

SEARCH

MAGAZINE

December
1963

35¢



TWO WAYS TO BE

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SEARCH

MAGAZINE

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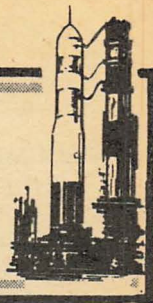
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EDITORIAL	2
Ray Palmer	
THE HYPNOTISM DUD	6
Elmer Beshearse	
WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION	13
Harry Vogtman	
REINCARNATION OR GUARDIAN	
ANGEL - WHICH	20
Florence L. Holden	
THIRTY YEARS AMONG THE DEAD..	22
Dr. Carl A. Wickland, M.D.	
BILLY GRAHAM ON SEARCH	
SUBJECTS	34
Alex Sauncers	
OCCULT TOOLS OR INSIGHTS	43
Kenneth Willoughby	
MY MOST FANTASTIC ADVENTURE..	46
L. Taylor Hansen	
SEANCE	56
Persian High	
I SEARCHED FOR ETIDORHPA	62
John Hatfield Hart	
ARE THERE ETHERIC ARMIES	70
Robert Rowan	
YOUR FUTURE	74
Dorothy Spence Lauer	
PERSONALS	78
From Our Readers	
WHERE THE READER HAS HIS SAY..	86
Letters From Our Readers	

EDITORIAL



JUST HOW much do the subjects covered in SEARCH really mean when it comes to the agencies of the world that govern policy, and who really make the world what it is - at least in respect to laws and government and their effects on our lives? When we think of who it is that reads SEARCH, how much actual relationship and affinity do they have with those others? Are we actually a "fringe" element, or even something that those others can call a "lunatic" fringe? Do we take ourselves too seriously? Is there really anything to it except a philosophy shared only by a few? When we talk of (just for example) the "astral", is this a subject of any interest or concern, or of serious attention, by those others? When Ray Palmer talks of his convictions that the atmosphere of this earth is inhabited by intelligent beings, no

matter if we take them in the sense that Oahspe takes them (spirits of the dead) or as "space people" or as people of another "dimension", do important agencies or important world people dismiss him as a crackpot, or do they really think the same things?

Here is a question that is a BIG one. If all this we speak about is a reality, then certainly it should be receiving attention by those in high places - in fact, a great deal more attention than we give it. Do they give it that attention? The answer is, they do.

You will want proof. You won't want Ray Palmer just to make a flat statement, and say it is so. Well, we could write a book on the interest the higher-ups take in our subjects, but we will give you only one instance right now. It should be sufficient. We will mention only one of our books - Oahspe. This is the book written by automatic

writing (on a typewriter) in 1881 by John Newbrough, which purports to give the history of the earth and of the heavens, of men and of angels and lords and gods, who dwell both in our atmosphere and in space, for the past 79,000 years. Who, among the "important people" reads it? The Central Intelligence Agency, the CIA, the most secret, most powerful intelligence agency in the world, the one agency accountable to no one (and some think not even to the president, because it informs him so poorly), reads it.

Why would the CIA pay any attention at all to such a book? If it accepted the premises of this book, its own authority would be gone, its power would be wiped out, its reason for existing would disappear. If all the religions of the earth accepted the premises of this book, they would as a matter of course become unified in their efforts, even while they might retain their personalities. Because only one truth would be true, and no other possible. Only one authority would exist. There would be no fear of eternal punishment, no reality to hell, no real death, no reason to fear. Knowledge of the truth would liberate all the peoples of the world, render senseless any wars, and expose all the frauds.

But the CIA does pay attention to the book! There can be two reasons. One is that it is true.

The other is that it is false - and dangerous (to whom?). If the CIA really is a world power, then it has no choice. It must oppose the book whether true or false. If true, on the basis that it is dangerous to its regime. If false, on the basis that it is dangerous to its regime. If the CIA is a benevolent association, intent on good results for mankind, then its reasons for paying any attention to the book must be factual reasons, and the best way to carry out its benevolent purposes would be to present those reasons forcefully to the people. And if the book is false, it is likewise its duty to present its evidence as to its falsity to the people as forcefully as possible, because if it is false, it is dangerous to the people. Just as an untrue religion would be dangerous to the people.

Oahspe knows things it should not. For example, the location and nature of the Van Allen Radiation Belts; the density of meteor belts in space; the appearance of space; electro-magnetic fields in space and surrounding planets; loss of weight in space; etc. Such things now being discovered by our space probes and satellites and astronauts. That would be one reason for the CIA to be interested in the book. Which, of course, predicates that it might lean toward interest in the other things Oahspe says.

The only thing we wish to point out here is that not even the highest intelligence agency in the world is dismissing Oahspe as unworthy of attention - and if that is so, SEARCH Magazine has not been wrong in being interested in it, nor are you wrong.

We don't say that Oahspe is literally true. No more than we say the Bible is literally true. The Bible contains many allegories. It is written in a fashion peculiar to its day, patterned to the understanding of ancient peoples. Oahspe is written to the understanding of peoples of 1881, when the age of science, of machines, had not yet dawned. It cannot speak of Thor rockets, Mercury capsules, sophisticated aerospace hardware, telemetry, radar. It must speak of "fire ships", "angels", "plateaus", "wark belts", etc. Not of things as they really are, but in a way to be understandable and acceptable to those of limited understanding. When you read Oahspe, you must mentally translate the "biblical" style of the book into the scientific "style" of today. Then "vortexya" becomes "electromagnetic field", and "wark belt" becomes "radiation belt".

As long as we have put SEARCH out, we have maintained one thing - and that is that we are not speaking of ephemeral things, of ghosts and spirits and astral worlds, but of

REAL things, people, intelligences, and geographic locations. All that separates us from them is a science of physics and chemistry that is still unknown to us. The "plateau" of Oahspe is an area of spirit inhabitation in "atmospherea" located over Gautama, for example. Invisible and intangible to us, not because it isn't physically real, but because it is in a different range of the physical. It IS physical, because today we are able to devise instruments to detect it! Radar can do it. Radio telescopes, so-called, can "see" these areas, "listen" to the "communications" of an electronic nature used by these "inhabitants". Therefore they are physical. Everything is physical - except as to degree, or relativity. The finest form of matter is still matter. A spirit body is still a body of matter, even though it is not matter as we know it. It is matter as we have not yet been able to detect, except by manifestations that seem eerie and unreal to us.

SEARCH is about the unknown, the undiscovered, the suspected but not proved and demonstrated. But those things are none the less real, and it is evident that they are real even to the CIA.

How real?

You may one day find out through the pages of SEARCH. It, unlike the CIA, is not secret! What it finds out, it will tell you!

And, what you find out, will you tell us? It is your privilege in this magazine, which is YOUR magazine.

Obviously we are not always right. But then, the CIA has not always been right - as in Cuba. - Rap.



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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THE HYPNOTISM DUD

By Elmer Beshearse

Quotes from SEARCHMAGAZINE, August, 1963:

- (1) Current teaching methods are strictly hypnotic and are becoming more powerfully hypnotic. The Hypnotism "Bomb", by Alfred W. Pritchard, Page 49.
- (2) One of the worst dangers lies in the fact that our educational system is being turned into a brainwashing system. Students have to memorize. You Can Know All The Answers, by Carl Payne Tobey. Page 58.

I AM A teacher. My classroom is a simple affair; blackboards are on three walls; the desks are hard and uncomfortable; there is insufficient lighting; and my desk is placed at an odd angle. Perhaps, I should say that, instead of a teacher, I am the hypnotist. I always arrive at school about thirty minutes early in order to study and review my hypnotism hand-book, so that my thirty students will get a sufficient amount of educational hypnotism for the day.

When my students arrive, I am always standing at the door to greet them. Actually, I am not standing there to greet them; I am standing there to give them the hypnotic

eye. Therefore, when they file into the classroom, it will seem to be an elaborate affair; the blackboards will be beautiful and shiny, but not glaring; the lighting will seem sufficient; and everything will be quite comfortable for inducing the approved type of hypnotic learning.

Of course, I know that when the students arrive, they will not all fall under my spell. My teacher training was sadly deficient along the line of hypnotism. Teacher training taught me work in subject matter and how to teach that subject matter. Many facts of educational life were left out. Some of these facts are pointed out in pub-

lic documents by noted authorities, who are not engaged in education so much as they are engaged in criticizing education. The evidence gathered by these self-styled authorities is too secret to be published, but according to one authority, "it would make your blood run cold."

I am not so well-versed in hypnotism as some of my esteemed co-workers in the field of education. Let me give you the events of a typical day at school and it will become apparent that I need more schooling in how to brainwash the minds of the youngsters. I ask you to bear with me and not be overly critical of my inabilities to hypnotize effectively.

* * * * *

First, we always begin by repeating the Lord's Prayer. One morning, I noticed that one boy did not join with us, so I began to think that my brainwashing was not taking effect. I know that a teacher should not embarrass a child in public, so after class I asked the boy why he failed to join the rest of the children in repeating the Lord's Prayer. He explained that he only had an IQ of 75 and had been unable to learn the Lord's Prayer. He was working on it however, and expected to have it learned in three or four more years. There is no need for him to learn it at all now, since the Supreme Court rendered its de-

cision on prayer in public schools.

Second, we have the pledge of allegiance. All students stand and pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America. Recently, one boy did not stand or take part in the pledge of allegiance. I decided to talk with him after class. He explained that he belonged to a certain religious group that forbade his joining in the pledge of allegiance. I realized that I would have to do some further work on this boy. I must get more hypnotic equipment and try to overcome his feelings along this line.

Third, I read the bulletin for the day. It is sent down from the office of the principal and is written with the supreme thought in mind of lulling the students into a false sense of security. The bulletin supplements and aids the hypnotic effect that the teacher has on the children. It also conditions their supple minds to accept outrageous theories since it has the ring of "authority".

Fourth, we began our study of mathematics. I have become greatly disappointed in my abilities to hypnotize in this particular field. I find that no matter how hard I work on it, there are many students who do not learn (or should I say, allow their imaginations to become hypnotized) to use algebraic rules of mathematics. There is difficulty with the plus and minus signs; the rules of exponents be-

come mixed with doubling or multiplying by three, four, or five; and decimals and fractions remain hazy in the minds of many of the students. I have also failed to brainwash two of the students into simply putting their names on their papers.

Fifth, we continue on with the remaining "three R's" and other outmoded subjects laid down by the board of education. There is nothing in our educational system about the cold war, or the fact that so many Americans are suspected of being communists, or how many books should be taken out of the library and burned. It is too bad that all the teachers, with their superior methods of hypnotism and brainwashing, cannot get the board of education and others in authority to come to a few classes. We could brainwash them into getting things into the curriculum that should be there. But I digress.

Sixth, we go to the cafeteria for lunch. This is a complete example of supreme hypnotism at work. Each student lines up like a zombie, takes his tray, and awaits his turn. The food is not always good, but the students are conditioned to see only excellent food and they do not complain. I must admit that before we hypnotists took over, the progressive educators in charge had a bad time in the cafeteria. The students threw bread, spilled soup, and refused

to take their trays to the kitchen after they had finished eating. They even went so far as to compel the teachers to take the trays to the kitchen. This has all been changed under the evil eye of the teachers who are versed in hypnotism. The students now take the teachers' trays to the kitchen. It must be admitted, however, that the teacher must keep his eye on students in the lunch line when they are waiting for food. Students have a tendency to come out from under the spell and try to "buck" the line when the teacher is not looking. All of the teachers are working on this with an eye to keeping the students in line when the teacher cannot keep an eye on the line. On days when the food is not especially good, the teachers give post-hypnotic suggestions that there will be no food poisoning or any other ill effects from eating the food. One would be surprised at the wonder that such post-hypnotic suggestions work. The students are conditioned to clean up the cafeteria after lunch, so that it is as clean as when they arrived there.

Seventh, we have another session with more of the "three R's". Naturally, more work is done to induce memory and security in the student than is done to develop his intellect. Of course, more discouragement is heaped on the teacher when he discovers that a

number of the students fail to remember the page on which the previous day's assignment was made.

Eighth, we have organized athletics. In playing baseball the teacher who can hypnotize best is selected to be the coach and paid twice as much money as the other teachers. He is not required to know anything about how to play baseball, other than the fact that a bat is used to hit a ball thrown by a pitcher. The coach works on hypnotizing the best students on the team into hitting the ball. He is not alone in this endeavor. There are seven or eight half-dressed young ladies who shout and holler and sing and raise pandemonium. These young ladies are students who are known as cheer-leaders. Their actual job is to aid in the overall hypnotism which goads the team to "victory". They are accompanied by a band of over-dressed students, who swelter in uniforms designed for an arctic climate. The band shows the team what real suffering means, and urges the team to "victory" in a sort of hypnotic, "Get-it-over-with - and - win - so-we-can-get-these-hot-uniforms-off" trance. The spectators who watch this activity assist in the overall hypnotism by their stony-eyed looks, weird chants, and good luck charms. The good luck charms consist of the fetish of wearing

shirts with the name of the favorite team emblazoned on the back; of wearing baseball caps, though they are spectators, not players; and of betting money on the favorite team. If the coach has failed in hypnotizing his team in the winning of the game, he is cast into outer darkness. All the people who have lost money on him are after his scalp, although he may not be an Indian. He goes down in defeat and must find work somewhere else, and it will probably be a menial task, since it has been proved that he is no longer fit to brainwash the nation's young. If he wins, however, he will go higher and higher. If he continues winning, he may get up into the big money. He may become a famous ball player, boxer, coach, or team manager. If he continues on, he might become famous enough to carry signs and picket certain establishments to aid in overall hypnosis.

But once again I digress. Back to the schoolroom and my account of a typical day which the hypnotic teacher spends.

Ninth, we don't have calisthenics anymore. That word indicates drill, monotony, and hard work. So, we have thrown the term, calisthenics, out and now employ the term, Physical Fitness. Physical Fitness means drill, monotony, and hard work, but under hypnotics one never realizes this. He con-

siders it pleasure. One boy who could not touch his toes during Physical Fitness was hypnotized into believing that he could. He now does it easily. Hypnotism has been successful in many other cases, also. I am forced to report that our fifty-mile hike was a complete failure, however. All the students made it with flying colors, but the teacher who was leading the hike dropped out after the first ten miles. This was very sad since he was considered to be the best hypnotist on the faculty. The principal of the school pointed out to us later that we must all be as well-versed in auto-hypnotism as in you-all-hypnotism. (Our principal is a product of the old southern school of hypnotism.)

Tenth, school is over and the students board the bus to go home to their parents. It is sad to relate that the bus drivers are not very good hypnotists. The students smoke, fight, make love, and break windows on the bus. It must be realized that the bus drivers have not had the training that teachers have had and therefore cannot cope with the problems as well as the teachers. It is to be hoped that bus drivers will eventually be required to take courses in order that they may continue the hypnotic effect which has been exerted on the students by the teacher.

And so ends a day in the learning-teaching-hypnotising situation

of the student and teacher.

* * * * *

As a teacher, I would be first to realize that not all our methods are perfect. Teachers are ever-striving to hypnotize and brainwash better. More teachers and other persons who are interested in this type of education are writing textbooks with this thought in mind. Many noted authorities are working on a faster means of hypnotism for the dull student, since he is the one that is difficult to brainwash.

It is my sincere hope that textbooks of the future will be about half the size they are now, and that their covers will be shiny. It is to be hoped that they will be equipped with a bright chain upon which they can be suspended and dangled by the teacher before the unsuspecting student. As the book is spun, the light will glare off the shiny covers and into the eye of the student. As the wind whips the pages, tears them from the book, and scatters them around the room, the message on the pages will fly to the brain of the student. The low IQ's will creep upward as does the mercury in a thermometer when a flame is held near. At this point the millennium will be reached.

In addition to Instant Coffee, Instant Starch, and Instant Security, we shall have the ultimate - INSTANT EDUCATION.

(Con't from page 60)

My thoughts came back to the medium at my right. By this time she was waving her arms so forcibly that the air current produced was refreshing. I was about to look at her, but restrained myself, being afraid to look at what was now making a horrible choking noise.

The medium at the altar explained to the congregation that was now beginning to get excited that Anna, the medium at my right was now possessed by the spirit that had wanted to harm me. I was a bit apprehensive.

"You will now be able to let your spirit control take possession." He looked directly at me.

"Yes sir," I said, when I really meant NO SIR. I bowed my head to avoid his gaze. I was embarrassed because I didn't want him to be embarrassed in front of all those people. Again I said to myself:

"I'm not cold, so I don't know why I'm shivering." I wasn't so nervous that my hands should shake like a leaf in the wind. I did feel my heart beat faster every time the man on the altar addressed me, and my heart did skip a beat here and there, specially when there was a sudden movement from the mediums, but I didn't think all this hocus-pocus that was going on would make my nervousness visible.

More and more, my hands be-

gan to move, first with a little tremor within and then an explosion without. I lost control over them. Automatically, my hands came up over my head. They moved in unison, as if I were shaking a cocktail (by this time I needed one). Down my arms came and up they went again. I couldn't think straight any more. I tried to think of my friends but they were not important. My body began to contort. My head went back. I didn't want it to go back, but it did. My back arched. I was rigid as an ironing board one second and like a piece of thin rubber the next. Then, in a wave-like motion, my arms joined my body, and my legs followed the rhythmical pattern that progressed, without my will, until I fell to the floor and became unconscious.

As my body contorted, I could see my body (in my mind's eye) like a huge snake that followed the wild movements of a trapped beast. Then I knew no more.

The mediums that worked with me (or on me) had also seen this horrible creature. But how? I had only seen it in my mind's eye.

"It is chained," I was told later.

"It won't bother you any more," echoed another.

"Your spirit guide," explained the presiding medium, after the seance was over, "permitted this

creature (the snake) to use your brain. "You are a medium and you had to be exposed to this phenomena before you could control other spirits."

"I see," I said, trying not to show my puzzlement.

"There is nothing more for you to worry about," he said trying to stop the conversation. Then he said: "Let us pray," and the seance continued.

The folk dance being performed in the show that I mentioned previously had to do with a snake god or something of that nature. The movements of the dancers were as untempered as the movements I had experienced a few years ago in a crowded seance room. The patter the dancers followed, like the one I had followed before I became unconscious, was an imitation of a SNAKE.

It was nearing midnight when we left the seance room. No one seemed to be in a hurry to get home. The previous miserably hot hours that we had spent in the poorly ventilated room were now forgotten. As my friends and I walked to the bus stop, we enjoyed the breeze that was heralding the coming rain.

Riding back home, I asked how long I had stayed unconscious. To this day, they won't tell me how long I lay on the floor or what I had said under that heavy unnatural sleep that took hold of me in a

matter of seconds.

"Is it that bad?"

"No," said Miriam, "on the contrary."

Carmen interrupted: "We were advised never to tell you."

"It is good," reaffirmed Miriam, and that's why we can't tell you. If we do, nothing will come out, and we want it to come out."

"Okay," said Gume, "that's enough." He hadn't said much all night and this ended his contribution to our conversation.

I thought about the incident many times afterward, and my thoughts were permeated with doubt. But when I saw the show, on that August night, the TV screen was no longer a receiving end of an electronic apparatus, it was more like a recorded segment of what had really happened. And I still remember the medium's last words as we parted:

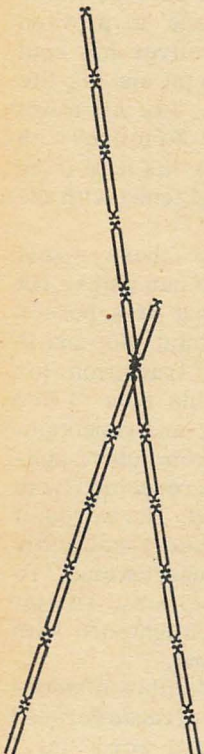
"Your music . . . your writings . . . your works are for the world to see. Don't forget you are a medium. Work on this and come and see us again."

Many of the cures and prophecies of the medium came true. I could be the first to attest to this. So, who knows, some day I'll sit at the piano and my fingers will trace over the keyboard a musical pattern that we may call a masterpiece. Maybe I'll write another GONE WITH THE WIND.

Only time will tell.

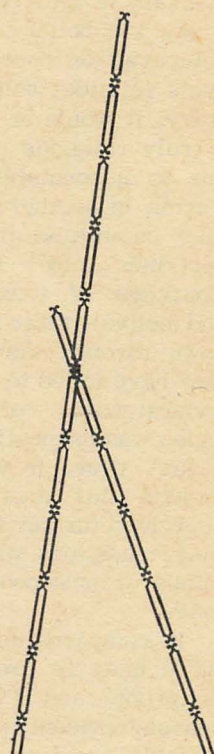
WHY I BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION

By Harry Vogtman



MANY PEOPLE have queried me on my reasons for my belief in reincarnation; this is a rational question, and deserving of a rational answer.

When I was first confronted with this question some years ago, I made it a point to search out as much evidence as possible, in order to convince myself beyond the shadow of a doubt that the theory was correct. This highly controversial subject has plagued man since the beginning of time. Why are we here? What purpose do we serve? Merely to be born, live and die? Is there a satisfactory answer to these questions that is borne out by the facts, that assures us of some degree of



confidence and security? I believe there is.

We are assured of one fact, as intangible as it seems to be: that we are here for some definite purpose, living each incarnation subject to the immutable law of Karma. This law does exist and has existed since the beginning of time, and will continue to exist to the end of time. To those of you who are unwilling to accept the dogma of reincarnation as being contrary to your religious beliefs, I say the belief in the theory of reincarnation does not contradict one's religious beliefs. On the contrary, it would be beneficial to be a truly religious person, because one is accountable to the law of Karma in another lifetime for the sins committed in this one. The doctrines of the Christian Churches of today are sincere and helpful, their ideology handed down through the ages, although they have failed to incorporate the understanding of reincarnation which was unquestionably taught in Jesus' time. If your beliefs do include this doctrine, you need search no further for an answer to these questions which trouble the minds of most people in the world today.

If reincarnation is a fact, then there must be proof. I say there is proof, and I find it, not in hearsay evidence, but in the only reliable proof we have of eternal

matters, the Holy Bible.

Certain chapters and verses in the Bible contain convincing proof of reincarnation, or rebirth again here on earth, because there is no other way of interpreting these verses. For instance, in the Old Testament, let us consider the 33rd chapter of Job. In verses 27 through 30, the belief in repentance and redemption is expressed very clearly in these words: "He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right and it profited me not; He will deliver his soul from going into the pit and his life shall see the light. Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living."

In interpreting these words from the Bible, we can gather but one conclusion: that if a person who has lived a sinful life, and is about to pass in transition (or death), confesses his sins to God and is truly sorry and repentant, he will be saved from future punishment and will be redeemed from the pit of darkness. The words of the 30th verse refer specifically to rebirth, or reincarnation: "To bring back his soul from the pit (or grave) to be enlightened with the light of the living."

How can we possibly misconstrue the meaning of these verses? In explanation of the word "pit,"

the burial place in Biblical days was called a pit, which today is referred to as a grave - an excavation for burial of the dead. (Reference is made to it as Hades in Isaiah, 38th chap. 18th verse, to the pit in connection with death.)

To be redeemed from the pit, to be brought into the light of the living can be interpreted only as to be born again after death, and to live again among the living. If you will re-read these verses, and ponder over their meaning, I am sure you will begin to fit the jigsaw puzzle of these truths together into a composite picture that will leave no doubt in your mind of the rationalism of reincarnation.

Karma is an immutable law, a universal law; and you find it referred to in the Biblical quotation, "For whatsoever ye sow, so shall you reap." This is the law which occasions the need for reincarnation.

How could the eternal soul suffer? The soul cannot suffer: it must return to live again in another body, for only the flesh can suffer for wrongs committed in a previous life. For every infinitesimal sin that you commit, you must pay a penalty to recompense for that sin. Only by paying and evolving and gaining more knowledge, your soul becoming cleansed by living many lifetimes to attain the ultimate perfection, can you finally be absorbed into the infinite Cos-

mic Soul. Note that Jesus states this very definitely in the book of St. John, chapter 3, verse 3: "For unless you are born again, you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Now again our research leads us to the 8th verse of the same chapter of St. John: "The Soul of man cometh and goeth like the wind, when it cometh or where it goeth no one knows, for so is everyone born of the spirit."

Jesus asked in the 16th chapter of Matthew: "Whom do men say that I, the son of man, am?" They had previously asked him why Elias must first come, and Jesus answered, "Truly Elias indeed has come and will restore all things." The coming of Elias referred to his rebirth and coming again. In all of the Gospels you find that the rebirth of Elias was expected. Jesus said nothing about that question about Elias' return because he was quick to call their attention to any wrong thinking. On the other hand, he stated that Elias has come and was expected and fully agreed with them. "But whom do they say I am?" he asked. The answer was: some say thou art John the Baptist, some said Elias and some said Jeremias, or some one of the former prophets that had passed in transition. But the disciples made it plain that the rebirth of former great prophets was expected.

In the 9th chapter of Luke, 7th verse, Herod wondered about Jesus because it had become known to him that he was John reborn. This was a common understanding in Biblical days: the populace believed and accepted the truth of reincarnation, and Jesus was known to mention it. Of course, we must not forget that Jesus himself reappeared in the flesh after death, as a sign that death is but a transition, and that the spirit cannot die.

That we are placed here on this earth to live but one lifetime to recompense for our sins is completely incomprehensible: it is perfectly apparent that it would take many lifetimes, many future incarnations, for mortal man to evolve to a state of final perfection that will enable him to inherit Almighty God's wondrous Promises. For only the pure in heart can inherit the Kingdom of God, and only through incarnation after incarnation can we evolve to that state of perfectness that God decrees.

What great minds constructed the great pyramid of Egypt? Whence came the knowledge for this stupendous undertaking? It could have come only from a race of people with super-intelligence that had been acquired over centuries of incarnations, through sufficient experience in previous lifetimes to acquire this knowledge.

The limited mechanical means of that day seem to make the building of the pyramid an utterly impossible task - yet it was built.

In our daily lives, busy surmounting the difficulties and demands of our existence, we have little time to ponder over what we face after death. Little thought is given to our fellow man. Taking what we get from our labors, each night we close our eyes in sleep, that sleep which has been likened to death and the awakening in another lifetime.

Actually, the passing in transition is only the same as lying down to sleep, from which your present body will never awaken, but from which your soul has departed and returned to the great universe or cosmic, where it will be taught and remain for a while; then at the appropriate time it will return again to this earth to hover over a mother about to give birth, and when that baby enters the world and takes its first breath of life, your soul will be absorbed into that little body and you will start another incarnation on this earth. Your body left on earth will be absorbed into the earth, and you will have no further connection with it. You will go on in another incarnation, profiting from the experiences that you had in your previous incarnation. If you have harmed your fellow man in a previous incarnation, you yourself will

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suffer to whatever extent is necessary to recompense for those wrongs, so that you may learn and evolve to a state of perfectness. How many lifetimes you may have to live will depend upon that state of perfectness that will be required by Almighty God. If in one lifetime you continue to hurt your fellow man, to say unkind things about him, deal unfairly, maim or disfigure him, you too may be born in disfigurement, or suffer other unhappy conditions that will recompense for those wrongs.

If you have sometimes wondered why people are born handicapped, why others are plagued by misery all their lives, the law of Karma will give you the answer. The law of Karma never forgets: it is sure to exact an eye for an eye; you cannot escape it; it is immutable and will always exist, by God's decree.

For those who are troubled in mind, the knowledge of Karma affords understanding and consolation. Only when they open their thoughts to the Infinite, to God, can they find peace of mind.

Try living one full day without care; just leave it all to God and say, "God, I'm not going to try to direct my life today because I know you can do it better for me, so I'm going to leave it all to you." You will find that you will be more care-free and happy. Your worries will vanish, for you will know in

your own mind that your Creator is directing your life. You will be filled with an exhilaration that is hard to describe. Only you will feel it, the grandest feeling you have ever experienced.

This writer's thoughts are filled with sorrow for those around us who submit to no Divine guidance: deliberately breaking the laws of God and man, compassion for their fellow man completely ignored, only their sinful ends are considered. Crimes against little children, helpless women and enfeebled elderly, taking money and property at gun point - some do not even hesitate to take a life if it furthers their ends. Think of the Karma that they face in their next incarnation, the retribution that God will exact. "For whatsoever ye sow, so shall you reap." Only in the flesh can you suffer. Suppose your soul should be imprisoned in a drunkard's body - oh! how that soul would cry out to Almighty God to be delivered from its horrible prison.

The thoughtful reader may ask, "Is there a chance for me? Can I some time face my great Creator, and stand with bowed head and say, "God, I did the best I could"? The answer is simple. God talks to you through the workings of your mind. You know the answer, whether it is right or wrong; you need but follow the dictates of your

conscience. God made the laws by which your life can be guided and gave you free will to either keep his commandments or break them, just as you choose. You are told that if you keep them, you will be rewarded with all his beautiful and lasting promises, that in the end, when your soul has reached the ultimate perfect state, you will be absorbed into that great Cosmic Realm of our beloved Almighty God, for you will have acquired the perfect state in the likeness of him who created you. For the kingdom of Heaven is within you and God is always with you forever, because you are a part of God, created in his image and therefore the perfect reflection of your great Creator.

Have you done something today for someone else? Have you given financial aid to someone who is destitute and in need of help? Have you looked down with scorn on a Jew, a colored man, a cripple, a blind man? Perhaps in your next incarnation you could be born with a dark skin, a cripple, a blind man, to repay your Karma. God is not mocked; his promises are fulfilled, and just retribution will follow your transgressions.

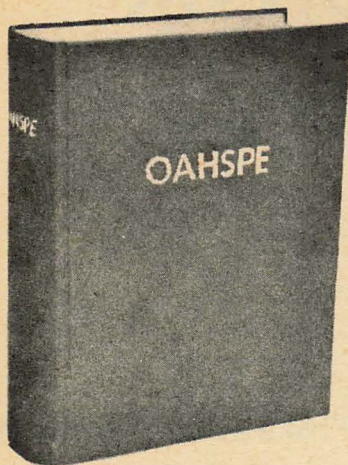
The rationalism of the belief in reincarnation and the law of Karma is becoming more and more evident day by day. Through much research, prominent clergymen and scientists who have been

delving into the misunderstanding of the interpretation of certain parts of the Bible have become convinced that this highly controversial theory conforms to the teachings of the Biblical prophets and of Jesus when here on earth. Whether you accept the dogma or not is entirely up to the individual. All too many say they don't believe in reincarnation and do not care to accept it, that they are satisfied with the teachings of the church and their ideology; however, when you query such people on their reasons for their unbelief, they generally state that they have given it no study or thought, and do not care to.

This writer has spent a ten year period in gathering together and studying the many writings on the subject, and I find too many undeniable proofs of reincarnation to doubt its truth. There are too many proofs of reincarnation to doubt its truth. There are too many proofs to be refuted; there are enough to convince me of its verity.

I believe that in the not-too-distant future, science, too, will come to the conclusion that reincarnation is a fact, just as it has verified other theories that heretofore were unacceptable to the masses. For surely there is an answer, and I am confident that it will change the thinking, and the fate, of the masses of our earth's population.

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REINCARNATION OR GUARDIAN ANGEL — WHICH?

By Florence L. Holden

I HAVE an open mind about reincarnation and so would like to write of my experience and have you decide whether you consider that "Elizabeth" is my guardian angel, or that I am "Elizabeth" reincarnated.

All my life I have wanted a sister, yet I was middle aged before I was told that I have a spirit sister who follows me around all the time.

It all started when I met a man who was driving for the Red Cross when I was going to a hospital to sketch veterans. He

drove the station wagon and I sat beside him and he would predict when it was going to rain and tell details of the other's lives who accompanied us. I was intensely interested, but I could see that the others were not, so I asked him if he saw anything around me - I meant spirit forms. He said, "Oh, yes, there is a girl with long golden hair who follows you every place you go."

I asked him if I could call on him and talk more about it and he asked me to come to his home.

Among other things he told me that she was my sister and her name was Elizabeth and he could not take that back.

I told him I had no sister and so far as I knew my mother never had any children who died, but he insisted he was right and asked me to favor him by going to a spiritualist church to find out more about it. In fact he insisted I go, altho he did not attend the spiritualist church. So, as a favor to him I got up my nerve one night and went alone to a church which he recommended.

The medium said there was a girl with golden hair in back of me and her name was Elizabeth - was she my sister? I was astounded.

A few weeks later another medium told me the same thing so I said "This is getting monotonous - will you kindly clarify what you say - I have had no sister."

The medium pondered and said "Your mother's name was Martha" which was correct. She had a sister named Mary, which was correct. "No" the medium said "the name was Mary, but she was no blood relation to your mother but she was the same status". Please bear that in mind as you proceed - "same status." This other Mary had a baby who died, he said.

I said, "Her sister Mary had a baby who died when an infant." He said, "No, it is the other Mary,

and that baby's name was Elizabeth, and she either died at one month or one day, and why do I hear the word "wait"?

"She is your sister and she is with you all the time."

All the way home I tried to figure it out and when I did I nearly wrecked the car. My father had been married years before he married my mother and he had twin babies who died within a month but I could not recall their names nor the name of his first wife.

I hurried home and looked in the genealogy and sure enough his first wife was named Mary (same status as my mother) and the baby was named Elizabeth Waite! Hence the word "wait" which he kept hearing.

It is nice when I am alone or in danger to feel I have a guardian angel and a sister for company, but I also recall what a difficult child I was and for years I have tried to look back and figure why I resented my mother and felt that she was not my real mother. I guess I caused my mother many unhappy moments with my standoffish attitude and my father used to be at a loss to understand why I acted so

I think Elizabeth lived thru me - lived her life which was denied her when a wee baby. If she is my guardian angel as I feel she is, she sure is welcome.

Thirty Years Among The Dead

by Dr. Carl A. Wickland, M.D.

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(4th Installment)

Chapter V

Mrs. Burton, a clairaudient patient of Dr. Wickland's who was constantly combatting obsessing spirits, was relieved of her unwelcome companions. The following is a record of conversations through Mrs. Wickland with one of these entities.

Spirit: Carrie Huntington

Patient: Mrs. Burton

Doctor: Tell us who you are.

Spirit: I do not wish you to hold my hands.

Dr. You must sit still.

Sp. Why do you treat me like this?

Dr. Who are you?

Sp. Why do you want to know?

Dr. You have come here as a stranger, and we would like to know who you are.

Sp. What are you so interested for?

Dr. We should like to know with

whom we are associating. If a stranger came to your home, would you not like to know his name?

Sp. I do not want to be here and I do not know any of you. Somebody pushed me in here, and I do not think it is right to force me in like that. When I came in and sat down on the chair you grabbed my hands as if I were a prisoner. Why was I pushed in here? (Brought in control of psychic by guiding intelligences.)

Dr. You were probably in the dark.

Sp. It seems somebody took me by force.

Dr. Was there any reason for it?

Sp. I do not know of any reason, and I do not see why I should be bothered like that.

Dr. Was no reason given for handling you in this manner?

Sp. It has been a terrible time for me for quite a while. I have

been tormented to death. I have been driven here, there, and everywhere. I am getting so provoked about it that I feel like giving everything a good shaking.

Dr. What have they done to you?

Sp. It seems so terrible. If I walk around, I am so very miserable. I do not know what it is. Sometimes it seems as if my senses were being knocked out of me. Something comes on me like thunder and lightning. (Static treatment of patient.) It makes such a noise. This terrible noise - - it is awful! I cannot stand it any more, and I will not either!

Dr. We shall be glad if you will not stand it any more.

Sp. Am I not welcome? And if I am not, I do not care!

Dr. You are not very particular.

Sp. I have had so much hardship.

Dr. How long have you been dead?

Sp. Why do you speak that way? I am not dead. I am as alive as I can be, and I feel as if I were young again.

Dr. Have you not felt, at times, as if you were somebody else?

Sp. At times I feel very strange, especially when it knocks me senseless. I feel very bad. I do not feel that I should have this suffering. I do not know why I should have such things.

Dr. Probably it is necessary.

Sp. I feel I should be free to

go where I please, but it seems I have no will of my own any more. I try, but it seems somebody else takes possession of me and gets me into some place where they knock me nearly senseless. If I knew it, I never would go there, but there is a person who seems to have the right to take me everywhere; I feel I should have the right to take her. (Referring to the patient.)

Dr. What business have you with her? Can't you live your own life?

Sp. I live my own life, but she interferes with me. I talk to her. She wants to chase me out. I feel like chasing her out, and that is a real struggle. I cannot see why I should not have the right just as well as she has.

Dr. Probably you are interfering with her.

Sp. She wants to get rid of me. I am not bothering her. I only talk to her sometimes.

Dr. Does she know you talk to her?

Sp. Sometimes she does, and then she chases me right out. She acts alright, but she gets so provoked. Then, when she gets into that place, I am knocked senseless and I feel terrible. I have no power to take her away. She makes me get out.

Dr. You should not stay around her.

Sp. It is *my* body, it is not hers. She has no right there. I do not see why she interferes with me.

Dr. She interferes with your selfishness.

Sp. I feel I have some right in life . . . I think so.

Dr. You passed out of your body without understanding the fact, and have been bothering a lady. You should go to the spirit world and not hover around here.

Sp. You say I am hovering around. I am not hovering around, and I am not one to interfere, but I want a little to say about things.

Dr. That was why you had the "thunder" and "the knocks".

Sp. That was alright for a while, but lately it is terrible. I must have understanding.

Dr. You will have it now.

Sp. I will do anything to stop that terrible knocking.

Mrs. Burton: (Recognizing the spirit as one who had been troubling her). I am mighty tired of you. Who are you, anyway?

Sp. I am a stranger.

Mrs. B. What is your name?

Sp. My name?

Mrs. B. Have you one?

Sp. My name is Carrie.

Mrs. B. Carrie what?

Sp. Carrie Huntington.

Mrs. B. Where do you live?

Sp. San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. B. You have been with me a long time, haven't you? (It had been a number of years since Mrs. B. had been in San Antonio.)

Sp. You have been with *me* a

long time. I should like to find out why you interfere with me. I recognize you now.

Mrs. B. What street did you live on?

Sp. I lived in many different places there.

Dr. Do you realize the fact that you have lost your own mortal body? Can you remember having been sick?

Sp. The last I remember I was in El Paso. I do not remember anything after that. I went there and I do not seem to remember when I left. It seems that I should be there now. I got very sick one day there.

Dr. Probably you lost your body then.

Sp. After El Paso I do not know where I went. I went some distance. I traveled on the railroad and it was just like I was nobody. Nobody asked me anything and I had to follow that lady (Mrs. B.) as if I were her servant, and I felt very annoyed about it.

Mrs. B. You worried me to death because you sang all the time.

Sp. I had to do something to attract your attention, because you would not listen to me any other way. You traveled on the train and took me away from my home and folks, and I feel very much hurt about it. Do you understand?

Mrs. B. I understand you far better than you do me.

Dr. Can't you realize what has been the matter with you?

Sp. I want to tell you that I do not want those knockings any more. I will stay away.

Dr. Understand your condition; understand that you are an ignorant, obsessing spirit, and that you have no physical body. You died, probably at the time you were sick.

Sp. Could you talk to a ghost?

Dr. Such things certainly do happen.

Sp. I am not a ghost, because ghosts cannot talk. When you are dead, you lie there.

Dr. When the body dies, it lies there. But the spirit does not.

Sp. That goes to God who gave it.

Dr. Where is He? Where is that God?

Sp. In Heaven.

Dr. Where is that?

Sp. It is where you go to find Jesus.

Dr. The Bible says: "God is Love; and he that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God." Where will you find that God?

Sp. I suppose in Heaven. I cannot tell you anything about it. But I know I have been in the worst hell you could give me with those knockings. I do not see that they have done me any good. I do not like them at all.

Dr. Then you must stay away from that lady.

Sp. I see her well now, and I

can have a real conversation with her.

Dr. Yes, but this will be the last time.

Sp. How do you know it will?

Dr. When you leave here you will understand that you have been talking through another person's body. That person is my wife.

Sp. What nonsense! I thought you looked wiser than to talk such nonsense.

Dr. It may seem foolish, but look at your hands. Do you recognize them?

Sp. They do not look like mine, but so much has taken place lately that I do not know what I shall do. That lady over there, (Mrs. B.) has been acting like a madman, and I have taken it as it came, so I shall have to find out what she thinks of doing, and why she does those things to me.

Dr. She will be very happy to be rid of you.

Mrs. B. Carrie, how old are you?

Sp. You know that a lady never wants to tell her age.

Dr. Especially if she happens to be a spinster.

Sp. Please excuse me, you will have to take it as it is. I will not tell my age to anyone.

Dr. Have you ever been married?

Sp. Yes, I was married to a fellow, but I did not care for him.

Dr. What was his name?

Sp. That is a secret with me. I would not have his name men-

tioned for anything, and I do not want to carry his name either. My name is Carrie Huntington, because it was my name, and I do not want to carry his name.

Dr. Do you want to go to the spirit world?

Sp. What foolish questions you put to me.

Dr. It may seem foolish to you, but, nevertheless, there is a spirit world. Spiritual things often seem foolish to the mortal mind. You have lost your body.

Sp. I have not lost my body. I have been with this lady, but she does one thing I do not like very well. She eats too much. She eats too much and gets too strong, then I have no power over her body - - not as much as I want to. (To Mrs. B.) I want you to eat less. I try very much to dictate to you not to eat this and that, but you have no sense. You do not even listen to me.

Mrs. B. This is the place I told you to go, but you would not go by yourself.

Sp. I know it. But you have no business to take me where I get those knockings. I do not want to stay with you if you take those awful knockings.

Dr. They are in the next room. Do you want some?

Sp. No, thank you. Not for me any more.

Dr. Listen to what is told you, then you will not need any more. You are an ignorant spirit. I mean,

you are ignorant of your condition. You lost your body, evidently without knowing it.

Sp. How do you know?

Dr. You are now controlling my wife's body.

Sp. I never saw you before, so how in the world can you think I should be called your wife? No, never!

Dr. I do not want you to be.

Sp. I don't want you either!

Dr. I don't want you to control my wife's body much longer. You must realize that you have lost your physical body. Do you recognize these hands? (Mrs. Wickland's hands.)

Sp. I have changed so much lately that all those changes make me crazy. It makes me tired.

Dr. Now, Carrie, be sensible.

Sp. I am sensible, and don't you tell me differently, else you will have someone to tell you something you never heard before.

Dr. Now Carrie!

Sp. I am Mrs. Carrie Huntington!

Mrs. B. You listen to what the Doctor has to say to you.

Sp. I will not listen to anyone, I tell you once and for all. I have been from one to another and I do not care what becomes of me.

Dr. Do you know you are talking through my wife's body?

Sp. Such nonsense. I think that's the craziest thing I ever heard in my life.

Dr. Now you will have to be

sensible.

Sp. Are you a perfect man?

Dr. No, I am not, but I tell you that you are an ignorant, selfish spirit. You have been bothering that lady for some time, and we have chased you out by the use of those "knocks". Whether you understand it or not, you are an ignorant spirit. You will have to behave yourself, or else I will take you into the office and give you some more of those "knocks".

Sp. I don't want those knocks.

Dr. Then change your disposition. Realize that there is no death; when people lose their bodies they merely become invisible to mortals. You are invisible to us.

Sp. I will have nothing to do with you!

Dr. We want to help you and make you understand your condition.

Sp. I don't need help.

Dr. If you don't behave, you will be taken away by intelligent spirits and placed in a dungeon.

Sp. You think you can scare me! You will find out what will happen to you.

Dr. You must overcome your selfish disposition. Look around; you may see someone who will make you care. You may see someone who will make you cry.

Sp. I don't want to cry. I like to sing, instead of cry.

Dr. Where is your mother?

Sp. I haven't seen her for a long time. My mother? . . . My mother! She is in Heaven. She was a good woman, and is with God and the

Holy Ghost and all of them.

Dr. Look around and see if your mother is not here.

Sp. This place is not Heaven - - far from it. If this is Heaven, then it is worse than Hell.

Dr. Look for your mother; she will put you to shame.

Sp. I have done nothing to be ashamed of. What business have you to give me those knocks and have me put in a dungeon? That lady and I made a bargain.

Dr. She made a bargain to come here and get rid of you. You have been fired out by electricity. You have lost your company.

Sp. Yes, for a while they all left me. I can't find them. (Other ob-sessing spirits.) Why did you chase that tall fellow away?

Dr. This lady wants her body herself; she does not want to be tormented by earthbound spirits. Would you like them around you?

Sp. I don't know what you mean.

Dr. Can't you realize that you bothered that lady and made her life a perfect Hell?

Sp. (To Mrs. B.) I have not bothered you.

Mrs. B. You woke me up at three o'clock this morning.

Sp. Well, you have no business to sleep.

Dr. You must live your own life.

Sp. I will.

Dr. That will be in a dark dungeon, if you do not behave yourself.

Sp. How do you know?

Dr. You cannot stay here. You

had better be humble and ask for help - - - that is what you need. My wife and I have been following this work for many years, and she allows all sorts of spirits to use her body, so they may be helped.

Sp. (Sarcastically) She is very good!

Dr. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Do you see your mother?

Sp. I don't want to see her. I don't want to call her away from Heaven.

Dr. Since Heaven is a condition of happiness, she could not be in any "Heaven" with a daughter like you - - - she could not be happy. Suppose you were in Heaven and had a daughter. Would you like her to act as you do?

Sp. I do not act contrary. What is the situation? Tell me that!

Dr. I have already told you the situation. You are controlling my wife's body.

Sp. How do I do that?

Dr. Because of higher laws, and because you are a spirit. Spirit and mind are invisible. You are so self-

ish that you do not care to understand.

Sp. This is not Heaven.

Dr. This is Los Angeles, California.

Sp. For God's sake, no! (An expression never used by Mrs. Wickland.) How did I come here?

Dr. By staying around that lady . . . that is how. She had to take those "knocks" to get you out.

Sp. She's a fool to do it.

Dr. She wants to get rid of you and she will get rid of you.

Sp. I will not have those knocks any more.

Dr. Higher spirits will show you something you do not like if you do not behave yourself.

Sp. (Shrinking from some vision.) I don't want that!

Dr. It is not what you want; it is what you get.

Sp. Is that so!

As nothing could be done to bring the spirit to an understanding, she was taken away by intelligent spirits.

(To Be Continued)

Chapter VII

EARTH SPHERE CONDITIONS AND MAGNETIC AURA

The following excerpt from Dr. Wickland's book relates a communication from the spirit of a young man given in one of the circles in which he gives an interesting description of conditions as

he observed them, both in the earth sphere and the spirit world.

Spirit: Well, Dad, I'm here again. The spirit friends gave me the privilege of coming and talking first. Dad, it's queer that I should go so quickly, but my time had come. I am glad the door is not shut for me. I have seen many heartbroken spirits who go to their

relatives and friends, and the door is closed in their faces. (Through skepticism and unconsciousness of the presence of spirits.)

It's hard for them. I have much to be thankful for, because Grandpa B. and Uncle C. stood right beside me when I woke up from the sleep of death. It was queer. It was like an electric shock going through my body.

Life is queer. If each one of you could see the experiences gone through by those who go into the sleep of death!

Dad, I had a little knowledge of the next life, not much, but a little, and it helped. I could realize that the change of death had taken place. I recognized my relatives and friends.

Uncle F. says I should tell you that I was much better off than he was when he passed to the other side, and that now his work is to help the unfortunate ones who do not understand the real life.

Dad, wasn't it queer that I should wake up to the new birth of life on my earthly birthday? Now I have my spiritual birthday on the same day as my earthly birthday.

Dad, it's glorious! Tell E. so, and B., and Mother; tell all of them that I am happy in the thought that I can come to them and that the door is not closed to me. Tell my little son that I am not dead; that I am not in the grave but am with him, and I will learn the laws governing so that I can guide him

through life. Let him have an understanding that I am here with him and that I have more strength and power to help him than before.

Thank God that I also had understanding so that I did not come too close to my dear wife; otherwise, I would have gotten into her magnetic aura and might have caused trouble. My dear little wife, . . . I am glad that I did not make trouble for us both.

I have seen much of the work done among those who have passed out and do not realize it. They go home to their relatives and friends, and want to stay there rather than go on.

Dad, I'm so glad you could come here again, and I'm glad, so glad, that there is no wall between us.

Mr. Y. (Father of spirit.) I am glad, too, that I had an opportunity of being here again.

Sp. I feel now that there is no parting. It is only that I have gone to another country, but I am with you all. I am with you when you are all together and talk about me. I do not feel that I have gone.

Tell Mother and my dear little wife not to mourn for me, but to feel glad that I can be with them. It was very hard that we should have to part when everything looked so bright for us in our little home, but it was my time to go, and when our time comes to go from this earth life, we have to go. We do not go away, as people think we do; we are here with our loved ones, only our bodies are not visible.

I wish you could see how Uncle F. works in the dark earth sphere to help and to serve the unfortunate ones there, to prevent them from obsessing anyone. He is so anxious to have everybody know the real truth on the other side, and it is a pity that so often dogma and creed are the stumbling blocks. The little time I have been gone I have learned so much.

I thank you, Dad, that you and Mother did not force any strong dogma, or religion, or creed, upon my mind. I was free. Thank you for it.

Mr. Y. It's pretty hard, sometimes, to know exactly what to do regarding religion in bringing up children.

Sp. I wish all could have been as free as I was, then there would not be so much sorrow and doubt. Dad, I'm so glad I can come to you again.

The other day, Uncle F., Uncle C. and I went to the earth sphere - - - not to our home, but to the condition that exists on the lower plane. That is more of a hell than anybody can describe. It's worse than an insane asylum, where one is crazy in one way, and another in another way. You can't imagine what a hell it is.

One has one creed, one another, and they are all in the dark. They are all hypnotized in their creeds and beliefs and you cannot get any sense whatever into them. You have to put some object lesson before them to attract their attention. At times, music will make

them realize their condition. If you can attract their attention, you can sometimes reach the real spirit, but dogmas and creeds are so planted in their minds that they cannot see anything.

If you want to realize in part what the condition of the earth sphere is, go to the worst ward in an insane asylum, and you can then have some realization of the condition on the invisible side when they have no knowledge of the next life.

Imagine a spirit of that character coming in contact with a person's magnetic aura and acting through him, as is often the case. They call that person insane and send him to the insane asylum where there are a lot of other lunatics, both of earth and the spirit side of life. It is terrible to know that such a condition exists and that selfish creeds and dogmas are the cause of it all.

I have to thank you and Mother again for not forcing any dogma on me; what little knowledge I had was the real truth of life.

Uncle C. took me, at another time, to different conditions. He said, "Come, we will go" and we went to some place in spirit life. We came to a place which I cannot describe. I can't describe my feelings; I can't describe the conditions, because the music was so sublime, so different from anything I have ever heard. I felt so light; I felt I was lifted up. Such people as were there! I cannot describe

them.

Imagine, if you can, a place where there is the most beautiful music, where there is a grand orchestra of masters, all playing in one grand unit of music. Can you imagine what it would be?

I enjoyed it - - but, Oh! I could not realize its full import, because I wanted you and my dear little wife to hear it. I could not enjoy it alone. I wanted to open the door to you all at home, so that you could all listen to it . . . then I should have felt satisfied.

I thought and thought, and an old gentleman came up to me and patted me on the shoulder, and said: "Young man, I receive your thought. Do not worry. Soon the time will come for which we are all working, when an instrument will be invented on earth through which all who wish can hear the

grand masters in the spirit world. Not yet, but in time."

Dad, my work is to learn to help others less fortunate than myself, and also to learn to be a help and not a detriment to my dear wife and little boy and to you all. I am learning my lessons, and after knowing them I will come to you.

Don't think that I am not with you all, but think I am there, for I am, and in that way I can be much closer, especially when you have music, because music brings us much closer to those we love.

Goodbye, and tell my dear wife I send her best love.

In the next episode we will see how obsessing, and tormenting spirits often play a serious part in domestic disturbances and attempt to break up many homes.



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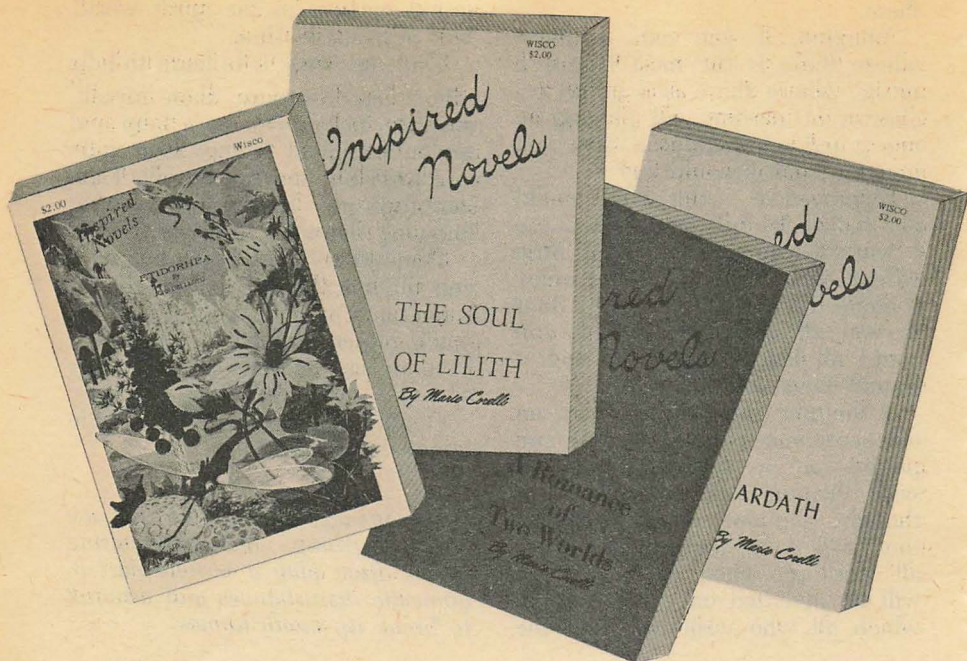
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BILLY

By

GRAHAM

Alex Saunders

ON

SEARCH

SUBJECTS

*I*T HAS become a habit of mine, during the past few years, to read MY ANSWER columns of American evangelist, Dr. Billy Graham, that appear in numerous North American newspapers.

Only certain ones of interest to me. Like those dealing in some specific way with God, Jesus Christ, outer space, the world's end, etc.

Much of Dr. Graham's views, I find, are excellent. Perhaps SEARCH readers will agree with me after finishing this article, which is a result of reading his column.

I have slanted his views toward my own way of thinking, and thus, to that of SEARCH. I have paraphrased his comments and thus, if I err in interpretation, these are

not his literal views for which I beg leniency. At least, this is what I get out of reading Billy Graham.

ON GOD.

It is impossible for anyone to give a clear definition of God because our finite minds cannot fully comprehend the Infinite One. Our limited understanding prevents us from completely knowing our best friend, or our closest loved one.

Probably the loftiest word in the English language is love. The Bible says "God is love," He representing the highest, the loftiest, the noblest concept of which we are capable. From Him flow love, compassion, understanding, He forgives, pardons, redempts.

In saying "God is a spirit," the Bible means that He thinks, wills, and acts. He is neither a nebulous blur, nor an ephemeral dream. God is personality, being and Spirit.

Some people wonder if there is a way, other than by personal experience, that man can be certain of the existence of God. If He could be proved in a test tube, or revealed under a microscope, where would faith come in?

From the Bible: "Without faith it is impossible to please God." If God could be fully verified by science, faith would not be a requirement of Christian belief.

In his book, TIME, MATTER, AND VALUES, famed scientist

Robert A. Millikan writes that more of the younger, modern, distinguished scientists than the older ones believe in God. Significantly, this shows that men of scientific training can, and do, have faith in God.

In our universe of unimaginable vastness, there exists a tiny fly-speck of a planet called Earth. On it dwells human life, seemingly insignificant. For example, all of this life - some three billion strong - could be buried in the Grand Canyon.

But, miraculously, God is aware of man, and man is aware of God. In the remotest tribes of Africa where ministry took place, men were found searching for, and worshipping, God.

Though God is enormously interested in all His creations, He has a particular love and compassion for rebellious man to whom He sent His Son. As the Almighty Creator of the universe, He is not too big to answer our prayers, which is done if they are made in the right spirit, and not from purely selfish motives.

"Ye ask, and receive not," says the Bible, "because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." (James 4:3).

In our world, made by a loving God, there exists poverty, sickness, prejudice. If all this was foreseen, why did He bother creating it at all?

What must be remembered is that God did not make the world the way it is. Making it a Garden of Eden, He was hopeful that man would choose good instead of evil. Given a will of his own, he seems to choose evil instead of good, from Adam down to twentieth century man. Thus is the world in moral imbalance.

Prejudice is not God-given. Young children have no racial or nationalistic prejudice. These, picked up as they grow older, are the product of the "choices", and their acquired attitudes.

As for poverty, God did not make it. Certainly enough food exists to feed all of Earth's teeming millions. Distribution has been made impossible through man's bungling and selfishness. And what with the staggering increase in world population, this problem will become even more complex.

ON NATURAL LAWS.

As the laws of nature are permanently established, miracles do not exist. This is the belief of many. But how to refute it?

Of course, we do speak of miracles. The miracles of electricity, atom power, powered flight. But these are man-made miracles, wherein man has harnessed the power of nature to do his bidding.

If man, who is finite, can interject his intellect into the realm

of nature and come up with a miracle, cannot God, who created nature and its laws, intervene with His omnipotent power to make nature work for Him? It is foolish to believe that the Creator is helpless before the things He has created, while man has the power to harness the powers of nature.

ON SOULS.

I am a soul, I have a body, and the latter is the house wherein lives the soul.

When, in his eightieth year, a friend hailed Oliver Wendell Holmes and asked how he was, he replied: "I'm fine. The house I live in is tottering and crumbling, but Oliver Wendell Holmes is fine, thank you."

In this materialistic age, we often forget that the real, the abiding part of us, is invisible. Much time, money and effort is expended to perpetuate the physical part of us, and too many are unconcerned about their spiritual health and nurture. Hence, doctors' offices are over-crowded, and many ministers' counselling rooms are empty.

In creating man, God made him distinctive, different from other animals. "He breathed into him the breath of life and man became a living soul." He clothed him with intelligence, conscious, and a will. He made him like Himself - a companion, a friend of God.

ON ANGELS.

The word angel (meaning "messenger") is mentioned over three hundred times in the Bible, and categorized thrice - heavenly, earthly, diabolical. In differentiating, we find angels to be "fallen," celestial, and earthly.

Belief in angels is assured because of the Bible's declaration that they exist. Undoubtedly, upon reaching heaven, it will be found that many things we credited to good fortune were the work of angels.

ON HEAVEN.

Various descriptions have been given by people on heaven which cause much disagreement. Still, heaven exists. Man has been fashioned for eternity. It is this capacity to think of himself as living forever that distinguishes himself from the animal world.

Those who do not believe in the immortality of the human soul have in some mysterious way been misled and deceived. They are losing much of the joy and anticipation that properly belongs to those who have accepted the words of the Savior who once said, "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." (John 14:2).

This is the heaven of the believer.

Yes, there is life after death. We are told by the Bible that man is made in the image of God, which demands an after-life. Unlike animals, God has given us souls.

There are many Biblical references to life after death. Job wrote of the assurance of standing in God's presence some day. Christ came to give man eternal life and to save us from spiritual death.

Life will not be the same in heaven as it now is on our planet. In Revelation we read, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes . . . for the former things are passed away."

Jesus said: "When they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels in heaven."

Life in heaven, for the redeemed, will be lived on a high, celestial plane. There will be no sorrow, no fear, no unbelief, no deception . . . "for the former things are passed away."

ON HELL.

When the Bible teaches clearly that God is a God of love, one may wonder how He can send people to hell. First, the Bible does not locate hell, but it is clearly stated that it is a place of judgment. Jesus spoke much of hell.

In Matthew 7:13 He tells of the

wide gate and the broad way that leads to destruction, and that "many" would go through that gate. In Matthew 8:12 He also said that wherever this place called hell might be, it is known as a place of "outer darkness."

And, further, He says that in the day of judgment the angels (who are God's instrument of judgment) are going to "sever the wicked from the just, and cast them into the furnace of fire, where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." (Matthew 13:51).

Do these references of hell mean that ours is a loveless God? And does the presence of hell mean the same thing? NO! No, because God sent His Son into the world to save sinners.

All that can possibly be done to deliver every sinner from hell has been done by God, who had done all but deprive the individual of his freedom of choice.

Every person who is in hell in this life, or in the life to come, is there by his own deliberate choice. In the word of Moses the truth can still be expressed. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

Belief in the existence of hell is accepted by faith in the Bible which refers to "perdition," "punishment," "perishing," and Hades, or "Hell." All are used to warn mankind.

The full implications of these passages are incomprehensible.

The Bible teaches that hell is separation from God.

The "fire" and "flames" may have some figurative meaning. Christ describes it as a place of sorrow and suffering, where men wilfully go because they refuse the redeeming work of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

His mission is spoken of thus: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life." (John 3:16). Here there are two places clearly defined, man chooses his own destination.

While God is love - he is also a God of Judgment. He is willing to forgive our sins - but we must surrender our wills to Him.

ON THE DEVIL.

The devil is a person and, as the personification of evil, he is constantly exerting an evil influence, as witness the results of his work on the front pages of all newspapers.

Professor Emile Cialliet, when a professor at Princeton Theological Seminary some years ago, said: "The neatest trick Satan has ever performed is to make so many people think he does not exist."

Quoting again, this time from the Bible: "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about,

seeking whom he may devour.” And: “Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.”

One of the oldest, and most timeworn of theological questions, is why did God, as the Creator of all things, create Satan? But keep in mind He did not create him like he is. Like other heavenly beings, Satan, too, was created without sin.

In Ezekiel we read: “Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee . . . thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness; I will cast thee to the ground . . .”

Was man created to grovel in the mire? No! Nor was Satan made to be an instrument of evil. All God’s creatures were endowed with a will. Then, one day, Lucifer said: “I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation . . . I will be like the most High.” (Isa. 14:13).

When Lucifer’s will was exerted against God, he became Satan. Not made that way, he became that way through prideful sin.

Why are WE like we are - proud, wilful, selfish? We were not made that way, but became that way. However, the difference

is: man can be changed because of what Christ did on the cross.

ON JESUS CHRIST.

Just how Jesus will return in the literal, physical and bodily sense, must be left to God. There are some mysteries beyond human comprehension.

Some time ago astronaut John Glenn made three successful orbits which were tracked by stations in many parts of the world. If mere man is capable of encircling the world in seconds, could not Jesus make a similar circuit, within sight of all men, before He descended in Jerusalem?

Then would come the fulfillment of the prophesy: “Every eye shall see Him, and every knee shall bow.”

Of the more than three hundred references in the New Testament of the second coming of Christ, here are several:

“The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels.” (Matt. 16:27).

“As the lightning comes out of the east and is seen even to the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be.” (Matt. 24:27).

“They shall see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.” (Luke 21:27).

“Whosoever shall be ashamed of me . . . of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he comes in the glory of his Father with

his angels." (Mark 8:38).

"I will come again and receive you unto myself." (John 14:2).

When Queen Victoria was moved deeply by a sermon on Christ's coming, she said to Dean Farrar: "I should like to be living when Jesus comes, so that I could lay the crown of England at His feet."

The question has been asked if it is not possible that Jesus was not necessarily the Savior of the world, but just a good man with some miraculous powers? Well, would "just a good man" have said the following?

"I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father, except by me."

"I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."

"Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify thee."

Could these claims - false, fantastic, blasphemous - be made by anyone but the Son of God? After considering the evidence, we are forced to agree with the Roman soldier who thrust the spear in His side and said: "Truly, this man was the Son of God."

Regarding the Star of Bethlehem, the great astronomer, Kepler, discovered an unusual planetary occurrence in Christ's birth year. Jupiter and Saturn, generally widely separated, came close enough to appear to the naked eye

as an extraordinary brilliant light which lasted for some months. This, as is born out by astronomical findings, was probably the "star" that lured the wise men to Bethlehem.

The exact date of Christ's birth is unknown, though it could have happened late in December.

For centuries, Christmas (meaning the mass and celebration of Christ) has been observed at the beginning of the winter solstice when the sun's light begins to increase. Here, about December 25th, is the start of longer days and more light. Christmas commemorates the birth of Him who brought spiritual light. Whether or not He was actually born on this date, it is certainly a most appropriate time to observe His birth-day.

Called Emmanuel, which means "God with us", the little baby born that night was actually God in the flesh, history's most astounding and incredible event! For God actually invaded space and time to identify Himself with humanity.

ON PRE-ADAMIC PEOPLE.

Genesis 1:26-31, Genesis 2:7 and Genesis 2:18-25 gives a detailed account of the first two created persons, Adam and Eve, who were told by God to be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth.

Now, does the Hebrew word,

"replenish" (Genesis 1:28) mean that God meant to replenish the earth as if a race of people existed before that time? It may be so, it may not. Actually, the word replenish cannot be accurately translated.

Apparently the Apostle Paul believed in Adam being the first. He says so in 1 Corinthians 15:45 and 47. He also told the philosophers at Athens, Acts 17:26 that out of this original creation He made "every nation of men to dwell on the face of the earth."

ON OUTER SPACE.

Evidence for or against life on other planets is to date non-existent. We can only speculate. The discovery of alien life (should it happen) would not prove the Bible wrong, which has never made a statement to that affect. The Bible is misunderstood by many because of their failure to recognize that its primary purpose it to disclose God's way of redemption for sinful, Earth-dwelling man.

No direct reference is made in the Bible regarding man's proposed lunar exploration. Isaiah credits Lucifer with saying: "I will ascend above the heights of the clouds. I will be like the most High." But his motivation of evil had him "brought down to hell."

If our motive in space-probing is to benefit mankind, fine, but if it ever becomes in defiance to

God, then it will end in infamy as have other efforts for man to become like God.

Nothing can stop scientific progress when zealous man has an unquenchable curiosity about the universe in which he lives. Tragically, society is developing scientifically out of proportion to our spiritual and moral progress. Thus is explained the present mess of the world. Man's quest into outer space is symbolic of his latent hunger for God.

When the orbital flight of Gagarin had Khrushchev commenting: "We didn't find God up there," it revealed that even the Communists are unwittingly searching for Him, as are all men.

Horace Mann said: "Let us labor for that larger comprehension of Truth, and that more thorough repudiation of error, which shall make the history of mankind a series of ascending developments."

Progress only compounds our troubles if God and moral law are not considered. Thus the most scientifically advanced era of history is at once the most miserable and troublesome. Wisdom without God solves nothing.

A culture without God produces Eichmann!

Man's probing of outer space is not sinful. For the more he probes into the wonders of God's universe the more he can see that the

"Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament shows His handiwork." (Psalm 19:1).

All branches of science reveal the wonders of God's creative power and wisdom. The belief of many scientists that space itself is infinite only magnifies our concept of God.

Certainly man will never go beyond bounds which He may have set. And certainly everything discovered will be for the enhancing of His glory.

Consider, carefully, these Biblical verses:

"You are blessed of the Lord which made heaven and earth. The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's: but the earth hath He given to the children of men." (Psalm 115:15,16).

"The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fullness thereof, thou hast founded them." (Psalm 89:11).

"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou are mindful of him?" (Psalm 8:34).

ON THE WORLD'S END.

Matthew 24 tells of Christ's discourse on the end of the world. Practically all of the signs mentioned by Him have been fulfilled. His appearance, and the end of

history as we know it, is momentarily expected.

Christ's coming is beyond the grasp of a materialistic world, dismissed by most people as a theological whim. When God said, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of man," those people failed to realize that they were living on the brink of catastrophe. This despite Noah's warnings. Of the hundreds of thousands living at that time, only eight people took Noah serious enough to make reservations on the ark.

And, today, few take Christ's warnings to heart. Warnings such as, "Be ye also ready for in a day and hour that ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Millions of people are unaware of the judgment about to fall upon the world, resulting in apathy, indifference, passiveness when they should be sober, vigilant and prepared.

Communist agents exceeding 800,000 are working hard to convert the world to Marxism. Christian missionaries total only 26,000. The former brandish their arms, test their weapons, make their boasts. The latter drowsily go on their way.

Scientists talk about the end of the world - not preachers. Human life can, with modern weapons, be destroyed. This is not fancy - it is fact!

OCCULT TOOLS OR INSIGHTS

By

Kenneth Willoughby

SEVERAL YEARS ago while still in college, I studied philosophy and the esoteric philosophy of many great religions of the world. At the time, it puzzled me why each religion's esoteric philosophy had so much in common with another religion's. Later the realization dawned on me, that when several people sincerely try to describe their approach to their concept of the creator, they will have many points in common. If one takes these points in common of the religions and synthesizes a personal religion or philosophy, he will find a stability that is untroubled or unshaken by doctrinal and theological fallacies. This is because many religions start out with a concept of their creator then when nature does something that conflicts with that concept they either

call nature evil or invent a doctrine that will "sacrifice" the evil or sin out of existence. By doing this they have ignored and sidestepped the problem of relating nature to the creator's being.

This sidestepping of the problem creates a new problem for the subconscious. The person has accepted unquestioningly the idea of the doctrine or evil, and every time the subconscious brings up the logical problem of relating nature to the creator's being, the conscious mind says use the accepted doctrine and idea of evil. This sequence of actions gradually becomes a habit for the subconscious and it comes to ignore the problem. Now, if the problem is forced on the person he will become quite emotional because the subconscious is trying to work off and resolve its frustration. These frustrations, if very prolonged, syphon off some of the energy by causing psychosomatic diseases. If these frustrations are ignored the great-

er part of one's life, we can trace this as the prime cause or major contributing cause of disease that is produced by organs that "wear out" or become faulty. There is much medical, biological, and psychological literature in the form of books and journals that will verify the above points if the reader has the patience to wade through the technical jargon. So the problem many times, in many cases resolves into not a problem of disease but rather the "laziness" of an individual who will not settle the subconscious frustration of conflicting accepted beliefs and doctrines.

These "lazy" people are the ones who are well versed in the legends of mystical fiction. Many of them openly or secretly wish for these utopias of fiction because they are too lazy to resolve their own problems. They hope that these utopias will solve all their social and mental problems by some instantaneous "miracle". Incidentally, these are the people who make up the bulk of sects and creeds and support them in their "gullibility". Any utopia inadvertently poses this problem that the utopis is so much better than actuality. Also if one is unable to see the personality and attributes of the creator in nature and actuality, how will that person be able to find him in any other life, utopia, or plane of existence?

When you stop to think about it, you are forced to the conclusion that utopia is "hell"!

So, if these lazy people were using their brains at all they would realize that they are being swindled of their life savings and little-by-little losing their freedom. Another thing about a utopia is that it causes you to sacrifice the things you most cherish. If the creator gave you these things freely in the beginning, who took them from you so that you have to sacrifice to get them now? Also since you can't find the creator in nature, how can you be sure you won't find the devil or the destroyer in that utopia? After all, the sacred books tell us that God created the earth and all that is on it, but who creates the utopias? Also the thing that caused you to search for a utopia was not satisfied so how will you be satisfied in that utopia any more than you were with nature? So when faced with an enticing utopia you are really faced with the inner problem that asks why and what makes you think that a utopia will solve your inner frustration. Your subconscious will not be much help because you have consciously told it to ignore the problem. If I were to hazard a guess, I would say this is why people are afraid to die.

For those who know what comes after death, there are some that say you need a master or a guide

to show you the way. One wonders if you will not be bound to that master or guide as a puppet or slave for all eternity. This brings up another interesting idea: If you run to a master or teacher with every problem, who is really living and responsible, you or the master. Ah, but they say confession is good for the soul!

This last brings up another idea: It is written that God created man in His own image. Physically and materially man hardly looks equal to even our conception of God. Let us assume that the image exists on the mental and intellectual levels. This means that if we use our mental and logical processes and assume that we are in God's place we should learn much about ourselves and the rest of creation. We should be better able to see God's personality and also the reason He does things the way He does. The more we project ourself into God's being this way the more understanding we gain. One of the things I gained, was knowledge of a set of laws that were the same for every field of knowledge. While still in college this universal set of laws amazed me by giving me knowledge of subjects that men had studied all their lives and put me on an equal basis with them. The other benefits of this method are numerous.

Going on, this method helped me arrive at a concept of the human

aura that explains most occult phenomena and makes it reproducible with a little practice. Basically, the concept uses physics to describe the electrical and magnetic properties of a conductor. The nervous system is a similar if not identical conductor. This can be verified by the reader if he will read anything on the nerves, brain, bioelectric currents, body magnetism, and so on. It seems that every thought the brain thinks sends a current down the nerves. From physics we know that when there is a current in a conductor there is also a magnetic field perpendicular to it. Another person's nervous system picks up the magnetic field and their brain interprets this as visual colors, hence they see an aura. Using this mechanism the brain can then act as a radio, radar, television, or what have you. The practice comes when the brain tunes itself by concentration and meditation. Anyone can do this with a little practice.

The whole purpose of this article has been to show some areas of occult phenomena that can also be explained psychologically and scientifically as well as mystically. This is a reaction to those who would say everything from UFO to trance is insanity. - Kenneth Willoughby, 580 Ahwanee Ave., Space #2, Sunnyvale, Calif. 94086.

MY MOST FANTASTIC ADVENTURE

By L. Taylor Hansen

DEDICATION

To a young intern with scientific curiosity; to a group of nurses and white robed morgue attendants who gave willingly of time, but were cheated of this story when a body returned to life; and last, but not least, to an idealistic young Man-of-The-Cloth whose words one Sunday at Palm Desert triggered a sleeping memory into action. Without all of them, this amazing adventure would not have been recorded.

The names of the attending physicians and that of the hospital have been purposely withheld. I am certain that every medical man will understand why.

“WE profess one set of rules; we live by another. This causes a spiritual chasm which undermines our stability. Furthermore, this chasm or cleavage of the mind runs through every group and vocation -

even the clergy. As a result, we are not as secure as our parents or our grandparents. No wonder we have problems with our children! Why? Because, no matter how we deny the fact with our lips, we do not believe that the personal being which is ourself survives the veil

of death.”

I had been sitting quietly, in a sort of slumped position, my mind on business troubles, when his voice burst upon me and tore my thoughts apart. Suddenly I was aware of the rapt attention of the congregation and the intense earnestness in the tones of this young man of the cloth who was pounding the pulpit with his fist.

“Perhaps the veil of death is too impenetrable. Of the millions who have gone before, none have really come back with proof. The Persian Poet Omar put this underlying skepticism very well; far better than my power over words when he insisted that of all who had preceded us through the veil, none have returned to show us the trail which each one of us must one day take. Oh, there have been a few wild tales, induced no doubt by lack of oxygen to the brain, but this is not enough to answer the question we ask ourselves: ‘If space is seemingly endless, where is this Heaven we have been told about, and this traditional Hell?’ What is the answer to that? Who can prove that the personality survives?”

His question opened a door in my mind, and I found myself slipping back in memory through almost twenty-five years. It was the last few hours of August in Los Angeles, California in the year 1935. I had just been wheeled into the room marked SURGERY. The

lights glared down at me as I was placed on the big table. My eyes sought through the partly masked faces of the people in white for my doctor. Probably he was one of those scrubbing his hands at the side of the room. A young intern, seeing my expression, leaned down and whispered:

“They tell me that you are a skeptic.”

I nodded.

“Why?”

“My scientific training did not particularly teach me the location of the traditional Heaven and Hell, for one thing.”

“But you want to go on living?”

I caught the disapproving stare of a nurse at this line of questioning, as I nodded:

“Certainly. I am young and have never thought that my life was nearing completion.”

“Of course not,” the disapproving nurse added, touching my hair as one might that of a child afraid of the dark.

Then the cone of the anesthetic was lowered.

“Breathe deeply, and as you do, start counting slowly and clearly.”

I heard myself counting in long sonorous tones. Then the tones stopped and for a second or two I could still make out a snatch of conversation, a querulous reply by a woman; then the faces peering down at me began to tremble and run together as if I were looking

up at them through water. I continued to sink. Darkness surrounded me. There was a roaring in my ears through which I still seemed to make out voice tones, but as I continued to sink through the darkness, the roaring and the voice tones faded out. I was intrigued with this sensation, and almost amused to find my mental faculties working so well.

I remembered that I had entered the hospital with what was probably the normal fear of surgery, but now, a tremendous surge of well-being swept through me, and a sense of high adventure. With almost an inner laugh I wondered if this, too, was induced by the anesthetic. Then something happened which shocked me out of this self-analysis. I was in the sunshine.

Impossible! I had gone under in a surgery room at night. After the first feeling of amazement, I looked around me. I was above the earth and very swiftly rising. But where? I looked about carefully. My first impression was one of exquisite beauty. How lovely was our planet's surface spread out below me. If this was due to the anesthetic, it was almost unbelievable. I was on the other side of the earth, and leaving it fast.

The deep azure of the Mediterranean shaded to the blue-green of the Atlantic, although the shorelines held the iridescence of em-

erald. Europe was green; pale to darker green with patches of soft cloud-cotton obscuring the land. The Alps and Himalayas were dark green streaked with brown and tipped in spots of dazzling white. Africa was a pale green with great patches of light brownish yellow. The Nile of Egypt was marked largely by the green which marked its course to either side, rather than the river itself. As the eye roved toward the tropics the green was more solid, but toward the Sahara, sand-white interspersed with the tan of dry wadis - the stream beds of a former age - blended to the brown and blue-black ridges of the Hoggar Mountains. The horizons shaded away to the most exquisite shades of rainbow evanescence.

Yet, even as I watched it, the earth was steadily shrinking. I was being carried away! Had I died on that table way back there somewhere on the other side of that beautiful planet, and was my body lying there, a useless, discarded garment?

Somehow, this thought did not frighten me; but my sense of self-analysis immediately returned. If this was actually Death, then certainly my individuality was intact. I took mental stock of my senses. Hearing, touch, taste and the feel of heat and cold seemed to be missing, but my sight was, if anything, intensified. My per-

sonality was certainly intact. My memory was greatly heightened. I seemed to remember back to every good and mean or petty thought I had ever had or thing I had ever done. Conversations I had years before, motivating acts and events which followed, went through my mind like flashes of lightning.

Then once again my sense of self-analysis was shocked away. Now it was the sight of Mars that dominated me. It was off to the left. Its dominant red color was streaked with green where the "canals" of the Martian authority Dr. Lowell, of Lowell Observatory in Arizona, had sketched them. I laughed to myself. So astronomers of today looking through a smoke and dirt-filled gaseous sky had failed to see what Lowell saw in his clear Arizona sky at the turn of the century! There they were, criss-crossing the planet from polar cap to polar cap, proving intelligent life as they brought the water to the red-dry desert. For as Lowell so wisely remarked: no water crosses the equator from north to south one season and the next returns from south to north - unless it is pumped! What a brilliant race of engineers Mars must have fostered!

But Mars was speeding away! How I yearned to go closer to the lovely globe with its shining moons, but I had no control over the

direction of my flight.

Then, just as suddenly, my frustration was swept away in a flush of new excitement. Jupiter was straight ahead of me, and I was heading for it on almost a collision course. Not only that, but I would be close enough to see The Red Spot - that strange formation which appeared sometime during the seventies or eighties of the last century and has been slowly spreading ever since. What this mystery could be has been intriguing the scientists every new year that it has been viewed. I was elated!

The giant planet, whose largest moon is comparable to the size of our earth, was swinging close. Now I saw that it would pass me on the right and below. It might even come within two hundred miles. Then, swiftly, I was almost upon it.

Never in all of my life have I seen a sight comparable to the Red Spot, with the exception of two other magnificent spectacles to follow.

The Red Spot was resolving itself into a sea of boiling, bubbling lava, but the colors were beyond description. Fumes, which I could neither feel nor smell, were rising like dancing veils lit by the glow of the molten mass below them. Yet these swaying veils were the poetry of pure color moving and blending in motion. From green-

gold to lavender, no artist's brush ever caught such pinks; no rocks, highly polished, ever imprisoned such opal fires, such topaz or ruby; no oyster ever fashioned such iridescent pearls. The dance of the gases, moving, changing, blending or sinking back into the livid bubbling magma was beyond human tongue to describe.

As Jupiter passed, I glanced back at the sun and was amazed to see how rapidly it was dwindling in size. I seemed to be gaining in speed, for Jupiter was shrinking with great rapidity.

Now to the left, but much further in distance, was Saturn. I have since seen it in telescopes, but the sight was a great disappointment compared to my memory of this planet. Its rings held the shimmering brilliance of rainbows, but the spectacle was of but a few moments duration before I had passed.

I looked back again at the sun. It was gradually shrinking to the size of a large star. With almost a pang of homesickness, I saw that the earth was no longer visible. Then my sun began to recede into a mass of other suns, and Jupiter, a tiny red dot of infinitesimal size a few moments before, was now no longer visible. When this identification was gone I could no longer be certain which sun was mine in that swarm of multi-colored stars.

At that moment, as if in compensation, one of the most magnificent dramas of color I have ever seen swung into view straight ahead - a tremendous double-sun. In the distance I saw others: orange turning about ice-blue; or to the other side pale-green circling lavender; red with a golden twin circling each other in their slow cosmic dance.

But this one was different. I could make out a planet toward which I was heading on a hair-raising collision course. Then I turned slightly, passing it within only about fifty miles, at the point which an airman would call five-o'clock. As I swung toward it, however, it seemed to move below me, and in a moment I was staring down into ice-covered peaks rising from chasm-like valleys, purple-green in the depths and rising to an unearthly blending of turquoise on one side and a cascade of pink-gold on the other: the effect of the combined sunrise and sunset from the huge binary which was the planet's double-sun. For a moment I was exhilarated with a sense of high adventure until, with regret, I saw it inevitably passing.

Yet my reason told me that my course was not exactly straight, but that I had been swung away enough to pass close to this beautiful planet. That was when gratitude for the sight overwhelmed the regret that the inevitability of its

passing had engendered.

In a moment I felt a warm response for that gratitude and somehow knew that I had a companion, unseen, but somehow sensed. I decided to try a question to see if this feeling was an error. I would put a good puzzling question to test this other mentality; one for which I myself had no answer.

"If this is death, then where am I going?"

The answer, a noncommittal "You will see." told me nothing. I tried again.

"On Earth, we had such traditional beliefs as Heaven and Hell. If there are such places, where are they located?"

"Have you ever thought that these terms might be relative? You have examples of Heavens and Hells, for short durations, of course, right on Earth."

"Yes, I can think of some, but that is begging the question."

As I thought this sentence, I looked back toward my sun. It was lost now in the swarm of suns which made up our island-universe. Somewhere in those uncounted millions of suns spread out like a giant wheel on the darkness of space was one which had a tiny planet we call Earth.

Then the answer came.

I sensed the answer was not of my own reason. It was coming from without me but I knew not how nor

where.

"Earth is a kindergarten of souls. Man and the animals must experiment, learn to choose, and to reason why that choice is made. Perspective is not something which a soul has as a birthright; it must be earned, if not on Earth, then elsewhere. Perhaps there will be many lessons before the soul has gained perspective."

At that moment I saw other island-universes in the depths of space. There were uncounted billions of others - some larger and some smaller than ours.

"Look over there."

I felt impelled to turn to the right. Two island-universes, each as large as ours, were in the act of collision, like two fiery wheels passing through each other at right angles. The part where they had already passed was swept clean of all cosmic dust except the suns themselves, but the part waiting for its bath of flame was dark with the bit of dust I knew to be doomed planets. It was at once a most magnificent and horrible sight. Somehow I knew that this might be Hell. The answer was almost like a sigh which I could hear:

"Yes. Millions of Hells. Nor is this the only island-universe in collision."

Then spread before me, I saw all of the magnificence of Creation. Billions of island-universes swam in space like trillions of colored

diamonds, flung spangle-wise upon the velvety darkness of space. I thought of Milton writing "Paradise Lost" with a quill pen he had dipped in flame. Milton had never even suspected a glory such as this. I felt suddenly humbled. How utterly unimportant was man upon his tiny speck of dust, making what for him were "great decisions" or "viewing trends with alarm". Yet, a deep pity spread through me for man. Without this perspective, how could he do otherwise? Why should he be punished for something which he could not gain, imprisoned as he was on his speck of dust?

The presence was still with me. I felt the answer.

"You have had no teachers?"

"Of course. Many. Yet all profess to be the only one, and each teaches a different religion. There are hundreds of religions and each has its own Prophets."

I could almost hear the answer reechoing in sonorous tones:

"There is only ONE LAW. True Prophets teach that Law. Against it, like a giant rock, all problems break and find their answer - like spray that falls back in the sea. All petty, mean thoughts and deeds, slander, greed, crime - from the supposed expedient thing to war itself - are met by just three words, and find their answer: LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

"And what about church attend-

ance and lip-service, as well as hidden means to supposed good ends?"

"By their deeds shall ye know them."

Suddenly, in this light, I began to look at my own life. It was not either particularly good nor bad. It was simply innocuous. I had brought very little with me from my Planet Earth. Of course, I must be destined for another veil or medium of learning. How much more wonderful if I could return, and also retain the memory of this journey and its knowledge! If I could ONLY RETURN!

There was a moment of terrible silence. Then a giant hand clutched me and flung me with whip-lashing force around in a circle. I went around in another swirl, but this time not so furiously or violently. Then I began to return. A great joy filled me that I was to have another chance. The jerks became more frequent now until they ran together in a liquid movement.

Again came a last breath-taking view of all Creation as I sped toward that indistinguishable wheel of suns I knew was mine.

I felt somehow that I was alone now, but I did not care, for my spirit was elated.

The world of the double-sun was further away this time, a mere small globe; and upon my left, definitely more toward nine-o'clock as I flashed past. I was

gaining speed by the second. Jupiter came and passed to the left like a red blur right after Saturn had sped past on the other side. Mars and its moons was no more than a smudged red and green spot to the right as I plunged for Earth, still bathed in the sunshine. For the fraction of a second the blue of the Mediterranean was below me and then the next I was carried into darkness.

Even as I had lost consciousness, I came back to it. As if from under water, I saw the faces under the great lights peering down at me, and then I was in the operating room.

A young intern stood beside the table, surrounded by a bevy of wide-eyed nurses, all staring at me in disbelief. The intern pulled off his gloves and spoke to two men in white who were standing in an attitude of waiting at one side with a stretcher.

"Well boys, at last I have done it. Your 'body' has returned to life."

I turned my head and looked at them.

"Who are they?"

"The boys from The Morgue, who were good-natured enough to wait while I finished a scientific experiment. I had dismissed those who were waiting on their own time, but they refused to leave. It was interesting."

"But my own doctor? Where is

he?"

"Oh, he signed the death certificate and went home. He was the one who called the morgue."

"My death certificate?"

Turning around and picking up an impressive looking document, he held it up before me.

"It isn't everyone who can read his own death certificate."

I read my name at the top.

"May I keep it?"

"Oh no. Strictly against rules."

"Where does it say what was the cause of . . ."

"Failure of heart and lungs under surgery. The fact is, I brought you back for one purpose and I must know the answer now before you forget. This has never happened to me, and I dare say to very few other physicians. I have tried often, but I have not been successful before. It is like a miracle."

"Yes, I know."

"Never mind any foolish ideas; what I want to know is this: did you feel a pain in your heart?"

"No. Not at all. I never felt better in my life."

"But there must have been a point at which you ceased to be yourself and became nothingness."

"No. At no time, even for a second, did I lose my individuality or my reasoning power. I was never so alive, so filled with the spirit of adventure. And what an adventure. And what an adventure it

was! I went out through the Mediterranean Sea, which was bathed in sunshine, and away into space; why, I could describe the planets and . . .”

The men of the morgue and the nurses crowded about almost shoving each other for a place about the table.

The intern waved them away vigorously.

“That is nothing but an ether-dream. It will be forgotten by morning. Some anesthetics give fantastic colored dreams. Besides we must get the patient to bed, and rest. So just forget it and go about your own business; for tonight, the drama is over.”

The next morning when the young intern came to see me in my ward, he had an amused expression as he asked:

“Do you remember anything of that wild story you were about to tell us last night?”

I hesitated a moment, wondering if I should begin the second chapter of my life on Earth with a lie. The disbelieving amusement of his expression made me hesitate.

“What story?”

“Oh never mind. I knew that you would forget it.”

Shrugging his shoulders, he was on his way.

Now, after twenty-five years, I sat in the church pew, remembering. What had I done with those

years? Nothing! Perhaps it was the sarcastically amused smile of the intern. The fact was, however, that I had never forgotten one glorious second of that trip and I never could. But now the words of that man-of-the-cloth burned themselves into my mind: “Where is this Heaven we have been told about and this traditional Hell? What is the answer to that? Who can prove that the personality survives?”

By some mental radar, I found my way to my car and steered for the nearest university. Stopping at a service station, I thumbed through the telephone directory for the name and address of an astronomy professor.

I was lucky. I found my man in the midst of a sort of meeting of his fellows in a patio of his home. Undoubtedly they first thought I was crazy for I went straight to the point, but their initial amusement soon gave way to intense interest and I continued. I had a far more serious audience than the young intern.

“You say that the Red Spot is of lava?”

“Very logical indeed,” a second man put in.

“What did you say that the date was again?” the first man asked when I described the planet of the double sun.

“The last day of August.”

“And the time?”

"About nine or after. I didn't see the time when I returned."

With one accord, as if obeying an unspoken impulse, they all arose and went toward the front room where many books lined the wall. I followed.

The first man pulled one volume down and the second man pulled down another. The third man contented himself with looking over their shoulders.

"Now you say," the second man questioned, "that as you went out Mars was on the left, Jupiter on the right and Saturn on the left . . ."

"Correct. As I returned, the positions were reversed."

"Fantastic!"

"It is not true?"

"So true that I can even chart the journey."

Then the second man turned to me skeptically.

"When did you last look upon a star-map?"

"Not since I was in college."

"How about that binary?" the third man asked.

"Right here, though slightly off course."

"I was turned out toward it, and coming back it was very much farther away."

"Incredible!"

"How about the island-universes? Did you see them?"

"Oh, they were beyond description . . ."

"Hmmm."

"You learned about them in college?"

"Yes, I was in astronomy class when they were first seen."

The first savant looked sharply into my eyes.

"You are certain that you were not acquainted with the star maps well enough to understand the location of Jupiter on the night in question, in relation to the binary."

"I give you my word that I was not acquainted with that double sun at all until I saw its planet that night."

He shut his big book with a sharp click.

"I have nothing to say."

I left them staring into each other's eyes in mystified unbelief. I do not think that they even heard me thank them for their trouble as I found my way out and sped away in my car.

But as for me, NOW I KNEW.

Dr. S, the Trip into space which your scientifically-trained but youthful mind once rejected scornfully as "an ether-dream", is apparently not to be so catalogued. It still remains the most vivid memory of a long and adventurous life. Therefore, Dr. S no matter where you may be now, or what you still believe, I would like you to hear this story through before giving your final judgment. Perhaps then, it will agree with mine.

SEANCE

AUGUST of 1962 was a good month for reruns and "subs" for the regular T.V. Shows. One of these shows was called "WHAT IN THE WORLD". An episode of this show had for performers a famous dance troupe, interpreting dances based on Tahitian folklore.

Before and after the dances, the M.C. of the show and the guest stars discussed the symbolism and ritualistic nature of the dance movements. One such dance was a snake fertility dance which made me recall something that happened to me a few years ago.

About the years 1956-57, I went with some friends to a seance being held in a small, smoke filled room, which felt like it was about to catch fire. It was packed. Wall to wall people. As hot and un-inviting as this place was, we entered. There was little room for us, and we were forced to stand at the back of the room against the wall.

The room was dark and it took us a while to get used to the candle light that brightened an altar some 20 feet away. At the front of the room, in the midst of all the flickering candle light, stood the principal medium, to his right, a rocking chair, to his left, small shelves with statuettes and more candles.

The altar was made up of three steps, a small platform where the medium was standing, and still more shelves with candles of varied colors, sizes and shapes.

When my friends and I arrived (there were 4 of us), the door was about to be closed. My neck was wet from perspiring. I pressed

against the wall to find relief from the small droplets of perspiration that tickled as they ran down my back. I found comfort in the cold steam pipe that I leaned upon.

"Now is the time to leave, if you so desire," I heard the imposing figure say as he undulated his arms to let the people know that he was ready for his part. The man in charge of closing the door did just that.

"This is it," I said to myself. It was my first time at this particular seance, so I took great care to notice everything that went on. This was almost impossible because of the many mediums being possessed at the same time . . . but I'm putting the cart before the horse.

The gentleman presiding at the seance was called Mr. Caballero (Mr. Caraballo?). He was tall and had jet black wavy hair. His magnetic influence, if I may call it magnetic, was due to a slight affectation in his speech. This, I thought was due to loose dental plates. Anyway, he began the seance by asking the congregation to recite the PADRE NUESTRO, in order to obtain one single thought from all present.

The last Amen had not been said when the medium began a long and unintelligible prayer. He did not pray in any of the languages I know or that I have heard spoken

By Persian High

... he was possessed!

"If he is acting," I thought, "he is doing a fine job." The medium then addressed the saints on the shelves, and very, very slowly, turned to the congregation, welcomed everybody and identified himself as Candelo (masculine gender of Candela - fire). The lengthy speech that followed made me feel sorry that I had come.

I was losing interest in the seance. My eyes wandered around the room and I began to recognize objects such as artificial flowers, diplomas from mystical schools, rosaries, etc. I was looking over the peoples' head and noticing how uncomfortable they were, when I heard someone say:

"That person standing in the back, come up front." The medium was now addressing someone from the audience.

"That young man standing by the steam pipe, will you please come to the front?" he continued. Miriam looked at me as if to hint that it was I to whom he was talking. My other companions, Carmen and Gume avoided my gaze to avoid an explosion of laughter. Miriam, the joker of our group, whispered:

"Go on, shake his hand, maybe he'll introduce you to a nice looking spirit." How she was able to joke at times like these I've never been able to explain. She kept her face so void of gaiety that the people

who didn't hear but only saw her could swear that she was one of the habitual congregationists asking me to pray with the medium.

I ignored her to stop her from making jokes. I looked at the medium. His eyes were closed. His head inclined backward. It was impossible for him to see me from where he was standing. "Can't be me," I thought. "He should be more specific." I was doing a lot of talking to myself and by the answers I got I could swear that someone was eavesdropping.

"The artist . . . young man . . . the musician, come up front." My friends now knew that the medium was talking to me, and so did I. I don't recall if I was trembling then, but everytime I recall this incident, I shiver. I had only taken a few steps toward the front when the spirit called to me again. This time he used my name.

"Manuel, please come to the altar." His words were almost begging.

"How can I get out of this?" I asked to myself. I kept on walking. As I moved toward the altar, everyone I passed turned to see who had been the lucky one to have been chosen first by the great spirit, Candelo. I couldn't see very well in the dark, but I sensed a reverent look as I walked past each of the people present. I progressed slowly. So many people in the way, so many chairs. There was not even

an aisle for me to walk along.

As I neared the altar I heard Mr. Caballero speak to the mediums. He said:

"We must work very hard with this young man." I didn't know what he meant. The mediums had formed a semi-circle. At the center of this semi-circle was a chair that nobody had dared use, and that I knew, now, was destined for me. I was almost touching the chair when he spoke again. This time to the congregation.

"I must have perfect silence. Please let me have your cooperation." The noise that the people made struggling in their seats for air stopped so suddenly that I thought my hearing had been impaired. I turned half-way around to find a reassuring smile from my friends, but I couldn't see them. The room was in total darkness, on the other side, where my friends were. I looked about me and seeing the flickering shadows from the candles in the medium's faces, I realized I was all alone! I was scared, and in order not to show it, I pretended to be inspecting the figurines. I became interested in the wonderful workmanship of the statuettes, and then I noticed that the medium was looking at me. He didn't say a word until he was sure he had my attention. He then directed his glance over my head and I, not knowing how to behave, bowed my head.

The seance had a religious atmosphere about it, and yet I could not get myself to say an Ave Maria or Salve.

"I see," said the medium, "a light coming out of your head." I thought I heard Miriam laugh. He continued: "But I don't see any hair on your head."

"Inspiration," screamed a woman as she passed into a trance. She was one of the mediums. I looked at her for a second and seeing that she had been prevented from hitting the floor as she fell in the hands of the other attending mediums, I turned to the medium at the altar.

"Do you believe, my son?" Mr. Caballero asked with his left hand outstretched toward me. I knew what he meant.

"Yes sir, I believe in the spirit world," I said with all the feeling I could gather at that moment. I really did. His arm was still suspended in the short space between us. As he spoke, I noticed his right arm reached to the sky. The ceiling got in the way.

"We must work very hard with you," he said. And then in an almost apologetic manner he added: "There is an aura of bad feeling toward you that will not let you progress unless it is eliminated. All your work is done in vain until this cause of failure is erased."

In a flash I reviewed my past

life and the numerous unsuccessful events of my short lived career. I was tired.

"Sit down," he said, as if to prove to me that he was in communion with something bigger than both of us. I sat. In my mind's eye I could see my friends standing by the wall, smiling almost enviously at the good fortune I had in finding a seat. I was now at eye level with the mediums. They were all in white. They were not pleasant to look at. All but two were over 40 years old. The chair felt good.

"You are a medium," the medium said emphatically. I smiled weakly.

Now the mediums were beginning to draw kerchiefs. I could see they were whispering to themselves. Words passed around, but I couldn't make out what they were talking about. I was so busy trying to figure out what was being said that I didn't hear what the principal medium said. I looked up at him. He thought I had heard what he had said and waited for a reply. I didn't know what to do or say.

"Make some passes over your head," repeated the mediums. I then realized that Mr. Caballero wanted me to go through the motions that he and the mediums had gone through to open their brains for the spirits to communicate.

"I don't know how," I said meekly.

"Try . . . try," said the mediums almost in unison. I knew they were trying to be helpful, but they were confusing me by talking all at the same time.

"I don't know how," said I in an almost belligerent attitude.

"Anna," called out Mr. Caballero, "get to his right." She obeyed. I watched.

"Further back," he directed her.

I looked at my left. Another medium had taken that side. She displayed an assortment of kerchiefs, all of the brightest colors, and tied one to another.

"I mustn't panic," I kept repeating to myself.

"Put your hands in the air and make passes over your head . . . like this."

From the altar he waved his hands so strongly that his body shook the small platform that made the altar, and the words coming out of his mouth sounded as though they had been made by a tom-tom. I tried to follow suit, but I put my hands up in the air, and locking my elbows could do no more. I felt foolish. All I could think of was Carmen and Miriam ribbing me after we got home. They had invited me to this seance and I was beginning to wonder if they were in on the joke the medium was playing on me. Then I remembered that this was their first time in this place too.

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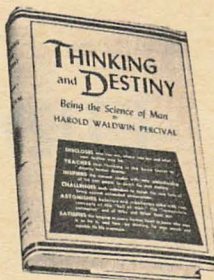
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I SEARCHED FOR ETIDORHPA

ONE OF the first things that I read during my high school days that got me interested in caves and caverns was Shaver's novel "I Remember Lemuria." This led me to other things and in a later issue of *Amazing* there was a mention of the book "Eti-dorhpa." It immediately caught my interest, since its theme is a journey of a man under the earth. I'm sure there are few reading this who are unfamiliar with this novel, as it has been brought up so many times in connection with Shaver's Theories. Mr. Palmer is publishing "Eti-dorhpa" now, thus through him I was able to replace my original copy, which I had mislaid.

During *Amazing's* reign of Shaver's stories, this book was

By

John Hatfield Hart

nearly impossible to obtain, as far as the average person was concerned. I checked at several different bookstores in Chicago and had absolutely no luck obtaining the book. However, one store took my name and address for future reference. Happily in about ten days a card arrived from the store and within a few hours I was a book richer and \$10

poorer.

At this time I was involved in a somewhat loose, nonsensical partnership with a fellow named Kossuth in Detroit. He and I have entirely different personalities, thus we only joined forces as a last resort. I had what was left of a 1936 Chevy in which we intended to make the trip. Let me say here that, although we had our differences, I have nothing less than respect for Mr. Kossuth.

Kossuth and I had Wilcox-Gay Disc Recorders with which we sent voice grams back and forth between Detroit and Chicago, long before tape recorders were in existence in this country. At any rate, after I managed to obtain the book, we were soon deep in discussing a trip to Smithland, Kentucky and the Cumberland River area in search of Etidorhpa. Mammoth Cave and Brown County National Park in Southern Indiana were also slated for possible exploration.

We had sent to the U.S. Geological Survey Office, Washington 25 D.C., and obtained maps of the area, on which land contours and other physical characteristics of the terrain are marked.

Before leaving for Smithland, I decided the car had too many problems to make the trip, so we took a Greyhound south instead. Our first stop was at Brown County Park in Southern Indiana. There

was a cave in the park that I had visited on vacation some months before. Kossuth and I had decided to explore this circular depression in the earth as more of a warmup than anything else. The depression, or sink is about 80 feet deep in which the park department had conveniently placed a long wooden ladder to reach the flat expanse of muddy sand at the bottom of the sink. There is a cave running from the sink in a northeasterly direction.

Upon arriving at the sink, we climbed down the ladder to the sandy floor of the first cavern. It had been raining recently and water was dripping everywhere. We struck out into the passage at the bottom of the sink. Finally the passage became so small it was impossible to move any further forward. At this point the passage-way ceiling came down almost to the floor. We found that by shining our flashlights through the opening, we could see a large cavern opening up on the other side. To reach the large room it was necessary to crawl through the mud from the recent rain. I was ready to return to the surface, but Kossuth decided to try to reach the next cavern.

He got down on his hands and knees and started inching his way forward underneath the low overhang of rock, splashing through muddy watered sand to do so.

After much squirming, he managed to clear the section of rock obstruction, he crawled a few more yards, then stood up and walked into the other cavern. After a minute he shouted to me that the room he was standing in led absolutely nowhere and there was nothing there but solid rock all around him with sheer sides up to a type of sink in the ceiling that is well known in the Kentucky limestone region. After a few minutes of inspection of the other room he crawled and squirmed back under the obstruction. In the process, he had gotten completely covered with grime, as you can imagine.

Giving up at the Brown County Park, we took the bus directly to Smithland, Kentucky. In Smithland, we stayed at the one and only hotel and planned our next move. Smithland has had numerous floods throughout the years, many times placing the entire city under water up to the second floor of the hotel. The woman owning the hotel told me when a flood comes she has to move all of the mattresses and valuables into the attic and live there up to three weeks with everything dripping around her until the water subsides. Then after shoveling mud and drying things out for another two weeks, the hotel would open for business as usual. People come there for a family style meal from a hundred miles around. If you tried to eat all of the food

thrust upon you, you would be hospitalized.

The next morning we set out from Smithland, up the Cumberland River Delta on the trail of Etidorhpa. In a short time things became rather impassable on foot and I stopped at one unpainted house on the river to ask about the renting of a boat that was docked there. After knocking on the door and getting no response, I glanced in the front window. There was a rather young fellow about 25 or 30 sitting in the middle of an empty room looking directly at the floor. He was doing nothing. He had his hands in his lap, sitting on an old broken chair, the only stick of furniture that I could see in the room. I knocked loudly again and he gave no sign that he heard anything at all.

Finally I shouted, "Say, how about renting us your boat?"

He didn't say anything, he didn't even look up. He just sat there looking at the floor in the middle of the empty room in a broken chair. I shouted at him twice again and banged further on the door with no result. Not once did he so much as move, so finally I gave up and rejoined Kossuth.

We continued further up river and found a second farmhouse. Upon knocking, a woman met us at the door and after I enquired about renting her boat, she immediately closed the deal. In a few minutes

I was captaining a leaky 14 ft. boat, rowing while Kossuth bailed. It was almost impossible rowing; for oars we had one short and one long piece of 2x4. It was necessary to row twice as fast with the short oar as the long one, or we would wind up traveling in short circles. Trying to keep a reasonably straight course, I managed to make headway up the river.

After a few hours of somewhat desperate rowing, we arrived at the base of a large cliff, which we studied carefully. I saw what looked like a cave entrance at the river's edge and we docked the boat to explore it. We found it to be a very high narrow passage leading directly back into the cliff with a stream about two ft. deep flowing from its mouth. Immediately we proceeded to take our shoes off and we waded into the cave.

The walls of the passage were about 3 1/2 feet apart and the ceiling about 15 feet above the stream. As we got further along, the passage became higher, running into beautiful formations and the stream got progressively deeper. As we pressed forward into the passage the ice cold water soon reached my waist in the deeper pools of the stream. We finally had to admit failure and return to the entrance. My legs were actually getting numb while retracing our path through the water to the entrance.

We climbed a path running up the cliff. Upon ascending the cliff and stopping to rest, an elderly man appeared from the woods and passed the time of day with us. He introduced himself as Mr. Owen and we told him we were on vacation looking through the region for caves to explore. He told us that he had a cave on his property that we were welcome to look into. He mentioned that there were two entrances to the cave, one up in the rocks on the cliff and one opening into the Cumberland River directly below us. I told him that we had already explored the one below the cliff as far as we were able. He said that during the high water of the spring floods a narrow boat could be navigated through the water passage for several miles underground.

He then proceeded to show us the entrance to the cave, about 300 ft. above the lower river entrance and about 1/4 miles back from the face of the cliff. We came to his barn, then followed a path running on top of a low ridge away from the river. A few patio stones seemed to have been laid by hand along the ridge path. A few hundred feet from the barn we turned off the path to a clump of bushes at the bottom of the ridge. Mr. Owen left us at the entrance, which was about 6 feet high and as wide.

Once inside an incredible pro-

fusion of signs greeted us, pointing in all different directions. As an example, small pipes in the rock leading straight down into the earth were labeled with signs carefully etched or chisled into the walls saying, "Way Out." Impossibly impassible passages for the smallest of midgets had signs neatly carved, "To second level", "To third level," etc. There were two passages that we couldn't possibly get through which Kossuth and I illuminated with our flashlights. They led down at a sloping angle and we could see hundreds of feet into the gloom. Possibly a young boy could have gotten through, for all others they were impassible.

There was one passage in the cave that held great interest for me. It looked as though a section of rock had been fused to the floor of the cave within a few inches of the ceiling. Shining our flashlights over the barrier, we could see the long, high-ceilinged passageway continue unobstructed beyond, down into the bowels of the earth at a 20 or 30 degree angle. Our flashlight beams could not reach the end of the passage. The rock of the barrier had the sheen of being melted with intense heat.

Finally, after about 4 hours of exploration of the upper cavern passageways, we abandoned our efforts since it was impossible to get any further. We walked back in the direction of the cliff face,

taking a slightly different route to explore the numerous sinks in the ground all about us. Further along we discovered a large silver mine that had been abandoned. It is marked on the U.S. Geological Map that is issued for this area.

There is one lateral passage running out of the mine that is boarded up with heavy timbers. We found it would be an impossible job to gain any entrance to the mine there. However, the vertical elevator shaft had some loose boards covering it. Of these, we were able to pry 3 aside. Our efforts revealed a very deep vertical shaft, easily over 300 ft. straight down, square sided, cut out of the solid rock. The river being a few hundred yards away, I have no doubt that, though the mine is on the cliff, the bottom of the elevator shaft must be well below the level of the river. There is also a good possibility that at least one of the lateral passages in the mine would intersect the caverns we were exploring. Since we had absolutely no way of reaching the bottom of this shaft, or any way to reach shallower lateral passages possibly intersecting the shaft (we saw none, but it was a strong possibility) we replaced the boards as we had found them and stopped to reconnoiter.

I had my edition of Etidorhpa with us and we reread the passages in the book pertaining to this area.

We decided we were almost certainly on the cliff, or bluff where the man and his guide stopped to survey the scene. Looking up river from the highest point of the cliff, we could see the "Great black bluff" that the book calls "Biswell's Hill," though it is not named on the U.S. Geological Map we had. Courtesy of Mr. Owen, we spent the night in his barn by the light of the lantern he had lent us.

The next day we spent on and around Owen's Farm exploring all of the numerous sink holes. We counted over a hundred sinks, but there were only two with any kind of cave at their bottom. The largest of the two had three small rooms and about 50 ft. of passageway, beginning at the sink and ending nowhere. The other was no more than a hollowed out depression in the ground.

Since we didn't have oars for the boat and couldn't borrow any we decided that we couldn't possibly make it up stream any further against the current in the direction of Biswell's Hill. The heavy, leaky boat that we had rented was entirely unmanagable. Thus, we decided late that afternoon we would return to Smithland. We left for Smithland on schedule and I rowed down stream for a few hours. After darkness fell, we lit the oil lantern that we borrowed from Mr. Owen and placed it in the bow of the boat. Ours was the only light

to be seen for miles. By 8 o'clock I was exhausted from rowing, so gave up altogether and drifted with the current. I slept lying in the bottom of the boat until morning, while Kossuth bailed all night to keep me from drowning. For this action I am in his debt. The next morning we tied up at the wharf in Smithland.

Over breakfast, we checked on our financial resources and found our vacation at an end. Thus we left Smithland, unhappy that we could not have gotten further in our quest for Etidorhpa, though we had learned many things about the area.

There is an epilogue to this adventure. Three years later, after I had lost track of Kossuth, I set out from Gary, Indiana with a friend for a short weekend in Kentucky. We crossed the bridge spanning the Cumberland River, instead of going under it by boat, and I found it a very novel experience indeed. Having a car we had such great mobility, that within a few hours I was able to open fence gates and drive to the cliff, or bluff that had taken Kossuth and I so long to reach before. I soon easily found the cave under the cliff by the river. The Cumberland River was at a higher stage, thus the deeper water in the entrance prevented us from entering.

On top of the cliff, I found most of the Silver Mine to be dismantled.

The lateral passage to the mine was still blocked with timbers, but it was still possible to move the planks covering the vertical elevator shaft. I had no luck whatsoever locating the upper cavern again on Owen's Farm. I located the barn easily enough and the low ridge with the Patio Stones, but I absolutely could not locate any sign of the cave. I am sure that I was within a hundred feet of it. I searched for about three hours for the entrance before I gave up. Mr. Owen was not home, nor could I find anyone in the area. It is, of course, possible that he boarded it up, or covered it over with earth. We had to leave by dark and that ended the second expedition.

The preceding account constitutes all of the work that I have done in the Smithland Kentucky area to date. I am hoping to return this coming spring for further investigation of the area, when the waters of the Cumberland River are high and it will be possible to enter the main cavern by boat. Then I plan to pass on up river to Biswell's Hill to continue the trip generally described in the book.

My thoughts on being there and seeing the area, lead me to definitely believe that at least parts of the book Etidorhpa are factual. The surrounding area exists as described in the book, with some variations of course, because of the passage of time involved.

Whether Biswell's Hill is still known by the same name is questionable. The area exists as it did in the days that Etidorhpa was written. Perhaps today, the entrance that The Man entered with the being is now posted and fenced. Thus, it might pay to cover the area while traveling on the book's course for other possibilities.

I fully believe now as I have in the past, that in this particular area, between the Cumberland River and the Mammoth Cave National Park, there is a great network of natural caverns totally unknown and unexplored today. They may well have a great connection with Shaver's theories. I am sure that these great natural caverns could be entered by means of the waterways which lead into them and disappear within the bowels of the earth. In particular many caves of this area, which can be entered easily, end in lakes, or slow moving rivers and streams, exiting somewhere below the surface. I am sure that one could exploit this fact by the use of self contained diving equipment, as it is so well perfected today and used with such success. By this means a vast network of unexplored caverns could be reached. This is all within the realm of practicability today.

For those with the adventurous spirit, the challenge of this area of Kentucky awaits.



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ARE THERE ETHERIC ARMIES?

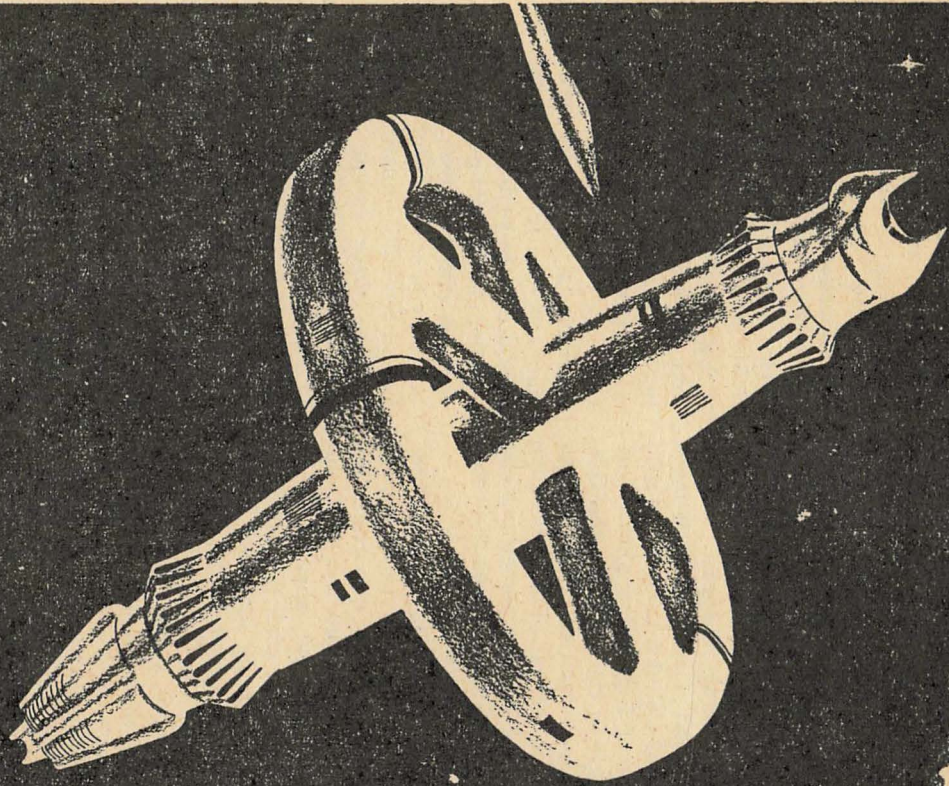
By Robert Rowan

We have all heard of phantoms that have appeared to soldiers in battle, and we may often have asked ourselves if those phantoms weren't something the soldier only thought he saw, because of the mental stress of his position. Our author here gives us something to think about. Perhaps these ghosts are real! And also, he gives us an interesting theory regarding the nature of flying saucers.

THE pages of history are filled with stories of phantom armies who have either come to the aid of, or defeated, an army engaged in an important battle upon which hinged the course of future history. For example, there is the famous instance of the Emperor Constantine, in the Fourth Century, who led his troops on to victory over the Infidels when he saw a sign in the sky, a large fiery cross, and the words "In this sign thou shalt conquer!" Then there is the case of the many phantom armies engaged in our own Civil War. And more lately, the Phantom Bowmen of Mons, during the first World War in which British Tommies saw he-

roic-sized phantom bowmen of England's early history riding before them, and saw the German defenders break and flee in terror. We could go on through dozens more incidents, but all these have been told and retold. What we are interested in here is just what these visions are? Are they actual armies of fighting men, from a phantom world of the past, or from another plane or etheric realm? Or are they just figments of imagination conjured up by hopeless and desperate men in need of succor?

There seems to be some concrete evidence that it could not be imagination, and that it was not a mental measure of desperation, because it is true that in several cases



the army witnessing the phantoms was not aided, but rather were defeated by the influential appearance. Not only was the appearance more than visionary, but actual death resulted from it. Especially is this true in the Bowmen of Mons visitation. Here both sides saw the phantoms, and later, on the battlefield, many German soldiers were found dead without a mark on them? Could so many have died merely of fright at a ghostly appearance in the sky? Are the Germans such "softies"? The answer seems to be no. The conclusion then must be that something else but a desire to win was the cause of the apparitions.

Another factor to be considered is that in all these visitations, the battle was a very important and decisive one. There was real purpose behind the appearance of the phantoms, and the objective achieved can be reckoned in the light of subsequent events. The importance to the Christian world of Constantine's vision and the appearance throughout his campaign of the sign of the cross in the sky before his warriors to inspire them, cannot be underestimated. It is probably true that if Constantine had been defeated, there would be no Christian world today. There is the story of Washington's vision of a future war in which America is in great danger, and that assistance would come from God. There is also the story that Washington was guarded by phantom soldiers

who saved his life on repeated occasions, and enabled the great general and father of our country to overcome impossible odds. Perhaps today there would be no United States, leader of the free world, had it not been for the phantom influences which bore Washington up in his greatest hours of trial.

Taking all this into consideration, there is evidence of *purpose* here, and the obvious question is: whose purpose? In order to answer this, we must first determine whether or not there are such things as etheric armies. And if so, why are there such armies?

After death, most people believe, there is either heaven or hell. In heaven you enjoy eternal bliss, and in hell eternal damnation. If either is true, there cannot be etheric armies. There is no fighting force in heaven where all is peace and bliss; and in hell you are too busy suffering to go about organizing an army, and even if you organized one, you would not be permitted to leave hell to campaign on earth. There must be, then, some other type of existence.

We know, those of us who have investigated thoroughly, that there is life after death, a continuance of existence. At least we can be sure there is *another* form of existence. It is almost unthinkable to believe that historians, so positive about Constantine's "sign," witnessed for *months* by his fighting *millions*, could have been able to conjure the whole thing up

without a denial from those who could say "I was there." In short, it must have happened. And if it did, then there is some other plane of existence. However, such things as these are the source of eternal argument, and resolve nothing. With our hindsight, and our "science," we can ascribe this event to many things, such as mass hallucination, mass hypnotism, atmospheric phenomena (a favorite!) and just plain lies.

But today we have a definite proof that there is something else, and no matter how the "experts" desperately try to infer, by sponsoring "authoritative" books, that the flying saucers are from "outer space" and *therefore not from any etheric or supernatural realm*, they cannot substantiate their claim, nor can they scientifically justify the reported performance of many flying saucers in the light of materialistic or (to put it very badly) three-dimensional fact. The flying saucers answer *all* of the requisites for etheric origin, and *none* of the requisites for other-planetary origin.

Once more the "etheric armies" have come to earth. Once more we have repeated reports of "men in uniform" in connection with the new mode of travel of etheric armies, flying saucers instead of horses and the like, and once more they appear in a time of great crisis; perhaps the worst crisis in all the history of mankind. Not only is the fate of Christendom in

the balance, but the fate of all religions, and of all civilizations, and of all cultures. This time the armies have come (and armies they are, for the saucers sighted number in the uncouted thousands, as many as four thousand being seen at *one time*) in advance of the actual conflict. What will happen if conflict does break out is a matter for much conjecture. Perhaps we will see more than just isolated instances of the interference of etheric armies in the affairs of mankind. Perhaps we will see the battle almost completely fought from the etheric, and the armies of man but tools in the hands of the invisible commanders.

Greatest weight is given to this theory by the *fact* that all the governments of the world are today trying desperately to prove a thing that they have not a shred of real evidence to support, that the earth is being visited by beings from other planets—but beings of *flesh and blood*, and not something else. *Why* is it so important to prove it this way, or rather, to swing public opinion and attention in this direction, when it would be easier (and with greater weight of evidence) to swing it to the belief in a supernatural origin? The answer, we believe is because once that belief becomes widespread, the armies of man must fall by the wayside through sheer neglect and futility. No man would be so bold as to believe he could conquer the armies of God. (*Concluded on page 94*)

YOUR FUTURE

BY

DOROTHY

SPENCE

LAUER

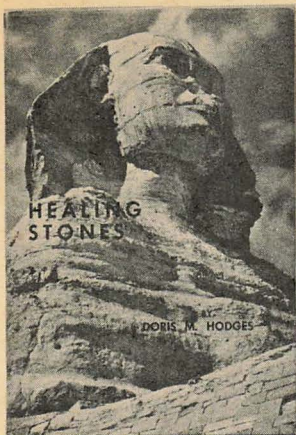
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THERE WILL be a more peaceful attitude around people in general, almost as if many of the scares they went through in the past such as the supposed ending of the world (many did take this seriously), that California would be off the map (due to earthquake), and many little worries are over. I feel a presence that speaks of good and therefore many people will now settle down to living and losing fears.

Real estate frauds will be exposed to the point that many people may find that they are going to be cautious as to who they deal with; also use caution in signing acceptance of rights to sell, as some clever ones in this field are going to have a clause that could cost people many of thousands of dollars, yet because it is there no one could say that the person didn't have the right to refuse to sign.

The holiday season will be as



HEALING STONES

by

DORIS M. HODGES

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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BEYOND THE LIGHT

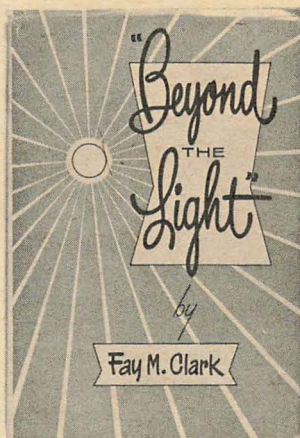
by

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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always, and I am sure my many readers know I wish them well. Health, happiness, prosperity: these are their rightful heritages.

A new medicine for arthritis: this will bring a blessed relief to everyone, perhaps not yet the complete "cure", but at least this will be a step in that direction.

Many thousands of people who now scoff at E S P, and many branches of the occult will soon be convinced there is "something to it". The days are soon gone when those who really possess nothing to give in the field but "lines" will find that there is no such thing as "easy money" - especially in this field. To do this right, one must concentrate, be alone, let knowledge from the right source come to them.

Red China will rear its ugly head to start a little commotion, but I can never believe that communism will ever rule us. Here again much will be brought to light that will awaken those that now may think this is the "ideal" life! Mr. K is also going to startle everyone by an announcement - but it will be an announcement that is never carried through.

News from the White House - sadness with it.

Religion will be taken more seriously, and many people will now test that which they believe to see results of that teaching. Many cults and those called "mas-

ters" will find that they may have to retrace some of their steps - then and only then will they succeed.

Russia will suffer some very influential losses of men higher up.

England in for more scandal and this time everyone will gasp! What we thought was "scandal" is nothing compared to what will soon be brought out to the public.

Many stars now so thrilled with Rome will hasten back home, glad that many of the so-called "sure things" weren't at all, and will be happy that the movie industry now will concentrate upon more serious films. That will also bring about a teaching of many things now marked as "fantastic, incredible" - yes, even UFO investigators may find at last a chance to bring forth that which they believe to be true.

By the time this reaches print, all of us will have heard of some disaster in foreign lands - many tears shed over this.

Any contractor building a HUGE hotel in the state of TEXAS should be sure of the materials used. Someone is going to slip something in here that could cause a catastrophe with this lovely hotel (well known - and put up by a syndicate). Could be an inferior rafter - or perhaps a material that should hold solid - crumbles when in the stage of moving in.

Haven't heard as yet from the

person whom I do so want to be cautious of the man that looks so very nice but is certainly not as represented at all - records could prove a jail sentence at one time for misusing money trusted to him - so again I hope that person is indeed getting not only my mental telepathy message but this one as well! A little conspiracy here also, as a supposed "friend" works with this person giving information as to their financial status - clients should not mean "what they have" as in this work one must not be merely looking at the material gain, but what help they are giv-

ing.

I emphasize, each analysis is dictated personally by me, I have no proteges, no one that does my work, and my files are under lock and key at all times. No one has access to these files except myself, therefore, no one could "copy" any part of any analysis sent out. I say this so a rumor will stop that copied analyses are sent out to others. This is not true.

Ray, things will now be brighter for you and yours, and an idea "put on the shelf" will now come to life for you and success with it.

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 experimentative atmosphere, in an attempt, first to determine whether or not this ability is of a nature both real and valuable; and second, to provide you with an interesting bit of entertainment. Please report results to us.

PERSONALS

● Young, single man would like to hear from other young, single people (ages 21 through 35) in the California area (preferably the San Francisco Bay area). My interests include: meeting new people, body building, music, parties, broadminded, free thinkers, hiking, swimming, travel, psychophenomena, hypnotism, the occult, healing, health massage work, mental health, unusual ideas and interest, fun, romance and adventure. Write to: P.O. Box 3145, San Jose, Calif.

● I would be glad to hear from anyone in this vicinity interested in the occult, life's purpose, health, etc. Charles A. Moore, Highway 65N, Branson, Mo. 65616.

● WANTED: back issues of Mystic no. 2. Search - nos. 16, 45, 46. Flying Saucers from other worlds nos. 24, 26. Flying Saucers nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24. Fate nos. 1-33, 58-91, 96-105. One copy of Life Magazine for May 21, 1961. One copy of U.S. News & World Report for Sept. 24, 1945. All Science fiction magazines published by Ray Palmer containing stories by Richard Shaver. Anyone who thinks he knows or has any

ideas concerning Palmer's "FACT" would you please contact me by writing to: Victor Pence, 1315 Kenton St., Springfield, Ohio 45505. I will buy only magazines that have all their pages and that are in good condition.

● WANTED members in the Interplanetary News Service. Bimonthly publication, read world wide, authors welcome. Information on ufos, borderland sciences, the off-beat in general. Send \$2.00 to Timothy Green Beckley, 3 Courtland Street, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08901.

● WANTED: The following publications, either for sale or for trade. Man to Man - Oct. 1953; True - July 1950; Fate - all 1948 issues, all 1949 issues except May, all 1950 issues except June/July, December, all 1951 issues except Jan., Nov./Dec., 1952 - Feb., Mar., Apr., May, July, Aug., Nov., Dec., 1953 - July, 1954 - April, 1955 - April, May, June, July, 1956 - Aug., 1957 - Feb., April, 1958 - April, May; 1959 - Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr.; 1960 - Jan., Sept., Oct.; Mystic - No. 3, 4, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16; Search - No. 19, 23, 24; True Space Secrets -

BOOK OF BROTHERS, by Margit Mustapa

The author relates her personal contact relationship with Venusian Brothers walking upon this Earth. She gives forth in this book a workable philosophy of life and Key to true Spiritual development. An excellent group study book. Author of "Spaceships To The Unknown", now out of print, related her physical contact with The Brothers and how it changed her life.

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MANY LIVES, MANY LOVES, by Gina Cerminara

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THE SUN RISES, by Robert D. Stelle

Another book on the Continent of Mu. This book begins with the beginning of Man, his struggles to exist. Learning to protect himself, clothe and house himself. Eleven years were taken to compile this book taken from Akashic records. An excellent study of the trials and tribulations in our own time in case of a major catastrophe.

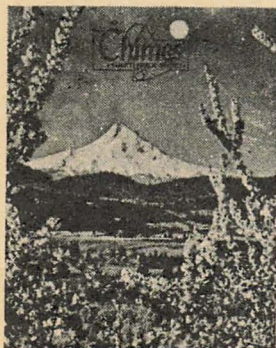
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- Would like following booklets by William Ferguson: A Message From Outer Space, My Trip To Mars, Five Hours With Oligarchus, Steps to the Stars by Dan Fry, and Venus Speaks by Scientist

of Venus. Quote prices. Franklyn Peoples, 628 1/2 3rd St., Corvallis, Oregon 97330.

- I can sympathize with you when you publish those books on your own. We tried printers and publishers alike to print the book of Thoth, but they would either charge so much that only the very rich could afford a copy or give an excuse for not printing Thoth. Finally in disgust we borrowed money and invested savings in a photocopy machine. Even by selling the book of symbols at \$10 a copy we have to sell several hundred copies to break even because the paper and copying process is so expensive. With all these obstacles it was only the encouragement and predictions of Dorothy Spence Lauer that spurred us on. Many times we wanted to chuck the whole thing and then someone would get so much benefit out of Thoth and beg for a copy. Cosette and I have derived so much benefit in wisdom, knowledge, and health from Thoth that it is hard to communicate this directly to others. So Thoth gave us a book of hieroglyphic symbols so that any sincere seeker could mediate on and gradually unravel the mysteries of life as he evolved spiritually. Cosette and I have searched much occult and mystical literature trying to figure out the meaning of Thoth's symbols. We still have only a glimpse of Thoth's mystery

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- WANTED: The Smoky God, M.F. Emerson; The Earth is a Bubble, Benjamin Bergensen; One Hundred Proofs that the Earth is Not a Globe, William Carpenter; The Inner World, Frederic Culmer; Symmes' Theory of Concentric Sphere, James McBride; A Treatise on Natural Philosophy, Alexander Mitchell; Symmes' Theory, John W. Peck; The Phantom of the Poles, William Reed; The Symmes Theory of Concentric

Spheres, John C. Symmes; The Hefferlin Manuscript; The Oera Linda Book, N. Sandbach; Lost Atlantis, The mystery Solved, Lumen; In Quest of Lost Atlantis, Richard Clauering; Examination of the Legend of Atlantis, Hyde Clark; Great World Mysteries, Eric Frank Russell; The Mysterious Disappearances, G.M. Winsor; Mysteries of the North Pole, Robert de La Croix; The Mystery of the Buried Crosses, Hamlin Garland; Curiosities of Medical Experiences, J.G. Millingen; bound issues of Fate - vol. no. 7 and after; The Thinker magazine - all issues, F.D. Brownley, 3635 Dewey Ave., Rochester 16, NY.

- WANTED: James Rock's novel "Thro' Space" Central Press 1909. Also "The Coming of the Saucers" by Ray Palmer and Ken Arnold. Will pay the highest price! Loren E. Gross, 5101 Esmond Ave., Richmond, Calif.

- TRADE. Will trade for "Prodigal Genius", 1948 Shaver book (hardback); "Expanding case for UFO", M.K. Jessup (hardback); "Strange case of Dr. M.K. Jessup", (Grey Barker publication). Write first. M. Pejaski, 228 Maple Blvd., Monroe, Michigan.

- Wanted to buy the books: "Return of the Dove" and "The Smoky God". Gail H. Moreland, 708 So. Dellrose, Wichita 18, Kansas.

- My hobby is collecting diets and recipes for diabetics and ex-

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changing of letters on same with other diabetics, and any one who is able to tell me any helpful hobbies that I can do to earn cash at home etc. Would appreciate it if no investment is required. Have many books to give away, on many subjects. Send postage for same. What will you swap for? God Bless every one everywhere. Eve Arellano, 1622 So. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill. 60608.

- For sale or trade - all are in very good condition, but I am letting them go for less, or trading generously, because these have my name on the cover, or have clippings or notations in some of them. Free - "Your Future as An Airline Stewardess" (Pocket Book - Send Stamps). "The Age of Reason", by Thomas Paine 75¢. "Lectures and Essays of R.G. Ingersoll" 75¢. "The Bible Un-Masked", by Joseph Lewis 75¢. "Voltaire - The Incomparable Infidel", Joseph Lewis 50¢. "The Tyranny of God", Joseph Lewis 50¢. "Joseph Lewis - Enemy of God", by Arthur H. Howland 75¢. "Expose of Religious Fraud", by L.F. Schrader 50¢. "The Religio - Medical Masquerade" (A Complete Exposure of Christian Science) by Frederick W. Peabody 75¢. "Science Wonder Stories", June 1929 - Vol. no. 1. Hugo Gernsback, Edit. Above in fair condition. (Make offer). Tarot Cards and Book \$1.50. Fortune Telling

Cards (5 different decks) 50¢ each. Am compiling a book on all the references to pre-natal influence I can find. I collect books on the subject. Will trade any four above for one complete book on pre-natal influence; any three books above for 1 Expectant-Motherhood-Book which contains pre-natal references; any three for one of the M. Corelli Novels (I have "Romance . . ."); will trade all of the above for a complete set of Search. Write before sending anything. Frank C. Haglin, 735 Apache Blvd., Box 19, Tempe, Arizona 85281.

- I want back issues of "Search" and "Rosicrucian Digest". I offer in exchange hundreds of books, both fiction and non-fiction on almost any subject. Austin Windsor, 230 Minnie St., Godfrey, Ill.

- Have finished The Great Red Dragon by Prof. Hilton Hotema. Will sell for \$1.50. A-1 condition. Marie Fredenburg, 5037 N.E. Alberta St., Portland 18, Oregon.

- WANTED: Any books on flying saucers and aerial phenomena. Past issues of all flying saucer and UFO magazines. Send description, title, and price of books, and issue number and price of magazines to: Keith Jenkins, Secretary-Treasurer of FSRO, 489 Division Ave., Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072. Please tell what condition your article is in.

- I would like to correspond with

anyone about any subject connected with flying saucers, the occult, ghosts, reincarnation, Shaver's caves, Fortean phenomenon, etc. Correspondence may be by letter or, preferably, by tape. RGM, 427 Washington St., Carlstadt, N.J. 07072.

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Where The Reader Has His Say

Dear Ray:

I have noticed you don't seem to care for the idea of Reincarnation. I don't either. Elbert Benjamin said no doctrine was ever concocted and forced on a people quite so successful in keeping them servile and in despoiling them as Brahmanism and its caste system, based on the doctrine of human Reincarnation. Through investing the Priesthood with the authority to say what acts give good Karma and what acts bad Karma, it places an absolute power in the hands of the priests which they use to enslave the people while themselves living in luxury. Manly P. Hall wrote a book about it - yet he never admitted he himself believed it.

I try to keep an open mind - even if I don't agree. Unusual things happen to many of us. -
Myrtle Lewis, 117 Cemetery St.,
Winston-Salem 6, No. Carolina.

Dear Ray,

Having just received the October issue of Search, have not had time to carefully read your article on General Ossinumphneferu, but amstruck by the cover picture and your article on perfect preservation to write you of an interesting experience of my own on perfect preservation of a human being right here in the state of California.

If memory serves me right this would have been in either 1941 or 1948, in the general vicinity of Bakersfield, Calif. during the summer months, at either a county fair or state fair and on general exhibit to the public in a large tent for a small admission price, perhaps a quarter.

On a small raised stretcher of table height, lay the body of a young man in his late twenties or early thirties, completely nude except for a small loin cloth around his privates, and tanned a very deep tan from exposure to

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the sun on Mojave Desert, where he had been found by someone during a desert sand-storm. He had medium dark brown hair, was clean shaven, slim, and of medium height. His hair, nails, teeth, every inch of him perfectly preserved. His skin was soft as tho alive and in every detail except breathing resembled a very much alive person. Around his neck was a rope mark, lighter than the rest of the person (as tho a rope had slowly rotted away, protecting skin underneath from the sun) and a small bullet hole right at bottom of the heart. The body was owned by a doctor in the general vicinity of Los Angeles. I say L.A. but my husband says Long Beach. Be that as it may, the facts as known were these: the body had been purchased from the finder by this doctor. It was thought to be that of a cattle rustler of the 1800's because of the rope mark and the bullet hole. For they say there, they would hang them and to be sure they were dead, shoot them thru the heart before burial. The owner felt sure the perfect preservation of the body was due to the area of burial and offered \$1000.00 reward to anyone that could identify it so that the place of burial would be known. It was on exhibit for this reason only and only in the southern end of California.

This was no hoax, Ray, I and hundreds of others felt and handled

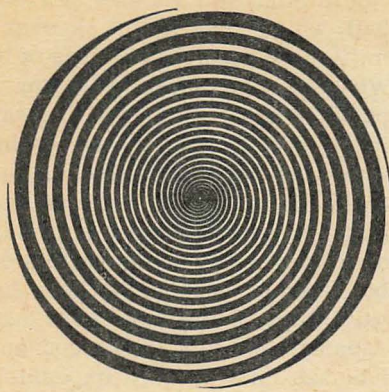
this body, for it was completely open to the hands and eyes of the public and you were asked to feel and examine it very carefully so no one could say they were hoodwinked by a fake. I pulled the fingers, examined the eyes, teeth, etc. For in no way did it resemble any corpse I've ever seen. It was a most remarkable thing and the memory of it crosses my thoughts every once in awhile, for well I realize the world would pay a great deal to so preserve their loved ones.

Where it is now, I have no idea, and I cannot recall the name of the doctor that owned it, but that these are facts I can and would swear to. Just thought you might be interested. - Ruth E. Speaker, 2228 Robinwood, Toledo, Ohio.

• You are talking about a body less than 100 years old, preserved by dry climate. This body, which I have heard of, will certainly be dust in much less time than the period attributed to Egyptian mummies. Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I just read Worlds Most Unusual Mummy. In connection with this I recall a book I read a few years ago which impressed me titled JADOO by John Keel. He travelled and got into strange places and wrote about them. He described in detail a strange serripitious busi-



*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.

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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.

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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.

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

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ness of making mummies. It went on underground. They just got ordinary people and (dead ones naturally) in this revolting business made mummies of them. It goes into detail. The book was written and published not long before I read it, I recall.

The author gave his birthday (March 25, 1930) - an Aries man. I believe he saw all he said he saw. If people go to such lengths to mummify bodies there must be some profit in it for them. The book may have even said the mummies were to sell to U.S. museums, I just can't recall. Anyway, if you haven't already read this book, please do try to get a copy. - Joan Harmon, 6 James St., Holbrook, Mass. 02343.

- I don't think you could sell a fake mummy to any museum. They just aren't that stupid. - Rap.

Dear Ray:

As you are so very fond of unraveling mysteries I thought of putting this before you. Some time ago I read an article, I think it was in Search, where it was mentioned that the human race was androgynous until about 16 millions of years ago, and that for several millions of years the human race was laying eggs. Now in the October issue of Fate magazine I did find a small article where it was mentioned that they had found an

egg in Australia the size of a football which they figure is over a million years old. Dr. Ride of the Western Australian Museum is puzzled about this egg. He says it is not of any animal extinct which he knows of. Now in Australia there are so many animals that are reaching back to prehistoric times why could not this egg be a human egg having been laid say about 5 million years ago? Although this idea may sound funny I do not think it at all impossible. I did write Dr. Ride about it but never got an answer. Of course these learned professors do not like for a simple layman to give them ideas. Nobody knows anything but they. What do you think about this mystery? If you can make any use of this go ahead. I sure would like to have this unraveled. But I know of no way to do this. So I put it before you. I just love the way you go after the big its. Am wondering what you will find out about what happened to those mummies. Started with your first forerunner of Search. That photo of yours in Space World is just fine. Glad to have gotten same. Good luck for your wonderful digging things up. - W. Barth, 1405 S.W. Washington, Portland 5, Ore. 97205.

- Personally, I just don't believe it. No evidence. But then, some people are still laying eggs! - Rap.

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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.

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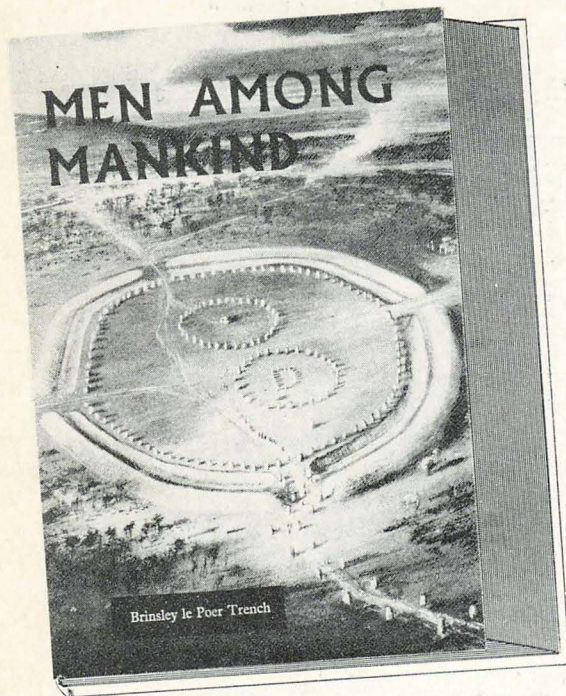
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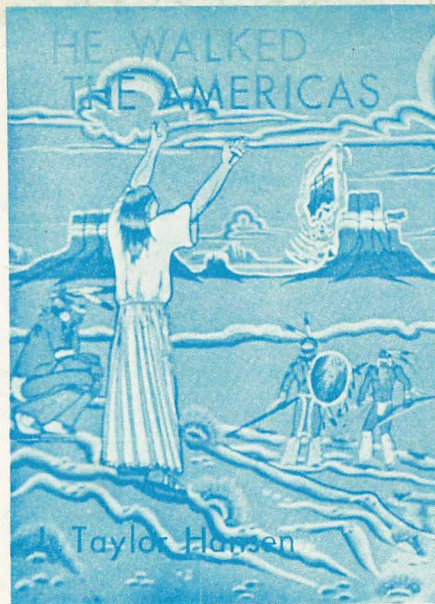
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