

SEARCH

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1967

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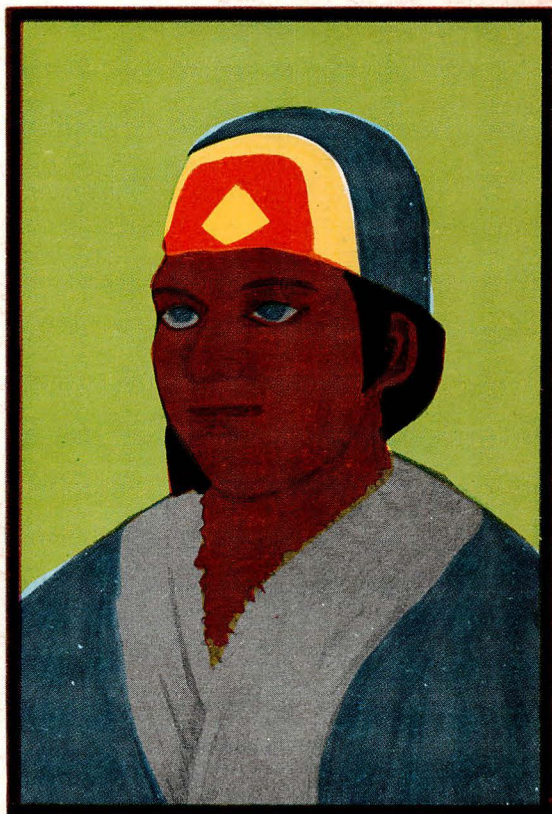
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THE CASE FOR
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—FRIEND

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Builder of the Great Pyramid

HOW I DISCOVERED AND PUBLISHED OAHSPÉ

Ray Palmer's

MAY 1, 1966
Volume 1, Number 9

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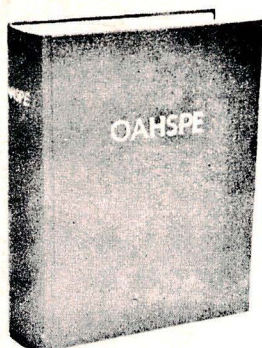
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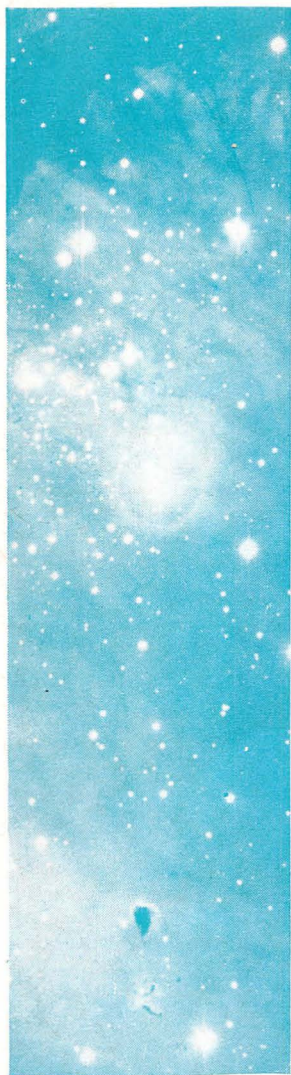
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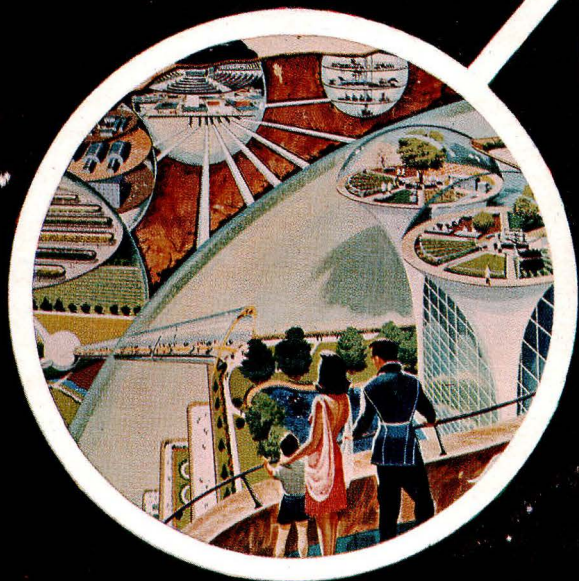
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MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1967
ISSUE NO. 75

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What SEARCH Means To You

The pages of SEARCH are open to all who have something important to say concerning the occult, the unknown, the metaphysical, the controversial, the suppressed and allied subjects.

It is the policy of this magazine to present both sides of any question, and to refrain from discrimination. However, the editor considers himself "one of the gang" and will slug it out with anyone who cares to enter a battle of words.

Manuscripts are NOT paid for, and nothing is solicited with any guarantee of publication if circumstances intervene. SEARCH assumes no responsibility for photos, drawings, manuscripts, and will not return unless sufficient return postage is furnished by contributor. Manuscripts should be typed, or written neatly, one side of paper.

EDITORIAL



SEVERAL issues ago we asked the readers to make some suggestions as to how to improve SEARCH magazine. We got many letters. Some of them were satisfied with the magazine as it was, some admitted they felt it wasn't as good as in years past, some believed a drastic change was necessary, and others decried the changes that had already been made. The editors have studied the results of all this comment carefully, and we've come up with some conclusions.

What is it that SEARCH really is? Its physical format is a "pulp" magazine, and its area is that of "entertainment". People read it because it is a cheap paper means of pastime, which can be read in a few hours, or for a few minutes at a time, provide some measure of pleasure, excitement, and curiosity, and perhaps stimulate some more or less unusual thought. It is essentially "escapism". Thus, it is not to be taken seriously. Here

we come up with what we'll call Fault # 1: The editors have been inclined to view it as important, and a means to carry some sort of message, and to make people think.

Actually, Fault #1 should have been called Error # 1, because it was due to faulty thinking on the part of the editor himself. So, the remedy to this is to provide more entertainment, excitement and escapism. Thus, we need short articles of dynamic interest, about unusual and interesting events and people. Not an argument as to whether "ghosts" (for example) exist, and what they are, but just a vivid and thrilling ghost story. A real hair-raiser.

Fault # 2: Wordiness on the part of both the writers and the editor. Get on with the story, is the suggestion. Cut out all the extraneous discourse on the part of the author. Be concise, brief, to the point, and don't bore the reader with one unnecessary word. Especially no interminable gassing

by the editor, on a subject so esoteric even he doesn't know exactly what he is talking about. The editor should present tidbits of interest, with short, intelligent comments on each item.

Fault # 3: Too much "preaching". It is not the place of the editor to mould either the thinking or the morals or the behavior of his readers. They'll decide for themselves what is right or wrong, correct or incorrect, moral or immoral. The editor should realize his readers are as intelligent, or more intelligent, than he is, and not presume to be superior enough even to moralize. Thus, the articles should not be of this type, and the editor should, bluntly speaking, mind his own business - which is to put out an interesting and entertaining magazine that does not challenge or insult the reader.

Fault # 4: Too much "personality" in the magazine. The letters column tends to become a "feuding ground" between several people who monopolize the space available to letters, which should be on other subjects. These subjects should, actually, be the same as the stories and articles - personal reports by readers on things unusual that have happened to them. Or short comments on the pro and con of pre-

viously published articles.

When you boil all this down, the majority of readers do not want to be made to think, don't want to be exposed to this or that ism, don't want to be forced to read through wordiness. This is a "little" magazine (one reader even called it "skimpy"), and long, complicated material belongs, properly, in a book, not in a magazine bought to "pass a moment or two in relaxation and entertainment".

The editors are going to try to evolve a magazine which corrects some of these faults. We'd like to know from the readers how successful we are. We are introducing many small changes, too. Things like small departments, dressed-up headings, illustrations, new features, etc.

Although there was some suggestion that certain subjects should be avoided (religion, politics, current events, etc.), we have never actually gone into any of these subjects except as they possessed some mystic or occult overtone.

Oh yes, Fault # 5: Verbose pomposity on the part of the editor. Make it short, zippy, even limited to one or two pages, and quit bragging. So, it would seem right now is a good time to knock it off for this time. - Editor.

HOW I DISCOVERED AND PUBLISHED OAH SPE

Ray Palmer

MANY PEOPLE have been curious as to my interest in Oahspe, and the reason for publishing a photo-copy of the 1882 edition of the book, although the 1891 issue has been continuously published since that date and is still published today.

The reason, of course, is to demonstrate the differences between the two works, and these differences were significant enough, to this writer's way of thinking, to be of substantial importance in any future debate as to the validity of the book.

What about Oahspe's validity? Is it a "true" book? Or is it just a work of fiction?

Even as a lad of sixteen, when I wrote and sold my first science fiction story, I knew that some of the things in that story were not fiction. They were, in fact, a disguised presentation of a rather mystic experience, woven into science fiction form. Much science fiction I believe was "prophetic", even to the extent that it might have been "inspired". It is true that science fiction writers showed

the way to outer space, as we are adventuring into it today. Even the technical facts of space rocketry are so exact that scientists admit the fiction writers were actually masters of theoretical science, and not fictional pundits at all. This would seem to indicate something more than just imagination.

However, as a writer, so many of these "mystic" imaginings came true that I began to ask what it was all about. And when I asked, it seemed that Fate answered, and almost miraculously, many things came to me which, taken as a whole, set up a fantastic pattern of a new "reality" that I now firmly believe in. One of the major items which came to me in this mysterious manner was the book, Oahspe, sent to me by a reader who said, "I felt impelled to send this book to you. I don't know who you are, nor why you should have this book, but apparently it is important. Please read it."

The book proved itself. To me, it could not be a fake. It had to be authentic - because it proved the key to all the vast amount of ma-

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terial I had collected in my life-
time, and especially of that amaz-
ing adventure, the Shaver Mystery.
Oahspe proved Shaver, and Shaver
proved Oahspe. Somewhere be-
tween both, the actual truth lies. I
don't believe the literal "truth"

can ever be known - we can only
approximate truth in the frame-
work of our capability of under-
standing. I think that Oahspe can be
understood, and that it points the
way to a vaster, more complex
reality still to be discovered. Per-
haps the best way to conclude this
story of my own discovery of
Oahspe is to tell you of the book it-
self, and how it was written. If you
have not read it, I recommend that
you do so. It might remake your
entire life.

John Ballou Newbrough was
born on June 5, 1828, on a Spring-
field, Ohio farm. A college man, he
specialized in medicine, particu-
larly dentistry, which later became
his profession. He was a big man,
powerful and vigorous and adven-
turous. After college he went to the
goldfields of California, and also to
Australia. After becoming a dentist
in New York City, he married, and
became the father of a son and a
daughter. A second marriage gave
him another daughter. Part of his
normal home life was an interest in
spiritualism, and together with a
dear friend, Edwin Augustus Davis,
he interviewed many mediums,
even entertained them in his home,
in an effort to learn all he could of
the occult. Davis was a photogra-
pher, and cooperated with New-
brough in taking pictures of spir-
itual phenomena, and many unusual
pictures were secured. However,
both men were dissatisfied with the

calibre of spirit communications being received, and Newbrough particularly felt that there must be something more interesting and practical. The advent of the Fox sisters upon the New York scene brought matters to a head in Newbrough's mind, and he earnestly desired to know how the angels lived, the plan of the universe, and the true facts of spiritual existence. He believed that if he purified himself, he might establish higher contacts.

One morning in 1870, Newbrough went to the home of his friend Davis, who lived on Sixth Avenue, near the old Hay Market, and said: 'I've come for your advice; I had quite an experience about 4 a.m. this morning. I was sleeping nicely when I felt a hand on my shoulder. A voice said: 'Wake up, doctor. Everything is all right. I only want to ask you a question, and we will go.'

'I sat up and answered: 'Yes, if I can.' The voice said: 'Would you like to perform a mission for Jehovah?'

'I rubbed my eyes and saw that the room was lit up with pillars of a soft light so pleasing to the eyes that it was indescribable. I saw great numbers of beautiful spirits or angels. They did not have wings. I spoke: 'What is the mission, so that I may know whether to say yes or no?' The answer came back: 'Jehovah would like you to live



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spiritually for ten years, and at the end of that time we will come back and tell you what it is that we desire, for your body and mind are not sufficiently perceptible now. You must be pure.'

'What do you mean by living spiritually?

'We want you never to kill anything, or eat anything that breathes; meat, fish, birds, reptiles, etcetra. Live on nuts, fruit, vegetables. You don't need so much food, as you are too heavy now; you need to lose weight. One other thing is very important: you must help people; give

your services to people who need dental help, without pay, if they cannot pay. Do charity work; by individual charity you change the person's thoughts. They will think of you as a good man, and will send out good thoughts to you. You will need all the good will you can get.'

"I answered: 'This will be quite a change of living for me. I will let you know.'

" 'We already know your answer; it will be yes!' the voice said, and then the lights dimmed and went out, and the atmosphere changed back to its normal darkness. I got up and wrote down everything that had happened, then I drank a glass of milk and came over to talk to you."

Davis and Newbrough discussed the matter for hours, and during the conversation Newbrough revealed that he thought he had recognized three of the spirits, although he had not had a good look at them. He asked Davis if he thought the adventure was real, or only a dream.

"John," said Davis, "I don't believe it was a dream. I'd say, go ahead. I myself don't like meat or fish, and I would have no objection to going on the same diet so that you will have assistance in keeping to it, as it will certainly be hard on you to be so different in public eating habits. Perhaps the ten year wait will be worth it, when you find out what it is that you are to do."

At 4 a.m. one morning late in

1880, John Ballou Newbrough was awakened from his slumber to find the same mysterious and beautiful lights filling his room. He sat up and demanded: "Am I worthy? The same voice spoke: "You have done well. You have passed our test. We know that you feel more healthy. Now we want you to buy a typewriter and place it on this table. We will thereafter awaken you one hour before dawn each morning, and you will sit in this chair before the typewriter and put your hands on the keys. You will buy plenty of paper and keep it always ready to use."

"I don't know how to use a typewriter."

"We will control your hands and arms, and perform the task for you, so don't worry. You must not look at what is written until it is finished."

There was further discussion and instruction, then the pillars of light dimmed and went out.

On the morning of January 1, 1881, having followed all instructions, the first writing session began at 4 a.m. As Newbrough later told it to his friend, Davis: "To my amazement as I sat in the chair, my hands went up and started to pound at the keys. It seemed to me that I was half asleep, but I saw everything I was doing. I saw no spirits, but I knew they were using my body and thought I looked at my hands and fingers; they were going

like mad. Then it occurred to me that it was fantastic.

"The papers seemed to pile up fast on the right side of the typewriter. As the days went by, I was doing more and more. At first I was thinking what am I writing about? My mind seemed blank, but I had never felt better in my life. I always locked my door after me, and it was locked when I came back. I noticed, though that there was a blank paper over the pile I had finished, and a paperweight on top. It was oblong in shape. As I left my room the next morning, I took particular notice how the paperweight lay on the stack of finished work. When I returned that evening, I wanted to see if it had been moved, but it had not. But to my surprise, my bed had been made. Everything had been dusted and cleaned. I said to myself: 'The spirits are certainly working hard around here!' I heard a loud laugh, and the voice said: 'We are! We don't want you to worry about a thing. We are taking care of you, and no harm can come to you, Remember this!'"

Every morning, before sunrise, until December 15, 1881, John Ballou Newbrough wrote at his Sholes typewriter, at a speed physically almost impossible considering the crudity of this first typewriter, and finally the manuscript was complete.

In 1882 the book was published. Newbrough kept the very first copy

off the press, and presented the second copy to his friend Edwin Augustus Davis in appreciation for his assistance over the years.

The foregoing information (which it is significant to note is essentially the same as the account given by Newbrough himself in a letter written on January 21, 1883 to the editor of *The Banner of Light* in Boston, Massachusetts) comes from the diary of the grandson of Edwin Augustus Davis.

Although copies of the first edition of OAHSPÉ are reputed to exist in the possession of various individuals, only one copy has been located in fifteen years of diligent searching by the publisher of photo-copied edition, and it is from this single copy that the photographic offset plates have been made. Inasmuch as there are considerable differences in the 1891 edition (and those subsequent) and the 1882 edition, it seems desirable to preserve the first edition in greater quantities for the purposes of those more erudite and concerned students of OAHSPÉ who, made aware that a "revision" was made, may wonder at the extent of the revision and reasons for it.

The original manuscript, it is said, was destroyed in a flood in El Paso, Texas, after it had been carefully checked against the 1891 edition by Andrew M. Howland, who aided Newbrough in the work of revising the 1882 edition. Des-

troyed also were the paintings from the 1891 edition reproduced in the photo-copied edition.

Howland, in a letter written in 1893, mentions that the Book of Praise was nearly double in present size, and that quite likely this is also true of the Book of Ben. The Book of Discipline, which appears in the 1891 edition, does not appear in the 1882 edition, and unfortunately there is now no evidence that it appeared in the original manuscript. Other fragments of original proof sheets, including an introduction to the Book of Saphah and an explanation of the Tree of Language, appeared only in very recent editions. Apparently it is true that the original OAHSPÉ manuscript has never actually been published in its entirety, and because the manuscript is destroyed, some considerable portions are now lost.

Little can be done today to remedy any lack, but certainly none of the published editions should be allowed to become unavailable, as is the original manuscript. Therefore, your writer produced the photographed edition of the 1882 printing, which was the very first, together with all its typographical errors, its language key charts, its Commentary, and as an added feature reproductions of the paintings (also destroyed in the same flood that removed the original manuscript from the ken of

man) of the key prophets in OAHSPÉ.

The book can be secured from Palmer Publications, Inc., Amherst, Wisconsin, for \$10.00 plus 40¢ postage.

The publication of the photo copy of the 1882 edition is not to say that subsequent editions are invalid, for in fact the doctrinal content is unchanged, and the bulk of the publication is materially the same, except for the omissions, additions and revision changes as will be noted. This photo copy of the 1882 edition is offered solely in the interests of completion, and to answer those who ask questions concerning the first edition and the exact nature of the changes that were actually made, and what their total effect on the validity of OAHSPÉ has been. The paintings are also included from the 1891 edition, because that is also very rare.

In our humble opinion, the first edition should not be lost, as was the original manuscript. In the light of present day science, the Book of Cosmology alone is evidence of a superior fore-knowledge that stands as a sturdy sentinel over the doctrinal portions. And in the light of present day anthropology and archaeology, its historical portions stand as remarkable evidence of that same superior fore-knowledge. OAHSPÉ is truly a gateway to understanding.

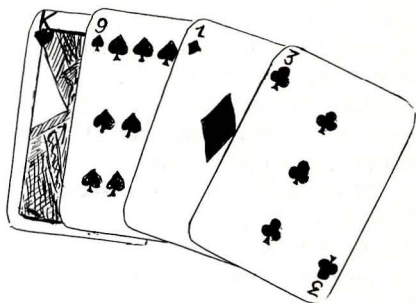
Let's Run The Cards

I WOULD LIKE to share with you a method of card reading which I learned long ago.

During world war I, a neighbor who's son was in France, taught my mother, and I learned too. We were interested because my two brothers were also "over there", and though I was only ten, I worried most of the time. Several evenings a week we got together, either at her house or ours, to check on our loved ones; and throughout the whole time we had a general idea how they were faring.

One night we were awakened by the voice of the older one, Arthur, calling, "Mama!", we got up immediately and "ran" the cards. It was apparent he was in great danger and wounded, but would live. Many months later when he was home, we asked him about it. He said that on that night he had received a head injury while repairing a telephone line under heavy fire. He also remembered calling Mama.

In the years since, I have



GRACE V. JACE

learned a very little of the ancient science of astrology, and can see a marked connection between that study and "our" way of running the cards. For instance, all fours refer to the house, home or base of operations of a person of corresponding complexion. The nine of hearts represents the deepest wish of the querant. He may "cut" the cards for a specific wish, but the nine of hearts will show where his real wishes lie.

Sixes indicate working conditions, or health changes. Threes show short trips, spades and clubs indicate night trips, or in darkness; diamonds and hearts, daytime. Dueces usually mean news, the specific nature being shown by the surrounding cards. Nines mean longer trips.

Tens show where a person should be most successful in life. If the ten of diamonds faces the querant's face card, he could be

very successful in a career of finance. The ten of spades, law study or enforcement. The seven of clubs indicates the coming together of friends and acquaintances for the common good, such as lodges, churches, study groups.

In my early twenties I moved to New York city. Mother wrote me about certain people who would try to influence me. She was always right.

Back home, I began reading for friends, always without recompense. Mother thought it wrong to accept pay for helping others. I have studied the cards through the years, and there is always good advice there if I heed it, which I do not always do.

The querant must have a clear idea of what is wanted, otherwise there will be confusion in the cards, and little meaning. Here is the way we did it and I still use it. The querant shuffles the entire deck, without "riffing". As he shuffles he should keep his mind focused on the question or problem at hand, or in mind. When they are well shuffled, cut into three piles, cutting away from you. Turn the piles over; those cards showing will indicate the most important aspect of the day. Take up the pile nearest you and spread them on the table, being sure to keep them on the same order in which they came out. That is don't turn them over, around or upside down. Consider each card

individually and in context. Then spread the second pile, and the third likewise. When all are spread in three rows, you are ready to read. Here are the meanings of the individual cards.

DIAMONDS: ace - a letter or other message concerning money or anger; duece - malicious, gossipy or "mad" news; three - a short daytime trip concerned with money, trouble or anger; four - the home base of operations or place of business of a person of "diamond" complexion; that is, a person with very blond or red hair, blue, gray or green eyes and very fair skin; five - always refers to time. Days, months, years. In very precise readings it can be hours; six - this card warns of work or health conditions which will bear watching. Whether it is illness or work, the surrounding cards will tell the story; seven - an alliance in which the primary consideration is money or other material gain, this card facing a personal card shows a person who will do almost anything for money; eight - lucrative career or hobby. If this person has psychic ability he is likely to put it to work making money; nine - journeys, trips, writing, or a religious career, in which there is the prospect of material gain; ten - this is the card of finance. Facing a personal card, it shows he or she could be very successful in a career of finance.

Surrounding cards will indicate the direction the activity should take; king - a man over thirty-five of diamond coloring; queen - a woman of any age with diamond coloring; jack - a young man of diamond coloring. Also used for the younger of two men shown in sequence.

HEARTS: ace - good news, success; also a child if running near a face card, or with the ace; duece - good news - if two dueces run together, it means the message is doubly true. However, if the duece of hearts is with the "death" cards, it foretells the death of a person of heart complexion. The "heart" person is one with sandy, light brown or gray hair, and blue, brown or gray eyes, fair or ruddy complexion; three - short, friendly daytime trips or visits. The cards closest about it will indicate the nature of the trip; four - the home, residence, or base of operations of a heart person, five - always tells the time involved; six - sickness of a heart person, or one in which he is concerned. If money cards surround it, the illness will cost the heart person money; seven - this card refers to marriages, alliances and partnerships in general; eight - this is the card of success in love, marriage, and/or career affairs. Also ability and success in psychic, hidden or mystic studies or experiment; nine - this is the BEST card in the whole deck! If it runs facing you you will assuredly

"get your wish". Also trips or journeys associated with love, marriage, religion and the higher things of life; ten - good luck in job, career, personal affairs and your approach to the world in general; king - a fair-skinned man, past thirty-five who has sandy, light brown or gray hair, with blue, brown or gray eyes; queen - a woman with the coloring of the king; jack - a young or younger man of like coloring.

CLUBS: ace - good news, friendly message, a letter; duece - news about money for a person of "club" coloring; three - a friendly journey, or visit, good talk with friends; four - the house or home of a "club" person; five - as the other fives, this is a time factor; but a friendly one. With this card, there is always time to do what must be done; six - this is an indication of illness for a club person who may be a friend. Also shows any kindness or service a club person may do for someone who is ill or indifficulty with no expectation of wish for pay or reward; seven - this is the card of affiliation; in which friends come together for the common good; as in lodges, study groups or churches; eight - the possibility of gain through an inheritance; nine - travel, religion and higher learning through the reading of travel and historical books; ten - this card shows opportunities in a career or calling

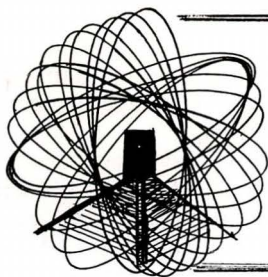
in those lines of thought connected with higher learning, religion, travel and communications; king - this man is past middle age, fair of skin with dark blue, brown or hazel eyes, dark blond or brown hair; queen - a woman of the club coloring. Also indicates a woman who is of gentle disposition, and good intentions; jack - a young man under thirty-five; or the younger of two men, of club complexion.

SPADES: ace - this card can be good or very unfortunate, depending on placement. If it is reversed (upside down) it means bad news; if reversed with the duces of spades it indicates a death. If reversed with the trey of spades it shows a death over which there will be doubt, such as accidental death. If it runs upright facing a person of spade coloring it means that person will receive good news; duece - unfavorable influence, news and disappointments in some undertaking of minor importance; three - nighttime trips. It adds a negative influence to any cards around it; four - the house of a spade person; five - again time, in this case a time of reckoning. Pay-up time; six - this card indicates those illnesses, maladies, and afflictions which could become chronic, disabling or malignant. It will run near the person who carries the germ or evidence of fatality; seven - this card indicates unholy alliances, partnerships depending on

the misfortunes and illnesses of people in general for its success or prosperity. Places of confinement, such as jails, hospitals, asylums or orphanages; eight - the card of reckoning, lawsuits, truth-will-out situations, wills and goods of the dead. Also psychic influences and abilities which are put to evil works; nine - the TROUBLE card of the deck! Trips or journeys which turn out badly, business failures, heartbreak and personal loss. The surrounding cards will indicate the source of the trouble; ten - this card shows trouble in career or job, dissention among co-workers, employees or employer. You can pinpoint the trouble by studying the adjacent cards; king - a man over thirty-five, with black or dark brown hair, dark or olive skin and black or brown eyes; queen - a woman, any age, of spade coloring; jack - a younger man of spade complexion.

So much for the individual card meanings. One must use great discretion in reading. I once wondered why their message was so often right. Now, I think I know.

Since each of us harbors a small segment of the universal soul, called the "oversoul" by Emerson, there is complete knowledge of all things in our unconscious, and as we shuffle the cards, with our thought concentrated on the problem or question, our subconscious arranges the sequence of the cards.



MY JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN

A PHANTOM FOR DADDY

By Sheryl McFarlane

I GREW UP in a family where the environment was a bit unusual. My grandfather was an astrologer and a very exceptional card reader. My grandmother was a mind reader and a positive thinker. My mother had inherited a little bit of all their knowledge and my father was a firm unbeliever in the supernatural.

When I was five or six years old, my family took me to a seance. I thought that they allowed me to go because I was not a fidgety child, but in a later year I learned the true reason. The woman whose home the seances were held in was a strong believer of the theory that children and old people are good conductors of psychic experiences, for they are closer to God than other beings.

I always paid close attention at these gatherings because I didn't want to miss a thing. To my disenchantment, this one was very general and didn't impress me a bit.

When it was time to leave, I took a flower from the floral arrangement in the room and brought it with me.

When we got home and all ready for bed, I recalled that my flower was in the car. I went down to the car to get it, let out a scream and came flying back into the house. I made my father go down with me and look. All the time I was pulling him out of the garage, I kept telling him that there was a stranger sitting in our car. He looked in the garage and promptly agreed that there was a man in the car. He flicked the light on in the garage and the man seemed to disappear. He turned the lights back off and the man could once more be clearly seen, still sitting in the car. Daddy bravely decided to foil the man's disappearing act and switched the lights back on. Again the man was gone. Daddy decided to have a closer look and went over to the car. Looking in, the only thing that was in the car where the man had been sitting, was my flower from the seance.

ARE SOME PEOPLE PSYCHIC?

By Beth Churchill

ARE SOME people psychic? I had this problem cleared up in my mind years ago.

One autumn morning, a neat white haired woman around seventy, in nurse's uniform came to my door. "May I come in and rest awhile?" she asked. "I've had a long tiresome walk on the hot desert." She smiled gently, and sat in the chair I offered her. My mother who lived with me is a friendly, smiling soul who never knew a stranger. She came in and sat with her, and soon the two white-haired ladies were chatting as if they were close kin. I slipped away to do my morning chores about the house.

The noon hour came and yet the stranger sat there. I prepared a light lunch, and she sat at our table, very polite and gracious.

"I've worked for Dr. Stone on the desert for five years," she volunteered. "With the strenuous work, and the heat of the desert, I became ill and they took me to the hospital. I was treated well and helped immensely. I am alright now and I just had to get out on my own." She smiled sweetly, reaching for a cup of hot tea and buttered toast.

In the afternoon, my son 15, and daughter 13, came in from school. I kept wondering when my guest

would go on to wherever she was going. I noticed she had no traveling bag, and no purse. Mother was missing her afternoon nap, and looking sleepy. I managed to get the two to take a nap.

At dinner that evening the ladies came in refreshed from their nap, smiling and talking as if they would be competent to carry on a lively conversation until midnight.

As they sat in the living room I could hear the conversation part of the time from the kitchen, through open double doors. I heard the stranger say to my mother after a pause, "You know something? I'm psychic. I keep seeing things in your life."

"You arouse my curiosity. What things in my life do you see?"

"Well," she said, musing, "I see a modest home, garden with vegetables, a rolling pasture of fruit trees, cattle, horses, chickens, and nice looking black-haired man, and several children. You were poor, but you worked, and you sang in your mountain home."

"Yes," answered Mother, "that's the way it was."

I finished the kitchen, and sat with them. The stranger turned to me. "You are not well, and you are going to have surgery soon. You are going to be well and happy, but you will be at the brink of death; you will feel its coldness creeping up from your feet as you beg for help until you lose consciousness.

I see you now, gaining consciousness while an old nurse is dropping something into your mouth. It is a stimulant. You move. There's noise of running feet, nurses with hot-water bottles. You feel warmth penetrating your body. You open your eyes, and realize you are still alive, and you thank God." She had talked as if in a trance. I felt an eerie cold feeling pass over me.

I arose and went to prepare the spare room, for I didn't expect the old lady to leave at this time of night. Mother moved over and sat by the nurse.

As I turned back the covers on the bed, I heard the nurse cry out loudly and when I rushed in, she was standing with eyes dilated, horror written on her face. "Oh what a terrible accident! Two cars, jammed one on top of the other on a mountain side. Such screaming! They burst into flames. It's horrible!" Then as she looked around and staggered to a seat: "It's awful to be psychic! I suffer in such accidents. "There were two people in each car." Then turning to me, she whispered, "Your mother with a new husband was killed!"

This caused me to suspect she was mentally ill. Mother had not looked at another man with matrimony in mind since my father died. None of us could believe she would marry again.

My daughter finished her homework and came over and sat by the

lady on the sofa, interested in all she was prophesying. They sat quietly for some time, when she said, "Would you tell me something about myself?"

The lady took her hand. "You are a very smart girl, you will continue to make straight 'A's'. I see you in a big university, where you will graduate with honors."

"I hope you are right, for that is my dream," said Betty. The hours passed and it was around midnight when the white-haired nurse jumped up and held on to a chair trembling, her face blanched. "Another car wreck, this time a young man and a girl. He is going too fast. He has red hair flying in the air. She tries to stop him. He hits a tree and the car bounces back. He is dead!" She dropped back on the sofa, bowed her head and cried, "I'm terribly tired; may I go to bed?" She put her arm around Betty, looked at me as if to speak, shook her head, and I led her to bed.

I half believed her, and yet I felt sympathy for one whom I felt was mentally unbalanced. I felt uneasy having her in the house and decided to call the police early next morning after the woman had had a good night's sleep. This I did before she arose, for fear she might hear me and run away before help could arrive.

Apprehensive of what was coming, I hurried a light breakfast.

We were at the table eating when two policemen arrived. The psychiatrist questioned her kindly, found she had escaped from the Patton State Hospital's psychiatric ward, that she was one for whom they had been looking for more than a week.

As they led her away she took my hand and thanked me for my kindness. I put no stock in her story of being psychic and inturning my house into rooms and apartments to rent in time of World War Two, I almost forgot the incident, until I was compelled to have an operation for tumors.

It was the third day, and mother managed to come in, even though the sign was up, "No visitors allowed". It was so dim that I sank back into unconsciousness. Then later I came out of the deep. They gave me a shot. I was barely conscious, but I felt the cold creeping up my legs, I was in a strange room, I began begging with all my strength for help, the patient next to me turned on the light, but no nurse appeared. I was frantic, for it looked as if no one would help me in time. I called as long as I had breath, "I am dying! I don't want to die." Then I could not speak, and lost consciousness.

Ages later it seemed, I opened my eyes for a flickering second. Mother Superior was pouring whiskey, drop by drop into my mouth, and telling me to swallow.

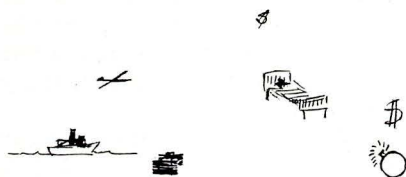
She ordered other nurses to bring more hot water bottles and blankets. I was praying and thanking God for life. Then I remembered the stranger! Everything she had said had come true.

After a few months my mother was married to a retired school teacher who had taken a room in my house. This was a big surprise to all her children. They started on a trip back east to visit relatives. While going up and around a steep mountain, a tire blew out. My stepfather couldn't hold the car on his side of the road. As they went around a steep curve, they met another car with two people in it. This car ran clear on top of Dad's smaller one, and crushed them to death.

My daughter attended California University at Berkeley, and did wonderful in her studies. Six months before graduating, she was home on vacation. She attended a weenie roast with old classmates in her home town. As they were returning home her redheaded companion stopped at a bar and had a few drinks. A quarrel started, and he became so mad he threatened to kill them both. He was going 90 miles per hour when he hit a big tree, bounced back and hit it again. His neck was broken. Betty was taken to the hospital for shock. She has never been the same since.

I have no doubts as to some people being psychic, I feel sure some are.

OUIJA BOARD-



JACK CASS

FORTUNATELY FOR me, my ability to operate the Ouija board lasted for about only six months and then gradually faded away and has not returned, but I can still place my hand on the planchette and, by involuntary motion, spell out what I consciously dictate.

The same form of interference can be demonstrated by use of the pendulum - a form of radiesthesia. Motion of the pendulum indicating either yes or no can be contradicted by merely willing it to swing in the opposite direction.

There is another form of interference - fool answers for the foolish which appears to be the most prevalent and gigglingly popular form of Ouija board blah-blah - and sometimes dangerous.

He was more that 90 years of age and proprietor of a quaint novelty store on Main Street - a store that often aroused my curiosity as I passed along the street. So, one day, seeing a Ouija board on display

Friend or Foe?



in the window, I entered the store and after buying a few cheap jim-cracks, asked: "What is that board with the printed alphabet? What is it for? What does it do?" Grinning broadly and hobbling over to the window where I was standing, he cracked: "That? Oh, that's an Ouija board. You place your hand on that heart-shaped thing and ask a funny question and it spells out a funny answer. That darn thing is more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Haw-haw-haw!" - jackass language. Feeling that I knew more about the matter than he did, I walked out, leaving the board behind while wondering about that "wisdom of old age" of which I had heard so much but had never met.

To him, like millions of others, all things have been cut and dried and polished to a shining surface, affording no reason for serious

thought about the dark, deep mysteries of life that shout for attention from all around. At the very end of the line, his kind are content to settle for a funny (?) answer to a "funny" question: "What am I going to eat for dinner one year from today?" "You are going to eat a barrel of monkeys," an answer that, allegorically, could contain more truth than wit - more truth than fun.

And there are those who seek the truth for accomplishment of evil ends. I have in mind the actual case of the greedy housewife. Being an Ouija hound, she asked the board as to where she could get a lot of money and was told that a fortune in currency had been buried in her backyard. Upon telling the good news to her husband, he, like an obedient imbecile, dug up so much of the yard in futile search for the fortune. But Greedy Greta, still convinced that by use of the board she had access to a friendly ocular of wondrous knowledge, persisted in her quest and was reminded that her husband carried a large life-insurance policy which, when he died, would become her legal possession. Asked as to when her husband would die, the board told her to hasten his death with murder and assured her many times over, over and over, that, if she followed instructions, she could not possibly become suspected by the police. Carried away by deceptive visions

of wealth and grandeur, that foolish woman did follow instructions which were so clumsily conceived that the police were led directly to her door and placed her under arrest and then on trial for murder. It is from accounts of that trial published in the newspapers that I got the details.

That was a case of demonic intent over the board following the victim's set pattern of desire leading on to destruction, for that housewife not only wanted unearned money but, deep within, she desired the death of her husband and followed out the dictate: "I'll believe only what I want to believe."

Of the millions of Ouija boards that, over the years, have been sold to the populace of the world, it is with only mild curiosity that the average operator asks: "I wonder what makes it work?" Then following a few hilarious sessions of "funny" questions and answers, the boards are relegated to forgetfulness and to that populace, taken as a whole, no great harm has been done and, except for particular cases, no benefits gained, but to a comparatively few susceptible and unsuspecting victims who "monkey around" and in frivolity arouse evil triflers of darkness, those "funny answers" can be deeply suggestive and gradually develop potent forces that lead to disaster. As an example of one possible case: That old bromide may be asked: "When am I

going to die?" and the answer: "Know that you are already half-dead" could, in subtle ways, lead to sickness and final death. The Ouija board is not a child's toy and should not be trifled with. It can be dangerous!

Having lost my ability to operate the board, my subsequent experiments with it were, of necessity, confined to watching and experimenting with others who could operate. There was that occasion when I was standing about ten feet distant from two women who were harvesting a bountiful crop of "funny answers" and, unknown to them, I concentrated upon the thought that what they were receiving be interrupted by unintelligible jargon, and it was not long before I was amused at seeing their expressions of surprise when the planchette spelled out mostly consonants. Upon my walking away, the planchette resumed the line of hogwash they had previously been getting. To me, that experiment seemed to be evidence that thought transference from others nearby can be a source of disturbance to those operating the board.

I have never read that Professor Rhine of Duke University ever experimented for thought transference by means of an Ouija board. If he has, his experiments must have been conducted in great secrecy, but it seems to me that had he done so, results could possibly have

been more definite than those derived from the method of calculating away probabilities by means of guess cards. Of course, Ouija experiments would have smacked the mysticism. They would not have been "scientific" and Professor Rhine would have become the laughing stock of his colleagues.

My experiments with the board did not really begin in a dynamic manner until I surprised a friend of mine (Dick F-) by discovering that he was a whiz at the board. He was a whiz and at that time was, as he still is in my memory of him, the mystery man of my life - a wizard man. After having witnessed his planchette spell out a lengthy rhymed account of adventures experienced by a participant in the campaign of Maximilian in Mexico, we decided to experiment and during his visits at my home which averaged, perhaps, about once every three weeks over a period of two years, some of his Ouija messages were too involved with intangibles for either of us to understand. However, they were put on record and preserved over the years and, at last, their mists of subtlety have taken on more or less definite shapes.

It was quite some time before we realized that two opposing forces were operative over the board, one being evil and the other benevolent - one an enemy and the other a friend, each composing in the same

style of delivery and always in flawless English. Naturally, before we had recognized the personalities of Dick's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, we two innocents, fearful of missing something of great importance, heeded every word and every form of instruction received and we found that we were never told to do anything that we could not, at least, well begin, BUT -

Came time nearing midnight in late November of a damp chill when a halo encircled the moon and we, not yet having distinguished between Dick's good Dr. Jekyll and his evil Mr. Hyde, were told by Mr. Hyde to walk to the distant cemetery and toss a quantity of that devilish chemical, calcium sulphide, onto the seventh gravestone we would see and then walk along the bank of the canal where we would find something of great value which, when found as per instructions given, proved to be a small, stinking can retrieved from a heap of human dung. Upon taking the can home, unopened, and asking the board to describe its contents, we were told it contained a brown grease whereupon, opening the can and finding that such was the case, we were told to keep it for a future use - a future use that, so far as we ever saw, never developed.

And arrived another day of a night when we were told to walk to a point far out on the state highway where, in the semi-darkness of the

road, I was missed by no more than a foot by being hit by a car speeding about 70 miles an hour. But it was not for credulous me to doubt the lose faith in a mighty mystic power that had condescended to choose Dick and myself for special attention. What could be better evidence as a base for faith than the fact that I had not been hit? Loss of faith could be justified only if I had been hit and killed. "What fools these mortals be!

Finding things of "great value" lying on the sidewalk should prove to be an interesting and pleasant hobby so, one night, we were told that a walk around the reservoir while watching a halo that encircled the moon, would reveal a lone object of great value lying on the sidewalk. Following instructions, we walked the lengthy route to the reservoir and climbing the hill, we did watch that halo that encircled the moon and we did find that one and only object lying on the one-half mile of circular sidewalk. It was a pine cone which, upon taking home, we were told to keep for a future use - a future use we never discovered.

But our hiking sprees were not all nocturnal for, one time, we were told that during the light of day, we should walk Litchfield Street in search for a gazing crystal lying on the sidewalk. So, hoofing it along into what I thought was the locality of that street, our squinting at

street signs failed to reveal our objective and upon asking a policeman, walking his beat, as to where that elusive Litchfield Street could have been misplaced, we found that he, too, was of dense ignorance. Finally, deciding that perhaps our sponsor was having a little innocent fun at our expense for which, of course, we readily pardoned him, we started for home, deciding that if ever use for a gazing crystal arose, it might be that if we humbly begged pardon of the board for our unfaithful and unjustified abandonment of post while on duty and then, as a further gesture of appeasement, we bought one of those crystal balls, all might be forgiven. That was our hope for, strangely, disturbing logic seemed to faintly suggest that if, in an uninterrupted search for the gazing crystal we should not be lucky, strict and faithful adherence to duty might entail many years of ceaseless walking back and forth over the sidewalks of Litchfield Street, which, even we might, in time, learn to consider as being a wee too much of a joke. You see, with only a little joking aside, we really did take the board seriously.

It was one of those bitter cold nights of winter with a chill, penetrating wind from the North when we weakly protested against a proposed walk of nearly three miles to the main line of the railroad, carrying with us, a 4-digit number

to match with a like number of a train that, so said the board, would pass while we were there. At this first show of rebellion, the board told us to stay home if we wished but that if we did, we would miss a wonderful revelation. In view of that, I started out with Dick who had lettered a small improvised board "for further instructions" and we trudged our freezing way to the railroad where, after waiting a long time and watching several trains pass by, each of which, to our shivering disappointment, was not of the sought number, Dick asked his little board: "What should we do now?" and was told: "Leave the tracks here and go home. "Pleased that we were not required to rip up the tracks and tote them home with us but could leave them lying where they were, we gladly started for home and the warm comfort of our easy chairs.

But the climax that forever ended such nonsense arrived with the winds of a snowstorm on that night when, in following instructions from the board, we had started out to walk across the long railroad-trestle that spanned the river. Knowing that entry of trains upon the trestle was infrequent, we two fools, taking a chance that a train was not scheduled to cross while we were on our way, started across and found that due to ice and snow that crusted the ties, walking was perilous and each step must be

taken with care. Slowly, cautiously, step by step and in darkness far from city lights, we minced our way over the slippery ties far out onto the trestle with the added danger that, in absence of something on which to hold, a sudden strong gust from the stiff wind channeled by the river could slide us, wearing heavy clothing, over the edge and into the frigid waters of the river below. In darkness and storm, much much too lengthy seemed what little we could see of the trestle ahead and, occasionally, we looked back in fear that perhaps, after all, a train carrying our deaths might rush out of the darkness and dispute our right of way, scattering blood, limbs and guts along the trestle and down into the river. Out there in the middle of the trestle, had one of us slipped and broken a leg between the ties, we would have been in one hell of a predicament, especially as, unknown to us, but feared, the speedy Doodlebug was scheduled for a soon passage over the tracks. It is well enough to think that during the fool's errand, a whole flock of guardian angels must have been anxiously fluttering their wings all around us for, eventually, we did reach the safe haven of terminal end but, shameful to say, we had been reduced to the level of abject cowards, not daring to retrace our steps back over those slippery ties, and although we must trudge

through miles of ankle-deep snow in a storm that now threatened to develop blizzard proportions, we cravenly and unanimously decided to follow a circuitous and much longer route home by way of a distant bridge built for people rather than giant monsters of steel. But I sometimes think it is well that we were so disgustingly cowardly, for we had not gone far along our new route when we heard the old Doodlebug thundering its way across the trestle and a chill, not caused by the weather, ran up and down my spine as I envisioned what, had it not been for blind but auspicious timing of our trip, would now, at the very moment be transpiring on the trestle or in the dark waters of the river below. I thought of other men of whom I had heard who, being caught in like trestle traps, had been cruelly dismembered and scattered hell-pell in bloody messes of still quivering flesh over ties and tracks and I wondered where their delinquent guardian angels had been hiding, and from far deep within me, surged up a bitter resentment and rebellion that such terrible things could be.

At last, having learned the hard way, we became suspicious of having been played for a pair of dupes by a power of intense evil and that suspicion automatically set up conscious opposition against the evil power, thus opening a channel of acceptance affording benevolent

intent an opportunity for counter action. Therefore, upon arriving home, tired and weary, and asking the board for comment, we were not surprised to see the planchette spell out: "How I would have laughed and chuckled if off the trestle you had slipped," which, seemingly, was expression of benevolent intent operating in the double role of giving a hint for exercise of caution as also demonstrating divisibility of the oneness of that dual intelligence activating in the negative-positive. Later, we were told by the board that in the future, regardless of how many times or how persistently we might be asked to go out on those walks, we must never, never do so again and from that time on, all attempts of the board to have us resume the hiking expeditions were met by stubborn resistance as we sat as solidly based as is the Statue of Liberty.

But what intrigued me most in operation of the board by Dick, was the uncanny ability to forecast coming events - not hazy generalities that required imagination to fill in empty gaps, but forecasts such as deaths, storms, accidents, fires, earthquakes, etc., all accurately predicted as to locality and in cases where the actual date for occurrence was not given, the time ahead was usually predicted as being "soon" which, from subsequent reports in the newspapers

proved, as a rule, to be about one month. But the one and only prediction cast for occurrence at the time of delivery was one that I, at the moment, failed to see as already being under fulfillment. Seeing that it was late of day, I asked Dick's board: "Is the schedule finished now?" and was answered in rhyme: "Yes, it is, old boy, and how!" Dick then left for his home and from then on, all efforts by me to contact him were in vain and it was more than thirteen years before I saw him again and then for only a short time. That was years ago and since then - ?

For a long time we had been trudging the slippery skids of "I'll believe only what I want to believe," for although we never did welcome those demands that we go on unpleasant nocturnal prowlings, they were, nevertheless, packaged with our dominant desire to gain the wonders we felt were to be given by hidden power for faithful performance of duties expected of us. If "experience is the best teacher," other events of my life, coupled with my experience with the board, have developed in me a reliable knowledge that in conjunction with the dual nature of man, fiercely contending hidden forces struggle for supremacy over him - billions of persons on Earth and billions of Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes or, as it were, billions of teros and deros.

INTRODUCING

James Philip

Morgan

Astrologist



My background is very ordinary. I was born in Los Angeles, Calif., to a Methodist Church going family. I never cared for the confinement of thought and action of this existence, and began rebelling against it from the cradle. This caused many psychological and social difficulties for me. I knew they were wrong, but didn't know what was right. So, for the first 25 years I sought to find myself and something that fitted my ideals. First, I discovered the truth of hypnotism, which until very recently was an occult science; then I began working my way through superstition, mystical lore, and at long last found "THE RELIGION OF THE STARS." Now, since my life has meaning and direction, I have found the perfect mate of 10 years standing. We have five little girls that I hope will grow up able to freely express their individualities and thereby gain much spiritual evolution during this lifetime!

SEARCHING BY STARLIGHT

Can Astrology Help You Find The Right Mate?

By JAMES PHILIP MORGAN

YES, ASTROLOGY can help you find proper direction in any department of life; but it is not as simple as knowing the sign position of your sun combined with the sign of an intended.

If you will stop and consider for a moment, you will know that people cannot possibly be mated by their sun-sign alone. Although there are only twelve signs in the zodiac, each of us, has our own individuality; and as the difference is as vast as the possible pattern

combinations of Earth's constantly changing relationship to planets and stars, it is necessary to know the positions of these heavenly bodies at the moment of birth in order to blend harmoniously with our heart's desire. That is, while our Leo or Aquarius, etc. symbol may say one thing, our planetary positions may say the exact opposite.

Because we are of this world and basically reflect its nature, the signs have been divided into four groups called triplicities:

FIRE: Aries - March 21 to April 19, Leo - July 22 to August 21, and Sagittarius - November 22 to December 21.

EARTH: Taurus - April 20 to May 20, Virgo - August 20 to September 20, and Capricorn - December 22 to January 20.

AIR: Gemini - May 21 to June 21, Libra - September 23 to October 22, and Aquarius - January 21, to February 19.

WATER: Cancer - June 22 to July 21, Scorpio - October 23 to November 21, and Pisces - February 20 to March 20.

Because one sign is of an element that may, or may not mix well with another, we have an indication as to our natural mates. For example: fire mixes with fire, and is fed by air; but earth smothers fire, and water makes it steam and sputter. Earth is in common with earth, and it produces with the aid of water; though it is hardened by fire, while air scatters its forces.

FIRE

When you are a member of the fiery trio, and following your sun-sign, you can blaze well with others of this passionate, fierce and devoted nature. Together you can encourage enthusiasm in one another for all joint undertakings. Matrimonial bliss rides with you when you share in leadership, sports or religion.

If you have intellectual or literary interest, choose a Gemini. If

artistically inclined and you strive for absolute harmony, a Libra is your balance. For those of you who are interested in helping your fellowman or are gregarious by nature a breath of Aquarius can billow your altruistic endeavors.

EARTH

Are you the earthy, down to earth, practical type? If so you can do well with other solid citizens in acquiring material wealth. In business or marriage you people pull together as partners to possess the finest in luxury and comfort. To be completely possessed and to possess completely, with one that will give his all to you, and you alone, but demand the same from you, tie in with this breed.

Cancerians can furnish you with steadfast loyalty and a comfortable home of hearth and slippers. Onward and upward you will fly on the wings of the do or die eagle, named Scorpio. For those of you who desire the social swing, or are drawn toward the mystical and occult, find the direction your Pisces swims.

AIR

The airy trinity among you are sunbols of thought in logic, art and inspiration. You know that spirit and mind become one as do bodies, and that it does not take an orthodox ceremony to unite you. Like the wind you love to be free and can understand the necessity of your dearly beloved to express their independents without the confine-

ment of selfish love.

An Arian will help you find new interests and keep life a continuing challenge. A great love for children and romance has your Leo sweetheart. If you thrill to travel, sports or philosophy seek a Sagittarius.

WATER

When the sun was passing through one of the watery three at the time of your birth, you are emotionally compatible, understanding and sympathetic to others with this fluent feeling. You can flow together with your mate in complete empathy, so that you be-

come one with dear ones to sense their needs and desires. Not only can you feel your physical environment to a pronounced degree, but the invisible worlds are also with you; and when this is recognized you may find marriage in higher realms.

For financial security with both feet on the ground mix with the material Taurus. Virgoians can be of great service to you, and you can be a maternal guide for them. To reach the heights of professional and social prestige, climb with a Capricorn.

QUESTION: What if my husband's horoscope indicates a period of financial well-being at the same time mine indicates a period of financial strain? How could this be explained since we share the same financial ups and downs? Mrs. P.R.

ANSWER: This is not usually the case. The marital partner is marked in the chart, and if he/she is prosperous it will be indicated.

Finances are determined by two houses: one shows earnings while the other shows gratuities. A wife may be down in earning capacity, but at the same time she may be very well supported.

If both houses are afflicted in a woman's horoscope, and her husband has good money potential, either the marriage will not last, or the husband will be a skinflint.

Mr. Morgan will be happy to answer your questions in this column, providing they are of general interest to all. Please send your questions to: STARLIGHT, c/o SEARCH, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406.

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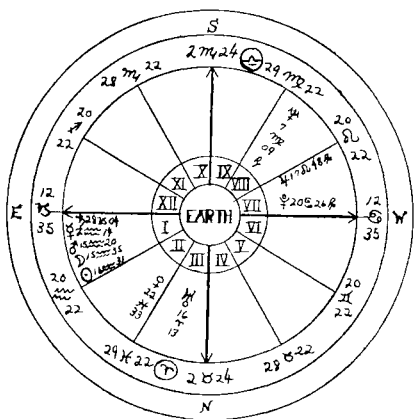
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JAMES PHILIP MORGAN

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THE CASE FOR ESPERANTO

Edward F. Lacy III

HOW WONDERFUL IF EVERYONE ON EARTH COULD
SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE!

IN THE summer of 1887, some 77 years ago, a Russian occultist published a booklet entitled "Internacia Lingvo". Fearing at first that being associated with so utopian a scheme as an international language might damage his new practice, he used the pseudonym "Dr. Esperanto."

What was first a pseudonym soon became the name of the language itself. Now, the name Esperanto is almost another word for "international language".

Other international language projects, launched with much publicity, have come and gone like the rise and fall of a Fourth-of-July rocket, but what Dr. L. L. Zamenhof presented to the world almost four generations ago has actually evolved into a living language, spoken throughout the world.

The basic structure of the language and its fundamental vo-

cabulary were formulated by Dr. Zamenhof himself but, unlike other proposed international languages, it has had the further advantage of evolution through daily, everyday use. It is not the stale and lifeless product of "professional linguists," but the result of life itself.

Can a living language actually come into existence this way? Yes, if the experience of history is any indication. Hebrew has been dead as a living language for two thousand years, yet it is today the official language of the modern state of Israel.

Erse is currently being revived in modern Ireland.

Esperanto, spoken by thousands from the Siberian steppes to American college campuses, has the open-voweled lift of one of the Romance languages like Italian, Spanish, or Rumanian. Although

grammatically simple,¹ it is as fully expressive as any other modern language, and it already possesses a literature of its own.

Dozens of international organizations, ranging from religious to professional, exist throughout the world which use Esperanto as their sole official language. These are in addition to the organization, both national and international, which exist for the promulgation of Esperanto.²

Esperanto is spoken in meetings of local Esperanto clubs. From time to time, Esperanto-using organizations have their conventions at which Esperanto is the primary language. National Esperanto associations hold their yearly conventions.

The international organization, the *Universala Esperanto-Asocio*, has its headquarters in Rotterdam, Netherlands. It sponsors a yearly Universal Esperanto Congress in a different city of the world each year. The 1965 gathering was held in Tokyo, Japan.

Esperanto has already been adopted officially by at least one religious organization, Japan's

Oomoto Kyo. During the first part of the 1920's, Onisaburo Deguchi, co-founder and revelator of the Oomoto Kyo, learned the international language while briefly imprisoned by the totalitarian.

At his instigation, the Oomoto Kyo adopted Esperanto officially, and it has been largely instrumental in spreading Esperanto throughout Japan and southeast Asia.

The Oomoto Kyo publishes an Esperanto magazine circulated throughout the world. The magazine's editor, Tazuo Nakamura, is famed throughout the Esperanto-speaking world as an author and as an authority on Esperanto style and good usage.

What is the ultimate goal of the Esperanto movement? It is the creation of a world civilization based upon individual realization of the unity of humanity. As such, it has been both attacked and suppressed at various times by both Facist and Communist regimes.

How does one learn Esperanto?

If one lives in a city where there is a local Esperanto club, there is always the chance of joining an instruction class. If one does not,

¹The author himself learned the language without a teacher while a member of the 45th Infantry Division in Korea during the so-called "police action". For a time, he was the only Esperantist north of the 38th parallel.

²The Esperanto movement in the United States is represented by: The Esperanto League for North America; c/o Conrad Fisher, secretary; 808 Stewart Street; Meadville, Pennsylvania, 16335.

a person can always learn through books alone. This is the most common method, and the method by which all the original Esperantists of Dr. Zamenhof's time learned the language.

Isn't there the danger that Esperanto will degenerate into many different dialects?

There is no danger of that, since there are frequent international meetings and the exchange of language tapes. The pronunciation and accent of Esperanto is standard throughout the world, and it is the same in Tokyo or Peking as it is in London or Los Angeles.

Isn't Esperanto "Communist?"

For some, anything of Russian origin is "Communist". Dr. Zamenhof, creator of Esperanto, lived and died (in 1917) a loyal subject of the Tsar. During the early 1930's, Soviet dictator Stalin suppressed both Esperanto clubs and the use of Esperanto throughout the U.S.S.R. Not until after his death (March, 1953) was Esperanto again allowed in the Soviet Union, although on a very limited basis.

Adolf Hitler suppressed Esperanto in Germany because he considered it as a threat to German nationalism, and because the language's creator had been Jewish. Today, Esperanto is represented in Germany by a new and younger generation.

For others, internationalism and cosmopolitanism are automa-



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tically suspect. Since this if for them a matter of pure faith, nothing really convincing to them can be said. It is merely another case of, "My mind is made up, don't confuse me with the facts."

Who controls the Esperanto movement?

No one controls the Esperanto movement, for it is represented by dozens of different organizations, all independent of each other. If anything, it is the Esperantists themselves, in much the same way that those speaking French control the French language. Each Esperantist is an independent entity.

Those speaking Esperanto form, in large measure, a single

community throughout the world, transcending national frontiers. Esperanto has been successful in many ways in bringing to fulfillment the prophetic statement of Baha'u'llah, Persian revelator-seer of the 19th century, "This earth is but one country, and mankind its citizens".

There is much international correspondence done in Esperanto, and marriages crossing purely national barriers are not infrequent. In many such cases, Esperanto automatically becomes the language of the home, and the tongue first learned by the children. Long ago, Esperanto ceased to be an "artificial language".

It is a language through which people meet, fall in love, and marry. Esperanto is the first language learned by many children from their parents. It practically is proved by its mere existence as a living language of everyday life.

Of course, there are still those (some in high academic circles) who insist upon the "artificial" nature of Esperanto, regardless of its demonstrated evolution during the past 77 years. Like the old Kansas farmer, seeing his first circus giraffe for the first time, they persist in their scepticism long beyond the point of common sense.

A young Swiss Esperantist once said sardonically of these skeptics, "Linguists of the world, unite! You

have nothing to lose but your irregular verb forms.!"

Esperanto exists as a living language of today, but what of the future?

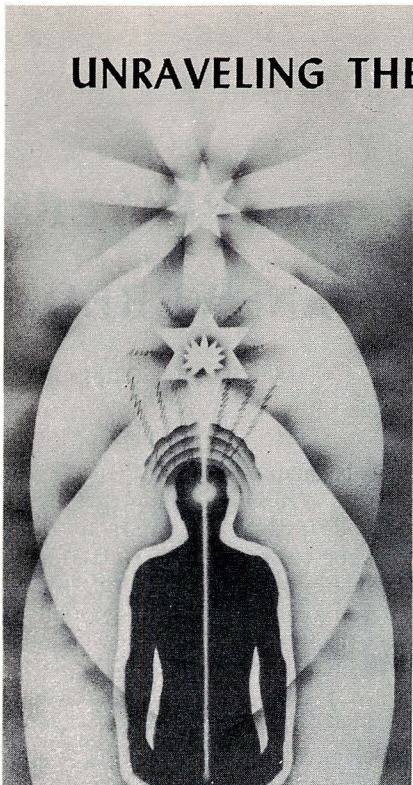
Since the end of World War II, uncoun ted thousands of a new generation have learned the international language, and are intent upon its spread. From Europe and the Americas, Esperanto has spread to Asia, where it has already won thousands of new adherents.

In Africa, where new nations are coming into being, the problem of language is becoming acute. In many quarters, Esperanto is being considered as a solution. European languages of the colonial past are considered as symbols of a discredited past, yet the traditional tribal languages are unsuitable for nations existing in the 20th century. Esperanto is a serious contender.

Esperantists throughout the world, on both sides of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains, are hoping that the United Nations will officially adopt Esperanto as the official medium of international understanding. But, regardless of what action the United Nations will take, the living fact of Esperanto shall continue to flourish.

When the first visitor from outer space sets foot on our planet's soil, it's likely that his first words will not be "Take me to your leader," but rather, "Chu vi parolas Esperanton?"

UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY OF MAN



*Do you possess inner powers
as yet unused?
Do unseen powers influence your life?
Is your life the success you
had hoped for?
Are there other worlds about you?
Can you part the veil to higher worlds?
Can you intuitively tune in to
inspiration?
Where did you come from and where
will you go from here?
Have you lived before?
Are you afraid to die?
Do the dead ever contact the living?
Is it possible for living man to
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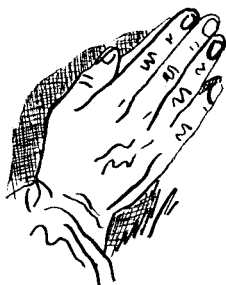
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ADV. 4 REV. A



ARE PRAYERS ANSWERED?

VELMA RAE SCRIPPS

HAVE I ever had a prayer answered, and can I prove it? To whose satisfaction must I prove it? If I tell you "Yes, my prayers have been answered," and I truly believe it, how am I going to convince an unbeliever? How can I convince an atheist, such as that teenager, that answered prayer is not a figment of my imagination? All I can do is relate several instances of answered prayer in my life.

I'll pick a year during the depression for the first report on answered prayer, although it is not the first time a prayer of mine was answered. But for this prayer I have a witness, although he may not want to come forward. At the time of which I am going to tell we didn't have money, although we did have sufficient food on the shelf. There was an icebox in the apartment, but never any money to buy ice, so I decided that I would make

a treasure map for the refrigerator. Treasure mapping is putting your prayer on paper in order to keep it before you at all times, and thanking God for giving you what you are praying for, even when you yourself can't see any way for your prayer to be answered.

My son and I started looking in magazines for a picture of a refrigerator that would please me. I wanted a certain brand, but I couldn't find the brand I wanted. My son, who was eleven at the time, chose an illustration of a refrigerator in front of which stood a small boy in his bathrobe, and a shaggy dog beside him. They were raiding the refrigerator. It was not the brand I wanted, but my son said that he had always wanted to raid the ice-box, and the dog in the picture looked just like our dog, so why didn't I use that picture. Well, I did, and shortly after choosing the pic-

ture and putting it on the treasure map I saw an ad in the newspaper offering used refrigerators for sale for 50 dollars and up.

I didn't have 50 dollars. I did have fifty cents. Not enough to warrant any expectation of purchase on my part, but because I wanted a refrigerator so badly I decided to go and look at them even if I couldn't buy one. I had a feeling that my prayer was going to be answered, but I couldn't see how. I went and found the make of refrigerator that I wanted. I explained to the salesman that I didn't have a down payment with me, and wouldn't have until I heard from my husband who had gone to look for a job out of town.

The salesman told me that he couldn't give me credit without a down payment, and even if he could, he wouldn't sell me the model I wanted because it wasn't very good, it was too old a model. But he had another brand he would like to sell me when I could get the money, and he showed me another and much better refrigerator for the same price, 50 dollars. I wanted it and I wanted it much more than I had wanted my first choice.

Right there the miracle happened. The salesman asked for my address and asked if I would be home for delivery the next day. I reminded him that I wouldn't have any money for at least a couple of weeks and even so I might not

have the full price. He said he would trust me and so the refrigerator was delivered the next day.

That evening my son put on his robe and with the dog beside him he opened the refrigerator door to raid the icebox as he had always dreamed of doing. The scene looked so familiar that I was compelled to pull out the treasure map to see just what kind of refrigerator we had in the picture. You're right. The one we had been picturing in our minds through the treasure map was the one I had bought. That is prayer number one.

Another answered prayer was for my daughter. She had contracted tuberculosis and the doctors had told me that she would never leave the hospital alive. This time I knew that I needed someone to pray with me for her cure, so I wrote to Unity School for Christianity and asked them to pray with me for her cure. In time she left the hospital and came home, but she still continued under the doctor's care. That was in 1941, and hers is what the doctors call an arrested case. But she is no longer in a hospital and hasn't been for 23 years. Yes, she still lives; she is well and healthy.

Another answer? My Dad, at 83 fell and broke his hip. That in itself was bad, but to make matters worse he was suffering from pneumonia and in his delirium he got out of bed and slipped on a throw

rug, fell and broke the hip bone. He was operated on and a steel pin was used to hold the hip bone together. With the broken bone and the pneumonia the doctors told us that it would be a miracle if he pulled through.

At the time he was in St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco. St. Luke's is an Episcopalian hospital and on the first floor they have a chapel for the use of anyone who may feel the need of prayer. You may know I felt the need, so I went in and sat in one of the pews and prayed. I thanked God for healing Dad and for his quick recovery, and then I waited for the answer to my prayer. I waited for the conviction that God had heard me and was healing Dad right now. All of a sudden the most wonderful feeling of peace and love seemed to envelop me and I knew that my prayer was answered. Within three days he was able to get up out of bed and sit in a wheelchair and in a short time he was moved to a convalescent home and from there he was sent to the home of his oldest son. He was able to walk with the assistance of a cane and continued to live until he was 93 years old.

Yes, I have had many prayers

answered. Some of my prayers were for healing, some for money and some were for the luxuries of life. But I want to state right here that when I prayed I believed that God would answer my prayer and because I believed, I thanked Him for the thing I prayed for. That is the way to answered prayer; believe and give thanks. And one other thing, until your prayer is answered, tell no one about it. The reason for this is that unbelievers often try to undermine your faith, and if your faith is weak the unbeliever tends to weaken it further. In prayer, belief is the foundation stone. Jesus told his followers in John 14:14 "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." Elsewhere He has said; "According to your faith be it unto you." And in Matthew 21:22, "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

If your prayers have not been answered to date, try believing that you will get an answer and I promise you the answer will come. In faith, "seeing is believing" is not the thing; it is "Believing is seeing!"

My prayers have been answered, but how can I prove it?

Many are sure their prayers are answered; others say with bitterness, "I prayed so hard, but it was denied me." Please tell us your experiences with prayer. Write to: SEARCH, AMHERST, WISCONSIN 54406.

PERSONALS

● The startling true facts behind the life of Dr. Nicola Tesla can now be presented for the first time in Dr. William Allen's great sensational book on the late electrical wizard entitled *Enigma Fantastic*. Many claim Tesla was a visiting spaceman put here to advance the culture of earthmen. Others claim he was a mystic who had tapped the super consciousness which exists all around us. But everyone agrees that this amazing man was at least 500 years ahead of his time. Material included about Shaver's mysterious caves; R. Steiner; UFOs; secret governments, etc. Huge 8-1/2x11 book of over 250 pages with many photographs. A must for any real collector. New printing just out. Only \$5.25. *E.S.P. and Your Super-Conscious* by Dr. Gilbert Holloway. The most amazing man in the psychic world tells of his exciting experiences and many wonderful adventures with the ESP power he has grown up with. Chapters on UFOs and prophecy included. Only \$4.50. *Hypnotism Through The Ages* by Walter Gibson. Did you know that people have claimed to have visited other planets while under hypnotic control? The most fascinating story of Hypnotism from

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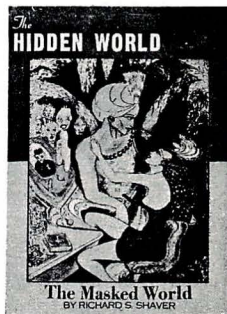
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Where The Reader Has His Say

1967 MONETARY CRISIS?

Dear Editor:

You might be interested in my own views. As you know, I am studying the unobtrusive forces that influence the destiny of mankind. I find many groups are also studying these elusive forces, but each for some specific and special reason, and so far as I know few are trying to get the overall picture I am after. My studies so far have tended to make me believe (subject to confirmation by further study) that our destiny is the interaction of numerous forces which act upon each other.

Now many of these forces have cycles, but contrary to popular opinion they do not have a measurable periodicity. That is they have sufficient consistency so as to measure a repetition of the same point on the cycle at a precise pre-

determined time. In other words my studies are gradually making it possible for me to see where we are going, how we are going to get there, what forces might change our course, etc., but the precise time of arrival I can't do. I can only approximate it within certain limits.

You will at once see that I do not depend upon astrology which will tell you the exact time that something will happen although it is ambiguous about exactly what it is that will happen at that exact time. Astrologers start with the times and figure out what might happen. I determine what will happen and then try to figure out the time as nearly as possible. Wouldn't it be fantastic if we could agree on the future?

Here is another experiment you may be interested in: As you know, I have predicted a monetary crises

in the near future. I have said that the forces that would bring this to a crisis probably would be at their peak during the latter part of this year. I also said that it will make the 1929/1932 crisis look like a picnic by comparison. Here I might point out that I am referring to the magnitude of it. We will fall further because we are up higher. The percentage fall may not be any greater nor will we fall so low, but the magnitude of the collapse will be so great as to be beyond the average person's conception at the present time. Fortunately it is possible, (although not probable) that this won't happen.

The reason is that there are also in existence forces that would tend to prevent this happening. However, these favorable forces are very weak and the forces bringing on a crisis are very strong. The difference is so great that we have no problem of measurement as we do not have to split any hairs.

Here is the experiment: Among the astrologers you have confidence in, you might ask them to make a prediction as to whether or not they foresee a coming monetary crisis. If so, have them describe its nature and its timing. There isn't too much time left, as within a few months even the most poorly informed will be aware of it as the cracks that are now beginning to appear become so large that there will be no secret about it any long-

er. I haven't seen a paper since Saturday nor heard the radio, but up until then everything was looking all right to the masses that depend upon them to tell them what to think.

I hope the two experiments I have suggested will interest you.
NAVIGATOR.

- We would be inclined to agree that a monetary crisis is in the making. But we base our thinking on the fact of an escalating war. It cannot but prove more expensive than we can afford. The real crisis, to our way of thinking, will come from the problems that money shortages at home will cause - and today's unrest among the underprivileged and the poor bode ill for law and order in coming months.
- Editor.

APPRECIATION IS WONDERFUL!

Dear Editor:

Yesterday I received my April copy of Search and as this is a gift subscription I have been wanting to thank you. But how? Can a person pay for a gift?

Needless to say I look forward to my copies of Flying Saucers and SEARCH. I think they are two of the greatest magazines ever brought forth.

With this letter I am sending an order for a copy of Oahspe.

I would like to say this, although I've not written you over the years,

I've been an avid reader of your magazines Mystic, SEARCH and Flying Saucers.

I think it was my great interest in the UFOs in the early '50's that caused me to discover Mystic. Then a whole new world opened up. From then on it became a journey into all kinds of new worlds - the various realms of the Occult - Philosophy - Religions - Law - Histories - Cultures - Motivations - on and on and on.

Although I didn't, I wish I had kept a record of all the material and books I've read and studied. Anyway the Search began.

At the time, I purchased the Mystic magazine at a book store. I recall I was very much disappointed when it went out of existence and then was very glad at the appearance of SEARCH and it's still with us.

Now out of all this endeavor, what purpose has been served? What has been accomplished? I ask these with the editor in mind, because I feel the real reason you keep pressing on in all your various fields is the reason I do.

First, I believe we find the world of the Mind and perhaps Spirit, a very real and exciting world, for out of the actions in these worlds do we see the results or perhaps reactions in this material world.

Our first awareness in this material world was limited to a very

marked degree. As we began to grow we found various individuals and groups attempting to lead us in certain directions in life and saying "This is the true way." "Follow me," After a while we begin to say, "Why?" Something in this or that direction doesn't seem quite right ("true?"). Then we begin to feel that to find this "truth" we must strike out on our own. You in your manner. I in mine. Anyway our paths have crossed.

Now I believe in the continuity of life of the individual as a person. Into what realms and for what purposes I won't hazard a statement. But I'll feel that what I store and accept in my "memory banks" so to say are mine forever. Call it a treasure maybe. (And they are subject to revision and correction as the journey progresses.) So we seek and find. We test and then accept or reject according to our individual and collective judgments. I might say that everything has a spark of truth in it somewhere. The object being to search it out. Once you've found it, you possess a precious jewel which can't be stolen. When two or more people find the same jewel they will share it in this instance because it then grows in magnitude for all involved. The thing about it is, the non-seeker never finds and will actually be blind to it if it's right in front of him. But there again, maybe he suffers from "retarded aware-

ness". We all do to certain degrees. We are yet human.

So, I would say this, open up your "treasure chest" and take an inventory. I think you will find in that manner you are a very rich man. And in your own way of doing it, I think you have contributed a very great service to this life.

As for these teen-agers, don't despair. Their sense of awareness has to grow in its own time. It will. It takes a certain length of time for a rosebud to open to full flower and the strongest force of man can't do it before it's time or he'll ruin it.

Your work and the work of others is before the people in all its agitation, attraction and mystery. Eventually second looks at the "stuff" will be made, curiosity will be aroused and more and more will be on their way to high adventure in the world of mind and spirit. I feel that something to always bear in mind on this journey is never really fear. Have faith in God so to say. Then venture forth. I feel that when treasure is found it is to be used in a positive manner. Not used to cause hurt. We see the distress caused by misuse in the world all around us. To me that is what causes these non-seekers to become atheists, etc.

This is my first attempt at exposing my views this way, on paper that is, and I hope it makes some sense.

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I'll say this. Your last paragraph on page 40 of SEARCH - April issue is what impelled me to write this letter. If you're really serious in what you say there, then stop right there. Who are you to judge yourself? All I can say is - keep up the good work and keep pushing on. There are a lot of people "rooting" for you.

You may publish this letter if you feel it worthy of publication, but it is written more as a personal letter because I feel I detect a note of despair on your part in your last several issues of SEARCH, in various articles.

Now, over the years (incidentally, I'll soon be 42) I've followed your editorials and have accepted them in a manner you have desired and so stated in your April editorial. Shall we say the opinions of a Friend. A human friend, no superman.

So cheer up! Friend. The road is

not always rocky. Harry D. Dickensheets, 100 East Orchard Avenue, Lebanon, Ohio, 45036.

Dear Editor:

I subscribe to about \$75.00 worth of magazines a year. But I look forward to your three. Forum has great potential. I consider it as a market place for ideas and opinions on sundry subjects.

Where can one get a publication like SEARCH, with its variety on the strange. Fate magazine is the only one that can compare.

Your Flying Saucers is the best - I like the new format.

I don't agree with half of your ideas, but you make me think, in fact, if I could get my thoughts on paper I would write you more often, challenging or agreeing with you whichever may it be. Keep on non-conforming; you are my type of an individualist. Maybe you will get through to a few people - but isn't this a lot more worthy then just sitting on your buttocks? I don't care if someone doesn't agree with me, I say live and let live.

99% of humans have an iron curtain in their noggins. They wouldn't dare to think different or change. It takes guts to go contrary to accepted beliefs and dogmas.

Keep up the good work ol' boy. You got one guy behind you - me. Just this one more thought: "Count your blessings, name them one by one". This from a popular hymn

is my thought for you.

My former pastor said of me - that I was the biggest doubter he encountered. You know why? Because I asked questions! Alphonse Armin.

DEAR MARY JANE:

Dear Editor:

I just got through reading, "I Am A Teenaged Atheist", and I couldn't help recalling, with a smile, how like myself Mary Jane sounded, when in another age, and another setting, I voiced practically the same opinions when explaining to my mother, why I was an unbeliever.

I can still see the strange look on my mother's face - I, in my naivety, thought I had given her a real hard and sudden shock. But now I know she was probably thinking about me, what I am thinking about this pretty little teenaged girl. Bless her heart, what a whole lot of living she has ahead of her, before she wakens to the fact that to deny the existence of God, is to deny the existence of one's own self!

You and I know that she has confused religion for "Truth", when in fact, human religion is simply man's many sided ideas of who and what God is. The many churches represent to me the many varied and confused "ideas", in the mind of man.

Truth, the kind that Jesus,

spoke about and that will "set you free" is the only Real Religion, and to understand "Truth" as Jesus did, we come to realize that Truth, is the fullness of that which is All Good, and that which is All Good Is God! When we learn to understand that "Truth" is that which is true of God, then we have the absolute answer to all our human problems. Mrs. Helen Oestreich, 28495 Hern-
donwood, Farmington, Michigan.

Dear Mary Jane de Young:

Your article in the April issue of SEARCH has really stirred me to write a response.

The very fact that you have been doing some serious thinking on the state of this world's beliefs and doctrines shows that you are not really an atheist at heart. You have taken a positive, outreaching voice on the lack that a lot of teenagers feel because they are not satisfied with religion as it is presented in so many churches today. Your positiveness is good and right. Good is another word for God and right is might or strength. God or divine power or love, whatever you want to call it, is the ruling or co-hesive force of the universe. Without this force of good the universe would not be in existence.

We, of ourselves as mortals do nothing for good (or bad) without this energizing power which gives us the breath we take to keep alive. "Dust thou art to dust returneth

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was not spoken of the soul" or the god spark within us. This spark prompts us to think and expand our thoughts the way you have done, Mary Jane. You are so right when you say that the future of this country is in your hands and those like you. If there were more thinking, positive young teenagers like yourself, we adults wouldn't be afraid of the future of our beautiful United States.

The Bible meanings have come to us today suffering from the changes of many translations since the time of Jesus the great master teacher. I say suffering because Jesus taught the way of truth, light and love. The church fathers twisted the original teachings of Jesus that were too high and unselfish to

suit their own ways of living. The Bible is the leading book of the word today, but anyone reading it should look behind what he reads therein and know a lot of it as symbolical. The very fact that these beliefs or ideals have changed, as they were used, down through the ages, shows their lack of might or strength for good. The reason that there are so many religious sects today is because there have been so many mortal or man's minds trying to fashion the original truth to suit their own conception of God. Don't misunderstand me; all religions have good in them, but there is no one religion which should place itself above all others to be the one and only religion.

So dear Mary Jane, please do not think of yourself as an atheist, but as a child of the living God because you have a good soul and a searching mind. Mrs. John W. Muller, Box 362, Balboa Heights, Canal Zone.

Dear Editor:

We take your publication SEARCH for the good uplifting articles that are in it, and certainly you do publish many that are, but that one by the teenage atheist is a "dud" and so negative in results for any good and worthy purpose, it is not worth the ink and paper you used to print it on. I was astonished that you would even print such an article, and would consider drop-

ping SEARCH which we have taken for some years, if more of the like nature were to be printed.

However, we hope you will continue to print constructive articles worthy of our time to read. Also please keep your editorials a bit briefer and to the point. We have purchased a number of books from your publication and are looking forward for the book The Ancient Atlantic, which we have ordered from you. O.F. Knight, Strathmore, California.

- Here are three very different responses to Mary Jane de Young's article on why she is an atheist. The first two are very encouraging; the third is one to make us feel truly sad. It doesn't seem right, somehow, to reject a youngster's opinion as a "dud". Perhaps it isn't the opinion of a person in the twilight of life's experience, but it is the expression of an act of thinking. Because we do not agree with the conclusions, must we think of discontinuing our reading of SEARCH magazine? Just what is a "constructive" article? The opposite of Mary Jane's article? Is it constructive to say: "I believe in God!"? Just what does that construct? It adds nothing to the stature of those who already believe in God, and surely doesn't build anything solid for this girl, who tells you WHY she doesn't believe. She wants to know WHY

you believe, and what EVIDENCE you have. She doesn't accept anything for which there is (to her way of thinking) no evidence or proof. Why don't we accept her challenge and show her where and why she is wrong? The editor of this magazine is going to stay out of this argument because he's interested in finding out if there are any readers who can come up with something other than an article of faith.

Regarding THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC, we certainly want to apologize to those of you who have already purchased it (at a saving of \$7.50, we might add for buying in advance), and haven't received delivery. The truth of the matter is that the author is doing two more very important chapters containing new discoveries vital to the book. None of you would want us to ignore the plea to wait, and publish the book without the new evidence, would you? We'd rather refund the money to those who would rather not wait. You only need to drop us a card if that's what you want.

- Editor.

SPIRITUALITY

Dear Editor:

In relation to your editorial in the July issue of SEARCH magazine; I find it difficult either to agree or disagree with the idea that our technological advance has

been executed faster than our spiritual advance. As to your remedies to the problem: obviously dying would be impractical. As for becoming more advanced intellectually, it is a known fact that as time goes on, the general population of the United States (in particular) attains a higher I.Q. (if that means anything). So, then, are we not rising spiritually, to an extent, in that respect? I believe, however; that you were thinking more along the lines of the philosophical and increasing our ability to use and understand our perceptive powers of reasoning. If you were saying that spirituality depends a great deal upon one's ability to think philosophically, then, indeed I do agree that we are lacking in spirituality.

As for the moral aspect; it is generally accepted that America today is morally decaying. This is (I'll agree with you here too) due to our civilization (more specifically) over-population. That aspect is being studied by psychiatrists today, and they have come up with some startling finds concerning over-population; one of which is that as population increases so does moral decay, only at a much faster rate than does population.

In your editorial you mentioned that we have no control over our soul; here, I wholly disagree. I personally believe we have more or less absolute control over our

soul. However, I will agree that it is influenced by the Divine Spirit, provided there is one. If there is not a Divine Spirit though, then there would probably be no spiritualistic state to attain.

Quite obviously we cannot ever hope to attain more spirituality than corporeality, at least while we are living. The fact that we are living on a physical world prevents us from becoming too spiritual, it makes no difference whether or not there are complex machines surrounding us.

Here, I would like to pose a question specifically to you: What do you think mankind is working toward, in his race to get to space, to become more technically advanced, or in short; what is his physical goal?

You say "... it's extremely doubtful if we can 'advance' spiritually by any effort of our own". Why? Isn't that the goal of many cults practicing varied forms of yoga? And in truth don't they sometimes succeed in becoming more spiritually advanced?

Here, another question comes to mind: Were the people of hundreds of years ago more advanced spiritually, than we are now? If so, how? It seems that man should become more advanced spiritually as time goes along, for his leisure time has definitely been increasing, therefore; he should have more time to try to become more spirit-

ually advanced should he not? Our civilization has, as a by-product, produced more spare time for us to contemplate in, consequently; it would seem that our civilization is not a destroyer of spirituality, but on the contrary, it gives us a chance to become more spiritual; if only we will.

I totally agree with your definition of civilization as being spirituality, but is there a good spirituality and a bad spirituality? There must be, for there are certainly good and bad civilizations. So then is the problem that we have little or no spirituality or that we have the wrong kind of spirituality?

If we could truly develop a good spirituality nothing could drown it. It would be omnipresent and omnipotent. This it would seem would hold true for both good and bad classes of spiritualism, but since you seem to believe that our civilization "overwhelms" and "drowns" our spiritualism, we must neither have the good or bad spiritualism but a very impotent kind of spiritualism. So then our trouble must not be too much civilization, but too little. In plainer words: if our spiritualism is lacking then so must our civilization be lacking since civilization is spirituality (spiritualism).

After reading the letter entitled: "Keep The Pot Boiling" I believe you have succeeded to an extent in your purpose if indeed it

is that which was mentioned in the above stated letter. Congratulations. C. Patrick Grove, 1505 South Elm, Pittsburg, Kansas 66762.

● I doubt if the I.Q. is indicative of "spirituality". Also, I think educators today hold the value of I.Q. tests in rather low esteem. They can be very misleading. You seem to speak of spiritual as being the opposite of corporeal. I am speaking of "spirituality" in the sense of our philosophic development. Jesus put it more simply by saying, "Love one another". During our stay on Earth (countless civilizations), we have progressed not one whit in that direction. We still fight savage wars, kill and torture one another. Maybe I even mean that lack of spirituality is simply lack of "growing up". The more "adult" a person gets, the more spiritual (or so he should, due solely to experience).

My point is that we are living as beginning human creatures on a planet of simple corporeal nature, best expressed as "density", in order to learn the simple, initial lessons of existence. In short, how to grow food, fibre to cloth ourselves, and simple tools to perform manual labor. We have managed to progress to scientific marvels that are far too advanced for use on our simple little planet. We have invented a way to extract energy from the atom, but we use it to kill. If we

were advanced spiritually, we would not even CONSIDER using it to kill! Thus, although using atomic energy is doubtless good, it is for use by people with more experience in handling such complex stuff. We are, basically, simple "farmers", learning the simple "lessons" of an "agrarian" planet. We have about 70 years to acquire these simple talents, then we go on to more complex, less corporeal, places to learn more complex lessons, where the atomic energy usage may be more applicable.

I do not deny that we can, and will, use atomic energy to perform work on this planet we used to do with our hands. But what about our children, who will inherit this "push-button legacy? They will learn nothing but the simple act of pushing a button! I do not believe this is what they are here to learn! What if they are, later on, cast by some circumstance high and dry on a "desert island" (even a spiritual one) where they will need to know how to do the simple things the atom did for them? They won't KNOW HOW! And they will be helpless. They will have "skipped" a very necessary primary part of their education-experience existence.

Give a child a gun. He will shoot it. He will even aim it at you and pull the trigger. Because he doesn't have any idea why he shouldn't! He hasn't the "spiritual" development to be trusted with so complex a

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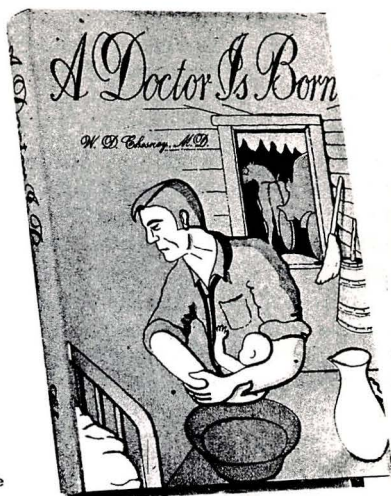
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thing as a gun. His development is very childish - he likes the noise of the gun; it is fun to point it, and observe the effect when the bullet hits. He is delighted when he aims at a bird, high in the sky, and at the pressure of his fingers, it falls plummeting to earth. This is the "spiritual development" that sends millions of adult (?) hunters out each fall to become brave warriors and hunters and deerslayers. They SAY they are doing it in some sort of noble "sporting" way; they SAY they are doing it to get out next to nature and to God, in his great outdoors, and breathe the clean air of the country and the forest. They SAY they are good people, capable of compassion, pity, nobility. But the FACT is, they are KILLERS. They DELIGHT in the fall of the deer in a pool of blood.

The point of "civilization" is this: in the beginning the hunter slew to feed himself, and he had to use stones or a club. Later he became more civilized, and used a bow and arrow. Then he added more technology and made himself a rifle. Tomorrow he will hunt with a laser beam. Each step upward in "civilization (technology)" has resulted in a step down (or at least no progress) in spirituality. The savage had to eat meat or starve. The "civilized" man, having no need for the meat, and having the rifle, would show advanced spirit-

uality if he REFRAINED from performing the actual killing, being fully capable of demonstrating that he COULD have killed easily - and instead, had done his hunting with a camera (the photo would be as good a trophy as the actual head of the deer!).

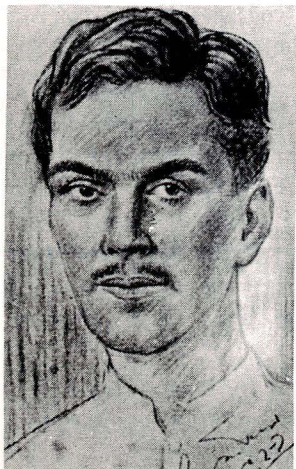
We have advanced in our civilization to a point where we have so tremendous a technology that we can be as very "gods" in performance. But we simply are not sufficiently experienced in the business of living (and loving!) to be able to put this technology to any sort of "spiritual" use, only to materialistic and even savage use. How can we claim to believe in the spiritual principle of "do unto others as you would have done unto you" and then invent napalm and use it against human beings to consume them in fearful agony and terror? Would YOU like to be napalmed to death? Of course not. But you have no compunction to napalm any other human being to death. Thus, I say that your spirituality has not kept pace with your civilization-technology.

What do I think mankind is working toward in his race to get to space? He is simply learning the lessons of the corporeal. The moon is no different from Earth. IF man were keeping spiritual pace with his rocket science pace, he could go to that moon and be entirely consistent with his pri-

mary purpose of being placed on Earth in the first place. But if the moon (or Mars) were to be inhabited, and he landed there, he would war upon the inhabitants, and take his world from him by force, by sheer banditry and murder. If the Martians "resisted", we would "defend" ourselves. Especially if, because of over-population, we NEEDED this living room! We are not spiritually advanced enough to respect the rights of others! Until we are, we are "out of step" with reality in our technological advance.

Give a child a highpowered car. Does this automatically advance him spiritually? No. He will stu-

pidly and foolishly, in his inexperience, go out and kill somebody or himself with it. He is incapable of handling this technology in the wisdom of spiritual advance. Let him start his career in transportation, first by walking, then by a simple set of wheels propelled by foot power, then a simple motor, and so on. When he is a man, let him buy his first car. But before that time, he will have learned that stumbling over a stone can hurt him, or falling off his bicycle can hurt him, or another by colliding with him. Then, when he gets his highpowered car, he will understand that it obeys the same laws of corporeality, and will DE-



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Overpopulation produces greater competition. Competition for the things we want. Competition is "getting for yourself", which is non-spiritual. How can we learn, in such a crowded and gimmick-surfeited environment, that the CORRECT way to get is to GIVE?

No, hundreds of years ago people were no more spiritually advanced than now. The children in the first grade are as unlearned in second grade subjects today as the children in first grade a hundred years ago were unlearned in second grade subjects. It is an error, to my way of thinking, to equate the passage of time with the increase of spirituality. 1967 A.D. is no more spiritual, in its inhabitants, than 1267 A.D. The environment (our planet) is the SAME. The conditions are the same. The peo-

ple are the same. Except for one thing - in 1267 man could not travel to the moon; today he can. Yet if we, by some time-travel switch, took a man out of 1267, and placed him in a rocket, he would be able to go to the moon also and ARRIVE THERE WITH EXACTLY THE SAME DEGREE OF SPIRITUALITY, plus what he acquired because he didn't have our technology to cope with in his day! If anything, he wouldn't know that if he found a deposit of "tungsten" on the moon, there might be a reason for him to try to take it away from the Lunarians, even if he had to kill them to get it.

If you are talking about "spirit", then we would have to say a spirit is a spirit is a spirit is a spirit. If you ARE a thing, you can't be anything else. A stone can't "advance" to be a bird - and I am afraid you are talking about "spirit" and not "spirituality". I think I am talking about "experience". - Editor.

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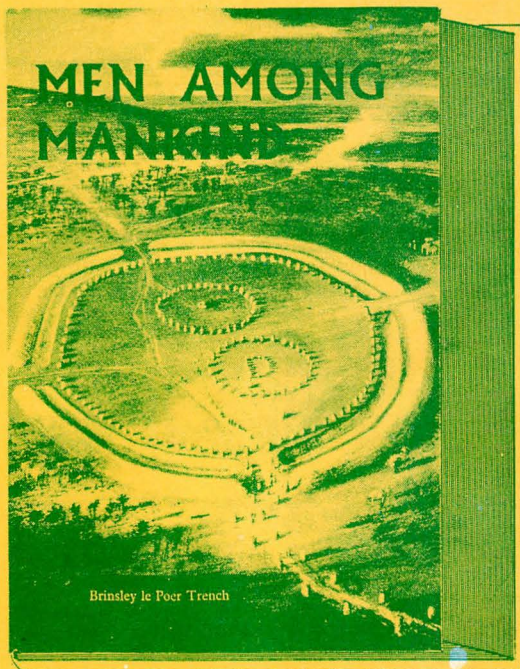
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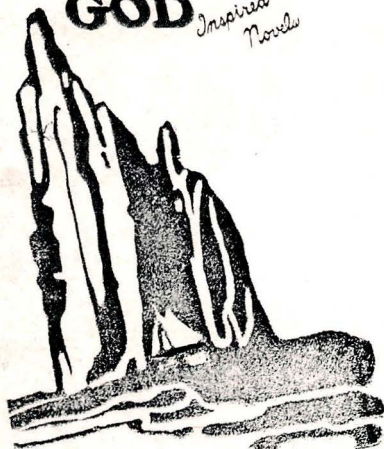
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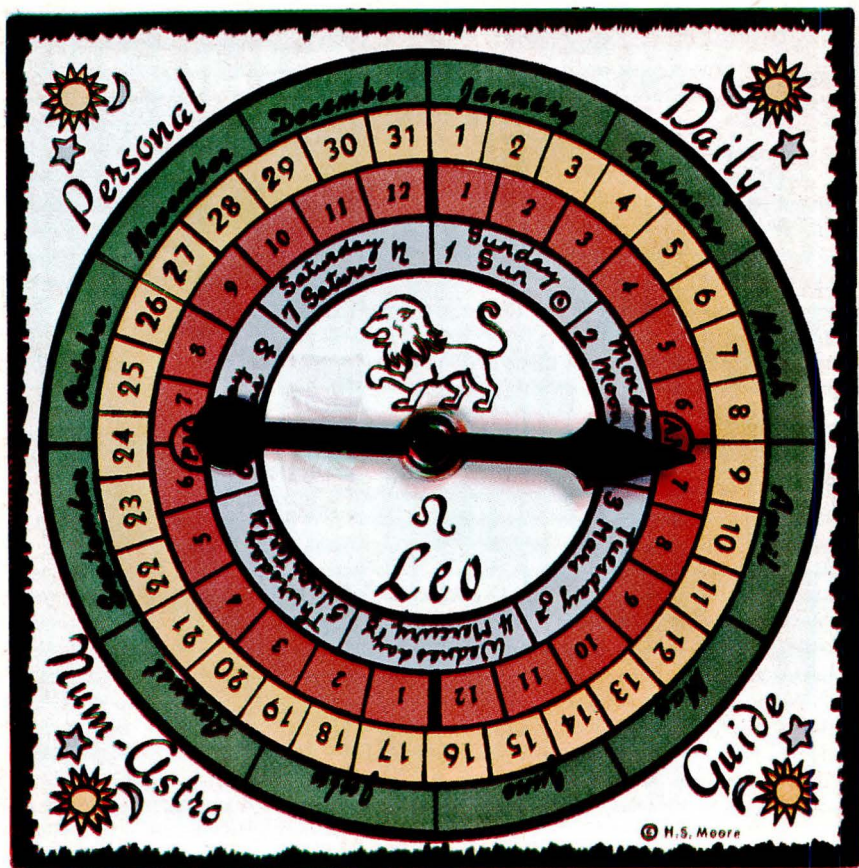
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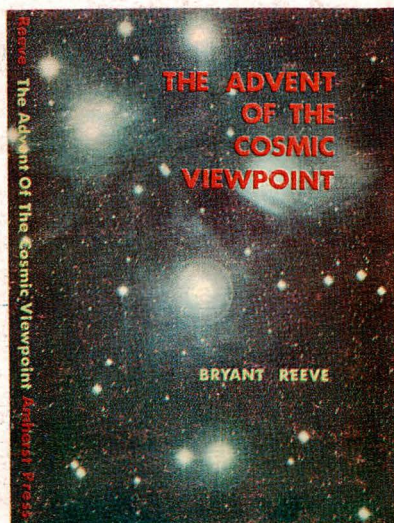
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