

ASTROLOGY-ANCIENT SCIENCE OR NOT?



# MYSTIC

MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1956

35¢

*True!*

Music Of The Spheres  
Phantom Truck Driver  
Telephone From Heaven  
A Passing Prediction  
Battle In A Dream

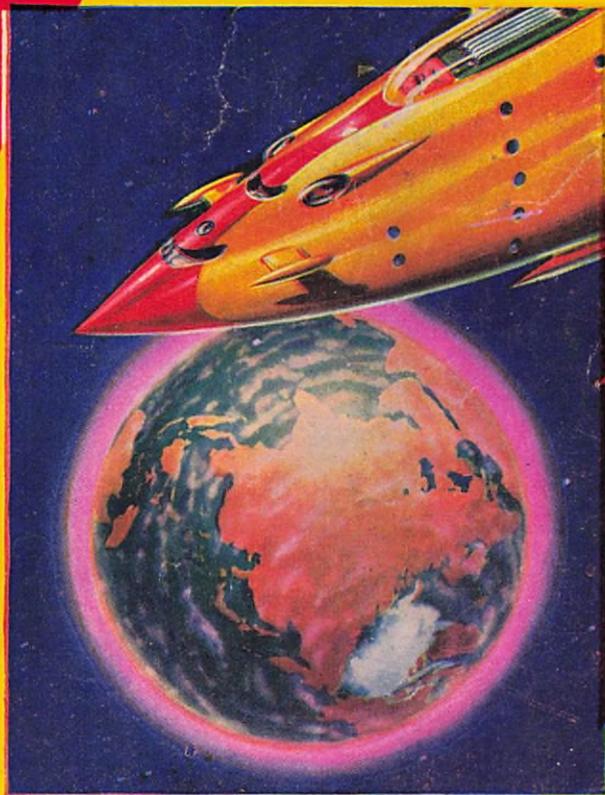


THE MANDALA

A Guide To  
POSITIVE  
THINKING



The Greatest  
Disaster  
The World Has  
Ever Known



The RESCUE OF ATLANTIS And LEMURIA  
By The FLYING SAUCERS

*By Richard S. Shaver*

Y 1956

Amazing True Stories, Articles, Features

Issue No. 15



HANNES FORK

JANUARY

1956

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**MYSTIC  
MAGAZINE**

Issue No. 13

Editor: Ray Palmer

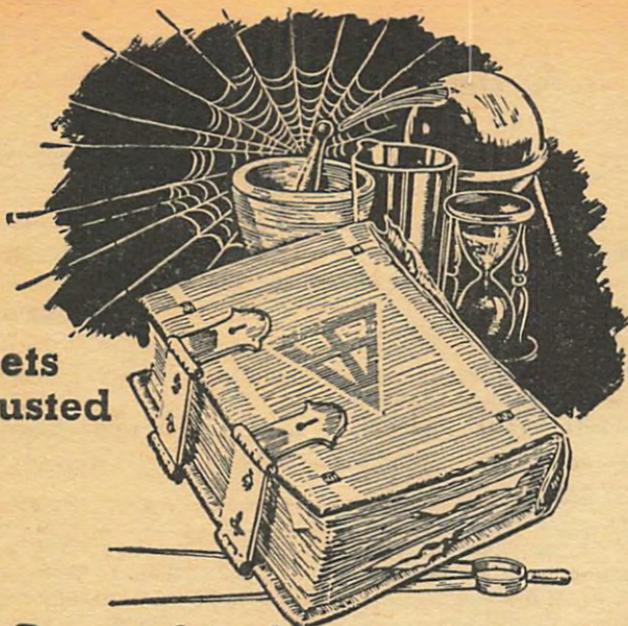
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entrusted  
to a  
few**



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THERE are some things that cannot be generally told—*things you ought to know*. Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of the *hidden processes of man's mind*, and the *mastery of life's problems*. Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

# ...Editorial...

WITH this issue MYSTIC begins its third year of publication. If the third year is as rough as the first two, it would seem that we are in for quite a bumpy ride! But, looking back, let's see if it has been as bad as it seemed . . . .

One of the ways in which your editor judges the success of his magazines is by the mail he receives. Not the mail from the bill-collectors, but the mail from the people who have just read an issue and wished to say something about the things they have read. When no letters of this kind come in at all, it's a pretty bad thing—because it means nobody was interested enough to write. If letters come in screaming about how “you've done everything wrong,” we begin to breathe easier. But if letters come in praising us, we feel quite smug. And even if the circulation figures don't show we are making money, we feel that with patience, we will get that too. However, the type of letter that makes us feel most happy is the letter that neither praises nor condemns us, but goes on (sometimes at incredible length) in

a purely conversational way, or rather in a seriously debating manner, discussing the subjects we have published, pro and con and offering sometimes quite profound ramifications in thinking on these subjects. When we get letters like that, we know that we are successful!

With issue number 12 (last issue), we received perhaps the greatest flood of mail in MYSTIC's history, and almost all of it was of the last type we mentioned. In plain words, we feel now that MYSTIC really has a place, and is appreciated, and will be followed.

In all the years we have been publishing magazines, we have felt one thing very strongly, and with the greatest of regret—and that is the conviction that *hardly anybody thinks!* We feel that it is a fact that the major proportion of the people who buy magazines (or books, or any other medium of communication, for that matter), buy them solely for amusement, and will *positively resent* being asked to think and even retaliate for being disturbed by a serious thought by determining not to buy the magazine again, and telling the

## MYSTIC

editor so! Anything that suggests another possibility might exist other than what they have been taught (and now know by rote) is called "outrageous nonsense," "fakery", "hogwash" and finally we are asked how we can present such stuff with a *straight face!* In plain words, if you think *differently*, even if only in a speculative manner, you are assumed to be aware that you are perpetrating a fraud, because you wear a "straight face"

What is one to think when he makes a statement, and he is answered by "how can you say that with a straight face?"

Perhaps we should call the thing that blankets thinking in the majority of human beings the "straight face." For fear that we will appear to be fools, and to reveal our "lack" of knowledge or mental "ability," we put on a wooden mask that hides our features so that no one will know what we are thinking, or actually, that we are not thinking at all. We freeze our features into straight lines, severe, inflexible, stony, uncompromising. We place our brain in a mold, fill it with concrete, and completely solidify it into "motionless knowledge." Then, armed with this battering ram, we go about beating "soft heads" to a pulp with the sheer weight of our blind acceptance of the status quo.

"Smile when you say that, pardner!" isn't so funny at all when you realize that the majority of the people to whom you reveal your thoughts insist that you reassure them you are "only kidding," by wearing an expression calculated to reassure them you *are* only kidding.

Just recently, in the news, we have seen some examples of straight faces that failed to slip at the proper moment. We refer to the clerical gentlemen who were tried and convicted of thinking when all they were expected to do was to parrot. Any deviation was branded heresy, and promptly squelched. Nobody set out to prove, logically, by thinking processes, where they erred—they only condemned, and forbade. No more of that! they said. Under penalty of the worst kind.

Well, in one way, we agree. Those gentlemen who disagree with anything, should not be a part of it.. And if they *really* were thinkers, no matter how erroneous, at least they would have the honor and integrity to get out of the organization they were so grossly offending. We don't feel that wiping off their "straight face" is an honorable thing to do. Anyway, let it be known that when your editor says something in MYSTIC, he *does not* have his tongue in his cheek, he *does not* have a straight face, he *does not* intend to mislead you, he

is not playing a joke on you, and he is not kidding!

Nor does this disqualify us from being "the devil's advocate" and taking the opposite stand for the purposes of argument. Even in that we are sincere. Nor does it prevent us from taking a neutral stand, if such a thing can be called a "stand." When we don't know the answer to a question, we're going to come right out and say we don't know the answer.

Recently we read a very learned article in *The Saturday Review* (which is a magazine which criticizes everybody and everything on Saturday night when it had much better be taking a bath and getting rid of the B. O. that clutters up its pages) in which the conclusion was drawn that anybody who reads stories of other planets, space travel, strange races, machines and gadgets of the future, supermen and so on are only trying to escape the "fetters of life." And that imagination is a sign of mental sickness. How excellently the authors tarred themselves with their own brush had obviously escaped them, but they made it very plain that they dealt in "realities" and that anyone who even thought of an "unreality" was quite inferior. Isn't it strange the colossal egotism that will develop with the acquisition of a Ph. D.? These "reviewers" had

obviously never read (except a hasty scanning when assigned the article by the editors of the *Review*) the subject they were to criticize, and so they knew all about it. Anything the "common herd" does is an aberration, due to his feeling of insuperiority, his sexual frustration, his libido, and the fact that he is inferior. It's Freudian and psychotic. If *The Saturday Review* wanted to know what made science fiction readers tick, why didn't they ask a man who's been in the business for thirty years? Why ask a "psychologist" (who in this case is a Professor of English in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, teaching future engineers—which is about as unrelated to the subject as you can get) to explain everything? What else can he do but psychoanalyze the subject and come up with abnormality?

Isn't it time that those who profess to have possession of true knowledge quit sneering at those whom they deem to lack it? Or are we expecting too much from the adolescent mind which has not yet realized that its knowledge is the "do nothing" kind of knowledge—that the unlettered sap with the hammer possesses more *useful* knowledge than the many-degreed scholar who couldn't hit anything but his thumb?

Isn't knowledge the ability to do, rather than *define*?

Perhaps we are wrong. The man who can *make* the H-bomb, has knowledge, but is he learned or foolish? Is he a genius or an idiot?

We can forgive an intelligent man for ignorance, but how can we forgive a learned man for being stupid?

Speaking of stupidity, the second article in the Shaver Mystery series in this issue explains (intelligently if not learnedly) why man on this earth possesses this seeming lack of intelligence, no matter how learned he may be. It seems logical assuming man to be intelligent that even after he has invented an atom bomb on paper, he will not build it. It is undeniably true that man can build a bomb that can destroy him utterly. Yet, we see those same men today going ahead with the building of such a bomb. *Why?* WHY? It is a question impossible of answer, unless Mr. Shaver is right, that our intelligence has been damaged, is not functioning correctly, is polarized so that right seems wrong and wrong seems right. The processes of thinking lead to the conclusion that the bomb can destroy the earth, so the *end result* of that thinking is the decision to *build* it! Exactly what Mr. Shaver wants to prove— that somehow, some way, our thinking is polarized, and tends to reverse itself in

logic. Every step of our thinking is correct, but the final answer is wrong! Some hellish mirror is held up before our brain, and its waves (if they are waves) come out reversed.

It's like the boy scout who starts out to escort the blind lady across the street, but before he reaches the other side, shoves her under the wheels of a truck. Somewhere, en-route, his purpose became reversed.

It's the same way with the bomb-makers. What was their purpose? Oh yes, to end war. But somehow it has come out quite differently. Now it is to end the human race! Not to benefit, as was intended, but to destroy.

Why?

Perhaps the reason Mr. Shaver gives is wrong. Perhaps his thinking is polarized too. But somehow all the weight is on his side, because the *condition* he describes, cannot be denied. Somehow our intent is reversed, and comes out wrong. The boy scout *intended* to escort the lady across the dangerous street, but he wound up killing her. And in his reversed thinking, he felt entirely justified, because, after all, would the lady ever again be endangered crossing a street? Of course not! Chalk up another good deed for today!

Your editor, many times, has used  
(Concluded on page 84)

# *The* **SHAVER MYSTERY**

**By Richard S. Shaver**

As Told To

**Ray Palmer**

No. 2

## **The RESCUE OF ATLANTIS and LEMURIA By The FLYING SAUCERS**

**I**T is an extremely difficult thing to relate what happened to me in any sort of "order," because I am undecided as to whether to tell it in its chronological sequence, as it happened to me; or to tell it in "historical" sequence, as it actually happened ages ago; or to select the simplest portions first so that you can grasp it more readily.

In the last issue of MYSTIC, I gave you the first actual bit of information I got from what I call the "caves" (because that is what I think they are), the Alphabet of the Mantong language. However, there were a number of happenings that should have led up to that, and by rights, I should tell them now. But

each one is a subject in itself, and should properly be treated as such. Perhaps it would be best if I just gave you the actual background, as I see it, and then amplified it later.

To put it briefly, the earth is inhabited by far more people than we realize. It is inhabited within as well as without. It is honeycombed with caverns to a great depth, from four miles down to many miles down, perhaps as many as twenty, I do know for sure. These tiers on tiers of artificial caverns actually present a living area much greater than the surface land area of earth. At one time, I would say, as many as *fifty billion* people occupied these caves.

In the beginning, two major races inhabited the caves; the Titans, those giants who were in the earth that the Bible speaks of; and the Atlans, a normal-size race of people whose name probably comes from the sunken continent of Atlantis, or more likely the legendary continent was named after them.

Actually, I do not believe that Atlantis, as a continent, ever sank. I believe, from hints given me by the thought-record libraries I've been given access to via telaug, that Atlantis was the *period* in the Earth's history when the Atlans lived on the *surface*, and that it was the people who "sank" into the earth, rather than the continent itself. Their likely home I think we would call Africa today.

But that was longer ago than the period I wish to talk about now. How the Atlans and Titans came to Earth requires a more detailed basic knowledge of the tremendous secret of space, of the dark worlds of space, and of the wonderful races that live out there. The problem of the caves today begins with a gigantic catastrophe that struck Earth approximately 20,000 years ago (or more—time is so hard to state definitely with no recognizable calendar to go by). It was not a catastrophe in the sense of a flood, or a baptism of fire from a sun that became a nova, or anything like that.

It was not a convulsion of nature, such as earthquakes. It was a very simple, unseen thing, that to the five normal senses was not actually happening. It was a subtle change in the sun, and the rays it gave forth, that caused the great catastrophe which made the earth the "Great Tomb" that it is called today by all the races of nearby space.

Originally the sun gave forth beneficial rays. It began as a cold world, one of the dark worlds, and as is always the case in such worlds, it possessed a thick shell of carbon, clean and pure in the sense that it possessed no mixture of the heavier elements such as radium, uranium, etc., which had collected at the center of the world as it condensed out of a nebula. Somehow (some thought-records say by deliberate action on the part of the mysterious people called the "sunsmiths") this dark world was set on fire, became a sun to warm its attendant planets.

For countless ages the sun gave off its light and heat and beneficial rays; but eventually the carbon shell burned away. The atomic flames began to consume the heavier metals beneath, causing atomic explosions, cosmic rays, outflung radioactives. These radioactives began to fall on the earth, poisoning its atmosphere, its soil, and princi-

pally its water. And the inhabitants of the earth, up to this time practically immortal, living for thousands of years, began to live a shorter and shorter life span (we can still read of the truth of this in the Bible accounts of the ages of the patriarchs of Gensis), until at last it became obvious the entire race was under a sentence of death in what was to them, almost infancy.

In the first flush of youth, their body cells were cursed by radioactive rays that caused the condition of debilitation we today call "age." This was the "great catastrophe" that came to the earth, unseen, silent, insidious, detectable only by such things as "geiger counters."

What to do? The answer for these ancient Atlans and Titans was to shield themselves from the poisons of the sun, and they hit upon the plan of going underground, miles deep, and constructing a whole new world of life in the darkness protected by miles of rock and water. With the air intakes filtered, removing the radioactive particles, they were safe. Or so they thought.

Within 8000 years, more than 50 billion people inhabited these caves, their civilization one of such mechanical and scientific perfection that it is almost impossible to comprehend. Everything was done by machines, built of metals almost

imperishable, built to last for tens of thousands of years (and they have!). Marvelous energies performed almost every miracle conceivable. They had rays that could penetrate miles of solid rock as though it were thin air; rays that could conduct sound, vision, odor, actual solid objects through the rock for immense distances, even completely through the Earth.

Then at last came the realization that not even here, in the depths, were they safe. Eventually their life spans would be reduced to the minimum, some 70 years, which is the time it now takes the sun to kill us all. There was only one answer—the planet had to be abandoned.

I have, in the past, told in semi-fiction form (although actually much of what I said was direct transcript from the thought-record of the mind of a man, an Atlan, who actually took part in the tremendous migration, and the attendant wars and troubles that went with it) the story of that gigantic evacuation of a world. You can well imagine how dramatic it was, and the confusion it caused.

It was done by building space ships, and with the assistance of races from outer space, who sent many millions of space ships of their own. These ships were the same as the now famous flying saucers of to-

day, which come, both from the caverns still inhabited and from outer space, although without the previous cooperation. Today the ships from space come not to help us, but to plunder. They come for the abandoned riches of the Great Tomb, of the vast network of caverns filled with machines, treasures and wonders. Sometimes they are fought off by the present inhabitants of the caves, sometimes not. Today, little remains unplundered except the most gigantic and therefore immovable machines and rays. Here and there in the caves, centers of population still exist, with the machines still in use—but tragically, after 12,000 years, these machines have deteriorated, not from use, or wear, or rusting, but from becoming radio-active, so that the rays are not the beneficial nutrients they once were (they are called ben rays, and give health and comfort and stimulation—particularly in use today are the “stim” rays, the ones devoted to sex stimulation, although much perverted in effect by the radioactive nature of them.)

At the time of the great migration, haste became an essential. Due to errors in thinking, caused by polarized brains, it was not realized to what extent the damage had been done, and how swiftly it was building up. Thus, when the decision was finally made to migrate,

there was little time left. Madness came upon many people, and they ran amok, destroying unreasoningly. Many of the flying saucers, built and half-built, never took to space because madmen destroyed them in ferocious wars.

It was inevitable that the migration was far from complete, and when it was all over, and the last navigable ship disappeared into the star-lit darkness of space, millions of people, both Atlans and Titans, remained, abandoned. They became known in space, whose people for ages shunned the area of Sol, now radiating radioactives fiercely, as the abandondero. The abandoned slaves. The unfortunates. These are the people, or rather, their descendents, who now live in the ancient caves, some of them mad, to plague surface people with their senseless play with the ancient rays and machines perverted to uses for which they were never intended.

A divided population has resulted—those gone mad from the effects of the poisoned rays given off by the ben machines, and those who have remained sane by careful avoidance of the machines, especially of the stim machines. The first mentioned are what I call the dero, and the second are the tero. One portion is enslaved to the principles of disintegrance, and the other still possesses potential but never able

to develop fully, the integrative powers of the ancient Atlans and Titans.

Down through the ages, a great secrecy has grown—for fear that the surface people, who, strangely enough, or perhaps not so strangely, are not as deeply affected by the sun's poisons, which have lessened during the past 5000 years, might discover their ancient treasure and invade their caverns, and deprive them of what little they have left. They do not realize that the very machines they so zealously conceal and protect are amplifiers of the poisons of the sun, thus making them even worse off than the surface people. We on the surface live a span of approximately 70 years. In the caves, the span is about 20 years less, and disease and madness ridden.

Today, the centers of population of the dero are under great cities, for obvious reasons. There ARE ways to contact the surface, and much of the needs of the underground people, such as food, clothing, etc, can be gotten only from the surface. Down there, they call us "meat people." Literally. Because many of those of us who disappear every year never to be heard from again become meat in the markets of the dero. Many times I have been shown over telaug ray, hideous deformed deros gnawing on a bone,

a bone that cannot be anything but human, as there are no animals in the caves. Some of these bones are those of fellow deros, some of unfortunate teros, captured in battle, but some of them are surface people—as many as 120,000 yearly in this country alone! Ask the F. B. I. about the number missing yearly, and never found.

Most of the tero centers are mere encampments, under open country. If you wonder why I live in Wisconsin, removed from large cities, now you have my reason. It's much more comfortable here, away from devilishly playful deros torturing with their rays for lack of something better to do; and there is the possibility of some protection and some beneficial assistance from the tero. For they do help much, if you get to know them, and they get to know you, and realize you are aware of them.

It has long been the dream of the tero to open contact with the surface people, and to eliminate the dero elements. The tero do want to come to the surface, and *many of them have*. They walk among you today, escaped from the underworld, but forced to maintain secrecy, even in their private thoughts (which may be read by a dero with a telaug if not carefully shielded). If discovered, death is almost certain, for the obsession

that the secret of the caves must be maintained is very great among the dero.

To help counteract these murdering ray-guardians of the secret, the tero have set up ray installations of their own, especially where escaped tero live, to bring instant annihilation to a dero who mans a deadly ray and fires it— by the simple process of an automatic “rebound” principle in which the fired ray is turned back along its ion track to destroy the weapon from which it came; or by imposing another death-dealing ray upon the ion track, and thus providing instant retaliation. This last, of course, does not help the person originally fired upon, but his murderer dies within seconds after his act. Thus, no dero ever fires such a weapon unless he knows the watch-ray (as they are called) are lax, or asleep, or out of commission in some way. You have read of persons burned to ashes in their beds, but the sheets not even scorched. These persons received a bolt from the caves. They may or may not have been avenged.

All so-called psychic phenomena (in my personal opinion) is due to rays from the caves, and it has been done deliberately to help conceal the truth of the caves. No one will search for a physical place to explain the mysterious things that happen, or are inadvertently obser-

ved, if he believes it is not a material thing at all, but a thing such as “spirit,” or the “dead.” I know that many of my readers will disagree with me violently, and many will point to all the things I say as proof of an “astral” or some such thing; that my caves are not in the earth, and that the dero and tero are the dead. I will never believe it! In my many years of contact with both dero and tero, none who have given me any real information have ever hinted it was otherwise than material. Nor has any ever given me information that was contrary to that given by others, no matter how distantly unrelated in time and space. Surely some of them would have expressed the personal belief that there are such things as spirits? Conversely, many of them have told me that spiritism, as such, is a matter of ray projection, produced as phenomena by their machines. A projection called by them a telesolidograph can be caused to appear in a group of spiritualists, so that it will both be seen and felt, and even more, heard. But it is not actually there; being only an image projected over a ray. True, the person seen is a real person, but not a dead one, rather a live one, a cavern inhabitant, acting out a play before a camera that projects his image, solidly, to the surface above.

But I will not go deeply into this subject, because it is more important that I tell what I know, and what I have experienced, and help to dredge up additional proofs, such as many of you have experienced and will surely come forward to present in corroboration.

You know now how the caves came to be what they are, and in the next issue I will deal with a biblical legend that interests all of us, the story of Adam and Eve, and their "original" sin. In it I will tell you of the two most important things in all the universe, the principles of T and D, or more properly Te and De. Integration and Disintegration. You will learn what they really are (and *supported* by Einstein!), and you will be given a picture of scientific accuracy not dreamed of when I first told it in the pages of *Amazing Stories*, in 1945, but vastly corroborated today by the world's leading scientists. It is a source of great satisfaction to me, to have the scientists now "discover" what I told in print ten years ago, because it is something I can *prove*. Those

old magazines cannot be explained away. To any reasoning person, their very existence should be a major proof of the truth of what I say—because if it is not, then I am one of the world's most brilliant scientists and have beaten the greatest minds of them all to the punch. Especially do I refer to the great Albert Einstein, who just prior to his death, advanced his final great theorem that gravity and electricity and magnetism are not things of themselves, but just manifestations in different ways of one single thing.

It may be that the years have dealt kindly with me after all. For what has been printed cannot be controverted, and all that remains is to point it out, re-read it to you. My only hope is that you will not decide that I am a genius (for I am not), but that what I placed down in words was NOT a product of my OWN mind, but actually came from the source I tell you it does; from a living people underground, who have communicated with me.

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# The MANDALA

## A Guide To POSITIVE

*Do we know how to concentrate our thoughts; to think with positive results? We all know the power of positive thinking, but how can it be achieved? Here is oriental Initiate's methods!*

“I wish I could try whatever it is that the mystics do when they talk about *going into the Silences*,” you may have heard somebody say wistfully. Or you may have said it yourself.

“But it sounds so deep!” the objector continues. “All that Meditation of Contemplation or whatever it is. You hear so many different names! You can't be sure whether it's all the same thing described in different terms, or any number of systems that sound vaguely alike.”

And in further disparagement, “Besides, from what I've managed to gather on the subject, you have to go through a lot of specialized, time-consuming studies to be able to do it—Meditate, or Contemplate, or whatever. Seems you have to study with some Tibetan lama or Hindu swami, and where on earth am I ever going to find one? And anyway, I simply can't afford the time!”

But that's not the way of it, not a bit!

All of us practice Reflection, Contemplation or Meditation — they're all synonymous — and we do it every day, perhaps without realizing that we're doing it.

When we're up to our ears in our worries, most of us get out of the house and go for a long solitary walk. We may explain that we want to “get away from ourselves for a while,” or we want to “think things over,” or we want to find a new perspective. But we're Contemplating or Meditating in the approved tradition all the same.

Probably every family has one member who habitually looks himself up in the bathroom, to the irritation of the others. “What's he doing in there all that time!” people gripe. He probably can't tell you because he doesn't even know himself what he's doing. He's trying to get away from everybody for a

# THINKING

By  
**Hannes Bok**



*Hannes Bok*

while, to "get his thoughts straight." People can endure each other's company just so long, and then cabin fever sets in. They've got to get away from each other, or they'll get on each others' nerves to a point where they'll lose their tempers and fly into tantrums, if not worse.

That's why the Orient always has recognized the necessity for Meditation and stressed it so much.

In the Orient, when an initiated person wants to think out his problems, he usually shuts himself away from others in a completely unfurnished room so that there will be no reminders of his daily routine and his problems to distract him with their presence. He sits cross-legged on the bare floor, stares at the blank wall, and lets himself go. He's alone, nobody is interfering with his thought-processes by rude interruptions, and in a while he comes up with the answers to what-

ever has been perplexing him.

No, he doesn't stare out of a window, because he'd be sure to see something that would let loose a flood of memories or associations that would throw his thoughts off the beam.

But it sometimes happens that our Oriental thinker is so utterly confused and harassed that he can't for the life of him keep his thoughts marching along in orderly file.

It's then that he resorts to a *mandala*.

**WHAT'S** a mandala? It's simply a pictorial device for keeping one's thoughts in line. Usually it's a drawing or painting based

on some metaphysical conception, in short, a symbol. When one's thoughts stray, he looks at the *mandala* which he's hung on the wall in front of him, and it carries him back to the source of his thoughts — gets him back in the groove as it were.

A *mandala*, then, is simply a springboard for one's thoughts and a means of keeping them toeing the mark.

We are offering our readers an example of a *mandala* as painted by Hannes Bok, a New York artist who specializes in the making of mandalas. (See page 2)

"This is only one example of many possible mandalas," Bok says. "There can be millions of different ones. I intend to devote my painting-career to producing mandalas on order, according to my customers' specifications."

One can use his favorite picture for his mandala if he wishes — whether it's a landscape, or photo of a friend, or anything else.

"But the trouble with doing *that* is that the use of color in a picture is distracting," Bok explains. "One's apt unconsciously to fall under the sensuous spell of the color and forget to think. Also, the subject matter of trees, hills, streams and so on — or a portrait — is apt to stir up old associations and divert the mind from the course one's picked

out for it."

He advocates mandalas drawn simply in black and white. "That way, there's a maximum of contrast," he says, "but no colors to intrude on the consciousness."

We suggest that our readers clip this accompanying mandala out of MYSTIC and paste it on a sheet of cardboard or heavy paper so that it can withstand heavy handling. Then some time when the reader is alone, whether baby-sitting, confined to bed with a cold, or any other such thing, we suggest that he prop this mandala in front of him where he can't help but keep seeing it — and just let himself go.

He should, however, keep a couple of occult laws in mind, because they are what this mandala symbolizes.

One of these laws is: *Nothing can exist except in relations to its opposite*. This is the age-old principle of Yang and Yin. Yang is positive, radiant, outgoing. Yin is negative, dark and receptive.

The human eye is so constructed that it cannot perceive light unless there is also corresponding shadow. If there were nothing in the universe except light, the eye would be unable to perceive form and the beholder would imagine that he had gone blind. On the other hand, if there were nothing in the universe

but darkness, the beholder again would come to the conclusion that he were blind.

You could not have laughter in a Utopian world without tears, because humor depends on a sense of the ridiculous or of disorder. Nor could you have a universe consisting solely of sorrow because if there never had been joy to contrast with sorrow, then sorrow would be the normal way of life and no longer really sorrow.

Stare long at something red, then look at white paper, and the after-image will be green. Put on blue glasses and in time the nerves of the eye will become paralyzed to blue; when you remove the glasses the world will look almost orange.

*Nothing exists except in relation to its opposite!* That's the first of the two rules to keep in mind when you're using our mandala.

Now this is not a static universe, as any scientist will agree, but a dynamic one. There's nothing eternal except Change.

Yang and Yin are not stationary in their relationship. *Yin is forever transforming into Yang, and correspondingly, Yang is forever in the process of becoming Yin.* Sooner or later therefore all dark things must become light ones, and all light things must be darkened. Laughter leads in time to tears, and tears in turn must lead to

laughter.

For those of you who have lived through unchanging years of hardship or sorrow, this may be hard to believe, but it's true nevertheless. Some life-rhythms are slower than others, that's all. The cycle is bound to come full circle if you'll only give it a chance and not lose patience and *despair yourself* to death. An eleventh Commandment easily could be, "Thou shalt not eat thine own heart!"

Remember too that Yin and Yang may be opposites, but they are not hostile to each other. *Each needs the other; without the one, the other could not exist.*

In using this mandala, take any two opposites you wish — male and female growth and decay, poverty and wealth, love and hate, right and wrong, strength and weakness, success and failure, or *your own personal problem and its exact opposite state.*

At a time when you're alone and when nobody can interrupt, think about them with this mandala before you. Keep the occult rules (as symbolized in the mandala) in mind, and let them guide your thinking.

We guarantee that the results will not only dumbfound you, but they'll lead to a change in your previous attitudes and therefore a change in your whole life!



## MIDNIGHT: JANUARY 18, 1956 —

*The following is one of the most interesting "numbers games" we have ever run across. We present it solely because of its oddity, and not in the spirit of dire prediction — for the morning of January 19, 1956 will bear its own witness, and the meaning of it will be yours to decide. But that you will be fascinated by this little "interpretation" of II Peter, 3:10 by means of number substitutions we have no doubt whatever. Let it be a lesson to you, one way or another!*

THE Bible is full of predictions, many of which have come true in a strictly literal sense. Increasingly, today, many sects are quoting the predictions of the Bible, and pointing toward the Great Day, the day predicted in II Peter 3:10. Various, in spite of the fact that the Bible says: "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the angels of heaven, but my Father only" the Day has been placed somewhere between 1914 and 1986. Consider then the following:

It is unscientific in any research, to begin with an assumption. In

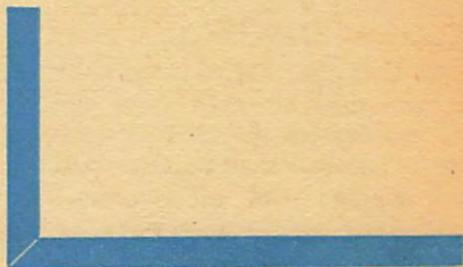
spite of that, let us begin with one—and depend upon our results to determine whether the assumption is in itself provable, or even logical. The assumption to be made is this (and it could hardly be a more simple one): Let there be a relationship between the letters of the alphabet, and numbers; i. e., let A be numbered 1; B-2; C-3; and so on, letting Z be numbered 26 as the final factor in the assumed relationship. With that assumption, we can proceed.

Two key numbers referred to in the scriptures are the cardinal numbers 9 and 13. In accordance

"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens shall pass away, with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." *II Peter 3:10.*

## — THE DAY OF THE LORD?

By  
Albert  
S.  
Smith



with the scriptures, 9 is the number of man. It bears a significance in our system as no other number.

In Hebrew, as in the Greek, letters are used for numerical values, in place of numerals. In Hebrew, ADM was translated to ADAM. The value of A is 1, of D4, and of M13. Adding these figures we get 1 plus 4 plus 13 equals 18. Adding these two digits we get 9, the number of man (the process of "reducing" all complicated numbers to a single digit will be followed generally throughout), and humanity. Rev. 13:18 states: "Here is wisdom. Let him that

hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six. 6 plus 6 plus 6 equals 18, and 1 plus 8 equals 9; or, 6 times 6 times 6 equals 216, and adding 2 plus 1 plus 6 equals 9.

We have the nine months of gestation, and there are nine perforations in the body, the self-expressing I is the 9th letter of the alphabet, the age of Jesus was 33, 3 times 3 equals 9, there are nine planets in the solar system.

Thirteen is a mystic number. All mystic orders are formed of

twelve elders and one head. Jesus had his twelve disciples. A well-known mystical order was formed in the year 1313 A. D. On April 15th, 1952 the peace treaty with Japan was signed, and went into effect 13 days later. On that day, the daily sacrifice of life in a brutal war came to an end. Is there a prophecy in the Bible that can be said to cover this? Let's take Dan, 12:11 "And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days.)

Taking the date of April 15, 1952, and counting 1,290 days, we come to October 29, 1955. But is this day significant? Dan. 12:12 says to be patient, to wait: "Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred five and thirty days," which is December 13, 1955, 45 days later.

Let's stop in our little game and notice how the number 9 is so significant in the stated date. The 45 days from 10/29 to 12/13: 4 plus 5 equals 9. From 10/29 to the end of the year, 63 days: 6 plus 3 equals 9. December 13 to the end of the year is 18 days; 1 plus 8 equals 9. Throw in the first 18 days of January (why? we'll number it out for you later!) and we have another 9. The total of the last 18 days of December and the first 18

days of January is 36. 3 plus 6 equals 9. The total of 45, 63 and 36 is 144. 1 plus 4 plus 4 equals 9. And finally, from 10/29 through January 18 is 81 days; 8 plus 1 equals 9.

Here are more 13s and 9s; Matthew 13:9: "Who hath ears to hear let him hear." Rev. 13:9 "If any man hath an ear, let him hear." Strange indeed that the identical admonition in such widely separated books of the bible, written by different men, have the same chapter and verse!

Randomly, astrologers have been most universal in predicting some sort of major general change by the middle of January, 1956, due to their observation that four major planets are moving into new signs of the zodiac during a period of five months (another 9), which is very unusual.

Now that we've established our little file of evidence of the significance of numbers in the Bible, and that the chances of coincidence in such occurrence seem more deliberate than due to chance, let's take the strangest of all five consecutive words in the Bible on which to make our greatest play of number substitution. They are the words in 11 Peter 3:10, "as a thief in the-" "These are the 9th through the 13th words of the verse. Using our system of number substitution we

get the following: AS, 1-19; A, 1; THIEF, 20-8-9-5-6 (20 times 8 times 9 times 5 times 6 equals 43,200, and reducing further by adding, 4 plus 3 plus 2 equals 9.)

IN, 9-14 (9 plus 14 equals 23; 2 plus 3 equals 5). THE, 20-8-5 (adds to 33 which adds up to 6). So, taking the words AS A THIEF IN THE we get the numbers 1, 19, 1956. Apparently we have made II Peter 3:10 read: "But the day of the Lord will come 1-19-1956 . . ."

What about the hour? To determine this, we go on to the next word, night. Starting our analysis with our number substitution, we get the following: 14-9-7-8-20 (which added equals 58, and further added equals 13—the mystical number again.)

Why pick these five words rather than any others? First, because they immediately follow the words "But the day of the Lord will come . . ." and it is only logical to assume that nothing else can follow but the date. Second, the strangeness of the Lord comparing Himself with a thief, stating that He would come as a thief, in spite of the fact that one of the ten commandments forbids thievery. Was this inconsistency intended to draw our attention to the fact that He was conveying a secret message to us? Also, this is repeated in the Bible, in Rev. 16:15, "Behold, I come as a

thief . . .", which places emphasis on it.

"As a thief in the" has, incidentally, 13 letters, and thus the mystic number 13 places a definite hint on the letter that ends the date begun with the first word after the word "come." The word "night" itself comes out to 13 in our calculations, providing a double indication that the date has been given in the preceding 13 letters.

The word night is significant, because in our previous play on numbers concerning Dan. 12:11, we got the date January 18, rather than 19. Between these two dates is the night, and directly between then, midnight. Is this the hour? Midnight, Jan 18-19, 1956?

December 13 (again that mystic number!), 1954 you might have found yourself reading the Chicago Tribune, and laughing heartily over the tremendously publicized prediction that on December 21, 1954 the world would be destroyed by a holocaust of atomic nature, in which "the heavens shall pass away, with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." Fortunately, there was a postponement.

But since the event was so well timed with Daniel's prediction, and with our own results of Jan. 18-19,

1956, we might look again at the word "night," which means 13. The postponement might have been 13 months, and 13 months from December 21, 1954 to our own date might be significant. It would certainly justify Daniel's admonishment to the Chicago Tribune to be patient.

Who is the Lord? Christ is the Lord. It is Christ who is coming at midnight on January 18-19, 1956. Take the first letter of His name and the last two. CST. Central Standard Time. But what hour? Take the other three letters of his name, HRI. The abbreviation Hr, and the hour 1. In the first hour. Midnight, January 18-19, 1956. And what day is Earth's last day? Wednesday. Add its number values together, we get 99. 9 plus 9 equals 18; 9 times 9 equals 81, the same sum reversed, and both add up to 9, and further, 81 plus 18 equals 99. Wed. is the abbreviation of Wednesday, and also of wedding. Let's refer to Matthew 25:6 and Dan. 9:27 and see if we can come up with the same day and hour? Matthew 25:6 says: "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." Dan. 9:27, "And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week; and in the midst of the week (Wednesday) he shall cause the

sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consumation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate."

Another solution that pinpoints the date is I Thess. 5:2.

If you insist on maintaining that no one can predict the day, refer to Dan. 8:19 which says: "And he said, Behold I will make thee know what shall be in the last end of indignation: for at the time appointed the end shall be." An *appointed* time is not an unknown time. To confirm this: Matthew 24:37, "But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the son of man be."

Thirteen days prior to January 19th is the 7th. The central day of these thirteen days is Friday the 13th. January 19th the last of the thirteen days, is the 13th day from the end of the month.

We've already arrived at October 29, 1955 (from Dan. 12:11) as a significant date, so let's calculate the relationship between that date and Jan. 19, 1956. Let's take, specifically, the 13 days prior to Jan. 19, 1956: January 7th is the 70th day after Oct. 29, 1955, (7 plus 0 equals 7); similarly January 8th is the 71st day after Oct. 29 (7 plus 1 equals 8). You can carry this progression on through the

terminal numbers 9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16, after which the progression changes slightly as follows: the 17th day of January is the 80th day after October 29 (1 plus 7 equals 8, and 8 plus 0 equals 8); the 18th day of January is the 81st day after Oct. 29 (1 plus 8 equals 9, and 8 plus 1 equals 9); the 19th day of January is the 82nd day after October 29 (1 plus 9 equals 10, and 8 plus 2 equals 10). Or, taking our terminal numbers, 8-9-10 and *out*. The 19th day of January reduces down to 1, and a new beginning. The three last days are a solemn counting of the final knell.

To quote another book, and sometimes one more revered than the Bible, let's quote from page 93 of the United States War Department Education Manual EM 439, as to the interior of the earth: "The deepest borings have penetrated to a depth of scarcely more than two miles. What lies below is as inaccessible to direct observation as the interior of a remote star . . . Measurements in borings show that the temperature of the rocks rises about 1 C. for every 100 feet increase in depth. If the rule holds for greater depth, the temperature sixty miles below the surface must exceed the ordinary melting point of the rocks." We are standing,

virtually, on a ball of fire. Page 352 of the Manual goes on: "It is generally believed that the cause of a nova lies within the star itself. Over production of energy in the deep interior of the star results in expansion of the radiating surface, and finally in explosions which propel some of the gasses outward at high speeds."

11 Peter 3:10, ". . . the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat . . ."

The Manuel goes on to say the temperature of the Earth's interior is well over 5,000 degrees C., and the pressure at the center is 47 million pounds per square inch. Perhaps a hydrogen bomb could trigger this super-bomb to explode?

The letter M is the 13th letter of the alphabet. M in Roman numerals equals 1000. 11 Peter 3:8 says, "But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Is Jan. 19, 1956 the beginning of the Lord's "day"?"

Finally, on April 18, 1955 (1 plus 8 equals 9) Albert Einstein, the scientist who pointed the way toward the atom bomb, died at the age of 76 (7 plus 6 equals 13), nine months to the day of Jan. 18, 1956.

# I INVESTIGATED MARK PROBERT

By  
Traver Bornholz

*Many readers of Mystic have asked for the prosaic story of Mark Probert, to provide a background for their thinking concerning the Inner Circle. We present that story here.*

HAVING read of Mark Probert in Meade Layne's *Round Robin*, I was eager to see him. So when I heard he was to hold a meeting in Grants Pass, Oregon, I filled my car with spiritualist friends and headed down to hear him, anticipating another three hour siege in a stuffy dark room listening to quavering voices from a world where everyone attended lectures and concerts in marble halls in the company with their relatives and old friends, who had suddenly become cultured through the mysterious process of death.

As I had been told that the meeting was to be held in a house a mile and a half from town at the end of a long lane, I prepared myself for a farm house. I had my recorder in the trunk, not because I thought myself expert enough to op-

erate it in total blackness, but simply because it was my latest and most prized acquisition. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered the house at the end of the long lane to be a comfortable, modern home in the midst of a charming garden on the bank of the scenic Rogue River.

Lugging my Revere, which always leaves me with one arm slightly longer than the other, I made my way to the nearest door and found myself in a delightfully gleaming kitchen. There were people all over the place; very presentable, intelligent looking people of all ages, one of whom shuttled me through the crowd to our hostess, of whom I asked permission to use my recorder.

"You'll have to ask Mark," she beamed. "But I'm sure it will be

quite all right."

Mark . . . where was Mark? I finally discovered him in a group on the river bank. Mark Probert, a small, wiry, tweedy sort of man, who should have been smoking a pipe and wasn't.

At first glance it occurred to me to wonder how so much activity could be stilled long enough for him to go into a trance without a quick tap on the head. This was no out of this world character exuding ectoplasm at every pore, but a man with a broad sense of humor, a disarming naturalness, and the inquisitiveness of a small boy.

I liked him. It was no great accomplishment, as it would take a great deal of concentration and will power to dislike Mark Probert.

Here was no mysterious mystic, but simply a man who was doing something he had to do, just as I have to write, and others have to plant things and watch them grow.

He told us he had done many, many other things in his life, such as dancing, singing, painting and riding horses, but now he was doing what he seemed to have been born to do, and that most of the time it was a thankless, unrewarding job, but that he had to do it.

My tape recorder? But of course, if I could find room to hook it up. There were five others.

The large, cheerful, comfortably furnished living room was filled

with sunlit summer breezes. About twenty-five men and women, and two little boys settled themselves expectantly. Mark sat down at a card table with six microphones on, or near it, and Mrs. Probert, or Irene as everyone called her, took her place in a comfortable lounging chair next to him.

I sat looking at six very interesting portraits on the wall and waited for the windows to be closed and the blinds drawn. Much to my surprise this never did happen, and I later learned the reason to be Mark's teacher's refusal to come through in the dark. It was very broad daylight, and there certainly were wires, but not concealed, as they were all attached to our tape recorders.

After our hostess had checked her guest list and made certain that everyone had arrived Irene Probert proceeded to give the following introduction, which I have taken directly from my tape.

"I met and married Mark when we were both working in the audio-visual department of the public school system in San Diego, and it was about a month after our marriage that Mark started talking in foreign languages in his sleep. Having been a teacher in Citizenship I could tell that he spoke in foreign languages though I was unable to translate what he was saying. When I told him about his talking, he

just laughed and said, 'I'm just gibbering. I can't speak any foreign languages.'

"During the war we went to work in one of the war plants. After working there about five months the noise proved too much for Mark, as he was a sensitive though unaware of it. One morning, when he was in drop hammer, the band saw started up suddenly and he went crazy and started running. He had a nervous breakdown, and was taken to the hospital. They called me, and the doctor advised me to take Mark to our family physician. As we had no family physician I thought the most logical person would be a neurologist.

"As part of Mark's case history I related his talking in foreign languages in his sleep, to which he said, 'Oh, you just imagined that.' So I replied, 'Well doctor you just imagine we haven't been here, because I don't intend to pay you.' And with that we left. And you know, that taught me a lesson. I'd been seeking someone who could give me an explanation of this phenomena, and if a so-called scientifically minded man would give me such an assinine answer, it might be better to keep quiet about it, lest we both be put in psycho.

"Not knowing what to do I just took Mark home, and he continued talking night after night. Every night or early morning, he'd talk or

sometimes sing in foreign languages, and then one morning he sang 'Ave Maria' in Italian, and announced 'I'm Enrico Caruso!' Then one morning someone came through with the 'Strawberry Roan' in Spanish, and I said, 'Oh, the Strawberry Roan,' and he said, 'Red Horse.' Those were the only two English words I'd heard spoken by Mark in his sleep in all three years.

"About this time Mark spoke of these goings on to a watch-maker friend of his, who had known him long enough to be quite sure that he couldn't be pretending this knowledge of foreign tongues. It was this friend of Mark's who brought us into contact with a customer of his, a Mr. Meade Layne. After talking it over with us, Mr. Layne said to Mark, 'I think you're a trance medium and just don't know it, so if you don't object I'll come over Sunday, and we'll try some experiments.

"When he arrived on the appointed Sunday, he turned out all the lights, which we discovered later was quite unnecessary and wholly against the laws of the teachers. Mark sat there for a while, and said he felt as if he were losing his equilibrium, but then he snapped out of it, and it was as though a tremendous thrill went through his body such as we often experience when listening to beautiful

music. Then he went out, and was out about forty-five minutes.

"During this time a man came through who spoke English, an American who had once been an actor in New York. He told us that he was drawn to Mark because of their common interests and experience in the theatrical world."

Mark interrupted Irene here and said, 'Yes, on the stage, in vaudeville as a hooper.'

Irene then continued, "Yes this man, who called himself Mortimer Lingford, said he used to sing and dance as Mark had professionally. He is still one of the members of what we have come to refer to as Mark's Inner Circle."

"After this we held meetings every Sunday for Meade Layne and one or two others whom he would invite. All of these meetings from the very beginning were based on discussion of scientific and philosophical subjects, as the teachers have never cared to discuss people's personal problems such as how they should spend their money or whom they should marry and that sort of thing.

"After three years of this the teachers announced that we were ready to hold open meetings, and I thought of the first three years when I had been unable to get one person to listen to or believe in Mark, and wondered how we were supposed to find enough interested

people for such a meeting. But, they just started calling up and asking to come, and we went on three more years holding small open meetings in our home.

"Next the teachers announced that we were to start travelling. You know, just like that! Just as if we had the means to travel. But before we knew it people began writing to us who had read about Mark in *Round Robin*, and first thing we knew we were making trips out of the city, and ever since then we've been branching out more and more.

"Two years ago Mark was writing a letter to one of his brothers in New York and I was downtown. Suddenly Mark looked up. Six of his teachers were standing right there in the room. It just about frightened poor Mark to death. He jumped up, upset his chair, barked his shin and bolted for the door, but they said, 'Wait, come back here. We are just some members of your inner Circle who want you to paint us.'

"Mark sat down and sketched them, and from time to time they reappeared until he now has these six pictures completed. There are seventeen members of The Inner Circle now and Mark has other portraits he is still working on."

At this point Irene proceeded to introduce us to the portraits I had noticed on the wall.

Pointing to the gentleman in the English clothes she said, "Professor Alfred Luntz about 1812 to 1893, a minister for the High Episcopal Church in England and one time professor at Oxford University." Arakashi was introduced as having been with Mark since his birth, a holy man who lived and died in the Punjab district of India in the 13th century before Christ. Ramond Natalli was presented as a one time member of the Royal House of Astronomy in Rome in the time of Galileo. Maharaja Natcha Tramalaki as having been born in 1848 in Dacca, Bengal Province and who died in 1915 confessing that he had found no answer to life that gave him peace of mind. Next Lao-Tse or Lao-Tzu a central figure in Taoism. Then at last she told us about the portrait that my eyes had never quite been able to get away from . . . that of E Yada Di Shi Ite.

Mrs. Probert explained that he had revealed that he had been born in the city of Kaoti in a civilization called Yuga or Yu, a civilization consisting of 180 million people a half million years ago, in the Himalayan Mountains. When he first comes through Mark he always speaks in his own language, and then proceeds in English. Once again I quote Mrs. Probert from my tape.

"We had an opportunity to go be-

fore a professor of ancient and modern languages at U. C. L. A. He said we could have forty-five minutes of his time, as he was getting ready to go on a vacation, but after he had heard Yada he became so interested he kept us five hours and wanted to know if Mark would stay longer if he would pay him.

"According to Yada, Mark and his Inner Circle got together before his incarnation into this life and agreed that they should help him teach what he had failed to teach in 1313 in China because of vested interests."

By the time this introduction was ended Mark began acting somewhat nervous upon which he explained to us that we were not to be alarmed if he grimaced or looked as if he were in pain, as he really was not, but was feeling only a sense of growing exaltation. Then after a couple of very deep sighs, a slight sucking sound followed by a complete transformation of personality into a somewhat oriental aspect, whereupon Yada came through bowing and greeting us in his own language.

The meeting started promptly at two, and we sat until six with one ten minute intermission. The last speaker was Professor Luntz who offered to go on with his discussion, if we cared to stay. Personally, I would have been quite willing to listen four more hours, but many

were out of town visitors, who felt they should start home before dark.

E Yada Di Shi Ite, first to come in, had spoken with us about two hours, after which we took a short intermission. I managed to have a smoke in the garden with Mark during which I was completely satisfied that being in trance for two hours had neither discomfited nor depleted him in any way. He was the same man I had talked to earlier in the afternoon until he suddenly made a grimace, put his hand to his abdomen and announced that he must get back to his post as the teachers were ready to return.

We all settled back in our seats and Sister Theresa came through. Being somewhat puzzled by her modern diction I inquired if she was St. Theresa, the Little Flower of Jesus.

"Oh, heaven help me, no," she answered in an awed voice. "I was just a common ordinary nun, a sister in Brooklyn."

There was nothing particularly profound in what she had to say, but she charmed us all with her sweet humbleness and delightful humor. She told us that she was 79 or 80 before she began to question the infallibility of Catholicism and explore other religions and philosophies, and was 84 when she died. The whole tone of her talk was that of a sweet old lady, who still had

some regrets over the experiences she had missed during her earthly existence.

She was followed by Professor Luntz.

With this introduction to Mark Probert's Inner Circle I invited him and his wife Irene to include Eugene in his Northern lecture tour and be my house guest. He agreed, and when the day came, I went down to meet him. It was a rainy night.

The train pulled in and disgorged its passengers. I got out in the rain and ran hither and thither, but could see no sign of Mark. Remembering the two lectures and some fifty people I had booked for him on my say so, I put down my head and hurried up the tracks into the night to where the chair car passengers alight. There at last I came upon the Proberts, Mark looking like a sparrow which had been pushed out of its nest into a puddle.

By the time I got them and their baggage into the car he was coughing uncontrollably and we had to stop at a drugstore for Kleenex and Ben Gay. Even after a hot bath and a cup of tea before a roaring fire, he didn't look fit to lecture the following night.

My husband and teenage son and daughters liked the Proberts immediately, and we all felt like old friends by the time we went to bed.

I want to say right here, that anyone contemplating entertaining the Proberts couldn't ask for more congenial house guests. Whether it's coffee in the kitchen or dinner in style with one's salad forks and butter knives on display, it's all the same to these two people who prefer a simple diet and interesting conversation to the most elaborate fare. And believe me, there's no end to interesting conversation when Mark and Irene are around.

There's only one rule which must be followed assiduously, and that is dinner must be over a good full hour before the meeting or the teachers may have trouble coming through, or fail to come through altogether. To put it explicitly, they say that Mark burps them out of his aura. I find this very interesting as digestive upsets in some degree seem to be a factor with many mediums at such times.

Our first evening's meeting was attended by a group of sympathetic listeners, all of whom had some background in occultism. Some of them were strangers who had come in response to the announcement I had placed in the newspaper, but we all visited like life time acquaintances during our short intermission which followed two hours with Yada.

The air of that intermission resembled a cocktail party more than a seance, as we talked over our to-

mato juice so animatedly, as if stimulated by something far more potent than the words of a man from 500,000 years in the past.

Returning to the living room we completed the evening with a two hour visit with Professor Luntz, which was highly entertaining as well as informative.

The following night was entirely different as the audience was made up wholly of skeptics with little or no background in the occult. I had persuaded two professors from the University of Oregon to join us, two from the psychology department and one from anthropology. They were very polite and very quiet, and left early because of previous commitments for the evening. As they took their leave I told them that they could have a closed session with Mark at the University if they or any of their colleagues were interested. They evidently were not, as I never heard from them again, yet psychologists are reputed to be interested in the workings of the human mind!

One very didactic young woman monopolized the next portion of the evening by arguing, or trying to argue with Yada to the irritation of many of the listeners. Yada's reaction to this heckling was very interesting, inasmuch as he evinced no irritation or impatience whatever but only the patience and compassionate gentleness one might have

toward a child. Some of us regretted that she left before we had a chance to observe how Professor Luntz might have reacted to her. Her remarks upon leaving was that she thought it regrettable that Mark Probert should pretend to speak for other people as he talked quite interestingly.

A young university student took up where she left off, but asked many interesting questions concerning science and religion which brought out a stimulating discussion with Professor Luntz and Yada.

Never having witnessed anything of the kind before most of this night's audience left shaking their heads and wondering why Mark Probert saw fit to impersonate others, when he could be such an able lecturer on his own. As for Yada, a man, who claimed to have lived 500,000 years ago . . . well that was preposterous.

None of them had stopped to consider the fact that Mark was still suffering from a severe cold, and had been siezed with an uncontrollable fit of coughing just prior to the lecture, and that once the teachers came in he had talked for four hours without so much as clearing his throat. Even a lecturer on a conventional platform usually has a pitcher of water nearby, and for a two hour lecture at the most.

Insomuch as children and animals are supposed to be sharper at judg-

ing one's true nature than adults, I found it very interesting that my children took to Mark the way they did. As a matter of fact my thirteen year old daughter became very fond of him and listened to both lectures. She likened Mark to Peter Pan insomuch as he would never grow old. She has never quite forgiven me for not wakening her to go to the station with us at 5:30 the morning of his departure.

The first question on everyone's lips nowadays is: "Does it pay?" From my observations I'd say, definitely no!

Any medium, who can bring through discarnate parents, who have even forgotten their children's names, gets three dollars per person, and Mark changes the same or five dollars a couple. The Proberts do not travel all the time, and when they are home their charge is much less and their audience is usually confined to the few people who can crowd into their small living room.

Personally, I agree with my daughter that Mark Probert is about as mercenary and practical as Peter Pan, and could never manage without his Wendy. Irene is practical insomuch as she maintains a staunch belief in the teachers' ability to keep them fed, housed and presentably clothed as long as she and Mark devote their lives to giving forth the teachings.

# ASTROLOGY

All our lives we've heard about astrology. We've read the daily astrology bits in the newspapers. There's a sort of fascination in it, and it is admittedly one of the most interesting and most read features of the daily paper. Many of us buy astrology magazines to find out what we should or should not do and when on any specific date. Not a few of us go to astrologers and get readings, varying in expense from \$2.00 to as much as \$500.00. In history we read of important personages consulting astrologers before making a move, such as a battle, a love affair, or even walking down the street. National destinies have been decided by astrology. Even today, there are many people in public life as well as private, who depend entirely on their astrologers to chart their daily course. But what is the truth about astrology? As is its habit, MYSTIC magazine tries to get to the bottom of things, to present them in as factual a manner as possible—and in this instance, it will try to do the same. In this issue, and following issues, we intend to investigate astrology, good and bad, and let the chips fall where they may. We'll dig all the information out, for your examination, and for your own personal decision. If there are any vital truths here, you'll get them laid right on the line! We begin with Hannes Bok, prominent New York astrologer (and author, artist and man of many talents we admire, and whose general integrity we can vouch for because for many years we have been doing business with him, and considered him a very dear friend). He will present a series of articles, in which *your* questions will be answered. You have but to address them to him care of this magazine. In addition, he will give us (in the future) little tidbits of information concerning prominent people. Ordinarily Mr. Bok charges \$2.00 to chart horoscopes, and \$50.00 for interpretation (by mail); but the information given in the pages of MYSTIC is entirely free. Your questions should concern astrology in general, not personal matters, or concerning other people, such as persons in public life. However, as a service to our readers, MYSTIC will gladly forward all mail of a personal nature, but cannot guarantee that it will be answered. And now, on to the test: let's find out what astrology's all about, with all the frosting removed!

# Ancient Science, or Not?

By Hannes Bok

"Aw, phooey on astrology!" I've had people snap at me with emphatic gestures of denial. "I looked up my birth-month in one of those astrology magazines, and none of what it said sounded at all like me. And then it forecast a lot of stuff that never happened. Phooey!"

I couldn't blame them.

Last year a friend of mine was given a music box for Christmas. Its lid was tastefully engraved with the twelve signs of the zodiac, and an accompanying folder obligingly gave a short interpretation of each of these twelve signs.

My friend sent me this folder with the wry comment, "It seems queer that everyone born in any month of the year is a Jim Dandy—all have admirable qualities and no bad ones."

You'd think that, if what the folder said really were true, wars would be impossible. But was the material on the folder *accurate*?

I object very strenuously to the Goody-good school of astrology. There are scads of astrologers who feel that they mustn't insinuate wicked thoughts into the public's subconscious by telling the pub-

lic anything hard-boiled, down-to-earth and, frankly, *true*. *Fill 'em with ideals*, seems to be their motto, something like the woman mysticist who once told the out-of-work man, "Stop worrying about your body! Go home and worry about your soul, and your body will take care of itself!"

There's nothing really wrong about this wishy-wash way of thinking, though it's rather difficult to be hungry and nevertheless stop thinking about food in favor of blissful soul-states. Without ideals and mysticism we'd still be back in the Stone Age.

It's quite true that if I warn you that you're liable to fall downstairs next Tuesday, I'll plant the idea so firmly in your subconscious that come Tuesday, you'll automatically proceed to fall downstairs through auto-suggestion (or, for advanced students of phenomena, post-hypnotic suggestion — there's more hypnotism on the loose everywhere, every day, than is suspected.)

Thus the Goody-good school of astrology offers only the good side of the picture, telling you all about

the wonderfully *good* things that are due you. Oh, fine! Like sending a kitten into a wolf pack, telling the kitten that if it just concentrates on beautiful soul-states, the wolves aren't going to notice it. *Forewarned is forearmed* definitely is *not* this school of astrology's motto.

I'm an unorthodox astrologer. I believe in calling 'em as I see 'em. When I do horoscopes, people usually plead, "Now please tell me the worst as well as the best — I want to know everything, good and bad both!"

Well, anyway, that's one reason why you can look yourself up in an astrology magazine and decide that astrology's bunk.

Another reason, however, and much more important, is that astrology magazines are in a dilemma. I was offered editorship of an astrology magazine a couple of years ago, and said NIX in no uncertain terms, because I didn't want to get involved in this dilemma.

Y'see, the Sun, Moon and the various planets are all scooting around in the heavens at different rates of speed. Not being a mathematician. I can't give you the odds on these various heavenly bodies ever exactly repeating any one of the skillions of patterns they form in relation to each other in space, but being something of a punster, I

can say that the odds certainly are astronomical.

The Sun happens to course through the zodiac in a year, so that it enters each sign of the zodiac on about the same date in every year. But the Moon zips around the zodiac in twenty-eight days — whereas it takes Saturn twenty-eight *years* to circle the zodiac —and Neptune takes over a hundred years!

Sure, the Sun is important. In male horoscopes it's one's body and one's means of self-expression. But in women's horoscopes (due to polarity) it means something entirely different.

The average astrology magazine, to keep the public buying it, has to offer something for everybody. Thus it concentrates mainly upon one's Sun position, and dispenses with the rest of the planets. (Just as other arts and sciences have their own cockeyed jargon which doesn't make sense to the uninitiated, so has astrology. We astrologers know that the Sun and Moon aren't planets, but we call 'em planets for convenience; although some astrologer-sticklers refer to them as the luminaries. Hi-Fi slang sounds just as goofy to me!)

Since the Sun is approximately in the same part of the zodiac on the same date in every year, it's the one "planet" which can be re-

lied upon. So the bulk of the astrology magazines concentrate mainly upon the Sun. If you were born early in June, the Sun (*your* Sun is in Gemini, and so on. (But what about your Moon, Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune — not to mention Pluto?)

Since each of the planets has an affinity for certain factors in your life, nine-tenths of your life is being ignored by the forecasts in the astrology magazines!

Nothing the magazines can do about it. They'd probably gladly tell you more about yourself if they could. But the only way they could do it would be to know the exact date of your birth — year, month and day. Due to differences in velocity, none of the planets ever are in identical relationships with each other on a later date. Sure, you can be born with your Sun in Gemini, and have your Mars in Gemini also — but more likely in Cancer, or Leo, or any of the other twelve signs. And what a difference THAT makes!

The only way you can find out where all your planets are located in the zodiac is to look up your birthdate in a weird little pamphlet known as an Ephemeris. It looks a lot like a thick time-table. It gives the positions of the planets and luminaries for twelve noon of each

day of the year.

Or (plug for the author) get an astrologer to do the looking-up for you; he can do it so much faster that it's worth a couple of bucks to have him do it.

But getting back to the astrology magazines, they have no idea of the exact birthdates of their readers. And probably no two of their readers were born on the same date, either. So all they can do is drop out all the planets except for the Sun, and base their predictions on the Sun alone.

What's the Sun? I think I'd better give you the keywords to some of the various planets, so that you'll know what the poor astrology magazine forecasters are up against, and what they have to leave out.

In a male horoscope, the Sun is one's Self-Expression — the way he tries to put himself across. (In a woman's horoscope, this is the function of the Moon).

In a male horoscope, the Moon is one's ego, or inner knowledge of oneself; the self that old Polonius of *Hamlet* was referring to in his advice, "To thine own self be true." (In a woman's horoscope, the Sun is the ego-pattern.)

Actually, in a male chart, the Moon is most important of all, since the ego is behind everything, including acts of heroism and self-

sacrifice. When I speak of ego, I don't mean vanity, pride or selfishness. I'm talking about *the self we know we are*, even though we're not always able to project or reveal this self to others.

For example, imagine a fellow born with Sun in Gemini. His self-expression no matter what, always will be somewhat superficial. He's intelligent and quick, but he's too interested in all sort of things to be able to stick to any special one of them; something of a mental gadabout, or grasshopper type of mind.

Now let's imagine he has his Moon in Leo. This means that he has the type of ego that can't stand alone; he's not self-sufficient; he's got to have the response of others, or he's wretched. Combine Sun in Gemini with Moon in Leo, and you have a bloke who's gregarious, outgoing, and restlessly flitting from one activity or interest to another. A pleasant guy, probably, one of the locker room boys.

Now take the same Sun in Gemini, but imagine that the Moon's in Capricorn. What a difference! Moon in Capricorn is a person who knows his real worth but is timid about trying to express it, lest he get hurt in the process. This gives us a person (when you add Sun in Gemini) who also flits restlessly from one interest to another, but

this time because he feels inadequate to cope with anything for any length of time — in other words, an escapist.

Still taking Sun in Gemini, imagine that the Moon is in Aries. This gives a "me first" type of ego which combined with the Gemini Sun would be a pushing type, hopping from one subject to another with the attitude of squeezing into the front of the line (you've met the type in Supermarket line-ups).

And that's not even considering nine other Moon-Types. So you can see that having Sun in Gemini doesn't guarantee that you'll behave 100% Geminian.

The location of Mercury in the zodiac on one's birthday is important, since it shows the type of mentality one has, and how he'll use it.

Venus, in a male horoscope, is "the ingredients of happiness" or all those things which make life pleasant — everything from effection, romance, music, art, colors, sweets to poetry, gems, social gatherings and theater-going. ( But again, due to polarity, Venus does NOT mean the same in a woman's horoscope. A woman's "ingredients of happiness" come under Mars.)

Mars, in a male horoscope, is one's morale, resistance to infection, and courage. Mars when located in some of the signs of the

zodiac gives great bravery and endurance; in other signs, just the reverse. (Since Mars is the feminine pleasure planet, this may explain why really feminine females — not the hard-boiled jeans-clad type of gal — like to weep in movies, or to be dragged to wrestling matches and prize-fights, complaining about the vulgarity of it all, squealing at the sight of blood, and loving every second of it. You'll note that most feminine-ruled nations go in heavily for this sort of thing — the Latin countries and their bull-fights are an example. It may also explain why a lot of women adore their big brutes of husbands who beat them.)

Sun, Moon, Venus and Mars mean different things in male and female horoscopes due to polarity. Thus when a woman reads a horoscope based on Sun in Gemini, for instance, she's not reading about her physical life at all — the forecast for Gemini will pertain only to her ego-life, or her inner self. Not unless she also happens to have her Moon in Gemini will the forecast make sense as to actual *physical conditions* liable to arise.

I could go on to give the keywords for the rest of the planets, but I'll let that slide for the present. If enough readers write in asking about it, I'll respond.

I think I've shown you WHY

the poor astrology magazines simply can't do as much for each individual as they'd like. Add to that the Goody-good school of astrologers who don't want to say anything unpleasant (which is like my not warning a friend standing beside me that a taxi is speeding head-on for him, because I don't want to alarm him) and you can see how many of the astrology magazines actually — without meaning to — are giving Astrology a black eye.

But to say that Astrology is bunk because of these magazines is pretty much the same as saying that all music (including Beethoven, Schubert, Bach and Mozart) is no good because you listened to hill-billy stuff and didn't like it.

Want to be your own astrologer? Don't say *No* so fast! Think a bit! Even supposing the stuff *doesn't* work (although it really does) think how popular you'll be at parties. Let me hasten to add, you'll be miserable at parties too. The last party I attended, I didn't have a bit of fun — I was rushed into a secluded corner where I spent the whole blasted night telling one person after another all about themselves, what had happened and what was going to happen, or at least what I thought was likely to happen. Astrology *cannot* predict any definite event. It can't

tell you when or if you'll get married. It can only say that such a time is favorable or unfavorable, and specify the factors involved. (Of course if you get married at an unfavorable time, I can pretty well predict the outcome of the marriage — unfavorable!)

And astrology is a wonderful excuse for getting to meet people. You see a gorgeous red-head on the street. You walk up to her and say, "Pardon me, but were you born in April?" She's never heard this line before. Pretty soon you're both having a swig of coffee or something stronger, and she's gaga about your description of Scorpio (it turns out she was born in early November).

I suggest you dig up a copy of Elizabeth Aldrich's *DAILY USE OF THE EPHEMERIS*. Maybe your library has it. I can't think of a more painless and amusing introduction to astrology. Or you might try Grant Lewi's *ASTROLOGY FOR THE MILLIONS*. The Lewi book has tables which enables most of you to set up your own horoscopes. They look frightening, but if you don't jump to hasty conclusions about them beforehand, you'll find 'em easy to work with. And what a book! It's the size of the average short novel; it explains what astrology is and why and how it works. It shows you how astrol-

ogy worked in the lives of Napoleon, Hitler and F. D. Roosevelt, and then spends the next two-thirds of the book telling you all about YOU.

It's interesting to note that Lewi forecast that F. D. R. would die in office (although his wording was that F. D. R. wouldn't serve the full term.) In one chapter of his book, Lewi presents a list of presidents who died in office, and gives the astrological reasons behind it.

I don't much know (nor care) about politics, but if Lewi's system is correct, then if Stevenson becomes President, he'll die in office! Read Lewi; be your own astrologer; Lewi's book enables you to set up the horoscopes of others as well as your own. Then do the horoscope of the next-elected president and possibly you'll have the ghoulis pleasure of being able to say, "Didn't I *tell* you that the next president wouldn't serve his full term?"

The Aldrich and Lewi books suffer a little from the Goody-good school of thought; they're trying to interest you in astrology, not scare you away from it. They're amusing, and not half so dull as a lot of pocketbook fiction I've tried to wade through.

But if you want to get down to brass tacks pronto, I'd suggest you get Llewellyn George's *A TO Z HOROSCOPE MAKER AND DELINEATOR* or C. E. O. Carter's

**PRINCIPLES OF ASTROLOGY.**

These are textbooks pure and simple.

The deeper you get into astrology, the more you find to amaze you — nobody's ever completely covered the subject, so you'll never be able to get bored with it. There's so darned much to talk and write about that I hardly know where to

begin.

Thus I'm relying on you readers to write me, suggesting what you'd like to read about. Of course I can't answer letters personally, but I'll try my best to answer them in these columns.

Meanwhile, have a nice Venus conjunct Sun trine Moon!

THE END

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# IT HAPPENED TO ME...

*From time to time MYSTIC magazine passes on accounts of true experiences from our readers. The following stories are given to us as actual happenings, and the editors are pleased to present them at face value. "It Happened to Me . . ." is just one phase of MYSTIC's presentation of evidence upon which its readers can draw their own conclusions. Names and addresses are printed, or are on file at the office of MYSTIC in the case of those to whom identification might prove to be a source of embarrassment or inconvenience. MYSTIC does not pay for these contributions, but presents them as a service to those readers who request actual happenings going on today, and in the lives of living people. However, a 48-issue subscription, worth \$12.00 will be given for each manuscript published. Send your experience to "Drawer 48," Mystic Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin.*

## THE PHANTOM TRUCK DRIVER

**T**WO years ago I was working for a Moving and Storage company in the Middle West. I was a relief driver on a semi-truck. I worked with the same driver, Frank Mason, the entire two years.

It was a good job and it paid well, but three months ago when we made a trip to California I was offered a job that paid consider-

ably more money and I took it.

I had been on my new job about three weeks when one afternoon I had to make a trip to the bank.

As I was crossing Highway 101, which goes through the center of our town, the truck I had worked on back in the Middle West pulled up at the light and stopped. Frank Mason was driving.

I climbed into the cab and he

pulled around the corner off the crowded highway where we could talk.

We talked about twenty minutes and then as he was behind in his schedule I got out of the cab onto the sidewalk so he could go. As he put the truck in gear he called out the window:

"Boy, you are sure lucky you weren't with me earlier today."

Then he pulled away from the curb, turned the corner and was

gone.

Five days later I received a letter from my former boss telling me Frank Mason had been killed and the truck completely destroyed. The accident had happened two miles from the home office back in the Middle West on the same day I talked to him in California.

*B. Karl Scott  
605 N. Monterey St.  
Gilroy, Calif.*

### MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

I know of a lonely looking cabin in the heart of Black Range mountains, of Southwestern New Mexico, 75 miles west of Truth or Consequences as the crow flies. However, it is not lonely in the sense you would understand by that term.

I go there when I'm nervous, disgruntled, dissatisfied, disgusted; tired of life and the work-a-day world, and find surcease from sorrow, sadness, sickness—not of the body kind—but just sick of it all!

Sometimes, but rarely, the first two or three days there I'm restless. Want to get out and go back to the mad turmoil and strife of the world.

The proper thing to begin doing then is to take long fatiguing tramps in the deep dark woods and rocky rugged canyons; and scale the surrounding peaks and look afar off

and down upon the vast expanse of Nature.

I gather great bouquets of wild flowers, climbing high, sometimes, for the fairest of the fair, though it might be perched precariously upon the edge of an over-hanging precipice, or rocky ledge. It will make me sweat sometimes, even in that high altitude. And my breath will come fast. But that is part of the cure . . .

At this particular time I met my rancher friend, Nela Inman, in Old Hot Springs (now Truth or Consequences), New Mexico. That's when my back was in a bad way (caused by a sacroiliac strain). He insisted that I go out and stay with him as I was unable to do anything, anyhow.—

When I'd been resting at the Inman ranch only a couple of days,

Nela insisted that I go lion hunting with him. I demurred on the grounds that I did not think I could ride a horse, and there was no use going afoot. But he said we'd take it easy.

That day the dogs hit a very cold trail, and could make little headway. We'd stop and wait while Old Abe tried valorously but vainly to work it out for the younger hounds. And when we'd stop I'd lie down on my back in a bed of pine needles in the sun. I think we'd been out about four hours and I was taking my fifth rest under the sunny side of a tall pine tree, this time on a high cliff overlooking a boulder-plastered canyon down which there was only one way to go—via horse back; and even then you had to know your Black Range to find the path.

The wind sighed in the tall pines with a doleful sound. Nela and the other hunter, Jonas, were talking in a monotonous though somewhat musical rumble as they sat with backs propped against high pines. The saddle horses, with reins trailing, were cropping the grass nearby while the young hounds were asleep. But Old Abe, still not satisfied, was sniffing on large boulders leading off down the trail.

Though I was lying on the ground in the bright shimmering sunlight, I was getting cold. (It was the

month of May and there were still patches of snow on the high, shady sides of the peaks.) I was not asleep nor was I awake, but rather in a comatose state. I could hear Nela and Jonas talking distinctly. However, the wind in the high trees was making the louder noise. Yet above it all—or under it all—though it appeared to come from inestimable heights and filter down through the pine branches, I could plainly hear ecstatic music.

I felt, rather than knew, that the moment I voluntarily aroused myself, or was spoken to, the spell would be broken and the music would cease.

If I try to compare this ethereal music to earthly sounds I find it most difficult. Of all earthly things it was more like the violin. Strings—soft, fine, low and penetrating, with never a quavering note. Nor a false sound. So clear; so vibrant. Straightway I thought: "The Music of The Spheres," recalling the poem by Alexander Pope, — *An Essay On Man*: "If Nature thundered in his op'ning ears, And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres—" What was the source of this music? From Infinite Space? Perhaps it was in and among the pine boughs overhead, though not of nor caused by them, nor by the action of the wind on them. Of that, I'm sure. It might have ori-

ginated in my own brain mind or soul. I did not then and do not now, know. All that I was certain: it was not of the mundane sphere! Rather of ethereal things, the most ethereal and supernatural.

Still it went on. Never higher nor lower. The same pitch and rhythm. But never tiresome. I felt that I could listen always.

However, with my corporeal mind and body, I knew Nela Inman wanted to be up and off down the trail; which led into Taylor Creek and his log cabin home. The sun was swinging swiftly toward the western horizon. But, he, in his ever considerate way, did not wish to arouse me, wanted to await my getting up of my own accord.

The music went on: over and above these thoughts, still separate and distinct.

It was weird, mystifying alluring, seductive, enchanting, wistful,

soothing, exhilarating, joyful, sad, harmonious, low and penetrating, inviting, beckoning, enticing—what's the use? I can't find words with which to describe it! It might well have been the music of the Sirens but for the fact we were in the heart of a Highland Forest a thousand miles from a sea shore!

With an effort, I arose. The wind sighed and moaned in the trees, while the pine needles rustled softly underneath. With a silence you could almost hear, the music stopped.

Mounting our horses, we went down the trail.

Of all the peculiar sounds I've ever heard in the dense silence of the forest, THAT music was the MOST peculiar.

*Roy Gay*

*Truth or Consequences,  
New Mexico*

### TELEPHONE FROM HEAVEN

MY husband had just been discharged from the navy for the second time and we were moving around a good bit trying to get located in a house and town which would best serve our needs. The children had been transferred from one school to another several times that year, and although they are honor students, were hard pressed to keep their grades up during this

constant changing of schools. At the end of the school term we found ourselves located in a large town in New Jersey. My folks are dead and had been for many years and my husband's folks lived in Illinois.

About two o'clock of the last day of school my son was called to the principal's office for a long distance phone call. The caller had asked for my son by full name.

The voice said "This is grandpa, did you pass this year?" When my son said he had, the voice went on to ask about each member of the family and then hung up. The only grandfather the children had living at the time could not possibly have known what school the children were in as there were several and he also could not have known what day they would be getting out of school. My son says he had just gotten his report card about an hour before and found out that he passed into a higher grade.

When I got home from work, thinking perhaps that my mother in law was ill, I called Illinois and spoke to my father in law. He stated that he had not called the school that day and did not even know the name of the school. Puzzled, I checked with both the principal of the school and the teacher who had also spoken briefly to the person on the other end of the wire. The principal stated that the operator had not come on the wire, but that the caller had said "this is a long distance call" and had asked for my son by name. The teacher stated that she had gone down with my son to the principal's office and had spoken briefly to the caller after

my son had finished talking. She said the caller had asked what kind of pupil my son had been and also some information on his sister who was in a lower grade. Neither principal or teacher seemed to think that the voice sounded in any way unusual except for a rather far away sound which they attributed to a bad connection and a rather hacking cough which the man seemed to have. When I heard about the hacking cough, I probed no more into the matter, for I knew who it was. My father died of cancer of the throat and for years before his death he had a hacking cough which was distinctive. He died before the children were born, but I guess he just wanted to hear their voice and to let me know that he was interested in them. The hacking cough was one of the things I remembered most about my father; and many times at the Chicago World's Fair when we became separated in a crowd, I would stand still and listen, and within a few minutes I would hear him cough and could go right to him.

*June E. Weidemann  
607 S. Jackson St.  
New Athens, Ill.*

### BATTLE IN A DREAM

**B**EFORE war was declared in late 1939, my husband, myself

and three children lived in a town that separates England from Wales.

We were a happy, hard-working family, my husband being a motor mechanic, the children all going to school. There was not a cloud in the sky—then everything changed. War was declared; being a reservist in the Royal Tank Corps, my husband had to report to his regiment at once. I was left alone, with my children. We slept night after night in the cold, wet air raid shelter, sirens going night after night—no sleep for weeks.

My husband went over to France with the B.E.F. a week after war was declared. He was in charge of one of those big tanks, not the modern ones. He was considered a very good driver. They were having a very rough time over there before the retreat to Dunkirk.

I closed my house up for a short time being so tired and worried, and went to stay with my parents way up in the Welsh hills, and my children for a rest.

One night I went to sleep; it was a wild night, outside the rain beat on the window pane and the wind howled. I was far too weary to let the elements keep me awake, after the continual noise of the air raids to which I had become accustomed. After being asleep a little over an hour I gave such a scream, waking up the whole household.

I dreamed I was out on a lonely battlefield in France; guns, tanks

and men lay scattered everywhere. It was cold and bleak; everything in my dream seemed grey. It was dawn. I felt that early-morning feeling as I walked amongst the men and guns. No one seemed to notice me. All at once a jeep took off with a rush somewhere, under cover of gunfire. After awhile it returned with two bodies; I could see they were both dead. One had his throat all blown away.

I listened to the muffled voices of the officers and men. I could not see the driver of the jeep. As gunfire flashed, I awoke from my dream.

Mother gave me some tea and aspirin.

Months after, my husband was on the beach at Dunkirk and sent back to England for awhile. I met the regiment as it landed. A few evenings later I heard the men talking amongst themselves. My husband related how he went out at dawn in a jeep to bring in two men whose tank had been blown up. One of them had his throat blown out. Every word of the scene he described was as I had seen it in my dream—and I knew now who had been the driver of the jeep.

*D. C. B. Groombridge*  
1101 Brown St.  
West Fort Williams,  
Ontario, Canada

### A PASSING PREDICTION

While I was awaiting an appointment in a beauty parlor a lady came in who read-the-cards. I felt she needed money; so had her tell my fortune while I waited; though at the time I had very little faith in card-reading as a channel of Prophesy. However now that I look back I realize how right she was. She told me that I was very happily married (This was very true) and would have the cutest baby boy within a year. At this I laughed; but just within a year my son was born and a beautiful baby he was. She told me that

my husband would leave me while my son was young. That there was another woman. This I didn't believe and never gave any of this another thought, but it came true. She said I would travel. This I have done.

I was a stranger to this woman. Had never seen her before or since and forgot the incident until it came back to mind years afterward and amazingly everything she said had been true.

*Imelda M. Young*

2062 So. Mountain Ave.

*Duarte, Calif.*

## SEER PREDICTS 3rd WORLD WAR

**T**HE days of Russia's Premier Nikolai Bulganin and communism are numbered.

That's the prediction of "professor of occult sciences" Madame Terfren Laila.

The 61 year old seer, who predicted Hitler's fall and Eisenhower's election to the U. S. presidency, declares World War III is just around the corner. In this war communism will be licked and Premier Bulganin killed.

She says the war will be fought primarily in the Far East and Russia. It will come about while Bul-

ganin is still premier and after Russia attacks a Western power. She implies only the United States would use the atom bomb in this war since "only the winner will use it."

While the war will be a terrible one for the Reds, losses on the side of the West will be lighter than in the last war.

"But it will be a short war," says Madame Laila. "I could give you the exact date and place it will start. But that would be too dangerous. It would scare too many people."

THE END



# How HOT Is HELL?

By

**Professor Oliver J. Schmarkaese**

**O**UT of Washington, D. C. on April 19, 1955, came another "release" on the dangers of atomic fallout. These releases have been numerous, and in fact, almost a deluge. They appear everywhere, in all sorts of "official" periodicals, newspapers, mimeographed forms, and even from the casual gassings of politicians speaking "off the record" in the local "Daughters of Christian Endeavor" meetings in the church basement. Just for the record, I'll reproduce the April 19 release, so that you may refer to it while I comment on it in my official capacity as chemist for the "Society For The Detection Of Over-senility In Precipitated Milk Curd."

\* \* \*

## OHIO SOIL "HOTTER" THAN ATOM "FALLOUT"

WASHINGTON, April 19—Total "fall-out" of radio-active material from all atom bomb tests is far less than the amount of "hot" stuff normally present in Ohio's upper foot of soil.

Daily tests by the Cleveland weather bureau of what falls from the atmosphere reveals the total is between 21 and 120 millicuries per square mile.

The top foot of Ohio Soil always has contained 1000 millicuries by comparison.

Isotope strontium 90, the part of radio-active fall-out which, like radium, follows calcium into the human system and lodges in the skeleton, constitutes even less menace to Ohioans.

Total registered after all bomb tests is about one-thousandth of the amount of natural radium present in the upper foot of the state's soil.

Cleveland weather bureau officials have been keeping track of radio-active fall-out originating in this country, the Pacific and even Russia, since 1951.

They place a foot-square gummed surface three feet from the ground. The sticky surface retains dust particles, even during rains. These gummed films are changed each day and mailed to the Atomic

Energy Commission health and safety laboratory in New York, where they are assayed for radioactivity.

During bomb tests in Nevada, the AEC maintains 89 stations, including Cleveland, throughout the nation. At other times, only 44 are kept in operation, including the one in Ohio.

In the foregoing we have a perfect example of the technique of using a truth to lend dignity and verisimilitude to an untruth. The truth here is that Ohio's upper foot of soil contains 1000 millicuries of natural radium per square foot. We'll concede the radium content of the soil and let it go at that. The second truth mentioned is that isotope strontium-90, like radium, follows calcium into the skeletal system and lodges in the skeleton. What they really mean is that radium has an affinity for calcium, and unites with it, so that when we eat food that has grown in radium-impregnated soil, we get beneficial calcium, necessary to good bone growth, and along with it, radium, harmful to practically all kinds of growth: and so with strontium.

Next comes the clever lie which is innocently disguised in the garb of truth: Isotope strontium-90 constitutes even less menace to Ohioans. Quickly following this

lie is another: Total registered after all bomb tests is about one-thousandth the amount of natural radium present in the upper foot of the state's soil. The statement is given the lie by the one immediately following it: Cleveland weather bureau officials have been keeping track of radio-active fall-out. At most, then, the conditions in Cleveland, rather than the whole of Ohio, can be said to be "kept track of". But the really big lie is the *inference* that there was isotope strontium-90 in the soil *before* the tests! Just like there is radium. And harmlessly so. The *truth* of the matter is that the radium was put into the soil over *many* thousands of years, a minimum of five thousand years, and more likely, fifty to one hundred thousand years. And its level is now 1000 millicuries (which means Ohioans are radiated *constantly* at the radiating rate "expressed in roentgens" of 1000 millicuries from the natural radium in the soil—and it isn't killing them. But the isotope strontium-90 has been put there since 1943, or a total of eleven and a half years, the *bulk* of it in the past two or three! And already it is one thousandth the total radium content!

But let's examine that figure a little. They say that "daily tests . . . reveals the total is between

21 and 120 millicuries per square mile." Millicuries of what? Radium or isotope strontium-90? Since it is daily tests they are making, to check the effects of the bombs, it must be logical for us to assume they are testing for isotope strontium-90, and not the usual radium fall (if radium is still falling. Again, what does this "per square mile" indicate? It's like saying "21 inches of rain fell per square mile." Twenty-one inches over the *whole* square mile, or spread out over the square mile. And if it's spread, what amount is spread? A foot-square 21 inches? A cube of water 21 inches by 12 inches by 12 inches? Can we take the quantity falling on a foot-square piece of paper and from it calculate how much fell on a square mile? Apparently that is, what is meant. But how much is a millicurie? Our dictionary tells us it is one thousandth of a gram. A gram is equal to 15.432 troy grains. A grain is one seven-thousandth of a pound, avoirdupois. So a millicurie is about .000022045-71428 of a pound. That much isotope strontium-90 lands on Cleveland per square mile, in a maximum of eleven and one half years and a minimum of one day. Remember, they change the gummed paper *each* day. They *could* mean each day.

But once more we detect a hid-

den lie, masquerading in a robe of (almost) pure white. In Cleveland the fall-out was 100th normal level. In other places it has gone to 26 times normal (such as Pueblo, Colorado). Or 26,000 times as much as in Cleveland. All in one day. How much *more* has it been in still other areas?

Let's go back to the natural radium content of Ohio's soil. What does it actually do to Ohioans? Well, it is responsible, say geneticists, (along with cosmic ray effects) for most, if not *all* of the mutations in genes that occur; the freaks that are born, the mongolian idiots, the hare-lips, the albinos, the off-color eyes, the slightest and the greatest monstrosity effects, the sterility, the loss of virility, and finally, the death (by what we call old age) of everybody in Ohio. We have statistics to show us all these things. Many more we do not even suspect, but geneticists can testify to the fact that they must exist. It causes all the "blood cell starvation" due to bone tumors, leukemia, and God knows what other "diseases" and infirmities and deformities. In short, it causes all the radium poisoning, which after all is the common term for what we've enumerated, in Ohio.

Now, however, Ohioans are going to be subjected to (already!) one-thousandth *more* of the same.

Which wouldn't be too bad if it was only going to happen to them on the day of the "daily test." But the fact is, it's impossible to get rid of, and will be happening to them *all the time*, as long as the isotope strontium-90 is still radiating, which goes on for a hundred or more years. Also, it accumulates in the body with every piece of lettuce they eat, and goes straight to the bones to join forces with the radium already there, to bombard all the red blood corpuscles within range! And the more tests that are held, the more these Ohioans will get. But in relation to the Puebloans, they are indeed fortunate, for their western counterparts will be 26,000 times worse off!

But the lying isn't over! There are dozens more radioactive isotopes, each with its own particular kind of deadliness. Among them is cobalt, the deadliest of all. A little of that goes a very long way! None of these other isotopes are even mentioned in Cleveland. No tests made for them (apparently). Radioactive iodine, which collects in the thyroid; radioactive carbon-14, which collects everywhere; all kinds of elements, normally not radioactive, now made deadly by the bad company they kept in the bomb-blast.

As we re-read the "release," we note something we overlooked on

first reading—the Cleveland tests have only been made since 1951, so the strontium fall-out in Cleveland has reached 100th the level of the radium content in the short span of 4 years. But we are still baffled to know if the increase is 120 millicuries *per day*, per square mile. This testing is so vague.

And the last lie, not even mentioned, but there just the same, is the lie that anybody knows anything at all about exactly how dangerous the radiations are. There are some scientists, very reputable, and among the best in the world, who believe it is already at an intolerable level, meaning that it will be fatal to our civilization's future generations. And if not, they fear mightily adding any more to the already existing levels. They ask that we study the facts, as well as we can, right now, to determine what damage has already been done and what more tests is likely to do, meanwhile ceasing and desisting in further tests.

Releases such as we dealt with in this article cannot possibly be anything but deliberate lies because of the fact that the positive knowledge that would make it possible to say the radiation is not dangerous simply does not exist, whereas evidence pointing to the contrary positively does.

Certainly the soil of Ohio is "hot"! And fearfully so. We owe

most of our ills to it. If you desired to "curse" a piece of ground, you could not do worse than to curse it with its present content of radium. Try to imagine what life in Ohio might be *without* that radium! Perhaps once more we might live to the nearly one-thousand year spans of the people of Genesis. Perhaps there would be no such things as leukemia, cancer, bone tumors, senility, debility, and many similar horrors. Perhaps there would be no "two-headed babies" born (such as in Indiana, no Mongoloid idiots, no cleft palates, no monsters.

It is very possible, if we disdain-

fully ignore the dangers (as this release urges us to do) we may cast ourselves out of a garden of Eden (by comparison) which will rival our original expulsion from that paradise. Will our children look back longingly to the paradise that Ohio once was, and curse the "serpent" of deceit that caused them to be cast from it?

We ought at least to consider the possibility, and shoulder our honest responsibility.

Compared to a lie, the atom bomb is puny. The bomb can only kill *us*, but the lie can murder all mankind on earth for all time!

## ARMY FIGHTS "EXTINCT" CRABS

THE armored combat training center at Camp Irwin, California has a wet, wiggly problem that can't be solved by looking in the book of Army regulations.

Heavy rains of August 23 turned the Bicycle Dry Lake into a real lake, right in the middle of the landing strip, and the water is populated by millions of what amateur investigators described as "sort of a peculiar looking crustacean."

An Army spokesman said the trouble is that their investigation indicates the visitors are of a spe-

cies which has been extinct 400,000,000 years.

Camp authorities asked the Los Angeles County Museum to send a scientist to determine the true identity of the water borne beasts.

The Army wants to know also where the crustaceans came from, whether the tiny beings came with the rain or had been imbedded in the lake bed, which has been dry as far back as anyone can remember.

THE END



# YOUR FUTURE

By Dorothy Spence Lauer



The year 1956 will be well-remembered for its earthquakes, which will be more numerous and severe than usual. If a certain large atomic bomb test is made, as is now scheduled, but to which there is opposition developing in high places, there

will be an earthquake in this country that will strike in a heavily populated area on the west coast. If the test is not conducted, or the earthquake occurs before the test, it will cause serious damage but small lose of life. This earthquake

*Some months ago MYSTIC Magazine undertook to conduct a series of tests to determine whether it was possible to see into the future via that strange power known as psychometry. Dorothy Spence Lauer, who claimed to be able to see things unknown to the average person via her psychometric ability, merely from handling some object belonging to the person involved, scored a very surprising percentage of accuracy, as reported to us by our readers. Accordingly, we have decided to allow Mrs. Lauer to conduct a new feature of this magazine devoted to her predictions of the future in store for the world in general, and to include any items that come to her through her ability that may be of more general interest than personal readings of an individual's destiny. However, we will continue to present our "chart", and if you care to, you can send it to Mrs. Lauer for a personal analysis. You will find details given at the end of this article on how to do this. We present this feature to you now purely for entertainment. We make no claims as to its accuracy. We leave the results to your own observation. We predict, however, that you will be constantly amazed by this strange ability to predict, and whatever your own personal opinion, we hope that you will be interested in what she has to say.*

should occur sometime between February 18 and April 6.

The artificial satellite being planned by our Government is not the only one being planned, the Russians having work well begun on a similar, though larger satellite. The satellite launched by our own government will remain in its orbit seven days and then will disintegrate. There will be much arguing among scientists over the information it will relay back to Earth, but the details will be kept secret because of what will be termed security measures. The real reason

for the secrecy will be the startling nature of the discoveries made, which will upset many an apple-cart concerning thinking about our atmosphere and about outer space.

The slow change of attitude of the Russian statesmen will continue, and the peoples of the Earth will grow more and more convinced that the danger of war is greatly minimized.

This will be a year of slow price rises in all fields. Food will be last to go up, but it will go up, and the cost of living index will soar to the highest level yet. You can expect

to pay from 5 to 8 percent more for everything you buy.

Strikes will greatly increase during 1956. This a year of great labor turmoil, and all of the price increases to come are a direct result of the general wage increases of 1955. There will be a growing dissatisfaction among the rank and file of union membership, as the big bosses grow more truculent.

This is a year of victory for Democratic Party elements, and much of the gain made by the Republican Party will be lost. Primary cause will be the great turnabout in the Farm vote. The farmer is in for very rough times, and many small farmers will be forced into bankruptcy and foreclosure. Others will give up farming in despair, and take jobs in the city. Large farms will continue to make money, and to grow, adding acreage bought from smaller neighbors sent to the wall by high machinery and feed prices, and low income on farm products.

Military aircraft disasters will set a record this year. Larger and faster craft will be developed, and one result will be more disastrous crashes.

Marking time will be the watchword of 1956, and many will be reluctant to venture into new fields, make new investments, or develop new businesses. Expansion will proceed very slowly in already existing

businesses. 1957 will see a sudden reversal of form, and furious development activity, but much of it will be in entirely new fields. Electronics will lead, and automation will become the great enemy of labor unions, who will fight for the guaranteed annual wage to combat the miracle of unmanned machines.

Important discoveries will be made on the Antarctica Continent. South America will be the scene of the greatest archeological discoveries of many centuries. Tremendous revision of ideas about the length of human habitation of the Americas will be made, and the supposedly infant continents will be shown to be more ancient, ethnologically than either Europe or Asia, especially the extreme western portions of the two continents.

The police of Portland, Oregon will solve a child-murder by calling upon the talents of a local psychic who will lead them to the body. A great deal of publicity will be given to the matter, and extreme ridicule will be expressed against the Portland police department for their "gullibility."

Although rainfall will increase, particularly in flash floods, drought will remain, and intensify. It will be come a matter for great concern by the government to institute a workable and effective plan for conservation, as well as for reconstruction of

# MYSTERY IN THE NEWS . . . .

## STUBBORN GHOST WON'T LEAVE HOME

**L**EADING Seaman William Hampson recently admitted failure in his efforts to rid the family attic of a headless ghost with hairy arms that keeps his wife and children awake nights.

Hampson, probably the first sailor ever to get home leave to exorcise a ghost, was granted it after he approached his commanding officer aboard the aircraft carrier *Eagle* in the Mediterranean and said "my wife is having trouble with a ghost, sir."

The Navy flew Hampson to Plymouth, England, his home, from Malta.

"I've been home on leave for two weeks and the ghost is still there," Hampson said. "That means I have still got the ghost keeping my wife Dorothy awake nights."

Dorothy, 29, who has the nickname of Betty, said the headless and hairy-armed ghost wanders through the attic calling "Betty." She said "two of the children, Dorothy, 7, and Tony, 5, have been bumped in the back by an unseen hand."

"The youngest, Jacqueline, 2 heard the ghost say 'Hello' and I

have heard the voice calling 'Betty' as though it was in anguish. And I have felt unseen hands tugging my skirt and touching my shoulder. It terrifies me."

Hampson, full-bearded in the tradition of the Royal Navy, said, "I haven't seen the ghost myself but I have experienced the sensation of death-like cold and its sultry closeness—and it has nothing to do with the weather."

When Hampson's leave expired the Navy reassigned him and he has been seeking a new home.

The situation was so bad that the Rev. N. H. Hanson, assistant curate of nearby Saint Peters, held a "blessing" ceremony in the house attempting to exorcise the spirit.

"Everything was all right for a week or so afterward," Mrs. Hampson said, "but then the trouble got worse than ever."

\* \* \*

## STRANGE DEATH OF A PEACH TREE

**W**HAT WAS it that fell out of the sky to kill the little peach tree Edward Mootz had so carefully nurtured in his side yard?

That problem has Mr. Mootz, who owns a handsome estate just

off Sycamore Street Hill in Cincinnati, Ohio tossing in his sleep.

It all started early in the evening on July 22. It was a hot day and Mr. Mootz had waited for the cool of the early evening to mow his terraced lawn at 440 Boal St. He estimated that the time must have been between 5:30 and 6:30 p. m.

Mr. Mootz first noticed that something unnatural was occurring when he was down on his knees near the peach tree. "All of a sudden," he recalled, "a peculiar liquid substance, dark red in color and feeling somewhat oily, began pelting me and the tree.

"I looked up and hanging directly over me about 1000 feet in the air was the strangest cloud I had ever seen. It wasn't a big cloud but it certainly did have odd colors. It was dark green, red and pink. The red in it matched the color of the substance which hit me and the tree. I could see that whatever it was that was raining down on me was coming from that cloud.

"I watched the cloud for a minute trying to figure it out and then my bare arms and hands where the drops had hit me began to burn. They really hurt, too. It felt like I had put turpentine on an open cut. I ran for the house and washed it off real good with strong soap and hot water."

Concerned only with washing off

the burning drops, Mr. Mootz didn't even wonder how the tree might have fared. But the next morning when he stepped out in his yard he was stunned. The tree had died overnight.

The day before it had been a healthy young tree over six feet tall. Mr. Mootz estimated that it had a "good peck" of young peaches on it. Still green, the peaches were about the size of a chicken egg.

*OVERNIGHT* most of its leaves had turned brown and fallen off. The healthy young peaches had shriveled up to the size of the stones inside of them. The twigs and limbs were brown and brittle as if the tree had frozen to its roots. The main trunk of the tree had shriveled also and had become so hard that Mr. Mootz had difficulty driving a nail in it.

On the side of the tree which bore the brunt of the miasmatic shower, the leaves not only died but fell completely off. They died just as completely on the other side but they remained attached to the twigs.

The grass was killed where the drops sifted down through the tree to the ground.

Mr. Mootz has been growing shrubs and bushes and trees for many years but he contends that he has never seen a plant die so fast. "I've seen plenty of them

killed by insects, disease and poor care," he explained, "but it takes a while for them to die. I never heard of anything that could kill a plant within 12 hours."

*NO ONE* can tell him that his peach tree died of anything other than that strange, red shower. Whatever it was," he contends, "it killed my tree. Some of my friends have suggested that an airplane dropped jet fuel on my tree. But it wasn't that. There wasn't an airplane in the sky. I know. I looked for one. Furthermore, that cloud was the only cloud in the sky."

Mr. Mootz also puts no stock in the theory that the cloud was produced by some chemical plant and drifted over his yard to drop its red death. "I've lived here for 15 years," he said, "and it's never happened before. I've never even seen a cloud like that before and I'm 59 years old now. Besides, I don't think I live near enough to any kind of plant that might produce such a cloud for it to drift over my land."

Mr. Mootz believes that the most ridiculous theory yet advanced is that a flying saucer was hidden in the cloud. "That's silly," he said. "That cloud wasn't big enough to hide a flying saucer if there are such things. Besides, it wasn't controlled. I watched it for a long time from the house and it

was drifting with the wind. I watched it until it drifted out of my sight over toward Eden Park. No, it definitely wasn't controlled."

He doesn't know how or why, but Mr. Mootz believes that the cloud somehow is connected with the atomic bomb tests which were conducted in Nevada some time ago.

"You hear a lot of talk about fall-out," he said "Maybe this was part of it. That's the only thing I can think of. But I do know one thing. Whatever that stuff was, someone should put it on the market as a weed killer. Those weeds under that little peach tree died just as fast as the tree and the grass did."

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#### EINSTEIN AND 7 SEE EXTINCTION IN AN H-WAR

The late Albert Einstein and seven other eminent scientists said in a joint appeal published on July 9, 1955 that mankind must abolish war or face the risk of extinction by "slow torture" from radioactive dust and rain.

The warning against the nuclear weapons which these scientists helped to make was revealed by British philosopher-mathematician Bertrand Russell, 83-year-old one-time pacifist.

Russell, who six years ago said

he would prefer a third world war to Russian domination, announced he had sent copies to the heads of state of Russia, the United States, Britain, Communist China and France.

An accompanying letter urged them to "give public expression to the problem . . . the most serious that has ever confronted the human race."

The appeal and letter was forwarded nine days before the summit talks opened at Geneva—so they could make a maximum impact.

The eight scientists urged the great powers to outlaw war—not just nuclear weapons as Russia long has demanded.

The appeal said that the U. S. hydrogen bomb test at the Bikini Atoll revealed the possibility of wiping out mankind, adding:

"It is feared that if many H-bombs are used, there will be universal death—sudden only for a minority, but for the majority a slow torture of disease and disintegration . . . The men who know most are the most gloomy."

Russell said the appeal for the abolition of war should be followed by an international conference of scientists which could produce a resolution similar to that suggested in today's statement.

Russell said he had hoped India

would approach the heads of state with the scientists' proposal, but Premier Nehru "decided it was better for him not to."

He said that last February he asked Einstein to take the lead in a statement which should be "launched dramatically." Einstein agreed but suggested that Russell should regard himself as "dictator of the enterprise and give orders."

The original signatories in addition to Einstein and Russell were Prof. L. Infeld of Warsaw University, an associate of Einstein in research on motion; P. W. Bridgman of Harvard University, physicist; Prof. H. J. Muller, formerly a physiologist in Moscow and India now at the University of Indiana; C. F. Powell, physicist of Britain's Bristol University; Joseph Rotblat, University of London physicist and Hideki Yukawa, physicist at Japan's Kyoto University.

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#### SPACE SHIP BRINGS ODD 'GREEN MEN'

A Hopkinsville, Kentucky farm family had local, county and state police in a quandary Monday, August 22, 1955 with reports of a visit from a "spaceship with little green men" aboard

Cecil Sutton, his family and several relatives said they were up all night fending off the little men

who glowed with an inner illumination while climbing trees and crawling about the roof of his home.

Kentucky state police and local sheriff's officers who investigated the wierd reports from the Sutton home six miles north of here were unable to find any trace of the "space visitors."

"That is because they used lights all over the place," Sutton said. "You can't see them except in the dark."

The Suttons told this tale of the nightmarish visit:

About 7:30 Sunday evening, Bill Taylor, a visiting relative, went to a well near the home and came back to the house excitedly talking of a "spaceship" in a nearby field.

A few minutes later, "a little green man" approached the house "He was about three feet tall, with eyes like saucers and set about six inches apart, with hands like claws and glowing all over," Sutton said.

About five feet from the door of the house he stopped and retreated when the Sutton fired a shotgun off into the air.

But he soon returned, and again the Suttons fired at him. He fell down from the blast, and then ran off into the fields.

Later more of the men returned and climbed about the trees and on the roof of the house from which

the beleaguered Suttons watched furtively.

After about three hours, the Suttons ran for their car and went into Hopkinsville to call the sheriff.

Deputy George Batts and two state troopers failed to find any clues to the visit during a thorough search of the grounds, but after they left the Suttons said the little men were still there and remained until dawn.

The police officers said there definitely was no drinking at the Sutton home Sunday night.

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#### MYSTERY OF STORE WINDOW CRACK THAT DISAPPEARED!

The big crack that disappeared from the window of Eleanor Cline's dress shop in International Falls, Minn. had Main Streeters shaking their heads in disbelief last July 2.

It was June 30 that lightning hit the plate glass display window. Mrs. Cline and Fire Chief Vernon McMicken said the lightning opened a crack about an eighth of an inch wide which extended about eight feet down through the window.

Mrs. Cline said a flash of light streaked through the store at the time. She said it was more like a flash than like a bolt of lightning. No one was hurt and nothing in

the store was scorched.

It was raining at the time, so she hurriedly removed merchandise from the window while a clerk wiped up water that was coming through the crack, Mrs. Cline said.

McMicken said he and about 20 others who happened by at the time saw the open crack.

A glass firm was called to replace the window, and when workmen arrived about a half hour later the crack had disappeared. In its place was a dark streak.

"The streak was like a pencil mark and we couldn't rub it off," McMicken said. "Then the streak began to disappear too, until today there was nothing left of it. You can rub your fingers across the window and there isn't the least trace of a crack.

"We know for sure the window wasn't replaced. I've never seen anything like it—never."

Mrs. Cline said "we're still so startled we don't know what to think about it. About 20 of us saw it—and we weren't just imagining.

"People going by today are still stopping to size the window up and see if they can't spot the crack. They even run their hand across the glass—but no crack!"

\* \* \*

**DANGER IN RADIOACTIVITY  
NO MATTER HOW WEAK**

A biologist of the College of Idaho voices agreement with two Colorado scientists who've expressed concern over possible effects of atomic fallout from the Nevada tests.

Dr. E. W. Pfeiffer of Caldwell, Idaho, says: "The current tests of nuclear weapons in Nevada are once again raising the question of the effect of nuclear explosions upon the welfare of people in general and Americans in particular.

"As a biologist, I share the concern felt by increasing numbers of scientists over the possibility that the accumulation of radioactive materials resulting from repeated tests will slowly and insidiously produce detrimental effects on human populations.

"There is a critical need to know what these tests may be doing to the health of our nation."

Pfeiffer said that because of anxiety over the Nevada and other nuclear tests the American Assn. for the Advancement of Science at its annual meeting in Berkley, Calif. created a committee to evaluate available scientific evidence.

He said that a committee was being formed "because there are grave dangers of injury resulting from such tests and because the evidence is not generally available."

The December Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists also discusses the

potential danger and long range damage to unborn generations.

It mentions possible damage to the "hereditary endowment of the human race and other species of life, caused not by a local and quickly-passing accumulation of highly radioactive materials, but by exposure of whole nations or continents to a weak but widespread and persistent radioactivity

"This is an area in which even the best geneticists do not see eye to eye because it involves prognostication far beyond the range of possible experimental verification so far as man is concerned. It is, however a question of the highest import for the future of mankind and it would be a crime before humanity to withhold from general knowledge any information which may be helpful in arriving at a rational estimate of this danger."

\* \* \*

#### ATOMIC FALLOUT WITHIN PUEBLO RISES SHARPLY

Radioactive background count in Pueblo rose from 79 per minute Thursday to 2,110 per minute May 5, 1955 according to Robert E. Miller, chemistry instructor at Pueblo College. An atomic bomb was set off at Survival City, Nev. on the morning of the 5th.

Miller, who makes a daily check of the radioactive fallout in Pue-

blo, said the count rose from 70 in the morning to 79 in the evening. By next morning it had increased to 2,110, more than 600 counts per minute more than about six weeks previously when the fallout zoomed to 1,500.

Miller explained 2,110 counts is equal to three-tenths of a milliroentgen. A milliroentgen is one thousandth of a roentgen. According to a pamphlet prepared by the Atomic Energy Commission, three-tenths of a full roentgen are allowed atomic workers in a one-week period.

Indications are the radioactive fallout is dangerous in the Pueblo area.

The U. S. National Commission on Radiation Protection in 1949 recommended a maximum of three-tenths of a roentgen exposure over a one week period, the same as the limitation set down by the AEC.

Miller spent four years in nuclear research at the University of Chicago prior to joining the faculty at Pueblo College.

\* \* \*

#### PUEBLO ATOMIC FALLOUT LEVEL NOT DANGEROUS,

You can quit looking for a place to hide—the radioactive fallout in the Pueblo area is not dangerous.

Despite a sharp rise in the background count here Friday, an in-

crease believed due to the atomic test in Nevada Thursday, there's no cause for alarm or worry.

Robert E. Miller, Pueblo College chemistry instructor, said the background count Friday rose more than 2,000 from the 79 per minute Thursday. But by noon it had dropped to 1,390 and three hours later it dropped another 100 to a count of 1,290 per minute.

In other words, radiation here from the fallout is far below the limits which scientists consider safe. If you don't trust the scientists, the Colorado Health Department said the same thing Friday night—"nothing to worry about."

If fallout were to reach about 100 times as much as you were exposed to Friday, there'd be action taken to fix us all up.

\* \* \*

#### MOCKED BY WEIRD RAY

A strange blue light is reported bobbing in the air over the Blue mountain along the Weston-Elgin highway out of La Grande, Ore., and no one who has seen it has an explanation.

A state highway department snow plow team of Manuel (Sweden) Erickson and Barney Thompson reported that they saw a blue light on the highway ahead of them last January. Erickson, driving, told this story.

He dimmed his lights. There was

no change in the blue light which seemed to be coming toward him on the highway.

Erickson stopped. So did the blue light. Then it started moving up, down and sideways. After a moment of this, it moved upward and vanished over the trees to the left, with a humming sound. Erickson started up and the blue light reappeared in the sky to the right of the highway, emitting a bluish glow with an occasional blue flash. Then it vanished.

A week later, Robert Backus, another nighttime plow driver, stopped to check one of his chains. As he stood outside he noticed with some surprise that he was casting a shadow. Then he looked up, he said and overhead was a bobbing blue light and from it came a humming sound.

Backus started up, he said and the light followed a short distance. Then it moved leisurely down a canyon until it was out of sight.

\* \* \*

#### POACHED EGGS NOW FLYING

Melbourne, Australia newspapers were overwhelmed by calls from people who said they had seen a "flying poached egg"

One witness said: "It had a yellow core surrounded by a white edge — like a colossal poached egg. I heard peculiar whinning noises as it shot away to sea."

# GENETICIST HERMAN J. MULLER CENSORED BY GENEVA!

**N**OBEL prize-winning geneticist Dr. Hermann J. Muller has disclosed that his radiation paper was "censored" at the Geneva atoms-for-peace conference.

The University of Indiana professor travelled to Geneva to present his report on "genetic effects of radiation on human populations" before a scientific session of the United Nations conference on peaceful uses of the atom Aug. 15.

Muller said he was stopped as he entered the meeting room and told his invitation to speak had been withdrawn at the insistence of the U. S. Atomic Energy commission.

The AEC concedes it demanded Muller's paper be barred "because it contained material about non-peaceful uses of atomic energy."

Muller in turn charged the AEC with barring his paper and a prepared five-minute oral summary because "every effort was being made not to play up the danger of radiation in the minds of the public."

In his barred paper, Muller reviewed the radiation-genetic damage question and gave an involved mathematical analysis of radiation-induced changes in mice.

According to the paper's calcula-

tions, a radiation dosage of 40 R (roentgens) is enough to cause one mutation in one of every five mice exposed.

In his oral discussion of the paper, Muller had planned to say:

"If humans react like mice, then exposure of one parent to the so-called permissible dose of .3 R per week for some 15 years before his reproduction would result in half his children carrying an induced mutation.

"This would usually be small in effect and not identifiable yet it would tend to hamper successive descendants until it led to the extinction of its line.

"It is, therefore, necessary to reconsider our protective policies and our standards of permissible dose now, before it becomes too hard to change them.

"Even a slightly harmful mutation does an amount of harm comparable in the end to that done by an extremely harmful one.

"This is because the number of descendants to which any given mutant gene is transmitted before it causes extinction of its line of descent tend to vary inversely with the amount of harm it does.

# The INNER CIRCLE

Mark Probert is one of the most amazing mediums in America today. The editors of *Mystic* have secured the exclusive rights to present actual seances by Mark Probert, in which his controls will answer questions put to them by our readers.

These seances, recorded on tape while Mark Probert is in trance, are transcribed just as spoken. Unfortunately the printed word cannot carry the dramatic impact of the recorded tape, which is awesome and thrilling. Send your questions in today, according to instructions given at the end of this article. If your question qualifies, and space is available, it will be answered.

Conducted By

**MARK PROBERT**

Famous San Diego Trance Medium

## Answers to the Following Questions by Yada Di Shi 'Ite

**O**N page 11 Oahspe, verse 21, of the chapter "Book of Jehovih" it states: "And each and every man-child and woman-child born into life will I quicken with a new spirit, which shall proceed out of me at the time of conception. Neither will I give any spirit of the higher or lower heaven power to enter a womb or the fetus of a womb and be born again." It also states on page 767, verse 8 and on page 448 verse 32, the "false Osiris" states "All men are reincar-

nated over and over again until perfected to immortal flesh." This latter statement is presumed to be false. On the other hand it appears that all schools of mysticism teach of reincarnation as being the means by which man eventually attains sufficient spiritual consciousness to take his place in the activity of the spiritual world and there is credible evidence on earth that indicates that rebirth is a fact. Can these differences be reconciled?

Submitted by: E. Hardy Hobbs.



*Yada Di Shi 'Ite*

This personality was born in the city of Kaoti (City of Temples) in a civilization called Yuga (Vast Body), or Yu. This civilization consisted of 180 million people and existed a half million years ago. It was located in the Himalayan Mountains. He was taken from his mother as a baby and raised in the temples, to become a Kata (Priest) and later High Priest or Yada. The word really means "Spirit Life." He was therefore one of the heads of a mystical order called "Shi-Ite." The Yu civilization had been founded by a man named Na Sep Ni Ha, meaning the seventh son of a family named "Ha." Yada was killed in a violent quake that completely destroyed the civilization along with eighty million of its inhabitants. Yada was about thirty-four when he died and the "Yu" civilization one thousand and twenty-four when it died.

My dear friends, before any attempt is made to answer questions of this nature I do believe it would be better that we first try to realize one very important fact and that is that EACH and EVERY PERSON BOTH IN AND OUT OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD IS ACTUALLY A WORLD IN AND OF THEMSELVES. To put it in somewhat simpler terminology EACH INDIVIDUAL IS THE CREATOR OF HIS OWN DREAM and what he dreams is true and right to *him*. Let us also remember that as we try to translate our thoughts or mental pictures to one another we are using a very clumsy and difficult medium called "words." This medium of communication falls short of its intended goal for many reasons. A few of which are: the wide spread illiteracy among the people of the earth in the proper usage of their mother tongue, the lack of a universal language, and also the fact that many people (due to their moral and ethical training) are allergic to certain words and will rebel against hearing or uttering them.

The word "reincarnate" is a very difficult word for the Western laymind to deal with. Unless an individual has been steeped in Asiatic philosophy he can know nothing of its real meaning at all. And, because of this lack of understanding, the

word carries elements of fear and this fear lends the individual the feeling of insecurity, a condition that causes him automatically to reject it. There are other words that contain somewhat the same meaning, such as reïmbodiment and metempsychosis. However, all this may be, there is a very involved situation here that many occultists and metaphysicians in general seem either not to know or blind themselves to. For instance, how many have ever asked themselves these questions: "What is the intrinsic nature of what is called the Soul, the Spirit, the Mind?" If we are honest with ourselves we will admit that they are simply names of tags that we place upon the UNKNOWNABLE. Incarnate and ex-carnate implies coming into and going out of something and that "something" we call a "flesh" body.

But, a flesh body is not a flesh body as any chemist will tell you, but is a grouping of chemicals. Then again it is not a grouping of chemicals *per se* as any physicist knows, but is an atomic structure, and as atoms are not simply homogenous particles, but are structural units of energy sometimes referred to as "photons" or waves of energy whose very nature, as any learned occultist knows, is referred to as "Mind Stuff" and is the substance with which the individual molds his

dream called "Life," Perhaps now the lay-mind will comprehend better why in the Yoga philosophy it is taught that all is Maya, or illusion and that which is called "reality" lies only in one's OWN BEING.

Now to digress for a moment back to what I've referred to as the "Unknowable," As life is NOT a "We" dream but an "I" dream, "We" as such cannot know anything. Hence, the millions of beliefs and shades of belief concerning existence. The Single units in the "We" dream violently oppose one another in the same manner that certain chemical elements oppose one another, and the only way opposing elements can be brought together is with the aid of another or third substance and this third substance is called a catalyst. Now a catalyst when mixed with opposing substance does not itself change nor does it lose its identity by blending with the other two. It simply creates a neutral field for the hostile forces to work in with harmonious accord. It has long been taught by all teachers of the Light that the only catalyst that can possibly turn the "I" dream into a "We" dream is Love. The catalyst called Love cannot become manifested in the "We" dream until it is found in the "I" dream.

Now providing you see the logic in the above ideas you will no doubt

ask yourself: "If all is Maya or illusionary action created by the "I" dreamer, then what about the reality of reincarnation? What is the nature of that which presumably leaves the body at the time of so-called "death" and returned to a body in a so-called rebirth?"

In order to give a somewhat comprehensible word picture on this question, we will turn to the teachings of the most honorable Madam Blavatsky and lift one word from her profound writings called "Theosophy." The word is "Monad." This word to the Theosophist means the indivisible and therefore the ultimate particle or nature of human makeup as well as all other living manifestations. It is sometimes called the "Spark" of life, or life "Wave". However, in our books, no particle, however small, is considered indivisible and so we think of the "Monad" as a composite of experiences recorded on an electro-magnetic field in much the same manner as various sounds are recorded on the magnetic field of your modern tape recording machines.

I think it advisable that I suggest to the reader that it is best not to attempt making a mental picture regarding the action of the Monad until he has made a study on the more primary subjects of life. I will say this for the interest of the student that while the aforementioned

Monad does manifest itself many times in what is called an earth body, it also expresses over again on all other levels of mentation. But to believe that such manifestations or expressions come under what the material laws call "going and coming" is erroneous for there is no place to go to or come from but Mind. That is why it is said: "All is but dreams or Maya. And "Reality" lies only in the Dreamer which is YOU."

*There are many peace loving people on this earth who are trying to live up to what they consider to be the highest forms of ethical and moral standards. What can these people do to prevent a global atomic war? What can these people do if there is such a war: Is there any place of safety for them?*

*Submitted by: Miss Jean Casper, San Francisco, California,*

We of the INNER CIRCLE can assure all of you who fear an atomic war that there is NOT going to be any such war. We can also tell you that if such a war were in the offing, there would be absolutely nothing you, the people, could do to stop it. The secret world controllers who start and stop wars have never been known to ask the people whether

they want a war nor have they been consulted as to when such wars should be brought to an end. We can assure you with equal certainty that were these lusts after power and world domination insane enough to throw the world into an atomic war there would be no place on the entire globe for any one to hide from its effects.

Be of good cheer with the knowledge that there are so many other ways to lose one's physical structure, it is always a source of amazement that the human body survives as long as it does. The human being contains within himself the seed of his own destruction and yet this self-same seed has a positive side to it called survival, and whether the individual wishes to accept the fact or not, it is entirely dependent upon his conscious and unconscious attitude to his environment as to not only the length of time he is likely to stay in his earth body, but the general ease and comfort he will find in that time period.

It must be admitted that it is considerably more difficult to take on an air of emotional detachment in your present times and environment than it has been at any other time before in the earth's history. What with the

millions of juggernauts (automobiles) that are being hurtled around your crowded city streets and along your great roads, under the control of men and women who have little, if any, control over their own physical vehicle, they become juggernauts of sudden death and destruction.

There is the constant polluting of your atmosphere by the end products of your great manufacturing centers and the over processing of your foods and the spraying of them with poison chemicals in the hope they will be more fit for human consumption, and because most of your foods are lacking in nutritional value a few enterprising individuals grow rich by manufacturing and selling this same nutritional substances put up in pellets and labeled minerals and vitamins which are consumed by the millions of tons annually by the masses—thousands of whom die anyway from such diseases as cancer, heart disease, and many other physical ailments, none of which your great medical orders know the least thing about. Despite this total ignorance on the part of your medical associations, they carry on a campaign of fear concerning these aforementioned diseases, using every possible method of communication to reach

the masses. In order to carry on this mass hypnosis of the people, they pretend to know nothing of the power of suggestion and how it leads later to self suggestion and that many people die of ailments they never actually had but only believed they had! These are but a minute portion of the LES-SER forms of things you have to worry about if you are seeking to deplete your mental and physical energies.

I repeat once more — there is NOT going to be an atomic war, but let us assure you that the fall-out from the experimental fission and fusion bombs that have been exploded in the larger nations of the world is going to lead to drastic cellular changes in everything from plant to human life, and some radical weather changes covering the entire globe. We of the Inner Circle have no wish to add to already too numerous fears that beset man in your world today. Indeed, as many of you know, the greater part of our work in the nine years that we have had contact with the physical world has been to alleviate such fears as the individual may have. Not by fairy stories, fables, or speaking in parables, but by clear and concise words of truth. "It is better that a man die in truth than to live in

lies." We, whom you of the the physical world call "dead" and believe we know nothing, ask you who call yourselves "wake" and "alive" to start actively demonstrating the fact by doing something to bring an end to the completely insane "A" and "H" bomb tests. That is all we have to say on that subject—good night.

The Following Questions  
answered by Ramond Natalli

*What is the main color of the earth as seen from Venus?*

*Submitted by: W. Hall, Denver, Colorado.*

It is well known by your modern scientists in astronomy that when Venus is in full phase it is some 134,000,000 miles from the earth, and when in conjunction with the earth it drops that figure down to 28,000,00 miles. This planet, that appears so brilliant most of the time to you on the earth, is enveloped in a vast cloud of gas of considerable density so that the light you see coming from it is not reflected from the planet proper but from the upper surface of the gas cloud.

Your scientists have taken note of the fact that there are some darker spots that appear from time to time in this cloud bank

and they undoubtedly want to know the nature of those spots. From my observation of them they are eddies or whirlpools formed by the pressure of light from the sun that strikes certain portions of the cloud in a more continuous manner than it does other portions and in time most if not all of the Venus cloud will reduce itself to a ring of comparatively small satellites.

Now as for what the colors of the earth are in viewing it from Venus, I think it goes without saying that Venus cannot see the earth at all with the naked eye except on very rare occasions which is during a rift in its cloud bank.

While I do not like to start useless controversies, the facts are that though the upper surface of the gas cloud of Venus is largely carbon-dioxide in highly concentrated form, nevertheless the surface of the planet is very livable and is very much like the earth and is but a few hundred miles smaller than the earth in size. Being smaller than the earth its mass density is greater than that of earth. Its core is made up of fluidic metals that due to the tremendous internal pressures weigh into the billions of tons per cubic inch, and contain heat little short of that of the sun. The central climate of Venus is hotter

Born in Rome, Italy, and lived at the time of the great astronomer, Galileo, in whose footsteps he followed.



*Ramond Natalli*

than the Christian hell and much too humid for earth men to breath. The terrain is a vast dense jungle growth and very swampy. There is an abundance of water, but heavily carbonated, and the poles are sheeted by vast fields of carbonated ice. Great sub-zero wind storms are constantly raging. However, between these two hells is a temperate zone that is very livable and humans do live there. In fact a highly advanced race of people live there. They have what may be called electronic scanning machines with which they have been studying the skies for years and can see right through the dense clouds and rings as

though they were not there.

Observing the earth through these hugh astro-screens it is found to be a multi-colored jewel with a comparatively short comet like tail, trailing sunward from it. From my own observations of it, I would say it is the most beautiful planet in the entire solar system. The colors, due to the changing seasons, vary considerable. There are pale greens and dark jungle greens and reds and yellows. The vast oceans, except when the sun is shining at a slanting angle upon them, are a dark slate blue. Due to the fact that there is more water than land, the predominating color

tends naturally to be dark slate blue and at times almost black. On land it is green that is the outstanding color.

*What is the nature of the Universe and when was its beginning and when is its end?*

Submitted by: R. F. Weirauch, 28 Maple Drive, Belleville, Ill.

Mr. Weirauch sir: There can be no doubt that you are fully aware of the gargantuan nature of the questions you wish us to answer. This being so you must also be enough of a thinker to realize the impossibility of receiving THE answers to such questions from us or anyone else be they in or out of the physical body. We shall however, make a heroic but foolish attempt to give you our views on the questions you ask, but let it be known it will be done with no effort to compete with the great scientific minds you have mentioned.

Death does not necessarily lead one to a wider gate of knowledge, it simply seems to give some of us more guts, or should I have used the more polite term "intestinal fortitude?" to go on with the business of living. If the world in which I now live has taught me nothing else it has most definitely

demonstrated the fact that the business of living is a one-man job.

To illustrate my last statement let us take the names of the four men you mentioned in your letter: Einstein, De Setter, Lemaitre, and Eddington. All four of these individuals had their own particular theories on the nature of the universe and of course as you made note of the fact with your "etc.", there are other men with theories of their own, which differ from the four mentioned. Now sir, the question arises: "If there be but one universe and said universe is of one kind, how is it possible to have so many and varied theories concerning its nature?" By that I mean why can't every student of cosmology come up with but *one* and the same answer? Could it be that the universe consists of conditions of its own that are entirely unknowable to man?

From my own experiences since coming over here, I would say the latter is more near the truth. By that I mean, man as such knows nothing, but individual men know everything, and so it is that the nature of the universe IS as asserted by all astronomers starting from let us say Copernicus to the now late Einstein; that is, it is individually, but is

not collectively, so. I think that if we realize that the opinions of the individual are greatly influenced by their time period and environment we will be more inclined toward the idea that the truths regarding any conditions on the "outside" of ourselves, are in their final nature but properties of the senses and should therefore be considered as inner experiences and not "truths" regarding things in themselves that seem to have an independent existence of their own.

Let us take Mr. Einstein's theory concerning the nature of things wherein the equation is  $E = mc^2$  which in its simplest meaning is saying "Energy is equivalent to matter and vice versa". I like to think this mathematical symbol to be the shortest story ever written about the longest story in existence. Indeed the story is being written in serial form in which the chapters are titled, Light, Heat, Sound, and Motion; and the story as a whole is the Quanta Story. And, it seems some of the leading ladies of this story are the heavy elements called Uranium and Radium. It appears these ladies are extremely prolific in their ability to give birth to their "young"— called bundles of joy? No bundles of energy! Apparently also, no known counter force

has been discovered to stop or slow down this mad spawning. When they finally do stop, it is from complete exhaustion and by then they have lost their original identity and have to be called by another name!

We must not think that only the heavier elements suffer what is called breakdown. All things are dissipating themselves or changing themselves into something else. Some simply do so at a greater pace than others. However, the very characteristic nature or what has more recently been termed behavior of energy, is matter making and the behaviorism of matter is the creating of form. The universe is not simply one that is dissipating into pure energy, it is also building up into something "new", something stronger and of a more enduring quality.

One may feel from some of my above statements that I favor the Einstein theory above all others, and I do to the extent that his mathematical language is so pure that it can suffer little change in the passage of time. But be that as it may, it does not inform one as to the nature of the universe any more than do any of the others. It simply tells in a more vivid manner of the *actions* of the universe and we can replace the word "ac-

tions" with the word "mechanics" although I fail to see that it makes much difference by what name we call a thing, in the light of the fact that things are almost never what they are called.

Everything is going out the same door, it came in, meaning everything is convertible or interchangeable. The senses of man are frightfully limited and yet with work he can raise those same senses or "measuring sticks" and expand his universe. I say he can but the fact is with but rare exception he has not. The masses of people today are just as dull and zombi-like as they were as cave and tree dwellers and it is only the difference of time and environment that forces them to appear somewhat more alert and intelligent than they were in those former times.

That which is called the Mind is entirely impersonal and unconscious. Unconscious meaning lacking self-awareness. This is natural, for its constituent nature is but formless energy, and more, it does not itself create form ever. It simply shoots little bundles of itself across the "sensitized plates" called living organisms and according to the sensitivity of these "plates" a measurement called form, sound, heat, etc., is made. Now certain

of these sensitive, "plates" such as what are called plant, fish, fowl, insects, and the greater majority of animals are not mechanically arranged to do what is called reasoning and making inferences about certain things that are going on in what is miscalled their external world.

All homo sapien species do have a brain cell arrangement for that purpose, but in the majority of cases it has become dulled from lack of use. Those that think have been, since the dawn of recorded time, asking: "What is life all about? What is its meaning and purpose?" Such questions are to me a definite sign that these people are discontent with material life and the part they have to play in it.

The fact that a living organism has no conscious awareness of such lines of forces as cosmic radiation or x-ray and certain high pitched sound waves, is no reason for believing that such action is not registered in what is thought of as the unconscious self, for the physical organism of all things show by what is called the aging process that such lines of force have been recorded. The idea concerning the limitations of the human senses in recording consciously the higher levels of vibration is not at all a strange phe-

nomena when it is realized that the greater portion of life is experienced in what is referred to as the unconscious. The word "unconscious" does not mean a blank or a lack of conscious awareness. It simply means that certain experiences of the individual are not made known to his physical self. In using the word physical to mean a state of things in themselves is wrong—I've used it here only as another word that best describes a state of awareness of the consciousness.

In my latter statement, I am implying the fact that all existence is but ideas of that which is called, for the want of a more comprehensible word, the "consciousness." Now my friends it is right here where most of us are likely to run into trouble in our reasoning. By that I mean, we may come to believe that if all the so-called matter world is reduced to what is called energy and all energy is reduced to the dream called consciousness then this consciousness can only be that of a super being called God and is somehow or another totally different from Man.

God, Mind, Consciousness, and Man are all words intended to convey the nature of life. We may say that all is Consciousness or Mind. However, that

which is called the Consciousness or Mind, at no time deals with things *per se*, but with Idea and that is the nature of the universe from my point of view—Idea. It is entirely meaningless to ask: "Who's Idea?" because there is no such thing, condition or state. It is equally senseless to ask what energy is or from whence it came and when it started. Energy did not "start." The word "start" denotes a period of time, and time is but an awareness sense of the consciousness. One may just as well ask: "What is a dream? When did it start?"

The individual sleep-dream is very much of the same nature as is the so called physical-dream inasmuch as it is also built of energy. This energy is called nerve energy and this nerve energy builds form in the dream world just as it does when the dreamer "awakens" to his so called external dream.

In short my friends, while it is interesting to talk about life, and man must for his own mental betterment continue with his inquiries into its endless ramifications, he will never get to know the least thing about it until he gets to know himself. Only then will we come to the realization that his universe is not a *ding an sich!* (a thing in or of itself). 379 1630

## HOW TO PRESENT YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE INNER CIRCLE

The following instructions were dictated by Professor Alfred Luntz and Yada Di Shi'ite:

Questions will be answered on the following:

1. Things of a philosophical nature.
  - a. Religion.
  - b. Reincarnation.
  - c. Life after death.
2. Scientific subjects.
3. Origin of Matter.
4. Ancient History.
5. Current Events.

No answers will be given to questions pertaining to healing or diagnosis.

Please type or write plainly on one side of the paper only, and address your questions to THE INNER CIRCLE, c/o MYSTIC Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin. No questions will be returned, and all published questions and answers become the exclusive property of Irene and Mark Probert.

## YOU CAN'T MARRY HERE!

**N**UCLEAR radiation has so scared most scientists that co-workers at the Chalk River atomic plant, near Ottawa, are discouraged from marrying each other, for fear of possible genetic changes in their offspring as a result of the radiation the parents are exposed to. This in spite of the fact that precautions at the Chalk River plant make it safer than most ordinary industrial-plants.

These fears contrast with the "rose-colored" outlook on radiation expressed at Geneva by Sir Ernest Rock-Carling of the British Medical Research Council. Discussing

possible effects of nuclear radiation, Sir Ernest said the general level of intelligence might be lowered, but the chancy production of one genius "might well outweigh 99 that lead to mental deficiencies." Sir Ernest admitted nuclear radiation at a high level would result in diminished fertility and a shortened life span, but said these factors "might not be altogether deplored" in a world facing a possible shortage of food in relation to population. Though Sir Ernest may simply be trying to make the best of a sticky problem, his "brighter side" views are not acceptable.

# PERSONALS . . . The Pen Pal Corner

**T**HIS is a brand-new department for the convenience of our readers who wish to do any or all of the following things: 1) correspond with each other (we will publish their addresses and requests for pen-pals); 2) request back copies which might be obtainable no other way; 3) exchange information regarding mystic matters; 4) contact other mystic-minded readers to form clubs in their locality; and/or 5) form correspondence clubs; 6) publish short messages to missing persons, etc.; 7) any other requests which would not come under the heading of commercial advertising (this department is for the convenience of and service to our readers, and is not intended to sell products, or to derive personal profit of any nature). Send us your personal items, and we will be happy to publish them.

\* \* \*

I would like to meet other readers of MYSTIC. I would like to form a MYSTIC club. Readers who are interested, please contact me at my home address, *George J. Frega 8 Jordan Ave, Jersey City 6, N. J.*

Wanted: back issues of *Amazing Stories* dated 1945 through 1949 containing material pertaining to the Shaver Mystery. Write to *Ray*

*Palmer, Amherst, Wisconsin*, specifying price, and copies you have.

Information as to the whereabouts of L. Taylor Hansen, who wrote "Scientific Mysteries" in *Amazing Stories*, and who has not been heard from since revealing his intention to enter a mysterious shaft in the mountains near Death Valley. Write to *Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisconsin*.

All those persons who wrote to *Amazing Stories* during the period of 1945 to 1949, giving the locations of caves in which they had found, or suspected, evidence confirming the Shaver Mystery. Write to *Ray Palmer Amherst, Wisconsin*.

If you have back issues of MYSTIC, issue No. 1, November 1953, and wish to sell them, please notify PERSONALS, because many readers are anxious to secure copies.

Since this is the first appearance of PERSONALS, we have no "customers" so to speak, but we want to urge you to get your message in early, if you wish it to appear, because we know that the limited space we can allow will rapidly be filled each issue. Please make your requests brief, and if possible, please type them. If you cannot, please write plainly, or print especially your name and address.

# IMPROVE YOUR MYSTIC WORD POWER

Most dictionaries do not list occult and mystic words; and thus the accurate meaning of many words encountered in mysticism is hard to find. Here is your chance to increase your mystic word vocabulary, so that you may understand and enjoy the articles you read in this magazine, and in many other similar magazines and books.

*Abbadon*: The bottomless pit (in Hebrew). The abyss of hell, the place called Sheol, home of the lost.

*Baal*: To the Phoenecians, he was the principal male divinity. He was symbolized by the sun. The meaning of his name is "lord" and consequently in the long history of the ancient Semitic peoples, his name was assigned to many local gods. Usually, Baal was worshipped as the god of agriculture and soil fertility. It was he who made crops and flocks increase. Many festivals were held in his honor, and today, all of our Fall festivals are a remnant of his worship.

*Cabinet*: This is a device used by mediums to condense the necessary psychic energy to produce manifestations during seances. It is a space, generally, enclosed by curtains. Sometimes it is an actual cabinet or enclosure of wood or wire or other material designed to exclude "cheating."

*Dagda*: An Irish god, pre-dating the Christian era.

*Ecstasy*: This is a state in which visions of unseen worlds unfold, as in a state of rapture. In this state,

the perceptions are shifted from the material world to the spiritual. In ecstasy, we are said to experience a spiritual understanding of otherwise incomprehensible realities.

*Fairy*: A being from the supernatural realms, almost always benign, but given to mischief.

*Galvanic mirrors*: Use in scrying, and consisting of a concave copper disk and a convex zinc disk joined together and magnetized.

*Hades*: The abode of the dead, or more properly, the kingdom ruled over by Hades, who was the son of Cronos and Rhea, and the brother of Zeus, in Greek mythology.

*I Ching*: The Book of Changes (Chinese).

*Jaggannath*: One of the many names of Vishnu, the Preserver (as worshipped in the Puri district). From the Sanskrit, meaning "lord of the world." It is a corruption of his name from which we get "juggernaut," the great car bearing the image of Jaggannath, hauled by thousands of worshippers in procession from his temple to the Garden House, a distance of four miles. Sometimes, in the frenzy of wor-

ship, adherents hurled themselves beneath the wheels of the juggernaut to be crushed to death.

*Kabalah*: The esoteric mystic lore of Judaism. It is an occult interpretation of the Bible, and is secret except to the initiated. In recent years, it has lost its veil of secrecy, but interpretation is still a matter of theoretical occultism.

*Lama*: A priest or monk of Tibet, who practices esoteric and occult arts and sciences.

*Macrocasm*: The universe, in contrast to some small part of it used to epitomize it in some respect, or to exhibit an analogous structure. The cosmos, as contrasted to man.

*Nabi*: A Hebrew interpreter of oracles, or a messenger from the deity or the world of spirit. A seer.

*Obaoba*: Medicine man of Polynesia.

*Palingenesis*: A term employed by occultists of the 17th century to denote the resurrection of plants and a method of achieving their astral appearance after their destruction.

*Quadrupedal signs*: The signs Aries, Taurus, Leo, Sagittarius and Capricorn, all of which represent quadrupeds. An astrological term. Persons born under these signs are said to possess animal qualities, such as the boldness of the lion, or the lustfulness of the goat.

*Ragnarok*: The Norse "end of the world" when a new age of righteousness on a new earth will be ac-

complished by a battle between the gods and the evil giants, in which evil will be overthrown. In some legends, a past event, in which the giants were overthrown.

*Saddle-back present*: The present, conceived of as of small duration.

*Table-turning*: A simple form of communicating with the dead. In seance sessions, a table on which all present place their hands or fingertips, begins to move, and by pointing a leg at letters on a board or on the floor, spells out messages; or by rapping according to a code achieves the same purpose.

*Umbra*: Shadow (Latin). The astral body or etheric double which lingers about the tomb of the physical body after death, kept there by attraction impressed on physical matter by the emanations of the body in its lifetime in the material world.

*Vahana*: A vehicle (Sanskrit).

*Wakan*: Sioux Indian name for life-power, which permeates all objects and forces. A natural, but unusual power inherent in objects which effect man's life.

*Xibalba*: In Central America the Quiche Indians call the underworld by this name.

*Yajna*: Sacrifice (Sanskrit). The self-service of the Absolute One which by an act of self-negation became the Many.

*Zagam*: One of the demon rulers of the infernal kingdom.

## Editorial — — — — ★

(Concluded)

this little bit of information in making decisions. After careful thought, in which the final, correct course of action was determined, he deliberately did exactly the opposite. And in these instance acted *correctly*, as results eventually proved!

Think back, yourself, to quite important decisions of the past. What about Yalta? Can anyone (in all charity) deny that President Roosevelt acted in anything but what he logically felt to be the best way? When President Truman made the fateful decision to *use* the bomb the scientists had given him, on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, wasn't it after deep thought, searching of

conscience and with the final conviction that it was the *correct* decision? Today we know both were wrong decisions. And we can see that if the *opposite* courses had been taken, the results would have been far better! (They could not have been worse.)

Whether or not we believe what Mr. Shaver says, it would seem to us that we cannot claim good results from well-thought-out decisions, and we could be at least equally successful in going counter to reason. In a way, it rather shatters our egotistic opinion of our own intelligence to realize that our best thinkers have often been so wrong.

Let's not condemn the man who is wrong. He may be right!

For all we know . . . .

Rap

## "I'LL BUY YOUR WARTS!"

A British doctor claims he cures children's warts by "buying" them for a few pennies each and telling the children the blemish will soon disappear.

It was reported in the medical magazine, *The Practitioner*, that the warts really do disappear.

The doctor wants to know why. "THE RESULT has been quite

astounding," says Aitken, a general practitioner in Cumberland.

*"Although I have not kept complete records, successful response has been found in over 60 per cent of the cases."*

I usually offer sixpence (7 cents) for the largest wart of a group and tell the child the clearance will take three weeks."



# The SEANCE CIRCLE...

## Letters from the Undead

Dear Mr. Palmer:

In both FATE and MYSTIC you advertise the sale of "The Secret of the Saucers" by Orfeo Angelucci. The book says it has the secret of the saucers, that they come from outer space, and the entities guiding them are on a higher plane than the people of earth.

But in the October issue of MYSTIC you are presenting the Shaver Mystery. Mr. Shaver says the saucers come from underground, from the land of the dero and tero.

What I specifically want to know is why you push the sale of two books whose claims are exactly opposite?

Being a great rationalizer, I can pretty well predict your answer. You will probably say: "Now look here, there are all kinds of saucers. Shaver's saucers come from down under, and Mr. Angelucci's come from up yonder."

Boy, am I confused! What does Palmer really say?

Mrs. Ruth C. Yerks  
1-F New York Road  
Butzbach, Germany

*Well, you're wrong. I won't say what you predict. I say Angelucci and Shaver are both correct, and that they DO NOT conflict. There*

*are NOT two kinds of saucers. What Shaver reports and what Angelucci reports are THEIR personal observations of the SAME THING. It is because Ray Palmer feels he knows what that same thing is, that he says BOTH apparently conflicting views are right. I hope to demonstrate, before I am through, exactly what I think. But just to say it flatly will result in nothing but a flat dismissal. Like if I said both were made of green cheese. You'd quit reading then and there—and that's what the truth would sound like! NOBODY has yet stated the actual truth. The whole truth. I won't say yet either, because I feel that somebody else knows the whole truth, and if they reveal it, it will serve as proof that I am right. In no other way can I prove I am right. And I MAY BE WRONG.*

*What I want is to have you stick with me until things begin to click in place automatically. I want you to say "By jiminy, he was right, both ways!"—Rap.*

Dear Rap;

I am so intensely interested in your Mystic Mag, that I frequently re-read back issues while waiting that interminable 2 months for the

next one. I find that I "devour" each new issue so fast, that a re-reading is worthwhile— I assimilate more.

Therein lies the reason for this letter.

I consider you to be a highly intelligent man, well educated, and with a wealth of knowledge and experience no doubt derived or acquired from your years with *Amazing Stories* etc. Your life before that I do not know, but a biography or auto-biography would be interesting enough for me to buy if it contained your personal beliefs and aspirations.

But don't swell up too much, for I am going to slam you a little, later.

I would also buy (and here's an idea) a weekly or monthly pamphlet containing nothing else other than your seance circle discussions.

That way, you could answer more letters, and you would have no writers' fees to pay.

Of all the important things there are in this world, I personally believe the most-important one to be free exchange and inter change of ideas. Without ideas there can be no knowledge, and without knowledge we would be animals. Russia and the U. S. would not now be so afraid, distrustful, and antagonistic if such a philosophy were practised freely and without restraint, and

for the same reason I heartily endorse the use of a Universal language.

Too bad Shaver's Alphabet isn't perfect enough for this purpose or is it?

I have observed that your ability to demolish the opposition is phenomenal, and sometimes very amusing, hence my admiration, but you occasionally resort to what I would call unfair tactics by taking a word from a reader's letter, and giving its exact dictionary meaning and then using it against the writer.

You have every legal right to, except that sometimes it is obvious that your opponent did not mean it to be so exact, or was using a more general definition. Many words carry a different connotation amongst the masses who are not so well educated as you, and in the same way that words gradually change their spelling due to the lack of semantic knowledge amongst the common-people and their insistence on so spelling the word, so do the meanings either change or become tempered.

But regardless of all this, the point is you indulge in a dissertation on semantics, and blithely ignore the real question or accusation in your opponents statements.

In your August issue, you answer a letter from Mr. Philip A. Hast-

ings, who calls the Shaver Mystery a myth, and you accuse him of stating a false premise and then hanging a whole argument on it. This is a common fault I admit.

You say he does not have a legitimate hook, but I say he indeed *does* have a legitimate book when he says (using his meaning instead of his exact—words) that if the deros are so powerful, and Shaver et al so actively engaged against them, then why isn't he eliminated?

That is what Mr. Hastings is saying Mr. Palmer. Am I right?

It is the one thought that disturbs me about the Shaver Mystery (I do not yet call it a myth) and I challenge you to not use unfair tactics, and answer his very pertinent remark. Or did it stump you?

Incidentally, when you demolish an opponent in the aforementioned manner, and he answers you back, do you always publish his rebuttal? There was no rebuttal in the October issue. Maybe the poor man felt effectively squelched.

Of course, you always have the undeniable excuse of lack of time and space. You are sitting in a safe place, and more unfairness could here be used, which is a very good reason for the publishing of that special seance circle pamphlet.

To spread a little oil on the waters, I may say that I personally am holding my opinion of Mr.

Shaver in abeyance until I know more, and especially as your own loyalty to him in so pronounced, and my own faith in your knowledge and intellect is well enough established to cause me to keep an open mind. You so rarely declare yourself or any issues.

But don't pull any punches on that account. Answer me, but please do not lambast me for a misspelled word, poor grammar or a wrong meaning. The issue is clearly defined. Stick to it.

Do you know the scientific principle of determinism, now thought by some to be false, and how it may prove god?

*Art Warner,  
704 Phillips,  
Clawson, Mich.*

*Believe me, my autobiography would be pretty dull. I hope the human race is forever spared any such imposition on its inalienable rights to happiness!*

*When you mention a magazine devoted entirely to letters, you are touching on a pet idea of mine, but never really practical from a general standpoint. The average man does not want to think, and does not want his little world upset—so he avoids really serious discussion. Wouldn't it be wonderful if there could be a magazine, nationally circulated, reaching perhaps millions of people (like Reader's Di-*

gest does) in which they could have their say, no matter what? On any subject? Maybe someday . . .

But as for the publishing of letters such as the Seance Circle contains, we surely need one! We can't print but a meagre few of the letters we receive! It appalls us. Wonderful letters, full of deep thinking, and we have to pass them by. Actually, as editor, we are in a wonderful position, to get to read them all. What a shame that none of you out there can be in my position! I wonder, could such a magazine, containing just letters, be published? From a cost standpoint it is a very great problem. If we print 100,000 copies of Mystic, each copy costs us about 6c. If we printed 1000 copies, they would cost us about \$1.50 each! It might be possible to print 5000 for about 50c each. But would you pay 50c for such a magazine? Perhaps you would, but would the other 4999 pay it? We'd do it in a minute if we got 5000 letters from readers who wanted it and promised to buy it. Just out of curiosity, how many of you MYSTIC readers would pay 50c every other month for a magazine devoted 100% to your letters and a discussions with each other, with your editor as moderator? We admit it would certainly uncover a wonderful lot of things, and get us all into some terrific arguments, but we're

afraid we can safely say that not 100 readers would support such a project.

Yes, we admit we can pick out a word in a letter, and whip the writer around, but we really do not try to "demolish" him, as you say. We try to make him think, express himself further. And when he does, if we possibly can, we publish his rebuttal. But sometimes the rebuttal is even further off the track and demands an answer, and it goes on, ad infinitum (and might wind up in verbal blows).

To answer your question about why Shaver isn't "eliminated" by the dero, if they are as powerful as he says, let's face facts. Wasn't he? Hasn't he been frustrated at every turn? I don't know what actually happens to Shaver, except what he tells me; but when he says he can't write any more without constant "pain" and interference from what he calls "shorter" rays—rays that short out his ability to think, muddle his brain, give him headaches, etc, any psychiatrist will jump all over that and point out the obvious symptoms of paranoia and persecution complex. So, I won't talk about Shaver, but about myself. If you care to call me a paranoid, and a victim of persecution complex, and possessing an inferiority complex, go ahead. But remember that Shaver tells us there are dero and

tero, and that through the ages, a sort of stalemate exists. No dero dares to "fire a ray" at anybody on the surface, unless he sees a chance to do it without the tero finding out. What happens, is this: The ray machines are geared to "reply," by two means; One is to turn the ray back on itself, thereby destroying the dero who fired it; the other is to send back an answering ray along the ionized path of the first ray, in which case the result is the same—death to the operator. So, deadly rays are fired only when the dero is sure he isn't being watched or in the path of a replying ray.

Nice out, you can exclaim. Shaver has all the loopholes to argument covered, hasn't he? Except the one assumption that maybe it's exactly true that it works that way.

What are you (and all Shaver critics) going to say if I tell you that with the publication of the first Shaver articles, everything started to go wrong? No doubt you've noticed that this issue is dated January instead of December, as it should be. Let me list the coincidences that piled up: 1) Copy lost in the mail, first time it has happened to me in 20 years. 2) Out of 31 sets of cover plates in my possession, the blue plate in the one I really wanted to use was the only plate missing. 3) For the first time in two years, I fell sick and was in

bed a week just at deadline. 4) My son cut his foot so seriously that it took most of my time for a week going to and from the hospital, besides costing a lot of money that could not be spared. 5) A flock of visitors turned up spaced out about two a day, each one taking valuable time. 6) Addressing equipment that normally works perfectly, suddenly developed kinks that made a two-hour job take all day. 7) Plates in the subscription file mysteriously mixed (by myself no doubt, as nobody else touches them). 8) Hundreds of little irritations, all adding up to delay and confusion. 9) My father involved in an auto accident which took more trips to hospital. Shaver's deros? Certainly not. Just coincidences. But how annoying!

But these prove nothing, you say. Not serious acts on the part of the dero. You mean such things as actual physical violence. Have you ever been picked up, lifted as high as the ceiling, and smashed down hard on a cement floor? Such things have to happen to you, before you realize there are things beyond ordinary understanding. You send a man into a cave you've learned about—he never comes back. You involve seven men in a flying saucer search—five die within the year, all mysteriously. A voice on the radio says a man

will die in three days—and he does. You warn an aviator not to fly on a certain mission, or he will be shot down; a mysterious invisible something turns off the ignition switch just after take-off, crashing the plane. An FBI agent tells you “Why take chances . . . what Shaver says is at least 25% true.” The world’s most famous spy (of World War II) spends a half-day telling you to “lay off—you don’t know what you’re monkeying with.” Right now I can see some of my readers laughing fit to kill. Well, please don’t stop reading MYSTIC, it’s always good for a laugh, at least, and real good comic books are rare these days!

The answer, Arthur, is that it IS dangerous. And if YOU want to find it out, dig deep into this thing and watch the “coincidences” begin to roll. Of course, coming right out and answering such silly questions makes us look like a fool, or a crackpot, if not insane. The askers ought to be charitable enough to realize you either can’t answer such a question, or you get a horse laugh by being dumb enough to do it.

No I don’t know the principle of determinism, and how it may prove God—and I wouldn’t bother to study it. Even if God wasn’t self evident, no lesser being could prove him. Just what is it you would be

trying to prove? Anybody who says he knows what God is, is a liar.—Rap.

Dear Ray Palmer:

For some years now I have been reading *Fate and Mystic*, because they contain unusual stories, and being an old S-F fan I read *Amazing Stories* back in the old days when you were there at the editor’s desk. As an editor in your field, you’re tops; you certainly are not an authority on ESP and/or the Occult, which the majority of your readers believe you to be. I make the flat statement that the readers of your magazines who do follow your words of so-called wisdom would do well to go out and get the facts on basic science. They would then know that much of the nonsense you preach about in regard to the Shaver Mystery and flying saucers is in complete contradiction to many scientific facts. I say facts, not theory.

Unless the so-called Shaver Mystery is nothing more than sheer publicity, then I fear you have been hoaxed by a mental case, as well as hoaxing yourself, rationalizing and making yourself believe perhaps what you prefer to believe. I may be wrong, but that is my opinion. You seem to think that Shaver’s hearing voices is indicative of something. Well, Ray, one does not prove

one thing by using as a basis of proof that which is *not even theory*. If space permitted, I could go into great detail here and give you mathematical formulae to laws which are *fact* which completely disproves Richard Shaver. You say that other people have written to you, claiming that they too have heard the "voices." Come, come, Ray. After all, paranoia is not confined merely to Mr. Shaver; there are even people who claim they are God, and great inventors. We do not take them at their word either; we confine them away from the normal world. And don't come back with a lot of philosophical double-talk as to what is normal. There are some standards we all must accept, and as long as a man conforms, then we can consider him normal even though we know that psychologically there is no "normal" person, in the sense that every person is an individual personality. You also mention that paranoia might be caused by the occupation of welding. Ray, just what do you know of this functional mental disorder?

Apparently you know very little about the disease, or you would know that there is absolutely no basis for your theory (in reality you don't have a theory, merely a hypothesis). There are countless other occupations that demand as

much concentration as welding, in fact more; yet there is absolutely no correlation between paranoia and sex, or occupation and/or race. No, Ray, I'm afraid you're way off the beaten path here.

You demand proof? There are many things we accept as truth without absolute proof. I recall your bebunking a writer because he mentioned that the Shaver mystery was nonsense because it completely contradicts Einstein's Theory of Relativity; then you go on to compare Einstein with Newton, saying that we found out that Newton was wrong, hence modification of his theory had to take place. You are correct: Newton did have to be modified. But it is a different story with Einstein's theory. Much of that has been proved to be fact. And what is fact is no longer theory. The fact that the sun is out today cannot be changed tomorrow that perhaps it was shining. The fact that it was shining remains fact. We have never seen an atom, Ray, but do you doubt they exist; and it was Einstein's theory that *made possible the atom bomb*. So please don't try to redo scientific facts, because you only show your ignorance to people who know better.

Several times you have printed articles on "Professor" Adamski, he who claims to have visited a flying saucer, he who claims to have flit-

ted from planet to planet via these ships. Why only he was "chosen" he does not make clear, nor does he make clear a lot other things, nor does he tell about his past life. Yet (excepting the ignorant, who have never heard that *a little knowledge is a dangerous thing*), Adamski is considered a "nut" by people who contain only average sense. Did you know that at one time he toured the United States preaching that the world was about ready to "come to an end?"

Don't you think it's time you got wise to yourself, Ray?

Very truly yours,  
Joseph Rosenberger  
3621-23-Blair Ave.  
St. Louis 7, Mo.

*Joe, you pain me. Really. I hate to pick on people. But how can I answer you, without picking on you? You say "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and that everybody but the "ignorant" know that it is. Then you italicize the word "fact" three times in your letter. Why do you risk the danger involved in getting these facts to throw at me? That you still live, and are healthy, convinces me that facts are not dangerous! Yes, I am an amateur in ESP and/or the Occult. I am trying to learn just the elementary facts if any exist. I don't know that I've gotten very far yet.*

*Don't you think Shaver's hear-*

*ing voices is indicative of something?*

*As for the occupation of welding causing paranoia, I'll have to repeat: it is now insurable. Check it yourself. It is a recognized occupational hazard, determined as a fact, by scientists and insurance experts and doctors. I am not rationalizing here, only reporting.*

*What do I know of paranoia? Nothing. I've never met one. They seemed to me, on the basis of my own thinking and experience, to be something else. What, I'm not sure. But not just a bump on the head, pressure on the brain, injury of some kind, nervous disorder, degeneration.*

*I don't think the psychiatrist know WHAT it is. They name it paranoia. I know people personally who claim to be Jesus Christ. Only an idiot would suggest confining them—as beyond that claim, they are the most level-headed, brilliant, intelligent, harmless, helpful, talented people I've ever met. One little aberration, you might say, and otherwise normal. What intrigues me is why an otherwise completely normal person would seriously make this claim. And it is serious.*

*Just what is it you will disprove, regarding Shaver? That the caves, which Shaver RATIONALIZES to be inside the earth, are not there*

because physically they couldn't be? So long as you want to fiddle with mathematics (a theoretical science, pure and simple), disprove they are in our atmosphere instead . . . I personally would like that better.

Speaking of standards we must accept, I personally accept it as a "standard" that it is wrong to kill, in any case whatsoever. This makes war wholly unacceptable to me. Obviously I do not conform, so I am not considered normal. Well, all you can consider me is a pacifist. If YOU conform to the standard that killing is okay at any time, then I have to consider you a murderer, potentially. But take your choice . . .

Einstein never called anything he said a fact. He labeled it all theory. And much of what was "proved," he theorized later to be incorrect, or at least incomplete, and devised a new "theory" to render the "proof" far from conclusive. Einstein grew more and more philosophical as he grew older. Why not read his books and find out the facts, Joe?

Because I print articles on Adamski, I confirm him? What kind of reasoning is that?

I wish I COULD get wise to myself, Joe, but even my own existence becomes more and more mysterious to me every day. And I doubt if

I'd want it any other way. I'd sure hate to be all explained and filed away as a fact, never more to roam the fields of fantasy!—Ray.

Dear Ray:

Once there was a fellow who rushed up to a friend and said, "It's the end of the World. Mankind will wipe itself out with this latest weapon."

The friend asked the name of this weapon. The reply was, "The spear."

Now I don't want to minimize the danger of atomic power, but I think you're going too far. I do agree that there is danger in upsetting the delicate balance of Nature especially the weather.

Say, did you hear about some Congressman suggesting the use of an atomic device in hurricane control? There I am behind you 100% in preventing such a thing. Nature (or God, if you will) has been running the works better than Man ever could hope to.

When I heard about the proposed atomic weather control, I was all set to write a story where it is tried and the resulting storms submerge the Atlantic seaboard. But I realized that you are one of atomic power's most violent critics, so the pleasure of writing any story on that order belongs to you.

J. B. Post

225 Ridge Rd. W.  
Rochester 15, N. Y.

*The hurricanes seem to be doing a better job than I could. Let's leave it to the wind already blowing. There are some people whispering that it might just not be normal, the way these hurricanes are acting up the last couple of years.—Rap*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

In your answer to Merritt L. Gruver's letter you say: Is this leaf we see coming forth the leaf that fell last fall? How could it be—we still have the leaf, and the leaf is not the tree, nor did the tree die. When it does die, it will remain dead, to be replaced by other trees. Not the same tree, but others. There are more trees now than when trees began to grow on earth. If all are reincarnations, whence comes their number? whence comes the first?

Yes—by all means the leaf we see coming forth is the leaf to replace that leaf which fell off last fall. The tree did not die, but the leaf did. And when the tree dies it will be reincarnated into another tree of the same nature. And who can prove that there was one tree of each kind when the world began? And who can prove that the world began and did not exist? When we refer to the beginning of the world we must certainly mean the period

which we know as primitive civilization. The period which we formed languages for the need of communication and understanding. The period which we were able to learn and memorize and tell stories from our experience to our children, and so mythology was created, and from mythology culture was developed, and from culture history was made.

And if so, there must have been a beginning of the world. How could we have been so primitive otherwise? And who can prove that there was not a great civilization existing before the primitive period? And who can prove that civilization was not completely destroyed by powerful means if not exactly with what we know as atomic energy, but something equally catastrophic? The few people that were saved and perhaps injured were the fathers of the primitive civilization, so the world began for second or hundredth time, and the same applies to the trees.

America today is the most progressive nation in the world, and thus "The Constitution of the United States" recognizes the freedom of religion in "The Bill of Rights." And what is the freedom of religion? The right to believe as we wish. And what is religion? The striving to understand God. And what is understanding God, but the need of our soul. And what is the

proof of soul? The proof of reincarnation. And what is the proof of reincarnation? Intelligence. And what is intelligence? The proof of our experience during our past lives. And what is our experience of the past lives? Our present talents and accomplishments. And what are our talents and accomplishments? The fields we were trained in before. Is this the beginning of the world? No, there is not such a thing as the beginning of the world, for there is no end. God is eternal, and his creation is eternal.

Anne Kapellakis  
1720 21st Street, N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

*You have defined rationalization PERFECTLY. All these proofs you mention are steps in the process known as rationalization. They "prove" it to you, but not to me. Proof is something that convinces us all.—Rap.*

Dear Ray:

One of my great ambitions in life is to see (or even glimpse) a flying object that I can unidentify (U.F.O.) Be it disk, cigar, oval, sphere, triangular, conical etc. etc. The whole damn thing started in 1947 when I read about Ken Arnold's experience. For the last eight years since, the back of my neck has been sore from looking up.

I have had a dog for two years. I

usually take her out for her evening walk around 10:00 p. m. We seldom get back into the house on clear nights before eleven. Let me tell you it can be rough on a pup when the mercury stands at about 18 degrees above.

You've heard about stars in your eyes. Well I've got 'em to my ears. Whoa now! Don't get me wrong. I don't say that every person who claims they have seen flying disks is a screw ball. A man is innocent until proven guilty (I mean one who says he saw a "You Know What.")

In my forty years I have never met a person who saw a U.F.O. or a ghost either.

Setting on my writing desk here I have Volume 1 No. 1 of Fate magazine. On page seven, last paragraph, I quote from Ken Arnold: "I observed them quite plainly, and I estimate my distance from them, which was almost at right angles, to be between twenty to twenty-five miles away." Then he goes on to give their size as comparable to a DC-4. He says they had no tails.

Many times I have watched the vapor trails of B-47's in the sky overhead. I think I can be safe in saying they are no more than 12 miles up. Do you know I could barely make out the blur in front of that stream. At twice that distance I don't think the Graf Zep-

plin (What is she doing now?) could be discernable. And Ken Arnold says they had no tails. Really!

While I am on the subject of Flying Saucers here is a bit of news you will receive from ninety eight other subscribers to Mystic. In the "Mystery in the News" section there is an article titled "Canada Tried to Build Flying Saucer." It states that Canada had abandoned it about a year ago after sinking \$5,000,000 into the project, which would have cost \$100,000,000 if carried through. Well, do you know what? Uncle Sam took that project over several months ago. Details and the amount of money involved are hush, hush. Quote: "U. S. Military Security shields every aspect of the research. It is so strict that, except with special permission, Canadian government and military leaders and many officials of the Avro companies are denied access to the flying saucer laboratories." The thing is shaped like a saucer with one end clipped off. Hm-m-m Arnold *was* right. No tails.

Chas. F. Jordan  
3512 N. Kolmar Ave.,  
Chicago 41, Ill.

*Army Intelligence officers didn't criticize Arnold's ability to discern the flying saucers at that distance. Maybe they didn't think of it? B-47 looks like a barn to me, at that height. —Rap.*

Dear RAP:

Received my October issue of Mystic yesterday and was gratified to see that enough of us Shaver fans have persuaded you to give ALL the information on this subject. Please accept the enclosed check as my subscription renewal. Do not let me miss any issue containing anything pertinent to the Shaver Mystery!

It is not my place to criticize your efforts in this magazine; however, some of the departments just do not interest me—the Mark Probert "Inner Circle" thing. Perhaps my limited intelligence prohibits my acceptance or rejection of this treatment and, thereby, leaves me disinterested.

Be that as it may, I enjoy the rest of the magazine, particularly your articles, editorials and answers to the fan letters. Your style is refreshing; your thoughts provocative and informative. In this world of mass education and conformity it is pleasant to follow a free thinker's ideas and comments.

Sometimes I find you indulging in the "Broad Hint" . . . Reference the historical preface to the Shaver Mystery in the current issue where you skirt the FBI investigation. You allude to, but you make no definite statement as to the FBI conclusions! Don't tell me that this subject carries an official clas-

sification of "secret etc"! Or are you practicing the art of confusion that has been used effectively by some agencies where dealing with Flying Saucers, AEC doings, et al?

Again, thanks for reviewing Shaver and your promise to explore the Mystery. I trust that you will duplicate or exceed the Amazing Story 185,000 copy sales. In my opinion, contrary to one of your readers' comments, you deserve to profit financially from your efforts. Good hunting!

I trust that your son's foot has healed completely by this time and that he is running full tilt around the place. Fresh Bass & Blu-berries with cream! Ho, for the life of an editor!

Fred H. Watts  
5972 Azalea Lane  
Dallas 30, Texas

*One of the best proofs I had about flying saucers came from my keeping secret something I knew to be a fact, until it was confirmed. The FBI item falls into that classification. If I tell what they said, then when an outside report comes in to confirm, it, it is worthless. See? Don't be an editor, if you want to fish—although I did get a 2¼ lb. black bass last Saturday. And we picked two bushels of concord grapes today. We make all our juice—and do we love it! My son's foot is healed and we are*

*very grateful.—Rap*

Dear Rap:

Congrats on your very good article on the A. E. C. (Oct. issue).

In reference to same, we are in a "fallout area" and for the past two years I, personally, have noticed a persistant sore throat WITH NO OTHER SYMPTOMS which starts about two days after the tests start and continues till about 5 days after they are finished every spring. I did not . . . . "connect this up" with the bomb tests until this spring when, after talking to many people in my town, I found that 4 out of every 5 were suffering from the same thing. No one had any idea what caused it. But, being a nurse, the first thing that I noticed about most of the complaints was that there WERE NO OTHER SYMPTOMS of diseases that usually accompany a sore throat. No rise in normal temperature, no detectable change in pulse rate, no enlargement of glands, no cough, no expectoration, no general malaise. Just a persistant sore throat. . Now, I know medicine enough to know that a sore throat does not persist usually for longer than a week without either going away or being accompanied by some other symptom of disease such as rising temperature, cough, or cold symptoms. It was plenty sore too,

enough so that several people went to the doctor. They had no explanation either, but treated for sore throat which, under the circumstances was the only thing they would do. I say, thru hunch and observation only, that we suffered these sore throats from breathing radioactive products and that our throats were "burned" as a result.

I am wondering how many of your other readers noticed the same thing at approximately the same time. Here is something concrete on which to base all the theories, for when 4 out of 5 people in a town (and I talked to quite a representative group) suffer for over several weeks from that which might possibly be radioactivity it is TIME to do something about it, and I have no doubt that many of your readers will remember suffering from the same malady at the same time.

Dear RAP:

Yesterday received Oct. issue of *Mystic*. Congratulations again! I am glad you have dropped the fiction, and for the first time I can read of the Shaver Mystery *without getting a negative vibration*.

Everyone is different. I happen to have a body which seems super-sensitive to earth vibrations, esp. in the OPPOSITE HEMISPHERE. Long story—won't elaborate here but have checked carefully since

1946 when the r-act. boats returned from the first Bikini. They tied up at Longview Wash., almost directly west of us. That day I FELT under my feet a current rushing eastward. It felt to the feet like to the hand when you hold the electric cord of the family washing-machine.

I called the agronomy dept. here at the U. of I. at the time and asked the man if he could feel the current rushing east. He said he could. Ray, that was the day that an enormous hunk of rock fell off Niagara Falls, and of course it was not till later that I learned of the radioactive boats anchored to our western shore. Meantime I found in encyclop that our soil here is abundant in silica—i. e. very receptive to such vibes, and a good conductor. At that time also, Drew Pearson had an article that scientists were experimenting in "burning nitrogen at topsoil levels," but have heard no more of that experiment. But did read in the Congressional Record two years later (1948) that the same boats still tied up were still so radioactive that they could not be sold for scrap! I have never been able to find out what happened to the boats.

Now in anything I found on the Shaver thing in your mag. I always heretofore got the extreme negative vib., so I avoided reading it, for too

much neg. endured for long gives me a resultant spinal condition which twice has become so chronic as to hold me in a DOUBLE curvature. (Fortunately I knew a chiropractor who understands such energies and was able to correct).

I thought the Alphabet you gave fascinating, and certainly logical for experiment. The fiction often carried the same neg. vib., but with this Oct. issue, Mystic did not give out ONE negative vib. and to me that means a step up for all those under your influence, so here's an orchid—catch!

I have never found a mag. so extremely *full* of true and helpful *facts of life* as your Oct. Mystic—keep up the good hard work and you will continue to have help to growing into the dream of a mag every month—which I most eagerly await! I think that when you called for all to use *love of humanity* in all the struggles for truth and justice, that marked a turning point for your efforts, and I now see NO LIMIT to the increase of your abundance in all fields of your endeavor.

Mrs. T. Vennigerholz  
111 South Ashbury  
Moscow, Idaho

Dear Ray:

Your friendly comments and questions following my letter on

drugs and vaccines is much appreciated and I welcome the opportunity to enlarge upon this subject. No, Ray, I am not a doctor, nor do I boast any degree. Bad health, the direct results of early grade school vaccinations, forced me to give up college during my second year.

However, my education never stopped, and it never will stop! I am just a plain, ordinary fellow who spent 25 years serving as a human guinea pig for M.D.s and surgeons; 25 years of a living hell on earth! Torture a guinea pig with a slow death, Ray, and he will squeal plenty. I am squealing now for the same reason. In 1940 I was flat on my back. The surgeon had just finished drilling into my skull, probably looking for oil. He found dead matter (pus), instead. The nervous shock shut off my elimination system completely so that drugs, purgatives and other medicines had no further effect on my system except to poison it still more if that was possible. The surgeon was sharpening his scalpel, waiting for me to come back so he could cut up my colon into sections, perhaps to stuff baloney into them, I don't know.

You know the saying; "When a medical doctor or surgeon makes a mistake, they just bury it and no one ever knows what happened."

Well, I am a whole series of mistakes made by medics and sur-

geons, that they neglected to bury! I not only lived to tell my story, but today my health is near normal for the first time since playing guinea pig to those first vaccinations when 6 years old.

I owe my recovery, Ray, to a momentous decision made while helpless on my back in 1940. What was that decision? I made up my mind and asserted to myself that; "Medical and surgical science as practiced today are a complete failure and I am going to recover my health some other way!" From that day on, strange things began to happen. But that story will keep on ice, just in case. My recovery has been due to my discovery and use of the various branches of Mind Power, without drugs, without antibiotics, without surgery. You say, "But how to use it?" Because of the limited space in this section of Mystic, may I answer that question in a future issue? There are other facts to deal with in this letter. I said in my previous letter. "Why is it that every mass typhoid inoculation is followed within 12 months by a marked upturn in the number of polio cases in the same locality, *almost* without exception? I based that statement upon a magazine article that I read some years ago, giving statistics covering typhoid inoculations and after effects in several of our larger cities. I must

admit that I can not recall the author, or the name of the magazine, but I saw the statistics and they were convincing proof to me. The statistics were gathered from the health departments of the cities surveyed. The same statement is also true for small pox and diphtheria vaccinations. For those statistics I refer you to the book, "The Truth About Vaccination and Immunization" by Lily Loat, who sets out indisputable facts and figures-many of them from official statistics-which leave no doubt that the preventive measures, so-called, actually cause more deaths and suffering than the diseases they are supposed to prevent. This book is sold by Samuel Weiser, Inc., 117 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y. price \$1.10.

I urge and plead with every parent in America to get and study Lily Loat's book before condemning your innocent, healthy children to the life of a guinea pig for Medics and Surgeons. Here is another book with statistics and related information which I recommend. "Your Life is in Their Hands," by Cash Asher, published by The Dulaun Press, Washington D. C. A book titled, "Horrors of Vaccination Exposed," by Higgins proves how rotten the vaccination system really is. Try Samuel Weiser, Inc., for this book. You can

also go to any Chiropractic clinic and get loads of statistics on the fiendish after effects of vaccinations.

Now let's examine the statements of some authoritative Medical Doctors on both vaccines and drugs.

Dr. Sir William Osler of Johns Hopkins University said in his "Modern Medicine"; "Most drugs have no curative effect whatever on the diseases for which they are administered."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, while professor of medicine at Harvard said, "I firmly believe that if the whole materia medica could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes."

Professor Raymond Pearl, recently head of the department of vital statistics at Johns Hopkins said that the decline in death rate from those diseases against which the public health officials have been most active, "like small-pox, diphtheria and tuberculosis, is no greater than from those against which little or nothing has been done."

The great Hippocrates said; "In case of illness look to the spine first."

A Dr. Armstrong in an official public health report rendered by him said; "I have been impressed

by the frequency with which post-vaccination tetanus has occurred in robust, apparently healthy children."

Dr. M. E. King said in the Therapeutic Review, "The sooner the medical profession recognizes the work of the chiropractor, the better. He is doing a work that medicine cannot do; he belongs exclusively to the class of specialists."

Dr. H. W. Scott said in the American Journal of Clinical Medicine "Becoming convinced that many ailments were due to malalignment of the vertebral column, I decided to learn more about correcting these abnormalities. I frankly confess that I obtained this information from a chiropractic college."

A great English Medical doctor, a member of the Royal College of Physicians said: "Drugs do not cure disease. The particular symptoms may be quieted by a narcotic or some other drug, but the disease itself remains."

An M. D. formerly a member of the Indiana State Board of Health said, "There is not a single medicine in all the world which does not carry harm in its molecules."

Dr. Schwenger, physician to Bismark said, "The practice of medicine is a farce."

Again, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes former professor of Medicine at Harvard said; "Medicine is a col-

ossal system of self-deception."

Dr. Fichard Cabot, M. D., Professor of Harvard University said that "Fifty percent of the patients treated at Massachusetts General Hospital, upon autopsy examination were shown to have been treated for diseases that never existed."

Dr. Hans Neumann, a Columbia University Researcher told of a sight he observed in Samoa. A nurse with several teeth missing, and others loaded with fillings, was teaching the Samoans, who all had perfect teeth, how to use a tooth brush! (All foregoing quotations taken from the book, "The Impossible Doctor Butch," a novel built around documented statements and facts by Marsh Morrison.)

My foster father, now 79 years of age, still has all of his original permanent teeth, no cavities, no fillings, and never used a tooth brush in his life! He never had any vaccinations either, Ray.

Dr. Bridges, formerly an inspector of the Local Government Board, England, said: "A doctor vaccinating a child will obviously be unwilling to say that vaccination did harm unless he is a man above the ordinary standard of courage and conscientiousness."

A reliable friend of mine is related by marriage to a prominent M. D., now retired. This friend was skeptical toward vaccines, and

confidentially asked this retired Doctor for advice regarding vaccinations for my friends' children. That retired doctor replied; "Leave all vaccines alone and your children will have much better health." My friend followed that advice and it is proving a hundred percent true!

I knew a prominent druggist and registered pharmacist who was intimately acquainted with many of the leading medical doctors of our North West. This druggist told me confidentially that; "If all drugs and vaccines were dumped into the ocean and people started using their potential mind power, this would be a much healthier country."

Thomas A. Edison, who I believe knew more about chemicals and drugs than many of our M. D.s, said; "The doctor of the future will give no medicine, but will interest his patients in the care of the human frame, in diet and in cause and prevention of disease."

In the face of such authoritative statements and the irrefutable statistics available, why does the medical profession continue to ram drugs and vaccines down the throats of millions of parents of innocent, healthy infants? Why must they condemn innocent helpless children through inoculations, to years and years, yes, even a life time of hell on earth, as they did to me? Perhaps we can get the answer from

the book; "Your Life is in their Hands," pages 40 thru 42.

Quote; "Compulsory vaccination has been foisted upon several states and the District of Columbia. In these serumized reserves set up within democracy, you must have your children vaccinated or face imprisonment. In most places, Physicians charge two dollars for vaccination. They receive millions of dollars from this one source.

"To the public it is extolled as a service that saves their children's lives, but behind the closed door of organized medicine, it is revealed as a coldly calculating business proposition. Dr. Mather Pfeiffenberger, president of the Illinois State Medical Society presented the commercial advantages of bloodstream pollution at a meeting of Illinois health officers as far back as 1926; ( he said),

" 'Prevention practiced to its utmost will create more work for the physician and not diminish it, for the full time health officer will be educating his community constantly. There will be more vaccinations, more immunizing more consulting and use of the physician. His services will be increased many fold.

" 'I am informed that epidemic and infections cause only 12 per cent of all deaths and that this percentage is declining very rapidly. Only 15 percent of all children

would get diphtheria under epidemic conditions, while 100 per cent are prospects for toxin-antitoxin. The percentage who would ever get smallpox under present conditions is even less; but 100 per cent are prospects for vaccination.' " So said Dr. Pfeiffenberger. Quoting book further;

"Dr. Guy L. Keifer, Commissioner of Health in Michigan in 1928, spoke with even greater clearness in an article published in the August, 1926, Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society;

" ' With 100,000 babies born every year, the increase in physicians' income from diphtheria would be from one-quarter to three-quarters of a million dollars if we would immunize all children against this disease soon after they are six months old.' And, he adds, that \$200,000 for vaccination against smallpox, and more for other diseases, will increase the earnings of the physicians who actively sponsor this modern type of practice.' " So said Dr. Keifer. Quoting book further;

"On this basis, the American Medical Association in 1947 started a drive to abolish diphtheria by forcing antitoxin on school children wherever possible, principally in cities. What happened? The result was a noticeable increase in diphtheria cases as high as sixty six per-

cent in some of these cities during the following two years."

How would you parents like to submit your precious children to the role of guinea pigs for such doctors as those two? Yet parents are blindly doing just that every day of the year!

You think, Ray, "The A.M.A. undoubtedly thinks it is doing the best job it can." Best job of what, Ray? Why have they continued to fight with relentless determination and cold blooded methods against Chiropractic Science, now the second largest healing science in the world, in spite of the powerful A.M.A. and its medical "yes" boys? Why do they constantly maintain one of the most powerful lobbies in the halls of our National Congress, spending millions of your dollars and mine, putting through laws that protect them and the drug and vaccine interests while at the same time doing every thing in their power to hold down Chiropractic Science as well as any other healing science outside the medical field? Don't take my word for this; read their medical journals! Why do the majority of medical doctors continually refer to licensed chiropractic doctors as "quacks" and "fakes" when Chiropractic science is continually taking medical failures by the thousands, given up by medics as "beyond hope" and

giving those same "hopeless failures" a new life and a new health?

I'll tell you why. The A. M. A. can see the handwriting on the wall!

They know that the medical profession as now practiced is a failure! They know that the public is gradually awakening to the real truth. They know that their basic theory that "germs are the cause of disease is simply contrary to Universal laws and *not true!* I can quote authority after medical authority in support of that statement! The A. M. A. knows that if the public ever does wake up to the real truth, they are out; done; washed up! It was a Chiropractic doctor, a former president of the Montana Chiropractic Association who with his Chiropractic science and a working knowledge of mind power, that restored my elimination functions within 48 hours from the time of first treatment and started me on the sure road of recovery! In spite of this, one of the leading medical doctors of the Great Falls Medical Clinic, the very M.D. who was mainly responsible for my desperate condition, had the narrow minded, bigoted gall to tell me to my face that my chiropractic doctor was nothing but an "ignorant quack"! I say that every spineless, bigoted M. D. who belittles any doctor of another healing science does not deserve the degree of medicine and should be re-

lieved of his license for good! I am quite confident that if this were done, there wouldn't be enough M. D.s left to provide one for each town and city in the U. S.!

My opinion of the A.M.A. based on personal experience, research and study is that they are the biggest threat to the health of our children that exists in the U. S. to-day! If they wish to prove me wrong, then let them clean house and start co-operating with other healing professions! Sure, pure medical science can help humanity, but what is being dished out to American parents in the guise of medical science is *not* medical science, but graft, greed and corruption at the expense of our children's health. I know, because I was their guinea pig for 25 hellish years!

Now Ray, if you will publish it in *Mystic*, I will prepare a thesis on how to use mind power for perfect health. In the meantime, urge every *Mystic* reader to read carefully, Dr. Chesneys' article in October Fate Magazine, titled, "The Mind can Kill or Cure." This demonstrates the potential power of Mind. In my thesis I will try to present a simple, practical, workable formula for building and maintaining good health.

LeRoy G. Powell  
Harlem, Mont.

*Your list of quotes is quite impos-*

*ing, and we thank you for it. But not all doctors are wrong, and all chiropractors right. It was a chiropractor's mistake that caused me 38 years of pain. He broke eleven vertebra trying to "adjust" them with his fist. As for the Salk vaccine, it may be a point for you. \$9 million dollars are being spent to prepare a quantity that nobody knows for sure should be used if the present tests prove the vaccine ineffective. I can't see that amount of money being "wasted." As for me, I'm waiting to see what actual results. Here in Wisconsin, the worst epidemic in history has resulted. I'm not convinced in the Salk vaccine. —Ray*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Although I had one long wait for your first issue following my subscription, since receiving the second issue I have enjoyed the contents thoroughly although not always in accord with the context.

Now then to become critical. The Shaver Mystery has been tossing around in my head for a long time, since its inception when I feel I was too young to intelligently follow its true depth. *Mystic* will give me the opportunity to study the mystery with what I feel is now an adult mind. More on this subject after you print some more.

Your editorials are of course al-

ways welcome as they are well written with intelligent views, backed by hard headed and logical facts. Realizing that an editor will (and should) keep hammering on a subject until he gets the desired result you must also keep in mind the reader who may get tired of radiation hazards, fallouts and the clownish explanations of the austere body who make up the A. E. C. No question but that dangers exist with this playing with atomic forces whose powers appear only in embryonic state at the present, but who can state with certainty just what effects there will be. At this stage I think I am starting to "sound off" too much and will only add, let's have an editorial on something besides A. E. C.

"It Happened To Me" is always welcome and interesting although not always what this mind feels it should be. I suspect some of these tales were concocted solely for 48 issues of Mystic.

The Inner Circle is in my opinion as phoney as a three dollar bill. I have re-read this feature four times and was amazed and delighted to note the mental dexterity of Mr. Probert and his "controls" in being able to speak on numerous subjects in a fine manner of double talk without saying anything at all conclusive or to the point. It also appears to me that when approaching

a point where the "control" may be "boxed in" with having to give a direct answer the "control" finds it necessary to "leave". If Mr. Probert (or any medium of your choice) can interpret the significance of the following initials I will not only be convinced that they are a true medium but will also donate \$5.00 to their favorite charity or cause. The initials are MPFPGS. I will not accept as conclusive generalities concerning these initials but must insist on words for each initial and their relationship to each other. I have in the past summer investigated a half dozen "mediums" and had an interesting and enlightening experience. Not one was a medium any more than I am.

I would also add that an advertisement in the personal column of a leading Philadelphia Newspaper wherein I requested to contact a "true medium" failed to produce any result after three consecutive insertions. I will however at a later date submit one experience to "It happened to me."

"Mystery in the News is a good feature, interesting reading, nice short articles to the point, good literary diet used by me while in bed awaiting the sandman. But perhaps I should not speak so lightly of the sandman, he may be one of Probert's "controls." Incidentally they are a handsome lot. How and when

were their photographs acquired?

Dorothy Spence Lauer- I read her work the first time in our October issue. Another example of talking for three or four pages and saying nothing. Interesting reading, speaking however in generalities which I honestly believe can be duplicated by anyone. For instance—

One of Hollywood's leading male stars will this coming year be hospitalized for a serious operation. Startling developments in Russia this year. This development will be forthcoming when war appears inevitable and will not at first be accepted as bona fide. Later events before the end of the year will prove the sincerity however. The circulation of *Mystic* will materially increase before 1956. More on the flying saucers before 1956 from our own government. Official word as to their origin. One of our Statesmen will be publicly ostracized and possibly be jailed for acts inadvertently and unintentionally committed. But we could as Miss Lauer go on indefinitely. We dare say our predictions will bear the same average as hers and are not so long range. Incidentally the chart noted for personal reading by Miss Lauer smacks of card reading No?

The seance circle is always good reading. This department has more fact than the entire magazine. Dr. Chesney is most enjoyable with his

good sense medical comment. It is noted that he is an M. D. and appears more intent on truth than the A. M. A. Look out Dr. Chesney that high falutin' group has gotten rid of many M. D.'s who are curing cancer with methods the A. M. A. feels are unorthodox.

In closing Mr. Palmer, be advised of my interest in our magazine appreciation of your efforts to keep it the way we want it and best wishes for success and a monthly publication. With respect the latter I feel our fellow readers can help immeasurably by passing on to friends the issues they have read. Let's all get behind the subscription drive to make *Mystic* a monthly.

Paul J. Peckonis  
1624 South 2nd. Street  
Phila. 48, Pa.

My dear Ray Palmer,

I used to read *Amazing Stories* back in the days when you were editor, and followed the Shaver stories very closely. I came to certain conclusions about him myself. There is no doubt that he had hold of something remarkable. The stories were often gripping indeed and made some kind of sense to one's inner self. Other writers have written of supposed past lives in Atlantis where a individual went down into deep caves to participate in sex orgies and "black" rites, and where

there is smoke there probably is fire. I have been in some of the smaller Kentucky caves myself, and they certainly are weird enough for anything to happen in them— Mammoth Crystal Cave going down for unexplored levels where you can hear the water trickling— and there has to be some place for it to go, after all! And Horse Cave, explored so far for 22 miles and still no end, with a passage in the other direction to another city 7 miles away that you can walk through. Was used as part of the “underground railway” in the Civil War, they told us.

But to return to Shaver. Your comments on him on page 123 of issue No. 11 were very illuminating. I would agree with you all the way, and although not a professional psychiatrist, have had wide experience with case records, have been an attendant at St. Charles School for Boys and worked with the former chaplain when he conducted summer courses in psychiatry for ministers. Have also read much on the subject from specialized libraries. I did not find as much paranoia as schizophrenia, but it isn't important. What I did find was, Shaver apparently had contacted—not the “lower astral”— (you mention this on page 128 re Dana Howard's letter), but what some of us know as the “etheric level or world.”

I am a member of the Theosophical Society, and hence use their system of classification of extra-sensory worlds, but not exclusively. It is a great convenience, although personally I believe the extra-dimensional theories are nearer the actual “scientific” truth. In other words, I am not really prejudiced by the beliefs of the T. S. any more than you may be by a church to which you may belong. I am trying to find out, what is the truth, somewhat as you have expressed your own goal, in your replies to the letters. So please don't think I am bound up in some rigid superstitious belief. If you have read my little booklet on seeing the aura, you will know that I did not hesitate to disagree with several long-standing “sacred cows” of aura theory. After all, I have this particular faculty at will, have diagnosed illnesses and injuries of many people (unofficially, of course) and they have confirmed. I have shown quite a few people, from 25 to 50 at least I should say, how to see the aura clearly and definitely beyond mistake or illusion, and many of them had never heard of it before. Some were frightened at what they saw, or startled when I read their thoughts. More were amazed at being able to see (under the proper lighting conditions) images of past lives flitting over the physical appearance of the person selected to

sit before us. I found two excellent natural clairvoyants in this way—one a psychiatric nurse whose hobby was oil painting; the other a young Catholic friend. The nurse had trouble with her eyes, the best eye doctors had been unable to do much. When I told her what she was seeing, she tried it out and the trouble (which was her faculty of seeing “etherically”) as such disappeared. After all, I’ve seen auras since I went to New Trier High School and noticed the vast physical aura around a preaching football coach at assembly one day. That was over 35 years ago, and the faculty is improving in clarity all the time, with practice and study.

Now you may read in books about auras, and I see Fate is advertising the “aura glasses” derived from the experiments in England. These glasses do help for most people, since the peculiar dyes used usually consist of the type that passes from both ends of the spectrum—violet light, and red light. The resulting color of the transparency is usually purple or magenta (a color not in the spectrum, but resulting from the union of its extremities, red and violet. Hence a certain amount of infra-red, and also of ultra-violet pass, and with the glare cut out by the “glasses” these invisible rays reflected by the substance of the aura are rendered

perceptible to the human eye.

However, the books often err *because they are following a pre-determined theory*. My own observations I have tried to divorce from preconceived ideas, and in our occasional gatherings we try to get confirmation from another or several others of what one sees. This has proven a successful method, and has led to the discovery that different people often see just part of the same original thing. One may see color, another form, etc. This is important!

The other evening a blind friend of mine (now not entirely, says he has “silhouette” perception) happened to sit on our porch in a favorable evening light. I found that he possessed a slightly active organ of clairvoyant sight, located usually about the middle of the forehead and not activated in most people. I then told him it was no use trying to deceive me, he was able to see to some extent clairvoyantly. He answered that it was true, he could often see things other people couldn’t and told of a doctor who tested him blindfolded by holding up one, two or three fingers and couldn’t understand when he described the number accurately. Blind people will seldom or never talk with others, as you probably know, about their inner experiences.

There appears to be a lesser or-

gan of clairvoyance located approximately *between* the eyes. It is small and usually depends downwards. It is developed usually in spiritists or religious people who have somehow aroused this slighter perception. The full faculty is almost divine in nature—truly the “Eye of Horus” of the Egyptian traditions. One can see right through the human body with it, skeleton, gray matter, etc. Some of my friends were truly frightened at seeing the skeleton of the observee.

Returning to Shaver, because of his mentioning the little naked people “in the caves” who gnawed on bones, apparently human bones, I place these particular experiences of his in the etheric world, which in this classification exists as the upper portion of *the physical world*. They are obviously close to the physical to have such appetites. Some of his other more varicolored and brilliant experiences declare themselves to pertain to the astral realm, which if you have ever seen it you know to be self-luminous and capable of the most fantastic transformations. The somewhat over-emphasized role of sex in the Shaver stories also points directly to this world, and in it drama after drama may be projected by the self out of the surge of its emotions. There is a third world we call the “eighth plane.” Personally I would

call it “the Doldrums,” for it is exceedingly quiet there. Remnants of human personalities stand there, some with long beaks for noses, odd-shaped limbs, etc., etc. A dark twilight appears to pervade the air above these plains for as far as the eye can see. Movement, if any, is always very slow.

I do not recall Shaver mentioning such a place, but perhaps he has. There are other worlds than these, fold within fold. The higher ones are indeed hard to reach, but many people have had experiences of the astral and etheric worlds. The Greeks have left records in their myths of Hades and the “underworld.” The American Indians have also left rock drawings and other evidence in plenty of the acquaintance with a brilliant world enfolded in our “dark vale.” Freed from physical bonds, the consciousness of the personal self arises in the near subjective worlds and finds itself able to traverse new dimensions of time and space, and partake in dramas whose full meaning is lost in obscurity. Shaver apparently gained entrance to the “world of the dead” (which is only a partial description indeed) by his association with the d’Arsonval currents (low voltage) used in welding. These currents could well have aroused his own personal “magnetic” currents (though elec-

tricity is only a cousin to them) by constant immersion in the field. Others have been rendered clairvoyant by shock, injury, burning etc., etc. The famous "backfire" (as a friend of mine called Coiled Serpent at the base of the spine) probably is aroused in these cases and it then spreads like wildfire through the nervous system and gives headaches and pains for a time along with brilliant visions and superphysical experiences. It is a good theory and has much to confirm it—the Kundalini-Fohat spinal currents of the Hindus. I have seen it actually manifested in at least two female auras, where it appears as a kind of branched "tree" at the right side behind the person. I have not yet found a male subject in whom the fire was fully aroused.

Wonder if it wouldn't prove fruitful to make guarded inquiries among factory workers who use the copper welding apparatus, as to what effects if any the high amperage-low voltage currents have had on them? It is such a strange current you can touch either pole without getting a shock, I understand. On the other hand, Shaver may have been arc-welding—a difference.

There are I would say, three kinds of clairvoyants among us: the trained, the untrained, and those temporarily rendered clairvoyant

by entities other than themselves for some particular purposes. The trained are exceedingly hard to find for part of their training is not to discuss such matters factually. The untrained come upon their faculty in a lightning-flash, and from then on see vision after vision and often feel required to fill in when inspiration fails (one or two of our Saucer reporters effect me that way—not Angelucci, haven't read his book yet, but credit him a lot for stating frankly it was a "psychic" experience with physical concomitants). The third class often do very well on their particular gift but fail miserably when they try to reach into fields beyond their limitation; it seems to me many religious clairvoyants, and some spiritists, fall into this class of error.

Well, you probably didn't suspect it, but this was all leading somewhere. I was deeply impressed with your statements about the atom bomb dangers. I've been well aware of this danger for some time. Last year, after one of the great bomb explosions—about three or four days later seems to be the average here, when Nevada is the site; a week and a half, or two when the Pacific is used—last year I noticed radiation in the air both by sensation and by direct etheric sight while working at the print shop; we have a large front window fac-

ing north. I mentioned this at coffee time to the boss and three fellow workers. How they laughed! They kidded me all day long, called me the "human Geiger counter."

Of course I didn't mind. You know yourself how one lets oneself "in for it" speaking out of normal context, and I took a calculated risk. But—the next day the Chicago Tribune stated on the front page that radiation was measured three times normal for this area. Every one of my co-workers came around and *apologized*. One of them asked me about the condition of his "aura!" I know you will smile at this too.

My point is this: human beings were well equipped by their God or Creator. They do not lack the necessary. After all, the gramophone was developed by a study of hearing; television by a study of sight and the eye; radio probably developed from someone's suspicion that there was telepathy (I don't insist on these allegations). Now where did radar come from? Well, if the animal kingdom has it (bats, pigeons, et al), man was not left lower than the animals. . . . Man has a type of radar equipment in the so-called Third Eye, which casts forth vibratory radiation of a very fine order, and the return reflections yield clairvoyant images. However, it is not only radar-like in effect —

it also perceives tiny particles or radiating particles or substances, and these are translated into images coordinate with ordinary sight.

My experience shows that a fair percentage of people can be shown how to focus for etheric sight, some right away, some after a time to get used to the (to them) rather startling fact. I have done my best in a small way to acquaint those interested with some of the observable phenomena, *so that when the time comes, they will be prepared.*

As your evidence from Colorado proves, present radioactivity is dangerous indeed, and any who may read this might find they are equipped to sense or see radiation but didn't know what it was before. I will give one hint for now: there is a definite sensation of *heat* just from bright sky-light, but the heat has no traceable cause. The sensation is usually in the head region; but might be elsewhere. A kind of itchy discomfort all around, as though the air were abrading you, develops when radiation is strong. I am toying with the idea now—due to prevalence—that confabulation (mixing of speechwords involuntarily), and also gaps of memory occurring during conversation unaccountably, are related to the penetration of our memory-records by particle-radiation. It is not at all frowned upon in science that

memory may be a function of the electron, or even of the sub-electron or "eth" 1800 times smaller.

That is my contribution for now. With one or more sensitives in every area, we shall not lack warning. Our Creator has never failed us, but we just didn't listen or observe. Then, forewarned, we can seek shelter and safeguards. Water, either as vapor, or as is, seems to be an excellent shield, as it rapidly slows down the radiant energy—"damps it," as they say in radio.

Your policy of asking for MSS without cash payment seems very sound in this field, and follows the tradition of the ancient initiates: no earthly price could pay for the divine wisdom! I hope it works out. I am going to send in something, don't know what yet. I have written for American Astrology and Fate professionally, but haven't had much time to write lately. Would you be interested in my visit to an uranium mine in Colorado and clairvoyant results? I didn't have time for much observation, so it would be short.

Fenn Germer  
2119 Livingston St.  
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Editor;

Wish to say I agree with you that the atomic-explosions in Nevada and elsewhere do affect the

weather and all life. As a full time Prospector I want to tell you what I observed during the series of tests in Nevada.

I had recently obtained a new Gieger Counter and was attempting to keep ahead of the crowd in my search for Uranium.

Each explosion in Nevada caused a "fallout" here in southern Arizona which showed plainly on the Counter. In fact on several occasions the fall out was so heavy it lasted 3 days and made use of counter useless.

My counter has 3 scales. The first 0. to 0.2 — second 0.2 to 20. and third 20.0 to 200.00. Any sample which goes to 0.2 on 1st scale is worth investigating. Any reading to 2.0 is high grade. All right on two occasions my meter read above 20.0 to about 40.0 and held needle steady for three days. Background count is not steady but intermittent swings from 0. to .006

Now scientists tell us a fall out of double normal is dangerous, What about 666 times as much and for days at a time? It exposed every person here to that amount externally and through lungs, food and water.

I am not one who is afraid of every new idea but in this case the scientists themselves say it is dangerous. Both Japan and France re-

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Our purpose is to persuade congress to take action and build boats, moored at every street corner, to save civilization. Many government officials have refused to take action, fearing it would cause a panic. We do not think the panic will come, but a panic in any case is better than total destruction. To convince them that the public is aroused, we want to take a wagon load of orders for the book to them. In this time of crisis we know the public will continue to liberally respond to our appeals as it has from previous advertisements. Fan mail favoring our program has been most encouraging.

The discoverer and author takes an oath: "I freely take an oath that God strike me dead this very moment if there is any substantial error in this scientific discovery, or in the proofs offered — Adam D. Barber."

We are about to engage in some expensive experiments with a view to possibly preventing the flood by deflecting the axis of the earth with atomic energy and we very much need the small profit on the book.

Our problem is no longer in convincing the public about the flood. A small group has arisen who consider themselves a 'chosen few' who wish to build boats for themselves and oppose the building of boats by congress for every one. We must not let them get a foothold on congress.

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William R. Workman  
P. O. Box 9  
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Dear Ray:

A letter was sent to me dated April 21st, 1955 by Weeks Parker of Fayetteville, N.C. in which he stated, he had a tendency to doubt my story which was in the June issue of Mystic. Then he turns right around and asked me to materialize at one of their research club meetings.

I asked Mr. Parker how generous he could be. I also told him I did have a projection into the Fourth Dimension, which was true, but at the same time as he asked me for time and dates, I told him that time and places meant nothing in the Fourth dimension. I also stated that my reason for writing the article was not because I was looking for self glorification, but rather in hopes of giving courage and hopes to those traveling on the Path.

When I sent the article into Mystic I did so in hopes of giving hopes to those in need as I explained above, I did not send it in speci-

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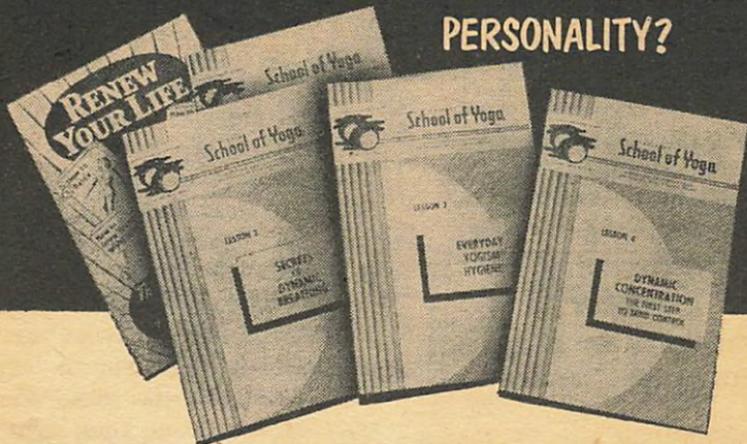
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fyng that it was a true story to be put into, "It Happen To Me." In fact I did not even realize that Mystic was going to publish it until it came out, even though I did have the projection.

Now I read in the August issue of Mystic on page 33, "TRUE" EXPERIENCE DOESN'T CHECK OUT? In this I read where Mr. Parker checked with Police Chief of Houston in regards to my arrest. I told Mr. Parker before hand no doubt he would not be able to find any records, but I guess his pride was hurt when I told him I did not care if he believed me or not. In his letter he expressed the desire to believe, yet he doubted and I told him, if he held doubt in his mind as to the possibility of projection, he could never hope to prove that it can be done. I did not seek for the projection. It came to me all unexpectedly. If it caused me trouble, it was because I did not use it in the right spirit.

I'll say this to the readers of Mystic, I really and truly did have a projection into the Fourth Dimension. Parker wanted me to prove it, but God does not shock people into believing. If He wants it proved in any way I will project into the Fourth Dimension in the presence of the right people at the right time. Until then, those

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who can see will see and those who can hear will hear. Those who are ready to accept and believe, very well and good. Those who are not ready no proof will in any way make them believe.

There are many who believe in prayer, there are those who do not. Many believe in Christ. Many do not, but in either case, because one does not believe does not prove that it is false. I leave it to the readers.

One thing I will say is this: I am not the first one who has had projection into the Fourth Dimension. Most Mystics never relate their experience in these matters. I would not have done so myself except for the fact that in the future ahead the matter of projection into the Fourth Dimension will be quite common amongst the Occultist and if I had hopes of helping those that were striving for this.

Dr. Harold J. Jolet  
P. O. Box 107  
Corning, Ohio

P. S. Mr. Parker himself claimed he had experienced levitation.

Dear Ray:

MYSTIC is improving. The current August issue was very interesting.

The cover was striking—what do you do, go in a trance and ask your oracle what type of cover will appeal most to your readers

each month? Seriously.

The Angelucci episode seems to be gathering power. Maybe he'll out-Orfeo Shaver yet. I'd believe almost anything that happened in California—I've been there four times and had plenty of experiences myself, especially around L. A.

Here's a good chance for a scientific check—re "The Forty-Four Years War"—only 3 years to wait. I *don't* think the gremlins will get us; too early.

Go ahead and crusade, if it brings issues like this. It's a relief to read something worth reading for a change. No more payment

for material? Good! Maybe you'll consider accepting some of my stuff now, including the one on Edward Johns' star-mech that FATE rejected because "it wasn't believable."

I have good material on: Edward Johns' star mech, which I had in my possession; the *dero* caverns under L.A. which I projected to, and which I heard an account of from one person in California who had physically been in the outer chambers or "front" of the place (Mr. Shaver *underestimates* his *dero*: mentally and physically. The real truth would be startling) and

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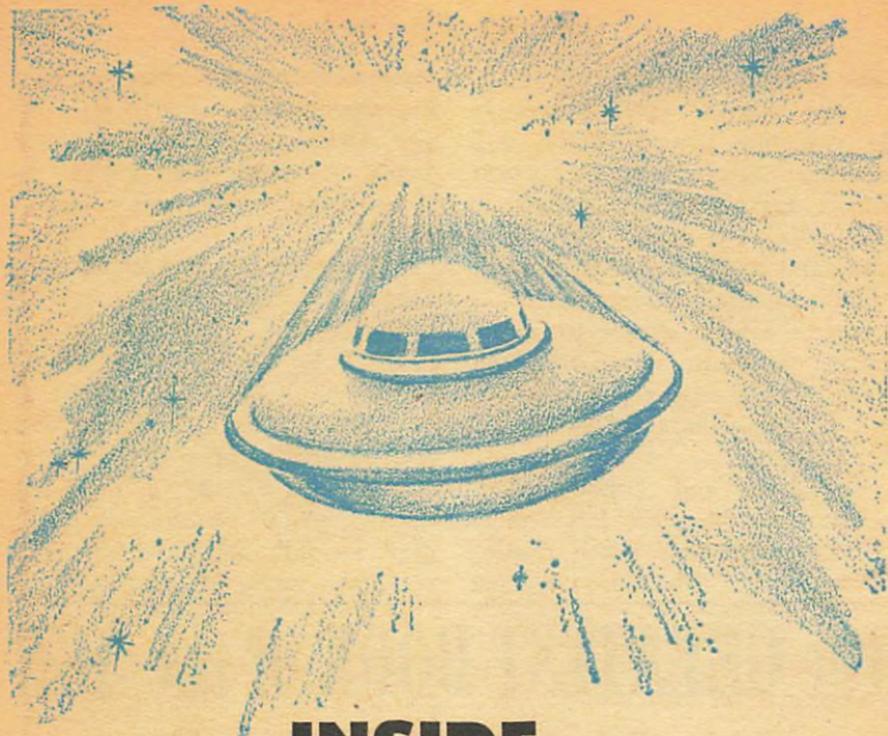
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other material on about anything you can name. I have no "proof" of anything except the proof of my own personal experiences and convictions. And I don't believe anyone has any more than that in these matters. After all, proof is a relative thing. A good Tibetan mystic could "prove" to me that MYSTIC magazine doesn't even exist!—But I'd keep right on reading it for enjoyment.

I have been art director for a magazine in the West Indies for a year now, and I've seen what happens when mobs of people are emotionally controlled by men and women in places of power. Everything goes wrong for the innocents—emotionalism is the order of the day. No dero caused this; people are stupid enough in their own rights—but I've been in places like L. A. where I *knew* the underground was behind it all—and the pattern was the same. Without mankind's *innate* stupidity, your dero could do nothing. And an I.Q. is no measure of the type of stupidity I'm talking about. Mankind also has innate goodness. It's their choice, but the dero certainly don't help. I can understand now some of the troubles you went thru with AMAZING, having had a mild taste of it down here. People really don't want the truth—they want to be soft-soaped instead. Or else scared

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out of their boots just for the thrill of it.

I predict you will have more material for MYSTIC now than ever before.

Morality and destruction of human life: I feel it is the *most* important issue at stake. You have asked good questions in your editorial. I belong to an association that believes destruction of human life, direct or indirect, is the *only* sin . . . but that excesses in other things, lead up to it. I feel this association could answer your questions on morality and murder—to your satisfaction. You see, you teach—in a manner of speaking—the same things as this group does. You are the *only* one I have read that does exactly this: re, murder

## FATE

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Any physician has a tremendous moral responsibility, as do nurses. For them it is easy to commit murder and salve their consciences—because as yet, the law does not legally recognize or punish *indirect* murder.

I am also a graduate hypnologist (N.Y. Institute of Applied Hypnology) and have an article on telepathically induced hypnosis research in Puerto Rico coming up in the new HYPNOSIS magazine. I have material on hypnosis as linked with all psychic phenomenon, plus my personal theory that self-induced hallucinations are in reality 1) recall of things heard, seen, read; or 2) telepathic or clairvoyant contacts—unknown to the person involved. Professor Luntz is perfectly correct. But both hypnotherapy and dianetics are cut very much from the same cloth—it's too bad civilized man has such a passion for "classifying" things. Can't see the forest for the trees.

Re your articles on radiation—how can you print newspaper articles with no credit given or permis-

sion asked? Aren't most newspapers protected under registration laws? Governor Johnson is one of these big frogs in a little puddle—what is called a “wheel”—and is using his authority to emotionally blind and control Americans . . . exactly what I imagine they accuse *you* of doing! Even here in P. R. radioactive trouble is being felt. I know a heart patient whose doctor has advised her to move

from the island to an area where radioactives are not as impregnated in the atmosphere. Soon there may be no such areas left. Then we will all have to live in glass houses—*as we did before*. This is *not* the first threat of radiation ruining the atmosphere. Mankind is tough—they'll live thru this one too.

O.K.—so there *are* flying saucers. What are we going to do about it? Start a grim-faced “race

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for the freedom of the American people" by pacing the saucers as we're pacing Russian bombs? Looks like it, from your reports. Soon the better saucers will be labeled "made in U.S.A.—buy no inferior brands," and our extra-terrestrial (?) visitors will have to look to their laurels. Or aren't we that capable?

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This controversy over reincarnation. I believe in it. You don't. So what? You'll probably get to heaven as soon as I do. We're all entitled to our beliefs. Variety is interesting. When a good lawyer can ruin a legitimate alibi that you were in a certain tavern at a certain hour, etc., who am I to try and prove I was King Tut? Maybe you can "prove" I wasn't, but then, *you* weren't there according to your lights so how do you know? Maybe you just don't *want* to remember, or maybe you set up a mental block in your last life *not* to remember because it was too unpleasant. So you see, *lack* of memory is no proof either. All I can say is this:

apparently legitimate recalls of past lives seem to follow the *same* pattern as recall of an amnesia victim via hypnotherapy. Read Dr. August Forel on hypnotherapy and amnesia in his famous: "Hypnotism, Suggestion, Psychotherapy" for a fresh and interesting viewpoint—then apply it to reincarnation. No one can prove it to you . . . but maybe you can be *convinced*. There's a difference. But if you aren't, so what? Maybe you're better off not remembering you brained your mother with a hatchet. As for reincarnation being the best explanation and hence the *true* one, that ain't necessarily so. Words and theories fool even (and especially) the most intelligent. I have heard the same woman preach both a philosophy of goodness and one of total evil to me with equal brilliance and I could pick no logical arguments in either. That doesn't mean they're *both* right. People are weighed down by logic, need of proof, etc., which comprises a kind of "Rules of the game—fight fair and break clean at the clinches" type of philosophy-of-thinking. Junk it. How can you accept the fact that an iron boat floats if you keep thinking by the yardsticks of an African bushman?

These people that take the Bible as the *only* authority—they're almost as bad as they claim the her-

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etics are. Man can go to excess in religion as well as in anything else. Use the brains, boys, that's what they're here for.

As far as telling someone the Purpose of Life—even if it were done, and were valid, if the recipient hadn't had enough experience in certain fields, the revelation would be as meaningless to him as a copy of a math book from Shaver's Atlan era would be to today's most brilliant mathematician. I can say, "Look, the true Purpose of Life is to live without committing destruction so you can go to heaven." Now we have to sit down and define *my* idea of what destruction and heaven is to *your* satisfaction and then you'll say: "But I don't believe in heaven." It's ridiculous. You can't hand anyone something on a silver platter, Ray so don't bother asking them for it.

Mr. Broderick has some interesting ideas on projection. I'm an excellent projectionist myself. Here's my proposal. You arrange the time and place and conditions, Ray, and Mr. Broderick (if willing) and I will project there together. We will immediately after write a signed, witnessed report, and send them separately by airmail to you. Since he is in Canada and I am in Puerto Rico I think that is a reasonable distance barrier. I will cheerfully project to a rendezvous anywhere

on the earth, or on the moon. I'm serious. You asked for it in your reply to Mr. Broderick, so I'm giving you the chance. I disagree with a few things he says but I've no doubt he can project, as can I. I will repeat as many times as desired.

Oh yes—I don't care to meet in a dero cave. Too much vibrational trouble. That's my only stipulation.

As for evil use of projection—it depends on "what is evil?" I submit the theory that the zombies of nearby Haiti are evilly and mentally controlled by a form of projection-energy. Let's not be too smug in our beliefs that only "good" will always triumph—physically or psychically.

Ah . . . good old Shaver controversy again. We can now use that new swear word with complete impunity in MYSTIC magazine—*dero*. Caves? Physical exploration of same? I note Taylor Hansen didn't come back. Maybe he didn't want to.

I'd like to meet this Orfeo. His material and recent letter are interesting.

I could go on forever. Better get that all-letters issue out soon. But only one comment more, re Jesse James & Co. Sounds reasonable. After all, why should a "bad man" die any sooner than a "good man?"

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not bear repeating is certainly the most worthless thing on earth.

As for Mr. Broderick, I hope he accepts your challenge. It would be an interesting experience for all MYSTIC readers. — Rap.

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