

The Journal of Borderland Research

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THE JOURNAL OF BORDERLAND RESEARCH

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The Journal is published six issues a year with the assistance of the Associates, at the Director's home, 1103 Bobolink Drive, Vista. It is printed, 36 pages an issue. The Foundation was incorporated under California law, May 21, 1951, #254263, and has been in continuous existence since then. Address all correspondence to the PO Box. The Journal is included in the Foundation membership of \$8.00 a year. Single copies and back issues of the Journal are now \$1.50 each. If you don't care to join you may receive the Journal by donating \$8.00 a year or more to the Foundation. The Director's wife, Ms. Judith Crabb, is office manager and Secretary-Treasurer.

PURPOSES OF BSRF: This is a non-profit organization of people who take an active interest in unusual happenings along the borderland between the visible and invisible worlds. In the words of the late Meade Layne, founder and director of BSRA from 1946 to 1959: "BSRA publications are scientific in approach but employ few technical expressions. They deal with significant phenomena which orthodox science cannot or will not investigate. For example: The Fortean falls of objects from the sky. Teleportation, Radiesthesia, PK effects, Underground Races, Mysterious Disappearances, Occult and Psychic Phenomena, Photography of the Invisible, Nature of the Ethers and the problem of the Aeroforms (Flying Saucers). In the year 1946 BSRA obtained an interpretation of the phenomena which since has come to be known as the Etheric or 4-D interpretation, and which has not been radically altered since that time. This continues to be the only explanation which makes good science, sound metaphysics and common sense."

The chief present concern of the Foundation is to make this kind of unusual information available as a public service at reasonable cost. Headquarters acts as a receiving, coordinating and distributing center. An important part of the Director's work is to give recognition, understanding and encouragement to people who are having unusual experiences of the borderland type and/or are conducting research in any of the above fields. For consultation on borderland problems or for Spiritual healing through prayer, write or phone 714-724-2043 for help or for an appointment. Donations and bequests toward Foundation research programs and expenses are welcome.

The 28-page list of BSRF publications is available from Headquarters for 50¢ in check, coins or stamps. This includes brochures on borderland subjects, tape recordings of Mr. Crabb's lectures and of members of the Inner Circle, talking through trance-medium Mark Probert. Write to BSRF, PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083 USA.

A CASE OF SIGNIFICANT OBSESSION

From An Associate
And A Fictionalized Explanation
From Dion Fortune's "The Secrets
Of Dr. Taverner"

"Dr. Crabb, do you believe it is possible for an incarnated person to either go into trance, or during sleep, to by some means cause another incarnated person to vacate their body, take possession of this other body, and thereby experience through this body? If this is possible, what happen to the consciousness of the person who is displaced from their body? Would this type of operation have to be performed by an advanced occultist, or just someone with a very strong will? Finally, how could this type of take-over be prevented, especially if the person who was taking over was stronger than the other? What is this type of operation called? Would this be along the lines of Tulku? I can find nothing in my library. Perhaps you can refer me to books that deal with this."

L.V.X., Detroit, Michigan

H.P. Blavatsky touches on this aspect of occult science, controlled obsession, in her writings. Certain Tibetan lamas were expert at it. There is one example on page 437, Vol. I of "Isis Unveiled" (Theosophical University Press edition, Covina, Calif. 1950). We lay the groundwork for such techniques in our Cabala brochure, "Tulkus, A Tibetan Initiation" (BSRF No. 24-H, \$2.25), but a most interesting, instructive and dramatic exposition of the problem is in the "Subletting of the Mansion" story in Dion Fortune's "The Secrets of Dr. Taverner". These are fictionalized articles of her studies of occult science under an English adept in the 1920s.

CHAP. 8, "THE SUBLETTING OF THE MANSION"

The post bag of the Nursing Home was always sent to the village when the gardeners departed at six, so if any belated letter-writer desired to communicate with the outer world at a later hour, he had to walk to the pillar box at the cross roads with his own missives. As I had little time for my private letter-writing during the day, the dusk usually saw me with a cigar and a handful of letters taking my after-dinner stroll in that direction.

It was not my custom to encourage the patients to accompany me on these strolls, for I felt that I did my duty towards them during working hours, and so was entitled to my leisure, but Winnington was not quite in the position of an ordinary patient, for he was a personal friend of Taverner's, and also, I gathered, a member of one of the lesser degrees of that great fraternity of whose work

I had had some curious glimpses; and so the fascination which this fraternity always had for me, although I have never aspired to its membership, together with the amusing and bizarre personality of the man, made me meet half way his attempt to turn our professional relationship into a personal one.

Therefore it was that he fell into step with me down the long path that ran through the shrubbery to the little gate, at the far end of the nursing home garden, which gave upon the cross roads where the pillar box stood.

Having posted our letters, we were lounging back across the road when the sound of a motor horn made us start aside, for a car swung round the corner almost on top of us. Within it I caught a glimpse of a man and a woman, and on top was a considerable quantity of luggage.

The car turned in at the gate of a large house whose front drive ran out at the cross roads, and I remarked to my companion that I supposed Mr. Hirschmann, the owner of the house, had got over his internment and come back to live there again; for the house had stood empty, though furnished, since a trustful country had decided that its confidence might be abused, and that the wily Teuton would bear watching.

Meeting Taverner on the terrace as we returned to the house I told him that Hirshmann was back again, but he shook his head.

"That was not the Hirshmann's you saw," he said, "but the people they have let the house to. Bellamy, I think their name is, they have taken the place furnished; either one or other of them is an invalid, I believe."

A FEMME FATALE?

A week later I was again strolling down to the pillar box when Taverner joined me, and smoking vigorously to discourage the midges we wandered down to the crossroads together. As we reached the pillar box a faint creak attracted our attention, and looking round we saw that the large iron gates barring the entrance to Hirschmann's drive had been pushed ajar and a woman was slipping through the narrow opening they afforded. She was obviously coming to the post, but seeing us, hesitated; we stood back, making way for her, and she slipped across the intervening gravel on top-toe, posted her letter, half bowed to us in acknowledgment of our courtesy, and vanished silently as she had come.

"There is a tragedy being worked out in that house," remarked Taverner.

I was all interest, as I always am, at any manifestation of my chief's psychic powers, but he merely laughed.

"No clairvoyance this time, Rhodes, but merely common sense. If a woman's face is younger than her figure, then she is happily married; if the reverse, then she is working out a tragedy."

"I did not see her face," I said, "but her figure was that of a young woman."

"I saw her face and it was that of an old one."

His strictures upon her were not entirely justified, however, for a few nights later Winnington and I saw her go to the post again and although her face was heavily lined and colourless, it was a very striking one; and the mass of auburn hair that surrounded it seemed all the richer for its pallor. I am afraid I stared at her somewhat hard, trying to see the signs from which Taverner had deduced her history. She slipped out through the scarcely opened gate, moving swiftly but stealthily, as one accustomed to need concealment, gave us a sidelong glance under long dark lashes and retreated as she had come.

It was the complete immobility of the man at my side which drew my attention to him. He stood rooted to the ground, staring up the shadowed drive where she had disappeared as if he would send his very soul to illuminate the darkness. I touched his arm. He turned to speak but caught his breath, and the words were lost in the bubbling cough that means haemorrhage. He threw one arm round my shoulders to support himself, for he was a taller man than I, and I held him while he coughed up the scarlet arterial blood which told its own story.

I got him back to the house and put him to bed, for he was very shaky after his attack, and reported what had happened to Taverner.

"I dont think he is going to last long," I said.

My colleague looked surprised. "There is a lot of life in him," he said.

"There is not much left of his lungs," I answered, "and you cannot run a car without an engine."

Winnington was not laid up long, however, and the first day we let him out of bed he proposed to go to the post with me. I demurred, for it was some little distance there and back, but he took me by the arm and said, "Look here, Rhodes, I've got to go."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

I asked the reason for so much urgency. He hesitated and then he burst out, "I want to see that woman again."

"That's Mrs. Bellamy," I said. "You had better let her alone; she is not good for you. There are plenty of nice girls on the premises you can flirt with if you want to. Let the married women alone, the husbands only come round and kick up a row, and it is bad for the nursing home's reputation."

But Winnington was not to be headed off.

"I dont care whose wife she is; she's the woman I -- I -- never thought I should see," he finished lamely. "Hang it all, man,

I am not going to speak to her or make an ass of myself. I only want to have a look at her. Anyway, I don't count. I have pretty nearly finished with this sinful flesh, what's left of it."

He swayed before me in the dusk; tall, gaunt as a skeleton, with a colour in his cheeks we should have rejoiced to see in any other patient's, but which was a danger signal in his.

I knew he would go, whether I consented or not, so I judged it best we should go together; and thereafter it became an established thing that we should walk to the crossroads at post time whether there were letters or not. Sometimes we saw Mrs. Bellamy slip silently out to the post, and sometimes we did not. If we missed her for more than two days Winnington was in a fever; and when for five consecutive days she did not appear, he excited himself into another haemorrhage and we put him to bed, too weak to protest.

A BARRIER IS LOWERED

It was while telling Taverner of this latest development that the telephone bell rang. I, being nearest the instrument, picked it up and took the message.

"Is that Dr. Taverner?" said a woman's voice.

"This is Dr. Taverner's nursing home," I replied.

"It is Mrs. Bellamy of Headington House who is speaking. I should be very grateful if Dr. Taverner would come and see my husband, he has been taken suddenly ill."

I turned to give the message to Taverner, but he had left the room. A sudden impulse seized me.

"Dr. Taverner is not here at the moment," I said; "but I will come over if you like. I am his assistant; my name is Rhodes, Dr. Rhodes."

"I should be very grateful," replied the voice. "Can you come soon? I am anxious."

I picked up my cap and went down the path I had so often followed with Winnington. Poor chap, he would not stroll with me again for some time, if ever. At the cross roads I paused for a moment, marvelling that the invisible barrier of convention was at last lowered and that I was free to go up the drive and speak with the woman I had so often watched in Winnington's company. I pushed the heavy gates ajar just as she had done, walked up the deeply shaded avenue and rang the bell.

I was shown into a sort of morning room where Mrs. Bellamy came to me almost immediately.

"I want to explain matters to you before you see my husband," she said. "The housekeeper is helping me with him, and I do not want her to know; you see the trouble -- I am afraid -- is drugs."

So Taverner had been right as usual. She was working out a tragedy.

"He has been in a stupor all day and I am afraid he has taken an overdose; he has done so before and I know the symptoms. I felt that I could not get through the night without sending for someone."

She took me to see the patient and I examined him. His pulse was feeble, breathing difficult, and colour bad; but a man who is as inured to the drug as he seemed to be is very hard to kill, more's the pity. I told her what measures to take; said I did not anticipate any danger, but she could phone me again if a change took place.

As she wished me goodbye she smiled and said: "I know you quite well by sight, Dr. Rhodes; I have often seen you at the pillar box."

"It is my usual even walk," I replied. "I always take the letters that have missed the post bag."

BREAKTHROUGH FOR WINNINGTON

I was in two minds about telling Winnington of my interview, wondering whether the excitement into which it would throw him or his continued suspense would be the lesser of the two evils, and finally decided in favour of the former. I went up to his room when I got back, and plunged into the matter without preamble.

"Winnington," I said, "I have seen your divinity."

He was all agog in a minute, and I told him of my interview, suppressing only the nature of the illness, which I was in honour bound not to reveal. This, however, was the point he particularly wished to know, although he knew that naturally I could not tell him. Finding me obdurate he suddenly raised himself in bed, seized my hand, and laid it to his forehead.

"No you dont!" I cried, snatching it away; for I had by now seen enough of Taverner's methods to know how thought-reading was done; but I had not been quick enough and Winnington sank back on the pillowless bed chuckling.

"Drugs!" he said, and breathless from his efforts could say no more, but the triumph in his eyes told me that he had learnt something which he considered of vital importance.

I went round next morning to see Bellamy again. He was conscious, regarded me with sulky suspicion, and would have none of me, and I saw that my acquaintance with his household was likely to end as it had begun, at the pillar box.

An evening or two later Mrs. Bellamy and I met again at the cross roads. She answered my greeting with a smile, evidently well enough pleased to have someone to speak to beside her boorish husband; for they seemed to know no one in the district.

She commented on my solitary state. "What has become of the tall man who used to come with you to the post?" she enquired.

I told her of poor Winnington's condition.

Then she said a curious thing for one who was a comparative

stranger to me, and a complete stranger to Winnington.

"Is he likely to die?" she asked, looking me straight in the face with a peculiar expression in her eyes.

Surprised at her question I blurted out the truth.

"I thought so," she said. "I am Scotch, and we have second sight in our family, and last night I saw his wraith."

"You saw his wraith?" I exclaimed, mystified.

She nodded her auburn head. "Just as clearly as I see you. In fact he was so distinct that I thought he must have been another doctor from the nursing home whom you had sent over in your stead to see how my husband was getting on. I was sitting beside the bed with the lamp turned low, when a movement caught my notice, and I looked up to see your friend standing between me and the light. I was about to speak to him when I noticed the extraordinary expression of his face, so extraordinary that I stared at him and could find no word to say, for he seemed to be absolutely gloating over me -- or my husband -- I could not tell which.

"He was standing up straight, not his usual stoop." ("So you have been watching him too!" I thought.) "And his face wore a look of absolute triumph; as if he had at last won something for which he had waited and worked for a very long time; and he said to me quite slowly and distinctly: 'It will be my turn next.' I was just about to answer him and ask what he meant by his extraordinary behaviour, when I suddenly found that I could see the lamp through him; and before I had recovered from my surprise he had vanished. I took it to mean that my husband would live, but that he himself was dying."

THE LOVERS' SECRET

I told her that from my knowledge of the two cases her interpretation was likely to prove a true one, and we stood some minutes telling ghost stories before she returned through the iron gates.

Winnington was slowly pulling round from his attack, though as yet unable to leave his bed. His attitude concerning Mrs. Bellamy had undergone a curious change; he still asked me each day if I had seen her at the pillar box and what she had to say for herself; but he showed no regret that he was not well enough to accompany me thither and make her acquaintance; instead, his attitude seemed to convey that he and she were partners in some secret in which I had no share.

Although he was over the worst, his last attack had so pulled him down that his disease had got the upper hand, and I saw that it was unlikely that he would ever get out of bed again; so I indulged his foible in regard to Mrs. Bellamy, feeling sure that no harm could come of it. Her visits to the pillar box, what she said, and what I said were duly reported for the benefit of the sick man, whose eyes twinkled with secret amusement while I talked. As far

as I could make out, for he did not give me his confidence, he was biding his time until Bellamy took another overdose, and I should have felt considerable anxiety as to what he intended to do then had I not known that he was physically incapable of crossing the room without assistance. Little harm could come, therefore from letting him daydream, so I did not seek to fling cold water on his fantasies.

A CHANGE OF CONSCIOUSNESS IS A CHANGE OF LOCATION

One night I was roused by a tap at my door and found the night nurse standing there. She asked me to come with her to Winnington's room, for she had found him unconscious, and his condition gave her anxiety. I went with her, and as she had said, he was in a state of coma, pulse imperceptible, breathing almost nonexistent; for a moment I was puzzled at the turn his illness had taken, but as I stood looking down at him, I heard the faint click in the throat followed by the long sibilant sigh that I had so often heard when Taverner was leaving his body for one of those strange psychic expeditions of his, and I guessed that Winnington was at the same game; for I knew that he had belonged to Taverner's fraternity and had doubtless learned many of its arts.

I sent the nurse away and settled myself to wait beside our patient as I had often waited beside Taverner; not a little anxious, for my colleague was away on his holiday; and I had the responsibility of the nursing home on my shoulders; not that that would have troubled me in the ordinary way, but occult matters are beyond my ken, and I knew that Taverner always considered that these psychic expeditions were not altogether unaccompanied by risk.

I had not a long vigil, however; after about twenty minutes I saw the trance condition pass into natural sleep, and having made sure that the heart had taken up its beat again and that all was well, I left my patient without rousing him and went back to bed.

Next morning, as Winnington did not refer to the incident, I did not either, but his ill-concealed elation showed that something had transpired upon that midnight journey which had pleased him mightily.

That evening when I went to the pillar box I found Mrs. Bellamy there waiting for me. She began without preamble.

"Dr. Rhodes, did your tall friend die during the night?"

"No," I said, looking at her sharply, "In fact he is much better this morning."

"I am glad of that," she said, "for I saw his wraith again last night, and wondered if anything had happened to him."

"What time did you see him?" I enquired, a sudden suspicion coming into my mind.

"I don't know. I did not look at the clock, but it was some time after midnight; I was wakened by something touching my cheek

very softly, and thought the cat must have got into the room and jumped on the bed; I roused myself, intending to put it out of the room when I saw something shadowy between me and the window; it moved to the foot of the bed, and I felt a slight weight on my feet, more than that of a cat, about what one would expect from a good-sized terrier, and then I distinctly saw your friend sitting on the foot of the bed, watching me. As I looked at him, he faded and disappeared, and I could not be sure that I had not imagined him out of the folds of the eiderdown, which was thrown back over the footboard, so I thought I would ask you whether there was -- anything to account for what I saw."

"Winnington is not dead," I said. And not wishing to be questioned any further in the matter, wished her good night somewhat abruptly and was turning away when she called me back.

"Dr. Rhodes, my husband has been in that heavy stupor all day; do you think anything ought to be done?"

NO INTERFERENCE WITH MY VICE, PLEASE!

"I will come and have a look at him if you like," I answered. She thanked me, but said she did not want to call me in unless it were essential, for her husband so bitterly resented interference.

"Have you got a butler or valet in the house, or is your husband alone with you and the women servants?" I enquired, for it seemed to me that a man who took drugs to the extent that Bellamy did was not the safest, let alone the pleasantest company for three or four women.

Mrs. Bellamy divined my thought and smiled sadly, "I am used to it. I have always coped with him single-handed."

"How long has he been taking drugs?"

"Ever since our marriage," she replied. "But how long before that I cannot tell."

I did not like to press her any further, for her face told me of the tragedy of that existence, so I contented myself with saying: "I hope you will let me know if you need help at any time. Dr. Taverner and I do not practise in the district but we would gladly do what we could in an emergency."

As I went down the shrubbery path I thought over what she had told me. Taking into consideration that Winnington had been in a trance condition between two and two-thirty, I felt certain that what she had seen was no phantasy of her imagination. I was much puzzled how to act. It seemed to me that Winnington was playing a dangerous game, dangerous to himself, and to the unsuspecting woman on whom he was practicing. Yet if I spoke to him on the matter, he would either laugh at me or tell me to mind my own business, and if I warned her, she would regard me as a lunatic. By refusing to admit their existence, the world gives a very long start to those who practise the occult arts.

I decided to leave matters alone until Taverner came back, and therefore avoided deep waters when I paid my evening visit to Win-nington. As usual he enquired for news of Mrs. Bellamy, and I told him that I had seen her and casually mentioned that her husband was bad again. In an instant I saw that I had made a mistake and given Winnington information that he ought not to have had, but I could not unsay my words, and took my leave of him with an uneasy feeling that he was up to something that I could not fathom. Very greatly did I wish for Taverner's experience to take the responsibility off my shoulders, but he was away in Scotland, and I had no reasonable grounds for disturbing his well-earned holiday.

WE ARE NOT ALONE

About an hour later, as I had finished my rounds and was thinking of bed, the telephone bell rang. I answered and heard Mrs. Bellamy's voice at the end of the line.

"I wish you would come round, Dr. Rhodes. I am very uneasy."

In a few minutes I was with her, and we stood together looking at the unconscious man on the bed. He was a powerfully built fellow of some thirty-five years of age, and before the drug had undermined him, must have been a fine-looking man. His condition appeared to be the same as before, and I asked Mrs. Bellamy what it was that had rendered he so anxious; for I had gathered from the tone of her voice over the phone that she was frightened.

She beat about the bush for a minute or two and then the truth came out.

"I am afraid my nerve is going; but there seems to be something or somebody in this room, and it was more than I could stand alone; I simply had to send for you. Will you forgive me for being so foolish and troubling you at this hour of the night?"

I quite understood her feelings, for the strain of coping with a drug maniac in that lonely place with no friends to help her -- a strain which I gathered had gone on for years -- was enough to wear down anyone's courage.

"Dont think about that. I'm only too glad to be able to give you any help I can; I quite understand your difficulties."

So, although her husband's condition gave no cause for anxiety, I settled down to watch with her for a little while, and do what I could to ease the strain of that intolerable burden. We had not been sitting quietly in the dim light for very long before I was aware of a curious feeling. Just as she had said, we were not alone in the room. She saw my glance questing into the corners and smiled.

"You feel it too," she said. "Do you see anything?"

"No," I answered. "I am not psychic. I wish I were; but I tell you who will see it, if there is anything to be seen; and that is my dog; he followed me here and is curled up in the porch if he has not gone home. With your permission I will fetch him up and see what he

makes of it."

I ran down stairs and found the big Airedale, whose task it was to guard the nursing home, patiently waiting on the mat. Taking him to the bedroom, I introduced him to Mrs. Bellamy, whom he received with favour, and then leaving him to his own devices, sat quietly watching what he would do. First he went over to the bed and sniffed at the unconscious man, then he wandered round the room as a dog will in a strange place, and finally he settled down at our feet in front of the fire. Whatever it was that had disturbed our equanimity he regarded as unworthy of notice.

THE REAL INVISIBLE FRIEND

He slept peacefully till Mrs. Bellamy, who had brewed tea, produced a box of biscuits, and then he woke up and demanded his share; first he came to me and received a contribution; then he walked quietly to an empty arm chair and stood gazing at it in anxious expectancy. We stared at him in amazement. The dog, serenely confident of his reception, pawed the chair to attract its attention. Mrs. Bellamy and I looked at each other.

"I had always heard," she said, "that it was only cats who liked ghosts, and that dogs were afraid of them."

"So had I," I answered. "But Jack seems to on friendly terms with this one."

And then the explanation flashed into my mind. If the invisible presence were Winnington, whom Mrs. Bellamy had already seen twice in that very room, then the dog's behaviour was accounted for, for Winnington and he were close friends, and the presence which to us was so uncanny would, to him, be friendly and familiar.

I rose to my feet. "If you dont mind, I will just go round to the nursing home and attend to one or two things, and then we will see this affair through together."

I raced back through the shrubberies to the nursing home, mounted the stairs three at a time and burst into Winnington's bedroom. As I expected, he was in deep trance.

"Oh you devil!" I said to the unconscious form on the bed, "what games are you up to now? I wish to heaven that Taverner were back to deal with you!"

I hastened back to Mrs. Bellamy, and to my surprise, as I re-entered her room I heard voices. There was Bellamy, fully conscious, sitting up in bed and drinking tea. He looked dazed and was shivering with cold, but had apparently thrown off all effects of his drug. I was non plussed; for I had counted on slipping away before he had recovered consciousness; for I had in mind his last reception of me which had been anything but cordial; but it was impossible to draw back.

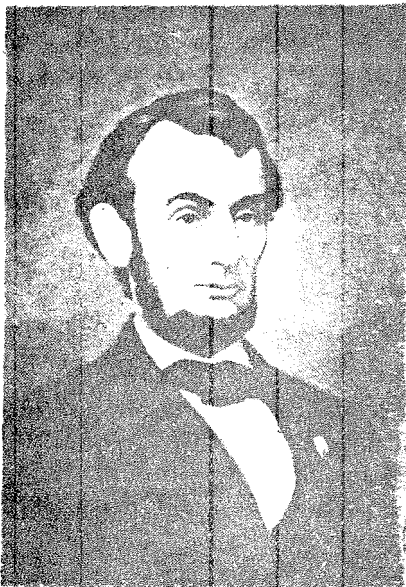
(To be concluded in the May-June Journal. Published at \$4.95 in 1962 by Llewellyn Publications, Box 3383, St. Paul, Minnesota 55165 USA)

"LINCOLN: THE THEOLOGIAN OF U.S. ANGUISH"

By Dan L. Thrapp
Religion Editor of the LA "Times"

Abraham Lincoln was probably the only theologian ever to occupy the White House.

Yet because he found no church sharing the simple directness and clarity of his view of the place and role of man in God's kingdom, he never joined one, and for this he has sometimes been attacked as a "non-Christian". He was, however, the purest example of a Christian ever to rule any nation, at least in modern times.



Lincoln did not start out as a "Christian" or even as a particularly religious man, but he grew in wisdom and stature and in spiritual depth throughout his life; so that toward its close he revealed such profundity that he has been called "the theologian of American anguish".

It was not alone the measure of his thought and understanding that revealed his greatness, but the integrity that quilted his every public word and statement and that grips men today even more firmly than it did of his own time.

Lincoln became "convinced that our universe, far from demonstrating a merely mechanical order, is a theater for the working out of the moral law", writes Quaker philosopher-theologian Elton Trueblood in his recent book,

"Abraham Lincoln, Theologian of American Anguish".

The 16th President became certain that the divine will could be to some extent ascertained and must be followed, and this was the keynote of his White House years. Lincoln grew in spirit and in depth. More than most persons, Trueblood wrote, he "changed radically with the years and particularly with the heavy demands which events made upon him". His growth is shown progressively in his Dec. 1, 1862 Message to Congress, in the Gettysburg address, and in the Second Inaugural of March 4, 1865, and underlying all was his conviction, expressed in his Meditation on the Divine Will, that:

"In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be, and one must be wrong. God cannot be for, and against, the same thing at the same time. In the present Civil War it is quite possible that God's purpose is something different from the purpose of either party -- and yet the human instru-

mentalities working just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect His purpose. . . "

MATURITY IS RESPONSIBILITY

Although conceding that he had once been intrigued by the idea of determinism (that all events are necessary consequences of prior causes), he soon saw its major flaw, that it made impossible any true responsibility, and he dropped it.

Lincoln retained, however, some influences of determinism, melding them with his belief in individual responsibility to evolve into the mature convictions with which he guided the nation during his Washington years.

"This combination of moral resoluteness about the immediate issues with a religious awareness of another dimension of meaning and judgment must be regarded as almost a perfect model of the . . . task of remaining loyal and responsible toward the moral treasures of a free civilization on the one hand, while yet having some religious vantage point over the struggle," notes theologian Reinhold Niebuhr.

"Lincoln's religious convictions were superior in depth and purity to those, not only of the political leaders of his day, but of the religious leaders of the era."

During the first year-and-a-half of his initial term, Lincoln developed from an Illinois politician into a world statesman, Trueblood writes: "He came to think of himself as an 'instrument' of God's will."

He had come to believe "that God molds history and that He employs erring mortals to effect His purpose." By mid-1862 he had formulated the essentials of his theological position. While committed deeply to liberation of the slaves, and convinced that this interest was "somehow the cause of the war", Lincoln believed that the preservation of the Union, man's "last best hope" must take priority over all other issues, and the Emancipation Proclamation was calculated in that context.

"America was important in his eyes because God, he believed, had a magnificent work for America to perform, a work significant for the whole world."

Nine times the President called the nation to prayer, in each case for a specific purpose and with his own conviction that earnest prayer would reach God and in His wisdom be answered.

"Lincoln understood God, whom he faced directly in personal encounter, not as One who is morally indifferent, but as the Infinite Person who gives meaning to the moral order," writes Trueblood.

Just before his death Lincoln was contemplating a 10th Proclamation calling the people to prayer. "A call for national thanksgiving (for cessation of hostilities) is being prepared and will be duly

promulgated," he said, three days before he was shot.

Abraham Lincoln came to envisage God's will "as the primary consideration in any human decision," wrote Trueblood. (The Cabalist shows this as the topmost point, Kether, of the Tree of Life, with Wisdom and Love making the other two points of the Supernal Triangle. RHC.)

"While God's will concerned the lives of poor struggling individuals of every race and nation, it also concerned groups and above all, nations. From the prophets of Israel Lincoln had learned the noble idea that there can be a servant people, with a responsibility to the entire 'family of man'."

Patriotism, even more compelling, "was purged of all pride".

"It was in great moral developments, such as the elimination of slavery without the destruction of the Union, that Lincoln saw the working of the divine order most clearly."

In the midst of history he could partly discern the meaning of that history. If Abraham Lincoln were alive today, the Quaker believed, he would not be surprised at "the continuing agony" attending black-white relationships in many parts of the world. Lincoln is said to have expressed to L.E. Chittenden, register of the Treasury, his conviction "that the Almighty does make use of human agencies and directly intervenes in human affairs, is one of the plainest statements of the Bible.

POWER FROM ABOVE

"I have had so many evidences of His direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I cannot doubt that this power comes from above. . . .

"I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not to do a particular thing, He finds a way of letting me know it."

During his last months, Lincoln's thinking "achieved a genuine synthesis" of the man-God relationship, Trueblood believes.

Lincoln expected no utopia with a victory for the North.

"He did not claim (it) would necessarily produce the full liberation of people, black and white," writes Trueblood. "All that he claimed was that such a victory would provide opportunity, while defeat would entail unmitigated disaster. He accepted the. . . idea of a special destiny for America, but he was sufficiently acquainted with human failure to know that progress is never certain, as it is never easy.

"His only certainty lay in the conviction that God will never cease to call America to her true service, not only for her but for the sake of the world."

(Los Angeles "Times", Feb. 10, 1974)

GOD KNOWS, BETTER THAN WE DO

By Lee Bathurst, Editor of
"Sharing", monthly of The
International Order of St.
St. Luke, the Physician

The Holy Spirit did it again! It seems that the only time He can get my complete attention, free from earthly interruptions, is in the wee hours of the morning. I knew I'd have to have my letter to you ready within two days and had no ideas for it. But here I am, wide awake, with pencil in hand -- and I don't really know all it's going to write.

My first thought was, "You've received a lot of letters from your readers during the four years (almost) since you've been editing SHARING. What have you learned?" That surprised me a bit. Wouldn't you think He would have asked what I had learned from Bible study, reading, tapes, sermons, conferences, and articles submitted? But it is true I have learned far more from talking with Him about you: A precious, deeply dedicated Christian whose broken hip was not healed as soon as I had hoped. ("Why didn't you protect her from that fall or at least heal her instantly?") I prayed for the healing of an invalid who has long been an OSL convenor and spent so much time visiting hospital patients, wives whose husbands were alcoholic, unfaithful, or out of work, for lonely shut-ins. But He didn't answer in the way I requested. The list goes on and on. Sometimes there were obvious, happy answers; sometimes there were gradual improvements, but sometimes there seemed to be nothing.

"Why, God? Why are so many of Your children so miserable? I know You love them; I know there is nothing You can't heal. If I could, I'd make everybody happy."

"That's blasphemy, my child. Without admitting it, you are thinking you love them more than I do and know better than I what the truly loving answer is."

Ouch! I'm guilty, and I suspect that attitude is the real reason for all unhappiness in this world. We tend to judge all circumstances by our limited vision. We do not know all that is involved or what lies ahead. We find what we think is the perfect dream house, but when we make our offer to buy it, it is already sold. How heart-breaking! But six months later, when it is wiped out by a land slide, resentment turns to relief. A girl is devastated because the man she loves marries another woman. Her attitude changes when he's arrested for dope smuggling. A man fails to get a job that looks like a golden opportunity, only to be grateful that he still has his old one when that company later goes bankrupt.

There's truth in the old adage, "When you get what you want, you don't want it."

HAPPINESS THROUGH GRATEFUL ACCEPTANCE

The fact is that God knows better than we do what we really want. If we could only believe this and gratefully accept whatever happens in serene trust that our loving Father is in control, how much healthier and happier we would be!

We pray with our lips, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." We ask God to take full charge of our lives, to substitute His will for ours -- then shudder! What if we don't like what He wills for us? What if He decides to take away our money, our loved one, our earthly pleasures? We still tend to judge what happens by our own desires. Even the most stalwart Christians who have asked that His will be done must be shaken when personal "disaster" comes. It is so hard to believe that the "disaster" is a blessing in disguise and that we would be thankful for it if we could see the whole picture.

The world says, "You go this way only once; grasp every pleasure you can. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may die." The schools teach self-reliance, self-discipline, self-determination. How many of you as children were required to memorize, "I am the Captain of my soul"? The churches are especially guilty. How many of you were taught to fear (not revere) God and listened to Hell and damnation sermons that taught anything but God's love? In my church I heard much about the evils of dancing, card-playing, and drinking, but nothing about gossip, pride, judging (either others or ourselves), self-centeredness. (Yet what do the Scriptures emphasize?) Worst of all, it was so long before I learned that God loved me so much that His plans for me (His will) would be exactly what I would want if I knew as much as He does.

That is exactly what I have learned more explicitly in these past four years. Your letters tell me of all manner of misery of body, emotions, situations, relationships. I do pray about them and encourage you to use the OSL prayer number or address to ask for more help. But I am beginning to see that, whatever the problem, your real need is a deep, abiding conviction that all things work for your good because you love the Lord. To the extent that you believe that, you can find His joy regardless of the present problem.

I'm not preaching; I'm sharing. I cannot serenely abide in this trust all the time; but I am learning that when I do, I'm healthier, happier, and more effective. When I worry about problems, I can't do my job. Peace comes only when I can say, "OK, God, it's Your magazine. If You plan to use it to Your glory, You'll provide for it. If there's anything more You want me to do please find a way to tell me. Otherwise, it's up to You." . . . This is the crux of the whole matter. This is salvation, rebirth, re-creation as a new person this Easter. . . .

PSYCHIC "MECHANIC" TEACHES HER SKILLS

By Edward J. Pressberg
Newhouse News Service

It was 6:30 p.m., Tuesday, June 15 -- one month after St. Louis travel agent Mrs. Sandra Fronczak disappeared in Mexico and three weeks after a reporter contacted local psychic Mrs. Beverly C. Jaegers about the case.

The Associated Press teletype was methodically clicking out a story: Mrs. Fronczak's body had been discovered in a lagoon south of Acapulco, Mexico. The story was scheduled to run in Wednesday's edition of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Radio and television would pick it up soon.

About 8:30 p.m. the reporter received a call from "Lillian", an astrologer and a key member of Bevy Jaeger's "psi team".

Lillian was vehement. The AP story had to be wrong.

Why?

Lillian was positive that Mrs. Fronczak's body would not be found in or near water.

"I've checked the calculations over and over," she said. "it just can't be; there's something wrong."

The reporter listened, took a few notes, then had to cut Lillian off to return to work on the story. Reporters who plan to keep their jobs don't tell their editors to kill an AP story because "my astrologer says it can't be right".

Six hours later, at 12:16 a.m., Wednesday, AP sent a correction. Mrs. Fronczak's body had not been found; a reporter or translator had goofed.

One of the best-known and most highly regarded psychics in the country, Mrs. Jaegers was not born with a psychic gift. She did not fall on her head (like Peter Hurkos), get struck by lightning or acquire her talent in a moment of revelation. Bevy wanted to be a psychic so she practiced.

About 10 years ago, Bevy Jaegers was a 31-year-old, nonpsychic executive secretary. When she gave up her job for the demands of raising six children, Bevy realized something was missing from her life. "I'm the restless type," she told a reporter. "I loved being with the kids, but I needed something more and I wasn't happy until I found it."

"It" was psychic research. Bevy became fascinated with the

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subject and read everything she could find. Soon mere reading was not enough. She wanted to do the things she read about. Bevy took careful notes at every mention of psychic testing and development methods. She dutifully watched for descriptions of psychic exercises and, at the same time, experimented with a few techniques of her own.

"For every one that seemed to help me, there were dozens that didn't work at all," she recalled.

Hours to days, days to weeks and weeks to months, Bevy Jaegers sat quietly, practicing such things as "feeling" colors. Eventually her ability began to develop. And after the initial breakthroughs, knowing she could do it, the development picked up speed.

PRACTICE ON NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

She says she learned to predict newspaper headlines a day in advance and to guess what was in the mail before it was delivered. She began to sort out daydreams from meaningful impressions, she said, and then she learned how to interpret those impressions.

Empirically she built a foundation of experience for her own use and to teach others how to develop psychic skills. At the same time she built a new career. Bevy Jaegers the housewife and mother was now Bevy Jaegers the psychic teacher and, some said, kook.

It has been a career that for obvious reasons is difficult to define in terms of success and failure. There have been some direct hits as well as definite mistakes. In between, the accuracy of Bevy's work is always a matter of interpretation. By way of background and not as an endorsement of the ability she claims to possess, follow two accounts of Bevy Jaegers' most intriguing and accurate impressions.

-- In the fall of 1971 Bevy Jaegers was consulted about the mysterious disappearance of St. Louis housewife Mrs. Sally Lucas. Holding Mrs. Lucas' powder puff and nightgown, Bevy recorded many impressions. The majority of them were remarkably accurate, as a reporter wrote at the time.

"Pain, right side of head and neck, a feeling almost like a cut. Impression of a small person, medium-length hair, not a heavy smoker."

(Sally Lucas was struck a mortal blow in the right side of her head. She was a moderate smoker, was five feet tall and wore her hair medium length.)

"Impression of men in uniform (police) bending over, looking into a car, near water."

(The next morning Sally Lucas' car was discovered in Florida, near water, and was examined by police at the scene.)

Bevy recorded other inexplicable and accurate impressions.

She "saw" an airplane, the letter C and a horse and a horse's head.

(Mrs. Lucas' body was later discovered near an airport and near Highways C and CC, off the edge of Wild Horse Creek Road.)

-- Bevy has expanded the use of her abilities to include business consultations. This year, that aspect of her career paid off handsomely. Pete Dixon, a 35-year-old commodities broker, felt his hunch to invest in coffee futures was confirmed when Bevy Jaegers predicted a bad crop. In a technique similar to those she uses to make stock market and general business predictions, Bevy took a sealed envelope with a few coffee beans inside.

She got the impression of "empty baskets that should have been full". Coupled with other impressions about the crop, Dixon saw it as a strong sign that coffee prices would shoot up.

A \$60,000 COMMISSION

His investment 18 months ago, less than \$25,000 initially, is now worth more than \$1 million. Dixon paid Bevy a \$60,000 commission, which has been used to purchase a new house.

The career that began a decade ago has branched out into an ever growing myriad of new activities. Using her ESP skills, Bevy is now a private investigator, a business consultant, an investor, a writer of numerous books and magazine articles and a teacher. And she has some interesting thoughts about the field of extra-sensory perception.

"There's nothing extra about it," she says. "It's an ability that anyone can develop with practice and it's absolutely normal. That's why I don't like the terms extrasensory and paranormal."

To back her claim that anyone can learn to develop psychic abilities. Bevy Jaegers has allowed the following reprint of a few of the many exercises she outlines in her training manual. She cautions that the experimenter should work seriously and be willing to spend several hours a day for at least a week or two if he or she wants to get noticeable results. Mrs. Jaegers periodically teaches adult education classes, using some of the exercises described.

-- Skin sight: Use a hardware store paint selection chart that has been cut into squares, with each colored square mounted on a white card. Placing a card face down in the left palm (unless you are a natural lefty) and allowing airspace between the card and palm, try to familiarize yourself with the feel of different colors. Then try to guess the colors.

-- Hand taste: Using a similar technique, substitute salt or sugar for the colored squares. Try to "taste" the difference between the two substances, holding one at a time and wiping the palm with a damp cloth between tries. Eventually a tasting sensation will develop underneath the tongue.

-- Mailbox test (precognition): Some time before the mail is delivered sit down with a notebook and note impressions of how many envelopes will be delivered and what color and size they will be.

When your rate of success improves, try to picture who sent the letters and what they contain.

-- Newspaper precognition: In a similar manner, relax and ask yourself what the headlines on tomorrow's edition of this newspaper will be. Note all impressions in a notebook for scoring and for comparison over time. (Los Angeles "Times", October 22, 1976)

* * *

URI GELLER NOW EMPLOYS A BODYGUARD

In the London "Psychic News" for Jan. 31, 1976 editor Maurice Barbanell reviews an interview with Uri which appeared in a women's magazine. The reporter met Uri in a West End hotel during the psychic's "three day visit to promote his autobiography and participate in scientific tests.

"He works non-stop and is never in one place for long. He and his party haven't even unpacked from their previous stop-over in Spain. . . Behind the drawn hotel curtains a 24-hour-a-day work pattern is being rigorously followed in his ceaseless quest to prove the validity of his powers.

"I stay in this particular hotel because the authorities tell me to. I have to send two people on ahead of me whenever I travel anywhere in a foreign country to check where I'll be staying. I have constant security around me at all times. It's not only in case of politically-motivated activity; but also because if certain people thought I could accurately predict the results of betting or gambling, I could be kidnapped or even killed.'

"Uri praised the famous once-sceptical researcher Professor John Taylor. 'He's stood up for me many times when I've been challenged as being a phoney.

"Nobody could imagine how brutally he is being fought by scientists and the media for his belief in me. He believes in my powers and continues to conduct experiments with even stricter controls. He is attacked by scientists who don't even know anything about me. When I see what he is going through it really upsets me.'

By "politically motivated activity" Geller means the intelligence agencies, and their "Dr. Fausts", of such foreign countries as the U.S. and its CIA, the Soviet Union and its KGB, and others. Such a kidnapping would have two purposes: to augment the agency's own spy activities with Uri's psychic powers, and to prevent him from uncovering their own illegal activities and revealing them to the world. This is a danger which faces Beverly Jaegers also. If she hasn't suffered any attacks from the Satan-Molochs of the Lower Astral plane yet, she will eventually. They do not allow invasions of their domain without striking back at the invader, the psychic prober. By the way, Professor John Taylor has written and published a book, a paper-back, "ESP", on the positive results of his borderland research with Uri Geller.

CLIPS QUOTES & COMMENTS —

KISSINGER'S CHINESE PUZZLE

"Newsweek", Nov. 8, 1976 - "In a rare burst of candor, Henry Kissinger admitted off the record last week that he was as puzzled as anyone about the recent leadership shuffle in China. 'We thought we knew something about what was going on in Peking,' the Secretary of State told visitors. Then, contrasting the situation in Moscow ('We have information on the smallest matter in the Soviet Union'), Kissinger said: 'In Peking we dont even know where these people live.'"

Was the former Secretary of State really being as candid as he seemed? Beverly Jaegers is having some success teaching telepathy to anyone who wants to learn in St. Louis. Ten years ago, in a rare burst of candor, the Yada di Shi'ite made some revealing remarks about telepathic snooping in our Intelligence Services: the FBI, the CIA, the Office of Naval Intelligenc, Air Force Intelligence, etc. It was in Closed Class No. 6, Aug. 18, 1967:

Yada: "Telepathy generally is a cry for help. It is -- empathy and not sympathy."

She: "What I dont understand is how some concerned only with the scientific aspect -- as they are doing in Russia -- concentrate on something in Washington, pick it up when they are not really empathetic with the business, so to speak. Maybe that's mind reading more than anything else, isn't it?"

Yada: "No, no, telepathy is mind reading. . . ."

She: "Telepathy would come through the feeling nature more. . . ."

Yada: "Oh, it does. . . ."

She: "And the other would be mental."

Yada: "Yes, but still same thing only is the receivers; for in Russia the effort is to receive. This is sometimes being called 'being noseey', poking into where you do not belong. It is sometimes known as picking minds. You do it here; your Services people practice all the time, getting telepathic messages, not only from Russian minds but from every mind everywhere. Then these are mounted on papers and then the choice ones are taken and run through a machine -- what you call --"

They: "Computer."

Yada: "Computer. And the computer makes a declaration of their value. Isn't that wonderful? Isn't that remarkable? You see, you must learn to get along. Everybody must learn to get along with one another, or you'll have to get along without one another -- not

even yourselves. You wanting; surely, to come to the right conclusions; but you must co-exist; or you'll have no existence.

"Russia has been delving into the Mystical Arts for the last 20 years. You here, perhaps for the last 10 years, maybe 12, but no more. Your scientists for so long made the mistake of believing only what they could see and measure; so they became your authority when they had no authority in themselves!"

So, in spite of what Kissinger said to the press last November, it seems likely that some people in our government do know where the Chinese leaders live, and who they are; though it is also possible that because of inter-department rivalries, such information is not shared with the State Department.

Trance mediumship is another way of obtaining information by psychic means. Here is an appropriate and revealing item from the CQC section of our Sept-Oct 1974 Journal:

"ESP EXPERTS TO REPLACE SPYS"

"According to a recent article in the National Enquirer, Dr. Edward J. Pullman of the Southwest Hypnosis Research Center of Dallas, Texas stated that he believes before the end of the 1970s Russia will have perfected Astral Travel for spying on other government's military and state secrets. In tests which he conducted, Dr. Pullman had a hypnotized subject in Dallas project her Astral body to New Jersey to look in on a friend's home there. He was surprised to find that she could describe the house and what was going on there. A later check with the occupants proved she was right.

"It has taken the scientific world a long time to get interested in what most psychic people have known for a long time, that the Astral or Mind body can travel almost instantly to any point in time or space. Many years ago when Russia was trying to set up missile bases in Cuba and the U.S. had thrown up a blockade, we were doing Astral Travel under hypnosis here at the New Age Center. Every Monday night I would have Mildred and Thelma travel in their Astral bodies to find Fidel Castro and Premier Khrushchev to see what they were talking about or plotting.

"The only way I knew to prove anything was to have them see if the two leaders were planning anything which would make headlines in the news days ahead. They nearly always were able to locate their targets and by my telling my subjects that language would be no barrier to them, they could repeat verbatim everything that was being said. On five occasions they told us days and weeks ahead of time incidents that came to pass and did make news headlines in the U.S. papers, at least proving to me that they were actually psychic spys." (From the August 1974 issue of "Psychic Reality" edited and published by Charles Rhoades, 145 NE 14th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73104) Charley's proven hypnotic abilities make him a likely choice as instructor for government agency Fausts selected for such duties.

UNIVERSITE DE PARIS

"I would appreciate a list of your available publications, documents and reports."

Zbigniew William Wolkowski
Docteur es Sciences

We sent the good Docteur some sample material and he joined up, largely because of the article "The Genesis of a New Gravitational Technology" by Jan Roos in the Sept-Oct 1976 Journal. It's stimulating to make contact with the University of Paris, whose 13th Century lecture halls were graced by the presence of a great scientist and operating magician, Roger Bacon. Bacon successfully defied gravity with psychokinetic experiments which also got him in trouble with Roman Catholic authorities in Paris. It was an ecclesiastical school, after all, and they had him thrown in prison. Here's followup comment on the Gravitational Technology article from Jan:

"Hank Wallace is working on a new and better experiment. The cost will run over \$10,000, which he hopes personally to finance. A good part of the cost is the expense of the metal Vanadium, in 99.7% purity, the best fourth-field permeable metal. Actually, Cobalt is also excellent but is magnetic, and not desirable if the electro-magnetic fields are to be kept out of the experiment. Is the BSRF membership about 1,000?"

No, the BSRF membership is around 500. Another hundred or so would be welcome, and thanks for the order for 10 extra copies of the Journal with that article. We do hope some of those who receive gift copies will join with us in the search for Truth.

SOLAR, WIND, WAVE, BIO-GAS, ORGONE ENERGIES

"Please send me full information regarding your Journal, including price and pertinent articles regarding past issues. I am specifically interested in any information you have printed about contradictions in Relativity."

J.D., Natural Energy Specialist
Delray Beach, Florida

The sample material is on its way, Jim, hope you find something of interest and help to you in your research. In this Journal the first, third and preceding CQC articles deal with "contradictions in Relativity", and the following is an instrument designed to give measurements of contradictions in Relativity.

RADIONICS WITH NO RUBBING PLATE

"I am setting up a manufacturing facility to produce a 12-dial Radionics instrument with a detector, no rubbing plate. Costs \$429.00, retail, \$300.00 wholesale, with seven weeks wait for delivery. Appreciate any publicity you can give. Initial costs high and have to be held down to be successful. This is a High Quality instrument in-

cluding documentation. 90% of population can use this instrument effectively."

J.G. Gallimore, 5627 E. Julian
Indianapolis, Indiana 46219

THE FIRST HIERONYMOUS INSTRUMENT

"I must set on a bundle of tickle-grass every time U mention Ur interest in the Hieronymous BIO-VIBRONIC instrument, because it reminds me that Galen and I some 35 years ago took an old 3-dial PATHOCLAST Radionic and with drawing board, screw-driver, plyers, soldering iron, etc., we bastardized his first radionic instrument in the (research lab?) of his basement In K.C. Mo. And much h2o has flowed downstream for all concerned. The mention of T.G. Hieronymous brings to mind that I heard a seminar was held April 22, 1975 at the Hilton Hotel in Indianapolis on Radionics that was the Big-Daddy of them all, and that the public went for Galen in a big way. Would surely love to have been there and watch the fun of a real Showman. The last I know of him his home and research lab address was PO Box 23620, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33307."

Dr. A.N. Onymous, Neargo, South Dakota

J.G. Gallimore pulled that first Radionics convention together in Indianapolis in 1975. T. Galen Hieronymous, in his 80s, is the ack-nnowledged dean of radionists in the United States. He moved from Ft. Lauderdale to Mahdah Love's Retreat in the North Georgia mountains several years ago. He is a BSRF Associate. His address is PO Box 109, Lakemont, Georgia 30552.

RADIONICS AND ITS FIELD EFFECT

Associate Ansley Hill sent us a copy of the Joseph Goodavage interview with Hieronymous published in "Analog" science-fiction magazine, January 1977. They were discussing Galen's friends and fellow borderland researchers, Ed Hermann and General Gross:

Hieronymous: "Yeah, they were very close. Ed asked General Gross if he could do anything about his wild cherry trees, particularly the big one in his yard that was sheathed in worms every spring. Gross asked me and I said tell him to take a photograph of his tree, then take a box, put some holes in it small enough that worms cant get through but big enough so they can get air. I want a half-dozen freshly picked leaves also. Have him do this first thing in the morning. Put the leaves and a half-dozen worms in this box and send it to Colonel Gross airmail special delivery. I was at a hotel in Hershey, Pennsylvania when Gross received the package so I went and got it. The worms were still alive. We ran our usual (radionics?) analyses on them and with our psionic analyzer came up with the right reagent. We painted the photograph of the tree with the reagent -- oil of cedar I think it was -- put the photo on the sensor plate, set the dials and just forgot about it. Three days later when Ed turned into his driveway while returning from work (he has his own company now, you know), he hit his brakes and stared as his kids were stamping on caterpillars

swarming in all directions away from the tree. A carpet of dead caterpillars was directly under its limbs and they were still falling off the tree when he arrived home."

KEEPING THE GOOD GUYS WELL WITH RADIONICS

"A request in the Journal for either rates or information on Reagents for insect control would be most appreciated. The rates I can establish if I can find what reagents are effective. I am, of course, attempting to avoid the years of experimenting necessary to observe the effects of various reagents on the different insects.

"As I started this letter to you I felt compelled to check you out on the Radionic Computer -- I have developed the ability to tune in on anyone by just using their name. I am glad I did as I found you had a carcinoma starting in the mucous membrane of the stomach. Probably not clinically evident as you showed no pain associated with it. At any rate, I took the liberty of treating it so it wouldn't continue to develop. In spite of the inability or unwillingness of the medical profession to find a control for cancer, I find it one of the easiest conditions to control or eliminate. A great deal of my time is spent keeping the good guys well; those people who are performing a service for their fellow men. Most of them never know it, but that doesn't lessen the satisfaction gained from keeping them on the job.

"One interesting fact of my Radionics work concerns the two most controversial medical subjects of recent months, i.e., Swine flu and the Legionnaires disease. I was able to identify both radionically long ago, but of course there's no way I can pass the information to the medical authorities. Swine flu is in reality Infectious Porcine Encephalitis, or more simply, Teschen Virus; and I have been treating people all over the country for it for months. The Legionnaires disease is Russian Spring-summer Encephalitis, a virus normally transmitted by ticks and found in Eastern Europe and Russia in the spring and summer. Hence the name. Here again it is frustrating to be in a position to be of help but no way to accomplish it. Perhaps some day we can operate in the open and make this type of diagnosis and healing available to everyone.

"I do indeed enjoy the Closed Classes with the Yada, and I eagerly await the arrival of the next in the series that I ordered."

P.E.J., Kalispell, Montana

Thanks for the help on the stomach condition. I wasn't aware of any difficulty there but if your efforts helped to neutralize it and restore balanced cell life it's all to the good! You have Galen Hieronymous' address, write to him and ask for an atlas of reagents and rates for plant treatment; and if any of you Associates know of any such from other sources, hopefully you'll send them to us so we can share them with the membership through the Journal, also the schematic for the genuine Hieronymous diagnostic machine, quite different from the schematic in the public patent.

A BORDERLINE PROBLEM

"I dont know whether my experience comes under the heading of a borderline problem or just spiritual healing, but 6 years ago I was experimenting with automatic handwriting when I began hearing voices and hallucinating. I was taken to a hospital and eventually a state hospital where I still hallucinated. When this came to an end I was left without a feeling of soul -- that is, I no longer felt love for anyone, parents included. Since then I've read many books on the psychic but haven't read anything that might clear up my dilemma. Have you any suggestions?"

R.L.R., Ft. Worth, Texas

Hallucinations hell! You opened yourself up to conscious contact with Spirits and got results!! Trouble is there was no one around to tell you how to shut the door to the Spirit world after you opened it! So now you have become a boarding house for earth-bound, obsessing entities who are even more ignorant of occult law than you are -- they dont know they are dead! They didn't believe in life after death while on earth; so they dont know where to go except to hang around their old earthly haunts. Haunt is the word! We are enclosing a copy of our brochure "Retro Me, the Art of Psychic Self-Defense" (50¢) This will shut the door to annoying spirits if you use it regularly, every day, night and morning. We especially recommend the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. We'll also put your name on our Prayer List for a couple of weeks to bring what support we can from our Spirit Guides of the Inner Circle, and the Guiding Light of the Inner Planes. They say it takes about five years of earth time for the average person to purge himself or herself of earthly connections, even if they've had some interest in metaphysics or spiritualism. The main problem is lack of ability to concentrate, to hold the mind steady on one idea at a time. In the Astral world a change of mind is a change of location.

A BORDERLINE PROBLEM SOLVED

We are reminded of an item in the "Enquirer" about the passing of the great Jewish comedian Jack Benny. Like the majority of the men of his race he was an atheist -- or at least he had no belief in or knowledge of life after death; so, according to a close friend who was with him in his last days in the hospital where he died of cancer, Benny was fearful and depressed. The heavy sedation was taking Benny back and forth across the Borderland in consciousness. To Jack's surprise a comedian pal from his early days in vaudeville, one who had been dead for over forty years, showed up in his hospital room and talked to Jack about the beauty and reality of life on the other side. So convincing was the vision that it gave the master comedian peace of mind and his passing was a happy event, for him at least. He had spent his adult life making others happy, for a few moments at least. This constant goodwill and loving thoughts from millions of fans was a readily available energy which the Teachers of the race could use to awaken Jack to the positive aspects of the rebirth facing him. It is this kind of "bank account" of good works which sustains the student on the Path.

WHAT MAKES JIMMY RUN?

Back in the early 1950s President Jimmy Carter was a Naval officer, a nuclear engineer in command of a nuclear-powered submarine. His goal was to become Chief of Naval Operations. His father died and young Carter and his wife returned to the family home in Plains, Georgia to attend the funeral. He was amazed to see the community-wide response to his father's passing. The old man had built a tremendous bank-account of goodwill among young and old, black and white in giving recognition to the peanut farmers' needs in the form of tangible assistance, mostly financial. It came as a shock to Jimmy, "If I died no one would come to my funeral!"

This revelation changed the direction of his life. No doubt a progressed natal horoscope would show it. He resigned from the Navy with his wife's reluctant consent, returned to Plains, and with her as equal partner, rebuilt his father's peanut farming, warehousing and brokerage business to an even greater community service than it had been before. That accomplished his driving ambition showed an even greater field of service, governor of his state. With this achieved the next obvious step was the President of the United States, one of the top public service jobs on the planet. Without consciously knowing it, Jimmy is preparing to place his feet on the Path which leads to freedom from the Wheel of Rebirth; and if he succeeds in living up to the ideals enunciated in his campaign, he will go a long way toward that goal which is ahead of all of us.

"A DIRECT LINE TO THE PRESIDENT"

County Executive Ted Venetoulis, head of the Baltimore County, Maryland, tried the "direct phone" soon after he assumed his office, to keep in closer touch with his people. He still remembers that first call, answered by himself at the suggestion of one of his aides.

"Hello," I said.

"Yes?" said a voice.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Who am I talking to?" the voice demanded.

"It's me, the County Executive."

"Who?"

"Me, the County Executive -- uh, Mr. Venetoulis. Ted. Ted Venetoulis."

"You're pulling my leg."

"No, no, it's really me."

"Stop putting me on, I don't have much time."

"No, honest, it's me. What can I do for you?"

"You can tell me who I'm talking to, that's what you can do for me."

so I can get somebody to pick up my damn trash, because if someone doesn't get out here to pick up my trash right now, I'm going to personally dump it on Venetoulis' head!"

"Trash? You've got a trash problem?"

"No, the problem I got right now is talking to a joker on your end of the line. Now, get me somebody that I can talk to about my trash."

"Oh, you can talk to me. Believe me. That's why I'm answering my own phone. I'm the county executive."

"In that case get your ass over here and pick up my trash."

After this and several other similar experiences Venetoulis has this advice for President Carter: "The most important rule I'd share with you on this matter is one we learned the hard way. Never answer your own phone during tax season, heavy snowstorms or after a major blunder by one of your department heads. Or, at the very least, be prepared to disguise your voice." (From the Washington "Post" and the Los Angeles "Times", Feb. 11, 1977)

HE IS INTERESTED IN HEALING

"I have your booklet on the Lakhovsky MWO, and am wondering if any later information has been printed in the Journal? As I am interested in healing. I have a sick wife, stomach, etc."

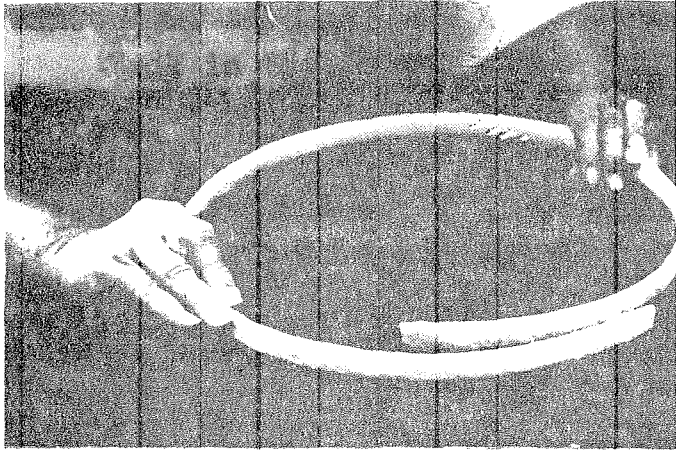
We really have little to add to the information and cases in the MWO brochure. Build or buy yourself a high-frequency Tesla Coil and set up your own research program, if you want to prove that soft radio waves have a beneficial effect on living tissue, and that the cellular activity of the body can be upgraded.

"I note on page 63 of 'Waves That Heal' that 'oscillating circuits had to be made precisely'. Do you have Lakhovsky directions for same? I have his 'Secret of Life' but dont notice any precise directions on this. I have tried some without results."

M.R.R., Indianapolis, Indiana

If you are talking about what we call Lakhovsky Loops, single or double loops of stranded, flexible, insulated copper wire to be worn around ankle, wrist, throat, chest or abdomen -- no, there are no precise directions because of the variations in peoples' sizes. Any metal wire loop will oscillate to body and atmospheric vibrations -- as long as the bare ends of the wire dont touch and short out the coil. This is why we recommend insulated, standard lamp cord; and the loops are usually worn under the clothing, against the bare skin.

A much more powerful coil Loop can be made out of flat steel band, flexible enough to bend round the body easily, and tight wound with insulated, solid copper wire, #18, #19, #20 or even lamp cord.



THE FER MAGNETIC LOOP

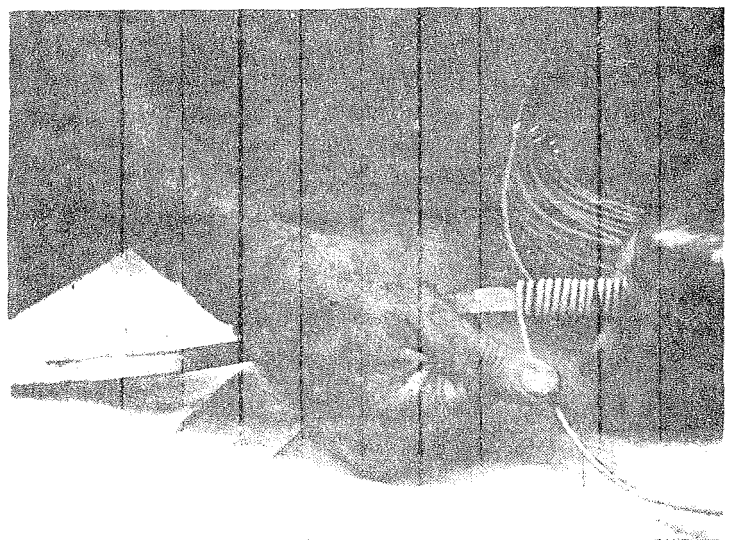
Associate Richard Fer of Los Angeles has come up with this wire-wound coil or Loop which is much more powerful than the Lakhovsky version, because it creates a permanent, measurable oscillating field! He bought a 36 inch spring steel ribbon, 1/2 inch wide, at the hardware store and hammered it into a permanent loop on the horn of an anvil, as shown here at left. This can be easily

opened up and slipped around the waist, and holds itself in place because of its natural clamping quality.

After shaping his Loop into a permanent curve, Fer wound it tight-wound with #19 enameled magnet wire, and covered the windings with white tape. He found, after putting it on, that he could stand to wear it only five or ten minutes. The charge of extra energy in his aura became uncomfortable.

We pulled the ends apart and applied a magnetometer to one end. The needle moved quickly to the stop pin on the upper end of the scale! That was the South Pole. We moved the magnetometer to the other end of the Loop. The needle "bent the pin" on the other end of the scale. That was the North Pole! We placed the magnetometer at the middle of the Loop, no movement. There was the Bolch Wall as described in Davis and Rawls' books. Fer had created a true, permanent electro-magnet, with only atmospheric electricity for power.

Your editor finds that he can wear this magnetic Loop for an hour or more and not be aware of it, except for the fact that if he is tired when he puts it on, it seems to give a sustaining energy to the system. At right, winding a Magnetic Loop of #14 wire (because we had plenty of it) on a 1/2 inch ribbon of soft steel, the throw-away kind used to bind shipping cartons, which can be obtained from any home appliance store. This Loop will not hold itself in place; so if you make one you'll have to figure out some way of holding it in place when conducting a research program.



1976 ANNUAL REPORT

		<u>BALANCE SHEET, End of 1976</u>	
Receipts from Book Sales, Memberships, Donations..	\$11,763.53	Current Assets:	
Cost of goods sold	<u>4,848.73</u>	Cash on hand	632.20
Gross Profit	\$6,914.80	Inventory	<u>5240.80</u>
			5873.00
EXPENSES: Salaries, Taxes, Rent		Fixed Assets:	
Repairs, Supplies, Insurance,		Equipment and	
Utilities, Depreciation, Car		Furniture	2140.75
	\$15,377.90	Ref. Library	<u>2603.13</u>
		Total Assets	<u>\$10,616.88</u>
Net Operating Loss	<u>\$8,463.10</u>		

Current Liabilities:	
Notes Payable	0
Accounts Payable	
Rent	10,400.00
Accrued Sal.	63,890.00
515 Unfulfilled	
Memberships	<u>2,056.00</u>
Total Liabilities	<u>\$76,346.00</u>

Our gross revenue was up a little over a thousand dollars over 1975, but expenses were up over \$1500 from the previous year, which represents the continuing inflationary trend, with no end or levelling off in sight. All we can do is to gradually increase the prices on our literature to keep up with the increase in the cost of doing business and cost of living. We've decided to try to hold the membership-subscription fee to \$8 for 1977 -- unless there is another big increase in Third Class Postage this year.

One liability suddenly dropped to zero this year when Mrs. Meade Layne generously forgave and canceled the \$605.00 balance due on the Note owed Meade Layne for the "purchase" of BSRA in 1959. He wanted \$1500 for a non-profit organization which really wasn't his to sell, in our opinion; but, as the Yada whispered in my psychic ear a couple of years later, "This was the only way we could get you in!" Eventually Mrs. Crabb and I will have to turn this non-profit corporation over to younger, more capable hands with considerably more assets than when we assumed the load in 1959. The accrued salary and rent (for office space here at 1101 Bobolink) is a material measure of the "blood, sweat and tears" we've put into the Foundation in 18 years. When our stewardship comes to a close, how nice it would be if there were enough cash on hand to pay that off; but, if not, it can easily be canceled as our donation to the cause of borderland research. Meanwhile, we carry on the search for Truth; and 1977 promises some spectacular revelations in science, religion and politics the like of which have never been seen before on this planet! I wouldn't miss it for anything!

Dear, Mr. DR. Riley Crabb
Borderland, Sciences.
Research, foundation, Inc
P.O. Box 548 Vista, Calif, 92083

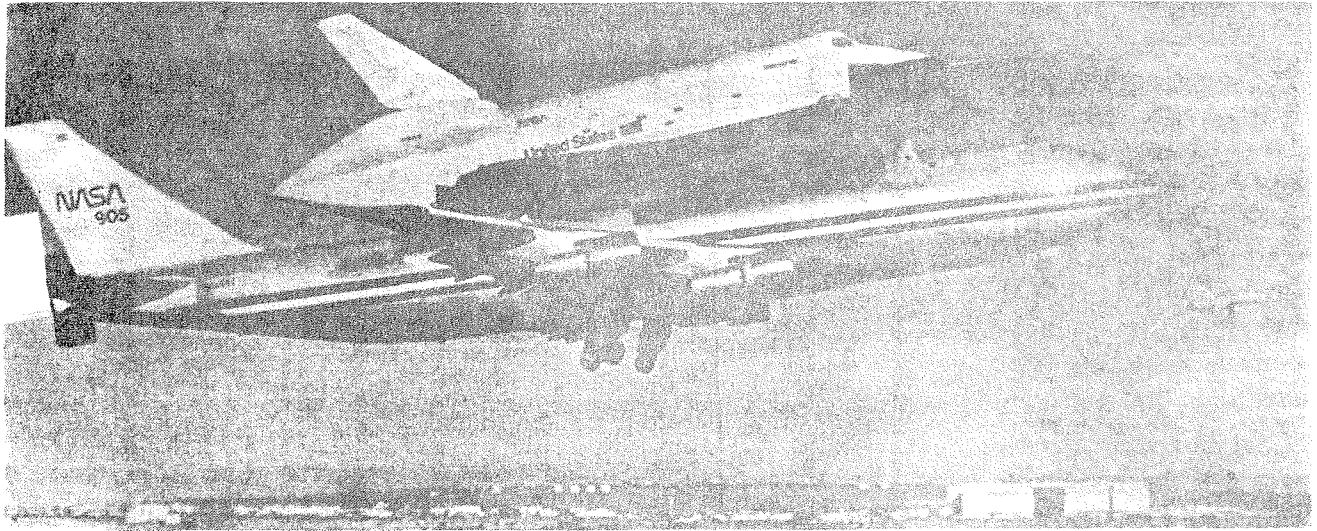
Can you give me some information about U.F.O, For a sciences project we have to do for school if, I get some more information, I can get a better grade in science plus, I would like to know more about what, I should know about U.F.O more then, I already know about it so, I can report it to the class Good By for now

Your truly
Debie Bell

We get perhaps a half dozen inquiries a year from school kids for free Flying Saucer material. In this case we sent a copy of our lecture, "Flying Saucers and America's Destiny", to Debie in Madison, Ohio.

SPEAKING OF FLYING SAUCERS! THE ENTERPRISE!

Could we say the Space Age is coming of age, when commercial travel in space is being offered? Here in Southern California the first test flights of America's newest Flying Saucer, The Enterprise, are being conducted from Edwards Air Force Base on the high desert north of Los Angeles. Star Trekians were successful in getting the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) to name the shuttle craft after the famous space ship or Flying Saucer of the Star Trek television series. Now the shuttle is being test flown



piggy-back on a NASA Jumbo jet, empty. By summer the crew will be put aboard for free-fall flights from the jet at high altitudes and dead-stick landings on Edwards runways, just as it will return from orbital flights around the earth. If all goes well these actual flights will start in 1979, rocket-launched from Kennedy Space Center, Cape Canaveral, Florida.

The payload or cargo-carrying capacity of the Enterprise is shown in this Garrett Corp. drawing of the shuttle in space, unloading a satellite for orbital surveillance, or picking up a damaged one for bringing back to earth for repair.

NASA is considering offering limited space on the Enterprise, say \$25,000 for a cubicle two by six feet, to nations or companies who want to conduct experiments of their own in weightless-space. This suggests even the possibility of paid passengers, such as Texas or Arabian oilionaires, going along for the ride. Of course they would have to carry their own life-support system -- which would make the cubicle crowded!



SUICIDE? OR POLITICAL MURDER?

Mae Brussel, author of "Beyond The Call Of Duty", has probably added No. 32 to the list of those who have died violent deaths because they knew too much about Watergate and the Nixon Administration involvement in it. (Reviewed in the Nov-Dec 1976 Journal) No. 32 is the late Mrs. Grace Garment "wife of Richard M. Nixon's one-time counsel, found in the bathtub of a drab Boston hotel room Dec. 7, 1976". Her body was nude. There was no identification. She registered under an assumed name; so it lay, unidentified for seven weeks, in a Boston morgue.

"She took her own life Dec. 3 at the Hotel Essex upon arrival from New York," said Dr. George W. Curtis, medical examiner, but he would not tell how she had died. Leonard Garment is now U.S. representative to the United Nations Human Rights Commission. Police issued a 13-state alarm after he notified them of his wife's disappearance Dec. 3 from the Pennsylvania Station. "She had been depressed and spent the last eight weeks before her death except a few days with her family in the Payne Whitney sanitarium. . . Garment was Nixon's counsel during the Watergate investigation. He became a partner in the Nixon law firm in Manhattan and worked there until 1969." (AP & LA "Times" 1/27/77)

There seems to be no end to the murders spawned by the Nixon Presidency; so his karma continues to pile up at a great rate.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HEALER

"A beautiful six months old baby was brought to me for help. It has asthma so seriously it is sometimes taken to the hospital twice a day. I immediately began a healing ritual on baby Richard Jay Crabtree. Last night for the first time in his life he slept the whole night through. The parents are very grateful. I uncovered the cause of its illness. The mother has an eleven year old girl by a former marriage and hates her immensely, and tells her so. They fight and when this happens the baby has its asthmatic reactions. I have discussed this negative thought-emotion transference to the baby and urged the mother to love her daughter and share her love with both. It is obvious that the eleven year old reminds her of her former husband.

"Another woman, 38, who has a terrible history of complicated childbirths needs healing as she is pregnant again, but not by her husband! I sent her to a gynecologist as I don't 'prescribe for abortions'. Now I have a 70-year-old, love-sick man who is rejected by his playmate! He is not concerned about the sickness of his 70-year-old wife. He has the death-wish for her. He wants a young girl for a lover. I sent him away and in fact referred him to a house in town that advertises 'private entertainment'.

"Two well-dressed women came for a Reading, and stayed and stayed. When they left I heard a sob story about how poor they were, etc. and offered me a dollar. I returned it. Yet they demand the best of me."

Ms. G.E., Warrington, Florida

PROJECT BLUEBIRD -- AN APPEAL TO SAVE THE WEST

"As you know, the western part of the United States is rapidly drying out and dying. At this writing California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana are experiencing the worst drought in recent history. Unless we can break the present DOR-suffocation and reverse the drought tendency, desert development will become thoroughly entrenched by summer 1977. The consequences -- economic and human -- will be catastrophic.

"We are therefore asking YOU to help us in this battle for survival. Once the western half of the country is lost to desert development, the eastern half is certain to succumb also.

"We desperately need to build a more powerful and mechanized Dr. Wilhelm Reich Cloudbuster and put it in operation as soon as possible. This will require at least \$4,000 for the basic parts, including trailer. All labor will be donated on this initial unit.

"If sufficient funds are received, we will then construct additional Cloudbuster units to be located strategically in the West as required. If two people will contribute \$500; six people contribute \$250; and fifteen people contribute \$100 each, our new Reich Cloudbuster (code-named 'Bluebird') can be built and operational within four-to-six weeks. Please make your checks payable to: PROJECT BLUEBIRD, and mail to

Jerome Eden, Box 34, Careywood, Idaho 83809"

Seems to your editor that if Mr. Eden is as effective with a Reich Cloudbuster as he claims to be -- around his home town of Careywood, presumably -- the resulting rains would bring more than enough contributions from farmers in his area to allow an expansion of such a much-needed borderland project.

Nature is on the rampage, that's for sure. If nothing else, the extreme weather conditions everywhere are making citizens aware of their dependence on a harmonious balance of earth, air, fire and water to maintain organic life on the surface of this planet. Of course it isn't possible yet to awaken the majority to the fact that collective bestial emotions produce beastly weather; but at least the difference between bad weather and good weather is so obvious now that millions now are actually grateful for a change for the better! Such gratitude hasn't risen from the hearts of Americans collectively since the end of World War II.

Several times publicly during the war in Viet Nam we wondered what the karmic reaction to those years of self-provoked carnage would be and now it is here. This winter saw millions huddling and shivering in their homes, fearful of what the next "attack" might bring, just as we brought fear, and death, to millions of Vietnamese huddling in their homes under the threat of American bombers and troops. Will this natural chaos go on for another nine years? We'll have to stick around and see.

"RAINMAKER OVERDOES IT, RAIN, HAIL RUIN CROPS"

Caro, Mich. Nov. 20, 1974 (UPI) - "The rainmaker was so successful, farm Michael Reinbold said, that five inches of rain and hail came crashing down on a clear day. The storm ruined his corn, bean and beet crops and cost him \$37,500. And that is why Reinbold said he is suing Dr. Irving P. Krick of Palm Springs, Calif., a professional rainmaker who once served as chief of the U.S. Army Air Force's weather forecasting office.

"'We're saying you shouldn't mess around with the environment unless you know what consequences you are messing around can cause,' said Reinbold, a 30-year-old farmer who own 800 acres of farmland in this rich area north of Detroit. On July 11, 1972, the day of the storm, Reinbold said, Krick was employed by a group of farmers 150 miles away at Holland, who were reported to have paid \$60,000 for a rain-making attempt with silver iodide.

"'Neither me nor my 64-year-old father or his father had ever seen anything like that storm before,' Reinbold said. 'It was just this little black cloud that came straight at us, with sun shining all around.'

"When it passed two hours later Reinbold's crops were destroyed by five inches of rain and hail the size of golfballs."

Trevor James tells us that attempts at Weather Modification with mechanical aids such as silver iodide powder, blown into the air from the ground or scattered from airplanes, are unpredictable in their results and often produce violent reactions; whereas Weather Modification with the Reich Cloudbuster is more gentle and predictable; nevertheless the would-be weather modifier is always in danger of a ruinous lawsuit from some angry citizen with a legitimate greivance over a sudden turn in the weather.

The military madmen of the Pentagon in Washington spent millions on Weather Modification in Vietnam. Some of their attempts to destroy Vietnamese crops with disastrous floods may have been successful, but the kickback here could have been the raging blizzards which attacked this country this winter and spring. How interesting if a chemical analysis of the snow revealed silver iodide particles of the kind and quality released in Vietnam ten years ago. If such information has been developed by American weather scientists, it would be Top Secret. The moral of the story is: If you're going to do Weather Modification publicly, do it under government auspices and with government protection, where a taxpayers' suit may be paid with taxpayers' money!

WEATHER MODIFICATION IN 11th CENTURY TIBET

Tibet's great Yogi, Milarepa, studied and practiced Black Magick before remorse turned him to White Magick. His mother set his feet on the Path by demanding that he learn Black Magick to get revenge on close relatives who had defrauded her of family land after Milarepa's

father died; so the young man obediently apprenticed himself to the famous sorcerer, Lama Yungtun-Trogyal and quickly advanced to journeyman magician. Having proved his pagan powers by causing the collapse of a house and causing the deaths of 35 people carousing within, the cheela asked his guru for the Charm for causing destruction of crops by heavy rain and hail. He was given the Charm and ordered to go into seclusion to complete the lengthy ceremony. Now we quote from Evans-Wentz's translation of the Rechung biography of Milarepa:

"At the end of seven days I saw clouds gathering in my cell and lightning flashing, and heard the growling of thunder. I now thought I might direct the course of the hail-storm with my finger, and my Teacher agreed, saying, 'Now thou art able to launch hail-storms,' at the same time asking me how tall the barley would be at that time."

Not tall enough so Jetsun was ordered to restrain himself until harvest time; then, accompanied by another of Trogyal's strong young pupils, he returned to his home valley and saw a potential harvest "so abundant that even the oldest folk of the place could not remember anything like it. . . . 'Then I erected the apparatus required for the working of my spell, on the heights above the valley, and began to chant the Charm; but not even a cloud as big as a sparrow gathered. I then called upon the names of the deities; and reciting the tale of our wrongs and the cruelty of our neighbors I struck the earth with my folded robe and wept bitterly.

"Almost immediately a huge, heavy black cloud gathered in the sky; and when it had settled down there burst from it a violent hail-storm which destroyed every single ear of grain the fields. Three falls of hail followed in succession and cut deep gorges in the hillsides. The country-folk, thus deprived of their harvest, set up one great wail of distress and grief. The hail was followed by a heavy downpour of rain and a strong wind, which made the two of us feel very cold."

They found a cave and built a fire to warm themselves. Outside they heard angry voices, hunters looking for game to help celebrate the great harvest which now was never to be. "Oh, this Thopaga (Milarepa) hath plagued the countryside more than anyone ever hath done. See how many people he hath killed! And now this rich harvest, the like of which was never before seen, is all destroyed! If he fell into our hands at this moment, chopping him up piecemeal and dividing his flesh by morsels and his blood by drops would hardly suffice to satisfy our vengeance."

But Milarepa escaped their justified wrath to reform himself, and to become a great reformer of decadent Buddhism of the time in Tibet. Present day Christian farmers of America wouldn't threaten to chop up a luckless Weather Modifier, whether he used mechanical or magickal means; being more civilized presumably, they would take him to court. ("Tibet's Great Yogi Milarepa" according to the late Lama Kazi Dawa-Samdup's English rendering, edited by W.Y. Evans-Wentz, Oxford University Press, 1928, third edition 1963.)

A TRANSISTORIZED HIERONYMOUS MACHINE?

"To be brief, I want to get plans which would enable me to build an advanced Hieronymous machine, one that uses transistors if possible; although something else would do if the newer device plans aren't available anywhere. I have used an old Dr. Drown machine years ago."

E.J.N., Columbus, New Mexico

We dont know of any such plans, but you can write to Mr. Hieronymous yourself about the possibility. His address is elsewhere in this issue. In the latest bulletin from The International Institute of Integral Human Sciences we see that T. Galen Hieronymous is scheduled to conduct a PSIONIC Workshop at Concordia University, 1455 De Maisonneuve West, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3G 1M8, Saturday and Sunday, April 30th & May 1st, 1977 (20 hrs. of instruction, \$75 fee). Write to the University for the full program, which also includes Dr. Andrija Puharich for the weekend of April 2&3, reviewing his two-year report on Young People With Unusual Psychic Powers.

BODY MODIFICATION AND UPGRADING CELLULAR ACTIVITY

BSRF No. 33B - The Drown Homo-Vibra Ray and Radio-Vision Instruments. Here is the authoritative text by Dr. Ruth Drown herself, on the basic theory and operation of these New Age instruments for probing the interior of the body and for modifying undesirable conditions there. Included are the British Patent description and drawings of the Radio-Vision Instrument, pictures and drawings of the Homo-Vibra Ray Instrument, and the 80-page Atlas of rates developed by Dr. Drown in her clinical work in Hollywood. \$25.00

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