

THE GHOST OF CAMPBELLTOWN

SEARCH
MAGAZINE

JULY
1957

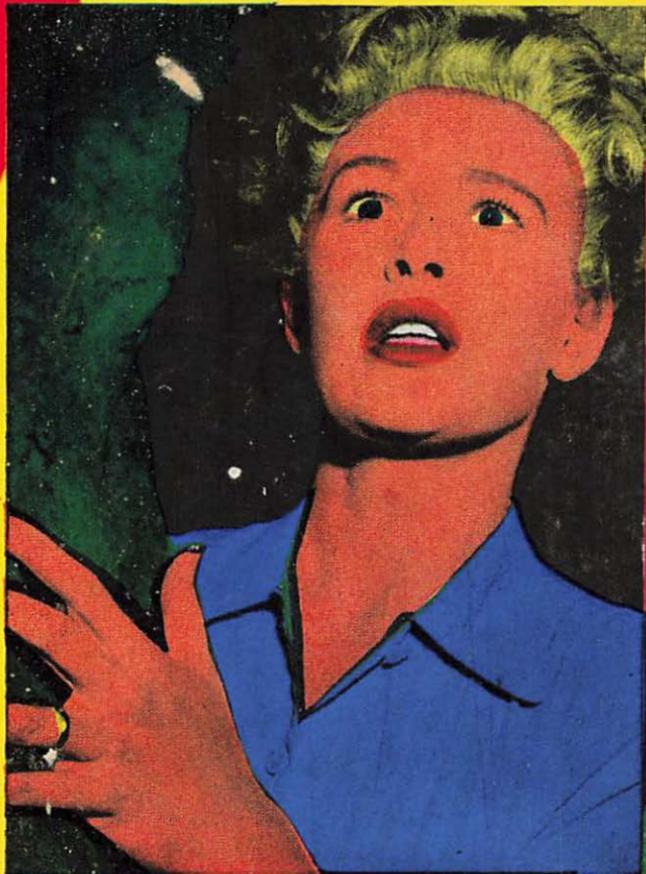
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**HOXSEY'S
PROOF
OF
CANCER
CURE**

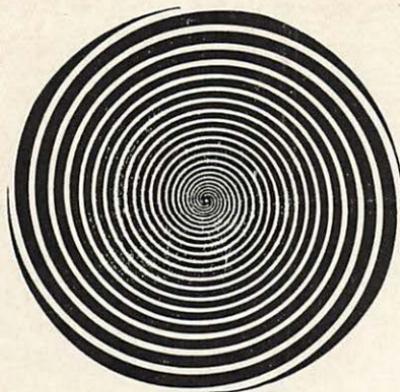
**What Do These
Documentary
Cases Mean?**



**THEIR
FOOD
IS
THIN AIR!**



**PEOPLE STILL BELIEVE IN WITCHES!
SHIP WITH A JINX**



*The Spiral to the left is printed
in an enlarged form in*

THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK

Have your subject gaze fixedly at this spiral and then READ TO HIM the hypnotizing techniques given WORD FOR WORD in Chapter Two of this "Handbook of Hypnosis for Therapy." As soon as he is hypnotized, READ TO HIM the particular WORD FOR WORD therapy which applies to his particular problem. Many such therapies are given, always in the exact WORD FOR WORD form, which is essential in any scientific or professional use of hypnosis.

There has never been a book like this. A few years ago an article in **Western Family** said about its principal author: "Along the west coast, the 'hypnotism man' whose students you'll most likely run into, is Charles Edward Cooke."

Cooke has taught doctors of medicine, dentists, psychiatrists, psychologists, ministers of the gospel, nurses, and many others, from San Diego, California, to Spokane, Washington. Cooke has mass hypnotized as many as 400 people at once by **READING the WORD FOR WORD** hypnotizing technique in this work.

Although written for the professional man, this book will have a wide appeal among laymen who seek precise methods rather than the vague directions that have hitherto been available. **THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK** was written by Mr. Cooke in collaboration with science-fiction novelist and short story writer A. E. Van Vogt.

Chapters from **THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK**

CHAPTER 1: A dialogue example of a new skeptical patient on whom mild hypnosis is applied to gain the patient's confidence and at the same time tell a good deal about hypnosis.
CHAPTER 2: This is the Basic Word for Word Technique for Inducing Hypnosis.
CHAPTER 3: What You Should Know for Your 1st Hypnosis.
CHAPTER 4: The Mechanics of Hypnotizing.

CHAPTER 6: Variation of Speed of Response.
CHAPTER 7: Disguised Hypnosis—Its Use in Therapy.
CHAPTER 8: Relaxing the Patient.
CHAPTER 10: Conditioning in Auto-Hypnosis—Monologue Method Word for Word.
CHAPTER 12: Hypnotic Re-education.
CHAPTER 13: Insomnia.
CHAPTER 14: Headache.
CHAPTER 15: Constipation.

CHAPTER 16: Overweight; Reducing; Dr. and Patient.
CHAPTER 17: Breaking the Habit of Smoking.
CHAPTER 20: Hypnotic Anaesthesia.
CHAPTER 21: Painless Childbirth.
CHAPTER 22: Hypnosis in Dentistry.
CHAPTER 23: Working with children.
CHAPTER 25: Confidence—for Doctor and Patient.
CHAPTER 26: Concentration and Retentive Memory.

Space does not permit a complete listing of all the material which is in this work.

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...Editorial...

IN this issue of SEARCH we are continuing our investigation of the Hoxsey Cancer Cure. Some very strange facts have come to light, and they seem only to make the picture more baffling than ever. However, a sharp delineation of sides of the question is becoming evident, and more than ever, we want to know the *truth* of the matter. Quite frankly, our government is on the negative side of the controversy, and is making positive efforts to eliminate the Hoxsey Cure. It is even warning the public against going to him, and stating flatly that he cannot cure cancer.

In the interest of public health, this is of course a proper thing to do, IF Hoxsey does not *in fact* cure cancer. And we quite agree with the government's interest in the public health in that respect. But a review of the facts do not show that the government has proved that he does not cure cancer. In fact, the question of cure wasn't even the question being decided in the recent trials held, which Hoxsey lost. The question was the matter of the label on the bottle, and whether or not it could be sent through the mails, or sold in inter-

state commerce, as a product labeled thus and so.

Hoxsey had a long list of clients ready to go to the witness chair in support of his cure, and none appeared. The court limited its case to the matter of the label on the bottle, and decided he could not so label the bottle. Which is all right. But what SEARCH is interested in is whether or not Hoxsey HAS cured cancer?

We present our unbiased, neutral report on the matter in this issue. We present the government's warning as given (and as it now appears in post-offices the nation over); and we also present the actual record of cases which Hoxsey (and the patients concerned) claim as cures. ARE they cures? Taken on the face value of the documents reproduced in the magazine, they are. What we want now is positive counter evidence, if such exists, that these *specific* cases are NOT cures. Because if the government can say positively that Hoxsey cannot cure cancer, then it must have ACTUAL evidence in these particular cases. It is this evidence we want to present to the public, to support the government's warning.



Can we know our past lives?

Does personality survive death? Do experiences of past lives cling to our consciousness—as the scent of a flower lingers on? There are mistakes you could avoid—things you could do differently—if you could be certain. Have you felt strangely unlike yourself—more like someone else—with different inclinations and personality? Do new places and faces seem oddly familiar?

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The ROSICRUCIANS

SAN JOSE (A. M. O. R. C.) CALIF.

And if no investigation has been made of these specific cases (we were handed dozens of them, and hundreds, even thousands, are said to exist, but we could not print them all, naturally), then it SHOULD be made immediately. These are cases capable of laboratory proof, and positive records exist. Why not publish them? When a scientific body such as the governmental agency which states Hoxsey cannot cure cancer and warns publicly against going to him makes such a statement, it cannot be merely on hearsay and undocumented opinion. It must be on a factual knowledge gained by investigation. We invite that factual proof; and will publish it word for word.

Cancer is a dread killer. All the facts should be known and put in their proper place.

Some time ago we took an item off the news ticker tape as follows. We want to present it as given, then make a few editorial comments about it to show how to make a statement convey something that it actually does not contain. The quotation is as follows:

"In Seattle, a U.S. weather bureau researcher has come up with some statistics plainly indicating that nuclear explosions have no measurable effect on the Earth's weather.

"The researcher said a long series of measurements he has made

continued on page 6

JULY

1957

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Cover: Diane Brewster in the movie "Pharaoh's Curse"

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of solar radiation further indicates that nothing short of an all-out atomic war can contaminate the air sufficiently to produce weather changes. In that event, he said, the radioactivity itself would be far more menacing to life than any resulting dust cloud which would blot out some of the sun's rays.

"This report was made by weather researcher D. Lee Harris to a Seattle meeting of the American Meteorological Society. The Society is meeting with the convention of the Pacific Division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science."

There you have the news item as it was put on the wires, and as the public read it in the news-

papers.

Just what *does* it say?

It says that a long series of measurements of solar radiation (the word radiation is actually intended to mean the *light* that comes from the sun, in this case, but very conveniently it is taken to mean the *radioactive radiation* by the reader because of the prefacing words "nuclear explosions" which are coupled grammatically with "effect of Earth's weather") indicate that there is no sufficient change in that light (and therefore heat) to make any change in the earth's climate therefrom.

This is, of course, quite correct. The dust cloud isn't enough to dim the sun's light to the extent of

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making it cooler on the Earth. But who's worried about the *dust cloud*? Who's worried about the reduction of the Earth's temperature by a minute fraction of a degree? A millionth of a degree, for instance? The question is quite a different one. It is stated in the next paragraph, all by itself, for emphasis.

Has the series of nuclear explosions so changed the *weather pattern* of the Earth's winds, their directions, velocities, moisture-bearing capabilities, etc, so that unusual weather results?

This question remains unanswered by researcher D. Lee Harris.

But the most vital question of all isn't one of a meteorological nature, or, to put it more plainly, of concern to a "weather man". The really pertinent question is the one touched upon by Mr. Harris' reference to the amount of radioactivity in the air, which cannot be measured by checking *solar* radiation, but only by checking actual samples of the dust in the air itself!

The public wants to know two things: 1) is the atomic testing program changing our weather? and 2) is the atomic debris tossed into the air by the tests dangerously radioactive?

By this "left-handed" article, *someone* is attempting to delude the public into thinking that Mr. Har-

ris' research means that the second question is being answered in the negative. Let it be clear: the radioactivity question is not answered at all by Mr. Harris! And worse still, the weather question is not answered. Everyone knows that the amount of *dust* put into the atmosphere by the bombs is not enough to blot out the sun's *light* to any appreciable extent. It would take many thousands of bombs, exploded on the actual surface of the earth or below it, to produce that dust. Only a war could do it. And there, of course, Mr. Harris is right in saying the problem of dust would be meaningless and insignificant beside that of radioactivity.

The fact of the matter is that there *is* an unusual pattern of weather, and it *is* caused by the bomb's influence on air currents, etc. But it isn't too important. We've been accustomed to having weather. Of all varieties. And the varieties we've had are just of more variety than usual.

The fact of the matter is that radioactive strontium placed in the air, and subsequently in the soil, and thereby in the foods we eat, by the bomb tests is considerable, because it is taken into the body along with calcium, with which it has a similar affinity, and is not discriminated against by our body mechanism, but is taken in with equal facility, to lodge in our bones,

and cause cancer of the bone and of the blood. In areas where the soil is *rich* in calcium this danger is less than where it is starved in calcium. In the latter areas, the plants greedily take up the strontium 90, since the calcium it requires is just not there to take up. So, in those areas, when you eat your spinach, or lettuce or potatoes, you take in a much larger proportion than your more fortunate neighbor who has soil rich in calcium.

Three per cent is said to be the *average* amount of radioactive strontium 90 in the soil the world over (this three per cent is indicative, not of the actual amount in the soil, but the percentage of *dangerous* quality; 100% of this "limit" would be fatal). But in some places it is much less than this, and in others, much more. In some places it has been reported as being as much as 30% the amount that would be fatal!

Since this substance is most dangerous to children, who are in the growing stage, children in an area where 30% exists, stand a chance of contracting bone cancer or leukemia or both, and dying before maturity, of *one in three*. If you live in such an area, and have three children, *one* of them is doomed!

That is the question we want answered, and not by a devious,

deceitful research on something entirely different, presented in the dress of truth, but with the face of calculated "misinterpretation".

Among newsmen, propagandists, etc, it is a well-known fact that "people are stupid", that they are "unthinking," as a general rule, and that they can be easily fooled into believing something by the clever use of words. This is such a clever use of words. And it is all too true that only a *few* people will read this article and understand that it refers strictly to the amount of sunlight being cut off by atomic bomb dust, and not at all to the dangers of radioactive strontium 90, or of unusual storms caused by changed wind-patterns, or even of earthquakes caused by the rude shaking of the earth by the terrific blasts—and everyone should now be convinced of this result after the recent Russian hydrogen bomb blasts, and the resultant earthquakes, worldwide, including San Francisco, which *began* the day of the blast, and continued a long time thereafter.

Earthquakes are caused by faults, or cracks in the granite crust of the earth. These cracks are irregular, and the edges slide against each other as the broken edges move in opposite directions. Due to the irregularities, movement is halted until a great amount of potential energy is expressed, then

the irregularities crumble, and the earth moves *suddenly*, and we have the earthquake. The hydrogen bomb shocks shake the whole earth, as witnessed by the fact that they can be "read" on seismographs all over the world. This shaking "triggers" these areas of tension that have built up, and they go off like a bunch of set mousetraps into which a ball is thrown—and we have an earthquake. The earthquake would have come eventually anyway, but that isn't the point. In this instance, they actually were triggered by the blast.

And who can say what other effects on Mother Earth there are because of these repeated hammer blows of the bombs? What mysterious reaction perhaps in the electronic, magnetic, gravitic fields of the Earth? What effect in areas our science is completely unaware exist?

Our scientists, the world over, say that any strontium 90 added to the atmosphere is too much. Yet, the tests continue, and accelerate, and soon all nations will be in the "act", and dozens of tests yearly will be common. The result is inevitable—the strontium 90 content of the air and soil and water will constantly increase, and the danger to our lives will increase, until conceivably that 100% point is reached, and we are all doomed, irretrievably, as a living form on

this planet.

The question of military danger is no longer pertinent. We can achieve the same destruction by "preparing" for that military danger as we would experience if the military danger became an actuality.

If we *knew* the extent of each danger, and were told honestly about it, we could *decide* which danger we want to risk, and then go ahead. But if we are deluded by such left-handed "research" as is presented to us in this news release, and given no chance as the *people* (the actual government, remember?) of this nation, or of other nations, to decide whether we want to risk armed invasion by an enemy, or slow death by cancer and radioactivity, then it is time to make a change in the representatives of government we elect to look out for our interests.

It is a fact that military men are making these tests—no politician does it, certainly. He *may* be doing it at the order of the politician, yes, but if that politician is being deluded, just as the people are, then we wind up with a military government, acting strictly on its own, and without regard (perhaps due to ignorance) of the danger to which it is subjecting the people it is supposed to be protecting. The whole story of the bomb, its effects, (concluded on page 19)

The GHOST of CAMPBELLTOWN

By Michael Hervey

Mr. Hurley saw the ghost at exactly ten o'clock. He was passing the home of Frederick Fisher—which was situated on the outskirts of Campbelltown, New South Wales — when he caught sight of a shadowy figure perched on the fence. He knew that it couldn't be Fisher — as one of his cronies, a Mr. Worrall, had made it known that he had fled to England rather than face charges of fraud which were pending.

"*Maybe it's a prowler?*" thought Mr. Hurley, coming to a halt. "*But if that's the case, what's he doing sitting on the fence?*"

"Hey, you!" he called, heading toward the stranger. "What are you doing there?"

The stranger got down from the fence and waited for Mr. Hurley to come up to him. The moon cautiously peeked out from behind the clouds for a moment to illuminate the scene with its cold, mysterious rays.

Mr. Hurley came to a sudden halt as if an invisible hand had

grabbed him by the coat tails. The man in the shadows was Mr. Fisher! He looked very strange. His face was positively waxen in color, and his eyes gleamed with an unearthly brilliance. But what was even more frightening was the fact that his clothing seemed to be covered with a horrible, greenish slime, and although it hadn't rained in weeks, water dripped slowly from his hair and hands. A cold shiver slowly coursed its way down Mr. Hurley's spine.

"I — I thought you'd g—gone to England, Mr. Fisher?" he managed to ejaculate at length.

Fisher shook his head mechanically and then pointed toward the creek. "You'll find me down there . . ." the words came to his lips as from great depths. And so saying he slowly dissolved into nothingness.

Mr. Hurley gave a terrified yell and took to his heels. It was some three miles to where he lived, but he did not stop running until he fell across the threshold of his

home.

The badly frightened man lay sick in bed for a whole week, brain fever making it impossible for him to think or talk coherently. On the morning of the ninth day he awoke in full possession of his senses and immediately asked someone to go for the police as he wished to report a murder.

Superintendent William Howe and a constable dropped round in due course. At first Howe was inclined to ridicule Hurley's story, but the latter insisted that they should accompany him to Fisher's property.

"I'll prove to you that I wasn't suffering from delusions!" he fumed.

On the way over to Fisher's place the superintendent had the foresight to pick up a native black tracker. Hurley led them to the spot where he had seen the apparition and some spots of blood were found on the fence.

"Now, do you believe me?" he cried.

"I'll admit it looks suspicious, but it doesn't really prove anything," the superintendent said, refusing to be convinced.

"I'll find you all the proof you need," retorted Hurley, heading for the creek, which was partly dried up. The black snooped around and then suddenly announced: "White man's fat sit down

there." He then poked around in the muddy water with the spear, and then pointed to a particular spot saying: "White man here."

The police immediately set to work and finally brought to light a badly decomposed corpse. Hurley swore it was Fisher.

Superintendent Howe decided to question Worrall, the man who had made such a special point of telling everybody that Fisher had fled to England. On being confronted with the ghastly remains of his erstwhile friend Worrall broke down and confessed.

"I had to kill him," he snivelled. "He meant to put all the blame for swindling those people onto me. I've been to jail once and I knew that I'd never be able to convince anybody that he was lying. I decided to shut him up once and for all. I went down to his place that night and called for him to come out. I waited for him by the fence and then drew his attention to something over by the hill. As he turned I hit him with a heavy piece of fencing I kept hitting him over the head until I was sure he was dead Then I carried him over to the creek and dumped his body into the water."

He was brought to trial, and hanged a few weeks later; and so ended the strangest murder case of the 1800's.

PEOPLE STILL BELIEVE IN WITCHES

By John E. Bowles

A few years ago, the Omaha *Evening World Herald* carried a story about a man named Alfio La Ferla, President of the Italian-American Societa Risveglio, who accused a woman of practicing witchcraft on his mother - in - law. He said that the woman buried a bone with a piece of meat on it under his mother - in - law's window and recited incantations over it, so that "as the worms would eat away the meat of the bone, so would the woman waste away and die." Oddly enough, the man's mother - in - law actually became very ill and "could feel her flesh melting away." This is only one example of the belief in witchcraft which exists in the world today — even in the United States.

According to William Seabrook's book, "Witchcraft in the World Today", over half of the population of the United States still believes in witches. As strange as it may seem, there are annually articles in our newspapers which give accounts of people who practice witchcraft. Among these articles was one about an Ozark Mountain "witch woman" who practiced voodoo and another which dealt with the belief of certain persons in

Cairo, Illinois, that a sure way to kill a man was to put his photograph under the eaves of a porch and let the rain pour on it. Probably an even better example of the widespread belief of Americans in witchcraft would be shown by the great numbers of people who shy away from walking under a ladder or are afraid to let a black cat cross their paths. These fears arise from the belief that a "hex" has been put upon these objects. Magazines are even published for believers of such supernatural phenomena.

Although the belief in witchcraft is universal, it is concentrated mostly in primitive, uncivilized societies. In these primitive societies witchcraft, better known as voodoo, is a live religion consisting of natural primitive worship.

Voodoo spells can be used for good purposes as well as bad. An example of this is the "Ouanga", a love charm which is used in Haiti. Recently, a young native who was rejected by a native girl in his attempts at love went to his grandmother for advice. The old woman told the boy to fetch a hummingbird. When the bird was obtained, the old woman dried it

and ground it into a powder. Incantations were said over the powder, and then a few drops of the native boy's blood were added. To this was added some of the boy's semen and some pollen from a jungle flower. This concoction was then put into a pouch made from the scrotum of a goat. A few nights later, the native boy met the girl at a dance. He immediately threw the powder in the girl's face, and although she spat and cursed at him, she eventually became his mistress. The spell evidently had worked.

Most voodoo spells, however, are used for evil purposes. If some native wants to get rid of an enemy, he goes to a witchdoctor and has it done legally. The belief in voodoo is so strong in some tribes that the natives don't believe in natural deaths at all, but attribute all deaths to voodoo. A good example of the use of voodoo for evil ends is found in the use of the "Machila", or stretcher. The person who wants the deed performed brings a sample of the ground upon which the intended victim has watered and pliable saplings from a certain tree. From the earth, the witchdoctor prepares a kind of medicine, and from the saplings he constructs a sort of stretcher. These articles are then taken to the place where the intended victim is sleeping. The

medicine is sprinkled upon the ground before the entrance of the hut, and the stretcher is leaned against the door. If the native opens the door and the stretcher falls, he soon dies. Death is supposedly caused by the strong belief which the natives have in this charm. At any rate, death is certain, and no amount of medical treatment will help, because there is nothing wrong with the victim physically at the time of his death.

One of the most dreaded forms of Haitian - African witchcraft involves the dressing of a corpse in the clothes of the victim and exposing the corpse to rot away in some secret place in the jungle. Some men have gone mad searching for the bodies with their clothes on them; others have even died.

In order to perform a spell on someone, the witchdoctor needs a piece of the intended victim's clothing or else some other object with which the victim has been closely associated. Fiji Island witchdoctors burn these articles with certain kinds of leaves in order to bring about a spell. In nine cases out of ten, if the reputation of the witchdoctor is powerful enough, the victim will become so nervous and fearful that he will contract a disease or may even die. Many natives bury their fingernail clippings, hair particles, etc. for fear that someone may find them and

use them in casting a spell upon themselves.

Australian aborigines believe that once a witchcraft bone is pointed at them, they will die. Their belief in this spell is often so great that they die.

Unexplainable deaths which are attributed to witchcraft exist in other, more civilized parts of the world. In the Philippines there existed as late as 1954, cases of deaths apparently resulting from nightmares. Men were known to have gone to bed at night in the usual manner, only to cry out in their sleep and never to awaken again. Autopsies performed upon these men showed no physical cause of death. None of these strange cases had any similarity except for the circumstances under which they happened. In the last quarter century 130 such deaths have occurred, and all were unexplainable. The age group of the victims was from 20 years to 60 years. Cases similar to these were reported in Honolulu. Many theories have been advanced as to the cause of these deaths. Some experts say they were caused by food poisoning; others say they were caused by a disruption of the sympathetic nervous system. None of the theories, however, have fully explained these deaths.

The origin of witchcraft is probably as old as man. As far back

as can be remembered man has feared the unknown. Mysterious happenings, sickness, disease, and even death have been attributed to some supernatural power when no one could find a reason for their existence. Modern psychologists and other scientists who refuse to accept the existence of witches attribute the belief in witchcraft to man's inability to explain, even though he has led a good life, the woes and sorrows set upon him for no apparent reason. There are, however, numerous cases of voodoo and witchcraft which science is unable to explain.

During past centuries, many people of high authority believed in witches and even reported seeing them. The influence of the belief in witches was once so great that even kings and popes believed in them. Charlemagne was one of the earliest to issue edicts against witches and their practices of witchcraft. He forbade "every sort of magic, enchantment, and witchcraft with death as the penalty for those who invoked the devil, compounded love philters (potions), started tempests, dried up milk of cows, or tormented their fellow creatures with sores and diseases".

Even popes issued edicts against the practice of witchcraft. Pope Innocent VIII armed inquisitors with papal authority to try, convict, and punish witches who were

caught. This started one of the bloodiest eras in history, which didn't end for centuries. This was the start of witch hunts everywhere, which didn't end until several thousand lives were snuffed out — many times without the slightest justification.

During the inquisition, people who were accused of being witches were tortured until they confessed, and then they were burned at the stake. Many times prisoners would confess, even though they weren't guilty, because the torture was too much for them. There are accounts of Cumanus, a town in Italy, in which 41 women were burned at the stake in a single year. Another account, in Germany, described the execution of more than 500 in a single year.

Just the accusation of being a witch was usually enough to convict a person. The fear of witches was so great that it left the people in panic. These accusations were used by some politicians and others as an almost foolproof method of getting rid of their enemies. Historians have estimated that from the passing of the act of Queen Mary until the accession of James to the throne — a period of about 39 years — more than 17,000 "witches" were executed in England alone.

Many famous religious men and philosophers believed in witch-

craft. Among these were St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and Hippocrates. An early believer in witchcraft, Brother Francesco - Maria Guazzo of the Order of St. Ambrose, wrote a book on the subject of witchcraft entitled "Compendium Maleficarum". In this book he related accounts of witches and the evil deeds which they brought about.

Literature of the Elizabethan period and other literary periods shows the widespread belief of witchcraft in those times. Shakespeare, for instance, has witches appear in some of his plays, such as Macbeth.

Today, witchcraft has advanced to the point where it is a specialty. Secret societies and cults are formed. It has come to the point where witchdoctors now hold annual conventions. Once each year, witchdoctors hold a meeting at Pretoria, South Africa, about 36 miles south of Johannesburg. Here the African Dingaka Association gets together to discuss secrets and discoveries and to demonstrate new techniques.

Though the belief in witchcraft is universal today, we of the civilized world are taught to disbelieve it. Perhaps someday science will be able to find the causes of certain unexplainable phenomena, thereby ridding man of his belief in the supernatural. Until this puzzle is solved, we can only wonder: does witchcraft really work?

THEIR FOOD IS THIN AIR

By K. M. Talgeri

The question, can man live indefinitely without food and drink, is worth examining. The world still has people who claim that they are never hungry at all! Maybe our normal concepts of what constitutes "hunger" and "non-hunger" do not apply to them. Gastronomy, it appears, has no place in their vocabulary.

These chosen few just do not eat or drink. Yet they permit themselves to be merry, without any thought that tomorrow they may die. What meaning or significance could "fasting unto death" have for these rare, human oddities who thrive on mere ether?

A remarkable case is that of Giri Bala of Bihar, a village in Bankura District, West Bengal. Over 70 years of age, this lady with sparkling eyes and a wistful smile has not taken food or drink since she was twelve years and four months old. Her childhood was uneventful, except that she was possessed of an insatiable appetite.

When she was married in her

twelfth year, she was mercilessly ridiculed by her mother - in - law, day in and day out, for her gluttonous habits. One day, stung to the quick, she resolved "never to touch food as long as I live"! She repaired to Nawabganj Ghat on the Ganges and in the intensity of her misery, had a unique inner experience. She had a vision of her Guru who taught her a Yoga technique which involved a certain breathing exercise and the repetition of a *mantra*.

"I have never had any children; many years ago, I became a widow," she told the late Swami Yogananda, "I sleep very little, as sleep and waking are the same to me. I meditate at night, attending to my domestic duties in the day. I slightly feel the change in climate from season to season. I have never been sick nor experienced any disease. I feel only slight pain when accidentally injured. I have no bodily excretions. I can control my heart and breathing."

Giri Bala was apparently the subject of three thorough, empiri-

cal investigations by His late Highness Sri Bijay Chand Mahtab, Maharaja of Burdwan, who is considered to have established the authenticity of her case beyond any shadow of doubt.

Then there is the case of Dhana-lakshmi, 22 - year - old charming girl of Coorg in South India, which has to be completely investigated without any bias from members of the medical fraternity who are naturally hostile to phenomena bordering on the miraculous. Dhanalakshmi has remained without any food or drink ever since she felt a nausea for them when she was about fifteen. She, too, has no bodily excretions, but is otherwise normal and healthy. She even helps her parents in drawing water from the well and in doing the daily chores.

Yet another remarkable case was that of Shogi Baba of Simla, who in his early life worked as a laborer, architect and engineer. He shunned publicity and lived a life of seclusion. He subsisted merely on water and air. An old disciple of his, known to the present writer, records that Shogi Baba became an adept in Yoga in later life and finally attained *samadhi* (death at will) in 1933.

In the West, too, a few rare cases have come to light. The amazing record of Mrs. Barbara Moore - Pataleewa bears mention

here. This woman of fifty, who looks less than thirty, has beaten old age and will probably live to be at least 150, on a diet of water and air. She has, she says, found that she can get on splendidly without eating. Her "diet" consists of sunlight, air and an occasional glass of water.

Twenty - three years ago, Mrs. Moore - Pataleewa ate three normal meals a day. Slowly, for 12 years, she cut down her eating until she was keeping fit on one meal a day, of grass, chicken, clover, dandelion and an occasional glass of fruit juice. Eight years ago, she switched entirely to juices from raw tomatoes, oranges, grasses and herbs. But, for the last four years, it would appear, she has been taking nothing but a glass of water, flavored with a few drops of lemon juice — just to kill the taste of chlorine.

"There is so much more in the sun and air than can be seen by the naked eye or by scientific instruments," she says, "and the secret is to find out the way to absorb that extra energy — that cosmic radiation — and turn it into food; that is what I have done."

This lady has never used her ration book since rationing began. She had every page stamped "cancelled" just for evidence that she does not eat. Every year she goes to Switzerland for purer air, and

climbs the mountains on a diet of water from streams.

"You see," she explains, "my body cells and blood have undergone a complete change in composition. I am impervious to heat, cold, hunger, fatigue or disease. Winter or summer, even in Switzerland, I wear nothing but a short-sleeved jumper and skirt. In cold weather people stare at me. But while they are shivering in furs, I am perfectly warm. I am as strong as any man and need only four or five hours' sleep for mental relaxation. Because I have no toxins in my system for microbes to live on, I am never ill."

But the most astounding case from the West is that of Therese Neumann of Konnersreuth in Bavaria. She was born in 1898 on Good Friday. Injured in an accident at the age of twenty, she became blind and paralyzed. But she miraculously regained her sight in 1923 through what she claims to have been her devout prayers to St. Therese of Lisieux. Later, her limbs also were instantaneously healed. From then on, up to this day, she has abstained completely from food and drink, except for the daily swallowing of a little consecrated wafer, the size of a small coin. "I take it for sacramental reasons; if it is not consecrated, I am unable to swallow it," she says.

Dr. Wutz, relating some of his experiences of this remarkable lady to Swami Yogananda, who met her in Bavaria, said, "Several of us, including Therese, often travel for days on sight - seeing trips throughout Germany. It is a striking contrast — while we have three meals a day, Therese eats nothing. She remains as fresh as a rose, untouched by the fatigue which the trips cause us. As we grow hungry and hunt for wayside inns, she laughs merrily. Because she takes no food, her stomach has shrunk. She has no excretions, but her perspiration glands function. Her skin is always soft and firm."

In 1926, stigmata appeared on Therese's head, breast, hands and feet. On Friday, every week thereafter, she has passed through the Passion of Christ, suffering in her own body His world-liberating agonies.

Several other persons in the West are reputed to have lived without eating. Among them may be mentioned St. Lidwina of Schiedam, Blessed Elizabeth of Rent, St. Catherine of Siena, Dominica Lazzari, Blessed Angela of Foligno and the 19th-century Louise Lateau. St. Nicholas of Flue ("Brueder Klaus", the fifteenth-century hermit, whose impassioned plea for union saved the Swiss Confederation at the Diet of Stans) was an abstainer from food for twenty

years!

One may ask oneself what answer has modern science to give to this recurring riddle. Will biology ever throw light on this unique phenomenon? Perhaps one may put forward a theory, however fantastic, that these food - eschewing human marvels have some hidden biological mechanism, not yet discovered by science, for drawing the vital force from the ether that surrounds us and thereby sustaining themselves. But this is not explaining the mystery, but merely explaining it away.

It may be worth while mentioning here the observations, germane to the subject, made by Dr. George W. Crile of Cleveland, Ohio, speaking to a gathering of medical men. He said: "What we eat

is radiation; our food is so much quanta of energy. This all-important radiation, which releases electrical currents for the body's electrical circuit, the nervous system, is given to food by the sun's rays. Atoms are solar systems. They are vehicles that are filled with solar radiance as so many coiled springs. These countless atomfuls of energy are taken as food. Once in the human body, these tense vehicles, the atoms, are discharged in the body's protoplasm, the radiance furnishing new chemical energy, new electrical currents. Your body is made up of such atoms. They are your muscles, brains, and sensory organs such as eyes and ears."

Some day, perhaps, scientists will discover how man can live directly on solar energy.

Editorial -----★ (Concluded from Page 9)

its potential, should be common knowledge. No voting people can vote intelligently concerning the operation of their government unless they know the facts of life which they wish to govern.

We are engaged in the pursuit of *life*, liberty and happiness; and we are being led down the wrong trail by a false roadmap of information. If we read news releases such

as these, and misinterpret them in such a manner that we are misinformed as to the facts, then we deserve to lose our lives, through lack of intelligent pursuit!

The least we can do is read everything *carefully*, and if it doesn't tell us what we want to know, *demand* that the information be presented so that we *can* understand it.

THE END

VENGEANCE OF THE WHITE OAK

By

Jean Cornelius

“Did someone die in this house?” Marie asked Alice and John Tuttle.

Marie was a happy woman, unblest or unhampered with any curiosity as to the existence of anything supernatural. The Tuttle were, therefore, surprised at her question and even more surprised at her admission that she would not sleep alone in the house any longer and that even with a friend with her, she left all the lights on. But they could not answer her question. It was too late; they could only nudge each other, remember what had gone before, and wonder at the strange workings of Fate.

The story that follows can be sworn to by the Tuttle, and newspaper accounts of the climactic tragedy can be supplied. However, to prevent a resurgence of curiosity about a story that has been obliterated in the minds of most,

the names have been changed, and the locality is not named. Everything else is true.

The reader may want to share the author's belief that a large, white oak was the home of a bevy of woodland spirits, if not protected by a more powerful and intelligent deva visible only to the clairvoyant, but perhaps capable of producing results on our plane. This can only be conjecture; perhaps the spirits that large trees, or groups of trees, are supposed to have are only benevolent and would not condescend to meddle in things on this plane even if that which they lovingly protect and nurture were despoiled or destroyed. Or perhaps this is only the story of a man who in this life and the next remained attached to a tree and sought to protect it.

The Tuttle had sold Marie her lovely hillside cottage, having bought it a number of years be-

fore from Walter Higby. They regarded Walter as a friend but knew little of his past other than that he was an educated man. They did not think it strange nor fanatical that Walter loved a towering white oak back of his cottage almost as if it were human. He unabashedly admitted that he had hugged and kissed it. John also was almost sentimental about any growing thing. Some vestigial or latent belief that all living things should be respected as sentient beings clung to him, and he could not, without qualms, pluck a dandelion.

Although Walter was getting too old to climb the hill leading to his property, he said he would not sell at any price unless the purchasers would swear that they would never, under any circumstances, cut down the tree or change nature's landscaping with its lush, virgin vegetation. The Tuttle were anxious to buy the property for a weekend place and when they pledged protection of the tree, the papers were drawn up. When they were at the title company with their money in hand, some strange attraction or loyalty to the tree caused Walter to say, "I won't sell." With more persuasion and the Tuttle's reiterated promise, the sale was at last consummated.

The Tuttle in improving the property were always careful not to harm any of the growing things

as they were mindful of their promise, and the surroundings were beautiful as they were in their wild, primitive state. Hazelnut and elderberry bushes were abundant, as well as small bay trees. There was a profusion of Indian paint brush, wild cucumber vine, lupin and trillium.

After two years they gave up going to the cottage and let their friend, Marie, use it. After four or five years she offered to buy it as she had been using it exclusively. Alice and John on their infrequent visits found that she was gradually changing nature's lovely garden and having terraces built, on which she planted geraniums, petunias, cactii and azaleas. She was using the wood of the bay trees as bulkheads for the terracing. The Tuttle were fond of Marie and refrained from telling her that they thought her actions a desecration.

Some months later when they again visited her, they found that she had had her handyman, Jake, cut down the white oak. She complained that it hid the sun too much. "It scraped the roof, too, and scratched the windows," she said. "It seemed to sigh in the wind like a person. I couldn't stand it."

John remembered that the limbs of the tree had only caressed the house, and he deplored her action not only as a breach of his promise

to Walter but because its roots had helped anchor the frame house to the side of the steep hill.

It was after the tree was cut down that Marie was no longer at peace in the house. She complained to the Tuttles of strange rattlings in the rafters of the living room. Tappings would come from the fireplace and from the dark corners on each side of it. She told of a "thing" that seemed to whistle past her face like a passage of swishing air. It would often happen after she had gone to bed.

Knocks would be heard at the door when no one was there. When she heard steps on the outside staircase night after night, she became so frightened that she would no longer use it at night and eventually had an inside one built. She told of opening the big picture windows on the second story and peering out into the night to see if there were prowlers around, and she would throw things crashing out the window to frighten away whoever, or whatever, was bothering her. She started sleeping with the lights on at night and at last would not sleep alone in the house. She had one close neighbor, a Mrs. Evans, whose house was separated from hers by a three-foot high fence, but the region was as dark and mysterious as a diminutive forest, and Marie felt a great sense

of isolation. The towering trees, steep hills, ravines, and canyons made the other homes of the area seem much farther away than they were.

Though it would be germane to this story, the Tuttles cannot remember the exact length of time the strange phenomenon continued, or if it ever ceased while or after Marie lived there. At the time it came to their attention, they had learned that Walter had died, but they did not mention this to Marie. She continued in her work of "restoration" and was having Jake remove great quantities of soil from the place the tree had been. They were building additional terraces and throwing the fill up against the huge stone chimney at the rear of the house.

John knew that in the dry season the soil would settle and shrink and, in the rainy season, expand. He convinced Marie that this was very dangerous, as it would eventually push the house off its foundations.

With shovel, hoe and rake a group of their friends came to repair the damage done. They were making a gay garden-party affair of it and laughing at the outraged Jake as he jumped around like a bothersome elf protesting at the undoing of his weeks of work. In the midst of the merry-making and work, Alice stepped on the

prongs of a rake, causing the handle to fly up and hit her soundly on the temple. It raised a lump the size of an egg, and it was feared at first that her eye was in danger.

When the fright of the accident had worn off and Alice's pain was lessening, Walter told her of seeing a figure on the other side of the picket fence, about ten feet from where they were working. He thought at first it was their neighbor, Mrs. Evans, and started to say hello when the figure vanished. Alice said, "I saw the same thing. I started to say, good - morning, and then the rake hit me." They compared notes and agreed that the figure seemed semi - transparent, as they could see the form of the bushes through it, and that it resembled a pillar of pearl gray smoke four or five feet high. It resembled a human figure only vaguely, suggesting a dumpy woman in a grayish wrapper.

The elements next took a hand in wreaking vengeance on the despoilers of this small hillside. At the next rainy season a landslide scooped out a piece of the hill and carried Mrs. Evans' house into the canyon below, completely burying another cottage in the bottomland.

Firemen, police, and volunteers

worked throughout the night and the next day with searchlights and heavy, earth - moving machinery to unscramble the pulverized houses. Mrs. Evans was away at the time, but the other house was occupied. The woman of the house had gone to their car for a moment, and her son was half out a window when the mass of mud, redwood trees, and rocks hit, but two more were known to be trapped in the wreckage. While police stood by barring the entrance to Marie's house for fear that it would go at any moment, a great crowd watched the efforts to save the two men buried beneath the mass of debris. Their efforts were in vain.

Many hours later the bodies of the owner of the house and his guest of the evening was found. The guest was Jake, the handyman, who had taken the life of the white oak.

Marie moved to another rustic cottage some distance away, but she still heard inexplicable heavy footsteps around her isolated cottage, as if someone were patrolling the lonely, treeflanked road that circled her house, and she would still wake up in the night terrorized by an invisible "something" that brushed past her face.

THE END

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The SHIP With A JINX

By Michael Hervey

The day of days had arrived. *The Great Eastern*, the largest vessel of her day, was ready for launching. Her designer, I. K. Brunel, studied the graceful 680-foot ship with critical eye. When fitted out she would displace some 19,000 tons. She was practically unsinkable, boasting of a double hull and water tight compartments. Her six masts — five of iron and one of wood — would carry no less than 7,000 square yards of sail. Her eight engines, which were to drive the screws and paddles, could develop at least 11,000 horsepower. She was a modern Goliath, capable of sailing half-way round the world without refueling, and accommodating 2,000 passengers; but there were some who were already calling her a 'white elephant' and a jinx ship. During the process of her construction at Millwall four workmen had died, all as the result of accidents. Even so, it was ridiculous to say that the ship was cursed — or was it?

The launching proved a fiasco, much to the joy of his enemies. The vessel slewed sideways, killing yet another workman in the pro-

cess, and became jammed on the slips. It took three months to right her, and another \$60,000 to pay for the damage, by which time her owners, the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, were forced to go into liquidation.

A new company was formed, and on September 7th, 1859, she made a trial run to Holyhead where the Prince Consort was to come aboard. *En route* one of her boilers exploded and several of her stokers were scalded to death. The crew then demanded to be put ashore, saying that there was a curse on the ship. Half of them were clapped into irons, and the *Great Eastern* finally arrived to Holyhead several hours late.

Brunel was supposed to have sailed with her, but he had no sooner set foot on board than he suffered a stroke from which he never recovered.

The "hoodoo ship" as she eventually became known, now ran into more trouble. Within a few minutes of the anchors having been lowered, a violent storm sprang up. The leviathan was battered unmercifully, and by the time the gale blew itself out it had inflicted

damage to the super - structure to the tune of \$9,000; and if that wasn't enough, the Captain and a young seaman were drowned while heading for the shore in a small dingy.

After further financial troubles the *Great Eastern* was finally assigned to the Atlantic run. She made the first crossing during the summer of 1860: her passengers numbered exactly thirty - five. Needless to say, they lost money on the trip. She continued to lose money and seamen, some of whom died while fighting each other down below, or were washed overboard during rough weather.

The new company was also on the verge of going broke, and they approached the Government for help. The newspapers of the day also took up the cry saying that British prestige would suffer if the *Great Eastern* was not kept in service, and so she was eventually assigned to troop carrying. On her first trip to Canada she carried over 2,000 troops and their families, making the crossing in the record time of eight days.

It was her first and last trip as a troop carrier. She went back on the New York run; her passengers dwindled until they became practically non - existent. The hoodoo now took a more active turn and she ran onto some rocks outside of Long Island. Her double bottom

saved her from going down, but the repairs cost \$75,000.

The men employed on patching up the gaping hole swore that they heard ghostly tappings every time they stopped work. "It sounds as if someone is trapped in between the double hull and is trying to get help," they told reporters. Passengers who had travelled on the *Great Eastern* also came forward to confirm the story. They, too, had heard muffled bangs and groans during the stillness of the night.

Her owners would have nothing more to do with her, and the once "proud greyhound of the sea" which had, so far, cost nearly \$2,000,000 to build and maintain, was auctioned off for \$20,000!

She was assigned to cable laying, and in that respect she achieved fame by putting down the first Atlantic cable, thus making it possible for people in Europe to send telegrams to America for the first time in history. Other cables were laid in the Indian Ocean, but she proved much too expensive to run, and she was sold in 1874 to some enterprising gentlemen who turned her into a sort of glorified floating fun fair.

She was further humiliated two years later when she was converted into a huge floating advertising boarding, her entire length being

(Concluded on page 27)

STOCK MARKET COINCIDENCE

By W. E. Farbstein

In the October 1954 number of *MYSTIC* (previous title of *SEARCH*) — in its feature entitled *The Man From Tomorrow* — I happened to read an interesting letter from a man named Gilbert H. Cross of Springfield, Ill. Mr. Cross stated that he had stretched himself out on his bed to relax one Sunday afternoon in June of 1952, and that there suddenly appeared in his mind's eye the phrase "Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe 106¼." He was not asleep when this occurred, he said, nor fully awake, but in a dreamy, in-between twilight state.

It happened, Cross explained, that he had been spending a great deal of study on the stock market at that time, but this particular stock was one to which he had never devoted any attention. But he immediately picked up the paper to check on it, of course, and found Atchison quoted at 78½. For the next six months he followed the quotations daily, and watched the stock climb until it finally did one day reach 106¼, according to an early - edition news-

paper. Actually, however, it was a misprint. The correct price level was 104¼, he found, when he checked with an accurate, later - edition newspaper. And this price was the highest level that Atchison attained up to the time Cross wrote his letter, in 1954. (At this time, in the spring of 1956, it's quoted at over 160.)

Two years after this incident, Cross continued, on a warm day in June 1954, he again lay down to relax. And again, just as before, when he was neither full asleep or awake, there appeared to him in his mind's eye this line: "Du Mont 59." He rose, picked up the paper and turned to the American Stock Exchange report, which showed Du Mont Lab quoted at about 10. He bought some shares the next morning.

After reading this article in *MYSTIC*, I wrote to Cross and asked him if he had been quoted correctly. He replied that he had, and that he felt confident that the Du Mont stock would go up. By this time it was selling for 13. I called up my broker and put in

an order for a token number of shares at market, and sat back to wait. I'm still waiting!

The Du Mont Lab stock has been teetering back and forth since that time. On one occasion it reached 17, and then it began to slide back. The corporation got into difficulties and did a lot of re - organizing. It sold some of its best television broadcasting stations, such as the one in my home town, Pittsburgh, and it spun off one of its companies. Today, almost two years after Cross had his vision, Du Mont Lab is being quoted at about 7 a share.

But, here is the amazing angle! On January 10, 1956, I picked up a copy of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* and turned to the American Stock Exchange quotations — and caught my breath when I saw that Du Mont Lab was being quoted at 59¼!

It was a typographical error, alas — the *Post - Gazette* proof - reader must have been out on a party the night before. But isn't this misprint of the figure 59, which conforms exactly to the Cross prediction, entirely too extraordinary a coincidence to be brushed off as a mere coincidence?

The **SHIP** *With A* **JINX**

(concluded from page 25)

covered with solgans urging the public to shop at a certain Liverpool store.

The ghostly rappings increased; so much so, that watchman after watchman walked off saying that they wouldn't stay on board for a million pounds. Round about midnight a sudden chill descended upon the ship, they reported. Then the knocking would start somewhere down below. You could never track it down: it seemed to move ahead of you all the time. They were all agreed about one thing, however, and that was that the

noise came from between the double hull.

The mystery was solved in 1888 when she was taken to the breaker's yard. The materials in her realized more than \$60,000; but there were two unexpected items whose value could not be assessed in terms of cash. In between part of the double hull workmen came across the skeletons of a riveter and that of an apprentice, both of whom had apparently been trapped down below while the ship was being built.

THE END

IT HAPPENED TO ME...

From time to time SEARCH magazine passes on accounts of true experiences from our readers. The following stories are given to us as actual happenings, and the editors are pleased to present them at face value. "It Happened to Me . . ." is just one phase of SEARCH'S presentation of evidence upon which its readers can draw their own conclusions. Names and addresses are printed, or are on file at the office of SEARCH in the case of those to whom identification might prove to be a source of embarrassment or inconvenience. SEARCH does not pay for these contributions, but presents them as a service to those readers who request actual happenings going on today, and in the lives of living people.

THE SPIRITED TABLE TALKED

During the war years my wife and I were stationed in Norfolk, Va. and had temporary quarters in the home of Mrs. Mason. Gasoline for cars was scarce and not too much entertainment was available so we had to use our own devices for pleasure and relaxation in the evenings.

During one cold, raw, blustery evening when we were at loose ends, Mrs. Mason called up to our apt. and asked if we would like to try to make the table walk.

Naturally I had heard of this, but had just assumed it to be old wive's tales or something to do for

children's parties, so I was not particularly enthusiastic about the idea, but since there was nothing else to do, I agreed.

When we entered the living room downstairs the lights had been dimmed and several members of the family were present. The wind outside was raging and someone had suggested that we light a red lamp since that was supposed to be advantageous to psychic manifestations.

I was so skeptical that I would not even take part in the proceedings. When the others got out the heavy side table and gathered

around with their hands forming a circle on the table top with the fingers touching, I sat off to one side in silent mockery.

Whether the night had anything to do with it or not, I shall never know. Possibly it may have been the red light, or as some present thought before the evening was over; it may have been my presence which caused the most unusual occurrence I have ever experienced. At any rate the group had not long remained at the table in profound silence before we heard a sort of cracking noise as though the table was coming to life in some strange mysterious way.

Finally, one of those at the table asked if there were spirits present. Slowly the table rose on two legs as though some unseen hand guided its actions and then with a jar, dropped back to the floor. I felt a thrill of amazement run through me since it was obvious that just the light pressure of fingers touching the top of the table could not cause it to tilt that way. I must admit that the others were almost as skeptical as I and most of us even then did not take the occurrence too seriously.

My wife, who was with the group around the table, asked if the answers to questions could be spelled out with one knock for yes; two knocks for no; and words spelled with one knock for each letter in

the alphabet.

The table immediately knocked once and then came to rest. Then the fun began. Questions of a frivolous nature were asked and always answered. I remember one question by Mrs. Mason's mother was, "What would we do if the preacher should come in now?" and the answer was, "Let us pray."

All this time I had remained aloof and trying desperately to figure some way to explain what I was seeing scientifically. It just didn't make sense to my analytical mind and yet I could not believe that what I was seeing was simply mass hypnosis. My senses were all too sharp and wide-awake with no suspicion of drowsiness present. Still I had to find out for sure that it was not some trickery which I could not detect.

I laid my plans carefully and finally asked if the table could answer questions which were asked mentally. The answer was an immediate single knock for YES.

First I asked mentally for the table to tell us the day of the week. After a short pause the correct day was slowly spelled out. I did notice one unusual thing in the answers. The spelling was all phonetic; that is to say the words were all just like they sound and all the silent letters were left out.

It must be remembered that at this time I was not speaking at all,

so as to be sure that those around the table could not get a suggestion of what my question was going to be, and so be able to answer correctly. My next question was, "What is my birth date?" The answer was correct not only to the date, but even the day of the week was mentioned. By now my amazement had given way not only to complete surprise, but almost to absolute belief that I was witnessing what could never be explained in any way other than by belief of things supernatural.

For me this was one of the most profound experiences of my life since I had always heard of happenings like this, but this was my first and only chance actually to witness it taking place. I had no intention of letting this opportunity slip by without being certain. I had one more trick up my sleeve; one more test and I would be sure.

By now I was completely convinced that those who were touching the table were not using any sort of trickery, but it was just barely possible that it could be telepathy. I might be sending impulses which were picked up subconsciously and answered through the table.

The question I would ask next must be one to which no one in the room could supply the answer, including myself. If the table could answer this, then we had positive

proof that something or someone beyond the knowledge of man was in all truth controlling this amazing seance.

Again I put the question mentally and with an open mind. Mrs. Mason's husband was in the service and was over seas, and she had not heard from him for some time. She was understandably worried since this was the time when the papers were full of the BELGIAN BULGE. The question: "Where is Pvt. James T. Mason, and when will his wife hear from him?" This required a long answer, but with no apparent hesitation, the table began to knock out the answer almost as rapidly as a telegraph key. The words came as follows: F-R-A-N-C-E- S-I-X- D-A-Y-S.

By now the others present realized that I had asked some question about the war, and I was forced, much against my better judgment, to divulge my final question. I was worried for fear that I would upset Mrs. Mason, but my fear was groundless. In exactly six days almost to the hour, Mrs. Mason got an air mail letter from her husband telling her that he had been in the Belgian Bulge battle, but had come through without a scratch and was now in France in a rest camp and would be home soon.

Remain skeptical if you like. I realize that many will read this

with tongue in cheek, but as for me, how can I ever be anything but convinced.

George F. Brietz
45 So. Atlantic Ave.
Daytona Beach, Fla.

ASTRAL PROJECTION

It was in the summer of 1956 that this strange experience happened to me. It was somewhere between the hours of 11:00 P. M. and 12:00 P. M. that I noticed my whole body become numb. I had been reading a book entitled "The Projection of the Astral Body," and although I believed in the possibility of an astral body I did not accept it as fact. When my body grew numb, I believed it to be from poor circulation — but what happened next proved me wrong.

I had read in the book that the astral body slowly moved out of the physical. This did not happen in my case and I wish to pass this bit of information along to the investigators of such strange happenings. All at once it seemed as if I jumped up very fast and gave myself a shove with both of the arms of my astral body. I lost consciousness as I rose very quickly. After what I believe to have been about two minutes my consciousness came back and I was floating on my back with my feet tilted slightly down. I was flapping my arms at a very fast pace, righting my body. I could not move my head as my neck was very stiff.

At last my body was standing erect about three feet from the floor. I was stiff all over except for my arms which were now treading the air very slowly. Because I could not turn my head, I turned my eyes from side to side to see what I could see. I saw only the things that were familiar in the room. I looked down at the bed where my physical lay and I knew that my physical body was there, but for some reason I could not see much but the bed and a lot of cover (It was chilly during these nights). I did not seem interested. Then something happened that released my stiffness. I no longer needed to tread the air to keep my balance.

I was able to think very clearly and with one thought at a time. My first thought was: "I've done it, I've done it," and then I said to myself, "Now what can I do," then I thought, "I know, I will go into the next room." No sooner had I thought this than my consciousness again faded and the next thing I knew I was in the room I had thought about. There I saw another member of my family sleeping, and he was covered up. I thought to myself. "He will smoth-

er." No sooner had I thought this than the stiffness came over me and I was being pulled very fast at a backward pace right through the walls of the room and back into my physical — and it jolted me. As I was being pulled back I remember screaming at the top of my voice, "No, no, I don't want to go back now." I remember flapping my arms attempting to hold

myself back, but it did no good. After I was back in the physical body I realized that I was flapping my arms the wrong way to hold me back or at least it seemed that way. After what I think to be about thirty seconds I opened my eyes and realized what happened. I will never forget this experience and feel that I may have another someday. Anonymous, Minden, La.

CARRIED BY A GHOST

I had bought a house in Berkeley, California where my daughter was in college, and planned to turn it into apartments for college girls. The house was quite large, with a big basement floored with cement, except an area of bare dirt in the center about fifteen feet square. A stairway went up to my bedroom, where the lock was broken. I had an eerie feeling the first time I stepped on the soft earth, and thought that a person might be buried in it.

The first night I was alone I heard the most mournful groans, and then footsteps coming up the stairway. I remembered then the lock to the door was broken. I jumped out of bed, goose pimples raising on my arms, and an eerie coldness going up and down my spine. I had not yet been able to get a telephone, I knew none of the neighbors and I was a stranger in the city. I was terrified, and

wanted the hammer and nails quickly so as to nail up the door, but I had left them in a kitchen drawer. To reach them I had to pass through two rooms, and the kitchen. I ran glancing behind me, fumbled for the hammer without results, finally found the light and turned it on. Then I saw the hammer, and the nails. Returning cautiously and looking all around I could see nothing, and hurriedly hammered the nail in and saw that the door was fastened.

Next morning I told my daughter and couldn't restrain the tears, for it had been so real. She smiled and next day brought me books on psychotherapy.

"Your imagination is out of this world," she said laughing.

"Please give up the apartment, and move in with me," I begged, though we didn't have all the furniture set up. But she was too busy to give it thought.

I worked so hard and such long hours, that I fell asleep almost before I could prepare for bed. But every few nights the same thing occurred, around midnight, and I spent hours afterward scared and alert for the mysterious noise. Always there was that draught of cold air, a weird feeling and the goose pimples on my arms, the chill up and down my spine. One night I almost collapsed, as I stood trembling. I decided to leave, to advertise the house for sale, as I couldn't stand living there any longer. I felt sure the house was haunted. I started packing immediately, even though I was not financially able to give up my project. I felt better and after awhile became sleepy and retired without being disturbed again that night.

The night before Hallowe'n I felt all torn up about my financial situation—my plans falling through, my extreme tiredness from years of anaemia, and hard work. Suddenly I felt it would be easier to just give up, than to go on. There would be enough to enable my daughter to finish college, when she sold the house.

Then as my tired mind worked on overtime, I weighed my chances of getting to heaven. Was there a heaven? Was there really a life after this? No one had ever come back to prove it.

Then I prayed: "Souls that have

passed over, if there be such, if you can give me a message, please do so now. Does the spirit truly live on after death?"

No sooner than I had said this than I heard the footsteps mounting the stairs, and they did not stop at the nailed door. I felt a cold draught. Cloud-like things hovered around coming near me and receding. Then a larger phenomena in which the outline of a man could be seen. He floated slowly toward me, both hands extended. The nearer he came, the colder the atmosphere became. I tried to scream, but could make no sound. I felt his nearness against the bed, then I was being lifted — some part of me was lifted right out of my body with all my senses, for as we swooshed out of the room I looked back at my body on the bed. In the arms of this ghost I floated out of the house and felt myself going smoothly upward over the houses of the city, the power lines, the timber and the hills. A few stars twinkled as we traveled like a comet toward the dark ocean, coming to rest on the sand at its side. There was no need of talk, for I understood somehow what he was thinking, and knew he wanted to prove something to me. Waves rolled roughly and water sprayed my face. I shivered with cold. That indescribable feeling of fear was a hundred fold worse than ever.

Then there was a roaring in the heavens that drew my attention to a burning airplane trailing a long flame of fire. It swooped down like a hawk to the dark ocean near by and exploded.

Immediately the place was lighted with burning oil. Out of the wreckage and flame, came a vapor that formed into the ghostly likeness of a tall man. My feelings were of great anguish, I wept with sadness. I shivered with cold and suddenly longed for my warm body. Then the Ghost sighed, stretched his arms toward me and started us off toward home, in the same smooth noiseless swiftness as we

had come.

Soon I saw the city and felt the downward pull toward my house. I felt the comfort of home as the cold wind outside was shut out. Then I was in my own room, felt myself encircled with my own warm body. I sighed with relief and comfort, and thanked God for it.

Since that mysterious thing actually happened to me, I am convinced that the spirit, or ghost of our bodies lives on after death. Also that under certain circumstances, something - maybe the sixth sense - affords us the power to see what is normally an invisible form.

Clara J. Babcock

CURED BY A MYSTERIOUS RAY

One night in 1953 in Toronto, Canada, a drama of life was being enacted in a lonely room, without the landlady or any other occupants of that house being aware of what was happening.

In one of the rooms a man was fighting desperately against the awful head pains and mental depression that was wracking and exhausting his reason and strength to a breaking point.

This struggle had been enacted periodically, once every two weeks since 1948, but not so violently as this particular night. Always the attacks would come gradually over a period of hours, slowly at first then growing more intense. After

moaning and rolling from one side of the bed to the other, desperately trying to keep from crying out aloud in agony, it seemed the man was near the breaking point. Completely exhausted he gave an audible, desperate prayer either that a merciful God or Intelligent Entity or Angel would bring either relief from the terrible ordeal or remove him from his present existence in the physical body.

Almost at once a great Peace possessed the sufferer, who was lying fully clothed on the bed with one hand placed over his forehead where most of the pain and torture was. Then a light appeared

within the room and the suffering man sensed the presence of a being from another plane of consciousness. So peaceful and comforting a presence was radiated, that the man didn't remove his hand from his eyes.

Presently a faint noise or humming sound, like the vibration of a very small motor, was distinctly heard. At the same time a ray of heat was directed from one temple through that area of the head, passing out through the opposite temple, lasting only a few moments. Later it was removed from the region of the temple and the same sensation of heat was radiated upon the scar between the eyes of the sufferer, as if an intelligence was directing the ray up and down the length of the scar instead of crosswise. In a few moments the vibrating him ceased, as well as the heat ray. The pain and weak mental depression was lifted like a cloud at the same instant. The sufferer was strong and calm. With a sigh

of relief and prayer of gratitude he quickly got off the bed, went out and enjoyed a hearty supper.

This is a true story, because I was that man. And after that marvelous experience I have never suffered a headache or head pain since.

In 1948 I received a head injury while working at a buffing and polishing wheel. A piece of metal was snatched from my hands, revolving at a terrific speed around the wheel, finally smashing through the hood. I only had a split second to act. I crouched, ducking my head, getting the piece of metal on the forehead, receiving a cut between the eyes requiring thirteen stitches. The doctors marvelled that I wasn't instantly killed, saying I was in grave danger of spinal meningitis, also of becoming incapable of earning a livelihood. The optic nerve of my right eye was damaged.

Harold A. Hilton

Canadian Corps Commissionaires
Bird, Manitoba, Canada

DURING THE STORM

I served as an ciler in the Merchant Marine during the Second World War. On one of my trips in convoy from Hull England back to New York, we ran into a severe storm. The winds reached a velocity of ninety miles an hour and the ship started to break up.

I am a married man and very

devoted to my wife. Although it may sound foolish to some, I would meditate deeply every night and talk to her, as if she were there.

The storm continued to worsen and it looked very much as if the ship would sink. The convoy left us because we were unable to make convoy speed. The little English

boat that was our escort also had to abandon us because of steering engine trouble. This all contributed to our fears that we would never see our home and loved ones again.

I thought of my wife a lot this night, and told her good-bye, as I never expected to ever see her again.

The storm abated a little during the night and with the help of all our pumps we were able to keep afloat until we reached a port in the Azores.

After I returned home and re-

lated my experiences, my wife said that she had prayed every night for my safety, and one night she had heard me call her name three times. My German Shepherd dog, who loved me very much, also heard my voice and got up wagging his tail, going to the door thinking I was there. Normally he would have been growling and ready to attack anyone who may have been trying to get in.

T. V. Hoyt
313 E. Charlotte Ave.
Sumter, S. C.

OUIJA HELPS US

During the past two years my husband has been trying to get us a home built. At first when it was all one big room we moved in and managed as best we could. Slowly as time permitted he partitioned it into two rooms and a bathroom, plus a hallway and closet space.

When this was finished and we had managed to save enough to proceed, he started the foundation for a large room at the front of the house. He had just gotten the cellar done and the first floor on when really cold weather set in. To make the cellar weather proof he put tar paper on over the flooring and then the project was left until spring.

As the better weather came he prepared to continue with the room.

We have had remarkable results with our "Ouija Board." One night as we sat with it my uncle, who had been a carpenter, came and told us that my husband would have to change the northeast corner of the cellar flooring, as it was out of line.

My husband paid no attention to the warning. He continued with his plans. Again, a week later my uncle came to the board. This time he said, "That northeast corner is out of line $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch."

A few days later I saw my husband start to measure and check the entire floor framing. To our surprise, we learned the message was all too true and that the northeast corner was out of line $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

E. V. Bunnell

IMPROVE YOUR MYSTIC WORD POWER

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

VAMAMARGI: A Hindu sect of considerable size, stressing Smarta principles and the essential truth of the faiths and the eventual coming to truth of all consciences.

WILKINSONIANS: Followers of Jemima Wilkinson, who claimed that she had died, upon which the spirit of Christ in His Second Coming had entered her, and she arose from the dead. Her following grew in the 1830's, and she established a small colony in New York, over which she had complete domination, usually through her main disciple and mouthpiece, called the Prophet Elijah. Eventually she died, and the Prophet kept her body hidden for almost eight years before the trick was discovered, at which time the sect became extinct.

WELL WORSHIP: The veneration paid to wells by early Teutonic and Celtic tribes as being the source of pure water and thus thought to be the source of life. Several very large shrines were built around various wells, and with the coming of Druidism and Christianity they were given names suggesting divine happenings at them.

XANADU: A city in ancient Cathay, mostly during the Mongol rule, which was noted as a centre for sorcerers and necromancers and contained a college for the education of them.

YAMA: In many different Asiatic religions, the god of the dead, or the principle of death and dying.

YEZIDI: A sect in Iraq forming a religion to itself, with its own sacred scripture (El-Yalvah). It regards Christ as an angel in human form, the prophets, including Abraham and Mohammed, as divinely inspired, and revering Satan, in the form of a peacock, so that when he is restored to divine grace he will show favour to those who loved him even during his fall.

YI: In old Chinese philosophy-religion, the principle of life, in a way like the Hindu OM.

ZANZALIANS: A Christian sect given to pondering the whys and wherefores of the universe, recently become extinct.

ZEND-AVESTA: The sacred scripture of most Zoroastrians, written at or shortly after the time of Zoroaster.

THE END

MYSTERY IN THE NEWS

ACTUAL SEANCE REBROADCAST

A fearless Spiritualist, Tom O'Neil, Southern Pines, North Carolina, should receive a blue ribbon for a *first* in Spiritualism. He recorded a series of seances with Frank Decker, New York City, as the medium. The spirit voices heard in these test seances, made possible through Decker's direct-voice mediumship, were re-broadcast as part of O'Neil's regular radio program over WEEB (Southern Pines).

Says Rev. O'Neil: "I'm setting this part of the country on F-I-R-E. I write my own script for broadcasts . . . some of the times I put them on tape here in my own home. \$2000 worth of broadcast equipment, includes my own record turntable, so that I can run my own musical effects. Some programs I do direct from the studio—then can even run a telephone line into my studio and I can broadcast direct from here.

"All my shows go on tape regardless. I do a lot of ad-libbing in between. The announcer starts by saying: *'It's time for the Rev. Tom O'Neil and his discussions of*

psychic science with his startling proofs of life after death . . . the next voice you hear will be that of Rev. Tom O'Neil.' I am either at the studio, or they play a tape.

"I have 15 minutes a day, five days a week . . . I will not accept money under any circumstances for any of this work, and as a matter of fact, I have returned some, everybody is running around trying to find out why I am doing this and the ministers are agog . . . Little do they know what the sentence, "*Labor of Love*," means.

"My own lawyer is working now on my corporation: "The Universal Church of Divine Healing." I think that it is going to be the only spiritual center in North Carolina. I interviewed Frank Decker on the air. I have already run spirit voices through on my tapes, and the spirit voices heard are relayed to the public at large. I have tape-recorded over 15 hours of seances.

"When I tell the population that they have been listening to the voices of the so-called dead at one time or another on my program, you will hear the rumbling all the way up to Indiana.

"I have an organized circle of

12 people . . . we do absent healing, and are getting grand results. Six people in my circle are showing signs of mediumistic development, quite a start!

"There are any number of folks down here who are becoming enlightened . . . and even the ministers of blind-faiths are starting to perk up their sermons."

MYSTERY EXPLOSIONS

In Idaho, three explosions routed residents of Burley and nearby Heyburn out of bed Feb. 15, 1957, but police and sheriff's deputies could find no clues to indicate where, by whom, or how the blasts had been touched off.

Two blasts were reported in Heyburn the night before.

The first two explosions sounded as if they came from the vicinity of Burley's new high school, and the third came from Heyburn.

Officers, who were continuing their investigation said the second blast came while they were at the high school checking the first one. They said it was so loud they couldn't even tell from which direction the sound came.

There were no reports of damage.

MYSTERY CITY

Italian archaeologists believe the buried city of Vulci holds the long sought key to the never-translated Etruscan language.

Excavation crews under Prof. Renato Bartocchini already have uncovered part of the ancient city, buried under a 10-foot deposit of the centuries on the slopes of 5,688-foot Mt. Amiata. The mountain is an extinct volcano on the border of Tuscany, 70 miles north of Rome.

The mysterious Etruscans appeared in Italy 800 years before Christ. Some archaeologists say they crossed the Alps from Germany. Some say they came by boat from Asia Minor.

They brought vineyards and olive culture to Italy. Their black Bucchero pottery is famous. Their iron and gold work was among the finest in the ancient world.

But almost nothing ever has been learned of their origin, life, customs or religion. No one ever has been able to translate the graven fragments of their long lost language.

* * *

The half-dozen Etruscan cities so far excavated have yielded a fortune in art objects for the museums of the world. But not one shed a real clue upon the strange gods, unknown origin or untranslatable language of the people.

State Archaeologist Bartocchini is rushing work on Vulci because scientists believe this city will be different.

In the others, the Etruscans vanished when the Romans arrived. At Vulci the two cultures gradually

mixed from 300 B.C. to perhaps 500 A.D.

Both Roman and Etruscan inscriptions have been found there. Archaeologists say they will probably uncover a "transitional period" in which Etruscan inscriptions will be found merging into the Latin, or with Latin translations. That would provide the key to unlock what archaeologists here say would be the "find of the century."

Aerial photographs of the zone first showed contours outlining the long buried city. Excavation by the state has now completed what is described as the first stage.

* * *

The city's outlining walls of porous tufa blocks have been partly uncovered. Archaeologists have found the flint paved road to the city. They have started uncovering the town's main gateway, an arch of flint rock and square blocks of tufa.

Tests pits have been dug in the city's main graveyard. Ancient Vulci's one remaining standing building is partly uncovered. Statues to unknown gods, fine pottery, tiny sculptured works and many complete skeletons have been found.

The second stage of excavation, starting now, will dig out the main streets and squares of the city in a quest for major public buildings and religious temples. It is upon these that archaeologists hope to

find the "traditional inscriptions" bridging the gap between Etruscan and Latin.

'MYSTERY OBJECT' TOYS WITH PLANE

Two experienced pilots on a return trip from Beaumont to Houston the night of March 8, 1957 spent 10 minutes attempting to follow an unidentified flying object that hovered as close as one-quarter mile to their plane, then darted away "at speeds way in excess of ours."

"I got the idea that it was at least the size of our plane. I felt that it was just messing around with us. I know that it knew we were following it," said Victor Hancock, who was flying a Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. DC-3 at 9:45 PM when the object was first spotted over the Pasadena area.

The only other person in the plane at the time was another pilot, Guy Miller, who has been flying for 12 years.

"I still don't know what it was. When it wanted to, it kept ahead of us easily. It would stop, or seem to stop just under us. We would bank around, get close to it and it would be gone again." Miller said.

Hancock, 32, who has been flying since 1942, said Miller first spotted the object when it darted across the front of their DC-3.

"It was going from south to north. We were doing at least 200 miles per hour, and it went by us easily."

Hancock said the most unusual thing about the object that immediately attracted the pilot's attention was "three large lights. They were white and brilliant."

He explained that any normal aircraft would be expected to be using a red flashing beacon and have green navigational lights.

Miller and Hancock notified both Ellington Air Force Base and Houston International Airport by radio that they were attempting to identify the object.

Spokesmen from Ellington and the International airport said they heard the DC-3 pilots, but did not spot the object. An attempt at Ellington to pick it up on radar failed.

Hancock, who lives at 4837 Woodpecker St., said that the brilliance of the object's lights prevented him and Miller from getting a definite idea of the object's shape. They could not say if it was round or flat, or if it was tubular with wings.

The Post was first told of the pilot's attempts to identify the object by Jim Shaw, a Pasadena High School teacher. He said he heard the pilots' conversation while tuning an FM radio set.

Both Miller and Hancock said that they at first thought the ob-

ject was a helicopter. They both ruled out this possibility because of the object's speed. They said the top speed of a helicopter is approximately 160 miles per hour. An Ellington spokesman agreed that if the object was traveling as fast as the pilots estimated, it could not have been a helicopter.

The DC-3 was flying at between 1,300 and 1,500 feet when the object* was first spotted.

The pilots estimated that the object would fly as high as 2,000 feet at great speeds, then swoop downward and hover as low as 200 feet from the ground.

A week previous, another unidentified flying object was spotted in Houston skies traveling at speeds estimated at 2,000 miles an hour. Lt. J. R. Poole at Ellington estimated the speed of the object, and said that he guessed it was flying at heights of 40,000 to 50,000 feet.

DUST STORM OVER SEA

A dust storm 50 miles at sea from Honolulu and 6000 feet high streaked the windshield of a United Air Lines plane so badly February 22, 1957 the pilot said he had to crane his neck to see out.

Pilot Paul Reeder said he has never before run into anything like it and he has been flying to Hawaii 15 years.

And the weatherman said the dust couldn't have come from Ha-

wail. The wind was blowing in the wrong direction.

ANOTHER CREMATION

Positive identification of a badly-burned body found in a parked car north of Elko, Nevada, on March 9, 1957 still has not been made.

But a traveler's check in payment for auto repairs here was found. It bore the name "Wengen Vestergaard." And police in Helena, Mont., said the number of the Montana license plate found on the car was registered to Jorgen Vestergaard, 20, Sidney, Mont.

Elko County Sheriff J. C. Harris said the body was "cremated" to such an extent that identification and the establishment of age would not be possible immediately.

Harris reported that officers could find no reason for the fire that left only the chassis, shell, motor and wheels intact. He added that the body would be kept in Elko until positive identification could be made.

Harris said three young men passing on U. S. Highway 93 found the man in the car early in the morning when they noticed smoke some distance from the highway. The auto was about five miles north of Wilkins Trading Post—about 30 miles south of the Idaho state line in northeastern Nevada.

Sheriff Harris said tracks showed

the car left the road three times before coming to a stop. He said he also had interviewed a truck driver who told of seeing the auto wander off the highway on either side, finally crash through a fence and come to a stop about a quarter of a mile away Friday evening. The sheriff said the truck driver concluded the man had decided to stop some distance off the highway to sleep.

AIRLINER DODGES FIERY OBJECT

A fiery object hurtled toward a Pan American Airways plane high over the Atlantic Ocean on March 9, 1957, forcing him to take quick evasive action to avoid being hit, the pilot reported.

Four persons required hospitalization for shock and injuries suffered apparently because of the maneuver.

Capt. Matthew A. Van Winkle said he could not identify the flaming object which menaced his transport at the halfway point on the flight from New York to San Juan.

Van Winkle described the mysterious missile as a "burning greenish white round object, unrecognizable but definitely not a meteor."

A Pan American spokesman in New York said a report reaching there quoted another pilot as saying he saw an object with a very bright core and a fringe of green.

The report said a check with the armed forces indicated there were no jet planes in the area at the time of the incident and that the pilots of at least seven other aircraft saw the object.

The Defense Department in Washington was unable to identify the fiery object. A spokesman refused to say whether it might have been a runaway guided missile.

A spokesman at Patrick Air Force Base in Florida said the object "was no missile from our range."

To avoid a collision, Van Winkle said he pulled the plane into a steep climb, rising some 1500 feet in a few seconds. The sudden maneuver apparently caught those aboard unawares.

A New York couple, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sterling, said the passengers began to scream and then pray. Then the lights went out and hand baggage flew all around the passenger compartment, they said. And one starboard engine unexplainably conked out.

THE END

LUTHER BURBANK

— TELEPATH

TELEPATHY is a subject which most scientists repudiate, for this amazing phenomena whereby some people claim to use their minds in the way most of us use the telephone to communicate, has no explanation in known facts. Yet, Luther Burbank, the horticultural genius and a scientist beyond repute, leaves written evidence that he not only believed in, but actually practiced the art of telepathy. The following statement is quoted verbatim:

"I inherited my mother's ability to send and receive telepathic communication. So did one of my sisters. In tests before representatives of the University of California, she

was able seven times out of ten to receive messages sent to her telepathically.

"My mother was in poor health during the last years of her life. During these years I often wished to summon my sister. On such occasions I never wrote, telephoned or telegraphed her. Instead, I sent messages telepathically. Each time she arrived at my home in Santa Rosa, California, promptly on the next train."

Burbank died in 1926. Perhaps, this man who was able to do magic with plant life, was also able to perform miracles in the paths of the mind, sending messages by telepathy.

PAN:

GOAT or CONTINENT?

RINGING down the centuries comes a mysterious cry that is laden with the suggestion of utter sadness, and of utter terror. It is the cry: "Great Pan is dead!"

There is a mystery here that cannot easily be resolved, for there is a confusion concerning Pan that makes him at once a minor character, a mere puppet in a greater sideshow; a mask for the more vicious and characterless god, Dionysus; and the most important of all *earthy* gods.

In his best known character Pan is the half-goat, half-man who is pictured contentedly piping away at his pipes in a forested glade, with nymphs scampering delightfully around. Apparently his only other pursuit is the pursuit (and capture) of any and all of these nymphs from time to time. In this character he does not even have individuality, but is only one of a number of Pans. Pans, specifically, were associates of Dionysus, half-goat and half-man, and their occupation usually consisted of providing music for Dionysus' drink-

ing parties.

In his second guise, he takes the blame for the questionable and sometimes rather grim antics of Dionysus. Dionysus is believed to have died a violent death, but to have been brought back to life again. His sufferings, violent death and resurrection were enacted in sacred rites which begin with the depiction of the birth of Dionysus from a union between Persephone and a serpent (Zeus in disguise); the infant being born with goat horns. The rites go on to picture the infant mounting Zeus' throne and brandishing the lightning in his hands. But he does not occupy the throne for long, for the treacherous Titans, their faces whitened by chalk, attack him with knives while he is looking into a mirror. For a time he evades their assaults by turning himself into various shapes, assuming successively the likenesses of Zeus, Cronus, a young man, a lion, a horse and a serpent. Finally, in the form of a bull, he is hacked to pieces by the murderous knives of his enemies.

The most mysterious legend concerning Pan does not depict him as a human or a god, but as the Earth itself. Specifically it refers to the *ancient* Earth, or at least a portion of it, since throughout the world of the ancient Greeks, Egyptians, Trojans and other races grouped around the Mediterranean, the cry of the news of the death of Great Pan resounded for ages. Thus, if it was a cry of the death of *earth*, it was the cry of the destruction of an area of the Earth other than that occupied by the survivors.

Here we come to the mysterious link with a forgotten past more ancient than any of the god-legends we remember today. Pan was supposed to be a great continent that lay in the South Pacific, extending all the way from the remnant known today as Japan, to the East Indies, and perhaps including even present-day Australia.

This is the continent some mistakenly call "Lemuria." The believers in Lemuria say that it was the mother-continent, and that the Garden of Eden was located there. The ancient civilization founded by Menes I in preflod Egypt was a Panic colony. But Pan was engulfed by a tremendous disaster, according to the legends

and nothing remains of it in our time.

Today we have only a single epic sentence as a remembrance of what must have been the world's most horrible disaster: "Great Pan is dead!" Today we have only a vague personification of the land of the goat in a figure half-goat and half-man. We have forgotten what he really was, the motherland of the human race on Earth. We have even forgotten the gods of that ancient continent. The only remnant we have is the strange reference to the goat. What the significance of the goat was in that lost land we will never be able to decipher unless, by some new catastrophe, the lost continent comes once more to the surface and ancient ruins and inscriptions are once more revealed.

All in all, Pan, and the weird rites practiced thousands of years ago, and still practiced in token and superstition today, provide us with the most mysterious and awe-inspiring legend of all time. It is the surviving token of the most horrible disaster ever to strike the Earth. And all that remains of the sorrow and terror and horror of that day, perhaps twenty thousand years ago, are four anguished words:

Great Pan is dead!



KING OF THE WORLD

By Mildred Murdock

ACCORDING to ancient legends and prophecies in the land of the Buddhists, Karma is directing this sad old world toward better days. Karma is the Buddhist idea of destiny (as determined by previous acts), paralleling the Roman and Greek Nemesis, the goddess who metes out justice according to one's deeds. After years of tribulation, war and destruction (say the prophecies), out of the mysterious East will march a vast migration of Mongols. With patience and tenacity, and in ways of peace, a new life will be founded upon Earth. And augmenting the Earth people will be the peoples of Agharti. Which takes us from prophecy to legend, and the strange, persistent tales of a subterranean kingdom.

One version puts an approximate date on the founding of an underground kingdom, a date some sixty thousand years ago. A tribe of people disappeared beneath the ground somewhere in central Asia, no one knows where, or will say if they know. Long ago, also, when two great continents disappeared beneath the waters of the ocean, some of their people fled into subterranean kingdoms. It is said that ancient people inhabit underground caves throughout America, as well as in other parts of the world.

Some groups of them have returned to the surface, and have brought with them secret skills and knowledge. One tribe learned to be prophets and sorcerers. Other tribes lived in Agharti for several centuries, and were thrust out and came back to the surface, bringing with them knowledge of the mysteries of predictions by means of cards, lines in the palm, and so on. Those were the Gypsies. Another tribe came back from Agharti knowing how to call up the spirits of the dead. Individuals also have visited the caves, and returning, have kept secret that which they saw.

An important part of the legend is the King of the World. He is the ruler of the underground kingdom, and in addition he invisibly rules and directs the destinies of all those who live upon the face of the earth. The King of the World maintains contact through solitary prayer with God Himself. The King's tremendous power over mankind is given through the mysterious science of Om. Om was the first man to know God and he lived three hundred and thirty thousand years ago. He taught mankind to fight against evil, to hope, and to believe in God. God therefore gave Om (Adam?) authority over all the forces which rule the world.

The powerful King of the World

is supposed to keep in close touch with the thoughts and motives of men, especially of men's leaders—political, military and scientific—and other strong ones who influence the lot of human beings. If God is pleased with these leaders, the King of the World helps them; if God is not satisfied with the efforts of the leaders, the King brings them to destruction.

There are many versions of stories relating to the occasional appearances to men of the King of the World, and of the manner of his conveying to them his messages. Sometimes envoys have been sent to that underground realm by the highest ranking Buddhist monks. They prepare young men for the journey by forcing them into deep sleep, then prepare their bodies in strange ways and bind them tightly. The youths lie motionless, but with eyes and ears alert. Then a Goro, high priest of the King of the World approaches and, gazing long and steadily, wills the envoys where he wishes. Slowly, the bound bodies lift from the earth and disappear. Not only to Agharti do they go for knowledge, but throughout the Earth, into the heart of fire, and down to the depths of the sea. Some course among the stars, observing, listening and understanding the things for which they were thus sent.

In Agharti itself, there is no evil or crime or destruction. Science has developed to such an extent that the highest knowledge has been attained. A peculiar light exists in the underground caves which enables

vegetation, animals and people to grow in abundance and health. The realm contains millions of people. In vehicles of a kind unknown to us, the inhabitants of the subterranean world rush through the passages of the planet on whose surface we live.

What is the *truth* in these stories and beliefs? Is it unsolvable mystery? Hypnosis? Mass vision? Religious fantasy? Or reality? Whatever the answer, realism is undoubtedly present in the powerful force which has been exerted by these legends on the moral actions and political life of the peoples of central Asia.

As late as 1890, the monastery in Narabanchi was reported to have been visited by the King of the World, who there made prophecies for the future. Cataclysms of nature. Battles and destruction. Fire and famine. Nations broken up, with crowds wandering homelessly and hopelessly from place to place. Families divided against themselves, and scattered. Even love and truth shall not be visible, says this terrible prophecy, and God will turn away from the earth.

And then will come a new people, strong and sure, to lead those who have remained faithful to the good, in a fight against evil. At that time the King of the World will appear on Earth before all people, to lead in order and deep religious understanding the battle of the good against the bad. Then, up to the surface of Earth from their subterranean existence will come the good peoples of Agharti.

THE END



DO YOU HAVE A GUARDIAN ANGEL?

By G. H. Irwin

THE water is deep and treacherous, the current swift, the overhanging bank crumbling . . . and the small boy sits there happily fishing, in grim danger of his life!

Suddenly he starts guiltily. Into his mind's eye flashes a vision of his mother's stern face, his father's beckoning finger, the woodshed . . .

"Gosh, gee, I'd better be gettin' home, or Paw'll tan the hide off'n me!"

Hastily he winds up his fishing line, scrambles to his feet, sets off for home. Behind him there is a splash, and the bank on which he had been sitting collapses into the water, which swirls muddily, angrily for a moment, as though cheated of its prey. But the little boy is oblivious of his narrow escape, nor is there any eye to see the death that might have been his.

Or is there?

All through the ages mankind has believed in guardian angels. There are millions of persons living today who would be positive that it was something more than the voice of "conscience" which spoke to the little boy and started him from his dangerous position on the precarious river bank. These millions

would say that his guardian angel had been watching over him, had contacted his mind in some mysterious, soundless way, and sent him scurrying off to safety.

There are millions more who would scoff.

"Chance," they would say. "Mere chance." "The oddity known as coincidence." "It just happened that way."

But what is the truth of the matter—if the truth *can* be determined at all? And lacking positive proof, what is the evidence for, or against, the existence of a guardian power beyond the ability of our normal, everyday senses to detect?

During the past twenty years, this writer has investigated many strange things, gone into his investigations with what he likes to call "the scientific method". The scientific method is to experiment, interview, observe . . . and fit the observable facts with an hypothesis which will fit the greatest number of them. That is science's way of determining truth, as closely as it can be determined. The theory which fits the greatest known number of conditions definitely proven to exist, is the *most* truthful answer to the problem of the truth of the

matter. What, then, can we say, definitely, about guardian angels, or protecting forces which watch over us?

First, there are the writer's personal experiences, several of which he will list here. The first instance occurred some fifteen years ago. The writer was sitting in his own living room, located at the other end of the house from the rear porch, which was a second - story affair with a wooden railing around it. Below was a concrete-paved backyard. Suddenly, inexplicably, while reading the newspaper, this writer leaped to his feet, dashed madly through the house, and out onto the back porch—just in time to grasp his two-year-old brother by the arm and lift him back over the railing to safety. The youngster's hold had slipped, and he was just beginning a plunge that would have resulted in certain injury if not death.

Another incident involving a youngster occurred more recently, while the writer was driving home from his office. A half-block from a parked car, the strange feeling that a child was about to dart out into the path of the writer's car, from behind that parked vehicle, caused the writer to slow down almost to a crawl. At precisely the time the car would have reached the parked one had it continued its speed, a small child, invisible behind it,

lurched into the street. There would have been no chance to avoid striking him, had the writer not been forewarned.

The final incident was considerably more dramatic to your writer, since it concerned his own safety and narrow escape from death. It happened during a fishing trip. Arriving before dawn, the party found it impossibly dark and decided to wait for the approaching daylight before taking off in the boats. Your writer decided to kill time by climbing a hill beside the river and, arriving at the top, watching for the first faint advent of the sunlight. At the top the horizon was dimly visible, and intervening, what seemed to be a level, flat plain. Yet he stood stock still, sensing something wrong. The ground seemed to give a little just at the toes. Turning, the writer climbed back down to where the party waited, not staying to see the beauty he had come to observe.

Dawn came, and curiosity became uppermost. Once more climbing the hill, the brink of a precipice some eighty feet high was revealed. There in the soft earth at the edge was the imprint of a shoe-toe. One step more . . .

Curious as to these unexplainable cases of "foreknowledge" of disaster, the writer asked hundreds of people about their own experiences, or lack of them, of a similar nature.

It can safely be said that almost everyone will admit to at least one outstanding instance.

Most interesting experiences came from parents of very small children. Said one man: "Guardian angels? Most certainly! I and my children's guardian angels are on the best of speaking terms!"

And he actually meant "speaking" terms . . .

"Take the other night," he told me. "I was wakened out of a sound sleep by a voice which I swear was still echoing in the room as I leaped out of bed. It just said three words: 'Dan! The baby!' and I made tracks into the baby's room. Smothering, that's what she was! It was a narrow escape."

He went on to tell me that night after night he would obey the promptings of the invisible voice, and he swore that never did the voice (sometimes audible, but mostly not) mislead him. Always there was a necessity for his presence in either one of the children's rooms. Perhaps they had kicked off the bedclothes, and were becoming chilled; or the younger one had wet the bed and required a change; or a leg or arm become twisted in the slats of the bed.

"And, you know," he confided, "It's a woman's voice. She must be a whiz—completely competent, and on the job every minute! I feel sort of safe about those kids of

mine . . ."

Said another man: "You asking me questions like that makes me think of a theory I've had about my clock. You see, I usually set it for 6:45 every morning, and just about two seconds before it rings, I wake up and reach out to turn it off. Happens every morning. I haven't wound that alarm in a year! Habit, I used to think. Then I noticed that one morning after I'd set the clock for a half-hour earlier, I beat the bell to the punch by the same two seconds. I figured maybe the clock's works made some little noise just before it rang, which woke me up, so I checked on that, but if it makes a noise, I kinda like to think it's my own guardian angel, waking me up at the right time every morning, and saying 'Joe, shut off the alarm before you wake up the whole family.'"

The subconscious mind, says one school of thought. But if that theory is correct, it gives an amazing array of powers to the subconscious! The power to see the future; the power to see at a distance; the power to see in the dark; the power to form habits instantaneously; the power to receive thought waves; and many other inexplicable abilities equally hard to rationalize.

To the student of the world's religions, the idea of a guardian angel is well established. All re-

ligions postulate the existence of these mysterious watchers in one way or another. Some even describe groups of angels working in shifts, as many as ten to a person, or one to ten persons. Especially are children supposed to have constant attendants, adults sometimes losing the protection, a penalty for disregard.

Not only is the guardian angel entrusted with the protection from harm of its charge, but with a myriad of other duties. It acts as the voice of conscience, directing, correcting, suggesting. It teaches, instructs, implants. It wards off evil influences. It battles mightily with demons and the devil himself. It comforts, calms, heals.

Even among savage races, members of no organized religion, the concept of a guardian spirit is strong and sure. In the case of the atheist, the belief in "hunches", in "chance", in "luck" is quite marked.

And strangest of all, the absolute unbeliever has a complex rationalization in which he has built up such ideas as the subconscious, the mass mind, a sixth sense, cause and effect, predetermination by the normal course of events.

Says he: "The inevitable result of a series of experiences is to build up a predictable reaction to a repetition of the opening events of a chain of events leading up to a

conclusion. It is by this method, the recognition of a *pattern of occurrence* through past experience, that one predicts the appearance of a child from behind a parked car. Once before, the observer saw a similar occurrence, and the experience became a part of his subconscious reflex."

Yes, it could all be explained that way, but . . .

The other day the writer talked to a man who told an incredible story.

"I've got a three-year-old daughter," he said. "One day I saw her do something I can't explain. She had been sitting quietly playing with her dolly, when she suddenly climbed to her feet, toddled over to where her five-year-old brother was playing beneath a tree. 'Dickie don't want head hurt,' she said solemnly, and dragged him insistently with her toward the middle of the yard—just before a large branch, loosened by a storm of a few days previous, fell precisely where Dick had been playing."

"Perhaps she saw the loosened branch beginning to sag," the writer suggested.

"No," he said, "I asked her that, and I just couldn't make her understand. All she would say was: 'God didn't want me to let Dickie get hurt on the head.'"

A subconscious reflex conditioned by experience? Perhaps, but *whose?*

THE TEN LOST TRIBES

By Prof. J. A. Steichert

Ezra gave us the history of two Israelite tribes, and claimed there were ten others who were lost. The belief is growing that he was wrong. Then who were the lost ones?

ACCORDING to Kings II, the ten lost tribes were lost about 730 B. C. and were never heard from again. It is further said that they were lost in Persia, being taken into captivity to suffer a fate unlearned.

Ezra, who is the scribe responsible for appropriating the writings of his day and mistranslating them so that valuable records of previous peoples were irretrievably lost through assimilation into the history of the tribe of Judah, also caused great damage by converting his chronology into a mixture of the two methods of that period, that used by the Egyptian priesthood, and that used by the common people, plus a little Persian timekeeping thrown in. It is mostly because of Ezra that the lost tribes have stayed lost, since their place in Time has thereby been shifted around by at least 12,000 years.

Then ten lost tribes were actually lost 15,000 years ago.

There is an old Chinese legend

which mentions the lost tribes, saying that the day would come when they would be found again. This legend is tied up with a mythical journey of a group of Chinese explorers into Persia, into Europe, and into Africa. It is even said that Persians visited China in their turn and Egyptians also, although there is great doubt as to whether Egyptians, as such, existed that long ago.

Researchers have been much puzzled by the legend of "ten lost tribes" which exists in all parts of the world, so buried in antiquity that its actual source cannot be tracked down. Some researchers have noted a queer parallel to the universal legend of the flood. Perhaps, if we assume the literal truth of the survival of a single group of human beings in Noah's ark, this theory has much to be said for it. However, the purpose of this article is not to theorize on the origin of the legend of the ten lost tribes, but rather is an attempt to identify those tribes. Once we know

who they were, it might be easy to say *where* they came from and *how* they got lost, and *when*.

Where in the world today do we have "lost" races of people, who cannot be fitted satisfactorily into either their surroundings or into a migratory and language pattern? There are such, and from them we can get some vital clues.

Most fascinating, perhaps, are the Basques, those absolutely mystifying peoples of northern Spain. Here, in a little mountain fastness, is a race of people who are an island to themselves. They cannot be linked with the known migrations from the semi-ancient civilizations of the east, nor can their language be linked in an understandable way with any of the root languages of the European continent.

Next are the Berbers, now almost losing their individuality in the melting pot of Africa. Their culture has been demonstrated to have an inexplicable link with that of the South Sea Islands, notably the Hawaiian Group.

Almost as mystifying are the Dravidic tribes of Southern India. Here, again, we have a strange language link. There is the well-authenticated incident of the Irish soldiers, stationed in India, who were amazed to hear the natives in their locality speaking pure Gaelic. These startlingly black Dravids were able to converse with the

Irish in their own language.

Thus, with these three tribes, we can link two more, the Irish and the Polynesian. Already we have five mysterious links in a chain of lost races. Also the suspected link between the Irish, the Druids and the ancient Egyptians is well-known.

The reader is invited to study the language roots of these six peoples to determine for himself that there is more than just a coincidental relationship between them based solely on the exigencies of theoretical necessity demanded by this article. There is an actual language link definitely pointing toward a common origin.

Recently, behind the iron curtain of Russia, further excavations deep behind the Urals were made of a series of ancient tombs which are dated at least 8,000 years ago. Before the war it was discovered, to the dismay and bafflement of archeologists, that inscriptions on these *oriental* tombs were in ancient and very pure *Greek*. The tombs are all that is left of still another "mystery race" and the definite link with ancient Greece adds two more peoples to our hypothetical list.

Off the coast of fabulous Troy is a sunken city in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Relics recovered from these ruins have been linked to the ancient pre-Mayas. On one famous vase is a definitely

identifiable Mayan symbolism.

Crossing the Atlantic to our own American continents, we find a mysterious Israelitish link with the old world in carvings of the Mayas, plus a more startling archeological pyramidal link with Egypt; and closely allied with this, in our own Ohio, Wisconsin and Missouri, the mystifying mounds of the legendary Mound Builders. Most significant link here is the swastika, erroneously accredited to the American Indian.

There are, then, in the world today, remnants or relics of *ten* mysterious tribes of people who cannot be fitted into any orderly pattern of migration. All of them exist across half a world from where they should logically be found. All of them have thrown into complete chaos the rather weakly established pattern of prehistoric migration. Whenever we consider these ten peoples, we are forced to thrust their existence aside, or tumble our present archeological edifice into a heap of voluntary ruins. We would rather call them the "ten lost tribes" and use Ezra's "appropriation" of a legend to glorify his own tribe and give it an undeservedly ancient history, to explain away the unexplainable.

It is *we* who are lost. It is the modern edifice of language and race which has lost its origins. The ten lost tribes of antiquity were our

common source, and the ten mysterious remnants of that common source are our only anchor to the forgotten past. The key to our mutual origin lies with them.

Perhaps when the Flood came, it scattered the race of Man, isolated him in groups of survivors on the five continents, and left him to evolve a culture with only memories of his fellows, which memories became legends as the thousands of years passed until 15,000 years ago, great civilizations having grown up in Egypt, Persia, China, America, exploring parties set out from each to track down the mysterious origins of their own civilizations. And, finding them, discovered that time had so diverged their cultures that they had little "lost" islands in the lands to which they finally came, to baffle us today with their disturbingly alien culture.

Most significant and conclusive is the fact that in all these divergent localities images of stone and copper with symbolic engravings of the Flood and the children of Noah, and of Shem and Ham and Jaffeth exist, probing their mutual and incredible antiquity.

After 15,000 years, the ten lost tribes have come back to stir our sleeping memories. Perhaps, without realizing it, we have solved the mystery, and all that remains is to collect the facts and sort them out.

THE END

HIS MASTER'S "WAVE LENGTH"

By Bill Ireland

For many many months people have been reading stories in their magazines and papers of the marvellous way in which our pets—particularly dogs—find their way back to their masters even though the man and his family have moved to some distant place, unknown to the dog.

This peculiar sense in animals is known as "Extra Sensory Perception" and Scientists, Metaphysicians, and Psychiatrists have been searching for the reason with all of them working from OUTSIDE of man's physical body, instead of from the INSIDE.

Let me quote here what that imminent Scientist and Physician Doctor George W. Crile, of the famous Cleveland Clinic, who says — "matter is not solid stuff but a marvellous and mysterious arrangement of charges of electricity in violent action, and it follows that the human body is wholly electrical, and that every substance on earth has its own electri-

cal frequency, or rate of electro-magnetic vibration, and emits or radiates electric energy at that frequency. Likewise, each organ and part of the human body sends forth electrical radiations on its own frequency." (end of quote.)

Assuming this to be correct how does it tie in with our research?

We definitely know that whenever electrical impulses are set in motion, light waves or radiations are thrown off, and there are no distance limitations to them, so they can circle the earth, therefore, it is not stretching the imagination too far to assume that each human being has his, or her, own light ray or wave length.

Being closely associated with our pets who we know have that "something" or "sixth sense" they are cognizant of this light ray flowing from us, and no matter what distance separates us, they can pick up this light ray, or beam, and follow it just as our airplanes follow their individual beam.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Captain Vanderdecken swore he'd sail his ship around the Cape if it took till judgment day.

GRIMLY, the pilot calculated the motion of the next gigantic wave bearing down on the ship, then he made his way a few more slow inches forward. Above, the wind howled through the rigging, close-reefed except for the fore-sail. Stinging spray slashed at his body as he moved slowly ahead. Then, as the mountainous wave bore down, he clung to a stanchion. The water washed over him, then subsided.

Behind him four other men made their way along precariously.

Even above the howling of the wind the five men could hear the captain's voice, cursing and raving at the elements.

"The man's gone completely daft," said one of the sailors when the seas had washed away from about their feet.

"Aye," said the pilot with a worried frown. "It's time we took matters into our own hands. He'll not listen to a word of advice, nor to our wish to return to Table Bay until the storm abates. 'Tis suicide to continue to try to round the Cape in such weather."

"How long can it last?" asked

another sailor. "Nine weeks already we've been at it, and never a league o' progress have we made around the Cape. I've come to think that we'll make no progress until we turn back. We are flying in the face of Providence, and what with *him* blaspheming for'ard like he is . . ."

"It's bad luck, that's what we'll invite upon ourselves," agreed the pilot. "By now any sane man would realize that it is contrary to Divine Wish that we round the Cape on this trip."

The pilot secured a rope from a deck locker and passed it to one of the sailors. "We'll tie him up and put back for the Bay. 'Tis not mutiny to be saving of our lives. And especially with the Captain gone mad . . ."

Once more the five men made their way forward, and as they neared the Captain, he whirled upon them.

"What is it ye want, ye scum?" he roared. "Back to your stations before the wind heels us over. Back, or by Beelzebub . . ."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said the pilot, "but we've begged you

to put about and return to Table Bay. It's suicide to continue, and contrary to Divine Will, any man can see that. So it's become necessary to take matters into our own hands—" He leaped forward suddenly and grappled with the captain.

With a roar of surprise and fury, the captain wrestled with him—and with amazing strength tore the pilot's fingers from their grasp around his body. A huge wave bore down on the ship—and with a wild yell, the captain hurled the pilot from him. He followed recklessly, while the four sailors clung to the rail and the rigging. His fist beat against the pilot's face, and the man staggered and fell prone on the deck. The rushing water gathered up his body and flung it with breath-taking rapidity into the sea. Before the horrified eyes of the four sailors, the body of the pilot vanished into the foaming water.

Now that the water had subsided again, the four men leaped forward to subdue him, realizing that they were contending with a dangerous man, whose success in this venture meant more than life itself. The captain faced them, and drew a pistol from his jacket. "One step more, and ye die!" he snarled.

They halted in their tracks.

"And now," the captain raged, "back to your duties. You, there, take the wheel. We're going on,

'round the Cape!" He lifted a fist and shook it at the heavens. "*I swear, by the Holy Cross, neither storm nor sea, the lightning of heaven or of hell, God, man or devil, shall prevent me from passing the Cape, if it so be that I beat about it until the Day of Judgment!*"

As he swore the awful oath, the sailors quailed from him and ran back the way they had come. And behind them they heard the captain screaming madly at the lightning that crashed about the ship. The lightning seemed to spell out—UN-TIL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!

The captain was Dutch Capt. Philip Vanderdecken, also known in German legend as Herr von Falkenberg, and his ship was the famous phantom of the seas, *The Flying Dutchman*.

According to the legend, *The Flying Dutchman* is a Dutch ghost ship of the 18th Century which was doomed to sail, with its blaspheming captain, forever in a vain attempt to round the Cape of Good Hope.

It is a steadfast belief among sailors that the ghost ship is seen often during stormy weather and its appearance is a foreboding of ill luck. It is said that the captain hails ships to take letters home from him. But no ship would heave to in compliance with his signal. There are actual affidavits

in the files of Lloyds of London, taken from survivors of sea disasters, swearing that the phantom ship was seen before their own craft was wrecked.

The most common legend is the Dutch legend which names Captain Philip Vanderdecken as the captain of the condemned vessel. According to this version it is the Cape of Good Hope which is the scene of the never-ending attempt to reach a destination in India. The German version of the legend names the captain as Herr von Falkenberg, who is condemned to sail his ship forever about the North Sea, "without helm or steersman, playing dice for his soul with the Devil."

Captain Vanderdecken was born in Amsterdam, which is noted for its heretics. He was one of the most vociferous of the heretics, and his reputation for cursing was without equal.

Captain Vanderdecken had already made two voyages to India, and this third voyage was to be his last, as it was on this voyage that his fortune would be made. But the ship ran into bad weather before it rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and for nine weeks the captain tried to force his passage. The ship took a horrible punishment, and several serious injuries occurred among the members of the crew. Desperate at last, the crew

begged the captain to return to Table Bay, but he refused.

So mightily did he rave that it became apparent that there was no reasoning with him. Led by the pilot, they attempted to subdue him, bind him to the mast, and put back.

When the pilot grappled with the captain, the captain hit him and unintentionally knocked him into the sea where he was drowned. The captain, driven to desperation, held the crew at bay and swore a mighty oath that he would gain his point in defiance of storm and seas, Heaven or hell, even if he should be forced to beat his way forever about the dreaded Cape.

The ship was doomed and to this day, sailors believe, the blaspheming captain tries vainly to obtain the objective denied him by Heaven.

According to Sir Walter Scott, the ship was laden with precious metal but a horrible murder was committed and a plague broke out, so that the ship was not allowed to touch at any port. Thus, continually driven to sea, the ship was forced to sail eternally in the North Sea.

Captain Marriyat used the legend as the basis for his story, *The Phantom Ship*, and the story is partly factual, although all of the material about the appearances of the "Flying Dutchman" is imagin-

ary. In this story, the son goes to sea to try to break the oath which his father swore. The mother begs the boy not to go to sea, and as she is dying she tells him what happened to his father. The story she tells is as follows:

When the son was still a baby, a violent storm came up one night. The mother went downstairs to make sure that all of the windows and the door were secure. As she went into the library, the windows crashed open and the candle was blown out. Suddenly, the windows closed and the candle was lighted again. Before her stood the image of her beloved husband. Had she not loved him so, she would have been afraid, but instead she ran to him and grasped him to her, but he was ice cold. Her husband then told her that he hadn't much time to tell her his story. He said his was a fate worse than death and told her the story of the "phantom ship" which had been previously related, and that he had been con-

demned to wander the seas eternally due to the oath he had sworn. This story was published about 1839.

Richard Wagner's opera, "*Der Fliegende Hollander*," is based also on the story of the "Flying Dutchman," but his plot is completely different from that of the original story. The captain, in this story, goes to sea for love of a maid, who commits suicide after he leaves.

Even today reports come regularly of visions of the famous ghost ship. During the last war thousands of seamen, faced with the menace of sudden death on all sides, scanned the stormy waters and swore they saw her familiar shape, flying full-rigged before the storm, bound on her eternal and fruitless attempt to reach India and gain a fortune for her captain.

James B. Settles' brilliant painting on the front cover is an authentic reproduction of the famous ship, taken from drawings of Dutch ships of the day.

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SAUCERS and COMMUNISTS

By Ray Palmer

WILL ROGERS used to say: "All I know is what I read in the papers." There was a time when you could read the papers, and actually learn something from them. The papers were printed with words out of the dictionary, used properly, and they meant what they said. Some people do not read well, naturally, and have trouble understanding what they read; and some writers don't write well, and have trouble expressing their thoughts on paper so that the reader gets the same thoughts when he reads the intervening words.

If Will Rogers were alive today, he'd have to stop using his favorite expression. Because he might read the papers, but he'd never be sure that he knew anything from them!

The editor of this magazine is a little daft on the subject of the fourth estate, and its honorable duty and privilege to inform the people of what is going on. The placing before the public of the news and the facts is a sacred

thing; and the expression of philosophy, theory and thoughtful conjecture is also a laudable thing. Any writer who twists his words around a corkscrew tongue to make them mean something else than the truth; or any writer who deliberately ignores the truth, or distorts it; or any writer who is careless with his facts, owes a debt to all his readers which this writer believes he'll have to pay someday—and preferably in hell.

By now you know this editor is mad. Clear through! So it will at least be fun to read on to the end of this particular blast. And through the smoke you might just see a hazy question emerging in your mind that you would like to see answered. If you do, it might be a good idea to ask the people involved for an answer. They owe it to you!

To start off, we'll reproduce a newspaper column written by Ben Gross, word for word. No, this is not plagiarism—this is quotation, verbatim. When a man says some-

thing, he likes to be quoted correctly. We hope there won't be any typographical errors, because we want to understand him perfectly, and because he signs his name to his article, he must be proud of it, confident of its accuracy, and willing to back up its truth. Actually, our reproduction of it is a compliment--because he now has proof that his column was read, and with impressive results! There is only one personal factor involved, insofar as your writer and editor is concerned--we disagree with him heartily!

The entire column follows. It is titled:

ARE SOVIET SPIES BACK OF 'SAUCER CONTACTS'?

By Ben Gross

Could Soviet Russian spies--intelligence or psychological warfare agents--be behind some of the American excitement over flying saucers? Two broadcasting personalities, who have devoted many hours on the air to discussing UFOs (unidentified flying objects), believe this to be a possibility.

One of them is Long John Nebel, who conducts the off-beat program, "The Party Line" (WOR-Radio, Mon.-Sat., 12 Mid.-5:30 A. M.) The other, Ivan Sanderson, a noted zoologist, botanist and geologist, who served with distinction in British Naval Intelligence during World War II. Both expressed their views on the air recently.

"A number of people lately have

announced contacts with persons alleged to have come to earth from other planets via spacecraft," said John. "George Adamski, among others, has written a book about it. And Howard Menger, a sign painter of Highbridge, N. J., has reported on my program that he has had conversations with beings from Venus who landed in his apple orchard.

"Some of these who tell such stories can't be dismissed as liars, psychotics or conscious charlatans. Menger, for instance, appears to be utterly sincere.

"All of their stories have certain similarities: The alleged spacemen appear only at night; their craft land only in out-of-the-way places; and they warn their contacts never to approach them while carrying any weapons or even flashlights."

"Furthermore, these 'space visitors,' preaching a doctrine of brotherly love, are reported to harp constantly on the suggestion that we should abandon our experimentation with atom and hydrogen bombs. Also, they are said to be giving secret instructions of some kind to their earth people contacts.

"But most suspicious of all is this: Persons who say they have had such contacts insist that occasionally they recognize 'people from other planets' working in our factories and riding along our highways in cars. How do they identify these individuals as being from outer space?

Swear Secrecy

"Well, they tell you that this is a secret. But some have gone so far as to say there are hidden means of

identification, including 'code words' involved."

Therefore, Long John posed these queries: "Would true spacemen intent on benefiting humanity behave in this fashion? On the other hand, how would Russian psychological warfare agents behave?"

"Just in the manner you have described," said Sanderson.

Why?

Landing Places

First of all, to establish secret landing places for their craft in out-of-the-way places in this country. Secondly, to gain the services of well meaning and highly credulous dupes. And, thirdly, to undermine subtly our will to protect ourselves with nuclear weapons.

Sanderson, who has made a name for himself on radio and TV, and is now appearing weekly on the Garry Moore program, argues that it would be silly to dismiss all reports of such contacts with "spacemen." "There is now quite a considerable mass of such reports," he said. "Some of these alleged contacts have been witnessed by as many as six persons at a time, in one case even by a Princeton University physicist. So there is a definite possibility that some form of craft have landed here, unknown to the authorities.

"It must be remembered that our radar screen has two wide loopholes: at the rooftop level and straight up. If any other country has developed very fast aerofoms that can go up to the limits of the atmosphere and then descend straight down, these craft could hop OVER our radar screen.

"Also there is published evidence, plus personal notes given to me by a former engineer of the Messerschmidt airplane factories in Germany to the effect that the Russians right now have such a plane or aerofom. This engineer worked on the prototype and actually saw it fly."

Ultrasonic Device

But there's still another puzzle: How do these people recognize persons as being from outer space, considering that the latter are reputed to "look exactly like earthmen"?

Sanderson suggested that foreign agents posing as space visitors might be equipped with some ultrasonic device which signals their contacts. "Many of us know about ultrasonic dog whistles," he pointed out.

Fantastic? Yes. But as Sanderson said: "It's something for those charged with our national defense to ponder—and to investigate."

* * *

There you have it. First off, we should mention Long John Nebel. He's a man we've never met, but who has discussed us for hours and hours on end on his wee-hour program. He's taken Shaver and his deros apart, put them together again. He's discussed Search Magazine, and given it lots of plugs. He's had all sorts of flying saucer personalities on his program. He's read a long letter we wrote to him (via Gray Barker, author of "They Knew Too Much About Flying

Saucers" who has also been on his program) several times over the air. He's much interested in all the unusual things we are all interested in. In fact, we had an entirely different picture of him in our minds from what we'd heard--so different that we can't reconcile it with his statement that the saucers are Russian spies, fixing up secret landing places, and using "saucerians" as "dupes". Especially since a certain science fiction fan who appeared on his program assured us that Long John was a "dangerous man" who was "filling the public with a lot of psychotic bunk" which immediately assured us that Long John was a normal, inquisitive person, and perfectly on the level. And that's the way we'll let it ride, because that's what we think. Of course, if Long John says he was quoted correctly in this article, then we must add to our opinion that he is not very alert, and a lot of the things he hears on his own program have unfortunately gone over his head. It might be that he isn't able to put two and two together like a normal inquisitive person and get five, like all of us wishful thinkers do.

It's when we have to consider Ivan Sanderson, "noted zoologist, botanist and geologist, who served with distinction in British Naval Intelligence during World War II"

that we begin to smell a rat. And from there we go immediately to the author of the article, Mr. Gross. For Mr. Gross the words "Party Line" are very appropriate. Not that we refer to any Russian or Communist Party Line (which Long John's program doesn't refer to either). It's just that Gross has a "writers' party line" technique. He takes Long John's (one of many undoubtedly) observations and presents them to us very partially (partial not to lose his singleness of selection of Long John's observations) and then gives them the official seal of expert approval by dragging Sanderson across the field of our vision. Of course! Who else but a noted zoologist, botanist and geologist (who had served in *intelligence* in the *british* Nahvee) could give us all the hot poop about flying saucers right straight from the poop deck! Who else indeed! He deals in insects, weeds and rocks (mostly in his head, to judge from his comments on how stupid all the people are who have seen flying saucers).

Long John at least (we hope) knows that not *all* (*are there any!*) who have seen flying saucers or UFO, or what have you, who are stupid dupes who could be led out to a pasture by a Russian spy, shown a Russian flying saucer, and cautioned to keep his flashlight batteries wet and tell no one that

the saucer will be back to teach them the "secret words" that will give them a free ride to Mars in case of flood.

We'll dismiss the stone-chipping Mr. Sanderson as lightly as possible, so as to avoid disturbing the frightful amount of gas he contains, but we do feel a certain amount of resentment over his final sally: the threat to "investigate" all who contact saucers to make sure they aren't communist spies trained to answer an ultrasonic dog whistle! Nuts to you, Mr. Sanderson, and we only wish you weren't so serious. You're taking too many liberties with our American liberties, for a british deck swabber.

It's Mr. Gross we want to hold to account, for what we believe is a calculated article to discredit all flying saucer people (the observers, not the visitors), and also to beat the war drums even louder. Aha! Mr. Gross, there's a Communist statement if you ever saw one! Only communists hate war! Like President Roosevelt did. He said he hated it. Now only a communist can speak in favor of peace! Anyone who even suggests that guns and bombs (atomic included) are bad, is an "infiltrating commie".

Don't make us Americans laugh

or vomit, as the case may be!

But we *do* want to ask you a few questions: Do you say that Kenneth Arnold is a communist-duped idiot? Is Captain E. J. Smith that stupid? Is Adamski a damned liar with his two books? Are Angelucci, Bethurum, Fry and the whole lot of them communist? Are the *thousands* of people far more intelligent than Sanderson can ever hope to be only being tricked by clever Russians in the latest in Russian fighting planes?

But why go on asking questions because if we start, a thousand of them will pop up. The only question we should really ask you is your own: "Are Soviet Spies Back Of 'Saucer Contacts'?"

If you *really* entertain the haziest of notions that it might be so, take the needle out of your arm--you're overdoing it.

And if you're really interested in finding out, we'd like to introduce you to Kenneth Arnold. He's a big, tough American, and he knows what he saw. Trouble is, you'd probably need a new set of teeth before you could ask him if he's been duped by commie spies.

Lastly, as writer, we hate to think you got paid for that junk you wrote! It just ain't fair.

THE END



YOUR FUTURE

By Dorothy Spence Lauer

What does tomorrow hold in store for you? All of us would like to know, and there are various ways of predicting. Here, in Mrs. Lauer, we present a prophet who employs an unusual method, and whose ability SEARCH proved positively, 87½% accurate, over a period of two years.

Almost buried beneath an avalanche of requests for psychometric analyses, Dorothy is late this month in getting her predictions in to this office, so we'll pinch hit for her in a manner of speaking. Not that we'll make any predictions, but we'll give you some bits of information that you may find very interesting.

First, we regret exceedingly to be forced to announce some tragic news, but for the benefit of those readers of SEARCH who have seen the advertisement of Helene, another psychometrist, in these pages, this capable psychometrist was attacked and killed recently. If you engaged her services and received no reply, this is the reason.

But most interesting to this editor is the fact that Dorothy Lauer previously warned Miss Jeffers that she was in great danger. Since we know how deeply it grieves Dorothy to have to transmit such warnings, with the conviction that

they will do no good, we can imagine how she must have felt to learn that her psychometric impression had come true so tragically.

Next, we want to thank all those readers who have faithfully informed us of the percentage of accuracy of any analysis they have received from Mrs. Lauer. Mrs. Lauer's accuracy continues to amaze us.

Just recently Dorothy wrote one of her personal letters to us and made a prediction concerning us that is very unusual. We live on a farm in a place we love very much. It is a beautiful spot, the most beautiful in Wisconsin, we feel. One thing is certain, we would never sell any part of our farm. Yet, Dorothy said we would sell a small portion. We could not believe this because particularly small portions would be against our inclination, due to the fact that neighbors have sold small portions as sites for summer cottages, and they have become eyesores.

Thus, when the highway commission approached us and informed us that a re-routing of our County road to straighten out some curves would require the selling of slightly less than an acre of our land, it was something Dorothy could not have known by any ordinary means we can think of!

Here, we believe, is an authentic instance of pre-cognition, or prevision, as is possible in psychometry. It could not have been telepathy (at least not our telepathy) because we ourselves had no idea that such a sale of land was a possibility.

THE END

Editor's Note: Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Ordinarily she needs but an object belonging to, or handled by, the subject, or the presence of the subject, to become aware of the psychic influences from which she draws her information. However, for the sake of expediency in providing her with a sufficiently strong personal psychic impression, the editors of this magazine hit upon the Bible verse method. By writing out a verse, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given on this page, we hope that a sufficiently powerful psychic impression will be made to enable the medium to receive the information she seeks. We have made this service available to our readers purely in an experimentative atmosphere, in an attempt, first, to determine whether or not this ability is of a nature both real and valuable; and second, to provide you with an interesting bit of entertainment.

For the convenience of our readers who wish to contact Mrs. Lauer personally, you can do so by writing your Bible verse according to instructions and mailing it directly to her. Usually Mrs. Lauer charges much more (from \$5 to \$10) for an analysis, however she will analyze any verse sent through SEARCH magazine for \$3.00. Please send your personal orders to Mrs. Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and not to this magazine. We do not assume responsibility for them, nor for the content of her analysis. However, we would appreciate continued cooperation from those of you who have personal analyses regarding her percentage of accuracy, so that, over a long period of time, we may accumulate a substantial mass of evidence of the reality of the power technically called psychometry.

HOW TO GET A PSYCHOMETRIC ANALYSIS

Select a short verse from the Bible, perhaps your favorite, and write it on a separate sheet of paper, meanwhile concentrating on your problems. Then mail the sheet to Mrs. Dorothy Spence Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and enclose \$3.00. Bear in mind the reply may take several weeks.

HOXSEY'S PROOF OF CANCER CURE

In our October 1956 issue we presented Hoxsey's claim that he could cure cancer, and we also presented the government's side of the story – which stated that he could not. The two conflicting reports had to be settled, we felt. As it turned out, the matter was far from settled, and now we are forced to continue our research into this baffling welter of claims.

Does Hoxsey cure cancer? Has he cured cancer? Has the government taken him to court to prove he does not? If so, what were the results of those trials? In the material submitted to our readers in this issue, we once more give an unbiased presentation of the evidence, statements and information that is available. It is far from complete, and it seems to the editors that it only beclouds the issue still further. However certain documentary evidence is presented, and it is this evidence we wish to have properly explained. We think it should be explained. We think the facts have not been publicized. We further think that there has been a lot of misrepresentation. We would like this corrected. Just recently, in all U. S. Post offices, a notice appeared on the bulletin boards concerning the Hoxsey cure. We present that bulletin as it appeared, and without comment, other than that which seems obvious to us. Then, to clarify the picture still further, we present the documentary evidence (or rather, a small part of the documentary evidence, for its volume is much too large to include in one single issue of any magazine) given us by Mr. Harry Hoxsey.

PUBLIC BEWARE!

Warning Against

The Hoxsey Cancer Treatment

Sufferers from cancer, their families, physicians and all concerned with the care of cancer patients are hereby advised and warned that the Hoxsey treatment for internal cancer has been found worthless by two Federal courts.

The Hoxsey treatment costs \$400.00 plus \$60.00 in additional fees—expenditures which will yield nothing of value in the care of cancer. It consists essentially of simple drugs which are worthless for treating cancer.

The Food and Drug Administration conducted a thorough investigation of the Hoxsey treatment and the cases which were claimed to be cured. Not a single verified cure of internal cancer by this treatment has been found.

Those afflicted with cancer are warned not to be misled by the false promise that the Hoxsey cancer treatment will cure or alleviate their condition. Cancer can be cured only through surgery or radiation. Death from cancer is inevitable when cancer patients fail to obtain proper medical treatment because of the lure of a painless cure "without the use of surgery, X-ray, or radium" as claimed by Hoxsey.

Anyone planning to try this treatment should get the facts about

it. For further information write to: U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Food and Drug Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

* * *

First, it should be understood by the reader that the matter decided by the courts was not whether or not Hoxsey cured cancer, but whether or not he could label his medicines as a cure for cancer, and transport them in interstate trade routes, the mails, etc. In both cases the judgment was against Hoxsey.

The government's claim (also the American Medical Association) is that in the cases where Hoxsey has apparently cured or arrested cancer, it would have happened anyway; because it is known that cancers mysteriously disappear and seem to be spontaneously cured.

If this claim is allowed, then it can also be used to describe any cure by a member of the AMA, either by surgery or radiology. The statement that the "cure" was due to something spontaneous, and that the cure would have happened anyway cannot be challenged by the radiologist any more than by Hoxsey. It is a specious argument and far from scientific or reasonable.

True, there are records of cancers, untreated in any way, becoming completely arrested. But the point

is, no doctor knows why. Hoxsey suggests that the physical "condition" which caused the cancer in the first place was somehow corrected, and that therefore the cancer disappeared. The general impression given by the AMA is that the cancer itself is a condition, and that it is not a result but a cause. Actually, there is no certain knowledge of what causes cancer, other than the fact that certain coal tars, irritations, X-rays, exposure to atomic radiation, and perhaps other things do result in cancers. The AMA does not specifically deny that a chemical imbalance of the body is the cause, yet they certainly do not affirm that it does. Hoxsey, on the other hand, states positively that this is so, and that treatment should be chemical rather than radiological and surgical.

Perhaps all three methods have some merits. That is not the real question. The real question is that cancer is a horrible killer of the human being, and every possible avenue of attack should be fully explored and fully substantiated before rejection. We do not think, in the light of the evidence, that Hoxsey's cure, if it is a cure, has been so positively classified and investigated as to allow it to be completely rejected, and even placed in the category of complete fraud and a public warning issued against

it.

When surgery is used to combat cancer, the patient is required to sign a release exonerating the surgeon and the hospital from all possible responsibility in the case of failure or death or further crippling. The same is required in the use of radiology. Thus the medical profession is far from certain of its ability to cure cancer, it would seem. Actually, however, this procedure stems from a desire to obtain protection from damage suits which inevitably result in the event the family feels a mistake has been made—and certainly a death resulting from surgery can be claimed to be a mistake. Thus the business of signing a release is a legal matter entirely.

It would seem that Mr. Hoxsey should require exactly the same legal release from responsibility in case his medicine failed. Yet we have not heard that he does so. Does he do so?

It is certainly true that many of Hoxsey's patients die. The percentage ratio in comparison to the number of patients of radiologists that die would be interesting, and does not seem to be available. But there is also no evidence that it is greater than that of the radiologists.

It is when a doctor states that a case is helpless and advises the patient to go home and die, and that case is subsequently complete-

ly arrested after taking the Hoxsey medicine that we feel much more investigation must be made. Is the proportion of such cures in line with the proportion of "spontaneous" cures that occur, according to doctors?

If it is positive, by reason of biopsy, competent opinion by diagnosticians, and actual past history that a patient has a cancer, especially of the most serious kind, and later is equally positive by the same methods that he does not have a cancer, on what basis can it be invariably stated that this is just a sheer accident?

If such a basis is used, then it is evident that no cure whatever can be claimed by anyone, no matter what the means.

The American public is contributing millions of dollars toward the hunt for a cure for cancer. It should cost comparatively little to discredit Hoxsey completely if he is so vulnerable as is claimed, but never yet proved. There seems to be good reasons to expend that money in an unbiased and completely scientific investigation in light of the fact that many hundreds of documented cases of positive cancers, and equally positive "arrests" exist in the case of the Hoxsey cure. We think such a research should be conducted. Actual tests should be made.

In the following pages we present

just a bit of the evidence that Mr. Hoxsey can apparently provide in great volume to a team of honest investigators. What it means we frankly do not know. But we are far from satisfied that it is a fraud, or just a plain "act of nature". It is important for this inconclusive condition of factual knowledge to be resolved one way or the other.

At least it is important to the man who is dying of cancer. He should not be left to die if there is any chance at all, just because there is a law about what you can or cannot put on the label on a bottle.

Either Hoxsey can cure cancer or he cannot. It has not been proven that he cannot, but some of his patients who *did* have cancer do *not* have it now. It is important to be sure that it is only by pure chance that this is so. Merely to state that it is so is neither honest nor reasonable.

One thing that makes us hopeful is that most recent scientific opinions concerning a cure for cancer state that it will be found in the physio-chemical means of cure. If science comes up with such a cure, we won't care if it's colored pink or blue!

This magazine will publish any documentary evidence that Hoxsey's medicine is worthless, or even harmful. We would consider it our duty to do so. We invite all comers.

Hoxsey Cancer Clinic
 4507 Gaston Avenue
 Dallas 22, Texas
 Telephone TEEnison 9973
 August 17, 1956

Mr. Ray Palmer, Editor
 SEARCH Magazine
 Amherst, Wisconsin.

Dear Editor:

Senator Haluska forwarded me one of your SEARCH magazines for October, 1956, which I know is an advanced copy, as I have not seen them on the newsstands yet. On page 45, you say "Is There Any Evidence Admissible in a Court of Law of a Hoxsey-Cured Cancer"?

I am enclosing herewith, a number of pathologically proven cases of internal cancer, in which the government admits that these patients were suffering from the worst possible types of cancer.

In the Barker case, you will note that in 1944, they operated on him, and they admit that they gave him maximum service, and recommended x-ray, which he refused. They also admit that in 1949, their x-rays revealed positive proof that we cured him of this inoperable condition.

You will note further, in the case of Tom Watson, that he was suffering from the most deadly possible type of cancer, ie, Malignant Melanoma with metastasis. They said if he would submit to a four-

quarter operation, it would increase his chances five percent, and without the operation, he could not live more than a year. That was in 1946. He started the Hoxsey treatment in 1947. It is now nine years later, he is well, has married and has a wife and six children.

You will also notice, in the case of Mr. C. H. Smith, that he was also given up to die. I am enclosing his testimony given in front of the ten medical doctors who investigated the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic.

You will note that this has been thirteen years, from the time he gave this testimony. It has been ten years, since Mr. Bob Barker was given up to die. So, why wouldn't a story headlined "Government Hospital Records Filed by Members of the American Medical Association Prove Positively that Hoxsey Cures Cancer," be a good heading for an article, in which one government agency (Federal Drug Administration) says we cannot cure cancer, and another government agency filled with American Medical Association doctors, admit that we do.

I think it is time for one hundred sixty-five million good Americans to know the truth. I am also sending you a number of other biopsies, with statements from the patients. If this is not positive proof that we cure both internal and external cancer at the Hoxsey Clinic, I will

donatè one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000.00) to any charitable organization in the world.

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your splendid article in your October issue, and assure you, that if there is any information that you need to complete your next article, drop me a line and I will furnish it to you.

These cases that I am sending you, along with approximately fifty more, is what the government will have to face in Pittsburgh, when we go to trial. Mr. Larrick has copies of these biopsies, and yet he says that we have not proven to him that we have cured one case of internal cancer. Ask him why he does not come to Dallas and make an investigation of these records and these patients.

Very sincerely yours,
Hoxsey Cancer Clinic
Harry M. Hoxsey, N. D.

Mr. Thomas P. Watson
Boyd, Texas

I was in World War 2 as a soldier. I had a mole on my right shoulder, and while I was a prisoner of war, I got my shoulder severely bruised. I had had a black mole on my shoulder all my life.

When I was released as a prisoner of war, this mole would bleed, burn and give me a lot of suffering and trouble. They refused to give me any care whatsoever while

I was a prisoner in Japan.

As soon as I got out of prison camp, they sent me to the Brooks General Hospital in San Antonio, Texas, where the head Surgeon cut a little piece of the mass off and sent it to the laboratory. When he got the report back, he told me I had Malignant Melanoma, one of the worst types of cancer there was. I had 2 operations in Brooks General Hospital. Eight months after the 2nd operation, the cancer returned worse than before, and I was then discharged.

I came home and in a few months started having severe pain, swelling and could not sleep, and then the Government sent me out to the Lisbon Hospital here in Dallas. Dr. Long there, advised me that he would have to remove my arm, take all the glands out of my neck and chest, and he said this would only give me a 5% chance of recovery. Having already had 2 operations, and the fact that the cancer had spread all over my body, I heard of the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic and went there on August 2, 1947. I was placed on the Hoxsey Internal Medications, and in 6 weeks time my pain had stopped, and within 2 months time the lumps had all gone down. I stayed on the Internal Medication for one (1) year. I have had no trouble since, can use my arm perfectly, and since that time I have

married and have 6 children.

In 1954 I voluntarily went to the Government Hospital and stayed for two weeks, was studied by all the doctors, and after all examinations and checks, they advised me I was free of cancer and had nothing to worry about. I feel that if I had not taken the Hoxsey Treatment, I would be dead today.

Veterans Administration
Hospital
McKinney, Texas
June 20, 1956

Dr. E. Waid Robison
2525 Maple Avenue
Dallas 1, Texas

Dear Dr. Robison:

With reference to your letter dated June 15, 1956, we are enclosing a copy of the final summary in the case of the above named veteran, covering his treatment here from April 27, 1954 to May 11, 1954.

As regards to the biopsy report, this is to advise that no biopsy was done during that period of hospitalization.

Very truly yours,
E. LEA
Acting Registrar

FINAL SUMMARY

1. This the first admission to the McKinney VAH of this 36 year old white male farmer who is

admitted for observation and examination on the request of the Regional Office of the Veterans Administration in Lubbock, Texas. The patient enters the hospital with the complaints of pain, tenderness and disability in the use of his right shoulder and arm. The patient states that while a prisoner of war of the Japanese in WWII, he was struck by a Japanese guard on his right shoulder, the point of impact being on a small mole which had been there for many years.

The impact of the blow tore the mole half-way off its base. This occurred in 1944. From that time on the lesion continued to drain and would not heal. It began to grow slowly during that period of time and by 1946 was approximately the size of a dime. He was liberated from the Japanese in 1945 and was returned to this country and sent to Brooke General Hospital in San Antonio, Texas. While he was still in the Army the lesion on his shoulder was excised and a frozen section was done. Following the frozen section the lesion was excised locally. Approximately a week after this the patient was re-operated and the operative site was excised widely down to the deep fascia. This lesion was diagnosed as a malignant melanoma and no evidence of tumor was found in the tissue removed at the second operation. Approximately five

weeks later the patient developed a nodule in the right supraclavicular area and underwent an excision biopsy of this nodule which proved to be a metastatic malignant melanoma in a supraclavicular lymph node. No other enlarged lymph nodes were noted at that time. Following recovery from this operation he was discharged from the hospital and discharged from the service. Approximately 7-8 months after his second operation he noted a recurrent nodule in the right supraclavicular area. For this he was admitted as a veteran to the VAH in Dallas where he underwent excision of all the available lymph nodes in the right supraclavicular fossa. These lymph nodes were positive for malignant melanoma metastasis. Following this operation the patient was told that he had a cancer and that his life expectancy was approximately one year. He was advised at that time that a right fore quarter amputation would improve his chance for cure to approximately 5%, but that he had a 95% chance of dying of his carcinoma even with the operation. He was told that without the operation he would certainly not survive for more than a year. The patient elected to keep his arm and shoulder and keep his chances as they were since they would not be much better with surgery anyway. Since that time he has had no

further recurrences of nodules in that region except for a small nodule which appears suddenly from time to time usually following vigorous exercise and usually disappearing within a few hours if he rests. However, the scar in the supraclavicular area has continued to cause him a certain amount of pain associated with a sensation of tightness in that area. In addition to this the patient has noticed that during the past two years he has episodes of what he calls a catch in his shoulder. This occurs very suddenly, usually while he is doing something, but sometimes in his sleep also and causes intense pain in his shoulder with partial paralysis of his shoulder and arm with numbness over the top of his shoulder and part of his neck on that side. This is usually associated with the appearance of the small nodule in the supraclavicular areas previously mentioned. The patient states that the painful symptoms of this "catch" may last for a few minutes to a few days or sometimes even over a week. The patient states that he is aware at all times of the tight sensation in the upper part of his shoulder and the right side of his neck.

The patient entered the Army in 1941 and shortly after that developed mumps which resulted in mumps orchitis. This caused his left testicle to undergo consider-

able decrease in size and it became exquisitely tender. It has been exquisitely tender ever since. The patient, however, complains of this little. He states that it doesn't bother him unless he wears tight pants and bends over. The patient was sent overseas shortly after the onset of WWII to Australia to where he was trans-shipped to Java. He was in the battle of Java until he was captured on 9 March '42. He was a prisoner of war of the Japanese from then until he was liberated in 1945. While a prisoner of the Japanese he suffered from marked dietary malnutrition and lost 40 pounds in weight. He also developed beri beri and pellagra. He had malaria on several occasions and had either typhoid or typhus on one occasion, he is not sure which. As a prisoner, the patient was shipped from Java to Singapore and from there to Japan where he was forced to work in a shipyard at Nagasaki. He worked there throughout his entire prisoner career and approximately six weeks before the end of the war he was shipped to a coal mine further interior. During the period in which he was working as a shipyard worker in Nagasaki he was struck on the left ankle with a large 2 x 4 plank which resulted in marked swelling of his ankle and he was unable to walk without crutches for approximately three months.

During this period of incarceration by the Japanese he was struck on the shoulder resulting in partial amputation of a small mole on the shoulder as related in the present illness. Shortly after his liberation from the Japanese in 1945 the patient developed jaundice which was treated before his return to this country. The patient states that while he was a prisoner of the Japanese he began to have very terrifying nightmares every night which disturbed what little sleep he was able to obtain. On liberation from the Japanese he continued to have these nightmares very frequently and still has them occasionally. During 1951 and 1952 the patient began to have episodes of cramping epigastric pain which was diagnosed in 1952 on the basis of x-rays made by a private physician as ulcerated stomach. The patient was treated for these complaints with diet and antacids. Approximately a year after this the patient was seen in the VAH in Lubbock where upper G. I. films were made which revealed no evidence of ulcer.

2. Physical examination at the time of admission revealed a slender white male of approximately the stated age who did not appear acutely or chronically ill. Examination of the head and neck revealed that there was some limitation to lateral bending of the neck toward

the left. It was not thought that this limitation of motion was due to muscle spasm, but rather due to scar tissue formation in the right supraclavicular area. Examination of the abdomen revealed the liver to be palpable at the costal margin on moderately deep inspiration. The liver was noted to be slightly tender with the tenderness being referred to the epigastrium in the midline. Examination of the genitalia revealed that the left testicle was approximately $\frac{1}{3}$ of the size of the right testicle and was very soft and exquisitely tender. Examination of the extremities revealed the presence of a scar which was well healed in the skin of the right shoulder posteriorly overlying the area of the supraspinatus muscle which measured 6" in length and 1.25" in width at its widest point. The scar was elliptical in shape and freely movable over the underlying muscle and nontender. A second scar was noted in the right supraclavicular area which was 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " in length and linear. It was well healed and not fixed to the underlying tissue. However, at the time of the initial examination this scar was exquisitely tender and light gentle palpation elicits excruciating pain on the part of the patient. Subsequent examination of this area revealed absence of this excruciating pain and tenderness. However, following rigorous exer-

cise with the right arm, there was noted to be a palpable nodule approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ cm. in size which was nontender and appeared to be attached to the posterior aspect of the right subclavian artery. This artery transmitted the pulse of the artery, but was not expanding with the pulse. Examination of the left ankle reveals a circular scar $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter just anterior to the left lateral malleolus. Flexion and extension of the left ankle and lateral bending of the left foot elicits no pain or crepitus. However, the patient states that when he stands upright and puts his weight on his foot he does feel some pain after awhile. He says that this does not bother him very much. Examination of the lymphatics revealed no palpable lymph nodes in either supraclavicular area except for the nodule mentioned under extremities. There were no palpable axillary lymph nodes and there were only a few small shotty lymph nodes palpable in the inguinal regions which were nontender, freely movable and apparently normal.

3. Urinalysis revealed yellow clear urine with an acid free action, a specific gravity of 1.015 which was negative for albumin. He had a slight trace of sugar and which on microscopic examination had occasional cylindroids and hyaline casts. There were also occasional

white cells noted. CBC revealed a hemoglobin of 17.0, a WBC of 7.4 with the differential of 59% neutrophils, 36% lymphocytes, 4% monocytes and 1% eosinophil. VDRL serological test for syphilis was negative. X-ray examination of the chest was negative. X-ray examination of the right shoulder was negative. X-ray examination of the left ankle was negative. Examination of the cervical spine was negative.

4. The patient was admitted to the hospital and was placed upon routine ward measures as an ambulatory patient. He was given no medications of any kind during his hospital stay. Consultation was obtained with the Orthopedic Department regarding the patient's disability of shoulder and possible traumatic arthritis of the left ankle. The Orthopedists were unable to make any diagnosis other than scar, traumatic of left ankle and scars, surgical of right shoulder. The patient was seen by a consulting neurologist with reference to possible nerve damage to the brachial plexus or cervical plexus by the surgical procedures. The neurologist was unable to make any neurologic diagnosis on any organic basis. Consultation was obtained with the psychiatric department who noted that the patient had a definite active anxiety reaction which was rather severe and very chronic. He

noted that the patient was probably more passive in personality than he had been prior to his experience with the Japanese and he considered the patient's present chronic anxiety reaction to be a residual of a more serious chronic anxiety reaction that the patient had developed as a Japanese prisoner of war. The psychiatrist stated that the patient was totally disabled as far as his vocation was concerned by his chronic anxiety reaction. He furthermore stated that although the conventional signs and symptoms of anxiety are progressively less evident in this patient the disability syndrome which had seized upon the shoulder and arm difficulty as a symbolic channel for somatization had not completely analyzed the patient's chronic anxiety and would probably never do so. He considered that this chronic severe anxiety state was permanently and completely disabling to the patient whether or not there was actual organic disease present in the shoulder at this time. Following completion of the x-ray examinations and the consultations the patient was *discharged on 5-11-54*.

FINAL DIAGNOSIS: 1. Anxiety reaction, active, (severe, permanent). (Untreated, unchanged)

a. Depressive reaction.

b. Passive dependent personality trait disturbance.

2. Status following operation for malignant melanoma of right shoulder. (Untreated, unchanged)

a. Scar, 6" in length, above, asymptomatic.

3. Status following operation for malignant melanoma metastatic to the right supraclavicular lymph-nodes. (Untreated, unchanged)

a. Scar from above, symptomatic, recurrent.

Traumatic arthritis of left ankle, examined for, not found. (Unchanged)

Homer C. Stuntz, M. D.

VAH

Mc Kinney, Texas

Mr. J. W. Anderson
1409 W. Church Street
Carlsbad, New Mexico

Mr. Anderson entered Scott and White Memorial Hospital in Temple, Texas on June 9, 1952 for a malignant melanoma on his buttocks. They did such a radical operation that sixty (60) stitches were necessary to close the wound. A biopsy was done, and according to the hospital's pathological record, Mr. Anderson was suffering from Melanosarcoma, Grade 4, of the buttock. This operation was performed by Dr. John F. McKenney, M. D., who advised Mr. Anderson that he was in a very serious condition.

Mr. Anderson returned home, and in a few months his condition re-

turned. He went back to Scott and White in Temple, Texas and they advised him it would be necessary to amputate his leg, by doing a Hemipelvectomy, but advised Mr. Anderson that his chances of recovery were very small.

He returned home and did not have the operation. He then went to Dr. Hilton W. Gillett, M. D., New Mexico, who advised him that he was in a serious condition and recommended that he go to Dr. John Long, Jr., an outstanding surgeon in Plainview, Texas. He went to see Dr. Long, and Dr. Long advised him that he needed surgery and wanted to do the same operation that was suggested in Temple, Texas.

The fact that metastasis had formed in the other groin, under his arm, and a large mass on his wrist, and the fact that the doctors offered practically no hope whatever, he decided to come to the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic.

Mr. Anderson came to the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic on August 27, 1953, and was placed on the internal medications. Within one month, the severe pains he was suffering subsided, the knots started to disappear from the groin, under his arm, and on his wrist. Within one year, all signs of his condition had cleared up and Mr. Anderson appeared in the court room ready to testify in Dr. Watt's behalf-

that he is now enjoying the best of health, working every day, and feels that he owes his life to the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic.

This is another case that makes liars out of anyone that says the Hoxsey Internal Treatment has no effect on internal cancer, as the only treatment Mr. Anderson has ever had since he was given up to die by the Medical Profession, is the Hoxsey Treatment.

John Charles Long, Jr., M. D.
Dip. Amer. Board Surg.
805 W. 8th St.
Plainview, Texas
August 20, 1953

Hilton W. Gillett, M. D.
Lovington General Hospital and
Clinic
Lovington, New Mexico

Dear Doctor Gillett:

It was indeed nice to hear from you, and I appreciate your kind comments about my very pleasant visit with you all at the Lea County Medical Society.

I have just seen your patient, Mr. John W. Anderson and I have advised him to have a Hemi-pelvectomy. Radical groin dissection has the significant disadvantage of leaving deep communicating lymphatics from the gluteal area. Should Mr. Anderson refuse to accept Hemi-pelvectomy, I believe radical groin dissection is justified even though the chance of cure is exceedingly

slim. I can think of only two patients who have been salvaged by groin dissection in his predicament.

The fact that Mr. Anderson's disease has already metastaticised and that it is of such a high grade of malignancy, reduces his chance of salvage significantly. However, if I were he, I should accept Hemi-pelvectomy for the reason that it offers the best chance we have. Our patients have adjusted very well to the loss of an extremity and we have reduced the operative mortality tremendously from this operation in the past five years.

I am taking a chest X-ray on Mr. Anderson today. If it is positive, I shall communicate with you immediately.

Thank you very much for the opportunity of seeing this fine man with you. Should he decide to accept the procedure we have recommended we should be pleased to have you scrub in at the operation if you can arrange time to come.

Kindest personal regards.

Sincerely yours,
John C. Long, Jr. M. D.

Mrs. W. A. (Quida) Simpson
107 West Pierce
Baytown, Texas

On September 5, 1952, Mrs. Simpson came to the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic as a patient. She advised us that she had been to the M. D.

Anderson Foundation. A biopsy was done by Dr. Herbert H. Duke, M. D.

Mrs. Simpson told us that they wanted to do a complete pelvicotomy, by removing the entire leg and part of the pelvis. This is one of the most serious operations that can be performed. They advised her that it was an almost fatal operation, and due to the fact that the cancer had metastasized and spread, they did not recommend it too strongly. Further proof of this is herewith enclosed, in the copies of the original biopsies.

Mrs. Simpson was placed on the Hoxsey Internal Medications, and in twelve month's time, the nodules and the metastases had all cleared up and was absorbed.

The fact that she was suffering from one of the most deadly types of Sarcoma, and had no treatment whatever but the Hoxsey Internal Treatment; and the fact that she is enjoying the best of health today, should convince anyone that the Hoxsey Method of Internal Treatment is far superior to Radium, X-ray, or Surgery.

Herbert H. Duke, M. D.,
Lillie - Duke Hospital
P. O. Box 359
Baytown, Texas
Phones: Residence 9025
Office 2065

Patient: Mrs. Ouida Simpson, age

35.

Section through the major tumor shows areas of necrosis with other areas of tumor tissue similar to that described. Fibrous tissue forms an attempt at a capsule in some areas and here there is some inflammatory reaction. At the narrow end of the tumor large and small foci of tumor cells are found between the muscle bundles and in some of these it is possible to identify part of the wall of a venule. The larger nodule sectioned here is surrounded either by fibrous tissue or by what remains of vein wall, but beside it there are clearly defined venules filled with tumor tissue.

Diagnosis: Myosarcoma with extension into veins.

Signed,
Violet H. Keiller

Note: X-ray of the chest should be made if this has not already been done. On the chest findings will depend further treatment.

X-ray of chest made 8-22-55 and read by Dr. Catalano, Beaumont, Texas was negative and normal. (Hospital and surgical bill not yet paid by this patient).

Herbert H. Duke, M. D.,
Lillie - Duke Hospital
P. O. Box 359
Baytown, Texas
Phones: Residence 9025
Office 2065

October 17, 1955

W. F. Pickett, M. D.
6504 Ravendale Lane
Dallas 14, Texas

Dear Dr. Pickett:

This is the tissue diagnosis made by Dr. Violet H. Keiller, Houston, Texas for Mrs Ouida Simpson in August 21, 1952 from tumor in her right leg. Four small pieces and one large piece. Blood Wasserman Negative.

Gross: The "small pieces" are tumor tissue which resembles that of the large mass. These areas are without capsule; they make a bulk of 3. x 3. x 1.5 cm.

The major tumor is 10. cm. x 4 x 3.5 cm. At one end it comes to a point with loose fibro-fatty and muscular tissue. Section here shows a large tumor nodule passing up apparently within a vein "V". The excision line here is 1.5 cm beyond this nodule. The remainder of the tumor is partly covered by a thin fibrous capsule with a few areas of adherent muscle. Tumor nodules similar to the small specimens protrude from rents in this. The interior is composed of soft sarcomatous tissue, white in some areas, yellowish in others with some hemorrhage.

Microscopic: The smaller specimens are composed of tumor tissue of varied cytology. Many rounded swollen masses of cytoplasm present nuclei near the periphery. These cells resemble muscle; cyto-

lasm is finely granular; in some areas it seems possible to see traces of striation. Some of the cytoplasmic masses appear to communicate as though to form a syncytium. Between them are cells of varied size and shape, many of them elongated with pale nuclei and almost all of small size. Larger and very dark nuclei between them are frequently almost bare of cytoplasm. Tumor giant cells with multiple dark nuclei are distributed through the mass. Blood spaces with little wall and imperfect lining are found.

The University of Texas
M. D. Anderson Hospital
Texas Medical Center
Houston 25

October 24, 1955

W. F. Pickett, M. D.
6504 Ravendale Lane
Dallas 14, Texas

Re: Mrs. Ouida Simpson
#8973

Dear Doctor Pickett:

In answer to your letter of October 14, 1955, we are enclosing an abstract of the diagnostic work-up and findings of your patient, Mrs. Ouida Simpson, who was seen here on consultation in August-September, 1952.

Surgical treatment was recommended to Mrs. Simpson. However, she declined, and she has not been heard from since that time.

Sincerely yours.
E. C. White, M. D.
Chief of Surgical Clinics

5076 - 10MA
Smith, Clifton H.
5637 Highland
Fort Worth, Texas

Robert O. Whitson,
M. D., F.A.C.S.
Orthopedics - Fractures
608 West Defee St.,
Baytown, Texas
Phone 7076
October 17, 1955

Dr. E. Waid Robinson
2525 Maple Avenue
Dallas 1, Texas
Dear Dr. Robinson:

In compliance with your request and the signed authorization of Mr. Clifton H. Smith, the following information has been abstracted from his clinical records on file at this hospital.

Mr. Smith was admitted to this hospital on September 3, 1940 with the chief complaints of a small scabby spot on the right side of his neck, where a lump has previously been. A small lump had also appeared on the left side of his neck near his ear. He also stated that he had trouble with his throat but at the present time it was all right. A past history revealed that in September, 1939 he developed a lump the size of a tennis ball on the right side of his throat. The pain developed inside of his throat at tonsils at the same time. A private physician excised some sort of growth in the throat at tonsils in October, 1939. Radium treatment was given to the exterior growth. At this time, there was no lump on the right side of his throat although a scabby area was present which discharged forming more scabs. A small lump on the left side of his

Dr. W. F. Pickett
6504 Ravendale Lane
Dallas 14, Texas

Re: Mrs. W. A. Simpson

Dear Dr. Pickett:

The above mentioned patient was seen by me in August of 1952. She had been operated on by another physician. The pathological diagnosis on the specimen obtained was myosarcoma of the right leg. Further surgery was recommended but was declined. Patient was seen in consultation by the M. D. Anderson Hospital in Houston.

I hope this supplied the information you require. I am sorry I cannot be of further help, as I really had very little to do with this case.

Very truly yours,
Robert O. Whitson

Veterans Administration
Hospital
Hines, Illinois
July 20, 1956
In reply refer to:

neck almost behind his ear appeared about August 20, 1940. This lump did not hurt and did not seem to grow any larger, but he was still advised to seek further hospitalization for his chief complaints.

After general and special examinations including laboratory work-up, the diagnosis was established of Carcinoma, undifferentiated, nasopharynx, with bilateral cervical metastases, post irradiation (from history) recurrent, untreated, unchanged. A Biopsy performed on September 10, 1940 revealed the following: "HISTOLOGY: The section consists of two small pieces of tissue partly covered by columnar epithelium. The submucosa consists of lymphoid tissue and a small amount of fibrous tissue.

DIAGNOSIS: Chronic inflammation." A second Biopsy performed on September 13, 1940 revealed the following: "HISTOLOGY: The tissue is partly covered with stratified squamous epithelium. There is a large area of ulceration and superficial necrosis. The submucosa is infiltrated with large masses of large irregular cells, with round hyperchromatic nuclei, which vary moderately in size. Mitoses are few in number. The stroma is slight in amount. There are a few bundles of striated muscle fibers. There are infiltrated with tumor cells. DIAGNOSIS: Undifferentiated

Carcinoma."

Mr. Smith was discharged September 17, 1940, Against Medical Advice.

We feel sure you understand that the above information furnished is privileged and is not to be divulged to unauthorized persons. This letter is not a request to render medical service to Mr. Smith at the expense of the Veterans Administration.

Jerome R. Dolezal
Registrar

TESTIMONY OF: Mr. Clifton H. Smith

April 12, 1954

At Investigation by 10 physicians, April 10, 11, 12, 1954

Dr. Randall: This is Mr. C. H. Smith, 5637 Highland Street, Fort Worth, Texas. Is that your correct address, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith: Yes, sir.

Q. Mr. Smith came in here, and his chief complaint was cancer of the throat and glands of the neck, diagnosed by biopsy at Hines Hospital in Chicago, Illinois; June 8, 1941 was the admission date. How long before you came here had you been having trouble, Mr. Smith?

A. Since the 25th day of May in 1939.

Q. 1939?

A. 1939 was the exact date that I felt this ailment.

(Continued on page 108)

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Come, Let Us Reason . . .

Letters from our Readers

Dear Ray:

I have read all your magazines since you started *Mystic* (now *Search*), and also your articles in *Fate*. I like *Search* best of all.

I also want to say something about Dorothy Spence Lauer and her work. I have had my seventh reading from her and I can tell anyone that she is correct most of the time. She certainly has told me the truth, and now I am taking up two of her lessons. I am taking Psychometry and Impulse Versus Intuition. They are so good that I can see a difference in my life already, and how I conduct myself among my fellow men. I cannot say enough in favor of her writing. I believe everyone who deals with her will be pleased.

I like articles like *The Most Amazing Man In The World* in the February issue of *Search*. Your magazine is clean, so keep it that way.

William Edwards
Box 917
Palmer, Alaska

Thank you for your kind words about our magazine. As for Mrs. Lauer, not everybody gets such good results as you do, and it would be wrong to say that they do,

but we have found that what she says is generally correct. As for SEARCH being clean, don't worry about that! We'll keep it that way.
... Rap.

Dear Ray:

The *Washington Evening Star* of Feb. 12, 1957 quotes Dr. Sydney Tarber, Harvard Medical School and Director of Children's Research Foundation in Boston as predicting that "the day will come when cancer is cured without operations or x-ray treatments." He stated that "remarkable results" are now being achieved in child cancer cases through Chemo-Therapy."

R. Weirauch
4272 7th, SE
Washington, D. C.

In this issue, we have presented more about Dr. Hoxsey's chemo — therapy cure of cancer. . . . Rap.

Dear Ray:

I get sick to the stomach when I read *SEARCH*. Truth? Hah! Fiction. Rubbish foisted off upon the gullible.

Your readers are looking for fairies that grant wishes and magic pink pills that cure all ills. For your



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Enclosed is \$3.00 for my copy of THE SECRET OF THE SAUCERS
by Orfeo Angelucci. Rush my copy to me by return mail.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

more devious minded readers astrology purports to fill this cure-all gap. Does it succeed? No. Its believers stumble through life the same as the rest of us.

Each of your letter writers exhort you to have an open mind as they themselves do and then immediately proceed to render asunder your beliefs because these differ from their own. And you—you're just as biased as the rest of them, albeit, biased toward being unbiased. As for me, of course, I'm not biased. I readily admit it.

I went to the Giant Rock Flying Saucer Convention with an open mind, hoping and desiring to see a flying saucer. I was utterly unbiased in my opinions concerning the existence of flying saucers. However, had any disbeliever gotten in my road I probably would have stomped him into the ground. We jeeped a short-cut across the desert and arrived in a milling mob of maddened magpies. (I use the word magpies because that bunch of flying saucer enthusiasts is really for the birds.) Organized confusion! Finally a technicolor motion picture was shown. Quite believable until its very end when a greatly enlarged magnification of a living, changing, floating amoeba was shown. This was thrust into the mouths of our thirsting desire. Anxiously we had had the hope

of seeing a real honest to goodness factual flying saucer. At that moment I became a disbeliever, still of course, unbiased. Until then I craned my neck, flaunted the open sky, begged it to produce a flying saucer. I had searched the blue sky till I was blue in the face.

2 a.m. at the convention. Several miles away on the desert floor one of the members of our group nudged me awake from out of my sleeping bag. LOOK! I gazed in disbelief and then in belief, startled. Behold—a flying saucer. I remember the awe of the occasion, the depth of feeling that vibrated every fibre of my body. Hanging unmoving above us was a huge, brilliant slowly pulsating pink light. Pink to pinkish white, alternately. With pusillanimous hesitancy I thought to myself, "Please land". Instead it began moving slowly away. One of the members of our group who was psychic said to me, "That big word scared it away".

As it moved away it split in two, one part rising with sudden burst of speed into the vast unknown—space. The smaller part, too, started moving quickly, horizontally toward the distant hills. Unexpectedly, it stopped. Then it grew in size and burst into sunlike brilliancy, changed from pink to radiant white, then momentarily became even more brilliant than it was before.

WHAT DO YOU SEEK FROM LIFE? PSYCHIC POWERS? SELF CONFIDENCE? PERSONALITY?



TEST YOURSELF

Yes No

- Are you satisfied with your mental power?
- Do you feel rested when you get up in the morning?
- Do you finish every job you tackle?
- Are you in tip-top shape physically?
- Do you control tension, fear, worry, "nerves"?
- Do people like you?
- Are you "getting ahead" in your work?
- Do you use the power of your subconscious mind?
- Is your life full, successful, happy?

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Just like a light bulb using its last iota of strength. Sudden flare, cascading darkness. The light plummeted to earth, dying to an ember. The more wild minded in our group jumped into the jeep, dashed off across the desert in pitch darkness in search of the remnants of an exploded dream. I returned to my sleeping bag numb with despair, my final day dream for a magic cure-all vanquished, my hopes for a super beneficent intelligence shattered. A flare! A lousy flare from the nearby Marine base.

To return to the main subject, the preposterous contents of SEARCH. Any intelligent person can and does arrive at the same conclusions Dorothy Spence Lauer does. Generalities all; no specificities.

I even have read the advertisements. I ask you, what kind of a boat or balloon will withstand the rushing turbulence of air and water as these elements cataract and destroy the earth's surface in its purported to be shift of axis. None made on earth today will. Perhaps the heads of the Scientific (?) Foundation are really flying saucer people from Venus.

I consider your reasoning concerning reincarnation illogical. You say, "... WHO are you ... are you a thousand other people who lived in the past? When your name

is called which one do you answer to? Either you are YOU, or you are NOTHING. (The thought in this last sentence is unrelated to the former thoughts, is emotional, based on wishful thinking and is inconclusive.) ... How many times in the past of many people have they been named Smith? What confusion! The end result of this reincarnation is that we all end up identical ... I believe that every one of us is a PERSONAL IDENTITY and no two alike."

Reincarnation doesn't say that if you happen to be a thousand different people throughout history that these people are identical. You dreamed that idea up yourself. On the other hand, assuming you did live a thousand different lives what would be wrong with having the same basic personality each time. You still would be your own identity. You would be you and no one else. Suppose you had had all of the economic careers possible why would that make you identical with everyone else? You are a writer and publisher at this time. In this respect do you now have an identity exactly the same as all other writers and publishers. Of course not. Suppose everybody in the world and throughout history was named John Smith. Would the common name make all people identical. Naturally not.



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In any one lifetime you live you are a thousand, a hundred thousand different people yet you retain your basic personality throughout all these changes. You are a different person as a man than you were as a child. You are different as a man with a wife than as a man without a wife. Each economic change makes you a different person than you were before. Each additional experience makes you a different person. How many experiences have you had since birth? A million perhaps? Then you are a million different people—all with the same name. No confusion. No fretting about losing identity.

Millions upon millions of people go through the same experiences day after day, year after year. Yet they retain the individualistic spark which makes each different.

So I say to you Ray Palmer. I recognize you from past ages. I knew you as John Smith, Shakespeare, Alexander the Great, as the galley slave. Your experiences have changed you but your basic personality remains the same.

In spite of the foregoing I am not an adherent of reincarnation. Nor am I aware of being psychic. I have a difficult time remembering what happened last week. I merely present the above as another line of reasoning because Ray, your logic clashes with mine.

I am interested in receiving SEARCH monthly because I believe the ideas you propound of open mindedness and freedom need SUPPORT. I ACTIVELY support principles that involve these concepts. If this active support necessitates subscribing to a magazine for which I have great distaste, this I will do. I don't have to read it, but I probably will. Consequently, enter my subscription for 24 issues. Begin with the first issue of 1957.

Frederick L. Rezler
P.O. Box 41
Venice, Calif.

P.S. I did enjoy reading one item in the December 1956 issue—William Aldridge's letter.

This editor is puzzled by your detailed observation of the behavior of the strange light over Giant Rock, and then deciding it was a Marine flare. Do flares really do those things? You neglected to mention whether you found the burned out flare, although your letter seems to imply that you did. We like to know positively—was it a flare, or not?

As for Dorothy Lauer, no "specificities"? I could list a hundred instances of specific predictions. I've had some personally. You are just wrong when you say "all" generalities. Period.

The ads. Well, Noah's ark with-



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stood a flood with exactly these characteristics, but that is beside the point. SEARCH carries ads, and they are paid for, and the money helps support the magazine, and the advertisers have the right to their opinions. As long as he doesn't try to sell you a useless boat, and guarantees money back for his booklet, what's wrong with his ad? You don't have to accept it, no more than you accept our "preposterous" contents.

Regarding memory, hypnotists have proved you do remember everything, and it can be recalled. But like in most things with us, we are just too darn lazy to go to the work involved in remembering EVERYTHING. But try it sometime—relax and send your mind back into your youth, and see how far you can go, and how well you can remember everything. Take that toy at 3 years old—see if you can see it; the places where the paint chipped off, the missing wheel, etc. Maybe you'll be surprised. And then, prepare to be further surprised if you remember something as a fact that wasn't a fact at all! However, what memory has to do with reincarnation (as proof) is a mystery to me. Your explanation doesn't "send" me, Fred. You may remember me as John Smith, Alexander the Great, Shakespeare, the galley-slave—but

your memory must be faulty. I WASN'T any of them! You are just rationalizing. Rationalizing is a sin, my boy! You can justify any other sin with it! Murder for instance.

But, when you actively support SEARCH, no matter what your opinion, then we've got to admit you're the man for us! Such an attitude from all of us would mean the death of intolerance! . . . Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have no objection to your NOT believing in reincarnation, just as I have no objection to the story of Adam and Eve which some churches pretend to affect. What you believe or what you don't believe, isn't going to change the situation one whit—for the other fellow—unless you succeed in selling him your ideas and therefore enslaving him to your way of thinking.

Actually, I'm convinced no one really KNOWS what happens to Man when he ceases to use this thing we call a body—nor knows where he came from, nor why, nor much of anything about him. You can pick up the works of 100 different "authorities" and end up with 100 different "truths" about the Beingness of Man. But to deny Man the right to look for himself, without trying to convince him in

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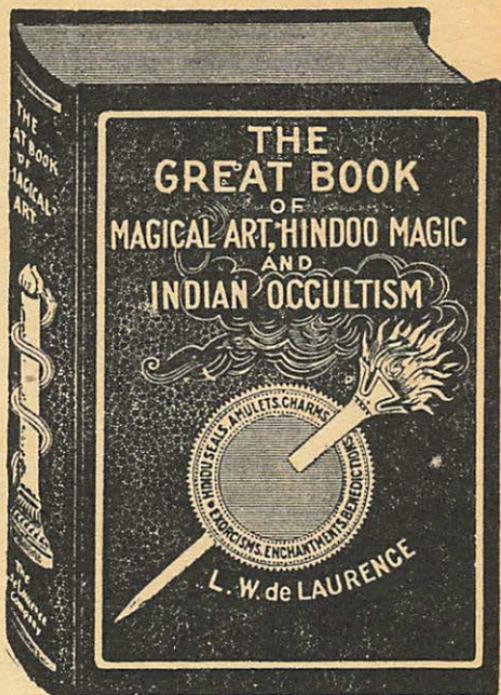
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advance that any conclusion he may reach other than that of yours is in error, sounds like some of the asinine arguments in favor of H-bomb tests during the recent political campaign.

However, there is one statement in your last issue of SEARCH that sounds more than a bit ridiculous. You doubt reincarnation, because having lived previously would have given you other names and identities which would confuse you were you to be called by them today. You're assuming, of course, that the human mind—or maybe only your mind—is capable of retaining everything, even though it transfers from one body to another over a myriad centuries. Why, Ray, despite the implied superiority of your mental capacity, I'll wager that you don't remember a tenth of what has happened to you in THIS life, let alone worrying about remembering too much about what may have happened to you in a previous life. For example, do you remember all the nick-and pet-names you were called during infancy and childhood? And I don't mean names that someone might have told you you'd been called. If you can't recall these minor details of recent date, maybe this proves you had no childhood, or infancy. It certainly couldn't be anything would happen to you so few years

back that might confuse your thinking processes today. Oh, no!

Just a thought. Maybe they'll make over the whole plan of Creation just because Ray Palmer thinks he might get confused with more than one label. God no longer will be ALL; he'll be ALL EXCEPT He won't be Ray Palmer and those who agree with him, except maybe for a few years. And Ray Palmer's immortality isn't like most immortality; it has a beginning somewhere even if it may never have an ending.

Methinks somebody I read regularly has been listening to too many ignorant preachers when they were young and impressionable.

Alphia Hart
P. O. Box 528
Enid, Oklahoma

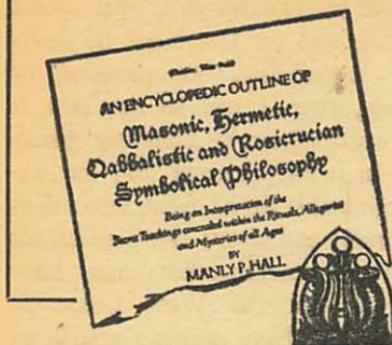
Well, if you advance your childhood memory theory as an argument, then I will be perfectly within my rights to say the following: I remember seeing Halley's comet, and not from being told about it by my mother or grandmother—I remember being carried to the window, the hand pushing the curtains aside (I remember the kind of curtain—I can see them now), and I remember the comet, as it looked. Later, when I saw a picture, I remembered it as the comet I saw. I was born August 1, 1910. You figure out how old I was. And

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remember too, that I saw the comet at its closest, when it stretched half across the sky. Personally, I remember with extreme clarity, hundreds of things from my first year, all the details of rooms of a house I did not live in after the age of one. I've gone back and checked, because my family challenged my memories and said "you couldn't possibly!"

I read YOU too, Alpha! And I suggest my readers read your AB-ERREE, which they can subscribe to with profit.

What you ask me to do, however, I can't do — and that is to "stay out" of the arguments in my own magazine! Really, by participating, I don't intend to try to convince anyone my way! Also, if anyone does take me at my "word", he is liable to find it contradicted later on, and then he'll yelp, "But Ray, you said so and so before . . ." I am absolutely against "enslaved thinking", and that goes particularly for my own thinking!

—Rap.

Dear Ray:

The February SEARCH was most interesting, especially about "Doc" Anderson, the letters from the readers, and your editorial — in that order. Exactly how did Anderson lift the 1325 pound cog-wheel overhead? I'm an amateur

weight - lifter myself, familiar with present world's records, and unless the lift was on the basis of overhead supporting, not pressing or jerking, then I fail to see how it was even remotely humanly possible. In what manner did he accomplish this lift?? Also, what does Anderson say about the predictions of violent earthquakes some have forecast for the West Coast in 1957? Let's have another article on this amazing man.

Let me get into this reincarnation debate. Looks interesting. My first question is: Why did you accept Shaver's original stories as TRUTH with no real proof to back them up, yet are so adamant toward the re-birth theory? I can't see the basis for your reasoning, either by logic or by common-sense. True, there are more separate concepts about reincarnation than is countable on fingers and toes, but does that invalidate it? One of these separate concepts, or perhaps a combination of points from each of them, may be right and provide a key to existence that even you would accept. No sense in outright condemning them all. This is not in keeping with the spirit of SEARCH, which I understand to be *investigative*, exploratory, finding new horizons. Realizing that one man's proof is another's disproof — what exactly would you

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consider SATISFACTORY PROOF of reincarnation?? Why not start really investigating . . . you might be surprised.

Better still. Why don't YOU ask the questions, and those of us who believe in our own particular doctrines of reincarnation will write in and give you answers. Some of those answers are BOUND to satisfy you on at least a few points, and you could print a composite article containing those "best" answers . . . might be a new and better concept of "reincarnation" would evolve from these efforts. It's a suggestion, and at least a start. What do you think? Where there's so much smoke there must be fire. It was true of Shaverism, re the mass of legendary lore of mankind. Why not true of reincarnation??

As far as Bridey is concerned, I think the more intelligent of even the reincarnationists will admit that it was a fair hypnosis story but a POOR re-birth one. Others have accomplished far more in the field. I don't feel that the concept should stand or fall on this one book . . . if so, it would surely fall, for too much of the material can be psychologically explained. But there is more to it, and Bernstein made a clumsy attempt to brush its surface.

You have the Cayce records . . . have you personally inspected and

investigated any of them? You have the mass of Dianetic material available. There are also some INTELLIGENT experiments that have been conducted, beside which Bridey pales to insignificance. Also, you as Editor of SEARCH, have a vast realm of human tools available—psychometrists, telepathists, prophets, to say nothing of the readers. How could a prophet add or subtract to the knowledge of reincarnation? A little thought will show you. The key is in your hands, the means available, the method perhaps not so obvious and the unbiased viewpoint perhaps difficult—but not impossible. NEVER impossible, to SEARCH!!

Jan Gardner
"Bresailon"

420 Palm St.

San Diego 3, Calif.

Maybe Anderson will answer your questions when he reads them. We just don't know, at the moment.

I didn't accept Shaver at first. I was forced by the pressure of evidence as the months went by, to accept that he had SOMETHING, but I wasn't sure exactly what. Even today, the word "mystery" is always associated in my mind with Shaver.

In reincarnation, no such pressure of evidence has piled up. Quite the contrary, the pressure of doubt has mounted. Yes, I know the Cay-

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ce records. They fit PERFECTLY into the Shaver Mystery, and were one of the evidences that swung me to Shaver! Cayce is proof that Shaver is POSSIBLY right. In other words, the existence of Cayce is a support of Shaver. Shaver's explanation COULD account for Cayce and his powers. But Cayce's explanation CANNOT account for Shaver! Dianetics is in the same class. Mind you, I say Cayce and Dianetics are legitimate realities — but misunderstood by their own adherents! No offense meant — I misunderstand much about Shaver also, and much about myself! I misunderstand the Bible (so I've been told in much heat by many). But with Shaver's theories in mind, the Bible becomes much more readable, and the passages that previously made no sense, now ring very loud bells.

As for asking questions, it's a good idea. When I get time, I'll think up a few. Maybe I'll stick a few into the editorial for this issue, when I write it. If you see them there, it was your idea that started it off! —Rap.

Mr. Shaver:

I have a good friend who is (and has been for some time) interested in space ships, flying saucers, deros, teros, and etc. The other day he showed me a book that told some

of the story of the underground people. I thought it made a great story, but I'm afraid that I must be a little old - fashioned, because I have several reasons for doubting the existence of such a people. I was wondering if you could possibly give me some more information on these people and answer a few questions on the subject?

Here we go. For my first question I would like to ask why it isn't hot down there where those people live? Some diamond mines go down into the earth about a mile and a half. Men working in these mines can't work over eight hours at the most. I read in a geology book that the earth's interior is from 2000 to 4000 degrees centigrade. I want to see anything live in that heat. Why, then, don't the teros and deros burn up?

Question number two: If there are thousands and thousands of teros and deros, why haven't I heard of thousands and thousands of washing machines being stolen? Can a whole tribe of these things get along with one machine? One would surely think that people smart enough to blast out artificial caverns and tunnels (with some sort of disintegrating ray no less!) would be smart enough to think up some way to be kept clean? This brings up my third question. What happened to the dirt? I mean

WHY DON'T YOU PULL YOUR HAIR OUT BY THE ROOTS AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

You might as well, if you're going to let dandruff and scale and skin rash make you bald as an egg. You've bought plenty of preparations, and they don't work, you say? Of course they haven't! You've probably been cheated as many times as I have. I'll bet I've spent hundreds of dollars on jim-dandy goo, and wound up with worse dandruff than I started with. Made me plenty mad, too. I always get mad when I think of the lousy junk designed to chisel your honest dollars out of you. Mad enough so that when I find something good, I'm not bashful about telling my friends about it. And SEARCH readers are my friends. I had dandruff all my life, and despaired of getting rid of it, until one day Ken Arnold (the flying saucer man) left a half bottle of Turn-er's at my house, and flew off to Boise without it. I tried the stuff, because Ken's no sissy, and he doesn't put perfume on his hair. Well, in one week my dandruff was gone! And my hair had begun to darken. My wife tried it, and her rash disappeared. You can bet we wrote Ken in a hurry and asked where he got it! And now, we're telling you. But don't just take our word for it—here are a few testimonials from our readers, to back us up.

As I have about used up one bottle of your hair preparation, please send me another. I have had very good results in ridding myself of dandruff and itching. Lionel O. Branberg, Sharon Springs, Kans.

Enclosed find money order for \$10.00 for two more bottles of Turn-er's as soon as possible. You sure found a good product. In the sixth application my dandruff was cured. Thanks to you. It does all you say and more, too. And it sure brings back the natural color to your hair. Thanks! R. E. Van Gordon, 1905 W. Milham Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Enclosed please find check for \$5.00 for another bottle of Turn-er's as soon

as possible. I have been bedeviled by a terrible itching in my eyebrows for over thirty years. It seemed to be a large flaky dandruff, but if I combed it out too near the skin, a watery substance would start, causing a scab-like condition. I have been to dozens of doctors . . . none did the slightest bit of good. After reading what Ray Palmer said, I decided to try Turn-er's. After the sixth application, I have not had an itch in my brows, and the skin underneath is as clear and clean as my face. I certainly am thankful to Mr. Palmer for bringing such a fine product to my attention.—S. W. Crusen, 2336 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

Enough? Well, then take it from Ray Palmer, one bottle of

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when you dig out a tunnel or room covering several miles, you have one Hell of an amount of dirt left over. Where did it go?

One final question Dick. In your story, you mentioned nothing about earthquakes bothering the caverns and tunnels of the teros and deros. It seems to me that an earthquake would play all kinds of hob with their home life.

Perhaps, Mr. Shaver, I have been a little pertinent in questioning the work of such genius as yours. I am just an ordinary person wanting to know more about a strange thing. Is it possible for you to send me a picture of a tero? If not, why? I would also like to see the Mantong alphabet you mentioned. If you can answer my questions or send me some positive physical proof of such beings under the earth, I will be satisfied to mind my own business. Until one of the aforementioned is taken care of, I'm afraid I will have to go on believing that there is no such thing as a tero or a dero, and I'm afraid that I will also have reason to doubt your genius. Seriously doubt it.

Mike Swartz
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PS: You have probably noticed the numerous errors in my typing. Probably the work of the deros

don't you think?

Every newcomer who comes on the scene, asks these questions. They have been answered hundreds of times. They were answered in Shaver's original stories. The best way to answer your questions is to ask you to read ALL the Shaver stories. Hard to get? Yes, they are. Some back issues of the Shaver Mystery bring \$10.00 each in occult circles! We are going to have a book published in the Fall, which will answer many of these questions, and we hope someday to publish all Shaver's works complete in one volume or set of volumes.

Yes, it's hot down there. Hotter than we'd like it — but not unlivable. As a matter of fact, we can take you to caves where it's COLD. Where the average, permanent temperature is 57 degrees F. The interior of the earth in various localities varies greatly in temperature. That it is molten at the center is only a theory. No REAL proof. Lots of reasons why it isn't, too. If you read enough books, you'll discover these things, and how one book has misled you! Read more, Mike! Good books, not comics and adventure books. Get yourself an education. Most interesting thing in the world!

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Not too long after getting my small order of your chili seasoning, I made

up a pot of chili and forgot your seasoning. After eating a small dish of it, I remembered the two envelopes of "Williams" I had, so I dumped in one package and forgot it until dinner. Well, the whole thing in a nut shell is I'll never be without Williams Chili Seasoning again! It's wonderful! I've always prided myself on real good chili, but not any more! Enclosed find \$1.00 for five more envelopes of seasoning, so I can have some more REAL chili Virginia Walters, Rear 1165 Harrison Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

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chandise through theft is several billion dollars per year.

The present dero and tero did not build the caves. They were built anywhere from 12,000 to 25,000 years ago, by a race no longer on Earth. As for the debris, there is plenty of it piled around. Lots of mysterious piles of mixed earth and rock on the Earth, and many geologists rack their brains even today to find an explanation. Could be from the digging, eh? Any reason why not? But if a dis-ray was used (it was, says Shaver,) then the debris was just the ashes of atoms, lost in space, or settled out on the ground as an invisible dust.

The dero aren't smart. Really idiots. They have mental machines that augment their idiocy to the point of genius, but a warped, mad kind of genius.

Mr. Shaver has drawn pictures of dero as he has seen them. We printed them with his stories, he printed them in his own Shaver Mystery Magazine. Available? We wish we could get more. Our own private file is a treasure we don't let anyone walk off with! But you can expect that we'll have pictures of those dero in our book. Watch for that book. The alphabet is also in it, and fully explained.

As for positive physical proof, now you are being impracticable. If we HAD a dero, or a machine, to

produce, we'd produce it! And we wonder if we tried to produce one we had, if it would be safe! Say for instance we dug up a "dis-ray", how far do you think we'd get with a "demonstration"? And what would the army decide to do with it (and us) if we did? However, seriously, if I personally had a dis-ray or a telaug, I'd try darn hard to keep it from the army. I'd destroy the dis-ray, and I'd hide the telaug. It would be too valuable to me, and too dangerous in the hands of the unscrupulous. Television is bad enough as a dictator of thought, without superimposing a telaug on it!

Suggestions: If you don't believe in the dero, why not look for one personally, on your own? Every night after you've said your prayers, add that you'd like to see a dero. Dreams are readily explained away by psychiatrists, and the evidence wouldn't be convincing to anybody else — but it might to you. Worth a try. The telaug's chief virtue is in the wonderful dreams it can convey to you, without any danger of you finding out it isn't "just a dream".

Your typing? Would like to blame it on the dero, wouldn't you? That's the trouble with all of us — an unwillingness to shoulder our own responsibility. Or are you kidding — we think? —Rap.

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HOXSEY—

(continued from page 83)

Dr. Hoxsey: Where did you go?

A. Well, I went to two - an Eye, Ear and Nose Clinic in the Medical Arts Building, to a doctor known as Dr. Van De Rothgebar, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Q. Ft. Worth, Texas?

A. Ft. Worth, Texas.

Q. What did he tell you?

A. He didn't tell me at that time anything. He thought I had a social disease.

Q. And did he give you any treatment?

A. Not at the present time, he sent me to Terrel's Laboratories for a Wassaman blood test.

Q. Did it come back negative?

A. It came back negative.

Q. Then what did you do?

A. Well, he told me he had rather it would come back the other way, that he would know what to do then.

Q. What happened after that?

Q. Well, he said for another come, a medical doctor there, he came down and they put on a mask and examined me, and he sent for another one, and he came down and put on this mask and examined me, and said, "There ain't nothing I can do, it is all over as far as I am concerned."

Q. Did he tell you what was wrong?

A. No, sir, he didn't tell me what was wrong.

Q. Then where did you go?

A. I went home and told my wife, I went to the Terrell Laboratory then, from his office, on to Terrell Laboratory, and taken a Wassaman blood test, and told my wife, I said, "This doctor tells me I have got a social disease," and she says, "What are you going to do about it?"

Q. There ain't nothing we can do about it, and I told her, "Well, I have got to make arrangements to get rid of it," so I went to my family physician, Dr. Crawford over in Riverside in Fort Worth, and talked to him, and I asked him if he would treat me, and he said Yes, so, when this report came back from the Terrell Laboratories, I go and tell him different.

Q. What did you next do?

A. Well, Dr. Vanderockdiver, wanted to take a biopsy test, and he put me in the Harris Hospital, it was the Methodist Hospital, but it is the Harris Hospital now, and he put me in there and kept me overnight, and the next morning, he went in my throat and taken a biopsy test, or started to take a biopsy test, there was a mass in my throat, and when he hit it with a radium knife, well, it fell out in my throat, and he had to take part of it out. It had growed around my juglar vein and he couldn't get it all without making an awful ugly incision, he said, in

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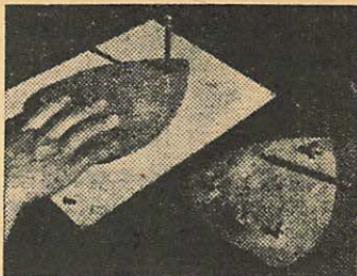
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there, and he taken half of the mass out, and the half of it like it just about that much of a filling up a half pint fruit jar, said I had a passage in my throat about the size of a lead pencil.

Q. Nobody had been able to diagnose it before that?

A. Nobody had diagnosed it before that, and he wouldn't tell me then what the trouble was, and he called in some more physicians there in the hospital, and they examined me, and one particular was with him in the surgery room on the eighth floor, and when that fell out in my throat, why, they called my wife in there and wanted to take my other tonsil out, that they couldn't go ahead and take it out without her permission, and she give them permission to take it out, and there was another doctor came in whenever they had this mass laying out on the surgery table there, and says, "My God, what are you doing, taking a woman's ovary out of this man's throat?" He said, "No, we are just making a biopsy test." Well, they wouldn't tell me, or my wife either one what the trouble was. Kept me in suspense for a good long while. So, it got to the place where I worked at the Universal Feed and Flour Mill at Ft. Worth, Texas, on Kingshighway, and a friend of mine broke me the news. They had whispering campaigns.

They wouldn't tell me what was wrong with me, so I could go on, and they told me that the best thing I could do was to take radium and x-ray. So, I went to a doctor and asked him who would be a good doctor to go to, and he suggested this doctor. He is deceased now.

Dr. Hoxsey: Who did he suggest?

A. X. R. Hyde on the 9th floor of the Medical Arts Building. He was an x-ray man. That was his profession, x-ray and radium, and so he hit me in the neck here on the lower part of this scar here. He put what he called it "a block" treatment for 24-hours and taked a capsule he said it was there in that little box that he had there, and he put that on there, and the mass went away. It was way out half as big as a football, and stuck out here.

Q. Mr. Smith, no doctor advised this, but some of your friends advised it?

A. Well, my friends told me what I had. The doctor had told my wife that I had three months to live, and if I had business to straighten up, to go ahead and straighten it up, for the simple reason that I was hanging on the limb, and the next thing she knows, she was going to be a widow, I guess she would have been better off, but anyway, that is the way the news got to me. It got to this friend that

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is a bookkeeper there in the Universal Mill at Ft. Worth, and he called my wife over the telephone and told her what the trouble was, what they had diagnosed the case, and one of these doctors had gone out wolf hunting that was on this biopsy, and told one of the boys there that worked there at the mill, and that is the way my cancer got back to me, and that is the way I had of finding it out, and I don't have nothing against the doctors. I've got nothing against no doctor, no medical or surgical physician in the world, but it was a secret to me, and when I found out, I wanted to do something for myself, and I went to this doctor that went wolf hunting and let the cat out of the cage, as the old saying is, how it got to me, and I asked him, I said, "Doctor, what would you do?"

He said, "There ain't but one thing to do" is just the very words he said. He is plain spoken.

He said, "You've got to hit that with x-ray or radium." I said, "Which would be the best?" He said, "The fastest is radium." So I went to Dr. Hyde, and put this treatment on there and it stayed 24 hours, and then rested 24 hours, and went back, and he put five radium needles in my neck for five days, which was a consecutive 40 hours of radium that I had. I let it stay in there 8 hours a day.

Question: What was the result of that?

Answer: Well, the mass went away, and it dried in old pink from the tip of my ear down as far as you can see, just a big pink roll of mass rolled up there.

Question: Open sore?

Answer: No, it wasn't open until about three months after it got that way. I went to Hines, Illinois, the Government sent me up there, and they taken a few biopsies while I was up there, and wanted to give me some pretty rough treatment, and I knew enough about that radium that I didn't want anymore of the darn stuff, so I went in there, and they put me up on that table and stripped me, the doctors walked by and examined me, and they would turn around and shake their heads, so my ward there, ward 37 I think it was, doctors told me, said it was broke down way back in where my head and neck joined together, just a big blue mass hanging down in there looked like just a big bunch of blue berries, it looked like, what it looked like. They told me, "Smith, I am going to tell you the truth. I would just move out if I could and go on home. It is too close to the brain to take radium, or whatever they are going to do, and they wanted to take the soft palate of my mouth out and plate it with tissue gold until it clinker-



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ed, and then burned me with the deep X, they call it. Well, there wasn't but 2,262 patients there at the time, and I was seeing nothing but the black box every night where I was stationed, in my room, and I just made up my mind that I didn't care for anymore of the high powered stuff. It just wasn't doing the job. And they said that "My advise would be for you to go home." So, I went home.

Dr. Mueller: Was that in Chicago?

Answer: That was in Hines, Illinois, Hines, Chicago, Illinois. The windy city, they call it. Edward J. Hines, the old Cook Hospital, it is better known, in Chicago.

Question: What did you do when you got home, Mr. Smith?

Answer: Well, I come home to die. I wanted to die and smelled like I ought to die.

Question: Like you already had died?

Answer: I was done dead, like I was done dead, and the fourteen days that I stayed up there, I didn't lose but 27 pounds and a half, and I couldn't walk hardly when I got off the train. So, I heard of this Hoxsey remedy.

Question: How did you hear about it?

Answer: Well, a friend of mine came to me and told me about it, better known as Crow. He had a brother that taken the treatment here, and he came to the mill where

I was on the job. I wasn't working. I had a good enough boss to just let me stay on the job and draw my pay, and he told me and begged me into coming over here, and I come over here to see Harry, and I seen him, and I am going to tell you what Harry said the first time I ever seen him.

Dr. Mueller: When was that?

Answer: That was in 1941.

Dr. Randall: June 8th, 1941 (Answer) And I come over here, and there was a fellow down here from, around Maypearl, Texas, somewhere had a cancer on his lips. I was talking to him out in the reception hall, and Harry came in and said, "I've got you a new victim here this morning." And he said, "Alright, I will see him in a minute," and went on back in there and come out and looked at me and said "You're feeling pretty bad, ain't you?" I said, "yes." He said, "I bet your liver hasn't acted in five years." That is what he said to me, and he said, "I will be with you in a minute," and he taken me in there and told me, set me up in a chair, and told me, or I told him what I had done.

Dr. Hoxsey: Dr. Hartzog was there with me at that time.

Answer: Dr. Hartzog was there, and I told him how much x-ray and radium I had, and he said, "Well, you got one chance in a thousand, I think" And I said,

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"Well, let's take it." He said, "Now, if you will do what I tell you to do, take this medicine," and I says, the next question, "How much money am I going to have to pay?" He said, "Oh, you rake up \$50.00, and bring it over here and I will square off with you one of these days." He said, "I will charge you \$250.00 for a lifetime treatment." Well, I didn't think that was very long, a lifetime treatment, because my life wasn't worth fifteen cents to nobody, and half of that done spent, the shape I was in that day. They can find a little arthritis in my back, then in my knees and in my ankles.

Q. They all knew that you had had cancer, didn't they?

A. Some of them do some of them don't believe I ever had one.

Q. Did any of them find any?

A. Well, they said "How come that scar on your neck! and I answered, "I had a sarcoma cancer cander." They looked at me and I had it around and around with them, and I just stand up and argue, I would argue with Jesus Christ for the simple reason I have had it and I have got rid of it and I am proud of it and I know what done it. What else can a man ask?"

Q. Did any of them examine you with the idea of trying to find out whether you still had cancer?

A. Yes, I had taken blood tests and I had done that, and they

didn't find anything about me about cancer and I have even taken the medicine that Dr. Harry give me, and I taken it up to my family physician and set it on his desk and Harry tells me it won't hurt a two day old baby and he turned it up and tasted it, and he said "Let me tell you something, Cliff, it don't make a country dam? I am speaking plain English" is just the very words he said, "Whatever that man is giving you, stay with it." He said "it is absolutely helping you. I don't know what is in the medicine and I don't care, but I know one thing, it has got something in it that has got this doggone x ray and deep x, whatever you call it x-ray and radium put-coughed a hundred to one, because Cliff Smith has had a cancer and he knows the exact stage he was in when he come over here to Harry Hoxsey's Clinic, and he knows what kind of stage he is in today, and ain't one of you men out there can make me believe I have got any part of a cancer.

Q. Mr. Smith, what is your belief that if you hadn't taken the Hoxsey treatment, would have been alive today or not.

A. Well, I would have had lillies pushed up that you couldn't have climbed - That is just exactly the opinion I have got. I was on that road to eternity and I was wanting to go there because I was in agony

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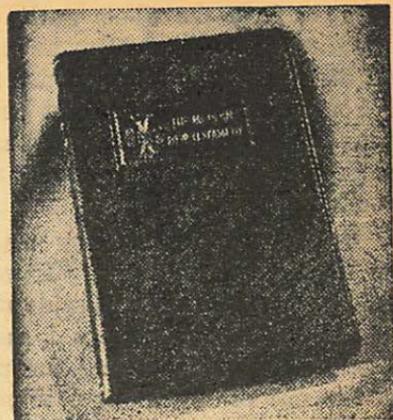
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Matt. 19	Matt. 19

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and in pain and in distress. I was a drawback to the whole world. It didn't seem like I could make myself do anything but just stand up in front of a glass and pull my neck around and see that black box and wooden overcoat buttoned up around me.

Q. Dr. Hoxsey: Didn't you make the remark in the chair, "If you can't cure me, kill me?" "I said: and get me out of this misery I said. If you can't do anything for me get me out of my misery, if you can't do anything for me."

Mrs. Paplinger: Dr. Smith, what was the name of the doctor who found it hard to believe that you once had a cancer?

A. Practically every one that I have ever been to.

Q. Could you give me the name of one? The most recent?

A. Dr. Rhone, at 4727 West 7th, I think. He treated me for about a year.

Q. Fort worth?

A. Yes maam.

Q. He didn't treat you for cancer?

A. No. I have got some arthritis and he treated me for that.

Q. He saw the scar up there and when you told him "Doctor that was where a cancer used to be he didn't believe it.

Dr. Hoxsey: Where a sarcoma used to be?

A. No. they don't believe you.

Q. What was the name of that

family doctor that told you to keep on taking treatments?

A. Dr. J. R. Crawford. He is deceased now. He and Dr. Hyde gave me X ray and radium. They are both deceased.

Miss Paplinger: I think I know what you have in mind. When you first commenced taking treatments from these doctors they diagnosed your condition as sarcoma?

A. That is right.

Q. No doubt about it? You had a cancer?

A. My biopsy test was up at Hines, Ill. awaiting for me when I walked into the door and they taken it out there in the room and analyzed it. and Q. They gave you three months to live and they told your wife, and you found out through your friends that you were supposed to die in three months after the doctors here in Fort Worth told you it looked like that would be as long as anybody could hold on in the condition you were in.

A. They said they didn't know any that had gone over that long, and if I had any business to attend to go ahead and straighten it out that my time was limited and that I was hanging on a limb.

Q. You played a dirty trick on those doctors?

T. Yessir.

Dr. Hoxsey called: "How was your eyesight?" Actually, I couldn't see and I couldn't talk, and I

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couldn't hear.

Dr. Hoxsey: "That is just the way he talked. He couldn't see. They had to lead him.

"Actually, I couldn't see to see who a man was as far as from here across that table, and my hearing was bad. And he fixed it up - the medicine."

Dr. Hoxsey: "And nothing but liquid foods. Hatcher, if you do what I tell you, I believe I can help you. I don't know whether I can cure you. Just like I told you, you have got one chance in a thousand."

Smith: "And he fixed the medicine up, and I taken it, and he said. 'Now in two weeks, come back', and I went home, and, Gentlemen, you can believe this, or you can let it go. Any one of you can ask how do I know that the Cancer Clinic here in Dallas, known as the Hoxsey Clinic could cure a cancer. I would definitely say "Look at me, I know it can." And you say, "How do you know it?" Because I had one. But I haven't got one now. The fifth dose of that medicine, so help me God, I took at two o'clock in the morning. I was hemorrhaging. I would wake up, with what little sleep I could get and with a mouth full of blood, and I would have to go to the bathroom to dispose of it, and I was in the bathroom, and my wife woke up, and she

said "Cliff, where are you at?" I said, "I am in here in the bathroom," and it like to have scared her to death. I could talk. She ran in there and grabbed the kids and told them, and (excuse me just a minute), they were happy, and I was. She got all the neighbors to come in to see the wonder that had happened and there was something popped, I don't know what it was. I don't know whether Harry Hoxsey done it or not, but anyhow, I was taking Harry Hoxsey's medicine, I will say that he had done it, because I had taken other stuff, and something popped in the back of my neck. My hearing come to me. My speech come to me, and my eyesight began to get better and better all the time. I haven't got nothing against any method that any medical doctor or any surgical doctor would perform to cure cancer, but as for me, my individual self, anybody that would believe in a common-sense remedy and open to the public like this, I will recommend this on a stack of bibles as high as any building in Dallas.

Q. By Dr. Hoxsey: "Turn around, Mr. Smith, so they can see the area on you. (Witness did as requested).

By Dr. Hoxsey: "Was that opening clear into your mouth and tongue?"

A. "I want you to understand

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this, Doctors, Ladies and Gentlemen, when I taken water in my mouth, I could turn my head over like that, and it would run out my right ear into this deep place, you see here, and a part of my cheek bone is gone there and taken part of it out. When it came out, a little snip of it - it wasn't very big, about the size of a dime, but I don't care, it was gone. I don't want it any more - and you couldn't stay around me."

Q. By that, you mean the odor was so offensive?

A. My wife threatened to move. She said, "there is dead rats in this house. I've got to get out of here. I can't stand it," and we were sitting in the living room, and I was ashamed for anybody to come in my house, and I said; "Well, honey, it ain't dead rats. It is old Cliff." And she said, "You don't mean to tell me." And I said, "It is." And so my brother-in-law came in and he said, "Why don't you all move?" And I got up - it was tantalizing.

Q. What is your opinion of your present physical condition?

A. I am like that wrestler.

Q. By Dr. Hoxsey: How much did you weigh when you first came to see me?

A. I weighed 145.

Q. By Dr. Hoxsey: What do you weigh now?

A. I weigh 189 pounds..

Q. That has been about 15 years ago, thirteen or fourteen?

A. Back in '42.

Q. By Dr. Hoxsey: '41, thirteen years ago.

Q. You have not had any other treatment since you came to this clinic?

A. I haven't taken nothing but clear water and good food since I quit Harry's treatment, and how long has it been, Harry?

Q. By Dr. Hoxsey: You were on it about six months, weren't you?

A. I stayed better than that. It was nearly 22 months.

Q. By Dr. Hoxsey: We had to wean you, didn't we?

A. Yes.

Q. By Dr. Mueller: Again no plastic surgery?

By Dr. Hoxsey: No plastic surgery. There has been no surgery done on this scar.

A. No plastic surgery - only to put the radium needles in there. To put them in and taped them to my neck. That is the only scar - that is the only thing that has ever been done.

Q. By Dr. Hoxsey: When he came here, that mass sticking outside was about as big as a good big grapefruit.

A. Half as big as a football punt.

Q. What is your age?

A. 59. I was born October 3,

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Q. By Miss Paplinger (Columbia): Have you been examined by another doctor since you have been well?

A. I have been examined, oh, by I don't know how many doctors examined me. I have been in the hospital - had a back injury. I

have got a low bar bone in my back, compound fracture, and it is two years ago, the 31st of March, I laid up in a hospital for a good long while from that. I have been in a brace up until about three months ago, and I have had doctors after doctors.

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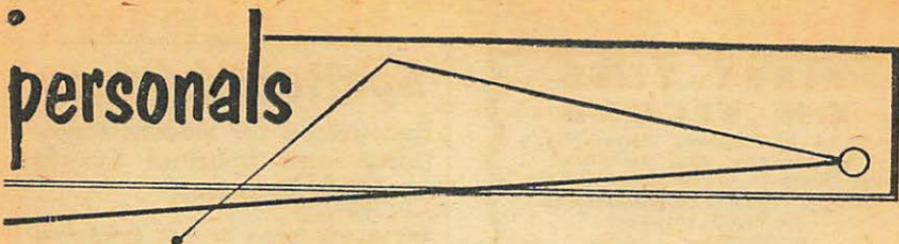
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Occasionally SEARCH Magazine runs across something truly worthwhile, and when it does, it pitches in and helps. Recently it came to our attention that the Lions Clubs of Wisconsin have begun what is being said is the biggest and finest project they've ever attempted — and we quite agree. Let us tell you about it:

They've gone and purchased an entire lake near Rosholt, Wisconsin, in the heart of America's finest vacation land, and are devoting it entirely to planned vacations for blind and visually handicapped children; children who otherwise might never in their lifetime experience the camping joys of those who can see.

Here these children will get everything possible to give them, entirely free, every summer, all summer long; swimming, boating, hiking, campfire gatherings, singing, games, handcraft, nature study, music, stories, social activities. You'd have to be blind to realize the wonderful thrill it is to these children.

Well, Ray Palmer lives only a few miles from this new camp, which is called "Wisconsin Lions Lake", and he knows for sure this is one of those worthwhile things that really means human brotherhood. And he has a humble suggestion to make to his SEARCH readers:

Why not address an envelope to: Wisconsin Lions Foundation, Inc., c/o Amherst Lions Club, Amherst, Wisconsin, and enclose anything from a 3-cent stamp to a dime, or a dollar, or your check or money order for anything you can spare?

Your editor has seen what this means to those kids! And he'd feel like a heel if he didn't tell you about it!

And if you feel it's necessary Wisconsin Lions knows of my interest and this little story I'm telling you, and has given it their complete sanction and blessing. Wisconsin Lions Foundation, Inc., is a charitable, non-profit organization; and if you know anything about the Lions, you know what wonderful work they do. They don't only SEARCH for happiness, they dish it out in truckloads! For those of you who might feel you have a little karma to satisfy, here's a really good chance to do it! Take it from Ray Palmer!



Why were these men **SILENCED?**

One by one, the leading figures among flying saucer researchers, who have challenged the government denial that saucers come from outer space, have been silenced. They are still alive, still living where they used to. But they will no longer talk about flying saucers or reveal why they refuse to do so.

Who were the three men in dark suits that visited them? Were they government agents, or agents of other planets? Whoever they were, they have silenced the researchers.

Now . . . in **THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS**, you may read the facts behind this frightening story — facts never before published!

Gray Barker, the author, was Chief Investigator for the International Flying Saucer Bureau—an organization which had its principal leader silenced by three men in black before he could reveal to the world his solution of the flying saucer mystery. Other leading investigators have also been intimidated. All their stories are here.

They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers

Gray Barker remains one of the unsilenced few. His true, amazing report includes eye-witness accounts of the famed Flatwoods "monster" which landed on a dark West Virginia hillside.

READ

**WHAT HAPPENED TO
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WHO FOUND OUT
WHERE THE
SAUCERS
COME FROM!**



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**Other
Tongues**

**Other
Flesh**

*George
Hunt
Williamson*



In more recent times, there has been a growing realization that on other worlds than ours, even in other universes, there are other living beings. The idea that earthbound man may someday journey into the heavens to discover other men and women, like or unlike himself, grows by leaps and bounds. Within man's soul lies the truth — mortals exist on other spheres!

Here is a book that brings home this tremendous fact with a dynamic force and sweep that will astound the reader, and convince him beyond all doubt. Here is a HISTORY, a collection of PROOF, and a tremendous THEORY.

While man in his heart knows that other worlds are also inhabited, he is reluctant to admit that Earth is only one small house of the "many mansions" in the Father's house. But the truth stares him in the face, and now, having arrived at a place in his civilization where only Truth will be able to survive, it has become necessary to reaffirm and establish three truths, namely: (1) Science and religion are one and the same thing; (2) The entire universe is magnetic in nature, and even culture is influenced by the laws of magnetism; (3) Space visitors, mentioned in the Bible and ancient mythology, have been coming to Earth throughout the ages, and are now making themselves known to aid mankind in entering a New Age.

In this book, many references and quotations are given from the latest authentic reports on Saucer phenomena. Because many believe there are contradictions in some of the reported happenings, it has been necessary to show that there is a great story and purpose behind all these experiences.

Here, in this book, is the history of OTHER TONGUES, and of OTHER FLESH; calm, scientific evidence that there are brothers of ours in the skies overhead.

We are not alone in the Universe!

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SCIENCE proves it WILL The BIBLE says it WON'T and The BIBLE also says it WILL

SO PREPARE and LIVE through or DIE in the GREAT FLOOD, coming SOON, which will be caused by a SHIFT OF THE AXIS OF THE EARTH as a result of the GYROSCOPIC ACTION of our Solar System.

See Amos 8:9: "And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord God, that I will cause the sun to GO DOWN at NOON and I will darken the earth in the clear day."

Nothing else but a shift of the axis and earth could cause the sun to go down at noon, and it is clear this passage predicts such a shift which will cause the flood.

It is also stated in the Bible, "In that day the waters shall again come over the land as in the days of NOE."

NOAH and NOE are both stated in the bible to be the son of Lamech so must refer to the same person. See Gen. 5:29-28, and St. Luke 3:36; also Amos: 8:8; 9:5; Revs 16:20; Matthew 24:38; Isalah 13:13; 2:19; 10:26; 19:5; 24:20; 28:17; 44:3; 35:6-7; 38:8; 41:18; 42:15; 43:20; 50:2; 51:10-15; Jeremiah 10:10; Haggal 2:6.

A similar shift, thousands of years ago, caused the ice ages and the oceans to rush over the land at terrific speed, tearing mountains away and covering tropical forests (which are now our coal beds) with hundreds of feet of earth.

READ and HEED the amazing book "The Coming Disaster" (29 pages) telling what the flood will be like, about when it will come, the warning to be had, and the astronomic, gyroscopic, mathematical and geological proofs, written plainly, and which are indisputable. This is not a religious prediction, but is purely SCIENTIFIC. "I freely take an oath that God strike me dead if there is any substantial error in this book. Adam D. Barber, author."

The U. S. Geophysical Year expedition to the South pole reports the equator is out of line by 3 degrees; a town in South Dakota is shifting; glaciers are on the move; the pole is wobbling very much, and Dr. Vannevar Bush, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and one of todays giants in the field of science, declared in his final report for the institution, that "wars ASIDE, man is STILL headed for TROUBLE. We need to know whether the poles have shifted, and if so, where they have moved, whether the skin of the earth has slipped over its core, and whether it is still slipping." These are all potent warnings that the trouble is due very soon. Eclipses are foretold with accuracy many years in advance, so why shouldn't the shift and flood be predicted by the same means?

Why do astronomers reply to letters asking questions in regard to this book with EVASIVE answers or none at all.

Our purpose is to persuade Congress to take action to save civilization with boats or balloons. We also want to prevent the flood by diverting the axis with atomic jets.

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