

WISCO

# LUNAR ERUPTION OBSERVED

12-13-58

# SEARCH MAGAZINE

JANUARY  
1959

35¢

SEARCH

ISSUE NO. 30

JANUARY, 1959

## The **RAMPA**

Story

The Fantastic Story of  
A Tibetan Monk In An  
Englishman's Body!

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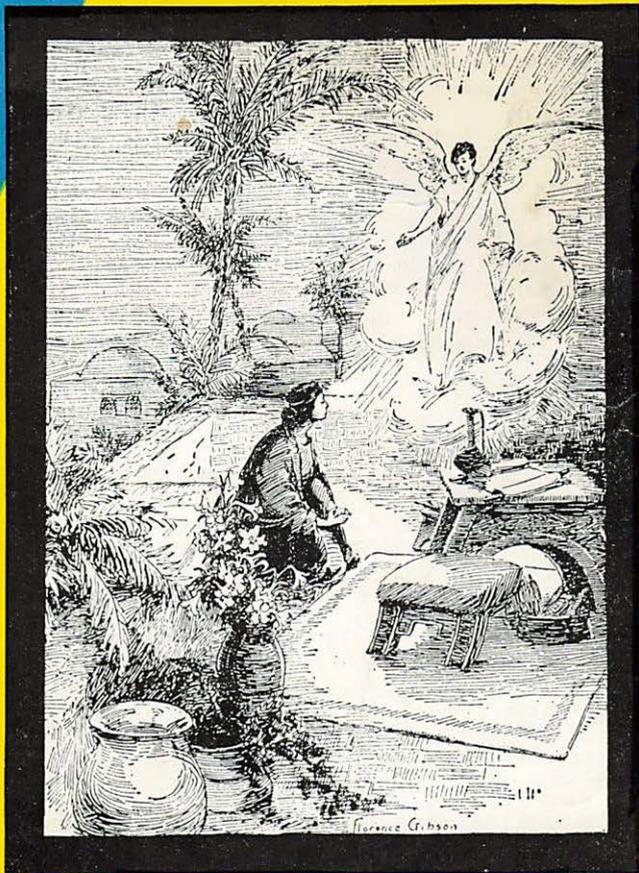
## TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

- Song Of Love
- The Phantom Wolves
- The Limping Ghost
- Ball-of-fire Goose
- The Miracle Cure
- Invisible Hands

★

## YOUR FUTURE

★



# DOES MAN HAVE ANGELIC GUIDANCE?

# CALLING THE "ELECT"

In these last of the "latter days", we bring the America . . . the Israel of our sorrowful star . . . the truth regarding the Christian religion and its mysteries. The "Gospel of the Holy Twelve" (also known as the "Essene Gospel" and "The Gospel of the Perfect Life"), is the original, uncorrupted, unexpurgated Gospel of our Saviour Jesus. We learn that the Nazarene was of the Nordic race, practiced and advocated the vegetarian diet and kindness to animals (our lesser brethren), and taught re-incarnation and Karma (we reap what we sow). He was not born of a virgin (although she ate no flesh nor drank strong drink), except in the mystical sense that Christs are born only of virgin (clean) living and thinking. The original religion was one based upon reason and love. Example:

"For who are the Israel of God? Even they of every nation and tribe who work righteousness, love mercy and keep my commandments, these are the true Israel of God. And standing upon his feet, Jesus spake, saying:

"Hear O Israel, JOVA, thy God is One; many are My seers, and My prophets. In Me all live and move, and have subsistence.

"Ye shall not take away the life of any creature for your pleasure, nor for your profit, nor yet torment it.

"Ye shall not steal the goods of any, nor gather lands and riches to yourselves, beyond your need or use.

"Ye shall not eat the flesh, nor drink the blood of any slaughtered creature, nor yet any thing which bringeth disorder to your health or senses.

"Ye shall not make impure marriages, where love and health are not, nor yet corrupt yourselves, or any creature made pure by the Holy.

"Ye shall not bear false witness against any, nor wilfully deceive any by a lie to hurt them.

"Ye shall not do unto others, as ye would not that others should do unto you, . . . etc.

You have noted lately how the spacecraft from other planets have urged you to eschew smoking, drinking and flesh-eating, lest you not have a high enough vibration to be saved for the New Age. Leaders of spiritual, mental and moral reform have often been vegetarians . . . such as John Wesley (founder of the Methodist church), Mary Baker Eddy (founder of Christian Science), Charles Fillmore (founder of Unity), St. Francis de Assisi, Tennyson, Thoreau, Shelly, Darwin, etc. Will you be "weighed in the balances and found wanting?"

I recommend three volumes to you that are unapproached in wisdom . . . containing more in one paragraph than the mystery schools have in a whole book . . . even the "secret" ones! They explain the mysteries of religion and of existence. They are two dollars and twenty cents apiece from the publisher . . . John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2, England. I speak of "The Gospel of the Holy Twelve", "Clothed With The Sun", and "The Perfect Way, or the finding of Christ." Please order direct, Airmail, from him.

Yours for the New Age,  
Robert John Ridley  
2415 West Olive Ave.  
Phoenix, Arizona

JANUARY

1959

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MAGAZINE**

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# ...Editorial...

Your editor has been interested in the subjects covered so variously and "at largely" by SEARCH, in a serious personal way, for as long as he can remember. Even as a child, scarcely at what is popularly termed "the age of reason", there were mysterious things observable to which no one seemed to have the answer, or even an approximate answer; and worse still, had what was obviously a ridiculous or a prejudiced answer. Thus it is that over such a long period (some forty years—or more, because some of the experiences go back to the "unbelievable" age of six weeks) we have become aware of the certain fact that almost nowhere in the world exists a person who is not at least slightly interested, and who has ideas of his own on the same subject. We have learned that this is true in spite of the fact that almost universally these people keep their beliefs and their experiences to themselves, and even profess complete ignorance of them or actually publicly scorn them.

How many times have we met someone, who, observing us reading

our own magazine, or a similar one, or a book on an outre subject, has remarked: Do you *really* read (or believe) in that *stuff*?" And when we really found out about him, discovered that once you got him going, he had literally dozens of strange experiences he would relate with supreme personal conviction. It was something that happened to *him*, and although he'd rationalize and footnote his remarks by saying: "Of course there is some scientific, logical explanation to it which would remove all mystery," you could see it on his face; nobody'd talk *him* out of his personal experience! In spite of that, he will laugh like a hyena at anybody who who has the same experience!

Considering how many people there are in the category of secret believers, it is a most astounding thing to your editor to observe the staggering amount of ridicule that is continually being stacked up against the things SEARCH keeps prying into. There seems to be an almost general attack, which goes on without an instant's letup, against people like your editor, and of course, his readers. Not only do

they look at him with raised eyebrows; they go out of their way to violate his personal right. Take as an example a man named Schmidt who talked to people in a flying saucer (in High German): he was locked up in the booby-hatch by these "do-gooders" who, when you get them going, can make Schmidt's "tale" seem like weak dishwater by comparison.

Let's give you a couple of examples of this "program of ridicule" which is constantly being indulged in by persons whose business it is positively not. The following was written by Edward Baumann, and got top billing in his local newspaper, and in fact appeared on the special editorial pages on an outside top column:

Russia has been negotiating with the Martians for control of the moon. The Soviets will land men there within 15 days.

Your reporter was told this by some local people who say they're on the inside track with the folks from Mars.

In a small room in a white frame house, with lights dimmed and shades drawn, two men and a woman, with dark flashing eyes and jangling earrings, met the reporter and told their story. They were serious.

"I have had a 10-year running acquaintanceship with the Mar-

tians," said George——, 48, a thin man with a thick head of gray hair.

"They have given me the complete know-how for constructing a space craft, and permission to build it."

Homer ——, 43, an engineer, said he has authenticated the story.

"America has rejected the information. The Russians have been begging for it," Homer said.

George's wife, Clara, a gypsy-like woman with a colored kerchief around her head, said that for several years now Martians have been landing space ships in their spacious back yard and consulting with her husband.

Among the things they have told him:

—The moon is populated by Stone Age type people who play with diamonds the size of goose eggs.

—The Martians are "occupying" the moon, but will vacate when earthmen arrive, because the moon is the earth's satellite.

—U.S. made space satellites that failed to go into orbit and disappeared are now on display on the moon.

—The type of space ship the Martians told him how to build would cost a maximum of \$20 million, and could reach the moon in three hours.

—In 1947 in America three groups of Martians were killed by mistake. A brother of one is in Russia getting revenge by giving space ship secrets to Russia.

A secret midnight meeting between the friends of the Martians and the reporter was arranged.

"See that white job hanging up there?" said our informer, pointing to a speck of light high in the northeastern sky.

"That Martian ship has been up there for a couple of weeks now."

There you have one form of ridicule. The persons involved were quite sincere in telling their story to the reporter, but all the time he was mentally writing his account with every wise-crack he could think of, and chuckling to himself picturing the roars of laughter that would come from his delighted readers. Not once did it enter his head that since his informers were serious, there was something here that deserved deep study. If they were serious, why? What could be back of the strange spectacle of a group of apparently normal people making jackasses out of themselves? Were they actually so stupid as to believe that anyone would accept their story seriously, and that they would not be made a laughing stock? WHY did they say such "crazy" things? And if they were crazy, wasn't this a serious thing—

since there seem to be so MANY of this type of person? The reporter, as usual, anxious to ridicule, missed the whole point of the event.

Here is another quote, this one written by Gene Sherman, and prominently printed on an editorial page of the newspaper. This one has an advantage over the first item quoted, because it is cleverly written, even brilliant, and made even your editor chuckle with appreciation for the piece. Perhaps, because of this, it is even more "dangerous" to the purpose of SEARCH because this one is convincing. Read it for yourself, and you'll see what we mean:

Possibly due to the amazing activity in space rocketry, there has been a noticeable flurry of unsubstantiated flying saucer claims lately. These include rehashed reports from persons who soberly state they have been whisked about the spacecape on saucers which have landed on earth.

All this conversation doesn't surprise Art LaVove one little bit. No reason to become befuddled by all the confusion over the origin of saucers, Art told me quietly.

"About 75,000 years ago," he said, "the Old Race which comprised the nucleus of the InterGalactic Empire (IGE) was faced with revolt when 235,000 inhabited planets, roughly 34% of IGE.

seceded. When they demolished the IGE Prime Base on the fringe of the Dark Horse Nebula, fighting spread everywhere.

"For a while, the fate of IGE hung in the balance and it looked as if the IGR, or InterGalactic Republic, would win out. But as the battle raged for several thousand years, the IGR retreated to what we now call our solar system.

"Their base, Mur-Anta, was finally blown to bits by IGE prime maulers and tractor beams and the remains of Mur-Anta now drift between Mars and Jupiter. They're called asteroids. Die-hard IGR forces fell back to the moon, where the rebels made their last, pathetic stand.

"Some 400 survivors were captured, but instead of being erased they were given lobotomies, reduced to savagery and banished to Earth where they eliminated the Neanderthals eventually. The rebels, called Cro-Magnons, began their slow climb up the ladder of evolution.

"Ever since, the IGE has maintained a constant patrol throughout the solar system. Actually, Earth is nothing more than a penal colony, although it is operated more like a sanitarium than a prison.

"Lobotomized prisoners arrive here daily, dropped into hidden reception centers by IGE officers.

All of the aberrated of the Cosmos are dispatched here, where they can be watched. To put it bluntly, this planet is an IGE nuthouse.

"The saucers? They're fly-cops in white suits. Every so often one of them lands, takes one of their charges aboard and talks with him. So far, they've been able to report to IGE headquarters the Cro-Magnons haven't changed a bit."

Art took his tongue out of his cheek and fixed me with a piercing gaze. "What might happen when we try to escape," he concluded, "I wouldn't dare guess."

There you have it. We want to make quite a few comments on this quotation, but first we want to repeat the first paragraph, and this time italicize certain words for emphasis:

"Possibly due to the amazing activity in space rocketry, there has been a noticeable flurry of *unsubstantiated* flying saucer claims lately. These include *rehashed* reports from persons who *soberly* state they have been *whisked* about the spacscape on saucers which have landed on earth."

This portion of the article is *badly written*. It is possibly the poorest use of words we have ever seen. It is NOT reporting, even in the vaguest concept of the word. It is full of unjust innuendoes and misleading connotations, all of which is

done deliberately and dishonestly.

To begin with, doubt is cast upon the whole subject of flying saucers by insinuating by the first words, "possibly due" that all flying saucer reports are caused by a natural factor, certainly not one of reality. Flying saucers, especially this "noticeable flurry", are the result of the amazing current activity in space rocketry. The reverse is the truth. During rocket probes, etc, flying saucer stories decrease, because observers tend to confuse their sightings with rockets, although the rockets are nowhere near them.

Next, the insertion of the word, "unsubstantiated". What a nice word this is. If it isn't substantiated, it just hasn't got it. And used in connection with "flying saucer claims", it says flatly that flying saucer claims are unsubstantiated. Again, exactly the opposite is true. We won't belabor the point, but even Mr. Sherman would find plenty of substantiation, if he spent ten minutes looking over the substantiations.

Next comes the inclusion of the word "rehashed". Naturally, a "rehashed" report is only hearsay. By use of this word, our reporter does away with all first-hand reports. He ignores them. He even infers that they do not exist, and that the "rehasher" may even be a pure

fabricator.

Next we have the word "soberly". When used in this manner it means that either the informer is talking with his tongue in his cheek, or he actually *isn't* sober.

Lastly, we have the word "whisked". Instantly we picture our informer, being airily "whisked" about in their saucer trip. Not just plain taken on a trip, for a ride, or "carried aboard", but *whisked*.

We might have underlined another word, the word "claims", because it is used in the sense that they are not legitimate claims. However, just to make our position quite clear, we'll repeat the quoted paragraph once more, but this time the way it *should* have been written. Read it, and see if you get the same impression as from the original paragraph, and yet, observe that it says exactly the same thing, reports the same facts, adds nothing, detracts nothing.

"There has been a noticeable flurry of flying saucer reports lately. These include reports from persons who state they have been given a ride about the spacecape on saucers which have landed on earth."

We have gone to all the trouble to take this paragraph apart so that we can suggest a new policy for you when you read future reports of this nature, and in fact,

any report about *anything*, so as to get the unbiased facts contained therein. Next time you read a news report, take a pencil and underline, or cross out, every word which is prejudicial, ridiculing, inferential, or misleading. Leave out all these words, and read the article again. You will be astounded at the result. And you will make an honest man out of the writer, in addition to getting an honest insight into the news that will free you from all taint of being victimized by propaganda. There is only one further precaution you can take, and that is seriously to question the truth of what is being reported, and look for "substantiation". Look for motivation for an untruth. Look for corroboration in other news, in other human knowledge. Judge what you have read by everything you know. Don't be led about by the nose by reprehensible rascals whose fault probably is intolerance and stupidity, rather than actual rascality and dishonesty.

Lastly, when someone tells you something, and includes words such as we have italicized, challenge him, demand that he explain exactly why he included that word, and his justification for it. Pick out these misleading words of his, throw them back at him, and watch his face turn red. Nothing is so embarrassing as to be caught in a lie—

and this type of thing is lying, pure and simple.

At least we HOPE it is "simple".

Now, just to return to the principles inherent in the title of our magazine, let's go back to Mr. Sherman's article and read it again. This bit about us being inmates of an "IGE nuthouse" is extremely clever. It is humorous. It is brilliantly written. The whole fabrication of a history of 75,000 years, down to the present, where we are "lobotomized prisoners" in a sort of "sanitarium penal colony" is extremely clever. We know it isn't true, of course. We know that we can open our skulls and find the brain lobes intact, and nothing removed by "lobotomy".

But is there any evidence at all that something actually like this fictional piece may be *true*? Those of us who are Bible readers might look upon the exile of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden as precisely an incarceration in a "sanitarium penal colony". We are even of the opinion that eventually we are to be released from our exile, and be restored to the original nature of our existence, sinless and joyous and free from the sentence of living by the sweat of our brow, and reproducing in agony.

Because we "sinned", we have taken on an undesirable condition

which demands that we be isolated, exiled, from our former habitation. We may not return. And like Mr. Sherman's report, there are "spiritual" fly-cops who visit us occasionally to see what our spiritual progress has been.

Our religious beliefs are remarkably like Mr. Sherman's little story (or rather Art LaVove's, who told it to Mr. Sherman).

Those of our readers who are familiar with the Shaver Mystery, may find Mr. LaVove's story a shocking parallel to the opinions of Mr. Shaver, who *actually* postulates that we are precisely what Mr. LaVove says we are, with the exception that the lobotomy is instead a radioactive poison which polarizes the mind and reverses thinking, so that *live* comes out *evil*. What a strange and totally startling coincidence it is that evil

is the opposite of live! Reasonably, *death* should be the opposite of living. Why is the word evil just a mirror-image of the word live? In the Bible Adam and Eve were condemned to die because they had done evil. Their sin had reversed their destiny, which was to live forever in the Garden, so that they now were to die while living in totally evil conditions.

The fact of the matter is that Mr. LaVove, who speaks with his tongue in his cheek, may have uttered the prize truth of all time!

And this brings us to his closing remark (which he utters while he fixes his hearer with a piercing gaze): "What might happen when we try to escape, I wouldn't dare guess."

Perhaps the first man into space in a rocket will find out the answer to that!  
—Rap.

## MOON ERUPTION

A Soviet scientist reported on November 12, 1958 that there was an eruption in the mountains of the moon. He said it proved the moon is not a dead celestial body.

Dr. N. A. Kozyrev said the Crimean Astrophysics Observatory witnessed a nearly doubled light intensity for 30 minutes on that date in

the peak of moon crater Alphonse.

Dr. A. A. Mikhailov, of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, commented that Kozyrev's findings rule out present views of the origin of the moon "and demonstrate the similarity of moon and earth processes."

★ ★ ★

# YOUR FUTURE

AS REVEALED THROUGH  
PSYCHOMETRY AND YOUR  
PHOTOGRAPHIC AURA, BY  
THE MYSTERIOUS PSYCHIC  
ABILITY OF

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 two unusual methods, and whose ability SEARCH proved positively, 87½% accurate, over a period of more than four years.

On this 19th day of October, 1958, I see news from Russia that will startle us all; news that will prove to my readers that I have been right all along about NO WAR with Russia.

There will be news of Nixon that could cause a lot of talk.

An advanced scientist will discover what I mean about the pull in the atmosphere (mentioned in my last predictions) and many accidents will be averted.

Death of more prominent people, all headliners, and sadness with each death.

People will be more calm in their thinking about Russia, and many books will soon start show-

ing the Russian way of living, and many thousands will start losing that panicky feeling.

Much more will be publicized about space, flying saucers, and some surprises in store on *that* subject!

Mrs. Van Tassell of Giant Rock, please take notice: You will receive some valuable revelations that will surprise your husband—but you will feel *sure* this is the right information and will not let him alone until he does as your revelation indicates you should do. You will find many things “shown” to you that you’ve hoped would be revealed.

Ray Palmer, do you have a fence

on your farm? I feel a weak spot, that being weak, and no one knowing about it, could be plowed through (the only way I can word it) and a loss of some kind for you if this occurs. Hope this warning comes in time so that you can find the weak spot and avoid the loss. Maybe it's only a cow going through it, but maybe the cow would be killed? Somehow it is a loss, so you'd better look at the fence.

(Editor's note: We received this warning two days before the fence in question, which we had been absolutely certain was firm and not capable of being pushed over, was knocked down by a neighbor's cow who invaded his garden and proceeded to eat what was left of it. Some small loss, but nothing really to be concerned about, except that your editor likes his fresh vegetables! Such direct predictions as this leave us flabbergasted, but a search of Mrs. Lauer's predictions in SEARCH over the past four years will do more than flabbergast anyone who looks them over!)

Stocks are going sky high—and one that is a maker of a car will boom so that those owning stock or going to buy it will surely make money. All I can say is the car they make is called the Nash Rambler—whatever company or how the stock would be called I do not know

(American Motors, Kenosha or Racine, Wisconsin—Ed.), but I KNOW this stock is going up. I've never bought a stock in my life, but I am so tempted to do as this hunch or impression dictates—it is so keen, and since I've had many of my clients ask me to name a certain stock, and I never did so, I feel on this one I should tell you. Only, being stocks, don't hold me responsible—except that I KNOW it is going up! (Editor's note: Investors should bear in mind that Mrs. Lauer is *not* 100% right—and if you gamble, be warned in advance that the 12½% wrong may be *this* time. Your editor isn't buying any Nash stock, because he hasn't any money, but checking the market, it seems that Nash Rambler stock has gone up sensationally recently, and seems to be headed much higher.)

To those of my clients who have ordered an aura analysis, I want to say that on a second order, if the colors haven't changed, I will say so, as I don't want anybody paying for the same information twice. In this event, I may send the psychometric analysis instead, and notify you your aura is unchanged. To those who have asked, red in one aura may mean entirely another thing in another's aura. Also, those who say these colors do not exist, I am afraid I cannot agree.

I see these colors, and I analyze them the way I feel about them, no matter what another's interpretation may be.

Those of you who are Aries, like myself, should look for the unexpected and not be surprised at sudden changes in their lives. Also

there is the likelihood of being left something, perhaps via a legacy. Also, be warned that there may be several out to "trick" them, or to try to blackmail them, especially those in the public eye. Some of them may find friends not as loyal as they thought.

### 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.*

### HOW TO GET A PHOTO AURA ANALYSIS

Send a snapshot of yourself to Dorothy Spence Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and enclose \$3.00 to cover the cost. Be sure to include your return address! Surprisingly many applicants forget this! And

please, if possible, report the results to SEARCH magazine, after their accuracy or inaccuracy is determined. Remember, reports of inaccuracy are as important as those of accuracy.

**Editor's Note:** Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in recognition. 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, by writing out a verse, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given on this page, 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 experimental 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. Please report results to us.

# Does Man Have "Guidance" From Elsewhere?

*By*

**Rev. Penny James**

In 1951 the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month fell right at church time on Sunday. I had done already a great deal of studying on the "flying saucer" mystery (more than three years), and felt a strong inner "compulsion" to preach on that subject on that particular day. I had been getting the bulletins of most of the few organizations studying this problem at that time, and most of them were surprised by the interest of a minister in the subject. Evidently very few ministers—if any—were on their mailing lists or had visited their headquarters.

To me this subject had taken on SPIRITUAL significance long before this time, and I almost felt, as I preached this sermon, as though, through me, "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." The announcement had been made the Sunday before that a very different type of sermon would be preached,

and I had "planted" a half dozen local people in the audience that morning who had actually seen these mysterious objects around our city within the six months previous to this time. That is, whether they were members of my church or not, I had told them what the subject was to be and invited them to attend if they so desired. The subject of that sermon was, "What Kind of a New World Order?"

Since I told things that no newspaper as yet had published, naturally there was considerable skepticism, mixed with much genuine interest. One skeptic, looking skyward as he left the church, said to another man who was also looking up, "Are you looking for some of those 'flying saucers' he was talking about?" Strange as it may seem, he was talking to one of the men who HAD seen them within the past few weeks, and was more surprised by that fact than by the sermon itself!

Soon we formed a "club" of interested people who studied the subject regularly for the next few years (and which is still very active). The skeptics grew suspicious of this club—as the "outsiders" did of the early Christians who met in homes before there were churches. All kinds of things were said about us, in spite of the fact that no attempt was made to keep anyone out who was really interested. We discovered that in order to understand ONE phenomenon, many others had to be studied. In other words, we learned that this mysterious universe is a related one, and all related subjects had to be studied in order to understand this seemingly "new" phenomenon. By the time we had delved into all these subjects, a "newcomer" would have been lost on the first round, so interested people from then on were given things to read before attending a meeting—not as a means of keeping them out but as a helpful gesture that they might better understand when they did attend. This led more and more to a misinterpretation by those who wanted to find something wrong. From a psychological standpoint, they were piqued because they hadn't been in on it from the beginning! The fact that the club was drawing enough attention to bring in visiting people from coast

to coast simply made them think that there was something more sinister about it than they had at first thought—"communist leanings, no doubt"! Every "saucer club" in the country no doubt has gone through this stage, so I am writing of a universal experience.

The purpose of our meetings was to share different things we had studied individually, so that all might profit from each other. Was it strange, or natural, that we should study such subjects as spiritualism, reincarnation, strange powers of the mind, personal development of latent powers and other things, by having started as a "flying saucer" club? We even changed the name because it no longer fit what we were doing. Some of my own research had included political happenings in all parts of the world, studied in the light of Biblical prophecy. Because of the variety of our studies, I could not be classified as either a "modernist" or a "fundamentalist" in my interpretations of these subjects. In fact, I felt rather alone as a minister, for there were very few of my colleagues to whom I could talk about any of the subjects covered in our club, which was composed of people from all walks of life. Perhaps we all felt that way in regard to colleagues in our chosen fields. But we had FEL-

LOWSHIP of our own, as the early Christians had!

Five years after this sermon on a new world order, the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month again came right at church time—in 1956. But by this time I did not dare to talk about “flying saucers” any more. Even the Air Force had changed the name of their project several times, and public opinion had gone through various stages of change. Besides, “flying saucer” was a misnomer, and had been from the beginning. Many strange things had been sighted in the sky that were no more like a saucer than they were like a cup, or a ball, or a corkscrew! They had been photographed, books had been written—millions of words! Yet for several weeks prior to November 11, 1956 I thought about that sermon of five years before, and of the world situation now. Was there no new order to be established after all? What should I preach about?

The Middle East situation was tense. I saw Armageddon very close. (In the intervening time the point of argument has drawn ever closer to the plains of Esdraelon!) Since the former sermon, I had even visited the spot—again through the “guidance” of others. But was it right to preach about Armageddon, without speaking

about the hope for the future?

Our group studies had provided us with plenty of information about the bright future AFTER Armageddon. So my sermon that day was filled with references to Armageddon, the antichrist, Christ’s audible message to statesmen which is coming soon, according to STAIRS TO GREATNESS by William Dudley Pelley—but always I pointed to the fact that Armageddon is only the prelude to a millenium of peace and plenty. To be sure of what I had said under inspiration, I recorded that sermon, as I had read the written sermon five years earlier.

Two days later I was in Evanston on church business and happened to see the article in the Chicago *Daily News*, mentioned by Robert N. Webster in the March issue of FATE, “Do We Stand At Armageddon?” The article in the *Daily News* was written by the famed war correspondent, William H. Stoneman, who wrote from a promontory in northern Israel, looking east at the fortifications of the Syrians, quite close to the prophetic plains of Esdraelon. I wondered why this front-page story had been jerked out of the paper by the time of the evening edition. Was it perhaps for the same reason that I had hesitated to preach my sermon at first—because people do not

want to hear about Armageddon, without some hope of something better in the future? Maybe we are about to discover that people really ARE hungry for what Christ offered, but that we will have to go through this terrible battle before we realize that His way is the ONLY way.

But the real point of writing this article is to ask readers WHY certain compelling urges come to us. HOW does it happen to several people at the same time, in widely separated parts of the world? Are we INSPIRED by similar stimuli, each interpreting it according to the background of his own experience? Is there PURPOSE in it all, such as the formation of a fellowship group which has endured for years? Do other groups over the country have similar experiences? What do the "saucers" have to do with the formation of these groups—and their guidance? And last, but not least, is there, in these spiritual or mystic experiences, an ASSURANCE that someone besides man guides our destiny?

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# The RAMPA STORY

By Eloise Franco

**The fantastic story of the Tibetan Monk in an Englishman's body and his controversial book, "The Third Eye"; including previously unpublished material of a trip to Venus, and the articles from the British magazine which were not published in any American outlet.**

*When "The Third Eye" was first published, it was a sensation, but when Time Magazine published an "expose" of T. Lobsang Rampa, the author, and revealed him to be an Englishman, the book reached international attention. Apparently Rampa was a fraud. But was he? The controversy has raged on three continents, and now SEARCH Magazine presents the full and unexpurgated story, containing the personal statements of Mr. Rampa, and also of his wife, concerning the strangest and wierdest occurrence of the decade. Here is all the evidence, new material never before published, and an opportunity to judge for yourself. Whatever the truth, the Rampa story is one of the strangest and most thought-provoking of our time. What does it all mean? The decision is yours.*

## THE LAMA'S STORY

"The Third Eye" is absolutely true and all that I write in that book is fact. I, a Tibetan lama, now occupy what was originally the body of a Western man, and I occupy it to the permanent and total exclusion of the former occupant. He gave his willing consent, being glad to escape from life on this earth in view of my urgent need.

The actual change-over occurred on the 13th of June 1949, but the

way had to be prepared some time before that. I know that I have a special task to do, and I became aware that it would be necessary to come to England for various reasons connected with it. In the latter part of 1947 I was able by telepathy to send impressions to a suitable person. In February 1948 he changed his name by legal Deed Poll and took the name of KuonSuo as directed by me.

To make the change-over easier he altered his addresses a number of times and lost contact with all

friends and relations. On the 13th of June 1949 he had a slight accident which resulted in concussion and which "knocked him out of himself." This enabled me to take over.

I tried very hard indeed to obtain employment in England, but for various reasons there was no assistance from the Employment Exchange. For years I visited Employment Exchanges and the Appointment Bureaux in Tavistock Square, London. I was also registered with a number of private Employment Agencies and paid quite a considerable amount to them in fees, but none of them did anything for me.

For some time we lived on capital which had been saved and upon anything which I was able to earn from doing free-lance writing or advertising.

I have a special task to do because during my life in Tibet I had been to the Chang Tang Highlands where I had seen a device which enables people to see the human aura. I am clairvoyant and can see the aura as I have demonstrated to many people at many times, but — I was aware that if doctors and surgeons could see the human aura then they could determine the illness afflicting a human body before it was at all serious. It was not possible for me to come to England in the body which I then had. I



**Eloise Franco**

tried but to no avail.

The aura is merely a corona discharge of the body, of the life force. It is similar to the corona discharge from high tension cables which can be seen by almost anyone on a misty night, and if money would be spent on research medical science would have one of the most potent tools for the cure of disease. I had to have money in order to carry out my own research, but, I have never taken money for curing people's illnesses or for taking their troubles off their shoulders as has been misrepresented in a certain paper!

And how did "The Third Eye" come to be written? I certainly did not want to write it but I was desperate to get a job so that I could get on with my allotted task. I tried for job after job without avail, eventually a friend offered to put me in touch with a gentleman who might be able to use my service. Mr. Brooks said that I should write a book. I insisted that I did not want to write a book and so we parted. Mr. Brooks wrote to me again and once more suggested that I should write a book. In the interval between seeing him and receiving his letter I had been for other interviews and had been rejected. So with much reluctance I accepted Mr. Brooks' offer to write a book, and here again I repeat that everything said in that book is true. Everything said in my second book "Medical Lama" is true also. One should not place too much credence in "experts" or "Tibetan scholars" when it is seen how one "expert" contradicts the other, when they cannot agree on what is right and what is wrong, and after all how many of those "Tibetan scholars" have entered a lamasery at the age of seven, and worked all the way through the life as a Tibetan, and then taken over the body of a Westerner? I have!

T. Lobsang Rampa

## HIS WIFE'S STORY

"It's an ill wind . . ." As far as I can see, it appears that the announcement regarding the author of "The Third Eye" has done nothing but enhance Lobsang Rampa's prestige, and resulted in bringing his best seller more than ever before the public eye. One lady, an authority on Eastern methods and religions, made the remark that if the facts were true then Lobsang Rampa was an even greater person than ever. Now she is certain that the facts ARE true.

Many people will wonder about the one who occupied that Western body before it was taken over by a Tibetan and I, as the Wife, would like to tell something of events leading to the change of personality. At the first indication of something different I was more than a little startled. We were leading a quiet life in Surrey, my Husband being on the staff of a Correspondence College, in an advisory capacity, and the war had been over for two years. Out of the blue came his remark toward the end of 1947 — sitting quietly for some time, he startled me by suddenly saying, "I am going to change my name." I looked at him aghast for I failed to see any point in doing such a thing. We had nothing to hide, nothing from which to run away.

It took me some time to recover after he continued, "Yes, we will change our name by Deed Poll." "We will call ourself KuonSuo."

By February 1948 all the legal formalities had been completed, and we had no further right to our previous name. My Husband's employer was not pleased, but there was little he could do about it, especially as at about that time one of the firm's directors had made an alteration to his own name. Of course everyone thought that we had at least taken leave of our senses, but that never bothered me. I had lived with my Husband for eight years and knew that if he had a hunch to do anything at all there was always a very good reason for it. Soon, however, we noticed people were not saying our name when addressing us, and even after seeing it written they didn't seem able to spell it; for that reason we later contracted it to Ku'an. I want to clarify this point to show that we have at no time used an alias as has been mistakenly suggested.

At about this time my Husband talked a great deal about the East and on occasions he did in fact wear Eastern dress; he often seemed to be very preoccupied in his manner, and I have known him to fall into a "trance state" and speak in an unfamiliar tongue, which I now believe to be a language of

the East. In July 1948 he again made a sudden decision — this time to give up his job! This he did to the consternation of his employer who had always found him to be a very useful and conscientious member of his staff.

The idea behind this was so that we could leave the district and lose all contact with the past, which we did. Within a year we had completely lost touch with previous acquaintances and with our former life. We managed to exist on what we had saved, together with what we could earn from various forms of writing.

The day I happened to look out of the window and see my Husband lying at the foot of a tree in the garden is something I shall never forget. I hurried out to find he was recovering, but to me, a trained nurse, he seemed to be stunned or something. When eventually he regained consciousness he seemed to act differently, and in a way I did not understand.

After getting him indoors and upstairs to our flat to rest, the main thought in my mind was to get a doctor as quickly as possible, but I was reckoning without him — he seemed to sense my alarm and implored me not to do so, assuring me that he was quite all right. Certainly his speech seemed different, more halting — as if he was un-

familiar with the language, and his voice appeared deeper than before.

For some time I was quite concerned, for *something* seemed to have happened to his memory — before speaking or moving he appeared to be making calculations; much later I learned that he was “tuning in to my mind” to see what was expected of him. I do not

mind admitting that in the early stages I was very worried, but now it seems quite natural. I have never ceased to wonder that such an ordinary individual as myself should be so closely associated with such a remarkable occurrence as the advent of a Tibetan lama to the Western world.

Sanua Ku'an, S.R.N.

## SAUCERS OVER TIBET

*This is one of the articles not presented to the American public.*

**F**lying Saucers? Of course there are flying saucers! I have seen many both in the sky and on the ground, and I have even been for a trip in one.

Tibet is the most convenient country of all for flying saucers. It is remote from the bustle of the everyday world, and is peopled by those who place religion and scientific concepts before material gain. Throughout the centuries the people of Tibet have known the truth about flying saucers, what they are, why they are, how they work, and the purpose behind it all. We know of the flying saucer people as the Gods in the sky in their fiery chariots. But let me relate an incident which certainly has never been told in any country outside of Tibet, and which is utterly true.

The day was bitter. Frozen pellets of ice, driven by the howling gale, hammered like bullets into our flapping robes and tore the skin off any exposed surface. The sky was vivid purple with patches of startlingly white cloud which raced off into the hinterland. Here, nearly thirty thousand feet above the sea, in the Chang Tang Highlands of Tibet, we were toiling upwards, upwards.

At our last resting place, some five miles behind us, a voice had come into our consciousness: “Strive on, my brothers. Strive on, and enter the fog belt again, for there is much for you to see.” The seven of us, all high lamas from the lamaseries of Tibet, had had much telepathic communication with the Gods of the Skies. From

them we had learned the secret of the chariots which sped swiftly across our land and which sometimes alighted in remote districts.

Onwards we climbed, higher and higher, clawing a foot-hold in the hard earth, forcing our fingers into the slightest crevice in the rocks. At last we reached the mysterious fog belt again and entered. Soon we were through it and into the wonderfully heated land of a bygone age.

"A day's march more, my brothers," said the voice, "and you shall see a chariot of old."

For that night we rested in the warmth and comfort of the Hidden Land. We found ease and relaxation on a soft bed of moss, and in the morning we gratefully bathed in a warm, broad river before setting out on another days' march. Here in this land there were pleasant fruits which we took with us for our meals, a satisfactory change indeed from the eternal tsampa!

Throughout that day we journeyed upwards through pleasant trees of rhododendron and walnut, and others the like of which we had not seen before. All the time we were rising upwards, and all the time we were in this pleasant warm land. With night upon us we made our camp beneath some trees, and lit our fire, and then rolled ourselves in our robes and fell asleep.

With the first light of dawn we were again ready to continue our journey. For perhaps another two to two and a half miles we marched and then came to an open clearing. Here we were stopped, dumbfounded with amazement; the clearing before us was vast and incredible.

The open plain we saw was perhaps five miles across, and the scene was so strange that even now I hesitate to write because of the knowledge that I shall be disbelieved. The plain was about five miles across and at its distant side there was a sheet of ice extending upwards, like a sheet of glass reaching toward the heavens. But that was not the strangest thing before us, for the plain contained a ruined city, and yet some buildings were quite intact. Some buildings, in fact, looked almost new. Nearby, in a spacious courtyard, there was an immense metal structure which reminded me of two of our temple dishes, clamped together, and it was clearly a vehicle of some sort.

My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, broke our awed silence, saying, "This was the home of the Gods half a million years ago. During those days men strove against the Gods, and invented a device to shatter an atom which wrought disaster on the

earth, causing lands to rise and lands to sink, destroying mountains and creating anew. This was a mighty city, the metropolis, and here was once the sea shore. The convulsion of the earth which followed and explosion raised this land thousands of feet, and the shock of the explosion altered the rotation of the earth. We shall go closer, and we shall see other parts of the city embedded in the ice of the glacier - a glacier which in this hot valley has gently melted, leaving intact these ancient buildings."

We listened in fascinated silence, and then, as if by one common impulse, we moved forward. Only as we came close to the buildings did it become apparent to us that the people who had lived here must have been not less than twelve feet tall. Everything was on a giant scale and I was forcibly reminded of those huge figures which I had seen in the hidden vaults of the Potala.

We approached the strange vehicle of metal. It was immense. Perhaps fifty or sixty feet across, and now dulled with age. We saw a ladder extending up into a dark opening, and, feeling as if we trod sacred ground, we crept up one by one; the Lama Mingyar Dondup went first and soon disappeared into the dark hole. I was next, and as I reached the top of the ladder

and stepped inside the metal hull I saw my Guide leaning over what looked to be a sloping table in this large metal room. He touched something, and a bluish light came, and there was a faint hum. To our horrified amazement at the far end of the room figures appeared and walked toward us and spoke to us.

Our first impulse was to turn and run, to flee this house of magic, but a voice in our brains stopped us. "Be not afraid," it said, "for we were aware of your coming, and have been so aware this last hundred years. We made provision so that those who were intrepid enough to enter this vessel should know the past." We were held as if hypnotised, powerless to move, powerless to obey our animal instincts and escape. "Be seated," said the voice, "for this will be long, and tired men do not listen well." We sat, the seven of us in a row facing the end of the room, and waited. For some seconds the buzzing continued. The light in the room faded and we were in darkness so profound that we could not see our hands before us. Some seconds later the buzzing stopped and there was a faint click, then upon the wall appeared pictures - pictures so utterly strange that they were almost beyond our comprehension. Pictures of a mighty city among whose ruins we now

sat, a city beside the sea upon which rode many strange craft. Overhead disc-like vehicles soared through the air, soundlessly, effortlessly. Upon the shore of golden sands giant figures strode amongst waving palm trees. We could hear the sound of happy voices, of children at play as they splashed in the surf. We saw scenes in the streets, in the houses, in the public buildings. Without warning we saw as if from some craft in the air. It reminded me so vividly of my kite flying that I almost clutched a non-existent cross-bar. Then there was a dreadful boom, and from afar a mushroom-shaped cloud soared miles to the heavens, a cloud shot with crimson and yellow as if the very breath of the gods was fire.

From our vantage point we saw buildings topple, and people fleeing for their lives. Then from out of the distance roared a huge wave of the sea, perhaps fifty feet, perhaps a hundred feet high. It struck the land and engulfed the houses - the once stately metropolis. The earth shook, the picture swirled and faded, and grew again. We had an impression of falling, spinning, and all was blackness. For what seemed to be a long time we sat wonderingly in the darkness. A picture came on the wall again, but this time a different picture. We saw the clearing, and in it were

strange craft such as that in which we now sat. Men seemed to be doing maintenance work, servicing. Craft were continually arriving and departing. There seemed to be many different types of people, ranging from those about fifteen feet tall to some about five feet tall. The picture changed, and we saw views outside the earth, and a view of the dark side of the moon. The voice of the screen gave us an explanation throughout the picture. We learned that there was an Association, a White Brotherhood, composed of incarnate and discarnate entities. Those who were incarnate came from many different planets, and they had as their one aim the safeguarding of life. Man, we were told, was certainly not the highest form of evolution, and these people, these guardians, worked for creatures of all kinds, not merely for man.

We were told that Tibet was to be invaded, and that the invaders, Communists, would be as a disease on the body of the earth. Communism, we were told, would be eradicated and in the age to follow creatures of all kinds would commune together as in the days of long ago.

Tibet was to be invaded. But even Tibet could play her part with telepathic lamas who could so easily contact space ships.

Earth, they said, was a colony, and these people of outer space supervised the earth so that they could mitigate the effects of atomic radiation, and, it was hoped, save the people of earth from blowing their world to pieces.

We, the seven telepathic lamas, were taken in a space ship and up into the air. We saw in half an hour our land of Tibet - a land which it would take three months for a man on a fast horse to cross. Then, with no increase in gravity, with no sensation of speed, we were taken out of the atmosphere and into space.

WE know how these space ships work. WE know why they can turn so quickly, and why those within them are not affected by centrifugal force, but that is for another occasion.

This is true. No matter how strange it seems, no matter how impossible or fantastic, IT STILL IS TRUE. If you do not believe it - then that is indeed your loss; many others have done this also, but have remained silent for fear of ridicule. I, of the East, have suffered so much from the West that I am now immune to what they think.

## FLYING INTO SPACE

***This article was published in the British magazine "Flying Saucer Review" and created tremendous interest. In this further article Dr. Rampa describes an actual journey into space in a flying saucer.***

The vivid purple of the afternoon sky was suddenly cut by a snow-white line as if a finger of a god had swept aside the dark to show the light beneath. The glittering sliver at the head of the growing line spread across the sky almost too fast for the eye to follow. A sudden flash of light, and the sliver was gone, heading for the blackness of space.

We lamas lay upon our backs

upon the soft green sward of the Hidden Valley some twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Higher still towered the jagged peaks which surrounded this warm and pleasant land and protected it from the bitter cold beyond. Tibet, more than eight times larger than the British Isles, had many mysteries, but none so strange as this, a valley of tropical splendour amid the sub-arctic tempera-

tures without. A valley with a hidden city dating back to the time of the Flood, and stranger still, where the Gods of the Sky had a base.

For centuries past telepathic lamas of high degree had been in communion with these Gods, and had learnt much from them. Now we highly favoured men were meeting them.

We lay upon our backs thinking of the wonders we had seen. To our right in an immense clearing stood strange machines, machines which would be strange even to the highly mechanised world beyond our land. Men of other worlds than Earth moved about, some moving with lithe grace, breathing the air we breathed, and others stumbling a little in cumbrous clothing which, transparent, covered even their heads, and allowed them to breathe a different atmosphere.

For some hours we had lain thus, watching, marvelling, and following by telepathy the purpose of these activities. Our close concentration was suddenly shattered by a deep humming which came from just above us. Turning our heads we saw a spinning disc approaching. As it passed over us we were flattened to the earth as if by a very strong wind, as if our weight had surprisingly doubled on the instant. Then it was over, and we raised up, resting upon an elbow to

watch the landing of the machine.

It resembled two very shallow Tibetan bowls placed edge to edge, one resting upon the other, and through the centre of both was a transparent dome, or perhaps translucent would be a better description, because while it was obviously transparent we could not see clearly into it. Now the whole machine was rotating about the dome, and making a "swish-swish-swish" noise reminding us of prayer flags fluttering in a strong breeze. The deep humming had stopped as the machine hovered above what was quite obviously a landing ground. Gradually the machine sank lower and lower until it was obscured from our view by a much larger tubular vessel. From a nearby building a pear-shaped vehicle sped to the newly arrived machine. Some minutes later it came into view again going in the opposite direction, and returning to the building.

Our intent watching was interrupted by a man who came towards us and said, "Come now, my brothers, for we have much to show you." We rose to our feet, and once again we felt ashamed of our lack of stature; the Lama Mingyar Dondup was six feet tall, and we were all within three inches of that, but this man was twice as tall as Mingyar Dondup! I felt as if I were a seven year old about to

enter a lamasery. The Tall One had apparently read my thought telepathically, or guessed them, for he said, "It is not the size of the body which matters, my brother, but the size of the aura and the soul within. Here we have people ranging from those smaller than you to taller than I."

He led us across the green moss-covered earth to the stretch which we had seen before. This was as hard as rock, smooth without mark, or blemish, yet it did not jar our feet as we walked across it as rock would have done. I looked about me in fascination, wondering at all the strange alien activities going on around us. The Tall One was evidently a man of much importance; all those working nearby touched their heart to him as he passed - a greeting which we in our ignorance thought was our Eastern method. We felt very self-conscious in our shabby robes, torn and threadbare through the hard journey from Lhasa.

As we walked the Tall One amplified the remarks of the day before, telling us that Earth was a colony, a colony which was afflicted with a dread disease which made most of the inhabitants behave like mad dogs. For centuries the Earth had been observed so that at the right time people could be helped. That time was near. Certain of us

of Tibet were more developed telepathically and esoterically, so we were being given special information and special experiences. "Now," he said, "we are going to show you your world from beyond its atmosphere. For this it will be better if you are in a craft manned by those of your own stature."

We were standing before a vessel of tubular shape, some three hundred and fifty feet long by about sixty feet wide. A broad platform led from the ground to the interior. As we approached a man of medium height but very broad came down to meet us. He touched his heart to the Tall One, and for a long moment they looked at each other while a message passed between them. Then the Broad One turned to us and beckoned for us to follow him. We, following the example of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, turned first to the Tall One, touching our right hand to our heart before bowing and turning away to follow the Broad One.

The unknown is always fearsome. My own heartbeat increased in tempo as we walked up the sloping ramp, paused a moment, and entered that alien doorway. Inside was a long corridor, pale restful green in colour, and the walls appeared to be luminous. The light was uniform and there were no

shadows. The Broad One led us along the corridor for several yards, then stopping he raised his hands and a portion of the wall slid aside to reveal a pleasant room, one side and the floor of which appeared to be so transparent that we were almost afraid to enter. "Have no fear," he said, "the floor is very solid and will bear you safely. What you actually see is a special screen which shows all outside. There are no windows here." We gasped, and entered hesitantly; it was as if we were walking on nothing, and I certainly had the impression that I would fall through to the ground.

The Broad One faced a wall and seemed to become remote from us as if he were deep in thought for a time. I stood idly gazing through what I had thought was a transparent floor, but which I now knew to be a special screen. I watched other vessels nearby, and people working on them. Suddenly my knees felt weak with terror. Things were moving further away; the ground was dropping beneath us, and I expected us to fall as well, but there was no sign, no sensation of any motion.

The Broad One came out of his seeming reverie and spoke. "We are going to take you out of the earth," he said, "We are going to show you your earth from afar." I re-

plied, "But we are not moving. If we were we would feel something. When I swung at the end of a rope, or when I flew in a kite I certainly felt, but here there is no sensation." The Broad One replied, "No there is no sensation, but we manoeuvre at speeds beyond the ability of any flesh and blood to stand, and we have special devices which automatically neutralise the effect of sudden turns or of too high speed stops. You will feel nothing whatever in this ship, nor is there anything for you to worry about. We have long ago mastered the science of gravity. Later you shall see through this ship, but first -" he gestured with his hands towards the screens. We looked.

Far beneath us the rugged land that was Tibet was sinking. The mighty mountains, some towering higher than Everest, were becoming flattened by the distance, becoming just pimples on a plain surface. We rose higher and higher, until we could see at last our Happy River (as we Tibetans call it) swelling out into the mighty sacred river of India, out into the ocean which we had not seen before. We saw the outline of the coast, and could easily distinguish the Bay of Bengal, and see far into China. We could even see the Great Wall of China as a thin crack across the ground.

The sun seemed to be below us, huge, swollen by the refraction of the air, glowing red like the open mouth of a lamasery furnace.

Still there was no motion, no impression of anything. We stood and watched, and thought how utterly remote was all this from our normal life upon the arid earth.

The Broad One gestured to a wall. He touched something and bench-like seats sprang from the previously smooth surface. "Sit down," he said, "we can see more comfortably seated." We sat, rather gingerly and rather embarrassed because as we sat down we seemed to sink into something which gripped our shrinking forms through our thin robes. "Form-fitting seats," said the Broad One. "Very comfortable. They prevent you from slipping off yet they yield to every movement." Form-fitting indeed, thought I. Certainly I am not used to being held in this manner. Still I suppose I shall get used to it. Now safely seated I gazed again at the screens, and held my breath in sheer amazement. I had been taught that the earth was flat, now I knew better because I could see myself that the earth was a round globe like the ball I used to play with. Here we were, far up above the earth, going higher and higher, until at last we were completely free of the atmosphere. The earth turn-

ed slowly beneath us, a huge globe largely covered by the grey-green of the oceans. The land masses appeared insignificant with splotches of green and russet. Large areas of it were covered with white fleecy clouds obscuring much of the surface. Through gaps we could see inland lakes, but of cities there was no sign. From our height there was no indication whatever that there was life on earth.

Surrounding the earth was a faint bluish haze, fairly close in, but fading out altogether after a few miles. The earth rolled on, turning lazily like a hawk wheeling slowly in the sky. The Broad One said, "You are intent upon earth, yet the whole of your Universe is before you. Is it not worth a glance?" It brought us to life with a start, and we looked up. About us was utter blackness interrupted with startlingly vivid points of light. Distant planets appeared sharply round, and of many different hues, while on those nearer we could distinguish features of their surface. So that we could gaze upon the sun the Broad One caused a dark shield to cover part of the screen. We saw the sun huge and clear, and the sight struck us with terror because we thought it was on fire. Vast tongues of flame leapt from its circumference, while its surface presented itself to us as a

writhing mass, freely marked with dark blobs.

"We have a base on what you call the Moon," said the Broad One. "The moon always presents one side to the earth. Our base is on the other side and we are going there now." The filter was swung aside and we were able to gaze upon the blindingly brilliant face of the moon, that airless world which still contains life deep beneath its surface. We approached it at a speed which was so fast as to be quite incomprehensible to us, but there was no sensation of speed.

"You have learned much about us" said the Broad One, "yet people of earth are taught that we do not exist . . . They have to be taught so because of the religious teaching that Man is made in the image of God, and the people of earth think that Man is the earth human. To admit the possibility of Man on other planets would be to prove the various religions wrong. Again, those who hold the power of life and death over nations dare not let it be known that there is an even greater power, for to do so would be to lessen their hold upon their enslaved people."

Later we were taken on a tour of the space ship and introduced to the crew. We felt very ignorant in their presence, but they did everything possible to answer our

questions and set us at ease. The problem of propulsion interested me greatly, and I was given an answer in much detail. There were a number of methods used, ships for different purposes had the appropriate method of propulsion. That on which we were traveling had a form of magnetism which was repelling to Earth's magnetism. The electricity used on earth, we were told, was most crude. That used elsewhere was a form of magnetism based on cosmic energy. The force was picked up from the cosmos by special collectors on the surface of the ship and conducted to the "engine room". Here it was fed through induction coils to the two halves of the ship. The half facing Earth was strongly repelling to Earth, and the half facing the planet of destination, in this case the Moon, was strongly attractive to that planet.

On a planet the repelling force could be adjusted so that the machine could hover, rise, or sink. The whole interior of the ship was lined with a network of conductors so that no matter what attitude a ship adopted the force of gravity was at all times most suitable for the occupants. We were shown the remarkably simple device which automatically adjusted the gravitic force.

But there is no more space to go

into greater detail. It is indeed a tragedy that Western peoples are so skeptical, for there is such a lot to tell, and it is a waste of time to

even start when one KNOWS that one will be disbelieved. Flying saucers are real. VERY real.

## TO ANOTHER WORLD

*Never before published here is Dr. Rampa's story of a trip to Venus in a flying saucer.*

The evening winds sighed through the trees of the Hidden Valley. There was an atmosphere of peace, of harmony, of Beings working for good. We lay by the side of our camp fire, the Lama Mingyar Dondup and three companions, five of us in all. We had journeyed far from Lhasa, from the frozen slopes of mountains and barren lands. Now there were but five of us though seven of us had started out. Our companions had fallen by the wayside, victims of avalanches, victims of privation and of the bitter, freezing cold. Now, though, in the warmth of this Hidden Valley we lay at peace. Marvels had indeed befallen us since we had first communed with the Gods from other worlds, the Gods who looked after the earth and kept it from self-destruction. To-night, we thought, we will retire early. We had earned our sleep, our rest, for throughout the day we had been seeing the secrets of the immense city which

was half buried in the glacier. We had learned much - but we were to learn more.

We looked at each other, wondering who was speaking, because a gentle but insistent thought kept coming into our minds. "Brothers, brothers, come this way for we are waiting." Hesitantly, one after the other, we got to our feet and looked about us. There was no one in sight, but again came the insistent command, "Brothers, this way, we are waiting." So we followed our intuition and made our way to the bustling camp where the machines from other worlds lay, where Beings of many other worlds swarmed about doing their multitudinous tasks. As we approached one of the larger ships a man, the Broad One, descended from it, and came to meet us with his hand upon his heart in the gesture of greeting and of peace. "Ah, Brothers, so you have come at last. We have been calling you for the past hour. We

thought perhaps that your brains slept." We bowed humbly before him bowed to the Superior Being from outer space; he turned and led the way to the vessel. We stood on a certain spot beside the ship, and it felt as if we were caught by some strong force and wafted upwards. "Yes," he said to our unspoken thoughts, "that is an anti-gravity beam, a levitator we call it. It saves one climbing."

Inside the vessel he led us to a room with seats along the walls. It was a round room, and it reminded us of the ship in which we had recently had a trip. We looked about, and we could see out as if there were no walls at all, and yet we knew that those walls were as solid as metal, a metal harder than anything we knew.

"My brothers, you have travelled far according to your standards, and you have endured much according to any standards. This night we are going to take you far away from your own earth, we are going to take you to a planet which you call Venus, take you there just to show you that there are civilizations beyond anything that you know on earth, take you so that your days of life upon earth may be brightened by the knowledge of what is and what can be. First let us eat. You were, as I am aware, about to partake of your evening

meal." He gave a telepathic command, and attendants entered bearing dishes. One went to a wall and pressed various buttons. A section of the floor rose up as a table, and with it appeared seats upon which we could recline in the old fashioned Eastern way, and not be cooped up in the Western style.

The covers of the gleaming dishes - dishes which appeared to be made of purest crystal - were removed, and we were helped to food. The food to us was truly amazing. Fruits of various colours, and then pastes in crystal jars. Our hosts were very attentive to our wants. The Broad One said, "Here we eat only that which Nature provides. These are fruits such as you know not on earth, fruits which to us supply bread, meat, everything. These pastes, which you will find truly delicious, are compounded of nuts from other planets of this system." They were, as he said, "truly delicious", and we ate very well indeed. The flavours were most strange to us, but wholly pleasant, and the liquors which we drank were again the juices of fruits. These people were, we thought, even more human than we of Tibet. They killed nothing, nor did they strain animals in order that their milk could be taken.

At the conclusion of our meal the dishes were removed, and the

table and dining seats again disappeared into the floor. The Broad One said, "This time I shall go with you. We are moving now." We turned and looked through the wall. There was no sense of movement, no sound, yet we were rising. We rose faster and faster leaving the darkening earth and going out so that looking down we could again see the sun gleaming over the horizon, gleaming over the curvature of the earth in the far, far distance.

As we rose higher, and higher we could see the continents of the earth in various hues and colours, greens and browns; we could see the white of the clouds, and the bluish-grey of the turbulent waters of the seas, but of the works of man there was no sign, no sign at all from our height that anything lived on the earth. As we went higher we found that strange lights were playing about outside the windows as if the rainbow had come in sheets, undulating sheets, but here were more colours than any rainbow ever possessed. It was an electric discharge from the auro-ra. It looked as if the whole earth was girded with gold, red, green, and of deepest purple, waving as if in some invisible wind. Showers of light glinting and scintillating with all colours flashed about through the curtains as if those curtains

were being pierced by the spears of the Gods. Higher and higher we went, out into the deep blackness of space. The earth was now but the size of a small round fruit, gleaming with a blue-grey light, not at all like the moon which had a yellowish light, but blue-grey, a strange colour indeed. We sped on and on into space, and the stars ahead of us changed colour, the sun ahead of us turned from its golden rays to blood red. Behind us the earth had disappeared. Behind us, to our stupefaction, there was nothing at all save darkness, blackness, the blackness of an utter void. I turned with a gasp of amazement to the Broad One, but he just laughed and said, "Oh, my brother, we are going faster than light, and so behind us there is no light because we are outstripping it, and ahead of us we are catching up on light, so the whole visible spectrum is deranged. Thus, instead of the white glare of a planet you see red, and darker red until the red turns to purple, and the purple to black, and the light which you see is not light at all but an illusion of the senses." This indeed was fascinating, but on we sped without feeling, without sensation, outstripping light itself. I could not understand how they could navigate at such a speed, but the answer to that was that it was done by

robotic controls. We were spell-bound in our seats watching outside. Instead of pinpoints of light we saw streaks as if some clumsy artists had daubed a black wall with glowing colours which changed as we looked at them. At last the colours began to appear more normal. The black gave way to purple, the purple to red-brown, and then to scarlet-red, and then behind us again we saw pinpoints of light.

Stars, though, behind us were green and blue, while ahead of us they were red and yellow. As we slowed down still more the stars ahead turned to their normal colours, as did those at the back. Ahead of us was a huge ball, turning lazily in the black sea of space, a ball completely covered in white fleecy clouds, a ball which reminded me of thistledown floating against a black sky. We circled two, three, perhaps five times, and then the Broad One said, "We are about to enter the atmosphere. Soon we shall be down and you can walk upon a world which is not alien, but merely strange to you." Slowly the ship sank, slowly it became immersed in the fleecy white cloud, billowing fingers reached out and fled by our windows. The Broad One touched a control, and it was as if magic fingers had swept aside the cloud, swept aside everything that obscured the view. We looked out in awe.

The clouds by some magic of the Gods had been made invisible, and beneath us we saw this glittering world, this world filled by Superior Beings. As we sank lower and lower we saw fairy cities reaching up into the sky, immense structures, ethereal, almost unbelievable in the delicate tracing of their buildings.

Tall spires and bulbous coupolas, and from tower to tower stretched bridges like spider's webs, and like spider's webs they gleamed with living colours, reds, blues, mauves and purples, and gold, and yet what a curious thought, there was no sunlight. This whole world was covered in cloud. I looked about me as we flashed over city after city, and it seemed to me that the whole atmosphere was luminous, everything in the sky gave light, there was no shadow, but also there was no central point of light. It seemed as if the whole cloud structure radiated light evenly, unobtrusively, and the light was of such a quality as I had never believed existed. It was pure and clean. At last we left the cities and came to a beautiful sparkling sea, a sea of purest blue. There were a few little craft upon the water, and the Broad One smiled benevolently as I pointed to them, and said, "Oh, they are merely pleasure craft. We do not use anything as slow as ships on this

world." After some minutes we crossed that ocean and came to another gleaming city, even better than the ones we had seen before, and in the very heart of the city there was a clearing to which we approached. For some minutes we hovered perhaps half a mile above the city, above the clearing, and then, as if in answer to some signal, we sank slowly, soundlessly, and effortlessly. Gradually, imperceptibly almost, the ground came closer and closer. Soon we were level with the topmost towers of that glittering city, that fabulous city, the like of which no man from Tibet had ever seen before. We could not determine the nature of the materials; they towered toward the stars, pointed, and from every window of those immense buildings faces peered out. As we got closer and closer, and lower and lower, we could discern those faces with startling clarity; they were beautiful. Throughout our stay on Venus, indeed, we saw no one who was not by earth standards startlingly beautiful. Ugliness was unknown here on this world, whether it be ugliness of mind or ugliness of body, both were absent. Almost before we were aware of it we were on the ground. Our machine had descended without a tremor, without a jerk. The Broad One turned to us and said, "It is time for us

to alight, my brothers, time for us to descend to this world of beauty." He turned away from us, and led the way out of the room. We followed along a corridor to the right, and once again down that remarkable escalator. As we reached the ground we looked about us for the first time. Before we had been too busy marvelling at the method of our descent. Now we found people waiting for us, officials obviously, tall men, grave faced, but with a dignity and presence not known upon the turbulent earth. One of them stepped forward and inclined his head in our direction. Into our minds flooded thought, his thought, telepathy. He was greeting us in the universal language of thought. No sound was uttered in all that gathering, no sound, that is, except perhaps our own involuntary gasps of astonishment.

For some minutes we all stood in telepathic communion, and then the spokesman bowed to us and turned away with a telepathic instruction for us to follow him. We did so for some fifty paces, and then we came to a most remarkable vehicle, they called it an air car. It was a vehicle perhaps thirty feet long and it was floating two or three inches above the ground. A section of clear plastic slid aside and we were shown inside. The Broad One and the spokesman got

in with us. We sat back on those comfortable seats, and then again we exclaimed in astonishment for without feeling motion we were speeding along at a truly frightening speed. Buildings by us were blurred with the velocity of our travel, and I certainly was quite frightened. There were no controls in the vehicle, we were sitting and the machine was taking us. The Broad One smiled benevolently at me, and said, "Fear not, my brother, there is nothing to fear. This machine is controlled from afar. Soon we shall be at our destination, the Hall of Knowledge, where you will be greeted, where you will be shown the past of your earth, the present of your earth, and the future of your earth, the probable future, my brother, that is, because man makes his own path, but probabilities are very strong things indeed, and unless man changes his mind the probabilities that you will see in the Hall of Knowledge will be facts."

I looked over the side and found that we were perhaps six feet above the ground which was absolutely flashing by. The vehicles passing on either side of us seemed to come charging at us, and then at the last instant miss us. It really frightened me, it sent chill shivers up and down my spine to think what would happen if two of these

vehicles travelling at such colossal speed met head on. I became aware that the buildings were passing more slowly, I could think that the buildings were moving and not us because we had no sensation of moving nor of speed. Gradually the vehicle slowed, then it hovered, and turned in a half circle and went to the left, to an immense building supported on glittering pillars. Wide stairs led up to it, and on the stairs there were groups of people apparently just waiting to see us visitors from Tibet. The machine continued on slowly, perhaps at the speed of a man running. It rose to the level of the top of the steps, and then slid inside the main doors of that magnificent building. It came to a halt, attendants hurried to meet us, slid aside the doors of our machine, and helped us to alight. I looked about me in absolute fascination. To one side was a green covered table, and around it there were what appeared to be a group of golden thrones in which a group of men sat. Soon we were in telepathic communion with the group, the Lords of Venus, the controllers of that particular sphere of activity. It does not matter what they told us, nor what we told them, but eventually one man thought at us, "Now, my brothers, we have exchanged much knowledge of interest. We will give you a

sight of your world, a sight of the present day conditions of your world as they are in all countries of that globe, and we will show you the probable course of your world's future." He rose and the others rose also. They led the way along a corridor, and then we of Tibet involuntarily stopped and held our breath in sheer shocked amazement. Before us appeared the blackness of night, the utter blackness of space, and floating, turning lazily, was our own earth. We saw the blue-grey of the continents, the brownish patches, the streaks of green and the white of the clouds. We saw the bluish haze of the atmosphere of the earth, extending round, girdling our world. Our great friend, the Broad One, touched me and whispered, whispered in Tibetan, "Fear not, my brother, for this is but the simulacrum, this is the Hall of Memories, the Hall of all Knowledge of the earth; be not afraid of what is to happen, for this is but the science of illusion, and that, too, is but the world of illusion. You shall see, and what you shall see will be the truth." We sat down, and then that seemed to be the signal. We gazed upon the earth, and then we seemed to be falling, gently falling. As we got nearer the earth we saw that it was a different earth. First we saw a molten bowl, then before our start-

led eyes the molten bowl became solidified, cracks appeared, gouts of flame rushed out, waters came and spread across the face of the earth. The land rose, parts of it sank, countries were formed, and seas too; we saw the strange convulsions of the earth as it was at its birth, we saw the strange unbelievable people which were the first people of earth. We saw Poseidon, Lemuria, Atlantis. We saw also the mighty civilizations which flourished unbelievable eons before Poseidon, before Atlantis and Lemuria. By now we could accept almost anything without a flicker of surprise. We had a surfeit of marvels, wonders had no power over us. So as the earth grew older before our gaze, and nations were swept aside and replaced by other nations it evinced interest in us, but no more. Our potentialities of being surprised had ended. Then we came to our own time. We saw Tibet when the founder of our religion first appeared in that country. We saw the building of the Potala, of the sweeping aside of the old fortress which had been put there before by the bloodthirsty kings of Tibet. We reached our present year, passed it, went on and on into the future, into the year 3,000. It was wonderful the things we saw and heard. We seemed to be upon the earth, as if we were standing be-

side, or even slightly behind, the principal actors. We could see all, but we could not touch, nor be touched. But eventually these wondrous impressions faded in the year three thousand and something.

The Broad One stirred and said, "Now you see my brothers, why it is that we guard the earth, for if man's folly is allowed to go unchecked terrible things will happen to the race of man. There are powers upon the earth, human powers, who oppose all thought of our ships, who say that there is nothing greater than the human upon the earth so there cannot be ships from other worlds. You, my brothers, have been shown and told, and have experienced this so that you, through your telepathic knowledge, can contact others, so you can bring in-

fluence to bear."

We do not know how long we were there upon that planet, it might have been days, it might have been weeks, we were almost blinded by the splendour of the sights we saw. The people content in their righteousness, peaceful people desiring only peace, desiring, as we of Tibet desired, do as we would be done by. And at last it was time again to return to the earth, which now seemed to us a tawdry place, an earth which paled into insignificance against the glory of Venus. Sadly we got aboard that space craft, and sadly we returned to the Hidden Valley; never again, I thought, shall I see such wonderful things. How mistaken I was, for that was but the first of many trips.

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## Thousands of 6-Legged Frogs

Lovers of frog legs listen: Six-legged critters by the thousands have shown up around a lake near Tunica, Mississippi.

The extra pair of hind legs have grown out on the right side of the bullfrog's back. Dr. U. I. McClurkin, biology professor at Memphis State university, reported they are about as large as the regular legs.

Individual freaks can be found in all creatures. But what puzzles McClurkin and other biologists is that these six-legged frogs have

hatched in such numbers.

"There must be thousands of them, all several months old of the same generation," the professor said. "It remains to be seen whether the frogs will breed true. That is, whether they will be able to reproduce six-legged frogs."

The freak frogs live around an 85-acre lake on J. Vance Norfleet farm.

Was it the bomb tests that caused the outbreak of freaks?

★ ★ ★

# ONISABURO DEGUCHI,

**The amazing story  
of Japan's newest  
religion, Oomoto Kyo.**

Asia, eternal mother of religions, produced during the early years of the 20th Century in Japan what may be a startlingly new epoch in the field of world understanding.

The mystic experiences of a unique Japanese religious leader may yet extend itself throughout the whole of east Asia and produce a spiritual upheaval which may influence the course of world history.

Japan's Oomoto Kyo, persecuted and finally suppressed by the Imperial Government during the militarists' regime, was and is, in large measure, the formulation of this one man, Onisaburo Deguchi. To millions of Japanese, he is known simply as The Master.

Onisaburo was the product of a period of profound transition in Japanese history. Shortly before his birth, the Shogunate had fallen; the rule of the Tenno had been restored, and Japan was taking the drastic leap from a medieval-minded feudal state to the status of a

major world power.

Many of the ancient, centuries-old standards had been discredited while the new concepts of Europe and the Americas had been but newly and partially learned.

Onisaburo was born, according to the Gregorian calendar of Europe, on Wednesday, July 12, 1871. Modern European astrologers have laid much stress upon the astrological significance of this particular date.

He was the oldest son of Kichimatsu Ueda, a farmer of the small village of Sogabe in Kyoto Prefecture. It was not until many years afterwards that Onisaburo Deguchi became known by the name by which he is known by millions both in Japan and in Europe. He was given the personal name of Kisaburo.

The first 27 years of his life were characterized by acute poverty, hard work, and study. The yet unawakened seer was then not unlike many others of his generation during that trying, difficult time of transition between civilizations.

With the brilliant mind so often characteristic of most ambitious young Japanese, he served as an as-

# SEER OF JAPAN

By

Edward F. Lacy III

sistant primary school instructor while only 14. Still in his teens, he contributed in large measure to the support of his family by whatever work was available for him.

Later, when he was 23, he left for Kyoto to study veterinary medicine. In addition to his vocational studies, he arranged for personal study of the Japanese philosophical and literary classics under the noted scholar Korehira Okada.

One of the major turning points of his life came with the failure of his father's health. Onisaburo immediately assumed full financial responsibility for the family. He had already built the family farm into a successful dairy.

Kichimatsu Ueda continued to decline in health, and, at last, the nominal head of the family became a complete invalid. Medical methods having failed, the oldest son turned to religion.

Deeply religious, he visited a nearby Shinto temple for guidance. During his early youth, Onisaburo habitually visited the shrine of the patron deity of Sogabe village. These visits were furtive, and at night, for already he felt longings for spiritual insight.

The visits to the Shinto temple were repeated, until at last he became completely disgusted with the abysmal superstition and blatant corruption.

Finally, in July, 1897, his father died, and Onisaburo became a bitter enemy of all religion. The traditional Shinto gods of Japan had failed, he felt, both his father, whom he greatly loved, his family, and himself. This feeling extended to all the traditional faiths of Japan.

However, this feeling of revulsion did not last long.

As a result of a vision during February, 1898, Onisaburo left a note to his family, and departed for nearby Mount Takakuma. There, he practiced the most severe physical austerities for a week, clad only in thin undergarments, and taking neither food nor water.

It was during this period that he received those mystical revelations which were later to make the core for the teachings of the Oomo-

to Kyo in the volumes known as the "Reikai Monogatari" (Stories from the Spiritual World.)

Onisaburo returned to his village, and settled his affairs. He remained there some months, preaching his new doctrines regarding the worlds of physical and spiritual existence. Finally, he received a "message" from the village shrine to the effect, "Go to the northwest at once, and you will find a divine plot there."

## II

Obeying, he left Sogabe, and traveled to Yagi, another village. There, at the teahouse, he was asked by the woman in charge what his job was. Onisaburo answered merely, "I travel from province to province to study their gods."

He was told by the woman, "My mother, Nao Deguchi, lives at Ayabe. She was suddenly possessed by the god Ushitora No Konjin, and a great many people have been benefited since then by the divine wisdom revealed through her. At present, an elder of the church of Konkokyo is taking care of her."

The woman added, "The god possessing her says, 'From the east will come a man who will explain my background. Noa's circumstances will be made clear as soon as he arrives.' It is for this purpose of meeting that man that my husband and I opened this teahouse."

Onisaburo was allowed to examine sheets of paper containing some examples of Nao Deguchi's automatic writing done while in trance. He was astounded to learn that these writings were in complete accord with the mystical revelations which he had received while in the cave of Mount Takakuma.

Onisaburo visited Nao Deguchi at Ayabe. However, he did not feel that the proper time had come. This was in October, 1898, and he left after only a few days.

However, in June, 1899, he was urged by Nao Deguchi through a special messenger to return. Onisaburo returned, and on January 1, 1900, he married Nao Deguchi's youngest daughter, Sumiko.

He adopted his wife's surname, and took the given name of Onisaburo. It is by this name, Onisaburo Deguchi, that he later became known both in Japan and in the outside world.

Onisaburo kept in the background. An able, self-effacing administrator, he was able to gently guide an obscure Japanese sect into a position of influence.

In 1906, he entered the Koten Kenkyu Sho (Institute for the Study of Imperial Classics) at Kyoto. After graduation, Onisaburo Deguchi served briefly as junior priest at the Kenkun Shrine.

He returned to Ayabe in 1907.

## III

This marks another milestone in the career of Onisaburo. The teachings of the Oomoto Kyo were promulgated throughout Japan. Shrines were built, and, publications started.

Finally, in January, 1917, the revealed writings of Nao Deguchi were published in the pages of the Japanese-language Oomoto periodical "Shinreikai" (Spiritual World.) Soon afterwards, Nao Deguchi died on November 6, 1918; she was 82.

Onisaburo assumed leadership of the movement, and just in time to meet headon the long series of difficulties which were to face the Oomoto Kyo during succeeding decades.

Oomoto extended out from southern Honshu into other parts of Japan, and the first duties, as head of the movement, were those of getting and keeping affairs orderly.

During this period came what is known in Oomoto history as the First Oomoto Incident. During the morning hours of February 12, 1921, the headquarters of the Oomoto Kyo was raided by several platoons of armed police, totaling in all some 200 men.

Onisaburo was arrested on charges of "lese majeste" and violation of the Newspaper Law. Jailed in Kyoto, he was charged with

writing articles containing disrespect for the Imperial Family. There could hardly have been more serious charges short of actual treason.

He was convicted October 5, after a long trial, and, after appeal, the sentence was upheld by the Osaka Appellate Court. There was an immediate appeal to the Japanese Supreme Court.

A new trial was ordered. However, Emperor Taisho died on Christmas Day, 1926, and a general amnesty proclaimed. Thus, after six years, the First Oomoto Incident came to a close.

There had been much comment in the Japanese press, most of it false, and the Oomoto Kyo had suffered greatly at the hands of the military dominated Imperial Government. The tomb of the Foundress, Nao Deguchi, was ordered rebuilt in a less pretentious style. The shrine at Honguyama was demolished.

Onisaburo did not, however, remain in prison all this time. After being locked away for some 125 days, he was released on bail. He immediately began dictating the work "Reikai Monogatari" (Stories from the Spiritual World,) which was based directly upon the revelations given him during the week upon Mount Takakuma.

The finished work consists of 81

volumes of 400 pages each. This, together with the automatic writings of Nao Deguchi known as the "Ofudesaki," comprise the Scripture of the Oomoto Kyo.

#### IV

During the period immediately following the close of the First Oomoto Incident, the Oomoto Kyo began a period of rapid expansion within Japan, and, for the first time, began to attract the notice of serious students of religion in the accident. However, this was only a brief breathing spell, soon to be ended.

Relations were opened with the various new religious groups on the Asian mainland.

This was before the outbreak of war with China, but already the clouds of war were gathering on the horizon. Onisaburo Deguchi viewed the situation as filled with disaster not only for Japan and China, but for the whole of Asia and the world.

It is reported that he declared that unless the tensions between Japan and China were relieved, the resultant conflict would spread to the whole world, and could easily destroy both nations.

In hopes of building good feeling between the two great countries, he pressed for cultural exchanges and more idealistic diplomatic relations.

Among other things, Onisaburo officiated at the inauguration ceremony of the World Federation of Religions held in Peking, China, on May 19, 1925. During this same period, he successfully established formal alliance between the Oomoto Kyo and China's World Red Swastika Society.

During this too brief span before the Second Oomoto Incident, the Oomoto Kyo began expansion into the western world with the publication of a Japanese-language newspaper, published in Europe, in the standard alphabet of the occident, and an Esperanto magazine called "Oomoto Internacia."

Paris became the site of the organization's European Headquarters.

After the Manchurian Incident, which sparked the beginning of Japan's war with China, Onisaburo Deguchi started the Showa Konsei Kai, a woman's organization, and the Showa Shinsei Kai (Showa Sacred Society.)

These two associations had as their object: national reform. This was the more immediate cause of the Second Oomoto Incident.

On December 8, 1935, there were raids on all Oomoto centers throughout Japan. This was a national affair, and had been planned weeks and months in advance. All Oomoto shrines were closed; all

Oomoto publication ceased.

Onisaburo and the top leadership of the Oomoto Kyo were arrested on charges of "lese majesty" and/or violation of the Peace Maintenance Law (ironies of ironies.)

They were accused of conspiring to change Japan's national form of government. The case was carried to the Japanese Supreme Court, but the original decisions were upheld. By this time, Japan was formally at war with China.

There was a period of seven years' imprisonment; Onisaburo Deguchi, together with his wife, was imprisoned in Osaka Prison. During this time, war began with the United States.

He was, at long last, released on bail on August 7, 1942. Onisaburo retired to a farm near Kameoka, and lived in complete retirement until the end of the war.

As the Pacific War was carried further, the situation for Japan worsened, and the disasters which Onisaburo had prophesied, were the militarists allowed their way, came dramatically to pass.

With the atomic bomb attacks against Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Japanese Emperor ordered surrender and the Pacific War came to an abrupt halt.

However, the Oomoto trials had been resumed. On September 8, 1945, the Japanese Supreme Court

again upheld the earlier decisions against the Oomoto Kyo and Onisaburo Deguchi.

The Allied Occupation had already begun, and on October 17, there was a general amnesty. The tragic Second Oomoto Incident had come to a close.

There was an almost immediate resumption of the suppressed religion.

During the three years following the close of the Pacific War, and before his death in 1948, Onisaburo worked long and hard in the process of reorganization of the scattered Oomoto Kyo. The keynote was, "Regeneration of hope for the Japanese people, and for the world."

The shrine sites were restored by the Imperial Government to the newly reorganized faith. Financial help from the government for the rebuilding of the shrines was declined by Onisaburo.

Explaining his decision, the newly released leader stated that millions of Japanese were still homeless and living without shelter. "God can be worshipped under an open sky," he further added, "so, first things must come first, and the homeless sheltered."

The Shrines were rebuilt with private funds.

The last three years of Onisaburo  
(Concluded on page 76)

# ABOUT GHOSTS — AND "THINGS"

By June Marsden

I was definitely interested when I read, in June 1958, *SEARCH*, (letter dept.) the story written by a little old Grandma who reported having been "attacked" by a repulsive "something" as she slept peacefully in her bed, harming no one.

For her story told, in amazing detail, one of my own recent experiences of encounters with ghosts and "things" in my apartment at a once famous Hollywood hotel.

The "thing" Grandma wrote about in *SEARCH*, and the horror that visited me some months ago, are not the ghosts of human beings at all; they are not even animal . . . they are just horrible, bestial "things"—and very evil.

And because I found a simple way to "block" the reappearance of such a beastie, I'm writing this article to tell you about it, and at the same time tell you about *all* the ghosts in the hotel apartment. For it is the most prolific producer of ghosts I have ever encountered,



June Marsden

though I have lived in such ghost-ridden places as England, Europe, Trieste, Rome, Naples and the Island of Capri.

I was therefore not at all worried when I realized my apartment in this famous old hotel was not just plain haunted, but sported *five* very active ghosts—that I know of.

This once famous hotel, now crumbling and ugly, was the mecca

of most of the Hollywood beauties and the world's visiting V.I.P's earlier in the century. Extravagant parties were held here, and orgies were not uncommon. Such people are usually highly emotional; add drinks, drugs, hatreds, jealousies, and anything can happen. Murder and suicides could not be unknown, and would leave terrific vibrations of evil behind them.

Other highlights of sorrow and joy, regrets, envy, cruelty, vindictiveness, kindness and happiness, have also played their part, and left their imprint between these walls.

Many of the "old timers" continued to live on here through the years of frustration, disappointment and poverty, still putting on an act of elegance and pretended gaiety and success. They are diminishing though. In fact, even during my own short residence here, I have noticed a dwindling of well-remembered faces; faces that had become deeply etched with raging emotions and fears, so that their owners could no longer be called lovely or handsome.

One very famous screen personality died here not too long ago, her skin gray parchment, her hair a witches-crop, her mind clouded with "medicines". She was my neighbor, so I often witnessed her wanderings and her "lost" look.

She had hammered no less than a 7 or 8 inch nail into the outside of the door, on which to hang a sign of huge proportions, as wide as the door itself, saying DO NOT DISTURB. Maybe she is happier now. Life can become very cruel for such people . . . sensitive, artistic . . . usually kindly . . . and so very lovely in their long-lost youth.

Others have "disappeared" lately too (I've been told five). I, personally, have seen two such old-timers wheeled out on ambulance cots, their bodies covered with ugly gray blankets, and looking very small and thin, and unimportant. Others remain, ancient as the hills, just awaiting the end. In fact, one day as I sat in the lobby with a business associate when one such ancient was wheeled out to his or her eternal rest, a completely strange woman of about 65 rushed over to me and yelled, finger pointing: "What are *you* doing here? I've seen you around. You'd better get out. The place has a Jonah on it; I'm walking out before they *wheel* me out. You'd better go too, while there's still time."

A cheerless sort of a way to "make friends and influence people" to say the least—but I understood her. It was late afternoon and the lobby was beginning to produce its quota of wheel-chair cases, others on crutches, others

with the shaking bodies and difficult gait, of ill old age. All trying to enjoy their little hour each day of social contacts and chatter, before returning to their apartments for long, lonely nights.

Even a building must die—just as do human beings, and animals, flowers, trees, events, conditions, hopes—and love.

This element of death I "sense" in this apartment and this hotel, and I wonder how many lives have been lived here through the decades—and what remains of them now as proof that they were once living, vibrant things?

I knew that *some* were striving to give proof of such a past existence right from the very first night I took possession; for almost immediately after I finished reading in bed, and turned out the light, my bed started to rock—gently at first, and then more impatiently. At first I imagined it was vibration from the elevator which runs up against the side (kitchen) wall of the apartment. But the apartment is big . . . about 25 feet wide, and almost 40 long, (across three rooms) . . . so the bed was far from the elevator-touched wall. Anyway, I soon discovered that the "trembling" or vibration did not synchronize with the ups and downs of the elevator, and occurred most often during the "dead" hours of the

night, when everyone was asleep or at least in their rooms.

Then I decided it might be an automatic on-off motor in the basement, controlling the air conditioning or something, but this was wrong too. The hotel is too old for such contrivances.

And then I seemed to see, sitting patiently beside my bed, a beautiful-figured woman, clothed in the fussy clothes of the past—in this case a house gown of lifeless gray silk and lace. Her face was never clearly seen; I merely got the impression of a very white skin, longish features, mid-brown hair. I never see the top of the hair, or how it is fixed, so assume there is a gauzy boudoir cap over it. Faithfully, every night, and all night long, my gentle, elegant, unmoving friend *rocks my bed as tho* it were a cradle, and I can only assume that at one time in the distant past, a baby slept (or was fretful or ill) in a bed that was in that same position in the room. A baby whose wailing and wakefulness apparently made the mother impatient at times so that she rocked the cradle a little violently. Yet all these years, unceasingly apparently (for surely I am not the only visitor in many decades, among the continually changing tenancies of an hotel, to be visited by her), this patient soul has rocked her baby

to sleep . . . all night, every night.

What is the story behind my poor "lost" friend? She does not look unhappy; she does not weep; she just patiently continues to rock her baby to sleep. Did the baby die? Did she feel to blame, so that conscience keeps her "earthbound" forever trying to expiate her sin? Probably we will never know, for I have questioned old-time employees, and they have no memory of such a person. Anyway, her clothing shows her to have belonged to probably the very first years of the hotel's own life.

Meanwhile . . . another visitor had quickly made her presence felt. At least I *think* it is that of a woman. For it is merely a gorgeous perfume. A wonderful, an expensive, an Oriental type perfume . . . very strong but not over-powering.

*This* woman was assuredly *known* by her special perfume; a trademark, if ever there were one. And she still tries to make her presence known, by exuding this lovely "identification". Why? I do not know, for she has never let me see or hear anything else about her. But here is the strange thing; the perfume is apparent only in the daytime, usually noon to 4 p.m., and always and only in close vicinity of the television set—when there is good music coming from it. This seems to be her way of

telling me that she was once not only a very elegant, even extravagant and great lady (for only such could afford that perfume), but also that she was either a very much loved one, even a courtesan type, entertaining her lovers at lunch, or a famed hostess, filling this apartment with guests for a musical afternoon.

As the perfume is only around the television set when good music is presented, it *could* be that she was a famed musician. Again, I do not know. I can only assure you that the signs are so definite that they preclude my imagining any other type of person or life. My own perfume is Coty's L'Origan . . . never anything else; this other is a much more beautiful and expensive perfume; the kind used by queens—and courtesans.

Two of my most welcome guests are dogs . . . a huge golden collie dog who is very young at heart, and a wee silky terrier, its long, pure white hair hanging over its eyes and body as though draping it in softest satin. I am a great lover of animals; all sorts; even snakes and lizards (I set out saucers of milk for them at my beach home at Palm Beach, Sydney, Australia); porcupines nest near my kitchen door, enraging my pups and scaring my cats; possums haunt my roof, and have even climbed

down my chimneys into the rooms below, and almost ruined the place before I returned and found them. Teddy bears (Koalas—that pet of the world, which sits quietly nibbling at eucalyptus leaves, and *never* has a drink) climb onto my roof, together with the quaint babies that cling to their backs, arms around mummy's neck, and set up a snoring symphony to wake the dead. Laughing Jackasses (as we call Kookaburras), the big harmless birds (except to snakes which they pounce on from great heights) call on me as regularly as clockwork, and from the roof, patio railings, or patio chair-backs, set up the most hilarious bouts of laughter you could ever hear. These are usually very shy birds, but they "adopt" me, and their visitations twice daily are polite and charming demands for food. As for dogs, they adopt me on sight, so that I not only usually have two or three of my own, but all the neighbors' live there too; and strays come and sit on the doormat, looking up at me with appealing eyes 'til I find them homes or adopt them in self defense.

So the appearance of doggie ghosts did not surprise me, I'm haunted by them in this earth life, so what more natural than a few haunts from the other side of the veil? I soon found that the little

silky terrier *had* lived here, right in this apartment with a woman by the name of Lowry, or similar, for 12 or 14 years.

So this is his home all right. But his huge playmate has me guessing. A huge collie dog is seldom found in a hotel apartment.

During my lifetime I have been in close contact with only two such pure bred collie dogs. The first, when I was only 5. I found it injured and dying, on the roadway, where it had been hit by a tram. Though I was tiny, I managed somehow to drag it onto the sidewalk, then sat down between its outspread paws as it lay on its side, and gently stroked and patted its head for three solid hours until it died. Its eyes followed my movements understandingly, and I know it understood every word I said.

Then, about four years ago, another collie forced its way into my life; a huge, playful, bumptious, laughing thing, that knocked my furniture away, rolled my own toy pommeranians over like ninepins as they played together, and ruined my polished floors and cream-based carpets, because it rained cats and dogs (no pun intended) all the two weeks I had it, and a big playful collie dog carries an awful lot of mud around, after rolling over your fanciest flower beds.

I eventually found the careless

owners; they had gone on a holiday, leaving it with only one day's food. It bit through its rope, and came to find me. As simple as that. I gave it back and abused the owners for daring to own a dog. Two weeks later that mad pet was dead—horribly, from poison.

Question: is the collie dog that haunts me, as it plays with the wee silky one, the ghost of one of these two dogs I once befriended just before their deaths? I don't know.

I only know that every few nights, after I have gone to sleep, I am rudely awakened by a whacking hard thump as the big collie bounds down to the foot of the bed, "kicking" me awake enroute, and then, blandly ignoring me completely, squats across the very foot of the bed, with its head and its huge front paws hanging over the far side, as, mouth open and laughing, it watches excitedly for the little one to appear.

The little one is so little and so short-legged that whereas the other covers 6 to 7 feet in one bound, the wee one spends precious seconds covering the same distance at a frantic pace, its little legs working like pistons, as it runs through a big arm chair that stands beside the bed, then under the bed, to emerge on the other side with the bedspread draped over its upward glancing head in a ludicrous

fashion. And laughing too, as it looks up at the big dog above, as much as to say (pantingly): "See! I made it—almost as soon as you." At that precise moment, the big collie stretches down one mighty paw and playfully smacks the wee silky so heartily that it rolls over and over like a fringed hot-dog . . . and there the picture fades and the visit ends. And it never varies.

One thing is apparent; when the wee dog lived there, there was no big arm chair in the position one stands now. I see its etherialized little body race right through it.

For 18 months I enjoyed all these visitors, though they did bring me many nights without sleep. Then I decided that for a while, anyway, I must block them out, and rest.

So I placed a certain psychic symbol beneath my pillow . . . just a pencil drawing of the symbol, on a scrap of paper. And all was well. But the maid began to look at me askance each morning as she made up the bed and came across this queer bit of paper—which I always forgot to remove. I realized I must do something about it, or forever be regarded as "nuts".

It *had* to be somewhere near my head—or so I imagined. So I decided to scotch-tape it around the frame of the bedhead (a folding bed, as found in so many hotel

apartments).

Things continued well, though I missed my friends. Then one night it happened (and this is where my story ties in so amazingly with the one told by Grandma, in the June issue of Search).

I was sleeping happily when suddenly I found myself being rudely awakened; by a monstrous "thing", for there is no other name one can give this awful visitor. Although I had had many psychic contacts before, I had never had *this* sort of experience. I knew immediately I was in great danger. That it was a *very evil* presence. I knew I must call to God or Jesus for help, and that I should make a sign of the Cross between itself and me—for those are the only things these monsters cannot do battle against.

As though sensing my thoughts and intentions, the beast at that moment bent over me . . . and gently, slowly, irrevocably picked me up in its horrible "arms" and crushed me to its chest. I felt the terrible "weight" or "pressure" feeling Grandma Mohrdahl mentioned. I tried desperately to scream . . . and to call on the Lord for help; I remember my hands straining terribly to make, even in small measure, with just one finger, the protective sign of the Cross. I knew that soon I must die if help

did not come, for not only was the pressure depriving me of breath, but the stench of the thing was a killing stench.

It all happened in seconds—and being psychic at the time, I could also "see" everything that was going on, though my eyes, my whole face, was crushed against that horrible fleshyness, jet black, loathsome, looking like sealskin, but dry and cold.

I saw myself lying supine in those horrible pointed, fin-like arms . . . short, triangular, but very powerful. I saw my head crushed by the left arm, and my legs dangling to the right.

I even saw the head of the thing itself, pointed like the fin-like arm protuberance, having no neck, but widening to where the neck should have been. then widening again to shapeless shoulders which automatically merged into those queer-shaped arms (no hands). And at floor level, I "saw" that its legs were short like those of a bear, pointed like the arms, and that above them, still very close to the floor, was a huge, wide-spreading base. The nearest thing it approached in shape is the hideous stingray, thin through, wide-spreading, cruel, evil.

It takes so long to tell, yet all these things, these sights, feelings, thoughts, strivings, fears, took only

seconds to happen. I knew positively that I was *very near the end* unless I could summon the All-Protective help. I remember thinking desperately, as I grew weaker: "All right, then . . . if I can't scream for help, and can't make the Sign, I can only *think* it all' . . . and I did.

Miraculously, I felt myself gently dropped onto my bed again, and I was awake . . . and *nothing was there*.

Don't tell me I dreamt it. I know the difference between dreams and psychic experiences; of which I have had many, mostly wonderful. I *know* what happened; and I know I am lucky to be alive and sane.

For people *have* "disappeared" uncannily, you know. People have even seen them disappear; right in front of their eyes, in the home, in the middle of a field, with not a soul around and no holes in the ground.

Maybe this hotel, this apartment, has witnessed some dreadful happenings, and the Earthbound visitors I like are connected with the tragedy, so that not only are they unable to escape, but the evil "thing" lives on with them . . . and will do so, for ever and ever.

Yet my other visitors are such *nice* people and nice animals . . . and happy. So I am forced to think even further. Is this "thing" either

the spirit of this hotel itself, or of the ground on which the hotel stands? For the *ground* has a soul too; and certain lands are cursed. So are certain burial or battle grounds, especially those belonging to ancient and black races, who placed "guardians" over the graves, with the power to bring evil to trespassers or desecrators. So are grounds where cruelties were perpetrated in the name of religions or initiations or voodoo beliefs.

Maybe this "thing" is the horror that has been built up over the ages, by the evil in men's minds and actions . . . the sort of "evil horror" so many people are reported seeing these days, and in many lands. Maybe our own evil way of living these days has opened the way for these monsters to come from their resting places wherever they may be, to take over those of us they catch unawares.

After my call for help had been answered, and I lay exhausted, safe on my bed again, but afraid for one of the first times in my life, I suddenly remembered the "protection" I had placed on the head of my bed. Why had it failed?

Putting on the gloriously cheerful bedside light again, I decided to get myself a cup of hot ovaltine to calm my nerves, and at the same time to investigate that protective  
(Concluded on page 68)

# The TURTLE TOTEM

By L. Taylor Hansen

**The totem of the turtle is a significant bit of symbolism in the ancient history of man. Here we learn some of its history and its secret meanings**

IT WAS during one of the Pueblo festivals, that I first saw the "Dance of the Turtle." It was not the worn and picturesquely irregular housetops of Ancient Zuni, nor the colorful crowd, but the costume of the dancers which held my eyes.

The men had top-knots of macaw feathers, and three eagle plumes hanging down the back. (Strange, is it not, that macaw feathers should form part of a ceremonial costume in the desert?)

Both the men and women of the dance were dressed in white. The men wore white girtles, the women flowing white mantles. They flashed with silver and turquoise. And in that hot desert sun my thoughts fled back to the Mayas.

I was remembering again Uxmal under its thick covering of jungle. I was particularly remembering the "House of the Turtle" (so-called because of its sculptured motif)

and its simple and elegant line of round columns encircling the beautiful edifice and catching the early, slanting rays of the morning sun.

I was also remembering that Bancroft spoke of a pavement of slate tiles laid in copper in the vicinity of many turtle vases, near the mouth of the river San Juan, while in Cinaca-Mecalco, where the remains or ruins cover an oval area similar to the shell of a turtle, "the material used in all the structures is a slate-like stone in thin blocks, joined by a cement which resembles in color and consistence, molten lead."

Perhaps this was but the earlier building material of the Itzaes, who later built largely with hewn limestone blocks laid in a cement which is much stronger than our average mortar. We know that the Itzaes were of The Turtle, because one plaque in Chichen Itza shows

the figure of Itzamna, their national god, emerging from the shell of a turtle. Furthermore, the symbols and figures of the turtle and snake are almost inexplicable mingled in all the Mayan ruined cities, until we remember that in the oldest traditions,—the Itzaes conquered the Chanés, or the people of the Snake, who were the first owners of the land, and who were “all the descendents of the Great-Water-Serpent who crawled out of the sunrise sea.”

Whence came these Itazes? The trail seems to lead south. Not only the oldest turtle monuments are to be found in the zone of the Isthmus, but the glorious quetzal plumes which hung down from the top-knot of the Itzae head-dress pointed to a southern origin for their wearers, since the magnificent quetzal bird, possibly specially bred for untold ages before the break-up of the great aviaries of the ancients set it free, is a bird of the tropics. And it has ever been, along with the eagle, and the macaw, the supreme bird of American royalty.

So in the pueblo “Dance of the Turtle,” I saw the wandering Itazes, driven out from their southern lands, trooping through the pueblo country, beautiful in their flowing white garments and resplendent in their waving quetzal plumes and their jewelry.

As is the way with Amerind lore, it was to be after a lapse of several years that I got my next clue to the wandering Itzae. It came from my old Chippewa friend (the Chippewa tribe speaks an Algonkin tongue) Marksman. He had just returned to the shore of Keeweenaw Bay, Lake Superior, from a visit to one of the reservations of Minnesota where the Chippewas are lodged very close to their old enemies, the Sioux. (Incidentally the word Sioux is a dis-respectful term given these people by their enemies, and which in the typical grim humor of the Amerind, the tribes will not bother to deny or to explain to the white. The tribes' own name for themselves is The Dacotah.)

Marksman was busy describing a funny incident, when I interrupted him. He never did get to finish.

“Excuse me, Marksman, but I understood you to say that because the Chippewa had defeated the Sioux at your last tribal battle, the Chippewa had carved a big turtle upside-down?”

He nodded.

“Then the Turtle is the totem of the Sioux?”

He caught the excitement in my voice and nodded quietly. (To lift the mystery of the past even a little, he was willing to go to any length, if it might prove an enemy

tribe to have once had a great past.)

"Tell me all you know of their pottery, is it a polished black ware?"

"Yes, black is their sacred color. Their god Wakon is supposed to dwell in The Black Hills."

"Do they have signs of the Venus Calendar, I mean, is the evening star important to them?"

"They say that they were organized by the evening star. And the chief village always has the name of the Evening Star."

"Do they worship volcanoes, and build pyramids?"

"Dunno about that. Their wigwams, they call 'em teepees looks like mountains—white mountains smoking."

"You are right" I gasped, "And furthermore, the Aztec name for white peak is almost identical! Probably that is also why the Ciouan, Caddoan and Iroquoian tribes burned their captives. It was merely ritualistic sacrifice to their Fire-god?"

"Sure. They burn Chippewa too."

Into my mind was flashing many telescopic pictures which were of themselves only loose ends. The polished black pottery of the Mayas, and that so recently revived by the Pueblo. The most magnificent ruin of Mayan antiquity—the stupendous "Temple of the War-

riors," sometimes called the "Temple of the Thousand Columns," and its repeated turtle-motif! The drooping feathered head-dress of the "Dacotahs" which seemed to be a cross between that of the Maya and that of the Aztecs! The polished black pottery of the Aztecs, particularly reserved for the elegant table of Montezuma

Also there was that name Wakon, its trail too, led south, though was more prepared for the dragon worship carrying an Amen name.

"Tell me, Marksman, what does this god Wakon look like? Is he a big snake, or a turtle?"

"No. Him all-e-same Thunderbird."

FOR a moment this stopped the trend of my speculations. I began to check over the name. Wakon was the great deity of the South Seas. He had sometimes been spoken of as coming in a fleet of ships. Dr. Buck in his "Vikings of the Sunrise," said that this figure was probably that of a real individual and according to the old chants, checked to about the time of Christ or 1st cent. A.D. Wakoyama is a coast town of Japan, yama meaning "mountain," and incidentally very close to the Zamna name for the old volcanic fire-god.

We next hear of Wako in the Americas where a town near the

Peruvian coast is named for him. From there we have the clear legends of Matto Grosso. The Waikanoes and Tukanoes tell of their great god Wako who came up the Amazon in a fleet of ships. He was a bearded white man who performed many miracles of healing, taught them many arts, and after staying one year, sailed away. The Waikanoes trace their descent, incidentally to a water-snake or great water-monster, while the ruling Tukanoes have the totem of a great bird. The fact that their neighbors have a black polished pottery may be but a coincidence. Both these tribes in physical type, and in domestic plants suggest a south-sea-island background.

However, the long-headed, hawk-nosed, red-skinned, fire-worshipping Karibs who poured in from the Antilles in their long war-canoes and spread both up and down the Atlantic coast, driving the round-headed Waikano and Tukano tribes far into Matto Grosso, also revere the name of Wako. The Kiribi had a leader named Wakna who is similar to the Great Wako. He too, dressed in flowing white garments came in a fleet of ships and performed great miracles of healing. Their neighbor and brother-tribe, the Summo say that they were sired by Masya-kana and their mother was Itiuna. The first name is not

recognizable, but the latter is the Itzae Itzamna in another dialect.

If we were to base the connection between the Dacotah of North America and the fierce Karib, on only the likeness of fireworship, and black pottery, it would indeed be too thin to pass the Law of Averages. However, when we realize that both tribes also built palisaded villages, had a definite trace of an ancient and fast-disintegrating caste system, as well as of the ancient Venus calendar, used women-slaves, as well as sometimes allowing their own women to become warriors, and told time by notched sticks, quippus and seeds enclosed in a gourd, we are pressing the Law of Averages. Nor have we in any way exhausted the list, but rather, let us say, we have only scratched the surface, leaving this tremendous job of research to a later and more careful student.

It is a curious fact that these culture-trails of the Antilles, which are so strong in the Muskogean, and particularly in the Natchez, play out in the Dacotahs and the Iroquois to mere suggestions, showing the much greater distance in time the latter tribes are from the common center. However, we must remember that the Dacotahs, whose holding of women-slaves degenerated the place of their own women, nevertheless, still allowed the old

women a hand in the choosing of a new chief; while John Carver, a traveller in the eighteenth century, found them telling the passage of time by the aid of the notched stick and the quippu—a realm which we particularly link to the Inca!

**N**OR would this be all that this later student in comparative research will discover. He will find a tremendous likeness of ceremony. This would not be confined to the striking similarities of the rituals of "Lighting the New Fire," or "Renewing The Sacred Fire," but they would extend into other ceremonies. But that is with the future. And that same student will also discover that the many "steading the fire" myths of the North American tribes throw interesting sidelights upon his problem. For these myths do not pertain to fire as such, which man has had since he could walk upright, but to this ritualistic Eternal-Fire which seems to have entered America from the Antilles.

Perhaps the most interesting fact about these old fire-worshippers is the manner in which they differ. Most of the North American tribes expose their dead, as do the Algonkin Eagle Totem. But the true Karibs seat them on a stone bench, in a stone-lined circular or oval grave, in such a manner that they

will be facing the rising sun. Similar graves to this are to be found on the coast of California, near the vicinity of Santa Barbara, and in Florida, on an old land surface which runs out into the sea. (Later Karib tribes buried their dead under their long-canoes or cremated them in the Sacred-fire.) It should also be noticed in this connection that the dead Incas were mummified in a sitting position, and placed in the Temple-of-the-Sun, in such a manner that they faced the great golden disc whose intricately sculptured face was melted down by the Spanish.

There is one more curious connection to the Turtle. In old China, where the Turtle and The Snake are considered to be black, and hold the northern color-direction of their old zodiac, they are thought to have had dominion over water, which is said to be the black element. Furthermore, according to their mythology, their written language comes from the mystic markings upon the shell of this Turtle, and thus they are indebted to the totem for their script. China also shows signs of early attempts to thrust the Turtle into the class of evil or "untouchable" gods. In Japan the turtle is much revered.

What is the ancient tie which binds the elegant Itazaeas, the architects who fashioned the

"Temple of the Warriors," the savage Karibs and the yelling followers of Crazy Horse, who wiped out the forces of General Custer? From what volcano, possibly now lost beneath the blue-green waves of the Atlantic, did these immigrants, or possibly refugees from a geological catastrophe, bring their Sacred-fire? Perhaps, at least in our generation, one asks the question as vainly as he might if he actually personally addressed one of these old mummies seated upon his stone bench and staring out to sea. Who can say with our present knowledge, what land of memory his sightless eyes may be seeking?

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Editor's note:

L. Taylor Hansen, having discovered what he suspected was an entrance to Richard S. Shaver's "caves", in a location he did not divulge, except that it was either in Death Valley or the Panamint Mountains, described it to your editor as "a steep shaft, of ebon black walls, as smooth as glass, descending to an unknown depth." Mr. Hansen said he intended to return to it, with ropes, masks and oxygen equipment, and the tools of cave hunters, to determine what lay at the bottom of a shaft that did not seem to be natural, but artificial.

Mr. Taylor was never heard from again. But his wonderful articles live on, evidence of his explorer spirit, and the things he has sought out are important to our knowledge of the past. We have presented, in this article, one of his most interesting discoveries, and if you like them, we will present others of his articles in future issues. Let us hear from you.

THE END

# GETTING TO KNOW YOURSELF

By John Mentor

Another in a series of articles on how your subconscious mind controls your destiny; and how you can learn to control your subconscious.

No. 8

## THE DREAM ASPECT OF REALITY

**T**he human mind functions. Fortunately for humanity it usually functions well. Unfortunately, it doesn't always function understandably. Psychology and psychiatry have made a dent in the problem, but no more than a dent. The most competent psychiatrist in charge of the most modern mental hospital in the world today knows less about the human mind than seventeenth century scientists knew about science—and will be the first to admit it. Some of his lesser brothers and a great host of mental quacks will deny it and claim that their various "systems" completely explain all aspects of human behavior. In addition there are various schools of occultism, some of them quite an-

cient, that have standardized "explanations" which "account for" every aspect of human behavior.

On the other side of the picture are those who claim that mind is spirit and God is spirit, that all explanations are mechanistic, that spirit is the antithesis of mechanical, and therefore mind is incomprehensible.

Regardless of the school of thought you prefer you live, you eat, you sleep, and you try to maintain some semblance of order and comfort in your daily life. When order and comfort depart, you make an attempt to restore them, and the *urgency* of your attempt is proportional to how completely order and comfort have departed. In other words, how com-

pletely you *judge* them to have departed.

Some situations are simple to judge. I doubt that there has ever been found a charred corpse holding a pronged stick with an overdone weiner in it, in the blackened remains of a building gutted by fire, for the simple reason that no one would ever judge such a situation a nice time to have a weiner roast. On the other hand, there have been women who have deliberately goaded their husbands into beating up on them and who have felt a wave of order and comfort through the pain of his punishing fists and a surge of happiness as they were knocked to the floor with a broken nose; and if you were to ask them why, they wouldn't be able to tell you. They might say that it was at least better than being alone, or they might say it gave them a feeling that their husbands loved them or he would have walked out without hitting them. But the truth of the matter is that these poor souls were attempting to bring a semblance of order and comfort into their lives, and the husbands who beat up on them were trying to bring a semblance of order and comfort into their own lives, and the reason things reached such a sorry state was that neither of them had any clear idea of what would constitute order and com-

fort, nor how to go about getting it.

The man in the burning building knows that order and comfort lie outside, and with his last spark of life he will be trying to get there according to his best judgment at the moment. A few years ago about seventy-five people were burned to death in a street car in Chicago. Their bodies were stacked like cordwood at the doors. Obviously each was trying to get out, and obviously each was being driven by the judgment that the door was the place to get out. All were mistaken. To the last, though, they acted according to their judgment.

And the woman who reached the sorry state of affairs where it was desirable for her husband to beat up on her also acted according to her judgment, as she had all her life. If you were to ask her why she doesn't simply walk out of the situation and find a new life she might break into tears and wail, "But I *love* Fred!" And since *you* don't love Fred, you wouldn't stay in her situation for one minute.

So we come to a basic truth, that every element of our environment has (1) a factual significance, and (2) a symbolic significance. *All* of our troubles come—not from errors in judgment—but from *lack of understanding of the symbolic significance that most of the elements*

*of our environment has to us.*

Let me ask you a question. Who is your father? Or rather, *what* is your father, since your male parent may never have been your father in anything but the genetic sense. Part of your environment, if you are a completely normal person, is your father. But what part?

Who is your mother? Or rather, *what* is your mother?

I'm going to show you what I mean. Consider, for a moment, a child of three or four years of age. It is playing by itself in the sand-pile in the back yard. Industriously picking up sand in the toy shovel and scattering it on the lawn. Finally it frowns at the shovel, and drops it. The child then gets up and toddles toward the house. It can't reach the knob of the screen-door, so after a few tries it begins to cry loudly. Its mother hears it and comes out, and says in a gentle scolding voice, "My goodness, you're all covered with sand!" She brushes off the child, picks it up, carries it into the kitchen, sets it down, and goes about her work. A moment later the child has brought a toy from the front room into the kitchen and is busy playing with it. The mother glances down at the child, smiles, and impulsively picks it up and kisses it and says, "You're a *good* little boy (or girl)," sets it down, and goes back to her work.

This is a common enough thing.

Any mother can tell you it happened a dozen times a day when her children were that age, in one form or other. Of course, there were plenty of other things that happened often enough, too, but we'll just stick to this one thing.

To be psychologically analytic, we say that the child was busy, then felt the need of its mother, went in search of its mother, encountered difficulties, expressed its frustration vocally, its mother came and ironed out the difficulties. The child then settled down to being busy in the presence of its mother, and during that period it received a burst of spontaneous affection from its mother. And this sequence of events we will call a Pattern, capitalizing it to make it have a special significance.

Thirty years pass, and the child is now a business man with a private office. He is sitting at his desk working, and suddenly he is restless. "I know," he thinks to himself. "I'll look into that Johnson account." He gets up and goes into the outer office to the files and starts to look through the J's, but suddenly he grows irritated and impatient and exclaims, "These darned files! I never find things filed where they should be!" At once one of the secretaries comes to his rescue, quickly locates the Johnson file, and says in a mildly scolding manner, "It was right

where it was supposed to be. You just didn't see it." He growls, "Yeah, it was, wasn't it." He starts back to his own office with it, then on impulse goes to the water cooler and gets a drink, looks out the window at things for a minute. He feels dissatisfied for some reason. He turns around. The girl that found the file for him glances up from her work. Spontaneously she gives him a bright smile, then concentrates on her work again. Completely contented, he goes back into his office, lays the Johnson file on the corner of his desk, and dives into the work he was doing before he went out of his office.

Now let us interrupt him and question him.

"How do you do, sir. Isn't it true that just before you dropped the work you are on you felt the need of your mother?"

"Of course not! I'd been working for some time. I was a little restless perhaps. But the reason I went out of my office was to get the Johnson file laying there on the corner of the desk."

"Isn't it true that you could have found that file without trouble, and that you deliberately blinded yourself and became irritated so that that particular girl would come find it for you?"

"Nonsense! It's her job to know where those things are."

"Is that why you decided on the

Johnson file? Isn't it a fact that you knew that if you went to that particular file and looked for something and became irritated she would be forced to come to your rescue? Isn't it true—to come right out and be blunt about it—that she is a part of your environment that you regard as your mother?"

"You, my dear sir, are absolutely nuts."

"Then why, when you got the Johnson file, didn't you go back to your office right away?"

"I was thirsty. I got a drink and then came back."

"You weren't waiting—stalling, in fact—until she looked up and smiled at you?"

"How you talk! Are you trying to infer that I'm in love with her? Ha! I'm a happily married man with my own home and three kids. For your information that secretary has been working here for four years and I've never taken her out to lunch nor even wanted to. She's a nice, competent secretary, knows her place and keeps it."

"But you felt better when she looked up and smiled at you?"

"I wouldn't say I 'felt better'. I'm on friendly relations with most of the people around me. I smile at lots of them, and they smile at me. It means nothing."

"I see. So you went out and got the Johnson file because it was ur-

gent, but now it's no longer urgent and lays on your desk untouched."

"Not urgent. I just happened to think of it. Before the day is over I'll probably work on it. As a matter of fact, the world wouldn't end if I didn't work on it at all. *Do I have to have a reason for every little unimportant thing I do?*"

"No. . . —but you do."

\* \* \*

What we have just done is to touch lightly on the field of normal behavior—a field that is quite literally unexplored territory. And I might say that it is also quite terrifying territory when you get into it. In some ways it is not good to know very much about your inner workings. To understand normal psychology with any real degree of insight is to disillusion yourself about your fellow man to the point where you are certain he has no intelligence whatever and only spends his life repeating infantile Patterns, being happy when they work, and unhappy when they don't, and usually bewildered by it all, no matter how it works out. And it's not very flattering to yourself to realize you are in the same fix—and in Spades!

But then, we can go one step beyond this. On beyond the plane of clear insight and understanding we come to the plane of graceful and gracious acceptance of fact. **Knowing** that we are constructed in

a certain way does not give us the power to *change*, but it does give us the knowledge to see how we are succeeding and how we are failing to, on the one hand, adjust to our environment, and on the other hand, to mold our environment to us. And how other people of all ages are doing the same things, succeeding here, and failing there.

*Some things just won't work.*

One girl needs a husband who will be ninety percent father to her, she falls in love with a boy because he seems to be the one, but in reality he is looking for a girl who will be ninety percent a mother to him—and they spend their few years before they break up in a futile effort to force each other into the mold of their need. It is as futile a task as it would be to try to get a certain TV program on the potato masher! But not as obviously futile.

Let's look at this girl objectively. Why does she need a man who will be ninety percent father to her? There are, of course, definite reasons, and some of them may be correctable in different directions. If she is made to see and understand the various factors involved she can do something about them. It's possible that a job would provide enough father element to her environment so that she wouldn't need so much of it in her husband. Her boss, other men at work, the

daily schedule, the paycheck reward, might be enough. On the other hand, the wrong job or the wrong boss might contribute more unbalance to her environment. And the man she is married to might be the wrong man for her under all circumstances, in which case it would be better in the long run for her to recognize this, leave him, and search a little more objectively for a suitable mate. Not coldbloodedly of course, but with some respect for realities.

A little perspective of the various symbolic roles played by the elements of environment will help get anyone oriented. A good church fulfills a definite part of the mother symbol as the intermediary to the idealized father-symbol role God plays for most of us. In this sense God Himself plays somewhat the role of papa-gone-to-work. Mama-the-church comforts us, rocks us to sleep, plays with us via church activities, etc., and in our need for the Supreme Protector holds us in her arms and calls WITH us for God the Father. I do not say this facetiously but in all seriousness, because it is true.

A job—the right job—fulfills the role of a father symbol in very basic ways, very rewarding ways that have nothing to do with money. Good companies recognize consciously or unconsciously this role they play in the lives of the

workers, and strive to fulfill it. Good bosses do the same.

The police department and the government are supposed to fulfill a father role in our lives. The schools you attend are supposed to fulfill more of a dual role, of father in some aspects, and mother in other aspects. School is extremely important in that it begins the enlargement of the father and the mother symbols to include more than the physical parents, and if the schools do their symbolic job well, the further enlargement of the mother-environment and the father-environment to encompass their proper spheres in the adult environment is accomplished smoothly in the individual when he leaves school. Unfortunately, any success the school system achieves in its symbolic duty is usually accidental because this role of the school system is not recognized properly or consciously by teachers, parents, and the law.

A child, finding symbol-failure in the home, searches for symbol-fulfillment in the school by misbehaving. A teacher, prodded by the conduct of the child into fulfilling a symbolic function by spanking the child, finds himself sued by the failures of parents; and the courts, having no conception of the factors involved, see that such barbarism in the school system stops. The child, finding that neither the

schools nor the government can see or assume their symbolic responsibility, prods society in a search for symbol fulfillment and reaches adulthood an outright criminal, contemptuous of the whole stupid world. Most criminals are victims of father-symbol failure who searched here and there and everywhere for something to assume the role of father, and didn't find it, either in their own male parent, the schools nor the government and its courts. They found nothing willing to fulfill the role. They found nothing that really recognized their desperate search *nor the validity of it.*

And that is the other aspect of the dream side of reality, the one most difficult to gain any accurate understanding of, as it applies to us as individuals.

*Exactly what are you to each person who knows you? A father to this one? A mother to that one? A chair to another? An auto to still another? A swine? A god? A closed door? And what should you be to this person or that?*

Think about it. If what you *are* to other people and what you *want* to be are not the same thing, you may be one of those pathetic people who receive more than their share of injustice. I use the word pathetic because in most cases a slight adjustment of viewpoint of such individuals can change their world

from one of continuous unreason to one of happiness.

To each person you meet you are, besides being yourself, a symbol which is part of his waking dream. That is, he fastens a symbol on you. Generally after you have spent time with him he lifts that symbol and fastens another on you that is either (a) more in line with what he desires you to be, or (b) more in line with what you really are. Bear that in mind. He *never never* deals with you as a reality, but only as a symbol. *And his treatment of you invariably is in the form of directives designed to make you perform in the manner of the symbol he has fastened to you.*

The exception proves the rule, because each of us has, in one form or another, a *sea of humanity* symbol which we fasten to all people who don't particularly interest us, and the moment they try to be something else we give them directives designed to return them to the human sea without hurting their feelings too much.

You are introduced to several strangers when you arrive at a party. You fasten sea-of-humanity labels to all but one or two. One of the sea of humanity comes and stands in front of you, beaming at you, and says, "You know, I'm a great admirer of yours!" You say, "Oh?" Then you look past his

shoulder, put some form of surprise on your face, and say to him apologetically, "Excuse me, will you? I *must* talk to. . ." And you move away quickly with an air of his having excused you—and silently pray that he will sink back into the sea of humanity where you want him to be. You have attached a symbol to him, you have given him directives designed to make him behave in the manner of the symbol. He attached a symbol to you and gave you a directive designed to make you behave in the manner of that symbol. He failed and you succeeded—for the time being. But the evening is young. . .

Six months later he may be one of your best friends, and if he is he has another symbol attached to him and is performing with a reasonable degree of smoothness and efficiency in the role you have assigned him, under the directives you give him. And, as a corollary to that, he has firmly assigned a symbol to you and you are functioning in the manner of that symbol under the directives he gives you. You may be unaware of what you are to him and what he is to you, and if you did know you might be amused or repelled.

It is a vast subject, this dream aspect of reality. It is a strange and terrifying subject, in some of its aspects. Sometimes some of us are forced by overwhelming di-

rectives to assume a role we don't want. Sometimes our inner needs force us into a role we don't want, in an attempt to fulfill those inner needs. We attempt to mold reality into the form of our dream, and a peculiarly unique self-defeating factor emerges. It is this:

A hunger begins gradually, we go about satisfying it, and if our methods are successful it becomes satisfied, but if our methods are unsuccessful the hunger increases, and *the greater it becomes the more intensely we repeat the unsuccessful methods*. We become nightmarish sea anemones waving our tentacles to attract our prey, never realizing that this gives us a repulsive appearance which drives our prey away, rather than attracting it. And then, if perchance an object of prey stumbles within reach, our hunger is so great that we devour it and destroy it—with our hunger only slightly and temporarily assuaged. And the shift is so subtle that we never quite realize that we have replaced the symbol *food* with the symbol *prey*.

The trouble is, most of us have no conception whatever of *what* we are doing and *why* we are doing it. We see the physical reality and are blind to the symbology overlaying it. We search, and we don't know what we are searching for, and would be unable to recognize it if we found it. We are confused,

and all that saves most of us from becoming criminals, or insane, or suicides, is the tempering and healthy discipline of retiring into ourselves before we become obnoxious, and emerging some other day when we have temporary control of ourselves.

Yet, all this bewildering jungle of human relations and satisfaction of inner needs is completely reducible to a few simple factors or common denominators which have only an incidental relationship to Father, Mother, etc., and which, when injected into the total picture, make it all obvious and simple, and which, when used sensibly and consciously, will restore you to sanity if you are insane, and miraculously iron out all your con-

flicts and business and social problems if you are merely normal.

These simple factors will be given explicitly, in plain language, and in complete detail, in article #9, in the next issue of Search. They are the arithmetic of human behavior from the cradle to the grave—and beyond the grave. They are not a Golden Rule or a set of commandments for you to follow, but an explicit statement of what you *do do and cannot escape doing*, all down the line, whether you follow the Ten Commandments or not, whether you are an idiot or a savant, a man or a woman, child or adult, or—if you are already discarnate and reading this through the eyes of some living person—god or devil.

## ABOUT GHOSTS — AND "THINGS"

(Concluded from page 53)

drawing. It was gone; the head of the bed was bare. I moved the chair, then the bedside table . . . and there, lying on the carpet at the base of the bedhead, lay the paper, ripped off, as though grasped in angry fingers and wrenched away like a hungry wolf wrenching flesh from a bone. Quickly I pick-

ed it up, smoothed it out, placed it back around the bedhead, with extra tape to make doubly sure.

It was still curled when I picked it up—thus showing that even if it had come unstuck, it *could not have unwound itself* from around that bedpost. What happened? You tell me.

# The SAUCER ENIGMA

By Alex Saunders

**J**UST as there are a goodly number of professional astronomers who scoff at the idea of inhabitable planets of intelligence other than Earth, there are still many others who take the opposite view.

Simon Newcomb wrote before his death that it was perfectly reasonable to assume that beings, not only animated but endowed with reason, inhabit countless worlds in space.

W.W. Campbell, former Director of Lick Observatory, had this to say: "It would be contrary to the simple probabilities if . . . our Earth were the only planet that was the abode of life."

From Garret P. Serviss: "Biology itself declares that life originates through physical and chemical forces which come into play at a certain stage in the development of a planet. With a universe full of bodies in which these forces must be active, how can any logical mind believe that only on one out of innumerable myriads has this life-generating reaction, which biologists assure us is so exceedingly

simple, and so utterly unmiraculous, actually taken place?"

In "MEN OF OTHER PLANETS," author Kenneth Heuer advances many sensible arguments of the likelihood of planets besides Earth possessing intelligent life. He mentions Lucretius who believed in life on other worlds 2,000 years ago.

Fred Hoyle's engrossing book "THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE" estimates a number exceeding a million Milky Way stars to have attendant planets of liveable conditions.

Two men of science who greatly benefited mankind with their inventions thought along the same lines. Both believed in our eventual communication with an inhabitable world. They were Signor Marconi and Thomas A. Edison.

That space travel will become an accomplished fact I firmly believe. To me, it is just a matter of time before aeronautical engineers solve the technical problems successfully to send a manned craft into space. And the problems are numerous. Very much so. No think-

ing person would argue that point. To cite only two examples: deadly cosmic radiation must be overcome, as must the menace of meteors.

Once the chains that bind man to Earth are severed, exploring the moon and the planets of our solar system will loom as our next goal. Then, at a later date—interstellar space!

The inevitable question, then, arises: Granting the possibilities of space travel and alien intelligence, why has our globe never been visited?

Unvisited? Who can answer authoritatively that this has not happened? History abounds with sightings of mysterious heavenly objects from ancient China's legends of aerial, fire-spouting "dragons", to present-day flying saucers. American Indians, too, have legends of strange "iron birds" landing, to emit creatures of queer dress.

Is not a "flaming chariot" mentioned in the Bible? One in which Elisha is reputed to have made a trip to heaven? Then, too, there are the visions of Ezekiel's aerial "wheels" and Zachariah's "flying roll".

Biblical stories also tell of the prophets who ascended to heaven on a "pillar of fire". Could not this be age-garbled reports of space ships leaving Earth, with "heaven"

being a solid, three-dimensional planet somewhere in space, contrary to theological contention?

Those familiar with the works of Charles Fort will be impressed with his enormous collection of unexplainable objects to invade earthly skies.

So we are agreed (those of us with open minds) that flying saucers do exist, those darting, bashful sky-objects that fall into four major classifications. (1) Flying disks. (2) Torpedo-shaped bodies minus wings or fins. (3) Spherical or balloon-shaped objects. (4) Balls of light.

Yes, we admit their existence, at the same time acknowledging the fact that meteors, high-flying weather or cosmic balloons, cloud formations and reflections on clouds, migratory birds, are accountable for a certain percent of the sightings, but *only* a certain percent.

The behavior of other objects indicate a non-terrestrial origin to anyone but the most obstinate. Then are flying saucers native to our solar system, or did the evolution of the occupants occur under some unthinkably distant sun?

Never, as far as is known, have the UFO's attempted landings. I hastily insert here the fact that several humans have made claim (some in book form) to personal

contact with the entities. But in every case tangible proof, outside that of photographs of the space ships and their alien pilots allegedly taken by the authors themselves, is woefully lacking.

Are the space visitors friendly or hostile? Has curiosity brought them here, or have they global conquest in mind? If the latter, surely their intentions by now would have been made clear. Why believe automatically, as so many do, that the aliens are of evil intent? Why develop suspicion, distrust and animosity of the saucers when actually they have displayed the reverse toward us on occasion?

No threatening act on their part has as yet been made toward we humans. Perhaps that is not quite true, for some follower of the saucer enigma is bound to bring up the Mantell case of January, 1948. Was Captain Thomas Mantell then not destroyed by a flying saucer as the first known casualty in interplanetary contact?

Good question. But my answer is a shrug of the shoulders. We do not know for sure if the saucer was responsible. The official explanation that lack of oxygen caused Mantell to "black out" and die of suffocation in his soaring pursuit of a "metallic, tremendous-sized" object may, after all, be the right one. He did announce his intention

by radiophone of going up to twenty thousand feet.

Then, too, that same saucer student could mention the point Harold Wilkins stressed in his "FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK," that it is a dangerous illusion to believe that all UFO personnel are benevolent and non-aggressive. For there is evidence that at least *some* of them are not without war-like tendencies.

Not meaning to dismiss lightly their acts of apparent hostility, the several special incidents could have been accidents. It is a possibility, for it does seem that the aliens will go to great lengths to avoid passing on injury to Earth-folk.

Their actual conquest of our spinning globe at a close or distant date appears to me extremely remote. However, I could be wrong. By no means should the idea be brushed aside.

Let us now turn to the views expressed by Arthur C. Clarke in his book "THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE".

Published in 1951, it was not long before it became a best-seller. That I consider it worthy of serious study by flying saucer enthusiasts goes without saying. But first, a word about the author.

Born in Somerset, England, Clarke had been a government auditor before joining the Royal Air

Force in 1941. An expert on radar and electronics, he was commissioned a Flight Lieutenant. Kings College, London, after the Second World War had ended, handed him degrees in Physics and Chemistry.

He is a science fact-fiction writer, and broadcaster. Not only is he a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, he was also a former Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society.

"THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE" is non-technical. Liberally sprinkled with diagrams, photographs and attractive plates—some beautifully colored—it makes absorbed reading. The three concluding chapters, dealing with interstellar space, are alone worth the price of the book which became a Book-of-the-Month Club selection shortly after publication.

Clarke is in full agreement with the school of astronomers who hold to the belief that solar systems and alien intelligence are by no means unique in the universe. He feels that among the one hundred billion stars in our own Milky Way galaxy (according to most estimates), there must be myriads with solar systems.

He further believes in the unlikelihood that beings of reasoning power will ever be encountered in our solar system. But outer space—Ah, that is indeed a different matter.

Assuming, as he does, that only one star in a thousand has a family of one or more planets—and this may well be a gross underestimate—we are given a total of perhaps a hundred million solar systems in our own galaxy alone. Undoubtedly, the possibility of many of the planets carrying life of some kind would be strong. And who could deny the large number possessing physical conditions similar to Earth?

As far as technical progress goes, flying saucers are centuries ahead of us, if not thousands of years. This is only too obvious, indisputable. Interplanetary warfare with a scientifically superior race is considered by Arthur C. Clarke to be highly improbable. I will end this article with a significant passage from his book.

"It seems unlikely that any culture can advance, for more than a few centuries at a time, on a technological front alone. Morals and ethics must not lag behind science, otherwise (as our recent history has shown) the social system will breed poisons which will cause its certain destruction. With superhuman knowledge there must go equally great compassion and tolerance. When we meet our peers among the stars, we need have nothing to fear save our own shortcomings."

# SOMNAMBULISM & MAGNETISM

*This is the fourth in a series of articles on the Discovery of Animal Magnetism by Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer. The author of this series is the translator of the two basic works on Animal Magnetism, MEMOIR OF F. A. MESMER (1799), and MAXIMS ON ANIMAL MAGNETISM.*

Reactions to the Principles and Processes involved in Dr. Mesmer's discovery of Animal Magnetism have ranged from contemptuous rejection to blind mystical acceptance. Both attitudes are equally dangerous—the former, as Mesmer himself wrote, “curtails scientific progress by a fatal skepticism;” the latter, after Christ's Parable of the Sower, affords no substantial soil for the rooting and growth of new knowledge. In my opinion, Mesmer's discovery of Animal Magnetism demonstrates the ever-present possibility of the impossible. The fact that many men have fled from Animal Magnetism, shouting, “Fraud! Charlatan!” only bears out a paradoxical contention: Man fears most what he most longs for.

One aspect of Mesmer's work which deserves careful study and

further investigation concerns sleep and somnambulism. The connection between sickness and sleep is one which man has always perceived. As history shows, there are records indicating that the most primitive tribes, located in widely separated geographic locations, as well as the ancient Greeks and Romans, *knew* that sickness and sleep (both as to their quality and duration) were somehow related. For example, the Greeks worshipped the Hero-Healer Asklepios, depicted in many a Greek statue, about 420 B.C. An essential part of the healing ritual of Asklepios was for the patient to sleep in the sanctuary of this god, and receive either a cure, or the means of curing. Probably the most outstanding modern example of a man who had the ability to receive the means of curing during sleep, was the late

Edgar Cayce, "the sleeping doctor."

Mesmer's work with Animal Magnetism led him to investigate the relationship of health and sickness to the waking and sleeping states of man. During the Magnetic treatment, almost invariably, the patient would fall asleep. Many "authorities" familiar with hypnotic induction, but with no knowledge of Animal Magnetism, have concluded that Mesmer "hypnotized" his patients. This fiction persists to the present day. To attempt to dispel such error is not the purpose of the present article. As Mesmer stated in his *Memoir of 1799*, "Words confusingly represent ideas with substances . . . we believe we have the idea of a substance when, in reality, we have the idea of a noun."

It was during their somnambulistic states that patients enabled Mesmer to observe the curative and diagnostic aspects of what he termed "critical sleep," as well as the extension and magnification of the senses. Here it becomes necessary to differentiate between natural (that is, healthy) sleep, and somnambulism (the critical sleep of the sick individual).

Mesmer stated that in the natural or "perfect" sleep of man, the function of the senses is suspended. That is to say, external impressions are all but entirely closed off from

the sleeper's awareness. To understand this, one has only to reflect upon the natural sleep of healthy infants who can sleep through a thunderstorm undisturbed. On the other hand, in a sick individual, "a condition can occur in which these functions (of the senses) are not *entirely* arrested." Thus, in a state of *crisis*, when the "irritability" of the patient's sensory apparatus has become most acute, the somnambulist can actually see with his eyes closed, hear, smell, and taste with a greater degree of perceptibility than at any other time. Literally speaking, the somnambulist is thus enabled to have INSIGHT, to "see into" his own physical body, and "can accurately consider and estimate the extent of his own illness, as well as the illnesses of others, and prescribe the most accurate means of cure."

Mesmer asserted that such perception is based upon the sixth sense, which he called the "internal sense." He believed that this internal sense is the primary and fundamental sense, consisting of the "union and interlacement of the entire nervous system, including the brain, spinal cord, plexus and ganglia." Our *external* senses, taste, smell, sight, etc., are nothing more than external *terminations* of our primary, internal sensory apparatus.

Furthermore, Mesmer believed that the Universal Fluid is in immediate and direct contact with the internal sense organ of every individual. However, it is a law of sensation, that the stronger sensations efface the weaker ones, just as we fail to perceive stars in the daytime, because of the stronger light of the sun. Thus, through environmental conditioning, civilized man soon loses his ability and sensitivity in perceiving sensations by way of his internal sense organ.

It was during his application of Animal Magnetism that Mesmer became aware of the reawakening and reestablishing of the internal sensory apparatus of his patients. It became a question of perfecting the critical sleep, in order to make a greater and more accurate use of this internal sense organ. Again I refer to his *Memoir of 1799*, in which he states,

The perfection of this critical sleep varies according to the progress and duration of crisis, as well as by the character, temperament, and habits of the patients, but particularly by a kind of education that we give them in this state, and by the manner in which we direct their faculties. In this regard we can compare our patients to a telescope in which the

effects vary according to the way we adjust it.

In his own clinical investigations of Animal Magnetism, Dr. James Esdaile was astounded when he discovered that his patient, without using his eyes, could actually read a page that was held before his *epigastrium!* Phenomena such as this, as well as other "incredible" evidence, remain incomprehensible to today's scientists who, steeped in mechanistic rigidities, simply laugh the whole thing off as gross quackery.

Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer spent almost thirty years of his life trying to convince the world of the factuality and the value of his discoveries. He never succeeded. To the majority of today's scientific world, as well as to the general populace, he still remains a charlatan, quack, or clever physician (sometimes pronounced "magician") who went off.

As for his fame, Mesmer had this final word to say: "It will always be sufficient that I have been able to open a vast field to the calculations of science, and have, to some extent, outlined the route of this new course."

Whether Mesmer's "vast, new field" remains closed to humanity, because of the "calculations" of science, remains to be seen. The distortion and suppression of

knowledge is one of the greatest crimes against the living. Yet, what happened to Dr. Mesmer and his discoveries is by no means unique in the history of human progress. Such suppression of living knowledge occurred in every age, and

continues to occur in ours, *but with this difference*: today mankind is becoming aware of the *pat-tern* to this KILLING OF TRUTH. More than ever, we realize that, "For evil to conquer, it is enough that good men do nothing."

## ONISABURO DEGUCHI, SEER OF JAPAN

(Concluded from page 45)

buoro's life were spent in the restoration of the chief Oomoto shrines at the twin cities of the faith, Ayabe and Kameoka.

With his death, on January 19, 1948, the leadership was assumed by his wife, Mrs. Sumiko Deguchi. She died March 31, 1952, at the age of 70. However, she had carried on the work of her husband towards completion.

Her oldest daughter Naohi Deguchi became the present head of the movement.

The Oomoto Kyo regained all ground lost during the years of suppression, and has reestablished itself throughout the whole of Japan. The former organizations sponsored by the Oomoto Kyo have been resumed, like the Society for the Promulgation of Esperanto.

Formal alliances with other religions on the Asian mainland have been restored and expanded. Formal alliance was recently established with the Indo-Chinese Kao Dai.

Oomoto periodicals, particularly in Esperanto and in English, have been resumed for overseas promulgation of the Oomoto ideals. The well known "Oomoto Internacia," published in Esperanto, is chief among the periodicals meant for foreign reading.

Japan's World Federalist Movement has been steadily sponsored by the Oomoto Kyo and other like-minded groups. Steps have already been taken for the spread of the Oomoto again into Europe and America.

Who knows what the future might reveal?

# 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.*

## SONG OF LOVE

**B**efore our marriage, my husband and I had several years of stormy courtship, ending finally in what seemed to be an agreement to disagree, permanently. As the result of this broken romance, upon which I had counted so much, I picked up the pieces of an aching, broken heart and started out to make a brand new life for myself . . . nearly a thousand miles away from my former boyfriend and my home. With God as my constant friend and guide I was determined to bring joy back into my life by finding and making new friends, and having new interests.

After graduating from a Modeling School I became an Airline hostess for a major airline and traveled to various parts of the world. This, I thought at the time, is surely a dream come true, and indeed it was. For some time the glamour and newness of it all kept me from dwelling upon the past, for I met many wonderful and interesting people. However, I could not or would not let myself become interested, beyond friendship, in any member of the opposite sex, no matter how very nice he might have been.

Fourteen months after I became

an airline hostess, the job began to seem somewhat routine, and I sensed a restlessness and aching down deep inside which my heart whispered meant only one thing . . . my ultimate dream was still with the boy back home. One summer afternoon after I first admitted this truth to myself I went to my room to listen to the radio and read. On this particular day and at that particular moment the radio was playing, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." It seemed that my boyfriend was saying those words to me . . . so much so in fact, that I threw myself across my bed sobbing and "telling him" I still loved HIM, and couldn't love anyone else . . . ever.

The fantastic part of this story is the fact that Jim later told me that on that very day, at that very hour, he had been thinking of me more than usual and was in a bar "soakin' it up" while the juke box was playing, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Result: We were married within two months time after I returned to my home. Now, 11 years and 3 children later we still believe we were meant for each other and that God re-united our souls via a song on that lonely summer day in 1947. He no longer "soaks it up."

Mrs. Jim Long  
2218 Argyle Drive  
Columbus, Ohio

★ ★ ★

### THE PHANTOM WOLVES

The following is a strange experience of my father and eldest brother which they both vouch as being true and which I have often heard them tell.

In the autumn of the year 1934, my father and brother went on a deer hunt about twenty miles north-east of Deming, New Mexico, in the vicinity and to the north of a mountain known as Cook's Peak. The evening of their arrival they made camp and went to bed early in order to get an early start next morning.

After breakfast next morning,

about sunrise, they started out on foot. They had walked about two miles from camp when they decided to sit down and rest, thinking they might spot a deer.

They rested for a short while when suddenly my brother said: "There's a jack rabbit; should I shoot it?"

But my father answered: "No, you might scare the deer away!"

After sitting a while longer my brother said: "There's a fox, I'm going to shoot it!" He fired two shots at the fox, the bullets striking to the fore and slightly under the

fox. When the dust cleared the fox was standing in the same place and position as before; with one fore-foot up-raised and facing them. My brother fired again but when the dust cleared the fox was gone. They never saw what became of the fox although there wasn't anything to obstruct their view.

Then it happened again, only this time it was a large shaggy-haired wolf in the same place where the rabbit and fox had been, which was about thirty yards from them. After the unexplainable disappearance of the rabbit and fox, they were at a loss as what to do next.

They sat silently watching the wolf when my brother glanced away. Sitting about twenty yards from them, on a ledge of rocks jutting out from the side of the hill, was a beautiful wolf with slick hair and long pointed ears. It was sitting up on its haunches facing toward them. My brother fired his rifle at this wolf several times, but it still sat there as if nothing happened.

My father said: "Son, let me shoot at it. I'll show you how to shoot!" He fired two shots, taking aim at the wolf's forehead. He said a big ruff of hair seemed to raise up around the wolf's neck, it threw its head back and bared its teeth making it appear as if it was laughing at them, then toppled off the rock toward them; without making

any sound of falling. Then my father shouted: "I've got it!"

But my brother replied: "No, Dad, you didn't touch it, but it's going to attack us!"

They both were never so scared in their lives and the hair raised on their heads and they felt as if they were having chills. My father walked over and looked behind a small bush where the wolf should have been, but there wasn't any wolf, any blood, or any sign whatever that there had been anything there. Then they looked and discovered the first wolf had disappeared also.

My father is an excellent shot and my brother is not a bad one by any means. They walked on, talking about the strange experience and to this day they wonder what it was they saw and why it appeared to them.

A year or two after my father and brother's experience we heard of an old house in the locale of Cook's Peak called "the wolf house" about which strange tales were told. One is that there is a mine under the house with the trap-door coming up in the kitchen. Deer hunters camping in the old house have reported that they could hear men at work, with shovels ringing on rocks, and the noise would get so loud they would move outside in the yard so they could get their sleep.

I moved from New Mexico 20 years ago but some day I would like to go back and see if the old house still stands and perhaps see

the wolf myself.

Mrs. O. E. Revels  
8025 East Cheyenne  
Downey, California

### THE LIMPING GHOST

Around 1900 when my grandmother was a very small girl the whole family lived on a huge farm in Fort Payne, Ala. One morning the temperature was about 15°. A small man knocked on the door and begged for some food and a job as a hand on the farm. He was a German who had come to America, but had never found a job although he looked everywhere. He was bare-footed and his feet were almost black with frostbite. My great-grandmother felt sorry for him and doctored his feet until they were well, but he still limped very badly and would limp for the rest of his life. His name was Charlie and he was very kind to all the children, but was especially fond of my grandmother, who was then just about 5 or 6 years old. He stayed with them for about 10 years, but one night in a drunken fit shot himself.

The next year the whole family

went to Chattanooga for a few days, but my great-aunt and great-grandmother stayed home to look after the farm. They were sleeping in the same bed and the temperature was about 15° when they heard the unmistakable limping footsteps of Charlie coming up from the cellar! My aunt got up and looked all over the house and couldn't find anyone so she went back to bed. Then the footsteps were walking all over the house and my great-aunt again repeated the procedure but still couldn't find anyone or anything. The footsteps walked all over the house the whole night while my aunt got up and looked. The footsteps never haunted the house again but my great-aunt today would declare that they were Charlie's familiar footsteps for she had heard them for the preceding ten years!

Billy Meyers 102 Sequoia Drive  
Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

### BALL-OF-FIRE GOOSE

Around 1910 when my grandmother was a very small girl the whole family lived on a huge farm in Fort Payne, Ala.

One day at twilight the family was sitting on the veranda with my uncle who was very sick.

Suddenly a great white object

flew by. My grandmother describes it as resembling a giant white goose except it had no distinct features. After about five minutes it flew by again. My great-uncle asked to be taken in. My great-aunt said that the next time it flew by she was going to hit it with a chair. It flew by and she did just that. It turned

into a ball of fire and rolled off and disappeared. The next week my great-uncle died. Many people think it was a bad omen. But I don't know what to think.

Billy Meyers

102 Sequoia Drive

Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

★ ★ ★

### THE MIRACLE CURE

**T**his incident which I am about to relate happened forty years ago. Forty years is comparatively short in the history of the world, so I think that I could (with right on my side) say that this is a modern miracle.

It is about an Aunt of mine, now "passed over"! This aunt (I will for various reasons refer to her as 'E') was a helpless cripple and invalid, spending all her days in a wheel-chair. Doctor after doctor had "given her up", announcing that she would never walk again. But she had a wonderful faith, and believed very strongly in the power of prayer, and was convinced that, if God willed her to have the use of her legs again she would, whatever the medical men said!

I will continue the story in dialogue. My grandmother is speaking:

"Well, 'E', we shall be going out this afternoon; will you be all right to be left, dear?"

"Yes, Mother," replied 'E' "You go, and don't worry about me; I shall be all right. The Lord is always with me. He is my Comforter and friend."

Knowing that 'E' would be quite happy, my Grandmother departed, taking her other daughter (my mother) with her.

'E' sat quiet and still in her chair. It was a lovely afternoon; the sun streamed through the windows; birds were singing in the garden. 'E' was quite happy. She picked up her Bible; the Lord was good; she did not know what she would do without His aid!

Her eyes closed, she was on the verge of sleep, the Bible slipped from her hands, when all of a sudden she thought that she heard "someone" call her!

She awoke instantly. What had she heard? Had she imagined it? But no, she heard it again! What was it saying? 'E' listened. It seemed to be talking to her and telling

her to get up from her chair!

No, she could not, she was too frightened. But the "voice" insisted. 'E' knew instinctively that it was the "Voice of her Lord".

All her fears left her. Gripping the arms of her chair, she half rose. It was hard at first; she thought that she could never do it. But the "voice" went on, encouraging, helping, and slowly, by degrees, 'E' left her chair and was standing on her feet. She could do it. "The Lord be praised", she called aloud. "He has made me to walk again! He has made me to walk again!"

When my mother and grand-

mother came back from their outing, 'E' was getting the tea. They were overjoyed, astonished, and bewildered. 'E's faith had been justified, and in no uncertain manner!

'E' spent the rest of her days preaching the Gospel! She was a wonderful person, and her converts were many. She 'passed over' not long ago, being active and continuing in her work up to the age of 82! Happiness surrounded her, and shone out of her eyes! A truly great tribute to the power of prayer!

Esme Sedgwick  
London, England

★ ★ ★

### INVISIBLE HANDS

There are certain things that have happened in my life that I have more or less kept locked up within my heart. Things that few people would believe possible.

I was thirteen years old at the time this particular incident took place and knew nothing of the occult or so called mysteries of life.

I was walking down Proctor Street (in Port Arthur, Texas) on the main thoroughfare near Austin and being a quiet morning I decided to cross the street, as I could not see anything coming anywhere near. When I stepped out into the street, as I had been warned, I looked north, but could see nothing within a couple of blocks in that

direction. Being satisfied I looked south to be certain there were no vehicles approaching. After looking both ways I felt quite satisfied.

It came to me as a shock then to hear the clang of the street car bell as it came from the north not more than four or five feet from me. Without a doubt I would be struck down by the fast on-coming car. Then I heard a voice urgently say: "Leap backward." Without hesitation I immediately followed this instruction, not stopping to consider in what way this would help me, though I could see no way out as in any case the car was too close for comfort. However as I

(Concluded on page 87)

# personals

*If you have a personal message of any kind, we will print it here, entirely free of charge. To facilitate its insertion, please follow these simple suggestion: 1) type, print, or write your message, just as you wish it to appear, on a single sheet of paper, ending with your name and address; 2) do not include as a portion of a letter; 3) write on one side of the paper only; 4) mail it to PERSONALS, Search Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin. (Below are good examples of how to prepare your message.)*

Desire to contact medium and others interested in psychic development in or around Richmond, Va., area. Please write:

Mrs. J. W. Milner  
Route No. 2 Box 546  
Ellerson, Va.

★ ★ ★

I would like to correspond with ladies 21 to 35 who are interested in metaphysics and occult studies. All letters answered.

Ralph Carrano  
431 Graham Ave.  
Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

★ ★ ★

Just started: a little home-print newspaper bringing monthly news from the collection of closely-guarded books known as "the Writings," sometimes called the Third Testament. Three consecutive issues free on request, then if wanted regularly, the cost is a dollar a

year. Write Celestial News, 114 W. Maple, San Antonio 12, Texas. Bill Rawlinson, editor.

★ ★ ★

Just moved to Champaign, Ill. Eager to hear from occult students and U.F.O. enthusiasts in this area.

Louise Packer  
126 W. Church  
Champaign, Ill.

★ ★ ★

For Sale or Trade:

Fate: All except Feb. and Mar. for 1958. All except June, Nov. and Dec. for 1957. All for 1956. All for 1955 except May and Dec. Also a few for 1954 and 1953. Mystic; have Feb., April, June, Aug. and Oct. 1955 and Jan. and July 1956. Six for \$1.00.

Mrs. Alice Bryant  
2680 Duffy St.  
San Bernardino, California

★ ★ ★

Have world wide experience in psychic development. Will undertake in Metropolitan New York, development of two or three persons who are sincerely willing to give SERVICE. Race, color and creed immaterial.

Qualifications required: Male; under 30; physically and mentally A-1; must prove initial psychometric, clairvoyant or (preferably) trance ability. No fees. Write: John Bodey, 9 Spring St., Princeton, N.J.

★ ★ ★

I have 80 different copies of Fate, and about 200 science fiction magazines for sale at 5 for \$1.00 postpaid. Send stamped addressed envelope for list.

J. Alvin Aniba  
235 Bartram Ave.  
Essington, Pa.

★ ★ ★

Wil Esperanto-minded readers of SEARCH contact me? Preferably in Esperanto if at all possible. An Esperanto federation is forming in the Gulf Coast area for the purpose of fostering and furthering the ideal that "This earth is but one country and mankind its citizens" through Esperanto and world federalism. Edward F. Lacy III; P. O. Box 805; Houston 1, Texas.

★ ★ ★

Desire correspondence with those interested in the occult, reincarnation, mysticism, and related sub-

jects.

Edwin L. Herman  
2479 Shirley Ave  
Baltimore 15, Maryland

★ ★ ★

Attention hypnotists and scientists. I think I can take you further back in time than anyone has gone before. Danger no object. Who wants a psychic guinea pig?

Mrs. Laura E. Olson,  
Rte. 2, Box 793  
DeLand, Florida

★ ★ ★

WANTED TO BUY: Reasonably priced copies of books on Witchcraft, Black Magic, Vampirism, Occultism, and allied topics. FOR SALE: Very old copies of Doc Savage; Fam. Fan. Mysteries; Dr. Yen Sin; Green Lama; Astounding; Weird Tales also Fate and Search. Would also like to hear from those interested in topics mentioned above.

Edna W. Nintzel  
52 W. 19th St.  
Brooklyn 30, N.Y.

★ ★ ★

I have been out of work for about a year and have come close to the point of madness at times during this great instability and personal problems. How many Saggitarians, I would like to know, born in 1934, are experiencing this or other bad times?

Martin Webster

facts behind world affairs and their relation to the U.F.O. field.

Since time is short, I am hoping to hear from all interested parties as soon as possible.

June Mommsen  
2600 Hemlock  
Aberdeen, Washington

★ ★ ★

Anyone having books on hand writing analysis or courses of that science, and wish to sell them, write to me. Anyone sending me a stamped, self addressed envelope and a page of their own writing, I will send a brief analysis of that writing.

Florence K. Mattos  
810 B. St.  
San Mateo, Calif.

★ ★ ★

Want to correspond with persons

interested in mental telepathy, spirit communication, and astral projection. Anyone in the Indianapolis area interested in conducting tests in telepathy please contact me. I would very much like to join a seance circle. If anyone in Indianapolis would give me any information pertaining to this, I would appreciate hearing from you.

Miss Carole Hood  
803 Coffey Street  
Indianapolis, Indiana

★ ★ ★

I would like very much to correspond with persons all over the world interested in any or all phases of occult matters, particularly pertaining to the occult side of "flying saucers."

Gordon Lore, Sr.  
So. Lomons,  
Maryland, U.S.A.

## IT HAPPENED TO ME . . .

(Concluded from page 82)

sprang back I perceived a pair of hands grasp each of my arms, swinging me backward with great speed, clear of the car by what seemed a fraction of an inch. I was so close to the car that I could feel the breeze of it as it went by.

*There was no one within a half a block of me!* It seems doubtful if anyone on the street noticed what had happened to me, and I did not

mention it to anyone. For one thing, I was of the belief in my mind that if they found out about it at home I would get a sound thrashing.

I mentioned that I perceived the pair of hands. This and the arms back of them was all I did perceive. I felt they belonged to a man. How I know that I cannot explain.

Dr. Harold Jolet  
623 Roscoe St.  
Chicago 13, Illinois

# Come, Let Us Reason . . .

## Letters from our Readers

Dear RAP and Readers:

This just happens to be an election day, which reminds me that I am not eligible to vote in the primaries this year (in Los Angeles County) because I didn't register as a Republican or Democrat, but as a nonpartisan, which I am. This, I am told, is a rule which was made to prevent the formation of a political machine.

This, however, is not my purpose in writing this; I just thought I'd mention it in passing. Anyway, I've since moved to Ventura County, and there is no such ruling here.

Palmer publications have brought to light that there are no mean number of us who prefer pulling our necks out of the sand and looking around for the TRUTH rather than accepting the status quo. There may be enough of us so that if we actively pulled together in this thing we have in common, which makes us readers of SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS, we might be able to . . . well, at the very least, put up a last ditch fight against the forces that threaten our life and liberty.

Why don't we organize?



It's true we already have in being readers of our two favorite magazines a sort of loose confederacy through which we can stew among ourselves, but what good is it, actually? To merely read the truth is, after all, a passive activity. We get mad when we read what fools we're being made of, then as soon as our tempers abate, we forget all about it.

Please don't construe this as any

criticism of your efforts, Ray; publishing SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS is hardly a passive activity! and we understand the idea is that if you keep getting us mad enough often enough, one day maybe we'll stay that way long enough to do something about it. But the fact arises that for better or worse (circulation-wise), we who read your publications and believe in your objectives as well as your veracity . . . become obligated.

What I mean: If we know . . . through having been shown almost irrefutable proof . . . that we are being used and misused in countless ways, intentionally being kept ignorant of truths that could only enlighten us, and we do nothing about it, we are being more deplorable than the unfortunate majority who've had a chance to learn the truth, or are too blind to recognize it. Therefore, since SEARCH and FLYING SAUCERS magazines are offered as evidence of the truth (usually apparently irrefutable and always, I sincerely believe, in all sincerity) we readers consequently become morally obligated to do more than just shake our heads in temporary dismay when that evidence confirms we are being exploited as viciously as we often suspect. Otherwise we are guilty of the sin of omission.

No, merely reading about it isn't enough. We who care must get together and pool resources, our knowledge, our talents . . . what have you? We who read and believe SEARCH must do something about what we are being told and can further verify by our own senses and reasoning power. We must make the SEARCH FOR TRUTH more than just an off-beat subject we read for kicks.

*Look: Our freedom is being taken from us, perhaps our very freedom to live! But because this fact is not being printed in the headlines of daily papers . . . or, in other words, because we aren't being hit over the head with the facts, we stand flatfooted grinning, making jokes about it, (we Americans are famous for our sense of humor which sees us through the worst of crises) not really believing things are as bad as all that, while we blindly go along with the doomed herd . . . and even careful to make as little trouble as possible for the "herders!"*

Not me, brother! And not a lot of others. Not Ray Palmer, not Doc Chesney . . . and not a lot of our forefathers I'd sound corny in naming.

There's only one thing a man can do when he's up against something he can't lick by himself, and that is to yell for help. From oth-

ers of his kind . . . *not* from cattle; they wouldn't understand there really is a danger. That's what I'm doing: calling to others of my specie for help. I'm calling to *you*: Help! The big ones are after me . . . after you, too . . . after us . . .

If I sound like an alarmist, it's because I'm alarmed. We're up against the one thing that always gets by us: The cumulative effect of tiny but persistent things. It would be very well to be reserved about a leak if you could calmly step over and plug it up. But who's stopping them? They just keep dripping, dripping . . . and more appear, one here, one there, dripping, dripping.

That's our freedom trickling away, and there are no words, *no action* too extreme in spreading the alarm.

We who believe in TRUTH and *true* Freedom are now a minority . . . and growing even fewer. We *must* rally our forces and what resources we have, all of us who care, who dare call ourselves Men, all of us who dare face TRUTH, and who fear only un-truth.

I have no suggestion now on how we might go about forming such an organization as is needed . . . except that SEARCH seems like the *most* logical rallying point, and I submit the idea knowing that if it *has* merit, the rest of you will take

it from here and knock it around until it starts taking some kind of practical form.

The only thing I might say is that it would have to be something a lot more potent than just another polite little pen-pal type of club for swapping dog-eared magazines and taking turns supplying the coffee and donuts . . . otherwise, forget it.

What I have in mind is something more like the vigilantes of the Old West. If ever there was the need for it, the time is now . . .

Wilbur C. Koons  
No. 10 Box Canyon Road  
Canoga Park, California

*Yes, it's action that's needed-  
But every group of citizens who  
band together and call themselves  
"Guardians of Liberty" or some  
such title are immediately labeled  
Communist and put on the Subver-  
sive list. AMERICAN MERCURY  
magazine yells as loud as we do  
about things, and they are a much  
larger magazine. Then why (and  
who) are copies of this magazine  
being denied distribution on more  
and more newsstands? Today, the  
business man is afraid of anything  
"controversial", and in his fear, be-  
comes a coward and a traitor to his  
own liberty. In short, he is yellow  
clear through, and blind as a bat  
on top of it! Americans will have to  
LOSE their liberty, and suffer actual  
torture and destruction, to get*

# A DOCTOR IS BORN

By Dr. W. D. Chesney, M.D.

Here it is at last; a book by a doctor who dares to tell the truth about medical trade unions, malpractice, kick-backs, tee-splitting, unnecessary surgery, ghost surgery, food poisons, poison sprays, drug monopoly, medical rackets and a host of other crimes against the traditions of the Hippocratic Oath.

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It is not an attack upon doctors in general, nor on the practice of medicine in toto; it is directed only against those knaves whose nefarious practices must be exposed to save the lives and health of thousands who will suffer or die needlessly because of greed, carelessness and ignorance. Many good doctors know the truth, but cannot speak, because to do so would mean personal financial disaster, and ousting from practice.

Dr. Chesney pulls no punches, and can prove every word he says. Don't let him stand alone in his courage. Don't remain a medical monopoly guinea pig. Order his sensational book today!

## ORDER FORM

-----  
To: Ray Palmer, Rt. 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisconsin.

Please send me, postpaid, my personal copy of Dr. Chesney's  
A DOCTOR IS BORN.

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*it through their careless, addled heads. But what's new about that? The Roman Empire fell for the same reason, as has every civilization in history. It is jartly easy to predict a coming agony of body and mind for the peoples of America. How many of our young people today are not completely contemptuous of hard honest work, and abidance in the law? How many of them would faint dead away if they had to carry a hod of coal into the basement? And who's fault is it? The parents, who grew up in the Twenties in the irresponsibility of a world war's aftermath; which will be multiplied by today's new parents, who have twice the irresponsibility, plus the compounded confusion, and the lying propaganda that is the curse of this generation. Don't blame the kids—blame yourselves. And don't stand aghast when God uses the rod you so foolishly laid aside.*

*However, as individuals, we can speak—and we must. At every opportunity, everywhere, to everyone we meet. Just calm, cold facts, backed up with proof. The truth is unanswerable, and it works miracles of conversion. If you form small groups, make them discussion groups, open to the public, and we need no Vigilantes, no force, no high-powered organization. This is the age of proof, so that every man*

*may understand and be convinced, from actual fact. Let "Authority" fall in its lifeless tracks. Truth is in the living example, demonstrable upon demand, fully backed by fact as well as reason.* —Rap.

Mr. Ray Palmer, Editor:

With reference your reply Anthony Regina letter, page 82 November 1958 issue "Search" magazine:

1) Suggest you contact any competent geologist or school of same with reference to increase of earth temperature with depth. It is a fact and is easily demonstrated.

2) Suggest you confine yourself to subjects with which you are familiar in the future, or at least limit your sarcastic comment to those things which are not so easily proved.

Very truly yours,  
James E. Hawkins  
348 So. Ogden St.  
Denver, Colo.

*You just said the WRONG THING! Inasmuch as I disagree with "authority" you "suggest" (or is it insist?) that I confine myself to subjects with which I am familiar. I AM familiar with this subject. Eminently so. I have studied geology thoroughly. I have also studied things the geologists haven't. IF YOU had studied the various sciences, you would have*

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*discovered, as I have, that geologists disagree with anthropologists, with astronomers, with physicists, and vice versa. One says one thing, the other says another. And recently the rocket men and the atomic bomb men have been making monkeys out of all of them! So space is empty, and absolute zero, and full of meteorites, and the atmosphere extends only 600 miles out, after that total vacuum, etc. etc? Read some of the textbooks of twenty years ago! Read them for entertainment only, because they are crammed with FICTION. And if you deny it, you are just plain uninformed.*

*ANY competent geologist will refuse flatly to confirm what you ask him to! Why don't YOU contact a competent one? He will give you numerous instances where the "degree per hundred feet" doesn't hold. But why argue with the book you must have read—it is too stupid to reply.*

*Sarcastic, am I? To dare to challenge the "expert" word is to use sarcasm? Where do you get your definitions?*

*I suggest that you demonstrate that "easily demonstrated" increase in earth temperature with depth. And remember, don't take me into any hole where your postulate doesn't hold true. But DO take me into more than one hole!—Rap.*

Dear Ray:

After reading the letter by Mr. Anthony Regina, in the November issue of SEARCH, I would like to point out a few facts.

Firstly, although there may be some truth in the facts pertaining to the Shaver mystery, I do not think that they compare with all the positive proof that exists regarding reincarnation.

As a matter of fact, I have been in the mining business for some time now. My geologist and I are not certain as to whether or not a sea shell is found atop the highest mountain as the result of the earth being frozen at one time. . . . But we are certain that the earth is not cold inside. Sorry, you're wrong.

However, you have a point when you say that granite is full of water. But not all granite. Some granite does not contain enough water to keep it cool. When we were Diamond Drilling, we found that granite generated the most heat. If you were talking about open caves with water running through them, I would then say it is possible to live in them and the average of 57 degrees is not unreasonable. I do not think it would be possible to live in these caves unless this was the case. And I don't care what Shaver says.

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enough. I would like to receive a copy every month.

Should you decide to publish this letter, kindly omit my name.

*The deepest we've been in the earth is LESS THAN TWO MILES. So ACTUALLY, we don't know if the increase in heat is constant. We just don't KNOW. They used to say the farther up you went, the colder. Everybody accepted that, because as far as they'd been, it DID get constantly colder. But the first rocket disproved all that. Temperatures of 800 degrees were items of wonderment when first discovered. Then of 18,000 degrees. And the way they jumped around was fantastic. Then came radiation. Bands that increased by leaps and bounds, and space travel became an empty dream. But even that increase was found to be inconstant. Now we are probing space to find out more about all these things we were so sure didn't exist. It is just A FACT that if we were to descend into the earth a distance of 40 miles, we would return with headlines for the newspapers about temperatures that would amaze us. Why assume that "as above, so NOT below?" We are dealing with the unknown, and our postulates about it are based on extremely meagre ranges of experience, so inadequate that wherever we venture, we find that we were*

*"considerably in error".*

*As for granite generating heat, wasn't it the motion of your drill that generated it? And since granite offers more resistance than sandstone, thus more friction, more heat? You can generate heat by drilling through a block of ice! The harder it is frozen, the hotter the heat from drilling.*

*You might find that some of the greatest names in astronomy, physics, chemistry were CERTAIN that it was cold in space, and that it was EMPTY. So don't be so "certain". But actually, judging from the mildness of your letter, you're as open-minded as the best. Too bad Mr. Hawkins couldn't criticize us, and at the same time ask for more! We'll gladly be wrong, if we feel we're welcome even with our faults. But to be told to go back and sit down and sit down and be quiet just riles us to beat everything. And even if you don't want your name mentioned, we don't hold it against you. You weren't afraid to sign your letter! For which, thanks.—Rap.*

Dear Sir:

I have traveled thousands of miles, yet never left my bed room. This seems silly, but in reality it is true. I have been experimenting with astral projection for the past couple of years, and now believe

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that I have accomplished something far beyond the imagination. I do not know what anyone would title it; I can only think of projection of the astral body, because I have actually seen two of me—my earthly body lying in my bed with another me along side of it.

When I am out of my body, it seems all I have to do is think of some place and I just seem to fade into the picture . . . for instance, last week while watching TV I began to feel a numb feeling come over my body. I was a little scared, thought that I was suffering a heart attack, something I never experienced before. I tried to shake it off by biting into my lips until I began to taste blood, but this did not bring me out of it. I started hearing wind or a sound like water rushing by my ears and my eyes automatically shut. I started feeling very cold . . . the next thing I knew I was standing alongside the chair, actually experiencing what I knew was astral projection, but in a different form than I ever experienced it before; because I had always been with the impression that one had to lie down in bed in order to bring it on in a form of self hypnosis. But sitting watching TV was a new experience and having it happen while I had no thought of the matter really surprised me.

My fear left me as soon as I realized what had happened. I decided right now was the time to do something I had often given thought to, yet something seemed to hold me back, and that was to try to find a long lost friend who passed on in nineteen forty one.

Merely thinking of him, like a sudden flash I left the sitting room and seemed to be drifting through clouds. I could see all sorts of forms around me, but I could not distinguish what they were. I could hear the wind rushing by and beautiful music, like I have never heard before, organ music. I tried to think of myself being where that music was being played, when a voice I couldn't recognize seemed to whisper: "He is beyond your reach; he is beyond your reach; go back before it is too late." At that moment everything just stopped. . . . I was again in my home standing alongside myself who was sitting before the television set. As many times before I thought: Now how do I get back into my body? The next thing that I knew I was waking up with a terrible head ache, blood was in my mouth from my lacerated lips.

I would like to have you publish this with my address, because I would like very much to hear from anyone who has experienced astral projection from a sitting position,

Most Likely You Have Less Than FIVE YEARS TO LIVE  
Unless You PREPARE For 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.

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"—fourth edition (95 pages—some pages numbered such as 6-A, 6-B, etc., totaling 95) telling what the flood will be like, about when it will come, the warning to be had, and containing the astronomic, gyroscopic, mathematical and geological proofs, written plainly. These proofs are indisputable and all who have seen mechanical demonstrations leave convinced that the book is correct.

This is not a religious prediction, but is purely SCIENTIFIC. However, the Bible predicts it. Isaiah 13:13, "Therefore I shall shake the heavens and the earth SHALL REMOVE OUT OF HER PLACE. 24:20, "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard." See also Amos 8:8-9, Haggai 2:6; Isaiah 10:26; 19:5; 28:17; 44:3; 24:20.

I freely take an oath that God strike me dead this very moment if there is any substantial error in this book—Adam D. Barber, author. It has now been gone over and carefully checked by a scientific analytical laboratory, astronomers, engineers and others and no errors have been found.

READ in this book (1) a letter from the Nobel (prize) Foundation, referring it to their physics committee; (2) the report of an analytical laboratory confirming it; (3) many newspaper clippings, letters from the Civil Defense Corps of Ohio, letters from astronomers and others pertaining to it; (4) about 25 "run of the mill" fan letters from readers of it; (5) our efforts to date to save civilization through this flood and our latest plans for it, including pressure on Congress to build balloons and boats; (6) our plan to prevent the flood by diverting the axis of the earth with atomic or other jets; (7) commendatory letters from the noted scientists Dr. Framptwich Gospatt of England and Dr. Malcolm H. Tallman, of New York; (8) our scientific analysis of flying saucers and of sputnik; (9) diagrams explaining the gyroscopic action to cause the shift.

Eclipses are foretold with accuracy many years in advance. The prediction of the shift is along similar lines, only more complicated. On December 21, 1956 the sun rose in the wrong place, by about three degrees, indicating a fore-runner slight shift. On April 2, 1958 the sun rose at 6:00 A.M. (1958 World Almanac states 5:44) and set at 6:15 (Almanac 6:24)—thus, according to the almanac there should have been 12 hours and 40 minutes of day light, but from actual sunrise to sunset it was only 12 hours, 15 minutes or 25 minutes shy. This brought the equinoxes about two weeks late, all due to shifts, causing climatic changes and resulting in cherry trees here blooming two weeks late. Another slight shift occurred on June 21, 1958. Some radio stations are now broadcasting about this book. 900 people have donated \$3000 to help this program along.

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also have had it come over them when they were not thinking about it. I would also like to know from readers how a double projection of one's self is accomplished? Also what the music is—and where it comes from?

I thank you for a very wonderful magazine. I guess that I should subscribe, but have always been able to get a copy. Would like to know if this magazine could be put into binding as *Fate* was, I mean at my expense. I would like to have a set of *Search* magazines volumes along with my *Fates*.

John P. Hanes  
Apt. B-40 Hurley Court  
Millbourne  
Upper Darby, Penna.

*Your experience is extremely interesting, and I have no doubt you'll get many letters from other readers of SEARCH.*

*As for bound volumes of SEARCH (and its predecessor MYSTIC), we haven't done so, but if any of our readers would like sets, please contact us, and we'll offer to have them bound specially at cost. We couldn't bind more than a half-dozen sets, though, as we haven't a number of issues in stock—all sold out.—Rap.*

Dear Ray:

Really now, the stories in *Search* must make some sense to be believ-

ed! I've just read "The Witch of Calhoun County," by George Cardinal LeGros. (November '58 issue.) I refer you to page 24. Since when has any cat the physical "apparatus" to accomplish "something hot and moist pressed against my mouth and nostrils, sucking my breath away"? Even one under alleged "mesmeric control"? What cat is heavy enough to be a "huge dark weight pressed upon my chest"? A mountain lion, maybe?

No doubt Mr. LeGros is sincere; maybe he had a nightmare in 1929. Perhaps he doesn't realize that in this age, we are, thank God, growing past the ridiculous and cruel tales about cats.

I have agreed with you about many things, notably your warm and lovely editorial about the lost puppies and the dog in Sputnik.

I admire the spirit of "Search", and am disappointed to find such a story as "The Witch of Calhoun County" therein.

Mrs. Elwin Hyatt  
1526 Dittmar Dr.  
Whittier, Calif.

*But Mr. LeGros says this is true! Maybe it was a nightmare, who knows? But can we deny him the right to relate his experience? Only if it is recorded, can we judge it. You have judged it a nightmare, or mesmeric experience, and you may well be right! As least, we*

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*hope so. We'd hate to think of our cat doing any such thing!—Rap.*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Thank God for men like you who dare publish the truth which the world so badly needs—just yesterday an honest doctor told me I had been poisoned by DDT spray on foods after spending thousands in treatments over the past 5 years thinking I had gall bladder trouble; but now an enlarged liver shows up and tests show poisons.

I'm sick at heart as well as in body.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Kazmer

373 E. 45th St.  
Brooklyn 3, N.Y.

*Exactly, and there are many like you! As long as our government has "tolerance" rates of such terrible poisons as DDT in our food, we victims must "tolerate" illness and even death. Personally, we prefer the insects and the "spots" on our apples, than spots on our liver!—Rap.*

Dear Ray:

I have been reading your *Fate* magazine for years, also *Search* and enjoy both of them very much.

Floyd Gurly wrote a letter, that was published in your November issue of *Search* stating that the name Jehovah meant "devil man".

Evidently he has not seen the definition in our Webster's Dictionary that tells us that this name means "God".

The Scriptures written before the Christian era were written mostly in Hebrew, partly in Aramaic and in those Scriptures the alphabetic letters for God's name appeared as Yod He Waw He. The name symbolized by the four Hebrew consonants YHWH, occurs 6,823 times. The Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek about 280 BC, but sometime before this the superstitious Hebrews began to leave off pronouncing the name out of fear of taking it in vain. So whenever they came to the name, they used the word Adonay (Lord) or Elohim (God). However in making that first translation into Greek known as the Septuagint Version, the translators did not follow this custom, but put four Hebrew letters for God's name into their Greek Version.

The writers of the Christian Greek Scriptures used that Septuagint Version and they quoted its Greek text which contained the literal name of Almighty God. But later copyists of the Septuagint Version began to omit the divine name in Hebrew letters and to substitute for it the Greek words meaning Lord or God. Then the Bible translators began to follow this rab-

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binic custom, which partly explains why the name does not occur by itself in most translations of the Greek Scriptures. Jerome, in making the Latin Vulgate translation, followed the same practice, and at Exodus 6:3 he used the title Adonai instead of Jehovah, all of which explains why the name does not occur in the English Roman Catholic Version. In the Authorized or King James Version we find the name JEHOVAH by itself in Exodus 6:3 26:4 Isaiah 12:2 Psalm 83:18. The Emphasised bible by Rotherham renders the name in it 6,823 times as Yahweh, but the American Standard Version renders it as Jehovah. Even if neither of these pronunciations may be just as God pronounced his name to Moses, yet it helps us to identify instantly who is meant by that name. In just the same manner the name Jesus is not the original way this one's name was pronounced in the Hebrew or Aramaic: nevertheless this near pronunciation helps us to identify who we may mean.

Anyone doubting this explanation may look it up for themselves.

M. Price  
11709 Tenn. Ave.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

In the sex controversy, I'll answer the arguments of Mrs. H.A.L.

Her first reference is to "forbidden fruit". In Scripture, fruit refers to the sperm which contains the seed. The next reference is to the Garden of Eden. Man is the mystical World and the body is the Garden of Eden. Only the human body fits the mystical description. Adam is one of the numerous names for the human seed. In the New Testament you will learn that there is more than one Adam. Eve is one of the numerous names for the body.

Reference to God creating man male and female, means that the Spirit is male and the flesh made in the image of God is female. God is a Spirit. Therefore, each person is both male and female. Adam is the Spirit and Eve is the flesh.

Be fruitful and multiply, means to create sperm and sow the seed in the body to multiply it and replenish the earth, which means earthly body, because the body is of the earth, earthy.

Mrs. H.A.L. believes that the fault in interpreting the Scripture is due to the reading of esoteric meaning into Scripture instead of allowing the Bible to plainly interpret itself. The Bible says, thy seed, which is Christ, and it means that the seed within is Christ. Know ye not that Christ is within you except ye be reprobates? Behold, the kingdom of God is within

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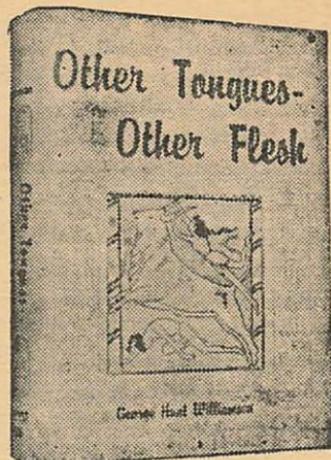
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you. Doesn't this literally prove that the Scriptures are esoteric? If the kingdom of God is within, why do preachers give the impression that God is some place up in the sky and that Christ will come from the clouds in the sky, when Christ is actually within?

The Revised Standard Version translates Galatians 3:16 to read, "and to your offspring, which is Christ." It still refers to the human seed as your offspring, because Christ is within, and not without.

The attitude in your comment on my letter is typical of that of the average person. For that reason the Sages concealed their knowledge in mystical terms and symbolism. The Sages called the sensual masses the vulgar herd. It is possible that I made a serious mistake in trying to reveal the mystery teachings for the benefit of the average person. It was nice of you to publish the letter. It may help people to understand that the life of the flesh is increased through a transmutation of the sexual fluids.

Sincerely,  
Morris Katzen  
Faith Farm  
Cooks Falls, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Better for *Search*, to allow it an honorable death than to have it deteriorate into another *Fate*.

It's a sorry spectacle indeed, when the material of a once great magazine is reduced to mere spook stories.

*Please*, can't something be done?

Willis H. Ralston  
6219 Lexington Ave.  
Los Angeles 38, Calif.

*We trust that SEARCH is not being reduced to a "mere spook" story magazine! However, there is a question regarding "spirits" and SEARCH admits it doesn't know the answer. It's hard to decide which is a "spook" and which is an object of research. We'll try hard not to be a spook magazine, we promise!—Rap.*

F. O. Gerwin:

Have just read your article in "Search" Nov. '58, page 32 on reincarnation. How do you explain this verse in the Bible?

St. John Chapter 9.

1. And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind *from his birth*.

2. And his disciples asked him, saying, master, who did sin, *this man*, or his parents, *that he was born blind?*

If the disciples did not believe in previous lives or reincarnation this would appear to be a foolish question since how could the man sin before he was born? And remember Jesus did not reprove them

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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 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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for asking a foolish question but answered in a matter of fact way.

Hal Barebo  
Route 2  
O'Fallon, Mo.

*You should have read further, Mr. Barebo. Let us quote the very next paragraph: "Jesus answered. Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."*

*There you have the straight goods from Jesus' lips! This man was not born blind because either he or his parents sinned, but because God made him blind to prove his own existence and power! Here we have the precise reason anyone is born with an affliction—to be an object proof of God's own existence, and to provide a living example of that existence and power. This man was made blind for a dual purpose, the purpose of all such things, as outlined in the foregoing; and specifically in this case so that Jesus could take clay, and spittle, and heal, thus prove his own power. As proof of this, let's quote the next paragraphs. "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. When he had thus spoken, he spat upon the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he annoint-*

*ed the eyes of the blind man with the clay. And said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Si-Loam (which is by interpretation, Sent). He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing."*

*How could anything be clearer? Jesus denied his disciples' belief, and stated flatly that this man had not sinned, nor his parents, and that the blindness was not due to karma or reincarnation, but merely to God's purpose to manifest himself and his works. He further went on to cure the man, which would be contrary to karma, if the man actually had incurred karma and was to work it out—the very precept of karma would forbid Jesus' curing the man, and in fact, Jesus himself, by interfering, would incur karma to himself, if the letter of the "law", which Jesus himself denies existence, is to be followed.*

*You mention the question asked by the disciples as evidence of their belief in reincarnation, and why, then, would they ask, if there was no reincarnation? We'd like to point out again that because the disciples may have believed (even as you) in reincarnation, that does not make it a fact! And inasmuch as Jesus set them straight, why do you not read one more paragraph, and set yourself straight? Why reject Jesus' word, given straight from the shoulder, that the disci-*

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*ples inferred wrongly, and this man was positively not blind by reason of sinning in a previous life, or by reason of parental sinning? He was blind because God made him so to demonstrate his works and the fact that he controls his works.*

*If any letter from a reader of SEARCH could crystalize your editor's utter disbelief in reincarnation and karma as a way of life, yours would be it. And we hereby challenge anyone to get around these biblical quotations and call Jesus a liar! Let's see you do it!—Rap.*

Dear Ray:

Now you have me in a real debating mood. You start your reply by saying: "Just for the sake of argument let's take your viewpoint, How do you determine that Oahspe is true and Shaver Fiction?" I have not determined that Oahspe is the truth. but it has shown me clearly that it helps in one's search toward that truth. I have studied it closely and have not Shaver. I fully realize that this is why I may lean more toward Oahspe rather than Shaver. But I don't believe that one has to be rejected in order to accept the other.

And when I said as I did: "Shaver is dangerous nonsense, perhaps more dangerous than nonsense," I meant it.

Shaver has fiction in it and so does Oahspe, and we both know that almost all fiction has some truth in it. Most of my friends consider Oahspe fiction and also Shaver. Here is my attitude toward this matter. Oahspe has some fiction in it. Shaver's stuff has some truth in it. Also I did not accuse Shaver of lifting from Newbrough. Merely that the possibility is there, but not vice-versa.

Here's another point I would like to make. Shaver believes that Newbrough received thoughts from a ray just as he did. That takes us back to the same argument that each can explain the other.

You say Shaver is not a philosopher, then I can say by your rules neither is Newbrough.

He says: If God exist, and it is possible he does, he has gone away from earth and doesn't seem to have any intentions of coming back. Newbrough says God (Creator) does exist and has not gone afar off, but is in, through, in front and back of everything and it is according to a person's development whether or how much of the Creator can be perceived.

Why should you, Ray, pick Shaver's belief over Newbrough's? Each has just as much proof and the same type of proof.

And to Shaver's last statement "Only a fool would walk into radio-

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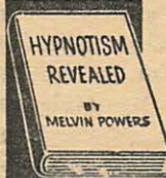
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activity and bathe himself in the fire that destroys even immortal matter" I would hardly consider the Creator, the maker of all the universe, as small and as limited as Angels, and indeed if radioactivity does exist, it probably would come from the Sun as Shaver says. Of course once again I can go back to Oahspe not because I consider it completely true, but because it is just as probable to be true as Shaver. Oahspe says we don't receive any heat, light or radioactivity from the sun, but that this all comes from the vortex that holds the earth together. The same is true of gravitation: not from the sun but from the vortex. This vortex causes many other things on the earth that have been attributed to the sun or moon. You can't prove Shaver's ideas about this radioactivity any more than I can prove these ideas of Vortex.

So you see, in my search I shall include Shaver, but I can never put him ahead of my sources of information. By the way I have a suggestion that will greatly improve on Shaver's alphabet. Instead of letting the letter R stand for horror let it stand for Happiness, of course not just ordinary happiness but that mysterious kind of happiness that one can only have when he feels close to the Creator. I still welcome your comments on this

friendly debate.

Charles E. Toland  
Box 684  
Minden, La.

*As for my personal belief in Shaver and Oahspe, I find them completely in accord with one another. I would not have believed so much in Shaver, if Oahspe had not corroborated him so completely! Take the two together, and you have a sensational mass of evidence as to the reality of things. Oahspe, written in 1881, contains all of the discoveries of the past ten years, in radioactivity, space, rockets, nature of the universe, astronomy, chemistry, physics, etc. in so sensational a manner as to be almost uncanny. When Oahspe tells of a band of intense radiation at an elevation of 1000 miles, deadly to human life, and our Explorer rocket, in 1958, sends back this precise information, we'll give Oahspe "A" for proving itself! I've kept a record of the things Oahspe stated as fact, which was stated as not fact by scientists of its day, which science now claims to have "discovered". It is extremely humorous to your editor to watch the Air Force and Army scientists "discover" things that were printed in a book in 1881. We wonder what they'd say if we asked them to read the book and explain how come? As a matter of fact, we've done exactly*

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CULATION OF SEARCH MAGAZINE published Bi-Monthly at Amherst, Wis-  
consin for October 1, 1958.**

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Editor, Raymond A. Palmer.

Managing editor, Marjorie Palmer, Amherst, Wisc.

Business manager, Raymond A. Palmer, Amherst, Wisc.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails, or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only).

RAYMOND A. PALMER,

Signature of editor, business manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of October, 1958.

L. A. POMEROY

(My commission expires November 13, 1960)

that to some of our "Ph.D." friends, and they blithely stated that we were "religious fanatics", as if that explained the whole thing. Nothing so narrow as an educated man with a superiority complex (or more properly, an inferiority complex). Rather than admit they were wrong, they'll deny the very existence of any criticism of their own so-called originality of discovery.

But again, I say that the picture in Oahspe is the type you'd present considering the mental stature and understanding capabilities of the people of 1881. I mean to infer by that statement that the picture of "heaven" as given in Oahspe is not LITERALLY as pictured, but described in an "acceptable" version, as judged by the intelligence of the prospective readers. For instance, Oahspe describes a space ship as a "fireboat", as an "arrow ship". If the book were written today, for today's people, it would be a rocket, or a "jet". How do you describe a jet-plane to a blind man?—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Your November (1958) editorial in SEARCH really laid it on the line regarding the "ultimate certainty of World War III." Bravissimo!!

Many will decry your realistic stand as "fatalistic" and "gloomy."

However many have already seen the handwriting on the wall, and have stated publicly that humanity will either join together to solve its common problems now, or it will do so in the radioactive rubble of the post war world. Right now, it comes close to being, quite literally, "One world, or none."

Yes, World War II is certain if you couple the major power's suicidal nationalism with the cold facts which you so clearly stated. Shoghi Effendi, the late Guardian of the Baha'i Faith, wrote that the three false gods of our present century were nationalism, racialism, and Communism. Humanity, in their name, may yet indeed destroy an already dying civilization and come close to destroying humanity itself.

Baha'u'llah, founder of the Baha'i Faith, wrote almost a century ago of the disasters facing mankind if humanity even then (the 1870's) would not unite in an organic, living unity to solve its problems.

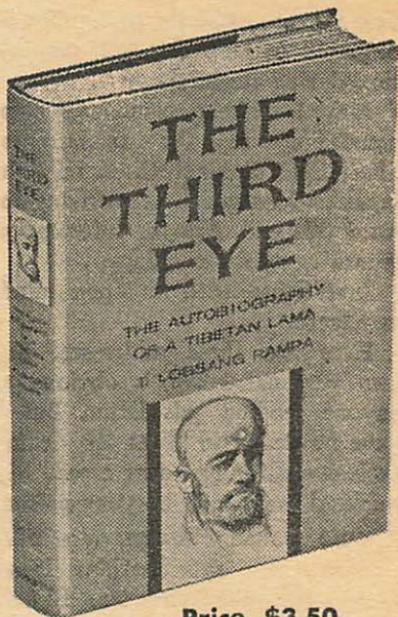
Baha'is believe that this present civilization is already moribund, and the elements of the new, universal civilization are at hand, just as the beginnings of the Christian civilization were in existence in the Roman catacombs as the decadent Pagan culture tottered to its end.

A great many of us are not going to come out of this coming conflict alive, but some of us will. The ques-

When T. Lobsang Rampa entered Chakpori Lamasery he was told by the Lord Abbot: "I know all about you, all that has been predicted . . . of every thousand monks, only one is fitted for higher things. . . . You will be specially trained, intensively trained, and in a few short years you will be given more knowledge than a lama normally acquires in a long lifetime. The Way will be hard, and often it will be painful. To force clairvoyance is painful, and to travel in the astral planes requires nerves that nothing can shatter. . . . You will be trained here in medicine and in astrology . . . Your Path is mapped for you . . . although you are but seven years of age. . . ."

In a charming simple style, the author recalls his arduous yet inspiring years in the Lamasery; the painful operation to open the "third eye" which would heighten his powers of clairvoyance; his intensive studies in Tibetan history, Buddhism, and the theory of reincarnation; his spiritual training in telepathy, hypnotism, and astral traveling. There were also moments of delight: riding giant kites hundreds of feet in the air; trips to the highlands where herbs were gathered amid spectacular mountain scenery.

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tion remains, will we personally be prepared to help this new civilization during its infancy?

May I make a personal recommendation to the readers of SEARCH? Contact those religious organizations which are striving toward this end. Ask for information regarding their teachings.

Investigate with an open mind, and learn.

Here are three addresses. My own personal belief is obvious to anyone reading this letter. But I have no desire to "beat the drum" exclusively for my own creed. My spiritual meat may be your poison.

- 1.) Baha'i Headquarters/USA  
536 Sheridan Road  
Wilmette, Illinois
- 2.) Buddhist Churches of America  
1881 Pine Street  
San Francisco 9, California
- 3.) Oomoto Kyo General Headquarters  
Ayabe, Kyoto-fu, JAPAN.

All of us are living in an age of transition. Our present troubles are both the death pangs of the old civilization, and the birth pains of the new.

Edward F. Lacy III  
P. O. Box 805  
Houston 1, Texas

Dear Ray:

You wrote on page 114 of No. 29 SEARCH that "No radio-carbon

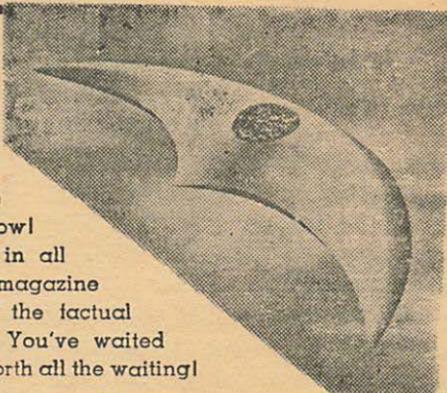
dating test made on any material tested to date can be positively identified to be pre-Flood."

As none of this pronouncement was un-italicized, I couldn't tell where your emphasis was, but I had to sound out the whole context of it to determine what point you meant to make. Of course the Roentgen level of antedeluvian days has not been revealed by any angelic historoscope visible to us illusionees, so we are not sure whether or not most of the radio-isotopes which are naturally radioactive had been at the bottom of the Earth's atmosphere at that time.

The theory of Isaac Newton Vail (1840-1912) held that the Earth was originally thinly clouded over by a huge atmosphere of spatial snow, which probably accounts for a frictional synchronism of the moon's rotary period with its own orbital period. This snow, by celestial dynamics, gradually formed equatorial concentrations which resembled Saturn's rings and obeyed Roche's inner-limit law, but in a different magnitude from what is observed concerning Saturn. Periodic descents of this snow formed our Ice Age epochs, and also much of the coral-depth quantity of the Pacific Ocean's water as well as our inland fresh-water lakes.

But at Noah's time the last ring of fused ice had yet to break apart,

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crash and melt down sufficiently to cause catastrophic volcanic ruptures and torrential rains, but the foreseen date of deluvian judgment approached inexorably while Methuselah's wife was prolonged as a sign to corroborate the Authority of Noah's preaching.

The Flood, of which nearly the whole globe has some record, archaeologically, occurred in the year 1656 *Anno Adam*, or exactly 2344 B.C. How do I know this date? An engineer in Canada told me of his studies of the Book of Jasher, the Massoretic texts, and Josephus' Antiquities. By means of these sources he scaled the chronologies accurately, and came to the conclusion that Christ was indeed born in 4 B.C., but this date is 3996 A.A. The sixth day of Reconstruction had been exactly 4000 B.C., not 4004 B.C.

The Flood ended in 1657 A.A. or exactly 2343 B. C. Adding to the latter figure both 4 and the 1949 years on the other side of B.C. Zero, you will get as total 4292 years. (1949 A.D. is when I hope everyone will be reading this.)

The half-life of carbon-14 is greater than 4292 years—5700 years to be exact. I consult the 36th edition of the *Handbook of Chemistry and Physics*, my own copy. There is a rather complete table of all known isotopes therein.

Let me point out to you some rather long half-lives of *naturally-occurring* radioactivity (You said, you remember, that no half-life can be longer than 6000 years.)

Potassium is the lightest of those elements among whose isotopes natural radioactivity is found. A statistical average of about 1.4 *billion* years is required for half of any pure sample of potassium-40 to change into calcium-40, sending out a 1.4 Mev beta-electron per atom decaying. If you have the right kind of geiger counter and a slide-rule you could compute from the average clicking frequency a figure rather close to one billion. The calculus of radioactivity is very sound.

Next we come to rubidium-87, half of which requires 60 *billion* years to decay by a similar process (beta emission) to a kind of strontium-87 which in turn undergoes a rapid change called "isomeric transition" (half-life: 2.8 hours) and thus becomes the stable strontium-87 which is 6.96% of all strontium.

The next "natural" in the table is indium-115, probably all of which came via isomeric transition (half-life: 4.5 hours) from a form of indium-115 which originated from cadmium-115. The naturally-radioactive indium-115 has a half-life of 600 *trillion* years.

Tin-124 is the most stable of the

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natural radio-isotopes, because it has the longest of the half-lives among this class. 17 *quadrillion* years must drag by before half of a sizeable sample of tin-124 changes into antimony-124! Need I give further proof?

The procedures for determining the half-life constant include college calculus, chemical lab work, and reliable electronics. These procedures, raked over by thousands of smart men, must be rather error-proof, don't you think? I wonder if you have much spare time for the reading of textbooks on this subject. Seemingly not.

Sacrificable samples of a relic are first ground and dehydrated, and then charred or baked thoroughly in an electric furnace or better yet, in a microwave furnace. There should be plenty of carbon-14 left for a series of counter clicks from which a statistically certain average of click frequency may be found and then entered into the calculation of the disintegration constant, using an exponential formula or rather, a logarithm formula. Weighing is quite accurate down to a tenth of a milligram. At every step of the problem there is enough certainty to insure a very close prediction of the true value. The half-life is equal to 0.693 divided by the disintegration constant. The latter

depends on what happens deep inside an atom, and so is not in the least affected by such low-energy phenomena as temperature changes and chemical reactions. The half-life is a time factor which *cannot* give change. It is a statistical quantity.

How old is that petrified log that they found in Wisconsin, by which the time of the Great Lakes ice sheet was estimated? Was it 40,000 years? That is a great deal older than Adamic Man on the Earth. The Bible is actually not in disagreement with prehistoric geological epochs, because I find a one-to-one correspondence between the description of "leviathan" in Job 41 and Smithsonian's artistic representation of the King of Tyrant Lizards, "tyrannosaurus rex". See for yourself! I think that the purpose of prehistoric monsters' existence was to assist in gleaning the poisonous sulfur compounds from the soils of moraine and volcanic ash, to render the soil more suitable for other classes of plant and animal life to emerge ages later. We ought to have available a radio-calcium dating method, too. But the difficulty there is that radio-calcium 41 is the only calcium isotope with a sufficiently long half-life, namely 120 thousand years, as against 152 days or much less time, and that the existence of calcium-41 would have to depend

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on a rather *artificial* causation, a decay by the positron-emission in scandium-41, which in turn could hardly come into existence at all except by very unusual circumstances. There is no isotope which decays into scandium-41.

So there you are. Nature seems to be very uncooperative with chronologists in the field of tracer-isotope paleontology. Maybe a suitable radio-isotope could be discovered in prehistoric bones, but this is extremely doubtful. Bones contain phosphorus, but 100% of it is phosphorus-31, which perhaps comes from either silicon-31 (beta emitting) or else sulfur-31 (positron emitting), but both of these have extremely short half-lives of less than 3 hours. Sigh! Oxygen? Nope; no soap.

V. M. Waage  
811½ East 4th St.  
Duluth 5, Minn.

*We have a hunch that you're going to start an argument, and since you are out of our depth with radioactive tin, etc, (we were speaking only of the heavy elements which CAUSED the radioactivity in the lighter, such as carbon, whereas you give a personal radioactivity to all elements), we will let others of our readers take up the subject. It should be interesting! Radioactivity in lighter elements is an infection from heavier,*

*unstable elements, (opinion).—Rap.*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Since Howard Neuberger, Jehovah's Witnesses minister makes such obvious use of *Search's* letter columns, exhorting everyone within hearing that "Jehovah" is the right and only God and that The Watch Tower society's of Brooklyn Emanation' are the only and right explanations of the Christian Bible I should like to pose a question straight to Mr. Neuberger, Jehovah Witness minister's door.

I have read in the "Truth" book put out by this Watch Tower Society in their own words (please note Mr. Neuberger) they say that "God is A Spirit", and get this point and get it well. The very small adjective "A" like for example "A" apple, does not mean the one and only apple. It could mean any number of apples such as Jonathan, Rome Beauty and a score or more of other apples. So if "God is a Spirit" as Jehovah's witnesses claim then the deduction follows that their "Jehovah" is "A" God, one of the many Gods and not the "one and only" as the Witnesses claim. Refute that if you can Mr. Neuberger, for it turns out that after all "Jehovah" is just one of the many Gods.

Name withheld

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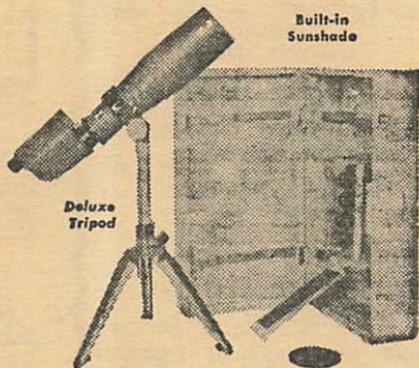
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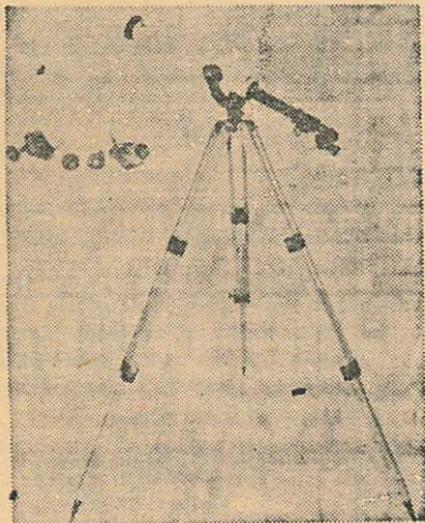


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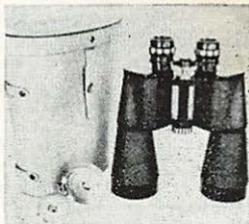
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