

SEARCH

MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1967

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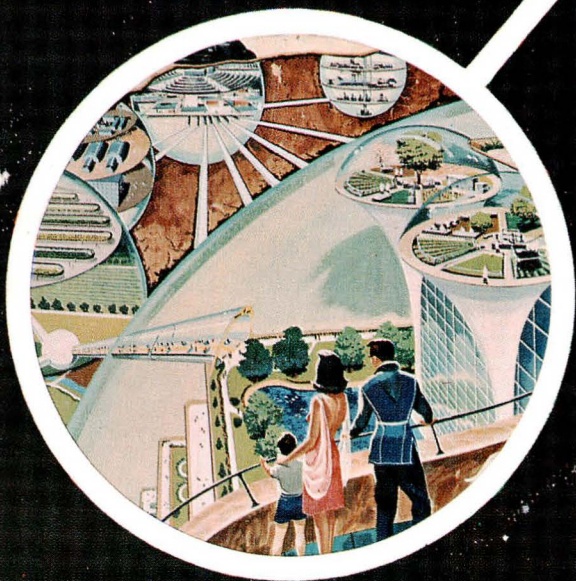
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SEARCH

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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



YOUR EDITOR has just finished a very big job - the editing and make-up of the actual pages of L. Taylor Hansen's tremendous book THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC. For the first time, we know exactly how many pages this book will contain. It will be 423 pages, plus an index. At the last minute we decided to do the tremendous job of including an index, because it would be unthinkable for a scholarly work of this magnitude to be without one. And if any book deserves the top treatment, this is it. We also know that we were much too conservative in predicting that it would be "over 300 pages" and would sell for \$17.50. It will be nearly 450 pages and will sell for \$22.50! It would seem that many of you who bought it on our pre-publication offer got a bargain!

However, it isn't the commercial angle that prompts us to write an editorial about THE ANCIENT

ATLANTIC, it is the tremendous sense of wonder and awe and excitement that has filled us as we read proof on the final pages, in their proper order. What a wonderful book this is! We say that to give L. Taylor Hansen the credit due her. She has written a book that will be a monument to her. She has also written a book that is like the capstone of the pyramid of all the vast assembly of mysteries we (you and I) have dealt with in the past years in our various publications and researches. For instance, the legend of ancient Atlantis has always fascinated all of us. Did that ancient continent really exist? We've had many books on it, but they come under fictional or mystic or psychic headings, and do not impress the scientists. However, in THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC (note it is Atlantic, not Atlantis) there is no fiction - only a FACT. Yes, there was an Atlantis, and we now know exactly where it was!

We know when it was. We know who it was. We know a great deal of its history. We know where to look for the ruins of the ancient cities we have come to regard as legendary, and fictional. Ancient Ys, for example, or Lyonesse, or Hel (Hellas). The day is not far off when we will actually explore them in their underwater graves. Even today, American and Russian oceanographic expeditions (using million-dollar floating laboratories) are sonar-mapping the entire ocean bottom, concentrating on the Atlantic, particularly the north Atlantic, and have established beyond all doubt that there IS a sunken continent there. They are dredging up artifacts which, pending study (such as carbon-dating), will prove to the world that the great civilization of legend, the ancient Atlantean, did exist. Further that it still exists, in the form of its cast-off colonies, and descended peoples, much mixed, as they exist today.

It is in L. Taylor Hansen's THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC that the wonderfully fascinating and excitingly related story of these ancient peoples, and ancient continents, is told. You will find, as your editor has, the greatest adventure of your life in reading this book. As you look about you, such as witnessing an Indian dance at a festival, and see the dance through new eyes, because in the

costumes worn, the headdresses, the motions of the dance, no longer just an interesting dance, but history being reenacted before your eyes - ancient memories recorded in a form that has proved to be the best possible way to preserve the old history. Cro Magnon is not extinct - he exists today!

Some of you will remember when L. Taylor Hansen dropped out of Amazing Stories, where her wonderful series "Scientific Mysteries" was published for years. You will remember she said she had discovered one of the caves Shaver talked about, and intended entering. She said it was filled with gas, and she needed oxygen equipment and ropes. Then your editor searched for ten years for her. We couldn't find her. Not until she finally turned up with the beginnings of the manuscript for THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC and the manuscript for HE WALKED THE AMERICAS. This latter book is no collection of fairy-tales, but true history. It has been acclaimed by everyone who has read it. Its fame will be nothing beside THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC. But hidden within the manuscript are innumerable hints. For example, do these caves really exist? Are they like Shaver says? No, not full of dero and tero, but yes, full of ancient records. For one, there IS an underground city in the Sahara. It is guarded, as it has been for

thousands of years, by the Tauraks, a tribe where the men never show their faces, but whose fierceness is unequalled anywhere. No white man has ever seen the city they guard, which is under the bottom of an ancient dried up ocean called by science, the Triton sea. No Arab has ever seen it, and their terror at sight of a Taurak is undeniable.

In Peru, in the mountains near Machu Picchu, there is an underground city, and tunnels that Indians say go all the way to the American southwest. Legend has it that the Incas hid their vast treasures of gold and jewels and artifacts and books from the Spanish in these underground places. Someday they will be found. This book offers so much evidence that they must exist that we deem it incontestable.

Today they are scanning the interior of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh with cosmic rays (at great expense!) to determine if there actually are secret chambers within that vast stone pile that may contain the records which would prove all that legend has told us, and all that L. Taylor Hansen has related in the book that has so excited your editor.

Who were the serpent people? Did they really exist? No, they weren't people who looked like serpents - the serpent was their totem. They were ancient and almost forgotten when the pharaohs

of Egypt wore (in memory of them) a serpent upon their headdress. Why did they wear it? Because in it they remembered their origins - on a lost continent now below the Atlantic. And who were the people whose totem was the bird (specifically, the condor)? Who were the people of the wolf? And what war was it that was fought between the serpent and the wolf; between the wolf and the turtle? When Fenir lost his hand to the wolf, what actually happened? Where was that battle fought? Not in the Norse Asgaard, which we know today as the Norse heaven where the ancient warriors went, to be waited up by the Valkyrie. No, it was in a land now sunken, a real land, a real battle. Not a battle between an animal and a Norse god, but between two civilizations whose partial remnants today are the Norse and the Irish and the Egyptians.

It is very exciting to your editor to find all the legends of the past reconstructed in fact at last, with a tremendous history that makes sense of the mystery that ancient man's beginnings have always been. When we find an ancient "fort" in Ireland, its stones fused by some tremendous heat that rivals the atom bomb (if it was not actually the heat of such bombs), we wonder at the inconsistency of a science which says there were not even people on Earth at that time, and that if there were, they fought

only with clubs and stones. We read of the Greek fire of the ancient Greeks (the ANCIENT Greeks, not the "modern" Greeks of the ruins we visit today, such as the temple of Athena, etc.) and we wonder what it was? Our scientific "experts" have told us it was a compound soaked in crude oil, fired with a catapult. We look at the ancient ruins, and we cannot accept this simple explanation of Greek fire, because no amount of such assault will produce the results we have before our eyes.

All about us we have the records of civilizations incredibly ancient - such as 25,000 years, or a hundred thousand years, and we are told that what is before our eyes does not really exist, because it cannot. Yet, it is there, and now we know what it represents.

Recently an expedition in the Mediterranean announced the discovery of ancient Atlantis, in a ruined city under the sea, and on the shore. Excavations are going forward. This is an authentic discovery, but it is in error in only one claim - it is not Atlantis, merely a colony, and not the original colony, but a colony formed of survivors of the great destruction that sank Atlantis into the ocean. Yet, it is, as the book is being printed, already a bit more added to the scientific proof that THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC is the real answer to all the mysteries

we have tried to pursue in SEARCH, and in all our other magazines and books over a period of forty years!

Do you wonder that the editors of SEARCH are excited over the new book? Do you wonder that we are tremendously pleased now that we have completed the actual make-up of the book, and can get on with the photographing of it (including the tedious job of making 96 color illustration separations) and then with the printing and binding? We think one of the most fascinating things in THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC is the many maps illustrating the new discoveries, the many which show the ancient past, the geology of the formation of the continents as we know them today from that one original continent scientists have named ancient Gondwannaland.

Many of you have seen the Piri Re's map, which shows an Antarctic continent free of ice, and people with animals, and lush with flora. The amazing thing about this map is that it shows continental features in correct detail which are today buried beneath 10,000 feet of ice. These features have been verified by our research teams now on the spot, through soundings and echo mapping. Things like this prove the truth - that the ancient world DID have great civilizations, and that while the very least period of time it would have taken to build up the Antarctic ice cap is 8,000

years, BEFORE THAT TIME civilized men sailed to it and engaged in commerce with its peoples! But it is more than 8,000 years we are dealing with here, because now, contemporary civilizations in various lands including our own country are proved by such things as carbon-14 dating to have existed 25,000 years ago!

Wouldn't you like to know where "Brunhilde's Bath" really is? Or the Morass of the Monsters? The River of Death (the Styx) and the

Boatman with his dog, Cerebus, who ferried the dead across it? Not a fictional river, but a real one, and no dead who crossed it, but a race of people, now dead, but no longer forgotten?

Yes, your editor is excited. And he is rushing the book to completion. You MUST have a copy of it - because everything you have ever wondered about will find at least a partial answer in its pages. Of that we are sure! - Editor.

***** COMING NEXT ISSUE *****

"IS MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE DOOMED?" This is an article about the "new freedom" and the breakdown of religion that we hear so much about today. Also, be sure to read **"WITCHCRAFT - 1968"**, and we especially urge you to watch for **"THE NEXT 300 YEARS"** by Ray Palmer. **DON'T MISS IT!**

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WEREWOLVES IN INDIANA

A MODERN DAY "HORROR" STORY

Andrew Lee

WHEN I WAS stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, in the summer of 1966, several of the men in my unit used to get together in their spare time and tell stories of ghosts and strange happenings.

During one such "bull session", I was told the following story about a werewolf living in the region of Muncie and Anderson, Indiana. The essential facts of the story were later corroborated by two other men who, although they hadn't known each other prior to entering the Army, had known this werewolf at different times during their lives.

The man who first told me the story, whom I shall call Mr. John-

son, had been the friend of an Amerind for sometime. One day as they were out driving, the Indian said, "I'll tell you something that I know you won't believe".

"Go ahead."

"I'm a werewolf, and sometime I'll prove it to you."

Sometime later they met at the Indian's house. Present also was the Indian's girl friend, a white girl.

The Indian cautioned Johnson that, when he saw the results of the transformation, he was not to attempt to flee. Any attempt at fright, or even movement, would break his restraint and he would feel compelled to attack.

The Indian then proceeded to go into a trance or perhaps deep concentration.

Soon his hands and face began

to grow hairy, the fingers taking on the appearance of claws. Fangs seemed to sprout in his mouth.

His hands and face took on a reddish cast and his countenance took on an expression of evil. The Indian, having a normal height of about 5' 6", was now a werewolf about seven feet tall!

Seeing this frightening transformation, Johnson started to flee towards the door.

Immediately the werewolf pounced upon him, his hands grasping Johnson's throat as though to strangle him.

Had it not been for the werewolf's girl friend, who began stroking his arm, he probably would have killed Johnson. This stroking of the werewolf's arm, strangely enough, seemed to soothe him.

Soon thereafter began the werewolf's transformation back to his normal self.

One of the other men who witnessed the transformation at another time managed to flee with no harm.

The Indian also told Johnson that great anger could cause him to begin to change shape involuntarily.

According to the Indian, there are more people like him, living in nearby caves, who plan someday to come out and claim what is theirs.

Once he took Johnson out to the general area of the caves. They

arrived at a flat field with no cave entrances in sight. Asking where the caves were, Johnson was told that the entrances were so cleverly concealed that one who didn't know their location would never be able to find them.

The Indian set out to enter one of the caves, telling Johnson to turn around for a short time so he wouldn't see.

Johnson complied and, when he turned around, there was no one in sight in the open field.

After waiting awhile, Johnson decided to return home. Turning toward his car, he was just about to enter when the Indian appeared noiselessly from behind him and announced his presence.

The Indian later told him that there were other creatures living back in the caves that were even more horrible than werewolves.

These caves would seem to be huge caverns in the ground, connecting by tunnels to secret entrances, such as the one in the open field.

From Johnson's account of what the Indian told him, it seems that anyone who is willing and who is accepted by the others can undergo a ritual or ceremony to become a werewolf. I was not told any details concerning the ceremony.

I also understand from what I was told that the werewolf has a very long life span, perhaps approaching immortality.



ASTROLOGY AND THE GHOST LIGHTS

James Goodrich

ABOUT 20 MILES northwest of Neosho, Missouri lies the mysterious "ghost light" area where, according to old-timers, the strange, baffling phenomenon has been witnessed as far back as the late 1880's.

The eerie "lights" are suggestive of floating spheres of luminous semi-material substance - a sort of globular phosphorescence, animated, apparently, by a life of its own and directed by what appears to be a certain degree of intelligent control.

Motorists have reported the "lights" on innumerable occasions, and lonely walkers in the Ozark country have seen them in a

hundred different places. (After dark, of course, - no respectable "ghost light" or ghost, for that matter, ever makes an appearance in the light of day.)

The mystery - and surely a mystery it is - has been approached from many angles, and theories have been offered based upon many premises - except the astrological.

We present our argument with the conviction that it will stand up better than any other, but it is for the reader to judge if it is reasonable and convincing.

In the first place, not every motorist or walker after dark has enjoyed the privilege of observing the phenomenon. In fact, as with

many similar manifestations, certain members in a group will "see" what other members are unaware of.

That the "ghost lights" are a reality, no one - at any rate, the Neosho observers - will deny. Too many honest, responsible persons have testified in the affirmative for us to doubt that the mystery is there, and has been for over 80 years.

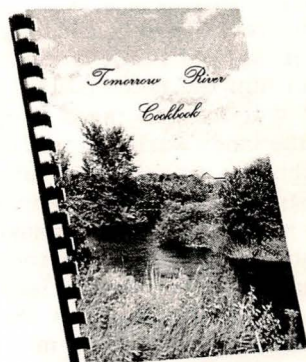
The puzzling thing is: why do some see it, and why is it non-existent to others? Here is where astrology comes in, and with a very interesting argument.

Everyone knows about, or at least talks about, clairvoyance. Almost everyone, at some time or another in his life, either has "seen" something, "heard" something, or "felt" something that refused to be explained away by everyday logic and common sense.

When we mention these things, someone quotes Shakespeare who said that there were many things in heaven and earth that are not dreamed of in our philosophy. Always close to us, it seems, is the Door to the Unknown, the Inexplicable, the Not-To-Be-Reasoned-Away.

But we have astrology, and it explains why one man is passive, another aggressive, why one man is content to rake leaves in his back yard while another is determined to conquer the world. It explains why

Tomorrow River Cookbook



"My Best Recipe": Prized recipes especially contributed for this book by the parents and teachers. The illustrations are originals by the pupils of Amherst Grade School. Published by Parents and Teachers Association, Tomorrow River School District, Amherst, Wisconsin. Here is a cookbook worth its weight in gold, 262 favorite recipes from the "Tomorrow River" area of Wisconsin - the place where good cooks make the average man think he is in heaven! This is a book that will make hubby think you are the world's best cook! Recipes tried and true. A hundred lifetimes of experience packed into one volume. You won't find a better cookbook anywhere!

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each one of us is different from everyone else.

- YOU ARE PSYCHIC -

Some time ago a book called "You Are Psychic", made a great hit. It showed that everyone has within him the potentialities of a seer - of one who "sees clearly" into the inner worlds around us.

This is precisely what astrology says - that each individual is a microcosm in the boundless reality we call the macrocosm, the universe, the frontierless expanse of infinitude. What the All contains and represents, man also has and is.

You are psychic to some degree. To what exact degree, your horoscope reveals. And that is why not everyone chased by the Ozark "ghost lights" knows he is chased. Not everyone is psychic or clairvoyant enough to become aware of the phenomenon.

There are two kinds of E.S.P. One is connected with what is popularly known as the "third eye" or pineal gland in the head. This is the cerebro-spinal clairvoyance, clairaudience, clairsentience, etc. The other is associated with the solar plexus chakra, and the sympathetic nervous system. The "third eye" E.S.P. is virtually infallible; the later, being involved with the emotions and the sensory nature, is liable to error.

Everyone of us has both kinds

active, if only in an infinitesimal degree; but among us are those who have one or both dynamically manifest. They are the seers and clairvoyants who make predictions, and also the news. Some are amazingly accurate, and some occasionally fail. When they do, you can be sure that they were relying on the solar plexus chakra, not the pineal gland.

According to astrology - esoteric astrology, that is - the higher E.S.P. is ruled by the planet Uranus, while the other kind comes under Neptune. That brilliant researcher, the late Grant Lewi, pointed out that Uranus ruled what he called the "neuromentality" - our intuitive faculty which is responsible for direct revelation, mystical illumination, and universal understanding, while Neptune has dominion over the subconscious mind, which often is cluttered with birth horoscopes substantiates Grant Lewi's claim. The sign and house positions of Uranus, together with its aspects, provide an excellent key to understanding your "third eye quotient" or degree of cerebro-spinal clairvoyance. And the same with Neptune, which shows where one stands in respect to the psychic awareness made possible by the sympathetic nervous system.

FOUR FAMOUS SEERS

Manly Palmer Hall (March 18,

1901), the brilliant occult author and lecturer, is an ideal example of both kinds of E.S.P. In his birth horoscope, Uranus is conjunction the Midheaven (the most important single point in a chart); and the sign Pisces, which Neptune rules, is on the Ascendant, with Sun, Mercury, and Venus also in Pisces. Neptune itself is within minutes of an exact square with the Sun, completing an extraordinary pattern of inner plane involvement. It is no wonder that his clairvoyance is crystal clear and virtually infallible.

In the horoscope of H.P. Blavatsky (August 12, 1831), the world-renowned seeress of the 19th century, Pisces is on the Midheaven, and Uranus is focal by a conjunction with Jupiter in Aquarius (which Uranus rules) in the 8th house of magic and the astral plane. Madame Blavatsky's fabulous feats of E.S.P. were attested to by many world figures of her time, and have passed into history. Many believe her to have been the greatest clairvoyant to appear on the occult scene in several hundred years.

Edgar Cayce, the celebrated seer and diagnostic wizard of Virginia Beach (March 18, 1877), was born with Uranus within minutes of a conjunction with his Leo Ascendant. The Sun, ruler of Leo, was in Pisces (Neptune's sign) with Mercury, Venus, Saturn, and

the North Node. Neptune was in the 9th house of dreams, visions, and the higher mind. Although a devout Christian, and in his waking state doubtful of many esoteric teachings, Cayce while in trance spoke with the sureness and authority of an advanced initiate of some ancient mystery school.

Jeanne Dixon (January 5, 1918), whose many startling predictions have made the headlines during the past several years, was born with Uranus in close conjunction with Venus and within minutes of the mysterious 165 degree aspect to Neptune. The 165 degree contact has been mentioned by America's illustrious astrology-researcher Johndro, and also England's Charles Carter. It is 15 degrees past the 150 degree quincunx configuration, and 15 degrees before the 180 degree opposition, thus partaking of the the strange influence of both major aspects. It is believed to exert a profoundly occult effect upon all who have it close to exactness, and in Mrs. Dixon's case undoubtedly has much to do with her almost unbelievable gift of seership.

With the above examples in mind, the reader can proceed to examine the sign-house positions and aspects involving Uranus and Neptune in his own horoscope, and thus determine his true E.S.P. potentialities, which, through proper training, may be brought

into active manifestation. In this regard it might be wise to keep in mind the scriptural injunction which urges us to seek first the kingdom of God and the ways of righteousness. Then, we are assured, the dynamic psychic and spiritual powers latent within us will awaken harmoniously, and lead us safely along the paths of unselfish service to mankind.

THE PHENOMENON ITSELF

What are the weird, floating "lights" which so intrigue and confound the many who have observed them? Are they clouds of swamp or river mist, diminutive ghosts from the graveyard, bogies, banshees, vampires, or what?

We submit that they are nothing in the world (or the next world) other than harmless nature spirits - elementals or poltergeists - which often are found in forests, woodlands, and other rural places. According to both eastern and western occultism, there are three classes of these little entities, which stand, in the hierarchical scheme of nature, at the very beginning of the long evolutionary journey which every soul or ego must take on its way to spiritual fulfillment.

The nature spirits of each class are divided into four groups known as salamanders, gnomes, sylphs and undines, which correspond, respectively, to astrology's four Ele-

ments of Fire, Earth, Air and Water. The Ozark "ghost lights" are obviously sylphs of the Air Element - luminous, nebulous, inchoate clusters of tiny lives progressing on their upward climb toward perfection.

They are animated by a non-self-conscious primordial intelligence, and impelled by nature's laws and forces. They also have an affinity with the mineral, plant, animal, and human kingdoms, which explains why so many persons see them in every possible place - persons, that is, whose charts reveal the E.S.P. awareness to observe them. Nature spirits are astral, and therefore it takes more than mere physical vision to see into the world they inhabit.

Little children are more psychic than adults, and are always glimpsing wonders through the mystic Door of the Unknown. But the objective work-a-day life soon dims the young eyes to inner plane awareness, and the fascinating experiences of childhood are soon forgotten - except in those cases where the E.S.P. potentiality is becoming a conscious reality.

Perhaps it is in your case, or can become so if you study Uranus and Neptune in your horoscope, and take the right steps leading to the genuine seership which may - who knows? - be your natural birthright.



I KNOW MY PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED

DULCIE BROWN

Close association with Nature told me that there was something beyond myself, a whole quality of being all around us that mankind needs to grow up to. Something bigger than myself must have made this so. That something was demonstrating right before my eyes that life and living is now, and forever. One did not need to wait for death to find life, and a way to express that life in a constructive way.

It was 1925. The Earth was full of bitterness, and hate. If you thing Armegeddon is ahead you should have lived then. You worked so hard you were ready to drop and you did not earn enough money to keep from starving and a roof over your head. There was no protection

whatever for the worker, no unemployment insurance, no workman's compensation, no social security, no wage security. Thousands were without homes, welfare did not pay rent. Everywhere I went I saw people suffering, but Nature and God had nothing to do with their suffering. Nature was going on just the same trying to replenish the Earth with every good thing.

Then I heard a lecture given by Dr. Ernest Holmes. Here, I said to myself, is a reasonable explanation of what God is. At the time I was about to be evicted from my apartment with a small baby in my arms, and the last nickel I had had been spent to go to the lecture. But, I felt an uplift, a promise of a new beginning. I learned from that

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great man how to pray. And that way did I pray. When I reached home a person came to meet me saying I had a job to begin the next morning, the landlady said she would let me stay a few more days to get on my feet, some neighbors brought some hot soup for the baby and I. What had caused all this sudden reversal of fortune, and good will? I had not really had any faith in the new way of prayer.

A few days later I ran a large sliver through the second finger of my left hand. It broke off close to the finger on the side where it went in and stuck out about two inches on the other side. Using the healing prayer as I did so, I pulled the sliver out on the reverse side with my teeth. And went about my work.

It did not bleed, was not sore, and fifteen minutes later there was no wound whatever. Nor any after-soreness. Now, I said, one can use a religion like this! If it happened once it can happen again. Presto! There is faith. But, unless one first sees the Infinite in action it is impossible to have faith. All those who go about professing a faith that never acts are hypocrites and liars. I would rather be a truthful atheist than a hypocrite.

I have used the metaphysical way of prayer for many years. It has protected me and mine from many illnesses and accidents, and brought many things of necessity to us. I can give you many instances of answered prayers. I just want to say that, if you do not get answers it is because you need to make contact. One thing is also essential, always pray, In Jesus' Name.

Now, there are those that will want to label me. Please don't. I am nothing that has a name, I do not belong to anything. Names aren't important. If you like this essay I'll proceed to tell you what I have found that IS important. And you can judge for yourselves whether it is for you.

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.

Atlantis... Lemuria!

What do you know about the Shaver Mystery? For four years it created an enormous debate. LIFE magazine gave it 8 pages. There are many theories: Those who support Shaver in his materialistic honeycomb of caverns the world over, heritage of a Titan-Atlan race which fled a poisoned world over 12,000 years ago. Those who call his caverns the "astral", his dero the spirits of the dead. Some say it is another dimension, another realm of life alongside ours, invisible under ordinary circumstances. Whatever it is, you will find your brain whirling! There are twelve books of 192 pages, 115,000 words each, still available @ \$1.50 each, or \$18.00 for all 12.

THE HIDDEN WORLD

I CONTACTED AN UNKNOWN RACE!

By Richard S. Shaver

Does An
Ancient Race
Still Live
Underground?



RAY PALMER,
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THE ANIMAL WORLD

Animals are indeed a mystery to man. We use the word "animal" loosely to include any living creature other than human, i.e. birds, etc. The following six stories are about exceptional creatures, and because they are "out of the ordinary" their stories may give you a glimpse of the workings of the animal mind.

WHITEY TALKS (The Talking Cat)

Bennett Wm Palmer

It was June 7th, 1963 when Mrs. Deem and her husband rescued a bedraggled, crying, wet kitten from the tall grass in a field, where apparently it had been abandoned. The kitten was very ill. Mrs. Deem sat up with it for two nights, and then she and her husband decided to take it to a veterinarian who saved its life.

The Deems now have nineteen cats, but at the time they found the kitten, they had only one other cat, a black one called "Blackie".

The kitten was pure white, so was named "Whitey".

According to Mrs. Deem, Whitey began talking at about the age of six months. One of the earliest words it said was "trailer", apparently with reference to its former home. (It was thought that the kitten's former owners had lived in a trailer and had moved away.)

The first time the cat talked was when it jumped up on the bed where Mrs. Deem was lying and said, "I'm hungry". Mrs. Deem could not believe what she heard. She did not tell her husband about the incident, until he too, heard it

The owners of Florida's talking cat are Mr. and Mrs. James Deem, Lake Hamilton, Florida. Mr. Deem is a retired miner, and also a lay preacher in the Free Methodist Church, and Mrs. Deem is a member of the Free Methodist Church. They came to Florida from West Virginia. When Mr. and Mrs. Deem first acquired the cat, then a kitten, they were living outside the city limits in a sub-division known as Hillside Acres. They now live inside the city limits of Lake Hamilton.



talk. The cat jumped up on Mr. Deem's lap. Mr. Deem said to the kitten, "You are a bad cat." The cat replied, "I am not a bad cat. I want out." Mr. Deem shouted to his wife, "Did you hear that?" Mrs. Deem was much reassured now that her husband had also heard the cat talk.

In the early days of the cat's talking it seemed that almost any one might have heard the cat talk if they were willing and able to spend a little time at the home of the owners. Also, at that time the cat could be inducted to talk by withholding its food until it "said something". However, after a long

seige of accidents, illness and an operation, the cat's talking diminished. The last report as to the frequency with which the cat says human words was on the average of not less than once a week.

As Whitey and Blackie are both tomcats, they are not friends, but quite the reverse. Mr. and Mrs. Deem try to arrange it so that one would always be out of the house while the other was in. Also for quite a time, it seems that all that was necessary to get Whitey to "say something" was to bring Blackie into his presence. He would often respond, "He's bad", referring to Blackie, or "He's mean."

As a very young cat, Whitey was said to have watched for the Deems to return from the shopping center with cat food. It is said that Whitey would nose the cans of cat food and say, "Open." Also Whitey liked chocolate candy, and the Deems learned to know that he was asking for chocolate candy whenever he would say, "What have you got for me!"

Mr. Deem found that he could get a response from Whitey by teasing him. Sometimes with this in mind and especially if he wanted some other person to hear him talk he would say "Whitey, you are a bad cat." Whitey would frequently respond with an indignant, "I am not."

Whitey likes television and the owners of Florida's talking cat often leave the television on for the cat's benefit and pleasure.

Once on television there was the picture of a dog which seemed to have excited Whitey. To reassure himself, or for some other reason Whitey remarked, "He is not real." Another time there was a show on in which a man was shot. Whitey said to Mrs. Deem, "Was he hurt?" Mrs. Deem replied, "No." The cat automatically responded with, "Don't tell a lie, mama."

One of the most common incidents of talking is the request to be let out. However, it is not often that a neighbor happens to

be present when Whitey makes this request. Mrs. Sharon, a neighbor, was in the room with Mrs. Deem when the cat said quite plainly, "Mama, I want out."

Shortly after the newspaper articles had started, a reporter from the Lakeland (Florida) Ledger went to the Deem home to get a story about the cat, and hoped to hear the cat talk. At that time it was frequently possible to induce the cat to talk by coaxing him. The efforts of the Deems were in vain, and the reporter left. However, before he left he took a flashbulb picture of the cat. The reporter had been gone only a short time when the cat said one word, apparently referring to the flashbulb picture. The cat said, "Light."

Mrs. Deem told that on one occasion the cat had been to a veterinarian, as he had been many times before and after. When he returned home he said, rightly or wrongly of a helper, "The helper was mean."

A tomcat sometimes finds life and people frustrating. In his early days of talking Whitey sometimes said, "I'm mad." Also, on occasions he has complained, "Nobody loves me!" He must know in his heart, however, that this is not the case. Often he says, "I love mama," meaning Mrs. Deem, and it is obvious also, that he loves Mr. Deem.

In the days of early publicity about the talking cat, a minister visited the Deems to inquire about the story. The minister, Mr. and Mrs. Deem and the cat were all gathered in the front room when the cat stated, "Why don't you go home?" Mrs. Deem said to Whitey, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Whitey replied, "I am not!" Whitey added another insult in stating, "He's a stinker!"

About this time, or probably a little earlier the cat had been left with a veterinarian. The veterinarian and his helper told the following story to Mr. and Mrs. Deem.

The veterinarian's helper was near the cat's cage, when to his amazement he heard the cat say, "I want to go home." He rushed to the veterinarian and told him what he had heard. The veterinarian accused his helper of trying to "fool somebody". Nevertheless, he went to the cage. He heard nothing, but as he turned to leave, he heard the words, "I want to go home." He looked accusingly at his helper, who stated, "I didn't say that. The cat did!"

At one time after the cat had apparently been stolen, and had returned after many days in a deplorable condition, it was thought he had lost the ability to talk. Mr. Deem often walked the cat. He started as usual for a walk, but for some reason was delayed. He

was delighted to hear Whitey say, "Come on."

When the Deems travelled and only had Whitey and Blackie, they often took the cats with them in their car. It was difficult to get motel accommodations with cats, so settled for sleeping in their car. In a small town in North Carolina the Deems were parked alongside a curb, sleeping with Whitey in the car. A passing policeman heard a voice coming from the parked car. He heard the words, "Help! Help!" He rushed up to the Deem car and flashed his light to investigate. He saw the Deems awakening and a beautiful white cat. He heard the cat say, "I want out." "No one loves me." The policeman had what must have been his most unique experience.

All of these incidents occurred while the Deems were residents of Hillside Acres, a housing development near Lake Hamilton, Florida. A year or two ago, they moved from Hillside Acres to another house in Lake Hamilton about four miles from their previous home.

After moving they had trouble with Whitey's going back to his old home, or to that area and staying for days at a time, returning sick and bedraggled.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Rhodes, friends and previous neighbors of the Deems, were skeptical about the stories of the talking cat.

One time Whitey had been gone

an unusually long time, and was thought to be dead. While the cat was absent from its home, Mr. Rhodes caught a glimpse of him in a nearby vacant lot. He recognized Whitey and knew how the Deems were probably anxious for his return. He decided to try to catch the cat. It was about 4:30 p.m. and a clear day. As he approached the cat, Whitey ran from him. Mr. Rhodes was shocked when he distinctly heard the cat say, "You can't catch me."

Another time Mrs. Deem and Whitey were both out in the yard, when she noticed the cat looking intently under the house. She heard Whitey say, "Come! Come!" When she got near him, he said, "He is a big one." Mrs. Deem started to look under the house when a big black snake began to move from its hiding place. Mrs. Deem screamed. Whitey said, "Mama is a coward."

Because of a death, Mr. and Mrs. Deem were called to West Virginia. They left their two cats, Whitey and Blackie in the charge of a nearby neighbor. He made daily trips to the Deem home to care for the cats. The neighbor, Mr. Marshall Furgesen had heard reports of the cat's remarkable talent, but was politely skeptical. As he approached the home on one of his trips he saw Whitey being pursued by Blackie. He was very much astonished to hear Whitey

say, "Where's mama?" This was the first time he had actually heard the cat talk.

In approximately a week or so the Deems returned from the trip. They were in their home with Mr. Furgesen when Whitey approached Mrs. Deem in the bedroom. "He hit me!" he stated. "Who hit you?" "Him," the cat replied. Mr. Furgesen's voice could be heard coming from the kitchen. Mrs. Deem questioned the cat further. "What did he hit you with?" The cat said, "Newspaper." Mrs. Deem immediately confronted Mr. Furgesen and asked him if he had hit the cat. He was amazed, and described an incident in which he had hit the cat with a newspaper.

Mr. and Mrs. Neville Mainguy, Orange City, Florida read the newspaper and magazine articles about Florida's talking cat and arranged through a writer to visit the Deems. They hoped to hear the famous cat talk.

Their visit was pleasant, but they were disappointed when Whitey remained silent. They have had many cats and were cat lovers, so naturally the main topic of their conversation was cats. The next day Mrs. Deem phoned the writer and asked him if he knew whether or not the Mainguy's had a cat named "Pal". She said that shortly after they left Whitey said, "Pal." Mrs. Deem contacted the Mainguy's and asked them if the name "Pal"

had any meaning to them. Mrs. Mainguy said that it certainly did. It was the name of a cat which had disappeared mysteriously. She said that its name had been mentioned in the conversations between them and their hosts. Mrs. Deem had not noted the name or had forgotten it, but apparently it made an impression on Whitey. Simple as this story is, it is one of the most impressive of the stories because it suggests that Whitey must have understood the conversation about the lost cat, and seemed to have picked out the name of the cat.

The cat apparently understands more of the human drama going on around it, than its responses would suggest. Sometimes a word he uses will be a word which it could not have heard recently, but when he speaks it, he uses the word appropriately.

Also, Mrs. Deem says that sometimes she will say to Whitey, "Come and flirt with me," and will wink at the cat and the cat will wink back.

On one occasion Whitey threatened to leave, but apparently recognized that his threat was an ungrateful thing and condemned himself for it.

Another instance occurred when Whitey was quite young. He jumped up on the bed where Mrs. Deem was lying and said, "Hungry. Leave you. Mad. I want to go home. I bad."



Whitey

I think it was March 10, 1966 that I saw Mrs. Deem in a shopping center. It had been many months since I had seen either Mr. or Mrs. Deem, and since that meeting she had been seriously ill and in the hospital. The following is in substance the story told me by Mr. and Mrs. Deem.

Mrs. Deem was away from home in the hospital for a considerable time. All of the cats seemed to have missed her, but Whitey especially. When she returned, Whitey hugged her with his front feet, or speaking more humanly, with his "arms", and would not let her go. When she would start to leave he would say, not the words, "No! No!", but the human equivalent which might

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be spelled "Eugh! Eugh!" Also, when he first saw her, he not only hugged her but said "Mama home! Mama home!"

Questions have been asked as to the kind of voice in which the cat speaks. This writer has heard Mrs. Deem relate a story in which she said that the cat talked so loudly that she was afraid its talking would awaken her sleeping husband.

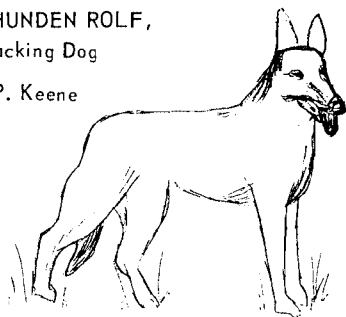
However, Mrs. Deem said that it was usually a "quiet voice". Mr. Deem in describing the cat's talking has frequently mentioned that the cat speaks "distinctly" and "clearly".

We have now presented the reader with the most complete story about Florida's talking cat, which has not yet been published. Fortunately, the story is not yet ended, and it is impossible to say what may be added to it.

We believe this story to be the most remarkable of cat stories, and to be as reliable as human testimony can make it. We also believe that it will still be so regarded a hundred years from now.

SPORHUNDEN ROLF, the Tracking Dog

By W.P. Keene



In Denmark, a big German shephard named "Rolf" could find a needle in a haystack. He and his master, Svend Andersen, were partners in the business of finding lost articles for people.

Whenever Mr. Andersen's phone rang, Rolf listened intently. As soon as he heard mention of a missing article, he would be on his way to the truck. While riding to the "job", Mr. Andersen would tell Rolf what he was to look for.

Man and dog worked as a team. Mr. Andersen spoke quiet words of encouragement while the dog circled around. If aware of it, and the two would move on until Rolf picked up the "scent", or whatever it was that told this unusual animal that he was getting close to an article that he had never seen! There seemed to be such a close bond between Rolf and Mr. Andersen that when Andersen tired, Rolf was far less efficient.

Rolf has found wallets, jewel-

ry, tools, watches, money, missing animals, and even a gold filling from a tooth. No matter where they are, be it a busy thoroughfare where hundreds have trod, or a lonely swamp, this dog has had equal success. Some items have been found frozen in ice, buried, floating in water, and even in the proverbial "haystack".

A group of boys spent a night in a hayloft. One of them lost his wallet. Rolf not only found the wallet in the hay, but also an astounding number of items that had not been missed. He found a shoe, a button, two flashlights, a ball-point pen and a harmonica!

In the Andersen household nothing ever stayed lost. Without being told, Rolf picked up whatever was not in its proper place. Even Svend Andersen, himself, was easily found by his wife, with Rolf's help when he stayed out too long at a local pub!

SHEP



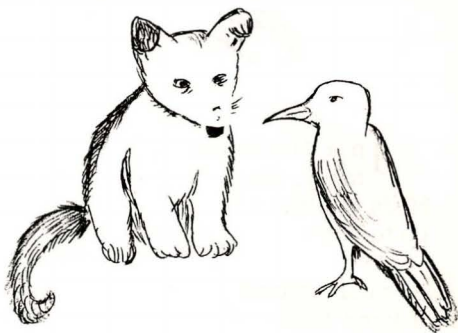
The story of Shep is well known. He was a sheep dog who maintained an unbroken watch

for his master for five and a half years! Shep had followed the funeral car bearing his master's body to the depot at Fort Benton, Montana. When the casket was lifted onto the train, he whined and tried to follow it. Until his death, Shep remained at the station house, faithfully meeting every train, rain or shine.

Shep's story was featured in Ripley's "Believe It or Not". His loyalty and devotion to his departed master has now become a legend.

THE CROW AND THE PUPPY

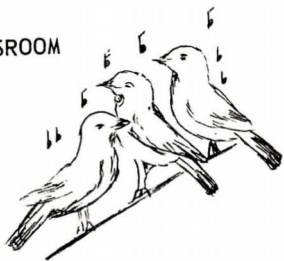
E. C. Pratt



Last April this item came from Salisbury, Rhodesia. A puppy was trapped in a snare for six days in the bush, and was kept alive by its friend, a crow, who

took food to the dog every day in its bill. The dog and crow belong to a couple living in the wild Kanki area of Rhodesia. The puppy's owners found it in a trap one day when they followed the crow as it flew its daily trip to the dog, carrying food from its own food dish. Despite its ordeal, the dog was in almost perfect health.

BIRD CLASSROOM



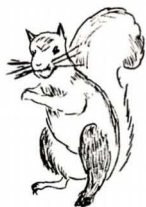
In a farmhouse in West Germany, Herr Grosch teaches birds (bullfinches) to whistle complete songs with beautiful clarity.

Every morning, baton in hand, Farmer Grosch becomes school master to an entire room full of bullfinches. He brings his class to attention by rapping on the cages. Then he begins the lesson for the day. He whistles the tune to be learned. The birds respond as do children. Some do not pay attention; some try a little, then quit; and a few remain with him all

the way. For these star pupils there is a list of buyers.

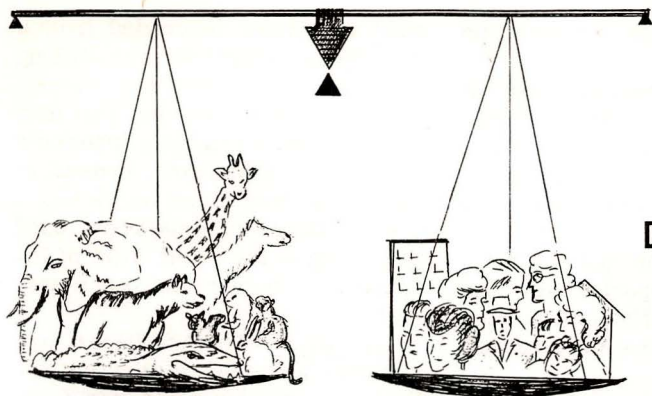
Grosch is a stern school master. He scolds the birds who do not try, but he has warm praise for his good students. At one time, Herr Grosch tried to use a tape recorder to teach the birds the tunes. This experiment failed. Why? A tape recorder is mechanical. It cannot give the love and attention that Herr Grosch believes is the necessary ingredient for a good bird pupil.

RESOURCEFUL SQUIRREL



E. C. Pratt

This incident took place in Louisville, Kentucky. A squirrel tried all day to get a message across to Mrs. G. Hughes, who said the animal gesticulated emphatically every time it saw her outside. She thought it was rabid. Finally, she followed the squirrel and was led to a rainspout where she found the animal's mate imprisoned. She freed the trapped squirrel, and both animals ran glantly away.



Is Man
Essentially
Different From
The Animals?

ALEX SAUNDERS

CHRISTMAS, of course, is the time of year to renew sagging friendships. So it was that the Christmas of 1966 found me entertaining three old friends, Paul, Fred and Howard. And this infrequent get-together turned out immensely enjoyable, as they invariably do.

So many subjects were discussed in the several hours we four sat in my house. Subjects of mutual interest, like flying saucers, astronomy, spiritualism, philosophy, etc.

One of the subjects raised by Fred was the question: Is man essentially different from all other animals? I remember him turning to Howard (whom we have always kidded as being the "intellect" of our group) and saying:

"Howard, I know you are extremely well read, and I would like to ask your opinion on a highly con-

troversial matter. Do philosophers recognize a basic difference between man and animals? One which could not have come about in the normal evolutionary process?

"Oh, I know, one may say that only man has thinking ability, creative powers, and a conscience. But don't forget, scientists have demonstrated that animals not only reason, but also create things. Nests and dams, for example."

Howard pointed out that until comparatively recent times, few philosophers doubted that man was essentially different from all other animals, and that in the great tradition of western thought, from Plato right down to the 19th century, it was almost universally held that man and man alone is a rational animal.

Paul entered the conversation with the words:

"This philosophical view of man's distinctive nature accords with the biblical view that man - and only man - is created in the image of God. That he is a person - not a thing."

"Since the time of Darwin," I offered, "The opposite view has come to prevail. Not only among scientists, but among the educated classes generally."

After these utterances from Paul and I, we were content to sit back, wine glasses in hand, and just listen to the exchange between Fred and Howard.

From the latter: As you know, when Darwin's Origin of Species first came out, it clearly formulated and elaborated the theory of evolution. His first work in 1837 described a five years' cruise in the Beagle, sponsored by the British government for scientific purposes.

Origin of Species appeared in 1859, and though defended and supported by the scientific thought of the time, it was understandably attacked by theologians. A still further elaboration of the evolutionary theory was issued by Darwin in 1871, called Descent of Man. Other principal works came from this British scientist also.

Fred: "Naturally I am aware that the Darwinian theory of man's origin is that man and the anthro-

poid apes have descended from a common ancestral form. And along with this view of man's evolutionary origin goes the view that man and the higher mammals differ only in degree. Therefore, instead of regarding man alone as rational, what do the evolutionists conclude? One thing - the same kind of intelligence in man and other animals."

Howard: "The traditional arguments for man's distinctive nature are, to my mind, far from weak. Others, such as you, Fred, disagree, saying that animals as well as men can reason, make things, and so on. Well, this is a challenge, and I most certainly will defend the traditional point of view about man as a very special creature.

"One such indication is his power of making things. Of course we all know that hives are made by bees, nests by birds, and dams by beavers. But such productions are entirely instinctive on their part.

"When a given species of birds unfailingly makes its nests in the same way, for untold generations, we realize that the nest is a product of instinct. Instinct, Fred, not art, which involves reason and free will.

"In making houses, bridges, or any other of their artifacts, men invent and select. They are truly artists, which does not hold true for animals. Remember, too, only

men build machines which are themselves productive."

Fred: "But other animals can reason and ..."

Howard: "No. I believe it would be more correct to say that other animals can solve problems when they are confronted with the biological urgency of finding a way of satisfying their needs. All the so-called "thinking" by animals is on this level."

Fred: "I'm beginning to get your point, Howard. No animal, for example, ever sits down to think and ponder."

Howard: "Exactly. They don't think the way a philosopher or a mathematician does when he has no biological need to do so. Animal problem-solving and human thinking is widely different in another way. Simply put, human thinking is discursive and involves language."

"Granted, Fred, animals make sounds and communicate their emotions, or impulses, to one another. But no animal communicates thought. Nor is a sentence ever uttered which asserts a truth or falsehood. Only a rational animal - man! - can accomplish that."

"What other creature than man has a historical development? None. Other animals, true, may change in their biological constitution over the course of hundreds of thousands of generations, but such changes result entirely from

changes in the germ plasm, which is the only thing that is transmitted from one generation to another.

"However, when it comes to man, you get transmitted ideas and institutions, a whole tradition of culture, from one generation to another. And it is this which accounts for the history of the human race."

"I hold to the firm conviction that the empirical evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of the view that men are essentially different in kind from the brutes. Like them, men are also animals. But, unlike the brutes, men alone are rational."

"Now, if this conviction of mine (and many others) is true, it would require us to reject Darwin's theory of man's evolutionary origin. After all, theories must be made to fit the facts, not facts fit the theories."

So Howard had had his say. Fred was voiceless, obviously thinking over the other's words.

Shortly afterward, our rare get-together broke up and my three old friends Paul, Fred and Howard left my house on that Christmas of 1966. A roar of car engines disturbed the cold outside air for a minute or two. Then, with their departure, all was quiet, and I, like Fred, was left alone with my thoughts.

I was thinking of the talking cat.



my journey into the unknown

SEARCH readers: Have any of you experienced an unusual happening in your life - something that has no explanation according to general acceptance? If so, would you be willing to tell us about it? SEARCH is the magazine for its readers, and by its readers. Send your story to SEARCH Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406.

I FOUND GOD THROUGH A LIVING ADEPT

By Jessica L. Walker

It can be said that I am one of the few fortunate people who found God through a living adept, all in the matter of moments.

This happened on a windy beach in Mexico when I had the opportunity to interview Sri Paul Twitchell, who is said to be the living example of the ancient teachings of Eckankar, the science of total consciousness, and known for his ability to be in many places simultaneously.

After some difficulty I obtained the interview, for he seldom talks with anyone even on the telephone. Occasionally he makes a lecture tour, but generally his work is done by mail or outside the physical consciousness with those with whom he is in contact as students or interested people.

Much has been said about this strange man, but frankly, after two hours of strolling on the ocean beach, I hardly learned any more than is generally known about him. It is said that he can control the weather and has protection against

those who try to harm him. He is able to lift one out of the state of consciousness into the illuminated state as he did for me. He is said to be able to be in all places simultaneously; and is immune to disease.

He has amazing blue eyes and appears to be in his late thirties. He isn't at all concerned with what others say about him. Anyone, like myself, coming in contact with him for the first time, feels a sudden shock. He keeps to himself, hardly seeing anyone, although his mail is heavy every day. He shies away from the public as much as possible.

The majority of letters that pour into his mailbox can be put in a half-dozen categories, e.g., those seeking knowledge about Eckankar, of which he is the only occidental teaching this ancient truth. Many ask for healing; others seek personal favors from him, and many give testimonials that they have witnessed him in person in dozens of different places over the globe. Some seek life readings through the atma records that he does, a very unusual way of reading. It is done by separation of soul from the physical body and reading the records of those who have requested such, from the atma (soul) plane. Very few people can do this, and it is what is called the soul reading, which is an authentic record of soul's incarnations on any plane

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in the lower worlds.

Scattered among his daily mail are such letters as, the man in Ceylon who claims that he appears to him daily between the hours of two and five for spiritual discussions; a woman who says he comes nightly to give her a lecture on spiritual subjects. Another woman says he saved her life when her car went out of control on a mountain road. There is a letter stating that he cured the writer of an incurable disease. Another writes that he

takes care of her family problems personally. A man says he travels with Sri Paul Twitchell nightly in the higher worlds, and a woman said he was with her, protecting her when the ship she was on rode safely through a heavy hurricane.

Others verify that he teaches by the dream method, and out-of-the-body projection awareness method.

It is said that he reads the soul's records of anyone at a distance, escorts the souls of departed ones across the border of death to their proper place in the spiritual lands, and that he halted a major earthquake last year in Southern California.

Some students claim he pulled a high spiritual master out of a deadly illness last September, when that teacher was near death in the latter's ashram in India. Many very high teachers and masters seek him out to gain spiritual wisdom and advice, and learn how to make greater progress in the other worlds. Mainly, how to do soul travel at which he is a perfect master.

He is protected by an armor of light and anyone who tries to do him the least injustice will have it fly back on themselves almost at once.

Many people seem to believe that he is a living master of this age, but nobody knows much about this enigma of the twentieth cen-

tury. It is said that he was born on a Mississippi riverboat over a hundred years ago, but others deny this, and make a fantastic claim that he first saw light in the Caucasus mountains in the late seventeenth century. When asked about this he smiled and said, "Oh, I will be a hundred and seventy-nine on my next birthday."

He spoke in a jest, but facts remain that he must have found the secret of life as St. Germain did, in the seventeenth century, for a prominent European explorer who was in Tibet at the turn of the century, had this to say. "While enroute to Lhasa in 1902, we put up at a remote monastery in the mountains. I found a traveler there, who went by the name of Peddar Zaskp. He was amazingly alert and had a vast knowledge about an old religious science called Eckankar, the ancient science of soul travel, which is known only to the inner circles of the Vairaga Adepts of Tibet. His traveling companion was an extraordinary Lama, known as Rebazar Tarzs. They kept to themselves, mainly because the monks avoided them. When the two had departed the next day for India, I was told by some monks that they were in their soul bodies and appeared there for some reason, which they didn't know. One monk said the Lama was over five hundred years old, but couldn't give the other one's age. He guessed

that he was somewhat over a hundred. Later, I linked the name of Peddar Zaskq and Paul Twitchell to be the same."

Like the old Apostle he can heal with a glance or lift one completely out of their body into an amazing state of God ecstasy. When we had come to the end of our stroll along the beach I turned to say goodbye, but something happened.

He took my hand in a firm clasp and held it momentarily while his strange, blue eyes penetrated into me, clean to the soul. He seemed to be looking through me. For a few moments I saw the cosmic worlds go spinning past into space, and a strange white light which fell about me in a pulsating curtain. I experienced the sublime feeling of being lifted out of the body into the arms of God. It was a moment of supreme bliss. Then I saw that I was standing far out, above the earth looking down at the two of us on the windy beach.

There was no fear. He was at my side, smiling at my astonishment. It was the strangest experience that would ever happen to me.

Later when talking with someone well versed in mysticism, I was told that I had been lifted out of the body and placed on a higher plane. It was similar to the man described by St. Paul in his letters. He said, "I knew a man who was lifted into heaven in the twinkling of an eye."

I am very grateful for this ex-

perience of having found God through a living adept.

MY SON WAS CRASHING

By Katherine Beaton Troker

This was not a dream. I awakened with an intense feeling that Franklyn was in great danger. I had three sons in the R.C. A.F. at that time, and he was the youngest son.

Looking at the clock, I noticed the time - ten minutes to two in the morning. I spoke to my husband and said: "If Franklyn was ever in danger it is now." He replied that I was thinking of Franklyn especially. I told him that I had not been thinking about Franklyn any more than of the other two boys. Two of my sons were in Europe at that time. Turning my face toward the pillow, I prayed as I had never prayed before, or since. For a number of years I have had the feeling that if anything was intended for us, we would get it, whether we prayed for it or not. That night brought back my original faith in prayer.

When Franklyn came home from Europe at the end of World War II, he said, "Mom, you were right, except for the time." I asked him if he were allowing for the difference in time, and he replied, "Gosh Mom, you were right to the minute."

At that time they were given a

heavier load of bombs than usual. All the plane engines had stopped, and they were coming down to inevitable death. Suddenly, the plane shot upward; they then went along as though carried until they came to a place to land. After landing they all walked away without a scratch. Then it exploded.

What caused me to wake up, knowing he was in grave danger? Did I have to call on higher powers for help? I did.

AN UNEARTHLY FORM

By K. B. Troker

After watching the nightly T.V. program for awhile, I decided to lie down on the couch where I was sitting, before undressing for the night.

My daughter aged fifteen was asleep in my bedroom at the time. I fell asleep; then suddenly awakened with the intense feeling that I was in great danger. Looking toward the window, I saw an unearthly form coming toward me. It resembled a roundish, grey boulder or cloud about three feet in diameter. I knew that if that creature (supernatural?) would touch me that it would be instant death. I prayed profoundly. The first time the object backed up to the window, waited probably ten seconds, then headed for me again. Again I prayed, and the object moved back. Again it started to-

ward me. I prayed and it went back the third and last time.

Were my prayers answered? It looks like it.

This is strange; shortly after this event, my daughter called out saying, "something is choking me!" I went to her, sat on the side of the bed until she calmed down. I did not tell her of my experience at all. Could there be any connection between the two incidents? both on the same night?

SPOT PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

By W. D. Chesney, M.D.

I was a hard headed skeptic, but was forced to believe in spiritualism by the absolute logic of facts. For instance, my brother suddenly passed away in California. I had no idea he had ever saved a dime. Six months later he woke me from a sound sleep, by shaking me, and told me of a considerable sum of money coming to me from his savings. THEY CAME ON TIME.

Wednesday evening I was watching T.V. with others. Suddenly I saw a white robed figure at my left side, and sensed a strong odor of mixed hothouse flowers. I told my friends and wife at once. The next morning, July 20, 1967, the radio announced that a personal friend, Dr. M.D. had just passed away at the very time I had seen the white figure.

AMERICA'S FIRST DOCTOR

The Indian Medicine Man

Georgia Share

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For the past twenty-five years I have been "researching" everything written on man and his relationship to God; function of spirit, soul, mind and body.

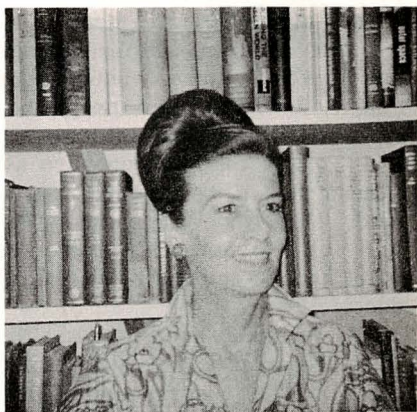
1958-59 was spent in Europe (living in Switzerland), researching "Education Abroad", which made for some interesting writing on this subject. My two girls were with me, and went to a Swiss school in Clarens, Switzerland.

My career as a newspaper woman began only 12 years ago, when I found myself in need of a job after working at being a homemaker and mother for 18 years.

About two years ago, I discovered the teachings and writings of EOM, Ida Mingle, teacher and founder of the School of Liveable Christianity, Chicago, Illinois. I began collecting as many of her teachings as I could find, because I am convinced that it is that "truth" so many are searching for these days.

TRADITIONALLY, many American Indians continue to look to the medicine man when disturbed or in physical pain. He is doctor, father confessor, and a recognized spiritual authority. His approach is not unlike that of the medical doctor or the priest of today. The mental and emotional state of the one to be helped is his first consideration, before his remedy is applied.

Semu Huaute (pronounced WHO AT OOT TAY), a practicing inner tribal medicine man serving In-



dians in California, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona, told a group interested in the American Indian's use of herbs, "The medicine man first attempts to determine the cause of an illness, which often can be traced to some uneasiness of mind.

"One must agree with his thoughts and actions, or understand why he does not, if he hopes to avoid conflict within himself that usually results in some form of physical discomfort," he explained, pointing out that the American Indian knew the importance of

this "long before psychiatry was known to the white man, or psychology applied even unconsciously."

Like today's doctor, the medicine man's time is in demand and his patients many. The problems that confront his people are very much like those of most Americans: family disagreement, delinquent children, broken homes and troubled minds. Whatever the condition, however, his people believe in his ability to improve it.

"To say that we can cure all illness would be wrong," Semu said, "and when there are symptoms of a serious ailment we are quick to recommend a white man doctor."

It is understood that the medicine man will not jeopardize the good he does accomplish by using poor judgment in his practice. He does not break the law of the white man even when it lessens his religious freedom of "spiritually" treating the sick. He avoids anything that might reflect upon his people unfavorably. Often the problem is nothing more than wanting to discuss inner conflict with someone who understands, someone they can trust, in which case the medicine man is a good listener and a proven friend.

If a wrong has been committed, which, according to Semu, disturbs the Indian in a way little understood by other people, it must be rectified, and ways to right the

wrong are recommended without delay.

For example, if something has been stolen, it must, when possible, be returned to its owner, if this can be done gracefully and in good faith. In some cases, it is returned by the medicine man who alone knows the taker.

When an article is not available for return, it is replaced with an equivalent, often demanding great hardship of the guilty person. In instances where this is impossible, the confessor is obligated to perform a task, a good deed. This is often in a service to the one offended. Whatever the plan, however, it remains with the medicine man and the one making amends. A stolen article returned becomes a "treasure" to the Indian - the symbol of a wrong made right.

According to the medicine man, quarrels between lovers are easy to mend, even serious ones. He is both father and grandfather image who, through the centuries, has represented wisdom and law in such matters - now gone but not forgotten.

Delinquent teenagers are becoming a problem to Indian parents, which "was unheard of until the white man attempted to 'educate' the Indians," Semu said smiling, and with a more serious note added, "Respect for parents and elders and love for family members was once the most

beautiful part of the Indian's way of life, but forced association has changed that. The young Indians of today are all but convinced that the wisdom of their elders, respect for their parents, or even common courtesy for their fellowman, is not for this 'hep' generation."

These are but a few of the social difficulties that confront the medicine man today, but his effort to recapture the once "contented heart" of the American Indian does not cease. His problems, however, like those of the white man, are mounting daily.

Often his appearance alone is all that is needed to change the total environment of a hogan on an isolated reservation or a crowded room in a busy city; for, indeed, his presence does have a magic quality. And whether he chants his prayer songs, performs a ritual, or administers a bitter herb, his visit is impressive and effective.

Faith in his ability to "make things right" began with his practice and has not changed with time. When he prescribes a medicine, it is taken from the earth, and his people rely upon his ancient formulas.

"The Great Spirit has endowed Mother Earth with a natural medicine for the ills of man," Semu states authoritatively, "as any pharmaceutical laboratory could verify." And the medicine man has

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used effectively certain combinations of them yet to be discovered. For centuries, we have used them to relieve physical pain and ease mental tensions.

"We also know that, even natural herbs with medical properties

can promote health or produce an illness and must therefore be used wisely," he warned his listeners.

How does a medicine man apply his knowledges?

He begins with respect for the thoughts and feelings of the person he is to help. He knows suffering and understands problems. He has a keen and sensitive feeling nature which is helpful in establishing for him the necessary rapport for the desired results. He listens carefully and sympathetically. Before he speaks, to begin the application of his "power", his subject is aware of a strange silence permeating the atmosphere. This is always attained before he attempts to proceed.

"The Great Spirit speaks to man in the silence," the medicine man will tell you convincingly, "and its voice is clearly understood by those who can enter this silence within themselves."

It is in this silence he perceives his direction before beginning his "treatment". The application he employs varies with the individual and their particular problem, but his objective is always the same - a healing by the Great Spirit. He lays no claim to any personal power, however, nor does he take credit for any miracle that may possibly result. His medicine kit includes feathers, a clay image, and a variety of stones. The feathers may be those of an eagle,

owl, or other birds, depending upon the tribe he represents.

The clay image is a symbol of man in whom the Great Spirit dwells. The stones he carries also depends upon his tribal background. A piece of turquoise is usually found in every medicine kit, for it is considered to be sacred among many tribes. This is also true of the eagle's feathers - a significant and sacred bird to all Indians.

He carries a drum and a rattle, which have a special meaning for him. The drum, used in his ceremonies, tends to attract the attention of his listener, which sometimes brings temporary relief to a troubled state before the ritual is begun.

Is this a form of hypnosis?

"Perhaps," he says agreeably, "but we do not think of it as such."

To successfully treat anyone, the medicine man believes he must have their undivided attention for he works with the senses, which "is the source of distress," he tells you, "and one must control his senses before he can hope to control (and therefore change) his environment."

He considers himself to be only an instrument, used by the Great Spirit to prepare the way for a new level of consciousness, which "in itself will change the thinking, and consequently the condition," he confides.

He is quick to admit that he of himself can do nothing; but, waiting upon the Great Spirit for direction, and serving accordingly, thought-to-be miracles are sometimes accomplished.

There is another kind of "medicine man," called the witch man, or witch doctor, but he is not to be mistaken for the medicine man written about here. His power is also known to the Indians who seek his services.

He is called upon to bring back a lover, render a man (or woman) impotent, or even produce a heart attack or paralysis. And, according to the medicine man, he does the will of man, which is responsible for the trouble in the first place, and pays no heed to the will of the Great Spirit.

"Knowledge of the use of Mother Nature's medicine is a great responsibility, just as it is with medicine synthetically produced in the laboratory," Semu cautions, "for it is possible with certain combinations of herbs to permanently damage the body.

"For example, one not knowing what to administer could paralyze an optic nerve and cause blindness, or stop the function of the kidneys. And it is true that a heart attack can be produced which could not be proved to be murder," he said knowingly.

How does one come to be a medicine man?

A medicine man is born - not made. He must show signs of wisdom at an early age. The Indians call it being "born old". He communicates with people that he alone can see, almost as soon as he begins to talk. This is never discouraged by the parents, who believe it to be a sign of his ability to communicate with the Great Spirit in a very special way. A medicine man 'in-the-making' also proves early that he can recognize one in distress, and sometimes knows what can be done to help them.

It is said that Semu at the age of three would climb upon the lap of one suffering a headache. Putting his lips to their forehead, he would inhale - turn away - and blow out the breath, which would promptly relieve the pain. He also used this gift to relieve the pain of his playmates when burned while playing with fire.

Extra sensory perception is another outstanding ability of the medicine man, highly developed and utilized. Though this sensitivity is considered to be natural for the Indian, its lack of use with their changing way of life has minimized its application.

When these talents are demonstrated by a young Indian boy, he is taken by the elders (medicine men), who train him for his life's mission, and add to his knowledge all that they have ac-

quired. They believe his life to be spiritually significant - his presence thought to invoke divine favor.

The first lesson to be learned, if he has not already mastered it, is absolute control of his senses. He must be in command of his emotion and desire, and prove this to be so under the most severe conditions. Then, after many difficult trials and forbidding test, he is accepted as a full-fledged medicine man - a qualified messenger and helper of the Great Spirit.

High moral standards and ethics are a must for him, and he must be incapable of hate. This is to assure the continued love and respect of his people, lest faith in the medicine man be lessened by doubt in the goodness he represents. He must serve when called upon to do so, regardless of the hour or the distance involved. His people depend upon his selfless service, and he becomes a symbol of strength, courage, love, and Divine Principle to many.

There exists on the west coast of the United States a closed group of thirteen inner tribal medicine men who have proved themselves worthy of their title. Their function, it is said, is more than healing the bodies and mending the broken hearts of their people; for they are known to engage themselves in a ceremony of never-

ending prayer for the destiny of America.

They meet at unexpected intervals, in a remote kiva (underground ceremonial chamber) situated in an isolated area where the sound of their drums cannot be heard by man. There is always one or more in attendance of the perpetual flame burning as a reminder of the ever-present spirit of love within man. Some travel many hundreds of miles under great hardship to attend, but they all arrive. Here in the wilderness these dedicated men, with their hearts extended to God and their hand to their fellowman, hope for a brighter tomorrow.

The only notice given of their meeting, or a "call to the kiva", it announced telepathically, one to the other; their only form of communication when not together.

When Semu was asked about the history of his race not written in history books and the possibility of the American Indian being completely absorbed by society, his only reply was:

"We, as a unique race of people, have a place in the future of America, as we have had in her past. And while it would be foolish to say that we have not been beaten, let it be known that we have not been conquered. Our spirit is an expression of the One Great Spirit; patient, forgiving and unconquerable!"

SEARCHING BY STARLIGHT

THE AQUARIAN AGE

WHAT CAN WE LOOK FORWARD TO IN THIS NEW AGE?

By James Philip Morgan

*I am made in the image of God,
a miniature cosmos.
God has done everything.
On a smaller scale I, too, can do everything!*

THE ZODIAC not only portrays the character of the individual, as in natal astrology, answers personal questions through horary astrology, and gives the trends of groups and nations with mundane astrology, but furthermore it describes the ages of the world; as seen by the apparent backward movement of

the point where the sun enters Aries due to the wobble of Earth's pole - here named polar astrology.

The changing of the seasons and the corresponding actions of men are known by the forward movement of the sun through one zodiacal sign every thirty days; the changing of the ages and the ad-



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vancement of culture, science and religion can be determined, present, past and future, by the retrograde vernal equinox countaining its backward motion through each heavenly sign for 2,150 years.

Specific records concerning the events of ancient times are not available in abundance, though there is sufficient knowledge to trace the relativity of the signs to before Christ history.

Cancer symbolizes the Atlantean epoch when souls were guided more by nature and their emotions than by reason. At the time Atlantis sank into the sea, or of the old testament flood, the more advanced of that civilization, entering the Gemini period, escaped to divers continents. There they became nomads, typified by the American Indians, who were also forced to change with the advent of a higher way of life.

Taurus time started with the materialistic worship of the bull, which provided food and shelter; and ended when Moses commanded the "golden calf" to be an abomin-

ation, and that henceforth the sacrifice of the lamb was demanded - beginning the Aries era. Along with others, John the Baptist introduced Jesus Christ, baptism by water and the eating of fish, rather than cattle or sheep, because it was less gross and therefore conducive to life on a higher level, where blind belief, self-sacrifice and sorrow become the dominate force of the Pisces period - ending just before 1900.

Now we have entered the Aquarian Age. Mankind in physical form is swiftly reaching his full potential of understanding and expression. The waterman has already begun to altruistically pour from his urn of spiritual and scientific progress. During the last hundred years mechanical achievements have surpassed similar accomplishments of all preceding ages combined! However, the seeming miracles of improbable control over mind and matter, are but the frontier, and untamed wilderness of a glorious new world.

Regardless of where our sympathies now lie, or how much we look back and hold on, we are going to witness a complete change in religious doctrine. Small groups that make scientific demonstrations of the occult, spiritual and mystical are springing up all about us. As with each step in the progress of humanity, the once considered established religions will

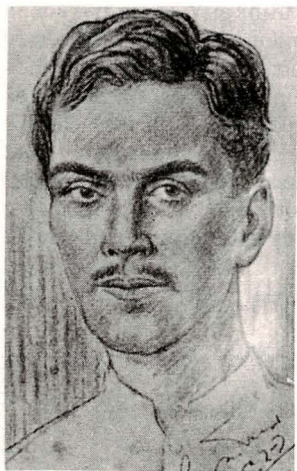
either have to change with the times or be left behind.

The signposts are along the way. Since the "monkey trail", when evolution was accepted, the old beliefs have been losing ground. Less and less are congregations accepting a way of life on the sayso of, and their faith in, hierarchies of the church. More and more do they demand proof and logical explanation of God's will. Fish (Pisces) is no longer the necessary meat of Friday. Vegetarianism is an even higher form of diet. Birth control will next be accepted.

The faith of yesterday and the

science of today are merging into the religion of tomorrow. As can be seen through the discovery of extrasensory perception (E.S.P.) and psychokinesis (P.K.), man through science is at long last beginning to experience his soul, its finer senses and power. No longer need he speak of God, or be atoned for, vicariously, but in actual unconscious (soul) experience of being one with the cosmos, he may direct himself to a better life - here and hereafter.

Now that science fiction has become a part of everyday living, it may be difficult to visualize what possible advancement the next



Dr. Letari

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2,000 years can bring; yet, with a knowledge of astrology the smoky crystal clears, and it can be prophesied that the material achievements of today are as nothing compared to the blossoming of unconscious endeavor in the future.

Possibilities of mind over matter, and the comprehension of things not known by the physical senses irrespective of distance or interval, are only vaguely outlined in the experiments with P.K. and E.S.P. By complete control of mental power, and with directed thought

alone, man will build his every material desire from unorganized atoms; all wisdom will be within the reaches of his easily contacted unconscious, and he will travel to any destination without leaving his armchair.

And then, at the close of this complete conquest of matter, the goat (Capricorn) will climb out of the water; or in terms of this higher cycle, mankind will leave his body for a new life and a greater state of being in the ever evolving spirals of time and space!

QUESTION: Many people do not know the exact moment of their birth. They are more apt to know only the approximate hour. How important is this to the astrologer when making a reading?

ANSWER: The exact time of birth is as important as the date and the place. The date will give the astrologer the planet's places in the heavens and their aspects to each other, but the place together with the time will show him the angle

these planets are striking the earth, that is, the houses they are in. For example: When a person is born at noon the sun is directly above, putting him in the lime-light in one way or another depending upon the aspects. On the other hand, a midnight birth cuts off the rays of the sun; the social life is not nearly so bright, yet the home life is happy, and during the latter life the individual reaches greater prominence.

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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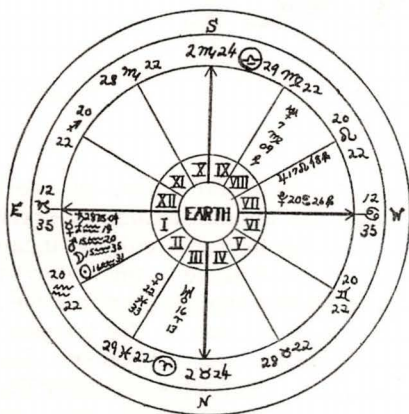
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THE COUNTENANCE OF JESUS



WHAT DID He look like? The following letter written by the governor of Judea, Publius Lentulus, to Tiberious Caesar, the emperor of Rome, gives an interesting description of Christ's personal appearance. Historians and students of the Bible believe this to be the best source of information on this subject.

"There lives, at this time, in Judea, a man of singular virtue whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem a prophet, his followers love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the graves, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or touch.

"He is a tall man, and well shaped, of an amiable and reverent aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, the color of chestnut full ripe, falling in waves about his shoulders. His forehead high, large and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard thick and a color suitable to his hair reaching below his chin. His eyes bright blue, clear and serene, look innocent, his hands and arms most delectable to behold.

"He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen him laugh, yet his manner is exceedingly pleasant, but has wept in the presence of men.

"He is temperate, modest and wise, a man, for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfection, surpassing the children of men in every sense."

SAME IDEA, DIFFERENT PLACES

Tillman L. Martin

Have you ever noticed the strange outcropping of similar or identical ideas, thought complexes or trends, and inventions, at about the same time, but to individuals so far separated in space that it would be foolish to suggest that "They must have known each other" or "Some kind of planned hoax was involved." More than mere chance or coincidence is evident in experiences of this nature, vehemently claimed by some, and as vehemently rebutted by some others. I myself have written stories or parts of stories, only to find, if I wasn't pretty quick to get them in print, that another individual clear across the country, and entirely a stranger to me, had written and published something in the same or a similar vein, and often in part in almost the exact same words as mine.

The good part of all this is, that regardless of who has the distinction of being acknowledged "the author" of a particular idea, as a great writer said, "Nothing can prevent an idea whose time has come!" We cannot with impunity bottle up the progress of thought; mankind advances, and each step, each idea, comes in a process of what may be termed a little understood "super-logic", and he may prevent this forward movement, or an authoritarian individual or group may prevent it, only at the peril of civilization.

PERSONALS

● Will trade the first issue of FATE Magazine for the first issue of PLAYBOY. Have other early issues of FATE and MYSTIC to trade for the below listed "wants" ONLY. I am also interested in some other early issues of Playboy; Big Little Books, Big Big Books, pop-up books, Dell "Fast Action" Books, and similar; pulp magazines - all titles; also incomplete, coverless, and poor condition copies of Playboy. Contact: Joseph Vucenic 2028 A. 45th Street, Los Alamos, New Mexico.

● What am I offered for the following books and magazines. Will consider all offers. PREVENTION, July 1958 through December 1966; FATE, January 1960 through December 1966; BORDERLINE, Vol. 1, No. 1 through Vol. 2, No. 2 (10 issues); TOMORROW, Year 1962 (4 issues); ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST, September 1958 through March 1960; EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN, January 1961 and May 1965; THE SPIRITUAL HEALER, March, April, May and June, 1961; FATE'S ASTROLOGY FORECAST, Year 1965, Year 1966 (Winter, Spring, Fall, and Summer issues), and Year 1967 (Winter and Spring issues); GOOD BUSINESS, Decem-

ber 1960 through December 1966; READER'S DIGEST, Years 1965 and 1966; UNITY, Years 1961 and 1964 (Incomplete); SEARCH, February 1966 through July 1967; SCIENCE OF MIND, Years 1961, 1963, 1964 and 1965 (Incomplete); THE SMOKY GOD; and READER'S DIGEST CONDENSED BOOKS, 1st edition 1962, Winter 1952, and Vol. 2 and 3 Year 1963. Mrs. M.W. Simpson, 3423 Magnolia St., North Little Rock, Arkansas, 72116.

● Will buy either of the following, or will trade 6 pocketbooks dealing with Kennedy assassination and a few magazine articles for: THE BRIDE of FU MANCHU - Sax Rohmer; BLUE BOOK magazine, Feb. 1966. Occupant, 111-1/2 East 15th Street, Tempe, Arizona 85281.

● I want an old book called "Communication With The Spirit World". Personal experiences of a Catholic priest, by Johannes Greber. I have the new book on it and it is NOT the same, everything in it is different. I'd like to have the old book. The publisher was John Felsberg, Inc., 80 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Now it is Teaneck, N.J. and it is all wrong. If anyone has a copy of this book for sale please let me know.

Mrs. Gerhard Koblich, 2801 No. Rickey Blvd., Tucson, Arizona 85716.

● WANTED: A copy of FATE Magazine with an item about a huge metal ring on a Swedish Hilltop. This FATE would be ten to fifteen years old. Write Stating your price to: W.E. Hudnall, P.O. Box 262, 138 Jackson Street, East Bank, West Virginia 25067.

● WANTED: The Hidden World A-10, A-11, A-12, also Shaver's Mystery Magazine. Any issues. S.R. Eng, 1926 NE 72nd Avenue, Portland Oregon 97213.

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● Project Aurora, the planned hollow earth expedition through the arctic opening using a ship and aircraft need help. Persons skilled in aeronautics, mechanics, navigation, geology, gyro-compasses, ship maintenance, sailing, piloting, rocket and upper atmosphere technology, electronics, radar, photography, etc., please write if interested. Only the ones that are thrilled at the threshold of the unknown need write. Those that can help us to obtain a suitable ship equipped for arctic travel or in restorable condition, a long range dependable aircraft, radio gear, etc. please advise. Persons with a scholarly interest that

offer suggestions and evidences are also encouraged to write. Financial help also needed. Cosmic Quest, the magazine of enlightenment soon to be in print, watch the ads. Byron E. Peters, 183-D, Oak Grove Rd., Ottsville, Pennsylvania 18942.

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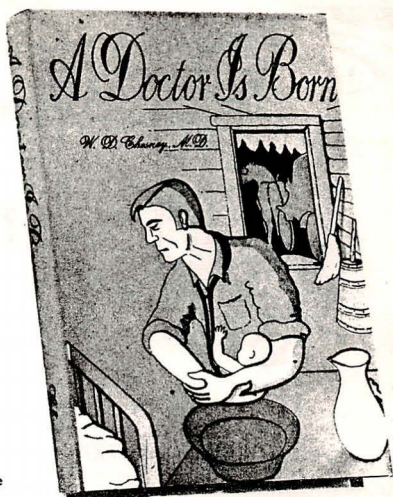
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Where The Reader Has His Say

WILL IT BE TOO LATE?

Dear Editor:

By chance I had picked up the January, 1967 issue of SEARCH, which my father had left lying around, and your editorial had so stirred me that I immediately took pen and paper to answer your plea for help. I have never agreed in my short life of 18 years, with anyone's opinion as totally as I've agreed with yours. Sir, you are right! Youth must be made to think for itself. But I, who am one of "youth", have not been able to reach members of my own group! I, who have so little experience behind me, lose patience with my own members who refuse to rise above their private little pools of stagnation. Believe me, I have tried to stimulate them, challenging them with topics which are sure to cause arguments. But I

find very little response. Their answers are flip, their attitudes are usually of the "what do I care" variety. They live for the present, the whole present and nothing but the present. Maybe they'll grow out of it, but by that time will it be too late? Christina Jastrzewbska, 479 Grove Street, Jersey City, N.J. 07302.

- Perhaps we gave the wrong impression in our editorial. Actually, it isn't any easier to reach the older people than it is the young. Maybe it's even harder! Older people have a tendency to be "set in their ways", and while they do arise energetically to a challenge, it is usually to refute. And your editor has had, very often, the disappointing result that if you do not become "refuted", you are dropped like a hot potato. Now, with the young, it is largely a lack of

experience, of contact. They do have their interests, but they are not exclusive interests. You can get them to plunge into a thing by attracting their attention. Simply stepping up to them and saying: "I have a riddle," then proceeding to offer them an incomprehensible set of facts which are baffling, isn't enough; you've got to attack their own interest and with enough logic to make it a challenge to support it. Curiosity is a powerful thing, and the aim we should have is to arouse curiosity, not to overwhelm or destroy, or attack the status quo. We, at SEARCH, think that the way to reach any mind is to arouse the interest, and we are trying to put out a vitally interesting (and at the same time entertaining!) magazine. Don't be too discouraged - it is definitely not too late to reach a young mind. After all, we all started "young", didn't we? And if this editor remembers correctly, we reacted exactly like those youngsters you despair of communicating with. Maybe a good way is to hand them a copy of SEARCH and ask them what they think of it, or something specific in it. - Editor.

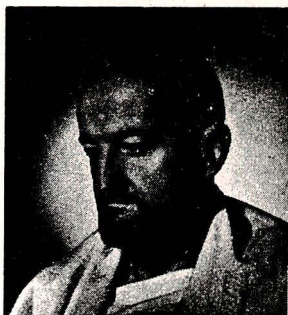
A READER PONDERS

Dear Editor:

You are a great believer in the wide open spaces. I have read many of your articles on space life, un-

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der earth life, etc. Can we go into a little deeper subject?

In your theorizing, earth, other planets, under earth, or within earth, I should say, have you given any thought to what happens between humanity after death and until the time of resurrection? Have you ever given any thought to the other planets having a connection with life after death, until resurrection?

Perhaps I do not have the right kind of bibles to read - I have about five - have read them all and nowhere can I find where God created Venus, Mars, Pluto, etc. Of course, you do know that Pluto was the myth god of Nades? I could go on down the line, but I feel it is quite needless. After all, you are older than I am and you must have known all this before I did.

Have you ever thought there may be peaceful life on each of the other planets and Earth is the only one that has wars, accidents of needlessness, rape, needless killing among people, political squabbles, rat race for leadership, dog eat dog?

Have you ever theorized, in your own mind, that Earth got off on the wrong track when first the laws of God were being taught? Don't forget, our squabbling started way back in the beginning of our creation. Didn't our ancestors scoff at the disciples, apostles, stone them, chain them,

jail and behead them? After all, he who leads will have followers.

Think about it and see what you can do about an article for SEARCH. S.D.

● It's the word "resurrection" your editor objects to. While you do not find (in the bible) where God created Venus, Mars, etc., your editor does not find any suggestion that there is a time where something "happens to humanity after death and until the time of resurrection." To us, death is a transition to a new, but continued, way of living. What you are hinting is that a human being dies, then goes to Mars or Venus or Pluto (or somewhere), and there waits for "resurrection" (which you infer is a return to physical life on Earth?). What would be the purpose of all this rigmarole? Why wait at all? Why go anywhere else at all? Why "resurrect"? Why not just continue? Life after death. Maybe here, maybe there, maybe anywhere. Who really knows?

Also, why assume that war, accidents, rape, killing, politics, etc., are only peculiar to Earth? If Venus has human beings on it, who are born exactly as we are, then it is reasonable to assume the ensuing events would follow the same general pattern - as that seems to us to be the logical result of inexperience. We all have to learn not to make war, rape,

kill, etc. It isn't a "virtue" that is built into us. If it was, we'd have no free will, no goal, no lesson to learn, no purpose.

Is Earth "off on the wrong track"? What's the "wrong track? How can you say that wars, rape, etc., are not the right track, the intended track? Aren't you just assuming? Of course you are! We all have that peculiarity of humanness - we assume all over the place! - and then we get slapped down trying to support our illogic.

Lastly, the very concept of "leaders" is where we think the whole trouble lies. Why be a leader? Why be a follower? You are here to "do for yourself, learn for yourself, find your own way, gain your own goal, earn your own happiness." You can't pick somebody as a gold-plated "giver" and say "lead me to the goodies, big boy!" So, we're not going to try to lead you, either, by writing an article assuming all these things you ask for are really true, and expect you to believe (and be guided by) it. Instead, wouldn't it be more interesting to everybody if YOU told us what YOU think? Maybe then we could discuss it! - Editor.

ASTROLOGICALLY SPEAKING

Dear Editor:

Your chart shows you have Mars on or near the 27° of Leo. The definition of this degree might

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explain something of the past to you. Symbol: A large stone falling on the head of a man. Definition: The man is working in a very low place.

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These degrees that planets fall on give a very accurate reading of the blueprint one has to juggle with all his life. Yours are very good ones. "A Friend".

● Well, Ray Palmer did get hurt in his basement! Maybe he should stay away from low places! Or better still, he should mind his footwork when he's down in the basement! - Editor.

NOT CIVILIZED YET

Dear Editor:

I am very much interested in and impressed by your editorial in the July, 1967 issue of SEARCH. In it, you express your belief "that we have too much civilization!" In that statement you come close to understanding the basic law of history; you are only off the track by a hair's breadth.

The fact is that civilization itself is by its very nature decadent! Civilization is the last stage in the organic development of any racial, religious, or ethnic community. The decadent Rome of Nero and Heliogabalus was truly a "civilization"; the noble Roman republic, which existed much earlier (especially before the Punic Wars) had been a "culture". We are today in the United States in transition from a culture (healthy) to a civilization (unhealthy).

National communities are, in fact, living organisms, being made up of millions of individual living human beings. Communities have periods of infancy, childhood, adolescence, maturity, and senility, just as human beings. European

history as we know it began about 800 A.D., and can be shown to have passed through all the periods and ages of life; the Crusades, for example, represent the heady adventurous spirit of adolescence. Europe's approaching old age was first hinted by Napoleon; its senility was proven beyond a doubt by both Stalin and Hitler.

But America should be in no danger! Our heritage is only two hundred years old - we should be a culture, as far from civilization as Europe was in 1066 A.D. Yet we are disintegrating with Europe!

This view of history is the one presented by the great philosopher, mathematician, historian, and political theorist, Oswald Spengler, in his master-work THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. This is a deep work, perhaps the deepest and most hard-to-understand book that you will have ever read; I know, for I have been struggling with the book for years. It's deep - but it does have the answers to the problems you presented in your editorial. G.H. Wagner, Jr., P.O. Box 1458, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201.

● America is a young country in an "old" world. What happens to that old world will happen to America. But we don't mean to say that there is no solution. We do say the solution may not be entirely to our individual liking - but those of us who think about the

problem (and studying Spengler is a good way to get some factors to deal with!) may come up with answers that did not occur to previous civilizations. We don't think Spengler decrees the "decline" will inevitably culminate in the "fall", but surely he intimates that it is highly possible. The problem is what "civilization" really is. Do we really want, and can we really use, the "culture" toward which we are heading? What we said was that our real danger is TOO MUCH civilization. And if we are clever enough to realize our limitations, we might wind up carrying out our destiny in success (at our proper level) rather than disaster. If our destiny is to learn to walk, we should do our practicing on level ground, not off the edge of a cliff. It is a matter of the proper order - logically, flying comes after walking. We believe this is a "walking" planet, and "walking" life, and the "high flying" comes later, in a different environment. You can't evolve from an amoeba to a man in a glass of water! At the very least the glass will shatter, and the over-ambitious "man" will be cut to pieces by broken glass. He will certainly die "out of his element" (the glass). - Editor.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER

Dear Editor:

Aren't you asking a rather

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foolish question? How can any of us PROVE that we have had prayers answered? Or better still - is it not true that we, as a whole, have prayers answered every day of our lives on this Earth? To answer your question, I would like to say: prayer brought a miracle to my life; a blessing I shall always be thankful for to the depths of my heart.

On December 12th of this past year I was returning to Beacon, after having spent the major part of the day in Poughkeepsie, Christmas shopping. Three miles from my home town of Beacon, I encountered a car coming hellbent for election, upon a truck, facing my car. Not one hesitation did he make before pulling out into my lane to pass the truck. All three vehicles were within a city block of each other. A quick glance at my speedometer told me that my car was going about 45 miles per hour. The truck driver tried to slam on his brakes. His rear started to skid. In seeing that I was facing a head on, I became stupified as to what to do. In my fright I screamed, "Oh God, help me!"

Now, I'm not going to sit here and tell you that my hands were not on the wheel, because they were - and firmly. But an exasperating jerk of the wheel swerved my car off the road and back onto safety - in seven feet more than my Pontiac car length, to avoid hitting

a telephone pole head on. In the meantime the truck had gotten half off the road. All three vehicles were side by side when the passing car fled between us. Naturally, he never stopped. The truck driver completely stopped and the last I saw (in the rearview mirror) the truck driver was shaking his fist at the car driver.

Later that afternoon, I went back to the spot and stopped on the shoulder of the road - opposite side. In close scrutiny of the tracks of my car - the skid marks - the 20 or so inch dip and the 30 inch or so ridge beyond the dip and the telephone pole so closely - only God's hands drove my car from the path of the speeding vehicle. Shirley Dombroski, 240 Main St., Beacon, New York, 12508.

● Want to hear this editor go off the deep end? Well, once there was a man named Joe. He was killed in a head on collision when somebody tried to pass a truck. So, after he found himself in the next life, he was asked what kind of work he'd like to do. He said he'd like to do something about crazy fools like that driver who killed him; he'd like to be a sort of "traffic cop" with the power to intervene to save innocent people from such maniacs. So he got the job, and some of the tools were an ability to act instantaneously, control time, defy the laws of inertia and gravity, and

take over muscular control from living people when the need arose.

Along came Shirley Dombroski, and with Joe's ability to see into the future, he placed himself in position. When the critical moment came, and her plea for help gave him the right to intervene (he probably could have anyhow, because some of us don't pray), he steered her through the danger zone.

Why not assume that's what happened, and say (even now): "Thanks, whoever you are - I'll return the favor someday!" Even a "traffic cop" likes to know his efforts are appreciated! - Editor.

HE'S A HARD MAN

Well Ray:

I am afraid it is too late and you have missed the boat. Two things, mainly, are the reasons. First, Sharon, a young shallow kid, who has nothing to offer but kid babble, and second that other kid and her picture and article on why she was an atheist. She tripped herself, right in her article. Read it again and see. I think you are bright enough to catch it.

So when my subscription expires, drop me, as I have other things to do.

You read the kid chatter, but I prefer meat. There are other things I could mention, but it would do no good. In time you will

see the truth, for when the pupil is ready, the teacher appears, for that is the law of Karma. W.A. Hardman, 4065 S.W. 107th Ave., Beaverton, Oregon 97005.

● It would seem that somebody will have to come to Ray's defense, now that he is busy with such things as THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC. First, we thought you'd have noticed by now that our teenager is no longer with us. We've got a whole new staff on SEARCH, and judging from the letters recently on our improvement, we are as good as we ever were, if not better! We've analyzed the comments of our readers, and gotten rid of everything they objected to, and are building up the worthwhile things you have asked for. Shouldn't you renew your subscription, therefore? All the reasons you had for discontinuing no longer exist. As for the young atheist, we did read her article over, and we don't see where she tripped herself. But she did get a side, and doing it very helpfully and with her best interests at heart. She appreciates that, and who knows what it has done to her thinking?

During the rioting of this summer, perhaps we can see that our outlook on the young people has been wrong when we ignore them, consider them shallow, call their comments babbling, and refuse to

listen to their kid chatter. Now some of them are burning our cities! Whose fault is that? Turn them out of our hearts, and they will certainly be lost! Isn't there some way we can regard them as "one of us"? This editor is afraid that Ray Palmer will never be the sort of pupil who will be ready for the teacher you warn him will appear. We're afraid he doesn't believe in that sort of thing - but then, he was always a rebel, which

is why he has begun anew to learn his own lessons, this time with the hope he'll succeed instead of failing. And right now, he feels he has failed; at least in his past efforts. The new SEARCH has him secretly smiling again, because he has a hunch it is on the right road. When he read your letter, he predicted you'd be back as a subscriber within two months. Is he right? - Editor.

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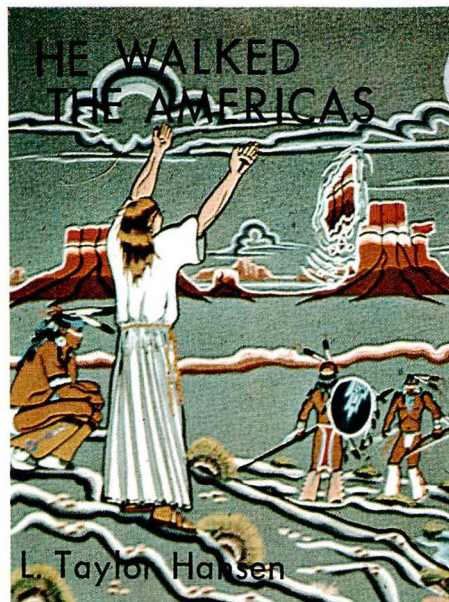
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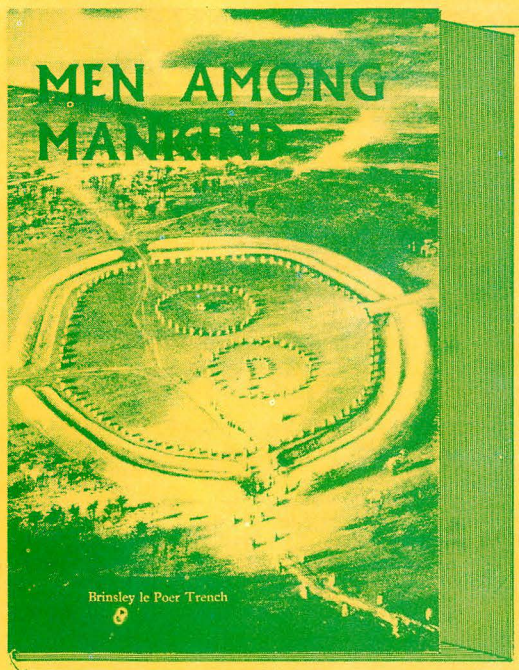
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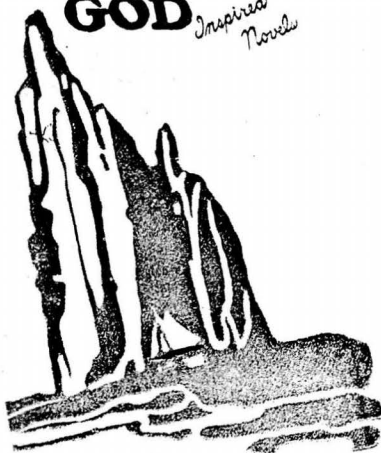
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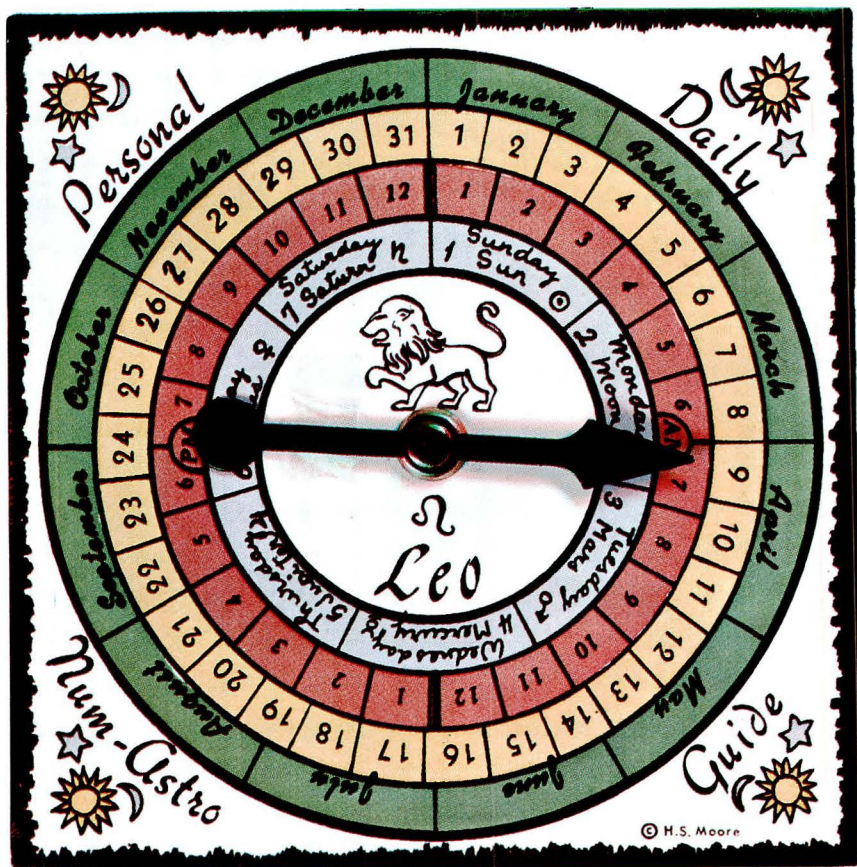
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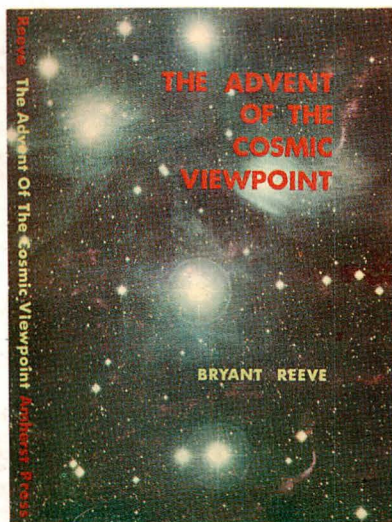
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