are - and we like to think that men have lady guardian angels and ladies have male guardian angels). It seems to us that our guardian angel is (or was) a publisher when she (?) was living in the flesh. The reason we think this is that every time things went right, it was in spite of ourselves, and through some "miracle" of chance intervention from some unseen, unsuspected source.

In that last paragraph we've made some statements that may make quite a few of you wrinkle your brows and begin to think of something to say that will either refute us, or get us to say something further. Well, on this particular subject, we personally think there is an awful lot to say. You might guess that our personal idea of angels is of people who once lived on earth, but have now gone on to bigger "jobs", armed with very valuable experience. One of those jobs, we think, is the business of being a sort of invisible guide for some living neophyte so that he actually learns something during his lifetime, instead of bumbling his way through interminable error. If you were to die now, and found out

you had graduated into an existence where you had a choice of jobs, among them being jobs that brought you back to earth in some invisible capacity, would you choose to be a guardian angel? Sounds interesting, doesn't it? Or would you choose to be a sort of "genetics supervisor" and inspire the right people to marry, and be the technical administrator of genes and chromosomes and aid in producing a better "Man" through your manipulated union? Or would you "latch on" to some architect and inspire him to new and better ways of constructing buildings and beautifying cities? Or try to be the "muse" who leads some musician to great musical compositions or some bard to beautiful poetry?

Or would you choose to do some of the things that you couldn't get away with in your lifetime - like, for instance, uh, oh-oh! naughty, naughty! You wouldn't! Now, there just may be some of you who chose to be a sort of policemen, to control that sort of thing!

It does seem sort of logical that a life after death ought to be very similar to what we are doing now, except for the fact that there are these extra advantages (such as not having to worry about dying, or about taxes, or about politicians). Politicians? There's a question: what happens to politicians after they die! As

a matter of fact, the next issue of SEARCH has an article on just that subject. We think you'll find it very interesting indeed!

Several times in the past we've been criticised for putting political comments in our magazine. But why not? SEARCH is what its title implies, and the problems of politics, in a social sense, are important to solve. Think of the world rulers who have acted according to mystic, psychic or other influences in making their decisions. Hitler, for instance, who listened to "voices" in his concrete elevator shaft in his underground hideout, and obeyed them when they told him to attack England instead of finishing off Russia. Or Lincoln, who held seances in the White House, and who knew the outcome of battles before the news could reach him by any other means; who reputedly freed the slaves because of such inspiration; who dreamed of his own death. Or Constantine, who saw a vision of a cross in the sky, and immediately adopted it as his emblem, and went on to conquer the world. Or the little girl who slew her mother because "God told her to do it". What we are getting at here is that how do you know politicians don't act as they do sometimes because some hidden, secret, mysterious, unknown source tells them to do it, or influences them unaware that they

are being influenced by anything but their own mind? Take Shaver, for instance, and his "telaug", and his insistence the telephone line can be tapped from the "caves" and orders reversed, or false orders given? Or his "ro" control of the mind by machine? How can we flatly say that SEARCH should investigate "spirits" and "seances" and ignore even more potent influences in our lives, the acts of our politicians and legislators and rulers?

The fact is that SEARCH is exactly what its name implies, and the Search leads everywhere. Nothing or no place is outside its prying investigation. And during its long history, SEARCH and its editor have pried into so many things, and found them to be inextricably linked. Links exist where you least suspect them. The voice on the Senator's telephone may NOT be that of his president! There would be no need or purpose to SEARCH, if it assumed there was any area where search was not necessary. More often than not, the hidden is concealed behind the obvious and apparent. Truth may exist underneath the garb of a lie. The drab facade may be the front for the vital reality, concealed because it is forbidden and valuable, and held by powers that have no right to hold it, but are successfully duping its rightful owners into believing

it doesn't really exist.

When we get a letter from some reader who says "stay out of that area, or this area, under penalty of my disapproval, and cancellation of my subscription", we have but one reply - take the lock and key off your mind!

Preconceived notions are mirages. They are dogma. SEARCH suspects all preconceptions, all dogmas. It is one great big long snoopy nose - and it will intrude anywhere, respecting nothing but everybody's right to KNOW. Even to know the lie, as well as the truth. That is why sometimes we print, without any apology, the statements of a person we personally believe to be "all wet". Sometimes, however, we've been forced to "eat crow", when it turned out the wet one was not so wet after all! The proof, they say, is in the eating of the pudding.

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Now, with the new wide distribution of SEARCH, we are going ahead with a revitalization of SEARCH. We are going to make it punch harder and harder, be more and more interesting, more and more inquiring, and broader and broader in scope. Also, we are not going to deny to anyone the right to have his or her say in the magazine. So, please, if you have anything to say, send it to us. Letter, article, photo, opinion - here's your chance to be heard in a forum that is not politic, or dogmatic, or prejudiced. And if you see something your prejudiced mind says is "pink" or "black" or "false", don't yell communist at us (and reveal your own closed mind) and ask us why we don't go to Russia to live. If you can paste an "ism" on us, then you shouldn't bother with SEARCH - it isn't your magazine! Most of all, SEARCH is looking for cracks in closed minds, hoping to open them a bit and let some light in. Not our light, but yours! It's what you think that will shape your freedom and experience and future. What we think doesn't matter at all - and you can disagree if you think about what we say and find it "unreasonable". But for heaven's sake, think! Once you learn how, you'll find out you're a "searcher" too, and you'll be prying into the unknown where all the realities of life exist! - Rap.

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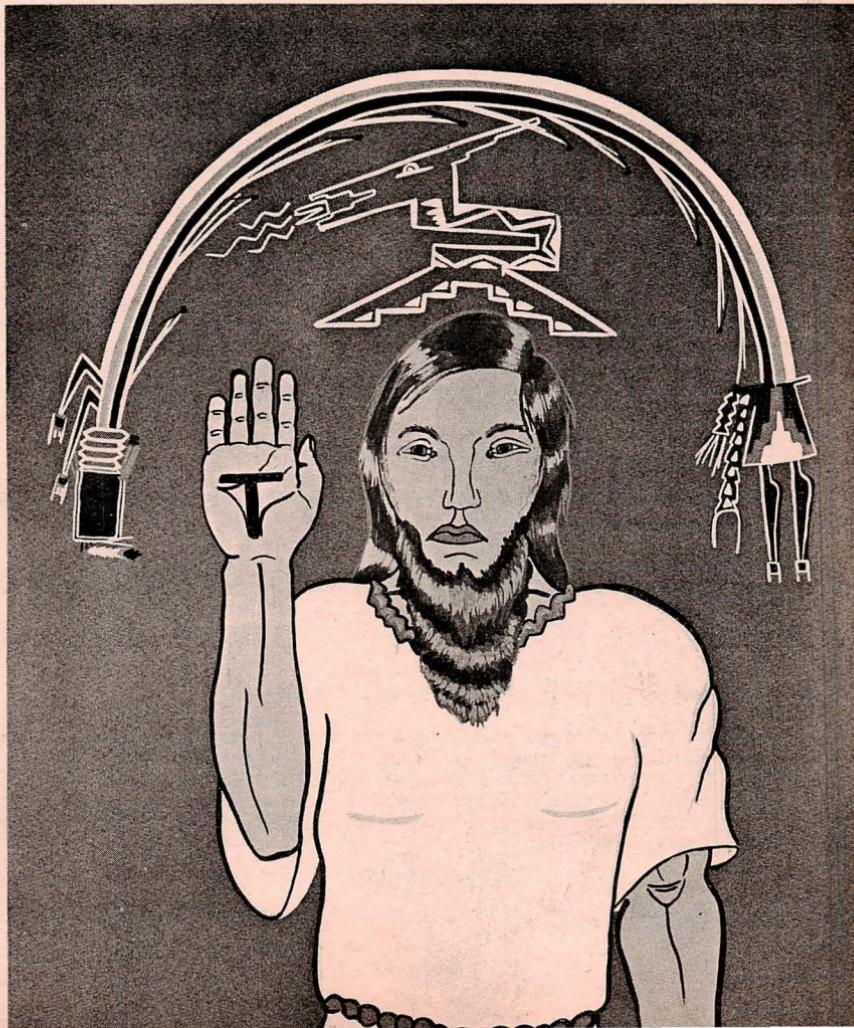
### GOD'S TRUTH

Box 425 Salem Sta., Dept.

Winston-Salem, N.C.

# DID JESUS COME TO AMERICA?

**Evidence Proves Mormon Contention**



PERHAPS the basis of the entire Christian religion is the fact of the sin of Adam and Eve which caused the spiritual downfall of mankind; and the fact that his redemption was promised and fulfilled by the coming of Jesus Christ. But there has always been one question: why did Jesus come only to one small corner of the Earth, the area round Jeruselem, and particularly to one race, the Jews? In view of the fact that the Jews themselves do not to this day recognize Him (a strange thing in view of the tenet that to be saved it is necessary to believe), it would seem that His effort was unnecessary in one sense, since for 1500 years no other part of the world was to know Him, and without knowledge, how can there be belief? It has been consistently denied that He came to any other area, notwithstanding the fact that the Bible does not follow his movements between age 12 and 30. To those more "fair" in their judgment, it seemed only right that He should have "saved" also the inhabitants of the American continents, for instance, for they were certainly there, and very numerous, and also very advanced in civilization, even more so, we know today, than were the Romans and the Greeks in their time. Those who deny this, say that if He had visited the Americas, there would

be evidence of His visit, and that Christianity would exist in the new world as well as in the old. Is there any such evidence? And does the belief in Jesus as the savior of mankind exist in the new world?

There is one religion which has this conviction, that of the Church known popularly as Mormons, or the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. They maintain, in the Book of Mormon, written upon golden plates by Mormon (a saint, or spirit?), that Jesus manifested Himself to ALL nations, manifested through His actual presence.

Up to now, this has merely been a contention of theirs, based on translations of the mysterious golden plates, which are not now available for examination, but only the word of Joseph Smith that he did indeed translate them.

It is a fact that if a thing is true, proof exists. The problem is to find the truth. Has that truth been found? Did Jesus visit America and its Indians? Do the Indians know that He did? Do they believe in Him? Are there evidences of His Teachings here? Do the Indians follow these teachings? It would seem that the answer to all these questions is an unqualified yes.

L. Taylor Hansen is an amateur archaeologist and anthropologist, whose specialty is the American

Indian (being part Indian himself), and whose secondary interest is ancient Egyptology and prehistory such as Atlantean legends, etc. During his research among the Indians of North and South and Central America, the great similarity of Indian symbols and totems to symbols of ancient Egypt stirred a driving interest that led to many years of research. The final result was a collection of legends and archaeological facts, artifacts, excavations, corroborating anthropological work, and the testimony of the Indians themselves that represent an array of evidence that one finds impossible to refute. L. Taylor Hansen has written a book (magnificently printed in full color and handsomely bound) called "He Walked The Americas" in which he says he cannot say that the "He" referred to is Jesus, because this would require more than research to state positively, but that the book speaks for itself, and offers its own conviction.

These legends and collected facts (with its extensive bibliography) must be of great interest to Mormons, especially, but also to all Christians everywhere (and to Mohammedans), and if offered in a court of law, could not fail to impress a jury of its accuracy and reliability. To anyone whose faith is Christian, this book presents itself as a formidable ad-

junct to the Bible itself, and a buttress to their faith of tremendous strength - because it can be confirmed by anyone who cares to examine the evidence for himself.

We would like to present here several excerpts from the book as graphic illustrations of what this evidence consists of, perhaps one of the most interesting is the Puant (Oklahoma) legend of the invasion of the Pawnee and its result. The legend originates in Mississippi, the ancient home of the Pawnee:

"Many tribes have tales of the Healer, and how at one time He came among them. Few did He miss, no matter how distant or poor, or lost in the ways of other religions. But to the Pawnee He came twice - the last time in anger.

The Prophet had gone westward to that place we call Oklahoma, where the Puants had a thriving city, and there He was busy erecting temples and instructing a priesthood. Some wild young braves among the Puanees, who today are known as the Pawnee, formed a secret league to prey on the country, to make themselves rich by attacking the merchants and returning to the old war-religion. The merchants thus captured they would give to the Fire God, who would protect them, said the young men.

Accordingly, one night the

Pawnee waited in a glen of the Mississippi where the fleet came to camp and rest on its long journey from the Southern Sea to the Capitol City. Quietly flowing was the Father of Waters when to the glen came the long-ships of the merchants, to discharge the weary rowers for a good night's sleep in the forest shadows. They suspected no mischief and no watch was placed over the camp site since the Puans had long been at peace.

They laughed and joked as they built a camp fire, and in noisy fun cooked their dinner. Then came the time of conversation; of remembering the long trip; small talk of girls in distant cities; of the customs of other nations and of the man in the flowing white mantle, of whom there was great awe for the miracles He had accomplished. One youth was a skeptic.

"It is strange that we always seem to miss Him," this young man sighed, "for I would like to see Him - this creature that we call the Dawn God, and others the Lord of Wind and Water."

Then the talk became hushed and the head man prepared the tobacco, starting the Smoke himself by breathing it to the four directions, taking a few deep puffs of satisfaction before passing it onward to the man to his right in the circle.

At last, each got out his blankets, wove a bed of branches for comfort and rolling tightly in the blankets was soon asleep beside the low fire.

Then with the yells of Skiri, the Grey Wolf, the wild Pawnee leaped upon them, snatching from sound sleep their surprised prisoners, now forced to carry their own trade goods back to the camp of the bandits.

That was a mad night for the Pawnee, leaping and yelling in the firelight as they staked out two men for the fire-death, for sacrifices to the Fire God. Savage was the untamed dancing as they lit the flames about the Puans.

Only one old man protested. He pointed to the East where the Star of the Morning was rising, but the young men paid no attention. Who cared about the Star of the Morning? No one but the One they had called the Healer when first He had come to see them. But now that One was far away, His magic weak here, as they chanted the wolf-song.

Laughingly they pointed at the prisoners where one was dead and another dying.

"Let Him come and revive these men! That would be much better magic than stopping a wind storm or walking on water!"

Then a fire lit up the east sky, where cloud banks had been piled up, and everyone turned in

wonder as consternation hushed the chanting. Suddenly He was there among them!

Like a creature from another planet, shining with a strange radiance, each hair of His head luminescent, a weird glow rippling from His garments and His sea-eyes flashing with lightning, He stood staring at the Pawnee People.

"Is this the way you keep my commandments? Is this the manner of your insult to the Spirit called Tir-aw-wa? I come to shield you from His anger, or lo, great wind would ignite the forest! And to ashes would be consigned the Pawnee Nation!"

While the Pawnee stared at Him as if frozen, a weak voice cried from the fire:

"Chee-Zoos, Master! From these flames, release me!"

The Healer turned and looked at the tortured man.

"You are free, my son. Walk away from the fire."

The burned one moved and the chains fell from him. Then he staggered toward the Healer, falling and clutching the hem of the white robe embroidered with its line of crosses.

Those who watched saw a miracle happen, one which they had said could not happen, for the man straightened up without a blemish.

Nor was all over, for toward the dead man moved the Prophet.

"Arise! Another day is dawning. Thou art not yet for the land of Shadows! Arise and return to the Land of the Living."

The fire died away and the blackened corpse stirred and lifted its head and its burned arms.

"Arise, my son. No chains are on thee. Come toward me and be made whole in body, for such this day is the will of my Father!"

The man arose and left the dark flames, staring at his good flesh with eyes unbelieving, murmuring over and over:

"To think that I had questioned thy power - forgive, my Master, an unbeliever."

Sealed were the lips of the Pawnee People, with both shame and the terror of a child lost and bewildered. Yet down through the ages has come the story, and sometimes the old ones repeat it on winter evenings beside the camp fire: the legend of the Son of Mighty Tirawa who came back in anger on a shaft of the dawn light, and by His presence saved from extinction the entire Pawnee Nation."

At the end of this legend, L. Taylor Hansen notes that the Puan name for this mysterious white man was Chee-Zoos, and the reader will be amazed at the remarkable similarity to Jesus. However, each of the tribes had a different name for Him, for He

often suggested that they call Him whatever they wished, one of these names was Tlazoma, and he was so called by the Seri, who lived on Tiburon Island in the Gulf of California. Their legend is as follows:

"Perhaps to no tribe is the memory of the Master more a living thing than it is with the Seri; the shaggy haired, neglected Seri, living in poverty-stricken squalor upon Mexico's Triburon Island. Still ruled by their sacrificing priesthood are the hardy untame Seri; still painting their cheeks with the ancient totem which came north on the balsa-migrations.

Thousands of years ago, say the Chanters, the Seri were part of the Serpent People, living together with the Turtles in their powerful ocean homeland, long before the time of the Deluge. After the great disaster, they fled to the land called the Snows of the Southland. Here they built giant cities and called themselves the Men of the Mountains. Underneath their powerful cities were the giant caverns of the Serpent.

After many ages a northern army came down and burned those cities and then the Serpents fled through the Caverns to where their ships were waiting, and took themselves on the seas to other coast-lines in a series of long migrations.

To them came Tlazoma, the

Miracle Worker, in a canoe which moved by wind power. He stepped out on the beach in the early dawn. They marvelled at His long white toga, His color of deep-sea water. They thought of Him as a beautiful teacher who suddenly took on the halo of godhood. That happened on the hour of arrival.

A man rushed out and fell before Him crying:

"Ahunt Azoma, Lord Miracle Worker - for you strange rumors have come to us - heal these eyes for so long darkened. Bring back my sight of the trees and flowers, of the sea and the people all about me!"

The Master, stooping quickly, gathered in His hands some wet sand and placing it over the eyelids of the sightless man said softly:

"Go thee out and bathe in the ocean."

With breathless awe the Seri gathered. Here was the test. If he who had been blinded came back to them seeing, then indeed was a god among them. If not, then there would be a sacrifice for the Snake God.

The blinded man gave a scream of anguish, then a cry of unutterable joy, and came toward them running wildly. Looking at hands-ful of water, and at his curled fingers, at the sea and the sky, sobbing wildly he fell at the feet

of the Healer. The Seri, watching, fell down and worshipped, calling: "Ahunt Azoma - Lord Miracle Worker."

For many moons the Master lived with them, teaching them how to store their water in their giant clay-baked ollas. He taught them how to feed their children after their mother had weaned them so that fewer would die as little toddlers. He pointed out to them many wild plants that could be prepared for cooking.

Up to the time of the Prophet's coming, and some say now, the tribe controlled its population so that it would not over-run the island or deplete the food supply by allowing no children life beyond that number which the death of elders provided.

This ancient law was broken by the master as against the Law which He gave them: "Raise not the knife in bloody slaughter."

When the time came for the Prophet's going, He called the Seri to sit in council.

"I am leaving you prosperous and happy, but other tribes need me, so I go to the Papago."

"Nay Lord, go not to the Papago, they are an enemy tribe of wicked people."

But the Master answered smiling:

"In My Father's Land are many lodges."

"Then tell us Great Ahunt

Azoma: You speak often of this Land of thy Father, yet you say not where it lies or in what direction."

Softly the Bearded One gave His answer:

"My Father's Land lies deep within you."

In this legend the reader will be struck by the similarity of both the miracles performed by Tlazoma and Jesus, and to the teachings, even to the identical wordings.

Among the archaeological evidence can be found the following:

"Symbol Of The Pierced Hand. This is one of the signs of the Prophet throughout the Americas. In Central America it was called "The Hand Kabul" (or Kaboul). It has been found in the Spiro Mound opened by the University of Oklahoma. Also winged beings like angels were found in many mounds upon ancient pottery."

Or this:

"The Finding Of The Ten Commandments. From Bancroft - Native Races, Vol. V, pp. 94-95. Published about 1860. Now out of print. (Quotation is from his father, A.A. Bancroft, who thus describes the discovery.)

"About eight miles southeast of Newark there was formerly a large mound composed of masses of free stone which had been brought from some distance and thrown into a heap without much

placing or care. In the early days, stone being scarce in that region, the settlers carried away the Mound piece by piece to use for building purposes, so that is a few years there was little more than a large flattened heap of rubble remaining. Some fifteen years ago, the county surveyor (I have forgotten his name) who had for some time been searching ancient works, turned his attention to this particular pile. He employed a number of men and proceeded at once to open it. Before long he was rewarded by finding in the center and near the surface a bed of tough clay which must have been brought from a distance of twelve miles. This was known as pipe-clay. Imbedded in the clay was a coffin, dug out of a burr-oak log, and in a pretty good state of preservation. In the coffin was a skeleton with quite a number of stone ornaments and emblems and some open brass rings suitable for bracelets and anklets. These being removed, the men then dug deeper and discovered a stone dressed to an oblong shape of about eighteen inches long and twelve wide, which proved to be a casket, neatly fitted and entirely water-tight, containing a slab of stone of hard and fine quality, an inch and a half thick, eight inches long, four and a half wide at one end tapering to three inches at the other. Upon the face of

the slab was the figure of a man, apparently a priest with a long flowing beard and a robe reaching to his feet. Over his head was a curved line of characters, and upon the edges and back of the stone were closely and neatly carved letters. The slab, which I saw myself, was shown to the Episcopal clergyman of Newark, and he pronounced the writing to be the ten commandments in Ancient Hebrew."

Note by author: The skeleton burial of a high priest may have been within the time of white man's coming, but the so-called brass rings would be no indication of this. The Algonkins mined copper from very ancient times. In fact I was taken to such a copper mine once, blindfolded by the Chippewas, and after a long descent into the earth, allowed to look around. In the light of the torches I could see very ancient picks, they said of an alloy better than steel, although I was not allowed to touch anything. The picks resembled brass. Bancroft was himself skeptical of the ability of the clergyman to interpret the strange lettering."

And most interestingly:

Further Study On The Prophet.

There are an amazing number of Christian words used in the ritualistic practices of the pagan Mayans far back in the jungles unknown to any white men except

those who have accepted the Mayan religion and have been taken to the ancient shrines. Such words are sin, Trinity, Virgin Birth of Prophet, etc. Any reader interested is referred to: Documentos Ineditos Relaciones de Yucatan. This amazing volume was compiled shortly after the Conquest.

Other interesting books are: Historia Apologetica, by Las Casas (a saintly monk who did not approve of what he was forced to observe, and who suspected a mystery in the legends he heard.) Mexican Antiquities, by Kingsborough (who also suspected a mystery). Archaeological Studies, by Brasseur de Bourbourg. Long Ago Told, by H.B. Wright. The Traditions of Deecoodah, as told to Walter Pidgeon published by Sampson Low and Sons, London, 1853. All five volumes of Bancroft are a mine of legend and sources now lost."

Finally, there is the legend of the Three Crosses, at Paracas, Peru. Associated with it is the story of Jesus which might have come from a missionary, except for the crosses carved in the mountain. They preclude such a supposition, and point inexorably to only one possibility, that He was there.

"The golden sandals of the Prophet came to Paracas in Peru, South America. As in the land now called Mexico (Place of the

Meshecan) when He went toward Tula, His coming was announced by trumpeteers sounding the conch-shells and drummers talking with the tom-toms. For three hundred miles from mountain to mountain, in all the four directions, the great news travelled.

Also as in the north, the tribesmen answered. Like a flood of churning waters came the people. Down from every mountain hamlet, up from every larger village, along each stream in their ships of balsa (that light-weight wood which floats like a dry leaf), from every direction came the people.

On a hillside facing the Bay of Paracas stood the Healer, looking down on the surging thousands. The sun shone bright on His mantle of seed-silk as He held His arm aloft for silence, giving the sign they knew was His Peace Sign. The people stilled, expectantly waiting.

Then from the earth came the terrible rumble which comes before the roar of the Fire God, and the earth began to sway and shake beneath them. The people, frightened, clung together, staring wide-eyed at one another, trying to silence their crying children. In their eyes were unspoken questions.

Was the Fire God who dwells in the lava, the red-blood of the earth, Ah Musem-Cab, showing his anger at this Lord of Wind and

Water?

"Why was he roaring if not in anger?"

Only the Pale One stood there silent, unmoved by all the earth-shaking, His arm still raised in benediction. Finally silence came to the people.

"Fear not, my children. My Father, who rules the earth and the heavens, is not showing His anger. He but shakes the earth to prick my memory. He reminds me that I have a story to tell you."

Then the Prophet began a strange story, yet He told it so well, with such vivid detail, that each man felt He had once been a witness, and the silence was so thick one could hear it.

He told them of a land across the ocean, where all men were like Him: bearded. He spoke of their houses, their cattle, their clothes and customs, their ships and temples, their metal-clad armies.

Then He spoke of a Man who had lived there, who healed the people, who taught them and loved them, and in turn was beloved of the people. Yet this Man incurred in the priesthood jealousy and anger which ran like a bad sore, corrupting even those who should have known better.

He spoke of the power of a wicked nation who bowed down before many idols. Into a court

of this nation the Man was dragged by His captors. Even the judge could see no wrong in Him, but as His enemies called furiously for His life, the judge was forced at last to condemn the Prisoner to be hung upon a cross of dead trees - for such was their strange custom.

In prison, the Man had been lashed and beaten, and when the day arrived for execution, the Prisoner had to carry His great cross to a place upon a hilltop, falling down often upon the hot earth, for He was weak from His stay in prison. Some there were who tried to help Him. Yet there were many who cried out against Him with curses that showed their livid hatred, while spit mingled with His bloody bowed head. Thus He dragged His cross to a hilltop.

To each side, and a little behind Him, two thieves were fastened to crosses, and then the soldiers made Him fast to the big cross by driving knives through His two hands and raising up the dead trees so that He would hang there until death at last had released Him.

These thieves cried out to Him for a benediction. They were of good heart, even though they had done wrong. Compared to those who had tried to spread hatred, and from their own little self-minded islands were attempting to stamp Him with their own evil which corrupted their souls like

a sore over-running, these thieves were good and so He blessed them.

Then He asked for a drink, as the pain hung on Him, and at last as His head fell forward, He asked forgiveness for all who had wronged Him.

No sooner had this happened than the earth began heaving. The sun was darkened and the people ran screaming. The three figures swung to and fro on their crosses and a fierce wind swept over the hilltop.

Then seeing that He was apparently lifeless, the soldiers brought down the great cross, and a man who had been His friend came forward to claim Him.

This man was wealthy, being the owner of ships which carried goods to the four directions on both of the oceans. He had bought a tomb for the humble Healer, because he believed his Peace Religion. To this tomb was the Man carried, where He was tended with loving care and laid in a casket. A great rock was rolled against the entrance, lest some try to do Him further evil.

Yet when the women came there weeping, behold the stone had been rolled away and the tomb was empty. For a few short days, some said that they had seen Him and then He was seen no more.

"Thus my children, does the Almighty protect the Man who car-

ries his message, and not even one of the earth's greatest nations in all its might has the power to kill Him while He follows the wishes of the Almighty.

"So too, is it with Me. And when just now the earth started shaking, it was to remind Me of this story which My Father had laid upon my heart to tell you so that you may know more about this Peace Religion."

It is said that when He finished speaking, the people could see behind Him upon the hillside the shadow of three crosses.

After He had gone, the people still seemed to see three crosses, so stone-masons began the work of carving them deeper upon the hillside so that the children of their children would still remember.

Today, if you go to the Bay of Paracas and look across at the hillside, you may still see the Three Crosses. The Great Cross in the center is six hundred feet tall, while the smaller two are to each side of the Great Cross. There is a line which ties each of the smaller crosses to the Great Cross.

These huge carvings are indeed strange crosses. They resemble dead trees with limbs turned upward, like arms raised in supplication.

Scientists stare at them in utter amazement. Solemnly they admit

their antiquity. These works probably date from the Age of Jesus. But the meaning? That escapes these men who are learned. They can only shake their heads in wonder. The meaning is beyond their understanding."

Did He walk the Americas?

Yes, says the American Indian, and it would seem that he can prove it. We wonder if anyone can read this book and not be

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# "HE WALKED THE AMERICAS"

Questions, questions, questions... Answering them is a game that some TV personalities enjoy playing with their audiences. Very well, I will take the same method. Only first, thank all of you fine people who have taken time out of a busy lifetime to write to me how much you have enjoyed reading HE WALKED THE AMERICAS.

Now for the questions which always follow the compliments.

## "WAS THIS MAN JESUS?"

I do not know the answer to this one. I am not making up these legends. If one searches through the very early books of the explorers, one will find these legends. I have no way of knowing WHO HE was. I only know that HE was here during the Century of Christ, and that HE taught the Christian Religion, often in the very words of The Nazarene.

## "COULD THIS HAVE BEEN AN EARLY PRIEST?"

This was my own reaction when I first came upon the stories. Yet certain facts make this obvious answer very questionable. First, there is the antiquity of the Polynesian Ancestor Chants. Then there is the enigma of the Algonkin mines now largely under a forest cover. That The Lake Superior region supplied massive amounts of copper in prehistoric times is not to be denied. There is the matter of the biblical script found in a Mound by a friend of the father of Bancroft the author, of the last century, which had been buried under a ceremonial Indian Medicine Man. There is the matter of the Chihuahua Valley of Mexico which the chants picture as a hanging garden of great fertility and beauty, and which today is one of the most dreary of deserts. Imagination of a story

teller? I thought so too until I heard from the pilots of the Mexican Air Ways the tales of the lost conduits and terracing of a long forgotten irrigation system, to be seen only from the air, as are the great mounds along the ancient trade route. One pilot on the run from Mexico City to Los Angeles pointed some of them out to me. Suddenly I realized that this story could have been from the time of Jesus. This was reinforced by the sight of the Cosmul Highway - now only a lifted line of jungle running like an arrow's flight to the coast, then dipping under the waves of the Atlantic for fourteen miles to reappear on Cosmul Island. This is geological evidence of antiquity, and archaeological evidence of a high civilization. Besides, carbon-dating is causing the past of the Americas to recede back in time some thousand years from the dates so determinedly set by Dr. Hrdlicka - under whom I once studied in the 1920's. He was so confirmed in his opinions that all American Indians came from Asia within the last two or three millennia, that he almost petrified the curiosity of his students - that divine spark of which all science is fashioned. Yet I have lived long enough to see some of his pet ideas tumbled into the dust by a few impudent facts. Carbon-dating was one.

No, I do not think that the QuetzalCoatl Legend was initiated by some early priest. Neither did Lord Kingsborough, that son of England's aristocracy who, during the last century gave his lands, fortune and finally his life to the pursuit of the story, for he died in a debtor's prison. Nor did the monk Las Casas who came upon the heels of the Spanish Conquistadores, and who was stunned by what the natives told him.

#### HOW MUCH EDUCATION DO YOU HAVE?

I have a degree from a Southern California University, and beyond that some seven years work in graduate courses in several other Universities including Mexico, which incidentally is accredited now, and most stimulating to attend. A couple of unwritten theses is all that stands between me and other advanced degrees. (However, I would rather write books than finish them.)

#### WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST CONTACT WITH THE AMERICAN INDIAN?

When I was three weeks old my Sioux nurse threw me in anger down a flight of winding stairs. What she did not know, is that my father, who had taken pleasure in the study of football at West Point, was at that moment entering the front door, and sprinted forward to complete a most excellent forward pass (the forward pass

was not actually used in football then, of course, but it makes a good description of that catch!).

WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR FACTS AND WILL YOU SEND YOUR BOOKS OF SOURCE MATERIAL THROUGH THE MAIL TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED?

My source material is given in the bibliography at the end of the book. Much of it I obtained in the research section of Public Libraries both in the States and in Mexico. I will not send valuable, ancient books through the mail, but one of these days will give them to the Research Departments of Universities. Bancroft, which is a mine of information, can still be bought even though long out of print. It can also be found in most libraries and universities. Notes in the back of the book give additional information on sources.

HAVE YOU DONE ANY EXCAVATING YOURSELF?

Very little. Right here I had better warn some of these enthusiasts that unless you take a qualified anthropologist or archaeological team from some university (accredited) with you on such excursions, and allow them to be there when something important is discovered, your "discovery", will be written off as a hoax and will bring only scientific laughter. If you should ever discover anything important - ancient bones

etc. - leave it right in situ and go for help. That is the way of the true scientist.

HAVE YOU READ THE BOOK OF MORMON?

No, and the number of inquiries makes me realize that I have really missed a great deal. I have some very good Mormon friends, but the subject apparently never came up before. One of these days I will indeed give myself the pleasure, but at the moment I am too busily engaged in writing another book on a different subject.

HAVE YOU READ -? and here follow various late books on the Quetzal Legend.

No, I have not. My sources are all over a century old except the chants which the Indians have given me to supplement the old legends. May I say here that it is possible that these books might have been influenced by an Article of mine written during World War II and edited by Ray Palmer. It was titled "The White Prophet". It was during the research for that Article, and the flood of mail following its publication, that I began to see the outline of HE WALKED THE AMERICAS. I found far more material than one Article would hold, and furthermore, there is more material than the book uses. Many legends were discarded for possible late influence, insufficient evi-

dence, etc., etc. Many more I just didn't find intime, even though the compilation and writing took many years.

#### WHAT IS YOUR RELIGION?

I am a Protestant although I have many friends who are dear to me who are Catholics, and I have some leanings toward the ritual beauty of the Catholic Church.

That question brings up the fun of looking up your ancestors. Did you ever do that? You will find both good men and bad. Some you may be proud of and some that you won't. I had a friend who was teasing her son on his high school paper upon his Puritan ancestors.

"Well after all mom, no one in our family was ever hung!"

"No, but I can think of one or two who should have been," she answered sweetly.

My ancestors whose first names were Charles were so called because once the ancestor had followed Bonnie Prince Charley into exile. There his runaway son became the master musician to the court of George III of England who told him that if he, the King, had really wished, he could have held the colonies "but who wanted that wild land, anyhow?" Farther back along the same stem, running down the name through Celtic Legend, was a fierce man who came to Ireland with 36 ships

and demanded land saying that their island had sunk with all their homes and cattle. When reminded that this catastrophe had taken place some twenty years before, and asked: "What have you been doing since then?" answered simply: "Pyracie!" If you start hunting back, you may also find a pirate!

One of the most colorful characters in my background is my grandfather Taylor. This vigorous, witty and hot-headed young Irishman left the "ould sod" during the potato famine and took a wagon train to the far west. On the way he met a half-Indian maid (probably Sioux or Cheyenne) who was trying to escape an undesired tribal marriage. They fell in love, were married and continued on to Oregon where they finally built up a large cattle business along the Washington border. During this time a feud began between him and a gang of cattle rustlers who apparently stole one of his daughters. At least that is what Taylor thought happened, so he set out to get her murderers. Senator Borah once told me the story, saying that Taylor became known as "Old Ironsides" because he defeated the entire gang with the help of his sons, or often single-handed and carried seventeen notches on his gun. Incidentally he never found the missing girl. His seven sons, all died

of violent deaths before the old man himself, in these wild days, and the legend persists to our time that "The Taylors die with their boots on".

Other nationalities contributing to my background are Germans, Normans and Scandinavians. Except for Taylor, they were born in America back four generations. The Indians blood, a great surprise to me, was only revealed by a friend about ten years ago. It has been a tremendous help in my obtaining the chants from the tribesmen, although the Chippewas once gave me "Indian blood" by cutting my arm and mixing my blood with theirs, when I spent a vacation in their beautiful woodland during my college days. I still carry the scar.

#### WHAT IS YOUR REAL NAME?

I write under my real name.

#### HOW DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THE MOUND-BUILDERS?

I find that if you can contribute to the Council", the Sachems will talk. My passport of entry with the Algonkins who undoubtedly are the Mound-Builders, was the century-old book "Traditions of Decoodah", sometimes still obtainable, especially in England where it was printed. It is a beautifully bound volume of dark red with gold lettering. The old Sachem who wrote it, through the translating pen of Walter Pidgeon

(a young surveyor who was intrigued with the Mounds) not only described the missing sections, but also began to convey the meanings, and explain that the "Crests" were a form of historical writing. Through Decoodah, an unknown history began to unfold. The chants then were used to fill out the missing parts of the story.

#### WHAT IS SO TREMENDOUSLY INTERESTING ABOUT INDIANS?

I am and always have been fascinated by these people. Perhaps at first by the colorful costumes and then because my best friend, whom I met in the sixth grade of a Los Angeles School was a quarter Indian and enthralled us all with stories. This child never grew to adulthood, but I realize now that I owe a good deal to that voice from the past.

In high school I became fascinated with Ancient History, and the myths of the Norsemen and Greeks. In college I continued these studies and found parts falling into place with strange unexplainable similarities. As time went on my attention was caught by Ancient Egypt, and suddenly a remembered voice from childhood made many symbols understood. I began to search out Indians to learn more. No one tribe has aught but fragments - but what fragments! I give you an illustration of why they are what they claim to be: "Keepers of the

Ancient Knowledge".

During a night when I was watching the incredibly ancient Crown Dance (misnamed the Devil-Dance) of the Apaches, I had the fortune of meeting Asa Delugio, War-Chief of The Mescaleros, nephew of Gueronimo and grandson of Cochise. I did not know it at the time. I simply followed the dancers off to where they were about to wash up and perhaps change costumes. I had seen symbols of fantastic antiquity - it was as if some of the temple paintings of lost Egyptian art were coming to life. I knew the leader by his clothes and I sought him out. He spurned me coldly with a "Nosavvy English" a spit upon the ground and a turn of his back. Luckily I had come fortified with some copies of temple paintings which the Research Department of a University had hesitantly loaned me. I began to pass them out. The Apaches became obviously intrigued. Finally curiosity conquered the old man's hostility and he turned around.

"What people are these?" he demanded in very good English.

"I do not know. I am seeking your help to learn."

"Where were the paintings found?"

"In Egypt - on historical columns."

"You are asking us to tell you?"

"Yes, if you would."

"They are of our race - the Red Race."

I had run against the eternal wall. I tried another approach.

"On your costume are the symbols of the planet we call Venus - touching the markings."

"The twin-star gods," he replied coldly.

"Venus is a twin because it shines part of the year at dusk and part of the year at dawn. The number is thirteen while the earth number is eight. Did you know that this is an ancient calendar, much more accurate than our present 364 1/4 day year?"

One of the young dancers spoke up sarcastically addressing the old Sachem: "Yes, DID you know that?"

The old man ignored him, but I saw his eyes flash.

"Explain yourself", he answered me coldly.

"This is known as the Venus Calendar - known to have incredible antiquity. Venus, whirling about the sun on an inside orbit, makes thirteen revolutions almost exactly to eight revolutions of the earth. Therefore in Thirteen eights, the planets line up again. This makes the full cycle of 104 years. The half-cycle, celebrated by many tribes, including the Aztecs, is 52 years."

"I do not tell you everything," the old man said icily to the brash young dancer and then turn-

ing to me he asked: "Since you know so much, can you tell me the Grand Cycle?"

I was stunned. Hesitantly, I fumbled: "No, not exactly. I have the number in my notes somewhere, but I know it is over three thousand years."

His voice continued - more kindly: "If we had this knowledge, and you discovered that we had it, I propose to you a question: Would you say that we have always been savages as the teachers in our schools tell us, when our historical chanting legends tell us of cities? Were we always savages?

"This knowledge was discovered by observing the stars from one place for over three thousand years. It could not have been gained by hunting deer in forests. The numbers speak for themselves."

#### WHY DID YOU WRITE THE BOOK - HE WALKED THE AMERICAS?

I wrote it because I was impelled to do so. While doing the research for the White Prophet, the figure of this holy man began to haunt me and the shadowy outlines of the book started to take shape. In fact, when the name "Wake Island" was almost daily in the war news, the name came to me as a recognition of one of the names given the Prophet. In my spare time I began to sketch the book, and in my vaca-

tions in the ensuing years sought the wilder tribes for chants to fill out the story so much aided in 1936 by the War Sachem Sedilio who was going to his death in a small unimportant tribal war against the Mexican Government.

In a sense, I did not author the book. Like Pidgeon, of the last century I translated it. Yet it comes from histories unknown to our schools, - revealing a land we have never seen and never can see - any more than we can stroll through Troy, or Babylon in the height of her splendor - or walk once again through those fabled cities of magnificence which lay far below the rolling green waves of the ocean.

If the book haunts you with unanswered questions, then know that it has also haunted the author, and if the descriptions of Tula, the Golden, seem fabulous, then further know that they are not my descriptions, but taken almost word for word from the book which came down in a mutilated and garbled form through two enemy tongues - Chichimec and Aztec, before finally being translated into English by a professor of Mexico University.

As long as I held the book within me or searched for connecting legends, it haunted me. Now I am free to research other books. That is why I had to give the unfolding story to the world.

# LOST YEARS - OR LOST REASON?

By Huey P. Beasley

In the December, 1963, issue of FATE magazine, appears an article by the late Dr. Charles Francis Potter entitled "The Lost Years of Jesus." The article is a very brief summary of Dr. Potter's book by the same name. This book and this article are fairly typical of the works of many modernist scholars and theologians, who have been trying for many years, in every conceivable way, to discredit the Holy Bible and many of the basic teachings of the Bible and of the Christian Church. These scholars have in recent years seized upon the dead sea scrolls as their latest club with which to beat over the head those who still respect the authority of God's word.

Dr. Potter leaves no room for doubt regarding his position. He states that the Christian Church "Has proclaimed for centuries that Jesus was God's . . . own son, sent from heaven to Palestine by His Father, to be born miraculously of a Jewish Virgin, to grow up and reveal by word and deed God's plan of salvation." Dr. Potter then states, "This Christian position has become in-

creasingly untenable since the discovery in 1945 of the secret caves of the great Essene Library, mis-called the 'Dead Sea Scrolls. . .'" Quoting further regarding the supposed content of these scrolls, ". . .Enough. . .have been deciphered and translated for the scholars and theologians to know, even if the American lay public does not, that the PROVEN MOTHER of Christianity was the splinter Jewish sect sometimes called Essenes." (Emphasis ours throughout the article.) "We know. . .that these. . .Essenes must be accorded priority on much that has hitherto been thought original in Christianity. Their scriptures can be read in Christian Sunday morning services of worship without the congregations suspecting the substitution." (Comment: That last sentence is probably true. Modernist Theologians such as Dr. Potter don't teach their congregations enough Bible so that the congregations would be able to tell the difference in the Bible and Essene scriptures; for that matter many of them would scarcely be able to tell the difference between readings from the Bible and read-

ings from the Saturday Evening Post!

Among other statements, Dr. Potter considers it unfortunate that the "more orthodox Christian leaders oppose the reconsideration and restating of cardinal Christian theological dogmas, if not the ABANDONING of such doctrines as the special inspiration of canonical scriptures, the incarnation, the virgin birth, the bodily resurrection. . . ." etc.

Of course, we oppose it Doctor Potter. For one thing, if we deny these things, we deny most all the claims that Jesus made for Himself, and we have no reason whatever to call ourselves "Christian" at all if we do that. And secondly, because there is not one shred of evidence, either in the dead sea scrolls or elsewhere, which would furnish any reason or proof for the abandoning of these doctrines.

As "proof" for his statements quoted above, Dr. Potter points to certain parts of the scrolls (which were, at least in part, written before the New Testament was written) which contain wording and phraseology very similar to that which is found in parts of the New Testament. He concludes from this that Christianity evolved from Essenism. He states that modern scholars have, from the study of such material, been able to give several good guesses as to the real nature and teaching of

Jesus. . . "That remarkable young man who emerged from "the wilderness" to give to the world his synthesis of the wisdom, faith and hopes of several cultures he APPEARS to have studied in the remarkable Essene community and its wonderful library by the shores of the Salty Sea." (Comment: note the vast difference in the words "guesses - appears - etc." and in the words "know - Proven - etc." which Dr. Potter used earlier in his article.)

He also implies that the only reason why the Essene scripture was not included in the Bible was that it provided an intermediate or connecting step between Judaism and Christianity, and since these two groups had come to hate each other, both groups rejected the essene writings, being unwilling to admit a connection between their religions.

This book is an example of the sheer tripe which passes for scholarship in all too many cases in these times. Let us examine the evidence. We should all have open minds and be willing to face facts! The facing of facts, however, is quite a different thing from blindly swallowing whatever comes from the pens of supposed scholars. Was Doctor Potter right?

First, let us point out that the New Testament was written in the common Greek language of that time, and therefore, to some de-

gree, its wording and phraseology (though not its doctrines) would be influenced by the same factors which influenced the entire language and thought of that time. This of course, would include Essenism. But what is vastly more important, Christianity and Essenism both have roots in a common source, the Old Testament, and thus it is expected that much in their vocabulary and even in their ideas would be similar. In fact, it would be very strange if these old testament derived ideas and phrases did not occur to a high degree in both Christianity and Essenism. But this does not prove that Christianity evolved from Essentism. It merely shows the influence of the "common ancestor," the Old Testament.

The fact remains that much was presented by Jesus Christ that was new and unique, and the similarities which Dr. Potter points to regarding the doctrines of Jesus and of the Essenes, are mainly superficial. The differences are deep and tremendous. The Essenes, for example, looked for three separate messianic personages, while Christians find all their messianic hopes fulfilled in Jesus Christ (Prophet, Priest, King). The Essenes of Qumran were taught to HATE the children of darkness (meaning all outside their own community), Christians were taught to love all men, even

their enemies. Essentism was a narrow, restricted sect; Christianity was worldwide (John 3:16). We could go on and on, but space does not permit.

And what did Jesus Himself say? He ought to know, if anyone does, which branch of Judaism, if any, he recognized as having authority from God to preserve the true word of God and the true dogmas. He said, in Matthew 23:2, "The SCRIBES AND THE PHARISEES (NOT the Essenes of Qumran) sit on the seat of Moses . . ." The Essenes of Qumran are not even mentioned in the entire New Testament. One would think, that if Jesus had indeed studied in their libraries, and imbibed their doctrines, that he would have at least mentioned them. Instead, He is silent about them, and instead recognized the official authority of the scribes and Pharisees - those who had given Him the most opposition of all. Some scholars say that everytime Jesus uses the word "poor", he actually refers to the Qumran Essenes who sometimes called themselves "the poor". However, this interpretation is purely guesswork, and is without a single bit of sound evidence to back it up. Such an interpretation is in many cases contrary to the obvious context of the scripture, and the only reason it has ever been proposed is in a vain attempt to bolster the pre-

conceived ideas of modernists who begin with the preconceived idea that Jesus COULD NOT have been Divine, that the Bible COULD NOT be the inspired word of God, and therefore they look to an evolutionary essenist origin for those factors of Christianity which they have been unable to explain in any other manner.

One of the most ridiculous claims made by Potter and others like him is that the discoveries of the dead sea scrolls will call for a great many textual corrections in the Old Testament text, and the reinterpretation of many New Testament texts. We would ask HOW can this be so, when it is a well known fact of history that the HEBREW MASORETIC text was copied and preserved with extremely great CARE AND ACCURACY by the official, public copyists and preservers of the word of God, the Scribes, who were, as we have seen before, acknowledged to this position by Jesus Christ Himself. Yes, they had traditions too, which Jesus sometimes condemned, but they were very scrupulous not to add these to the written word, nor to in any way detract from it. They taught their traditions orally. The Essenes, on the other hand, carelessly copied their writings on leather, and often wove fables into the word of God. Even their copies of the canonical scriptures, are

acknowledged to contain many errors of punctuation and wording. They are far less accurate than the text we already have; why then should we revise our accurate text on the basis of these inaccurate texts? Perhaps, Dr. Potter, herein lies the real reason why orthodox Jewish Rabbis scornfully shrug their shoulders when asked to change their inspired Masoretic text on such a flimsy basis. And we admire them for it!

Now, what about Potter's claim that Jesus only became the son of God at Baptism, and not when born of Mary? Well, the Bible clearly states that Mary was a virgin when she gave birth to Jesus, and that "the Holy thing which was conceived in her was of the Holy Spirit." I wonder what, exactly, that is all supposed to mean, if Jesus at birth was just another man? But this theory, I suppose, is supposed to lend weight to the supposition that Jesus had to study at the Essene Library during the "lost years" between ages 12-30, and then came back to begin teaching - not a message from God - but his own human opinions! There is another scripture which clearly demonstrates the falsehood of this theory. In Luke 2:42-47, we are told how that at age 12, Jesus was found in the temple discussing the law with the learned doctors of the law. Here he actually amazed and ASTONISHED the scribes and

doctors with his knowledge and questions. Certainly he, at his age 12, had not gained the knowledge through study of Essene literature. No, this was God incarnate, in a 12 year old human body. Because he was God, and because as God he had GIVEN the law in the first place, he was able at age 12 to so amaze the learned doctors with His understanding of the law. After that we are told that he went home with his parents and was subject to them. These were waiting years, waiting until he was the PROPER AGE to begin his ministry. The law required that a priest be at least 30 years old. Jesus fulfilled the law perfectly, in every detail. And he was our "great high priest". (See Numbers chapter 4, and Hebrews chapters 3, 8, 9, and 10.) Jesus was simply waiting until age thirty, in order to be eligible to begin his priesthood and ministry.

Finally, what of the Essene "Teacher of Righteousness"? Many scholars have made much of this person and some have even gone so far as to attempt to identify him with Jesus. Doubtless there was such a person, and he may have been in some respects a great man and great teacher. But, as the Catholic priest, Father Jean Danielou, points out in the Dead Sea Scrolls and Primitive Christianity, such significant differences exist, that not only is it

impossible to identify Jesus with this teacher, it is also impossible to relegate to his teachings the origins of Christianity. The teacher had a deep sense of sin; Jesus had none. Apparently the teacher died a natural death, and certainly no claim is ever made that he was resurrected from the dead. Jesus was crucified, resurrected, appeared after death, and ascended to heaven. No follower of the teacher expected him to return in the last days. All true followers of Jesus expect his return at the end of the age. The teacher refused contact with sinners; Jesus befriended and helped them. The teacher only claimed to teach God's ways; to be a prophet of God. Jesus claimed to be God.

So we can see that nothing about the teacher detracts in any way from the uniqueness of Jesus.

The truth is this: For the past century archeological discoveries have continuously upheld the truth and accuracy of the Old Testament; and have given the lie to the claims of the German rationalist critics. These critics, now desperate for a new straw to grasp, have now seized upon the dead sea scrolls. They will try anything to undermine the AUTHORITY of the Scriptures. But God's word and true scholarship will not be shaken by such spurious claims. "My word", said Jesus, "Will not pass away."

✓

# *T H E*

# *O T H E R*

# *Y O U*

**S**YDNEY Omarr has always puzzled me. His "Thought Dial" has puzzled a lot of people. Most of the people I know who have tested it tell me that it works for them. A tiny minority claim it doesn't work for them.

What is the Thought Dial?

It is a book about numbers and how to use them to gain the answers to questions. I met Omarr when he was in his early twenties. He had the principle of this book in his mind then, but it was many years before he published it. I'm

a pretty objective person. I seldom have emotional reactions to things. I can think them out without personal feelings. I have devoted my life to the study of higher mathematics, including number theory, which is the most complicated branch of mathematics. Few people know much about it, but its possibilities in the future are unlimited. No telling what secrets it holds. Most of its development was by a mathematician named Fermat. I have also devoted more than 35 years to research connected with astrology as a matter

## By Carl Payne Tobey

of mathematical expression. When people ask me whether I really believe in astrology, my standard reply is, "I probably do not believe in what YOU think astrology is." We won't go into that here.

Omarr is a numerologist as well as an astrologer. Numerology is a very old subject. I don't know much about its history, but I know that Pythagoras worked with it way back in 500 B.C., and Pythagoras was one of the greatest mathematicians of all time. He has never been understood. Many have kept his work at a distance because he was a mystic. Sydney Omarr, I think is also a mystic. I am not a mystic. At least I think I am not. I might be wrong about that. Anyway, it was back on 42nd Street in New York, and I haven't been there in 13 years. Omarr walked into my office and introduced himself. I knew who

he was and wanted to talk to him, but it was at one of those few moments when an emotional matter sort of had possession of my mind. I told this to him and apologized for the fact that I was probably not going to concentrate on his ideas very much on that day. He said, "Think of three numbers."

I didn't know what he was getting at, but I thought of three numbers to be polite about it. Omarr added up the numbers and described the exact nature of the problem that had momentary possession of my mind. I was quite astonished with the accuracy of what he said, and told him so. He went further and told me how the matter would come out. His explanation, or prediction, seemed beyond the realms of possibility, but later, I realized that it proved 100% correct. Omarr told me about his plan to publish the "Thought Dial" based on this number principle. I encouraged him to do so, but it was many years before he did. When the book was ready for publication, he invited me to write the introduction to it, which I did.

I doubt whether the numbers have much to do with the matter. Omarr probably disagrees with me, and he may be right. I don't really know. I'm guessing, but at any rate, it would seem to me that the book is a matter of communication with the unconscious self.

The numbers appear to me to be merely a means of communication that the unconscious understands, and several psychologists have told me that you can shift the numbers around, and it will still work. In other words, you can't fool the unconscious. It seems to know all and see all, but it doesn't usually talk about it.

I am convinced, because of many experiments, that all knowledge is within you. Our educational system is based on the materialistic assumption that the mind is a vacuum into which you must pour something - usually concrete. Yet all knowledge of principle such as mathematical theorems, had to come out of the mind of someone. They were not found carved on stone. You find teachers of mathematics teaching students to memorize theorems without understanding them, but you don't find many school teachers discovering any theorems. If you understand something, you don't have to memorize it. It will always be handy when you want it. Ever since the doctrine of materialism was adopted as the basic foundation of all education, we have denied that there are any such realities as intuition, extrasensory perception, divine inspiration, etc. Where does music come from? Where does art come from?

By the adopted methods, it is easy to disprove any of these facts.

You reason that since there are no such realities, all evidence in their favor is false evidence. It is as simple as that. Evidence that is not in accord with the materialistic doctrine is classified as an illusion. If thousands of people witness the evidence, then it is mass hypnotism. Anything to uphold the doctrine; anything to uphold an accepted "scientific" theory or hypothesis. How long does a "scientific" theory live? The life span is usually short. What happened to the ether? At the turn of the century it was the accepted thing. Scientists had even measured it. Now, they can't find it, because it is out of style. The theory of atoms is in a constant flux. Everytime something fails to work, a new particle is invented. When the style changes, they'll throw the whole thing out.

It is part of my philosophy not to "believe" anything. I'll accept a mathematical theorem if I "understand" it. I don't accept any doctrines or theories, whether they are religious or "scientific." Yet, in most cases, I don't deny anything. I just keep gathering more evidence. In research, I constantly employ the theory of mathematical probability, but it has never been proved, and it cannot be proved because it is not something that lends itself to proof. If it is useful, great. Sometimes it fools us. Nothing goes the way

it should.

So, with these words, let's look a little further into this inner intelligence that guides all inventors, artists, pioneers, and real scientists beyond the realm of the school teacher, people like Sydney Omarr. Where did he get the idea of the "Thought Dial?" It wasn't taught to him in any orthodox school of learning.

There is that inner intelligence that guides many people through life, including most business men who are not supported by government funds and public taxes. Some people speak of the God within you. Note that even the Bible speaks of the God of Abraham. This God seems to have been a very special part of Abraham, very personal with him. Nobody says anything about the God of George Washington, but I imagine he had one too. In fact, I think you have one. I think everybody has one, within himself, but our churches and educational system have taught us not to establish contact with this inner God. Instead, bring money and they'll take care of everything for you. I have not seen too much progress in this direction, and personally, I don't find that I need these special services.

I read a review of the "Thought Dial" by a man living in England. He was nice about it, but he said that maybe it did work for Carl Payne Tobey but it didn't work for him.

I had had no occasion to use the "Thought Dial" for several years. I yanked it from a bookshelf and tried it out on something. It didn't work. That was funny. It always had worked for me, but this time the answer didn't fit.

One day, my mind found itself in an unusual and odd mixup. I became suspicious of something. I didn't have much of any special reason, but an idea took possession of my mind. Try as I would, I couldn't concentrate on my work. I stopped and fussed with some mathematical problems, because they will usually free my mind from anything. As soon as I stopped and tried to work, my mind became possessed again. I couldn't work. Finally, I crossed the room, pulled the "Thought Dial" from a shelf, quickly wrote down the first three two-digit numbers that came to my mind, added them up, and read what the "Thought Dial" said about them.

The situation that was bothering me was excellently described, the solution given. As soon as I settled that matter, I was able to go back to work.

Now, I realized that the book of Omarr's had failed to answer a question propounded in what we might call an intellectual moment. At such times, you don't need the "Thought Dial". I know that with myself there are moments when something "comes over me."

Let's say that I am "seized" I don't mean I am going to have an epileptic fit or anything like that, but something possesses my mind. I can't get it off of a certain matter. If I track this down, I always find out that something is going on somewhere, maybe 2000 miles away, and it concerns me. My son and I are much closer than most people, and we find we can often read each other's minds when there is a reason to do so. The rest of the time we don't bother.

One night, I decided not to go home. My son was 125 miles away in another city. Stronger and stronger came the impression that my son wanted to talk with me. Because of this impression, I phoned him. As soon as he heard my voice, he said, "Where have you been? I have been trying to reach you at the house, but there was no answer."

We all have this inner knowledge if we will ignore orthodoxy long enough to investigate it. I think it can be developed. But this is more difficult for some than for others. I think a lot depends on one's philosophical outlook. I think negative emotions such as greed, selfishness, jealousy, possessiveness, etc. cut you away from it. It is difficult to penetrate through this sort of emotion. There are various ways of going about it. It can be done through the study of Yoga, but I'm too

lazy to bother with all that fancy breathing. I have to find other ways. Seclusion and introspection are great helps. Ever notice how all the ancient religious leaders went up into some mountain where they could retire within themselves? For a good many years, I have lived far from the city where I am not influenced by society. There are obstacles. The phone rings, but I like to hear the coyotes howl at night. Nobody comes to the door to sell me anything. People come by appointment only. They can't even get here unless I tell how to come. They can't find the place. I have seclusion for work, but I have opportunity for a certain amount of introspection every day. I can live with myself and study my own subjective areas. I can keep a record of any dreams together with what happened within the next 24 hours. There is usually a connection, but it is a matter of understanding symbols. The more you study them in conjunction with what happened after the dream, the more you get to understand them.

This discussion has to do with the average person, not the psychic who is born to have certain unusual powers. One of the unusual psychics of the country is Richard Ireland of Phoenix, although he is all over the globe at once. Completely blindfolded (and I saw to

that), he can hold dollar bills against his head and read off the serial numbers like a flash. He was once employed by the C.I.A. He had a soft job. One of his duties was to go to lunch with a suspected Russian spy and tell the C.I.A. what he was really thinking about. In a conversation one day, my son asked Dick, "Just what Happens? How do you go about this?"

Dick said, "Well, it is much as if I drop back into another chamber of my mind, and when there, I see everything around me without the use of my eyes. If I drop back any further, I will go into a trance."

A small child in Tucson had a spinal injury, and while in a hospital, suddenly became aware of this same ability to see all around her, even behind her, without the use of her eyes. This is similar to the case of Dick Ireland. When he was a child, he had an eye injury. He could not use his eyes. They were heavily bandaged. Suddenly, he discovered that he could see around the room without the use of his eyes. We tested some psychometry. He wanted my son to try it. He handed him a ring and asked him to talk and say whatever came into his mind. It worked. I gave Dick several objects belonging to different people, one at a time. He described the individuals owning the objects very well. I asked whether a piece of paper

belonging to someone would work. He said, "I don't know. Let's try it." This worked too.

According to the theory of some, such an object, when carried around on the person of an individual, picks up the "vibrations" of the individual, and the psychometrist picks up these "vibrations" in turn. This is an attempt to explain the matter in materialistic terms, because people will believe it if you make the theory fit into a materialistic doctrine.

In the case of this piece of paper, the owner had never carried it around, had never seen it and had never felt it. In fact, she didn't actually know of its existence. She wouldn't know until I mailed it to her. Nevertheless, it still worked.

Providing they are not negative, I think your emotions can tell you what is going on when something is going on. You don't have emotions for nothing. They are filled with messages, if you will stop feeling them and examine them. A person filled with hate won't gain any knowledge from such emotions. The person interested in exploring his own subjective areas isn't going to have any time to hate anybody.

The subjective is a vast area. The objective goes to infinity in one direction, the subjective to infinity in the other direction. Some of the ancient Greek philosophers used to argue about which was the real, the subjective or the

objective. Some claimed that the objective is only a projection from the subjective. At least to some extent, this is true. Most people carry much of their environment around with them. They go from one place to another, and the same things happen to them again and again. They unconsciously make them happen. They don't realize it because they don't understand it. An astrological birth chart shows the design of this complexity, but to control it one must understand it, and you are not going to find the understanding in the outside objective world. You must find it within yourself, within the subjective.

The "Thought Dial" itself is objective, but it can be used as a tool. It was helpful to me because I had to try and find out how it worked. It made me realize that what happened to me largely depended upon what went on within my own subjective self. You do subjectively cause events, even at a distance. This cannot be explained in a way that is going to fit in with the universally accepted doctrine of materialism, which has never been proved, because the doctrine assumes and claims that all cause lies in matter. It doesn't. The doctrine of materialism is a mental block. It congests our whole educational system. It is a dogma. It is just as evil as the most narrowminded religious dogma.

Few people control their own minds or the content thereof. Their thinking just keeps going over the same old territory. It is a merry-go-round. It is limited to a very small sphere. Even the modern study of psych-ology has nothing to do with the psyche. The subject reached its lowest intellectual level early in the century when behaviorism took over. The environmentalists were all-out materialists. According to their mental blocks, you can be only what matter makes you, because all cause lies in matter. The original environmentalists are all dead. Wonder what they think about it now?

Regardless of what you think you want, the important way of obtaining it is by the work you do within your own subjective realm. Otherwise, you are probably going to find that when you get it, it isn't what you thought it was, and you are not going to want it. A woman wants a certain man as her husband, until she gets him, only to discover that this is the wrong man. The right man is still within her own subjective self. If he has a counterpart, she may draw him to her, or perhaps she will unconsciously create a counterpart. Perhaps she will cause an unknown man to become that counterpart.

A man of a certain complex design wants only one thing - lots

of money. He gets it only to find that it brings him a world of enemies, and then, somebody shoots him to get some of it.

Here was a woman with a problem. No matter where she went, people stared at her. If she went into any restaurant, somebody was staring at her. This made her very nervous. It was a part of her design. She did not understand it. She asked me to help her with this problem.

First, I asked her how she always knew that somebody was staring at her. This seemed like a foolish question to her, because she could see people staring at her. I told her, "Well stop staring at people and you won't attract their attention, and they won't have any reason to stare at you."

Getting back to Sydney Omarr: at the time I first met him, he was in his early twenties. Where was he getting this knowledge he was putting forth? Where did he get this idea of the "Thought Dial?" I let a few people "have it" because they argued, "How could anyone at his age have any knowledge of such matters?" I told one man, "You are getting pretty well along in years. Up till now you have not demonstrated that you have picked up any wisdom in all those years. Here is a young lad who is far out in front of you. Better start listening to him, and if your mind hasn't completely

turned into concrete, you might possibly learn something."

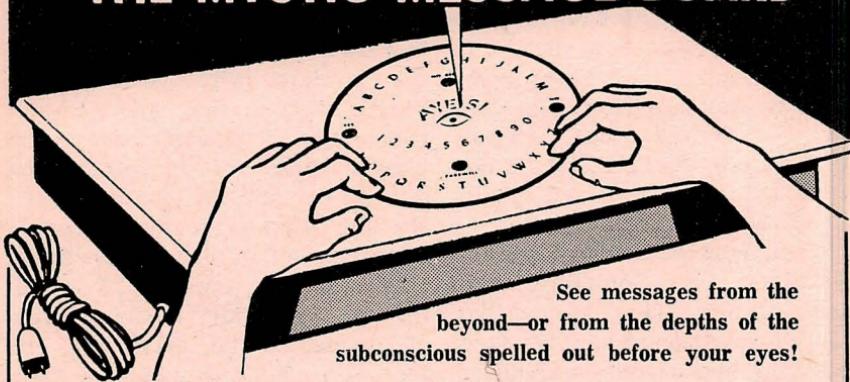
This was contrary to his dogma, and so he wouldn't understand it.

Because you have a set of oil paints does not mean that you know how to use them. A few people get nowhere with the "Thought Dial" because they know in advance that it doesn't work. It couldn't work. It is contrary to the doctrine of materialism. Nothing works for such people. Even the set of oil paints refuses to create a great painting. Perhaps the "Thought Dial" is like the box of paints. The artist has to look within his own subjective self, because that's where the beauty of the painting is to come from. The box of paints is no more than an instrument. The "Thought Dial" and other similar instruments are tools. You may not need them. If you have sufficient contact with your own subjective self, with that God that lies within you, you won't need them. There is no limit to possible distance. That applies to the objective or the subjective worlds. You can go just as far back into the subjective world as you can visualize going out among the stars. There is this difference. When you head out among the stars, you are penetrating into the world of effects. When you explore the subjective world, you are encountering the world of causes.

introducing

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# LET'S CLIMB A MOUNTAIN

By Will Carson

HAVE YOU ever wondered what history will have to say about us? Will it speak kindly, harshly - will it laugh? Will it thank us for anything? - Will it have anything for which to thank us?

Will it condemn us?

Probably it will only yawn as it idly flips the pages; it will have the advantage over us - the same advantage we have over those and that which preceded us. Too bad we can't view ourselves and our own problems from that same point of vantage! But wait . . . perhaps we can - to a limited degree.

Let's climb a mountain . . .

One of the fascinating things about History is that it lends you a sense of Supremacy over kings and emperors and supermen and over Fate itself. You're the "Highest Man on the Mountain" and all who have and which has preceded you is small and insignificant beneath you, easily viewed through the objective, relatively omniscient spyglass of History, through which you can focus at random upon any level of the Past you choose from out the great panoram spread before you.

A thing of great moment to a

contemporary shrinks to insignificance with the passage of time. You can now joke about an event which if it had occurred in your lifetime may have meant a personal tragedy. It is still in bad taste to joke about the late President Kennedy - but not about Washington, or even Lincoln. The longer ago they dwelt, the lighter we may regard them.

Through History we rise above reality. Now, do we hold that it is desirable to be impersonal about our own life? To an extent, yes. To an extent where we can not be easily bruised by "the shocks that flesh is heir to." To an extent whereby we can look at our problems objectively - as we now look at the problems of history. But not to an extent where we lose sensitivity to life's better aspects.

Then let's endeavor to look at the present as we look at history - as someone someday will in fact look back "down" at us and our time in history. Let us try to place ourselves in that person's point of vantage! All it takes is a little imagination. I think then we'll realize that what seem to be insoluble problems now will

have inevitable solutions - for the better, afterall.

Looking back at some of the blackest moments in history, taken by themselves, we can only say they were regrettable, that it would have been better for the contemporary subjects had The Inquisition, for instance, and other such evils, not occurred. Yet, in looking further, it all seems to be part of an inevitability which, afterall, eventually led to better things - GOOD ever sprouting from the decayed loam of EVIL.

Now it is almost impossible to see how we will ever solve the problem of Communist confrontation - the immovable object Vs. the irresistible force! How can it possibly be solved with a "happy ending"? We wonder. The Communists say "all or nothing at all". And they're slowly - not too slowly! - inexorably getting their way. We know we can only stop them with atomic might, and that another war, a nuclear war, could mean the end to mankind, or at least to our existing civilization.

Where will it end? Yet someday it WILL be resolved, and eventually, in the long run, for the better - as History will one day show.

Let's put ourselves in the vantage point of a far future student of human history and try to reason, in the light of what we know of

our own past history, what this student may know about us which we now do not know about ourselves.

Is he going to read: "But eventually, in the face of brilliant statesmanship & foreign policy, technological advance - especially in nucleonics and rocketry - the snarling bear of Communism backed down and was content to stay at home, until it finally succumbed during the Democracy Renaissance."

Is he going to read that Communism kept spreading - as it now is - and that the Free World continued myopically to believe that it "just couldn't happen" - as it now is - until it was too late, and that Communism just "fell in place", in the vacuum caused by Democracy's unbelievably unrealistic optimism?

Or: "It was a brief war - the shortest in history; and yet more persons were killed in those few short weeks than in all the other wars in history put together." And with what outcome?

"America - like a man who hadn't known his own strength - was surprised to find they were really as far ahead of the Russians in technological achievements as they had been telling themselves - but not really believing."?

Or: "Hemmed in as it was by the Red satellites - some which

were not even suspected, or at least only suspected as being pro-communist - the United States was still reeling under the initial, unbelievably cataclysmic "sunday punch", when Red China, hungry for a share of what could be easy loot, laughed away the truly insignificant difference with Russia, which had served so well to un-guard the West, and offered their prodigious manpower for Russia's disposal."?

Or. . ."The few pockets of humanity which survived in isolated areas of the world were too terrified of the seething radiation to venture for many years from their place of comparative safety. With no communication with the outer world - perhaps each group thinking themselves the sole survivors on earth - degeneration was inevitable, hastened by inter-marriage."?

Perhaps our future History student will read: "The people of earth, bristling on the verge of all-out nuclear war, accepted the envoys of the Galactic Federation - the fact that Earth-man was not the sole and supreme creature in the universe - with greater aplomb than panic-mongers had predicted, shattering the long-standing "Law" that any society will collapse when introduced to a society of higher cultural development."?

History seems to indicate that

whatever happens to mankind, no matter how horrible to the individual at the time, is in the long-long run for the better of ALL mankind. And if there ARE other members of mankind on other worlds, then in an even longer long run, it must be for the betterment of their representatives as well as for all the races of earth.

Which of the alternatives that our future student might read may be imagined as being eventually for the best of ALL mankind - throughout the universe?

In that sense, even the idea of the human race on earth being reduced to a few scattered remnants is not unthinkable. Total destruction, yes. For then ALL would be lost. But those remnants who would have to crawl back up from the rubble - even if there was an initial degeneration - could well be the torch-bearers of a lasting lesson, literally scorched into their souls!

However, we must not overlook the law which dictates that the answer to any question lies somewhere between the two antipodes. And the above idea feels a little bit too extreme to really seriously consider. Afterall, under everything else, and above all, man does desire to survive. And a nuclear war would be contrary to that basic instinct.

The intercedence by "aliens" from outer space is an intriguing

idea, especially to "saucer fans", and certainly isn't impossible simply because Science-fiction played with the idea to the point of contempt. It's mostly wishful thinking, however - "Cavalry to the rescue the last minute!" - with no precedent in history; and from our hypothetical vantage point we see no such chapter in the history books of the future.

Next let's consider the outcome that most Americans are counting on: that if they close their eyes to the Communist Conspiracy it will just go away. This is to believe that our "leaders" are so brilliant and our technological achievements so advanced that the "snarling bear" will back down and retreat through sheer intimidation - or experience a "change of heart." Even our future student, I think, if he read this in his history book would not believe it!

We seem to be left with one alternative: the Communist advance will spread throughout the world until we find it just "fell in place", in the vacuum caused by Democracy's unbelievably unrealistic optimism. Will our future history book say that - "Faced with this economic reality, the Vatican was the last of these powers to relinquish its grasp and unite with the World Socialist Federation," or words to that effect?

The antithesis would be a world-wide Democracy, so let's look for our answer somewhere between the two. It is a natural human trait to seek to reduce all things to an all-ness - simply because it's simpler that way. For instance, in projecting the future, we find it difficult not to insist that things eventually must go either one way or the other. In nature, however, this is never true. Reality is a system of balances and counter-balances. Because of this, the Communists are being unrealistic when they say that Communism and Capitalism cannot exist side by side.

Taking our future history book in hand and reading into it with an honest, unbiased eye, we fail to detect any reference to a final clash between the opposing ideologies. A series of crises - relatively minor flare-ups of violence in scattered parts of the world - a maze of international swordplay. . .word-play, horseplay. . .which leaves the casual student's mind in a snarl - until we become aware that a transition has occurred during all this confusion. A compromise? Perhaps. But we find that the old terms, Communism, Capitalism, Democracy, Socialism, etc., all have become meaningless words, that the old hard and fast definitions have become obsolete. New terms have appeared - one in par-

ticular, which doesn't feel alien on the tongue of any man, and which connotes more than "form of government" or an ideology...or even a "religion."

We find to our surprise that there are still "free men" and "slaves", as there ever has been - and that it remains mostly a CHOICE of the individual...

What of our other, even weightier problem: Over-population? Can we read into our future history book a happier solution than a world-wide holocaust which would solve the problem in a few moments' time?

With the added perspective of our vantage point, we seem to read that many things combined, through technological advancement, if not to prevent altogether an overcrowding problem, at least to damp the actual threatened "explosion." "As new areas of land were developed, harnessing of the ocean accomplished - including economically feasible distillation of sea water as well as "floating cities" - closer cooperation between nations in conserving and reclaiming earth's resources, as well as in allocating the world population, etc., etc., the people themselves became more enlightened and the decrease in reproduction occurred as a natural consequence, effectuated, of course, by the perfection of the various inexpensive contracep-

tives...

"Even as in the most primitive societies certain practices which certainly would only lead to degeneration or eventual destruction of the community - most notably incest - became naturally taboo, without any actual declaration, the indiscriminate breeding which had served to populate the world during the first book of Man's history now ceased and reversed itself without declaration, until the current world statute of limitation was adopted as readily as any laws in the past against violence, warfare, etc. Simply, when all persons everywhere were made aware of the truth that unrestrained reproduction could only lead to havoc - had, indeed, led already to the brink of it - the reversal was natural."

These are things I SEEM to see from my vantage point on the mountain. However, my eyesight is not the best, neither is my spyglass the strongest-powered; in fact, the visibility is not too good at all. Would I were better equipped! But what about you, good reader, who ARE better equipped? Why not climb a mountain? Put yourself in the future, put a history book in your hand, open it to the chapter on the Twentieth Century. What do YOU read?

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# PRYING INTO THE UNKNOWN

By  
Will Carson  
and  
Jeannie Joy



**M**YSTERIES! How they beggar to be unmasked - and how disappointing when they are! Some people chase butterflies with a net, mounting and specifying their specimens; we chase mysteries with the net of our curiosity, try to solve them; if we can't,

we pass them on to readers of SEARCH.

Some readers suspect that we invent a good deal of what appears on these pages. We don't. For most of the items we can offer documentation; for the others we have at least as much verification as world-famous Robert Rip-

ley demanded for items that appeared in his "Believe It Or Not", and that was simply the word of his contributors that their claims were true.

No, unlike Mark Twain and Dan DeQuille who, when their joint publication the "Territorial Enterprise" was shy any authentic paper-selling news, simply invented and published a "quaint", as they've become known, we have nothing to sell, and so no reason to invent anything. There are enough bona fide mysteries that NEED be examined!

Dan DeQuille even surpassed Mark Twain when it came to fabricating whoppers. And undoubtedly Dan's topper was in 1862 when the international science world not only swallowed his "quaint" but refused to disbelieve when he formally and flatly confessed it was a fraud.

It was a particular un-newsy week around Virginia City and the Comstock country so Dan sat down at his desk and turned the spigot on his creative reservoir. The Pahranagat Valley in southeastern Nevada was far enough away in those days of stagecoach travel for anyone in the precincts of the Enterprise to casually disprove anything, so Dan chose that as his setting and went on from there: stones - huge boulders - in that remote valley were pulled to its magnetic center and then

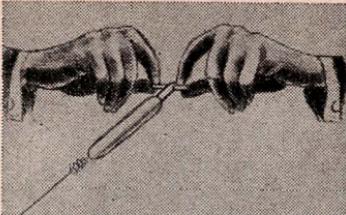
repulsed, he blithely penned, so that there was a constant traffic of boulders coming and going, etc.

Magnetism happened to be much in the scientific eye at the time and Dan wrote with such a scholarly pen that no one doubted his story. Scientists in Germany wrote to him for more detail, were irked when he confided it was a "gag," claiming the U.S. government was trying to suppress critical knowledge from the Scientific World!

But even more fascinating to us is the fact that had he known it, Dan needn't have fabricated any such tale. In Death Valley there is a playa called the Racetrack due to the fact that various sized boulders skate across its surface leaving long, deep tracks. Scientists, scratching their heads, can only argue whether its caused by "wind, weather or movements of the dry lake bed."

One need, however, take one look at these huge stones and the tracks of their mysteriously autonomous peregrinations - or at one of the many photos taken of them - to know that the scientists are only trying to appease the lay world, which expects them to supply a logical explanation to all phenomena. The truth is that - as with that object which last week passed over Texas, landing with a loud explosion, emitting an odor like burning sulphur and starting

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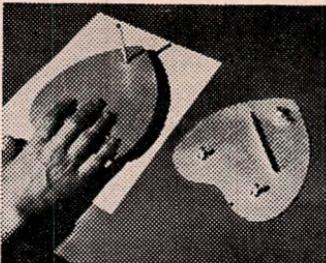
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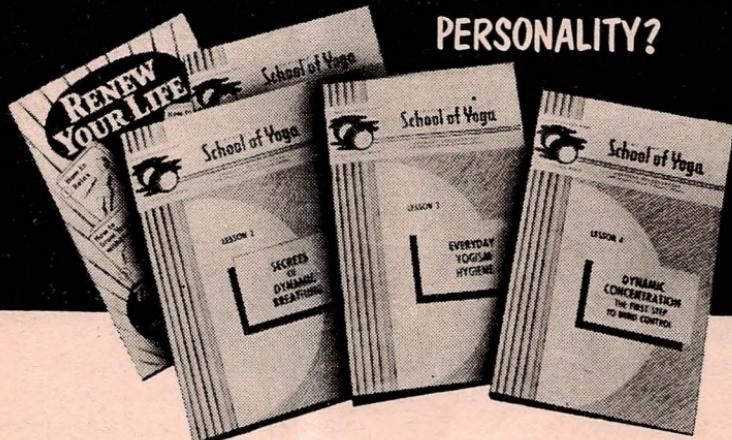
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a lawn on fire and which was OFFICIALLY declared NOT a meteorite - the moving rocks of Death Valley continue to defy explanation.

We reported in the March issue that a man we knew had set out into the wild country of northern California to bag, if possible, "Mr. Bigfoot," and although our friend returned empty-handed, his quarry - or another similar creature - was seen in Tuolumne Country recently by a pilot whom the sheriff's department declined to identify. He described a "10-foot man with an ape-like face" standing in the snow. Less than a week previously Deputy Albert Miller, who heard the report, had himself investigated huge footprints in the snow at the city dump which couldn't have been made by any bear, but some creature with a 12-foot stride.

It had been about a year since the department had received numerous calls from people who had heard "hideous screams" coming from the woods near their homes and others who had seen a "gigantic man" in animal hides running through the woods. And even more recently, another pilot, along with a passenger, spotted a "tail creature" standing in some bushes in the wilderness near Pinecrest (the same area), and when they flew down to attempt

photographs, the creature ran away.

We hope we're not devoting too much space to this fascinating mystery, but the evidence (seems almost conclusive that something big and bizarre and wild IS out there - but which afterall may be human. Whatever it is, we hope that if and when this mystery is solved it will not be by "virtue" of some trigger-happy Nimrod who may find he has killed a human being, or at least destroyed an incalculably valuable scientific specimen.

Recently we stopped in Hawthorne, Nevada and were discussing with a local person a phenomenon we had witnessed en route (reported to FLYING SAUCERS magazine) and he told us about an experience two friends of his had had on adjacent Walker lake. These friends, a man and wife, were out in a small boat, last Fall, fishing for the wily cut-throats which abound there, when suddenly something unlike anything they had ever seen before emerged from the water about fifty yards away and swam slowly by for about a hundred yards before it dived back down with a flash of a long whale-like tail. It looked to be about twenty-five feet long, and the other details seemed to describe a porpoise, except for the snout which was almost like an alligator's.

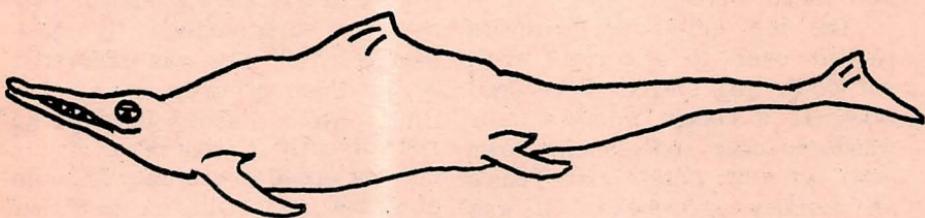
The man who related this to us said that some years back there had been similar reports - but of a somewhat smaller creature. It was his conclusion that the animal was not as large as the man and wife described it, and that it probably WAS a porpoise who had somehow found its way, or been carried into Walker Lake. We didn't argue the credibility of his conclusion - in fact we didn't take the story very seriously; but then only a few hours later at our destination we suddenly found ourselves looking at a reproduction of what seemed to be the very animal the man and wife described having seen.

This was ichthyosaur (fish-lizard) who has been officially extinct for about 70 million years. Ranging from two to sixty feet in length, these largest of animals (in their day) lived in warm oceans. With the exceptions of a later species, remains of which have been found in Germany, and the recently uncovered skeleton

near East Mersea, England (its skull weighing 560 lbs.), ichthyosaur fossils are found nowhere else in the world except on the Great Basin of Nevada. Walker Lake is a remnant of prehistoric Lake Lahontan which once covered this area, and was the major habitat of these ancient fish-lizards.

About 400 miles north lies Pyramid Lake, also a remnant of Lahontan, and anytime while they're running you can go there and with a little luck (and a fishing license) snag yourself a cui-ui, a prehistoric fish which has existed unchanged for millions of years.

It doesn't seem any more impossible that an ichthyosaur - probably in the form of a fertile egg somehow kept alive in the complex chemical silt of the lake bottom and finally hatched by conditions at which we can only guess - could have survived from the Middle Triassic or Upper Cretaceous age to the present, than that cui-ui still thrives in great numbers. The



ICHTHYOSAUR

earlier reports of a strange animal seen swimming in Walker Lake, the man in Hawthorne said, described the creature as somewhat smaller than the man and wife's calculation of about twenty-five feet, but that would only indicate the "Icky" - or whatever it was they saw - was growing up, and should it attain the full ichthyosaur potential of about sixty feet - and survive - we may expect another "sea-serpent legend" in coming years.

(We discussed the above with a professional geologist and he agreed it was not beyond considering, in the face of the reports of a creature so described.)

Mr. and Mrs. T. (who, incidentally, are probably the only people in the world who use a fossilized ichthyosaur snout as a kitchen utensil) are owned by a cat named Pete who seems sometimes endowed with super-feline abilities. One day while artifact hunting on a ridge behind their home, Mrs. T. said jokingly to Pete, "Why don't you go find an arrowhead, Pete?"

The big yellow tom forthwith padded over to a certain spot, sat down and stayed there until Mrs. T. a couple minutes later wandered near and glancing down saw between Pete's front paws an obsidian arrowhead. It was a coincidence which we would have forgotten probably, except that a

couple of months later we were visiting the W.'s who share quarters with a fat little mutt named Peanuts and who also enjoys wandering over the Nevada desert, searching for the ancient Stone Age artifacts that abound there, and Mrs. W. said that one day while out pursuing this hobby she had kiddingly told Peanuts to go find an arrowhead. Shortly afterward the little dog started noises intended to attract Mrs. W and when she went to see what the commotion was all about she found that Peanuts had obediently located an obsidian point - had been licking it and displayed unmistakable pride at having done as he was told.

We were driving along a desolate stretch of highway recently one evening when suddenly J.J. who was behind the wheel, for no apparent reason applied the brakes, slowing us to a near stop. W. C., roused from a half doze, looked round to see what was up, and, seeing nothing unusual, asked J.J. why she had slowed. "Why, I don't really know," she replied rather surprisedly; "I just thought . . ." She was interrupted by a flash of grey as a beautiful coyote dashed across the road directly in front of us. At our current speed it was easy to avoid him, but it is quite certain that if we had been going our former speed we would have struck him.

J.J. definitely had not seen the animal before the instant he dashed across the highway.

It is perhaps significant that J.J. (as well as W.C. - both animal lovers) would regard it a tragedy to have struck the coyote. Undoubtedly the same "instinct" - or call it what you will - which has saved J.J.'s own life in the past, saved the coyote, even as this inexplicable talent in others has often been unconsciously available to save not only loved "ones" but loved pets from disasters.

An American housewife, a girl and a woman in Russia share a "wild talent" which scientists in both hemispheres have verified in laboratory tests and which they believe may be a key to a new hope for blind people. The American woman can detect colors in the dark through her fingers, while the two Russians not only can detect color but also read ordinary printing and writing through touch alone.

While most of these cases of an extra-sensory sensitivity, such as we've been reviewing in the past paragraphs, usually involve females (in the vulgate: "womans' intuition"), we don't believe males are BORN with any less facility for this mysterious ability; in fact, the records (such as they are) of more primitive times indicate that men more often than women exercised, or experienced this X-

power (which is equally common in animals and therefore not an intellectual achievement at all but a purely instinctive reflex of the mind). But the "civilized" male, somewhere, somehow during his blundering history has been made to believe that to be "sensitive" is to be "effeminate" and has grown a deliberate cataract over his "innereye."

No one can question the "manliness", or courage, of the great Sioux Indian, Chief Sitting Bull, and yet he - like most all "uncivilized" Indians - was ever guided by a fifth sense, accepting it to be just as normal as hearing or smelling or touch.

One day Sitting Bull had a vision - of "many white soldiers falling in camp". He then made the following supplication to the Great Holy Spirit of the Sioux: "Waken Tanka, hear me and pity me! I offer this pipe in the name of my people. Save them. We want to live! Guard them against all misfortune and danger, I beg you. Take pity on us!"

A Cheyenne prophet named Box Elder had a similar vision of white soldiers coming - "They'll be here tomorrow!" he warned his tribesmen (the date was June 24, 1876). And in the Hunkpapa Sioux camp nearby on that same day, an aged grandmother volunteered a warning premonition to the young Ogalala warrior Eagle Elk as he

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passed her that attackers were on the way, white men.

Remember these. For shortly before they occurred, a white woman had also a vision in the form of a nightmare in which she saw her soldier husband scalped in a battle with Indians - a naked warrior holding aloft her husband's long, yellow hair. It was due to this dream of his wife's that "Autie", as she called him - "Long Hair", as the Sioux and Cheyenne called him - allowed his hair to be cropped before going to battle . . . the battle known as "Custer's Last Stand", in which, on June 25, 1876, the "visions" of Sitting Bull, Box Elder and the Ogagala grandmother all came quite literally true - while, alas!, Elizabeth Custer's nightmare premonition, though not literally fulfilled, perhaps, MIGHT have saved General George Custer's life (and that of his men) had he lent more heed to "effeminate intuition" than to "masculine" vaingloriousness.

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**A**N ADVANCEMENT in the research for a cure for cancer is getting closer and closer. For years I have felt that there could be something in the spine of a fish that could be causing a great deal of cancer. I did not mention this before because I am not a scientist. But, if there is a scientist reading this, I certainly wish he would look into this possibility. I think they would be quite astonished and amazed to find this could really

be a source of bringing cancer to people.

Stocks are going to go quite high. Many people will receive two for one in several well-known stocks which are already quite high.

There are disappointments that Egypt must be going through and will go through with great losses and a great deal of unpleasantness. This will be to such a degree that people will shudder at the very depressing news they will hear.

over radio and television.

There will be better conditions around our own nation as far as politics and political decisions being made.

Naturally there will be conflict in picking our new President. Many people asked me: if Nixon had been President, would he have been assassinated the same as Kennedy? My answer has been "no". I do not feel this would have been.

Jackie Kennedy will be in the news quite a bit and there will be some surprising news where she is involved very soon. Many people will agree with a decision that she will make, which will be made public. This will be in accordance with what Jackie really wants, and I feel people will certainly send her letters of acceptance regarding this.

There will be much publicity about the Bobby Baker scandal. I feel he is facing many disappointments.

There will be more news where Dallas is concerned. Part of this news will be somewhat astonishing and almost as bad as that which we went through with the assassination of our former President and even the shooting of Oswald. So, everything is not calm in Dallas as yet.

There will be quite a few upset conditions over possessions. People will be talking more about their material possessions than

they have before, almost as if they are afraid they will lose them. Many people seem to be afraid that Russia will also take us over. Again I emphasize the fact that this is not true.

The racial war will continue. I feel there will be military aid given to many southern states as a result of their getting out of hand.

There will be many advancements where food preparation is concerned. There will be a new method which will be quite surprising and will be acceptable to many people living alone. This will not be the ordinary T.V. dinner, but something a little more glamorous which will be very appealing and will catch on like wild fire.

A large counterfeit ring will be apprehended. They will find the plates in a strange place. These plates will be in the soles of the shoes of the men who made them. This is an unusual place to put plates as they have to walk on them. But this will be done in such a unique way. However, they will be detected and apprehended.

President Johnson is going to have his hand forced regarding several promises he either has made or will make. I feel there are times when he feels very weary. I do not think he is as happy being President as many people think. I do feel his chances for re-election are very good.

Nixon will stand a good chance. With Rockefeller I feel about a dozen question marks, and this means it does not look too good. Henry Cabot Lodge stands an excellent chance. Barry Goldwater, again question marks. Several other candidates who are sure they will win, I have question marks arise when I think about them also. There is going to be quite an upheaval with our new administration. I feel it will be for the betterment of all of us.

There will be many changes where the teen-agers are concerned. The Beatles will be quite popular for some time. Things are going to go back to being more old fashioned - not only in going to school (because I think the three R's are coming back into style), but there will be a change of dress. There will be more modesty and girls are going to act more like girls rather than some of the antics which have been going on for so long.

Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton are married, but I think you all remember my prediction on that score. If Elizabeth wants to keep Burton she will find it will be a very hard job. Several instances which will come up Burton will have misgivings about. He will no doubt talk this over with her and this could lead to despondency where Elizabeth is concerned.

Mae West is going to make a comeback. I do not say this because of her appearance on Sunday's program of Mr. Ed. I feel she thinks she does not want to make a comeback, however, she will receive many good offers which she should accept and I think she will. I have always felt Miss West was a great deal different in private life than the Miss West she displays on the screen. I am sure I am right. She should get ready for she will be quite busy due to the many offers which will come her way.

One of our very fine screen stars will pass away. All I can say in regards to this is that this is a person who has a sexy voice. I feel the news will be a shock to everyone.

The companies which manufacture our plans will come up with the right idea in order to counteract a magnetic force which is causing plane crashes. I know they are going to find the answer that will cut down on these crashes. Until then, I am sorry to say, more plane disasters are indicated.

We will hear something rather pleasant in the way of news from Scotland. A little unpleasant news where England is involved.

There will be a great deal of publicity about Clay keeping the title over the match he was supposed to have won. This will cause a great deal of controversy.

Mention also Ray, that I do hope the many readers of SEARCH MAGAZINE tuned in on Channel 7, ABC, March 6th and 25th, at which time I was a guest on the PAMELA MASON SHOW, and I enjoyed it very much. I was very happy at that time to feel that the many people who had written to me for such a long period

of time were watching.

Where you are concerned Ray, I feel things will be on the uptrend for you. It seems as if this long cycle which you have gone through will suddenly lessen and things will come more your way. I feel a pressure being lifted from you completely.

---

#### 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 \$5.00. Bear in mind the reply may take several weeks.

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#### HOW TO GET A PHOTO AURA ANALYSIS

Send a snapshot of yourself to Dorothy Spence Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and enclose \$5.00 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.

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#### HOW TO GET VOICE ANALYSIS

600 ft. tape (both sides) voice analysis on either photo aura or psychometry or both. Enclose \$15.00 to cover cost.

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Editor's Note: Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Originally 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 experimental 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.

# PERSONALS

- My son 14 and I want to get into deeper study of Metaphysics. Do you know of a person or school where we can learn? We wish to learn levitation, also. Our funds are limited. I do automatic writing now. Mrs. Eileen Rhodes, 539 W. 132nd, Hawthorne, Calif.
- FREE! ABSOLUTELY FREE, TO ANYONE INTERESTED IN JOINING A SCIENCE CLUB, IF YOU ACT NOW! Better Understanding of Science wants all interested to have a free sample of their bimonthly bulletin. All you do is write for the copy, with NO OBLIGATION - Outside of the fact you will give deep concern and thought Please do not request a copy if you have no intentions of joining the science club. Write now. Supplies limited. Free information enclosed about the club. Address to: B.U.O.S., 490 Central Ave., Carlstadt, N.J. 07072.
- DON'T SKIP THIS - It could mean a big difference in you life. It could mean that extra question you missed on that last exam in class. Better grades means you could make that college you were hoping to be accepted into. Here's how to improve your present

knowledge of science - JOIN THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF SCIENCE Organization. Learn through our excellent bimonthly bulletin. Dues are only \$1.00 for a years membership. Write for free information, with no obligation to: B.U.O.S., 490 Central Ave., Carlstadt, N.J. 07072 WRITE NOW!

- I have Fate magazine from Aug. 1950 to now that I will sell or trade. Some are complete sets, anyone wanting them let me know what issues they want. Will sell them for 20¢ each, plus postage. Any amount to anyone sending payment. I would like to trade for 1961 Search also 1960 and part of '62 and '63. But anyone writing about the trades please write me first, to let me know what they have in Search to trade and what they want in return. I also have a few Flying Saucer magazines I will sell or trade. These are older issues. Also have Oahspe - 1 book. Will sell for \$6.00. Mrs. Raymond Matas, Simpson, Kansas, 67478.

- FLYING SAUCERS? Write to Flying Saucer Research Organization for information on joining. Flying Saucer Research Organization, Carlstadt, N.J. 07072.

● "TRADE for one copy of, "Prodigal Genius", all of the following: Gray Barker Publications; "Strange Case of Dr. M.K. Jessup", "Flying Saucers and The Father's Plan," "Flying Saucers in the Bible;" Hardbooks; 1948 edition, "I Remember Lumaria," and "The Return of Sathanas" Richard S. Shaver; "Expanding Case for UFO," M.K. Jessup; "Glamour - A World Problem", Alice A. Bailey (excellent condition). Write first. M. Pejaski, 228 Maple Blvd., Monroe, Michigan.

● Various historical and scholars of religion to assist us and contribute to a serial discussion of matters between "orthodox" religion and "occult" mystical ideas. Specifically, those students who agree and are familiar with the "puritanistic" theology of Herbert W. Armstrong, Ambassador College, California, and are eager to use it to examine and analyze various occult, mystical, questionable articles that will appear in SEARCH, FLYING SAUCERS, FATE, and other "New Age" publications. The topic will be of an Armstrong type of "puritanical" examination of the just listed various articles in the listed publications. Pro and Con will be printed, though. To be sure, we are only interested in those SINCERELY interested in the above, and are willing to put forth time

and effort. This is the opportunity to say what you wanted to say about various mystical articles, but didn't find the time or space to do so. Write to the given addresses: Steve Erdmann, 7910 Michigan, or, 7812 A Ivory, St. Louis, Mo. Huey P. Beasley, 597 N. Ramona, Hawthorne, Calif.

● Wanted: Flying saucer photos; Information on anyone who can give accurate Life readings from the Akashic Records; Information on where to get extract of Galega. Mystic Eye for Sale - \$1.50. Crystal ball for sale - only \$3.00. Books for sale - ask for list. Also I'd like to buy the following books: "Awaken the World Within" - Professor Hilton Hotema. "Color: A Survey in Words and Pictures" - Faber Birren, "Deathbed Observations of Doctors and Nurses". "The Hollow Earth" - Dr. Raymond Bernard. "The Mind and Time and Space" - Dan Tassi. "The Art and Practice of Astral Projection" - Ophiel, "UFOs and the Bible" - M.K. Jessup. "Ag-harta" - Dr. Dickhoff of Dordgelutre Lamasery. "Books on Scientology, books on Magic, books on the Mt. Shasta Mystery. Mary Chrietzberg - 708 E. 8th St. - Tifton, Georgia.

● For sale: 18 issues of Amazing Stories (1945-1947) each containing Shaver material, including June 1947 Shaver Mystery Issue. Highest offer takes all. Robert F.

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Weirauch, 611 S. Virginia Ave.,  
Belleville, Illinois.

• Would the person who sent me gospel tracts post marked (posted) Jan. 10 '62, please contact me? (From Fort Benton, Montana.) Also, I am interested in books along the line of Oahspe, Hidden World, Charles Fort, etc. Also, book publishers whose editions of Arabian Nights (complete set), and A Discovery and Conquest of Mexico (complete) are as close to being the first translation into English as possible. Art Lipska, 1388 California Street, San Francisco, California, '94109.

• "Desire information and/or publications as to how prevalent the practice of Black Masses and like subjects are in England and the United States." Russell S. Pond, 106 West Broadway, Derry, New Hampshire.

• I need the following items in good condition: TRUE - July 1950; TRUE SPACE SECRETS - Any issue; TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE - Any issue; TRUE STRANGE - Any issue other than February 1958; TRUE WEIRD - Any issue; TRUE OR FALSE? - Any issue other than July 1958; TRUE MYSTERY - Any issue; TRUE STRANGE - Any issue; FLYING SAUCER REVIEW - All of Volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4. Vol. 5, No. 1, Vol.

5, No. 6, Vol. 6, No. 2 thru Vol. 7, No. 3; DOUBT - Any issues other than No. 38, No. 46, No. 48, No. 49; APRO BULLETIN - Any issue before January 1959, all copies from May 1959 thru May 1961 inclusive, all copies from September 1961 thru March 1962 inclusive; SAUCER FORUM (JONES) - Vol. 1, No. 1, Vol. 1, No. 2; TOPSIDE - Any issue; NICAP REPORTER (GRIBBLE) - Vol. 1, No. 1, Vol. 1, No. 4; SPACE - No. 1 thru No. 15, No. 27, No. 47 thru No. 54, No. 59 No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, all after No. 64; SAUCERIAN BULLETIN - No. 22 (8); SAUCERS - Any issue before No. 8, No. 9 thru No. 14, No. 22; APPROACH - Vol. 1, No. 1 thru Vol. 1, No. 7, Vol. 1 No. 10, Vol. 2, No. 2, Vol. 2, No. 3, Vol. 2, No. 4, Vol. 2, No. 5; ORBIT - Any issue before Vol. 5, No. 2; LUFORO BULLETIN - Any issue; SAUCER NEWS - Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 27, 29, 48; UFO REPORTER (APIC) - Any issue. Lucius Farish, Route One, Plummerville, Arkansas, 72127.

• I would like to hear from readers who are connected with, or interested in the ASSOCIATION FOR RESEARCH AND ENLIGHTENMENT". George J. Frega, 8 Jordan Avenue, Jersey City, N.J.





## Where The Reader Has His Say

Dear Mr. Palmer,

I should like to tell you a story I think you would be interested in. I should have told you this long ago. I don't know why I didn't. This happened July 1, 1959. The enclosed diagram will give you a fairly clean picture of what happened. It was about 7:00 o'clock in the evening, rather cool and with solid gray clouds.

Starting down in the right hand corner, the arrows on the sidewalk represent me walking along. The colored rectangles are cars parked along the curbs. There may have been more cars than these but these will suffice for our purpose.

When I came to the car marked 1 it sounded as if gravel fell on it. Some of it sounded quite fine, some coarser and some hit the car with sharp whacks. There is a tree on that corner, and at

first I thought something fell out of the tree. I stopped and looked but couldn't see what it was that hit the car. I went on and, just as I got to the car marked 2, the same sound came again. There is no tree there so it didn't fall out of a tree. I stopped and looked again but didn't see anything.

There was a man going along the sidewalk on the other side of the street and, just as he got to the car marked 3, ker-splat, the gravel, or whatever it was, came down on that car. He stopped and looked around and then looked up at the tall apartment building as if he thought someone threw something out of a window.

I went on and, when I got to the corner, down it came again on car number 4. There was another man coming along a little way behind me and he was looking all around too. I crossed Hampden



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Court and, as I was turning the corner to cross Wrightwood Avenue, it fell on car No. 5 right behind me and then, almost immediately after while I was crossing the street, it fell on car No. 6 right ahead of me, but none of it fell on me. None fell on me at any time.

I started east on Wrightwood, and then a man whom I knew, Mr. Burns, came out of his apartment building and, when he got to the sidewalk, ker-splat, the gravel came down on his car right in front of him. He stopped and looked around in a mystified sort of way but there was no one around except himself, me and the two men who were still craning their necks on Hampden Court. When I got to him I told him that had been falling at intervals, but he was in a hurry and did not stop to talk about it then.

I went on and, when turning the corner at Pinegrove Avenue, I heard the stuff fall on car No. 8. That was the last I heard as I went into the church then. I told some people about it and they said it was hail. When I got home, they also said it was hail. But you can see hail. It is white and it hops around.

A few days later I saw Mr. Burns again and had a talk with him. I didn't want to influence him by giving a name to it so I said, "What did you think when

that stuff fell on your car?" and he said, "I thought some kids threw gravel on it," I guess he was mystified because he didn't see any kids. I told him people said it was hail, and he said it definitely was not hail. We talked a little while about falling things and he said sometimes frogs fell.

Well, that's the story. It doesn't seem like a natural phenomenon. Could this have been space people having fun or doing a little target practice? If they were trying to contact me they went about it in a rather poor way, it seems to me, as they only succeeded in mystifying me. I was not frightened, only curious.

I have told and written this story to several people and nobody seemed impressed. Maybe they didn't believe it, but it really happened. Alice M. Johnson, 2746 Hampden Court, Apt. 3X, Chicago 14, Ill. 60614.

(It was impossible for us to reproduce the diagram.)

Dear Ray Palmer:

Recently I ordered some back issues of "Mystic" from a pen pal. I was amazed! Although your magazines "Flying Saucers" and "Search", are fascinating and informative, your readers do not get to know you, as your readers of "Mystic" did.

Now that I've read some of these back issues, I really feel that I

would have missed something valuable if I'd never gotten them! I especially liked "Come Let Us Reason" where you give more of your opinions than you do now. Judging from the things you wrote in "Mystic", you must be a genius and a prophet! But I'd have never known it if I hadn't read these old Mags! Sure, your older readers who have been reading your literature ever since you began writing, know you are brilliant, but the unlucky younger people who have only subscribed for a few years, never get to know!

I hope you won't be hurt, but I liked the "Mystic" mags better than "Search". There was more written by Richard Shaver and Dorothy Spence Lauer, which made it more interesting. Also you had the section "It Happened to Me" dept. which, to me, greatly enhanced your Mag. This dept. is greatly similar to "My Proof of Survival" and "True mystic Experiences" in "Fate" Mag.

Have you ever heard of "Fate" mag. Ray? Your "Mystic" mag. was very much like Fate, more so than "Search". I thought "Mystic" was better than "Search", although my mother doesn't, and I'm sure many of your readers prefer "Search". I am glad, however, that "Search" doesn't contain as much astrology as "Mystic". Also in "Mystic" there used to be a little too much about Mark

Probert. I do wish that "Search" had articles on him occasionally. I was really astounded when I saw articles about him, as nobody I know has heard of him, apparently. For 3 years now I've tried to obtain the "Magic Bag" by Probert, with no luck.

I was particularly fascinated by your story "The Dead Doctor Operated!" This story was fabulous! But by your present writings, I'd never have dreamed any thing THAT unusual had ever happened to you!

In the May, 1956 issue of "Mystic" you presented the best argument against reincarnation I've ever heard! It was brilliant! I have always been a confirmed believer UNTIL I read that. Now I'm not so sure at all. I fail to see how anyone could be, after reading that. In this same issue a narrow minded and bigoted man told you to stop giving your opinions and stick to straight editing.

Although you answered him back in a most intelligent way, you have apparently pretty well taken his advice.

The question I wonder is Why, Ray?

In your January 1956 issue of "Mystic" you said one of the most astonishing things I've ever heard! - That Paranoia is caused by welding! I've studied a lot of psychology and I'm sure many psychiatrists and psychoanalysts

would laugh their heads off at this. But for some reason, I do believe it! No telling how many mental diseases are caused by strange Reasons the Doctors don't know about.

One reason I loved the "It Happened to Me" Dept. is that, unlike "Fate" mag, you didn't pay cash for these experiences. I feel that if people are paid money for such information, at least half of this "information" will be false.

In your July, 1956 issue of "Mystic", you gave the most logical, most sensible, most inspiring, most profound most marvelous, most brilliant views of Adam and Eve and the meanings of parts of the Bible I've ever read!!

Your answer to Orfeo Angelucci in the same mag. was hilarious! You were wonderful!

Oh, I've always known you are intelligent and a good man, but I never felt I really knew you until I read these old mag!

The most significant reasons I buy your "Search" magazine are for the editorials and the "Personals" sections.

"Where the reader has his say" is only a pale shadow of the "Come Let Us Reason" section in Mystic. I have always found "Where the Reader has his say" mostly boring, but never realized why. Now I know! It's because you don't comment or answer back to these letters.

The main reason I like "Search" better than "Mystic" is the Personals section. This is the only thing "Search" has, which "Mystic" didn't. I think it would be better to add a few more pages of "Personals".

There are 3 questions I'd love to ask you, Ray:

1. Why don't you give your opinions and ideas now, as you did in the past?

2. Where can I get a copy of "I have Been In the Caves" by Margaret Straub? I understand she's dead now, but was one of your personal "proofs". This was all mentioned in the May, 1956 issue of "Mystic".

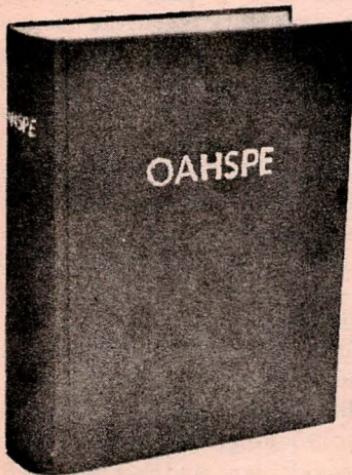
3. Could you give me the complete address of the "Hubbard Association of Scientologists International" in New York City, and also could you tell me the address of Dr. Hardin D. Walsh the Scientologist of Los Angeles? This was all mentioned in the March 1956 issue of Mystic.

Do you have any back issues of "Mystic" I could order, Ray?

I subscribe to both "Search" and "Flying Saucers" as well as the "Hidden World" and all are magnificent, but none can beat "Mystic". Mary Chrietzburg, 708 E. 8th St., Tifton, Georgia.

● First, your letter is extremely flattering, but second, it is regrettably true in some instances.

# OAHSPE—THE LONG LOST, AUTHENTIC, UNEXPURGATED, UNCHANGED FIRST EDITION



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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.

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There are two reasons why we haven't "taken down our hair" as much as in previous years: 1) we've had so many projects, that sometimes we find no time to answer letters such as yours, in the breezy way we used to do it; and 2) not everybody can "take it". In the past we had our say, but often as not we were smartly slapped for saying it. We have had faithful readers, who followed our writings for as long as twenty years, and all at once we said something that hit at some little dogma of theirs, and instantly they were "off me for life". Not that this bothers us too much, but it's rather heart-breaking to have someone listen to you for so long, and after all that "progress", you find that you were totally impotent all along, because that mind was closed from the beginning, and you only hadn't knocked on the door up to now. But believe us, this era is over: from now on the letters section of all our magazines is going to be a knock-down and drag-out arena, and beware what you write to this editor, because he's going to claw your mind where it itches!

I am not a genius, only a man who has made all the mistakes possible to make in the past, and will probably make all the errors the future has to offer also. I am not a prophet, either. If I was, I'd be rich! As a matter of fact, when I was sixteen, I decided never

to be rich, because such a goal sets a taskmaster, a fellow named Dollar Bill, who hold too big a whip, and never had the face value he pretends to possess.

We have always liked to treat our readers as personal friends, and to talk to each one individually. As a matter of fact, when we go through our card file of names, we find that we know thousands of them "personally", as though we had actually met them - and there ARE many hundreds we have met (if not thousands).

As for Shaver, we switch to HIDDEN WORLD with him, and in the next four issues (if they ever get published!) we will wind that up with what RAY PALMER ACTUALLY BELIEVES about the whole thing. That last issue we are looking forward to, because it will amaze you much much more than your persual of the back files of MYSTIC. (We changed the title to SEARCH because MYSTIC circumscribed our sphere of investigation too much - as per our editorial this issue).

How many of you want "It Happened To Me" to come back? Of course, if none of you send in such adventures, how can we print them? And you must all bear in mind that SEARCH, unlike FATE, never pays for anything, and for two good reasons: we can't afford it, and money often buys falsehood for profit's sake. Not many

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people will do anything laborious in the way of a manuscript to tell a lie that will profit them nothing; so more often than not, we can trust the contribution to be free of deception or trickery. We have often seen such "true experiences" published by one person as many as dozens of times, and we finally get to doubt if all this could have happened to one person, NOTHING in SEARCH is ever paid for. Thus a lot of it is more likely to be legitimate.

It seems to me that any reader of my magazines through the years must have suspected that "unusual things" happen to me, or otherwise why the terrific emphasis on this type of magazine rather than a more profitable field? That doctor story was true, word for word, but it is only one of hundreds I will tell in the book I am writing about my own experiences.

Insurance companies today cover mechanically induced paranoia as an occupational hazard, and they do so because I was fortunate enough to be able to justify it. One of the many side results that I look back upon with satisfaction.

Margaret Straubs "I Have Been in the Caves" was printed in Amazing Stories (collectors items in second hand bookstores) and reprinted in HIDDEN WORLD.

The Hubbard association has gone through many phases, not the least of which was a recent Wash-

ington D.C. raid in which all their material was confiscated (so we hear, but can't confirm - so it may all be untrue, and somebody will call us a liar. Thus, we tell you plainly this is unfounded rumor, and we haven't the facts available). As to addresses, we haven't any that are valid today. Maybe a reader can answer you (and us).

Most back issues of MYSTIC are available. We've printed a list of them in this issue, with prices. - Rap.

Dear Mr. Pence;

This open letter is intended to encourage you in your GOOD intentions, as evinced in your letter to SEARCH (March, '64 edition). While I am in complete accord with your apparent belief in the Golden Rule, I feel that your views on crime and punishment are lacking in reality. It would be fine if it COULD work that way. . .for everyone to pat the poor murderer-rapist on the back and say, "Ah, you poor fellow, you're just the victim of circumstances! Go on your way now - but just try to be a good boy and don't murder or rape anyone else." Or how would you intend to "turn them to some good"? Would you reward the criminal by sending him to some "Happy Island" where he's given all the things in life which because he lacked them he turned



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by

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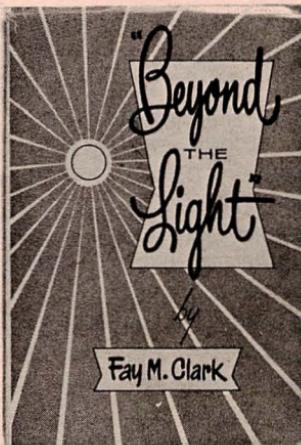
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FAY CLARK

**F**OR CENTURIES the Indians of the west and Mexico have worshipped the peyote cactus because the eating of its buttons or roots seems to draw aside the veil and allow the mind of man to touch a higher level of KNOWING.

Mr. Clark tested the effects of peyote and experienced an amazing expansion of consciousness. Directing this out-reaching with self-suggestion, he was able to look backward into the past incarnations of his friends and to see how the human being grows and progresses, or stumbles and loses ground. He looked for the ultimate truth in religions and saw the great and living truths separate themselves from the mass of dogmas and become so simple and self-apparent that he could describe them in history-making sentences. In no other book has the full range of sensations produced by peyote been so graphically portrayed. This book opens new windows of insight and experience. No sincere searcher can afford to overlook it.

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to a life of crime?

I can understand modern teenagers being against capital punishment and generally in favor of relaxation of discipline, but I don't see how one who has been around as much as you seem to have been can believe that a slackening of the law and legal penalties would improve matters.

Legal punishment is not intended as "revenge" against the law-breaker - although judges and lawyers often do judge and prosecute with a sense of vengeance. (A lofty or important-sounding title does not make the bearer of it any freer of human failings.) Legal punishment is intended to PREVENT persons from committing acts of violence or illegality.

I personally am in favor of even stiffer penalties, especially for traffic violations. I have never been cited for any traffic violation (except minor ones, such as over-parking, etc.), but should I ever be guilty of driving on a public road in any way that might endanger the lives of others, I would very willingly pay the stiffest fine the judge could throw me. It wouldn't matter to me whether the judge habitually broke every law in the book. My responsibility is to society, and the judge is only an impersonal agency of that society, no matter what his personality may be, or how he feels about his office - or how I feel

about him.

The thing to do is NOT commit the crime, and then there will be no penalty. It is a feature of the criminal mind to personally hate the agents of society who carry out the functions of Justice - judges, prosecutors, policemen, etc. If I were contemplating murder, then I too would be against capital punishment; if I were planning a career of crime and violence, then I too would be in favor of slacker laws. I am planning, rather, to go on trying to be a good guy. It's just a matter of choice, you know. Everyone has an equal chance to be GOOD or BAD. If I choose to be bad, I deserve being penalized for it. Of course, I've learned that "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," and would choose the good course whether there was a legal penalty or not. But few people realize how inescapable that Cosmic law really is and if they thought they could get away with it, most people would stop at nothing to gain their ends.

I think you're forgetting, Mr. Pence, what a horrible thing it is to murder another human being. You're forgetting that the man sitting in Death Row DID take it upon himself to take the life of another human being; now he's just another human being sitting waiting to die. You're forgetting what it was like for his victim, or for the victim's loved ones.

When a person has taken it upon himself to commit murder (we're talking about deliberate, cold-blooded murder now) he forfeits his own right to continue living. His "punishment" is not for the sake of vengeance. If we're going to have a society of humans - which are basically the most vicious of all animals - then those members who would commit murder and other crimes must know that the penalty is severe enough to prevent them from doing what their conscience isn't strong enough to prevent.

You're wishing that everyone was good, charitable, Christ-like; and, indeed, wouldn't it be wonderful! But we're not. We're a savage bunch of snarling beasts, for the most part, and we need to be kept on a very tight leash or we will all tear each other's throats out. That is the hard truth of it.

In being "Christian", as you put it, we must also be vigilant - realistic. I know of a man who took in a bum off the street, fed him, gave him a clean suit of clothes, and then was clubbed to death by his "guest" with a brass candlestick, his house looted.

There was another man who practiced and preached love, brotherhood, charity, etc. He did a lot of good. But also He was crucified. Will Carson, Jackpot,

### Nevada.

Dear Ray:

The editorial in your recent issue of Search was quite interesting and inasmuch as you have invited comments and ideas in regard to Shaver and the possible solution to his dilemma I have taken this opportunity to make a comment or two, which I would hesitate to do if it had not been for the earthquake in Alaska.

Despite the fact that you may take a dim view of the use of hypnotic routines to contact and read the Memory of Nature (or Alashic Record) as you prefer, we seem to have tapped sources of information that are proving to be quite accurate. Two different people saw the Alaska disaster, well over three months before it occurred, by this method. Apparently it is not over yet, because there are certain phases of it that have not become apparent and may not until May.

However, in regard to Shaver, our investigations showed that he is not on the physical plane any longer. It appears that the Dero worked on his curiosity and got him into a cave that he knew about, somewhere in the southern states. They unloaded a lot of shale and rocks on him. My informant saw him lying behind a pile of shale in this cave. A large rock had struck him behind

the ear. The slimy creature that was looking down from the opposite wall was a bit hard to take. Shaver, however, is not inactive. He is trying to get through to you to let you know that he was wrong about some things in the books and that they must be retracted. He is most emphatic about this.

Incidentally, as I told you in my previous communication, there is a way to keep these creatures off your back. In fact there are several ways. We have had a little experience with them, too. If you are interested let us know and we will elaborate further.

We are sorry to hear of the difficulty you are having with the publication because there is much valuable information in it. There is a lot of it that needs clarifying, however, because it could be misleading.

I wouldn't become too discouraged about the fate of the world, however. The "Galactic Fuzz" from Saturn is very much in evidence and very actively engaged in restoring order and right on schedule, too. You should become acquainted with those boys! Its very comforting to know they are around.

I am enclosing a letter I wrote to you several months ago, but didn't mail. Perhaps I felt a little unsure of my information at that time. Since then we have

learned a great deal. All the best to you. Marie Scully, P.O. Box 92, Angelo Camp, Calif.

Dear Ray:

Some time ago I sent you the results of some research a group was working on out here, and since it was not acknowledged, I presume you took a dim view of it. However, there are a few little items that I would like to add to what I previously sent.

Since you (in print, at least) take such a dim view of the philosophy of reincarnation, I thought it would be enlightening to see if we could discover why your attitude is what it is, because there are some mighty shrewd people who accept reincarnation as an established fact. My daughter (age 27) is a pretty good subject, so I had her look at your picture for a while (the one in Hidden World) and then hypnotized her and directed her onto your memory track to your location at that particular time. She found you in a room or office, at least you were sitting at a desk. This room has book shelves on three sides and a window with small panes of glass on the fourth. She stated that your hair was lighter than it appeared in your picture and that you seemed to have something wrong with your legs. Also you looked older. If any of this is square with Reality, you might

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This is a condensed version of Dr. Carl A. Wickland's Classic (and now out of print) book on abnormal psychology. It is a record of his work with obsession carried on with Mrs. Wickland, who was an accomplished medium. Together they cured many obsessed persons, persuading discarnate spirits to give up their hold on their victims, and thus restored their patients to normal, happy lives. This book is still years ahead of present day research in this field.

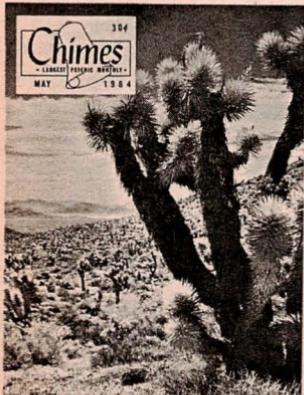
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be interested in the rest of the story. She tracked your memory back to a situation in which you were emerging from a peculiar type of space vehicle. It was a perfect camouflage job and you appeared to be coming up out of the ground, but it was obviously a space ship. She asked you where you were from and you told her "Mars". She asked why you didn't accept reincarnation and you looked at her as if she was out of her mind. When she pressed the subject you told her that your apparent disbelief was just a joke.

Now for your General Ossinum-phneferu. I sent my friend Barbara to look for him first. She studied the picture and then I hypnotized her and she found him quite easily. I gave her no information about him at all. She saw him at Niagara Museum and also the woman with the baby, as they were several years ago. I sent her back to the time when the General was Mummified and she somehow got him tied in with Moses. Anyway she watched the process. She said they placed him in a vat of luminous appearing liquid and then spread a thin filmy substance over him that appeared to go right into the skin. She followed them to the tomb where it was found and also saw the embalming of the woman who had the baby, but not the baby. Coming forward in time, she

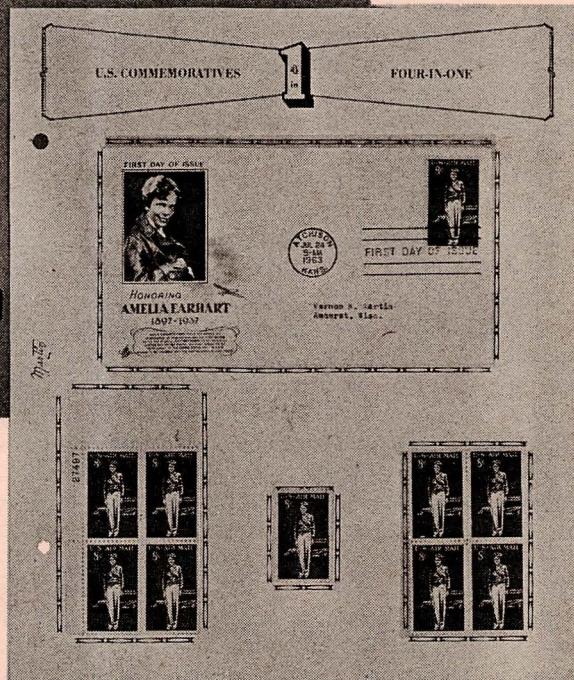
watched when the tomb was opened and followed its journey by a round about way. It only went through small villages and was put on a boat in a very obscure port. It was stored in Vienna for a time and then went to Paris where it was displayed privately. Then it was shipped to New York City and from there to Niagara. When I asked what had happened to it she said that "A few palms had been greased," and that it had been shipped out in a truck. She was not too sure of the destination because she was getting tired but felt that it was South America.

Not being quite satisfied with this, I sent my 13 year old son on the same tour. For the most part he verified what Barbara had said but he asked the embalmers what they were using on the General and one replied that it was basically rosin. He saw the baby embalmed and it was not dead when they started. This didn't seem to impress him especially, so I sent him to locate his own personality at that particular time. He was a Roman Soldier. It was difficult for him to identify Niagara. He just got the impression of the roar of water, but he located the General there and I had him go with the General in the truck when he was taken away. It was quite a trip. All, the way to Guatemala. He

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was bought by some Russian scientists who are using him for research.

There now, you have the story. You can start throwing brickbats any time. All the best. Marie Scully, P.O. Box 92, Angelo Camp, Calif.

• We print your two letters because there are several things about them which we want in print for evidence in the future. First, we don't take a dim view, of your hypnosis method of getting information, and also, we don't feel that such information is necessarily true or false. There are some factors involved I won't go into here. But I'll make a few comments on both your letters.

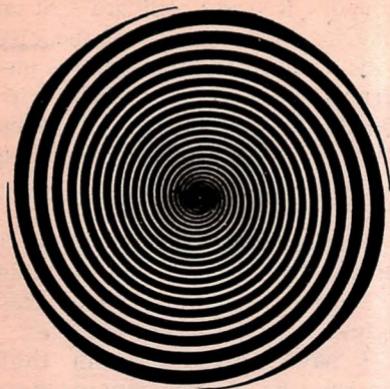
So far as we know, Shaver is not dead. We would know if he was. Where he is is a different matter. But there is a reason why your information could be correct, but misinterpreted. Your subject feels he is dead - but it is something else, easy to mistake. What you have contacted is not Shaver.

I can't read the second word in your "Galactic Fuzz". Obviously it isn't "Fuzz". What is it?

Next, I am not joking about my disbelief in reincarnation. But there is something very unusual about the other information about me. Enough to tell me that some-

thing has been picking my mind for information, and allowing you to think Barbara did the picking via a hypnotic suggestion from you. Her description of the room is reasonably accurate. I'd say she did see this room. Yes, my hair is lighter than in the picture. Yes, there is something wrong with my legs. Yes, I am older than in the picture, which was taken in 1943. The picture of me emerging from a space ship is remarkable. It is true in a way I won't explain at this time.

About the "General". The embalming description makes me sit up and take notice. I said nothing about that, but Barbara is right. Also, although I said nothing about the circumstances surrounding his removal from the tomb and from Egypt, Barbara is so very right about the procedure. Guatemala would be wrong, I think, but a reasonable mistake. The area is close enough to be an impressive demonstration of your son's accuracy. Also, I would like to know more about why Russian scientists? How about pursuing that further? I have an idea about it that your son (or Barbara) could only confirm if your process is an actuality. Let's make a test - you get them on my memory track again and tell me about the period between my sixth birthday, and my tenth. Also tell me what



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## THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK

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

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

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

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CHAPTER 21: Painless Childbirth.

CHAPTER 22: Hypnosis in Dentistry.

CHAPTER 23: Working with children.

CHAPTER 25: Confidence—for Doctor and Patient.

CHAPTER 26: Concentration and Retentive Memory.

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

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happened to me that confirmed the reality of the secret I have never told about Shaver. And lastly what that secret is. Hit these, and you've got it made. -Rap.

Dear Ray:

Congratulations on another excellent issue of "Search" Magazine.

I was especially interested in your article, "Faces In Your Dreams".

Having had many strange, puzzling dreams over the last few years, I have become quite interested in any clues that might point towards origin and cause of dreams. I recognize a good many as probably having the subconscious as the source. However, there is an occassional dream, that is so vivid and unusual that it causes one to wonder.

I have no connection one way or the other, on the Shaver Mystery, but, I will briefly describe two dreams that are interesting in relation to that subject.

On Nov. 30, 1963 while in a light sleep I heard a woman's voice coming as if from a distance and she spoke urgently as follows: "This is from a stolen farm beneath the Salt Lake flats in Utah. (I was living in Wichita, Kansas at the time.) There was a woman abducted almost three weeks ago in Boston, Mass. and taken under-

ground. Reports indicate that an abby in North section of the city is being used and that cellars underneath the abby connect with tunnels leading up from caverns below. This is a continuation of the Evil one's War against Mankind."

Another voice broke in, "Don't believe her. Don't you see this is a lie - a trick? (Then, warningly) Keep quiet about this."

I have never been in Utah nor have had no thoughts about or desire to visit, so if this was caused by subconscious, it is certainly puzzling, as is the reference to "a stolen farm."

In another dream, I dove from a bridge into a river and noted near bottom of river at bank, stone steps leading up and back into a cavern. I went up these steps and followed on as they turned down. Quite some distance below I entered a large room decorated with fantastic paintings and strange objects around. From a distance I heard a voice of a man crying out in utter anguish, "My love! My love! I must find you! Where are you?" He repeated this cry over and over and I left room and wandered through a hall that led towards voice. A ghostly figure of a woman dressed in white came up to me and inquired as to what I was doing there. I told her I was curious about the man I had



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## THE HIDDEN WORLD

There is a hidden world, unseen, mostly unsuspected, and largely denied - yet it exists as surely as the sun shines in the sky! It is known by many names, and it has many ramifications. Some people call it the Secret Government. Some call it the Shaver Caverns, inhabited by "dero" and "tero", those evil and good ones who inhabit caves deep in the earth. Others believe it is an Astral world, inhabited by the dead. Some even say it is another dimension. One thing only can be said to be literally true - there is an invisible force in our lives that governs us for good and evil, and against which we fight incessantly, some knowingly, some blindly. Now there is a magazine devoted to seeking out this Hidden World, presenting all sides of the story, giving all the evidence that is available to prove its existence.

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heard crying out. She replied that he came there often to dream. I went on and heard the man again saying, "I remember the midnight hour and the witch outside. I have dreamed dreams no mortal ever dared to dream."

I entered another room and saw there a girl with flaxen hair and extremely beautiful. A very ugly, misshapen "man", dark and gnome-like, walked over to her and whispered to her. She listened and then said, "Yes, master". She then arose as if in a trance, and began walking towards me and I awoke. Words fail to describe the weird, unearthly furnishings and atmosphere of these dream scenes.

In other dreams, I have merely conversed by voice with unseen beings who stated they were from another planet and in orbit 450 miles above the earth and that they were watching me on "television" up there.

Other dreams have been as conversations with the so-called "dead".

Various future events have been predicted, as in August, 1963, of the coming assassination of Pres. Kennedy.

More recently, occasionally I find myself aware in dreams that I am dreaming and even discuss previous dreams with "dream" beings. In one such dream, two strange appearing women stood by

my bed and said, "Isn't it amazing how hard it is to fool them?"

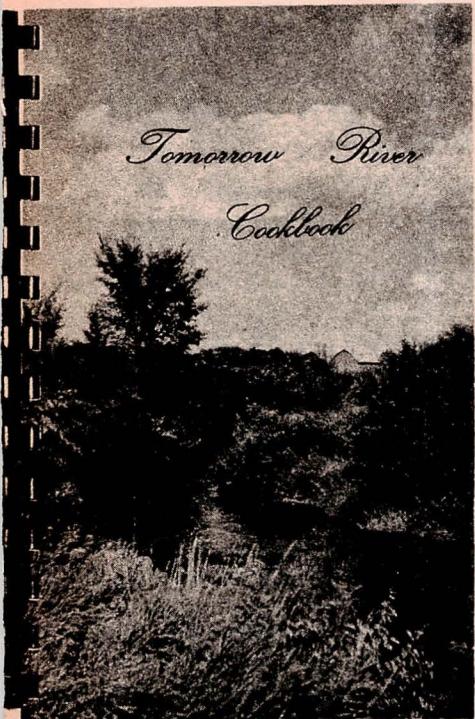
A couple of years ago, I found an old book on dreams written in last century (1800's), one portion of which listed replies of various prominent men as to what they thought was cause of dreams. Most of them were the same in general, as you would find today; "eating too much before retiring," "Worry, anxiety", "Merely the subconscious", etc.

One person, however, had a different sort of reply. He simply said, "They come from without."

I have no set opinions on the matter. I believe it would be unwise and quite foolish to accept any one theory blindly, or to say that all dreams originate from one source, as the subconscious.

It is something of a wonder to me that there has not been more research into causes and possible origins of that experience we call "dreams" by men who are free of preconceived ideas as to any one source - men who might have the money, resources, and intelligence to carry on serious research - using caution, yet, willing to keep an open mind. I sincerely feel that this is a "frontier", in which bold, open-minded pioneers will yet discover secrets that will reveal far more to mankind than exploration into space - especially revelations concerning man himself.

# Tomorrow River Cookbook



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No doubt, the more successful explorers will be those who combine the trained intelligence, caution, and "hard-headiness" of the scientist, with the attitude of the visionary who considers it just possible that there may be influences from without that cause that which we call "dreams".

Ervin M. Scott, 536 12th St., Denver, Colo.

Being one of the first subscribers to Ray's very first magazine, and never missing an issue since (1949?) I feel justified on insisting Ray publish this. Will you Ray?

All we readers of Search, FS, Hidden World should by now have some inner conviction of his honest effort to do something for us - supplying people with knowledge they will not find elsewhere.

He is in a bad financial spot now because of this effort. He has a wife and family to care for besides obligations to be met.

It is our turn now to do something for him. Why not all of us mail him a \$5.00 or \$10.00 bill. If we spend money for magazines surely we are not so poor, or thoughtless; as to ignore his particular situation now. For it is "Particular". - Particularly bad for him - and us alike.

Just in case you think this is Ray's idea - believe me he has nothing to do with it. I am a

real person and Ray has my name and address in his files.

He has taken many risks to inform us of many things; let us at least thank him now, and back that word up with material assistance. Now, - Today. And this regardless of whether he decides to drop the publications or not. A.N.

• Well, we printed your letter, but we ask our readers not to send us donations as you suggest. We'd rather you just renewed your subscription when due - that's all we need. Our finances are always low, but somehow, each time we find a way to solve them. Mr. A. N. sent \$20.00, and we thank him for it. It went to send our magazine to people who never heard of us. Also, we won't drop the publications! We find them too interesting ourselves! One thing about our readers, they are all personal friends, and that makes the whole thing worthwhile. We've all learned a lot working together.

If you really want to send money, why not send a dime (or anything you want) to Ray Palmer, Lions Blind Camp Committee, Amherst, Wisconsin, so we can build another cabin for those blind kids? We've already built one with your dimes, and they need another. That will make us far happier than getting the free hand-

## DOES DANDRUFF MAKE YOU WANT TO HIDE YOUR HEAD IN SHAME?

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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And Tell Him SEARCH'S Editor Sent You**

out A.N. suggests. - Rap.

Mr. Ray Palmer:

I would like to report to you about an Aura Analysis preformed by Mrs. Dorothy Spence Lauer; of a recent date her analysis was perfect in all that was happening to me.

I only sent her a snapshot of myself and a short Bible Verse and my address and name and may God bless her. Mrs. Myrtle Wandling, R. 2 Klondike Street, Ripley, W. Va.

Dear Ray:

Have just finished reading the May Search for the third time. You say you like to make people think. That is fine. But what about bewildering them? "We all must learn the Truth", fine, what is the Truth? Also, the truth about what?

About whoever wrote "Akhnaton - Amenhotep IV - Moses", they sure have put ancient history through a cement mixer. In the first place Amenhotep was a man not a girl. Any Egyptian history will tell you that.

Also, Constance Irwin (Fair Gods and Stone Faces) did not mention the so-called "Moses pyramid." She told of the Figar-rut in Babylon, but while some people might call that a pyramid, it really is not. Nor is it anywhere near Jerusalem.

About Mrs. Lauer's prophecy in the October issue. I agree that the one on the death of President Kennedy was rather vague, but it hit the mark quite as well as most of the people do who are so saving of other peoples sensitive feelings. Personally, I would rather anyone would tell me the truth in plain language. I detest someone not warning me of the bad as well as the good. As an example. My husband died about 18 months ago. For years he had a kind of paralysis that got worse slowly, so that at the time of his death he could only turn his head. About two months before he died the doctor told him very hesitatingly that he thought he also was suffering from cancer. My husband looked at the doctor and laughed, then said "Why be afraid to tell me. I've known it for months". In our family there never has been a place for fear. No matter what happens, anyone with any will power or self confidence has the strength to face up to it.

Richard Shaver I feel sorry for. He is too easily led, too wrapped up in his own beliefs. His Tero and Dero are all in his own mind. Only his belief has given them life. I've had a very hard life, too, as your friend (and mine) Hannes Bok, could tell you, but I sure don't blame the Dero's for it. And I can be happy even when

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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 forgot 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 envelopes of seasoning, so I can have some more REAL chili Virginia Walters, Rear 1165 Harrison Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

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things go wrong.

I am a born sceptic and look at life rather cynically. But I am willing to be convinced that I am wrong if somebody can prove it to me.

If I could reach Donald Menzel I would like to punch him in the nose twice. Once for the cracks he makes about you in "The World of Flying Saucers", and another one for his disgusting remarks about Velikovsky. Cheers to you, Ray, for your great articles on Velikovsky in Flying Saucers. In my opinion, for what it is worth, I think he is the greatest scientist of our time and the only one whose theories are practical and believable. I hope to live to see the day when his writings are wholeheartedly accepted by those holier than those critics up in their ivory towers.

Dr. Wickland's "Thirty Years Among The Dead" is very interesting and proves to me something I always half believed in. For thirty years I was legal guardian of a man that the specialists at Marcy State Hospital here in New York State called a dual personality. When he was himself he was intelligent, pleasant, extremely interesting with many original ideas and theories. Then when I changed, and this was instantly, he was violent and very dangerous. And the hard part was that when he was normal

again he had no remembrance of what had happened or what he had done. Too bad someone like Dr. Wickland could not have been near us. I think he would have solved it. Leo always knew that something was very wrong and deeply sensed my watchfulness and protection. He never said anything, but about 30 seconds before his death he lay looking at me. That look of almost worship and deep thankfulness paid in full for the thirty years I spent to care for him.

Nobody has proved to me that there is a life after death, but I believe there is. It is a comfort to me to think that now he is well and happy.

Did you ever try, when everything seems out of sorts, to stop and count up the good things you have. It is surprising what a morale builder this can be. So don't give up on "Hidden World". Just remember that your readers are gifted with patience. We will wait knowing that what we get is worth waiting for. I'm going to be one of the subscribers for this year. Don't know where I'll get the money but I'll make it somehow. At present I am as free from money as the Beatles are from music.

Thanks again for the wonderful job you did on Hansen's book. I would not part with my copy for anything. Are you going to pub-

lish his next one? I know (because he told me) that he is working on another one that has to do with under the ocean off California. The Coast Guard is mixed up in it somehow.

Our group is still working tracing back the history of Mystery Hill Caves in N. Salem, N.H. We have reached the time before Columbus, and now our work really begins. We have discovered that Puritans were by no means pure and that the ancestors of some of our present day VIP's were not so honest either. Digging into the past is a good way to get very disgusted with your ancestors. If you would be interested, I can type up a resume for you. It would be interesting, informative, at times amusing and might surprise you very much.

This letter was written really to encourage you and I hope it does. You have fought your way out of worse dilemma's than this one and I know you are going to win this time. Here's hoping you find the gold in the rainbow's end. And good luck to you and yours and anything you attempt. Violet Parkell, Vinneyville Trailer Pk., Westfield, N. Y.

- Violet, that pyramid near Jerusalem really does exist. It was found by a South American archeological team, and even now it is being excavated. - Rap.



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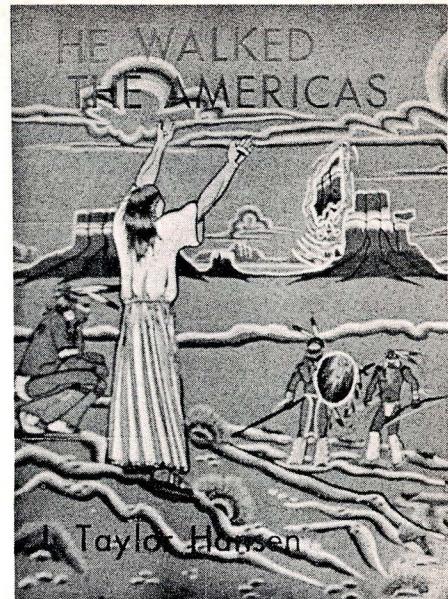
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