

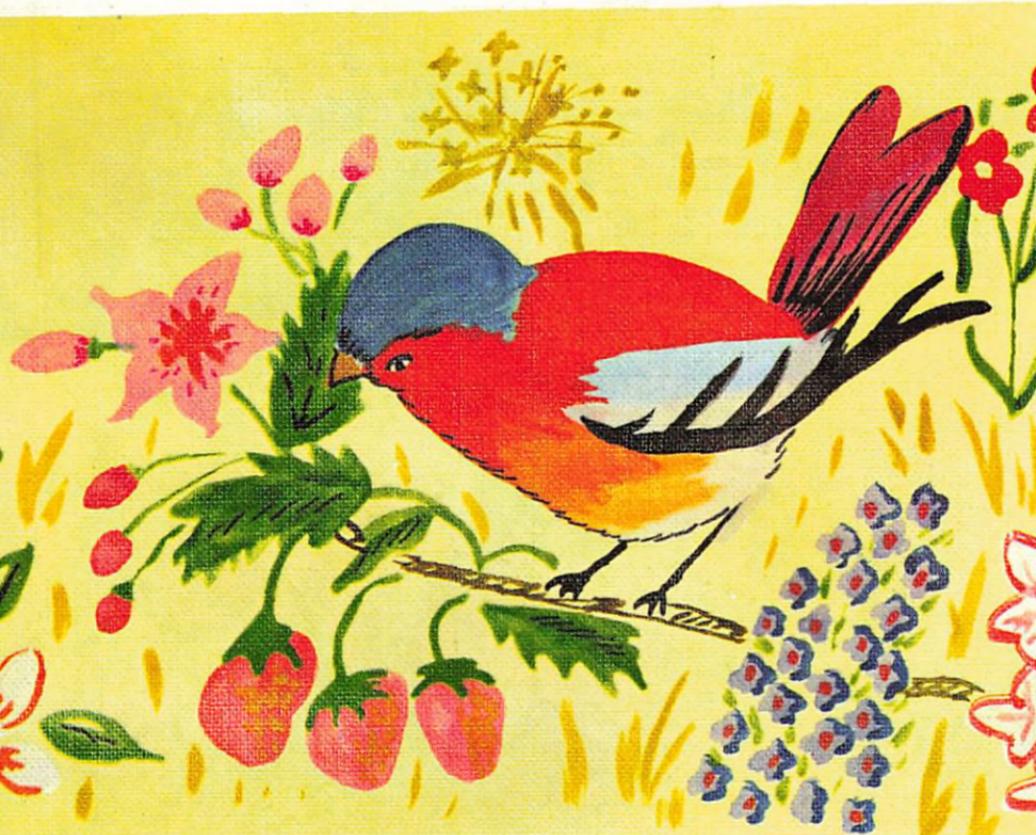
SEARCH

MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1973

50¢

WISCO



THE STRANGE ENERGY OF THE PYRAMIDS
WHAT A GRAY WORLD THIS WILL BE
THE THING FROM UNDER THE SOUTH POLE

HE WALKED THE AMERICAS

BY
L. TAYLOR HANSEN

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MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1973
ISSUE NO. 108

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What SEARCH Means To You

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

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

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

EDITORIAL

There are several trite “maxims” which come to mind at the moment which give this editor pause to think. Actually, we are writing this editorial against a deadline—the typography department is yelling its head off for “copy”. Your editor is the source of all copy, and somehow it becomes (or is expected to become) just a matter of sitting down at the typewriter and magically something flows out. But the fact is, we need something to stimulate us—like something that makes us angry, or something that challenges our sense of logic, or something puzzling. There is one particular thing that has always challenged our sense of logic, and that is the sort of thing you see on billboards—like “Believe and ye shall be saved”. We thought of that in our effort to get our “think tank” started; but we’ve done that so often already! However, there are other of these “maxims” which direct our thought in new directions. One is “As a man thinketh, so he is.” Another: “All we have to fear is fear itself.” Let’s just lump these together and see what happens.

Before we get started, we’ll have to interject another factor, this one not one of these “maxims” but the singular trend events have taken in the life of this editor in the past sixty days or so. It isn’t a strange trend, because it has happened before—everything seems to be perverse, and it is a virtual certainty that “what can go wrong, will!” We could enumerate them, but it would be an endless accounting, so we’ll just skim over a few as an illustration: First, we had a potential disaster at our printing plant—a fire, which could have put us out of business, but which was extinguished by several of our exceptionally brave employees. Next, just at a rush period, a folding machine broke down and the necessary repair parts, supposedly placed in the mail the same day, just never came; when queries were made, the order had not even been heard of, and was repeated. Again, the delivery which should have been made by UPS, which guarantees next day delivery in this mileage zone, took five days. One of the consequences of this delay in production was late delivery of several of our magazines, resulting in a very

substantial income loss; a mail campaign which we depended upon to cover year-end costs went into the mail too late to produce results, and we didn't even recover the postage outlay. Suddenly, usually prompt-paying customers became delinquent. Members of the production staff became ill. Your editor also went to bed with the flu. There was a death in the family. Two books we printed somehow got their titles mixed, and both printings were useless and had to be done over. The weather became intolerable, with constant hazardous driving conditions; our car broke down and expensive repairs had to be made. Just at the time when people who owe you money suddenly they do not pay; creditors become ferocious (new credit men on the job start red-dogging for points with the boss!). On and on and on—until the harassment becomes intolerable.

It's a familiar pattern, but the thing that is not so easy to understand is when you connect it up with some of those "maxims" we have mentioned! Let's start with a decision we made just prior to the beginning of all the adverse trend of events. In the past we have made decisions in this same field, and our memory reminds us that each time this same series of disasters began. Our reason tells us that the two are not related. Logic denies even the possibility. What we did this time was

to decide to publish a new book by Richard Shaver. Actually this is a very good decision, because this will be a good book that will sell very well, should actually be a profitable venture. Our decision to print this book does not stem, however, from the profit potential alone, but from the fact that it is another in a series of things we like to think are important to those who have read what we print for many years. It is something we think they want very much, and which will be very helpful and informative to them. Also, it is a vital cog in that mysterious ramification of "reality" we like to think we are exposing to view in the work we do. It is something to add to the things that we can think about, and which make us think. This is in reality the whole purpose of our publishing ventures—to make people think, and thereby benefit themselves and, hopefully, the whole human race. We have discovered that it is true that mankind is beset with numerous concepts which have been accepted as truth, which are in fact not true at all, and instead are bonds on all human progress. We cannot become true individual persons if we do not understand ourselves and the world around us, but worse, we can never become such integrated and purposeful achievers if we are tied down by falsity.

One of those falsities has been that

“believe” thing; having “faith” (accepting things without proof); pre-destination, inevitability, compulsion, etc. Our wife, Marjorie, often tells us that things happen to us because we “make them happen with our negative attitude”. We don’t think of ourselves as “negative”, so this sometimes ruffles our feathers. But thinking of those “maxims”, maybe we ought to think this thing through and find out for sure if she isn’t right!

Could it be true that when we decided to publish a new Shaver book we remembered the troubles we had with the aftermath of previous such decisions? Like the time we published a special issue of *Amazing Stories* featuring the “Shaver Mystery” and the whole world seemed to fall apart, including what we decided was an actual attempt on our life. Or the time we prepared a special issue on flying saucers, and the whole military might of the Pentagon descended on us to prevent the distribution of this issue, and succeeded in having it killed. Or what happened when we actually began to write our most important book *Martian Diary*, which is still being produced under a very frustrating series of reverses.

Is it really true that because we subconsciously “believe” that initiating a Shaver book also initiates a mysterious “resistance” (from the dero?) which will plague us with all sorts of problems and trouble we

actually bring these things upon us? “That which I have feared hath come upon me!”

Often we have said that everything begins with thought. We cannot manufacture a chair without first thinking (conceiving) it in our mind. Once this mental picture is created, we merely add wood and glue and effort to it, and we have a complete chair. We’ve read books about the positive power of thought. We know people who go about thinking positively, and then waiting for something good to happen to them. It never does (we have observed), and we are sure it is because the thought (father to the deed) was never implemented with materials and action. Yet, what we have been saying is that *bad* things become concrete without implementation (our own), merely by having the thought, or the belief. Why is that? Why is it that *fear* (for that is what it really is) becomes an actuality simply by the fact of fearing, or anticipating? Yet, when we think of something good happening, it is never so spontaneous, but we must pitch in and work hard at achieving the actuality that follows the thought?

Once started on this analysis of the many “maxims” we use in our daily life, we become astounded at the multiplicity of them. We discover that they make up a very major portion of our lives. “Everything comes to him

who waits." Yet: "If the mountain will not come to Mohamet, then Mohamet must go to the mountain." How come? All he has to do is wait long enough! "Peace, be still!" "Idle hands bring mischief." "A penny saved is a penny earned." "Money must be put to work or it will have no value."

There is a strange paradox in these weird phrases—they have no power without thought, yet they (being thoughtless) are used for thinking—as a substitute for thinking. How can it be that "as a man thinketh, so he is" and at the same time the thought cannot be the deed? Shouldn't it be "as a man thinketh, so should he do"? And if nothing really happens without active implementation of the thought, why is it that a negative thought brings a positive result, without activity, and a positive thought lies fallow unless implemented?

"To every action there is a reaction." Another of those damned things! Can it really be true that a positive determination on our part automatically, by some physical law, initiates a negative result? We decide to publish a book, and immediately that action has its companion reaction—an obstacle to the publication of that book? "What goes up must come down." "Every cloud has a silver lining."

Now we are beginning to see the truth! Every one of these things is just

plain bull! They are false mirages on the horizon of thought, preventing us from seeing beyond, but worse, preventing us from pressing forward to that horizon. What we want to do, or set out to do, is like trying to pass a current through a wire—there is "resistance". Heat is generated, and when the current is pressed too hard, the wire melts, and all activity stops. "The plans of men (and mice) gang aft a'glee!" Perhaps there is an answer—planning! Looking about us in the universe we plainly see a "plan". There is order. Incredible order. A master plan in very truth! So, acknowledging this master plan, is it not true that a "counter plan" (which ours must be because we do not have all the facts at our disposal) is doomed to encounter resistance from the moment of its concept?

The younger generation has a new maxim of their own which seems to have particular significance to us now that we are thinking about it—"let it all hang out!" Isn't it better to "let" things happen, rather than to try to make them happen? We see very plainly that when we are trying to implement our own plan, resistance develops, and "heat" is generated, and the harder we fight, the more things come to halt. It's like this editorial—we are really forcing it, and what happens is that when we try to write, nothing comes to us; yet, if we just sit down idly and let our mind

wander willy-nilly, things begin to happen, and finally we find ourselves writing something we had no idea we would write. Often we discover that what we have written in this manner is far superior to something we deliberately constructed! Hundreds of thoughts strike us, seeming to come from nowhere, and one thing suggests another. Take for example, the words we just used, "willy-nilly". How apt they are when we analyze them! Will-nil. The force of our will nullified! By what? By that mysterious "resistance" to our decision to act by its uncomprehended conflict with a "master decision" that already exists?

Should we then have determined to publish a book by Shaver? The answer is hard to come by. Having thought of it, we should just have relaxed and let our minds wander. Wan-der! Oh brother, what we just said! Wan, to be pale, or to pale away. Der, the inherent evil in de! When we let our minds wander, we must actually be causing the "bad" in our plan to pale away! As we idly contemplate our book, the thoughts that the original concept generate will eliminate the "resistance" that would otherwise

prevent its becoming a reality!

It seems to be true, because now, after two months, we are beginning to have some "inspirations" about the material we have on hand, and how to use it. These usages are rather different than what we originally conceived, and they have been materially changed by the train of thought generated in Richard Shaver by the news that we planned to print a book by him about his "rock histories, pictures in rocks, etc.". So, it would seem that what we really should do is to "let it all hang out" and see what happens. Maybe Madison Avenue is not so wrong in its "Let's run it up the flagpole and see who salutes."

So, we won't promise you any set date for the appearance of the new book by Shaver, because if it is a part of the master plan, there will be a book, and if it is not, we will find it plenty hot in the kitchen—and we'll get out if we can't stand it! But no matter, the decision did result in teaching us something. That something, paradoxically enough comes out to another of those vexing maxims:

"Easy does it!"—Rap.

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THE STRANGE ENERGY OF THE PYRAMIDS

BY JOEL AMKRAUT

Were The Great Pyramids Healing Centers?

Imagine a cosmic energy that can't be seen, heard, or felt, yet can mummify animal flesh, sharpen a dull razor blade, or even heal the sick.

You don't have to imagine it any more! It exists. It's been measured. And it's been "under our noses" for thousands of years.

Since ancient times, mystics have claimed that the Great Cheops Pyramid at Giza Egypt, possesses "healing" properties. . .that mysterious energy and atmospheric conditions inside the structure healed wounds and cured many diseases.

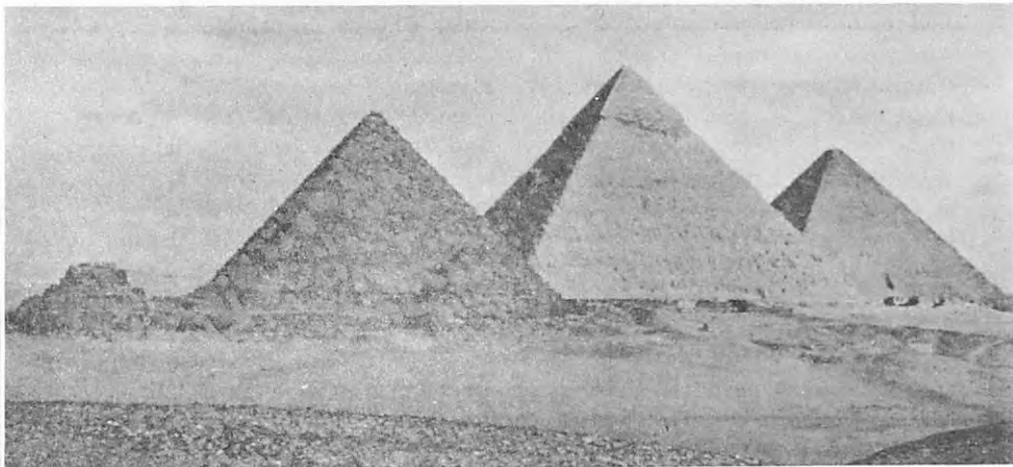
Legend has it that the Pyramids were originally healing centers, to

which the ill flocked from the far reaches of the ancient world.

And yet, "Scientists" scoffed at the very thought of "pyramid energy." Those enormous structures were "just tombs", said Egyptologists. Until recently, that is!

The recent discovery of pyramid energy is one of the most intriguing tales in modern para-physics. It began some years ago, when a Monsieur Bovis visited the Great Pyramid. Pausing momentarily in the King's Chamber, he noticed garbage cans full of dead cats and other small animals which had wandered into the pyramid, lost their way, and died.

But, there was something strange: despite the lack of embalming or special treatment, the corpses had not



decayed. They were dehydrated. Preserved by some unknown force, they had mummified!

The eerie discovery set Bovis to thinking. He knew that the pyramid's shape follows a special $3/4/5$ right triangle proportion to within inches. Could the very shape of the Great Pyramid have had anything to do with preserving the bodies?

The Great Pyramid is oriented to True North to within a tiny fraction of a single degree. In the twentieth century, the pyramid, built in 2,900 BC, is still the most accurately oriented building known to science, so accurate, in fact, that it serves as a compass reference point. Did this exact North-orientation play some part in preserving the animal bodies?

If the very shape of the pyramid, or its compass orientation prevented decay, would a model pyramid cause the same phenomena?

Bovis built a wooden model pyramid with a three foot base. Then he hunted up a dead cat and placed it on a platform inside the structure. The body mummified. He repeated the experiment with other materials: beef, liver, fish, quick-spoiling organ meats like brains. All were preserved.

When the strange reports reached Europe, another experimenter began to research pyramid energy fields. Karel Drbal, a Czechoslovakian radio engineer, duplicated the mummification experiments, and concluded that, "there is a definite relationship between the shape of a space

and the processes going on within.”

He also announced another, still stranger finding: the pyramid energy, he reported, sharpened a dull razor blade.

Drbal had discovered that a double-edged blue steel razor blade left under the exactly shaped and oriented pyramid model would mysteriously regain its sharpness. In fact, he shaved as many as 200 times with a single Gillette blue blade. He even convinced an at first dubious patent office that the effect was real, and his patented Cheops Pyramid Razor Blade Sharpeners became a common sight in blade-scarce post WWII Europe.

Very interesting, amusing, and of course, useful. But in the opinion of many researchers, the most important implications of pyramid energy fields lie in the possible medical applications. One of the best discussions of this subject is found in the essay PYRAMIDS AND BIO-COSMIC ENERGY. (See addresses at end of this article)

What relationship does pyramid energy have to Psi forces: ESP, clairvoyance, or psychokinesis? Is pyramid energy the same thing as the medium for Psi phenomena? And is pyramid energy identical to the energy wielded by Psychic healers?

According to one researcher, Pat Flanagan, pyramid energy may be the very essence of the life force itself,

called Chi, Prana, Ethereal body, and other terms by various groups. Flanagan believes that a body ages because of a gradual process of decay. And, he believes, the pyramid energy can prevent such cell deterioration, preserving the “life-energy”. Thus, it would increase the life span to undreamed of lengths. As evidence, he points to a recent biological study of the skin of Princess Mene. It was proven that the skin cells of her mummified body were still capable of life...after thousands of years of death! And a respected American physician, Albert S. Evans/D.O. wonders whether, “...the great lifespans of the Biblical ancients were really a myth.”

How is pyramid energy actually generated? According to Flanagan, all atoms constantly emit sub-atomic energy, whose wavelength varies from one material to another. The five corners of a pyramid shape “focus” this energy toward the center of the pyramid’s enclosed space. A small area, one third from the bottom, becomes saturated with energy in the 10 nano-meter wavelength.

Any material in that area absorbs the energy by “resonance”. The energy appears to increase enzyme action, preventing decay and putrefaction, and increasing dehydration rate of various materials. Thus, it also appears to increase healing effects, which depend to some

degree upon enzyme action.

Psychic healers are able to rapidly mummify meat or other organic matter by generating a force from their very fingertips. Very possibly, their bodies somehow store, and controllably release, this same energy that is all pervasive, and focused by pyramid shapes.

Dr. Evans recently speculated that the energy may be medically useful for certain types of edema. He also pondered whether it would make controlled organ regeneration possible! Presumably, amplified and properly focused, it could increase cell reproduction rate.

There is an electronic device that generates the "X-force". Recently developed, it will be improved and eventually patented. Pat Flanagan, the inventor, used the generator to create one of the oddest "pyramid" products on the market: the PYRAMID ENERGY PLATES, "PeP's" for short.

PePs are anodized aluminum rectangles, stamped out of sheet, then specially charged with pyramid energy. The charge appears to last some 5-8 years.

When PePs are placed next to other substances, the other materials absorb this radiating energy by resonance.

Strange things happen. Meat or organic matter left on the plates mummifies instead of spoiling. A glass of water on the plate for a few minutes becomes charged with the

energy, reportedly acquiring beneficial powers to increase the growth rate and general health of plants.

Seeds reportedly sprout more dependably after a few minutes on the plate.

Digressing for a moment, it's interesting to note this effect on seeds, since corn kernels found in the pyramids were still viable after thousands of years.

The oddest effect of the plates concerns their effect on food and drink. A cup of coffee loses its bite and bitterness after a minute or two on the plate. Tea and liquor become gentler, smoother, more mellow. And so, reportedly, does a cigarette, or other tobacco product.

Apparently all these effects occur because of the increased enzyme action.

One experiment the author hasn't heard of would concern healing effects of the plates' energy. The Great Pyramid supposedly increased the healing of wounds. Psychic healers can accelerate healing. If PePs emit the same energy, would placing them on a wound speed up the healing process? Has anyone ever done this?

The idea that shapes generate beneficial...or harmful energy is a startling one, but interestingly, supported both by folklore and science. A European engineer, E. Turenne, believed that square houses are very bad for people, while domes

are good.

The ancient Chinese believed in the power of circles. . . a belief clearly evident in their martial arts, which are based on circular motions. American Indians believed that "universal power" was circular, staunchly maintaining that the white man's squarish log cabins robbed his vitality. Dome users also speak of a "vitality" inside their homes.

Quite possibly all these ideas are based on fact.

The entire field of "magnetic wave form resonance", energy generated by shapes. . . is still in its infancy. Thousands of questions remain to be answered. Are square houses really bad for us? Can pyramid-shaped

hospital rooms help patients? (some reports indicate that they can) Exactly why does a pyramid tent seem to aid meditation? And why do radiothesia rods react when passed over a pyramid?

In the early days of electronics, great advances came not from lavishly funded research teams, but from solitary tinkerers, working in their own homes. The entire field of Magnetic Wave Form Resonance is at about the same stage as electronics when Marconi sent his famous message across the ocean. Some great advances in this science may well arise from individuals, intent on pushing the borders of human knowledge just a little farther.

Probably the best book on the Great Pyramid is SECRETS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID, by Peter Tompkin. 1971, Harper and Row, New York. It's \$12.50 at bookstores.

The best information and data on pyramid energy is PYRAMIDS AND BIO-COSMIC ENERGY, included in the Pyramid Energy Kit from Aleph Enterprises, P.O. Box 4872-S, Palo Alto, Calif. 94305. The kit, which also includes an experimental model and accessories, is \$3.95 plus 25¢ postage. Pyramid energy plates are available from the same address. A 3" by 5" plate is \$3 postpaid, an 8" by 10" one is \$10 postpaid.

When ordering mailorder, be sure to add state tax if you live in the same state. And incidentally, how about letting SEARCH know what your experiments come up with?



SCORPIO



SAGITTARIUS



VRGO



LIBRA



LEO



CAPRICORN



AQUARIUS



PISCES



ARIES



TAURUS



GEMINI



CANCER

YOUR ASTROLOGY CAPSULE

Loretta Van Dam



AIRES March 21-April 20.

Feb.—March 1973: Gain through offsprng affairs. You might go in business with one. Also enlist the patronage or influence of the affluent. New, outgoing friends enter or re-enter the life; get-togethers and/or reconciliations shown for many Rams. Build up the vitality, self-image. A relative may cause a problem. Handle same with your innate diplomacy. Behind the scenes or private matters concern you now. Your income increases through your job or business; some expansion indicated.

You have much allure for the opposite sex. Good news comes from a distance. Curb extravagance and be alert, careful, on trips. Busy mental, physical period, much activity and lots of correspondence over this period.



TAURUS April 21-May 20.

Feb.—March 1973: Inheritance matters could invite envy of family members. Be modest regarding legacies that come, Taurus, even to be a bit non-committal regarding same

might not be a bad idea. Have any such matter clearly defined, as there could be cloudiness, some deception, etc. regarding inheritance. Much activity promised in job, career, business, with increased income likely. Those in authority favor you. The cosmic spotlight is on you so do your stuff, operate at your best. You are highly magnetic but should only encourage someone of the opposite sex you really care about, and don't build up any false romantic hopes of one who may feel Taurus has let them down. You may be catapulted into new prestige through the good will of others or one particular person who believes in you. Education may seem boring now, may also run into snarls, delays. Use care in trips, traffic. Avoid lending money. Medical matters subject to the unpredictable, surprising.



GEMINI May 21-June 21.

Feb.—March 1973: An in-law or it could also be a person of foreign birth you know holds some concern for you. Later there is anxiety regarding a friend or child. A job change could come up or some talk of same. Continue to take care of health Gemini. Get enough rest and sleep, too. . .and avoid getting involved with strangers and the unknown, either one of which could be dangerous from mid-February through March. Avoid

dampness or damp places and look out for falls. Literally watch your step, Gemini. Some of the opposite sex may be pulling the wool over your eyes so don't be too gullible—but rather be realistic in any love matter, with Neptune transiting in your house of love and marriage.



CANCER June 22-July 22.

Feb.—March 1973: Health matters still tricky with Neptune transiting this house for some long time to come. Avoid contagion, be extra careful in this respect. Considered home changes now go forward. You gain through the good fortune of the partner whether this be business or marital, through casting your lot with another. Much activity in the place of work or through your job. Avoid mishaps though. You may have news of a legacy, for yourself or the partner. Be diplomatic with those who would act too aggressive or want their own way too much. Romance exciting, could be with one of foreign birth. News comes from a distance; long travel will be considered.



LEO July 23-August 22.

Feb.—March 1973: Team work in any sense of the word will pay off now, Leo, and you gain through others. Social matters lively and slow, by turns. Certain friends may puzzle or disappoint or some are ill, with

Saturn still influencing this house on your chart. Take care of health and avoid mishaps at work or discord at the place of work. A pet you have may be the cause of some anxiety. Look after the welfare of pets. A matter regarding an aunt or uncle may be of some concern to you as well. Love is alluring but don't overdo in this department, Leo, or again be too starry-eyed either. Handle all investment of speculation matters with some conservatism, examining all angles of same.



VIRGO
August 23-September 22.

Feb.—March 1973: Romantic happiness in the home or place of work if disagreements can be controlled. Much activity in the home. A change of residence could be a possibility soon. Develop your own talent as it can pay you well later on. You may be more involved than usual in affairs of the young. Someone thought of as merely a friend may turn out to be a lover. Partnership problems could worry you. Don't give in to jealousy. A new job will mean more pay. Money may be spent on your health, but health treatments would be beneficial and well worth the cost. You may travel because of a love matter. Look for a marriage proposal around this time.



LIBRA
September 23-October 23.

Feb.—March 1973: Generally adverse for health, as there is the trend toward overdoing or of being careless, healthwise. Calm ruffled relatives or neighbors through patience, psychology. Use care in travel. Much correspondence likely, while home or property changes could be in the offing. There can be some tantalizing delays over most of this period, with garbled messages, mixed up schedules also possible. Your magnetism for the opposite sex was never more potent. You may be concerned over a matter to do with a pet, or you may travel to buy a pet. Get along with fellow-workers or with those at home who may be having their own problems now. In love matters try not to deliver any ultimatums.



SCORPIO
October 24-November 21.

Feb.—March 1973: Continue to be alert in all financial, property and possessions matters. Income may receive a boost you didn't really expect. A legacy matter may be delayed. Home, property changes may occur before long. Larger quarters indicated. Gain through a parent and in any home activity, or in work conducted from the home. You may worry regarding a child and/or a love matter takes a new turn. You feel

adventurous. Use care in all travel, also in what is said or written by you. Communication lively, much correspondence sent and/or received. Splendid period for study, improving your skills. Use care in the home. Also sidestep arguments there. A message you get is exciting. Easy does it, take care of health.



SAGITTARIUS

November 22-December 21.

Feb.—March 1973: Courtship picks up; exciting love may be found close by. Handle all friendship matters with kid gloves though because Uranus in this house in your chart is a reckless influence at times, bringing estrangement or discord with others and generally in a most unpredictable way. Letters you get warm your heart, while domestic problems vex. At least avoid taking home members for granted now. Look to the decor of

your abode, beautify, etc. Your personality shines and can sway others. Get enough rest, don't overdo, let moderation be your motto and get along with associates. A rise in income.



CAPRICORN

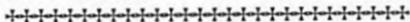
December 22-January 20.

Feb.—March 1973: Vitality somewhat low; don't take health for granted. Use care in regard to getting involved with strangers, as well as in regard to any lonely place where possible danger could lurk. Use your own initiative now Capricorn. You can rely on yourself. Luxury items may be acquired. Income on the rise but avoid extravagance. Property may be bought or sold around this time. Curb impatience, temper or in some instances, too much ardor. Career, job or business matters tend to change suddenly, are none too steady; or



INTRODUCING LORETTA

Loretta Van Dam is an Aquarian and a solar astrologist of note. Her interpretation of a chart is mediumistic and mystical. All her work is done through the mails. For the readers of SEARCH an individual in-depth reading may be obtained by sending \$6.00 with your name, address and birthdate to: Loretta Van Dam, 129 Aragon, San Mateo, Ca. 94402.



again, the parental picture changes. And with some Capricorns it may be a case of career, job, business versus love, marriage. Might be labor or employment problems for some.



AQUARIUS January 21-February 18.

Feb.—March 1973: A turning point around this time with mighty Jupiter about to enter your sun sign for the next 12 months. This means a new start, more money, more self-confidence for you... a time to strike out on your own, if need be. Don't be too diffident in a love matter, but don't be too jealous either. Friendships thrive now, yet you may find in spite of this trend that you are more selective in this department of your life; and so you should be too. Some matter up to now of a private nature is bared. Rumors and gossip are rife. Hold steady, keep your own counsel, Aquarius, and believe in yourself. Take care of health and look to your own interests. Avoid the flamboyant.

Don't get involved with anyone unruly.



PISCES February 19-March 20.

Feb.—March 1973: You are intuitive, diplomatic. Some information important to you seems to fall right into your hands. Love is secret for a while, then comes into the open. Much writing, study, contemplation in private, behind the scenes. A preparatory period just now. Avoid conflicts in friendships or stress in regard to a child or young person. A business matter could still be tricky, proceed with some caution in such, don't be too hasty or impatient. You have a guiding star, in some instances 11th-hour luck—while some foes can be changed to friends, if you only half try, Pisces. The domestic (or parental) scene may depress, from time to time. A family member may be ill. Show your devotion to this person. Avoid financial disagreements.

*When you are sitting on top of the world give a thought occasionally
for the ones who are carrying it on their shoulders.*

what a gray world this will be

by Ray Palmer

The *National Geographic* is quite an old magazine. It has been published longer than most of us have lived. And it is great fun and very educational to go back into files of years gone by and compare the world as it was then with the ways things are now. One of the most striking things you will encounter is how *The National Geographic* has portrayed the "culture" of other countries and other peoples. We were always given very interesting descriptions of "how the other half lives", and it made fascinating reading. The heritage and habits and nationalisms of other cultures provided an absorbing insight into arts and crafts and social customs and mores of people far away from us, and isolated from the better known portions of the world. However, even in the well-known portions, the differences between people were remarkable, and even at the time

when these differences were so interestingly presented in *The National Geographic* there were many people who recognized that here were artistic cultures that were unique and should be preserved by all means. Even today we have "folk singers" who strive to reproduce or maintain some culture-form in melody, rhythm and poetic expression, and to save its charm and artistry from oblivion. In individual countries, while progress marches inexorably forward, and communication between peoples increases, there are still groups of individualists who strive to retain the circumstance and form and aura of the culture of their forebears, and the unique flavor of their singular development. In Greece, for example, folk dancing is kept alive by constant public performances, both as a means of demonstrating the particular culture of the Greeks to visiting

tourists, and in personal attempts to keep from forgetting the dances and the music and how they were traditionally performed.

When we read articles in *The National Geographic* published 70 years ago, on a specific culture, and then find a similar article just published in a current issue, about the same culture, we can only sit in stunned disbelief when we note the drastic change that has taken place. For example, what about the Tokyo of 1973! Or the Istanbul of today compared with the Constantinople of an earlier day? Or the "darkest Africa" of the 1890s with the capital city of Nigeria today?

It is difficult to say that the modern buildings, streets, traffic and dishwashers of today are not an improvement in the living conditions of those people—none of them would wish to go back to their primitive and poverty-ridden ways of the past. Actually, progress is an advance in culture itself, and any people will develop the arts and crafts which set them apart from all others, and provide a delight to the eye and ear of the foreign observer interested in arts and crafts and music and literature. However, something has happened which is very alarming in its implications, and which is becoming daily more obvious to many—but not to many who could be called anything but a minority. And sadly, this

minority is, or seems to be, quite powerless to make its influence felt, or to halt the massive and impassive tide which is rolling around the planet, seemingly destined to level everything in its path which has any cultural impact.

Today, visiting many great cities, far apart on the surface of the globe, we can step into any gathering of people in a public place, or even in private homes, and discover that we are hearing what could well be said to be an "instant replay" of an audio-visual tape recorded in any other place in the world. The same song, identical words, sung to the same rhythm and the same melody, played on the same electric guitar and accompanied by the same set of drums and cymbals. And even more remarkable, the singers wear the same style of hair-do, the identically patterned clothes, and use the same brand of deodorant, drink the same brand of "coke", and speak the same language, particularly the same slang idioms. Their forebears, instantly resurrected to the spot, would be unable to recognize "themselves" as a traditional people in their descendents. They would find every vestige of their culture vanished, and everywhere they looked in the world, they would see a mirror image of similarity and conformity.

Sociologists have argued that it is good that this sort of

intercommunication and intermingling is going on, and that people are able to relate to each other, and understand each other. They state that when peoples become more alike, their differences will vanish, and the cause of conflict will also vanish. They believe that eventually everyone will have such equality that there will be no cause to fight for something the other person or nation has. The facts, as we face them today, seem to have had quite the opposite result—we have not gained understanding, but have lost identity, and war and hatred are worse than ever, and dissatisfaction is rampant. Something of great value has been lost, and the infinite ramifications of “differences” have been lost in a flood of monotonous sameness. People still feel the urge to travel to distant lands and see “new” things, but when they get there, they cannot distinguish the difference between one city and another. Standing on a street corner, unless you look up at the street signs, you will not know that you are not still on the corner of “State & Main” in your own home town. Across the street you will see that “The Poseidon Story” is playing opposite “A Clockwork Orange” and on television the afternoon show is “As The World Turns” and “Mannix” competes with “Sonny & Cher” for the prime evening spot. And in every city of the world, the main event of the evening

is the local “rock concert” complete with psychedelic lighting and the smell of marijuana.

Actually, however, all this isn't really relevant to our concern—it is an inevitable result of a growing mechanical civilization, an increasing ease of communication, and a burgeoning population. The world is rapidly growing smaller. Where once it took months to reach the hinterlands of Nigeria from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, it is now an overnight jet flight during which not one acre of intervening countryside or ocean is glimpsed. To the traveler, the world is a complex of airports surrounded by identical buildings and streets overcast with a hazy smog that assails the nasal passages and lungs, and burns at the eyes. What is, or should be, our primary concern is the drab prison we are building for ourselves, and the destruction of our liberty, our individuality and our identity. What we are faced with is not a growing civilization, but a developing human anthill. Oh yes, we are developing a new “culture” on a vaster scale. We will be “one world”, an “inhabited planet”, peopled by “mankind”. We will still have our songs that we sing—audible over the entire planet. And just as the outsider listened to the chants of the natives of darkest Africa, and could not distinguish one chant from the other because of their distinctive tribal beat, neither could a

visitor from another world distinguish the difference between the rock songs which had different titles, but sounded the same. That will possibly rate being called a "culture", but it will not be identified as such, because of one vital lacking factor—other cultures with which to contrast it. And without that contrast, it cannot be a culture, but only an overall "grayness" in which no bright ray of light will ever penetrate the monotony that will inevitably stifle all originality, all individuality, all personality. In such a culture, we will not have a name. We will not know who we are. We will be "Number 387-05-1592.

To get a little closer to our theme, and to see things in a more local and narrow perspective, we will concentrate on a few very unrelated, yet significantly "gray area" items. Instead of looking at the teeming anthill and trying to understand what it is, let's just look at a few of the ants, and try to understand how they do (and do not) fit into the totality of their culture.

Do you remember the painting of the little boy reclining on the banks of a small stream, straw hat pulled drowsily over his eyes, and a fishline tied to his bare toe in the event a fish should take his hook? That is a typical part of our American culture, our American heritage. Today we have a sort of counterpart to that little boy.

He calls himself a sportsman. He lives in a big city. He votes Democrat, and he has leftist leanings. He is in favor of the one-man, on-vote system. And because he is a sportsman, he belongs to the local Izaak Walton league, and his hobby is trout fishing. He is very hot on "conservation", and he is a specialist in that category—he ardently believes that the trout, a very noble fish indeed, must be preserved at all costs; and recently he wrote an article in a national newspaper. Said he:

"There is a trout stream in central Wisconsin called the Little Roche a Cri (Little Red Creek). It is a clear, swift-flowing stream winding through sandy country, and today, because of a period of good rainfall, and good conservation practices, it is flowing full, and it abounds with trout. But do not be lulled by its seeming health, because if this were the 1930s, when a severe drought assailed the area, the Little Roche a Cri would have diminished to one-fourth its normal flow, and a dangerous situation would exist. Something would need to be done to help preserve the trout population of the stream. However, today the situation is complicated by a new factor; the Little Roche a Cri flows through an area which has become a primary potato-producing country. Today, because conservationists saw the danger of damage to the stream and its trout population, laws have

been passed against irrigation water being drawn by potato farmers from trout streams. Instead, thousands of wells dot the landscape, and irrigation water is drawn from the underlying water table. What if another drought occurred? Would present laws save the stream? No, it would dry up completely, because of the tremendous drain on the underlying water table by the irrigation wells. Therefore, the danger is obvious, and it is necessary that some sort of control be placed on this new type of irrigation. There is, naturally, the question of which is more important, food production or recreation?"

There you have the opinion of the inhabitant of the anthill. He and his majority of companions believe that potatoes can be grown anywhere, but trout streams are very limited in number. He intends to "conserve" them.

What he does not see is that in his anthill culture, the question does not exist—food or recreation? It IS a question of food and survival, and when the anthill engulfs the entire landscape, the matter of recreation becomes entirely divorced from the environment and irrelevant. Even if we conserve the limited number of trout streams, they cannot possibly provide the "sport" of trout fishing to literally millions of people. In the gray area of compromise, the inevitable

result will be neither potatoes nor trout, but a factory-chemically produced "protein" which will feed both sportsman and farmer as he becomes a faceless robot in his human city-anthill. And by law, BOTH will be excluded from that portion of the environment and ecology which has been protected by law! Perhaps part of their entertainment and recreation will be the privilege of seeing the natural beauty of the Little Roche a Cri on television in a "National Geographic Special"!

Today, because of the growing conflict between our environment and the availability of our natural resources, and burgeoning mankind himself, the message we can gain from our observations of the death of minority cultures is that all culture will die because of our insistence of equality, and what we call our "rights". We believe we have a right to enjoy the quiet stretches of the Little Roche a Cri, and catch the leaping trout that inhabit it. And when we see this privilege endangered (be it because of the pollution of a paper manufacturing plant, or the irrigation needs of a potato farmer) we leap to preserve the Little Roche a Cri. But somehow we do it from our own narrow viewpoint. To the trout fisherman, "conservation" is simply an act of "conserving" the trout so that when he wishes recreation, he can journey to the Little Roche a Cri and

(in his vast numbers, lining the stream elbow to elbow) rape the stream of the very thing he claims he wishes to conserve. He says the fish will die if the farmer pumps out the water, but somehow he believes they will still be there when he fishes them out.

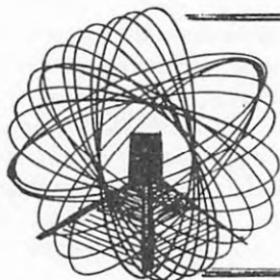
Until we learn that true conservation lies in preserving the ecology by *not interfering* with its natural state in ANY way, we will end up with a gray nothing none of us can enjoy BOTH menaces to the stream should be eliminated—the withdrawing of water, and the fishing! Yet, if we are allowed to be individuals, we will do what some of those individuals can see, that the problem of water for potatoes is to conserve the water that is wasted by run-off (that means dams and holding ponds), and a change in the rigid and ridiculous concept of the fisherman that only trout are to be conserved. Perhaps the answer to the sportsman is to emulate that painting of the boy with the line tied to his bare toe—but leave off the hook! Just as the irrigator should not kill the creek, the fisherman should not kill the fish.

Today we hear the cry of the conservationist who wishes to preserve the natural resources of the planet “for the people”, and in the process, he eliminates the individual. Who are “the people”? They are those masses of ants in the anthill who will destroy any ant who goes the “wrong way” or

deviates from the “norm”. They are not individuals, because they never act except as groups, and by the pressure of group action they force the grayness of the “masses” upon everyone. Somehow they cannot see that to attack the individual is to deny any chance of individuality in themselves once their objective is attained.

Is it really true that we are headed for this “gray” world? Is the dying out of the art of rug-weaving of the Navaho, the folk dancing of the Greeks, the sand-painting of the Bedouins, the totem-pole carving of the Eskimo, the submersion of the individual and varied culture beneath the waves of that gray sea of non-culture where everyone is equal and alike and possessed of his “fair” share?

Should we argue the conservation of recreation versus food production—or should we be concerned with the conservation of our own persons and of our own personalities, and of our artistic expression of a particular culture in weaving a rug that a machine could produce faster, by the millions, every one alike! We must learn to sacrifice for ourselves, not forbid to others! We must continue to think, not to conform. Gray is a rotten color! Don’t let it overwhelm the bright and beautiful bits of color we create on our own tiny culture-corner.



TRUE EXPERIENCES

MYSTERY SPOT IN THE "BERMUDA TRIANGLE"

By Alan Wiseman

When a "callow" youth, and voluntarily serving out the remainder of my hitch aboard a fast-moving Navy destroyer, I was on duty on the "bridge" as port lookout-watch. Suddenly, without any warning, I had occasion to quickly but effectively report the presence of what seemed to me a most strange and unique phenomenon.

At the time (daylight hours and in normal seas) we were steaming along on course, well within the notorious so-called "Bermuda triangle area". I think we were only about 300 nautical-miles out from making final "landfall" at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. As if from out of nowhere directly dead-ahead of us was a weirdly becalmed circular area which somehow steadily disrupted the surrounding wave-strewn surface of the dark-blue Caribbean Sea!

Without noticeable pause, our ship

thereupon sliced into and thus through the briny center of this curious oddity. And thus the "milestone" event began and almost as soon ended. While not truly an overwhelming and shocking traumatic experience, of course, nonetheless I fully knew all about electrifying reports of military planes and civilian ships which had all vanished mostly without a trace of wreckage and in fair weather conditions out "here"! Would we too "go out" in a baffling blinding flash of evanescent light, amidst a peculiar puff of soundless generated "non-smellable" smoke? No way of saying. But maybe that's "howcum" I began perspiring rather freely.

Now as the mile-wide inexplicable "spot" with its remarkable mirror-smooth surface sea-condition of a strangely confined nature gradually faded from our sight in the growing distance, left behind in our churning wake a tantalizing puzzling "something" which now seems to

refuse to be relegated to a "nothing" status.

THE PHANTOM CABIN

By Eve Roe

As my husband and I were driving at midnight through the Mojave desert, in the delightful starry coolness, we were astonished to see a light come on suddenly, illuminating to dazzling brightness, a tumble-down ruined cabin, about 150 feet back from the highway. It stood alone in that endless stretch of sheer desolation amidst sand dunes and the withered desert vegetation.

Since we were already parked, we agreed to go and inquire the distance to the nearest town, but in reality just to satisfy our burning curiosity as to who lived there and why.

Our flashlights revealed the fact that the door was standing ajar and when we got close we saw that it must have been like that for years. The desert sand had drifted in on the threshold a yard high. Shouting into the mysterious silence availed nothing. There was no light at all in the cabin except the light from our torches. We went in cautiously. It was the average little cabin, on the rusting cook stove stood a coffee pot and a frying pan. On a small bare table were places for two, set, and ready for a meal with some brown fine dust on the plates. In the corner there was a tumbled bunk, the bedding half on

the floor and just peeping out, was a frivolous pink velvet bedroom slipper with arabou around the top.

We felt the tension, the drama, the mystery of the cabin but conjectured and nothing. As we left we turned amazed back only to discover that the cabin had disappeared!! We retraced our steps, we searched farther afield but whatever the solution, we never found a trace of the cabin again. Just to be sure, we stayed in the car until dawn and then got out and hunted again but there was nothing for miles around, except sagebrush and sand dunes.

This was in the month of September, in 1923, and near the great dry salt lake.

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE

By Ven Alexander MacDowell

Unfortunately, I have not recorded the date of this event, but it happened during the month of October 1954. Outside, blustering wind and chilling rain proclaimed the approach of winter. The wind was whipping around the house, tugging at the shutters and rattling the windowpanes. I was alone in my room, the hour was late, and as on previous nights, I was unable to sleep, so I sat at my desk that was littered with papers and an unfinished letter.

I was settled in a comfortable chair, relaxed and at ease. From a shelf

above my desk a clock ticked the moments away. The drizzling in and the murmuring wind lulled me into a reverie. Slowly, the room grew hazy, and surrounding objects became enveloped in a shroud of gray mist, and I had a peculiar sensation of drifting and floating.

Presently, the mist began to flee, and I was no longer in my room. I was plodding along amid brilliant flowers and scented grasses, and entered upon a broad, white highway that led to the city gates whose ancient walls stretched away on either side and were lost in the misty distance. I crossed a bridge of shadowy arches under which black waters flowed in a silence as stealthy as the Styx.

I entered the city through huge bronze gates and crossed the pavements where elephant boys sprawled in the shade of buildings. This was the poor section where dwelt the laborers, small shopkeepers and lesser artisans.

The heat was intense, flies swarmed above the refuse littered streets, and their dull buzzing made an endless weary sound. The stench was overwhelming, and the hot air reeked with garbage and manure.

The streets were narrow and the houses high with overhanging balconies and draped windows. From a window above the money changers shop, a woman beckoned as she exhibited her wares. I paused a

moment, hurled back a jest and continued on my way.

Gaunt women trudged along the hot pavements with water jars upon their shoulders, yelling venders carried trays of cakes and-fruit that was black with crawling flies and naked brown babies played in the foul dusty streets.

I approached the marketplace with its bazaars where utensils of brass and all kinds of goods were on display. The shops and stalls were filled with silks, perfumes, spices, ivory, teak, and jewels, merchants bartered between themselves and prospective buyers, while beggars cried for alms.

I pushed my way through the jostling crowd and emerged from the clamor and odor into a spacious thoroughfare. I turned from the street and entered a courtyard where bronze fountains sparkled in the sun, and as I passed a fountain pool, I caught a glimpse of my image as it reflected in the water, and I paused to adjust my urban. My hair was black, my skin brown, and my features thin and lawklike. Everything appeared perfectly natural and just as it should be.

I walked across the courtyard toward a sandstone building, ascended the steps and entered through an arched doorway. From the shadows on either side of the hall two servants appeared and bowed in token of respect. I continued along the corridor to a chamber at the extreme end of

the hall. I hesitated a moment, then parted the tapestry and stepped inside.

As my eyes became accustomed to the light within I made it out quite clearly. The room was large and richly furnished with rugs and tapestry. Objects of ivory and teak were arranged about the place, and from a huge brass censer came the fragrant aroma of smouldering incense. The interior seemed cool after the intense heat of the streets and I breathed the perfumed air with satisfaction.

It was all familiar to me. It seemed that I had been in the chamber many times and remembered it in detail. I glanced about in hope of seeing Rana, but she was not in sight. Presently, there was a stirring at the further end of the room, the tapestry parted and Rana came forward to greet me.

Her hair was black and lustrous, her eyes were wide, dark, and slanted, and her skin was the color of gold. From her yellow throat and arms jewels stood out in bold relief. She was clad in a robe of sheer green silk, that revealed more than it concealed of her supple yellow body; she was truly a goddess. It seemed that I had

been away for a time, but in my absence Rana had not changed. She was lovely as I had always known her. As she drew nearer, her dark eyes were half closed and smouldering, her long body pressed close, her lips sought mine and clung, and I held her in my embrace.

After sunset we emerged from the dwelling to stroll in the compound, or garden beneath starlit skies, and as Rana walked at my side we talked of usual events and she shrugged her proud yellow shoulders. We sought an alabaster bench beneath flowering trees where we remained seated; Rana's head resting on my shoulder.

Flashes across the horizon, followed by the distant rumbling told of an approaching storm. Rana nestled closer as she raised her eyes to the swiftly moving clouds that were sweeping out of the North. The dim starlight faded into inky blackness, great drops of rain spattered on the pavement, without further warning the storm was upon us and the wind struck savagely.

It happened quickly, we were swept from our feet, and in spite of my efforts to hold her Rana was torn

SEARCH readers: Have any of you experienced an unusual happening in your life—something that has no explanation according to general acceptance? If so, would you be willing to tell us about it? SEARCH is the magazine for its readers, and by its readers. Send your story to SEARCH, magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406.

from my arms and I struggled frantically as I was hurled through space, and dropped suddenly downward through eternal darkness past shapeless things and faintly glowing spheres into what seemed to be a well. At the bottom, a rift in the darkness opened like an entrance at the end of a long tunnel, only was not moving horizontally, I was descending downward. The light became larger and more distinct. Presently, I was back in my room, seated at my desk that was littered with papers and an unfinished letter.

Outside, the wind was driving the rain against the house and it shuddered under the terrific force, from a shelf above my desk a clock was ticking the moments away and a glance told me that I had sat at my desk for only a short time, and I was fully awake.

I make no claims for this happening, as I have experienced similar occurrences. I believe it to be flashes of a previous existence in other times and places. This narrative may seem fantastic to the skeptic, nevertheless: It Happened To Me.



LOVE dissolves barriers between men, barriers of race, color, creed, nationality - and reveals to them their mutuality, their common dependence and common destiny



On April 14, 1897, the first recorded case of rustling by the saucerians occurred. Within recent years this aspect of the saucer phenomenon has become quite frequent.

On the above-mentioned date, Alexander Hamilton of LeRoy, Kansas, saw a dark red cigar-shaped craft over his cow lot. The object was some 300 feet long and had a carriage underneath. The carriage was transparent and Hamilton could see "six of the strangest beings I ever saw" inside. The creatures were jabbering together in some foreign tongue.

The airship was powered by a

turbine wheel below the craft. This wheel is thirty feet in diameter.

The craft went to a height of several hundred feet and hovered directly over a two-year-old heifer. A red pole, half an inch in diameter, ran around the cow's neck to the craft. The heifer went off to the northwest, with the heifer in tow.

The next day, the hide, legs and head of Hamilton's animal were found in a field several miles from his farm. There were no tracks in the soft ground surrounding the remains of the cow.

On November 14, 1954, several rabbits were stolen in Isola, Italy, by three dwarfs in metallic diving suits".

UFOs

and

DEAD ANIMALS

by

KURT GLEMSER

The creatures were seen going into a cigar-shaped object by the owner of the rabbits.

An incident similar to those in 1897 occurred on September 7, 1956. A steer was kidnapped near Twin Falls, Idaho, by a large saucer-shaped craft. The saucer landed near the steer and when the craft left the animal was gone.

There have also been unsuccessful attempts at kidnappings by the saucerians. On November 6, 1956, attempts to capture two different dogs failed. In Dante, Tennessee, four people emerged from a dirigible UFO and tried to catch a farm dog. A humanoid creature with eyes like fire attempted to capture a dog in Eggertstown, New Jersey. The little man came from an egg-shaped object.

On September 1, 1962, during a flap of saucer sightings in Barcelos, Brazil, seventeen chickens, six pigs and two cows disappeared mysteriously.

Short men dressed in white overalls pushed a calf into a landed saucer in Caleno Valley, California, on April 1, 1963.

In the early months of 1966 cows were mysteriously butchered on a farm in Gallipolis, Ohio. The cows were expertly slaughtered late at night. Their bodies were completely without blood. The owner of the animals had seen strange flying objects low over her pastures several times. On one occasion she saw a tall man in

white overalls in their field. He leapt over a high fence with little effort when she gave chase.

In November, 1966, two red glowing saucers landed in a field in Doddridge County, West Virginia. A dog ran into the field. When the objects left the dog was gone.

The same month the body of a German shepherd dog was found in a field in Gallipolis, Ohio. No blood remained in the dog's body and every bone in its body had been crushed. The carcass had been found in knee-high grass. Where the dog was discovered, the grass had been flattened in a perfect circle which was twenty feet in diameter. Numerous sightings of low-flying saucers were made by residents prior to the dog's finding by its owner.

A silent, egg-shaped object was seen on the Sarcee Reserve, near Twin Bridges, Alberta, on August 23, 1967. The object was constructed from "bluish silver steel" and it had a dome. The craft was hiding in a low-flying cloud. The saucer changed direction and the cloud began to disintegrate. Some of the cloud-like material trailed along with the craft as it flew to the southwest.

Close to an hour later a dead horse was found where the sighting had occurred. The horse's hair was lightly singed and burned on one side. The horse had died within a short time of its discovery as rigor mortis had not

set in.

The next day the horse's body was gone. One could see the imprint where the horse had lain. The area is inaccessible to motor vehicles and one could tell by the surrounding ground that no one had been there after the finding of the body.

On September 9, 1967, the body of a horse was found near Alamosa, Colorado. The three-year-old appaloosa, named Snippy, was found lying on its side. The animal's flesh had been stripped from its head, neck and shoulders. The cut around the neck was smooth. Missing from the animal's body were its vital organs, blood and fluid in the brain and spinal column.

Fifteen "circular exhaust marks" were found near the body. Six identical holes, two to four inches deep, were also found. A three-foot chico bush was discovered nearby, squashed to within ten inches of the ground. In the same area was a twenty-foot in diameter circle. Everything within the circle had been flattened to ten inches off the ground. A high count of radiation was found near the exhaust marks. The radiation decreased as one got closer to Snippy's body.

Mrs. Lewis, the owner of Snippy, found a piece of the horse's flesh. She touched the flesh which was "about the size and shape of a chicken liver" and sticky. Mrs. Lewis' hand turned

red and turned. This did not go away till an hour after she washed her hands.

Saers had been seen in the area for some time. These include some spectacular sightings.

About the same time the above occurred, the bodies of several mysteriously slaughtered cows were discovered near Allentown, Pennsylvania. Their bone marrow and blood were removed from their bodies and parts of their hides had been removed.

A close approach sighting was made of an object some 100 feet in diameter near Livingstone, Ontario, on November 5, 1967. After the sighting a sulphurous odour lingered over the area. The same night a riding horse received a long cut on the neck. A second horse was found dead with its throat and jugular vein cut.

The last reported of these incidents took place on August 19, 1968. A dead three-day old calf was found in Ashville, Manitoba. Its right front leg, ear, and sex organs were cleanly cut off, yet there was no evidence of blood.

The next day the calf's body couldn't be found although the ground showed it hadn't been moved. Several days later the body was found in another area. Strangely enough there was little odor of decay although the calf had been dead for some days.



Dr. Ann Wigmore

Dear Doctor Ann

Dear Dr. Ann: I read your article in Search Magazine and in one you said, "Here at the Health Institute". I would like to know more about the Institute and if one can go there to take your wheatgrass. Hoping to hear from you real soon.

Glorein Stead
Rt. 2 No. Box 154
Pocatello, Idaho 83201

Heartfelt Greetings: This organization was established twelve years ago to help folks with body ecology: There is a great interest everywhere in improving living conditions and great amounts of money have been spent on the "effects" but mighty little on the cause.

The trouble springs from a deficiency in nutrition. This effects our whole mechanism and it is manifested in many mental forms. The deranged mentalities cause all

these outbreaks? If a person is healthy, happy and prosperous, such person will not do anything unGodly that is actually against Nature.

Our organization is working to equalize matters—to cleanse the blood streams and rebuild the body cells so that health may be experienced. We give to the body the proper tools in the form of grain, seed, vegetables, fruit and other uncooked nourishment. We have been enabled to help every type of body manifestations such as sickness, mental disturbances, drug taking, alcoholism and of course, overeating which has caused much overweight. Overweight is also a disease.

We hold classes at the Hippocrates Health Institute for different schools. We take young folks and teach them to become teachers so they may help others into the natural methods of healing. Right now we have, among

others, two students from Norway. We deliver programs to colleges, YMCAs and educational groups, television and radio stations.

I also speak to different groups out of the state.—Dr. Ann.

Dear Doctor Ann: For about 17 years, without a break, I have had a sizzling, buzzing sound around my ears, with a constant sensation just above and around my head, similar to traffic noise; at times the sound as of running water.

Just once, I consulted a specialist, when in England. Was told it was incurable and they could do nothing, because it really wasn't *physical*, but the doctor explained they did not think it was imaginary.

From another source, I learned it was called "Tinnitus".

Have you any advice to me? I'd be so grateful.

Elise V. Case
7021 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, Ca. 90028

Heartfelt Greetings: Your health problem is quite common. Folks who eat a lot of starch and dairy products often suffer with ear conditions. The ear has a very delicate mechanism. In order to function normally, it must be

kept clean. Of course if the body is deficient, the body chemistry off balance, this delicate mechanism cannot work properly. All sorts of disturbing manifestation occur.

The specialist seem to have no knowledge of Mother Nature. Therefore, it is very difficult for them to detect simple problems.

My suggestion to you is that you correct the deficiencies in your body and cleanse your bloodstream. And you will find that the body itself corrects this delicate matter. In other words, you have gotten to the cause.—Dr. Ann.

Dear Doctor Ann: I have just read J.J.K.'s question and your answer concerning "Spot Pressure", in the May issue of Search Magazine. I am very interested in learning more about this method of therapy. Can you tell me where I might get more detailed information of it? Are there any books available concerning it? Incidentally, "Spot Pressure" seems to be somewhat like Acupuncture in that it deals with disturbing the nerve at a particular point so as to affect a particular organ or area of the body.

Thanking you in advance for your kind attention to my request, I am,

READERS: Send in your questions to DOCTOR ANN, SEARCH magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406. Please enclose a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Doctor Ann, Yours in God,
Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Idol

Heartfelt Greetings: It was indeed good to learn that you are interested in spot pressure. It is acupuncture without a needle. As a person works with this point pressure, any spot in the body, no matter how distant, may be activated.

Through this pressure type of treatment the various parts of the body may be affected healthfully. The pressure may be exerted on the head, your hands, your back, your spine and also it is possible to affect your colon directly. That is the reason it is so necessary to keep the colon well cleansed.

Of course, this pressure treatment is better when you work also with uncooked food, organically grown. When living food exclusively is eaten, the body heals itself. When food is cooked, more than eighty-three percent of the nutrients are destroyed.

Please consult the last issue of SEARCH (January 1973) for more detailed information concerning "spot therapy".—Dr. Ann.

Dear Dr. Ann: I tried to follow your instructions for depression but I found I soon began to feel nauseous. Why is this?

Mrs. Ellen Haber

Dear One: This program should be continued for at least one month to give the body the opportunity it has long needed to cleanse the bloodstream and tissues. If during cleansing, there is a feeling of weakness or nausea, it means that the body has thrown old toxins from tissues and they are circulating in the bloodstream in order to be eliminated. Once they pass through the kidneys and bowels, the person will feel better. Meanwhile, help the body by getting plenty of rest, drinking plenty of liquid and taking a daily enema. As the body becomes more clean and the missing nutrients supplied to it, the desire for wrong foods will diminish. Once the healing process is begun, wrinkles on the face and flabby muscles will disappear. The hair will become shiny and the person will develop a loving attitude and a more positive outlook on life.—Dr. Ann.

*The great essentials of happiness are something to do,
something to love, and something to hope for.*



PSYCHIC SCENTS

BY H. S. W. CHIBBETT

Strange and compelling psychic odours—some of them the most beguiling perfumes imaginable—frequently accompany mystical experiences or comprise them entirely. Yet no one, as far as I am aware, has investigated this forgotten phase of psychic phenomena exclusively.

Nearly every spiritualist has experienced, or believes he has experienced, psychic scents. The investigator, however, knows that he must be especially careful in dealing with such phenomena. It is one of the easiest tricks imaginable to bring a concealed vial of perfume into a seance room and release it at the right time.

The apparently authentic cases of psychic scents that I am familiar with

have their own special characteristics. A normal scent, once produced in a room, persists. The psychic product does not. It comes in waves, seems to vary in intensity, and then disappears completely without a trace.

On one occasion, some years ago, I attended a seance. The medium was an ordinary housewife whose integrity was above suspicion. No charge was made for her services. During the course of the seance a control entranced her and announced that he was going to bring scent. A handkerchief was taken from the medium's pocket and manipulated for some time in her hands. Then, cupping these, she visited each member of the circle.

When she came to me I perceived the well known perfume of lavender. I

did not imagine this, because all the other sitters later agreed that it was lavender. Immediately afterwards I asked for the handkerchief which the medium had manipulated between her palms. It still smelled of lavender. Then I grasped the medium's hands and smelled them. The odour they exuded was strong carbolic. I learned that she had washed her hands with carbolic soap prior to the sitting.

Now, carbolic acid, with which the soap was impregnated, is a strong chemical disinfectant, whereas lavender is a scent obtained from the flowering shrub of that name. Had the scent been normally produced, its fragrantcy would have been nullified by the smell of carbolic on the medium's hands. But this just did not happen. At the conclusion of the meeting, I smelled the handkerchief again. The lavender perfume had entirely vanished. This, as I indicated above, is a peculiarity of all psychic odours—as a rule, they do not linger.

At another seance, when my sister was present, a number of messages were being spelled out through a table. The method is slow and cumbersome, and necessitates spelling through the alphabet until the desired letter is reached, when the table indicates it by tilting. Usually the results obtained are a nonsensical string of letters, and what we got on this occasion seemed no exception. Here are the letters as they were

spelled out: DONOTRILMOWI
TISTV

Shortly afterwards the medium said: "What a funny smell!" She alleged that an odour like scented soap was on her right hand. The other—her left—was normal. While she was debating this, she went under control, and an entity calling himself "TAPITA" came through. He explained that the scent on the medium's right hand arose through contact only, and that the medium for the perfume phenomenon on this occasion was my sister. Sure enough, it was found that *both* her hands were redolent of it—pine-tar! According to the control, the aroma was that of pine-tar soap which had been used *in the past* by my sister and had been caused by spirit agency to rise once more to the surface of the pores.

The control then announced that as the perfume had been caused by spirit agency, so it could be removed in the same manner, as a kind of negative proof that what he said was correct. And a few minutes later there was no trace of the pine-tar odour on my sister's hands.

It is interesting to observe at this juncture that my sister is not a medium but was only a sitter at this particular seance. Furthermore, I know that she would not descend to any form of deception in this connection. She is not suffering from any illness which might have caused

the exudation of scent from the skin. The phenomenon had never happened before with her, and has not recurred since.

While trying to make sense of the string of letters received through the table before the incident recorded above, I observed that the addition of two letters, and the alteration of two, would make an intelligible sentence, fraught with meaning. Here are the original letters again to refresh your memory:

DONOTRILMOWITISTV

In any attempt to separate these letters into independent words, there

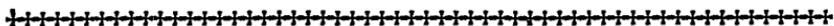
is a tendency to assume that the first two would be: DO NOT... (do something). But if we assume that there was a fault in transmission, as does occur very often, and that one or two essential letters were omitted, we might get:

DONOSTRILNOWITIST
AR

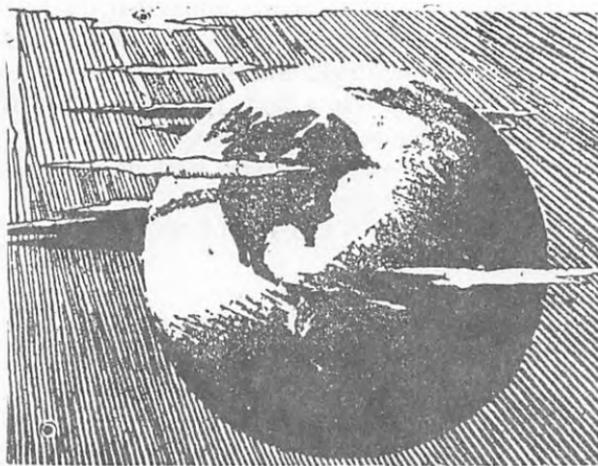
or

DO NOSTRIL NOW. IT IS TAR.

A perfect description of the phenomenon which was to follow, and showing clearly that it was the result of intelligent action by entities unknown.



**I have finally learned
Not to worry or fret,
'cause the hurrier I go
The behinder I get.**



"WILL EARTH EXPLODE?"

by Cecil W. Tucker

NOTE: This article extracted in part from The Book of Jexi-S, "Novae-Crescentii" dealing with celestial decomposition, with the express permission of "The Society of Jexi-Saturii", not to be accepted as fact but material for conjecture and debate. Any resemblance to other articles or works are unintentional and coincidental.

Believing the old "nickel-iron" core explanation to be absolutely ridiculous, having no purpose, and without regenerative process, we have jointly compiled from facts available, a completely new and different conception of "space", which combines known science, theology, electrical principles, astronomy, mathematics, a little metaphysics, and a heck of a lot of guesswork thrown in for balance.

We call this the "Jexi-S Key". It gives us something tangible to work with, and can be altered or changed

whenever new evidence warrants.

We believe our system is one of the best of its kind in the world and the best part of it is that you do not have to be a "genius" or an "I.Q. Kid" to get used to it.

One assumption which has held up probably better than most of the others has to do with a logical belief that all matter, solar, or crystalline, from the very largest super giant sun to the tiniest part of an atom must completely decompose to regenerate itself back to its original state, or reproduce its' own kind, or the whole thing becomes pointless, and such

words as infinity and eternity have no meaning at all.

What Happens When A Star Explodes?

For a starting point we can choose a Star about to explode in what is termed astrologically as a "Nova". What occurs? It is generally assumed that huge pieces are thrown millions of miles, or even light years into "space". Some of the particles thrown off may congregate to form galaxies, nebulas and solar systems, while other derelict parts attach themselves to planets as satellites. Invariably, however, it results in rebirth by decomposition.

What happens now? Take the newly formed solar system for example. Will it simply spin around stupidly in space going nowhere, neither growing nor shrinking, or contributing something



in return for the space it occupies? To do this would be against all natural law! There must be those all present factors, REPRODUCTION, REGENERATION, or DECOMPOSITION. Each depends upon the other. If we do not watch out we will be trapped on the old cliché about the "which comes first, the chicken or the egg" routine. To get around this we must remember the word SUSTENANCE. One form of existence must eventually die to sustain another. Only in this way can a universal balance be maintained.

To arrive at a solution we must first have a problem. To have a problem we must have factors. The factors in this case being a sun, a center, or a nucleus. PLUS mass, matter, or parts of matter. Since we have passed mass and matter let us deal with parts of matter. Enough to form a planet like our own planet, Earth. First there must be a center from which the parts of matter can REGENERATE, REPRODUCE, OR THEY WILL DECOMPOSE AND UNITE WITH OTHER MATTER TO BECOME ATTACHED TO SOME OTHER CENTER.

This is a common law. This law also applies to the nucleus.

It must either regenerate or decompose. To regenerate it must reproduce. So, since reproduction is accomplished by contribution of a part of a thing, this equals division,



and division brings us right back to our old friend DECOMPOSITION. Decomposition by division means growth or expansion.

A Small Sun In The Center Of The Earth

Mr. Palmer has outlined in a previous writing how centrifugal force may result in a spindle effect, hurling the Earth outward at the equator. Such action would invariably leave a hollow place in the center, or rather AT the center. But since the center of all atoms is the nuclei, and nuclei is accepted as being pretty stubbornly fused it would not be likely that the hollowness would occur inside the nucleus, but rather between the nucleus and the surrounding matter. Therefore, we would have a small sun in the center of the earth, wouldn't we? In proportion to the size of the

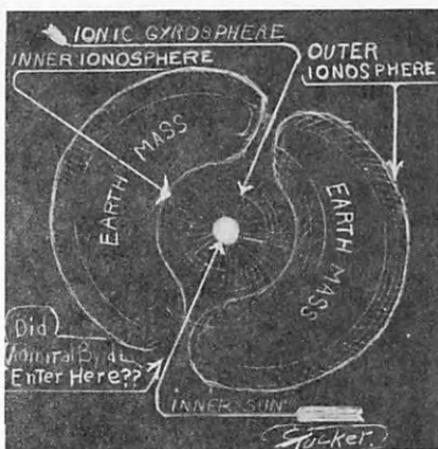
Earth, this inner "sun" would be some three or four hundred miles in diameter. This would kick out quite a lot of radiation, wouldn't it? Performing the same duties as a sun it would be subject to the same laws in its tiny sphere as any sun in any central position. It would act upon the land inside the earth the same as the sun on the outside. Atmosphere would form, gasses would form, and an ionosphere would be formed much in the way the ionosphere is on the outer earth, and in order to complete the magnetic circuit the inner would join the outer, which by the way would conform in shape to the accepted concepts of our gravitational lines of force. Due to the smallness of the inner sun, however, its radiant retention would be light, and the ionic gyrosphere would form about two to three hundred miles from its perimeter, thus allowing the inner ionosphere to "rise" to about the same level as our outer one.

Therefore, conditions at land level would also be comparable to the outer surface, and would have temperatures ranging from temperate to tropical, but may be super heated at the equator. There would be wind, rain, and perhaps violent storms, but with one exception. THERE WOULD BE NO NIGHT. It is very possible that the center might be an ocean compassing the entire inner wall, and in such case, the temperature at the

equator would generate furious hurricanes, and great tidal waves, which would render the central third of the inner world uninhabitable. There is one factor that should be considered here. Our outer oceans may be joined at points with the inner oceans, and when pressure proof submarines are built it might be possible to reach the inner world by simply following the ocean floor around. On the other hand, there might be a strata of metallic hydrogen, or sodium, or other solid yet unknown in the center of the land mass. This undoubtedly would be saturated with radiation.

We cannot be certain of the inner shape until we are able to visit the land first hand. Even if the earth were spun outward in a complete doughnut shape, there would be no way of measuring the outside or determining its shape by measuring the exterior, because the measurements from north to south would be the same essentially as those from east to west, if the planet had begun as a sphere the exterior mass would have remained the same, regardless of the contour changes.

A few things we are told by science, and one of concern especially, is that the continental shores are separating gradually. And has anyone bothered to measure the equator lately? If there is more than 25,000 miles around it, there is cause to be disturbed.



Balooley!!

WHAT COULD OCCUR? IF there is such an existing condition as described here, and the earth is flattening out, this means that the poles are coming closer together. We know a basic schoolboy principle of magnetism that like poles repel, and the unlike attract. Thus, as the equatorial portion spun outward, the poles would open. You can see a magnet in as small a piece as you will, or in as many pieces as you want to, but cutting it up does not alter the polarization whatsoever. Yet, if we split a bar magnet down the middle, no amount of coaxing will allow it to rejoin, since you have a north-north and south-south repulsion. The same effect would occur at the Earth's poles if they were opened. As the spinning effect continues, and the planet flattens, being thrust outward

at the equator, and held apart by polar repulsion, the mass would thicken at the equator, and thin out at the poles.

At the same time we have no way of knowing what effect the changing pressures are having on the internal nuclei, "sun", but we can assume that it too is flattening out, and may be growing in size, being fed from mass nuclei drawn in by the process. But as the poles become thinner and weaker they would begin to curl inward, and when two hundred and forty degrees of a circle is formed, one word will describe the result perfectly—BALOOEY!!!!

North and south poles would come in contact with one another, the like poles of the inner sun would repel the inturned mass poles, the Earth would break up at its weakest points, and be literally turned inside out. Life, as we know it, would cease to exist. Mass would be jumbled around within gravitational limitations. It is doubtful if the contents would stray too far from its celestial orbit in general, with the exception of derelict particles with nowhere to go, which would either end up as asteroids, satellites, or become meteors.

Meanwhile, back on Earth, or what's left of it after the initial fireworks are over, it has taken on a "new look", and as the fires subside and the mass cools down, we might see a little sun surrounded by a ring of

mass, very much indeed like a DOUGHNUT!!

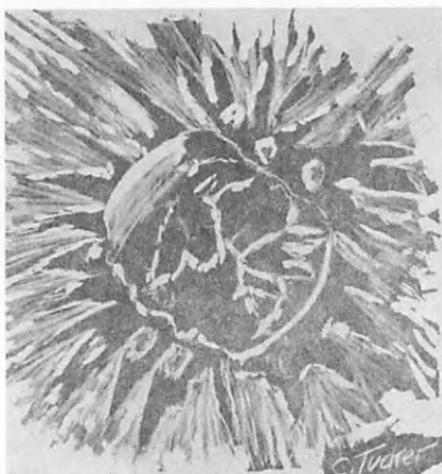
Of course, a couple of thousand years may have gone by, and the atmosphere has once again arranged itself similarly to its previous state, and we now have two suns instead of one. Marine and vegetable life are bountiful, and depending on how many human beings were in submarines or other hermetically sealed chambers at the time of the catastrophe, we might find a primitive civilization dwelling on the new Earth.

Occasionally a farmer might plow up a two thousand year old skeleton of an ancient man, or some piece of white porcelain with an irregular shape, which would have little or no value to him.

The Mysterious Land In The Sky

By this writing we do not attempt to substantiate Mr. Ray Palmer's "pole" theory, but we do believe this has much merit, and we would like to encourage serious study along those lines. In Mr. Palmer's previous writing he has outlined Admiral Richard E. Byrd's flight into a beautiful green valley, and his mention of a mysterious "land in the sky".

Did Admiral Byrd enter a valley at the south pole which actually was the gateway to earth's interior? Did he proceed onward into an "upside down land", which to him would appear as a "land in the sky"? For him to have



seen all of this, there had to be light, but from where? Obviously he was able to breathe, or he would have died. The plane must have been unaffected by his trip, so the country must have contained sufficient air to make it transversible.

Reports of palm trees, and mammoths being found at the north pole could indicate that the breaking up process of our planet may be in truth already started, and that the land at the pole may have turned inside out.

It is stated that the Mastodon died so suddenly that undigested food still remained in his stomach. BUT NO MENTION WHATSOEVER WAS MADE OF WHAT CAUSED ITS DEMISE!!

Somebody was apparently too busy getting his name in the paper by

eating the poor old thing to care what killed him!

Information About Polar Areas Is Highly Screened

It seems strange that so many so called "scientists" and physicists have visited the polar areas even before the international geophysical year, and yet we know so little of their findings.

Millions are spent annually by governments to probe the poles, and yet whatever information we receive is highly screened.

In short, we receive just enough information to keep our mouths shut, and partially satisfy our curiosity.

When will people get tired of being shut up, and treated like children? Are THEY some kind of GODS who can pat you on the head and tell you "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" so go on and play with the other children while WE MEN work?

Is there some danger that they are afraid might "panic the populous"? The people do not panic quite as easily as we are led to believe. Even when some of the graveyard prophets predict the "end of the world" the majority are generally unconcerned.

So who's going to do anything about it? WHO WILL STAND UP AND BE COUNTED, AND WHO WILL JUST GO BACK TO SLEEP?

Opinions and ideas and ACTION is needed. THE ANSWER IS UP TO YOU!!

HAPPENINGS NOW

JFK COMFORTS LOST BOY

A little boy, lost for three days in subzero temperature, told his mother that he was all right because "a nice man stayed with me and talked to me and kept me warm". The man stayed with him all the time and "was so nice I didn't want him to leave". When he left he said to "wait just a little while longer until someone comes". Soon after, the search party found the boy.

Young David, the eight year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Roy of Boston, had been visiting his



Lost Boy, David Roy

grandparents in northern Quebec when he wandered off and got lost in the woods near their home.

Much later, when David was safe at home, he saw a picture of ex-president Kennedy in a store window. Excitedly, he told his mother, "That's my friend, John. He's the man I told you stayed with me in the woods".

The astonishing thing is that this experience of young David is only one of hundreds of incidents whereby JFK has appeared to people, giving aid and often bringing about miraculous cures. This growing number of people, who firmly believe his spirit has come to them, is beginning to be known as "The Kennedy Worshipers".



Ex-President, John F. Kennedy

* * * * *

WHERE DO THE STRANGE NARWHALS LIVE?

The huge Narwhal is the mystery whale of the north pole regions. Eskimos await the arrival of the herds in August and September. No one knows for sure why they appear then, but it is believed for mating.

The Eskimo hunters usually shoot a hundred or more each year. They prize the weird looking eight or ten foot spiraled ivory tusk. This is excellent quality ivory which the Eskimo can sell for \$150.00.

No one is sure where the Narwhals live the other ten months of the year, but it is believed they swim in the "mysterious open waters" of Baffin Bay far off the north-western coast of Greenland. This area of open water, surrounded by miles of frozen sea, has never been explained with any certainty by scientists.

* * * * *

IF YOU ARE PSYCHIC, PROVE IT!

Wally Phillips, WGN radio morning talk show host, doesn't think ESP and mental telepathy are for real.

"I'm putting my money where my mouth is," Phillips says. "Anyone who can psychically pick up the name of the person I've written down will get \$500 and I'm adding \$2 a day to the total."



Popular Chicago radio personality, Wally Phillips

If you think you're psychic, or you know of a psychic, see if you can pick up the name Wally Phillips has jotted down and locked in a safe—it's worth more than \$500.

To send in your guess write to Wally Phillips, WGN Radio, 2501 Bradley Place, Chicago, Ill. 60618.

(NOTE: at date of publication—last week of December, 1972—no one has collected the money.)

* * * * *

I HEAR VOICES THROUGH MY TEETH!

"Somebody is using my noggin besides me!" insists a New Rochelle, New York lady.

"I was living in Ocala, Florida when it started, not far from the Daytona Beach woman who heard music through her teeth. My trouble started before hers in 1968."

“At first I could only feel vibrations in my teeth, like radio waves were beaming in. Then I started to sense that I was being scanned. It’s like a beam of light, like a one color rainbow. Sometimes I can sense it coming from a point far away as if it was directed at me.”

“The voices started in 1970—three of them. They bother me most of all. It’s like they know where I am and what I’m doing. For example, if I lift my arm, one of the voices may say: ‘She’s lifting her arm.’ If I get worried about money problems, a voice says: ‘She doesn’t have any money.’ I know it’s wild, but I can hear them very clearly. I get a pulsation in my mouth or my ears or my vocal cords day and night. I can’t explain it any more than that.”

This woman understandably demands anonymity. She is definitely not a kook. A registered nurse, she works in a home for the elderly. “I don’t believe in flying saucers or things like that. I don’t go to fortune tellers. I don’t worry about little green men. I’m a reasonably intelligent woman and, I think, level-headed.”

“I know it sounds dumb, but it’s happening. I keep hearing voices. And I feel like I’m being tracked by radar. I can’t even get to sleep any more without noises vibrating out of my damn teeth.”

* * * * *



Dr. Alex Comfort has specialized in the study of aging for 25 years.

ANTI-RADIATION DRUG MAY ADD 5 YEARS TO AVERAGE HUMAN LIFE

“The idea to use this type of chemical came about because radiation, whether it’s from an atom bomb blast or plain sunlight, ages people. If we can stop the radiation, can we stop the aging? That’s what we’re trying to find out.”

“Our experiments were with 80 mice. Forty of them, half male and half female, were fed ETQ. The others, also half male and half female, were fed an ordinary diet.

“We found that the mice in the first group lived 20 percent longer than the mice in the second group.

These are the words of Dr. Alex

Comfort, who is the director of experiments on aging at University College in London.

ETZ referred to above is the radiation-protecting chemical, Ethoxyquin.

* * * * *

RUSSIANS MORE ADVANCED

The Russians easily surpass us in psychic investigation. They spend an estimated thirteen to twenty-one million dollars for parapsychology research at more than 20 centers, while researchers in this country have to rely almost exclusively on gifts and grants.

* * * * *

GHOST IN THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION

"We, of course, do not believe in ghosts," says former Governor Robert Scott of North Carolina. "However. . ."

It seems Governor Daniel Fowle was the first occupant of the North Carolina governor's mansion when it was built in 1891. While there, he had a large bed custom made for himself. Three months later he died in this bed.

Years later, Governor Scott, who is a tall man, found this bed to be uncomfortable. He and his wife decided to purchase a new bed for



Former Governor Robert Scott of North Carolina

themselves, and so Governor Fowle's bed was dismantled and placed in storage. Then "it" began. Here is how the governor tells it:

"A few days later, at approximately 10 p.m., Mrs. Scott and I were in the bedroom reading when we heard this strange knocking that appeared to be coming from within the wall near where the headboard of the old bed had stood."

"The knocking lasted for at least one minute and had an unusual cadence, much like the bouncing of tennis balls after being dropped from a rather high distance.

"After the first knock, there was a pause of several seconds. Then there was a second knock and a pause, then a third knock. Finally, the pauses at the end were almost negligible.

"Mrs. Scott and I paid no attention to the knock for the first several nights. Then we began to notice that it occurred every night around 10 o'clock.

Finding no logical reason for the knocking after a thorough search, the governor and his wife concluded: "For lack of a better explanation, we have named the knock the Gov. Fowle Ghost. We assume that it is he requesting that the bed in which he died be replaced in his room."

* * * * *

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN IS WIDENING

Project FAMOUS (French-American Mid-Ocean Undersea Study) will soon investigate the mid-Atlantic Ridge. This ridge is a submerged mountain range, one of the most extensive surface features of the earth.

In a central cleft of the Ridge, fresh rock is believed to ooze up from 65 miles beneath the surface. This forces the continents of Europe and America apart approximately four inches a year.

* * * * *

INCREASED INTEREST IN THE OCCULT IS PROOF OF THE DEVIL'S WORK

"The proof of the Devil's work is the increasing interest in the occult—including astrology, Tarot card readings, Ouija boards, palmistry, fortune-telling and, particularly, witchcraft."



Reverend Billy Graham

"Interest in the occult is directly linked with pornography, sexual license, mental problems, violence and drugs."

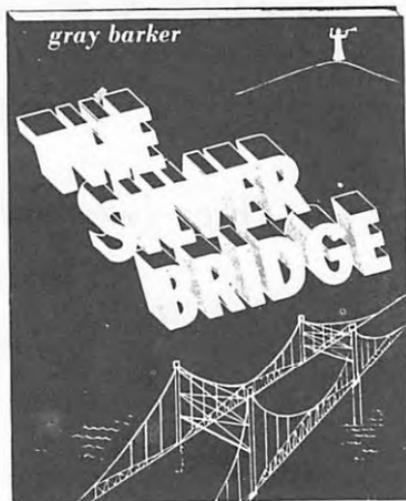
"But America will be saved from disaster by the young people who are now sparking the greatest religious revival that any nation has ever known."

"It is perfectly obvious to all of us in spiritual work that people can be possessed by demons, harassed by them and controlled by them. More and more ministers will have to learn to use the power of God to release people from these terrible possessions by the Devil."

"One of the reasons people are turning to the occult is that many churches have failed in their responsibility."

Gray Barker has written an important new book. "THE SILVER BRIDGE" tells of the awe-inspiring happenings leading up to the collapse of the great Point Pleasant, W. Va., bridge, in 1968. Monster Sightings! The Curse of Chief Cornstalk! Derenberger contacted by Spacemen! A beautiful hard-cover volume. Will be sold regularly at \$9.95. Order now and still obtain the special pre-publication price. Book now ready for delivery. Fellow saucer investigators have acclaimed the best UFO book yet. "Beautifully written" "Inspiring" "It got to my guts" "Tremendous"—Gray Barker's colleagues say.

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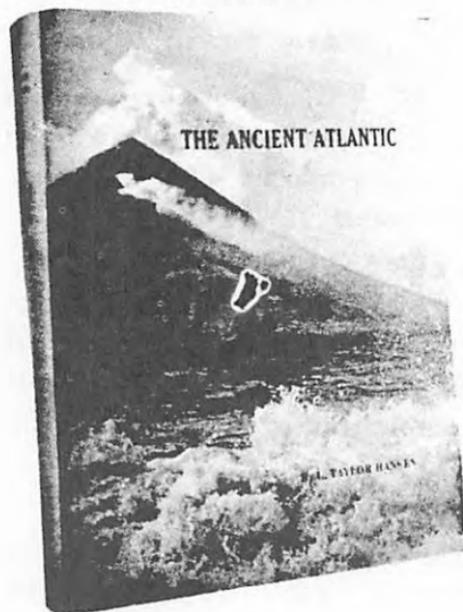
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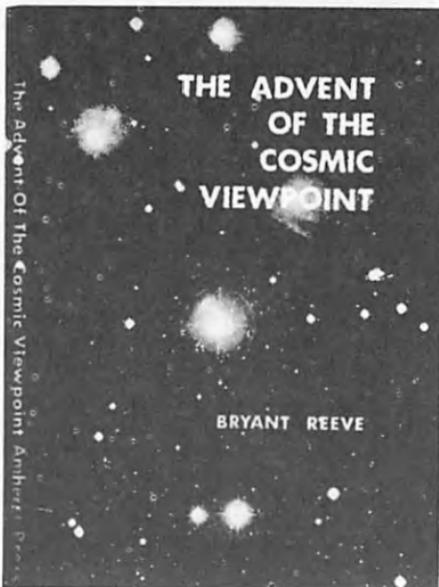
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"In September 1966, on a business trip to Washington, D.C., I met Jeane Dixon for the first time. We shook hands and of course she must have



James J. Harkins

noticed my warts, but said nothing about them. As we parted, she said, 'Pray for me.' I promised I would.

"Two hours later I was washing my hands when I saw, to my amazement, that every single wart was gone. My right hand was completely clean. Only little patches of lighter skin showed where the warts had been.

"To this day the warts have never come back."

* * * * *



If a man does not make new acquaintances, as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone.



THE THING FROM UNDER THE SOUTH POLE

A TALE OF SEA MONSTERS WITH "EYES AS LARGE AS DINNER PLATES"

BY MICHAEL HERVEY

The homeward bound Dutch cargo ship *Bieber* was rounding Cape Horn on the afternoon of September 12th, 1968, when Captain Vechy—who was on the bridge at the time—spotted what could be described as a giant sea serpent more than sixty feet long and some twelve feet in circumference ahead of them. It crossed their bows, travelling at about sixteen knots.

Several members of the crew who were working on deck at the time raised a great shout bringing the rest of the seamen on deck to observe the frightful creature. One of them automatically snatched up a harpoon which he had used *en route* to catch

an occasional shark. Others, more practically-minded, turned and rushed down below in search of their cameras, but they were not fated to take any pictures. For reasons best known to itself, the sea serpent suddenly changed course and headed straight for the ship.

The men shrank back in terror as its monstrous snake-like head reared out of the water, its huge eyes, as large as dinner plates, fixing them with its baleful glare.

"We couldn't see any fins," the captain reported later, "but there was definitely a man of some sort. The creature was dark brown in color, with blotchy yellowish patches near

the throat. It rushed headlong towards us with the speed of an express train. I called out from the bridge to the seaman with the harpoon to take aim if and when it attacked.

"I felt sure it was just a threatening gesture on its part, and that it would veer off at the last minute, but it kept coming straight at us, finally ramming us in the bows. The ship shuddered from stem to stern as a result of the tremendous blow, and we almost keeled over. It was then that the seaman let fly with his harpoon: it embedded itself in the monster's neck. Then all hell broke loose. The creature trumpeted with rage and started to lash us with its tremendous tail, smashing the bridge and making a shambles of the superstructure.

"Suddenly the seaman holding onto the rope attached to the harpoon vanished over the side. He screamed once, and then vanished from sight. It continued to lash out at us, smashing the ship's rails, and sweeping two other deckhands to their death. I felt sure that we were all going to die. There was nothing we could do. . .We were utterly and completely helpless. . ."

Fortunately for Captain Vechy and what was left of his crew, the serpent, having presumably vented its rage, or exhausted itself, finally made off.

The *Bieber* eventually limped into Rotterdam looking as if it had been struck by a hurricane. As can be

expected, very few people took Captain Vechy's report seriously, most of the newspapers scoffing at his story, until someone drew their attention to the fact that a Captain Charles Thompson harpooned a similar creature off the coast of Florida on February 15th, 1913.

Captain Thompson sighted the monster from his ship and went to investigate it in a 20-foot lifeboat. Cautiously approaching the huge creature, Thompson drove home a harpoon. Instantly the monster exploded into furious activity. It took off at top speed with the lifeboat in tow. Nearly two days passed before the monster slackened speed. Then it changed course and towed the boat into a small harbor.

The giant creature seemed exhausted and was securely lashed to a trestle. But it soon revived and went on the rampage again. Scores of bullets were poured into it, but its death struggles lasted for another five days.

Captain Thompson's catch was 45 feet long and nearly 24 feet in girth. Its skin was three inches thick and it weighed nearly fourteen tons and its soft bone structure showed it was only a baby. It had gills, proving it was a fish. Scientists flocked from all over the world to examine the carcass. They concluded it had been forced up from the depths of the ocean by some volcanic action, but none could say

what it was.

Another reader wrote in to say that a sea monster had been sighted off the coast of South Africa by two fishermen in 1955. They had been petrified with fright when a mountain of water exploded before their eyes. Then a huge head, with bulging eyes broke the surface and slowly moved towards them. The men started the engine of their boat and fled.

An equally weird creature was caught in the same area during the year 1933. It was forty-one feet long and weighed seven hundred pounds. And scientists said it was still a baby!

While in 1954 bathers on a beach in Canada were astonished to see a head the size of an elephant appear in the sea. It rose four feet above the water and then vanished.

One gentleman, more scholarly than the rest, referred them to the chronicles of Alexander the Great who instructed his engineers to construct a submarine so that he could explore the depths of the sea. The records state that he descended in the submarine and spent eighty days and eighty nights under the sea, watching with eager eyes the procession of deep sea monsters that passed by the glass windows. Alexander recorded seeing a sea serpent so long that it took three days to go past the submarine.

The controversy was still raging when the newspapers received a report

that the captain and entire crew of the Norwegian freighter, *Trondheim* had sighted an unknown sea monster in the Antarctic, not far from the South Orkney Islands.

They described the creature in great detail, and to all intents and purposes it looked very much like the monster which had attacked the *Bieber*, having a snake-like head and undulating like a serpent.

Unlike his Dutch counterpart, the captain decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and he ordered the helmsman to swing the ship round and make for the nearest land.

The serpent promptly gave chase, and although the *Trondheim* raced off under a full head of steam—actually reaching twenty knots at one stage, much to the amazement of the engineers and the crew, who were accustomed to ambling along at twelve knots most of the time—the serpent was able to keep up with them.

The engines, unaccustomed to such violent exertions, chose to break down at the crucial moment, thus leaving them at the monster's mercy. It charged at them uttering frightening screams, then proceeded to flail the ship with its massive, thirty-foot long tail, flattening the bridge and everything above deck level to smithereens, and smashing half the crew into a bloody pulp, eight of

whom died later.

Again there were many who refused to believe their story, but the sceptics were silenced once and for all a month later when the Argentinian cargo vessel, the *Santiago*, sighted the monster on its radar screen while homeward bound around the Cape, towards the end of November, 1968.

Captain Guido Valente immediately issued rifles to the ship's officers and some of the crew. They had no sooner taken their positions on the rails than the serpent surfaced. As on the previous occasions it resembled a giant snake. They estimated its length as sixty feet or more. Its monstrous glaring eyes and its wild screams

struck terror in their midst and they unleashed a wild volley, some of the shots striking home, which only served to enrage the beast to an even greater extent.

By the time the attack was over, four seamen and the first mate had been flailed to death, and eighteen seriously injured.

"We must have hurt it," the skipper told reporters when they finally reached Buenos Aires, "because the sea was stained with its blood, if you could call it that. It's a pity we did not have more powerful weapons on board, otherwise we might have succeeded in killing it."



**One time I was told
Not a new thing to start,
Because too soon I get old,
And too late I get smart.**

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THE OAH SPE CIRCLE



Sooner or later, the Oahspe reader begins to wonder if perhaps he should become a vegetarian. He, or she, may decide that this is what they want to do, but immediately there can be problems unless all the members of the family are in agreement. With this in mind, in the November, 1972 issue we asked for helpful suggestions. The response was great. The following are excerpts from these letters:

MIXED FAMILY

Regarding the CALLING ALL VEGETARIANS, I have thought about trying to answer that, but since I'm pregnant my diet consists of more than it did before. I did not use to eat many eggs, but I eat a few more now. Also, a vegetarian mother's system needs more nutrients and needs the basics which form a healthy material body and therefore, while before I may have eaten or fasted on fruit juices and nuts or very little in a day, this does not work too well now for the growing child or fetus seems to use a lot.

I began to be a vegetarian in November of 1966 after reading almost all the way through OAH SPE for the first time. At first I ate a bit of meat once in awhile because I was afraid of what meat-eaters around me would say, but later I became more bold and just told them I was a vegetarian.

Family: My husband eats many of these vegetarian things I bring home, but still eats meat. My daughter has the choice (it does not seem fair otherwise) to eat either and she likes both vege meats and other meats, and fruit and nuts, but at school she eats what the hot lunch has if she is hungry. She has asked to take her

lunch and I may someday do that.

As to our divided interests in eating meat, I felt (and remembered the mixed families in OAHSPean stories as well) that we are a mixed family and since I ate meat till 1966, around 30 years and then decided to become a vegetarian I felt that my little girl could do the same. The baby in the womb, of course, I want to raise purely vegetarian with a lot of fruits if possible.

My husband is a good man and he doesn't have many faults that many other men have (including those who are vegetarians)so I feel that Jehovah has been good to me in this way and that He also guides my husband to understand me and to be good. He works with scouts and doesn't drink coffee, smoke, swear or drink alcohol or do many of the other so-called bad habits, so I feel that his eating meat (and many times he does not eat it for a few days because he likes to eat salads and vegetables (and diet) is a lesser worry than the other habits would be if he had them. I remember the place in OAHSPe where it does say that just becoming a vegetarian is not enough, and I wholeheartedly agree with that. It is *not* enough.

As to society: Well, many of those who know I am a vegetarian do not mind as long as I don't try to force them to become one, including my parents and my relatives who are close. They don't mind by being one,

but are quite vocal in preferring meat for themselves. To me, this is a good attitude and shows that they are not insecure in what they are and believe in. We know that there are many grades and so who knows who will climb faster later on.

I have found during the six years and even more (when I first began reading books on spiritualism shortly after we married) that my husband changed very gradually from anger at my choice of subjects to lesser feelings to where now he is so used to it, and knows that I've grown also in understanding him, that he doesn't care and can even discuss it among those concerned, if they are interested, and be on my side. Patience in mixed families, then, is best I feel. The single ones are free to choose vegetarian mates, but being already married some of us must do the best we can with the mates and children we have. We can eat what we want as mothers, but our children should be encouraged to enjoy both ways of eating and when possible choose vegetarianism by subtle guidance to do so.

I've found it very hard to tell my daughter why I don't eat meat, though I've explained it to her many, many times. She still asks that question, so I finally stopped answering it. It may work the same in other mixed families also that children will not be able to understand why

one parent or the other doesn't eat meat, though they may have been told many times. I'm curious to know if this is true in other families as well.—E.J.L.

NOTE: The writer of this letter conducts "The Library of Faith" which is "a private library available to thinking persons of any race, creed or age who desire self improvement and higher ideals." For more information you may write to: LIBRARY OF FAITH, Rt. 2, Box 271 L, Vernal, Utah 84078.

CALLING ALL VEGETARIANS— —AN ANSWER

 Name: Joan Harmon

Q. What is the average day's diet for you?

A. *Breakfast:* 1 whole cantaloupe, an apple, a grapefruit, honey, sunflower seeds, bean sprouts, almonds, walnuts.

Lunch: a salad made of lettuce, tomato, apple, sunflower seeds, celery, cabbage, dulse, oil vinegar, garlic seasalt, pepper, sweet basil. A cooked potato.

Supper: ½ of a watermelon if small, or ¼ of a large one, a banana.

Q. Do you have a favorite recipe you would like to send us?

A. Marie Conant and I are collecting vegetarian recipes in preparation for a book, and have quite a few now. Here's one for pie crust:

- 1 cup raw oatmeal
- ½ cup soy powder
- 2 teaspoons dulse
- ¼ cup coconut shredded
- 4 Tablespoons olive oil or safflower oil
- ¼ cup dates ground
- 3 T water
- 12 almonds crushed
- 1T sesame seeds

Mix dry ingredients, dates and nuts, etc., and fit into pieplate. If you put fruit in this and top it with whipped cream you don't have to cook it. The "whipped cream" is made from powdered soy milk, water and just blended in a blender.

Q. How long have you been a vegetarian?

A. Sixteen Years.

Q. If you have a family have you had problems with children at school etc.? How have you handled these problems?

A. I can't say I've had problems with children in school—really, no. My children were fed a vegetarian diet when they were too young to know anything else. As insurance against the day when other kids should tell them they were missing something good, I showed them pictures from a slaughterhouse depicting the gruesome scene which naturally turned their stomachs forever against bloody so called food. In the lunchrooms at school cafeterias they explained they were vegetarians and the servers would

give them a pile of extra vegetables to make up for the omitted meat. In another school the plates were all made but they made out very well trading unwanted meat with other children for more vegetables. Most children are kind sweet little creatures; they do not demand blood and life-sacrifices for food; they have simple, plain unjaded appetites until the adults around them force them to conform and change them physically, mentally and spiritually.

Q. How many members in your household?

A. I brought up 2 children.

One thing more not listed in your questions: I would advise new vegetarians to go on a REAL vegetarian diet which is an abundance of raw fruits, raw (and cooked if necessary) vegetables, seeds, nuts, beans especially soy, and sprouted beans and seeds—and not simply omit flesh and live on devitalized foods. A diet of pizza, spaghetti, macaroni, pie, cake, cookies, ice cream, cooked vegetables etc. will not keep you healthy, whether or not there is flesh served with it. A subscription to *Let's Live*, available in most health food stores, or Rodale's *Prevention* will teach more. All water drunk should be distilled because nearly all water is polluted these days, contaminated by chemicals.

Lack of vitamin B is dangerous for anyone, particularly vegetarians as

they become more sensitive; get plenty of vitamin B with soybeans, lentils, sunflower seeds, apples, molasses, yogurt and if you eat eggs they contain vitamin B also. You can also get natural vitamin B supplements in the average health food store. An inexpensive way to buy food supplements is from Natural Sales, P.O. Box 25, Pittsburgh, Pa. when they have their .1¢ sales, and they ship anywhere.

Many people have converted to vegetarianism after reading *How To Change The System* (by J. Harmon).

Many vegetarians are still eating white sugar, wheat products made of white flour, too many cooked foods and even eating out of aluminum which causes cancer and arthritis. There is a whole Health Mystique more people should get in on.

I sympathize with people who became Faithists and vegetarians after their children passed the formative stage and who feel frustrated because they cannot lead the very children they fed meat to, into spiritual light. You might try shock—take a teenager through a slaughterhouse, then serve him very bloody cooked flesh (rare steak); or if you have the space buy him a pet sheep, turkey or pig and let it be threatened with butchering etc. He may not have the spiritual light to seek higher things.

Move out of the big cities if you want your children to rise spiritually

higher. Have an atmosphere of love and gentleness in your home if you want them to adopt spirituality and vegetarianism.

Last but not least make things taste delicious.

NOTE: Joan and Zane Harmon publish "The Faithist Journal" and "The Faithist Directory". If you wish to write to them, their address is: 2324 Suffolk Ave., Kingman, Arizona 86401.

FEW CAN UNDERSTAND

When I first started this type of diet my family viewed my ideas of doing without flesh—in horror! They just knew I couldn't live without meat. However, it has now been twelve years and during this time, have done just fine. It was no problem to give up meat and have found soy bean meat to be a wonderful substitute. They can be bought at most Health Food Stores and have the taste of sausage—turkey—weiners—etc. Also I take a protein powder put out by Shaklee of California—and these have kept my protein intake up to par—for my doctor tells me I am doing fine. The protein powder has more amino acids than steak—as steak only contains a few of the acids, the soy bean most all.

My diet is not a true vegetarian diet, as I include eggs and cheese in

it—but hope my Maker will not "hold this against me" but I feel it is not too wrong, since there is no shedding of blood to obtain these products.

During these twelve years I have explained my feelings about Oahspe to many people, but of those I have spoken to, only my mother can see and understand what I feel about this book and the message it contains.

I thank you for publishing this wonderful book and hope some day to find others who read and believe its message as I do.—Rosa Lee, Blue Springs, Mo.

A VEGETARIAN OVER FORTY YEARS

I have been a vegetarian for more than forty years and considered in fairly good health for a woman over seventy-five, and do not look that old.

I take quite a few vitamins and use sprouted alfalfa and mung beans as vegetables are not plentiful in the winter time.

I gave my family a choice when they were growing up and some were for a vegetarian diet. Now they are eating the way their wives cook for them.

I do eat a few eggs; also dairy products as my protein intake isn't as much as I should have. Would like to hear how others make out.—Mrs. Effegene C. Swenson, P.O. Box 36, Yarnell, Arizona 85362.

OUTSPOKEN SIX-YEAR-OLD

☸ Ray, I guess others have given you an idea of what changes can happen in a life influenced by the Oahspe. I would like to comment that since "getting into" the Oahspe my family and I have changed tremendously. Our six year old daughter is an *outspoken* vegetarian and does not hesitate to remind or inform others that killing or eating meat is not according to the Creator's Will. She made such announcement not too long ago at one of the local "dinnerhouses". I must add that our guests (carnivorous) and the waiter were anything but comfortable.

We have had some interesting experiences in being a 3 member family ordering a meatless meal at places such as Ramada Inn or Hyatt House. It is unfortunate that, with the growing numbers of vegetarians, all too many chefs are totally unprepared to offer a vegetarian meal of the caliber of their normal meals.—Gordon Allgrove

MANY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

☸ In response to your invitation in SEARCH, I am attaching herewith some vegetarian recipes recently compiled by a friend for the Disciples of the Radha Soami Spiritual Science here in the West. The recipes are the

result of five years research.

Having had many years experience with Health Foods and a vegetarian dietary regimen, I too have been compiling recipes. The organic agriculture is catching on so rapidly in America, I feel that such a cook book and diary of homesteading the organic way might be quite timely.—Margueritte T. Larson, P.O. Box 562, Chino Valley, Arizona 86323.

Mrs. Larson sent a vegetarian cookbook called "Sant Mat" from which the following high protein recipe is taken. We tried the muffin recipe. They are delicious!

WHEAT GERM MUFFINS

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
(we used unbleached flour)
- 1 cup instant powdered milk
- 1 cup Kretschmer's wheat germ
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¾ cup dark brown sugar
- ½ cup oil (safflower or other)
- 1 egg or 1 tbsp. lecithin
- 1¼ cup water
- ½ cup nuts
- 1 cup raisins or dates

Mix ingredients as listed. Pour the thick batter into 24 oiled muffin tins and bake 15 minutes at 400 degrees.

MEETING PLACE

☸ If there are others nearby who like to live and discuss the Oahspe and the

Creators Will, please have them contact us:

The Gordon Allgrove Family
4691 Burke Drive
Santa Clara, California 95050
Phone: 408-247-1933

* * * * *

☉ Are there other Oahspe friends we can contact? Are there any Faithist communities?

Rolf & Edie Penner
Box 363
Wichita, Ks. 67201

INFORMATION WANTED

☉ According to the March '69 issue of Search you raised question to the chronological validity of the Oahspe (your page 4 editorial). As a point of information, are the revised editions being published, and if so, where are they obtainable?

Gordon Allgrove
4691 Burke Drive
Santa Clara, Ca 95050

* * * * *

☉ We feel fairly attached to the book as a revelation and have been

HEALTHY CHILDREN, Mother Nature's Way, by Ann Wigmore (Hippocrates Health Institute; 25 Exeter St., Boston, Mass. 02116, 96 pages, softcover, \$1.00). This little guide gives practical suggestions for nutritious diets during pregnancy, the art of breast feeding, and the introduction of solid foods. There are recipes for raw food dishes, and vegetarian fare.

ORGANIC SOIL, by Dr. G.H. Earp-Thomas and **GARDEN INDOORS** by Ann Wigmore (Hippocrates Health Institute, 25 Exeter St., Boston, Mass. 02116, 88 pages, softcover, \$2.00). This little booklet combines the writings of the late Earp-Thomas, bio-chemist, with Ann Wigmore's renown wheat grass. Earp-Thomas' ideas, far in advance of the times, dealt with many aspects of the relationships of soil health to human health; soil analysis; trace elements; composting, etc.

concerned about its not being more available. Can we buy directly from you at reduced prices? Are the Essenes of Kosmon at Eastgate, Nevada a valid outfit? Does Mr. Wing Anderson have an available address?

Rolf & Edie Penner
Box 363
Wichita, Ks 67201

● The chronology of Oahspe is a matter of interpretation, and even Mr. Newbrough indulged in wishful thinking when he decided that the

Kosmon Cycle began in 1848 with the Fox sisters receiving "rappings" from the spirit world. Actually, a thorough study of Oahspe, which we have published in Forum Magazine, shows 1995 as the date of the beginning of the Kosmon Cycle, and 1987 as the date when the drujas and minor false gods will be cleared away.

The "so-called" revised edition you mention must be the "Blue" Oahspe, published by Wing Anderson. Since Mr. Anderson's death, it is no longer available. Our "Green" Oahspe, the photo copy of the 1882 edition, with its additions (including a 72-page index), is the only one published in

this country. There is a small sized small type edition of the 1891 version being published in England. Our Oahspe is available to anyone, anywhere in the world, and we do provide reduced rates for group and multiple buying (see the schedule at the end of this department). We aren't familiar with the Eastgate, Nevada Essenes of Kosmon, but we aren't sure what you mean by "valid"? If you mean are they followers of Oahspe, I would assume so. There are a number of small groups all over the country, and in other countries. All news we receive of such groups is published in the Oahspe Circle.—Rap.

**** If you already have a group, send in a notice so others may join you.**

**** If you wish to form a group in your area, send in your notice.**

**** If you hope to contact just one or two Oahspe readers near you, or by mail, send in your request.**

**** If you have questions of any kind concerning Oahspe, send them in hopes someone will give you an answer.**

**** If you can answer any question sent in, please do so.**

Please write clearly and be brief. Give your name and address if you hope to hear from other readers.

SPECIAL GROUP RATES for the purchase of the original 1882 edition of Oahspe.

1 to 3 copies	\$10.00 each	plus 42¢ each postage
3 to 5 copies	10% discount	plus 42¢ each postage
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JUST THINKING
by
James R. Vodrey, Jr.



*Was there a beginning? Will there be an end?
Please define the difference between a foe and friend.
The speed of sound, the force of light,
The bright of day, the dark of night;
These are measured to the Nth digit.
Tell me, what makes a baby fidget?*

*How can one determine eccentricity?
What, exactly, is electricity?
Define love, and define life.
Whose hand guides the surgeon's knife.
How old is Earth? The Universe?
Does Time move forward or in reverse?*

*So many things we understand
While myriad mysteries are at hand.
Will Man destroy? Will he create?
He is the Master of his Fate!
I'm 'most asleep. My eyes are blinking.
Don't answer now, for I'm just thinking!*

CONFESSIONS of a tormented soul

R. L. BOEHM

This writer holds a paper claiming him to be an Ordained Minister of the—"Missionaries of The *New Truth*"—Chicago Archdiocese—via Evanston, Illinois. The author also holds a degree, as Doctor of Metaphysics—College of Universal Truth, Chicago, Illinois. In addition, a Certificate of Completion in "Personal Psychology", Personal Psychology Institute, Louisville, Kentucky, and was once a minor representative for AMORC, H.P. California.

With such odd-ball credentials,

what might one suspect of such an individual? There are usually two extreme impressions. 1—The subject is most likely a kook! 2—The person in question is an individual, searching for answers. In most cases this writer finds the combination to be closer to the truth. To the ranks of ordinary men, we who have become "outsiders" in quest for reason, are kooks searching for answers that can never be found. They, the masses, feel we are ignorant persons suffering from self-deception and hallucinations. And do you know, that in most cases, they are right!

We Are Duped

The majority of us have been duped and that the major duplicity is not by "Deros"* etc., but by our own minds—our own ignorant selves. For the truth is: We can not be duped unless we give consent and concur with the duplicity out of fear or ignorance. There is nothing to really fear unless we allow ourselves to be convinced that we should fear this or that, either by our own imagination wrongly applied, or by agreeing with the ignorance of other persons.

In most cases it is by ourselves we are duped. The reason being, we do not know ourselves very well at all! Until we can see and accept this truth, we will remain lost—lost in our own mental confusion. Hence we can not see or comprehend grand truths and higher conceptions of reality, as long as we remain strangers to ourselves.

I Was Psychically Tortured

Get a tight grip on your seat. Here it comes: I have had weird experiences—but don't go away yet—I've no intentions of taking up your time with a full report, per se. It would make little sense in writing. Also I must confess that there are payments beyond my comprehension to date.

I met Deros* who swore they were going to kill me through torture. I was offered a ride on a U.F.O. that never came off and even heard voices of young and old alike—one proclaiming

to be the voice of the universe. Perhaps it was, I don't know. It related many items along the lines of creation now coming to light.

I was psychically tortured for close to three months. It began around four years ago, while residing in Louisville, Kentucky. I decided to contact something. I needed help at the time. I used fragments of every system I could recall and I did finally contact something.

Later an unseen element asked me, "Do you know why you *allowed* yourself to be tortured and degraded like that?" My reply was, "I didn't think there was anything I could do about it. How do you fight unseen forces? Answer: "*Negative thinking* is what led you to believe you could not protect yourself and that you must suffer. You suffered because you were convinced you must suffer, and were helpless because of what others told you. You must never accept anything against your own health or growth. Never accept a negative from seen or unseen. You could have stopped the torture at any moment by simply commanding, "Stop! In the name of the *Father Unnameable* Creator of all and everything.

Religion taught you—you must be punished for past errors—you *believed* this and so permitted yourself to be punished on the words of others no better than yourself. You surrendered to your own self-destruction, all out

of negative thinking. You have been thinking, as *others* wanted you to think, duping yourself into believing you were thinking for yourself.

But I had read Shaver* and the Bible and I was one scared soul. When I heard the voices proclaiming they were the Dero and what they were going to do to me for contacting them, that did it. I went over the edge!

"Ministers," said the Dero "why we always start off the day by having one for breakfast!"

With a good deal of my control gone, my *friends* were going to have me locked up at the funny farm. But this unseen element put a quick stop to it although I was willing to be locked up. I felt finished anyway. But the unseen said they didn't want me in a hospital because they might give me electric shock and that would blow the rest of what little mind I had left.

The Body Is A Machine Which Can Be Controlled By The "Unseen"

During this whole business I was instructed on illusion and the power of suggestion by this "unseen intelligence". In reality, nothing had happened outside my own psychic field. It was all shame and show—and done with my own E.S.P. centers. A major point was to show me just how like a machine the body really was

and just what it could do on its own for or against one.

The Unseen demonstrated how nobody was really doing anything to me except myself. All they did was to make suggestions and my own ignorant machine executed the torture through illusion and creating inner pressures. True, a person can die this way and many people do kill themselves through their own suggestion.

To Thine Ownself Be True

The student must remember never buy a truth that is not one's own truth. The truth for each human unit is individual in tone and your truth must have appeal to you. If it doesn't speak your name let it alone. There must be a corresponding ringing within your deeper self. Before one can understand cosmic truths, one must first find his own self-truths *within himself*. Not all persons are on the same frequency. That's why it's so hard to communicate.

Many "I's" Housed In The Same Body

The author has great reason to believe that some people are comprised of more than one "I", or self. Some "I's" are illusionary, but some are real selves', all housed in the same body. From this is where much of the misconception on spirit possession comes from. This writer

has strong reasons for believing spirit possession is not as some would have you believe.

Most spirit possession may be possession by the individual's own negative self or as in the cases of "The Three Faces of Eve", possession by one's own hidden personality, or other self. Any "self" you don't care for can be mentally blasted out! Mind force is one of the mightiest forces in creation.

Everyone Carries A Monkey On His Back

Why do most people enter psychic study? The vast majority do so out of need to escape. From what are they really trying to escape? The truth is one few ever suspect. This is escape from a self they can neither understand nor tolerate, a contradictory, pseudo-self. This is negative conditioned self formed in childhood out of the pseudo-concepts and teachings from ignorant adults.

Everyone in our present day society carries a monkey on his back in the form of a Dero. If Demon Dero exists on the other side, his growth must have begun here within our realm. Here and over there Deros are everywhere and they are increasing daily in numbers and mankind are their creators.

We spend most of our lives under the illusion we are only one and that

we and the body are the same thing. We must come to realize the body as a machine—like a space ship. It contains a crew and vast powers and potential we know nothing of, and we wonder why we can't ever get off the ground. We don't realize we are trying to do too many things the wrong way around but we go right on doing things in the same old mechanical way, and complain somebody, or society, is holding us back. Granted, society is all wrong but what does that have to do with us as individuals? Nothing, unless we have allowed the monster (society) to hypnotize us into *believing* it has power over us.

We Fear Social Rejection

If you want to get off the ground, study your "machine" through *self-observation* and develop *self-awareness* and *self-honesty*. Make a habit of asking yourself, why am I doing this or that. Be honest. Most of the time, you don't really know and the rest of the actions are carried out because somebody else suggested them. In the end you'll find out you have most of your life been doing things you never really wanted to do. You'll find you have been acting most of your life out of fear—fear of social rejection, fear of punishment, death and the unknown. Look at what kind of people planted that fear in you. Be honest. How many of these good, well-meaning folk were the saints you

wanted to believe they were? Confess the truth about yourself to yourself. This is the first grand step toward freedom.

Desperate persons buy illusions and hearsay for fact, never abandoning it after a life time of proven unworkableness. Why? Ego or false-self again. We just can't bring ourselves to admit just what fools we have really been, so we go right on believing!

We Have All Been Hypnotized By The Evil Magician, "Illusion".

Yes, all *is* illusion, on the one hand, and on the other it's anything you vision it to be.

Inside you, you have T.V. motion pictures and all sorts of recording devices, plus a number of little controlling "I's". These instruments, along with E.S.P. centers, can convince you of almost anything if you are unawares. They can, through a real Hollywood type production with vision and sound, produce heaven, hells, and even lost dead ones. They can project visions onto the screen of space before your very eyes,

and make it appear real to the physical senses. The scientific evidence is now at hand. We have all been hypnotized by the evil magician, "illusion"! Ancient teaching taught man must first break through the veil of illusion before reaching truth.

The individual, himself, must investigate, for it may not be the same for all. You must burst your own bubble.

The author has reason to believe there is something beyond the veil of illusion.

Think what is it you really want. That, and more, may await those with ears and eyes and guts—plenty of guts!

If you are willing to give up illusion you can have what you *really* want. But as long as one is controlled by a false self, he harvests only illusions.

* For the reader who is not familiar with the "Shaver Mystery", the term, "Dero" refers to degenerate beings who reside in caves. They delight in tormenting individuals on the surface by using the ancient machinery left in the caves by the "Gods" eons ago. Their victims "hear voices" and in many ways are tortured and deceived. Some people prefer to believe "Dero" are malicious spirits of the dead.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

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If you need help in understanding others, why they act the way they do, why you act the way you do, then we can help you.

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Vern Overlee, medium

THE

Beautiful

WORLD OF SPIRIT

Contributed By VERN OVERLEE

"Our aim is to put spirit in contact with those in your world who reach out to open the barrier which separates our two worlds, which in reality, are one".

Question: I've been reading your spirit readings and I also would like Mr. Drummond to explain reincarnation.

Some years ago I had a incarnascope read by a Florida lady. She said my very previous existence was in Kashmir. I was born there in 1586. My husband's position was directly under Mirza Haidar. I studied painting and poetry in my early years, but when I became the youngest or third wife in later years I took up magic for which today I'm paying a Karmic debt.

Still further back, I was born in England in 1189, Henry the Second was ruling. My father was a lay man. The Monastery where my father was a

lay man was near Salisbury. I married in my 18th year and had 3 daughters and one son.

My next incarnation is in Jerusalem just before the fall. I was a Hebrew woman, living in the besieged City. This happened in 70 A.D. My husband was a good-for-nothing. He surrendered to the Romans and ordered me to surrender. But I preferred to perish with my people, for which I carry a Karmic reward.

Next I find myself in Babylonia when Babylonia excelled in arts and literature. My social life was well advanced. I owned slaves. My husband was a Judge and later I became a librarian. I had two children, daughter and son. My son became a dream

interpreter in one of the temples.

Tell me, Mr. Drummond, in your past memories can you see me? How many reincarnations did I come through?—E.L. Rennhard

Spirit Reply: When you speak of the past lives in your letters: are they yours or are they the lives of those who are sharing your present life? Your true being lives in the body. Your true you was born into this body and shall dwell there until it is time to leave the body and is forced out by a body which is no longer suitable. The lives of the past, dwelled in their own body at a different time, are now drawn to you through a need for growth—which you help to provide. Some day you shall be drawn to another's body to share in their experiences and through this grow through these experiences—know that each thought is shared, each step is shared and you shall grow in this lifetime by endeavoring to live a life which would be beneficial to you and those who share your life. Often people believe they are here to help others. While their main duty is to help those who share their lives in spirit and in body as then, and only then, are they fulfilling their full mission in life and attaining the goal which all seek.—H. Drummond

Question: Innumerable reports exist of falls from the sky of animate and inanimate objects. What is their

point (or points) of origin?—Alex Saunders.

Spirit Reply: When objects drop from the sky to the earth in an unexplainable manner, they are the results of those in spirit who wish for that time to bring their force to bear and affect those in the body. It is a senseless demonstration that has gone wasted as unless there is a purpose or a desired result. Such a demonstration is for no good nor for any worthwhile cause. It is (for all) materialization on a scale often stupendous and were it worthy or controlled properly, it would be a demonstration unequalled and important. We see only those whose good in life is not one to be desired.—H. Drummond.

Question: I am very much concerned about my grandson Michael G. He has a slight brain damage due to birth. Although, thank God, he is much better, will there be an improvement in his school work and personality. How can I get rid of the entity in me.—Mrs. C.T.

Spirit Reply: When you loose the entities in you, you leave the body for good as you yourself are one of them. That you have two in your company who are of a nature which you would welcome being free of, it is yours to be and you can not loose them. Still you can control them by not giving into their desires; by changing the thought; by ignoring

their thoughts or impressions as you receive them; through an effort on your part they shall withdraw further and affect you less and then no more. With your grandson we see a brain damage with him which can not be changed by you. This can only respond to the touch of the Father and through an effort of those whose prayers reach those in spirit who can bring about effects. Ask for one to appear who can ask for this help in your evening prayer.—H. Drummond.

Question: Is there any comfort for me from the spirit world?

My aunt, who was like a mother to me, passed away in June from widespread cancer. She did a very good job of hiding her true condition from me and my family.

She had a "thing" on her head which I noticed more than 30 years ago and I urged her to let her doctor remove it but she said it was only a wart and would go away. Over the years it grew, but didn't bother her and she wouldn't take my advice to have it removed.

When she finally agreed to let me call her doctor, it was too late. It was the very worst form of skin cancer which had spread internally.

Should I have called him much sooner against her will? It is highly curable in the early stages. She was almost 85 and had other ailments but I can't help feeling guilty.

It is my unhappy task to dispose of her possessions and everytime I go next door to her house I am overwhelmed by a feeling of deep depression and sadness and can't accomplish a thing. I have had high blood pressure for years which is complicated by obesity and between that and my conscience, I feel my time on the earth plane will soon be terminated.

Will you please ask the spirits if there is help for me.

I thank you for any answers you can get for me.—Mrs. Lois K. Todd

Spirit Reply: Your aunt's time had come. You were not to interfere, and had you, another ailment would have taken her. So loose your thoughts of guilt as they are not existent.

Your body shall respond through this knowledge as you could not have in any way changed things. You will never get over your blood pressure completely but it shall not take your life and you shall be able to control your blood pressure through proper diet and through the uses of raw vegetables which you should take more of in the form of salads with a touch of whatever you have available that is fresh and newly cut.—H. Drummond.

Question: I am interested in the world of spirits, and would like to

have you ask them to send me the proper guide for helping myself and others who need help. Thank you for asking the spirit people for help in my behalf.

Is it also possible to contact my daughter Ruth who passed away two years ago with cancer. If possible please help.—Mrs. M.A.C.

Spirit reply: We find the daughter, Ruth, well now, no longer plagued with the most dreaded of disease. She seeks you as you seek her. She reaches out to you with her love and devotion. Hers is a love everlasting. Know she is with you when your thoughts are of her and she is known. She is now free and she is known. She brings you her love. Know this and dwell in happiness, realizing that one day you shall be together as she leads you to the pleasures of the new life to come.

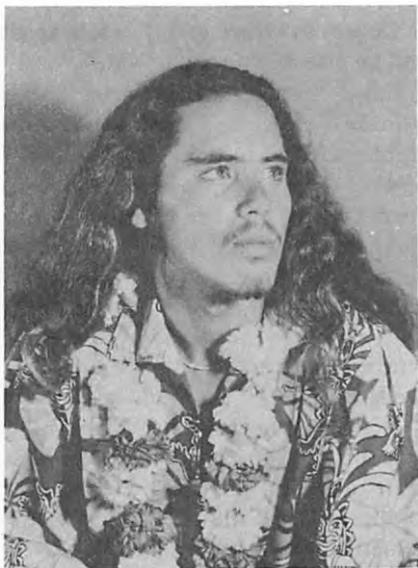
Your guides are yours drawn to you. We can ask others to join you to help you through a stage of depression or doubt but it is the Father who draws your guides or rather spirit companions to you.—H. Drummond.

Question: How can I reach spirit and be affected by them?—M.A.

Spirit reply: When you offer yourself to be used by your companions in spirit, you let yourself open to their doing, to their desires, to their way of life. Know your companions well. Know that their desires are those which you wish to represent for all to see and know, for you are then responsible for their actions: for their thoughts and their deeds. Realize the full potential. Realize the ramifications which would be yours to share and shoulder. All in spirit are not god-like: all are not totally evil, but the area in-between is immense and far reaching.

When you delve into the workings of spirit, make certain that you have a companion in spirit who can control those in spirit who affect you and only allows those who are of the truth and when you are in such company you are safe and secure. But, should your control be inexperienced and perhaps of a playful nature, the dangers are there and much harm could be brought. So do not step until you are prepared and protected.—H. Drummond.

This "Beautiful World of Spirit" series features your questions with answers from a group of spirits whose words come through automatic writing. Send in your inquiries to SEARCH Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406.



Maui Loa — Hawaiian mystic



MAUI LOA TALKS TO FLYING SAUCERS

DONALD A. BURNS

My attention was recently drawn via a newspaper announcement followed by a telephone number, to a series of lectures being given by a man at the "Church of Hawaii Nei" in Santa Monica, California, near my Los Angeles home. The subject "How to Communicate with Flying Saucers" intrigued me. I telephoned for further information. My call was received by a pleasant-sounding girl who asked if I might be interested in attending their Friday night seminar on how the ancient Hawaiians communicated with flying saucers. "Yes," I quickly replied. Querying as to charge, I was

gracefully informed that any donation I cared to render would be acceptable.

Accordingly, that Friday evening, in company with a number of fellow-seekers after the unusual (others whom I presumed had also seen the advertisement), I was escorted into the building's inner sanctum. A short walk brought us to the meeting-room where I caught my breath at the various paintings displayed there. They were of the type one would ordinarily associate with the walls of some Aztec or Mayan temple. Then my eyes picked out a blackboard as well as some

decorative Polynesian musical instruments.

At the podium was a kindly-looking, middle-aged gentleman, his pleasant face encircled by masses of long, curling, shoulder-length grayish-black hair. Hovering in the background was a dark-tanned, soulful-eyed, aesthetic-looking boy who appeared about eighteen or so. When we had taken our seats the man introduced himself as Kahuma Samyama. I soon began to realize the significance of the adage, "appearances are deceiving". Surely this deep voice, the agile movements, such clear, piercing eyes, belonged to a much younger man.

Distributing blank slips of paper, Kahuna asked us to write the sentence, "This is a sample of my handwriting", then sign it. He had already inscribed the words on the board followed by his signature in a large, steady hand. Now, with a pointer, he commenced to show how the upper zone of one's writing deals with man's spiritual self. The mid-section, the portion close to the base, portrays our every day level of being and doing. The lower area—the lower loops, etc.—mirrors man's basic material and sexual desires and motivations.

When there are tall upper loops, he said, it is an indication that one has high aspirations which were likely structured into the psyche at an early

age. Parent, church, and society-fostered they form the network of a fixed personality by puberty. He emphasized that to have high motivations is natural and good but that when the upper loops and curlicues happen to "clash" in their relationship to the sensual, material formations below the line, conflict inevitably results.

The mind of man is divided into two sides, the male side (Kane) and the female side (Wahine). Struggles occur when the male side of the mind is not working in harmony with the female side. At such times we cannot seem to properly cope with the opposite sex in our day-to-day lives.

I had now become restless wondering what all of this, interesting though it was, had to do with flying saucers. But Kahuna seemed able to read minds, too. Almost at once he moved into this area of explanation. He stated that man exists in three vibratory stages. And it was then I realized he was alluding to the similarity which exists between the three "zones" of our writing and these three states of our existence.

"We are at this moment", he continued, "in the awakening state according to our inner understanding, manifesting the external world about us. In the sleeping stage, the second stage, we are mentally formulating the things we want in the waking state. The third vibration, or stage, we call

death. Here transportation to the spiritual stage occurs whereby the Mana (soul) incarnates to another state.”

He told how the ancient Polynesians believed that when man died his spirit, his Aumakua, went out into space and commenced to whirl about rapidly, and that man could at any time during the sleeping period, contact his Aumakua which, under certain conditions, appears to be a flying saucer spinning in a cigar-like shape. In this form it has been reported by excited observers (refer to newspaper accounts of a few years ago) to have four “windows”. These are not windows. They are actually the eyes of the male and female principals united as one being in the spiritual world.

Most of the time when persons are in touch with their Aumakua or see flying saucers, maintained Kahuna, what really is happening is that they are very fatigued at the time and only fancy themselves awake. They are actually in the light, so-called hypnotic sleep. With something preying on their mind they have “flashed a message” to their Aumakua. Usually at such time no communication takes place other than the sensation of having interrupted the sleep cycle and being aware of the presence of something one does not ordinarily see in the awakening stage. Of course, the ideal one would strive

for is to be able to communicate with his Aumakua or flying saucer, at will.

The first step in this direction is the development of breathing exercises. This helps induce the light sleep. The second step concerns the food we eat. We should eat nothing but raw, natural foods (no meat or dairy products). The process of purifying



A reproduction of Maui Loa's original painting, "Alii Menhune, Chief of the Little People", visualized while Maui was in the dream state.

your system will take at least a year.

And ancient Polynesian concept of living was based on the legend of the seven mystic stars which represented the seven essentials of life: "meo ola o ke kino" meaning pure air, pure water, pure food, Male/female relationship, physical and mental exercise, education from cradle to grave, and a short work day. The Polynesians were fully aware of the rewards ensuing from living in harmony with natural law. Strict taboos protected the seven necessary ingredients of the Mai-Kai (good long life).

Beyond purifying his system, a man must go on a minimum five-day fast immediately prior to the time that controlled Aumakua contact is to be made. Finally, all steps taken, if one then plants a wish in his or her subconscious to be fulfilled, such wish must not be selfish, self-motivated. It must be a desire directed to the betterment of mankind as a whole (the tribal principle).

A man then should be able to materialize and harness this whirling force, which is the sum total of all of his ancestors drawn to a certain location in space. This force will actually converse with him in much the same way God is reputed to have spoken to Moses. You will be directed as to the right actions to take.

Kahuna now introduced the young Hawaiian beside him as Maui Loa. He

showed some paintings Maui was working on, explaining that the boy was able to communicate with saucers and that these paintings depicted the saucers in their three forms.

One was the physical form, Menehune. The Hawaiians of old called the Menehunes "the little people of the night" who reputedly did good deeds and completed the day's unfinished work for the hard-working. This physical spirit was also called the Kana. We were now shown another canvas. This seemed to be a rocket with a man's head superimposed. It was as if the rocket formed the man's body. Then Kahuna pointed to a strange rendition—a painting which was eerie and ghost-like in effect. Kahuna said this was the Aumakua in the pure, spiritual state. He commented that man in the light sleep sees the Menehune; in the deeper sleep the mental being or Hana; then, in the deepest sleep, the Aumakua or spiritual form.

Now he drew our rapt attention to still another painting. This he called the Mana of Good and Evil. It was a strange-looking face, frightening yet in some respects comical. This, Kahuna stated quietly, is the form a man will see should he make a selfish wish-thought. At such times the spirit may play all manner of tricks on the person in order to try to swerve him away from his self-centeredness. I

imagined to myself what a chilling and sobering experience this could well be.

It should be noted, explained Kahuna, that when you see your Aumakua it will resemble mine but not be a duplicate of what I see. Because it will resemble *your* ancestors, not mine. He maintained that there was one more important piece of useful knowledge for those who truly and sincerely wish to contact their Aumakua or flying saucer. Turning again to Maui, he directed the boy to chant the following: "O-Ma-Na". He said that the Polynesians believed that the 'O' opens the body to receive the spirit; the 'Ma-Na' being the sound which brings the Aumakua spirit into manifestation.

He pointed out that should you attempt to call up the flying saucer without having undergone the right purification—the diet, exercises, etc.—you might succeed. But it would likely be a scary and far from enlightening experience. He now opened the meeting to questions from the audience.

One of the first questions was, "Why are you called Kahuna Samyama? What does it mean?" The mystic explained that, while Maui Loa was Hawaii-born and raised, he, Kahuna, had been mainland-born. But that he had spent the greater part of his life in the Islands studying Polynesian legends and lore. He had

spent 15 years studying chants and legends and had researched the archives of Honolulu's world-renowned Bishop Museum under the tutelage of Mary Pukui, its curator. He said he had been married and sired eleven Hawaiian children.

A "huna", he outlined, was any young person who lived, according to ancient Polynesian belief, in the "magic" of life. The Hawaiians soon came to realize that when one was exposed to the sharp corners of the everyday world he soon lost the magic—the complete "huna" feeling. But there was a way to revive it. This was to teach the younger members of the tribe how they might gain from your experiences and thus prolong the mystical state as long as possible. You became a "Ka-Huna", an impartor of the secrets of long ago. Later, when a Kahuna felt he now could no longer be of use to his tribe, he would put himself into an outrigger canoe and head out toward the open sea. He would embark upon his last journey, to the place beyond the horizon—the Great Island in the Sky.

I mentally noted that this compared to what I had heard about Eskimo customs. An aging Eskimo, realizing that his days of usefulness were done, would set himself afloat upon a drifting ice flow.

"Samyama," he said, "was a name given me when I was a young man living in sackcloth and going

barefoot—a member of a group called “Renunciates”. It was an experiment we were making to seek out the true spirit by renouncing material things. At this period I was visiting with the late, beloved Indian mystic, Yogananda, at his self-realization center on Sunset Boulevard. He it was first called me ‘Samyama’, meaning one who could appear or disappear at will. He had remarked jokingly several times that I appeared to possess this ability whenever there was work to be done.”

In truth, Kahuna clarified, Samyama is, according to Indian philosophy, that state of development man reaches of being able to appear at will whenever he feels there is a need for his presence. Thus, ideally, every man should strive to be a Samyama. He summed it all up by saying that is why he was addressing us this evening.

“I would like,” he stressed, “to provide the bridge—the means of enabling you to better understand the relationship between yourselves and the world around you.”

As a group we then turned our attention to young Maui, since several had asked who he was. Kahuna stated that Maui was a Huna and that the old, tribal Hawaiians had believed that the young adopted their parents rather than parents adopting the young, as is the case in our twentieth-century society. Maui had adopted Kahuna as his father in order

to be helped to remain in the blessed Huna state. Following the customs of bygone Polynesian days, Kahuna taught Maui about life by sharing and imparting to the youth many of his own experiences. Maui did not attend school like most of his contemporaries. The Hawaiians believed that all necessary knowledge was in the Huna. They had faith that all the Kahuna had to do was to act as the catalyst in order to bring out the essence of this knowledge.

We nodded to one another, the assemblage agreeing that this theory seemed to be working in the case of Maui. The young man’s paintings, his congo drum rhythms which Kahuna told us were self-composed, the very aura which seemed to surround the lad—all suggested a childlike innocence tempered by the wisdom of the ages. It was uncanny.

Now the hour was growing late and Kahuna Samyama prepared to close the meeting. His final remarks linger with me to this day.

“The ideas that you have absorbed this evening”, he stressed, “can nurture and grow like seeds in your mind. If you will but properly practice the techniques of breathing, dieting, chanting—if you will, in short, follow the rules—you will, indeed, like the ancient Polynesians, be able to contact your Aumakua. You *can* communicate with flying saucers—the ghosts of your ancestors!”



Smile Department



POLITICIAN: "This liniment makes my arm smart."

VOTER: "Why don't you try rubbing some on your head?"



"And now, gentlemen," said the Congressman as he began his speech before his colleagues, "I want to tax your memory."

"Gad," exclaimed one of his fellow-members, "why hasn't someone thought of that before?"



Sad, when you KNOW you've made it on your own, to learn that you owe MOST of your SUCCESS to Uncle Sam.



"Man is but a worm. He comes along, wiggles a bit, and then some chicken gets him."



If you think old soldiers just fade away, try getting into your old uniform.



Employment Agency Manager: "Now, if you like to travel, I have a job open in Florida. Can you pick lemons?"

Job Applicant: "I sure can. I've been married five times."



It is disgusting. I can never buy a decent scale. They all show 10 or more pounds over what I should weigh.



Who wants to be his equal?

That really is a laugh,

I find it more exciting

Being hubby's better half!



Complaining wife to neighbor; "My husband doesn't show the slightest interest in what I do. All he cares about is whatever it is he does at that place wherever it is that he works."



**SENATOR PERCY
REPLIES TO THE
"SMALL PUBLISHER"**

Mr. Ray Palmer
Editor
SEARCH Magazine
Palmer Publications, Incorporated
Amherst, Wisconsin 54406

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Your editorial from the September, 1972 issue of *SEARCH* Magazine has been sent to my attention by one of your readers in Illinois. My constituent asked that I respond to your comments.

As a former businessman, I certainly understand your frustration with the accumulations of monetary demands upon a company that are

incurred with each business day.

Having been deeply concerned about the repercussions of rate increases on the dissemination of news and opinions important to the welfare of the United States, I co-sponsored S. 3758. Although no action was taken on this bill during the 92nd Congress, I will be anxious for its reintroduction and study next year.

This bill prohibits the per piece surcharge which discriminates against the small publisher, provides that the first 250,000 copies of each issue of a publication mailed under second class rates be charged the rate which exists only after the first step increase, and stipulates that any rate increases for editorial content will be phased in equal stages over a ten-year period. Most importantly, the bill obliges the

Postal Service to provide second class rates which encourage and support the widest possible distribution of editorial matter. The Provision of S. 3758 which will require study and debate is that any revenue lost to the Postal Service by this controlled rate will be assumed by Congressional appropriations. As you know, when the Postal Service was reorganized, it was the intent of Congress that it be run on a self-supporting basis. This goal will need to be re-evaluated considering the need to provide the lowest possible rates to insure freedom of the press and the advantages to the American public of having available printed news media at a reasonable cost.

I agree with you that Federal tax loopholes, which permit some citizens to avoid Federal income tax, must be closed. I worked to eliminate tax loopholes during Senate consideration of the Tax Reform Act in 1969 and the Revenue Act of 1971, and I assure you I will continue my efforts during future Senate consideration of tax reform proposals.

This year Congress has passed legislation granting a 20% increase in Social Security benefits. In addition, H.R. 1 was enacted, making other changes in the Social Security laws.

Although I share your concern over rising payroll taxes, I supported these increases because I felt elderly citizens

badly needed them. According to the 1971 Advisory Council Report on Social Security—a presidential report—Social Security benefits are virtually the only source of retirement income for more than one-half of the married couples getting benefits, and nearly two-thirds of the other aged beneficiaries. Because of serious deficiencies in our private pension system, only one out of every five aged couples receiving Social Security benefits also collects a private pension. Thus, the adequacy of the Social Security benefits means a great deal to older people.

Nonetheless, I can certainly understand the distress felt by young workers and businesses over payroll taxes. I think the answer to this problem lies in revising the Social Security financing system so that the return on investment can be improved.

Concrete suggestions for making the system more profitable have been made, and I think it is time for Congress to conduct a full scale, in-depth review of the Social Security financing system. I further believe the correlation between contributions and benefits should be retained, and that the system should be self-financing.

Sincerely,

Charles H. Percy
United States Senator

**QUESTIONS FOR
THE "NO JESUS" AUTHOR**

Dear Ray:

Please have the "no Jesus" author (Did Jesus Ever Live?—Nov. 1972 SEARCH) explain these things:

First, his statement the crucifixion was "staged".

Second, who was the man whose picture appears upon the sacred shroud of Turin which shows a crucified man?

Third, the fact that his grave is on the northern end of the Japanese isle of Honshu. (see FATE Feb. 1971)

Interesting thing about this is the legend that his younger brother was captured and crucified.

Bible support for this is the king saying; "lest the second mistake be worse than the first". WHAT was the first mistake is a question Bible students ask. The Bible says Judas committed suicide immediately. Was it because he was found out for pointing at the wrong man thus letting his master get away?

Back to Japan, the legend is that he came there from Alaska. If you fit this into the legend of the book "He Walked the Americas", you find a great teacher at that time who island hopped from Asia to South America thence Mexico and up the Mississippi only to disappear at the Alaska line.

Then, last but not least, science

now knows that the shroud of Turin was wrapped around a live man and not a dead one.

Point is we want the truth about this Jesus Christ legend, whatever it is.

Personally I have spent a thousand dollars and years of study in great libraries and haven't cracked this nut yet. Please help me.

Floyd M. Gurley
Colony, Kansas 60015

**NO TAPE RECORDERS
IN 1924**

Dear Ray:

In September "Search"—page 87, 4th line of "Sleep" article. 1924 was not a good year for tape recorders, since no one had them! However Dr. Wood's article was interesting.

Stu Olson
No. Hollywood, Calif.

WHERE IS GEORGE?

Dear Ray:

I hope the day never comes when you're forced to close up shop. I've never had the pleasure of meeting you, but I *know* I—and your many mail-friends—cannot ponder extra-terrestrial intelligences and phenomena without thinking of Ray Palmer. Your many years of dedication to making seekers—and potential seekers—aware of happenings and events concerning the

existence and orientations of your Universal brethren have not gone unheeded, I'm sure. You symbolize the *thrill* of the unknown, the inherent *longing* of quiet individuals in a chaotic world to be reunited with their calm, peaceful, sane cosmic brethren. You are a prime focal point for the dissemination of information of cosmic consequence. As I'm sure you're aware, that burdens you with the responsibility to maintain integrity and honesty in your endeavors, and those of your co-workers.

I'm almost 34 now. My lifelong interest in the unknown, in that which I *know* is true, is something that can't be turned off, as you know. In 1957, I was fortunate enough to encounter—and spend some time with—George Hunt Williamson and John McCoy. George, an archaeologist initially, wrote “Other Tongues, Other Flesh”, “Secret Places of the Lion”, “The Saucers Speak”, “Road in the Sky”, and—with John—“UFOs Confidential”. John wrote “They Shall Be Gathered Together”.

Some time ago, an article in FLYING SAUCERS recounted how many prominent “UFOers” had dropped from sight in a relatively short span of time. Mr. Williamson was mentioned in the article.

A few years ago, I ran across an unsubstantiated rumor that George had died of a heart attack in the northern part of the United States. I

do not *feel* this happened. George—and John—were dynamic, active, dedicated, *vital* people. George was intent upon finding a “lost city” in the heart of the Matto Crasso in Peru, I know of at least 2 expeditions he made—without weapons of any kind—in his quest.

I have attempted to trace the whereabouts—or fate—of both George and John with no success. I've written to George's parents in Arizona, and received no reply. I was not able to establish his existence in Prescott, Arizona, where he used to reside. I received no reply from the Abbey of the Brotherhood of the Seven Rays (in Peru). John, with whom I corresponded for a while in Austin, Texas, has disappeared without trace.

When Dan Fry lectured in Toledo a few years ago, I asked him whether he had any light to shed in this situation. He was non-committal, but I felt he knew something I didn't.

Could you please check with a few of your contacts to see whether George and John are still alive and well, and if so where I might be able to contact them? I would be more than willing to keep any such information confidential, if it were so desired.

God bless you, and hang in there. If I can be of service in some fashion, please let me know.

Carl H. Keeran
1653 Irma Pl.
Toledo, Ohio 43612

**AGE 84,
AND HEALTH NEVER BETTER**

Dear friend, Ray Palmer:

I am now 84 years in March 24th. I have made a study of health and find that the food we eat is the most important thing in regard to health.

I found the cause of polio by my work in writing horoscopes and it is due to poor nutrition.

I had many allergies to food as most Aries do have and it took years to discover that. I am still learning more about food and I think raw food is best for everyone as heat kills all the life in food and especially the enzymes which are needed to digest the food. In my book I give lists of food for all twelve chemical types.

I have studied the chemistry of food all my life and am still learning more and my health improves so at present my health is better than it has ever been. I depend on sprouted seeds and immature vegetables as starch is largely the cause of sickness, especially cereals which is considered so good and we are finding is the worst food we can eat. Fruits are the best; also things like nuts, sunflower seeds and sprouted seeds such as wheat grass are our best food.

If we could raise more fruit trees in our own homes and eat the fruits we would have better health as a nation and the cost of food would be much

reduced by this way of life.

Elizabeth E. Wallace

Rt. 1, Box 137

Campo, Ca. 92006

P.S. I especially enjoy your editorials as they provoke thought and broaden the mind to consider the ideas of others and not do all the talking ourselves.

THERE ARE NO GHOSTS??

Dear Ray:

I am certainly pleased that you prefaced the article "There Are No Ghosts", with your own analysis. It helped me simmer down.

Personally, I think your readers are as "open-minded" as any to be assembled anywhere, but I doubt they will be favorable to the closed mind approach of author, "R.N. Kamp". This article is so typical of the hazing imposed upon the U.F.O. fans by so-called disciplined scientists, who finally lost their cool and labeled their opposition, the "Lunatic Fringe".

By a process of substitution and elimination, the author is attempting to substitute the experiences of thousands of people in spiritual matters, with his own considered opinion. Any mathematics student knows by algebraic substitution and manipulation that you can prove that $1=0$. Hence, no ghosts.

In the very first paragraph, Kamp, substitutes his own definition for

Webster's. Webster does *not* define "ghosts" as "*supposed* disembodied spirits". Nor does Webster define "conscience" as soul or spirit and even the No. 2 definition, "consciousness", is listed as *obsolete*. Consequently, "behavior" or "conscience" cannot be equated to "soul" or "spirit"; except by moral aspect. In that regard, there are many hardened criminals whose conscience is already dead even though still living consciously, fully aware of their "being".

Definitions of spirit and soul *do* become involved with terms such as the "breath of life", consciousness, awareness; all being to *some degree* synonymous. "Spirit", is defined as a life force mediating between body and soul. It might be more understandable if we realized that spirit was an energy form.

We have two basic energy forms, the magnetic and the electrostatic; from which all matter receives its form and being. Even the lowly, sub-atomic particle, the electron, demonstrates a degree of consciousness, or awareness in the presence of these forces. This wee bit of consciousness keeps our computers accurate by its reliable behavior. (conscience?)

Now if we do consider that "spirit" is an energy form, we must also consider the effect of Natural Law. This being the law of conservation of energy. This *law* states that energy

does *not* die; in fact it cannot even be destroyed. It can only be converted to another *form*. How else could we account for the "second death", mentioned in the Bible; had death actually transpired.

This compels the consideration that there is a second life or a continuation of the first, since upon death the *body* "knows not anything". The transition then must be that of the soul. Likewise it follows that the "soul" pre-exists that new or future form (existing after death). From this we can reason that soul or spirit preceded our present physical form. It then becomes logical that it is the soul that possesses and animates the body, and not the body that possesses the soul. Various forms of possession of the body are medically proven and documented facts; all with no death of the body. Physical death occurs when the spirit departs permanently.

Furthermore, there has been sufficient genuine and sincere psychic research in the past 100 years to substantiate a continuation of being. It defies logic and reason to ignore or refute that the soul does find residence in some other form. Granted, fraud does on occasion exist in this research, but that is why the open-minded read Search Magazine. We learn to discriminate fact from fiction.

In conclusion I have to disagree with the author's statement on page

16. Quote: "When a person dies his spirit or soul (conscience) die with him." I find little *proof* to support Kamp's opinion.

Opinion is a poor substitute for research. It is quite evident to me that the rites of exorcism were not developed to combat an invasion of plankton. Me thinks, the engineer substituted the wrong factors into his equations. Oh well! It is nothing that reading Search Magazine for 5 years won't cure.

J. Harold Claborne
655 Myra Ave.
Chula Vista, Calif. 92010

WHAT DOES THE CAT SEE?

Dear Editor:

My mother's cat looks at the back of my head at times just like the experience of Rose B. McCalmont. (Sept. 1972 SEARCH) I know that the cat sees something that may be spirit.

Clifford "B" Woodcock
6711 Seaboard Ave.
Jacksonville, Fla. 32210

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INNEREARTH?

Dear Mr. Palmer:

While reading your November issue, regarding your comments in the Editorial about the Shaver Mystery, I was reminded of a certain

"statement" mentioned in the writings of Zoroaster (Zarathustra) taken from the Collective Sacred Canon Books of the Persians, known as the "Zend Avesta". For those who are not acquainted with the study of Ancient Religions, Zoroaster, as he is known to our Western world, lived somewhere between 600 to 650 B.C. The exact date to my knowledge, has never yet been pinpointed to any specific date, however I stand to be corrected if I'm wrong. Many, many of the teachings of the Old Testament as well as the New Testament can be compared in the teachings of Zoroaster. After one has reviewed these Ancient writings and compared them to the teachings of the New Testament, it could be easy to assume that Jesus? (Joshu or Apollonius) who lived in those times, might very well have read these same writings of the Ancient Persians who were strict followers of the Zoroastrian Religion. And to my knowledge, many still are! I also could assume that the teachings of Chrishna who are also very similar, could be none other than originated from Zoroastrianism. However, these are "my" thoughts, and in no way prove either Fact or Fiction.

There are many books that make up the collective writings of Zoroastrianism, all by different names, however basically called the Zend Avesta. This following translation is somewhat similar to the

Great Flood in the Old Testament, however in this case, it was started by snow instead of rain, and proceeds as follows—"And God spoke to Yima saying, 'Oh beautiful Yima, son of Vivanghat, upon this material world, the evil winters are about to fall, that shall bring the fierce deadly frost, that shall make snowflakes fall thick, even deep on the highest tops of mountains. And the beast that live in the wilderness, and in the valleys and on the very tops of the mountains shall seek refuge in underground abodes. After the snow has melted, a footprint of even a lamb that can be seen, will be a wonder of the world!

Therefore, oh Yima, make thee a Vara (cavern?) long as a riding ground on all sides of the square, and bring the seeds of sheep and oxen, of men, and birds, and dogs, and of the red blazing fires, to be the abode of men.

There you shall make the waters flow in a bed of hathra long, where birds shall settle on the green that never fades, and with food that shall never fail. There you shall establish dwelling places, of houses with balconies, courtyards and galleries. And there you shall bring the seeds of men and women who are the greatest and finest of the earth, and you shall bring the seeds of every kind of animal of the greatest and finest on this earth. Also the seeds of every kind of tree and fruit which is the best of each kind, the sweetest of fragrance

and highest of trees, the savorest and sweetest of fragrance of fruits. All these seeds shall you bring, two of each kind to be kept for as long as men shall stay in the Vara.

There shall be no diseased men or women, and none who are lunatic or malicious, no liars or who are spiteful or jealous or any who the devil (evil) has stamped their bodies.

In the largest place of space, you shall make nine roads (rows) and six in the middle and three in the smaller space. In the roads of the largest place you shall bring the seeds of a thousand men and women, and in the roads of the middle place you shall bring the seeds of six hundred men and women, and to the roads of the smaller place, you shall bring three hundred. Then you shall seal up the Vara with your Golden Seal, and you shall make a door and a window that is self-shining within.'

Then Yima within himself said, 'how shall I build this Vara that Ahura Mazda (God) has told me to do? And Ahura Mazda said, "Oh beautiful Yima, son of Vivanghat, crush the earth with the heel of your foot, and knead it with your hands as the potter does when he makes pottersclay.'

And Yima made a Vara, long as a riding-ground on all sides of the square, and he brought the seeds of sheep and oxen, and of men, birds and dogs, and of the red blazing fires to be the abode of men.

And he made the waters flow in a bed a hathre long, and there he settled the birds on the green that never fades, and with food that never fails. And he established houses with balconies and courtyards and galleries.

There he also brought the seeds of men and women, the greatest and finest on the earth, and he brought the seeds of every kind of animal of the greatest and finest on earth.

There he brought the seeds of every kind of tree, the tallest and sweetest of fragrance in all the earth, and he brought the seeds of every kind of fruit which were the savorest and sweetest of fragrance to be kept there as long as men shall stay in the Vara.

He brought no diseased men or women, and none that were lunatic, or malicious, no liars or who were spiteful or jealous or any who the devil had stamped their bodies.

And in the largest place of space, he made nine roads, and in the middle space he made six, and in the smallest he made three, and he places the seeds of a thousand men and women in the largest place, and six hundred in the middle place and three hundred in the smallest space. Then he sealed up the Vara with his golden seal, and he made a door and a window that was self-shining within." (Vendidad)

It would seem that all those who were sealed up in Yima's Vara never escaped or wanted to unto this day! It is also stated that those who dwelled

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in the Vara that Yima made, "live the happiest life". AND THERE IS NO ACCOUNT OF THEIR EMERGING! SHAVER'S MYSTERY?—"SMOKY GOD"? WHO KNOWS?

Charles L. Conant
6736 Alabama Ave. S.W.
Navarre, Ohio 44662

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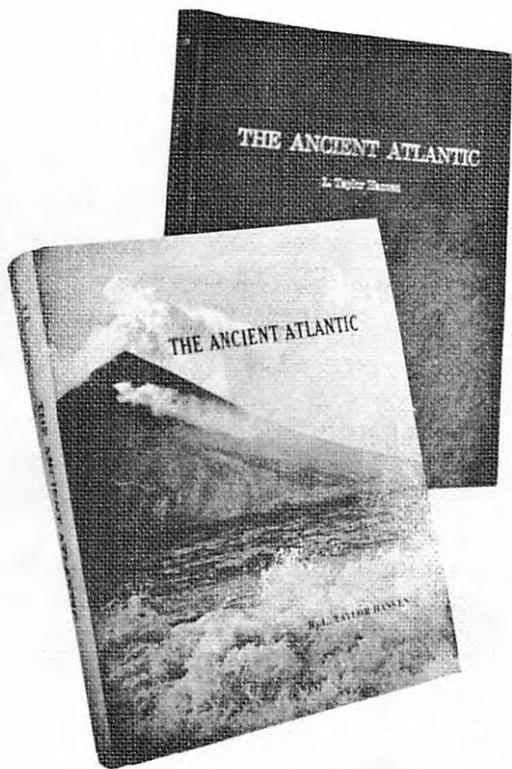
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