

SEARCH

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1975

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WHO LIES BURIED UNDER
THE ETERNAL FLAME?

THE MECHANICAL MEDIUM

SHANGRI-LA FOR THE
MONTAGNARDS OF VIETNAM

PARAKEET LOVE

HE WALKED THE AMERICAS

BY
L. TAYLOR HANSEN

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SEARCH

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1975
ISSUE NO. 123

Publisher: PALMER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
General Manager: MARJORIE PALMER
Associate Editor: HELGA ONAN
Editorial Director: MARJORIE PALMER
Editorial: RAY PALMER

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Write for advertising rates to Advertising Office, PALMER PUBLICATIONS, Box AD, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406.

SEARCH is published every other month by Palmer Publications, Inc., Amherst, Wisconsin 54406. Second-class postage paid at the Post Office, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406. Subscriptions: 1 year (6 issues) \$4.00; 2 years (12 issues) \$7.00; 3 years (18 issues) \$9.00.

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

Readers of the magazines published by Ray Palmer are constantly challenging him on certain of his statements. One example is his constant reference to a "plot to destroy the Constitutional freedoms and rights of the American citizen". Some even call Ray Palmer paranoid—and they ask for "documentation", proof, and names. Well, actually we have presented a great number of these details, in all our magazines, namely SEARCH, FLYING SAUCERS, FORUM, SPACE WORLD or RAY PALMER'S NEWSLETTER. Perhaps what we are going to present in SEARCH this issue might better go in one of the other magazines, but SEARCH is the one being worked on at present (and time is vital), so here goes:

As this is being written, there is a bill before Congress which is called "S-1" or "Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975". Actually it is a bill that contains 750 pages (!) of very fine type, and would take days to digest. However, concealed in its pages are a few items we'd like to point out, and give our concept of the reasons for

them, and to *prove* that there is a plot against *your* freedoms. First, however, let's just name the sponsors of the bill, and after we present our specific instances, you will have to agree that these men are part of our paranoid "plot" and in this writer's opinion, they are traitors to American liberty. It is a matter of fact that the bill they are sponsoring will hurt me more than any Benedict Arnold could have. Since I exercise my Constitutional rights and freedoms, their destruction by this bill (and therefore by these men) makes me their bitter enemy, and an enemy who must be fought, resisted, and if possible, defeated.

The sponsors of this bill are an unusual mixture! They consist of both conservatives and liberals, thus indicating that this "plot", which I have always maintained is vast and non-partisan, is not of and by our government, but of and by what I have called the Secret Government and "The Organization". Among them are Senators John McClellan (D. Ark.), Roman Hruska (R. Neb.), Birch Bayh (D. Ind.), James Eastland (D. Miss.), Frank Moss (D. Utah), Majority

Leader Mike Mansfield (D. Mont.), and Minority Leader Hugh Scott (R. Penna.).

The bill appeals to many facets of American citizenship—and is obviously designed to receive support for its liberty-destroying portions by including something all groups, in their own prejudicial interests, will support even if it means accepting other things they would not ordinarily support. It is the “rider” principle: you “put one over” on the people by “giving them something they can’t refuse”, or want very badly. Our first example refers to journalists, of whom I am one. It would make journalists liable to criminal penalties for possessing or publishing the contents of ANY government report without official permission. First, what are the penalties? \$100,000 fine and 5 to 25 years in prison! Pretty steep for possessing and publishing the “government report” I have just presented to you! Yes, you say, all we need to do is to get “official permission”! Then it will be all right, and my freedoms will not be abridged. Except that: “Congress shall make NO law abridging the freedom of speech...”. It is not the RIGHT of Congress under the Constitution to make securing permission necessary before publishing any such government report, which itself has published and distributed! Also, have you ever tried to get “official permission” from any bureaucrat? No newsman or magazine editor or

publisher could function if he had to “wait on” that official permission coming through!

Our second example is related to the first: It would be criminal and liable to penalty to receive or publish “national security” information without government authorization. First, it is impossible to know whether any information received from any source, including that “unimpeachable” source, is a matter of national security or not, or whether it is “classified” or not. It has been stated by some congressional investigators that 99% of all classified documents should never have been classified in the first place. Think of how many times your editor has broken this law (had it existed before this date) in publishing information about flying saucers (they were highly classified for many years!). We actually did receive information which was (unknown to us) in the files at Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, stamped “Classified” and “Secret” and even “Highly Secret”. In fact, we have had huge volumes of more important information than even “Project Bluebook” had acquired. Our “agents” all over the world (you readers) had supplied us with almost everything the Air Force had, plus much they never did get! If we had had to ask the head of Project Bluebook for permission to print everything we put into our FLYING SAUCERS magazine, we would never have gotten even the first issue of our 25 years of continuous

publications out! In fact, our very first saucer publication, intended for AMAZING STORIES magazine back in 1948, was KILLED by Army and Air Force censorship (which was totally unwarranted and illegal, but which was used with such pressure as to frighten the pants off my then employers, the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, specifically Mr. William B. Ziff, the publisher.)

Another bit in this bill is the one which makes it criminal, subject to the very same penalties, NOT TO REPORT to the authorities any information given to you by anyone else which you suspect might be a matter of national security. Again, it is a matter of judgment and impossible to decide if the information just given you need not be reported—so you report it, and once again it is up to an “official” to demonstrate that you are a criminal by simply showing a piece of paper stamped “classified” which contains the information you have just either received or passed on. This is easy to do, because the informer has just given the official the information, it can be typed out, stamped with that handy little rubber stamp, and bingo, you are a criminal with no recourse to justice, and if you are one of those “individuals” the “planners and

plotters” so hate, you will be destroyed either monetarily or by loss of your freedom.

To make this mess palatable to many, there is a provision which provides restitution of losses and damages to victims of crimes. Everybody would be for that, just as we are for “Mom’s apple pie” and “motherhood”! But one of the weirdest items in the bill is as follows: “Require a *physician’s prescription* before an individual can purchase such best sellers as “The Joy Of Sex” or *Penthouse* magazine.” Let’s give you the exact wording: “. . .all books, movies and magazines where there is an explicit representation or a detailed written or verbal description of an act of sexual intercourse or a closeup representation of the human genital organ. . .only persons engaged in bona fide courses of study or those authorized in such by a licensed or certified psychiatrist, psychologist or medical practitioner legally can obtain such materials.” As you can see, you would have to have such a “prescription” to buy *Penthouse* or *Playboy* or even a physician’s textbook if it contained the information listed in the bill. And once you have applied for such a “prescription”, is it not true that if

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.

you are not a bona fide "researcher", you will be on record as a "sexual deviant" because your interest is prurient? Consider the effect on "job hunting" later on, if a prospective employer resorts to computer files to get information on you, and that stark undetailed item appears "certified as sexual deviant by Dr. Butinsky"! But naturally, there are many people who would consider suppressing *Penthouse* a very good thing, and would want pornography eliminated. Thus they would be for the bill's passage.

There are other ridiculous (and frightening) things in the bill, which could lead to the almost laughable fact of Senator Proxmire being fined \$100,000 and sent to jail for 5 years for "revealing a cost overrun on military weapons", or anyone publishing the fact that General Killemall has gallstones, which might be useful information to the enemy in letting them know he was temporarily incapacitated.

The whole gist of this gigantic bill, in relation to its one tiny segment that involves journalists, is that of total

suppression and control of the "news" and imposition of an unassailable "secret" blanket over all military and political activities. "An informed public is a free public", and thus, an "uninformed public is an enslaved public". While we are fighting for an end to secrecy in government, our traitors (previously named) are fighting to pass a bill that will assure it, and will destroy anybody who objects to secrecy and tries to do something about it!

Our advice to you (if it is not already too late by the time you read this) is to get a copy of S-1 and read it thoroughly, then contact your congressman and tell him in no uncertain language that you will not tolerate his yea vote on any unconstitutional portion of that bill which abridges your freedom.

Lastly, if after reading this bill, you still think there is not a "plot" against your liberty, then of course I am a paranoid, and you are a blind, stupid, unthinking clod who deserves to lose everything he has which his forebears fought and bled to give him.—Rap.



There's compensation in all things: for example, the person with a small mind usually has a big mouth.

In S. Vietnam I know of a cave
that leads to a subterranean valley
Jack La Locca

SHANGRI-LA FOR THE MONTAGNARDS

This work is a brief study offering general information on the Montagnard. The Central Highlands of South Vietnam have widely different areas of climate, soil, and terrain. The Montagnards occupying the various sections have managed to work out ways of surviving in them. They became specialized hunters, farmers, and fishermen. It's believed that there are about 700,000 Montagnards in the Highlands of Vietnam.

LANGUAGE

Almost all tribal distinction depends primarily upon language differences. The two basic languages stem from Mon-Khmer and Malayo-Polynesian. These include various subgroups and even sub-subgroups. Despite these differences one tribe can usually communicate with another.

HEALTH AND MAGIC

These people are not completely healthy and have little resistance to contagious diseases. Most of their physical troubles are a result of the war which has formed their present way of life. Dampness and cold give them rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy, and pneumonia. Smoky huts result in sore eyes which are common to most of the people. When knowledgeable medicines fail to work the Montagnards resort to usually effective methods of magic for treatment. These tribal people live vigorous, colorful lives that last about the same as ours. They are known to accomplish great feats of endurance.

HOME LIFE

Everyone does hard work. The women keep house, which includes carrying water, cutting firewood, and

many other chores that are not included in our housekeeping routine. They usually do the farming while the men at home repair and build equipment. The common sentimental picture of these people by the Vietnamese is "savage". This view is distorted.

Individually, the Montagnard shows good character as found in other races. Collectively, they are generous and very hospitable. They look with disgust upon the Vietnamese who don't share house, food, and property with a friend or stranger, as is the custom of the Montagnards.

MANNERS

When a stranger or a friend enters a hut he meets frozen countenances. A short word of greeting from the host, a gesture to sit, and a massive period of silence: this is politeness. It is embarrassing to outsiders for whom silence is intolerable. A large jar would then be placed in front of the guest for drinking done through a very long straw. Soon after the conversation would begin. If the visitor is well known or well liked by the household, all would relax exchanging laughter.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION

All the Montagnard gods are elements of nature. In most cases the chief god is the sun, due to the benefits that seem to come from that source. The rain gods are the principal deities. There are evil gods of whirlwind and lightning.

Survival after death is believed by the Montagnard, along with the traditional belief that the hardships are left out. Cremation is done according to individual choice. No Montagnard is free from superstition. Every natural phenomenon is possessed by a spirit. It takes rhythmic gong-like music to ward off evil. The Montagnard is afraid of being possessed.

Spirits dominate their lives, control the elements, and govern the harvest. These spirits must be cultivated and placated through sacrifices. The sorcerer, who possesses high status and great influence, deals directly with the spirits.

VIETNAMESE INFLUENCE

Relocation has been enforced by the Vietnamese Government. This pressure has disrupted the tribal peoples' way of life, since the race had been forced to move from its hunting grounds. Along the frontier a bitter war has raged sporadically for the better part of the last two decades. It would seem that of the two opponents, the Montagnard has the better excuses: he is fighting a desperate fight; his country is being taken from him; his identity and customs are disappearing as rapidly as the race. The Vietnamese, despite their promises, are the aggressors and the thieves. Their cruelties are not to be condoned; and yet with similar reflection, our Indians have suffered the same way.

In 1954 with the Geneva

Agreement, most of the Central Highlands came under Vietnamese control.

In 1957 Montagnard agents were trained in North Vietnam and began infiltrating the Central Highlands. During 1958, the Unified Front of Oppressed Races, more commonly termed FULRO was organized.

The Mountain Tribesmen by this time were revolting due to greater infiltration of both North and South Vietnamese. The greatest revolt ended in a Vietnamese ultimatum to the 3000 heavily armed Montagnards to surrender or face an all-out attack. Linked once more by an uneasy truce, the Montagnard and the Vietnamese fought side by side against the Communists. But the grievances and old hatreds remained unresolved and still survive. In 1960 the Montagnards became more upset due to the 51,695 Vietnamese refugees, who settled on the 21,186 acres of land used by the Montagnards since ancient times. FULRO became reorganized in 1964 and finally materialized as a 450 delegate council representing over thirty Ethnic Minority Tribes numbering 700,000 persons from the Central Highlands. On December 22, the Council pledged allegiance to President Thieu in Saigon. The President, responding to their loyalty, pledged "to unify the country, sweeping away all regional discrimination by removing all causes of diversion between our countrymen of the plains and those of the

Highlands, so that national union can be achieved to better defend the country's liberty while building democracy." The Montagnards to this day have voting privileges in choosing their representatives, but due to the massive corruption of the present government, where the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, it is no wonder the Montagnards fear being left in Vietnamese control once the allies pull out.

According to the Montagnards I've lived with throughout the Highlands, their future is uncertain. They are willing and ready to defend what has rightfully been theirs since ancient times. They are autonomous and wish to remain so.

There are visionary critics who believe these people are on their way out. Some sentimentalists desire to shield the people from the mainstream of Vietnamese life for the benefit of anthropologists and tourists. The Montagnards have a terrible problem. Nearly landless, poverty-stricken, uneducated prey to Vietnamese interests everywhere, unable to defend themselves, and finally, saddled with an administrative policy which regards them as a dying people, the Montagnards could hardly be worse off.

THE HIDDEN VALLEY

Preservation from extinction will involve relocation to a sub-terranean valley which will be a refuge place. Finding this valley has been my lonely

missionary endeavor, and it will inevitably prove to be a Shangri-la for the Montagnards. The valley is in the Montagnard history of legends. Superstition and tribal memories have kept the Montagnard from entering this forbidden area. I intend to overcome their basic fear by entering into this unknown existence myself. Reports by various persons indicate that no one has been able to enter this area for over one hundred years. It is my conviction that this is the only possible hope left for the salvation of a dying race. Entering into this valley may mean the actual disappearance of these people.

I've just returned from the Highlands of Viet Nam. My funds are down to one dollar. Through

employment and other feasible means I am working to raise money for my cause. My constant concern is the time element. My time used in raising sufficient funds is the same time being used to deplete the Montagnard. Presently he is shuffled in a conflict caused by the major world powers. Is there enough time? Who can help?

Mr. Jack LaRocca
c/o Boys Town of the Desert
14700 Manzanita Park Road
Beaumont, California 92223

NOTE: The above was written in April, 1971. We wrote, but received no reply. We would be most interested if anyone has further information. Did the Montagnard actually enter the subterranean valley?—Ed.

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HAPPENINGS NOW

RUSSIAN INFANT PRODIGY

"Muscovite Alyosha Panov turned five not long ago. This little pianist's repertoire is unbelievably broad: Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Mozart, Rimsky-Korsakov and contemporary



Five year old pianist,
Alyosha Panov
(Photo from Soviet Life Magazine)

composers. Alyosha plays by ear and memorizes music without difficulty.

The Panovs are music lovers, but they are not musicians. Alyosha's father is an ordinary worker, and his mother keeps house. But they have a big collection of records, most of the Russian and world classics. The boy knows them all and recognizes the performers by ear. He learned to play the piano before he really learned to walk.

Unfortunately Alyosha's eyesight is very poor. The hearing of such children is often much sharper than usual, but this boy is considered unique."

(From Soviet Life Magazine)

* * * * *

THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE AND THE DEVIL'S SEA

On a recent Phil Donahue TV show, the famed psychic, Jean Dixon, said there are many areas in the world similar to the mysterious Bermuda Triangle. In these places there seem to be many unexplained disappearances of ships, yachts and aircraft.

One such place is known as the Devil's Sea, a large triangular area bounded by the northern Philippines and Guam and by the southeast coast of Japan. Here there are far more unexplained disappearances than in

the Bermuda Triangle. Even a research vessel, sent out by the Japanese government after World War II, vanished without a trace.

These two strange areas, The Bermuda Triangle and The Devil's Sea, are on opposite sides of the earth. A boring, if possible, would link them. Another unusual factor, in common to both areas, is that the compass points true north, rather than to the magnetic north.

One psychic, M. Dykshoorn of Miami, has this explanation: "It is a giant vortex, or whirlpool that originates from a hole in the floor of the ocean...maybe caused by the cooling of the earth's interior."

"When it reaches the surface, it pulls in all of the surrounding air. It can pull in airplanes flying as high as ten thousand feet."

"It pulls down big ships and anything that floats, leaving no trace."

EYE WITNESS REPORTS

"A kitchen chair jumped in front of me, two feet in the air, and fell over backwards. There was no one near it."—Deputy Fire Chief of Operations Fredrick Zwerlein.

"I saw the heavy refrigerator lift slowly off the floor, turn, and then set down again."—Police Officer John Holsworth.

"I watched as a heavy wooden bureau slowly started to vibrate. Then

it lifted up by itself and moved around."—Police Sgt. Bernard Mangiamiele.

The above are eye witness reports of the commotion which occurred in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hoffman of Bridgeport, Connecticut. The Hoffmans have lived in their home for 17 years. They have a 12 year old daughter, Marcia.

The Reverend William Charbonneau, a Roman Catholic priest from West Hartford, declared "This is no hoax". He is reported to have said, "This is a classic case of a poltergeist." Apparently the superintendent of police does not agree. He was quoted as saying, "There are no ghosts in Bridgeport."



WHITE SOX BALL PLAYERS TAKE COURSE IN MIND CONTROL

In an admirable effort to pull themselves up from the bottom, the Chicago White Sox baseball players are taking a course in mind control. This was reported on a recent TV show, "60 Minutes".

They practice to “alter brain frequency” and thus can program themselves to correct failures and to learn to make a habit of success.

By the time you read this, you will be able to check on the results by the record of wins or losses. On the date

of this writing July 13, 1975, the White Sox stand 3rd in the Western Division—13½ games from first, but only 2 games from last.

* * * * *



Radio signals from outside our galaxy will be used to detect almost imperceptible movements in the earth's crust that may lead to the accurate prediction of earthquakes. Scientists and engineers at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory at the California Institute of Technology and geophysicists at Caltech's Seismological Laboratory are developing an earth-fault monitoring system which combines spacecraft navigation experience with current radio astronomy and geophysical research. Key to the project is the measurement of the difference in arrival times of identical quasar radio signals at two antennas, located about 125 miles apart, which flank the great San Andreas Fault.



Who Lies Buried Beneath The Eternal Flame?

RAY PALMER

In Arlington Cemetery there burns an eternal flame, lighted over the grave of murdered American president John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Daily thousands of citizens (and foreigners alike) come to the site to stare at the flame, and to remember the man who lies enshrined beneath it. It would be totally unacceptable to them to suggest that perhaps the remains embalmed beneath that stone were not those of the beloved president. Such a thing could not be true, and anyone who claimed otherwise would receive a very cold reception. Yet, in the minds of a few researchers there lingers a tantalizing doubt; your writer is one of those few.

In order to explain, it is necessary to go back to that dreadful day in 1963 in Dallas, to Dealy Plaza, and fix our eyes on the bloody scene as it unfolds.

As the Kennedy limosine passes the Texas School Book Depository, and proceeds toward the underpass, a sound of what seem to be firecrackers exploding causes heads to turn back toward the Depository. At the same

instant, a photographer snaps his shutter, and catches a watching face in the doorway of the Depository. It is a face bearing a tremendously startling resemblance to the man who was later to be reputed to be in a sixth floor window, several seconds later firing a reputed three shots down at the presidential car. This photo is reproduced here. Reproduced also are two photos of Lee Harvey Oswald. Keep them in mind, for we will ask you to refer to them again.

Everybody knows what happened—the Warren Commission has told them what occurred. Kennedy was struck by two of Oswald's bullets, one in the back, the other in the head. Governor Connally, riding in the same car, was also wounded by the same bullet that struck Kennedy in the back, making strange maneuvers in the process, making right angle turns, changing its course upward, hesitating for more than a second as though seeking Connally out. The other bullet had struck the curb beside the car. It is presumed that this latter bullet wounded five other people, one of



Standing in the doorway of the Texas School Book Depository in the background is a man who bears a startling resemblance to the accused assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald. At right is a closeup of that same man.

them more than a block away, in widely scattered locations, one of them even directly under the window from which Oswald was firing. What a fantastic bullet that was! Many people heard more than three shots—ranging from four to twenty-one. In the confusion of this tremendously bewildering event, it is understandable that witnesses disagreed.

But all this is a matter of controversy having little to do with our theme of the matter of the identity of the man whose body lies beneath the continually burning flame in Arlington. Let us proceed now as

though we were writing a fiction story, and follow that strangely look-alike man as he turns from the assassination scene, goes back into the Depository, is seen 90 seconds later in the 2nd floor lunchroom, and finally leaves by a rear door. He walks several blocks to a bus stop, boards it, and is caught in a traffic jam for some time. Later he leaves the bus and arrives at a theatre where he awaits the next act in the drama of conspiracy to which he is a party. There he knows he is to be arrested—to be held on suspicion until the trail cools down, and the real killers make good their escape, then to



WARREN COMMISSION EXHIBIT



CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

At left, the real Oswald. At right, a photo taken in Mexico City of a man the CIA said was Oswald. Questions: Was it a CIA mistake? Or was he a conspirator posing as Oswald?

be released. What he does not know is that his look-alike has gone to his room, picked up his jacket, perhaps a pistol as well, is seen there. He also does not know that the look-alike, stopped by a policeman on E. Tenth Street, realizes that he must not be identified as a double, and forthwith shoots the policeman to death.

Thus, when Oswald is finally arrested in the theatre by fifteen FBI

agents and Dallas policemen and secret service men, there have been two hospital admissions of victims of gunshot wounds: John F. Kennedy at one hospital, police officer J.D. Tippit at another. Tippit is declared legally dead, then his body is loaded into an ambulance and taken to the hospital where the body of the slain president lies, there to be once more declared legally dead. One wonders why the

duplication?

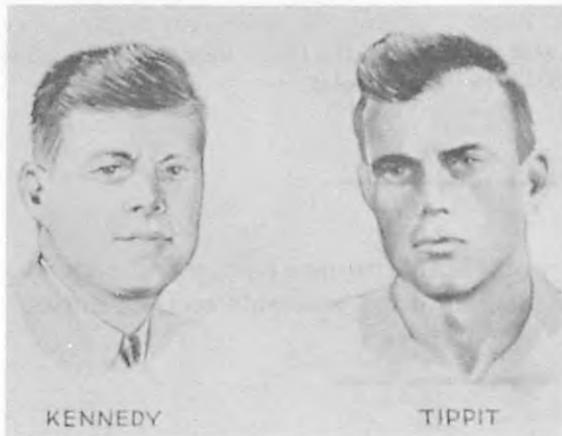
An autopsy is being performed, as required by law, and it is some time before the body of John F. Kennedy is taken to a waiting ambulance, securely wrapped, with his wife walking beside it, her dress still stained with his blood.

Back in Washington, at yet another hospital, a more complete autopsy is carried out. It is this autopsy which gives the Warren Commission the "incontrovertible" evidence that bears out the theory of a single assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, firing from a sixth floor window—if you disregard incredible masses of evidence to the contrary. Finally the funeral, with the tragic black horse walking behind the catafalque, sets the nation to weeping, and the body is lowered into its eternal resting place, destined to lie there as long as man remembers,

beneath a burning flame that will never be allowed to go out while there is anyone to tend it.

None but the very few will entertain the fantastic suspicion that a switch was made, and that the name that should be on the tombstone should be that of J.D. Tippit, who looked so much like the president that his weight and height and build and hair color could easily aid in a deception in the light of the terrible destruction to the head that made identification in this manner difficult. If there *was* a conspiracy that carried into very high places, it can all be possible.

Look again at the two photos we mentioned before. Both are said by the CIA to be Lee Harvey Oswald. One was taken in Mexico City by the CIA. One of them is the man in the Depository doorway, (and to make



KENNEDY

TIPPIT



OSWALD

you even more certain of this, we reproduce yet another photo of the *real* Oswald, the other is the killer of officer Tippit. Look carefully at the right ear of the man in each photograph identified as Oswald by the CIA, and observe how very different they are. The shape of the human ear is as distinguishing as fingerprints, and there is one other famous incidence in history where the shape of an ear revealed a double, the famous case of the Hitler double identified stepping off a train in Berlin.

Oswald, whose voice-prints today reveal him as telling the truth that "I didn't kill *anybody!*" did not kill Kennedy, nor did he kill Tippit. He *was* connected with the CIA, and *was* used as their "patsy" to cover up the conspiracy to kill Kennedy; to be in turn murdered in full view of 40,000,000 people on television by yet another CIA man, Jack Ruby. Now Ruby is dead, along with an incredible number of witnesses to the

assassination, so that reopening the Warren Commission investigation might be very difficult indeed, but there remains in this writer's mind a suspicion that positive proof of a conspiracy exist in the secret of who *really* lies buried beneath the eternal flame!

There are some who say Kennedy was not killed at all, but lived as a vegetable on Onassis' Mediterranean island, until he died and was finally buried secretly at sea—accounting for the strange marriage of Jacqueline Kennedy to Ari Onassis who is said to have conducted the most exhaustive investigation into the Kennedy assassination ever conducted, far exceeding that of the Warren Commission.

Of one thing we can be sure today—there are liars, conspirators and murders in the CIA, and they have acted criminally in thousands of ways against the American people. They know the truth—they should be made to reveal it!



One trouble with the world is that so many people who stand up vigorously for their rights, fall down miserably on their duties.





SCORPIO



SAGITTARIUS



VIRGO



LIBRA



LEO



CAPRICORN



AQUARIUS



PISCES



ARIES



TAURUS



GEMINI



CANCER

YOUR ASTROLOGY CAPSULE

Loretta Van Dam



ARIES March 21-April 20.

Sept.-Oct. '75: Rams may be disturbed now over home affairs, property, close relatives, children. Insight is gained though in regard to children's matters. Love at first is promising, then turns otherwise or is a let-down. A foreign person may hold a strong appeal for you. Be realistic in your hopes, Aries. Partnerships, marital, too, may need careful, diplomatic handling. Don't oversell yourself now with Jupiter in your sign, you may do this without intending. Watch weight and your diet, both of which could get out of hand. Be careful, alert on trips, avoid haste or impatience. Finances look good but

some caution should be taken in regard to all investment or speculations.



TAURUS April 21-May 20.

Sept.-Oct. '75: Avoid too heavy financial burdens through property matters, Taurus. May be a change of residence. Be kind to home members, one of whom may be ill or otherwise troubled. You can be a note of harmony in the midst of turmoil. Watch your wallet now, money may go out fast, again you could misplace your money. You have much spiritual guidance now from behind the scenes, and quiet gains come to you or medical benefits are realized as well.

You are also preparing yourself for work (could be of artistic, creative nature), that will pay you more in the near future. A pleasure period, when love, social life is glamorous. *Don't be too hasty in love.* Handle a co-worker or labor problem adroitly. There could be some concern regarding a relative, neighbor, trip or message. Some family reunion is indicated around this period.



GEMINI May 21-June 21.

Sept.-Oct. '75: Important contacts now help Gemini ambitions. Some old friends return and you also form some new friendships. Show your creative, artistic side now Gemini. Financial matters brighten after a restrictive period regarding same in the past 2½ years. However, sidestep any argument over money if you possibly can, later in this period. Love exciting, may be with some one older. A relative may be ill, a trip, message delayed. You are strongly magnetic, aggressive, and able to accomplish a great deal this month and next, yet be careful of over-impulsiveness generally, with Mars in your sign now.



CANCER June 22-July 22.

Sept.-Oct. '75: Home, domestic, property, parental matters still may be changeful, nothing too settled. Take care of health, with Mars in Gemini and your 12th house all September and half of October. Background echoes may disturb at times; also avoid involvement with strangers and be alert in unfamiliar places. Mars reaching Cancer after mid-October through late November, will speed up the momentum generally, give you the drive, impetus, to go after what you

want. Opportunity is knocking (can you hear it, Cancer), you are more magnetic, persuasive. You are original, resourceful, a real go-getter now. Avoid stimulants.



LEO July 23-August 22.

Sept.-Oct. '75: A social, romantic period for Lions—yet Leos must continue to be realistic in love matters though, also in regard to speculations—investments, because of Neptune still in this house in their charts. Be understanding with a child or young person. You may make a sudden trip. Home, property matters hold some changes from September 8th on. Saturn in Leo from mid-September and over the next few months, may bring new responsibilities to members of this sign, who must watch their health. A large business deal may be on your agenda now or before too long, but may also drag a bit for awhile. Later in this period, look to health, avoid the unknown and skirt any probable “dangers”. Also be diplomatic with all. Educational matters are favored now, with Jupiter in your 9th house, and gain through in-laws. A long trip may be taken.



VIRGO August 23-September 22.

Sept.-Oct. '75: Virgos gain through important or helpful information, but with Mars high in your chart now and for the next few weeks, don't be rushed into anything Virgo, and look out for possible mishaps, again some personality conflicts may be in the star picture around this time. The partner, business or marital, may come in for a financial windfall which would also

benefit you. A friendship grows more ardent. Background echoes may disturb, "the past"—which could be a problem and must be worked out, resolved, for your peace of mind. A legacy matter could be discussed around this time.



LIBRA

September 23-October 23.

Sept.-Oct. '75: Libras now are winding up a few months transit of hectic, separative Uranus in their sign. This planet soon to be in their house of money, income, property and possessions for the next 6½ years. And there will be some unexpected *changes* in these areas, needless to say. In work, job, business, career, there likely has been more responsibilities but probably a rise in prestige as well. May have been a parental or educational problem for some Librans. Friends of a serious type, or in some instances, older than you, will now be in the picture, also some disappointments or delays, obstacles, likely in the realm of friendships. A love may be kept secret for the time being. Matters at a distance (foreign), exciting or turbulent.



SCORPIO

October 24-November 21.

Sept.-Oct. '75: Information obtained quietly, from behind the scenes, should prove illuminating to Scorpios over this period, while Uranus soon to be in your sign is sure to usher in various changes, but all for your good, so don't worry. It surely will bring a new you to the surface, younger, more vitalized than ever. A friendship holds some romantic "aura", sure to delight you. Build health, health treatments would be

beneficial, worth the cost. Scorpios gain now and for some time to come through their creativity. You may visit one who is ill. Occasional privacy, enough rest and relaxation, wise now.



SAGITTARIUS

November 22-December 21.

Sept.-Oct. '75: A secret friendship will be exciting now. Background matters important. A problem may vex you regarding a young person or friend or acquaintance. News from a distance sobering. You may feel an urge to invest or speculate but shouldn't be too quick about this as with Neptune still in your sign, you could be misled, things misrepresented, etc., quite possibly. Be patient with the partner, whether business or marital or in regard to any courtship matter, with Mars in Gemini over most of this period. This brings some opposition or stress, especially in regard to the opposite sex and yourself. Social activity shown, persuasive friends. Be firm, though, with same; avoid ambiguous situations that could be confusing. Don't get too involved with religious persons, as there could be disputes. Safeguard health.



CAPRICORN

December 22-January 20.

Sept.-Oct. '75: A foreign born could hold strong appeal for you now. Some revisions in your plans now; a job change likely; could be concern over a parent or regarding a parental matter as well. Protect health and nerves, there will likely be some delays that irk you over this period. Later, get along with partners, be understanding and above all, calm. . .and build your

own inner harmony. You can be your own spiritual doctor now, Capricorn, and with Neptune in your 12th house you are able to rid yourself of many former "hang-ups". A residential change may work wonders for you.



AQUARIUS January 21-February 18.

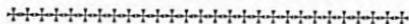
Sept.-Oct. '75: Your own health, marital partner, job, all will be accentuated over this period, as well as co-workers, Aunts, Uncles of yours and pets. Be "neutral" in any co-workers disputes, Don't get involved. May be echoes from the past. A delayed message reaches you—be cautious as to what you decide on, don't be too rushed in this. A major job or business change could rejuvenate and may be realized soon. Love is exciting now, while a trip you make could mean more money to you. A property matter also figures in the picture before long, a sale or purchase of property likely. Some Water-Bearers will gain through a parent; will also

manifest their creative, imaginative ability as never before. You communicate with others well. Take care of health, get enough rest.



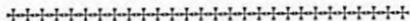
PISCES February 19-March 20.

Sept.-Oct. '75: Build up health, conserve vitality now Pisces, with Saturn, by mid-September, going to your house of health for the next 2½ years. Don't take on too much in the way of your job or work either, as it wouldn't be wise. Might be problems of co-worker(s) nature, or you take over another's work. Many "Fishes" now feel the urge to move on. . . may be more restless than ever, venturesome to a degree. Might be some foreign travel in the near future. If so, it could come up unexpectedly. Avoid rash speculation now, Pisces. A romantic matter could be all-consuming. Don't over-tax strength and watch your diet. Continue to be alert in business or job matters. Be calm with any excitable home members, don't get involved.



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.



"Your grandfather is very happy now!" he told me. . . .

THE MYSTERIOUS COLONEL ZASKQ

HAROLD GRAY BRANDT

When I was a child living on the old family plantation in the deep south there used to be a very mysterious gentleman by the name of Colonel Peddar Zaskq who would make a sudden but occasional appearance at our door to visit my grandfather.

Grandfather was a well known occultist in his day. He had many visitors from all parts of the world, but they always wrote, telephoned or sent telegrams asking for permission. He attracted many who were interested in the hidden facets of life because of his vast library on the subject, and his travels throughout the world to study the mysterious and the bizarre. He was a firm believer in magic, both black and white, and often discussed with his family the many things he had seen in some remote corner of the world. He had been everywhere and seen almost everything.

Colonel Zaskq was the greatest mystery of all those surrounding my kindly, white bearded old grandfather. He had great elegance, always dressed in the best men's fashions of the day, walked erectly like any British ex-military men, (I understood he was a retired British officer, but could never determine exactly from where his military title was derived). He was about five feet, six inches tall, had a squarish face and china blue eyes that looked right through you. His manners were old world courtesy and he was exceedingly kind to children. My brothers and sisters, including myself, loved to see him whenever he appeared.

The most mysterious part of the Colonel was his age. He seemed to have a knowledge far beyond his appearance which physically I would say to be about 35 years of age. He would speak and jest of things in history as if he had been a part of

them. Naturally, he looked to be the kind of man who never boasted, deceived nor play any actor's role, but one who could take care of himself in face of danger.

My grandfather had little to say about this enigma in our lives, except for one time, just prior to his death. He would drop a hint to me, the inquisitive one of the family, that Colonel Zaskq was the nearest homo sapien to immortality that he had ever seen. Once he said that Colonel Zaskq could leave his body behind and appear anywhere he desired without detection in his Nari-Rup (the light body of soul) and function under any normal condition.

Whenever the Colonel made his mysterious visits to our home grandfather was delighted, but he wouldn't share the Colonel with the family gatherings. The two would go into the library and pour over some ancient manuscript that Peddar Zaskq had brought with him.

I was the favorite of our mysterious visitor. He would entertain me with a series of magical tricks which I now know were simple magic, and the real magic which he possessed was never obvious except in rare cases for it looked so simple that we never seemed to notice except at grandfather's death.

It was a universal belief that Colonel Zaskq was an adventure story writer of those lurid tales which existed as paperback novels in my childhood days (different from the

paperbacks today). He traveled to far places of the world to pick up authentic background material, and upon finding something of interest in the occult always visited grandfather to share his discovery of antiquity. He seemed to wear so many masks, and wrote under dozens of different anomalies as those of James Stanley, Colin Georges, Paul Jacoby and Paul Twitchell, well as dozens of others, that it didn't make sense to my childish mind.

Whenever I would try to talk with my parents about the mysterious Colonel Zaskq any inquiry would be met with an almost blank silence. They didn't seem to want to speak about him, nor did they ever volunteer any information throughout the years. They didn't appear to be afraid but acted as though their word had been given not to reveal the true identity of this fantastic person.

Grandfather lived to the ripe old age of ninety-six. Six months before his death, in 1947, he sent a wire asking that I take leave from my job in the Middle East and come home to see him. The company refused to give me time off for my contract, as an engineer to a U.S. construction company, read no leaves except in case of serious illness of immediate parents or family, and grandfather's request didn't seem to impress the authorities.

This refusal was hard to take. That evening I wandered into Istanbul intending to drown my sorrow in liquor. Instead it turned out to be a

surprise in finding Colonel Peddar Zaskq sitting at a table in a small cafe.

He listened to my complaints about not getting emergency leave to see grandfather. "You will be home in the next forty-eight hours," he said quietly. "Tell your grandfather about our meeting here, and that I'll be there to help him cross the border of death!"

Surprised as I was his prophecy was right. I was given the leave without any apparent effort on my part. The company's personnel officer said that my request had been reconsidered and permission granted without a hitch in the procedure, but to him it was an unusual way of handling things.

Grandfather looked hale, hearty and full of zest, like a man in his latter sixties. But he knew the end of his life was nearing and didn't hesitate to speak to me in private about it.

When I told him about the meeting with Colonel Zaskq in Istanbul he stopped rocking his chair and looked out the window at the sunshine of a late autumn day in the south. Afterwhile he turned, said, "He could have told me himself last night when he was here, but he chose you for some reason to tell me. I don't know why!"

"He was here last night," I said in surprise. "Impossible! He couldn't have traveled any faster than my plane did! Maybe he rode his magic rug. Where is he now? Upstairs in the bedroom?"

Grandfather smiled, "Hal, I have

something to tell you. It is so fantastic you'll call it the mutterings of an old man, but don't dismiss this piece of knowledge. Colonel Zaskq has a knowledge of life beyond anything that the human mind can imagine. His real age is fantastic. I tell you this so you will always respect immortality—he was born in the 11th century in a little desert village near the edge of the Gobi, and raised in a monastery. His training for the ascetic life was in Tibet. There he learned the longevity of life, and a magic that the West doesn't even know exists.

"He can come and go at will to any planet, spiritual plane and anywhere in this world he desires. He is truly a living master in this materialistic age. It will be up to him to prove all this, if he so desires.

"We met in Northern India when I was a young man in a scientific expedition looking for ancient fossils and bones. He took an interest in me and has over the years revealed much of his knowledge, which is a rare privilege. Apparently he is now turning his interest to you or he wouldn't have arranged for you to come home!"

This was all he said on the matter. I had to see for myself that some of the things he said were truth. Grandfather died as he predicted to the hour and day. Fortunately I was back in the states and home between jobs.

I had been down to the mailbox and walking up the lane with the dog when it happened. The late afternoon was beautiful with a golden haze lying

across the horizon and hills.

I was noting this beauty when suddenly I saw grandfather and Colonel Zaskq walking along the slope of the hill, beyond the house, heading westward. They appeared to be like two shadowy figures walking into the light of the sun. They continued until disappearing into the golden haze. Then I noticed the dog was frozen in its tracks—its eyes also fixed on the vision.

Running up the slope to the house I found grandfather had died just a few seconds prior to my vision. He seemed asleep in his rocker on the porch, a jolly, white bearded old man in repose. Then I remembered what Peddar Zaskq had told me in Istanbul about taking grandfather across the border of death.

I met Colonel Zaskq again in London, several years afterwards, and asked about the vision. He smiled

graciously. "Your grandfather is very happy now!" That was all he would say on the matter.

Never again have I seen this mysterious gentleman, but word reaches me now and then that he has been seen somewhere in this world: in Stockholm, London, Paris, San Francisco or Point Barrow, by a friend or relative who learned something about him through association with my talk of him.

An elderly gentleman in Miami, told me a few years back, that he knew something about Peddar Zaskq whom he had met and became acquainted with in a limited way. He confirmed some of the points I already knew, or guessed: that Peddar Zaskq was similar in nature and knowledge to the immortal masters of the White Brotherhood, living in the Himalayas, who are serving mankind in some manner.

The Revelation Of St. John

A psychic translation by the famed medium, A.J. Inger. No matter what you may think of the claims of the author in this very strange book, its importance and interest stem from the incredible accuracy of its prophecy (considering that it was written in 1908). It pictures our national situation today (especially regarding politics and such things as Watergate!) so correctly as to be astounding. But much more, it goes on to predict tomorrow and our impending future as a nation. It's a book worth thinking about seriously, and may be of immense help to your future planning. It contains 208 pages, in paperback.

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AMHERST PRESS, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406

THE OAH SPE CIRCLE



*** OAH SPE QUOTES ***

To find all the beauties in a man or woman, or in their behaviour, this is godlike. To find their faults and speak of them, this is devilish.

† † † † † † †

To try, and to try, and to try! This is the sum of the good a man doeth

MEETING PLACE

● KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

I am interested in hearing from and also contacting several OAH SPE readers and followers in the central states area of Mo., Kans., Iowa, and Nebr., by mail correspondence and phone! Anybody in town here? in Topeka? in St. Joseph?

Ralph Phillips
523 W. 12th St.
Apt 521
Kansas City, MO 64105
(816) 842-4224 (Ext. 521)

● SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

I would like to contact Oahspe readers in this area.

Joseph A. Santangelo
340 Montgomery St.
No. 519
Syracuse, NY 13203

INFORMATION, PLEASE



I have just finished reading OAH SPE and have gotten a lot from it. Much of it went along with my own beliefs but some of it made me think and has changed my mind or left it unsettled. My beliefs in reincarnation have a less firm foundation.

I would like to receive any information about OAH SPE and the Essenes of Kosmon that is in your possession. I would like also to know how to get in touch with the Essence of Kosmon. Besides reincarnation, I cannot question their beliefs. I would like to see about joining their membership.

Thank you.

James J. Dugonith
31 Timber Point Rd.
East Islip, NY 11730



What is the Faithists Movement?
Can I please have some literature on
this colony? Thank you.

Joseph A. Santangelo
340 Montgomery St., No. 519
Syracuse, NY 13203

QUESTIONS

Am particularly interested in the Book of Kosmon and how to decode (for lack of a more proper word!) some of the future prophecies! I'm relatively new to OAHSP, but does OAHSP come on clear about reincarnation and karma? The Egyptian contribution and/or understanding about the soul or spirit of "Ka"? (I know Egypt figures in prominently when it comes to such matters!). Why does OAHSP not also mention about Atlantis? (It does Pan

but not Atlantis!) (or does it?) Does OAHSP ever refer to the equivalent of Dero's and Tero's but under different names? Does OAHSP prophecy a future "anti-Christ" such as so many religions anticipate? Do any of OAHSP's predictions for the future confirm nostrodamus—considered the world's greatest prophet in modern times? WW III? WW IV?

Ralph Phillips
523 W. 12th St.
Apt. 521
Kansas City, MO 64105
Telephone:
(816) 842-4224 (Ext. 521)

THE ANSWER MAN

QUESTION: We (SEARCH) want to know more about the article we published in the July 1975 issue called "Pride and Glory of Leviticus".

- ** If you already have a group, tell us about yourselves, and send progress reports.
 - ** 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	\$12.50 each	plus 70¢ each postage & handling
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5 to 10 copies	30% discount	plus 70¢ each postage & handling
10 or more copies	40% discount	plus 70¢ each postage & handling

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ANSWER: This pamphlet was received from the pen of John Ballou Newbrough either through inspired or automatic writing. It was originally titled either Leviticus or Levitica, and was probably written while he was living in the N.M. colony. I do not have a copy of Leviticus with which to check for possible slight alterations, but there is an edition of this work in the library of THE FAITHIST JOURNAL, 2324 SUFFOCK AVE., KINGMAN, AZ 86401. They have another document of this sort, pertaining to the inner and outer councils of JEHOVIH'S kingdom on earth. It is published in an early issue of the FAITHIST JOURNAL (1969-70).

QUESTION: I find it very confusing what OAHSPÉ says about Atlantis. J. Grayton, July 1975

ANSWER: Oahspe never mentions a lost continent in the Atlantic called Atlantis, but it does describe a continent that was once in the Pacific Ocean called Pan. OAHSPÉ says it was necessary to submerge Pan, because the earth needed pruning, like an orchard, for its spiritual development. OAHSPÉ SAYS THIS! CONTINENT WILL BE SOON DISCOVERED "that mortals may comprehend the

magnitude of the work of (THE ALMIGHTY'S) Lord." It is very possible that either a submarine or a scientific excavation team or an oil drill will discover this continent, and when Pan is discovered, it should help OAHSPÉ attain world-wide fame, because OAHSPÉ even gives a map of Pan, and it was first published in 1882.

Arnold Arias
5931 Stanton
Highland, CA 92346

FAITHIST JOURNAL

"For those who write the Oahspe Circle expressing difficulty finding a group or organization of people who "practice or preach the teachings of the Oahspe bible," we like to restate:

We publish the general teachings of Oahspe in a bi-monthly magazine, sent to people all over the world who attempt to practice the teachings of Oahspe. Part of our job is to unite these people, introducing them to each other and encouraging affiliation. The Journal incidentally carries news of group faithist activities.

Drop us a line or phone 757-4569. Sample copy of the Faithist Journal sent on request. Visitors welcome.

Joan & Zane Harmon
The Faithist Journal
2324 Suffock Ave.
Kingman, AZ 86401

If a cluttered desk is a sign of a cluttered mind, one can't help wondering what an empty desk indicates.

"Straight north of Persia. . .from the Caucasus to the eternal ice beyond the Arctic Circle. . .there is a grand continent now concealed from all," say the Persian and Caucasian folk.

WHERE IS PARADISE?

TILLMAN L. MARTIN

"Paradise," the cradle of the first great global civilization of which records are still extant, was located at what is now the North Pole.

"Straight north of Persia. . .from the Caucasus to the eternal ice beyond the Arctic Circle. . .beyond the snow-capped summits of Kap or the Caucasus," say the Persian and Caucasian folk, "there is a grand continent now concealed from all. Its walls touch the sky. There man was created and lived in Paradise."

Numerous scriptures, folklores and legends attest the truth of the preceding statement.

"Paradise" . . .the oldest known to man . . .was not the Nile-Euphrates Valley of North Africa, as proposed by orthodox historians. It was not the vanished empire of the fabulous "City Z" in the vicinity of the headwaters of the Amazon and Orinoca Rivers of Brazil and Ecuador, although this section inherited some of the original Wisdom-teachings of the far older empire. It was not the once great city

of Ponape, in the Caroline Island group in the Pacific. Nor was it ancient Hawaii, nor even Atlantis, Lemuria, Poseidonis, Hi-Brazeal, Pan, Friesland, Tir-on-nog or Tara; these but received, too, from a far older source. It was not the Inca or Pre-Inca, nor Aztec and pre-Aztec lands. It was not the empire of what is now the Desert of Shamo (the "Little Gibo"), near Koj-Ho in Outer Mongolia, the buried cities, crypts and chambers of which are said still to survive beneath the Black Sands and are called Shamballa, Shambullah, or Shangri-La, although Shamballa does preserve important records and instruments therefrom. No, the fabled *Pushkara*, the "White Island" Paradise of mankind and its great unknown leaders existed more than 1,000,000 years ago at what is now the North Pole, although it was then sub-tropical or tropical in climate and vegetation.

Tradition maintains, and the ancient Tibetan sourcebook, the *Dzyan Stanzas*, explain, that long before the time of Ad-Am, the Magi or

“Sons of the Fire-Mist”, there was a vast island sea, the Kashira Ocean (Ocean of Milk, or the now ever-frozen region mentioned in the Vishnu-Purana), where there are presently only bleak deserts and salt lakes. This lake or ocean extended over Middle Asia, north to the range of the Himalayas and their Western prolongation. There, an island, Pushkara, unequalled throughout the world for its beauty and perfection, was inhabited by the last remnant of a race which preceded our own. The Puranas make frequent reference to this land to the north, lying at the foot of the sacred Mount Meru, and to the fact that it was the primeval Eldorado (“Golden Land”) or Atala. Pushkara extended from Kashmir to the Shamo Desert (Gobi) and took in what is now Alaska and Manchuria. It dominated the whole world, and from it there radiated benefits and advantages to all sections. And even though it has long since become all but unknown to the general public, from this truly central land have flowed all beneficial astral and cosmic influences ever since. It is for that reason that in the Brahmanical writings it is said to be the abode of Brahma and the “Gods of the Sun”. For Meru was the site of the famous Holy City of the Sun, the Kadosh or Kadesha of the Hebrews, the Heliopolus of the Greeks, the Hyperborea of various occult and religious groups. Upon Mount Meru, the memory of which still survives in many anciently derived systems, was

located the first great temple of Suleman (Solomon). It was indeed the “high place”: the abode of the god-men who interceded between mankind and the higher planetary powers. Hence the Jewish ceremonies involving the *His* (Serpent), *Hisan* (Serpent ceremony, holiday, month, “The Passover”), and Mount *Hisa* (Sinai or Meru). There was located the Lake of Dragons, which gave birth to the four paradisaical rivers, Oras, Indus, Ganges, and Silo. And the Garden of Wisdom, on the plateaus of Pamir, between the highest peaks of the Himalayas, is a remainder of the ancient land. In the hollow interior of Mount Meru, in Pushkara, was the palace home of Knuvavya, the Naga-Raja (“King of the Nagas” or Serpents) and his queen, Sarpa-Rajna. Jagan-Natha or “Juggernaut” was King or Regent of the world. The remnant of the race preceding ours was of course the Third Root-Race or Nagas (Vahana, “Sons of God,” or “Sons of Will and Yoga”) known by rumor today for their strange supernormal powers.

If one studies the stories of the ancient Rishis and their descendants, he discovers that Pulastya, the Tortoise, was grandfather, through his wife Tamra, of the bird people. Guruda, “King of the feathered Tribe,” by his wife Sarabbi, was parent of the cows and buffalos. (All this has to do with tribal totems, as anyone familiar with ethnology will comprehend.) Kasyapa, son of

Vivasvat, was the father of Manu the Law-Giver, who was progenitor of mankind. Thus Guruda, "King of the Feathered Tribe" or the Bird People, branched from and was one stock with the Nagas or Serpent People, even though the latter became later their deadly enemy. And so we account for the separation of world learning and world thought into two antagonistic dispensations, the Palic and Runic, and the recurrent and ever-recurring "Battle of the Gods" which still continues unabated today.

From the beginning the Third Race, the Nagas, developed a kind of monosyllabic or onomatopoeic language...speech which was only a little different from the sounds heard in nature: the winds, cries of insects, and animal sounds. Previously, earth people, who had been transported here from the Raja-Sun, an immense invisible globe directly behind and hidden by Jupiter and several thousand times larger than the latter, and who stopped over for one round on the moon, still communicated almost exclusively by what we would call "Thought Transference". Over long periods of time, the androgonous Naga rulers, the yellow complexioned or "Golden Ones of the Sun", divided into the two sexes, but retained in large measure their strange powers over nature and nature phenomena.

It would be extremely interesting to go into a full treatment of the ancient Naga civilization and culture, which so vastly surpassed anything

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INFORMATION

known or even possible today, in the present state of knowledge—their glorious arts, their music, their architecture, their modes of transportation, and even the texture and quality of their everyday

lives—but space will not permit. Suffice to say that they lived with equal ease and facility in air, “fire”, and water. And among other applications of power which are now all but lost, or else withheld from man, they possessed the *Vimana-Vidya*, ability to propel electro-magnetic cars or UFO through the air and under water by thought and will alone.

The ancient Naga or Serpent symbology still survives everywhere, scattered over the face of the earth. .in serpent mounds, in the ruins of cyclopean buildings still being unearthed by archaeologists, in underground mazes or initiation chambers, and so on, as is well known to anyone who has read or investigated. Some of the descendants of the primitive Nagas, or “Serpents of Wisdom,” taught and established colonies in America, when that continent arose during the prosperous and bright period of Atlantis. Even the names of medicine-men or Shamans in Mexico, the Naguals, and their practices (termed “devil-worship” by missionaries and explorers!) attest their continued and continuing influence. Among the Mexicans, *Nagual* meant “magician” or wonder-worker, even as among the Persians and Syrians the Nagual was chief of the Magi or Hierophants (“Priests”) of the Sun. As to the time of Greece, Apollonius of Tyana, in the declining period of that empire, said he met in Dashmiri Buddhist Nagas. . .that these were neither



A Naga in hooded cobra headdress.

racially nor zoologically “serpents,” but were Wise Men. Yes, the Nagas had full use of the Third-Eye, which in the majority of people has now degenerated into that physical appendage the Pineal gland; and the present day Nagas in secret still maintain and cultivate this psychic organ, so that it can truly be said symbolically and factually that “Pushkara is the land that never dies.”

At the opposite pole or the antipode from the Nagas and their extraterrestrial guardians and mentor-gods, the Dhyana-Chohans, or Lhas, there existed and still exist the

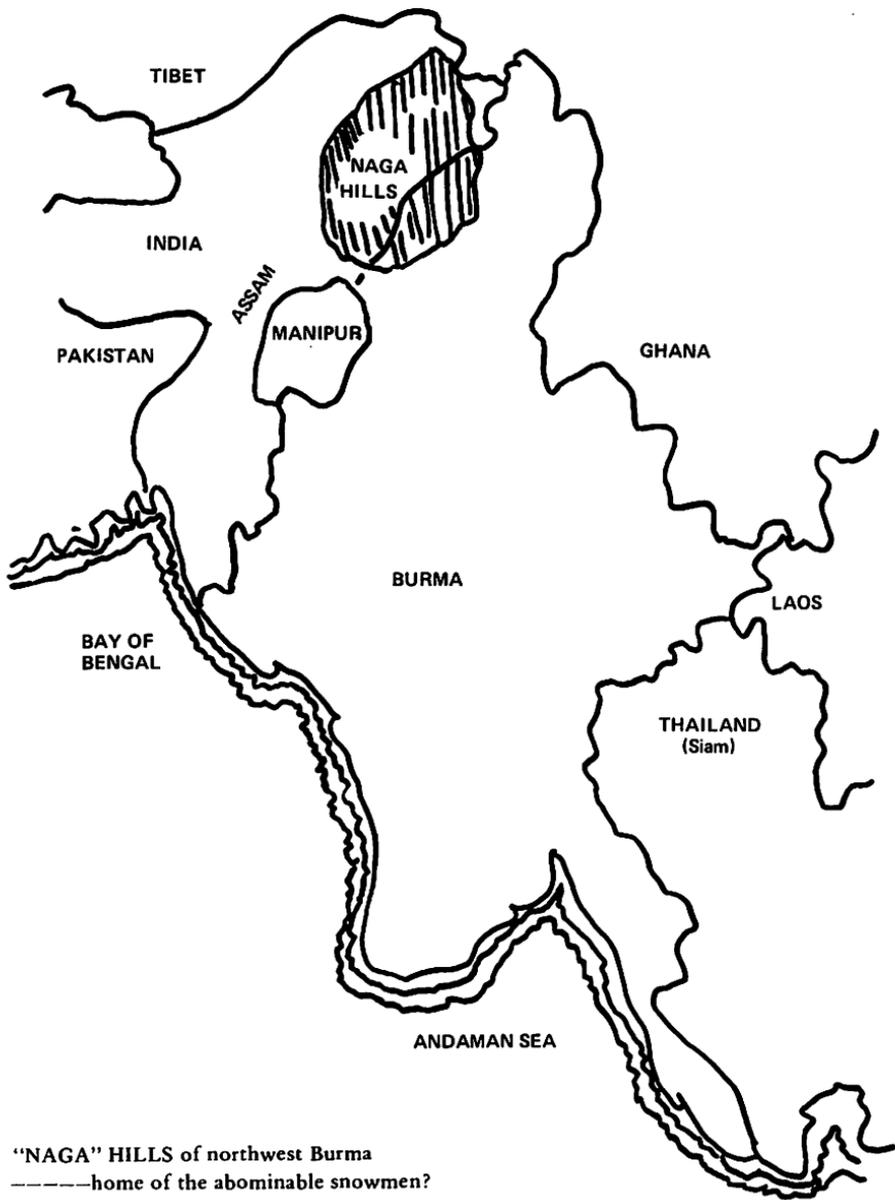
Dugpa Brotherhood or "Red-Capped Brothers of the Shadow" and their inspirers the Mamo-Chohans. Came the legendary Battle of the Gods and Titans, or the Serpents and Dragons, and the vast empire of Pushkara was shattered and its remains scattered helter-skelter over the world, the memory of this great cataclysm surviving among all peoples everywhere. Due to the destructive use of solar forces and powers or energies, even the earth was thrown off balance and tilted, a new orbit being formed, and what was once an equatorial paradise became polar.

NAGAS, With Supernormal Power Exist Today!

And now to reveal a great secret of the occult sciences. And that is, the real existence of a branch of the Nagas today, and their influence and effect upon individuals, fraternal groups, and world affairs.

Various reference works on Hinduism and Oriental systems speak of the Nagas as non-human beings of water-and-fire, doubtless of a class with the Salamanders and Undines and other Nature Elementals, with human heads and torsos and serpent-like tails; or else they are described as semi-human beings who wear cobra head-dresses and who are able, by association with other-worldly beings or spirits, to control rain, sun, and other processes and effects of Nature. These latter are said to reside in India, in Assam, in Nepaul, in Burma, or in Iran (Persia). Actually, the Nagas of

the present day are the hill tribes of Northwest Burma and Assam, near Tibet, in the Hamalayas. There is an area of hills called the Naga Hills, which they occupy as a tribe. Some individuals live also in the fastnesses of Tibet and give rise to what in some quarters are banteringly referred to as the "Abominable Snowmen". . .Yogis, Lamas, Sattvikas (Gomchens, Dubchens, or Naljorpas) who, to develop *tumo* or psychic heat, either live in or practice sitting for long periods naked in the snows and sharp winds of the region. Those of the Nagas who have faithfully preserved ties with the older parent race and culture far preceding and antedating the modern Oriental states, are designated as the "Holy Naga." There are hints of them, or they are allegorically treated, in many of the great literary works of the past several thousand years. To them are attributed, and they do indeed still possess supernormal powers. Not only can they exercise direct and unmistakable mental control over weather in any part of the world, but they summon each other and their few select Cholas or student followers by what they term "Astral Call-Bells". They make use of telepathy and telekinesis to communicate with and influence individuals and special secret societies or groups at any distance away. They cause apportations, and they perform many other feats unknown and almost unconceivable by even the most open-minded and



"NAGA" HILLS of northwest Burma
-----home of the abominable snowmen?

informed people in the West today. These things they do as devotees of, and in cooperation with, the evolved Solar Beings, the Dhyān-Chohans or Lhas who are in charge of the preservation, maintenance, and evolution of the earth and other planets of our solar system. Indeed the Holy Nagas (call them Maha-Mahatmas, Sattvikas, or whatever you will) are practitioners of higher forms of Yoga...Yog-Vidya, Raja-Yoga, Lama-Yoga, Kundalini-Yoga, etc. They are calm, silent, little-known god-men who choose to avoid intimate commerce with the busy and often confused outside world, who know the power of thought and radiate it into the upper strata of the "Stream" of world consciousness, where it may be picked up by others and taught or used at a

time, often decades or centuries later, when the climate of world affairs is favorable. For they use the higher frequencies of Solar Radiations, Universal Electro-Magnetism or Kundalini.

Yes, the Nagas are real. They have developed potentials of Being, up to and including and beyond the Seventh or Solar Body. They work even today with an Invisible Empire, which encircles the globe, and which is concerned for the general welfare, happiness, advancement and brotherhood of all mankind. To those who qualify, who will bind themselves to secrecy and will work unceasingly and without question for higher ends, even in the face of terrific odds, they do still often transmit many, if not all, of their metaphysical secrets. Want to try it and see?



According to UW's Matthew Holden, a government cloud seeding project in the Rocky Mountains was blamed for a destructive flood in Rapid City, S.D. And, had Hurricane Inez been diverted to prevent damage in Louisiana and Texas, there would have been severe drought later in Mexico. Too little is known of long term results to permit uncontrolled weather modification. Until all consequences can be assessed and all interests considered, it is wise to go slow.



Ann Wigmore D.D.

Dear Doctor Ann

Ann Wigmore D.D. is a Doctor of Divinity who has devoted her life to the development of healthy minds and bodies.

Dear Dr. Ann: At long last here is your watermelon letter. There are so many considerations that I am afraid this letter will be long and rambling. First I will discuss principles which apply to the skins, peels or rinds of practically all fruits and vegetables. I will henceforth refer to them as the outer layers. The outer layers are the richest in protein, vitamins and minerals. An excellent example is potatoes. Large segments of the German population lived on potatoes for periods in both World Wars I and II. Their health held up well. Until the Irish had their potato famine in 1847, many of them lived on potatoes. The potato famine was a result of monoculture and when the soil lost its fertility, the blight struck the potatoes and the Irish had to leave the country or starve. That is when the Irish invaded the U.S.A. and took over Boston. All of the vital elements of the potatoes are found in the outer layers. For several years I worked with a

physical therapist who had a guaranteed-never fail method of helping people to get rid of gall or kidney stones. The method involved a special diet made of potato peels. I have determined if famine ever strikes this country, there are two foods I am going to try to get. One is wheat and the other is potatoes. Those two foods along with edible weeds and I'm set.

The watermelon rind is no exception to this general rule. In the rind is found the protein which is quite sizeable running from 2 to 4%. The B vitamins are found in the rind along with their enzymes and minerals. If you will examine the rind you will note that underneath the leathery skin is a green rind which merges into the white and then into the pink meat. The green rind contains chlorophyll and it is my guess that this is the one ingredient which makes the rind easily digestible even to people with poor digestions. You know I told you I don't eat watermelon because it makes

me burp. On your suggestion I ate the rind and had no burping. No burping with the pink meat either. That really makes sense. We are not supposed to fractionate our food and that is exactly what we do when we eat the pink meat alone. I have considerable information on food combinations and in one set there is the specific instruction to not remove the peelings from acid fruits or vegetables. Both the rind and the pink meat are acid although the watermelon does have an alkaline reaction in the body so you will find it under the alkaline foods. However, dandelion greens are 8 times more alkaline and olives are 16 times more alkaline than watermelon. Citrus fruits are 1.7 times more alkaline. Along with the chlorophyll is associated the vitamin A. Of course the pink meat is rich in vitamin C so that makes the watermelon rich in the vitamins A, B and C.

About 25 years ago my wife attended a lecture series given by Florence McCollum who had traveled extensively to Europe attending a number of health spas. This is what she had to say about the melon family: "Later in the summer come the luscious melons. Melons are classified as a vegetable but I always seem to think of them as a fruit, and you no doubt do also. Melons aid in the elimination of uric acid, and are beneficial in urethral, bladder and kidney infections. All varieties of melons are equally beneficial. The watermelon is especially good for

flushing the kidneys and it will help in dissolving hard deposits that have accumulated because of faulty diet. The honeydew melon is particularly beneficial for the bladder while the casaba aids the liver. Unsweetened pineapple juice poured over melons develops pepsin which is a great aid to digestion. The melon is a cooling food and induces gentle perspiration. Melons should be used during hot weather to help prevent heat exhaustion. The 'water of life' is found in abundance in all the melons and they will prove the safest and surest means of preventing illness and putting the body at ease."

As usual when I finally got around to working on watermelons I found the problem most intriguing and thank you for your unusual ideas and suggestions.

Harvey Lisle

(Mr. Lisle is a graduate chemist of Ohio University; he helps us with the analysis of our nutrition.)

Dear Doctor Ann: I am writing to ask your advice to help me acquire better health.

I am nearly 85. I have never smoked or used alcohol.

I am losing my sense of equilibrium which my doctor seems unable to govern. I suffer from very painful constipation frequently. I am just recovering from an attack of some kind of rash. There was no eruption. The skin over my body turned red and itched dreadfully.

It is very difficult for me to move about and do my housework. I really am in need of your help.

Thank you for your advice.—E.K.

Blessed One: I am encouraged that at your age you want to get health back. There isn't any reason why at any age one should not be entitled to health. You must have had a very strong constitution as you have not had more serious problems up till now. With constipation, there is many things that can occur in the form of sickness and disease. Keeping the colon clean is the secret to health.

I am sending you the sheet on constipation and I'm sure that you will help yourself.

Purify the bloodstream and rebuild the cells and then you can experience the health that you're entitled to.

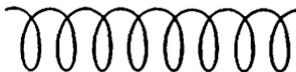
Dear Dr. Ann: I was afflicted with diabetes for over 19 years. I went along with my doctor's instructions, taking the insulin daily, but as years passed I began to have trouble with my legs and my left ankle enlarged in a frightening manner. I went to a clinic and various hospitals and finally learned from an intern that this trouble was probably caused by the large amounts of insulin I was taking.

Then my common sense told me

that I was using the wrong procedure if it brought this disagreeable side effect and when the minister at my church handed me one of your pamphlets telling of the experience of others in freeing themselves from the slavery of insulin, I set out for Boston that day.

Arriving at the Mansion, I found exactly what I needed—the assurance that I alone could help myself—and in less than 3 weeks following the routine, I took myself completely off the insulin. My real surprise was the change in my mental outlook.—A.D.

Blessed One: To help yourself or a loved one and to share the humanitarian benefits of this knowledge with other sufferers, we recommend the formation of diabetic study groups of Mother Nature's way to health in the home. For full information on how to carry out this program, including many raw food recipes, send \$2 for your copy of Be Your Own Doctor. HIPPOCRATES HEALTH INSTITUTE, 25 Exeter St., Boston, Mass 02116.



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

Wanted: A device to make contact between the "World of the Dead" and the "World of the Living" as simple as making a telephone call.

The Mechanical Medium

ALEX SAUNDERS

Of the scores of people I know—friends, acquaintances, fellow-workers—how many are interested in the occult, in psychic phenomena? Very few. Actually, a mere handful.

The vast majority have other thoughts to occupy their minds. Things of a more down-to-earth nature. Taxes, for example. Or new car payments, television programs, sports, week-end parties, etc.

For me to discuss spiritualism with the average person with whom I come in contact is quite out of the question. Their disinterest is only too clear. Why? Is it due to fear of the unknown? Well, maybe I can supply the answer in this way.

During the early 1950s when I was a member of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO), I

corresponded with the Director, Coral Lorenzen. In one of my letters I told her how a chap at work, on learning of my interest in flying saucers, had started to greet me in the morning with the words:

"Good morning, Alex. Seen any flying cups...uh, I mean 'saucers' lately?"

Why this stupid greeting? I asked Coral, who wrote back: "What the human brain does not understand it either fears or ridicules."

Since then that one sentence of hers has nestled permanently in my mind. Yes, fear could well be the feeling that prevents most people from studying anything strange and off-trail.

To prove this point, one of our local newspapers, *The Telegram*, contains a daily feature called "Tiny Bennett Asks" in which are presented the answers to the questions put forth

by Bennett to accosted people on the street. On December 24, 1964, he queried: "Do you believe there are ghoulies, ghosties and long-legged beasties and things that go bump in the night?"

Of the four people approached, one was a maintenance man, two others were male students (all Torontonians), and a student nurse from Niagara Falls. Their answers, I think, are worth setting down, if for no other reason than to show how typically average they are.

"No, not likely. Although I'm aware there are many people who believe in ghosts, I think this is just talk and the stories you hear are just for entertainment. These figments of the imagination are handed on as fact while there is really no truth in the matter."

"I don't believe in them. They don't exist. There is a lot of superstition in the world about these sort of things but I believe everything can be explained scientifically. I realize there are many things we don't know. In the past there were many things unknown that have since been explained. Ghosts and hauntings are just nonsense."

"If a person believes there are ghosts, then in that person's mind they do exist. Ghost or spirit matter that are reported are taken at face value by a lot of people and this keeps the ideas of the supernatural alive. The truth is that these tales could all be explained away by science."

"I think all the tales of ghosts and things come out of people's minds. They imagine they hear or see something and it all grows up in the telling of the story. In my opinion all these haunted houses and castles you hear of are just imagination."

But those of us—the minority—who are fascinated by psychical research have much to ponder. For example, regarding spiritualism, the possibility exists that one day spirit communication will not require human mediumship, but will be accomplished mechanically.

This belief was held by the great Thomas Alva Edison who was in fact working on the preliminary plans for just such an apparatus of extraordinary delicacy when he died in 1931. Success might have come his way had he lived longer. Longer enough to apply the modern concepts of electronics.

In his article, "Scientists Research Machine To Contact The Dead," Wainwright Evans in April, 1963 FATE Magazine describes Edison's mechanical medium thus:

"The aluminum wall of the trumpet and the wire of the aerial that hangs down in the middle, from the opposite poles of a battery. The potassium permanganate acts as a strong oxidizing agent, and functions between the two poles as what physicists call an electrolyte. In other words, an electric current is generated, and this current amplifies the supposed etheric waves directed by

spirits against the aerial.”

Evans then goes on to name other inventors of devices for mechanical communication with the Beyond. J. Gilbert Wright (a psychic researcher for forty years, an associate of the late Charles Steinmetz, and General Electric researcher who discovered the widely used silicone “putty”), and associate Harry C. Gardner (a mechanical and electrical expert), successfully tested a mechanical medium. However, it must be added that the presence of a medium was still needed.

Then there was the “Vandermeulen Signaling Device.” After his death on July 31, 1929, Henri E.G.B. Vandermeulen, a Belgian boy, sent detailed plans of the above to his father via Ouija Board. By December, the model was completed and apparently proved workable.

Mark Dyne, technical editor of one of Britain’s largest electrical concerns, is still another developer of a signal system successfully producing Morse code communication with spirit entities. Twelve years of research have gone into this project. The whole story was reported in the Manchester, England, *Evening Chronicle*, in September, 1962.

Other American researchers, too, have delved into the idea of a mechanical medium.

For a pertinent comment, we have only to look on page eighty-four of R. DeWitt Miller’s book *YOU DO TAKE IT WITH YOU*.

“In a lecture given on January 25, 1948, before the Newcastle Psychical Research Institute, Ernest Thompson, editor of *The Two Worlds*, said concerning electronic communications:

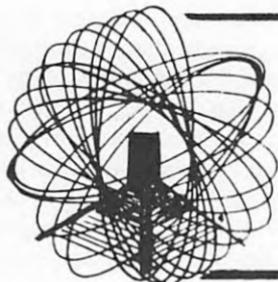
‘Only an entirely reliable and popular means of firsthand communication with the spirit world, free of all the limitations of human mediumship, will bring home the reality of communication with spirit people, survival after death, the existence of the spirit world, and the conception of eternal progress to the masses of the people.’ ”

And, commented Miller:

“Such a device would eliminate once and for all the endlessly harassing problem of distortion or fabrication of the medium’s subconscious. Unless the pundits of cybernetics have contrived some theory beyond my conception, a machine has no subconscious.”

Which leads us, quite automatically, into a bit of supposition. Let us suppose that at some future date a mechanical medium is perfected and produced so cheaply that they become commonplace. One in every home. Contact between the world of the dead and the world of the living would be as simple as making a telephone call.

Here would be an event both incredible and unprecedented. How would our civilization react? In what way would our diversified millions be affected, bringing about what revolutionary changes?



TRUE EXPERIENCES

MISPLACED TIME

By B.T. Stevens, Sr.

During 1940 I was working in a ship yard located in Antioch, California. The yard had contracts for twelve mine sweepers. Since there was a war on, we were working long hours to get those sweepers finished and commissioned. Being then fifty years of age, the long hours resulted in my arriving home each evening very tired.

On a Tuesday evening I had to work four hours overtime to put the final touches on a sweeper that was to have its trial runs the next morning. Arriving home close to midnight, I thought to read the daily paper before going to bed so sat down in an easy chair with the paper. Being so weary, I leaned back and closed my eyes for a moment to rest a bit before beginning to read the paper.

The instant I closed my eyes it seemed that I was walking across a desert plain toward what looked like a low ridge or dike. There was no sign of any living thing in sight and I could see for miles all around—no trees or other vegetation, nothing but that dike and

sand. As I walked toward the ridge I saw coming, along the top of it and from my left, an ass with a pack and two people following it. Now, if it had been a burro or mule I would have thought myself somewhere in Arizona or New Mexico. But an ass really had me puzzled, so I wondered if I was in the Holy land. I reached the dike, which it was, as I saw upon arrival, and it was on the bank of a river with a road along the top. A moment later the ass and the two people, a man and woman, arrived where I stood. I promptly asked them what river it was. The answer puzzled me no little bit. It was "The Jordan River", not the River Jordan, but the Jordan River.

Meantime, the people had not stopped walking along behind the ass, going upstream where there was nothing but sand and far off a range of hills in sight. Downstream there were trees showing about one mile away so I turned and went downstream. Soon, I saw that the road seemed to end at the front of a building. This turned out to be not so, as the road actually

turned off to the left some fifty feet or so from the front of the building which I soon saw was a garage. Two men were working on a car in the doorway, which was open. I did not stop and ask them any questions, but instead, I walked along the left side of the garage and along to the back where I found a concrete platform about eight feet square and with a crack in one corner of it. I was careful to avoid stepping on the crack as it looked unsafe. That crack was important.

From the platform I looked out across what seemed to be a valley with quite a large city spread out slightly below the platform. I had noticed when passing the garage that the river made a bend to the right and that there was a small island just below the bend with large cottonwood trees growing on the island and along the river banks. Leaving the platform and returning to the road, I went down into the city and walked to what seemed to be the center of the place. A bank was on one corner, a department store across from it, a movie theater occupied another corner, and an office building completed the intersection of the two streets. I saw and easily recognized the signs on those buildings but either could not, or did not, bother to read them.

While standing looking around at the place, I heard this: "Tell John his mother is sick and needs him." Well, I had no idea who or where John was, so never gave it a thought. Two men

then came along and stopped to talk about the trouble they were having with a gasoline generating plant at their mine. After listening to them for a few minutes, I stepped over and offered to help them out. My offer being accepted, they took me to their car, a Model A Ford, minus a top and quite beat up. We all climbed in and one drove for about an hour out into that desert country to their mine, which turned out to be a tunnel in one of the hills.

I had sat down in Antioch, California at near midnight Tuesday and found myself walking across the desert in the morning and seemingly arrived in that town quite early in the morning. We arrived at the mine while the sun was still low in the sky and spent the rest of the morning working on their power plant and got it running good late in the afternoon. I had dinner with them and one of them drove me back to town just at dusk. I tore a leaf out of my note book and wrote my address on it so that they could let me know if anything went wrong with their power plant again. Then I was back in the chair in Antioch, California with no sensation of having been anywhere! I did remember everything that seemed to have happened. I remember telling those two men that I had to be at work in the ship yard by seven o'clock the next morning. What they may have thought of that, I have no idea.

Wednesday morning I was still wondering about that Jordan River,

River Jordan business and started asking everyone if they knew what the heck the answer was. There were a lot of new men working in the yard and I had met only a few of them. One of the new men heard me asking and said, "Sure, I know where the Jordan River is. It's in Utah."

Then I described the town and that garage with the cracked platform behind it and asked if there is a place like that in Utah? The man said, "Sure that's Provo and I live there."

I asked, "Is your name John?"

He said, "Yes".

So then I said, "I was there last night and I have a message for you. Your mother is sick and needs you."

Perhaps John knew more than so many people do, for he did not ask how I could have been in Provo Tuesday evening and back in Antioch Wednesday morning and he acted immediately on the message. He quit and left as fast as possible for Provo.

Now for the weird time mixup, Tuesday evening near midnight I sat down and closed my eyes. Wednesday morning I gave the message to John. He arrived home in Provo at six o'clock Thursday evening. His mother was stricken with a heart attack at

four o'clock Thursday afternoon, just two hours before he arrived home. No one even thought of sending John a message until after his mother was in the hospital Thursday at four-thirty p.m. This was verified by John's letter to me which I received the next Monday.

I was with the mine owners for approximately eight hours and that day spent with them was the Saturday *before* the Tuesday that I got home so weary near midnight and sat down. This too was verified by a letter from one of the mine owners which reached me on the *same Wednesday* that I had given John the message about his mother!

PARAKEET LOVE

By Julia Erickson

Believe it or not, I had mental telepathy going with a little parakeet who came to live with us. At first I thought it was my imagination, but as time went on I learned that it definitely was not. We could actually communicate with one another with thought. It was an interesting experience and I could relate many incidents but I will choose only one to

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.

illustrate my point.

The door to the bird's cage was usually open during the day and he could go in and out as he pleased. On this day he was perched on the center rod of one of the kitchen curtains chirping and talking contentedly to himself when an entire squadron of planes flew overhead. For some reason, this set the little bird into a panic. He had heard planes many times before. .he didn't like them much, usually scolded and fussed as they flew over.

Perhaps it was that there were so many. .anyway he flew wildly and crashed first into the wall and then into the refrigerator. He went back into his cage and just sat there for an hour or two. I examined him for broken bones but did not find any. After awhile he rallied and seemed to be all right but I must admit, I had an uneasy feeling about him. I could not seem to establish any communication with him either. The next day he was worse and spent most of the day on the floor of his cage. I did what I could for him.

About the time my husband came home from work, the bird flew out of his cage. .and it must have been with some effort. .came and sat on my shoulder, as he often did. He snuggled

against my neck and gave me many "bird kisses" with his little beak. Then he "told" me that he loved us very much but that he was going to die. I felt myself sobbing and trying to explain to my husband. He knew that I was very attached to the little creature and tired to console me. I was so sad because this marvelous little creature, so filled with joy and life. .one I could communicate with so often and so well was going to leave us. To make a long story short, within 24 hours our little friend died in my hands. .just a small bit of fluff. .no larger than your thumb. .but the intelligence and love was there in full force. I felt that I had lost a dear friend.

That night I fell into a deep sleep and was awakened by what seemed a flutter of wings and the "feel" of small bird kisses upon my neck and cheeks. I seemed to get the impression that he was telling me not to cry for him because he had gone on to a new experience. .now he was back at the "Source".

It may seem far-fetched to you, but it happened to me. I had many "conversations" with this little fellow in the year that he was with us and I feel that it was a rare privilege. I'll never forget it.



THE

Beautiful

WORLD OF SPIRIT

Contributed By VERN OVERLEE



Vern Overlee, medium

Question: Will the man I first married ever stop drinking? When he sees me is it to hurt me? (he sure tries to) I believe I saw my dad too (image or whatever you call it). That's when I started to understand (I think). Is he reborn as my nephew? How does this marriage seem to them? Will it ever get better?—B.H.

Answer: Divisions are in the man which drive him to that which continues to divide you further. Still, an attraction remains 'never to be fulfilled. With your paternal father, we find him reliving, drawn by his love for his child, his desire to be near. He is reborn as they step from the body into their new stage of life. All are well—all are in the company of their loved ones leading their new life with you in your

"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".

new life. Lead it with the desire to be helpful and mindful of the needs of others and as you do, your happiness and their happiness shall grow.

Question: I would like to know about my condition with name of entity answering inquiry.—D.B.

Answer: When one who is stooped to any degree, there is a problem of breath, this coupled with arthritis. Conditions are causing your immediate concern. You have been given healing this night and will once more. You are concerned with a condition pertaining to your work. This shall have been answered by the time you reach your next birthday. The other problems are those which are yours to solve, and solve them you will. You shall realize a step in the right direction and this change shall bring its compensations. Now your most benefits would come

from more regular hours. Make a certain time for everything and you will find an easing in your cares as well as your pains.—H. Drummond.

Question: Please contact Anthony Guiliani, reporter and writer. We miss him so. His wife, Ruth, and I are anxious to know how he is doing in the spirit world and we send him our love.—M.J.

Answer: With the love which you have so beautifully expressed for your brother and husband, we find in return a love which he has for you—strong and as definite as ever. For now he dwells in the world where love is dominant over worldly possessions, over the almighty dollar, over the prestige of power and position, and where love is supreme. Know that he shares and returns your love. His days are spent in activities which he so much enjoyed while in the body. His mind is clearer and stronger than while in the body and he impresses those in your world whose interests and desires he shares, reaching back to you to bring his assurances, his love and his presence, asking only that you, as you think of him, express simply an acknowledgement of his presence and stating simply and silently your pleasure and then think of him as

going on about his business; then release him from your thoughts, as he has so much to do and so much to learn and so much to experience, as when your thoughts are of him, you draw him to you and you hold him as a prisoner (but he expresses now—"a prisoner, but not in that sense"). He is held to you and kept there by thought, your thoughts, but not against his will, as he loves to be in your presence and in your thoughts. He hopes that your thoughts would be happiness for his new found happiness, gladness for his new found freedoms, appreciation for his new found knowledge, adoration for his new found love, for he does now share in the loves and pleasures of the Father, and dwells under his mantle of protection. He states he is your "prisoner of love" Release him, please, for longer periods of time, knowing he had much to do, much to learn and this is to your great advantage as he awaits you and when you do join him, his new knowledge and abilities will be shared with you and you shall be able to dwell in happiness, bringing assistance to those who are unaware of the great truths which brings one closer to the proximity and the radiance of the Father, the Father of all.—H. Drummond.

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FUTURE LIVES REVEALED THROUGH HYPNOSIS. . .

Bridey Murphy Was A Piker!

MARIE L. SCOTT

The subliminal phase of hypnosis has held my interest for quite some time. It has been my experience that a deep trance state is never essential to achieve past-life recalls, established future patterns or any of the other phenomena that my subjects and I have experienced.

Perhaps I was fortunate in that my first subject responded so easily and completely to my suggestions and I built up much-needed self confidence. That, coupled with the fact that I have been blessed with some remarkable subjects, has given rise to the need for this article.

Marie L. Scott

.....
At first we proceeded along the more orthodox lines and traced histories of past lives, establishing the fact, through repetition that return to any particular life experience is possible at most times. The idea then occurred that if we used as an hypothesis the theory of Karmic Law, it should be possible to contact previously established patterns in the future. That's where the fun began!

My first "trial run" was on my own husband. He progressed forward into

an experience so fantastic and so foreign to his past experience that it confounds the imagination. It was an experience where he saw himself trapping atomic energy out of the ground with an ingenious device and utilizing it to make permanent power units for small electrical appliances. This was all described in infinite detail; the location, the instruments used, how it was located, and even the difficulties he encountered with the government.

My second subject found herself

engaged in work with an organization in Washington, D.C., putting up self-survival units for the people in Argentina, who were at that time suffering from radioactive fallout.

My third subject went beyond her own demise and described a project of the Swiss government in remaking the maps, which was essential because of numerous and drastic geophysical changes. She also described her first contact with UFO and the tremendous vibratory power of the Beings who guide them.

Subject Number Four described her contacts with UFO and the fact that the occupants are becoming increasingly interested in the children.

Then I did some more reading. I was given "Other Tongues—Other Flesh" by George Hunt Williamson, and became deeply interested in his discourse on the "Wanderers".

"Well," I said to myself, "Why not? If the subjects are willing, let's give it a trial run!"

Subject Number Two was the first to go. She describes her arrival on a space ship when there were "giants in the world". She encountered two of these remarkable creatures in the part of the world that is now Bavaria. She returned to earth many times after that, sometimes via space ship, sometimes being "born in". She described a conditioning station out in space where the wanderers are chemically adjusted so as to be able to function in the atmosphere of the earth. This conditioning station is built

in tiers of compartments where the returnees sleep for a time and awaken with their bodies chemically readjusted for earth living. She complained of feeling very heavy. This conditioning station has also been described by Subject Number Three who came from a planet she called "Calu". The conditioning station she called "Terar". This subject only came in on a space ship twice. Since then, she has been "born in". First she was in Austria in the 15th century and subsequently in Normandy, another part of France, England, Kentucky, Virginia and Ohio. Each time her job has been to teach concepts of "reality", but she became lost in the emotions of the world.

Subject Number Two has been engaged in this type of activity for a much longer period of time, having come by way of Atlantis, Egypt and Tibet. She stated that while away from earth they attend many classes. There is a planet called Electra that is a regular university for Wanderers. She took a trip to Jupiter and describes the headquarters of the Organization, which has been functioning for hundreds of thousands of years. There are people there who plan and execute campaigns in various sections of the earth, calling on Wanderers (or Feeders) from many planets. The Wanderers spend their normal rest time between incarnations on their home planets in this type of activity. Since their life span is so much longer on other planets, the rest time can be

as much as 1500 years and there can be many earth lives in that period of time.

Subject Number Four is from Venus. She has been able to describe architecture, modes of dress and the general appearance of the planet in great detail. She, also, made a trip to Jupiter and elaborated on the functions of the Organization at length. There are also important educational projects on Jupiter. The material is fed into a machine that beams it to the students via Telethought.

Subject Number Five elaborates further on descriptions of Venus and adds to the picture her experiences as an Aztec girl during the time of Cortez.

I had been wondering why there were so many Wanderers about me and put the question to Subject Number Two. She replied that Wanderers always "take care of people". We all work in a hospital.

Then I started reading again. This time it was the Shaver Mystery. Now there is a piece of literature that can really make you come unglued! Well, the upshot of it was that Subject Number Four is a hardy soul; foolhardy, perhaps, and she paid a visit to the Tero. She described the caverns in a remarkable way, including details that Shaver may have missed. The Tero are wonderful friendly folk and they welcomed her graciously. One man put a ring of light about her which seemed to expedite

communication, as well as create an area of protection. He gave her the information she requested, or rather that I requested and then broke the communication. Her journey back through the tunnels was one of fear and trembling. She saw eyes peering at her out of the rocks and felt the tremendous impact of personified evil. She undertook her journey knowing nothing of the caverns for she had never even heard of Shaver. All this was accomplished without any suggestion or prompting from me. I kept my mind completely free from any ideas that would influence her.

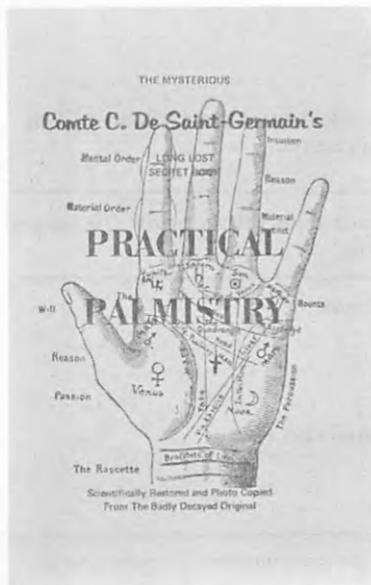
Shaver doesn't exaggerate, I kid you not!

I asked if there was access to the cavern world in our particular area and there is. The subject described the locality and I have seen it. We do not, however, intend to explore it. If there are any hardy souls who would like to do so, knowing the calculated risk, they will find an abandoned mine shaft on a hillside overlooking the Stanislaus River at a point called Parrots's Ferry. We shall do our touring of the caverns from a more protected vantage point. If anyone wishes to make the tour I know just how to get him there and safely back and I have a few constructive ideas on protection against "Tamper". It is definitely not a project for earth people, but for those "Knights of the Solar Cross" who need to know what dragons they must slay, I say "Welcome, Fellow Wanderer".

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Smile Department



Did you hear the one about the guy who stayed up all night to see where the sun went?

No what happened?

It finally dawned on him!



I never see my rector's eyes;
For he hides their light divine.
When he prays, he shuts his own,
When he preaches he shuts mine.



Sign in a church kitchen: Ladies making tea will kindly empty teapots; then stand upside down in the sink.



A child is something that stands halfway between an adult and a TV screen.

The president of the electric company was addressing the club. "The electric company," he said, "has played an integral part in the development of this community. I might well say, 'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

From the back of the room, came a loud voice, "And, oh, what a charge they made."

Internal Revenue Service auditor to nervous citizen: "Let's begin with where you claim depreciation on your wife."

Life with my wife and two sons is always hectic. My older son practices the trumpet constantly. The other one keeps the stereo and TV on at the same time.

One day, after two hours of this racket, I finally said to my older son, "Stop playing that trumpet. You're driving me crazy!"

He replied, "It's too late. I stopped an hour ago."





back talk

WHERE THE READER
HAS HIS SAY

FLYING SAUCERS – RATED X

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Thank you for running my letter in the *July Search*. You're right about it being wrong to trust people blindly. The big problem seems to come when they go beyond what one has seen personally, which is practically all the time. For instance, the issue of Ray Palmer's ideas on Nixon: whatever evidence there is that he's innocent has not yet appeared in the *Newsletter* or anywhere, so it would be foolish to take sides as yet. Part of the issue is simple, if Watergate was a crime, he's a crook, if you think it isn't, then he's not. But I don't really care.

An item in "Oahspe Circle" where you say you don't know what the organization called the "Friends" is: it's another name for the Quakers, as

everybody must have told you by now.

Now, to rehash my letter. Perhaps you are aware of such people as Long John Nebel and Barry Farber, who are late night radio interviewers from New York stations. They constantly interview people who write books on the occult, as well as the various "Penelope Ashes" and Dr. Whoopies who like to be on the air. I have become disgusted, on those few occasions where I've been awake enough to tune in at that hour, with the way they lead the audience on with 99% anticipation and 1% substance; so perhaps I have been overly sensitive to the subject. Also, the things I said in my letter are not necessarily what I believe of course, but what I gathered you were hinting at.

In regard to your reply to Joseph

Grayton, O.C., the astounding thing is many Christians realize there are false Christs, indeed the Bible prophesies it. As far as I've been able to find out, the Church was more or less under control of the real Christ until the fall of Rome, and after that, things went from bad to worse. When I was a Christian, or pretending to be one in my cynical way, I had a great inspiration or two on the subject, and got very excited, and studied Augustine's *City of God* and various parts of the Bible, and was forced to this conclusion. Later, it was confirmed when I read *Three Popes and a Cardinal* by Malachi Martin (Pyramid Books) (an ex-Jesuit), who said roughly the same thing in a Catholic context. He also wrote a rather awful book called *Jesus Now* that listed his views of a hundred false Christs. He did not necessarily say they were real, however. But I am not convinced that the real Christ is a leader worth following. In fact, I learned so much about false Christs, which it's hard to remember, that I quite ignored the real one. It seems that he is building a power base outside the structures of the churches of false Christs, and is using his power within them to destroy them, so that in the end he can regain some lost power in a reorganized system. Martin says the Pope knows this, and is going along with it. He said so on the Lou Gordon TV show a while ago. Yeah, and I wrote a letter to a local panjandrum of that rotten faith and

told him to disband, and all I got from it was junk mail asking me to go to the Cardinal's special masses. I'm an ex-Quaker and current cynic if anyone forgot!

Now, my latest theory was we are in someone else's sky, which would explain a lot, except perhaps the Grote Reber story and stuff. If we were in someone else's sky, then walking or climbing stairs and hills here would be flying there. Instant dream analysis. It might nor might not have something to do with some caves. Come to think of it, the radio waves from up above could still be.

Theory number two: flying saucers are rated X, and that is why nobody's come out with the true story of dark light and rings of fire and flying magnets and stuff—cause it's all so astoundingly obviously related to the sexual method of reproduction as applied between universes used for propulsion. A triangle craft is not merely symbolic if one thinks of the light of the other universe. And that is a relatively mild example. A sincere flying-saucers-uncensored book would be flying saucers rated X, and this will remain a hint!

How much progress do clever ideas make, and are they true or false: even I do not know.

Peter Sutherland

5 Nelson Street

Winchester, Mass. 01890

● Evidence is a "chancey" thing. But we do have our opinions, based on what we observe, hear, read, or

suspect. If, as you say, this is not affected by someone with an axe to grind (in Nixon's case the press, plus the plotters who found him an obstruction to their dream of a world socialist state), we can come up with quite a different picture. It is my own thinking that says Nixon was framed (just as Kennedy(s) were murdered), by the same all-encompassing "plotters" who have been working hard for upwards of 2000 years to bring about their "impossible" (totally prejudiced and intolerant) dream, which is the same as it always has been, world rule. As for the evidence, it WILL come out, and very much of it has already come out. Scoundrels are being smoked out of the woodwork by the hundreds. It is my opinion that in the end Nixon will be vindicated, and some now venerated heroes will be revealed as murderers and liars and subversives.

But to say "I don't really care" is at the crux of the problem today! It is just because the individuals whose individuality is so seriously threatened today by the plotters (socialists who term individuality "anti-social") don't really care that they face an incredibly total slavery from which there will be no escape once the chains are forged upon their minds as well as their bodies. I for one, DO CARE, and I mind very much that my freedoms are under attack, and I DO INTEND TO FIGHT. I can only fight through the written word, and at this very moment, that avenue is under terrible

legal attack in Washington with several bills which are designed to "shut my mouth". The worst thing about these "clever" bills is that they have "riders" which either convince the unwary citizen that they are a good thing, or slip one over on him that he does not understand. Most citizens are against pornography, so it makes sense that one of the features of this bill to destroy the right to reach the public with a small publication is a "rider" that would make it a law that anyone desiring to purchase a copy of "Penthouse or any book on sex" get a physician's examination and a certificate authorizing him to purchase such book. In short, the object is to make people who believe in freedom of speech assert their rights, and get such a certification, which is nothing more than an entry into the master computer that he is a "sexual deviate". Once that gets into the "file" on a person, you can see what any question asked the computer will result in—rejection as unfit for any position, private or public or governmental. He will be forever a "sexual deviate", but you and I will wind up being unable to communicate because even if we don't want Penthouse, or a sex manual, we won't be able to get SEARCH, or FORUM, or Ray Palmer's NEWSLETTER, or FLYING SAUCERS, or what have you!

Watergate was not a crime, it was a plot; against YOU, not Nixon!

I like the idea of us being in "sombody else's sky"—you aren't as

far from the truth as one might believe! And it is also intriguing to think that some of those false Christs might must be FROM somebody else's sky, intruding in ours! Give it a thought...—Rap.

NEWSMEN OR PROPOGANDISTS?

Dear Mr. Palmer:

May I add just a little to your excellent comment in answer to R. Hardy (July issue)?

Hardy says "what a battle to try to enlighten people!" Yes, indeed, Mr. Hardy. So long as the major source of "enlightenment" for millions of people, you probably included, is the TV news media. They are only incidentally purveyors of news. Their principal function is propaganda which they execute brilliantly, not by outright lies but in the much more subtle manner of special emphasis, innuendo and omissions. They always hated Nixon and they finally "got" him, thanks largely to the gullibility of the "unenlightened."

Nixon stopped the war in Vietnam and Congress promptly gave away the peace.

He tried to find a way to live with Russia because he knew the communists had passed us militarily and would continue to do so.

Elsewhere in the world Nixon is regarded as a great man and a great force for world peace. These world leaders are not, of course,

"enlightened" and so they do not know he was the "crummiest president of all time."

Truly, "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

Ray, there are many of us left in this country who deeply appreciate your own, *truly* enlightened comments and your efforts to save this wonderful country from self-destruction.

Sincerely,

Herbert V. Kaeppl
Tennant Star Rt. 18
Maccoel, Ca. 96058

● How much I agree with you! I wonder why the press, now that it has such a tremendous volume of material that question the Kennedy assassination, do not suspect "an evil man" in THAT woodpile, and thunder for a reopening of the Warren Commission, and a full search into what really happened in that affair, and others such as his brother Bobby, Viet Nam's Diem, Rev. King, Trujillo, and on and on?

However, the "controlled press" is not a match for the uncontrolled press, which is a "bunch of little guys" who may have nothing more than a ballpoint pen, who will eventually overwhelm them by weight of numbers. It is then that the tide will turn, and they will rush to their "communications media" and begin screaming the truth so that they will not forever be branded liars in that hall of justice which they do not today believe exists.—Rap.

PAIN IN AMPUTATED LIMBS

My dear Mr. Palmer:

I have a question, you may be able to answer:

What can you perhaps suggest for patients who in spells nightly have excruciating pains in their amputated legs? Even legs which are gone 40 or more years ago. There are many such patients. And as the legs are not there, no pain-killers or shots ever help.

To assist you probably to an answer; I must relate to you the following:

When I was in Europe, I knew many high officers in the army, who go to West Indian Island, that time the possessions of many European countries. They go there for 5 or 10 years. So these colonels want each a house. So here is the story of one of them.

One wanted a certain house but was told he couldn't live in that as it was haunted. Of course, the officer did not believe that, so he took the house. He had a little dog who always sleeps under his bed. Well, he went to sleep, but at 12 midnight he was waken up by a certain noise like a great caravan of wild horses and their riders, and making much noise. The caravan seemed to come from far away; at least a couple of miles. It came nearer and nearer, with more and more noise. The dog was so afraid, he came in the bed of his master. The master was mad and afraid too! Finally, they were all

around the house. He heard it all but could see nothing. The caravan ran several times around the house and went away again, apparently the same direction from where they came. This went on night after night. The colonel did not want to tell other colonels; as they would think he was off. So he went to some old Indians, but they did not know. Finally, one said, "Go to that high Indian; he knows everything."

So the colonel went to the high Indian and told him. The Indian asked from about how far did the caravan start, and was it in the direction of a great big old tree?

"Yes", the colonel said, "it seems to come from there."

So, the old Indian said, "I know. Many years ago an Indian lived in the house you now possess. He was ruthlessly killed by some of your soliders, not properly buried and thrown in a deep hole near that tree. Go there, exhume him, bury him properly and you will not be bothered any more."

Of course the colonel did and he and the dog slept well every night.

I also know that the old religious Jews want their amputated limbs to be buried with them. Keep these members in strong water, which is alcohol till they die. Now we do not know what the hospitals do with all these amputated legs. If perhaps they were properly buried. . .well, I do not know.

The suffering always comes during
(continued on page 64)

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PERSONAL

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BACK TALK (continued from p. 60)

the night and the haunting of these houses mostly between 12 and 2. Any connection? The suffering is great for many of these poor people. It would be grand if we could do something about it. Can you help? Who would know? Could I write to Indian Gurus? I know several. They are highly spiritual and would help if they could.

Catherine Nimmo
2346 Beach Street
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