



# SEARCH

MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1973

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BY  
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## MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1973  
ISSUE NO. 112

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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

W'd like to depart from our usual type of editorial this issue in order to tell you about something that we think is pretty nice. Some months ago we had a visitor, a very nice lady from a little town called Poy Sippi, here in Wisconsin. She writes a regular weekly column for a local paper called the *Argus*, located in Waushara county. No, the column isn't about the sort of things you'll find in *Search*; it's about events and people in and about Poy Sippi, reminiscences that go back to the turn of the century and beyond. The reason for her visit was to find out if we, as publishers, might publish her book for her. We told her we didn't think we were the proper publishers for her book, but that we could print it for her (at her expense) and we felt it was good enough to have a fairly good sale—at least enough to give her the satisfaction of having her book published, and even to make a little money on it.

Really, we felt that the publication of the book was important to her, and would be a matter of great satisfaction; and we didn't give her any grandiose ideas of how much money she'd make. She had brought

her manuscript along, and a lot of old pictures, even ancient tintypes. Being a native of Wisconsin (although the content of the book would fit any state in the Union with its wonderful homey picture of just ordinary people of a time in our nation's history when life was both good, and full of trials and tribulations), we became interested in what we read, and got many a chuckle, and many a nostalgic memory, and many a revelation of interesting things not seen or experienced today. Well, we began to suggest things for the book, and before we had finished our talk over tea and cookies, we found ourselves engaged as printers, and financial arrangements completed.

As we prepared to print the book, we became more and more enamoured of the book, and observing how our staff reacted, we decided to give the book some "special treatment". We lost sight of our profit on the venture, and decided the book needed some color, so we included three color plates, introduced full-color end sheets, front and back, decided on a printed color binding for the book, even a washable finish! We gave the manuscript as professional an editing

as we could, and did some eye-straining proofreading to try to make it as perfect as possible (a perfectly typo free book is something we have never achieved, and doubt will ever be possible—at least for this editor).

The book is ready now, and scanning its pages, we suddenly realized that here was a book that you, my old friends, would like as well as I do! The thing that struck me most was the picture it gives of a way of life that we have lost, and a way of life (even as it exists today) that a sinister enemy is working hard to take away from us. In this sense, it is part and parcel of the gigantic mysterious fact that is the prime subject of all our publications, and which is the subject of my own *Martian Diary*. Here in Marjorie Rawson's book is a vivid picture of the *true* values in our American way of life, the values and the way which is being wrested away from us, and which we *must* now fight to preserve with all our might—both in a physical sense, and in the psychic, occult sense in which it is actually occurring! Strangely enough, even in this book, there is that weird relationship to the thing I have come to call my "fact", and which so many of my readers have challenged me to reveal. There seems to be nothing in our world today which can be isolated from any other thing—there is a vital single-purposed intermeshing that

cannot be ignored. We cannot look at any single facet of life and make a positive statement about it, without committing a basic error. That error is in failing to see the overall "plot" (let's call it that) which threatens us from a mysterious world most of us do not even admit could exist!

So, when we say that Marjorie Rawson's book has something in common with flying saucers, with the occult, with Shaver's cave-world, with secret government, with religion (even cultism), with a world that seems to have become obsessed with a strange and terrible madness, we are not stating something at all unreasonable! It is, indeed, a part of the total picture, and to those people who are really capable of deep thought, reading this book will be more evidence of what is going on. Here we have a picture of the past, and of people who lived in the vague beginnings of the great danger that threatens us today, and that picture, by its sheer contrast, is extremely revealing.

But no matter, if you are not that type of deep thinker, this book is a wonderful book. It will please many, for many reasons. It is a treasure of nostalgia, crammed with the simple verities that are the real essence of life. It is a delightful book, and one that is absorbingly interesting to young and old alike. It would make a beautiful gift, for any occasion. Thus, I have a

dual reason for recommending it to you—at the very least, you will be in for a delightful and happy experience, and at the most, you will gather one more inkling of what I have spent my life trying to say to you. One question that might occur to you is “why do people not act today as they did in the period which this book brings back to life so vividly, humorous, and in beautiful simplicity and sincerity? What has happened to people, to change them so much? And are they really changed—or is it something sinister and alien and hidden that has caused the change, and with deliberate purpose?”

I would be happy to act as your

agent for Marjorie Rawson, and if you would like to get a copy of this book as it comes off our presses, you could send your order to me, and I will personally pass it on to Mrs. Rawson. She does not know I am doing this, and it would be a sort of Christmas present to her. The book sells for \$6.00, and its title is “THE WORLD AT MY DOOR”. I’m so sure you will be delighted that I am willing to guarantee a full refund, out of my own pocket, if you are not!—and you can keep the book. This is not an ad, not a plug—this is from my heart; the kind of thing I really like to do.—Rap.



*It's good sometimes to think of those  
Whose road is long and rough.  
The folks who do their best to cope,  
Yet never have enough.  
It's good to think. It's good to do  
A bit to help such people through.*



The story which I have written is based on information I have been compiling for the past five years. I am majoring in U.S. history, and ancient archeology of our country, and one of my greatest interests are those races which have beaten Columbus to our country.

In the last few years I've done considerable research in Viking ruins across our land, and upon talking to different friends I realized how few of them even heard of the Vikings in our country in the first place. So I wrote this article on the basic history of the Vikings in Oklahoma to show that the Vikings not only made it to Newfoundland, but also deep in our country! Although other Viking ruins have shown up in Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Virginia, Minnesota and even all the way out to Arizona I will stick to Oklahoma in this article.

Gerald E. Cornelius

## VIKINGS CAME TO OKLAHOMA

By Gerald E. Cornelius

**E**arly in the 1830's Oklahoma was inhabited by a group of Indians which were known as the Choctaws. Oklahoma at this time was known as "Indian Territory", where no white man could pass. It was then that a small party of Choctaws came upon some form of weird inscriptions carved high on a hill. To the Indians it meant nothing, for they could not read it. Although they did realize that it was not Indian writing, but something which looked more like the writing of the civilized white man, the runestone really didn't excite the Indians.

Within due time the white man had once again moved in on the Indians, taking their land and forcing them to a life on a reservation. Some Indians went west!

It was after the white man had moved into Oklahoma that the runestone was brought to light by a group of Indians. The Indians figured that the writing being of white man letters, it could be explained. The settlers were just as puzzled as the Indians concerning its origin.

After a short investigation into the meaning of the letter, the runestone was carefully marked "Indian Rock",

# HEAVENER RUNESTONE

X 1 8 A M M A 1

---

G N O M E D A L

The top row is the group of characters carved into the Heavener runestone in Viking language, while the bottom row is the translation of the top. Still translating the meaning farther into English it will read, "Sun Dial Valley".

and thus shipped off to a museum for study. Nothing ever became of it.

Years passed and a century turned. Then in 1923, almost a century after the rock was first discovered, a further investigation was started. A man from the town where the rock was first discovered wrote to the Smithsonian Institution for information on "Indian Rock." The man's name was C.F. Kemmerer of Heavener, Oklahoma. After a very careful research into the meaning of the Heavener runestone, Mr. Kemmerer wrote to the Smithsonian Institution saying that the characters which had been carved onto the stone were definitely Scandinavian, but pointed out that the rock was nothing more than a hoax. He finished his letter by saying how the person who did write the inscription had a very good Scandinavian grammar, but who ever

heard of the Vikings beating Columbus to America!

Once again the Heavener Runestone disappeared from the news, and was not brought up again until 1948. This time another resident from Heavener pointed out that the stone was discovered by a small group of Choctaw braves years before the first white man had entered Oklahoma! Now how would Choctaw braves even know what the Vikings were, much less their language! Mrs. Farley who had made the statement had studied Norse history, and runic writing for years and was sure that "Indian Rock" as it was called, was more than just a hoax.

Years passed again and only little articles appeared from time to time mentioning the Heavener runestone. Finally a break came for the runestone. Mrs. Farley invited many

representatives from the Oklahoma Historical Society to a private meeting to discuss the idea that the Heavener runestone was that of an ill-fated Viking expedition.

Among those invited was Frederick Pohl, a noted Norse scholar who had written many books. One of his books was called the Viking Explorers. It was in this book that Mr. Pohl translated the famous Kensington Runestone, which was found in Minnesota. The Kensington runestone clearly pointed out that the Vikings had made it all the way out to the border of Minnesota and South Dakota.

It was at this meeting that the researchers and archeologists agreed that the runestone should have a complete investigation to prove or disprove the authenticity of the writing. After some research the final answer was that the writing was definitely Scandinavian grammar, but exactly how the Vikings made it to Oklahoma is not known.

The runestone itself stands just under twelve feet high. It's width is ten feet and is almost 16 inches thick. The stone was found high on a hillside standing upright. It was like someone had sat and carved a gigantic sign for all to see.

Now that the Heavener runestone had been proved to be of the Vikings, another great task was put forth. Now scholars had to translate the meaning

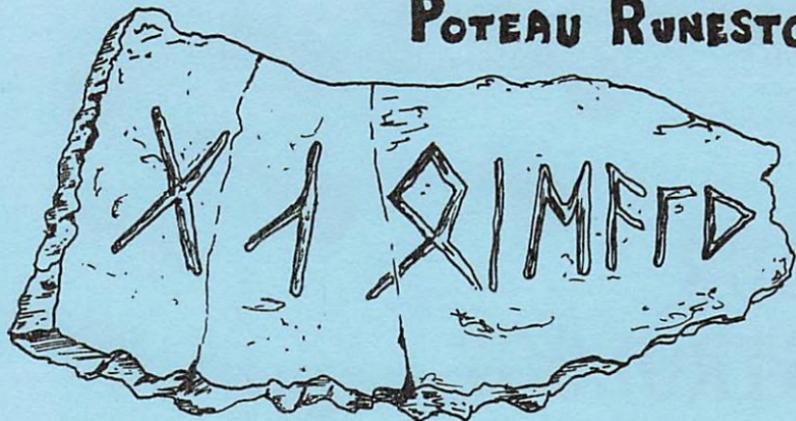
of the huge stone. After months and months of research the final answer came to the stone's meaning. When translated into the Scandinavian language the huge letters spelled out "G N O M E D A L". To any one who doesn't understand the Viking language this means nothing. Now with half the task done, the letters had to be once again translated into English. When this was done researchers were amazed to find that the words which were written across the gigantic rock spelled out "Sun Dial Valley".

The true meaning of the rock will really never be known, although it has been translated. Was the huge monolith set up on the hillside to advertise the land that could be seen from the hill? Was this the name that the Vikings gave the valley upon their coming into the land? The meaning of the rock may never really be known, although the huge runestone can be seen by anyone. It is proof that the Vikings made a voyage to Oklahoma.

Approximately ten miles from where the Heavener runestone was first discovered, another stone was more recently uncovered with runic characters carved into it. This carving was discovered carved right into the cliff on top of a hill outside of Poteau, Oklahoma.

The discovery was made by two junior high youths while roaming through the hills in the fall of 1967.

# POTEAU RUNESTONE



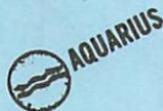
Discovered in September 1967 outside of Poteau, Oklahoma. When translated from Viking to English it read November 11, 1017.

The two boys, Henry McBride and Mike Griffeth, reported the find to a nearby museum which started an immediate investigation.

The Poteau runestone was chipped out of the cliff and sent to noted scholars asking them if they could translate the meaning of the writing. The writing was proven to be that of the Scandinavian grammar, but has proved to be quite a problem in translating it. Although the Heavener runestone when translated reads, "Sun Dial Valley", different scholars claim that this may not be the true meaning of the stone. In both the Poteau and Heavener runestones there are very few carved characters upon the stones. This could show that perhaps whoever carved the characters into the rocks may have used a form of shorthand or

code to write the message. Thus the true meanings of both the stones may never really be known to anyone. Although there has been only one serious try to translate the message carved into the Poteau runestone the final answer remains unknown. Some scholars claim that the meaning of the Poteau runestone is nothing more than a date, which reads November 11, 1017.

Both runestones are perfect examples of how the Vikings not only made the voyage from Greenland to America, but had also made the voyage all the way out to Oklahoma. What ever happened to the Vikings after they arrived will never be known, but at least there is proof that the Vikings did beat Columbus and even ventured far into our country.



# YOUR ASTROLOGY CAPSULE

*Loretta Van Dam*



## ARIES March 21-April 20.

Oct.—Nov. '73: Concern over home, domestic, property, financial, parental matters. Expect delays in regard to any of these things, bide your time with a retrograde Mercury slowing things up for the time being. You have the goodwill of those able and willing to help you. . . will also be forming some new friendships, while reunions with old friends also indicated soon. Legal matters look a bit tricky, don't take such for granted. You may feel yourself drawn to a person of foreign birth. Be diplomatic in the face of aggravations, and hold

back unruly emotions. Social, love life exciting. A love matter may be kept more or less secret—for the time being. An older person in the home calls for your attention, may be in poor health.



## TAURUS April 21-May 20.

Oct.—Nov. '73: Use caution when in out of the way places, avoid getting "involved". Be tactful with all, relatives and neighbors, co-workers. Trips may be delayed or even canceled, now with Saturn in your 3rd house, ruling travel. While eager for

action as you likely are now, especially with Mars in your own sign, you still should avoid being too hasty, all round...the calm, conservative approach will pay you well; use care in travel, too, would be a wise idea. You can't buck obstacles, best to go around them and this applies to personal relationships too. See a job through and you'll feel all the better for it. Safeguard money, valuables. You feel unsure in a love matter. Take care of health, continue to avoid or shun taking any physical risks...and be cautious around strange or unfamiliar animals. You stand in well with bosses, and your prestige is rising. You are magnetic, outgoing, jovial. Unite warring factions, be the calm one when those about you are losing their heads.



#### **GEMINI May 21-June 21.**

**Oct.—Nov. '73:** Be charming, magnetic, entertain—and many of your wishes will be realized, Gemini. You respond to kindness in others, will go all out then. Avoid jealous, possessive feelings toward an other...bring conflicts or anxieties out into the light of day, don't harbor them or let them fester and poison you. Background matters important now and you can plan, devise well, from behind the scenes. Money is somehow related to older persons and financial benefits could stem from this

source now. Certain stymied matters will soon gain momentum, so don't fret regarding them. The printed word or publishing, legal, favor you now, also gain through the foreign born and from a distance, especially foreign, and through in-laws.



#### **CANCER June 22-July 22.**

**Oct.—Nov. '73:** A more serious, responsible mental influence now touches your life, Cancer, with Saturn in your sign for the next 2½ years. You will be taking on more responsibilities, will have a more sobering outlook on life in general. Take care of health, avoid danger spots where you could have a fall, and don't neglect any cold you might get. Older people may figure more importantly in your life from now on. A business, or job, financial, parental problem looms around this time, again something concerning a child or a friend. A friendship turns to love, quite possibly. Be diplomatic with those you meet for the first time, safeguard a friendship that really means something to you. You can avoid a rift with someone if you use the proper psychology and see their (a partner's?) side of things. Meet all challenges wisely—stay calm. Gains are coming soon through in-laws, or through the foreign born, while a legal matter looks promising.



## LEO July 23-August 22.

Oct.—Nov. '73: Your luck truly lies with others now, Leo, you can't go it alone. This is a marriage cycle for you, also a time when you can reconcile, really see and understand the other person's viewpoint. A legacy could be linked to a long distance, don't rule this out completely. Something or someone from out of the past causes secret misgivings. . .best to handle this matter with discretion, avoid too much brooding. Let the past go, would be a better way of handling matters. Be alert in traffic, and in travel. Be realistic in love, marital matters, don't expect perfection, which is only a myth. You inspire and are inspired in turn, will develop a latent talent and you should. You share in the good fortune of another.



## VIRGO August 23-September 22.

Oct.—Nov. '73: Relatives, messages, trips are accented now. Don't be too quick in signing papers, but consider all angles before you do, Virgo. Your sympathy toward a friend could entangle you in peculiar difficulties, while a love matter you would just as soon had not been divulged may come to light, causing you complications. Be circumspect in a financial matter and don't take such for granted nor count your chickens before they are

hatched. Money may be spent on the health. Don't overstrain health, in the interests of pleasure.



## LIBRA September 23-October 23.

Oct.—Nov. '73: An exciting, romantic period and yet at times, you are disturbed by certain background maneuvering. You reconcile with one with whom you have been estranged, and there is joy through a lover and/or a child. You win out in a general sense of the word, through delicate diplomacy, finesse. You are responsible in a job or business situation, have rise in prestige. Safeguard all important papers against loss or damage. Partner's income is on the rise now. An investment or speculation will soon be paying off. . . "Nothing ventured, nothing gained", will be the motto of many Librans from now on, with benefic Jupiter in their 5th house, ruling same. You are outgoing, original, adventurous, but avoid showdowns, and continue to lean on tact, patience, discretion in all your affairs. Hold your own counsel now if ever, Libra, and you'll be glad you did.



## SCORPIO October 24-November 21.

Oct.—Nov. '73: In some ways you gain through the past, your own actions, kindness or whatever. Control

expenses, money though may come in through curious channels, could stem also through television, radio, shipping, acting. Take care of health, don't overdo. You may find yourself being a mediator in a sense, the balance wheel for those who are disturbed momentarily. Something held back from you may really be a blessing, as you will later on see. You are intuitive in a financial, property matter. Safeguard any important papers or documents. Unexpected financial gains. Think positive.



**SAGITTARIUS**  
**November 22-December 21.**

Oct.—Nov. '73: For a while, you decide to keep a love matter secret. Later, you well may throw caution to the winds in this respect. Watch health, don't overdo either in work or play. Be tactful in a friendship matter or young people, for with unpredictable Uranus still affecting this house in your chart, there's an element of the separative in regard to friends and young people both. Avoid a co-worker who may irk you, jar on your nerves. A pet may cause you some concern around this time, at the same time it may be best to be on guard when around any unfamiliar animals. Moderation in all things should now be your watchword, Sagittarius, as there is the trend toward overdoing and depleting your vitality. Anxiety regarding a relative.

In general, make haste slowly now.



**CAPRICORN**  
**December 22-January 20.**

Oct.—Nov. '73: Career, job, business, parental matters, still subject to the unpredictable, with Uranus high in your chart now and up to November of next year. Get along with superiors, those in authority, as personality clashes could erupt suddenly. Same advice would apply to partnerships, marital. Watch health, with treacherous Neptune now and for some time to come in your 12th house (ruling illness.) Neptune's influence is so often ambiguous, complicated, so don't let such matters go, Capricorn, and if necessary get more than one diagnosis in fact. Look out for infections, too. You hear certain rumors, really don't know just what to think. Best to keep such "information" to yourself, Capricorn, discretion being the better part of valor. Home may be a scene of much activity, excitement. . .and some one there is too emotional. Be the calm one, don't let this person be you. Love is glamorous but avoid being too bossy. . .or possessive, with regard to the loved one. Partner needs to take care of health, and not assume too much in the way of responsibility. Use the gentle and persuasive rather than aggressive approach to gain your wishes now.



## AQUARIUS January 21-February 18.

Oct. Nov. '73: Like Capricorn, best to keep certain special information and personal confidences to yourself, Aquarius. Also, you will know your true friends from the other sort that you *don't* need. Best to be realistic in all friendships now and in love matters. Check your facts, listen and evaluate. Your joviality, finesse and understanding of human nature win you success, increase in income, as does some special talent you have or have perfected. Use care in all traveling, which should be curtailed at times, especially if by air. Matters regarding in-laws seem disturbed at times and there could be separations from marriage relatives. You are growing as a person, have much within in the way of spiritual resources, etc. Take care of health and in any job or work matter, don't take on more responsibility than would be wise.

Also be somewhat cautious when in any out of the way place. Important news from a distance, but you could run into a bottleneck in a property matter. You will be purchasing or selling some property before long though.



## PISCES February 19-March 20.

Oct.—Nov. '73: New sources of income for you now, Pisces, while job or business or career discussions will soon pay off. News from a distance (foreign) also is accented, while with some Pisceans a parental matter will claim their attention. You see life itself in a romantic hue, but may be troubled regarding a friend's difficulties, and you could get involved in this respect. You have some 11th-hour \*luck these days! Money withheld now will be coming to you in early '74. Beneficial health disclosures.



### 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 \$8.00 with your name, address and birthdate to: Loretta Van Dam, 129 Aragon, San Mateo, Ca. 94402.



COMING NEXT ISSUE

- 'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS—OR WAS IT?
- WEIRD CULTS OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER  
a humorous account of "Kings of the Earth" and Would-be Messiahs
- THE ENERGY BEINGS  
What are the unseen entities that sometimes intrude on our plane or existence?
- HOW TO PREDICT CRISIS  
forewarned is to be forearmed
- IT'S A STRANGE, STRANGE WORLD  
...strange, odd, weird!

Also, "Faster Than A Flying Saucer", "There Are No Miracles", "A Prophetic Dream of Christmas" and especially Ray Palmer's "The Little People" (crowded out of the September issue). All this and much, much more you won't want to miss.

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REINCARNATION  
AND ASTROLOGY



Zane Harmon with wife, Joan

*by Zane Harmon*

**IS THERE ANY REASON TO LINK THESE TWO PHILOSOPHIES?**

.....

**T**here have been many attempts to link reincarnation with astrology. Various authors have pointed to an individual with a particularly unfortunate horoscope and said, "Look, he's reaping the results of his past Karma!" Still, beyond this statement and their own assertions, no evidence has appeared which shows any causative link.

An understanding reading of one of

the classics of abnormal psychology titled "Thirty Years Among the Dead" by Carl Wickland reveals the mechanism by which so-called reincarnation takes place.

Then there is the account of the lady who, while waiting on a train for the track to be cleared, "recognized" a house nearby, and, thinking she had never been there before, was surprised to find that she would "remember" the layout of the rooms and furniture.

This lady went to the house and confirmed her "memories". She used this as evidence for reincarnation for several years until a friend of hers took the opportunity to investigate.

He found that the house had been built during her lifetime. This and many similar instances of retrocognition can be explained by the operation of psychometric ability on the part of the "reincarnated" individual.

From a purely astrological viewpoint there are no indications that there is any such thing as reincarnation. In investigating the death data of many individuals in order to develop a predictive method for forecasting death, the data indicates that people have several "crisis periods" during the course of their lives. If they make incorrect choices early, then they are more likely to succumb to one of the earlier crisis periods and die relatively young.

If they survive to a ripe old age, they may have well passed one of their crisis periods and will not have one for many years in the future (and individuals vary infinitely) but will exercise their freedom of choice and "choose" to die for one reason or

another and not due to any organic cause alone.

We well remember a service held by a spiritualist minister for a woman who outlived her husband for several years and who came regularly to message services to get messages from her husband while transiting Uranus was beneficently aspecting her natal sun and moon. She gained comfort and reassurance through proof of his continued existence. However it was often said of her, "I don't know why she comes so often; she hardly spoke to the man when he was alive!"

The Spiritualist Church has done one thing and done it very well. They have proven the continued existence of our friends and loved ones after death. Whether you accept this as proof is a matter you must settle within your own mind. On the part of the author, there have been too many experiences, not necessarily associated with the Spiritualist church, which have convinced him of continued existence. And none of those experiences have in any way been connected with reincarnation.

If there is continued existence after death but no reincarnation, what then?

**WAIT A MINUTE—Are you moving soon? Be SURE to send us your NEW address, as well as your OLD address (cut from your subscription envelope, if possible). Processing an address change can take as long as 6 weeks. Send address change to: SEARCH, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406.**

If you read extensively of the literature which has been dictated or communicated in various ways from those who have gone through the experience of death, they have many things in common. Various levels are referred to, some including states of being so close to what we are experiencing here that the individuals are convinced only with difficulty that they have indeed "died".

Other levels are described in greater or lesser detail and in ways which will appeal to various personalities. Certain basic laws or rules come through usually more by implication rather than by direct statement. Like is drawn to like. The higher may visit the lower without restriction, but when the lower tries to visit the higher there must be protection arranged or some sort of accommodation made. Restitution must be made, even though this is stated explicitly in certain communications (Life In The World Unseen) it is glossed over in others where it is obvious by the nature of the communication that the individual does not want to improve either himself or his surroundings.

Another implication which comes through is that progress is always upward or outward. This certainly does not fit in with the theme of reincarnation that we always must come back to this little mudball in the universe to go through umptyump reincarnations before we can progress

onward.

As you read the psychic literature, it quickly separates into several distinct classes. At the bottom are a vast number of communications which merely prove continued existence. Next are those which are rather smaller in number which indicate a continuous progress dependent upon the individuals own effort. There are an equal or greater number of volumes which tell us that there is nothing but an endless "summerland" where one does nothing but enjoy himself all the time. Still there are a few, a very few, which imply that we must begin to put away the more self indulgent aspects of our characters before we can reach a higher realm than has yet been mentioned. After this there are no communications except for a very few notable exceptions, and these are communications by groups who inspire authors to write in such a way as to direct the thoughts of the reader outward, away from the earth and its limitations.

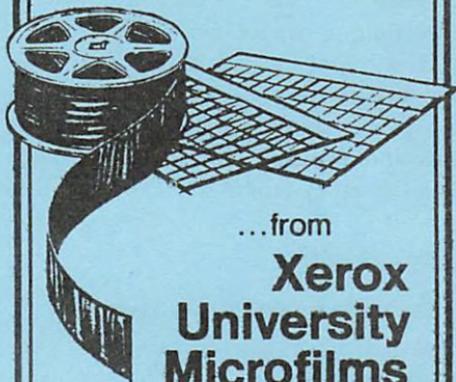
Among all these levels of information coming from those who are preparing the way for us are communications regarding reincarnation. Invariably these writings tend to glorify and glamorize the individual. Very few reincarnated entities are very humble. Nor do they have much in the way of wisdom to offer. Any misfortunes you have, they

claim, are due to your past "karma" caused by something you did in a "previous life". Even though you don't remember it now, you are still expected to make restitution for it completely blindfolded. They indicate that you must reincarnate endlessly either on the earth, or perhaps some other planet. None of these communications give you anything but a dreary forecast of having to come back here and face the same problems endlessly.

Yes, some birth charts are more fortunate than others. Yet in view of an indefinitely prolonged existence and the implications of it, these charts are not really so unfortunate after all. After investigating the charts of birth defect victims, it is more and more apparent that these individuals while temporarily afflicted, are also outstandingly gifted. The very planetary configurations which occurred at the birth, while harmful to the physical body, will ultimately be of great advantage to that individual when released from the limitations of the physical. Again, from a long term view, we all must take either the role of the helpless and the helper at one time or another in order to gain the experience and understanding which we must have in order to become developed in every possible respect. It is upon the basis of manifold experience that we progress.

Astrology shows no connection

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with re-incarnation, rather it shows that there is only a temporary limitation to which we must temporarily be bound and unlimited development not only during our physical lives, but beyond.

# HAPPENINGS NOW

## A BIG ONE!

### —LARGEST PREHISTORIC BEAST

Scientists digging in Colorado have unearthed what may be the biggest prehistoric beast ever discovered, according to the Reader's Digest.

The beast is calculated to have weighed at least 75 tons, been 80 feet long and stood so tall that it could have looked in the top-floor windows of a five-story building.

\*\*\*\*\*

### ENTIRE FAMILY DISAPPEARS

Police have abandoned efforts to find a family of four which disappeared without trace last Christmas Eve, leaving an uncooked turkey in the refrigerator and a pile of unopened presents under the Christmas tree. A factory worker from Cognac, France, Jacques Mechinaud, 31 and his wife Pierrette, 29, and their two sons, Eric, 7 and Bruno, 4, left a Christmas Eve party at the home of friends at 2 a.m. on Christmas day to drive the 2½ miles back to their home. They have not been seen since.

\*\*\*\*\*

### "HOW GREAT THOU ART"

Lightning and a loud clap of

thunder shook the small town of Roland, Iowa and evidently triggered the chimes at Salem Lutheran Church.

The hymn "How Great Thou Art" rang through the town.

\*\*\*\*\*

### FOR 57 YEARS WEEPING CROSS MARKS ANNIVERSARY OF TRAGEDY

There is a wooden cross near Johannesburg, South Africa, that weeps resin on the anniversary of the First World War battle it commemorates.

Taken from Delville Wood in the forests of France, the weeping cross seems to suffer for a South African infantry brigade that was destroyed by the Germans there July 13, 1916.

The cross was cut from a tree at the battle scene after the war. It is not unusual for a wooden substance to secrete resin, but the process usually lasts only for two years.

### UFO'S— HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

#### Wisconsin

A publicity-shy man, who lives on a lake in the northeastern part of Portage county (home of FLYING

SAUCER magazine), said 23 UFO's were seen over the lake one night recently and seven the night before. He has seen others, he said, in the last several years.

One UFO was bathed in a ray of light from another one for 40 minutes. He observed it with binoculars, reporting it "looked like the popular consensus—flat with a little hump on top, like an inverted saucer."

### Alabama

Near Lexington, Alabama, the UFOs are so common in the area that many townspeople gather at night in expectation of seeing one or more of the fiery balls of light.



Robert McGuire, Mayor

Lexington Police Chief Larry Hardman said he has seen the objects three times while on patrol. The last time was on March 12, 1972 when it was no more than 400 yards from him. It was a large glowing, oblong-shaped thing. There was no sound and it didn't move very fast.

"Each time I saw it, the shortwave radio in my car cut out," he reported.

The Lexington major has seen UFOs four times and he was followed by one while in his car, also in early March, 1972.

### And In Australia 8 Strange Rings

Near the hamlets of Navarre and Paradise in southern Australia UFO were sighted on a farm owned by Geoff Bibby. In his words: "I found a circle on the ground that was 42 feet in diameter. The outside ring was 18 inches wide. About 100 yards away, I found another circle the same size. Then I found two more that were much smaller.

"Frank Raeburn, whose farm is 12 miles away from mine, found a circle that was 38 feet in diameter with an outside ring 18 inches wide. The ring was bare but inside and outside the circle, the grass was growing."

Three more of the circles were found on neighboring farms. The soil inside and outside the circle is rich, moist and dark, but the ring of the circle is lifeless. It's heavily loaded with a silvery white substance to a depth of 4 inches.

Other neighbors reported seeing "glowing spheres". They were described as a globe of light rising slowly over the trees like a large frosted light bulb with a bright light in the center!"



Aerial view of "ring" in southern Australia

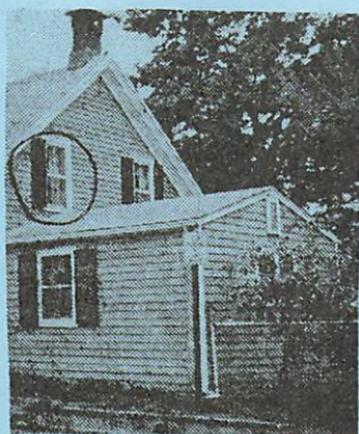
The silvery white deposits are like nothing I've ever seen in 50 years of analyzing," reports Bernard Heath, who heads a firm of consulting chemists, Heath & Associates, Ltd. in Melbourne.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BENEDICT ARNOLD HAUNTS HOME

We believe the ghost of Benedict Arnold returns to wander our old farmhouse, asking that history look more kindly on him." These are the words of Vincent Lindner, owner of the home where the ghost first appeared five years ago, shortly after the family moved into the Scotch Plains, N.J. farmhouse built in 1770.

Legend has it that Benedict Arnold was visiting in this very house when he learned that an army court martial had found him guilty of misconduct. It was reported he was greatly upset by the verdict and paced the floor endlessly.



Window of boy's room where ghost first appeared.

Both the present owner, Mr. Vincent Lindner and his fifteen year old son, Tim, saw the apparition—a figure of a Revolutionary War officer.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ONLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS LEFT FOR MAN ACCORDING TO COMPUTER!

The MIT report, "The Limits to Growth," concluded that pollution, population growth and exhaustion of the earth's resources could spell the end for man within 100 years.

However, the Science Policy Research Unit at Sussex University of Brighton, England do not go along with this. They explain that Man has always been able to control his destiny.

Can he continue to do so? It seems

the time has come for some serious thinking and grave decisions.

\* \* \* \* \*

### COMET TO APPEAR SOON

"From the information we have now, we believe this comet will be much more spectacular than the Bennett comet of April, 1970, which was said to be the brightest since 1910." Dr. Brian G. Marsden, astronomer at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Mass., based this prediction on reports from around the world.

Dr. Marsden added, "I believe the Kohoutek comet will be brighter than Halley's will be when Halley's is visible again about 1985 because conditions will not be favorable in those years."

Kohoutek will first become visible to the naked eye about mid-December, on its way toward the sun, and in mid-January, on its way back toward outer space. It will be most visible January 8-15 in the northern hemisphere.

Kohoutek was discovered March 7 at Hamburg Observatory in West Germany by Dr. Lobos Kohoutek.

\* \* \* \* \*

### DID LEX BARKER RETURN?

One month after he entered into a "death pact", Lex Barker, the former



Lex Barker

movie "Tarzan", was found dead by passersby on a New York sidewalk May 11, 1972.

Lex Barker, Rhonda Fleming, Arlene Dahl and Robert Cummings last April agreed to communicate with any of the four one month after death. Therefore, medium Marjorie Staves conducted a seance in June of this year. Family, friends and newsmen were present.

The four celebrities had each supplied a sealed envelope with a message which was to be opened following a seance exactly one month after death. There was no report on whether or not Barker's envelope contained any messages passed to the group by Miss Staves.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SEARCH FOR ATLANTIS

It was acknowledged recently that

there was nothing to back up a report that the legendary lost continent of Atlantis might have been located off Spain.

Rhoda Freeman, a professor from Encino, Calif., said the expedition was splitting up. About half the students would go to Ireland to try to continue the search for Atlantis with the expeditions director, Maxine Asher.

Mrs. Asher announced July 16 that the group's amateur scuba divers on their first attempt had sighted and photographed manmade roads and columns about 16 miles off the Spanish coast, but Miss Freeman said the expedition has yet to produce photographic evidence.

Maxine Asher is a mother of four, an audio-visual teacher, a doctoral candidate and psychic. Her twelve years of research and her enthusiasm sparked by "great vibrations" were instrumental in getting the expedition



Mrs. Maxine Asher

under way.

According to Mrs. Asher, "We are all still beginners on Atlantis." I think that there is abundant empirical proof. I also think that we will find Atlantis because we are finally combining psychic knowledge with scientific and academic data. No one has found Atlantis before because we, our civilization, were not ready to discover it.

\* \* \* \* \*

### GREAT SPIRIT MOVES CATHOLICS AT NOTRE DAME

"Lord, oh Lord, we lift up our hearts to you," they sing, clapping to the rhythm.

It was an annual conference on charismatic renewal of the Roman Catholic church and more than 20,000 persons showed up for its opening Friday night in the University of Notre Dame Stadium.

"God is moving by his spirit," they chant, holding their hands heavenward. "Move, oh Lord, in me."

The huge crowd came from all over the nation, with old couples, young with bedrolls and guitars, nuns, priests, and bishops. There was the sound of the "praying in unknown tongues". Besides the "tongues" praying, the movement also is marked by intensive Bible study and such spiritual phenomena as healing and prophesy.

# THE OAH SPE CIRCLE



## SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU

The people who write in are looking to *you* for help, and friendship and understanding. Don't let them down. Grab a pencil and share what you know with the people who are asking the questions. *Helping one another*. Isn't that what it's all about?

The Oahspe Circle is YOU. . . and YOU. . . and YOU.



## LIBRARY OF FAITH

With your cooperation, we can have all the Faithist or OAH SPE related information in the world, freely received and freely shared by all others so interested and so inspired. If a commune is formed, we would know it. If a new centre is formed, we would know it. If there are problems of old communal attempts, we can know them too—for new persons deciding to try but do not wish to make the old mistakes all over again.

May the Love, Wisdom and Power of

The Creator's Presence in you move you to respond as you will.

Sincerely for "Live Faithists" I am

E.J. Lee, Librarian

Rt. 2, Box 271L

Vernal, Utah 84078



## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In 1971 BUSINESS WEEK reported the construction of the first walled city of modern times. It is a suburb of Dallas, Texas. It is surrounded by a six foot concrete and barbed wire wall, is patrolled by hired

armed sentries, and each house has a mandatory \$500 security package built into it.

The OAHSPÉ states:

“Behold, ye shall let them go their way; their cities shall become full of crime, for angels of darkness shall come amongst them, and no city shall be safe from theft, murder and arson.

The employee shall pilfer and steal from his employer; and the employer shall hire others to look after those in his employ.

But all things shall fail them.

For I will make them understand, I am the First Principle in all things.

“And when thou hast children born unto thee, thou shalt more consider the place of thy habitation, as to temptation, than thy dominion over them.

To dwell in a city, which is full of iniquity, thou shalt be a tyrant over thy heirs, restraining them from liberty, in order to keep them from vice. And in this, thou wilt be a sinner also.

But dwell thou in a place of purity, and give unto them liberty and nobleness.”

## FAITHIST COMMUNITIES

### VIRGINIA



Mrs. Virginia Howard has put her all into the Brotherhood, money, time, work, all of her resources, to bring the Fraternity to its present

state of development.

We have a building about 90 feet long, 42 feet wide in front and 30 feet wide in the rear section. The original house was collapsed and had to be rebuilt. An extension 50 feet long was added to the house. The main floor is furnished and all rooms have wall to wall carpeting. Eleven rooms and 3 bathrooms are on the main floor. In back of the main building is our Sauna and Whirl-pool bath house. Below the main floor we are building a large room to be used as the chapel and assembly room. There's an attic suitable for a children's dormitory.

### IT'S A GOOD PLACE

- For—“Coming out of UZ!” (cities)
- For—preparing for a life in Shalam.
- To—Visit. (make arrangements in advance.)
- For—Camping, Trailers, Campers.
- For—Taking a Sauna and whirlpool bath!
- To—Breathe good air.
- To—Improve your health.
- For—Sleeping, away from noise.
- To—Study Oahspe, Metaphysics, etc.
- To—Unite in study, work, worship, etc.
- To—Work, plenty of it, and then some.
- To—Think use your head.
- For—Bringing up Children.
- For—A garden, and raising flowers.
- To—Build Log Cabins, lots of lumber on the place.
- A wonderful place for the—Faithist

Farm, of the Universal Brotherhood of Faithists. Box 112, Tiger, GA. 30576.

☉ If you feel the stirrings inside of dissatisfaction with the world, change it. God wants you to. Change the world by changing people. Change people when it's most easily done, when they're children.

We have the basics of a community. Some land, fruit trees, a big native limestone building (a one-time county orphanage), and a focal project. Our concern is to serve our Creator by raising up children to become spiritual, mature, productive individuals. The natural, spiritual community we see as a tool for this.  
PENNER, CHILDREN KANSAS,  
RT. 1,  
MARION, KANSAS 66861

**OAH SPE READERS  
NEED ANSWERS AND  
SOMEONE TO TALK TO**

**NEW JERSEY**

☉ Dear Mr. Palmer,  
I have one problem which is that I'm alone and isolated out here—as far as communication with other Faithists is concerned. When you have no one to talk to, no one to discuss spiritual things with, it is very difficult to keep the Uzian world from “pulling you down”. Obviously, one can't talk to the Uzians, and it is difficult to keep

all your thoughts and disciplines locked within you—like steam in a pressure cooker!

I would like to correspond with you and others who understand *Oahspe*. At times I've often felt that I was the only Faithist alive! What's happening now with “our people”. I need to understand, because if the left hand doesn't know what the right is doing, you don't work very efficiently.

I also don't understand what you mean when you said—the student should “avail himself of additional evidence now preserved in the archives of the Essenes of Kosmon.” Is this the Essenes of Kosmon in Eastgate, Nevada? How are the archives available to me? Need I go there in person? What is the “more detailed information” I can secure from you? What is Eastgate's Essenes of Kosmon's preoccupation with the *Urantia Book* all about? I don't understand. There are so many unanswered questions and always so much more to learn.

Yours for peace and light,  
Robert N. Pavlosky  
P.O. Box 183  
Gillette, N.J. 07933

● It is a regrettable fact that since the death of Wing Anderson, who was in charge of the “archives” mentioned, they are no longer accessible to our readers, nor, apparently, to anyone, simply because

there is no one present to care for them, or make them available, or to contact regarding them. We personally contributed some material to these archives, including an original Sholes typewriter (perhaps even the one used in writing Oahspe!) to the collection. Thus, it is useless to write to us regarding these archives, because we simply don't know where they are, or who has charge of them. In future editions of Oahspe, we will drop this reference to the archives. It is too bad, because among those items were such things as some of the original galleys from the first Oahspe, some original letters and bits of manuscript written by Newbrough, much historical data, etc. However, we are now in the process of cooperating with a writer who has used as his subject for a master's paper for a degree, the history of Oahspe and its writer and the original colony at Shalam, which will contain the most complete history ever assembled. We will publish the thesis as a book, and it will take the place of the now unavailable archives as a source of information about Oahspe.

Another thing we might mention is that, like yourself, many people have no one to discuss Oahspe with, so they write or phone me, and suggest that I discuss it. It is true that I am perhaps the most knowledgeable person regarding the book, Oahspe, but I could not possibly accept even

one of these requests. As a matter of fact, many people want to correspond with me—an impossibility. The magazine you are reading, plus Flying Saucers, and Forum, are precisely for that purpose—to pass on my thoughts to all of you; thus, we suggest that those readers who would like to correspond, realize that there are something like 100,000 of you. If I were to correspond with one of you—which one would it be? So, please, don't ask! (Not, that I wouldn't like to write to each one of you, personally!—But isn't that what I really do in my magazines?)—Rap.

#### NEW ZEALAND



Dear Mr. Palmer,

The amazing thing about Oahspe is that I knew it was a properly based book before I ever received it and my mind simply will not question its validity. Naturally this had had quite an affect on me. I am 35, married with two children and am general manager of a rapidly growing public company operating motels throughout the country. I have lost my business ambitions completely and after considerable thought and soul searching I have given 6 months notice to quit and at X-mas am shifting out of the city along with my family to a small mountain town where I propose to de-emphasise the importance of pursuit of wealth and position and devote such time as I am reasonably

able to an uplifting of the spirit and the physical study of the heaven. I have not felt the need to seek the company of others with these aims and I feel confident that what I am doing is right. And yet I cannot help but wonder if there are organized Faithists in New Zealand. I am at a loss to know where to start looking. If there is a group somewhere in New Zealand it may be better that I consider that as an alternative to the village I have in mind. I stand in your debt.

David Cosgrove  
18 Innisfree Drive  
Ellerslie, Auckland 5,  
New Zealand

● I trust that, along with your "going out of Uz", as it might be put, you are also retaining your responsibility to your family. After all, we must all work for a living, and care for those we love. Food for the soul is necessary, but food for the body really comes first—or we will have no opportunity to feed the soul! As for "contacts", we hope other readers in New Zealand will contact you.—Rap.



#### CALIFORNIA

Dear Ray, Marjorie, and Circle Readers,

I have a question about "Fallen

\*\* 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
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Swords Day". On page 825, XVII the Oahspe describes our holidays. January 1, 1863 Lincoln proclaimed the emancipation of southern slaves. However, the Thirteenth Amendment and its ratification would seem to be the date that officially abolished slavery, just as the ratification and sealing of the Constitution is the Holy Compact Day (July 4)?

Does anyone publish a calendar as set forth in Oahspe page 824 XIV with the appropriate *holidays* or *holy days* shown?

Isn't it interesting how distorted holy days have become ([e.g.] Halloween started as hallowed evening).

Has anyone done a correlation study between the Faithists calendar and the Mayan calendar? If the cycles of both are analogous it could give us greater insight.

I have heard from a few Faithists now, which is wonderful, thanks to Oahspe Circle. It would be nice to hear from some locally (near San Jose). If phoning is more convenient Our number is 408-247-1933.

Others have also mentioned the joys of corresponding with others, having come out of what had seemed to be an isolated circumstance and feeling. We thank you, Ray, for this opportunity to find others and have the Circle.

Ray, we have found more "pieces of the puzzle" thanks to your fine

magazine.

May the peace and prosperity of eternity be yours.

The Allgroves'

4691 Burke Dr.

Santa Clara, Calif. 95050

● In my opinion, the emancipation proclamation is the "act" that freed the slaves, and its "ratification" was simply "making it official". Was the "sealing (signing) of the constitution" the actual "act" or a ratification? There never was any "ratification" of the signing of the constitution. So, your analogy is difficult to consider in answering your question. If your assumption is ignored, there is no question to answer. I believe there is such a calendar published—perhaps its publisher, who I believe is a reader of Search, will contact you.—Rap.

#### MICHIGAN



Are there any Faithist meetings anywhere in the midwest?

I also wonder if portraits are available for those who do not have the original edition. On page XIV of this edition, it states that such would be available from the Essenes of Kosmon, 22110 W. 11th St., L.A.

Mrs. G. Wise

4006 Oakland Drive

Kalamazoo, Michigan 49008

● At the moment, no portraits are available, since the death of Wing Anderson. Incidentally, the portraits were NOT in the original edition.

They do appear in our photo-copy of the original edition, because we added them from the second edition (1891). When you say "for those who do not

have the original edition" you have us confused. Do you have an edition without the portraits?—Rap.

---

### TODAY'S GRANDMA

*The old rocking chair will be empty today,  
For Grandma no longer is in it;  
She's off in her car to her office or shop,  
And buzzes around every minute.*

*No one can put Grandma up on the shelf;  
She's versatile, forceful, dynamic;  
That isn't pie in the oven, you know—  
Her baking today is ceramic.*

*You won't see her trundling off early to bed,  
From her place by a warm chimney nook;  
Her typewriter clickety-clacks through the night,  
For Grandma is writing a book.*

*Our heroine never allows backward looks  
To slow up her steady advancing,  
She can't tend the babies anymore,  
For Grandma's taken up dancing.*

*She isn't content with crumbs of old thought,  
With meager and second-hand knowledge;  
So don't bring your mending to Grandma to do—  
For Grandma's gone back to college!*

---



# THE CHIMES IN THE CATHEDRAL

by

marion zimmer bradley

A TRUE HALLOWEEN STORY

‘All Hallow’s Eve is All Saint’s Morning!’

Perhaps that was the reason why, at midnight on a cold, frosty Halloween night, one year in the early '20's chimes rang out from the darkened, deserted Cathedral of All Saints in Albany, New York. Chimes rang out—when chimes had no business to be ringing at that hour or from that cathedral. Across the street, where the

organist was spending a quiet social evening with the Dean of the Cathedral, and his wife, three startled people heard the chimes and hurried out to listen, to realize that chimes were really ringing from the cathedral, and to see what was the matter.

There was no one in the Cathedral. A solitary policeman, admitting that he, too, had heard the chimes, assured the puzzled Dean that there had been no prowlers in the area. Although,

earlier in the evening, the streets of Albany had been alive with youngsters in Halloween costumes, eleven o'clock at the latest had seen all the costumed pranksters off the streets.

Nor were there any other churches in the area to account for the elusive chiming. The Cathedral of All Saints stands on Capitol Hill in Albany, tucked away behind the immense state Education building, across the street from the Capitol itself. Farther away, across Lafayette Park, are the courthouse, and the City Hall.

That, of course, was the Dean's first thought; that someone had been playing the carrillon in the tower of City Hall; less than three blocks away, some trick of echoes might have made the carillon sound seem to be coming from the Cathedral. The Dean and organist were curious enough to walk down to the City Hall and ask, where a puzzled night watchman assured them that no one had been inside the City Hall that night, and certainly no one had been near the carillon.

The organist and Dean stared at each other in wonderment, sure that they had been the victims of a collective hallucination. Back at the Dean's home, they discussed and re-discussed it, reaching no conclusion except that the sound had unmistakably been chimes and had come from the Cathedral. Perhaps fortunately for their sanity, the

Dean's wife had also heard the sound, as had the policeman, and a wakeful family next door to the Dean's home. It was the organist who suggested, at last, that the sound might have been a fire alarm; in those days, many firehouses still used bells or gongs rather than sirens. Resolving to get to the bottom of this, once and for all, they telephoned every firehouse in Albany, and even put in a call to the fire station in Rensselaer, across the Hudson River. The result was uniformly negative; not a single fire alarm had been turned in that night.

At last, weary, thoroughly mystified, and angry, the Dean and organist gave up, and went to their respective homes about the time that the dull dawn of All Saints morning was breaking.

And (added my aunt, who had at that time been the organist's assistant, and heard the curious tale from all concerned,) the mystery of the Cathedral's chimes was never solved.

"It's an unlikely story," I commented, "but hardly a mystifying one. Was there a wind that night? Did they search the Cathedral thoroughly for possible pranksters?"

"Indeed they did," the assistant organist told me, "they practically turned the church upside down. But it isn't as simple as all that. You see," she paused a minute, "in the Cathedral of All Saints, there *aren't* any chimes."



Dr. Ann Wigmore

## *Dear Doctor Ann*

### *DIABETIC*

Dear Ann:

I am writing to inquire about your treatment for diabetes that was mentioned in Search magazine.

Also I would like to know if you have a book on the market telling more about your work.

Please send two sheets that deal with diabetes as I have a friend who is also interested in your treatment for her husband.

Thank you and I will wait to hear from you.—C.A.L., Grants Pass, Ore.

*Heartfelt Greetings: I was very happy to learn that you want to help your friends as well as yourself. Therefore, I am enclosing some extra literature for you to give them.*

*I just came back from Texas where I spoke for one week to different groups of health minded folks and many experienced for the first time*

*contact with nature's methods. It was indeed a most heartwarming experience for me to see that many are awakening to the necessary job of helping themselves to health, and well being. Hospitals and many doctors are also opening up their minds and seeking their way out of the dilemma which we are experiencing now; of sickness in all directions and under many names.*

*Actually there is only one health problem. That is deficiency. The body gets off balance, the bloodstream becomes polluted and the problem is manifested in various weak spots of the body. When the cause is removed and the necessary elements are supplied to the body through living organic food, especially from the garden indoors, in the form of sprouts, greens, vegetables, seeds, grains and fruit, then the body goes back to normalcy and heals itself of*

*the problems.*

*Good luck to you. Do let me hear from you again.*

### **DEGENERATIVE DISEASE**

Dear Dr. Ann:

I have had back and neck trouble for one year. My Drs. tell me I have a degenerative disease of the spine, Osteoporosis and Spondylitis and there is nothing that I can do to cure it. I'm 62 years old. I took physical therapy at my local hospital for a few months, hot packs, massage, dialtherny and had my neck in traction. However, while it seemed to help relieve me for a few hours, I had to give this up for lack of money since my hospitalization did not cover me as an outpatient. The medication I am taking is hormones (Premarin) and Sterazaledin, which is a very potent anti-inflammatory drug and does have side effects. It takes my aches and soreness away and I just can't seem to get along without it although I have tried to get along on one capsule per day.

Dr. Ann, I have always looked young for my 62 years until a year ago. I have become terribly rounded on the back of my shoulders and neck and the skin on my face has become very wrinkled and dry. I believe I now have more wrinkles than my mother who is 80. Although I just don't feel too much pain, I'm only pained when

I move. It's hard for me to sit comfortably and to turn over in bed or get up from a lying position, hard to get up from sitting in bathtub and so on. My back and muscles are so sore and weak.

Would like to know if there is anything I can do to reverse this or to arrest this disease by way of diet or therapy. My Dr. says "No, it's only wishful thinking". What do you think? I'll be very grateful for your help.—Mrs. O.C., Clarrington, Pa.

*Blessed ONE: I am happy to learn that you are turning to nature and to learn to find your health problems and to help yourself. You have gone through many, many treatments. You have proven to yourself that treatments are only temporary and that they do have side effects. They often manifest in worst conditions than the original ones. The reason for your continuing sickness is that you have not removed the cause.*

*The body has the ability to heal itself if it is given the health tools to work with. The body really is the only one which can heal itself. The body is self-regulating, self-cleansing and self-healing. It works day and night to keep you healthy if there is aid to assist it in its work. The food or nourishment in the raw, uncooked state is the tool or fuel which keeps the body healthy. If this is not available, naturally there are problems of all kinds. Unless, you get back on*

*the course, doing the necessary things for the body, you will still have these conditions, despite the treatments and the expenditures.*

*You said that you look younger than your years, but that now your face is becoming wrinkled. You are naturally concerned about this. If the body is unhealthy, naturally the deterioration takes place not only in your inner body but also on your outer body such as your face. Your need now is to get on the diet which has plenty liquids, plenty of nourishment. Then the body will clean and rebuild itself. Then you will be on the way to not only health but also to youthfulness.*

*The material which has been worked out slowly at our Institute is enclosed. It would require too lengthy an explanation by letter. Therefore, avail yourself of this new beginning, of a new way to health, nature's way. I am sure that nature does not fail if you are willing to cooperate with her. Get your body to normalcy through living food, uncooked, organically grown in your own home or in an outdoor garden. Be sure that you get plenty of greens, sprouts, liquids. Keep your bowels moving and clean.*

## **DEPRESSED ABOUT HEALTH**

Dear Dr. Ann:

I'm a new reader of your column. It was extremely interesting. Although my health has improved in recent years, I'm still plagued by problems. I am a border-diabetic, and have a serious kidney disorder, of which the doctors have never given a name. I have bouts of experiencing pain and burning in passing my urine, and oftentimes, pass blood. I do not take insulin, but diet. Nevertheless, I am still 20 lbs. overweight. Lately, I've been terribly depressed about my state of health and wonder if I have any kind of future. Can you advise me on the situation? Incidentally, I don't drink anything alcoholic, nor do I smoke. Thank you.—R.T., Dayton, Ohio.

*I can understand your disturbance regarding your health. You said that the doctor has not named your condition yet. Of course, there isn't any need for a name. You must only know that your body is unbalanced. First it becomes deficient, then unbalanced. Finally, the problems are manifested in your weak spots. In other words, your health is poor.*

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



## Season's

## Greetings



THE BOOKS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE PRESENTED AS PRIME EXAMPLES OF THE MODERN AGE IN THAT THEY REPRESENT THE "NEW THOUGHT" THAT IS TYPICAL OF PEOPLE WHO ARE SEARCHING FOR A SIGNIFICANT REALITY, AND FOR A MEANS OF IMPLEMENTING THEIR THINKING ON THE PSYCHICAL, MYSTICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEMS THAT FACE THEM IN THIS DAWNING AGE OF AQUARIUS. THEY ARE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT SURRENDERED THEIR RIGHT TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES.

As you read this, it may well be that you can look out of your window and see one of the most spectacular events of the past 2000 years. If our schedule is not disrupted, this issue of SEARCH should be in your hands at about the same time comet Kohoutek becomes visible to the naked eye. It will be visible for some time, and to many of you it may have a special significance.

There are some who believe that this comet is the same "star" that the Wise Men saw and used as their guide to Bethlehem, where a very spectacular event indeed was taking place. Perhaps they hope that the return of this very unusual comet will herald another important event in the history of man. Certainly we all wish for some great healing event to occur which will bring a solution to the awful problems that confront all mankind today. We are ruled by fear—perhaps the comet will replace that fear with hope. Whatever it does, it is in fact the most unusual "Christmas Gift" that the heavens have offered us in 2000 years. As we look at this astronomical marvel, perhaps it will make us think deeply enough to bring about a change in our way of life that seems at present plunging us headlong toward some life-ending disaster. Are we about to end our civilization in a nuclear

holocaust? Are we about to poison a whole world with our waste products so as to render it uninhabitable? Do we need a "sign from heaven" to "see the light" and mend our ways? Will comet Kohoutek be that sign?

There are others who think that comets are other than astronomical objects, but are literally "chariots of the gods", and that riding upon them are super beings bent on righting the balance on the planet Earth, so that a new millenium of peace and happiness can come to man.

Still others think that the soul of man is susceptible to impressions of both good and evil from some mysterious realm of space through which the solar system passes, and that we are now in such an area, symbolized by the comet.

As for myself, I am of the firm conviction that one of the evidences of this mysterious inspirational "force" are the wonderful books and magazines that have come to us for publication. They have taught us much, and they may also inspire you. Thus, I offer them to you as my personal contribution to "the signs of the times". Why not make them a gift to yourself or to a friend at this Christmas Season?



*The very happiest Christmas  
of all to my wonderful friends*

*Ray Palmer*



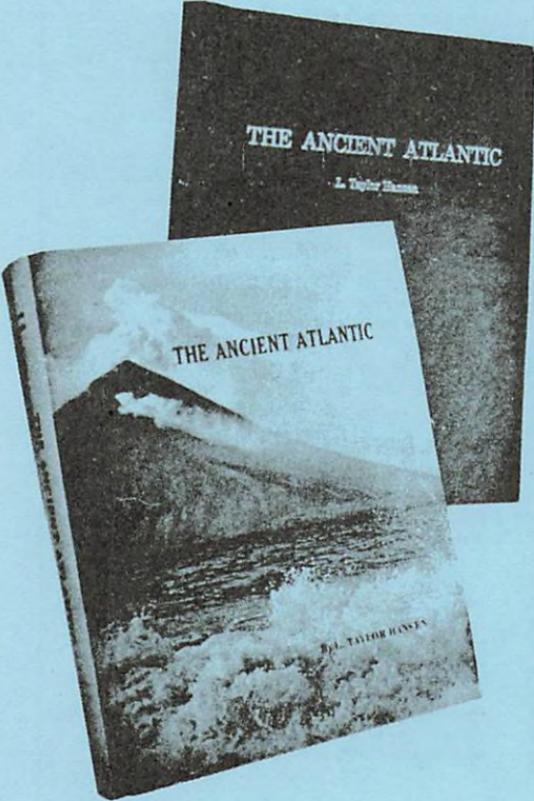
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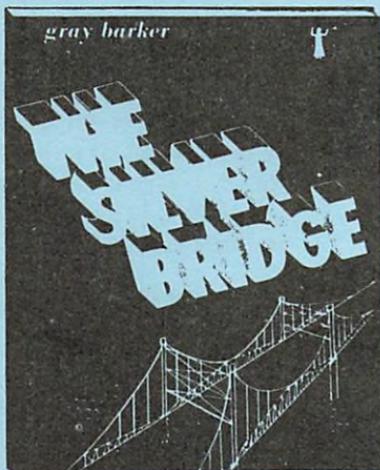
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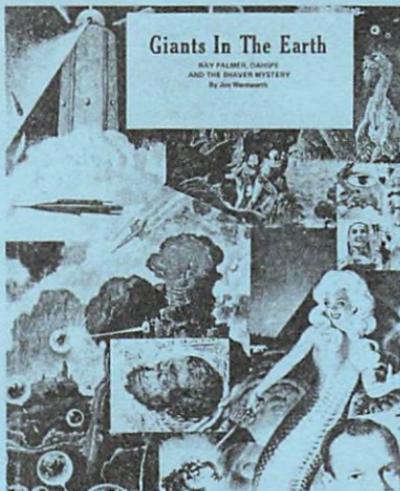
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By JIM WENTWORTH



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In its May 21, 1951 issue, LIFE Magazine devoted 8 pages to one of the most fantastic developments in the science fiction world. It concerned the presentation in AMAZING STORIES, the world-famous granddaddy of the field, of a series of stories that were claimed to be fact, rather than fiction. It was the four-year presentation of what has become known as the "Shaver Mystery". Briefly, the author claimed that Earth was inhabited by an underground race, highly civilized, yet horribly degenerated by radioactivity, in a vast system of caverns. Their influence on the surface world was vast, but largely secret. 50,000 science fiction readers wrote letters stating they had experienced contact with the Dero and Tero, as the underground people were called (actually they were the descendants of a super race called Atlans and Titans who had fled Earth 12,000 years ago in space ships, fleeing a deadly outpouring of radioactivity from the sun). In this book, GIANTS IN THE EARTH, the author gives us the results of his 25-year study of this fantastic story, of the author himself, of the editors and publishers of AMAZING STORIES, and of the strange link between the Shaver Mystery and a tremendous 1000-page book called OASHPE written in 1881, also purporting to tell of a previous civilization on this planet so remarkably similar to that detailed by the "thought records" discovered by Richard Shaver during his 8-year sojourn in his mysterious cavern realm. This book is absorbingly interesting to the student of antiquity, the anthropologist, the geologist, the mystic and psychic, the psychologist, and to those of a scientific turn of mind as well as those devoted to science fiction and its vital finger pointing at the future developments in the advancement of the human race.

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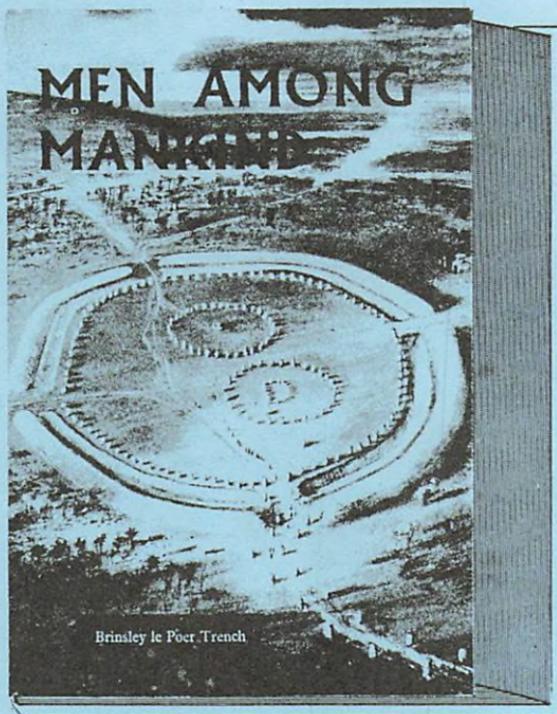
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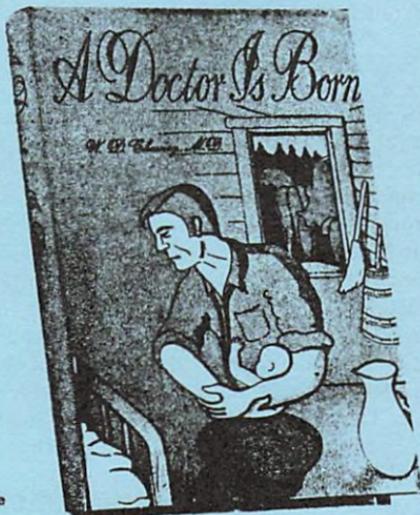
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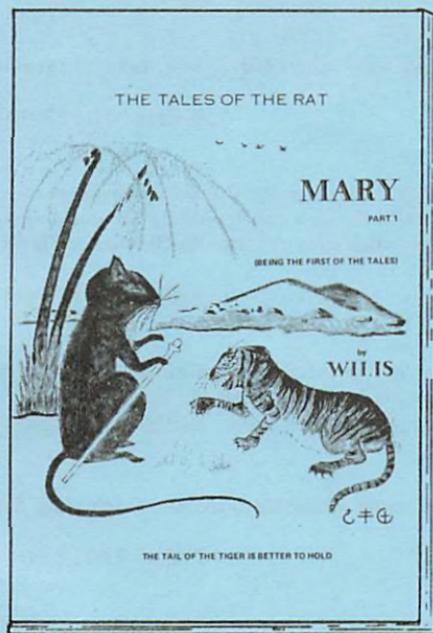
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### THE TAPESTRY OF LIFE

*The tapestry of life  
Is woven day by day,  
Upon the loom of time,  
In colors dark or gay.*

*If hatreds fill our hearts  
Or selfish greed holds sway,  
We weave in sombre hues  
Of dull and shadowed gray.*

*But if we weave for God  
And share His love untold,  
The pattern of our life  
Shines out in threads of gold.*

*Author Unknown*

# SAINT GERMAIN

DAHANA WOOD

The story so far: With Mama and Papa Ballard in charge, the growth of the I AM Society in this country was phenomenal. It was indeed an "empire of Saint Germain"—with over a million members. From this "empire" there broke off splinter groups being known as THE BRIDGE, SUMMIT etc. All gave promise of a new golden age.

Fascinating was the description of the opulent Chicago south side property which included a special suite for Mama Ballard with everything pink (for love). The grand temple of the I AM occupied one entire floor. It was also done entirely in striking pink.

## PART II

**T**he second coming of Christ, that long awaited and expected occurrence for which Christians yearn, was never emphasized. Mama Ballard used to say: "You have had the Bible for 2,000 years—look at the condition you were in, before Saint Germain came along." Hence, as you may imagine, the Bible was not used at any time. This should have been a dart spurring one to look further, before accepting everything as gospel.

I cannot but feel that the student is submitted to massive astral pressure, perhaps in the form of some kind of hypnosis. While asleep some suggestion is firmly planted in his

mind so that when he is conscious, he readily accepts whatever is given him, without question.

### DREAMY ACCEPTANCE

I can only say what happened to me, and if it happened to me, couldn't it happen to the others? First, since a child, I have had some inner consciousness. Frequently I had prophetic dreams. I saw the preview of what was to happen. They were varied, sometimes personal, sometimes universal. Just a few years before I met the person who gave me the first book of the 'I Am' called "Unveiled

Mysteries". I had nightly dreams just before waking, where some unknown being stood over me and read paragraphs in a musical sort of metre. I would remember the rhythmic sing-song of repetition. The contents I did not remember.

When I began reading that book, I again experienced that inner motion and realized the words of this book were being planted in my brain while asleep. The glorious descriptions of afterlife, power, glowing bodies, and most of all the promise of all good things to come. Terms such as "Precious Hearts", "Beloved Ones" or "I say to you", and "You are so blessed" so held my attention that I never questioned the sincerity for a moment. I couldn't wait to read more of the "Greater Life".

Every student I met (I have met almost all up to 1955) seemed to have that same dreamy acceptance of the gospel of the Master's words. A fiery denial was forthcoming when crossed concerning the validity of the "Truth" according to Saint Germain.

Various great meetings and conclaves across the country made it possible to meet each with the other, if only casually. There were long nightly sessions. We would start just before 8:00 P.M. and many times leave after midnight. Fabulous endurance of the students would be rewarded many times by blasting some failure of one or another of the

students. When it would turn out not to be "us" we would whisper in class, "I'm glad that wasn't me!", or before class would start, someone would whisper, "I wonder who is to be roasted tonight?"

There was a certain stigma when one would be mentioned about something he did, that did not agree with the movement. Sometimes names were not mentioned, but grapevine-wise it would soon be out. That student thus singled out, had a hard time of it, getting back into favor—if ever. To compensate this, much expression of love with condolence for our imperfections, came from the Masters. We were assured some day we would be free if we obeyed.

We were told neophytes in the caverns or monasteries of old who gave up ALL to seek wisdom and were subjected to many harsh disciplines. Therefore, we should be grateful to serve.

### SEX IS TABU

Sex was the strictest and most controversial tabu of any. After some 10 years of building the Activity, with the swell of rapid growth of students from many paths of life, sexual relationship was described thus: (in the early days when Papa Ballard was at the helm, he had classes for the men only, called the Minute Men, while Mama Ballard took the ladies,



Mama Ballard portrait sketch, tinted, as she so often looked at Class. Sculptured curls not unlike the Hermes Head, was her favorite hair-do. Band or bow would often grace her crown. Her hair was kept a bright gold. Her complexion was very light, and bright spotlights ironed away all signs of age or weariness.

called Daughters of Light. Each therefore got the secret instruction of delicate matters.) In *that dread psychic* world (we were never allowed to use the word, sex, even!) there abides all the energy of expelled LUST, avarice, all other evil thoughts and deeds. People involved in casual sex tie their energy to the vortex of the psychic and accumulate other released sex energy and sex desire.

Very 'high beings' (how are you going to evaluate them?) who do have these relations for purpose of bringing in a prayed-for being, also of a high caliber, can do this and then refrain further from sexual contact, even though married! I think this exalted viewpoint sounds good to me now as it did before, because it suits my own personal way of independent life with no emotional ties. Nevertheless, I realize fully that many lives have varied plans, and sex might still be in them. So I never consider a person on THIS basis. Further I work forever to hold sacred the "family" group ties, and the meaning it has in the younger generation.

To explore this theory further, if one connects with the mass of psychic sex energy, it certainly will have effects. Those effects we were told would be a constant pull into the same activity!

Or in other words, individuals thus would find it hard to pull themselves away from it, losing mastery of "will"

to a great extent. We strived to break all habits, so that no habit kept us in leash. Admirable thought. Many found it hard to comply. The ritual for the abstaining of sex, was something like this: First you give your adoration to your own "I Am" Presence (above you) then you call to any one of the Great ones, Jesus, Saint Germain, or the Goddess of Light, and you repeat this affirmation: "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE" visualizing all your energy rising to the top of your head. The creative center, and the center of power; the pineal gland, and the all-seeing-eye of God abide in these centers. One who had a serious problem along those lines, should repeat this statement hundreds of times if necessary, and always with the visualization.

I am sure many were ready for the acceptance of abstaining, especially some older people, and I am sure the Ritual worked. On the other hand so many got into difficulties of every description, wives divorcing husbands, family fights and separations. Not infrequently, some changed spouses, even after the "I Am" instruction.

### YOUNG PEOPLE CATERED TO

The Holy younger generation were extolled and catered to like no one else, as they were considered Saint Germain's *hope for the world*. They sure broke all boundaries! They

petted in cars at the Youth Conclaves, feet away from the class room where the transcendent dictations were given or going on. They got married, had kids, went to bars, some ate meat and other transgressions. Yet the attitude never changed and the adult student body gave hours of decrees for the younger generation and most for Donald, the son of the Ballards. Donald had left the circle of light, disproving the work of his parents, denying he had ever seen the presence of Saint Germain or the Masters at the original home where it was avowed by Mama Ballard they had physically seen and spoke with that ADORABLE SAINT GERMAIN, as he gave them his instructions.

### **THE PROMISES AND THE SACRIFICES**

All are not constituted to live as monks, but the struggle goes on in the Activity. Daddy Ballard passed away before I entered the work. A year ago I read a belated news clip (about 7 months after) that Mama Ballard had passed. Why it had been kept secret, I cannot imagine. Perhaps because she conveyed to the Student body at times that the Master had promised her he would come in His LIGHT BODY to visit the student body for them to see him, as the New Age approached.

Mama Ballard accepted she would be here regardless of age. The keen theme of all the work, (except the

application for world changes) was using the Violet Flame and giving obedience to the rituals by doing them often. That Eternal Youth releasing energy was gained by going to many classes and giving all the money possible. Many people gave thousands at a time all the savings for their old age. Believing these tenets, of getting eternal youth, beauty and limitless opulence, by *precipitation* (instant manifestation), they would thus lose their old age, and become wealthy by precipitation (a much over-used word in the "Activity"). They could afford to give all to "the work", so they did! Some tragic cases of poverty came out of that thinking. Some poor broken souls were shifted back to their own families for care after the breakdown of realizing it didn't happen after all!

Others went into senility, and were similarly sent back home. Lucky that the people back home took them in, penniless as they were. Lawsuits in some cases were instituted to recover the "love gifts". These were never discussed so news of cases finally resolved were not public.

### **ORGANIZATIONAL UPS AND DOWNS**

Strangely enough there are a raft of societies, some called churches, who operate as a family unit at the top. They advocate "change" of one kind and another and seem to be working for the salvation of the soul through

riffling a change in politics (fighting the enemy, it is called). Satan, the devil, is sometimes the enemy; conspiracy against the nation is another. Money, Money, Money, is needed to print the indoctrination, to buy the postage, to publish the books. Then the books are sold and distributed by earnest members, who will buy more than one to pass on to friends, an endless circle.

Tours to the Holy Land are mass planned by certain movements, and like some other manifestos I have read, your every moment is planned; as your every thought is commandeered. In the "I Am" the tours were to get to the many assorted classes held in main sanctuaries around the country.

You have to be a believing soul, true. If some one coming from apparently a divine origin offered you on a silver platter such transcendental gifts as "eternal youth and beauty" here in this life, limitless abundance of money and every good thing and the Ascension in the after life in return for just living the rules and giving your all (to the "Activity"), *who* wouldn't like to try this routine?

### **MAMA BALLARD LIVED IN REGAL LUXURY**

This is why the ranks swelled to overflowing, the temples couldn't hold them all. Saint Germain promised these things. The sense of

opulence permeated all. Mama Ballard was given some beautiful diamond rings and jewelry. All sorts of other gifts for the home found their way to her. Money gifts, of course, were getting better all the time. It was rumored, she bought a plane for her son, Donald. He loved flying. She said since he, in a just prior life as LaFayette had really saved America, there was nothing too much we could pour upon him.

There were three main establishments owned by Mama, where she and her staff resided different times of the year. Chicago was the first home, Santa Fe another and the mountain retreat, a lodge in Colorado. Quarters and accommodations were provided at other main cities. The life style of the "I Am" leader must be opulence and regality in every sense. A few affluent members copied the trend.

Saint Germain was supposed to have mentioned to Mama that when He sent the "call" out on the inner fabric, so to speak, to raise up the followers for his movement, he had wanted wealthy and affluent people to rally around the cause. Instead it seemed just the opposite had come. They would have to struggle through with a few less million.

It was said that Mama's clothes closets at each different home was stocked to overflowing with coats, gowns, formals, everything necessary



Invocation on the Platform of the Pink Temple. Crystal cup on the right. Flowers at the left. The American Flag stood extreme right, while directly above was a large colored picture of the "Mighty I Am Presence". She would stand with arms outstretched to the "Presence" for sometimes an hour giving the invocation and crystal cup ritual. Sketch in pencil, oil tint.

to keep the show on the road. Her own seamstress was constantly making new designs for her. Remember, *all* was a gift from that "Great I Am Presence". Still the cry for money and more money from the student body, to pay attorney fees, taxes, building maintenance and other variables compelled the groups to decree and decree, and give, give and give. The "inner circle" called the "staff" consisting of about a dozen loyal subjects, waited and fawned on their Sacred leader.

Second in importance only to Mama, was Frederick, the composer. Scores of ladies in the congregation were madly in love with Frederick, I among them in a way. Closest to the "top" he was held in high esteem. The I Am Group is incorporated, with a board to make decisions, but I understand Frederick is the President now, and most likely the policy maker since he was the closest to the Ballards and knew their wishes.

### **DECREE AND DECREE AND DECREE**

Futility, sadness, and failure marred the lives of many. For years I have researched occult societies, comparing them to find the golden thread that binds all to a common cause. The very idea and intent of a church or secret society seems on the surface to be dedicated to bring wayward mankind closer to GOD. So far I cannot find this to be real. The Creator of the

universe is the Cosmic I Am Presence, which the individual I Am Presence is but a projection, according to the I Am Creed.

Yet, when we were told to decree (we did not use the term pray, as being negative to pray; decreeing being positive commands) we were advised to go to our own I Am Presence, then to an attending Master, for whatever we were decreeing for. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me" saith the Scriptures. Years later these conflicts of dogma caused me to study further. Why do we go to ourselves first? Is not the Creator the giver and designer of all good, even the essence of ourselves? If this "I Am Presence" is all powerful, why then could not instant help be given these unfortunate ones who lived their lives in the decree room? They still were in terrible limitations, in mind and soul—to say nothing of outer poverties.

People that had things going good for themselves, levelheaded individuals, who took everything with a grain of salt (that's why they had everything going right), maintained that status. Students were prone to think all this was due to the "I Am Presence". They had it all before they were ever aware of the "I Am Presence"! This was not even considered, for when one is caught up in a fog of unreality, it is easy to go afield in wrong directions.

## STUDENTS MUST BE KEPT IN LINE

When students left the work, for any reason, *they would be practically blasted from the platform*. Such statements as—"they have left the LIGHT, and will face untold suffering until they grovel back unto the master". We were warned to never associate with anyone who had defected. Dear friends, whom I had loved and known for years, dropped me like a hot potato once they realized I was not coming back to the curriculum. To their credit, for a few years different ones made special efforts to get me to change my mind. Being in disrepute or not approved of by Mama was a condition suffered by quite a few. I had a session of that. It seems a busybody in the grapevine went to Mama and reported that I was living with a man! To which she replied: "I can't believe it, she is one of my best students!" For awhile certain people just forgot to look my way. Inadvertently one day at dinner someone said, "You're not approved by Mama". "Oh really!" I drawled. In the meantime I asked a friend who was a great carrier herself, to dig around and find out what the sin was. She did and came back to say, that all was patched up again, since she had told one close to Mama, that the rumor was false, because she had lived with me during the period, this other thing was supposed to be. I have had

many men friends, without alliances all my life since I have been in the business world so many of my years. But in the "I Am" it was cause for comment if you were seen alone with one of the opposite sex.

This, of course, did not stop the practice. The idea was not to be seen. It was only natural that good friendships were developed between various students who had worked so close on these spiritual matters. Some marriages developed for late-bloomers and in ensuing years bans were lifted in cases where circumstances seemed to be (karmic) for all inner knowledge about life streams seemed to be an open book, to Mama Ballard. Affluent giving students were given a wide berth. It was a noticeable factor. As in all things *profit* is a motivating decision.

## SAINT GERMAIN REPLACES OLD ORDERS

At least 10 large volumes comprise the Saint Germain Series and hundreds of other magazines, all transmissions of HIERARCHY of Ascended Beings.

Thousands of decrees have been printed in loose-leaf binders, and a stout volume of original music (music of the spheres) and tapes where whole classes have been recorded, embellished with the beautiful music of Frederick.

So many FLAMES have been given,

of every color of the rainbow, each with It's own attribute. The human mind can scarcely contain the width and breadth of all variations of gospel. . .The name Jehovah was banned, as were all old occult practices, catholicism, church et al.

Symbols of old orders were out! The Maltese or open ended cross of Saint Germain was made in violet attached to a pin. The Crystal Cup was also a votive vessel used for ritual, and it could be purchased along with other pictures, crosses, reprints in color of the Chart of the "I Am Presence". These were tinted or black and white pictures of the Masters, and there were many. The student was to surround himself with these articles charged with the "Radiation" of the Great Ones, and remove himself from the *outer world*.

Probably more than anything else, this receding into a phantom world (psychic if you will) and removing ones-self so completely from the "outer world" made it difficult for the wage earners to keep a job. The highly supercilious attitude to others not under the "radiation" was a form of spiritual arrogance, not to be tolerated by associates on the outside.

This often increased the difficulty in getting finances. With bravado the student would go on, expecting any moment a precipitation of wealth in the form of money, to come to his aid.

### **CULTS TAKE THE CREDIT FOR GOD-GIVEN ATTRIBUTES COMMON TO ALL MANKIND**

There is an *unaltering fact* that the denizens of the astral world and other spheres know: The very life in manifestation is of the CREATIVE ENERGY OF THE GODHEAD. In high or low form it works the same for all. Using the faculty of visualizing and concentration simultaneously, ANY MANIFESTATION THUS PUT INTO A PICTURED FORM WILL TAKE PLACE! Regardless of creed or dogma, mantra or tantra, this is the god-given prerequisite to the incarnated being. It is a natural precipitation.

Cults use this factor for reasons of their own. Knowing that a group can be mesmerized through suggestion, and can also be indoctrinated to types of thinking, and as in healing, they take the credit for the NATIVE FORCE WORKING IN AND FOR THE INDIVIDUAL. It is there and it cannot fail. When it seems to fail it is only because ones have scattered their thinking, or have thrown away the use of their native force, depending on outside energies (Masters) to do the work for them, to bring in the manifestation. It doesn't work that way. Only sluggishly will the bare sustenance come in.

So it was with so many of the working class of "I AM" students. They would work awhile, save a few

pennies, then haul away to a class in another city "cross country". Before the class was over they would be broke. The same old rigmarole would repeat, and the same wishful thinking would exist: Saint Germain, will never let us down, He will supply us!

All these thoughts and many others began to whisper the incongruity of conflicting statements, promises, and results. I had been a steady member in good standing for many years. Fruition of SOMETHING should have been forthcoming! I felt inside there was a fulcrum that tipped, to cause me to be slightly out of rhythmic attunement with the core of Cosmic Being. I just seemed to miss on the solid way to think and come up with the solution that would mean success. I did not progress in my art, which at the time I had started back into, due to the rules on color. I was so immersed in the theology of right and wrong, I could not get the depth in painting; absolutely terrified that I was of using black, or even umber. Later I had to learn all over how to use the earth colors for shadow, in order to convey light. Once I got away and free of the "spell" of dogmatic thinking, I went on and produced paintings that were saleable, out of original thought from the well of my own being. These would sell.

How often would an unsuccessful student console himself with the old saw, "I'll get my reward in heaven",

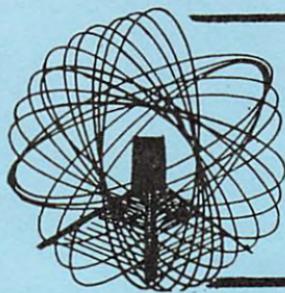
called the higher octaves, in the "Activity". One student I knew rather well, who spent some years in Chicago during a "kill the war" class that lasted almost 4 years, give or take a bit, had been a father and grandfather. After accepting the creed and rules, he tried to disconnect himself from his family and tried to live the monk's life. Evidently he was not strong enough for that. However, in one exalted class he was singled out by Mama Ballard. When she placed her hand over him in blessing, she said: "You are free forever!" He lived on cloud nine for a long time. That old devil caught up with him again and soon his mind became deranged. His physical self was also affected. One night he stepped out on the street in the path of an oncoming truck, and was killed. Nothing has ever been heard of that poor soul who was assured he was free!

### WONDER MAN OF EUROPE

So many startling historical records have been unearthed about Saint Germain back several hundred years. He was called the Wonder Man of Europe, in some quarters, while in others a charlatan. Alchemist trying to make gold from iron, and fiddler of mixing dyes. He appeared in what seemed a physical body, but was attributed with power of being here and yon simultaneously.

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(continued next issue)



## TRUE EXPERIENCES

### A VISION OF JESUS, THE CHRIST

By Mrs. E. E. Short

For some time my mind had been greatly concerned regarding the conversion of my eldest son, also with the regard to the conversion of souls, and particularly of young men, generally. I had wondered for a long time how it was that the ministers of the churches seemed to labour without results—they appeared to preach the truth, but no results came. The people came to listen, but were neither attracted to Christ, nor convinced of sin.

So I took to prayer, to see if I could get an answer from God as to why this was so, and I prayed constantly, day and night, for some months. Being near to God in spirit, naturally I ate but very little. My physical hunger grew less, but my spiritual hunger deepened and deepened, until finally I did not sleep at all. I prayed with the assurance that God would answer my prayers, and I became so spiritually hungry that I

told the Lord that I should have to lie awake unless he answered me, for I could not sleep for want of Him.

I waited patiently for Him, and one night, while in prayer lying upon my bed, Jesus revealed Himself to me. He was very much the same in appearance as the pictures we often see of Him. He seemed to take me up, and up, to a great height, and, while there, I seemed to look down beneath, and I saw my poor old physical body lying upon the bed, and I felt almost ashamed of it, for my hair was so untidy. Jesus looked at me and said, "There is your body, lying down there." My experience was so grand and wonderful that I had no wish to return, but he said to me "You will have to go and take the body up again, for your work is not done yet."

And then he revealed to me why it was that the preaching of the ministers of the Gospel was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Jesus explained to me: "They are preaching on their own; they do not

wait upon me for my power. Yet I will give my power if they will wait upon me for it. The people come to Church, and listen, but the ministers are preaching on their own, without my power." Then He showed me a Vision of what appeared to be the little Methodist Church in the town in which I lived. The place was packed with people, and presently the Minister (a young man) stepped forward and began to speak. He did not get excited, but spoke quite calmly. Before he had said many words, people here and there, in different parts of the building, rose up, and pressed their way towards the penitent form at the front. Very soon aisles were full of people thus pressing forward, until there was no room for them to move to the front, and all over the building people began to kneel down where they were in their seats, and seek the salvation of God. Jesus turned to me and said, "This is preaching in my power, which I will give to those who wait upon me." After this he looked at me—his look went through me—he saw my thoughts, and my heart was naked before him. And he said slowly, "Will you be obedient?" And I gladly said "Yes, Lord." Then there was silence, his eyes still piercing me through and through. After this pause, as though his question were unanswered, he said still more powerfully, "Will you be obedient?" And I said "Yes, Lord,

you know I have been obedient to you all my life." And then came another pause, in a silence more profound than previously, after which he again repeated the question, "Will you be obedient?" I felt keenly that he should press the question thus, and again I replied, "You know I have always obeyed you—I will surely be obedient." Then came His command: "I want you to go to all the ministers, and tell them that no souls are being saved by their preaching because they have not waited upon me. Tell them they are preaching in their own power, instead of waiting upon me for mine. Say I will give my power if they will wait upon me."

Instantly I felt that a great responsibility had been thrust upon me—me, a poor illiterate woman having to approach educated ministers, and I felt that I could not go. I did not seem to speak to the Master, but only to say mentally "I could never do that, and I wish I had not promised to do His bidding." Without my speaking, He saw my thoughts in an instant, and at once said to me, "No, you could not go alone, but I will go with you—you will go in my power." I felt reassured immediately, great relief came over me, and I joyfully replied "Yes, Lord, I can go if you go with me."

After this I remember the feeling of returning from this great height, down, down, down, until I reached

my poor old body that was still lying on the bed, and it was with an uncanny feeling that I seemed to again enter the body of clay. But no sooner had I done so, than He was instantly with me, and his power as strong as ever.

Afterwards I went on different occasions to the various ministers in our town, to deliver my message, and each time, after getting ready and setting forth, I had a wonderful experience of His power coming over me, and I felt as strong as a lion. When I spoke to the ministers in their homes they were completely dumbfounded, and would hang their heads, and scarcely utter a word. They evidently felt the truth of the message, and the power of the Spirit.

When I had visited all the ministers in the little town in which I lived, I asked the Lord if he wished me to visit the ministers in the capital city, Wellington. I told Him I had no money to go there, and asked Him, if He wanted me to go, to let me know, also to send me some money. Shortly after this my sister wrote to me from Wellington, asking me to go down, and enclosing some money for my

fare, and saying that, when she met me on the station, she would put a gold piece into my hand. I then knew the Lord wished me to go. So I went, and visited a number of the ministers in that city, giving them the message. One minister whom I saw, upon hearing the message, cried like a child. I wondered why he cried so, but later found out from my friends that he was about to leave the Church, having been asked to resign on account of his unsuccessful work.

This is quite a number of years ago now, yet, when I begin to speak of my experiences, my memory is as perfect as though it had occurred only yesterday, and the same sense of power comes over me.

## UNCLE AMBROSE

By Mrs. Carol Bruce

Uncle Ambrose was psychic and a healer. He was well known by people from all over who wrote him constantly for healings. Many were healed from great distances away. He went into trances for these healings. He said that while in trance a thin thread-like substance held his life force in the balance. If the thread

**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.

were broken he would die.

He was a small man, immaculately neat, with short cropped hair and a little mustache. He was thin—weighed about 100 pounds—and had a sickly look about him, what some would call puny looking. He always seemed nervous and he walked in a little dog trot. Always slightly bent over with a constant cigarette in his mouth, he was indeed eccentric.

Uncle Ambrose also communicated with the dead. He liked to contact big names of the departed such as Caesar, Lincoln and the likes. Uncle Ambrose would ask overnight guests if they had seen someone such as Lincoln by their bed last night. He would say that he had sent Lincoln or other famous persons on up to visit them. His conversation was always filled with things these great men had said.

My grandfather Mr. Rolly Munger was healed by him. Grandpa had a growth on his arm and saw a doctor who said it would require surgery, but Uncle Ambrose told him not to worry. He told Grandpa to go home and get a good night's rest. When Grandpa woke up the growth was

gone. He went back to the doctor who had no scientific explanation!

After his passing, Uncle Ambrose's favorite rocker would rock away as if an invisible presence sat there. I am inclined to believe it did!

His wife, my Aunt Ruth, later married again and lost that husband too. We stayed at her house the night of that husband's funeral. I was sleeping on the sofa. On a wall across from me was a portrait of the departed gentleman. Everyone had the feeling it was alive; it was so real looking. Laying there I saw those intense eyes move! Call it suggestion or imagination, if you will, but I know better. Perhaps Uncle Ambrose was up to his old psychic tricks through this man too.

I certainly am no healer or medium but I have had premonitions and can send thoughts to loved ones over a distance and they are picked up. I am fascinated by all forms of psychic research. Perhaps Uncle Ambrose and I are kindred souls in tune with each other. In any case, he had the power and was a remarkable man.



*I was angry with my friend: I told my wrath, my wrath did end.*

*I was angry with my foe: I told it not, my wrath did grow.*

# the ghost that was KILLED



BY GEORGE WAGNER

## THE STRANGE STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE IN CAIRO

One of the most unusual hauntings in the yellowed annals of psychic research took place in Cairo, Egypt, in the late 1830's. The truly unique ghost in this strange case was "killed" by a shot from a flintlock pistol!

The exact dates, locations, and names in this bizarre episode were never revealed by its original recorder, the noted nineteenth century Egyptologist, Edward William Lane—now best remembered for his classic translation of *THE ARABIAN NIGHTS*. My source for the tale is J.A. St. John's *EGYPT AND NUBIA*, published in London in 1845.

An Englishwoman—apparently a widow—was a visitor in Cairo, together with her children and her

brother. The little party spent a month looking for a house to lease. At length they found a very serviceable house in one of the most fashionable neighborhoods. The rent, as quoted by a landlady with the delightful name of Lalah-Zar ("Bed of Tulips"), was ridiculously low.

The first few days in the house were spent in relaxed comfort, with not the slightest hint of the mysterious phenomena that was shortly to follow. After a week or ten days, however, the English couple realized that their Egyptian servants were almost "asleep on their feet", as they sluggishly attempted to carry out simple household duties. Upon inquiry, the servants explained that

they were completely unable to sleep at night.

"The devil is the resident of this house!" the domestics insisted. They claimed that an "Efrit" roamed through their quarters at night, stomping on the floor with heavy boots, and pounding on the doors with a brick. The disturbances were said to center around the servants' bath.

Two serving girls, Amineh and Zeynab, asked permission to leave their jobs. Amineh claimed to have actually seen the Efrit, and maintained that continuing to work in the same house with it would force her to lose her mind. Shortly after the girls left, the male servants also terminated their employments. Neighborhood residents provided the information that no one was ever able to reside in the house for more than nine months—and that the usual tenure was less than thirty days.

Freshly-hired retainers heard the same sounds that had forced their predecessors to flee. Moreover, the English couple and the children began hearing the noises. Besides the phenomena noticed earlier, pieces of charcoal were found scattered throughout the house. The Englishman organized nightly searching parties, but nothing out of the ordinary was ever found.

Now came the great Moslem lunar festival of Ramad'han, or Ramadan.

This month is the most sacred of the Moslem calendar, when dawn to dusk fasting is required of every devout believer. The reason for the period's sacredness is that this was the month in which the greater part of the Koran had been revealed to the Prophet Mohammed. During this holy month the house was left in peace.

After the passing of the Ramad'han, everything broke loose again. Kicking noises were heard at the doors, by the entire household, about nine or ten p.m. every night. Loud, unexplained crashings were heard on the street directly in front of the house. The tramping of invisible feet was heard all night.

A serving girl, employed at this time, complained that a tall figure swathed in white robes appeared before her in one of the galleries, and with outstretched arms prevented her passage. Another servant saw the same figure in the courtyard.

The doorkeeper of the house loaded his old flintlock pistol with a double charge of powder. He took up a position on an upper floor of the house, and vowed to shoot the apparition. One night, as the English people were gathered talking on the first floor, they heard the discharge of the doorkeeper's weapon.

"Come up! Come up!" the doorkeeper shouted excitedly down the stairs. "The accursed demon is struck down dead before me!"

The entire household raced up the stairs to face the doorkeeper. He said that the white shape had appeared beside him. The ghost had thrown dirt into the doorkeeper's eyes, and then began disappearing through a wall. The doorkeeper had extended his arm, taken aim, and finally fired his flintlock point-blank at the vanishing form.

The place where the Efrut had last been seen was extensively searched. A small dusty mass was found, that had not been there previously. Vaguely

resembling leather, the lump was "literally burnt to a cinder."

The house was no longer bothered by noises or spectres. Later investigations developed that a former owner of the house had murdered three people in it. One of the victims had been a young serving girl, murdered in the servants' bath.

#### THE END

Reference: St. John, J.A. EGYPT AND NUBIA: With Illustrations. London: Chapman and Hall, 1845, pages 210-215.



*To know "God"*  
*We must first love Him*  
*To acquire Knowledge*  
*We must use our intellect*  
*To acquire wisdom*  
*We must combine both*





Vern Overlee, medium

**Question: How does one get rid of bad spirits?**

Answer: We leave when we have fulfilled that which is asked. We only affect to the extent where those present may profit physically, spiritually or mentally. Those who haunt a house are drawn to this house or spot as they never completed that which they felt they had to do, so they remain until released. Those who come into a body and dominate the body, refusing to leave and obsess or possess the body, can be released through exorcism. This is a concentrated prayer calling upon forces who will draw those offending spirits from the house or from the body. This can be handled by those that are controlled by those who have

# 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".**

the strength to bring about the desired results safely. Those who attempt this and are not prepared, could be in danger. They flirt with being contaminated themselves. This should never be attempted unless you are backed-up by trained spirit forces which are capable of protecting you. This can also be accomplished by some through absent exorcism. The medium need not be present as his forces are the ones who bring about the release; they are capable of being great distances from the medium and still draw upon his directed physical force.

**Question: Do we change from life to life?**

Answer: Today's world, while ever-changing, is never in reality changing. Those who are in the world today, are affected by those who were living in another time, and they

continue to react as they reacted at their time within the shell. Those whose reactions were felt by the most people and remembered by the most people, while seemingly dead and gone, are in evidence and still affecting those in every generation at every time. These people had either more to say or desired more to be heard than others of their time. They remain as then, still holding forth. Those who were the workers remain the workers; those who were the criminal, remain the criminal, seemingly unchanged.

This needs to be changed. This can only be changed by those in your world who understand this and through this understanding begin to change their life by desiring new goals and by making a concerted effort to achieve these goals. Those who are successful show a great growth and those who accompany them in spirit are given an opportunity to grow as growth is change.

Many who do not live long enough to settle down in their ways, become relaxed and contented, are in for problems. Those whose life is long and who in their mature years learn to control their emotions and become more at peace with the world, shall show the most growth. They can and will face their new life more relaxed, more objectively than those who have never reached their peak of maturity. For to mature, one must learn to

adapt oneself to all situations without becoming unnecessarily moved by adverse conditions. Conditions can be changed even when they do not change you. When they do, they in effect are a dominate factor at that time. The mature mind controls situations and is in a position of meeting and dominating the situation without exerting a dominating influence unwisely over others involved. For to be mature, one must be kind, thoughtful and truthful; ready, willing and able to face life however it is.

Many people reach decisions through what is known as logic. Logic is a series of thoughts directed toward solving all aspects of a situation. This in itself may seem fitting and proper. However, this does not necessarily make it so. When a decision has to be weighed, it is not ready; only when you know what is the right thing to do is it truly solved. Then you know that you have no choice as you realize that it answers all questions and you will not be sorry as no other course of action could be taken. Many cannot make decisions for fear that what they do will be wrong. This attitude allows no decisions and no measure of worth can be achieved—only a life of frustrations. These people need to practice on trivial decisions; when they accomplish this, opportunities to utilize this new-found step toward a fulfilled life will arise.

With understanding could come a new method of reaching world peace as mature minds know this is the proper state. Most of the world rulers are immature and desire the power they are incapable of wielding. These leaders will never bring anything but chaos—never peace. Now man must realize his shortcomings. When he does, he will have them no longer as they are changed as he has grown.

**Question: Has man evolved to his true potential?**

Answer: When the world first saw man, it was very young and man but a step away from the unknowing, unthinking animal from which he had evolved. Man's world was limited to his immediate surroundings; he saw and he heard, but was unable to properly interpret either sense. The only senses that developed for many centuries were those of the basic, most animalistic. The main drive of course, was for food and the procurement of it. He had little if any sense of pain, heat or cold. His life was patterned in the style of the basic instincts of food and reproduction, neither of which was fully understood. It was a conditioned reflex and not motivated by a reasoning, thinking brain. Man is the only animal with a reasoning brain, but this addition to the human, which segregates him from his predecessors, was painstakingly slow and difficult.

Man saw and heard, but had no background for interpreting either sense. Many of us today are very close indeed to primitive man in our interpretation of what we see and hear. No two men see things in the same light or in the same way. We need only hear a discussion of politics or religion to know this. But it is not isolated to these things, it differs in every aspect of human existence. Man interprets what he sees and hears solely on what and how he has learned to do it. Therefore, one with a more agile, more astute memory, will see and be aware of more things than one who is either mentally lazy or unconcerned with anything other than what he wants to see. Those who are more aware of their relationship with God and his fellow-man, will naturally see and hear more and be able to better interpret what it is he sees and hears.

What we call formal education, is totally unnecessary for any true and proper interpretation of what is around us. It is our higher-selves that do this for us. One could hold all the college degrees there are, and still be little advanced from primitive man in his reactions to the world around him. Man must learn that it is through God's goodness that we exist and that He is the Supreme Ruler. Then man will be able to see his world through God's eyes and behold all the beauty there is to see; and hearing through

God's ear, he will answer the call for help from his brothers.

**Question: Who are the mediums and why don't they use their own names?**

Answer: The names of the mediums, we use for this work, are not important as what comes through them is important. They know that they themselves have nothing of any importance to say. We feel that who we are is not important, but hope that what we are able to bring through the medium and his wife is worthy of the effort. Should anyone be helped in any way, our efforts are not in vain. What reasons we have for showing ourselves, and in some cases, being recognized, is to bring added conclusive proof of survival of life in its fullest degree. While the medium might stay in the dark as far as you are concerned—he must stay in the dark for us to reach him.

**Questions: Is sterilization the answer to overpopulation?**

Answer: Sterilization has been practiced by man on his animals which he raises for pleasure and gain, for century upon century. Should

man choose to sterilize himself, it must be his own choice. No other man has the right to force this upon him. The desire to control population must exist; then the means will arise.

**Question: Why are the young revolting?**

Answer: The young will always desire change when they reach the age for change. The cub leaves the mother; the bird the nest; the boy the home. Now, they can not leave the home as the home is needed to support their continuing education. So they are still dependent upon their parents at an age when they are normally away raising their own family. And now they object, but without the strength to fly away and try their own wings. They need the independence which they are afraid to take. They take out their resentment on anyone and everyone. When the instigators reach them, they are eager for the group revolt. Those who are on their own are not in the center of any form of revolt; they lead a life as has been lead by their predecessors—the trouble is, these are now in the vast minority and with each decade, the number has declined at an alarming rate.

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.

# DOES A DOG HAVE A SOUL?

BY MERCY OTIS

**Y**es, of course a dog has a soul, and for that matter, all other animals as well. In fact I believe that everything that has Life has a soul, thus I write Life with a capital L as I believe that the sole source of all Life is God. However, I admit that I hadn't given the subject much thought until the year 1944 when I was separated from my beautiful little pet by her death.

I was told by the donor that my new puppy was a cross between a Chinese Poodle and a Cairn Terrier. Having ascertained that she had a pedigree, I made no further inquiries, for after all, "you can't look a gift 'horse' in the teeth".

She was beautiful and intelligent. In

fact, on several occasions she displayed more of the latter commodity than her new owner, for how she fought me when I persisted night after night upon giving her a bath. She knew that puppies are not to be bathed very often, if at all before six months, and she was only then six WEEKS old. But finally with a sigh I gave in, meanwhile looking at my lovely new silk comforter on the foot of my bed with many misgivings, for there she persisted in sleeping, disdaining the cotton lined basket beside the fire for the silken affair over my feet. I soon found that silk was her natural habitat, not cotton, at which, if she ever thereafter noticed, it was with a contemptuous flip of her tail.

"Such a ridiculous tail—why don't you cut it off?" My friends asked me.

"Indeed I won't!" I indignantly exclaimed, "How would you like the end of your nose cut off?" At which I usually received a pitying look. They didn't know that I was learning a lot of things about little dogs that I hadn't known before—that they had minds and bodies of their own, and had not been placed here to be subjected to human cruelty, and having come to that conclusion in this first six months how much more I was destined to learn in the following six years, with little Toypoo in close attendance upon my waking hours, nor did she relax her vigilance at night from her long established position on the foot of my bed, where I firmly believe she slept with one eye open, for she and I lived all alone in an isolated farm house. When the end of the week came and her master returned home, every look and act of her conduct seemed to proclaim—"Now at last I can turn you over to him and get a good night's sleep."

With the foregoing in mind I'm sure it is not hard to understand my feelings when little Toypoo became violently ill and with neither a telephone or a car at my disposal and with the temperature well over 100 degrees there seemed no way of contacting the only Veterinary twenty miles distant. In a matter of a couple

of hours Toypoo seemed beyond human help for she became paralyzed, and could not lift even an eyelid, her body as limp as a rag doll. Anyone that has owned one of these little pets can well understand all that passed through my mind as I watched over her, ministering as best I could to her needs, and vainly trying to ease and comfort her.

Being with her so much for over six years, I had grown accustomed to watch her reactions, and seeing that she tried just as hard to understand me and my speech, with the result that she seemed practically to understand everything that I said to her. I now believe it was this sympathetic understanding that later led me to the wonderful experience wherein I saw that my pet was in the spirit world and therefore was a creation of the Infinite. But let me emphasize that I am not now, nor was I then a Medium, nor have I, to my knowledge, any tendency in that direction.

Watching over my pet in this, her last illness, I began to think of the marvellous thing she had done only the previous week—Toypoo always displayed a great dislike for hair combing, although submitting to the process with growls of displeasure, she knew that her grooming always meant either a ride in the car, or a nice long walk if her master was home.

On this particular day she showed

more displeasure than usual over the mean tangles in her long silky hair, so I admonished her—

“Let’s don’t grumble any more, let’s just talk about it”— Many times before when I was combing her hair I had told her to ‘sing, instead of growl,’ and she would try to do it, but this time I had advised her to talk instead, and talk she did! I have never heard anything to equal it—chattering and gurgling like a child just beginning to talk, and really sounding like words, so much so, that her master, shaving nearby, uttered an exclamation of unbelief as he listened in utter amazement.

I was broken hearted when my pet passed on, and I grieved as for a member of the family, meanwhile trying to understand why this had to be. I tried to penetrate the distance between us and that awful word death, still holding to the thought that her spirit had *ascended*.

\* \* \* \* \*

One night about three months later, having retired, but feeling wakeful I sat up in bed, and looked out of the upraised window near me. It seemed to me that the moonlight was particularly bright; at first this was near the farther corner of the yard, and I thought “That is where Toypoo liked most to play”. Suddenly I became aware of something I could not understand, just outside the window. I could not see anything or

anyone, yet—there was something there! Each time my eyes turned to that spot I received a strange reaction—I knew that it was something or someone out of this world. I would turn my eyes away, thinking “What can it be” only to have them drawn back as by a magnet to the window. This occurred three times. Then—I knew the strange something had gone, and feeling very much at peace, I lay back and immediately fell asleep.

Upon awakening the following morning, the strange reaction remained with me, and on rising I queried “What can it be?” to hear a word softly spoken—“Glorified”. This reaction which I cannot explain remained with me for several days. I went about my work, doing all my usual tasks, but I wasn’t particularly conscious of my surroundings.

I now know that this was a sort of *PREPARATION* for what was to come later.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several days passed. I think it was Friday. It must have been very early in the morning. I was lying in bed and may have seemed asleep—yet I knew I wasn’t. I became conscious of being lifted up, not in a reclining position but in a standing one. I seemed to be going through a grey mist like atmosphere and I faced slightly south of our so-called West. Then a door must have opened for I became aware

that my eyes were on a level with a white floor and little Toypoo was the first thing that I saw. She seemed delighted to see me and her tail waved like a glorified fan, as I continued to rise, until I stood on this white floor looking down at little Toypoo who acted just as if she had been expecting me. She didn't bark, and I didn't speak to her nor touch her. My first thought had been "then she is happy" for her ridiculous tail, now seeming very beautiful, continued its waving happily back and forth. My next thought was 'How does she look?' and then I saw—her soft silky hair was all white and shimmery, with each hair sparkling. My! But she seemed beautiful. She was beautiful and happy, and I felt very joyful. Each question that formed in my mind having been answered, I next turned my attention to what she was doing for amusement to see her begin nosing about on the floor, as I had so often seen her do when looking for crumbs, a pastime that had always greatly entertained her and I wondered where they came from, to see a light flurry of stuff falling about her. Again I questioned 'Where does it come from' and then I saw that she was in a small room perhaps ten feet square and in one corner of the room was a table with a basket upon it and something could be seen in this basket.

Having observed that she was well cared for, I next turned my attention

to 'Is she all alone?' And then I saw that the white marble floor upon which she stood, led out to an open, lighted corridor that led directly eastward and four persons were just then turning into it as if just leaving the room in which little Toypoo was. I thought I heard a soft laugh from one of these people as they all turned into the long corridor leading eastward. Two of these people wore long white robes and seemed more mature than the other two, who wore short white tunics reaching to about the knee length and seemed to be belted, at least they were somehow held in at the waistline. Noticing these white garments, I looked down at my own clothing—to my surprise it was grey like the atmosphere outside this corridor and I questioned mentally 'Can they see me?' to be answered by having the one wearing a long robe—and had previously appeared to laugh—turn, and look back over the shoulder at me. It was my Mother who had passed on fifteen years before. As we gazed at each other a large pane of glass seemed to descend quickly between us, and then I saw the two long robed ones were walking arm in arm, and the realization came to me that these two were my father and mother. Could the two in short tunics be my two brothers, the elder of whom had passed on year following my Mother, and the younger one several years later.

The long corridor was beautifully lighted, in contrast with the grey mist which seemed to surround me, nor did I once step on the white marble pavement over which these white robed ones walked, instead, I seemed to follow them only at the left side—*outside*—or so it seemed. Once, while viewing the great height of the entrance a bit later, I leaned back momentarily, to find to my surprise that the grey mist against which I leaned, was *solid*.

I noticed now that the two youths hurried on ahead. I seemed to be following at a slower pace, however, I had gained on the two more mature figures, had seemingly left them a short way behind, even.

Up to now I had been observing the four people rather more than my surroundings, but when the two youths ran on ahead it occurred to me—

“Where does this long corridor lead to?” and then I saw as if in answer—a great high arched entrance and I received a greater glorification, as I heard the heavenly chanting of what seemed to be thousands of voices which came from beyond, as one of the youths standing now in the huge doorway as he looked in. Suddenly I had the greatest urge to see what he saw, for I knew that from the sound of all those chanting voices that it must be a wonderful sight, and this time *I acted out my question* by going

up as closely as I could behind the youth and trying to peer beyond him. Just as I was wishing that I might get a little closer—for I could see nothing—a door opened to my left and looking through it I beheld our own field and some of the countryside beneath as well as a telephone pole and immediately found myself lying in my bed. Upon rising I found that some of this glorification left me, and shortly all of it as I pondered my wonderful experience. That which came after served somewhat as a *Verification* of what had gone before—

Going into the nearby town to attend church the following Sunday morning I was amazed to find myself taking a route over which my little dog and I had frequented so much, and the Glorification that had left me for several days now came back, and mechanically I turned and faced east and followed the street leading to the church, where during the service there was still a sense of this glorification until the organist began playing the Offertory, when it left me, never seemingly to return, but it has served to confirm my belief that what I had experienced was very *real*, and that my little pet was in a spiritualized place and not too far away from spiritualized people—that she, too, was now spiritual and that this fact had been realistically demonstrated to me. I affirm that the foregoing narration is the truth.

# *FIREFLIES IN SPACE?*

*By Gladie Bills*

One need not go into outer space to observe these "fireflies" as mentioned by the Astronauts from their findings during their orbits of earth and to the moon. Too, I agree with Col. John Glenn in that these luminous particles did not come from his space capsule.

The past several years I have been observing these strange things in the higher atmosphere, and for a better name I shall also call them "fireflies". From the astronauts descriptions, means of observing, etc., I am positive what they have observed in outer space, I, too, observe with my feet on terra firma.

There is only one way that I know of in that one can detect these "fireflies" from earth, and I accidentally discovered it one day much to my amazement! To do so—take a day free from any clouds, or nearly so, so that the clouds will not interfere with viewing. Now stand very near up to a building and get the sun just under the top of the building from your eyes, but be sure the sun doesn't shine in your eyes. Now—this leaves the way open for your observings. In a short while, perhaps five minutes, you will begin to see a few, then more, and in a few minutes you will see these "fireflies" by the thousands and thousands. Just as far as the naked eye can observe, seemingly into eternity, but only as long as they are near this brighter light you are getting by being in so near to the sun's light.

These "fireflies" travel in different directions, some with excessive speed, others slower; so one cannot say they are blown with the wind. They appear as white and luminous to the eye. There are days better for seeing them than others, possibly someday few will be seen.

Now while you are amazed at seeing this spectacular in the sky, do not be shocked by seeing great lengths of "Angel Hair", and lots of it as it is quite visible in the skies on clear days while observing these "fireflies".

I can only feel similiarity between the astronauts sightings of these objects in space with what I have been observing this way here. In that Col. John Glenn observed these luminous objects just for approximately four minutes before the sun came up to the position above the horizon, then he could no longer see them. Now to hold the days sun just below the housetop to observe these fireflies would equal Col. John Glenn's observations just ahead of the sunrise while in space, this I feel should hold true.



## *Smile Department*

☺ The young sailor was so excited he couldn't get the words out. The captain grew impatient and shouted, "Sing it, sailor, sing it."

The sailor drew a deep breath and sang:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And never brought to mind.

The Admirals' fallen overboard,

He's half a mile behind."

☺ Diplomacy is telling your girl she's cool, not that she doesn't look so hot.

☺ Two grandmothers were bragging about their grandchildren and one, quite impressed, asked the other, "How old are your grandsons?"

"Well," replied the other, "the doctor is two and the lawyer is four."

☺ One teacher described her class room experience: "It's like trying to hold 35 corks under water at the same time."

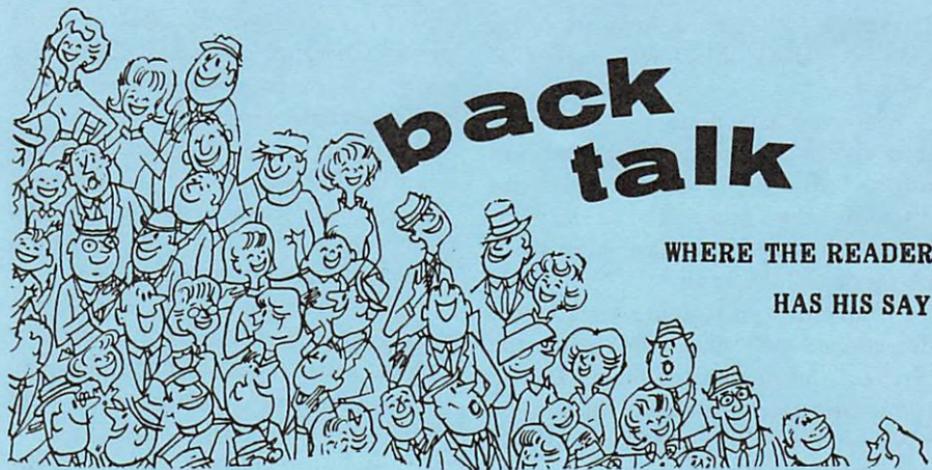
☺ The mother was having a hard time getting her son to go to school in the morning.

"Nobody likes me in school," he complained. "The teachers don't like me, the kids don't like me, the superintendent wants to transfer me, the bus drivers hate me, the School Board wants me out and the custodians have it in for me. I don't want to go to school!"

"But you have to go to school," countered his mother. "You are healthy, you have a lot to learn, you have something to offer others. And besides you are 45-years old and you are the principal."

"YOU really ought to diet,"  
She says, her face serene.

While I digest her statement  
SHE licks the platter clean!



# back talk

WHERE THE READER  
HAS HIS SAY

## ARE YOU ONE OF THE FALSE PROPHETS?

Gentlemen:

I have been reading your publications for quite a few years, but have never been motivated to write to you until now.

The "inspiration," if it can be called that, was page 74 of "Search," entitled, "Maui Loa Talks To Flying Saucers."

Why in the hell do you people print trash like that, when you obviously know it represents unmitigated fabrication, and destroys the total credibility of serious UFO research?

I cannot understand what is purported to be a responsible publication paying lip service to a neo-religious freak, who obviously uses UFO phenomena to prey upon

mental thrill seekers.

Polynesian Lore is interesting. The examples cited by the principles can also be found in ancient Irish legend, Greek Mythology, and other tribal accounts, most of which pre-date written Western Civilization.

All that indicates to me is what many students seem to agree, that there apparently has been a handing down of various type legends from migrating tribes as they met and assimilated, and that, these legends have gained a local color influenced by the immediate environment.

To publish an account like that, which ties UFO's into a religious theme of any kind, is a bastardization. There is nothing religious about UFO's, any more than our moon probes carry a religious significance. And that probe we sent to Mars, which ultimately will leave this

galaxy, is no more a holy of holys than any UFO object which may be sighted.

What you have done is, played right into the hands of the Pentagon, and other "officials," who do seek to discredit the potential viability of UFO existence. You have performed no service. None at all.

As an editor, it is your obligation to determine the plausible from the obvious fabrication. "Maui Loa—" is . . . fabrication. . . a fraud. And. . . you have helped to promote it by publishing the fairy tale.

When I first started to read your publications, I thought at first you were specializing in a field which required some serious analysis. Therefore I was interested in your comments. But in the past few years, I have felt your editorial policy has become quite absurd. You present material now which belongs with an L-S-D trip, and not the area of serious thought.

If you are a Biblical Scholar, and a believer in Christian teaching, then you must also be aware. . . there are no such things as ghosts and spirits. . . nor is there any such thing as "fortune telling."

I'd suggest you read your own page 48, where you quote Dr. Billy Graham. In that four paragraph article, there is more truth, than in the entire 96-page edition of "Search."

And reflecting upon that, I refer

you to your own editorial on page three, wherein you state the many problems you have run into with your operation and plant.

I suggest. . . your degeneration from what used to be an objective editorial effort, into the world of spirits, ghosts, gods who fly space ships, etc., is the root cause of your problem.

Could be. . . you are one of the false prophets??? Reaping your reward???

You have a beautiful opportunity to conduct object study, in a field which needs it. Why don't you do that, and stop playing with stuff the comic books are made up of?

One final thought. I noticed you feature a page by Dr. Ann Wigmore. I had her as a guest on my radio show two years ago. As a result of that appearance, I have since that time banned appearances by any more health-food freaks, vegetarians, etc.

Thank you for your time.

Name Withheld

We suggest you read "What Search Means To You" at the beginning of each issue.—Ed.

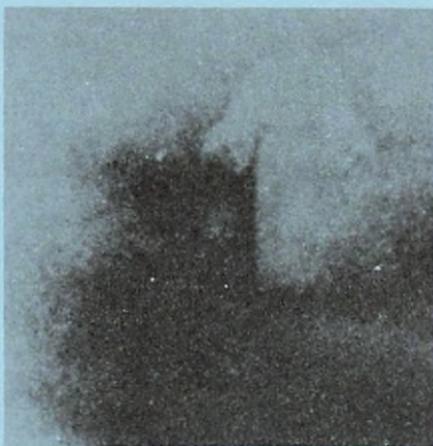
● You turn me off, when you state you "banned appearances by any more health-food freaks, vegetarians, etc." Certainly your radio show is "self-censored" and cannot reflect anything but your own "set of facts". So, if you are dealing with facts, it would be interesting to know those which enable you to call Maui Loa's experience a "fabrication"? Or are

you just relying on your "Christian teaching"? Just what do Christians teach about UFO? That they are "secrets of the Pentagon"? Your views on mythology are also highly opinionated, because you equate "myth" with "fabrication"—not, as it should be, memories of ancient things, undoubtedly garbled, but still based on reality. It is that reality we seek when we study the myths. The Bible is such a myth, and that is why I study it. I find very often startling reality in it when it is researched in a scientific manner. That is how I as a "student of the Bible", not as a Christian intent on forcing acceptance of the "myth" that the streets of heaven are paved with gold (or some such nonsense). To me, it seems reasonable that the "gold" is a mythological reference to something that could only be described to a Christian as "gold". I'd rather use an equally vague term like "ambient ether"! Neither are factual! But they do give us something to go on, nothing more! I am sorry you consider Polynesian Lore as merely handed down fiction! It is actually distorted history, which might actually still be close to the truth!—Rap.

#### FROM AN AIRPLANE WINDOW!

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I've been reading your "Search" for



Taken from an airplane window.

about a year and I just love it. I also read Chimes and hope I will always be able to get these and Fate.

I am sending you a picture of our Lord photographed from an airplane window—read Rev. 1-7—I hope you will forgive me for not giving you my name. It is because of my present job. When it ends you will hear from me again. May God Bless You & Yours.

A Reader

#### WHAT'S THE HOLD UP?

Dear Ray:

How about sending that book I ordered from you 2 weeks ago. What's the hold up?

John Karmansky

35 D Str.

Mahanoy City, Pa. 17948

● If you entertain the fantasy that the new U.S. Postal Service can get your order to us, and your book back to you in 14 days, you are living in a dream world! The average letter takes five days to arrive, it takes us at least a day to process your order, but it takes the mails from 19 to 69 days to deliver a piece of mail that does not go first class! We are sorry that this condition exists, but it is a fact. Recently a big publisher undertook a subscription renewal mailing and put 14 million 3rd class mailing pieces in the mail. They were eventually found in the basement of a large city post office, 60 days after the offer was null and void! That is what the PO does to what it disdainfully calls "junk mail". Do you realize that our books and magazines come under that classification with them, too! This very magazine will reach you at the very least 19 days after we mail it—but I wouldn't bet on it! Yes, sometimes the fault is ours, because we find it hard to keep books in print, and it may well be your book had to be reprinted. The paper shortage forces us to be very sparing in how we use our paper.—Rap.

WELL, NOW!

Dear Sirs,

"IS THE SKY ONLY THE

BEGINNING?" I am enclosing this article which I hope you may be interested in. The American space program fascinates me (though being based in Wisconsin I wonder if it does fascinate you too!)

Your sincerely,

E.M. Davidson (Mrs.)

● Would you believe that, far from what you conceive of concerning Wisconsin, it is actually the center of the world regarding space program publication? We are the publishers of SPACE WORLD, the only magazine in the world devoted to the space program intended for serious students and space-science-minded people everywhere. Our magazine is text-book material in thousands of colleges, high-schools, libraries and universities. It is studied by experts everywhere—even more than 100 top Soviet space scientists use it. We carry all the technical news of the space explorations and achievements and results of both the United States and the Soviet Union. Little Amherst, no matter if you consider it to be in a primitive wasteland of "hicks", is the center of the space publishing world, and famous on all five continents. If you want to know the truth, not only is the sky the beginning, but Amherst and Wisconsin and Palmer Publications are both beginning and end (and most of the middle) of what is worth reading in any space program!—Rap.

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