

SEARCH

MAGAZINE

October
1963

35¢



THE MYSTERY OF THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL MUMMY

WARNED BY A GHOST



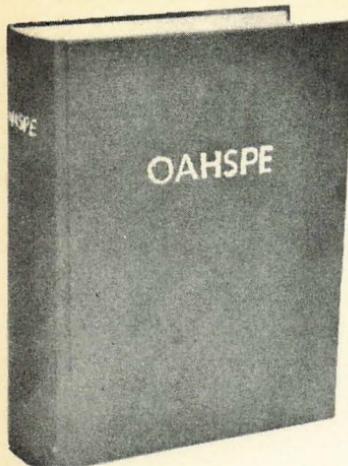
THE SECRET OF
NIGHTMARE MOUNTAIN

THE WHITE HORSE



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REINCARNATION

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Perhaps the best way to describe OAHSPE is in the words of the book itself: "A sacred history of the dominions of the higher and lower heavens on the Earth for the past twenty-four thousand years, being from the submersion of the continent of Pan in the Pacific Ocean, commonly called the Flood or Deluge, to the Kosmon (present) Era. Also a brief history of the preceding fifty-five thousand years, together with a synopsis of the cosmogony of the Universe; the creation of the planets; the creation of man; the unseen worlds; the labor and glory of gods and goddesses in the ethereal heavens; with the new commandments of Jehovah to man of the present day. With revelations from the second resurrection, formed in words in the thirty-third year of the Kosmon Era." The purpose of the book is: "To teach mortals how to attain to hear the Creator's voice, and to see His heavens, in full consciousness, whilst still living on the earth; and to know of a truth the place and condition awaiting them after death."

Ray Palmer,
Rt. 2, Box 36,
Amherst, Wisconsin

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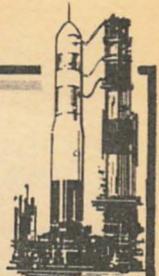
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EDITORIAL



IT IS NOT too often that a truly sensational story actually happens to your editor. There have been some in the past, and their number has been unusual. It cannot be said that we lead a dull life. But nothing has happened to us in the past which can begin to equal the adventure that began for us in 1960 at Niagara Falls. Here we were presented with a phenomenal mystery which assumed immediate importance and was immediately acceptable to us as a truth, because it conformed 100% to what we have been pleased to call, in the past, our "FACT"; and which upon pressure from some readers, we elaborated to include the word "TRADITION". With this "fact" we are able to determine almost instantly the sincerity of anything unusual that comes to us. Such as a reader describing a flying saucer he saw - we know from comparison of his

account to this "tradition" that he is telling the truth, or he is not. In short, a saucer sighting must conform to the "tradition", or the "fact", or it is NOT a fact. We've been opportunized many times to reveal our "deciding factor", and we've pointed out that it is a very valuable tool which would immediately become totally useless if its nature was known. For example, let us assume Chicago was an underwater city, and only your editor knew it was under water. Anyone who told of a visit to Chicago and failed to mention water would most certainly be telling an untruth, particularly if he said he flew there and landed atop the post office.

It was that way at Niagara Falls, Canada, at the Niagara Falls Museum. The sign outside said: "See the Egyptian Mummies". When we went inside to see, we saw the FACT itself! There he lay, in his

sarcophagus, a most astounding mummy named General Ossipum-phnoferu. We had no time to investigate thoroughly then, but we determined to return, and in 1962 we did. Only to be confronted with the fact that somebody else must know the fact, and was doing something about it.

Surely many people are now going to conclude that Ray Palmer has finally gone off his rocker. They are going to challenge him, ridicule him, or maybe worse. But for once whatever they do will be welcome. Because this is the world's biggest mystery. It is a part of the "Great Secret" which very soon now can no longer be kept secret. The world around us is not what we think it is. It is much more. And the time is coming surely when every person on Earth will know it is much more. Also, this Earth now is not what it once was. Our past is not known except in great error. We are unaware of our true heritage. But we ARE heirs!

Somewhere among our readers there are those who can help to solve the mystery. Although we could not write even a tenth part of what we know about the mummy pictured on the front cover, nor could we even begin to document, at this time, what we have already said in the article in this issue, we decided to start the ball rolling. To those who think we have made some wild statements of a purely

imaginative nature, take care! True, we haven't documented, but we CAN! We do not, because we must hold back a final clincher. The very nature of this mystery is that it is a "varmint" which may "shy off", run scared. As long as we don't document, it will feel that it is safe from apprehension. It cannot feel otherwise, because it feels it knows there is no documentation. Also, it has been approached so many times, without anything happening, by this source, that it scorns it.

To anyone who has studied the most ancient of ancient civilizations on this planet, it is probably the Egyptian which is the most glamorous. But it is Egyptian which is also the most confused. We find numerous books written, with precise chronologies, and none of them are actually precise. Some of them disagree violently, but NONE of them disagree on anything but the ultra-conservative side. For instance, none of them dare place a sufficient time-gap between the Third and Fourth Dynasties. None of them dare to suggest that some Dynasties have been misplaced by thousands of years. None of them do more than suggest that perhaps some Dynasties have been made co-existent and contemporary, and thus there isn't enough time allotted to the entire Egyptian history. But the trouble is, the time allotted is dogmatically fenced in by bound-

aries that cause inescapable paradoxes. We find ruins obviously not only very ancient, but of long duration of functional existence, and of a civilization far too developed to fit into the timetable. In order to make them fit (an example is the ancient city of Petra, the city of Rose Stone) it has been necessary to place them at much later dates, to conform to an orderly evolution of civilization from the most primitive, to the most glorious (the Age of the General, for instance). No one seems to advance the opinion that the progression was not orderly. And certainly no one suggests there were more than one orderly progression!

We read of the Exodus, in the Bible. We try to fit all the "miracles" of the Bible of that day into the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. And investigators like Velikovsky (and Waltarri) find themselves under fire and the butt of ridicule for even mentioning the events which cannot be fitted in. Velikovsky has a comet coming into the solar system, and being captured by the sun, eventually becoming our planet Venus. But he is forced to place it at the time of Moses (and perhaps properly so, IF Moses is not in his proper time!). He has to offend astronomers with a recent date for what can only be a more ancient event. Mathematicians doodle with graphs and figures and orbits and snort -

because they haven't enough time to complete the necessary orbits. But the time IS there, and once we discover where that time is, where it has gone, how it went, we will be able to bring order out of the chaos that is ancient history, not only the Egyptian, but all the rest of the world.

We have such things as an Egyptian culture far more ancient than a Chinese, and the Chinese with a couple of thousand years more to move about in. But we force ourselves to say the Chinese is more ancient, because we have committed ourselves to a chronology far too insufficient to dispute the Chinese calendar.

The Bible tells us of a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of flame by night, guiding Moses and his twelve tribes out of Egypt, continuing for forty years. But astronomers refuse the Bible the scientific confirmation of the biblical story by eliminating the only scientific possibility for the creation of such a pillar, except that of a mystic event such as "God placed a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of flame by night, to watch over the Israelites." This places the event into the category of that to be doubted because it isn't scientific.

The human ego is a strange thing. It hates to be shown up in an embarrassing light. It hates to be proved to be foolish, inept, in-

TWO WAYS TO BE

ON TOP OF THE NEWS



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accurate, misguided. It will fight tooth and nail to support a theory devised by itself, even after it is patently untenable. It will resort to deceit and even violence to offset an opposing theory, or an opposing fact. It is like the gasoline company that buys a patent on a motor that will run 100 miles on a gallon of gas, and then keeps the motor from being manufactured, because it wants to continue to sell gasoline. Right isn't right, in this case, but opportunism rules.

There are, on this Earth, millions of people who still swear by the Bishop Usshur's chronology of creation which says the Earth began on October 3, at noon, (we may be misquoting a few hours or days) on 4,004 B.C. To these diehards, the scientific fact of

carbon dating is something they will not recognize. If a carbon dating test comes out to an age for some artifact of 12,000 years, it is the carbon test that is wrong, not the Bishop Usshur. And if the good Bishop were alive today, he would excommunicate the scientist with the carbon!

What would happen if General Ossipumphnoferu was given the carbon test? Would that date of 1530 B.C. hold up? However, if this isn't the real General, we are stymied, aren't we?

Here is a thought, though. It isn't generally recognized, but the carbon dating technique itself depends on a system of chronology which is in error to begin with. A geologic calendar has been set up that forces the radioactive de-



AKHENATEN AND NEFRETITI

carry rates into a preconceived pattern. And if the pattern is wrong, perhaps the 1530 dating would hold up, and still be centuries, thousands of years, off. Because the date 1530 B.C. may itself be off base by thousands of years.

We never hear of carbon datings that are embarrassing for the scientist as well, because they involve the more ancient readings. So we are told the system is accurate only to a point. Only to a point where confusion has always reigned, and with no accurate base on which to stand, we are ourselves

misplaced, hopelessly lost and unable to read our roadmap.

The General represents a perfection of the embalmer's art that not even the Great Dynasties of Egypt could match. If they had been able to, they would have used the technique on General Ossi's ruler, the Pharaoh. But the Pharaoh lies in dust and mould and bones, while his subject sleeps in death as he appeared in life.

But does the great warrior of the cataracts of the Nile still sleep beside the cataract of the Niagara?

Rap.

World's Most



NIAGARA FALLS - who has not heard of this magnificent cataract, one of the Wonders of the World? But how many have heard of General Ossipumphnoferu? Not you, we'll wager! But you should! And if you have visited the Falls, you had the chance. The

General is there, and he has been there since 1860. President Lincoln saw him. Daniel Webster saw him. General Ulysses S. Grant, King Edward VII, Jenny Lind, P.T. Barnum, and even Mickey Mantle saw him.

General Ossipumphnoferu was

Unusual Mummy



the famed warrior who was general in chief of Pharaoh Tuthmosis III (or Thothmes, or Thothemes), who was one of the mightiest of the rulers of Egypt during the Classic Period which began with the XVIIIth Dynasty in 1570 B.C. and terminated with the XXth Dynasty in

1085 B.C., also known as Ancient Egypt's "New Empire". Egypt had several "Empires", of which the "New Empire" was the third great civilization of known Egyptian history. However, not all of Egypt's history is known, and the chronology of that portion which is known

to us is generally conceded to be an inextricable mixup in which thousands of years may be misplaced.

He is as famous today (among those who know of him) as he was when he lived 3400 (?) years ago, because he is the world's most perfectly preserved mummy. After 34 centuries his hair and facial features remain amazingly clear and comprehensible, just as he is pictured on the front cover of this magazine. Even a scar on his forehead, sustained when he fought a runaway elephant to protect his ruler, Tuthmosis III. The operation performed on his skull cannot be excelled by surgeons even today.

Julius Carlebach, president of the Carlebach 1961 Gallery Inc., of New York City, said this of the General's mummy: "This is one of the most beautiful mummies I have ever seen." As the leading U.S. dealer in primitive, Oriental and archaic art, Julius Carlebach said the General "is practically a life likeness without any damaging features, and luxuriously preserved. He appraises the old warrior as one of the most valuable specimens in the archaeological world. This may well be the understatement of all time when the true facts regarding this mummy are discovered.

Many other Egyptologists the world around have marvelled at General Ossipumphnoferu's fantastic state of preservation. There

is no mummy in all the world to equal or even approach him. He lies in an open case decorated with geometric designs and inscriptions, while near him is his original Sarcophagus.

He was 60 years old when he died, but during his life he performed military feats that ranked among the most brilliant in ancient history, or perhaps in modern history. He led the forces of Tuthmosis III (sometimes also called Tethmosis) against Syrian rebels and quelled their organized resistance. He planned and executed the six carefully-planned campaigns that led to the conquest of Kadesh in Syria and across the Euphrates into the territory of the Hurrian King of Mitanni. His annals of warfare record 17 separate campaigns in Palestine, Phoenicia and Syria (as far as Lower Orontes) and Northern Mesopotamia, listing immense booty and tribute exacted from the vanquished peoples of those ancient lands. He was continually in front of his troops, and led the storming of the fortress of Karkemish on the Euphrates. He was injured during the campaign of Northern Mesopotamia, but won the battle. It was following this victory that Thothmes (Tuthmosis III) decided on the elephant hunt that resulted in the general's heroic defense of the king and his injury from the elephant's trunk. During the service of Ossipumph-

noferu (1501-1447 B.C.), Egypt became the master of an empire reaching to the Amanus mountains. Because of his brilliant military strategy, Tuthmosis III became the greatest of all Pharoahs.

Tuthmosis III erected a palace near his own for his favorite general, and when he died, entombed him with royal honors in the Pharoah's own tomb. And apparently he reserved for the General alone, excluding even himself and members of his family, the most perfect example of the preservation art in all the world's history. The secret of such embalming methods is unknown today.

The mummy was brought to the Niagara Falls museum in 1960 by Dr. J. Douglass of Quebec after Colonel Sydney Barnett journeyed to Egypt to acquire some antiquities, including mummies, and experienced trouble in bringing them out of that country. The mummies, seven in number, were donated to the Museum by Dr. Douglass.

In addition to the General, there was a collection of Royalty unequalled anywhere in the world, even today. It was not until 1923 when King Tut's tomb was opened, that any royalty at all was recovered from tombs robbed centuries before by vandals. Thus when Luther R. March, one of the world's greatest authorities on Egyptian antiquities says: "I consider your collection of mummies

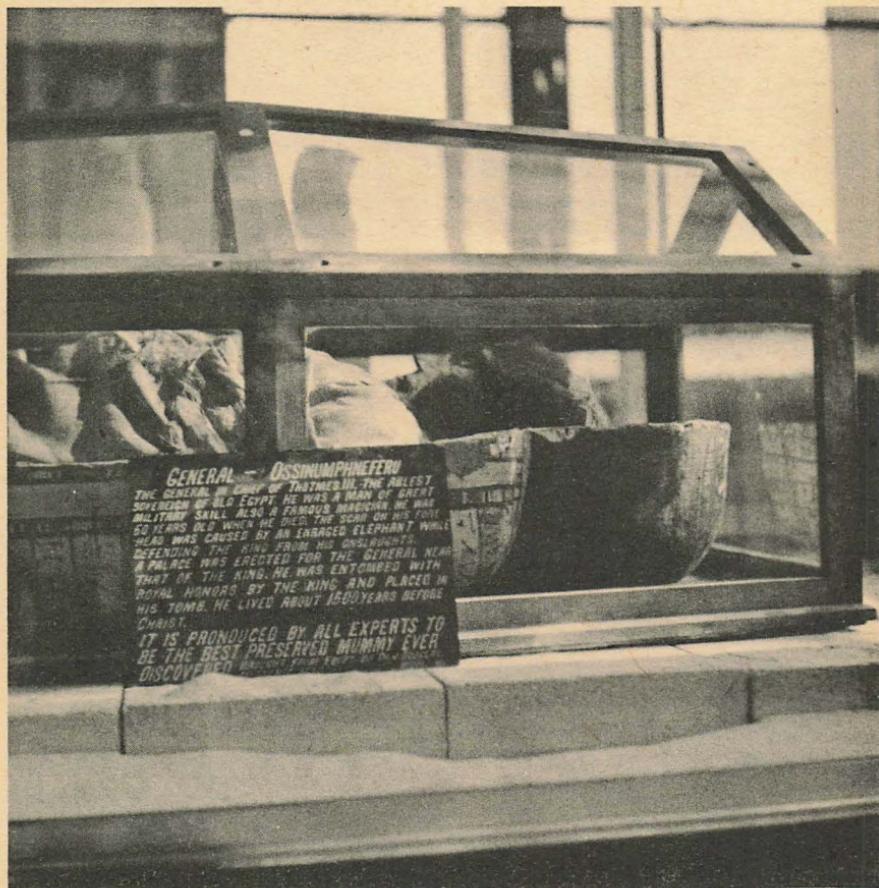
the most ancient and most valuable known", it is a true statement, and may also be one of understatement in a respect not suspected by those to whom he made the statement, especially in regard to their ancient origin. Mr. March also stated: "Your collection is more ancient by many reigns and is of more illustrious personages. I cannot but think as I told you when studying your mummies, that you have an independent fortune in the glass case." Not too many persons noted that he was specific in describing the mummies' value, limiting his greatest valuation to one "glass case". He was, of course, referring to General Ossipumphnoferu. It is a matter of fact that P.T. Barnum offered the Egyptian government \$100,000 for the privilege of exhibiting Rameses II at the Chicago World's Fair, and the mummy of Rameses II is a sorry comparison of excellence and cannot even be sufficiently unwrapped to show its sad state of deterioration, whereas the mummy of the General could be entirely unwrapped without damage.

Among the "family" of mummies on exhibit with the famed "General Ossi" are the following:

Osissupthfe, Priest of Thothmes III (Tuthmosis, etc), who was regarded as the greatest magician and astronomer in Egypt. He was consecrated at the age of 5 years to the priesthood by his parents

whose name he was never permitted to know, and whose own name was given to him by the college of priests. He lived to a good old age about 1500 B.C. At least the foregoing is the inscription on the card placed beside the mummy. However, the guide book of the

museum has this to say, and we wonder at the difference: "Here we find the Vizier, Osissupthfe, Priest of Tuthmosis I (circa 1530 B.C.). His mummy provides us with a journey to the First Period of the New Empire of Egypt, and, a look at the Pharaoh which was the



grandfather of General Ossipumphnoferu's monarch and leader. It was Tuthmosis I who subdued Nubia and the lower Sudan, extending his dominion beyond Napata - the centre just below the Fourth Cataract of the mighty Nile. The high priest provided the counsel with which the Pharaoh made the first of the great additions to the temple of the Theban Amon at Karnak, by far the greatest existing temple in the world. He was honored by being buried with Tuthmosis I, the first of a long line of kings to be buried in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. Tuthmosis I's half-sister, Hatshepsut, later married the dead Pharaoh's son and, still later, reigned for 22 years as co-regent with Tuthmosis III, General Ossipumphnoferu's commander-in-chief.

Princes Amen Hotep, daughter of King Amen Hotep III. She was about 22 when she died. All the golden dishes and records that were placed in her tomb were carried away by relic hunters. This is the reason nothing more has heretofore been known of her mummy. She lived in 1408 B.C. King Amen Hotep III was the great grandson of Tuthmosis III. The princess' father was a mighty builder, particularly at Thebes where his reign marked a new epoch in the history of the great temples. His fame resulted in a

lasting friendship with the rulers of Mitanni, Assyria and Babylonia, and a constant stream of tribute poured into Egypt to aid the princess' father in his great undertakings.

Septnests, wife of Amen Hotep IV. This mummy was placed in the tomb of Thothmes (spelling as recorded on card beside mummy) III about 1500 B.C. She was evidently deprived of life by inhaling poison from a golden flask which she supposed to be only perfume. Septnests was the sister-in-law of Princes Amen Hotep. Amen Hotep IV was Princess Amen Hotep's brother (circa 1370 B.C.) Septnests' husband succeeded his father as king and was destined to become what historians term "the most remarkable character in the long line of the Pharaohs." A religious fanatic, the king had been high priest of the sun-god at Heliopolis and had come to view the sun as the visible source of life, creation, growth and activity. He faithfully devoted himself to this symbol of life, changing his own name from Amen Hotep to Ikhnaton (King Akhenaton). Ikhnaton abandoned the capital at Thebes and Amon, building a new magnificent city at El Amarna in the plain of Hermopolis Magna. In the end, mounting insurrection and indolence resulted in his death in the 17th year of his reign, 1354 B.C. Sephest had borne him six

daughters, but no son.

The mummy of an infant of royal lineage. This was a child of the second King Knoum of the disk worshipers. The mother's name was Pthepnu. It was entombed with its mother. They died at the same time. Donated by Mr. Fale, New York, 1857.

Tuthseph, of whose mummy we have only the gilded head. She was the queen of Ramieses I (spelling on card) and mother of the great Seti I who was named after her. She was an Abyssinian princess of uncommon intellect. She brought to the palace of her husband an image of her god covered with beaten gold. At her death her husband caused her mummy to be gilded in honor of her god. The image was entombed with her. It was thought the greatest honor her king could bestow.

The seventh mummy is mentioned neither in the guide book or by card beside the mummy, and therefore cannot be identified here officially, but the mummy is there.

In order to illustrate graphically the picture of royalty as it is present in this exhibit in the Niagara Falls Museum we present the chart on opposite page. This is the Dynasty of Glory of Ancient Egypt, the 18th. It began with Amen Hotep I in 1580 B.C. and ended with Horemheb in 1322 B.C.

To those who have read Mikki

Waltari's great novel "The Egyptian", it is a matter of great interest that several of the characters in that book (and in the movie of the same name which became one of Hollywood's smash hits) can be seen in the mummified flesh at the Niagara Falls Museum. Princess Amen Hotep, and Sephnest- (wife of Ikhnaton and mother of six children).

In 1960 this writer visited Niagara Falls, and while there, noted the Museum and the sign outside which said: "See the Egyptian mummies". Because Egyptology and mummies have been of great interest over the years, I was intrigued, and rather amused, because it seemed rather outre' to consider that this little museum should contain any mummies of any importance, but rather most probably completely worthless bundles of rags, bones and dust. Imagine my surprise then, when I was confronted with General Ossipum-phnoferu. I have seen many of the best mummies in the world, in the world's great museums. I have seen pictures of those I have not been able to visit. Many of those in America I am sufficiently familiar with to be able to call them by nicknames and to recognize upon sight.

A hasty inspection of the other six mummies only served to increase the sense of shock and amazement, because each and

EGYPT's GREAT DYNASTY XVIII

AMENHOTEP I

c. 1570 B.C.

1580 B.C.-
-1322 B.C.

TUTHMOSIS I

c. 1530 B.C.

OSISSUPTHFE

The Grand Vizier

TUTHMOSIS II

c. 1501 B.C.

TUTHMOSIS III

c. 1447 B.C.

GENERAL
OSSIPUMPHNOFERU

*The Famed Warrior
Who Led His
King's Armies*

AMENHOTEP II

c. 1421 B.C.

TUTHMOSIS IV

c. 1411 B.C.

AMENHOTEP III

c. 1370 B.C.

PRINCESS AMENHOTEP

The Pharaoh's Daughter

AMENHOTEP IV

c. 1354 B.C.

SEPTHNESTP

Wife of the King

TUTANKAHMEN

*The First
Son-in-Law*

TUTENKHATON

*The Second
Son-in-Law*

AY, the Priest

*He Reigned
For Short Time*

HOREMHEB

*Last Pharaoh
Of the Dynasty*

every one of them was far superior to the best on exhibit anywhere else in the world.

While the rest of my family toured the museum in its entirety, I spent all of my time in the one room, with one exception - I visited an exhibit of artifacts labeled "mound-builders, 6-7,000 years old." This was another shock, because anyone who has visited the Field Museum in Chicago should be familiar with the Mound Builder exhibit there, from the famous Hopewell mounds. The age of those artifacts is given as approximately 1400 to 800 years, and to be Indian in nature. Of course, they are not. But to find them properly labeled here in this tiny museum far off the beaten archaeological path was a great surprise, and enough to have me chafing at the bit to know how it happened. However, my family was impatient, and I devoted all my time to staring at the mummies.

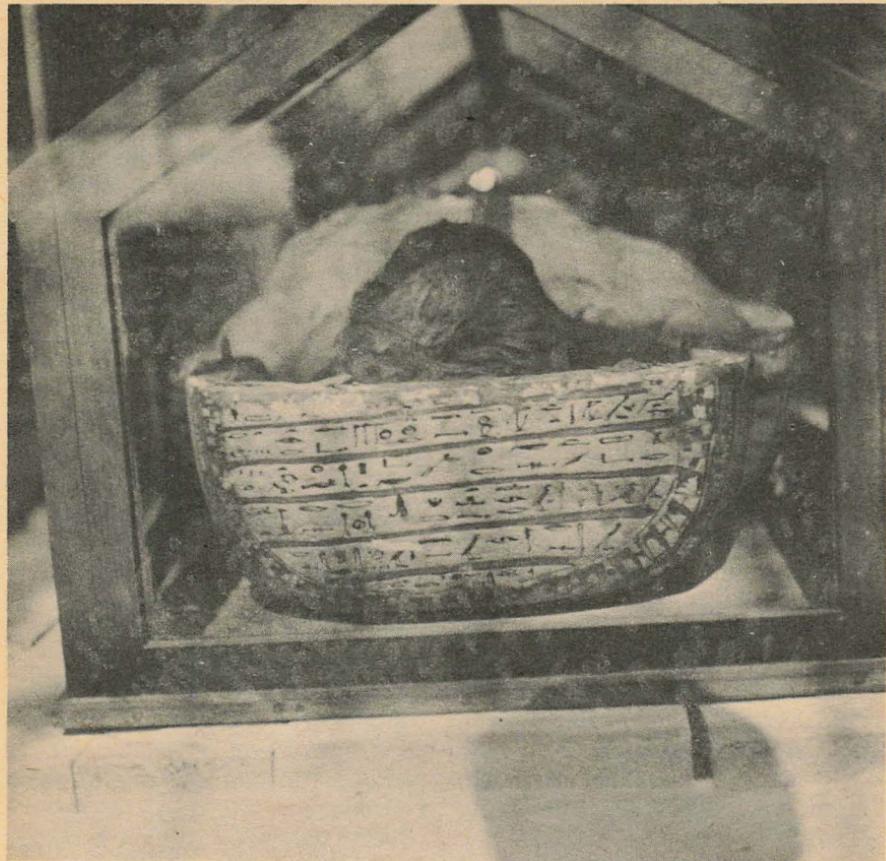
In 1962 I came back again, this time determined to have a more detailed look, and to find out why it was that so perfect a collection should exist at this place, unheralded, unrecorded, unknown - and unavailable to such as myself, interested greatly in known Egyptian relics. Although I felt I had read every scientific book and paper on Egyptology of any consequence, I had never seen any of these seven mummies either men-

tioned or pictured, although far inferior ones were extensively extolled.

As I approached the glass case in which the General was enclosed, I suffered a far greater shock than upon my first glimpse of him. What had happened to him? What had happened to my memory, my powers of observation? Why should my mental picture of him be so different than the actuality that now faced me?

First, he had apparently changed color. He was far blacker than he had been. No one could call him a "white man" now. And there were subtle other differences, evidences of possible irresponsible care, because this was not a mummy to marvel at although it still must rank as among the superior mummies. What had the attendants done to the world's finest mummy?

Hastily I toured the room, stared at the other seven mummies. Before I describe my impressions, I want to make it perfectly clear that my first inspection of these mummies was made in haste, and without any real concern to impress exact details on my mind, or without any inkling that such careful observation might be necessary, because I intended to return. Thus, It could be said that my memory was at fault, and like many casual observers, I had only a general impression which had suffered considerably by the passage



of time. But all the same, I want to put down here what I remember of the first visit to this exhibit, so that it can be compared to the exhibit as it existed in 1962.

Almost the first mummy I looked at was recognizable. I even uttered his "nickname" aloud:

"Old Bucktooth!" Old Bucktooth, the last time I had seen him, was far from Niagara Falls, Canada! And he is not a very good mummy. He is nicknamed Bucktooth because nothing is left of him but a skeleton, some grinning teeth, and some rags and dust.

I hurried on to the next mummy, which I remembered as being a woman and a child, mummified together, in one casing. Neither were to be found. There was a mummy of a child, mummified separately, and completely wrapped. There was a mummy of a woman, in a sad state of degeneration.

I searched for another mummy that had impressed me greatly upon my first visit - that of a negress whose hair had been done into literally a hundred tiny "pig-tails", as shining black and healthy (except for a deposit of museum dust) as when she had been alive. She had been the nurse of the princess and her dead offspring. But this mummy was no longer on exhibit.

Finally I found a mummy that apparently had not changed. A gilded head. But by this time I could have sworn to nothing. Even one I felt was the same as previously viewed, I could not make myself say definitely it actually was. But it seemed to be.

Bewildered, I went downstairs, and into the novelty shop where I had bought my ticket to view the museum. "What happened to the mummies?" I asked the attendant. "Nothing," he told me. "Those cases are kept locked, and they cannot be disturbed."

"I can see that," I said. "But I don't mean that. I mean where are the mummies that were there

two years ago?"

"They are still there."

"Haven't some of them been removed?"

"No."

But I persisted, and finally he said, as though as an after-thought, "Oh yes, a couple of them were removed to the United States."

Elated to discover that my memory had not completely failed me, and that my powers of scientific observation had not completely deserted me, I dropped the questioning, and asked if he had any curios for sale on the mummies, and literature, etc. He did indeed, and particularly recommended that I visit the post-card display, where General Ossi was available. I hastened to the display, and nearly jumped out of my skin. Here was General Ossipumphnoferu indeed! So I purchased a half-dozen of these postcard photos. You can see one of them reproduced on this magazine's cover, and you will have to admit that nowhere else in the world exists such a marvelous mummy.

I also picked up a pamphlet which mentioned that the museum had been moved to the United States in 1887, and had returned to Canada in 1958. Instantly I pictured the exhibit which recorded Abraham Lincoln's signature, among many others through the intervening years from 1960 to 1962

which said much the same thing that Lincoln wrote after his signature: "Your mummies are very fine, and so are your cataracts." In short, the mummies had always been at the Falls, and when you saw one, you saw the other. The story of a removal to the United States did not seem to make sense. Because of this, it is fitting that I give you the history of the museum so that you can see where I found myself letting my imagination run away from me, and the beginnings of a great mystery developing. Why would they say the museum had been somewhere else when it wasn't; and all this in the light of the confusion regarding the mummies?

An internationally famous institution, the Niagara Falls Museum was founded in 1827 at one of the world's most picturesque spots . . . Table Rock Plaza at the brink of the Horseshoe Falls in what is now the City of Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada. Not only is it comprised of the largest private collection on the continent, it is also the oldest museum of its kind in the Americas. The Niagara Falls Museum contains more than 700,000 exhibits and 2,000 pictures, including one of the finest mineral collections in existence.

The first stone building, which was an annex of the Niagara Falls Museum, stood near the scenic Niagara River Gorge and con-

tained the zoological exhibit while the museum itself was housed in a structure known as Table Rock House, built in 1827 and originally intended to serve as the residence of the founder, Thomas Barnett. Mr. Barnett had procured a large collection of valuable and rare specimens of natural history and other curios, both native and foreign.

In 1859 Mr. Barnett began construction of the costly edifice which surpassed all other buildings on the river front in superb architectural design. The magnificent building, the new Table Rock House, was of cut stone and cost upwards of \$150,000. The building was completed and opened in 1860, the year the Prince of Wales visited Canada. That same year, Colonel Sydney Barnett journeyed to Egypt to acquire some antiquities, including mummies. He experienced trouble in bringing them out of that country, but was able to acquire them through the efforts of Dr. J. Douglass of Quebec.

The property passed into the hands of Mr. Saul Davis in the year 1877.

Government acquisition of park properties in 1887 forced Mr. Davis to move the Niagara Falls Museum to the American side of the river in 1887, where a new building was dedicated the following year. In April, 1942, the institution was purchased from Dr.

Carlton Frank of Long Beach, Calif., a descendant of the founder, by the late Jacob Sherman, a resident of Niagara Falls, N.Y. The Niagara Falls Museum is now operated by Mrs. Sherman.

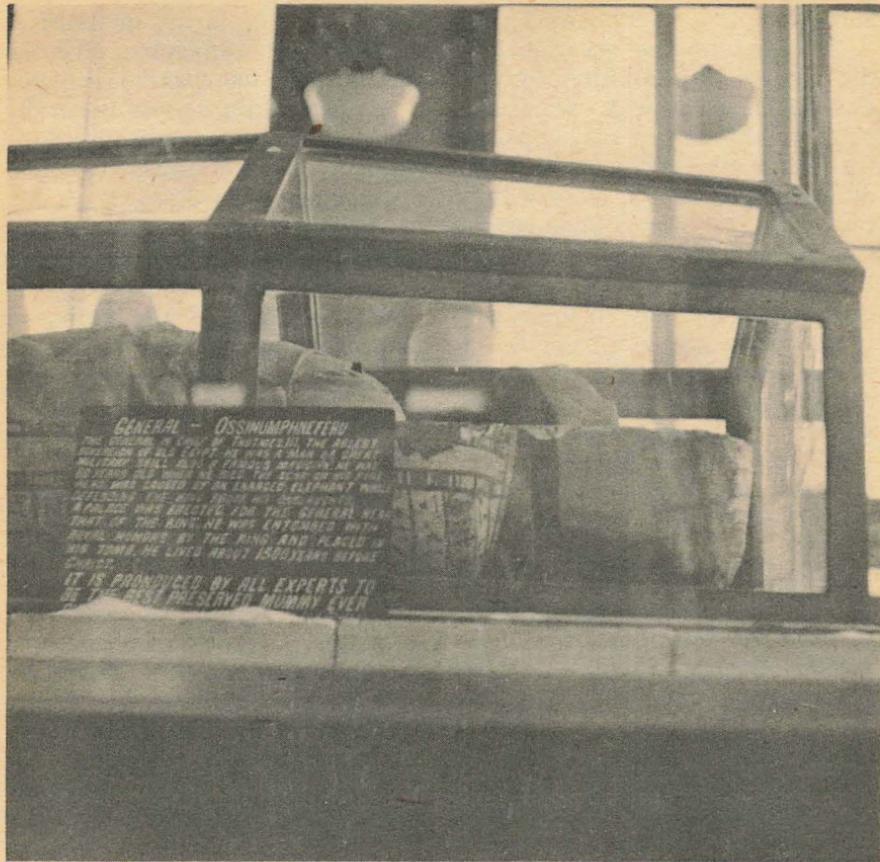
Parks area development, however, had history repeating itself in 1958 when the museum was again forced to move because of government land acquisitions. This time the Shermans selected the former Spirella Building at the Canadian end of the Rainbow Bridge, and the museum returned to Canada. Mrs. Sherman, herself, supervised the work of two taxidermists and three display experts assigned with the responsibility of refurbishing the exhibits and establishing them in new, colorful and brilliantly-lighted settings.

In its long history the Visitors' Registers of the Niagara Falls Museum have been signed by many hundreds of international personages - among them King Edward VII, Abraham Lincoln, General Ulysses S. Grant, Jenny Lind, P.T. Barnum, and even Mickey Mantle. All are exhibited in the "Wall of Fame" exhibit of the Museum.

I went out to my car now, and procured my camera. I purchased another ticket to the museum, and although taken rather aback by the sign that said, "No pictures may be taken in the Museum", I was determined to ignore the sign. I wanted pictures of the General to

take with me and compare with the postcard photo. I wanted pictorial evidence, not the hearsay of my faulty memory.

Reproduced here are three photos, all black-and-white reproductions of kodachrome color prints, taken by myself under the most difficult conditions imaginable. Lighting was atrocious, visitors kept getting in the way, and even taking it upon themselves to point out that I was ignoring a very obvious sign in the lobby below. The structure and bars and glass of the display cabinet seemed impossible to overcome. Reflections wiped out important parts of the face, of the wrappings, and bars got in the way. I even climbed atop a nearby exhibit and almost broke my neck falling off it, to get a shot from above, which I failed to get. But I did get three pictures, and if you will examine them closely, and compare them with the cover photo, you will begin to entertain doubts that the wrappings are the same wrappings in both cases. You will find no single wrapping or stitch which resembles the wrappings and stitches on the cover photo. But the wrappings could have been disarranged in cleaning the mummy, or in some rearrangement. And the distortion of glass, poor lighting, poor exposures, could make identical points seem less than identical.



Could, I say. But what about the fact that between 1960 and 1962 "some mummies" had been removed to the United States, according to a novelty clerk, but according to the Museum handbook itself, not so? And why would such a ridiculous subterfuge be practiced anyhow? What would be

gained by it? And if the substitutions were made secretly, and the valuable mummies stolen, would not the Museum owners raise one devil of a howl? And even if stolen, where would you sell them or even offer them for sale without being instantly apprehended? The question of such a

subterfuge is a great big WHY.

Because of this question, and the virtual impossibility of giving a reasonable answer, from this point on the reader may consider the writer to be highly imaginative, although nothing but facts will be presented. I claim nothing but the statement that here, in Niagara Falls Museum, exists the most mysterious mummy in the world! If only from the viewpoint that it seems incredible he should exist at all, given such initial care to preserve him, whereas his more important contemporaries were treated as "second-class citizens" and given an inferior embalming.

The more I thought about the mystery, the more things began to throng into my memory, all possessing the same fault - they had not been given strictly intent attention at the time, and memory could not be strictly depended upon. First, there was the matter of a writer named Mikki Waltari, who wrote a fiction story (presumably) about these very same characters of the 18th Dynasty. Hazily we remembered (and do not have the source at hand) that Waltari ran into some difficulty and opposition regarding his book, both from religious superiors and from scientists, and even from publishers. Yet his book was published, with some "changes", and became a best seller and was made

into a movie. Is my memory at fault when I remember that the character in the book "The Egyptian" named Sinhue was in reality Moses, who was drawn out of the Nile in a basket in the identical circumstances as Sinhue?

Another memory, source now still unlocated, which details an old writing as outlining the deeds of Moses while he was Prince of the royal house of Pharoah, which included a series of wonderful military conquests, almost identical to those performed by General Ossipumpnoferu?

And what about the "legend" that Moses actually succeeded his foster father and became Pharoah of Egypt and reigned for twenty years until he gave up the throne to return to his own people and to lead them from Egyptian bondage? What about the strange similarity in the names of Pharoahs, all mixed up in a chronology expert Egyptologists sadly admit may never be sensibly unraveled, such as Tuthmosis, Ahmosis, Ramese, etc.?

Why is it that, while the burial place of Moses is very explicit in the bible, his tomb has never been found? Or has it? With the newspaper story I present immediately following, the "plot" seems to thicken even more, and the bewilderment to grow. I present the newspaper story here, word for word.

Pyramid Find In Jordan May Be Linked To Moses

AMMAN, Jordan (AP)—A South American archaeological expedition has unearthed a pyramid in the wilderness, about 21 miles south of Amman, which it believes is associated with Moses.

The pyramid—about 140 feet high with walls 95 feet wide—is the biggest single structure ever unearthed in Trans-Jordan or Canaan.

It was discovered by a Venezuelan expedition led by Prof. Julio Ripamonti, of the Venezuela Central University.

Ripamonti told The Associated Press that the pyramid dates to the late bronze age, around 1250 B.C. Inside is another smaller building, and in between the two are 12 small chambers which he believes may represent the 12 tribes of Israel.

Ripamonti said the outer pyramid was built with walls six feet thick.

From the top of the pyramid facing west it was possible to view Jerusalem and Bethlehem in the distance.

Ripamonti believes Moses' tomb may be found under the pyramid or in one of the rooms. Excavations will resume next August.

South of the pyramid a sizable cave with a limed ceiling was found. In it were bronze-age pottery and human skulls and bones. Inside the cave is a tunnel in the direction of the pyramid, leading

to a bigger cave—still unexcavated.

East of the pyramid an olive press or wine press was unearthed to indicate that the now barren area was cultivated 3,000 years ago.

The professor conducted Jordan's King Hussein around his discovery. Ripamonti showed Hussein large pieces of wood of all types used in pyramid building, including bamboo in a wonderful state of preservation.

A huge rock basin and a stone with an undecipherable inscription also were discovered.

Next to the mountain is a deep ravine known today as Wadi Afarit, (Devil's Ravine).

"This was my first clue," Ripamonti said, "because according to Jude of the New Testament, Moses' body was disputed between the Archangel Michael and the devil."

Ripamonti has not found Angel Valley but in the vicinity there is today a Wadi Dnayes (Churches Valley).

Ripamonti said that if the pyramid was not Moses' tomb, it might be a memorial to mark the site where Moses first saw the promised land, or to mark the place where he died.

Alternatively it might be a temple for Bethpeor, in which case Moses' tomb should be somewhere nearby.

Isn't it strange that a pyramid so large that Jerusalem and Bethlehem can be seen from its top was unknown up to now, and that it is suspected of being the tomb of Moses? Why suspect that it is? There seems to be no reason to have that suspicion. Also, why, if this is such an important find, is excavation discontinued, only to be resumed a year later (this August, 1963)? Could it be that a mummy that "disappears" at Niagara Falls, Canada, might be "dug up" in a pyramid near Jerusalem?

By now the experts and the scientists have left me. Perhaps many readers have also left me. I can only sigh and say let them go. I am obsessed by a mystery that

I must solve. And I ask that anyone who reads this who can either add to the evidence, or refute any part of it, will not fail to do so. I would rather be proved a victim of too vivid an imagination, than go on wondering if there actually is a great mystery.

And if it would all be true, we are again faced with that irking little word "Why?"

If Moses is dug up in that pyramid, this is one writer and amateur Egyptologist who is going to go take a good long look at him.

Mikki Waltari, what have you got to say? Mr. Velikovsky, author of *Worlds In Collision*, what have you got to say?

(To be continued! - Author)



Pharaohs Had Toothaches

ANN ARBOR, Mich. (AP) — Pharaoh Rameses II had king-sized toothaches.

The mighty ruler of ancient Egypt, with untold wealth and power at his command, apparently suffered from painfully abscessed teeth.

THIS WAS ONE of several tentative observations reported Thursday by a University of Michigan researcher who took 250 dental X rays of the royal mummies in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo.

The X rays were taken with a portable unit using a nuclear energy power source, said Dr. James Harris, University of Michigan professor of dentistry. Co-investigator in the hitherto unannounced project was Dr. Samir Loutfy, professor of orthodontics at the University of Alexandria, Egypt.

The plates show, Harris said, that Rameses II suffered from an "extreme case of destructive periodontal disease."

"His teeth were badly abscessed, and he had a marked loss of alveolar bone tissue. The teeth also are badly worn, possibly as a result of a coarse diet," he added.

Harris said most of the pictures were shot through the glass and oak display cabinets which protect the mummies, some of which are more than 3,500 years old. Exposure time for each X ray was three minutes or more, he said.

The pictures are the first lateral X rays ever taken of the full head to reveal the teeth and facial structures of the once all-powerful and divine pharaohs and queens of ancient Egypt.

INCLUDED AMONG the pharaohs X-rayed were Merenptah, whom legend says drove the Israelites out of Egypt; Sety I, one of the great warrior kings, and Sekenere III, who helped push the Hyksos from Egypt.

Rameses, builder of Abu Simbel and many other monuments

is reputed to be the pharaoh who resigned when Moses was born. He ruled for 66 years and may have been in his 90's when he died about 1232 B.C.

Preliminary examination of the X-ray plates, Harris said, has revealed new facts about the pharaohs and raised some baffling questions.

Many of the ancient rulers show a distinct malocclusion, or misalignment, of the jaws, according to Harris. In layman's language this would mean an incorrect bite.

"Their lower jaws are in a posterior relation to their upper jaws," he said. "This is the exact type of malocclusion we find in modern civilized man, but it is strange to find it in a person from more than 3,000 years ago."

Harris said some of the royal mummies have cavities in their teeth, but the X rays show no evidence that they were filled or repaired in any way.

6-21-63 (part)

Attention 1967 Graduate in the following areas:

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- MECHANICAL ENGINEERS
- ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

Thirty Years Among The Dead

by Dr. Carl A. Wickland, M.D.
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(3rd Installment)

Chapter III SUBCONSCIOUS MIND AND AUTO-SUGGESTION

During thirty years of indefatigable research among the "dead", such startling conditions have been revealed that it seems incredible intelligent reasoners, along with other lines of thought, could have so long ignored the simple facts which can so readily be verified. There is utter impossibility of fraud in these experiences; foreign languages totally unknown to Mrs. Wickland are spoken, expressions never heard by her are used, while the identity of the controlling spirits has again and again been verified and corroborations innumerable have been made.

On one occasion, I conversed with twenty-one different spirits who spoke through my wife, the majority giving me satisfactory evidence of being certain friends and relatives known to me while they were incarnated. In all, they spoke

six different languages, while my wife spoke only Swedish and English.

From one patient, Mrs. A., who was brought to us from Chicago, thirteen different spirits were dislodged and allowed to control Mrs. Wickland, and of these, seven were recognized by the patient's mother, Mrs. H. W., as relatives or friends well known to her during their lives.

One was a minister, formerly pastor of the Methodist church of which Mrs. H. W. was a member, who had been killed in a railroad accident nine years previous, but was still unconscious of the fact; another was her sister-in-law; there were also three elderly women, family friends for years, a neighbor boy, and the mother-in-law of the patient, - - all entirely unknown to Mrs. Wickland.

Mrs. H. W. conversed at length with each one, as they spoke through Mrs. Wickland, verifying

innumerable statements made by the spirits and assisted in bringing them to a realization of their changed condition, and of the fact that they had been obsessing her daughter. This patient is today entirely well and actively occupied with social, musical and family affairs.

Another case will show clearly the transfer of psychosis from patient to intermediary, and the impossibility of either "subconscious mind" or "multiple personalities" playing any role as far as the psychic is concerned.

One summer evening we were called to the home of Mrs. M., a lady of culture and refinement; she was a musician of high rank and when the social demands made upon her proved too great, she suffered a nervous breakdown. She had become intractable and for six weeks had been in such a raving condition that her physician had been unable to relieve her, and day and night nurses were in constant attendance.

We found the patient sitting up in her bed, crying one minute like a forlorn child, and again screaming in fear: "Matilla! Matilla!" Then suddenly fighting and struggling, she would talk a wild gibberish of English and Spanish, (the latter a language of which she had no knowledge).

Mrs. Wickland immediately gave her psychic diagnosis, saying the case was unquestionably one of obsession, and this was unexpectedly confirmed when Mrs. Wick-

land, who was standing at the foot of the bed, with wraps on ready to leave, was found to be suddenly entranced. We placed her on a davenport in the music room, where for two hours I talked in turn with several spirits who had just been attracted from the patient.

There were three spirits, -- a girl named Mary, her suitor, an American, and his Mexican rival, Matilla. Both of the men had vehemently loved the girl, and as fiercely hated each other. In a jealous rage one had killed the girl, and then in a desperate fight the two rivals had killed each other.

All were unaware of being "dead", although Mary said, weeping wretchedly: "I thought they were going to kill each other, but here they are, still fighting."

This tragedy of love, hatred and jealousy had not ended with physical death; the group had unconsciously been drawn into the psychic atmosphere of the patient, and the violent fighting had continued within her aura. Since her nervous resistance was exceedingly low at this time, one after the other had usurped her physical body, with a resulting disturbance that was unexplainable by her attendants.

With great difficulty, the three spirits were convinced that they had lost their physical bodies, but at last they recognized the truth and were taken away by our invisible co-workers.

Meanwhile the patient had arisen, and speaking rationally to the astonished nurse, walked quiet-

ly about her room. Presently she said: "I am going to sleep well to-night," and returning to bed, fell asleep without the usual sedatives, and rested quietly throughout the night.

The following day, attended by a nurse, she was brought to our home; we dismissed the nurse, discarded her medicine, and after an electrical treatment, the patient had her dinner in the general dining room with the other patients, and that evening attended a function given in our social hall.

Another spirit was removed from her the next day; this was a little girl who had been killed in the San Francisco earthquake, and who cried constantly, saying she was lost in the dark. It is needless to add that she was comforted and promptly cared for by spirit friends who had been unable to reach her while she was enmeshed in the aura of a psychic sensitive.

After some months of treatment, rest and recuperation, the patient returned to her home and resumed her normal life again.

One of our early experiences in Chicago occurred on the 15th of November, 1906. During one of our psychic circles, Mrs. Wickland, entranced by a strange entity, fell prostrate to the floor, and remained in a comatose condition for some time. The spirit was at last brought to the front, and acted as though in great pain, repeatedly saying:

"Why didn't I take more carbolic acid? I want to die; I'm so tired of living."

In a weak voice the spirit complained of the dense darkness all about, and was unable to see an electric light shining directly into her face. She whispered faintly: "My poor son!" and when pressed for information, said that her name was Mary Rose, and that she lived at 202 South Green Street, a street entirely unknown to us at that time.

At first she could not remember any date, but when asked: "Is it November 15th, 1906?" she replied: "No, that is next week." Life had been a bitter disappointment to her; she had suffered constantly from chronic abdominal ailments, and finally, resolving to end her miserable existence, she had taken poison.

She could not at first realize that she had succeeded in destroying her physical body, for, like most suicides, she was in total ignorance of the indestructibility of life and the reality of the hereafter. When the real purpose of life, experience and suffering had been made clearer to her, she was overcome with repentance and offered a sincere prayer for forgiveness.

Then her spiritual sight opened slightly and she saw dimly the spirit figure of her grandmother, who had come to take her to the spirit world.

Subsequent inquiry at the address given by the spirit proved her statements to be true; a woman by the name given had lived at this house, she still had a son living there, and we were told that Mrs. Rose had been taken to the Cook

County Hospital and had died there the week before.

Upon investigation at the hospital we found further verification of the facts, and were given a copy of the record of the case:

Cook County Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

*Mary Rose
Admitted November 7, 1906
Died November 8, 1906
Carbolic Acid poisoning
No. 341106*

Chapter IV

SUBCONSCIOUS MIND AND AUTO-SUGGESTION

(continued)

Mrs. F., a patient who had been declared incurably insane by several physicians, was a refined lady of gentle disposition, who had become very wild and unmanageable, swearing constantly, and fighting with such violence that several persons were required to restrain her.

She was also subject to coma states, again to fainting spells, would refuse food, announce that she "had been married above by celestial powers," and used extraordinarily vile language; these various phases alternated constantly, but no full proof of obsession was evidenced until one day when Mrs. F. lost all power of speech, and, mumbling idiotically, simulated perfectly a deaf and dumb person.

At this time a gentleman from an

adjoining state came to the house to visit a patient and, shortly after his arrival, the nurse who attended Mrs. F. reported that the patient had again changed and was talking like a child. So striking was this alteration that the gentleman was asked to step into the room to observe the patient. He was a total stranger to her, but as he entered the room she pointed to him and said, in a high, childish voice:

"I know that man! He used to put bows on my shoulders. And he pulled my toofies! He took me to a gypsy camp too! He lived right across the street from me, and he used to call me Rosebud. I'm four years old."

The astonished gentleman corroborated every statement, saying that he had known such a child in his home town in Iowa, but that she had died the year before. He explained that he was very fond of children and had on several occasions taken the child to a gypsy

camp, and that whenever he bought taffy-on-a-stick for the little girl, he would tug at the stick while she was eating the candy and playfully threaten to pull her teeth.

It was evident that affection had attracted the spirit child to her friend, and that she found in Mrs. F. a vehicle through which she could make her presence known to the gentleman.

The patient was relieved of this spirit and gradually of other obsessing influences, and several months later was pronounced entirely competent to sign legal papers, being declared normal and sane by a judge and jury.

Another case in point was that of Mrs. O., who was a cook in a restaurant. She had observed a waitress acting queerly, laboring under delusions and hallucinations, and brought her to my office. After an electrical treatment, the patient declared she felt greatly relieved and returned to her home.

But that night Mrs. O. herself became disturbed by an unaccountable condition which prevented her from sleeping, and her restlessness continued until ten o'clock the following morning, when, in the midst of her preparations for dinner, she suddenly became wild, tore her hair, and threatened to harm herself.

I was sent for, and arriving, found Mrs. O. raving in a demented condition, complaining of being chased here and there and being unable to find a resting place. Suspecting the presence of an invisible

entity, I placed Mrs. O. in a chair, pinioned her arms to prevent a struggle; after several remarks, the entity declared it was a man, but denied being dead, or obsessing a woman.

The spirit said his name was Jack, that he was an uncle of the troubled waitress, and that he had been a vagabond in life. After reasoning with the intelligence, he began to realize his situation, and, promising to cause no further annoyance, left. Mrs. O. then immediately became her normal self and returned to her work without any further disturbance.

It was later ascertained from the waitress that she had an uncle named Jack, who had been a vagabond, and that he was dead. In this experience, Mrs. O. had acted as the psychic intermediary to whom the spirit obsessing the waitress had been transferred.

A number of years ago, Dr. Lydston wrote in the Chicago papers of a patient who, although having no knowledge of French or music, sang well the "Marseillaise" in French, when placed under the influence of an anesthetic. Dr. Lydston, denying the continuing existence of the ego, explained this phenomenon as one of subliminal consciousness, or unconscious memory, comparing it with the case of the uneducated domestic, who, in delirium, recited classic Latin as perfectly as her former employer, a professor of Latin, had done during his life.

I replied, in a newspaper article,

that such phenomena were frequently met with in psychic research, and stated that, despite the classification of materialistic scientists, these cases clearly proved the posthumous existence of spirits and their ability to communicate through mortals. I added that if the truth were known about these two cases, we would find that the man who sang French was a psychic sensitive and had at the time been controlled by some outside intelligence; while, in all probability, the domestic who recited Latin was obsessed by the spirit of the former professor.

Shortly after this, the gentleman alluded to by Dr. Lydston called on me, having read my article, and said: "I don't know anything about French, but I do know that I am bothered to death by spirits."

In the study of cases of "Multiple Personalities", "Dissociated Personalities", or "Disintegrated States of Consciousness", modern psychologists disclaim the possibility of foreign intelligences on the ground that these personalities give neither evidence of supernormal knowledge, nor as being of spiritistic origin.

Our experience, to the contrary, has proven that the majority of these intelligences are oblivious of their transition, and hence it does not enter their minds that they are spirits, and they are loath to recognize the fact.

In the case of Miss Beauchamp, as recorded by Dr. Morton Prince, in the "The Dissociation of a Per-

sonality," reporting four alternating personalities, no claim was made that any outside intelligences were responsible for the various personalities, and yet "Sally" (personality 3) insisted that she herself was not the same as Miss Beauchamp, (Christine), that her own consciousness was distinct from that of Miss Beauchamp, and told of Miss Beauchamp's learning to walk and talk. "When she was a very little girl just learning to walk . . I remember her thoughts distinctly as separate from mine."

Similarly in the case of Bernice Redick of Ohio, the young school girl who constantly changed from her normal self to the personality of "Polly," an unruly child, every indication is given of the influence of a discarnate spirit, probably ignorant of being dead, controlling Miss Redick.

That such "personalities" are independent entities could easily be proved, under proper conditions, by transference of the same to a psychic intermediary, as similar experiments have so abundantly demonstrated.

Any attempt to explain our experiences on the theory of the Subconscious Mind and Auto-Suggestion, or Multiple Personalities, would be untenable, since it is manifestly impossible that Mrs. Wickland should have a thousand personalities, and since it is so readily possible to cause transference of psychosis from a supposedly insane person to Mrs. Wickland, relieving

the victim, and in this way discovering that the disturbance was due to a discarnate entity, whose identity can often be verified.

Individuals who are clairaudient suffer greatly from the constant annoyance of hearing the voices of obsessing entities, (the "auditory hallucinations" frequently observed by alienists) and when such a per-

son is present in a psychic circle where the spirits are dislodged and transferred to the psychic intermediary, interesting developments occur.

• • • •
Next month, several interesting spirit conversations will be presented with some extraordinary disclosures.



Thirty Years Among The Dead



This is a condensed version of Dr. Carl A. Wickland's Classic (and now out of print) book on abnormal psychology. It is a record of his work with obsession carried on with Mrs. Wickland, who was an accomplished medium. Together they cured many obsessed persons, persuading discarnate spirits to give up their hold on their victims, and thus restored their patients to normal, happy lives. This book is still years ahead of present day research in this field.

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EVOLUTION- REASON FOR REINCARNATION

THE PURELY physical evolution of the anthropologists, of the botanists, of the zoologists - is not the subject of this title. Theirs is readily admitted to be a true theory, and is probably nearly all fact. It is, however, strictly physical fact and, as such, tells us little or nothing - of the nature of life, of the nature of consciousness, or of the SELF - or of the Spirit. Let us say that this "physical evolution" of our competent scientists is but a part of an infinitely larger scheme.

The THEORY which is here to be considered and discussed - will state that the physical evolution of life-forms is caused by the evolution of consciousness. Physical evolution is strictly the result of the growth of the Spirit or the SELF. The NEED of the evolving unit of consciousness - for successively more sensitive, and successively more organized INSTRUMENTS OF EXPRESSION, or life-forms, results in the constant evolution of those selfsame life-forms. Moreover, the latter pro-

By
Harry W. Evans

vides the means - in time and in space - by and through which the ever-growing SELF, the spiritual unit of consciousness, is enabled to grow . . . from GOD . . . TO BECOMING . . . GOD.

It should - in justice - be mentioned right here at the very start, that the theory here stated - is as ancient as is man himself. This theory is found in the Zend; it is found in the Samskrit; it is found in still a more ancient medium, that of the 3rd subrace of the Fourth Race. The three languages first mentioned are those of varied groups of the early Fifth, or Aryan, Race.* (*See REINCARNATION - MORE ABOUT IT--Search Maga-

zine, October 1962.)

The Pali alone, which later evolved into the Samskrit, would date back more than 70,000 years. And there is every indication in the Pali that this theory was known to the teeming humanity which occupied the (then alive) planet whose long disintegrating corpse is now our own private - but lifeless - satellite. This earlier humanity ran its course there long before our earth was "born", . . . when the bulk of our own present humanity were units of consciousness expressing as the animal kingdom of our moon. As a point of information, this corpse which nightly hangs in our skies to reflect the light of the sun, will have disappeared from the visible physical scene in less than a million years hence. Its present composition is in the nature of a porous, but rather hard, pumice stone.

Let us go back a little in time, to two of the recorded writings of the Fifth Race. In Genesis I, verse 26 appear the words "And God said, let us make man in our image". In the Book of Dzyan, in archaic Pali symbols, is found an identical thought. As translated from the Old Commentary it says: "The Sparks which hang from the Flame are you, me, it - O Lanoo." The theme goes further in the next few stanzas, saying that it is the destiny of each and every Spark to grow unto the Flame which birthed them.

Not until it was written by Paul does the Christian Scripture definitely make the latter statement, in the words - "... grow unto the stature of the Father in Heaven." It is true that hints appear earlier in both testaments, but the statements are not nearly so definite. Similar statements appear in all major scriptures; more often they are more or less veiled hints with a like connotation. They occur in the Zend-Avesta; they are a part of the Vedas, the Puranas and the Upanishads; hints occur in the Icelandic Eddas, in the writings of Lao Tse, in the Book of Thoth and in the more crystalized but somewhat mis-translated versions of the Book of the Dead. The same thoughts are recorded from the words spoken by Sri Krishna on the plains of India, and later by Gautama - He who presently "holds the office" of the Buddha for the Fifth Race; they appear in the words spoken by the Carpenter of Nazareth when He appeared in Palestine. All are but a part, a very basic part, of this extremely ancient theory.

The ORIGIN of these Spirits, these units of consciousness, these Monads, these individual SELVES of all creation, has been very sketchily mentioned - and a little has been said concerning the sources of this beginning part of the theory. In the diagram which

illustrates some of the detail, and its place in the whole, these spiritual units of consciousness are symbolically depicted by equilateral triangles. This is the "image" of which Genesis speaks with such extreme brevity. These, beginning in nascency, have eventually to grow to full individually conscious divinity. "Be ye perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect", is recorded in the words of Paul the Apostle.

Our word "man" is directly derived from the Samskrit root of the verb "to think". The real man, therefore, is THE THINKER. This is the SELF, the spiritual unit of consciousness, the Monad - NOT the body or the brain, NOT the emotions or the desires, NOT the mind. All of these are the varied "known", or apparent, expressions - INSTRUMENTS USED - by the real man, the Thinker.

The Thinker - being, as is said, the "image of Deity" - is in himself essentially triune; he is a unity expressing as a trinity, in three aspects - WILL - LOVE - INTELLIGENT ACTIVITY. These precise words are specifically used here simply because, in every major scripture bar none, they appear as the triune Attributes of the Divine Trinity of each and every religion worthy of the name.

POWER
CHRISTIAN - Father, HINDU -

Siva, ARAMAIC-HEBREW - Kether,
er, ZOBOASTRIAN - Ormuzd, E-
GYPTIAN - Amun.

LOVE or ATTRACTION

CHRISTIAN - The Son (The Christ),
HINDU - Vishnu, ARAMAIC-HE-
BREW - Chokma, ZOROASTRIAN
- Ahura-Mazda, EGYPTIAN -
Osiris.

CREATIVE INTELLIGENCE

CHRISTIAN - The Holy Spirit,
HINDU - Brahma, ARAMAIC-HE-
BREW - Binah, ZOROASTRIAN -
Ahriman, EGYPTIAN - Ra.

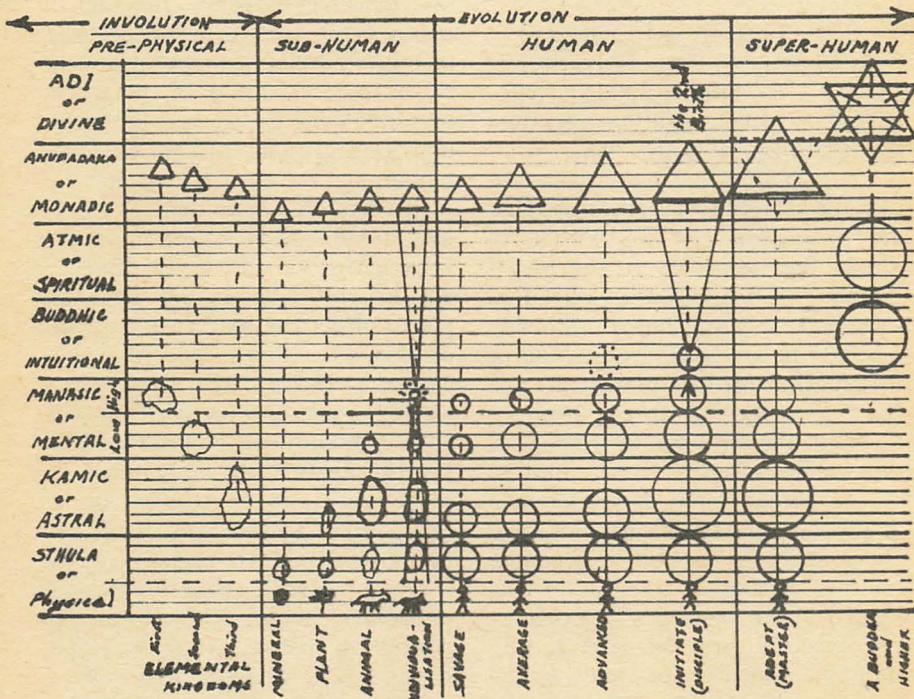
The TRIANGLE is therefore the closest simple and understandable approximation AS A SYMBOL to either the Deity, or to the SELF in man. (It is said that, of the 60 thousand million human Monads expressing as Souls in and out of incarnation on this planet, all are born as "Sparks in the Flame" through one or another Aspect of the Triune Deity. It is said 5% of the human Monads are Monads of Power, 60% are Monads of Love and 35% are Monads of Intelligence. In the inhabited planets of the FIRST solar system which occurred on this precise spot in our Galaxy, Monads of Intelligence predominated; in the SECOND, the present solar system, Monads of Love form the larger average proportion on each planet. The Monads of Power are to form the majority during the life of the THIRD solar system yet to come.)

This merely means that the one

Aspect or another is dominant. In the symbols of the diagram, one point or another of the Monadic Triangle is uppermost. Yet, in another sense, all Aspects are equal; it is simply a matter of "emphasis", as the Monad is expressing - in time and in space - and growing thereby. The one or another of the Aspects so emphasized, becomes the Attribute which is "the line of least resistance" for the Monad during his eon long growth through the sub-human and the human stages.

(It has also been said that there are no Monads of Power presently incarnating on the earth; there is not enough love in the world as yet to offset the destructive effects of the pure force of a Monad of Power.) There have been occasional Souls in incarnation who have predominantly expressed the Power Aspect, but they have almost always been Monads of Intelligence, Souls who have INDIVIDUALIZED through one of the "wrong ways", usually through excessive pride. They have appeared in history - Hitler, Napoleon, Attila, Genghis Khan, Tammarlane; they appear periodically, and they always become power-mad, and usually thereby carry their own eventual defeat with them.

The diagram is marked out in four vertical divisions. (First of all this diagram is only a section



taken out of a much larger diagram.) The vertical divisions are:-

1. A (later) stage of INvolution (descent into matter)

the First Elemental Kingdom (ensouling higher mental matter)

the Second Elemental Kingdom (ensouling lower mental matter)

the Third Elemental Kingdom (ensouling sentient matter)

2. Subhuman stage of EVolution (densest enmeshment in matter and beginning emergence upward out of matter.)

the Mineral Kingdom

(from simple atomic structures through more complex atomic and molecular structures, culminating in crystal forms.)

the Plant Kingdom

(from the fungi and the mosses, through the grasses, the shrubs, flowers, to the trees.)

the Animal Kingdom

(insectivora through the invertebrates, the oviparous vertebrates, the mammalia, ending in the increasing intelligence of the dogs, the cats, the chimpanzees, the horses and the elephants.)

3. Human stage or EVolution (the savage or infant human, the peon, the peasant far-

mer, the tradesman, the "country gentleman", the artisan, the intelligentsia, the teacher, the savant, the genius, the true statesman.)

4. The Kingdom of Souls, the Spiritual Kingdom, the Communion of Saints, the Elder Brothers of Humanity, are all names for this superhuman stage of growth, the beginning of which is termed "the second birth" in the Acts of the Apostles and many of the Epistles. (The "first birth" which the latter implies in the Scriptures was the beginning of Stage 3 above.) This is the stage where, having learned throughout the long eons of the Human stage to become fully self-conscious, the now perfected man has to learn the full complete meaning of GROUP CONSCIOUSNESS.

To follow this 4th division, and which is not shown on this section of the complete diagram, will be the infinitely larger and longer stage of learning the meaning of GOD-CONSCIOUSNESS, synthetic all-inclusiveness, an awareness-of-all-that-is; yet without ever losing the identity of SELF which had been gained through the human stage of I-consciousness. In this stage the Monad will expand his consciousness to full inclusive a-

wareness of all Creation. It is a condition of consciousness totally incomprehensible to the finite mind which works through the waking brain awareness. As compared to this, such a far future stage would be infinity itself - and far beyond our ken.

On the diagram in the other direction - horizontally - is shown seven major divisions, each of which is further subdivided into seven divisions. This is the field in which the involution and evolution of consciousness takes place for the period shown in this section of the total diagram. Each division and each subdivision is designed to indicate the differing types of matter which form the bodies of expression of the individual unit of consciousness, the SELF or the Monad. These differences would be a matter of relative density, or of relative fineness, or - more correctly stated - they would be a matter of the differing rates of vibration of the energy-particles which, in the last analysis, is strictly and simply - precisely what matter really IS.

Only a very small proportion of the total "types" shown is at all perceptible to our normal physical senses of awareness. This is the 7th, the 6th, and a little of the 5th subdivisions of the lowest major division, the seventh, on the diagram. These would be

termed, in the order given, the DENSE, the LIQUID, and the GASEOUS "matter". These make up our normal "visible world." We have today instruments which will register a little more than this visible world energy-substance. The phenomena known as electrical power phenomena are the NEGATIVE effects occurring variously in the 4th and the 3rd subdivisions. Those of light, radio, TV waves occur within the 3rd and the 2nd subdivisions. Here too, these are the NEGATIVE aspects of this energy-substance. The extremely varied phenomena of radioactivity, both electronic and nuclear, occur within the NEGATIVE aspects of the 2nd, the 1st of the Seventh major division, and some within the 7th subdivision of the sixth major division.

These lowest three subdivisions, dense, liquid, gaseous, are what make up the material of our organo-chemical bodies - that which is "visible".

Physical "vitality", and brain-force-nerveforce, that which occurs within our gray matter cells, along the nerves, the activating force within the endocrine system, etc., are all phenomena belonging within subdivisions 4, 3, 2 and 1. Together as a unit, these four form an instrument of conscious (mostly subconscious) expression which is as separably a unit of expression as is the purely

visible unit, the organo-chemical body. The partial withdrawal of the four-as-a-unit from the three-as-a-unit results in the phenomena of sleep; a little greater withdrawal results in anesthesia, and in some trance conditions. Totally complete withdrawal is the "death" of the physical body - and its subsequent inevitable disintegration.

The "matter" of the sixth major division forms the media through which the phenomena of SENTIENCY occur within us. This is the "stuff" of which are formed our emotions, our "feelings", and our desires.

Thought - *per se* - as this is separate from feeling-sentient - is expressed through the media of the energy-substance of the next major division, the fifth. CONCRETE thought, that is - the thoughts of things, of effects, of results, or of FORMS - is normal to the four lower subdivisions of this division of the diagram. Within the three higher subdivisions would occur what would be called "abstract thinking". Here noumena - not phenomena - is the mode of conscious activity; causes, not effects; principles, ideas and ideals - out of which, and because of which exists the entirety of our worlds of phenomena - the well known domain of FORM - and without which no phenomena could possibly exist at all.

From the fourth major division upwards in the diagram we approach concepts that become less and less comprehensible to our normal modes of consciousness, particularly those which take place within the average normal waking, yet brain-bound conscious awareness. "Knowledge of things from within" is the mode of the aware consciousness in this fourth division. "Pure intuition" is one term which has been used to express what occurs here; in the Puranas and in the Upanishads this higher awareness is called the buddhic consciousness, or state.

Professor Wood mentions that the differences in consciousness awareness could be termed "dimensional". Three dimensional vision is normal to the visible physical world. Astral (sentient) vision would be four dimensional, and in this sense he has termed the fourth dimension "throughth", and describes it - any box has length, breadth, thickness; with four dimensional sight one sees it not only as a box bounded by six rectangles, but sees the inside as well, as if the box had been completely opened up and all sides laid flat.

The vision of the Mental world is five dimensional, and that of the Buddhic is six dimensional, and so on. If one finds it difficult to form a conception of what is seen with Astral vision, therefore, how

much beyond our normal states of awareness is the Mental vision, let alone the Buddhic, Atmic, Monadic, etc.?

Any attempt at description of these would be totally useless; there are simply no terms in our mundane language which would convey any comprehension of what it means to be awake and aware on levels from the fourth upwards. The closest approach to any adequate description appears in the highly philosophical Hindu writings, and this is almost purely negative; an attempt to tell us what these states are not, in relation to our familiar physical surroundings, having despaired of being able to thus tell us what they are. Witness the total incomprehension accorded the several attempts of our great sages to describe a little of what these had "seen". Try to find a man who will truthfully admit to an understanding of the content of the Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, in the Last Testament of the Christian Bible.

Nirvana is the term in the Puranas for full consciousness awareness in the Atmic, the third major division of the diagram. The pure negatives used for description in the Puranas and the Upanishads have led the European orientalist scholars of the last century to translate "Nirvana" into the English "annihilation", a state of

total non-being. Occasionally, in the Upanishads, Nirvana is used for any of the states from the fourth or Buddhic, upwards to the Divine or Adi.

In the diagram all of these divisions and subdivisions have been depicted as various subsequent "levels"; - THIS IS UNTRUE. The arrangement here is only for the purpose of ready comprehension of this discussion. In actuality, all of this spirit-matter - this energy-substance - interpenetrates; all of it exists in the same place, all at the same time.

Looking at your friend or your neighbor, you will see the dense, the liquid, the gaseous "matter" which makes up his visible physical body.

Energy-substance of the next four subdivisions constitutes what has been called his vital-force counterpart. Many occultists call this his etheric double; in the Old Testament of the Bible it has been called the Golden Bowl. There are in this etheric "body" centers more active in specialized ways which "lie behind" and are responsible for the existence of the various nerve plexi and the glands of the endocrine system. The total appearance of this "body" is luminous or "starry". Some ten percent of its total volume extends a little beyond the periphery of the visible body, forming what some

sensitives and occultists call the "aura", or the "etheric aura". In good health this extension appears as lines of force raying outward straight from their common center; in ill health these striations tend to noticeably droop downward, looking weak, indeterminate. To one sufficiently sensitive the etheric double appears as hovering slightly above a person who is asleep, in a trance condition, or under anesthetic. Under the latter two conditions the appearance is successively more pronounced than the first, seeming to indicate that the withdrawal of more "material" takes place for these than for normal sleep. In each case there appears a tenuous line of magnetic force connecting it with the heart region, the throat, or the top of the head; this is most often known as "the silver thread". In death of the visible body this "silver thread" is definitely sundered. (The point of connection of the thread with the visible body would apparently indicate one of the three major types of individual mentioned before the outline of the diagram information.)

Interpenetrating the vital counterpart, or etheric double, and again extending an appreciable distance beyond its periphery - is the SENTIENT body, vehicle, or instrument of expression. This has been called the Astral body; the Hindu literature dubs it "kama",

or the "body of desire". It is the "ka" of the ancient Egyptians. This is the "body of feeling"; desires and emotions are the activity, or the operation, of this instrument. It is through this vehicle of the consciousness that we do all of our "feeling", and almost all of our "wanting". It is not you. You use it - or does it use you?

(Unfortunately, in some respects, at this particular stage of our collective evolution it is this "body" which is the primary seat of the greater bulk of our waking awareness, and activity. Most of us concentrate our life-attention to expressing our SELVES in and through this desire-emotion instrument, with the result that much of what we imagine to be thought is thoroughly entangled within its somewhat cloudy and murky confines. Actually - this smacks of the atavistic. Expression through this Kamic element of our outward being was the work of development of the great Fourth Race, who reached their own particular zenith of growth and culture ages upon ages ago. The job of our own present Aryan or Fifth Race is the development, and integration as a useful and a useable instrument of consciousness, of the Lower Mind. In effect, the next or fifth major division is dual. Two separate instruments of consciousness are formed of its en-

ergy-substance.

The lower mind is the instrument of the "intellect"; (its beginning use among members of the animal kingdom, and some of the "younger souls" of the human kingdom, has been termed "cunning".) The lower mind's primary characteristics of activity are - examination, analysis, discrimination, ending in review and co-ordination of that which has been reviewed. Association and memory are its particular stocks in trade. This is the Rupa world of the Hindu writings, the higher here being the Arupa. (Rupa: form; Arupa: not-form) "FORM" is the rule here, and the only comprehension. Within most of us today as yet, this lower mental body lacks much toward becoming the useful instrument which it will someday be. For ages its activity has not only been disorganized, but also so entangled within the Kamic element activity that the early Aryan literature dubs the combination Kama-Manas, or the Manomayakosha (literally: thinking through the sheath of illusion. Kosha: sheath; maya: illusion, or glamour; and mano: from manas, or mind. Hence almost all "thought" is thoroughly self-centered and selfish.) The "material" of the lower mind is the four lower subdivisions of the fifth major division.

The higher three subdivisions

would be the Arupa (not-form) world or state - type of energy-substance, or spirit-matter. A number of names for this higher mental instrument occur in the writings of the race down the ages, yet they will all come out in translation as of nearly identical meaning and attributes. It is Manas - of the Atma-Buddhi-Manas of the Indian Upanishads. It corresponds to the Soul of Paul's Spirit-Soul-Body. It is the Augoides of Platonic Greece, and it is the Ego of the Essene Community and the Neo-Platonists. In mode of consciousness it expresses INTELLIGENCE, in contradistinction to the INTELLECT of the Rupa or form state. As related to the individuals in the Vedas, it is the Deva, or the Shining One, and it is the Christ Within of the Gospel writers and the Essene Scrolls. Its full active awakening as a useful integrated vehicle of consciousness constitutes the "second birth" so emphasized in the Acts, and in the Epistles.

In time and in space (or in manifestation) this Ego or Soul is the "permanent" instrument of the Self, or the Monad. Its initial formation as an embryonic expression of consciousness took place at INDIVIDUALIZATION - the transition point of the Monad from the Animal Kingdom into the Human Kingdom. All lower instru-

ments are periodic, evanescent. It would be the "incarnating entity" himself - if reincarnation were to be considered a serious subject. It is the vehicle in which are transmuted into permanent soul qualities all the varied successive experiences of the lower instruments throughout innumerable mundane expressions, successively many times in each of the races of mankind.

Let us see whence this "first birth" occurs. Because we can admit to ourselves that there is some meaning of conscious awareness in the animal, we had best concentrate on that particular stage of the total subhuman evolution, giving the others but a quick glance in passing. We recognize a difference here from the human, but it is a differing only in degree, and not so much in kind as will appear the others. We admit that conscious awareness does exist in the animal; we are not ready to admit its existence as yet in the lower stages of this subhuman sector of earthly evolution.

Two of the major attributes of consciousness nevertheless appear unequivocally in the Mineral Kingdom: - these are ATTRACTION, and its opposite pole, REPULSION. Note the highest non-visible expression of the Mineral Monad.

SENTIENCY (feeling?) is the major additional attribute of con-

sciousness which appears in the Plant Kingdom. In the Animal Kingdom we have added to the picture still another attribute of consciousness - VOLITION.

Two more attributes of consciousness show up in the Human Kingdom. These are - IDENTITY (awareness of SELF), and its accruing result - DISCRIMINATION.

INDIVIDUALIZATION - is the most significant difference between the animal consciousness and that of the human being. This has elsewhere been well expressed: "The animal knows - man knows that he knows."

There is a distinct reason for this. The animal does not "have an individual soul". As an example, there are possibly one hundred Monads (or Spirits) expressing as one hundred visible mundane wolves - through the medium of a single "soul-mass", a composite "group-soul" - which is composed of more or less thoroughly entangled lower mental and sentient energy-substance which tends to be more inchoate than otherwise, as compared to the much more integrated vehicles of like substance of the human being. Ages upon ages later this same hundredfold group of Monads will be expressing in ten groups of ten each through each group's own separate group-soul in one hundred domestic dogs, each group of ten dogs possibly being little or of

greater difference from the other groups.

For a graphic example of what has happened to bring this about, we can liken the wolf group-soul to a pail of water, and the hundred mundane wolves to as many separate cups or tumblers. When a wolf is born, a tumbler is filled from the pail. Other wolves are born - other tumblers are filled. Each wolf has certain earth-life experiences, not all precisely identical. Certain traces of coloring matter is introduced into each tumblerful of water. A wolf dies - the tumbler is emptied back into the pail. The coloring matter diffuses through the water in the pail. Other wolves die - their tumblers are emptied into the pail, and the coloring matter each contained is similarly diffused throughout the water in the pail. New wolves are born, and new tumblers are filled. Each contains now some of the diffused and blended coloring matter gained thereby from all the earlier tumblers emptied into the pail. Never does the exact same water and coloring matter from a prior tumbler manage to be poured into any single new tumbler. The experiences common to all the wolves result in more pronounced "shades of color" in the pail, hence also more pronounced in the succeeding tumblers filled. In a sense, and effectively, this amounts to a sort of group-memory, a racial-mem-

ory, or species-memory of the prior experiences retained by the group as a whole. This is what we have named - without understanding it to any great extent - INSTINCT. Each individual wolf appears to be specially endowed from birth with certain areas of knowledge common to all the wolves, and especially to all the wolves who are conscious through the one group-soul.

From time to time certain wolves in our group will gain experiences similar to some, but differing widely from many others of the group. This continues to occur to this same subgroup of Monads in each case. Due to the natural affinity of rates of vibration for like rates of vibration (Frequencies), these like colors from these tumblers will tend to be poured into, and more or less tend to coalesce, on one side of the pail more than on another. Gradually the diffusion of the coloring matter of these "likes and unlikes" will show up as a difference in the color-blend as it occurs in the differing sides of the water in the pail. Slowly a sort of "film" appears to precipitate, separating the two major blends of color. Through time the film becomes more definite, as the same tumblers are emptied into the same sides of the pail. Finally the film becomes sufficiently "solid" to separate the two portions of the

group-soul; a fission takes place, and we now have two group souls, each possibly of fifty more developed, more intelligent animals than we had before.

The process continues to repeat itself in each successively smaller and increasing number of group-souls; eventually we will find that our large wolf group-soul has become ten group-souls, through each of which ten Monads are expressing consciously as ten domestic dogs. Direct contact with man, with its resultant intensifying of vibratory stimulus, tends ever to accelerate the differences, as it provides the opportunity for even more diversified individual experiences of each animal's earth-life. Intelligence is increasingly promoted in each - through the desire to understand, to please their masters, sometimes even to fear, to hate, with consequent desire to avoid the hurts. The group souls grow ever smaller as fewer and fewer Monads may express as dogs through them. Eventually we find one Monad expressing through one separated group-soul segment in one very highly intelligent animal. His evolution as an animal is very nearly complete.

The desire to please, the desire to understand, continually grows more intense, hence more effective. An increasing aspiration upwards occurs; a growing longing for increased ability for

conscious expression. When this becomes sufficiently powerful, forceful, there occurs the response from above, "from his father in heaven". There is a downrush of force from the Monad to meet this intense upward aspiration. The two electrical forces meet on the higher mental level (the lowest the essentially formless force of the Monad can reach). An intense flash of these magnetic electrical forces occurs; the very magnetism of it affects the spirit-matter in this higher mental world, drawing together a mass of this mental energy-substance. A "form" appears where before there had been no such "form". An individual SOUL is born - through the merging of the upward force of aspiration from the animal below - and the downward response from the SPIRIT above. The animal is no more; a human being is born - with at long last a sense or an awareness of SELF, of individual identity - nevermore to be lost throughout all eternity. This is the moment of INDIVIDUALIZATION shown on the diagram; this is the "first birth" which is implied in the scriptures.

All animals do not become man in precisely the same way. There are three "right ways" - aspiration through will - a desire to grow upwards; aspiration through love - a desire to please (or to serve); aspiration through intelli-

gence - a desire to understand.

The "wrong ways" are through hate, through fear, through a desire merely to emulate. The WAY through which the animal INDIVIDUALIZED emphatically influences most of the human Soul's long series of lives, and appears to become the more potent force of his gamut of personalities throughout the bulk of the human stage on the "way of the pilgrim".

It has been said that 2% of the incarnating souls on the earth have individualized through pure will, 25% were through love, with 45% through intelligence. Of the remaining 28%, 4% individualized through hate, 20% through fear, 4% through the desire to emulate.

That over one quarter of the incarnating human souls had left the Animal Kingdom of the moon through these wrong ways - is the "moon-chain failure" - many of the results of which we are reaping today on our planet - almost continual warfare; man's inhumanity to man; his intense cruelty and selfishness; his failure to eliminate economic misery; and many other of his perennial ills. It should be a lesson toward our treatment of our younger brothers; apparently it is not - yet. It is only through direct contact with man that the necessary sufficient vibratory stimulus is received by the nearly evolved animal - which enables this event of INDIVIDUALIZATION

to occur. And that contact has not always been of the best order.

As far as the Human Kingdom is concerned - from the so-called Australian aborigine - to men like DaVinci, Plato, Franklin, Disraeli, Lincoln - is a long far cry. Nevertheless - this has been bridged - through time. One alleged "lifetime" has never yet been known to do the entire job. What is the answer to that one?

Is it evolution?

EVOLUTION OF WHAT?

And - how does it take place?
Who evolves?

The most publicly known Perfected Men - those of the Kingdom of Souls - have been those Who - down the ages - have "held the office" of the World Teacher. A few of these were known to men - as Zarathustra or Zoroaster; as Thoth-Hermes, or Hermes Trismegistus; Sri Krishna; Gautama - Prince Siddartha - Who since "has taken the office" of the Buddha of the Fifth Race; and the latest known - the Great Nazarene. If These too are Children of God, did not They too come up from the beginning? They are our Elder Brothers, as in turn we are the elder brothers of those who still are growing through the sub-human kingdoms.

Such is the very, very ancient theory of the EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS. Is reincarnation a part of the process?

THE
SECRET
OF
NIGHTMARE
MOUNTAIN

IN RESPONSE to many requests from Search readers for additional light on the subject of Sorcerers, I have decided to write one more article as a summation of all I know about them.

I have been fortunate, or unfortunate as the case may be, in knowing several, all of whom did their best to lure me into the Black Lodge. That I resisted successfully is no tribute to any special

virtue on my part, but simply common-sense. I am a practical person, and I know that anyone who becomes a Black Magician is a fool.

There are two kinds of Sorcerers: little ones and big ones. The little ones are relatively unimportant because their intelligence is limited and their sensual natures strong, with the result that they drain themselves of the psychic force necessary for any real Magic, whether Black or White. These are the Earth-Magicians, who deal

in sex, Hatha Yoga, Mesmerism, and tricks of psychologization. At times they succeed in getting control over someone's aura and extracting money or other advantages from him; but, generally speaking, they are merely a nuisance. The real Sorcerers, the Black Adepts, or Initiates in Evil, are another story, and a terrible one.

These great Magicians have brilliant minds, tremendous wills, and absolute self-control. They are dedicated ascetics, and laugh at their little bush-league brothers who waste themselves in lust and petty selfishness. The Adepts of Blackness live for one thing only: POWER. And behind their power stands hatred. Their god is Destruction and Death, and their god claims them in the end.

Why, one may ask, should any intelligent person desire such a fate? The answer is that along the road of Black Magic (often entered upon out of curiosity) something happens to his mind. It suffers a twist, a perversion, that reverses his sense of moral values. He begins to see Darkness as Light, and Evil as Good. Instead of responding to Universal Harmony and Divine Love, he identifies himself with Discord and Destruction, and becomes their instrument. He is blind to the fact (apparent to all healthy minds) that the Heart of Things is Peace and Compassion, and that life's discords are tem-

porary adjustments in the Pattern of the Whole. That is why the Black Magician is a fool. By merging himself with the aspect of Nature which destroys, he is himself destroyed; while the White Magician, identifying himself with the Eternal Harmony of the Universe, becomes immortal.

To understand why we have these "powers and principalities of darkness" - the Black Lodge and its powerful Sorcerers - it is necessary to look back millions of years to the golden age of Lemuria when humanity received the fire of Mind and became self-conscious and morally responsible. With the gift of Intellect came the ability (and the necessity) to choose between Right and Wrong, Good and Evil. There are only two paths in Occultism: the Right-hand Path of White Magic and Spiritual Progress, and the Left-hand Path of Black Magic and Spiritual Retrogression. No third path exists. (We are approaching the Secret of Nightmare Mountain.)

After Lemuria was destroyed by fire, and the Atlantean continent arose, the fiercest battle of antiquity was waged between the Lords of Light and Truth, and the Lords of Darkness and Ignorance. This war goes on today, and everyone of us, actively or consciously, is on one side or the other. In Atlantis, the whole race (of which you and I were a part) divided into

two camps, each presided over by a great King, one representing White or Divine Magic, and the other Black Sorcery.

Ages passed, and Atlantis crumbled and sank beneath the waves, but not before the worthy elements of humanity - the spiritually-minded - had been transported in vivamas (the marvelous airships of that day) to the New World which now comprises the Gobi Desert, Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan, and the mountains of Tien Shan and the Kuen Lun. There the ex-Atlanteans (ourselves) began a new life. By them were built the mighty civilizations of Egypt, Greece, Rome, and all that have followed.

Thus we carry with us the fabulous legacy of a tremendous Past, and in our hearts lie buried the secrets of forgotten wisdom destined once more to awaken and be used as it was aeons ago. And we are confronted now, in this perilous atomic age, with the same temptations and challenges that we faced in Lemuria and Atlantis. Again we must choose, and heaven help us, in this time of world crisis, if we don't choose aright.

The Black Lodge wants, above and beyond all else, world destruction; and utilizes every means possible in its efforts to realize that end. The Illuminati, while its unwitting tool, does not want a nuclear war which would leave the

world in shambles. It hopes to inherit the Earth with its wealth and enslaved peoples intact. Therefore its plan of operation at the present time is "terrorization" - with Kennedy and Khrushchev (the conspirators hope) the ideal team to carry it out.

From the fateful day when Roosevelt unlawfully granted recognition to Russia, the Illuminati plotters began infiltrating Communism into the United States, Canada, and Latin America, determined to surround the United States with a ring of Red nations which would so terrorize us that we would turn to the United Nations for protection, surrender our sovereign independence, and become a mere state in the One-World Government.

A twelve-year old child can see what has happened. After helping to overthrow Batista, Cuba's former anti-Communist Leader, our Illuminati-controlled politicians in Washington secretly provided arms, ammunition, and all possible aid to the psychopath Castro, and extolled him as a "savior" of the oppressed Cuban masses. To curry favor with the politicians, Ed Sullivan proclaimed him the 20th century George Washington, and Jack Paar praised him as a modern Bolivar!

Over a year ago, Cuba had become, with the full knowledge of our double-dealing "statesmen",

a Communist fortress, with thousands of Russian and Chinese troops and technicians established in grand style on the island. And they are there to stay! The Illuminati is trying to fool us now by shipping a few thousand back to Russia and then, the next day, landing (secretly) twice as many more. As soon as the build-up is completed to the degree that enough nuclear missiles are trained on our key cities, an emergency will be declared to make necessary our surrender to the One-World Government.

And that is where we stand, with the Black Lodge intent upon destroying the world, the Illuminati determined to enslave it, and our paranoid scientists and conscienceless politicians jumping like puppets on strings pulled by both diabolical powers, while the possibility of all-out chaos and catastrophe looms greater with every passing day, and, overhead, the poisoned atmospheric blanket hovers, ready to break and shower the earth with atomic death! (We are getting very close to the Secret of Nightmare Mountain.)

As I see the world picture, our only hope lies in the appearance of some truly great being, with the stature of Jesus the Christ or Guatama the Buddha, through whom the Divine Heart of the Universe, or of God, if that name is preferred, can manifest and turn the

tide. Anything less, I am afraid, will be inadequate to save humanity from the sea of horror now rising to engulf it. I hope to heaven I'm wrong, but everything says I'm right.

There are, of course, other worlds to which, if worse comes to worse, we can go, or be taken by the Powers of Good and Right which, in the end, always win. But between world beginnings and endings, from time immemorial, the Powers of Darkness have scored temporary, and sometimes tremendous, victories. The awful truth is that they are just as intelligent as the White Powers (apart from the mental twist that reverses their sense of values) and therefore possess complete knowledge of Nature's Secret Laws and Forces.

Their dream is, of course, contrary to the Plan of the Universe, and can never become a full reality; but, insofar as our planet Earth is concerned, there is, as said, the possibility of a near-realization of it if things continue as they are. But if planetary cataclysm does come, only those of us who have been responsible for allowing the Destroyers to have their way will perish. And those are, as we know, the scientists, political leaders, Illuminati agents, Black Magicians, and all who in any way whatsoever support or encourage them. Everyone who

aspires in the other direction, who looks to the Spiritual East, and seeks to help his fellowman, will be protected and saved by the Brotherhood of Compassion that watches over our destinies.

And now to our Secret. The International Headquarters of the Black Lodge are located in a remote region of the South American Andes, on what is known to English-speaking authorities as Nightmare Mountain, whose grey, towering peaks are lost in perpetual clouds and mist, and around whose desolate slopes shadowy forms of fantastic horror have been seen, and sounds like the screams of tortured demons heard. No native or explorer who ever ventured near its dread domain has dared to repeat the journey.

The folk lore of South America contains many legends dealing with the forbidden region, and all carry warnings that it is accursed. And no wonder! - it is to Nightmare Mountain that every disciple of the Black Sorcerers must go for his final training and initiation. Now you possess a terrible secret, revealed now, as far as I know, for the first time.

Candidates for the Lodge of Darkness are seldom drawn from the ranks of the Earth-Magicians because, as said, they are almost invariably weak-willed and stupid. But any person of more than average intelligence, with a reasonable

degree of self-control, and a hankering for the Occult, may attract the attention of the Black Adepts and be tested in secret ways. If they discover in him a sufficiently strong evil potential, particularly a love of power, they lure him into one of their basic training centers. They are old hands at the game, and rarely make a mistake in appraising the true character of a candidate.

Once introduced to the fascinating possibilities that lie ahead, the neophyte is ready and willing to do anything to realize them for himself. His latent love of power is fanned to white heat as the Sorcerers, with a little phenomena, show what can be done with real Occult Knowledge. Then follows the most horrible part of the beginner's training. In the White Lodge, the first step is a sacrifice of self, a surrender of all that one is on the altar of service to others. In the Black Lodge the procedure is reversed. The candidate is required to sacrifice the life of someone near and dear to him. In other words, he is compelled to take a human life.

The crime is arranged and supervised by members of the Lodge who are specialists in murder, but the act itself is performed by the neophyte. This serves two purposes: (1) From that day on it is used as a club over his head to keep him in line.

He doesn't realize until too late that the Sorcerers arranged it so that at any time he could be exposed to the authorities as the guilty party. (2) The nature of the crime is such that the candidate's link with his Higher Self is broken, or severely strained so that a few subsequent evil deeds will complete the rupture. In the White Lodge, the disciple strengthens his link with the Higher Self by filling his heart with love for humanity; while the Sorcerer's apprentice breaks his contact with the Inner Divinity and fills his heart with hatred for all that lives.

And now one thing more. Prior to the destruction of Atlantis, one of the greatest of the Black Initiates, Vuldar, knowing what was coming, fashioned, with Occult knowledge, an indestructible jewel containing a drop of his vital essence, and succeeded in having it taken across the ocean to Asia. Then, after the death of his body in the ensuing deluge, he proceeded astrally to the New World, and waited until his jewel fell into the hands of someone whose physical body met his special requirements.

The secret of the jewel is that the body-heat of the man or woman who possesses it warms the drop of vital essence belonging to the Sorcerer, and thus makes it possible for him to establish contact and take over the body for the remainder of its natural life-span.

When it dies, the process is repeated with another victim, and so on indefinitely. As can well be imagined, these living bodies, going through life with the names of their original owner, but serving the Sorcerer within, have left a lurid trail across the pages of history. Among them have been Attila the Hun, Genghis Khan, Torquemada, Ivan the Terrible, and Joseph Stalin.

Because of his extraordinary genius and power, Vuldar works alone, feared even by his fellow Sorcerers. He will probably endure to the end of our Planetary-Chain Manvantara, employing body after body to continue his work of horror and destruction. His final end, like the end of all Adepts in Evil, will be total annihilation - a process involving countless ages of unspeakable mental and psychological agony as he disintegrates, atom by atom, into Oblivion.

Such is the destiny awaiting all Adepts of Darkness, the duration and intensity of their suffering depending upon individual stature and the nature and magnitude of their crimes. The subject is horrible to contemplate, and perhaps I have told too much, but it serves one good purpose in warning us to so live that we never, for any reason, allow our feet to stray in the direction of that forbidden path, broad and inviting, which leads to Nightmare Mountain.

PRYING INTO THE UNKNOWN

By

Will Carson
and
Jeannie Joy

CONTACT, Nevada, July 18, 1963 - It's been several months since Ray Palmer's heard from us. Not because we've lost interest. Far from it! And the reasons - which have been various - have only served to further pique our interest in the unknown.

For instance, a few editions ago we mentioned having to retract certain items prepared for these pages when someone else, either in SEARCH or some other publication, had beat us to the punch. Well, it's been going on ever since . . . to the extent that we've had to discard the past three endeavors entirely or surely anyone who keeps abreast of the magazines in this field would've sworn we'd lifted everything from recent publications. And we could not have denied that we did - but

not consciously!

Also, with the return of benign weather, we've put more irons in the fire than we can do justice to. But it's led us into some very intriguing adventures which has supplied a goodly stock of material for future pages of this department.

And to the negative: W.C. has - along with such distinguished company as Ray Palmer and other SEARCH correspondents, as well as many people we know personally - been a victim of the atomic bomb; which statement, though perhaps incredible elsewhere, shouldn't be necessary to explain here. Let's only say that it isn't easy to perform your daily paces when you're in pain, let alone pursue avocations.

But now the positive: SEARCH magazine, we believe, has improved so much in the last few issues that we feel obliged to try

and better the quality of our own humble contributions thereto. Which means excluding such material as that for which we cannot offer fair documentation, as well as more "meat" and diversity.

DOT HITS DOT

Recently J. J. sent to Dorothy Spence Lauer for a psychometric and photo aura analysis and the accuracy of her precognition has proved to date nothing short of remarkable. Some of the most notable events Dorothy predicted either had just occurred or were occurring about the time she must have prepared the analyses. Good going, Dottie! If possible, we'll report your final score.

WHO GROOMS THIS GRAVE?

Once in a while we're lucky enough to be able to visit the site of some of the things we report, or at least the general area. Some time ago we told of a young man from Idaho who got lost in the hills while searching for remnants of the old immigrant trail and had an experience that made him believe (and us wonder if) he had somehow wandered back into the past. We couldn't resist the temptation when the opportunity presented itself to make a trip into that same area and look for the spring where the young man claims to have met a party of immigrants . . . and maybe have some such strange experience of our own.

The trip took us over about

170 miles of the bumpiest and dustiest roads - or rather trails - in the west. We didn't enjoy any super-normal encounter and we didn't find the spring we were seeking; we didn't even get lost; but this (latter) we credit solely to the fact that we had a guide in the personage of C.E., a former cattle puncher who knew the area well. We did not though - thanks again to C.E. - come out empty-handed.

The sprawling Winecup Ranch, whose range we hardly left that day, C.E. tells us has an intriguing little mystery that no one has been able to resolve in many years. About seven miles out behind the headquarters, not far from where the old Old Trail proximated the course of Thousand Springs Creek, there's an ancient, unidentified grave which is marked only by a ring of stones around its perimeter. For years, after every Memorial Day, the grave is found to have been mysteriously tended, the rocks re-aligned, the sage and other weeds pulled from it.

The area (in northeastern Nevada) is extremely remote, the only population (in many miles) being the few who live at the ranch itself; the only road to the grave runs right through the headquarters where no one passes without being observed. Yet no one has been able to catch anyone else

going out there secretly to tend the grave, though many have kept vigil before and during Memorial Day.

C.E. tried to drive us out to the spot, but the trail was washed out from recent cloudbursts. His word, however, was validated by others, including the foreman's wife. We asked C.E. how he explained the mysterious grooming of the grave and he, being a man who needs a logical explanation to everything, could only suspect that an old hand who has been on the now Winecup for over half a century and still retained as a caretaker might be the "guilty" party, although he has ever firmly denied it, and, of course, the fact remains that he was never caught. We saw this oldtimer and it is hard to believe that he could go on out-foxing all the other hands these many years. We wouldn't want to walk those seven miles ourselves, day or night; and if anyone rode, either horse or motor vehicle, they couldn't avoid being detected - not for over twenty years!

MISCELLANY

If anything frightens one cow in a bedded herd - even something the others couldn't possibly hear or feel - they will ALL jump to their feet simultaneously.

In 1842, Charles Hopper, crossing the California desert with several other explorers, came

down with a fever at the same time the party ran out of water and were unable to locate any. In his feverish state Hopper had a vision in which he clearly saw the route they should take. In the morning they followed his directions, passing all the landmarks he'd envisioned and finally coming to the spring.

An ancient diary attests (!) that years ago in Vermont when winters were severe, persons unable to contribute to the common welfare of the family often were first administered certain herbs and then "quick-frozen" in the sub-zero temperatures, covered with hay and then snow and left until spring when they were thawed out, revived and went on about their business with no apparent ill effects.

Recently in moving a cemetery to make room for modern expansion in a town in Indiana a man who was interred twenty-five years ago was found to be as unchanged as if he had just died.

It has been established that over 1000 words of the Iroquois language are identical to ancient Nordic.

A man cured himself of arthritis by daily baths in a "mineral" spring. When an analysis proved the water contained no curative elements, the man's arthritis came back.

A small pot-belly stove lay exposed in a city dump for 30

years before it was picked up by an antique collector. That same night it was stolen from his back porch.

Life is lighted by truth, but in that light, Life itself casts a shadow - the brighter the light the darker the shadow.

THINKING OUT LOUD

Dean (archeological) Site, Browns Bench, Idaho, June 12, 1963. Hereafter, as with this issue, we'll include whenever possible, for various purposes of reference, a place and dateline, where and when each edition of "Prying" or portion thereof is conceived. It will not be in any chronological order.

Brown's Bench, where the basic notes for this are being made, is a large elevated area of south-central Idaho and the Dean Site is an archeological location here where recent excavation has established the presence of man 10,000 years ago. While ten thousand years, historically speaking, is a whale of a long time, these people are Johnny-Come-Latelies to the American scene by comparison. Radio carbon tests of organic material found in conjunction with artifacts in Vegas, Wash., near Tule Springs, a few miles west of the glamorous modern city of Las Vegas, indicate that Man (true Homo Sapiens) was in that area more than 28,000 years ago.

We refer to this as the New

Country; yet here, thousands of years before Moses conceived of "Mosaic" creation, or the Pyramids were built, aeons before the Magi followed an errant star to a humble manger, men lived and loved, feared and fought, laughed and died, wondered at the heavens, manufactured tools and weapons to the best of their knowledge, then dropped them when they were no longer needed, dropped them from hands not unlike our own hands which (after 28,000 years, probably even longer) hold them again while we regard them with eyes not unlike the eyes of those who manufactured them and with brains that STILL only utilize a third of their potential capacity!

But Man's extreme natural conservatism is best attested to by the fact that the stone Hand Axe was used without the slightest change in design for no less than 300,000 years!

These figures are astounding when we consider how much of our technological accomplishments (and which we adopt as such an integral part of our everyday life) were only within the last sixty-three years.

We are not trying to make any particular point here, but as we sit on this place where the present seems to merge with the prehistoric past, we find our minds running around in little frustrated circles trying to grasp and com-

prehend some great significance, like trying to move a mountain with a thimble! We hope you'll allow us to do a little thinking out loud - and if we do by chance make a point . . . well, so good.

"Population explosion" is probably as good a term as we could desire, for the processes which lead to the explosion are comparatively slow and inconspicuous. When we consider the incredibly slow, accumulative process of man's inventive progress up to the present we may also expect a "technology explosion" that may offset the former . . . other, that is, than a literal explosion.

Although it's still considered a timely mot to say,, "Why try to reach other worlds when we haven't even settled the problems on this one?" Yet man's endeavors to reach into space are going forward at an exhilarating pace, almost, you might say, in spite of himself; as if compelled by some inescapable natural law . . . and well it might be. Creation is sustained by a system of perfect balances and there's no reason to believe that in the Master Plan someone goofed on a most essential matter and failed to provide a perfect balance against the eventuality of man overrunning his environment. Contrary to the mot, almost all our problems on this earth are caused by more than

one person trying to occupy the same space at the same time, and the only logical NATURAL solution is a continuing extension of available space - while the UN-NATURAL ultimate alternative is a system of strict regulation on man's activities . . . including birth control.

A "technology explosion" then could be a major breakthrough of scientific engineering that will give us travel to other habitable worlds before the otherwise inevitable impasse of a "population explosion."

FOR HOMO SAPIENS ONLY

To return to those people to whom such terms would be incomprehensible - yet who had the same old problem of trying to occupy the same space at the same time - we find it interesting to note that those who 10,000 years ago stood at this site where we now stand were not ancestors of what we call American Indians. While we are in sympathy with the grievances of these latter, the fact is that they themselves at some time in the remote past were the encroachers on American soil; for when that particular wave of migrant people who were to be the first American Indians (that is, being of the particular racial stock and culture) crossed from Asia, via the Aleutians, they found natives who had preceded them by thousands of years and evidence is

that they "conquered" these people just as the so-called "white man" conquered the Indians themselves thousands of years later.

Whatever seeming injustices may be sustained, no person can be held accountable for the deeds of his parents and further ancestors - unless, of course, he so professes. This was quite dramatically impressed upon us one day when we found ourselves, along with only two others, to be the only non-Indians in a gathering where fire-water had been flowing rather freely. We were suddenly aware of being the center attention, and a portly squaw began beating a slow, portentous rhythm on the tabletop with her fist and intoning to the effect that we had usurped her property.

We flatly deny the charge! Although for all we know we may be directly descended from the most bloodthirsty of Indian fighters and landgrabbers, we are no more guilty than this good lady is guilty for her predecessors taking the land from those before them. We tried to compromise: "Don't accuse us of taking your land and we won't accuse you of taking it from the pre-Indians . . . and then together let us not condemn Homo Sapien (to which species we ALL belong) for usurping the land of Neanderthal Man!"

We didn't quite reach the lady, however, and for awhile it was

hard to believe this was the 20th Century. It was only through the exercise of extreme discretion that we escaped without what might have been a delicate scene . . . at the best.

Since we've brought up the subject of Neanderthal Man, let's spend a few moments with him - we think he is due some redress himself. To start with, he became the No. 1 suspect in the world's first murder mystery. When the earliest remains of Homo Sapiens were discovered at Cro-Magnon in Southern France (five skeletons, 3 men, a woman and a child - with their skulls bashed in) all evidence seemed to point toward Joe Neanderthal. He WAS at the scene of the crime - that is, he was known to be contemporary to the time and place; all reference to his character was negative; although a true human being (and thus should know right from wrong) who walked upright and made and utilized stone tools, he was, according to testimony, compared with Homo Sapien a stooped, beetle-browed, slow-witted but powerful little ogre of a man (perhaps the very prototype of the supposedly mythical ogre) of whom handsome Charlie Homo Sapien and his family probably were quite intolerant (even modern Homos can be that way, you know). And so a motive.

Anyway, he was there first, so

we can hardly condemn him for fighting against the haughty invaders, which was us. If at times he dined on our flesh - perhaps hoping it might endow him with some of our seemingly superior traits, or merely to survive in severe emergencies - it was no worse than those of us, for example, called Iroquois who once practiced cannibalism preceded by some of the most fiendish torture and human sacrifice ever devised . . . and on members of our own species at that; or those of us who were members of what was called the "Donner Party" who ate our own relatives to keep from starving ourselves.

There is no evidence, by the way - only to the contrary - that Neanderthal and Homo Sapien ever intermarried, so that even today the blood of the former still runs through our veins, manifesting itself in brutish traits and acts. Actually, he was probably no more basically brutal - perhaps less - than we are, except for his physical appearance by our standards. And another fallacy is the belief that the Australian aborigines are descended from Neanderthal man. While we can get a truer picture, it is believed, of what he did look like from these modern day primitives than from reconstructions made from fossil bones, there is no evidence beyond this that the aborigines are not a sub-race of

the Negro Homo Sapien.

This brings us back to the present and an interesting diversity between two races of our species, the Negro and the Amerind. While the former, being of a great, noble and beautiful race, are inclined to derogate their own and emulate the certainly more flaccid heritage of another race, the latter, on the contrary, has remained stubbornly reluctant to conform to what we call "modern civilization" even though others have tried for years to force them into it. This is a feather in the Indian's hat! Let us face it; in many respects this high-flung society of ours is NOT the "living end" of all creation. That the Indian is aware of this, and growing even more aware, is a credit to his perspicacity.

Few non-Indians are aware that there is an inspired and growing movement among the tribes of North America, the ultimate aim of which is consolidation and the perpetuation of all those aspects of the instinctive Indian way of life which time has proved to be good, combined with those of modern life which are not destructive to basic native Indian philosophy . . . which is good and wise and beautiful.

Those who are active in this movement - which is basically religious . . . combining aspects of both natural and ecclesiastical - call themselves "Warriors Of The



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Rainbow." (What a poetic and heartening thing to find in this age of isms and sophistication!) Its roots are in the prophecies of Deganawida, the Huron Iroquois, friend of Hiawatha (originally Hayo'went'ha, a reformed cannibal, and not Longfellow's fictional character), which through the centuries have been handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. Following is a résumé of this vision as told by Mad Bear, a Tuscaroran and leader among the Warriors Of The Rainbow (first reported by Edmund Wilson in APOLOGIES TO THE IROQUOIS, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 1959):

Before the coming of the white man, Deganawida predicted a time of great suffering for his people; a white serpent would descend among them and although at first accepted and treated with friendship it would soon grow so powerful that it would try to destroy the people. However, when he had almost succeeded, a red serpent would appear from the north and the white serpent would drop the Indian as he turned his attention to this new threat. Terrified, he would accept him for awhile but soon they would start arguing and then fighting - slowly at first, but finally so violently that "the mountains would crack and the rivers would boil and the fish would turn up on their bellies." The trees and grass would die, strange in-

sects would appear and attack both serpents, the stench of death would sicken them.

While this is going on, the Indian would slip away and gather their scattered ranks in the hill country and they would know great love and forgiveness for their brothers. A teenage boy of great knowledge and power would arise as leader of all the tribes who would combine in peace and righteousness. As they observe the long continuing struggle between the two serpents a third, a black serpent would appear in the south, from out of the sea, "dripping with salt water" as he watches the conflict, resting to catch his breath.

Now the red serpent pulls a hair from the white serpent's back and the wind blows it to the waiting hand of the black serpent where it turns into a white woman who tells him things that make him very angry. With great love and respect for the woman, he places her gently upon a rock and forthwith attacks the other two battle-weary serpents, quickly defeating them both.

Then he places his foot on the white serpent's chest and boastfully challenges any other comers - looking toward the Indian who stands with his arms nobly folded and the black serpent sees he has no fight here.

Next he is attracted to the east by a light so bright that when

he looks at it he is temporarily blinded. When he regains his sight he sees the light is approaching and he flees in terror, jumping into the sea and swimming back whence he came, never again to be seen by the Indian.

Soon the white serpent revives and upon seeing the blinding light, a portion of him feebly approaches it while another portion joins the Indian in love and brotherhood. The other, approaching the light, disappears into the ocean but later reappears swimming slowly toward the light and is never seen again.

At last the red serpent revives and when it sees the light it is terrified and crawls back to the north, leaving "a bloody shaky trail" never again to be seen by the Indians.

When Deganawida says that he himself will be that blinding light, he probably - as Vinson Brown suggests in his WARRIORS OF THE RAINBOW (with William Willoya), Naturegraph Co., 1962 - meant it in the same sense as Christ and Krishna when they promised to return - the return of the true spirit of God that spoke through these great Beings, rather than the literal return of the individual personalities themselves.

As for the prophecy itself, if we can believe it actually was received over three hundred years ago and handed down without any

intrinsic mutation, we can easily see how much of this has already come to pass, can be applicable to current events and what might be reasonably predicted for the future by nonmystical methods. .

The credo of this Iroquois Messiah, and of the Warriors Of The Rainbow today, is as follows: (Ibid)

Sanity of mind and health of body; peace between groups and individuals. Righteousness indeed, thought and conduct; justice and equity in the keeping of human rights. Maintenance of military power for self defence; maintenance and increase of spiritual power.

Which combines realistic common sense with religious ideal.

Yes, the American Indians of today have ambitions . . . but NOT to emulate the white man!

Lest anyone construe from the foregoing that we are in the least bias, we wish to state here simply that we are not. We are one hundred percent in favor of all people having an equal opportunity in all things. We only wish that the Negro today in his fight for "Freedom" would also direct his energy against the TRUE enemy of the freedom of all of us.

We'd like to thank those of you who have written us concerning these pages. Others who may wish to correspond privately can reach us at Post Office Box 807, San Fernando, California.

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THE WHITE HORSE

By

George Cardinal LeGros

Years ago, after my cousin, Raymond Witold, was found one morning trampled to death - apparently by a horse or some other large animal - on a lonely Indiana road, I discovered the following account, written by him, in one of his schoolbooks which his parents had given me. As both are now dead, and no other relatives survive who might be embarrassed by the publication of his weird and terrifying story, I feel free to share it with fellow readers of SEARCH. - G.C.L.

AS FAR back as I can remember I've been afraid of white horses. Not black or gray or brown horses, only white ones. I'm fourteen now, and I think I discovered the reason - which I'll explain later on. But even knowing why, or thinking I know why, doesn't help much. Whenever I see a white

horse it's like I was seeing death - my own death - and that night I dream of struggling and fighting for life, and getting weaker and sinking down, down into a wild, strange nothingness that must be what death is like.

I was very young, only a few years old, when the white horse came. It happened in a dream that

keeps coming back several times a year. I am riding the horse and it seems to be swimming in water or flying through the air. It isn't on the ground or anything solid, I'm sure of that.

And as it flies or swims I fall off and start sinking. I look up and see its hoofs and legs thrashing around above me. Then everything gets blurry and I sink farther down into a gray, misty world while the world I knew goes farther and farther away till I'm all alone, forever alone, in a strange nothingness that wraps itself around me until I don't exist anymore. I become the gray nothingness itself. It's like a final and complete and terrible end of everything, of me, of life, and everything I know. It's like death. It must be death.

When I wake up and know it was only a dream, and that I didn't really die, it's not as comforting as you might think because I know that after a few weeks, sometimes a few days, the dream will come again, and I'll sink down into that awful nothingness. Each time it's more dreadful, more terrifying, because I know so well every part of it, each step or stage of the horror.

As I said, it happens after I see a white horse - on the street, on the bridle path in the park, when parades go by, or even at the movies. I never know when it's going to happen, and I can't avoid

it. If I had my own way I'd go into complete seclusion because it would be better to see nothing of the world than be out in it where a white horse can appear at any time.

My parents and friends know about it, and some seem to understand and sympathize with my condition, while others say it's a silly, childhood fantasy that I should get over. My parents are most concerned of all. They both treat me with a consideration for which I try to be grateful.

We live in _____, Indiana, on 14th and Shelby, in a two-story frame house built over half a century ago. It is surrounded by beautiful lawns and flower gardens and at the back is a grape arbor and the garage where my father keeps the Buick. He is vice-president of the _____ Trust and Savings Bank, a short, thin man, very studious and quiet in contrast to my mother, who is tall and muscular, with black eyes and a high-pitched voice. She is a very emotional woman of French descent.

I have no brothers or sisters and therefore receive all their attention. They are really fine parents. I have my own room where I study and read. My grades at school are not bad, which I think is due to my staying home more than most boys my age and having more time to study.

But this has nothing to do with

the dream about the white horse. In that connection there was something which occupied my mind for a long time. It was my mother's youngest brother, uncle Fred. He died before I was born, and that was all I knew about him. When I asked my relatives for any details they either acted like they didn't hear me or told me to ask my mother. But when I did she got so upset that I soon stopped it. She would become hysterical, bursting into tears, and running to her room and staying there for the rest of the day. My father wouldn't tell me either. He said I'd know in due time.

There was a framed photograph on the wall in my mother's bedroom of her parents, three brothers, two sisters and herself. It must have been taken when she was about twenty. And sitting next to her in the front row was uncle Fred, a very good-looking boy about my present age, with large, dark eyes and black, curly hair. My mother had her hand resting on his shoulder and was looking at him with a warm, tender smile.

At her other side sat my grandmother, kind-faced and white-haired, and next to uncle Fred was my grandfather, stern-faced with a short, white beard. Behind them stood my other uncles and aunts. They were all older than my mother and quite ordinary looking. They look the same today as they did

then. My grandparents have both passed away.

A strange thing happened concerning uncle Fred when I was twelve years old. It was midnight and something I ate at supper had upset my stomach and kept me awake. I got up to go to the bathroom and as I passed my mother's bedroom I thought I heard someone speaking inside. I was about to knock when I heard the voice again. It was a voice that I did not recognize - a strange, eerie voice. It was saying over and over again, "Come back to me. Come back to me."

The voice was frightening. It was so different from my mother's. It was like another woman's voice - intense, passionate, desperate in its pleading.

The door was unlocked and I pushed it open just enough to see inside. My mother was sitting with her back to me on a chair by her bed. In front of her was the dressing table, and on it stood a photograph between two lighted candles. They made just enough light for me to recognize uncle Fred in the photograph. It was him when he was about twenty, in swimming trunks, standing by the water.

As I stood there watching, my mother got off her chair and knelt before the dressing table. She took the photograph in her hands and fondled and kissed it, making little moaning noises. Then she placed

it back on the table and clasped her hands together like she was praying, and said again in that strange, other-woman's voice, "Come back to me, my darling. Come back to me."

I closed the door quietly and went on to the bathroom and was very sick. I didn't sleep at all that night. I couldn't stop thinking of what I had seen and heard. It upset me almost as much as my dream about the white horse.

A year after that came the night when I left the movies early. They had a double feature and I had seen the second one before. And when I got near home I saw four people sitting on the front porch. They were my father, mother, and Dr. and Mrs. Vance from Evansville, who were old friends of my parents.

I didn't feel like talking with them as Dr. Vance always made me nervous for some reason, so I started toward the back of the house intending to go in through the kitchen. But something made me curious and I stopped by the corner of the house and eavesdropped. It was something I had never done before, but I soon realized that I had every right to because they were talking about me.

"He'll get over it," said Dr. Vance, who was a big, pink-faced Scotchman with a loud voice. "When he starts chasing girls he'll forget all about horses."

"If he only would," sighed my

mother. "But - "

"Pre-natal influence is an exploded superstition," said Dr. Vance. "Absolute nonsense."

"But - what could have caused it?" asked my mother.

"Childish imagination," Dr. Vance assured her. "Childish imagination."

I stood there still as death. And as they went on talking I put together from their remarks the whole story.

As I had suspected, it had to do with uncle Fred. He had been a merry young man with many friends and what looked like a promising future in the insurance business. But he had a weakness for drink, and one summer night after he and some friends left a tavern, one of them bet him he couldn't ford the Wabash River on a horse. It seemed he wasn't one to back down from a challenge, so they managed to get a horse from the riding stable, late as it was, and went to the river. It had been a white horse too, and after uncle Fred got to the middle of the Wabash he fell off and drowned.

When the news reached my mother later that night it almost killed her. She fainted, and when my father revived her she went into hysterics and screamed like a mad woman. And it was then that I was born. I came into the world with my mother screaming that she wanted to die and go to uncle Fred.

WARNED BY A GHOST

THIS STORY happened before I was born in Cleveland, Ohio but I have heard it told me by my mother many times in years past, and my father confirmed the identification of the photo by her many times while he was still with us. This he declared proves that she indeed saw a true ghost. I tell it just as I

heard it.

"At this time, my boy, I was just a young girl. It must have been in May of 1906, because I married your father the following June 20. It was a warm Spring day and I came home as usual tired from my work at about six-thirty. I entered the old house (now long since torn down) and it was still light as I made my way up the narrow stairs to my little room to change my clothes. I was thinking that soon I will have a little home of my very own. As I opened the door, there in the perfectly light room sat a slim young woman at my table, combing her long, glossy black hair. I wondered if my sister Hanna had one of her school teacher friends in visiting, and had sent her up to my room. I spoke to the girl, who appeared quite frail as I saw when she turned around to face me. Believe me, George, I saw her just as plainly as I see you now.

She spoke in a low voice, "Elsie, you don't know me. I have come to warn you! If you marry Tom you will not have a happy life, but you will do a great good! Oh, not because of Tom - he is a real Gentleman - but the family; they are the ones! I know - I am Norton's wife!" She stood up and I was astonished at her words, but I was even more astonished when she faded away and disappeared from sight completely. At no time was I

afraid, George, but just a mite nervous afterward. A girl standing there - then nothing at all.

The next time I saw Tom, my husband to be, I asked him about Morton's wife, knowing he had a brother by that name, but thinking him to be single like all the others. Tom was quite angry and asked what trouble-maker had been telling me stories of evil gossip? Then I told him of the ghost. He was unnerved to say the least. He took me to the family home later and made a pretext to them to let me look in the family album. With no difficulty at all I found a photo of the apparition, dressed just as I had seen her in my room. There could be no doubt that it was her. Tom's face turned white as I pointed to the picture. Later, in private, he told me that Norton, a wild boy, had married quite young. Nora had had nice black hair that she liked to comb. The mother and sister were so unkind to the girl, she being of a very shy, timid and frail nature soon sickened and died. The neighbors all considered her death hastened by the unkindness of the family as well as Norton's drunken abuse of her - an opinion my Tom also shared. He had been very sorry for Nora. The return of the ghost made him wonder if some of the darker hints of the neighbors might indeed be true - as those who meet a violent end are supposed to

return. After marriage I received the same kind of treatment from them as long as I had anything to do with them, but your father was a perfect gentleman - none better! As he used to say, there was no possible way that I could have identified that photo of a woman dead many years that I had never even heard of, unless I had indeed seen her true ghost."

The prophecy of the ghost Nora came true. My grandmother and maiden aunt did treat my mother so unkindly that a more timid and less rugged spirit would have been driven to despair, suicide or divorce. I resented its injustice so much that I would no longer visit them after the age of 13 and was later cut out of their money although I was the only grandchild. This proves that the dead do indeed return to warn the living. Father used to say when puzzling over the story that the only good he could see coming out of it was delivering him from his nasty family. And when he considered that matter of Nora's death he wondered if his family might have eventually poisoned him for his savings bank account. I wouldn't have put it beyond them. This is a perfectly true story. If people knew that they would have to face others they abuse here on Earth after death - maybe they would treat them more kindly. - A.L.W., Mira Loma, California.

YOUR FUTURE

BY

DOROTHY

SPENCE

LAUER

Predictions of the future by the ability known as psychometry. She can find lost objects, determine the state of your health, predict your future. Try her, and see.



RAY, I AM writing this on May 3, 1963. I was so upset about you for the last three weeks that I almost was on the verge of calling you long distance. I had such a restless, fearful feeling for you, almost as if I were a little frightened in regards to something that could take place, and evidently this would have something to do with publishing or printing something. Now you may be perfectly innocent, but would it be possible for someone to get in-

to your plant or printing place, and on their own use plates that would be considered lewd pictures to go through the mail? So you can see where I was so really very upset, because evidently this certainly could be someone who could do this and think they were getting away with it, and yet, they wouldn't be really. Yet, it would take a great deal of talking on your part to get out of this. Also there is going to be something come up in regards to a Shaver or a mystery

or the word Shaver will be in the newspapers, something that could indeed be considered against you. I have never known too much about your Shaver or your mysteries, but I do know that this went through my mind so much the last few weeks that I certainly was worried about you. I believe that they call this type of lewd picture a pornographic and this could indeed make an unpleasantness for you and I know how very much you are against something like this, so whatever this is, be very cautious about something where the word printing or publishing is concerned.

In regards to Russia, I feel many people will become extremely upset over Castro and Mr. K. meeting, but I feel that this is really to our benefit that they did meet and I doubt if true accounts of their entire conversation will ever come out or be made public, but again I feel that Mr. K. is certainly going to tell Castro many things that were we to know we would know that the thought of war is indeed not one that would meet at this time with Mr. K.'s approval. I feel, too, where China is concerned there is going to be some unpleasantness.

You are also going to find that many well known stars are going to pass away and again through cancer and one very well known star who appears quite a great

deal as a very famous lawyer will suddenly be found to be extremely ill. I seem to feel too that there is going to be a calm attitude around the United States. People are going to be a little careful before they get all upset over what they will term scare notices from Cuba. And I feel this very attitude is going to help prevail over keeping us at peace.

There are going to be the usual people who are the pulse and foundations who will again start very soon the idea of the end of the world being soon at hand, but I will again say over and over this is not true and I do hope that my many readers will believe and not just pick up stakes and become panic stricken as they have so many times.

I feel the law is going to become very, very strict, especially where lewd photographs are concerned and I do think that several people are definitely going to find that they are going to have to pay up in some measure or even a jail sentence because of these books, photos and even articles that will be sent through the mail that will not be acceptable.

You are also going to find that there will be several new styles that will amaze everyone, but I hope that we will use a little common sense here as it seems to have something to do with the type of a new cosmetic that will claim to

do wonders for them, but the price will be so amazingly high that the average housewife could not afford this, yet the claims will be so radical most of them will be almost senseless to try this so-called miracle cream. I do hope this also will be heeded.

There are going to be earthquakes in California. This doesn't mean everyone should move from California, because I think they are going to be very sharp tremors but I see no drastic harm coming to anyone. Also people in the psychic world are going to find that they are going to be thoroughly investigated and of course if they are not fraudulent they will have nothing to fear, but I would suggest that some of them who are using rather odd or strange messages, in order to get their thoughts across to the average person, change these in some manner; at least be honest with those that come to them. This will be made public and will shock many, many people.

The unusual codes found in some manner in very, very old buildings, I believe in Jerusalem, will be finally decoded in such a way that many true prophecies will come about through those who will decipher these correctly. This will be something new and will be quite amazing to the average person who reads them, but they will find that they will be accurate. This is

something that has never been discovered before and will be amazing to all of us, but you can rest assured that each and every prophecy that is decoded from these will be correct.

The following is written on August 2, 1963.

Several people have asked me about the earthquake that is supposed to happen and destroy all of California. Many people think I live in Amherst, when of course, I live in Glendora, California and I have no intention of moving. We are going to have an earthquake here, but I don't think it will be as bad as has been announced. So many people write to me and ask me to move because they don't want anything to happen to me. You can rest assured that if I felt any danger I would be the first one to move.

I have three requests that I am holding for a Cuma Mae Throgmorton or Thrackmorton. There is no return address on the envelope or anything for me to send these analysis out, and I wonder if this person will kindly send the information to me so they can be mailed out. There were three analysis that she had ordered.

Now to world events, Red China may give everyone quite a scare, especially the United States. But this is going to die down.

I am happy to see that I was right about no war with Russia.

Nor do I think we will have.

Some startling news in the Kennedy family. It is going to shock everyone and I seem to feel several people will nod their heads and say they knew this was going to happen. However, I do feel since Mr. Kennedy is our President, we should give him proper respect at the time this incident occurs. It seems too, as if there are going to be several issues come up in the White House that are going to meet with opposition. If Mr. Kennedy wants these passed, he may have to do something drastic or other than he has ever done before, in fact other than any other person has ever done. This will be a procedure that is used in rare occasions, but I do feel it will be exercised by Mr. Kennedy.

The new Pope is going to bring about many new changes in the Catholic religion which will be quite startling even to the people of that faith.

There are also going to be several instances that we are going to be still more shocked about, news from England and the scandal that has been in our newspapers for some time. If Dr. Ward lives, I will be surprised. But this is not only the scandal. There is something more here that is coming out that will practically rock the globe, so to speak, because there will be so many things brought up that have

not as yet been disclosed.

Several famous stars will pass away, due to the deadly cancer that they have contacted. Several do not know that they have it as yet and their deaths will be surprising. Some people ask me why I don't come out and mention names. I don't think this is a good thing to do, because you know when I mentioned about Marilyn Monroe some time ago, and something in regards to her, if the idea wasn't in her head, if she read this, it could put the idea there. Not only that, I feel that death is something we have no control over and when I say a well known person or star will die, I usually mean the one you read about soon after in the paper.

There is also going to be some rather unpleasant scandal in regards to three of our major players who have always supposedly been quite respectable. Scandal is going to cause them to lose their careers if they are not careful.

There are going to be some rather unsightly sights in regards to women's new fashions that will not go over at all. Some will be by the greatest designers in the world, but women are going to refuse to wear them.

It seems as if there is also going to be another severe earthquake, not too far from the one that just occurred, that took so many lives. And this too, will be

quite sad as there will be many thousands who will perish.

In regards to the California earthquake I have felt it will be severe, this is true. But for people to pick up and leave their homes, I don't think this will be at all necessary.

There are also going to be better conditions for you, Ray, and I'm happy to say, many of your staunch friends are going to stand by you through thick and thin. And I am sure you will be proved innocent in many things that have come up that annoyed you a great deal. Something in regards to this Richard Shaver mystery is coming up that is going to make you a little angry, but if at the time you can remember, Ray, to hold your temper, you will gain much.

One person who seems to stand out so vividly in my mind, and I know this person is a client of mine, should be extremely careful of being talked into putting a large amount of money into a very worthless proposition that will come from a very well dressed man, a person who appears to be wealthy, but who in reality not only rents the car he drives, but he has nothing to back him up, and if he isn't careful he is going to land right back in the jail he came out of.

I feel that this person is good looking, but he has nothing else to back this up. He will have many high ideas, but I'm afraid that he is going to smash to the ground as he did before, and this one person who happens to be the client I am trying to warn against this, will know immediately that I mean them as they read this column and they should be extremely careful if this person talks affection to them, because they do this especially to people who have a great deal of money, thinking that they will talk affectionately and get them to invest their money and then walk out never to be seen again. I hope this reaches the person in print because at the present I am not positive of their whereabouts as they seem to be traveling a great deal and are quite a distance from me at present. I know if they read this, they will immediately contact me, which I want them to do. But my main object is to warn them not to think that this person will ever be their husband, because he won't be. I feel that was an erroneous impression that was given to them and I feel they should heed my warning or dire consequences will result.

(Turn to next page for "How to Get a Psychometric Analysis.")

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 \$4.00. 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 \$4.00 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.

Editors Note: Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Ordinarily she needs but an object belonging to, or handled by, the subject, or the presence of the subject, to become aware of the psychic influences from which she draws her information. However, 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.



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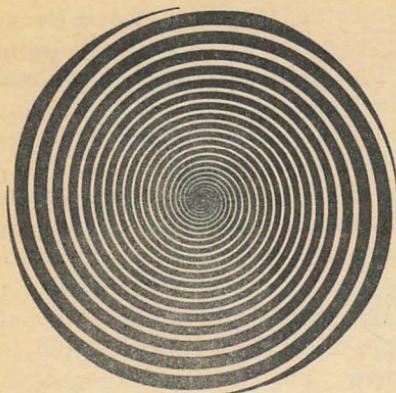
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- FOR SALE OR TRADE: Ap-

proximately 180 bulletins, magazines, etc. on saucers, occultism and related subjects. Also 12 books and booklets on the same subjects. Send for list. Lucius Farish, Route one, Plumerville, Arkansas.

- Magic interests me. I mean magic that works. Who knows of a good book on it? Also, I have heard of Witchcraft but have yet to see or meet a witch. Does anyone know how to go about locating one? Aurtun Dale, P.O. Box 174, East Paterson, New Jersey.
- Would like to hear from those who have sat under a Zwaan Ray, or bought one, or subscribed to "Psychic Realm" or "Cosmos", also those who have had any experiences with the aura tube. Clair Fellows, Box 68, Myersville, Md.
- FOR TRADE: Wish to get "Prodigal Genius"; am offering the volume "I Remember Lemuria and The Return Of Sathanas". Please write first. M. Pejaski, 228 Maple Blvd., Monroe, Mich.
- Notice!: ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION ON THE FORTEAN SOCIETY, PLEASE CONTACT: RG Mastroberte, 427 Washington Street, Carlstadt, N.J.
- I am interested in corresponding via tape recordings with single, young people (ages 20 through 35). My interest includes: meeting new people, body building, nudism, music, parties, broadminded, free thinkers, ways to make money, hiking, swimming, travel, psychic phenomena, hypnotism, the occult, healing, health, massage work & unusual ideas & interest, romance & adventure. Write to: Jerry Blake, 507 North 3rd St., San Jose, Calif.
- I am interested in hearing from people on the following subjects: (1) How to make money in real estate & investments? (2) An effective way of developing the muscles of the face? (3) How to completely correct any glandular unbalance in the body and bring about a normal condition? (4) How to make money at various odd and unusual jobs? Harry Creeger, 512 South Third St., San Jose 12, Calif.
- I do hereby proclaim this "Join the Flying Saucer Research Organization Month." We will have one of these months each year. So, come on you lucky people send for your membership application. There's no reduction in dues, or special offers this month, but you can be the first on your block to join during our special celebration. Won't that be just peachy? Write soon, so that YOU can one day run through the town, proclaiming, "I belong to the FSRO". People will cheer uncontrollably for you. RG Mastroberte, FSRO, 427 Washington St., Carlstadt, New Jersey.
- I would like to hear from readers who are interested in the teachings of the UNITY School Of Christianity. George J. Frega, 8 Jordan Ave., Jersey City 6, N.J.



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

THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK

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

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

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

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

Chapters from THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK

CHAPTER 1: A dialogue example of a new skeptical patient on whom mild hypnosis is applied to gain the patient's confidence and at the same time tell a good deal about hypnosis.

CHAPTER 2: This is the Basic Word for Word Technique for Inducing Hypnosis.

CHAPTER 3: What You Should Know for Your 1st Hypnosis.

CHAPTER 4: The Mechanics of Hypnotizing.

CHAPTER 6: Variation of Speed of Response.

CHAPTER 7: Disguised Hypnosis—Its Use in Therapy.

CHAPTER 8: Relaxing the Patient.

CHAPTER 10: Conditioning in Auto-Hypnosis—Monologue Method Word for Word.

CHAPTER 12: Hypnotic Re-education.

CHAPTER 13: Insomnia.

CHAPTER 14: Headache.

CHAPTER 15: Constipation.

CHAPTER 16: Over-weight: Reducing; Dr. and Patient.

CHAPTER 17: Breaking the Habit of Smoking.

CHAPTER 20: Hypnotic Anaesthesia.

CHAPTER 21: Painless Childbirth.

CHAPTER 22: Hypnosis in Dentistry.

CHAPTER 23: Working with children.

CHAPTER 25: Confidence —for Doctor and Patient

CHAPTER 26: Concentration and Retentive Memory.

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

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● I would like information on the following subjects: (1) How to make money from skin diving. (2) How to transmute lead into gold. (3) What is the best remedy for high or low blood pressure. (4) How to change facial features without surgery. (5) Specific psychic or physical exercises that will bring one into cosmic consciousness or awareness of one's Higher Self - safely. Harry Creeger, 512 South 3rd St., San Jose 12, Calif.

● I wish to thank everyone who wrote for the back issues of Search and Fate Magazines that I had listed in Search June, 1963. I am still getting requests, but a party in Fla. bought the entire set. Had a letter today from Frances W. Landers, % of San Diego County Hospital, San Diego 3, Calif., Front St. Ward 212. She desires 1962 December Search. She is an old lady of 72 who broke her leg. Will someone send this copy she asks for. I have the following books like new: You Are Psychic by Sophia Williams; Mental Radio by Upton Sinclair; Why We Are Here by Gloria Lee; The Voice Of Venus by Ernest L. Norman; How To Achieve Past Life Recalls, The Future Is Here & Practical Self Hypnosis all by Volney G. Mathison. Send me your offers for entire set. Pen Pals still

welcome. My interests are: Everything psychic, sunbathing, 16 mm films, photography, physique male modeling and the like. Mr. Jack Sellers, 407 Overlook Road, San Antonio 33, Texas.

● I am very skeptical of so-called "curses", especially those which are reputed to have caused the deaths of those who "dared" to defy them. Therefore, I would appreciate it if anyone could inform me of any legitimate "curses" which I could conveniently defy (the worse the curse is supposed to be the better!). I have no fear of such things, and will set out to disprove any which would not be inconvenient in terms of distance or finances. My home is near Albany, New York, and I will be spending time there, and in New York City in early May. However, except for this period of about a week, I will be limited to travel within 350 miles of Grand Forks, No. Dak. (This includes Minneapolis-St. Paul). I am particularly interested in testing the curse of a crystal skull I read about some time ago in FATE magazine, if anyone has information about this. Thank you very much. Craig Chilton, Unit 3, Box 2336, Grand Forks A.F.B., North Dakota.



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Where The Reader Has His Say

Dear Ray Palmer:

Your undated letter about your smut book trouble is really quite damaging to you and Richard Shaver because you do not offer any evidence, except your own word, that neither you nor Shaver had anything to do with the Freedom Publishing Company which was quoted. It seems incredible that you could not get some signed statements that investigation showed you both to be innocent. At least your bank, if it is any good at all, should have made an investigation before calling your loans. It would also appear, from your account of what happened, that you had grounds for starting legal action against certain people.

Whether you realize it, or not, your letter gives the impression that you do not have anyone in Amherst or in Wisconsin who will

come to your help. This means that you must have established an unfavorable impression on those around you and that you have to call for help from us, at a distance and who cannot check on what goes on.

I am enclosing two dollars to extend my subscription to Flying Saucers but I would like to see some of it spent to inform us, at a distance, as to just what is being done to clear you locally. If you do not do that in an intelligent manner, I can only see you gradually going down hill and similar attacks being made, in future, to embarrass everybody, including your subscribers.

It is obvious that nothing incriminating was found, otherwise you would be put out of business, but it does not mean that a case is not being built up against you

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Need more chili seasoning, as I have been eating it until it almost comes out of my ears! Just can't seem to get enough of it. Enclosed find my check for \$3.50 for which please send me five cartons of five 8-person servings, and I will be able to continue my orgy of chili. Have several friends who are anxious to try it also. C. A. Andrew, 905 E. Isaacs Ave., Walla Walla, Washington.

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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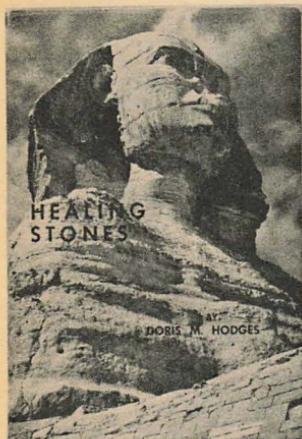
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which may not still put you out of business. What you need is a good lawyer and it seems strange that you do not have one who could have looked over your letter before you sent it out. - Rexford Daniels, Concord, Mass.

• Your letter is probably more incredible than anything that happened to us because of being wrongfully accused of publishing smut. Let's take your letter, sentence for sentence, and see what we can get out of it. First you say our letter is damaging to us and Shaver. This because we do not offer any evidence, except our own word, that we had nothing to do with the company (that published the smut). Just what would you consider evidence? An empty box not full of sex books? Just what concrete piece of evidence could we produce to prove we were NOT doing something? That request bewilders me. What ELSE is there but our word, EXCEPT the COMPLETE LACK OF EVIDENCE turned up by the authorities in a two-month investigation? Next, have you ever tried to get a district attorney, or even a policeman, to give you a written statement that you were innocent, just because he found nothing? You are really walking on clouds, Rexford! Well, to tell the truth, one of our paper salesmen, one who lost a \$2000.00 a month paper order because his credit

manager cut off our credit (and at the same time the commission of the salesman who has seven kids) went to the DA and was told there were no smut books being published in Amherst, but that he wouldn't give anybody that statement in writing. Ever try to get a politician to put anything into writing? Next, you say the bank should have made an investigation. The bank was quite willing to give us loans, and they KNEW we were innocent, because you can't publish smut in a town of 592 people and keep it secret, when the townspeople do the work! BUT, there are Boards of Directors who are exactly of the same frame of mind as you, who "play it safe" and shy clear of any possibility of contamination. After all, they have their stockholders to consider, most of whom are nice old ladies who live off their dividends. Next, you say we have grounds for starting legal action against certain people. Against whom? The DA? You can't sue a DA, or a policeman, or a politician. Or a newspaper which is careful to include the word "alleged" in its character assassination. Besides, Rexford, who has the money or time for an expensive lawsuit you stand little chance of winning? After all, the DA did publish, on the back page, in small type, the statement that no smut was being published in Amherst, or in Wisconsin, and



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THROUGHOUT the ages, man has found certain stones and other substances that appear to be helpful in restoring physical health as well as aiding mental development.

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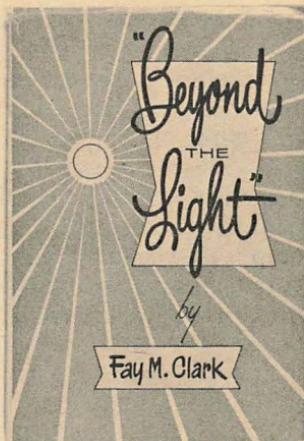
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FAY CLARK

FOR CENTURIES the Indians of the west and Mexico have worshipped the peyote cactus because the eating of its buttons or roots seems to draw aside the veil and allow the mind of man to touch a higher level of KNOWING.

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that the investigation was "closing its books". That clears us, Rexford, legally. After all, the law has to investigate, doesn't it? Isn't that what the taxpayers pay taxes for? How prove a person innocent unless you investigate? And you don't have to shout it out in headlines that you have done so, even if the newspapers would accommodate you. But headlines shouting innocence just don't sell papers, Rexford. If you could have seen the newsreel cameramen skulking about our farm, hiding behind rocks, running from my wife who came out to find out what they wanted, you would be amazed, and disgusted. And you would be raving mad at the way the pictures appeared on television, and the words put into your mouth. Believe me, Rexford, these guys are rats! Next, you infer that we have created an unfavorable impression on our community, because we have to call for financial help elsewhere. This is a poor community, and would YOU, Rexford, living in a fancy brickhouse, under fire for publishing smut, ask your poor neighbors to chip in? And if they did, how much could they help? Ten dollars, a hundred? Well, actually, the unfavorable impression we have created in Amherst resulted in the most loyal support you ever saw! Everybody was fighting mad. And even the local preachers called on us to give us their assurance that

nobody, but nobody, believed a word of that rotten story. As for the Postal Authorities in Wausau, they refused even to come down and investigate because the charge was obviously false, and patently impossible. They check this publisher regularly, because he does use the mails for his business!

Your letter makes many inferences, all of them inferences. Isn't the burden of proof on the accuser? You doubt our innocence very strongly, according to your letter, and you ask for proof, lacking which you must regretfully conclude that we are most likely guilty. At least, you won't consider taking our word. Actually, that's all I intend to give, because I am not required to give anything else. Until it is proved that I publish smut, it is a constitutional fact that I am completely innocent, and should be treated as such. Lastly, you would be amazed at the people who came to our help. As a result, we now own SPACE WORLD, we have so much printing we can't handle it all, and our readers have renewed their subscriptions so far in advance we'll be able to give them the finest magazines of our career. With that kind of belief in us, who cares about suing a DA? One last thought: would a smut publisher print his address on his illegal books? Or would he perhaps think it clever to print somebody else's address, then when the in-

DOES DANDRUFF MAKE YOU WANT TO HIDE YOUR HEAD IN SHAME?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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vestigation began, he could light out with the cash while the authorities were barking up the wrong tree? We know your letter is well-meaning, but don't you see it asks for the impossible? There was the little old lady and her husband, in their eighties, who drove 200 miles to come up to tell us they knew the charge was false, that they believed in us, and insisted we take \$20.00 from their small pension check to "help out". How do you think we felt taking that \$20.00? But how do you think they'd feel if we refused it? Those two already have their reward. God has a special place for them. If the rest of the world was like those two, no gossip would ever get to first base! And thank God, most people ARE like those two. - Rap.

Dear Ray Palmer,

I received He Walked The Americas. Very interesting. On page 65 the Author states that he does not know how to reach The Chief Big Tree. I am sending a clipping from todays New York Sunday News that might help him. - C.H. Jessen, 11 Ivan Ct., Brooklyn 29, N.Y.

• The clipping refers to Chief Big Tree, now 98, appearing at Chicago Fair. It also mentions that it was Big Tree who posed for artist James Earl Frazer for the profile on the old Indian head nickel. - Rap.

BOOK OF BROTHERS, by Margit Mustapa

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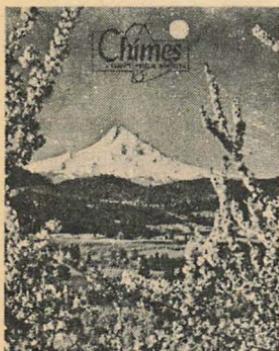
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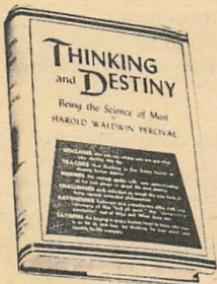
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Dear Ray Palmer:

Your October number of Search "the first of the new style issues" is fine - very easy to read and I think the cover could not be improved. It is most attractive and anyone seeing it would want to pick it up for closer viewing. The flower picture is most artistic. Miss Jane Meriwether, 315 W. Taber St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Ray:

I received my copy of HE WALKED THE AMERICAS, and wish to say that you have certainly outdone yourself. It is a magnificent job.

Referring to Page 118, concerning Toltec hardening of copper, I have seen in an Indian museum north of Newport, Oregon, on the Oregon Coast hiway (U.S. 101), a piece of 'tempered' copper that the Indian owner said had been dug from an Indian grave somewhere in Oregon. He also said that if it were heated, and then allowed to cool, it would just be ordinary copper, so if he is right, the tempering agent would be something damaged by heat.

The artwork is so tremendous. Why did you not credit the artist where known? I would like to see P. 38, 'The Thunder God' in color in a large size suitable for hanging on the wall.

For quite some time, you ran an ad in your publications re-

questing any information in regard to the whereabouts of the author, Mr. Hansen. Do you suppose that Mr. Hansen, instead of trying to explore one of Mr. Shaver's caves, actually went to live with the Indians described on page 117? -Dennis Kier, 2410 1/2 Dexter Ave N., Seattle, Wash. 98109.

- You'll hear more about L. Taylor Hansen later that will answer your question and astound you beyond measure! - Rap.

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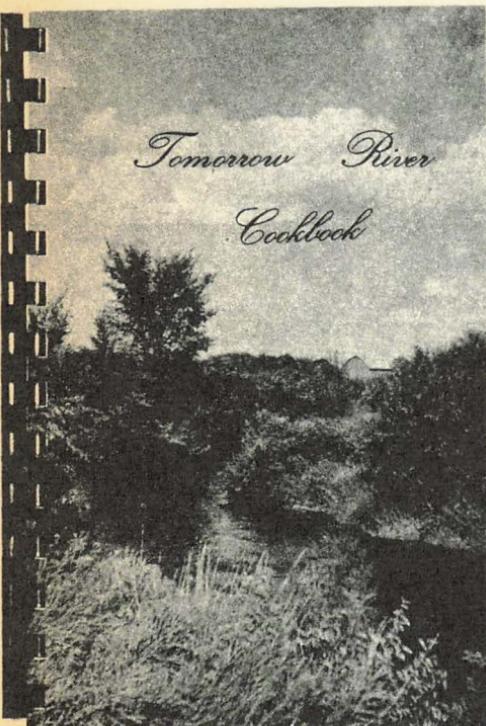
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