



SEARCH

MAGAZINE

MAY, 1970

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WISCO

ARE MARRIAGES MADE IN HEAVEN?

THE ZODIAC "PILL"

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

RAY PALMER'S DONE IT!

He's Written His First Book!

not just any book

***THE* BOOK!**

MARTIAN DIARY – BOOK I

By RAY PALMER

Do you know—other than thousands of fiction stories, articles, editorials, I've never written a BOOK! I've published many books written by others (dozens of them) but never one of my own.

Recently, writing in FORUM, I said I'd researched and studied my whole life (59 years) trying to find some answers, and now that I had come to some conclusions, I despaired of writing the books I'd spent 40 years acquiring the experience and ability to write, because I felt that nobody'd accept them. I wasn't prepared for the letters I got! "You can't cheat us now!" you said. "After all these years trying to find out what Ray Palmer really thinks, now he says he won't tell! Write the book (or books) and let US be the judge of how acceptable they are!"

(Please turn to inside back cover)

SEARCH

MAGAZINE

MAY, 1970
ISSUE NO. 91

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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 likes to read the bible, because every time he picks it up, he discovers it takes a lot of reading to get the full impact of any one bit of information in the bible. Let's take for example the creation of Eve. Everybody will tell you Eve was created because "it was not good that man should be alone". Realizing this, God (or to be more specific, the Lord God) decided: "I will make him an help meet for him." It is here that the common opinion of what God did is universally misquoted. God did NOT proceed to create Eve as a result of that decision—not immediately! What did he do? Genesis 2-19 tells the story: "And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever called every living creature, that was the name thereof." Verse 20 goes on: "And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him." Notice carefully that it is a "help meet" not a helpmeet. Meet, meaning "suitable".

Also note that the Lord God had actually considered that beasts and birds might fill the bill, and that he therefore formed them out of the

ground and let Adam name them and, presumably, indicated if any were "suitable" as "an help". Adam, apparently, still felt lonely, even with all the animals and birds that had paraded before him. He wanted something more than that.

So, in Genesis 2-21; 23 we find: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man."

The bible goes on in verse 25 to note that "they were both naked and were not ashamed." When we consider that the Lord God had actually presented animals and birds to Adam, and couple this with their lack of shame concerning their nakedness, we certainly do great damage to the concept of pronography and "unnatural" sex practices. But this is just an aside; what we are talking about here is a more placid subject—that Eve was just a last of many attempts on the part of the Lord God to provide Adam with an help "meet" for him. Personally, I would have held out for Eve, just as Adam did. It is intriguing to conjecture what we, as Adam's descendants, might be if he had not!

However, the net result of this search for some creature to alleviate Adam's loneliness was rather unhappy—for it resulted in Adam taking her suggestion to disobey God's command not to eat of the fruit of the tree that grew in the midst of the garden. Although God had himself proclaimed that everything he had created was good, yet when Adam and Eve ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, they suddenly discovered that their genitals were evil, shameful, dirty, pornographic—and covered them with aprons. You can hardly blame God for being angry at the interpretation of something he called good—and therefore kicking "the man" out of the garden.

The man's sentence was to "eat dust" and to work so hard he sweat until death ended his toil and his diet of dust. The woman's sentence was "bring forth children" in sorrow, and to be subject to her husband who would rule over her.

Ever since, she has fought for her "emancipation" from this "slavery" (which is precisely what she calls it), and mutually, with her husband, exercises that "enmity" that God placed between her and her (boss) man. This enmity, said God, would "bruise her head" and in return, she would "bruise his heel".

Just recently we read of a women's "society" which is dedicated to the

complete emancipation of women from men. They propose that marriage shall end; that children shall once more be created by other means than "conception" as decreed by God in his sentence upon woman (in their version, the "test-tube" method, which science is today suggesting is entirely possible), or, even by the "natural" way of man's creation (along with animals and birds) from the ground. As a matter of fact, a theory has just been advanced that it should be possible to "grow" human beings in "soil", just like plants. And why not—isn't that the way God did it in the first place? Isn't the present method of impregnating a woman via copulation so that she "conceives" merely an "unnatural" sentence being carried out upon the woman for her transgression (original sin) in the garden?

A final point—didn't Jesus Christ die on the cross, thereby gaining remission of that original sin, taking it all on his own shoulders, and isn't it logical that women should now insist that the sentence should be remanded, and the business of creating human beings go back to the natural way, from the ground, rather than from conceiving in sorrow and bearing in pain?

It looks very much as if men were on the way out! Anyway, your editor no longer whistles when a pretty girl passes—he gulps, pulls his collar up, his hat down over his eyes, and tries to make himself inconspicuous.—Rap.

The Zodiac "Pill"

Edna Rowland

ASTROLOGY PROVIDES AN EXCITING NEW METHOD OF BIRTH CONTROL AND PREDETERMINATION OF SEX

Dr. Eugen Jonas, Czechoslovakian psychiatrist, has developed a theory of birth-control (based on astrological principles) which will probably supplement or supplant the Rhythm Method, utilized by faithful Catholics. Dr. Jonas claims that the Sun/Moon relationship in the female horoscope at birth establishes once and for all the possible conception periods for that particular woman. Since the Sun/Moon phase is *fixed* at birth, it is possible to calculate a woman's maximum periods of fertility in advance, as this angle repeats itself monthly.

The COSMOGRAM, as it is called, predicts a woman's maximum fertile period each month for the year ahead, and also establishes the probable sex of the child if conceived within 48 hours of the conception date given.

Besides this, afflictions to major planets are noted, and the woman with similar Sun/Moon afflictions (oppositions) in her natal birthchart may be advised to avoid pregnancy during unfavorable periods.

According to statistics, there are some 65,000 stillbirths occurring in this country yearly. As many as 67,000 babies fail to survive the first four weeks of birth. Dr. Eugen Jonas, a competent European psychiatrist, is interested in these birth problems, and believes that they can be *prevented*. He has examined the birthcharts of over 8,000 patients, and his research has shown that "in the case of stillborn infants, with the exception of hereditary diseases, the children were conceived during periods of major planetary opposition". Those who agree with Dr. Jonas, plan to

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



The author describes herself as a Sagittarian, born in New Orleans, La., of a Virgo/Pisces union. Married to John H. Rowland of Baton Rouge, La., she teaches and practices astrology in that area. A former Civil Service stenographer and L.S.U. Journalism student, she discovered she had occult tendencies and leanings. After studying astrology through the Church of Light she became a Hermetician, and joined other astrological groups such as the AFA and ISAR. As a "free-lance" writer she has had articles on astrology published in *Horoscope*, *American Astrology*, and *Everywoman's Daily Horoscope*. She believes astrology to be a resilient "universal language" which is immortal because it helps man to visualize his potentials and really know himself as an individual.

establish clinics here in the U.S. to investigate these and other problems like it, and test the COSMOGRAM more widely.

The COSMOGRAM by showing, in advance, the unfavorable periods for conception (which vary with each woman's individual birthchart) can be used to reduce the probability of miscarriages, stillborn babies, and other birth calamities. Naturally those who wish to avoid conception *entirely* must exercise caution during the fertile period outlined, as well as for 2 days (or 48 hours) previous to the date given.

The COSMOGRAM is versatile and can be utilized for the opposite purpose also—to promote or insure the conception of a child of the desired sex. Women who have been unable to have children and considered themselves “sterile” have reportedly been helped by this method which has been utilized at the Research Center for Planned Parenthood in Nitra-Chrenova, Czechoslovakia. Dr. Jonas, the director of this clinic, claims that this fertility cycle is completely *independent* of the female menstrual cycle, and may or may not coincide with it.

Successful results and many interesting reports have come from the couples adopting this method, and Dr. Jonas, who has recently been given a government grant promoting further research, is now experimenting with the aid of *computers*. He claims that his predictions of the true conception period and sex of the unborn child are 87% correct, and he expects to top these figures soon!

Every woman's lunar cycle differs and the calculations of the woman's best conception date, or maximum fertility period, can be charted for current months as far ahead as necessary. This chart or COSMOGRAM depends for its accuracy upon the correct natal birthchart of the mother-to-be, and the Sun/Moon phase or aspect which existed at the time of her birth. The angle between the Sun and Moon (distance in longitude) must be calculated exactly, and this has nothing to do with the *sign* position of the Moon at birth, and should not be confused with it. Either simple proportion or logarithms may be used to compute the longitude of the Moon and Sun by approved astrological methods.

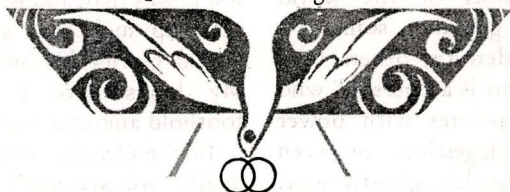
To have a COSMOGRAM set up for 12 months in advance send the following: Accurate birthdate, and correct time and place of birth. Send \$12 fee and birth data to: Mrs. Edna Rowland, 2150 Beech St., Baton Rouge, La. (70805), MAFA. Inquires will be held strictly confidential. Just include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a prompt reply.

For further details about the Dr. Jonas method, based on astrology, write to the author or Dr. Eugen Jonas himself at “Astra” Research Clinic, Nitra-Chrenova, Czechoslovakia, CSSR, Europe.

If we are to judge by the number of divorces, and by the unhappy marriages, there would seem to be some doubt about whether or not marriages are made with any heavenly direction whatever. However it is obvious that there is a universal belief that in a great number of cases, couples refer to some divine guidance that brought them together; some miracle that caused their paths to

moral guidance that makes for a more perfect union. The statement: "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder" implies that at least the church believes that God had a hand in causing the couple to desire to be married and to live together and raise a family.

But if there is any basis for this belief, how would it operate? Would it be some mystical "power" that, like magnetism, draws certain individuals



ARE MARRIAGES MADE IN HEAVEN?

By RAY PALMER

cross. This is especially so in the case of couples who find their marriages particularly blessed by the compatibility they enjoy, and the gifted and handsome offspring they produce. When such a family is observed, we remark that "there is a marriage that was made in heaven".

The religious ceremony of marriage, one of the sacred sacraments the church says God has instituted, is a visible evidence that the arena of religion plays a strong part in marriage. Although it does not bring the parties together, it plays a role in keeping them together afterward, and in providing a sort of "cement" and a

who are suited for each other together? Is it true that when a person is born, there is also a mate destined only for him or her also born at the same, or nearly the same, time? And if this is true, is there some mysterious mechanism that leads them to seek each other out, not merely by accident, even though born half a world away from each other?

The problems of such remarkable "coincidences" are greater than logic will tolerate, and while romantic, they remain in the category of romanticism, with no visible mechanism for their operation except a direct guidance from God, which of

course can be used to explain everything. If God were making marriages, all would be perfect marriages—no mis-mating, no unreasonable emotional or physical attraction mistakes, no hasty, impulsive matings. We must have something to have a universal acceptance—the very existence of which points toward a vital reality that has spawned the belief.

All the religions of the world postulate angelic guidance, some of a rather abstract identity, others of a literal “angel” who is a “person” who communicates, operates with power or by subtle suggestion, or even manifests in a psychic, ghostly way. Just for the sake of discussion, let’s select the premise given in the book, *Oahspe*, which has a great deal to say about this particular subject, but in a concept which is rather remarkable. To quote from Chapter IX of the Book of Ah’Shong, verses 20 and 21: “. . . My ethereans established loo’is (a form of angel, in reality a human being who previously lived on Earth as a human being, but who entered the spirit world through death) on the lands of the earth; and they commanded the loo’is, saying to them: Your office is to lead mortals by inspiration to dwell together, man and woman, as husband and wife; and in such adaptation, that their offspring shall rise higher in wisdom, love and power, than the father and

mother. Jehovih said: I will confound the wise man in the latter days; for he shall not discover why man and woman lived not indiscriminately, as the beasts. Yea, I will show him that they who profess Me are led by Me; that they who deny Me go down to indiscriminate communion. Out of My works shall the lessons of the early days of the earth show the presence of My hand from the beginning. By My loo’is was man and woman inspired to raise up such sons and daughters as would glorify Me and My works; by My loo’is have I maintained My foothold amongst mortals.”

In the *Oahspe* concept of life after death, we are given the chance to continue our work during our lifetime, whatever it may have been; the sort of work we want and like to do—and in addition, are offered many and varied vocations through a process of “schooling” which goes on for hundreds, thousands, and even millions of years. For example, you can be a “nurse” for two hundred years, then become a “chemist”, or an “artist”, or an “architect”. There are many “courses” offered; but there is also an orderly and planned progression toward a perfection and proficiency that is never actually wholly attained, including even the enormously complex knowledge and experience necessary to create a world of our own. The concept of eternal life actually demands some such

infinitude of things to do.

However, in the matter of marriages made in heaven, let's just consider the "loo'is" for a moment. He is a man or woman like you and I, who may have been trained as a geneticist during life, or as an obstetrician, or a biologist. He or she has an interest in human procreation, and in perpetuating the human species, and in improving it. Thus, the career of loo'is. The modus operandi is rather simple, in a way. The concept is that spirits of the dead can and do speak to living persons by that process known as "inspiration", and even other psychic means such as clairaudience, etc. Thus, they can, with their knowledge, select likely subjects whose heredity, intelligence, physical health, genetic structure, etc., can produce superior human beings when mated. Just as a strain of racing horses can be improved by selective breeding. However, it is not that simple with human beings, who have a mind, and emotions, and desires and plans of their own. Even in spite of concentrated "inspiration", suggestion, even a sort of physical maneuvering to cause the contact, the result can go awry and a failure ensue. It might be very disconcerting to succeed in bringing two likely prospects together, only to see all your work go down the drain because of some accidental factor, some misunderstanding, some argument, some legal condition, or some

interference, or some designing person whose desires are vigorously initiated in some such "base" motivation as marrying for money, or position, or even security.

Predicted here is the factor also that the loo'is is experienced enough, and capable enough, to make a correct or desirable selection. He *could* make a mistake. And like all of us, it is "human" to err, or in his case, "angelic" to err?

The process does not stop with the bringing together in marriage, but obviously must continue in the biological development of the offspring, from conception to birth. There must be perpetual "control" of the foetus, so that it develops properly, that it is protected, that it is sufficiently nourished, and that the characteristics which were sought for, do actually come into fruition. There is always the uncertainty of the physical process—so that even with brilliant parents, a child can be born an imbecile because of some deviation in normal or proper development in the womb.

To this writer, it sounds like interesting work. But for a couple of thousand (or more!) years, it might be best to stick to something he has a bit of experience in doing, such as writing articles conjecturing such things as this!

And, just because marriages may be made in heaven, it is no real guarantee

that the result will be "bliss". However, that does not seem to be the important thing—the true purpose of a loo'is, according to *Oahspe*, is to produce offspring who will rise higher in wisdom, love and power than their parents. And that's a matter of manipulation of the genes and chromosomes, and not in the emotions and passions and ecstasy of

the physical union. Actually, all the loo'is would need is the fertilized ovum, and technically speaking, the rest could be done in a test-tube. Maybe there are loo'is today actually responsible for the efforts being made in this direction by scientists?

If your children are smarter than you, maybe *your marriage was made in heaven!*

COMING NEXT ISSUE

- WHO STARTED THE CAR?
- WHY I BELIEVE IN ANARCHY.
- THE MOON AND THE FEMALE.
- DIET AND THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION is a great new article in two parts that begins in the July issue. The first part is about Mu, the submerged continent.
- And for a surprise, read Ray Palmer's
- WHAT ARE SPIRITS MADE OF?

Watch for these and many more exciting articles coming in the July issue.

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MY NOSE ITCHES

BY BILL QUINALTY

I used to think my aunt was superstitious when she would scratch her nose and say: "My nose itches, somebody's coming to visit." Then I started nosing into the matter and found that in most every case, she was right! When she started scratching her nose, the wise thing to do would be to get the house polished up and yourself looking presentable, for someone would be knocking at the door in 30 minutes or less.

Some think of this as an old superstition and it might be, but perhaps certain people are physical "sensitives" just as others are psychic "sensitives". Doctors insist that various physical signs are forewarnings of health problems—and that is often painfully obvious. Then why shouldn't a gifted few be able to scratch here and there or ache in special places and know how to interpret and apply it to everyday events?

Most everyone probably knows about people who claim to "feel it in my bones!" when the weather is going to change. And the saying that when your ears burn, it means someone is talking about you has, no doubt, been heard many times. Once I was furiously scratching the palm of my hand when a lady who had been observing explained not to worry—it

was a good sign, and I would soon be acquiring some money. I originally placed little faith in that belief but found it proved to be true for me in many instances, whether I believed it or not. It may be just a matter of right timing but it's impressive.

Most embarrassing of all are the unfortunate people who have reactions because they are allergic to other people—sweethearts especially. Someone I know quite well had been dating a certain girl for about two years, and had to deal with such a problem. At first it seemed just a humorous little occurrence between the two and was laughed off, but gradually it became a minor cross to bear.

When the guy and his girl approached within a few feet of each other, her nose would begin to itch terribly—then his. Naturally, love overcame, but meanwhile many persons witnessed the strange reaction and got a few chuckles out of it.

That's another reason why I wonder if people whose noses itch just might possibly be 'sensing' out other people before they arrive (other than by smell) I doubt that it has been scientifically proved, but the ability may be real to some people. Who nose?

THE OAH SPE CIRCLE



THE MEETING PLACE

"My wife and I would appreciate hearing from other Faithists and *Oahspean Readers*." Our address: Mr. and Mrs. William R. Ellis, P.O. Box 777, Andrews, N.C. 28901.

"Readers to this column who not only read OAH SPE but practice its teachings, being vegetarians and Faithists in Jehovah should affiliate with other Faithists. Contact The Eloist Ministry, Drawer O., Duxbury, Mass. 02332."

Dear Ray:

I looked up and saw my copy of *Oahspe* 1935 edition, Essenes of Kosmon publishers, and saw on the book back—or binding—the circle and oak leaf, but the vertical staff is missing from the cross. Why? Front cover shows the Faithists symbol

correct.

Why should the spirit part of the symbol be missing?

Please include me in the next issue of *Search* as a Faithist in the Minneapolis area looking for brothers.

"Scotty"

Donald Scott Larson
2213 Oak Park Avenue
Minneapolis, Minn. 55411

RE: MORMONS

My Dear Ray:

First, I want to thank you for that lovely picture of Vickey. I am 66 but must admit it is "Love at first sight". We have a little grandson two years old, Jonathan, in Seattle. When he saw his "Grampa" it was also "Love at first sight" for both of us. And Ray, I have not written much all these many years, but I have admired you all these many years, answering all those letters, publishing this wonderful

magazine, *Search*, *Forum*, etc. Besides correspondence it is hard to find time to read the many good books and magazines which are available these days. We are living in a wonderful era, this "Dawn of Kosmon".

Last Sunday (Dec. 14, 1969) we read Oahspe 500:11-37 in our meeting and we thought it was so good we made copies for our few members. We titled it "The Glory and Wonder of the Infinite Creator".

But the real reason I am writing this letter is the question Helen A. Russell raised in the January 1970 issue of *Search*. There are Mormons of long standing, even former sincere missionaries, who are slowly beginning to see the Light of the "Infinite". The book *In Tune With The Infinite* (written in 1897—can be gotten secondhand), by Ralph Waldo Trive is a good introduction to Oahspe.

Kosmon Service Center
Universal Faithists of Kosmon
P.O. Box 664
Telephone: (801) 486-8884
Salt Lake City, Utah 84110

THE QUESTION OF PHYSICAL MATTER IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD

Dear Mr. and Mrs. "Rap":

Oahspe as discussed in the answer to Ronny Sexton seems to be much the same light as Karl Marx teachings. He tried to take a spiritual subject and turn it into physical interpretation.

MARX was wrong in his attempts and man is wrong in his. Spiritual understanding must first be superimposed by the very imagination of its unlimited concept. Only when the mind (spirit) first conceives or comprehends can it be brought into the five sense or proven level of existence, all is first concept, this then is Oahspe.

Oahspe does *not* tell of material physical man "gods" who are assigned to oversee a world. Why must all things begin and end in the material five sense range to be comprehensible. Your television works by invisible waves, yet you see the results. This is the "gods" spoken of in that Oahspe area. The Al or all God beginning and end is the one. The extensions of the one or spiritual "governor god" of the elements of each world is the El—the spiritual combines and is god over all the natural on one planet. Each planet has a "governor god" of the elements or EL. Its lieutenants are the entities which spiritually represent the element such as "Iron". All this has "personality" as does the One God but is not a physically five sense being. Only the results of its spiritual order keeping are witnessed with the physical eyes, ears, nose, etc. Of this "governor god El" spiritual substance we call nature—there are small divisions or spirits which divide once more into polarities when they take human form. Each EL provides the

life substance on the world ruled by it. The true Earth people are the souls drawn of the Earth "El". All others are elementally of Earth. The physical bodies are of Earth elements and vibrations. If the soul is of some other "El" these then are visitors, travelers, teachers (?), etc. If the "El's" started sorting their lot, many souls would be called home.

Teleportation is a spiritual gift yet to be accomplished on Earth by physical means. It is impossible at this time for Earth in the physical plane to raise or define the elements and vibrations enough at this stage of development to teleport. Teleport is to break a physical into elements after sending the magnetic pattern by waves of the destined point. The accumulation of the same exact elements and the same exact vibration at the destined point are then reassembled by the magnetic memory wave, the original is destroyed at the sending end.

People banty around these words and it seems the reader finds it perfectly acceptable to leave them hanging out in the mediphsical nowhere, without ever defining the true physical means required to enact them.

It is obvious that Ronny Sexton is fresh from "book learned" education, and new to this field. Most of his questions are asked from a material plane looking up rather than the

spiritual plane bringing material results into the five sense area.

A true student of religion once through with orthodox education and interpretation must take all these rules of church, man and God (nature) into account. When truly spiritually read, the law of God comes first, then nature, then church, man, etc. blending and re-examining as one grows. It is true Jesus the Christ said he had many flocks—this would perhaps include many worlds or "folds". A true student of God never stops learning or accepts anothers interpretation of God, but seeks for himself. God does not hide, but does as Oahspe explains, present an extension of his being on all levels—even the taste, feel and smell level where he had to come and become flesh and be crucified and rise for us to believe.

The "Church" is within the "Temple" of the disciple or seeker, the hymns of the soul, the rules of nature. In short Oahspe is the religion of another world transmitted and remembered by the soul of the receiver—then passed on to the reader. It is not in harmony with everyone's "Temple" nor is it totally out of harmony. It is the understanding of one "governor god El" and his substances who have embodied. They understand and explain it only as *their* "religious" path back into reperfecton. Man must teleport the

"mind" across the Universe to learn on a wider scope. Or, man can teleport right for his own growth. This "Temple" and religion has rules and services and hymns but they are seldom visible and it is here you must seek for the "services" held by the believers in the new age.

Our organized churches have reached the Karl Marx principal in many ways. If one does not believe exactly in the letter, one is "out", but all the services of our "unorthodox" beliefs are democratic. If you can convince us you know more we'll take your ideas inside our Temple and sort them to fit our growth. Our services are always full of hunger for

knowledge and open for growth. No book written yesterday or law proven by math is going to fence in our minds. If man conceived it and wrote it down, tomorrow it will be improved or voided for God only has the last word and we aren't at his "services" yet that's the true Church we seek.

Oahspe has the answers for many people and is a life study in itself if one finds it that perfected. Its prophecies for future are hardly literal but certainly a great guideline for possibility with the results hopefully guaranteed, but so are revelations which is equally as hard to fully understand.

Man is the free will controller of his

** If you already have a group, send in a notice so others may join you.

** If you wish to form a group in your area, send in your notice.

** If you hope to contact just one or two Oahspe readers near you, or by mail, send in your request.

** If you have questions of any kind concerning Oahspe, send them in hopes someone will give you an answer.

** If you can answer any question sent in, please do so.

Please write clearly and be brief. Give your name and address if you hope to hear from other readers.

SPECIAL GROUP RATES for the purchase of the original 1882 edition of Oahspe.

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own destiny, however, and in being placated by predictions or orthodox promises misses the whole reason for "being" in the physical plane. The privilege to work in the five sense area and defend, strengthen, assure, and guarantee the word of God to man. Sure, it will come anyway, but man is part of the "whole" and needs to do his work as well. Wherever did we get the idea to set back and let "higher" forces do all the labor. They'll get it done, but your time schedule will always be a mite slow. Prophecies are based on when God wants the labor started by man. That being immediately upon understanding. It is then time for man to work for the fulfillment of the good of the word.

The Bible tells us it is not enough to acknowledge God and his domination for even the devils do that. It is by your works you shall be known. Speak up, act, don't be phony

or hypocritical—be yourself and work hard—God will do any changing and perfecting your need through experiences, words and your sincere desire.

As Rap says, don't be part of the "masses" who are ruled by others ideas—think and act by the services in your own "temple"—obey God's laws first but make sure they are properly interpreted, re-read them, research them, try them, then if you feel they are right, stand by them.

Rap may be wrong in lots of ways and he may be right. But, what is important is that he uses his voice and allows us to have one within the same pages.

Use that privilege, express your own Oahspe.

Henrietta Hokindofel
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*CONFUCIUS AGAIN

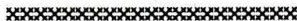
Men who leave home to set the world on fire, often come back for more matches.

When man works like a horse, everybody rides him.

Little sugar plum today, sometimes sour grapes tomorrow.

Man can read some people like a book, but cannot shut them up so easily.

Breath of scandal makes breezy conversation.



TIMOTHY GREEN BECKLEY



WORLD
OF THE
OFF BEAT

**REINCARNATION—
YOUR PAST LIVES**

‘He’s an interesting person,” Rev. Noel Street, a reincarnation expert and psychic from New Zealand, stated as he meditated on the past lives of an individual seated in the front row of one of Jim Moseley’s parapsychology seminars in New York’s famous Willkie Building.

“In his last life I see him living in Plymouth, England, and following his family in a seafaring life. He had an intuitive power that helped him in navigation and he was particularly good in charting courses.”

Rev. Street meditated deeper, and without a second of hesitation told the young man that his travels in this former life had taken him all over

Europe and Africa. “You were married to a very beautiful woman and had seven children.”

In another incarnation, Rev. Street felt that he had lived as a medicine man of a peaceful tribe in Uganda in the 15th century.

Going back to the 3rd century, B.C., Rev. Street commented that this person had been a very spiritual type—perhaps a High Priest of some sort.

What truth is there to reincarnation? Have we all lived before? If so, when—and who were we?

These are all questions we would like to have answered. According to Noel Street: “Yes, we have lived here before—many times. In each life we experience joys, difficulties, achievements and failures exactly in accordance with our ability to work out our Karma.”

In India, Baba claims he can look back into all his lives. While in England noted author, Joan Grant, claims she can recall some 31 former incarnations, including a life as a Pharaoh in Egypt.

Is this all fantasy? Not according to another “New Ager”, Wanda Moore, who has spent the past three years as a professional astrologer. Among her many clients are several famous entertainers and performers. “Most astrologers won’t admit it, but reincarnation plays a considerable role

in making up a person's chart. What you did in any former life has great bearing on what is happening to you in your present incarnation. I always use the Karmic house in my horoscope when analyzing a person's astrological forecast."

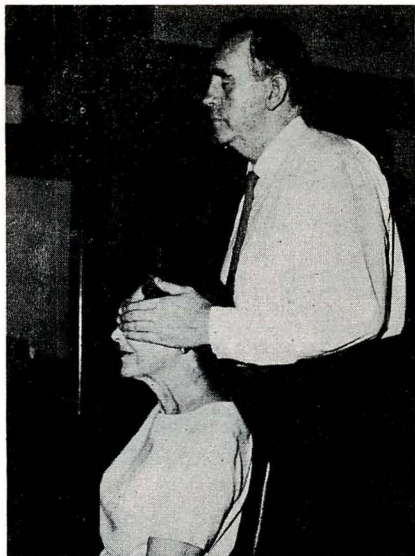
Picking out a second person in the audience, a middle-aged lady, Rev. Street began another reading. First, however, he hushed the audience, explaining that his semi-trance condition, necessary to do such readings, all noise was amplified ten times.

"This lady has lived many times before. I believe the last time was in the 18th century in France, probably Paris. Her parents kept a hotel. She got used to having people around her; she attempted to find a settlement in this lifetime."

In another incarnation, he felt this woman had been a dancer, enjoyed being with nature and had a strong psychic gift.

"In yet another lifetime, somewhere near Jericho, about 1,000 years before Christ, I feel she felt a great necessity to serve her fellow man. I can see her carrying food to lepers who are living in caves on the outskirts of the city."

Most critics of the reincarnation theory point out that when past lives are spoken about, everyone seems to have been a king, queen or otherwise noteworthy person. They intimate



Rev. Noel Street, reincarnation expert and psychic, demonstrates psychic healing at lecture.

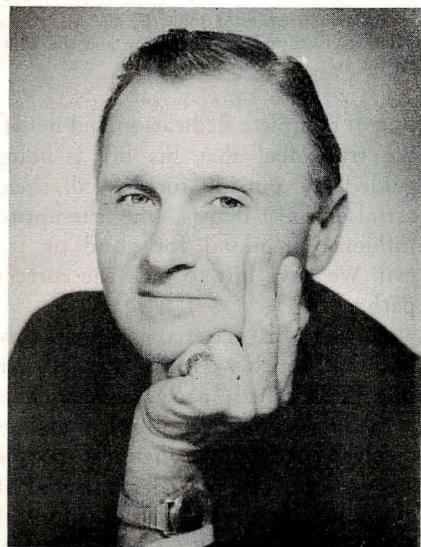
that no one seems to have been a beggar, murderer or otherwise average person.

About this Rev. Street comments: "It has never been my intention to flatter people by making them think that they were important in their past lives. Even if they were, this does not make up for the unhappiness of the present. Rather, my approach has grown from my work as a spiritual healer, in which I found that certain conditions are carried forward from life to life, until they are finally overcome. In other words, we alone are responsible for our present

KARMA, from which we benefit, provided we can see its purpose."

Readers may ask, "How can Noel Street, and other psychics, look into the past lives of an individual?" They do this, it is said, by tuning into the AKASHIC RECORDS, which can be compared to the "stepping stones" of our lives, which meander across the river of time.

Another seer, Paul Twitchell, claims these Akashic Records are like a deck of cards which are spread out in the spirit, and can be read by him through the ancient study of soul travel, which



Soul traveler, Paul Twitchell, claims he can read "past lives" by traveling out of the body into a higher realm where all our past lives are spread out like a deck of cards.

this adept calls ECKANKAR. "Soul Travel simply means the ability to leave the body and travel into the higher spirit worlds which exist all around us and which can guide and influence our lives here in the physical realm."

Soulcraft Speaks

In Washington recently, Harold Salkin introduced us to another outstanding psychic, Benn Lewis. By profession Lewis is an artist—his paintings hang in the Pentagon and White House. What is unusual is that Lewis, like many others today, claims to be able to "channel" material from masters in the spirit world.

He also claims amazing healing powers even at a distance, is able to see into the future, and has been inspired to do several paintings of Christ.

Benn Lewis is also a believer in reincarnation, and claims 22 confirmations that he is John the Apostle. One woman, while under hypnotic regression, claims that she was at the crucifixion of Christ and reported that the man standing next to Jesus looked identical to Benn Lewis. She did not meet him until several weeks later, and was amazed at the exact likeness.

Today, Benn carries on the work of Soulcraft, an international organization which has for its basis the second coming of Christ. Among the work being done by the society is

receiving prophecies which are to take place in a period of years before this event, which is spoken of in the New Testament, can take place.

"In 1928 we predicted the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls and that these would contain a wealth of information which is yet to be fully revealed. We also predicted that Israel would some day become a nation. We never date anything; there is, however, a calendar of events which is slated to happen before Christ will return."

Like many other seers, Benn sees the United States at war with China, with Russia helping us, "but not at first." He also sees a period when all nations will be gathered together and will be ruled by an evil person. "This is the anti-Christ which is spoken of in the Bible."

In these days great psychic knowledge will be poured upon those who turn toward God's teachings. "They will be known by a mark on their forehead, which Revelations speaks about."

While in the meditation state, such Mentors as Nostradamus, George Washington and a Mr. Dudley, come through. Their messages are, in general, one of love, peace and concern for the present state of mankind.

Although even we, as undoubtedly many *Search* readers will, find this all hard to accept completely, Benn Lewis' presentation of the material is



Benn Lewis, seer from Washington, D. C. claims to be the reincarnation of John the Apostle. Lewis' paintings hang today in Pentagon and the White House.

one of complete dedication and belief. We truly feel that his life is being guided by outside forces, call them astral or spirit beings, who attempt to influence mankind for good or for evil. We have but to pick the correct path.

In fact this material is remarkably like that which we recently put down in a book called *Space Brothers*. This is a huge volume full of messages received from 18 channels—people who claim to be receiving material of a spiritual nature about the future of our world, from "outside" sources. And, although the material is gathered from all over the world, each message is similar to tone and manner of

speech. It took us some five years to compile, and we think it is a valuable contribution to the fields of psychic research and UFOlogy (since a great many of the messages claim to be from space beings on other worlds). Although many readers may already have copies we still have a considerable number of them left from a big second printing. Price is \$4.95 (address in advertisement).

Age of the Robots is Here

While in the nation's capital we also met Arnold Lesti, president of Andromeda, Inc., a large computer firm. Lesti tells us that the age of robots is here, that ten years from now, if not sooner, man will have created an "Existential Computer".

The Existential Computer will be the ultimate achievement in man's quest to duplicate the total functioning of the human brain. Though made of hardware, this machine will have consciousness, free will and emotional reaction. It will be capable of "suffering", of feeling pleasure, pain and anxiety. It will be able to create original literary works as well as the graphic arts and musical compositions. Lesti stated also that the Existential Computer "will engage in reasoning to the extent that it will be able to solve—creatively—any problem within the bounds of the existing man-machine culture in which it becomes educated. Finally, it will be able to reproduce itself."



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In a 29-page brochure, Mr. Lesti explains the true nature of thinking, which has never before been scientifically defined. "At the basis of consciousness are three factors—uncertainty, free will and creativity. When one penetrates to the center of consciousness, many doors

are opened in the realms of philosophy and religion.

"Many religionists have wondered about the possibility of describing religion in scientific terms. The Existential Computer accomplishes this for the first time, by reinforcing all basic philosophies and religious truths by means of modern data-processing technology. It does not upset any individual religion; rather, it actually ties them together."

No conventional computer is truly creative, with the ability to emulate the human brain in the areas of creativity, emotional reaction, free will and consciousness. Thus, the Existential Computer represents a giant leap forward.

Arnold Lesti tells us that enough of the basic hardware and concepts now exist to build a prototype of the Existential Computer. "While awaiting its ultimate manufacture, certain by-products and subsystems can be put into use now, and in fact are already being used by large organizations."

Lesti has been engaged for 30 years as an engineer and research scientist in the field of data processing. This included original early work in communications with the Bell System, Stromberg-Carlson and I.T. & T. He was Supervisory Electronic Scientist in the field of computer development at the National Bureau of Standards and was head of data processing at

A.C.F. Industries. He has done basic work in the field of machine recognition of speech. His robot-like creation can listen to the human voice, recognize different accents, accurately distinguish words regardless of the speaker, and convert speech into typing.

ASTROLOGY AND MURDER

Among the many exciting people we talked with during our recent trip to Washington was Barbara H. Watters, who is considered to be the leading astrologer in the area.

Just about everyone reads their daily horoscope in the paper, but did you know that astrology has a much more practical purpose? According to Barbara, who is also a professional author who has written several novels and many articles on a wide range of subjects, "you can actually determine the real motives at work in criminal cases through the application of astrological forces."

Seated in front of an open fireplace in her nicely furnished home, we began to really appreciate her talent for "reading the stars." We asked, are we all murderers at heart, lacking only the opportunity and nerve to carry out our secret desires? Are murderers ordinary people who succumb to stress in a difficult situation, achieving infamy in a few desperate moments?

Her answer was most interesting. "I have spent several years studying a group of seven famous murder cases

and have concluded that murderers are people whose life styles and characters mold them into negative, stunted personalities who kill for sick, distorted reasons."

One of the cases which has interested her the most is the story of Lizzie Borden, who in 1892 is said to have killed her mother and father with an ax. And although she was never found guilty of the murders, it was always felt that she committed them.

"I found this case most interesting, since I lived in Fall River, Massachusetts, where the murders took place, for almost 20 years."

What were her motives? "The motive is simple; Lizzie was faced with a problem. Although she was born into one social level, she was set on improving her status from a very early age.

"She was born with four planets in the sign Leo. Statistically, Leo is under-represented in the charts of murderers. But it is a proud sign which does not bear frustration with good grace. With a strong Leo emphasis there is a tendency for the native to rise above the station in which he was born."

One of the most interesting things in Lizzie's chart, from the standpoint

of violence, "is the close adverse relationship between the Moon, in 9 degrees of Leo, to Pluto in 9 degrees of Taurus. The Moon symbolizes the mother, and Pluto—among other things—symbolizes death." Of course, Lizzie killed her mother.

All in all, Lizzie Borden's horoscope reveals a strong capacity to hate, and the social codes of her time and place encouraged her to be proud of it.

Barbara Watters also believes she knows who Jack the Ripper was, and reveals his identity in a recent book, *The Astrologer Looks at Murder* (Valhalla Paperbacks, 1331 21st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036—\$1.00). She also delves into many other cases, and indicates the implication astrology might just have on the future of criminal investigation.

Next issue I hope to go into astrology at an even greater depth, along with evidence from a biorhythm expert who reveals how Ted Kennedy and Mary Jo were at the lowest emotional ebb of the night of the fatal accident, which killed Mary Jo and may be responsible for ruining Senator Kennedy's political future.

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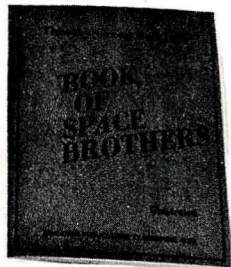
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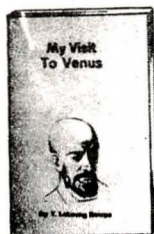
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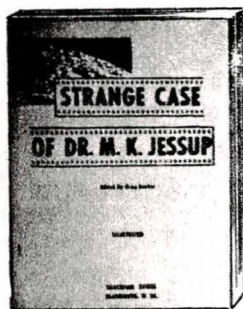
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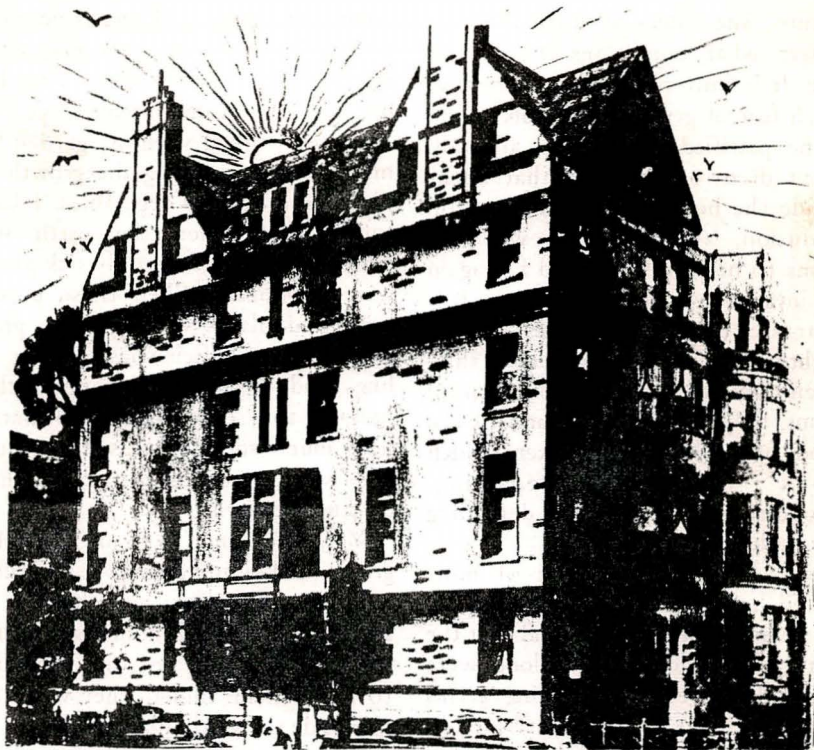
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In order to make existence here on Earth a happy and contented one, it is necessary for each one of us to understand how and why the various parts of the body act. We will review the essentials of anatomy and physiology to enable the student to recall established facts. We will make these subjects as simple and interesting as possible. It is not necessary that you try to learn all of the big medical terms in the lessons on anatomy and physiology. What you require is just a general knowledge along these lines and if you wish to go deeper, there are plenty of books available in your public library.

You want to be able to visualize the human body as a first class, working machine. In fact, nothing that is man-made can equal it in any of its hundreds of different functions. For

example, the heart is a pump that is perpetual as long as life remains in the body, working constantly day and night through the years, repairing itself.

The body is made up of countless tiny, independent structures known as cells. There are billions of them, these living units of many shapes and sizes. The precise composition of a cell is a topic for a larger discussion than this one; the main point to bear in mind is that each cell is a living organism, just as your body is a living organism. You can understand the workings of the cell if you visualize each one as a sort of live energy factory. The cell, to live, grow, and maintain health, must receive fuel. This fuel comes from the food you eat and is carried to the cell by your blood; it is the nourishment of the cell. Blood also brings to each



THE MANSION—Home of The Hippocrates Health Institute.

cell another commodity it needs—oxygen taken from the air, which the cell uses to burn the fuel the blood delivers. This burning supplies the heat for your body by releasing the energy which was stored in the live food. The burning leaves “ashes,” waste material which the blood takes away and dumps into your lungs. Your breath carries these ashes into the outer air. If the cells do

not get proper nourishment or if insufficient oxygen is brought to them by the blood, they begin to change in character and you have the start of a disease in your body. You must have healthy cells or you have an unhealthy body.

How Mother Nature Works

Through the years I have met many health problems, and I have discovered the great power of Mother

Nature. She solves all difficulties no matter what conditions she has to face. It is truly pitiful that there is so much fear of germs. Some folks seem to be petrified with fright, and talk about disastrous bacteria that might invade the body. This fear brings on confusion, and the only way out seems to be to kill, kill and kill again the invaders with antibiotic drugs. It is heartsickening because these frightened folks do not realize that, when they attempt to kill the harmful germs, they also must exterminate the good ones—the little workers which work tirelessly, repairing, reconditioning, healing, and defending our health.

Not long ago, a friend of mine visited her doctor in New York City for an examination. He found that the white corpuscles in her blood were being destroyed by invading germs and advised the use of an antibiotic to kill these invaders. He did not tell her that this same drastic medicine would also destroy the helpful bacteria her body must have to retain its health. As a result, the antibiotic proved disastrous until this friend realized that in wheatgrass, the goal she hoped to reach might be accomplished without danger to her health. When she adopted the simple wheatgrass therapy, discarding the strong, germ-killing antibiotic, she quickly and easily regained her health.

When your body is healthy, it is

immune to disease. There is no weak point where invading germs may settle and set up housekeeping. This has been proven in innumerable ways.

I have worked with my garden for many years, watching the growth of plants and various vegetables. I have found that when the earth was deficient in nutrients, only sick plants were produced. When these poorly nourished plants would try to grow despite their deficiencies, swarms of bugs and worms would appear that literally tore them apart. No matter how much spray was used, the bugs and worms continued to do their destructive work.

Yet, the same type of vegetable grew quickly in healthy earth filled with the food plants must have to be strong. These well nourished plants were healthy, and not one bug came to harm them, though they were just alongside the sickly plants.

I had a monkey given to me that was sick with fleas which covered him. He was placed in a cage beside a healthy monkey, my own Precious. Yet not a flea left his body to settle on Precious, because her skin was well, free from the odor which informs fleas of a suitable habitation.

I have had the same experience with cats and dogs. If your pet has fleas, it is sick, no matter how healthy it seems to be. Sprays will not solve the problem. You must first make health blossom in the pet, and the

fleas will leave on their own accord. Fleas are like bad bacteria. When the organism is healthy, the harmful bacteria disappear through the workings of natural defences, and so do the fleas.

When a person is attacked by any type of disease germ, it means that the human being is ill, and that these invaders have been sent by Mother Nature to destroy the ailing person. When health flourishes once more, these invaders disappear. Instead of worrying about the situation and blaming the illness on these destroying germs or bacteria, work with Mother Nature; she never fails if you provide the proper tools. She is always willing to cooperate and will develop the good health which should be there.

My prayers go out for the misled folks who do not have the understanding of how simple it is for them to work with Mother Nature. From all sides come an acceptance of these simple truths, and more and more medical physicians are giving them serious consideration and proving their truth. To these forward looking doctors will come the blessings of the Almighty.

Live Nutrition

Experts tell us that food prices will soon rise and they give us pessimistic estimates of what this may do to the economy of this country. These same researcher groups point out that the increased cost of farm machinery, the high transportation costs, and a host

of other items are responsible for this. Yet, on the other side of the ledger, we find that great quantities of the food rot unharvested in the fields and that the spoilage on the way to market is often as high as forty per cent. Altogether, the outlook is gloomy for the city family in a low income.

And yet, when we move outside the statistics as given in the newspapers and look at the situation logically and prayerfully, we find not only a silver lining to the dark clouds, but actually a direct road into the Promised Land. It is not speculation; it is not wishful thinking; it consists of facts that anyone can prove in his own home. Many have done so already. We have had numerous families, living in the low income brackets, come to Boston to learn how they, in these modern times of high prices, can individually live on less than one dollar a day. At "The Mansion" our little family always averages about ten adults. We have no crank diets; we serve plenty of fruit and live vegetables which contain ample stores of protein, and all of us live a contented, average, normal life. The cost of such meals is less than one dollar a day for each individual. We have proved conclusively that this program not only provides Mother Nature with the tools she needs to heal degenerated bodies, but also it seems to prevent sickness of all kinds.

Health Problems

Folks have come to the Hippocrates

Health Institute from the four corners of the earth, bringing with them all kinds of common miseries: diabetes, asthma, allergies, headaches, constipation, psoriasis, emphysema, high and low blood pressure, arthritis, bursitis, ulcers, gall and kidney stones, leukemia, eye problems, catarrh, rheumatism, overweight, colitis, emotional upsets, digestive disturbances, polio, cancer, and a host of other afflictions. Not in a single instance, when the therapy was faithfully followed, and when persistence, patience and faith were utilized, did the results fail to be most satisfactory. For all, Mother Nature must receive the credit.

Malnutrition—A Serious Problem

Few researchers realize that many folks are starving to death with full stomachs today. It is not the shortage of food that is going to bring disaster. It is the overeating of the deficient food we now have. The cell in the body is a live organism and, like the body itself, each cell must be fed. Cooked and deficient food does not give these cells sufficient nourishment.

I insist upon the necessity of eating live foods—foods that are uncooked—of which, in my opinion, wheatgrass is close to the top of the list. My reason for doing this is that the pollution of the air in our civilized communities has so modified or neutralized the oxygen that breathing does not accomplish the rejuvenating

results it should accomplish in a more natural environment. The unhealthful radiation that is everywhere adds to the ill health of human beings. In our cities, the vegetation has been destroyed and the air is not cleansed by the plants as it should be. In addition, the cooked foods which are eaten tax the breathing capacities of the lungs even more. Further, one of my ailing guests came to me and tried to convince me that injections are absolutely necessary for speedy recovery. Of course, I sought to impress this unfortunate that the only way to health is the use of oxygen food—food which has not been damaged by heat. But I made little or no headway. The unfortunate had been impressed by what he had heard in his various efforts to regain health and my simple method did not seem to impress him. Then, the other day, when I was talking with another of our visitors, this sufferer broke into the room excitedly. He cried, "I want to tell you something that is very important. It came over the television set just now. A great scientist said that civilized folks must eat more oxygen food—live food—or we will not survive as our bodies must receive that form of oxygen as well as the oxygen we obtain from the air.

Living food gives to my body plenty of energy which enables me to work eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, without tiring. I have

discovered definitely that when I eat food that has been cooked, my driving force and vitality is slowed to a marked degree and I accomplish much less during the day than when I observe the rules of proper nutrition. Experiments in various types of eating has proven this on innumerable occasions. There is no doubt in my mind that cooking food destroys or makes unavailable for the body, probably more than eighty percent of the nutrients in that food, thus depriving the cells of the nourishment they must have to rebuild themselves and to function normally. Uncooked, unspoiled food brings strength to the muscles and alertness to the mind, protecting us from diseases of all kinds. It has been definitely proven that living foods maintain normal weight in the body by preventing surplus fat to accumulate.

Necessity for Enzymes

Uncooked food is essential to health because it contains enzymes, one of Mother Nature's most important tools. Enzymes enable the digestive organs to digest food properly, making its nutritional elements, especially the cell-building proteins, available to the body.

So that the importance of enzymes may be more fully understood, let me compare the human body to an automobile. If the automobile engine is in first-class running condition, and there is plenty of gasoline in the tank,

but there is no spark to ignite this gasoline, the car will not run. Enzymes—live enzymes—in the body act as the spark that enables the digestive organs to turn the nutrients of the food we eat into good, rich blood.

The reason most people are tired is that there is a lack of enzymes in their bodies. The food they eat cannot be utilized constructively, but is instead turned by their bodies into toxins, or poisons. This condition leads to sickness of various kinds. The sickness means that the body is slowly dying.

Enzymes, apparently, are the key to longevity. They seem to be able to neutralize the basic causes of bodily aging, enabling the body to retain its youthful qualities. My experiments during the past few years have been most enlightening. I have worked with a man in his late eighties who had retired and was actually "dying on his feet." By merely changing his diet to enzyme-rich food, not only did all his health problems vanish, but he began to get younger and works long hours now without tiring.

The heat of cooking is not the only way to kill the enzymes in food. Excess acidity in the stomach also destroys their effectiveness. The easiest way to put enzymes of the right kind into the digestive tract is to eat ripe fruit, organically grown vegetables, and wheatgrass. I chew wheatgrass for enzymes frequently

throughout the day. I find this giving me far more energy than any of the so-called stimulant drinks.

Sprouts of various kinds, from grain, seed, and beans, are filled with body-building enzymes. It should be noted that a tremendous source of life-giving enzymes comes from the fermentation of wheat that has been soaked in water for several days. This is a much more advantageous method for obtaining needed enzymes than the use of acidophilus milk.

Those folks who are sick would do well to change to uncooked food gradually. For example, cut down cooked food to about a quarter of the meal, and then gradually eliminate all cooking from your food preparation.

Dr. G.H. Earp-Thomas, a medical scientist from New Zealand, who for years maintained an experimental laboratory in Bloomfield, New Jersey, ascertained that the lack of enzymes in the digestive system permitted the toxins to build up in the colon which in time result in growths, ulcers, tumors, and malignant cancers. One of the interesting experiments I was privileged to watch was the feeding of cancerous mice with uncooked grains and other living vegetation to relieve them of their growths and sores through Mother Nature's help.

Our whole program centers about a long neglected food—a food that should be consumed in its raw state rather than as the foundation of many

baked items where the true nutritional worth is killed and rendered negative. In the words of Senator Royal S. Copeland, M.D., a former commissioner of health of New York City, "There is no question that the people of this nation should be educated to consume more of the natural foods and stop the use of so many of the unworthy substitutes. Wheat is a natural food and its greater consumption should be encouraged. Today folks are realizing that the best medicine is food."

History shows that wheat has been a prime source of food for human beings and domesticated animals for ages without number. Compared with the other standard grains such as rice and rye, it is superior in every way. But the utilization of wheat many centuries ago degenerated from the use of the berry with all its nutrients intact to the cooking of the bolted wheat flour from which many of the nutrients have been discarded as unnecessary or troublesome. The health of humanity living upon the denuded remains of this food source has declined so greatly that sickness is rampant everywhere, even in our affluent society.

Our many experiments through the years have shown conclusively that the wheat berry may be utilized to build health. Our simple remedy for helping people is the God-given chlorophyll of the wheatgrass, which

seems to relieve ill health in every organ of the animal and human body. Mother Nature uses it as a body cleanser, rebuilders, and neutralizer of toxin.

The effectiveness of chlorophyll derived from fresh wheatgrass juice and from sprouts of various grains and seeds is under study at many important research institutions. For example, Dr. Earp-Thomas was able to isolate over one hundred elements in fresh wheatgrass and concluded that wheatgrass is a complete food. Fifteen pounds of fresh wheatgrass is equivalent to 350 pounds of the choicest vegetables in nutritional value.

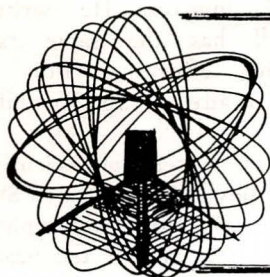
Charles Kettering of General Motors has been donating \$30,000 each year to Antioch College for the study of chlorophyll as a healing agent. Dr. Fisher, a Nobel Prize winner, used chlorophyll to treat anemia. The American Journal of Surgery, JULY 1940, reported 1200 cases of peritonitis, brain ulcer, pyorrhea, and skin disorders cured by chlorophyll. Dr. Richard Willstater observed that the chlorophyll molecule bears a close resemblance to hemoglobin, the red pigment in human blood, differing only in the central element. Owing to their close molecular resemblance, it was believed by Frans Miller, another scientist, that chlorophyll is the natural blood-building element for all plant

eaters and humans. He writes, "Chlorophyll has the same fast blood-building effect as iron in animals made experimentally anemic."

K. Birsher, a research scientist, called chlorophyll "Concentrated Sun Power". He says that "Chlorophyll increases the function of the heart, affects the vascular system, the intestines, the uterus, and the lungs. It raises the basic nitrogen exchange and is therefore a tonic which, considering its stimulating properties, cannot be compared with any other."

At Temple University Doctors Gurskin, Redpath, and Davis treated over 1000 patients for all forms of ear, nose, and throat problems with chlorophyll, with great success. Dr. Carrol Wright found chlorophyll effective on chronic ulcer.

In the book of Daniel in the Old Testament, King Nebuchadnezzar, who was a wreck physically and mentally, was advised by heaven to "eat grass as did the oxen." Following this advice he made a complete recovery. Some 120 centuries ago on the continent of Atlantis, it was predicted that the real health giving properties of wheat would not be learned until some far distant future generation, when men would be given the key which would save a tottering civilization from extinction. We believe that we have found this key in wheatgrass.



TRUE EXPERIENCES

HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT

By Michael J. Matre

About a year ago, after I had completed Air Force basic training and arrived at Pope AFB, N.C. to begin my tenure as a writer-photographer for the *Hercules Herald*, editor, Bob Norton, staff writers Jim Current, Ken Lowe, and myself were sitting in the newspaper office chatting late one Friday afternoon when the topic of ghosts came up.

Jim, Ken, and I made it clear from the beginning that we did not believe in them. Bob said he did, and he had a very strong defense for his statement. He had seen one. Here is Bob's story.

"I was still in high school at the time, and working at night in the stock room of a large grocery store in Connecticut. One evening, after Jim Hale, my supervisor, and I had finished taking inventory for the month of December, we sat down and began to chat. I can't remember

exactly what we were talking about, but we were well into our conversation when the phone rang. Jim answered it. After a very brief conversation, he hung up, said that he had to get right home, grabbed his coat and ran. Puzzled, I locked up shortly thereafter and went home also.

The following evening, Jim told me something that awed me. He said that his five year old son, Tommy had been aroused from his sleep by a man he said was his Uncle Charlie. Tommy told his dad that Uncle Charlie wanted to play ball with him. The only thing that frightened Tommy was that he could see through Uncle Charlie. Uncle Charlie, according to Jim, had died a year ago.

For two weeks, Tommy was not visited by his uncle. Then, one morning, Tommy's mother went to his room and found him lying on the floor, staring at the ceiling.

Doctor Lloyd, the family physician, was summoned. After examining the

boy, the doctor turned to Jim and his wife and said, "Your son is in a state of shock." Tommy was removed to a hospital and was eventually eased out of the trance. He told his parents and the doctor of how Uncle Charlie had threatened to beat him when he refused to play ball and told him to go away.

It was then that Jim asked me to accompany him on a stake-out in his son's room the following night. We left Tommy in the living room with his mother and went upstairs. It was 9 p.m. When we opened the door, we saw a smokey gray figure standing at the head of Tommy's empty bed. Jim flicked the light on and then turned it off. The figure disappeared.

Perhaps it was Uncle Charlie's ghost that we saw. Perhaps it wasn't. At any rate, there was *something* in that room; something inhuman and not made of flesh and blood.

Jim locked the room that night and never allowed Tommy to sleep there again. Shortly after that, he sold the house and moved with his wife and son into a quaint colonial home 30 miles away."

LITTLE YELLOW CAT

By Anna Walker Robinson

There is now no way of counting the number of times this yarn has been related by those who

experienced it. At first they had agreed not to ever tell it to any one for fear of being ridiculed, but so many unusual things began to occur and people from far and near came to see and hear, that finally, they told the story of the cat.

It happened more than a half century ago.

The couple who had this experience—Al and Clara—recall the eeriness of the whole episode.

It was Christmas week and Al and Clara, who had been married only a few weeks, had been to a square dance in the neighborhood. And since Al was overseeing a large farm near Cuthbert and had to rise early, they had returned home a little after eleven o'clock.

It was a very cold, windy night and the moon shone brightly all night.

Clara sat in the buggy to avoid the wind while Al unhitched the horse and led him to the stall when all of a sudden a cat—a very little, yellow cat—appeared from nowhere. One minute he wasn't there, and the next there he was. He just seemed to come up out of the ground. Clara became creepy cold all over and hadn't budged from the buggy when Al came back from stabling the horse.

"Aren't you out of there yet?" he gruffly inquired. He sometimes spoke like that, and whenever he did Clara knew there was a tender feeling welling in his heart, so he pretended

otherwise.

"I'm not getting out of here until that kitten goes away," she stated, "I'm scared of him."

"Scared of a cat no bigger than my fist?" Al exclaimed. "Huh-h," he mused. "I know what you are after. You want to be carried in the house like the lazy bones you are. Well, come on," he ordered as he folded the lap robe over one arm and took her on the other.

"I know good and well you aren't afraid of cats," Al stated as he strode across the yard to the house. "So what's the idea?"

"I'm not afraid of *cats*, but I am afraid of a cat that appears from nowhere and stays right in front of you like this one is doing, as if he knew the way better than we know it." By this time Al had mounted the steps to the porch and put Clara down to unlock the door.

"Whatever you do, don't let that cat in here," she admonished, and as she rushed in and turned up the lamp wick she saw Al give the cat a gentle push with his foot so as to shut him out. Al laid the folded laprobe over the back of a chair near the window, in the bedroom, and in a matter of minutes they had retired.

Clara had just begun to doze when she felt something creeping up the end of the afghan at the foot on her side of the bed. Cautiously she raised her head to look and there was that same

yellow kitten looking right at her. She could plainly see him for the moonlight reached all the way across the chair and across the foot of the bed from the window. She gave an unearthly screech and dived under the covers and burrowed under Al before she felt safe.

"What on earth?" Al began as he gathered her in his arms.

"*That* cat," she quaveringly whimpered. "He's on the foot of the bed."

"You're dreaming," Al declared, "I know I shut him out."

"Look! Look for yourself," Clara ordered and Al looked and shouted, "Scat! you yellow devil." But the cat didn't budge an inch; he only glared at them. So Al scrambled from the bed, took the kitten by the scuff of its neck and, going to the door, tossed it onto the porch floor where it landed with a soft thud.

"I can't imagine how he got in here," Al said as he got into bed, "but he's out now, once and for all, so let's go to sleep." And in less than it takes to tell it he was asleep again.

Clara couldn't go to sleep for trying to figure how the cat got in their room. All doors were locked and only one window was up for air and it was tightly screened. So there was no way it could have come in except to ooze in as she had seen it come from nowhere in the beginning. She shivered and nestled as close to Al as

she could get. He automatically drew her closer, and she was beginning to relax when she heard something that shouldn't be there. Afraid to move and afraid not to, she hated to disturb Al again because he had to get up at five o'clock anyway.

Again hearing a plucking, scrambling noise, Clara eased herself out of Al's arms and sat up and looked about the room. Every object in it was clearly outlined, for the moonlight was almost as clear as day. She held her breath, listening—"pur-pur-pur-pur," she heard again and again. She looked toward the window where the chair stood with the laprobe on it, and there sat that kitten purring away as if for dear life. She now knew the plucking, scrambling noise previously heard was its claws pulling on the material as it climbed the laprobe.

Up until then she had only *thought* she was frightened, comparatively speaking. This time she sat helpless and speechless for a long time before her wits came back. Then she flung the covers back and yelled for Al to wake up. Al's feet hit the floor with all his one hundred and eighty pounds. He was wide awake and ready for action before she pointed to the yellow object sitting on the laprobe. The cat didn't seem frightened, in fact it didn't even move as Al approached it.

"Now Clara," Al began, "I know

you hate profanity so I'm telling you before hand, I'm *not* cursing when I say I'M DOOMEDTODAMNATION if I know *how* that cat got in here. But I'd *swear* to how he's going *out*." He strode to the fireplace holding the cat gingerly in one hand and seized a slender stick of kindling wood and proceeded to the porch. Clara stopped up her ears but was too late to miss hearing a sharp rap on a seemingly hard substance.

Al returned to the bedroom brushing his hands as though they were dusty, and climbing into bed he said, "Come on to bed, fraid-o-cats, and let's try to get a wink of sleep."

Clara got into bed feeling sorry for the kitten but glad to *know*—she thought—that he wouldn't be coming back.

She fell asleep immediately but was rudely awakened by a bright light in the room. Al had turned up the wick of the night light and had begun to dress.

"It can't be five o'clock. What are you doing up?" Clara asked with eyes only half open. Al finished pulling on his shoes before replying and even then he didn't speak, he only pointed toward the fireplace and Clara's eyes popped wide open at what she saw—for there sat the yellow kitten with one eye out of its socket and the other eye focused on her, as it gave a wild, savage, "Me-eow!" She dived under the covers but came up

immediately, for Al stamped over to the fireplace and took the cat once more by the skin of its neck and started out the back way.

"Where are you going?" Clara yelled, for she couldn't bear to be left alone in the room. She slipped into her slippers and wrapper and followed him through the kitchen and out the back door. There she stopped, but Al went on to the wood pile and picked up the ax and holding the kitten across a log of wood he chopped its head off. And to make sure, he stepped over the log and kicked the head several feet away. The rest of the body was pinned to the log by the axe.

When Al got back to Clara, she was trembling so he picked her up saying, "You should have stayed in the house. This was no scene for the likes of you." He took off her shoes and robe when they reached the bedside and tucked her into bed.

"I was just being merciful, Clara, when I chopped his head off, so don't feel so badly," he was saying when she stopped him by saying, "That thing wasn't a cat. It was an evil spirit. How

else could it have gotten in here—in this air tight room?"

"It *could* have come down the chimney," he interrupted in turn, "but I know it didn't. You go to sleep while I try to fathom the mystery. It's only a half hour before time to get up anyway."

Clara didn't go to sleep though she pretended to after Al stated laughingly that *if* the cat was still there at daybreak he'd know it was only a cat.

She peeked several times to find Al just sitting there seemingly in deep thought, and when he rose from the side of the bed and began tying his shoes, getting ready to start on his rounds of duty on the farm, she got up also and began to dress.

"There's no need for you to get up," Al said, "You could have a couple of hours of sleep before I make the rounds and get back for breakfast."

"Do you think for a minute," Clara replied, "That I'd go to sleep knowing that evil thing is lying out there ready to come back to life and creep back in here. Not me. Not on your life. I'm

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.

going out to the woodpile—and you're going with me—to make sure it really was a cat *and is still there.*"

"All right," Al agreed, "but you'll have to hurry. Fed will be coming any minute not to chop the wood. It's already light—I mean daylight. This has been a memorable moonlight night. And that was the yellowest, *lightest* cat I ever hefted. Its head was the only part of it that weighed an ounce and the rest was just a wisp of fur—soft and boneless." Al seemed to be talking to himself so Clara kept silent while dressing.

They went outside and just as they got down the steps Fed came around the corner of the house and all three

reached the woodpile at the same time—Fed to chop wood and Al and Clara to see what they would see. The axe blade was still buried in the log, but no sign of the kitten was there. Al stepped over the log to look for the head. It too was gone. Clara felt herself turn pale as their eyes met but they had not had time to speak before Fed let out a yell, "Look! LOOK!" he shouted. "Have you ever seen anything run so fast?"

"I didn't see anything," Al said. "What was it?"

"It was a bright yellow kitten, no bigger than my fist and man, oh man, was he travelin!"



Luther Burbank won great fame because of his experiments in developing new plants. But he was often bothered by visitors and sightseers who didn't really believe that he could work wonders with plants.

One morning Burbank was out in his graden when a curious passer-by asked, "What are you doing now?"

"I'm trying to cross an eggplant and a milkweed," Burbank said innocently.

"What in the world do you think you'll get from that?"

"Custard pie," was Burbank's answer.



Some people's finances are in such a mess you'd think they were getting advice from the government.

your thoughts have **P O W E R**

J. M. HARMON

Like radio transmitters, we constantly project radiant electrical vibrations over the areas of our magnetic fields. High frequency vibrations compose noble thoughts, while those generated by selfish desires are of low frequency. Related ideas are magnetically drawn into clusters and these sequences (called thoughtforms) are projected into the atmosphere. These vary in color and shape and can often be seen by clairvoyant persons. But whether seen or not, they are certainly felt albeit unknowingly by their receivers.

One can send a thoughtform through a normal functioning of the pineal gland, a phosphorescent organ for thought transference. Thoughts produce movements in the ether within this gland, which cause vital, rose-colored, small, rapid waves to be projected by the thinker. All thoughts received carry vibrations within the

individual range; others are repelled.

People who have allowed themselves to descend into a slump of low frequency vibration are vulnerable to the reception of thoughts projected by those with greedy, destructive desires. Worse, they have placed themselves out of bounds of finer thoughts. This is so because like attracts like on any plane.

Thought is such a tremendous building force that today's thoughts will become real and tangible effects tomorrow because they are subtle but potent powers for creation and destruction as they are exerted from moment to moment. To develop spiritually, we must refine and spiritualize the character of our thoughts and expand our love.

BRAIN RADIATIONS CAN BE MEASURED

Brain radiations apparently possess some degree of immortality, since

they can be measured even long after the death of the thinker. In one of his Bulletins, Max Freedom Long quotes Dr. Oscar Brunler, expert on brain radiations, as follows:

"Besides measuring the radiation of the brain directly from the head, we can measure it from a person's signature, from his hand writing, from his paints or drawings. The eyes which are watching the letters as they are written down, radiate a force on the paper or on the canvas on which we paint. We can measure the radiation from the handwriting and check it up with the writer's brain radiation, and we find that both are identical. . . It is possible to measure, even after centuries, the brain radiations of people as their radiation adheres to paintings and writings for centuries. The paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, the greatest all round genius the world has known, and the manuscripts of this great man, give the identical wave-length and his is the highest radiation I have discovered so far, namely 725 degrees Biometric, which corresponds to a wavelength shorter than the shortest invisible ultra-violet rays." (Long, Max Freedom, *Bulletin of the H.R.A.* volume 2)

Tests with the Brunler-Bovis Biometer show that readings of 110 indicate an idiot, and around 700, a genius.

Max Freedom Long writes, "Dr. Brunler's own reading is over

700, . . . Titian 660, Rembrandt 638, Chopin 550, Liszt 538, Haydn, 535, Emerson 500, Charles Dickens 540, Kipling 527, Napoleon 598, Edison 470, and Mme. Curie 492." (Long, Max Freedom, *Bulletin of the H.R.A.* 4, Bul. 22, p.8)

If we could eliminate the name of Napoleon, it could seem that these figures indicate high spiritual development and morality and are indicators of great wisdom and advancement. Napoleon was, after all, a warrior. However the figures may be true indicators of capability for good leadership.

In any case, a system whereby measurable inner worth would be basic requirement for holding public office regardless of further qualifications should be instituted. Eventually, then we would achieve something akin to the point system used by the ancients at a time when their advancement by far exceeded ours. This would help provide incentive for widespread improvement through education and true spiritual aspiration.

After all, to some extent at least, brain radiations are under ones own control and mental frequency is in a constant state of change or becoming since every thought produces a raising or lowering effect on the thinker's mental body. High thoughts displace coarser particles in it and build refined ones; low thoughts do the opposite.

Since thinking tends to trends, today thoughts determine those generated tomorrow.

WE CAN BENEFIT OR INJURE OTHERS

Our thoughts of another person are projected to his surrounding atmosphere. Consequently, thinking becomes a responsibility when we realize that we can benefit or injure others by our mere thoughts of them. In truth, we can strengthen or refine or weaken and lower our associates. Our thoughts can produce or heal disease, kill or sustain life.

Much emotion in thoughts of others increases effects. If the emotion is malignant and becomes a daily feeling, these thoughts produce an artificial elemental which is animated by one desire, the desire to carry out the wishes of its creator. It hovers around the victim, waiting for opportunity to injure. If the thinker has wished and visualized injury to the victim it will happen exactly as visualized.

But should destructive and malevolent thoughts be directed at one who because of benevolence, cannot respond to malevolent thought vibrations, these boomerang back on their projector, sometimes killing him.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THOSE WHO HAVE HURT YOU

Evil may be overcome through love, and to the extent that we serve as

channels for this purpose we boost the human race. The most difficult test of controlled thought is thinking well of those who have injured us. When this happens, we should direct our thoughts to God, and, from the heart, ask to be shown the way to solve the problem—and then forget it. We will then discover that slowly, things will work out. And we can be certain we are doing right when we act on later inspiration after asking divine guidance.

When another continually annoys you, remember that a lifetime has made him what he is and do not expect immediate change, but work on him persistently and slowly with thought-power. Visualize him as you want him to be. Do it enough and your thoughts can very materially change him.

The strongest trees grow where the fiercest winds blow and the strongest people have often become so because of the need to overcome formidable obstacles. By meeting our daily problems and overcoming them with loving, unselfish, constructive thoughts, we grow stronger and more positive and our awareness unfolds.

Most people do not know what real happiness is. True happiness comes from reactions of our finest and most constructive thoughts on others. Unhappiness results from pursuing personal satisfaction at the expense of others while overlooking their needs.

We may help raise our vibrations and train our minds through association with those more spiritually developed than ourselves, those whose thoughts transmit higher vibrations than ours. After vibrating to the extended range of our own rate of vibration during repeated contacts with such persons, we can reproduce the new vibrations at will. It is not necessary for the teacher to speak a word, but merely to be within presence of the student.

EVEN THE THOUGHTS IN BOOKS SHOW VIBRATIONS

The high or low frequency thought-vibrations of books we read also affect us. Do words themselves have rates of vibration? Max Freedom Long reported that with pendulum tests, the word "God" registered a strong clockwise swing whereas a curse word set up no movement whatever. (Sanskrit was not constructed the same as other languages of this plane of existence. It is fundamentally different. Its words and sounds and meanings were formed according to fundamental vibrational and patterns and potencies. Hence in other languages, a word has no particular power of itself as related to the meaning of the word, except as given by the outer emotions and connotations of the user. In Sanskrit there is power inherent in the words and the pronunciation directly related to the meaning of the words.)

That books can radiate anything was demonstrated when Edgar Cayce, as an exhausted child, napped, his head on an infathomable textbook, and awoke with the sudden ability to recite entire pages. It might be argued that to a psychometrist anything has radiating power and it is true. But if it were not for the words of the book the message radiated would be more apt to concern the person who last handled the book than the text itself.

We may act as a channel for light by aiding the advancement of those slightly behind us and on a level with us but we should gradually withdraw from all associations which do not have the love of God within. This is a preparatory step toward choosing our friends. But when we build more refined, higher vibrating mental bodies, we naturally attract a better class of friends.

Quality of thought can leave its impress on the face and attract the conditions with which one deals. Every thought that enters ones brain cells becomes communicated to and effects each other cell throughout the entire body. This is why a lifetime of thoughts show up on the face. This is why a mother's anger can poison a nursing infant. (Anger produces a chemical change within the mother's cells, causing a change within the milk.) If there is to be any appreciable increase in spiritual development among tomorrow's

generations we ought to start sowing more seeds of love and light in today's children now. Some homes radiate love; others do not. And no academic or religious education given a child is nearly so important as the day-to-day attitudes he absorbs from parents along with the air he breathes. These are the intangibles that will determine future adult attitudes.

THE EFFECT OF TOY GUNS ON LITTLE BOYS

The value of educational toys is recognized; yet paradoxically few people bat an eyelash over giving toy weapons to children! Parents give dolls to little girls; therefore they play at maternally loving and caring for babies. Parents give guns to little boys; therefore they play at killing each other. Meanwhile, encouraged, toy manufacturers are making toy weapons, tanks, machine guns, etc. more realistic than ever. The writer is convinced that it is a mistake to give toy guns to small boys—guns simply are not good toys. Just because destruction is “make-believe” does not make it desirable. Toys should be constructive with regard for their thought inducing power. Today's children cannot be better equipped for a peaceful tomorrow until we install an attitude of living in harmony with Divine Law.

There is group responsibility not only toward the young in age but toward the young in development.

General destructive thoughts have a cumulative effect after they become magnetically attracted to other similar thoughts. They find a receptive, potentially destructive person and aggravate him to destruction or crime. Thus the man who commits the crime, though responsible enough, is not totally responsible for it—we are also if we indulge in hateful thoughts.

There is a reason why the Lord's Prayer is a group prayer and not an individual one. We do not say give *me* this day *my* daily bread, or lead *me* not into temptation, or even forgive *me* as *I* forgive others. We are part of a great whole. But if our individual thoughts contribute so vitally to the whole, we had best think in right terms.

If we think love, we will spread love. If we think wisdom we will spread wisdom. If we think war, hate and greed that is what we will spread. An understanding of the laws behind thought force should help us in harnessing the force. To the extent we make ourselves and others better and stronger through controlled thought, we help the progress of the human race.

WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR PEACE IN THE WORLD

There is a positive and effective means of fighting fear, hatred and war. We should sit down comfortably, concentrate on our hearts and visualize a pink beam of Divine love

projecting outwards from ourselves. We can direct this beam for a few minutes toward all the countries of the world. We might start from the left of the world map—Canada, U.S.A., Mexico and South America, the British Isles, Northern, Central and Southern Europe; North, Central and South Africa; Russia, the Middle East; Siberia, Central Asia, Tibet, Pakistan, Kashmir, India, Ceylon;

Northern, Central and Southern China, Korea, Japan. Formosa, Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam, Burma, Thailand, Maylaya, Philippines, Indonesia, and finally Australia and New Zealand. The combined energy and consciousness of thousands of people sending Divine Love all over the world could have untold effect in harmonizing the feelings and emotions of people everywhere.

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HAPPENINGS NOW

Unusual news reports of Mysterious, Mystical and
unexplained happenings in our world today.

WANDERING CAR NEEDS NO DRIVER

When Mrs. Edith Snare, of Manchester, Vt., parked her car diagonally on Main Street, she left the motor running. Moments after she left the vehicle, it slowly backed out into the noontime traffic. It moved past five autos and finally backed into a sixth parked vehicle.

Apparently jolted out of reverse, the car changed direction and, still without driver, headed back up Main Street. As startled spectators watched, the car ducked between two parked cars back into its former parking space, where it came to rest against a parking meter.

FINAL '69 BANG—SHOOTS SNAKE IN KITCHEN

Norfolk, Va.—Mrs. Delores Heller closed out the old year with a bang Wednesday.

She shot a boa constrictor in her kitchen.

The 18-year-old housewife spotted the snake's tail under the refrigerator when she went to feed her dog. She took her husband's shotgun, tugged

the snake out and shot it. How the 4½-foot snake happened to be in her house or even in Norfolk she didn't profess to know.

MAN KILLED IN REPEAT CAR CRASH

Here's another one for Ripley. . .

On a Sunday morning in December, 1967, two cars crashed head on on an Alabama highway.

Fifteen months later, on a recent Sunday, two cars collided on the same Alabama highway.

They were the same cars, driven by the same drivers unknown to each other!

The unfortunate coincidence will not be repeated a third time, because one of the drivers was killed in the second accident.

Sammy Brown Jr., 20, the uninjured driver, described the accident to MIDNIGHT:

"I was driving along the road this one Sunday. There was no traffic, and I was just taking it easy."

Then a car appeared on the horizon.

"The car sort of swerved in front of

me, and all of a sudden, I had this funny feeling like I knew what was going to happen. It was real scary."

The second car crashed head on into Brown's car.

"I was knocked unconscious for a minute," Brown said. "Then when I came to, I got out of my car to investigate the damage."

He had the shock of his life.

"I recognized the car as one I had collided with more than a year ago. Also on a Sunday, and on this very same road!"

When he looked inside the other car the blow came full force. For the unconscious man behind the wheel was the same man involved in the previous accident.

"Then I really thought I was dreaming," he said.

But when the police came along and looked for the injured man's identification, he knew it wasn't a dream.

"It was the same man, Francis H. Patterson. I remembered the name," Brown added.

'PHANTOM' KILLER TAKES HEAVY TOLL OF W. VA. SHEEP

Berlin, W.Va.—A killer beast which strikes with phantom-like swiftness in the night—eluding traps and armed farmers—is slowly slaughtering much of this region's sheep flocks.

Police estimate that more than 800

sheep, mostly lambs valued at about \$20,000, have been killed since March in this central West Virginia area.

Witnesses report seeing only a shadowy outline of the animal, described as a coyote-dog, a mountain lion and a weasel-like animal known as a fisher.

The animal kills neatly—a quick slash to the throat with fangs one farmer estimated at two inches long.

'WILD WOMAN' IS SOUGHT

Town Creek, Ala.—Haunting screams and hysterical crying have fill the hot summer nights of this rugged mountain area for the past week and sent more than 200 searching into dense forests in search of a mysterious "wild woman."

Police Chief Vernon Waldrop, who has coordinated the searchers, said today his men have found the woman's footprints in the hills but not much else.

Some 50 National Guardsmen of the 115th Signal Battalion found blankets during a search Sunday and speculated the woman had taken them from clothes lines from rural farms to sleep on.

YOUNG GODDESS

Katmandu, Nepal—A 9-year-old girl who now is revered as a goddess may end her days as a prostitute.

Kumari is the name given to each of Nepal's child goddesses. She is worshipped by Nepal's 10 million subjects as the only living goddess on earth.

Nepal, the most exotic of Eastern kingdoms, has almost as many religious rituals as it has inhabitants.

The most important ritual of all surrounds Kumari.

She lives a cloistered existence 355 days a year in a fabulous palace in Katmandu, the nation's capital. Then for 10 days in October, during the feast of the Druga Puja, she emerges into the streets in a golden carriage to chase demons and evil spirits out of the city.

Legend has it that Kumari's line can be traced back a thousand years. But her sacredness is short-lived. As soon as she spills her own blood whether by accident or when she reaches puberty—instantly she ceases to be a goddess. She and her family are then expelled from the palace.

When a goddess is expelled from the palace, she is given \$50, an adequate amount in a country where most people live and eat for about \$1 a day. But an expelled goddess has to pay a stiff price for her previous life, since most Nepalese will treat her as if she were a leper.

Since, by tradition, a goddess receives no education to prepare her for a job, she often becomes a prostitute.

WELL WATER MAKES BARREN WOMEN FERTILE

"There can be no doubt that this water has a considerable effect on women's fertility," said Dr. Rupert Dorrer, head of the District Hospital in Frasdorf, Bavaria, where Klaus has his well.

Klaus, 51, inherited the farm from his father and expected to be a tiller of the soil all his life.

As far back as his grandfather's days the small acreage was known to be a "lucky farm" in the area.

According to ancient records of the district, one of Klaus' great-great-great-great-great-grandparents was killed by superstitious farmers in 1793.

"She was stoned to death for witchcraft," Klaus said. "Ever since then, a lot of the old families swore there was a magic spell on our farm."

More modern agricultural surveys revealed that the Talacker farm produced 60 percent healthier animals than the other neighboring farms.

Water Analyzed

The report said the water was just that—water, with maybe a few traces of odd minerals in it. But nothing to get really interested in."

A couple of years ago Dr. Dorrer got wind of Klaus' search for the reason behind the animals' health. He, too, decided it had to be the water.

This time the doctor drew off some of the fluid and prescribed it for 23



Farmer Klaus, owner of the well.

rheumatic patients in the local hospital.

Within two weeks 19 of them were, without doubt, "markedly improved"!

Over the next 12 or 13 months Klaus supplied water to Dr. Dorrer, who then administered it to patients at the nearby Institution For The Subnormal.

"Of the 97 patients who drank the water for six months, 42 showed a distinct improvement in intelligence," he said. "Some of these became capable of release from the institution and were returned to family life."

At the same time, the Frasdorf Spring Water was being given to 15 women by a local gynecologist.

All of these women had failed to

conceive children even after undergoing courses of hormone injections.

Within eight weeks, nine of the 15 women reported they were pregnant!

CLAIRVOYANT'S PREDICTIONS

According to the predictions of noted clairvoyant astrologer Maurice Woodruff:

"Political upheavals in England, France and Germany. Governments may fall; new and younger personalities will take over.

"Chaos in the art market, due to the death of a famous painter.

"An exceptionally fierce political winter in Canada, brought about by the Nationalists.

"An Arab-Israeli war, which will last longer than six days, and be decisive.

"An earth-shattering divorce, the well-known couple is no longer young. Initials RW or WR.

"A new conservatism in men's fashions, including crew-cuts and a return to loose-fitting clothes.

APHRODITE TEMPLE FOUND

The Temple of Aphrodite Eupicia, one of the most glamorous archaeological finds in years, has been discovered by a woman among ruins at Cnidus, Turkey.

Miss Iris C. Love, director of an expedition to Cnidus and an assistant

professor at Long Island University, announced her findings at the annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America in San Francisco, California, last weekend.

Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty, was believed to safeguard ships and sailors.

**VOICES RECORDED OF
RUDOLPH VALENTINO, FREDERIC
CHOPIN, OSCAR WILDE &
LIONEL BARRYMORE**

Leslie Flint is a well-known medium who concentrates on communicating with the spirits of some of history's most famous figures. During the past 20-odd years, he and two associates claim to have made more than 200 tape recordings of "voices from beyond the grave," including those of many great actors, artists and public figures.

Conclusive proof that any of this is true is impossible. But an English medium named Leslie Flint and his two most devoted followers believe they have the closest thing man has ever obtained to physical evidence that the human spirit lives on after death.

Flint and his two friends, Sidney



Leslie Flint, medium.

Woods and Mrs. Betty Greene, claim to have captured on tape the voices of more than 200 famous personalities contacted in the spirit world during seances in Flint's London home.

Flint, now in his 50s, traces his ability to communicate with spirit entities back to his boyhood. He describes himself as a "direct voice" medium and claims that spirits are able to contact him and speak to him with the same voices they used in life.

Flint says he remains fully conscious throughout these experiences and is able, if he wishes, to join in conversation with the spirits.



BECAUSE OF THE MANY REQUESTS FROM OUR NEW READERS FOR
INFORMATION CONCERNING THE HIDDEN WORLD, WE ONCE AGAIN
PRESENT

THE SHAVER MYSTERY

One of the most fascinating and strange true stories of our time!

By RAY PALMER

On May 21, 1951, LIFE magazine called it: "the most celebrated rumpus that rocked the science fiction world". Said LIFE: "The Shaver Mystery concerned a race of malformed subhuman creatures called deros (from detrimental robots) who inhabited a vast system of underground cities all over the world. The original name of their habitat was Lemuria, and they had once been slaves of a Lemurian master race. But his master race had long since disappeared from the earth, leaving the ignorant and malicious deros in control of the great cities and wonderful machines it had built. Since then the deros occupied themselves mainly in persecuting the human race who lived on the crust of the earth above them. The deros were responsible for much of the evil in the world. Catastrophes, from shipwrecks to sprained ankles, were attributed to their influence. They often appeared on the surface of the earth and were sufficiently human in appearance to pass unnoticed in a crowd. But they performed most of their harassments by telepathy, rays and other remote-control devices from their subterranean homes. Their underground cities were extremely dangerous for human beings to enter. The deros first came to light in a story called "I Remember Lemuria!" published in 1945 in *Amazing Stories*." The following is the editor's own account of the most amazing adventure of his life.

I was editor of all the Ziff-Davis fiction magazines, including *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Adventures*, from February 1938 to September 1949. In September 1944 a letter came to the desk of Howard Browne, my managing editor, and was opened by him. He read it with his typical orthodox attitude and tossed it into the wastebasket with the comment: "The world is certainly full of crackpots!"

Even through the intervening wall I heard his remark, and the word

"crackpot" drew me like a magnet. It might be said this was the particular "talent" which was responsible for my editorship of *Amazing Stories*, and for my "free rein" in determining policy. In any event, I retrieved the letter from the wastebasket.

It gave the details of an "ancient alphabet" that "should not be lost to the world" according to its author, one Richard S. Shaver. I examined the alphabet, made a few casual experiments with a dictionary then a few more casual experiments. I went

about the office of those who were familiar with other languages than English, and came up with rather interesting results. That was enough. I published that letter in *Amazing Stories*.

The results made publishing history, insofar as pulp magazines were concerned. Many hundreds of letters poured in, and the net result was a letter to Richard S. Shaver asking him where he got his Alphabet.

The answer was in the form of a 10,000 word manuscript, typed with what was certainly the ultimate in non-ability at the typewriter, and entitled "A Warning to Future Man."

I read it through, every single word, and then sat back. What was it I had here? Certainly not an attempt by an "author" to sell a story. For Mr. Shaver wanted no money for his manuscript. It wasn't a manuscript, but a letter, and it was written as a warning. Mr. Shaver seemed anxious that it be published, not for notoriety but out of a sincere (apparently) desire that the world be warned of the terrible danger it faced, and informed of a wonderful heritage it had lost, and which should be recovered if at all possible.

I was editor of a fiction magazine—a magazine devoted to stories of the future, which, based on present factual science, attempted to project that science into its possible future development and effect upon mankind. Here was an "idea" for such

a story. True, it wasn't based on accredited science—to the contrary, it was absolutely in opposition to all the text-books which were a basic tool in my office. Also, it purported to be the science of the past, rather than of the future. Yet here was a "jumping off place" for some really terrific stories. I had, as always, the profit possibilities in mind, and pictured this story on the cover of *Amazing Stories*, with the proper dramatic captioning, as a sure-fire circulation getter.

I put a clean piece of paper into my typewriter, and using Mr. Shaver's strange letter-manuscript as a basis, I wrote a 31,000 word story which I entitled "I Remember Lemuria!" (complete with exclamation mark), and although I added all the "trimmings," I did not alter the "factual" basis of Mr. Shaver's manuscript except in one instance. Here, perhaps, I made a grave mistake. However, I could not bring myself to believe that Mr. Shaver had actually gotten his Alphabet and his Warning to Future Man, and all the "science" he propounded, from actual underground people. Instead, I translated his thought-records into "racial memory," and felt sure this would be more believable by my readers, and after all, if this were all actually based on fact, a reasonable and perhaps actual explanation for what was going on in Mr. Shaver's mind—which is where I felt it really

was going on, and not in any caves, nor via any telug rays, or telesolidograph projections of illusions from the cavern ray operators.

I published "I Remember Lemuria!" in the March, 1945 issue. This was during the war, and during a critical paper shortage. Sales were already 98%, and could not possibly go higher, and I felt that here, with a certain circulation-getter, it was tragic that I could not secure unlimited paper, because I felt that we could sell many more copies. Accordingly, I informed Mr. Shaver of the coming publication of his "story", and enclosed a check for 1¢ per word for his original manuscript. I also expressed my regret that we could not publish more copies due to the paper situation.

To my amazement, and I'll admit, amusement, I received a letter asking for the name of the production manager, since Mr. Shaver felt that something could be done to secure paper for additional copies from some source, if an effort were made. I supplied the name, realizing that nothing could be done, and asked rather condescendingly just how Mr. Shaver proposed to accomplish this miracle—because I felt it would be the height of ineffectuality for Mr. Shaver to write personally to Mr. Strong, the circulation director, especially (although I didn't express this to Mr. Shaver) when the letter

would seem the work of a callow youth with a toy typewriter with several keys missing.

"Oh no," said Mr. Shaver in a reply, "I will ask the cave people to help."

"How?" I asked in an instant return letter.

Well, it seemed it was this way: Mr. Shaver, who knew that "ray operators" were constantly on duty, observing surface people, could gain the attention of some such operator by making an uproar (throwing his shoes repeatedly on the floor, and in general making an unusual sort of ruckus before going to bed) which would draw a focus of attention, and then, having gained this attention, he would make his request aloud, giving all the details available. So, he had asked the cavern people to impress upon the mind of Mr. Strong the vital necessity of procuring more paper for this March issue of *Amazing Stories*.

How I laughed. Even Howard Browne laughed, although he deemed it evidence, even to me, that I was dealing with a complete "nut". Until Mr. Strong called me into his office and related how he had been struck with a "brilliant hunch" about the March issue of *Amazing Stories*, and was going to "steal" enough paper from *Mammoth Detective*, which was also selling 98% and therefore, by all the rules of common sense, should not have been thus handicapped and

50,000 of its readers thereby deprived of their usual monthly copy.

And there it was. The first of a long string of fantastic occurrences that always accompanied the Shaver Mystery, as it was later to be termed. I shall never forget Mr. Strong's absolutely crazy hunch. For such mismanagement, he could have been fired outright—for it was gross mismanagement. What if, even in this period of paper shortages, and thus shortages of magazines on the stands, *Amazing Stories* had sold its usual 135,000 copies, and the additional 50,000 had been returned as "junk"?

Then came the second big surprise. The 50,000 copies sold, almost over night. And more incredible, a flood of letters began to come in that totaled in the end, more than 50,000 letters. Our usual letter-response was some 45 or 50 letters per month.

Soon it came to the attention of Mr. Davis that we had "upped" the distribution of *Amazing Stories*, and also, that our story in that issue was being billed as "true". Both Mr. Strong and myself were called on the carpet (and Mr. Browne was included). Said Mr. Davis, in no uncertain terms: "These are my magazines. You are ruining them. I won't stand for it. On what basis do you increase the distribution by 50,000?"

Mr. Strong passed the buck. "Mr. Palmer informed me he had a terrific

story, which he felt sure would sell like hot cakes."

Mr. Davis: "I've read the story; I took it home last night and read it through. I have never read such balderdash in my life. Not only will you not sell the extra 50,000, you will not sell 50% of our original customers!"

Having successfully diverted the lightning in my direction, Mr. Strong picked up the phone and asked for sales figures from the distributor. In the hush that followed, I mentally made plans for an extended fishing trip in Northern Wisconsin, and a return to free-lance writing. Then came the information, and all of us could see Mr. Strong's face growing red, his eyes almost popping out of his head. "A sellout—A flood of reorders—Heavens no, we can't get any more pap—" He gasped and sat down.

I left Mr. Davis' office with quite another viewpoint than the financial one, although I believe I was the only one to hold it: the question in my mind was not the howling sales success that the story was, but was it gospel truth after all? For, in my office were thousands of letters all saying the same thing: it was true, Thousands of people relating identical experiences, identical voices telling them identical things. And this was true, because in those letters were detailed recounts of what the voices

had said to people who could not possibly have been associated with Shaver in any hoax, who told exactly the same story as Shaver had told me in hundreds of letters it was his habit then (and for years afterwards) to write me daily giving me all the information about the caves he could transmit, so that it "should not be lost".

I went to Pennsylvania to visit Mr. Shaver.

I won't bother you with details; I will merely brief the fantastic things that happened to me:

I arrived near midnight, and for two hours, chatted with Richard and Dorothy, his wife. Speaking of the caverns as though they were real, and everybody knew about them, was a novel experience, and quite an eerie one; and obviously Mr. Shaver was assuming that I was one of those who "knew", and thus he could speak openly. I did nothing to dissuade him from this assumption, and when I finally was shown where I was to sleep, I was sure of one thing at least—Mr. Shaver was not consciously perpetrating a hoax.

Safely in bed, I heard Mr. Shaver go to his own room to retire, while Dorothy remained downstairs cleaning up after our "coffee session" and feeding a variety of cats and dogs for perhaps an hour. Mr. Shaver, however, apparently went to sleep the moment he hit the sheets. And within a few

moments, I began to hear voices. No, they weren't in my mind, nor in the air about me—they were from Mr. Shaver's lips and no doubt about it.

I heard five voices: A woman's voice; a child's voice; a gruff man's voice; and two other male voices, of varying pitch and timbre. What they said startled me beyond all imagination. Briefly, that afternoon, these five "persons" had witnessed a woman being torn into four quarters about four miles away and four miles down (from the Shaver house). They remarked on how "horrible" it had been; that such things "should not be"—and how heartily I agreed! I sat up in bed and answered the voices.

"What's this all about?" I asked. "Let me in on the secret!"

Instantly there was a change in the voices.

"Pay no attention to him," said the childish voice. "He's a dope!"

And the voices switched to a strange language, one I could not identify as any I had ever heard before. And in the bedlam that followed, sometimes all five of the voices were speaking at once, excitedly and volubly. If you have been thinking, as you read this, that it was Mr. Shaver "imitating voices" indulging in an "act of ventriloquism," or any such explanation, you are dead wrong. What I heard could not have come from Shaver's lips—it was humanly

impossible!

When Dorothy Shaver came up to bed, the voices ceased as though switched off. And I, as I lay there in deep thought, determined I'd leave no board unpried in my effort to find a recording machine, wires, microphones, etc.

Next day, while sometimes left alone in the house while chores were performed, I did exactly that. And if it was a trick of this kind, I was not clever enough to uncover it.

Asking how I had slept, Mr. Shaver detected that I hadn't, and although he made little comment, I wondered what he would explain. He assumed I knew and beyond apologizing, didn't say anything further.

The next night I was ready for another interesting session with the voices, and to my vexation, I fell into a dreamless sleep the instant my head hit the pillow, and slept twelve hours without even moving (and this is not my habit, as I am a light sleeper and a wild "tosser"). I knew I hadn't moved, because it was not even necessary to make the bed—it was that undisturbed.

Mr. Shaver asked me again how I had slept, and when I informed him "like a log", he grinned and said he'd asked them to "lay off" while I was here. "You know," he confided, "they think you're pretty much of a dope," he added hastily "...but that's because they don't know you well

enough to realize you're one of the insiders. . ."

I could have wept right then, because apparently he'd closed the door I wanted so much to keep open.

I came back to Chicago determined to run the Shaver Mystery out to its final conclusion. The result was four years of Shaver Stories which kept the circulation of *Amazing Stories* at its equally amazing 185,000 circulation, until the Shaver Mystery was dropped (because it contradicted Einstein, some irate reader wrote), when it promptly dropped back to 135,000.

Richard S. Shaver began writing his now famous stories in 1944 and has created a permanent addition to both "science fiction" and "occult" lore and he has a host of backers in both fields, although he himself does not subscribe to the existence of the mystic world described by believers in spirits. He is a mechanistic universe in which immortality is the scientific knowledge of how to live forever. He believes the earth was abandoned by the "immortal" race, the Titans (and Atlans), who now live in the darkness of outer space.

Briefly what Mr. Shaver says is this: The Earth is inhabited, underground, in gigantic caves whose area is a great deal more than the surface land area, by a race of people called by him "abandonero," or descendants of an "abandoned" group

of people who were unable to leave the planet some 12,000 (or more) years ago in a general exodus made necessary by the discovery that the sun had commenced to hurl death-dealing radiations over the entire planet, and indeed, the entire solar system. These radiations were radioactive, and lodged in the body, being taken in largely through drinking water which accumulated the radioactive particles, and breathed into the lungs with the dust of the air which was also contaminated, and to a lesser degree, from the sunlight itself. The answer, thought the race then living on the earth (named variously "Titans" and "Atlans"), was to flee the planet, and migrate to one near an uncontaminated sun, or a planet in "dark space" near no sun at all.

This decision came after a fruitless attempt to escape the deadly radiations by moving from the surface of the earth, into the interior in great caverns hollowed out artificially, or modified from huge already existing natural caverns.

Up to this time the Atlans and Titans lived virtually forever, at least for thousands of years; but now, with the radioactivity in their bones, they suffered radioactive poisoning which they claimed was the cause of the disease known as "age". A modern example—the painting of radium dial clocks with brushes girls "tipped" with their tongues. These girls

developed poisoning which in short months made them appear to be hideously old hags, with all the infirmities of advanced age.

Since there were not enough space ships nor enough time to evacuate the entire population, only favored groups escaped, and the less fortunate or already diseased were abandoned and came to be called the abandondero.

Because the sun also has health-giving rays, to which these people living in the caves had no access, they degenerated into midget-like idiots, incapable of any constructive reasoning. Shaver calls them "dero" for short, which is a contraction of the words "detrimental (or degenerate) robots." The word "ro" meant a sort of slavery, or compulsory government. To be "ro" was to be "governed by." Thus these idiot people were governed by degenerative forces and were "dero".

There are others, fewer in number, who, with the use of machines and chemicals and beneficial rays, manage to starve off much of the mental degenerative effect of their way of life, and although they cannot circumvent the disease of age, and die at an average age of 50, retain a higher mental calibre. These are known as "tero", "te" being "integrative" or constructive. T was also the symbol of the cross of religion; it was good. The tero were governed by the constructive forces.

However, down through the centuries the dero have become more numerous and the tero reduced by constant attack to a few scattered groups in hiding who are unable to do much to circumvent the devilry of the dero. The dero have access to the wonderful machines of the ancients, still in working order, since they were built almost indestructable, and with these machines they are able to bedevil both the tero and surface people. Among these machines are marvelous vision rays that can penetrate miles of solid rock, picking up scenes all over the Earth without the need of a broadcast unit; transportation by teleportation instantaneously from one point to another (although this did require a sending and receiving set); mental machines which caused seemingly solid illusions, dreams, hypnotic compulsions (which account for the strange "urge to kill" of surface folk, such as the case of the young girl who said "God told me to stab mother with a knife").

They have death rays, space ships, giant rockets that traverse the upper air, (the flying saucers were described in detail by Mr. Shaver before they actually appeared to Mr. Kenneth Arnold and to thousands since), ground vehicles of tremendous power, machines for the revitalizing of sex known as "stim" machines (in which these degenerates sometimes spend

their whole lives in a sexual debauch that actually deforms their bodies in horrible ways almost beyond mentioning), ben rays which heal and restore the body, but are also capable of restoring lost energy after a debauch, and many more marvelous things which Mr. Shaver claims would revolutionize our surface science if we we could but obtain them.

The surface people who now inhabit the earth are the descendents of those abandondero who were not even able to gain access to the "life-saving" caverns but were forced to roam the surface (producing the remains now known as Neanderthal). Most of them died off, but others developed a resistance to the sun's death-dealing rays, and eventually managed to live almost as long, on the average, as the cavern people; and today, slightly longer. They had one advantage, they did not go insane from lack of the beneficent rays of the sun as did the dero, and from the concentrated "de" of the machines which gradually became saturated with radioactive accumulations which perverted the otherwise health-giving rays they give off.

However, surface folks have lost all memory of their forefathers except for vague legends of "Atlantis" and "Lemuria" and "giants"; while they know only of the dero as "devils" who torture them in their sleep, bring misfortune, and foster all the evil in

men's minds.

Today, says Mr. Shaver, the dero still exist in the caves and all our troubles are caused by them. Our wars are fostered by them; our terrible air accidents are not always accidents at all, but the result of destructive rays aimed at them by idiots whose only delight is death and torture; even our nightmares are the result of their "dream mech" trained on us in our sleep.

In my research into the Shaver Mystery, I have talked with hundreds of people. I have been impressed with one thing—their sincerity. I have also been impressed with another thing—that Mr. Shaver, despite what his claims seem to indicate, is not mentally unbalanced. He is a grave, slow-spoken, calm, unassuming man, with a continual glint of good humor in his eyes. Yet, there is the impression of a hard life lived adventurously, and of courage. It certainly takes courage to say the things he does, knowing full well that they will be deemed insane by the majority. However, I will not judge the man's mind, because I am incapable of it—except to say that he is one of the most brilliant I have ever met. And he plays a marvelous game of chess. . .

Says Mr. Shaver: "I have been in the caves."

"Physically?" I asked him.

"I believe so," he told me in

Pennsylvania, "but just when and how I cannot say. How can one divide the 'dream' from the 'reality' when there is no way of determining which is which? I've tried the old trick of pinching myself. It always hurts.

"Let us put it this way: Are you really here, talking to me?"

"Yes," I said positively.

"Then I have been in the caves!" he said just as positively.

Mr. Shaver's stories are accepted as legitimate evidence of the precepts of the followers of occultism. This is amazing, in that Mr. Shaver positively does not adhere to any belief in a life after death, looks pityingly upon those who believe that the voices he hears and the dero and tero he sees are "spirits". He tells you the blood of a tero spurts as stickily and redly when he is drawn and quartered as would yours. The existence of "spirits" is "wool" deliberately fostered by the cave people to explain the things they do, and prevent investigation, which surface people would otherwise make if there were not a scapegoat on which to blame the mysterious happenings.

But the occultists say Shaver's caves are really the lower astral, the abode of the dead who are spiritually degraded. The Spiritists declare that their seances reveal the existence of these degenerate little people exactly as Shaver describes them, but existing in a strange world of other-vibratory nature right along with ours. The tero,

they say, are the spirits of the good, of guardian angels, of higher spirits who guard over mankind.

Says Shaver: "If so, I am amazed at their impotence! It looks as if the Devil has God on the run. If I am a mystic, a 'sensitive', a 'medium', then I have seen 'guardian angels' boiled in oil, fried on a spit, and eaten! In the caves, one of the greatest delicacies of the dero is human flesh, and I have seen where that flesh comes from! Surface people, just like you and I. I can't imagine a 'spirit' eating 'lamb' stew."

On December 27, 1949, Albert Einstein came out with a new theory of gravitation and electromagnetic fields. Months before that, Mr. Shaver (minus the mathematical formula) told me the same thing! For the record, I want to say that if any credit for a new and revolutionary theory of gravity goes to anybody, it should go to Richard S. Shaver, on the basis of prior publication (in *Amazing Stories*).

Whatever else he is, he is of a scientific turn of mind, and his stories contain dozens of scientific precepts of great magnitude which have been and are being confirmed by scientific research since Shaver described them.

Lastly, many times I have been slyly accused of being Mr. Shaver myself, and that no such person as Shaver exists. While it is true that a great deal of the actual writing of the

stories published under Mr. Shaver's name have been rewritten by me, it has been in an editorial and revisional capacity, and although the words are different, the facts of the Shaver Mystery are the same and remain original with him. He does exist.

I have in my possession a vast array of material, hardly even classified, which Mr. Shaver has passed on to me. Now it has been published. In this description a summary is made. In it I have little of a personal nature to say.

Except that I give you Richard S. Shaver and the greatest adventure of modern times, in my humble opinion.

For those of our readers who are interested in pursuing the Shaver Mystery further, there is a short supply of issues 1-5-6-7-8-13-14-15-16 still available (see advertisement on pages 82-83 in this issue). The basic book is issue number 1, and a fine summation is contained in issue number 16, although each book is independent in itself and it is not necessary to have the entire series to comprehend the Mystery in its entire form. Actually, issue number 1 is recommended, being the original publication of "I Remember Lemuria" which caused the sensation that the Mystery was to become over the following four years (and which has continued to intrigue many ever since 1945).

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

Wallace E. Christensen

The meaning and law of life is Love. Without Love life has no purpose or meaning. In the Bible we read that "God is Love". It also says, "He who loves has God, and he who loves not, knows not God."

Love is the Divine force in us. It is the Spirit of the living God in us.

Jesus says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This was the complete teaching of Jesus Christ. To Love God and Love our neighbor.

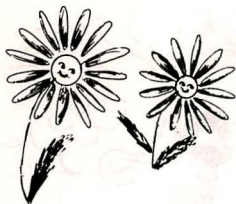
But to Love our neighbor as ourself, we must first Love ourself. We must accept ourself.

"Love is union with somebody, or something outside ourself, under the condition of retaining the separateness and integrity of one's own self." Erich Fromm. It is only in this perfect union that we can really find ourself and find Love. Only in the union with God (Love) can we find reason and meaning for ourself.

In Love we experience our union, our oneness with all. We sense our oneness with all of humanity, with nature and with God.

Love is the ultimate reality of the universe, of all life. Back of all things is the life-giving force of Love.

Pray for Love, above all things.



Smile Department

*WORSE VERSE

Mr. Smorgas went to the opera,
Drove up in a Ford.
Mr. Smorgas hated opera—
Boy! Was Smorgas bored!

* A tax office in a small town has a sign over the door that reads: "Watch Your Step."

As you leave the office you will see written on the back of the sign: "Watch Your Language."

* Then there was the fellow who heard a good joke and was going to take it home, but he decided that was carrying a joke too far.

* If you are out driving at a certain place in New Jersey, you'll see this sign:

CROSS ROAD BETTER HUMOR IT

* Bill: What did the bald man say when he received a comb for his birthday?
Jill: I don't know. What did he say?

Bill: Thanks very much, I'll never part with it.

* Question: Who was the smartest baby in the Bible?
Answer: Job. He cursed the day he was born.

Folks—If you have a "good one", why not share it with us? Please send us your jokes, quips, cartoons, or limericks (we are especially fond of limericks). Send to: Smile Department, SEARCH, Amherst, Wisconsin 54406.
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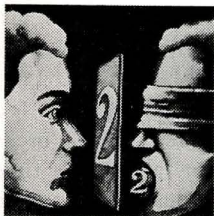


new ways to expand your psychic vision

THE NEW TAROT FOR THE AQUARIAN AGE

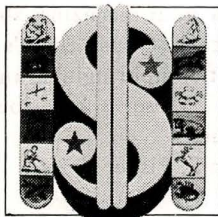


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Where The Reader Has His Say

CONGRATULATIONS KURT

Dear Ray:

Kurt Glemser is to be congratulated, for one peachy article. Sincerely hope he won't be hurt by the backlash.

If there's anything makes parents angrier than ungrateful (THEIR name for it) youngsters.

Why thank you, sir, but y'see I have deliberately remained happily childless. I never have believed this world a "Fitten place fo' chillun".

Tradition, is a plaything for the OLD.

It's also usually a block of progress. WAR, is a tradition bound activity.

I'll just stop here, before I get MAD.

That LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT: Those issues were emotion loaded, and thereby SUSPECT, in this quarter. When a

politician plans to rob his constituents, He starts them churning on emotion loaded, (Plus usually hopeless causes) to keep their attention off HIM.

I don't really know why I don't subscribe to *Search*—since I'm always in an awful fret, about the time it's due. We'll just have to leave it the usual—light on the money side.

I truly enjoy your magazine, almost more'n is decent—Oops, there's my nasty ol' Christian upbringing' again!

I'll just close here—before somebody's hurt!

John S. Fisher

TROUBLE WITH PARENTS

Mr. Palmer:

We must send a rebuttal to Kurt Glemser's article in *Search* (January 1970). The hippy philosophy which

REVEALED AT LAST!

And now we give to the world for the FIRST TIME by anyone anywhere on earth, a revelation of one of the most mighty Eternal Laws of the universe that has ever been discovered by humankind. This Eternal Law, which has been in operation since the Creation, is as simple as ABC, and as crystal clear as the noonday sun. It operates with absolute precision and accuracy; never failing, never forgetting, never weakening, never ending in every living soul on this earth, no matter whether they are white, black, brown, or yellow. THERE IS NO EVADING IT; IT SKIPS NO ONE! It does not have to be put into effect, IT IS ALREADY AUTOMATICALLY IN EFFECT since the beginning of time, and now disclosed for the FIRST TIME ANYWHERE. Now you can have the truthful answer, crystal clear, as to "What IS the matter with the world??" and why the heads and governing bodies of nations and peoples, do, say, act, and operate in such a helpless and stupid state and manner. We assure you that this is not a lot of hooey and hokum. This, at last, is truthful stark reality! We assure you we give you what we promise you, therefore we send it out with an ironclad guarantee of COMPLETE SATISFACTION or your money refunded in full without question or quibble, and it doesn't cost you a fortune to begin with.

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ETERNAL TRUTH

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he thinks "is the greatest" is nothing but a regression from decency and honor and human elegance (even the poorest of us can enjoy mental and physical and emotional elegance) and society, itself, would not be sick if it were not for those dropouts and copouts, anarchists and demonstrators and demanders who apparently cannot compete with honor and loyalty (to God, country and family) and they decide to follow a mad mob, destroying all the good work that has been accomplished by others before them. Are they too lazy to work for a living so that they might improve themselves and wouldn't learning and working be more admirable than condemning parents?

If this teenager thinks his parents are "sniveling cowards" then why does he stay home and live on their earnings (he didn't even want a summer job). Or is it that he could not stand on his own two feet in this competitive world and he is the "sniveling coward" in his family? Perhaps he can live without money and we might inquire how would he pay his way? We are fed up with parasites and welfarees hanging on our shoulders so we have enough of those kind, and if he is so smart in school as he says, then he should be able to make his own living.

This "trouble with parents" author hasn't learned that freedom itself demands responsibility and apparently

he doesn't know what this word responsibility means. This long-haired "expert" (self-styled) in individualism wants to be noticed, otherwise he would not be wearing shoulder-length hair and if he must make himself look like some kind of an odd-ball in order to get attention, then he is poorly equipped to face those MEN with the "corporate trim".

No wonder he is sex sick having received his sex education from his brother by the time he was eight years old and his other references to the subject are sickening. Isn't he ashamed to write in such a degenerate fashion about his girl friends?

We thank God for our parents who have worked and sacrificed to give us the background to go out in the world to make a living. They were not cowards, but the bravest people in the world for they did without in order that we might have—they worked that we might be schooled—they studied and read and kept up with the facts that we might be knowledgeable—our homes were very humble because our parents spent their earnings on us, on books, and on education—but the homes were warm and friendly and full of love, even if we didn't recognize it as love until we had to leave it all behind us—and even if our mothers had been like this teenager described his mother, we would not degrade her or our home by speaking so caustically about her.

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HEALTH RESEARCH, 99 LAFAYETTE ST., MOKELUMNE HILL, CALIF. 95245

This Kurt Glemser seems to be void of gentility and we think his article was insensitive and dirty.

Betty Morton
Jimmy Towers

HAIR

Dear Ray:

I have never written you before, I don't think.

After reading *Search* for January, I thought I'd comment on the teenage bit.

I feel he left out a couple of reasons for the dislike of long hair. One is the idea it makes a male look feminine and the other is, unkeptness. He says it is combed and clean. Sure *his* maybe! 10 or 20% do keep their hair clean and combed.

I think mostly the idea of looking girlish is what gets the men. I can't speak for the woman's reason. They dislike it also, only not so much, I don't think.

I've got to tell a funny one on me about it. One young man I know and two friends wanted me to go some place with them (hunting or fishing, I think). One with long hair sitting in the car at a little distance away, back to me, was driving. (I thought he was a woman.) When asked, I said O.K., but she can't go. They laughed and said it was a boy also. (We went).

Wonderful magazine keep it up.

Edward Howell

INTERESTING—BUT

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I found Kurt Glemser's article on Parents interesting, as read in the January, 1970 issue of *Search*. However, I take exception with some of his comments.

There is the underlying assumption that our younger generation is so much "better", so filled with 'goodness' that they could do no wrong. It is too bad that Solomon of the Old Testament, I believe, couldn't concur as he said that "there was no new thing under the sun." Indeed, after all was said and done, Solomon labeled it all "vanity".

To get a glimpse of what our "forth-coming" generation may come to, I suggest one read II Tim. 3:1-7. The New Testament prophets foresaw a time of "brute" carnality, when youngsters would be "heady", "unholy", "without natural affection", "fierce", etc. Not quite the utopia our kids liken themselves to, is it?

St. Paul specifically admonishes men not to wear long hair. One would immediately think this contradictory in light of the traditional "long-haired" Christ. However, historians and theologians alike are discovering more and more that Jesus may have indeed, have had short or shorter hair than expected. Not all Jewish custom portrayed the use of effeminate long-hair on men, and many a portrait of

Christ in churches and elsewhere depict a "conventional" hair length or style!

Castator's thesis on long-hair seems somewhat hypothetical, and if anyone wanted to know what "type" of "square" shooter Christ was, he need only read about the deeds He did. Christ condemned the Scribes and priests for manipulating the commandment to "honor father and mother" (Gospels, Matthew and Mark)—and do so in no uncertain terms. He honored marriage as "sacred"—and likened it as God's love for his bride, the "church"! He preached "love" as opposed to "lust". The one an out-going, sacrificing, patient, responsible, liable concern for another. The other a "taking", a grasping, selfish striving to satisfy the sensual and, sometimes, neurotic sensations of the flesh, usually blind and uncompromising. The former, while having to do with sexual pleasure, is by no means confined to it, and may have little to do with it, in tending to the needs of the other. The latter, is almost solely concerned to physical sex and is a full-time preoccupation, often involving criminal thinking, and utter disrespect for the well-being of the other.

One recalls the scene in the movie *Yours, Mine and Ours*, where Henry Fonda (the husband) is helping his wife down the steps to the automobile, because she was expecting. In the process, he is trying

to bind the 'generation gap' of his young daughter and her crude, ill-mannered hippie boy-friend. She's asking how to figure out her "feelings" about this boy, and has picked a very hectic moment. The father quite pointedly said that love was doing the babies diapers, helping with house chores, getting up to make breakfast early every morning for a house full of kids, getting to work on time to support a family. He asked her to take a close look at her mother, as he escorted her to their car, and she'd also see love.

Glemser condemns adult hypocrisy, indifference and stupidity. He says 'sex' is alright if one "loves" another. Then he has the gall to say he admires Billy Graham as a man who is able to tell it like it is. Well, Reverend Graham has and still does condemn premarital and extramarital sex—and he speaks against it strongly as ever—the same as many who 'tell it like it is'. He believes marriage is a sacred institution and was created by God for a special purpose. That sex was 'good' and very beautiful—until the 'fall' and a general dispensation—a criminality of thought (Shaver's 'de'-ro') came upon man. That the 'slip of paper' signifies much, much more than *arbitrary* taboo. How God cherishes marriage and its responsibility can be viewed by his Prophets in the Old Testament speaking on His Marriage Covenant" with Israel.

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Graham as well as other supposed Christians, cite the epidemic V.D. rise—the growing divorce rate—and the rising criminality throughout the

world, all as indications that our teen-agers and young adults aren't what they pretend. The enemy here is not "younger", "older", but

“human”—our own criminal mentality. But since we debunk the Bible as so much bunk, we wallow in the mire of Babylon.

Concerning nudity, you'll notice that the Genesis account says God created the 'sex difference' and created it 'good'. When the first parents were cast out of the garden—a criminal mentality entered the difference, the picture. They *clothed* themselves. Later, you'll notice in Genesis, it was *God*, Himself, who clothed the *first family*. Yes, mankind was to be “clothed” because it was no longer a literal “Garden of Eden”—but a different dispensation had fallen mankind—and would remain so until Christ's climaxing return!

Christ was no different for He also held the same views. Marriage, sex, love was all very 'good' and proper—as intended by God from (at) the beginning. But he condemned “adultery” and other sexual promiscuities. For much the same reasons, St. Paul and other Apostles did likewise. Christian ethics of kindness and love for each spouse, along with Christian responsibilities, was the closest thing to a “Garden of Eden” type ideal under the present “system of things” (John's Gospel, I John 5:4, for example). No one is speaking against nudity between married spouses, for one thing that was certain between Adam and his wife and that *was* privacy, only

intervened by God. When they left the Garden and became a family and more—*privacy* was illusive and conditional!

The adult population may be “sick”, and it is a “sick” world, but some of the “practices” Kurt adheres to are as far from the spirit of the Scripture as possible. War, bad education, adult indifference are problems. But sexual promiscuity, disrespect for authority (particular ‘ultimate’ authority) and Christianity, parents and a general ‘heady’, ‘high-minded’ attitude is *not* the answer.

Steve Erdmann
4721 Louisiana Ave.
St. Louis, Mo. 63111

WARNING

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I implore you, warn people not to try to get messages for themselves by table tipping, using a pendulum, etc. I did it and I got messages all right. I heard as many as three voices at once, one sneering, one nonsense, and one obscene.

You can imagine the horror of this and terrible head pains, unable to sleep and being unable to refuse to answer the call to come back and use the pendulum again and again and one day being shouted at, unable to work, such a mixed up mind as to be unable to think. I am only saved by the grace

(continued on page 96)

PERSONALS

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● I am interested in corresponding with anyone who reads this magazine to broaden his knowledge and with the following characteristics: (1) Displeased with the world today with all its problems; willing to help pave a course. (2) Highly intelligent and willing to help out a man of lesser qualities; let me decide if confused. (3) Willing to help man get back on his feet and back on top where he belongs. (4) No matter who you are, what you are, or where you are, if you fit any one of the above then I want to get to know you. Please write soon. P.F.C. Joseph Dewberry, RA

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● A complete set of Mystic-Search magazines beginning with May 1949 to December 1969 all in good condition 25 cents each. Jack Campbell, 4425 North Cogswell Road, El Monte, California 91732, Phone: 444-2871.

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● I need three of the "Hidden World" series by Richard S. Shaver, A2, A3, A4. Please contact Lowell Alswager, P.O. Box 494, Stevensville, Montana 59870. Will pay amply for them.

● I have the Ancient Atlantic which I purchased recently. If you are interested in this copy, you can have it for \$7.00. I still have the original shipping jacket in which it was shipped to me. Let me know by letter if you want it. Andrew Antosh, 1979 Daly Ave., Bronx, N.Y.

HE WALKED THE AMERICAS

BY
L. TAYLOR HANSEN

Almost two thousand years ago a mysterious white man walked from tribe to tribe among the American Nations. He came to Peru from the Pacific, He traveled through South and Central America, among the Mayans, into Mexico and all of North America, then back to ancient Tula, from whence he departed across the Atlantic to the land of his origin. Who was this white Prophet who spoke a thousand languages, healed the sick, raised the dead, and taught in the same words as Jesus Himself?



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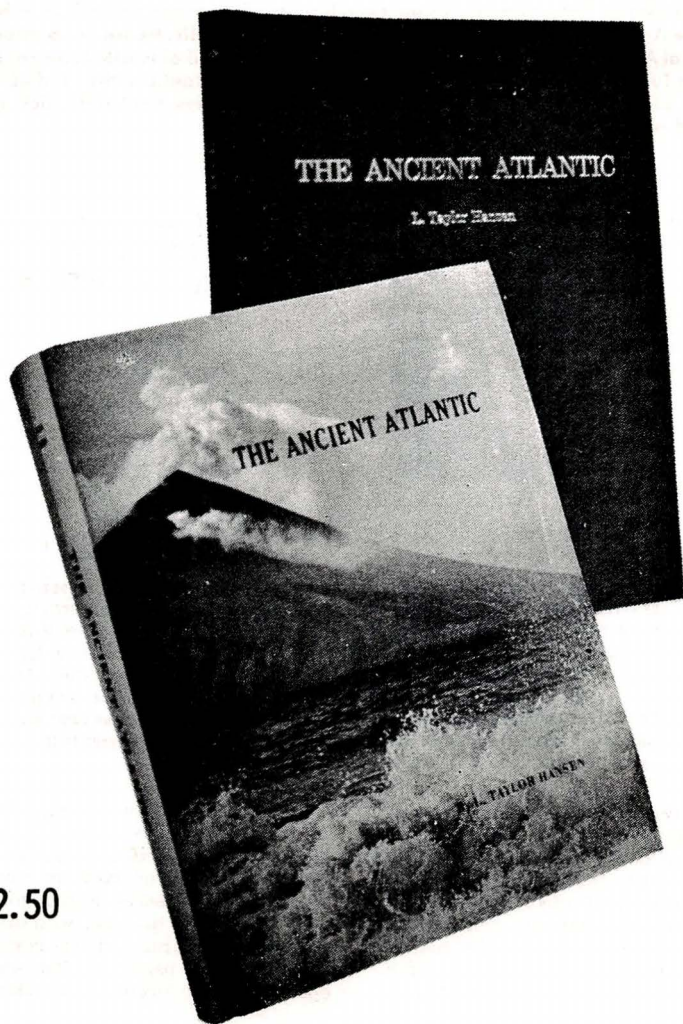
These are true Indian legends, gathered during twenty-five years of research by L. Taylor Hansen, archaeologist, from many different tribes all over the Americas. By consulting museums, libraries and experts on folk-lore, it has been possible to correlate the findings into this fascinating book, backed up by the spades of the diggers into ancient ruins, and by all the sciences with which L. Taylor Hansen is familiar. This is a book that will back up the New Testament of the East, with the Christian Indian legends of the West. In this book is proof that the Savior came not only to one continent, but to all the world. This book will strengthen your faith as no other could!

HE WALKED THE AMERICAS has 256 pages, size 7"x9 3/4", with color on every page! There are 388 illustrations, consisting of 260 "spot" illustrations, 60 minor illustrations, 48 major illustrations, and also 6 minor illustrations and 14 major illustrations in full color - beautiful color, such as you see on this bro-

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THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC By L. Taylor Hansen



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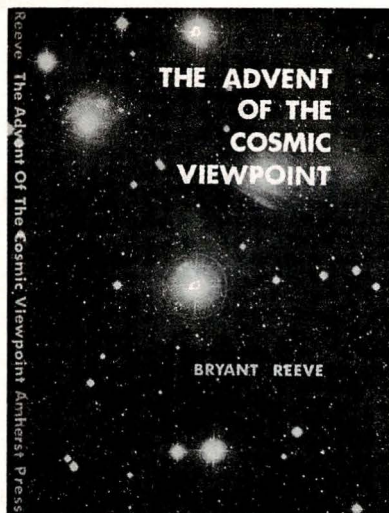
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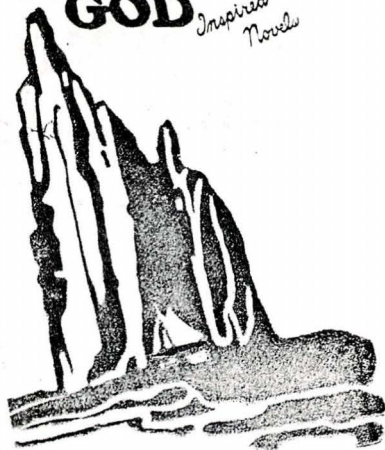
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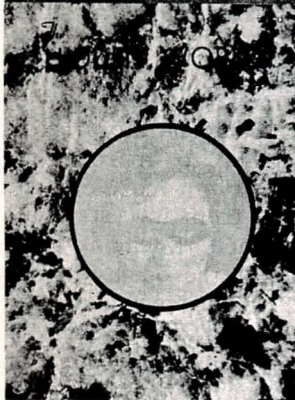
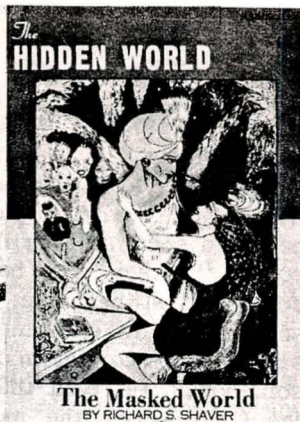
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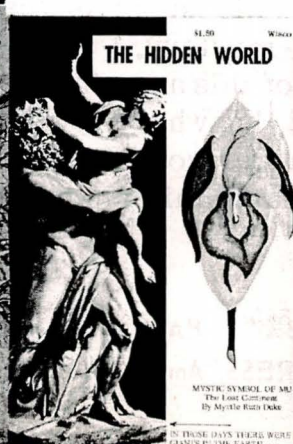
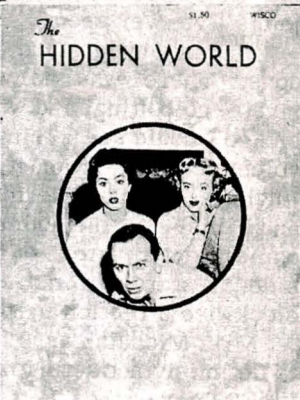


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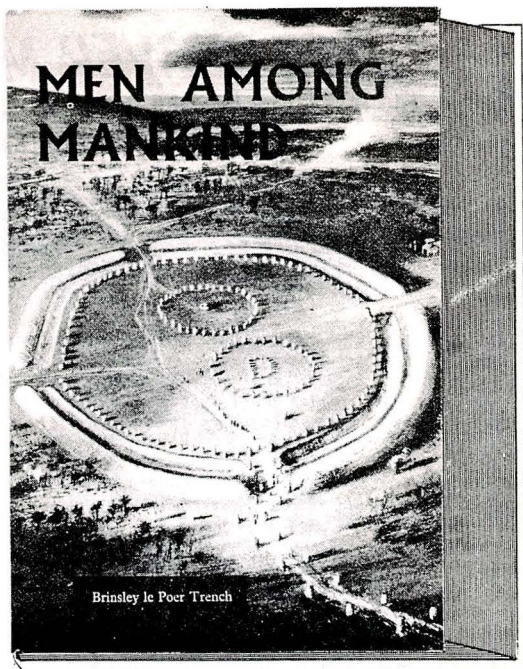
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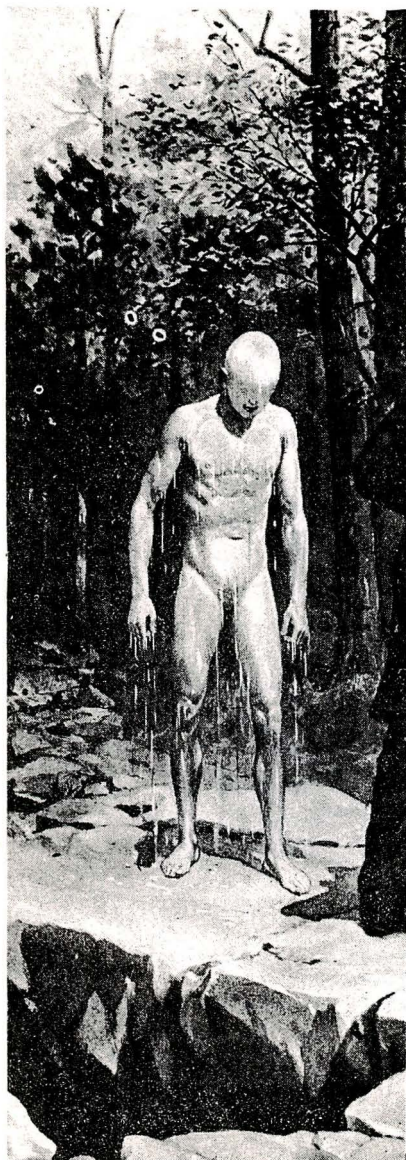
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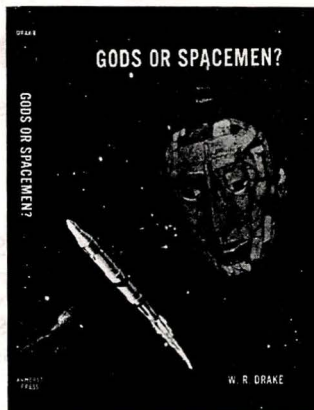
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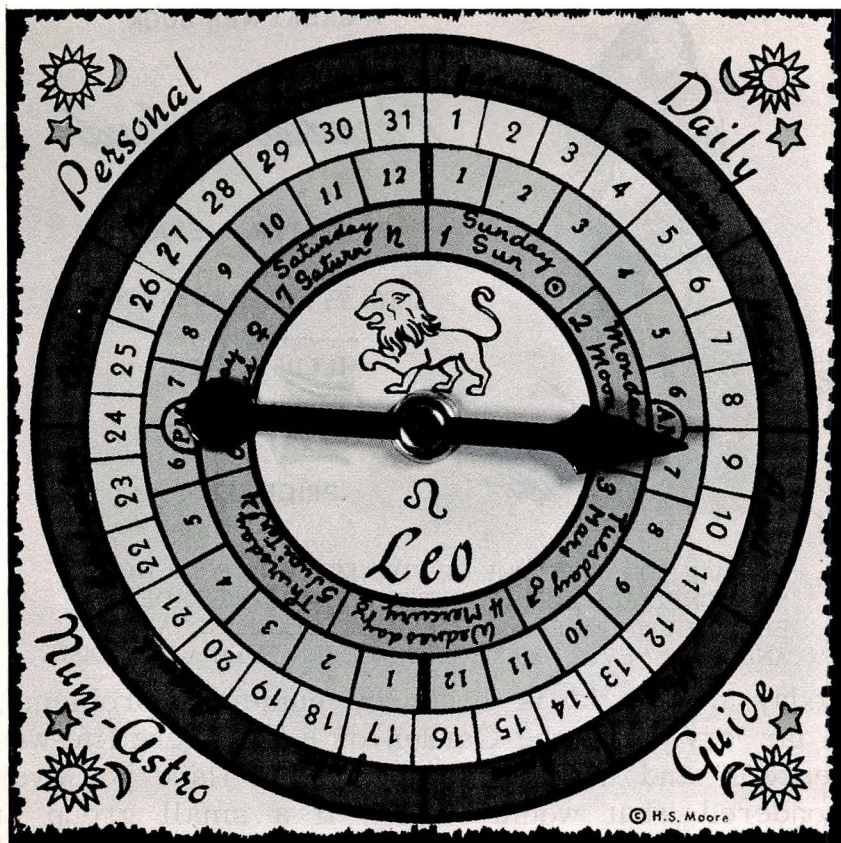
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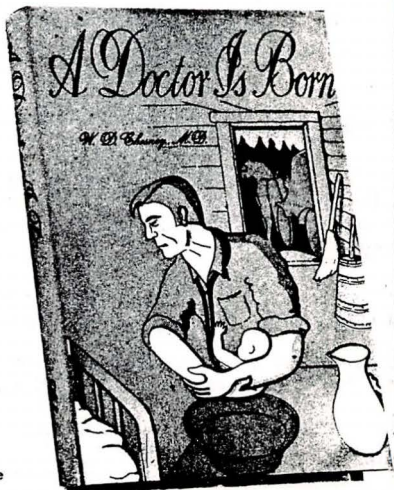
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D-CELLS, THE CATALYTIC AGE MARVEL—tested for more than 15 years now with no adverse effects ever reported. Some users claim psychic development benefits from drinking D-Cell water as it aids in body purification by helping neutralize and remove accumulated poisons. Gives drinking water that mountain spring water taste. Long lasting, economical. Also other uses. For full story and prices, send stamped, self-addressed legal size envelope to: Hilary M. Dorey, 12 S. Arnold Avenue, Newport, R.I. 02840.

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BECOME NOTARY PUBLIC! Free particulars. Send postal. **STATIONERS EXCHANGE**, 405-F Richardt, Evansville, Indiana 47711.

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WHERE THE READER HAS HIS SAY (continued from page 71)

of God and the help of the forces of good.

A professional reader ought to be consulted. A person trying these things on their own is in terrible danger. I know, this happened to me! I am unable to tell you the full horror of it.

I subscribe to *Search* but because of my family and job, I must not tell my name.

No Name

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, PLEASE, Mr. Kamp

Dear Ray,

Every once in a while I read an article saying we all tell lies or we all like certain golesh stories or we all this or all that; in not one case have these statements been true about everybody. I know, because they were not true of me or of many people I know. The latest by R.M. Kamp in the September *Search* says we *all* like to

believe there is something unholy, exotic and ghostly about E.S.P. This is a lie. I never did believe or wanted to or liked to believe such.

My belief has always been that E.S.P. was similar to radio and radar to some extent or like sound waves or pressure waves.

Just as a ship or plane sends sound or pressure waves through the water or air, so coming events can generate certain wave patterns that are picked up by certain people. Some people seem to have a guilty conscience about certain things they think, feel, believe or wish, so to ease their conscience they say we all do; when they can only truthfully speak for themselves.

Like the poet who said love for a woman was her life, but for men a thing apart. What a lie, true about himself, maybe, but he sure missed the boat about millions of other men. To some women it is a thing apart but not all. So when someone starts saying we all this or that, they generally are wrong. No, I don't secretly or subconsciously wish, hope, or want to believe in E.S.P.

I have sent you letters for years and not one of mine has ever been published or even answered unless it was about a purchase of books or subscription.

L. D. Walden
Box 8321
Kansas City, Mo. 64105

THE ANCIENT ATLANTIC, although only half as thick. But if I am going to realize my ambition, I'm going to have to sell a certain number of copies "in advance" to get the money to finish up the actual printing. If I get the money *right now*, MARTIAN DIARY, BOOK I will be on sale August 1. I'm not going to offer any special inducement, such as reduced price, or free gimmick. The price of the book is going to be \$10.00, now and when published. If you want to buy one today, I will appreciate your help. Just fill in the coupon (so my wife, Margie, will have an orderly record of your purchase) and enclose your check. I'll make only one promise—if MARTIAN DIARY doesn't "make it", you can return your copy any time for a full refund.

Your old friend, "Rap".

RAY PALMER, Amherst Wisconsin 54406

PLEASE SEND ME MARTIAN DIARY — BOOK I

I enclose \$10.40 to cover cost plus postage

(I realize I won't get it before August 1, 1970)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE NO. _____

SERENITY PRAYER TILE

Everyone loves these! Hang on wall or set the coffee pot on it!



Made specially for SEARCH Magazine by the famous "House of Moore"

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Send me Serenity Prayer Tile and Wire Trivet. I enclose \$3.00.
I want green ☐; blue ☐; gold ☐.

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

(continued from inside front cover)

Well, I sat down and tried to do it. I failed. You just *can't* write a book that will be comprehensive and orderly, marshalled into chapter and verse, setting forth what I've concluded life is all about! Then, out of the despair came a simple, logical solution. Tell it like it is! Just as it happened. Give them your *diary*, your notes and just explain things as you go along. Those diary notes ARE your thoughts! They ARE what you think about everything you've experienced, learned, discovered, rejected, accepted, discussed, classified, assembled, categorized, philosophized about, and considered logical, convincing, possible and probable, reasonable, and closest to reality and fact—the meaning of it all, to Ray Palmer. Sure, they'll take you apart; but haven't you done that to them all these years?

And so, I started out anew; and just as I write my editorials, and my answers to your letters and my discussions in SEARCH and FORUM, the words rolled out. I consulted my diary, my notes, my files, but mostly looked into my mind, into my memory, where all my real conclusions are so indelibly recorded. I abandoned the idea of making them "acceptable"; of catering to anyone's mental, spiritual, or intelligence level; of being considerate of anyone's religion, philosophy, beliefs, prejudices, preconceptions, misconceptions, education, or even their rights. I thought to myself, if they don't like it, or accept it, or agree with it, let them lump it. It's what I think! After all, they did say that's what they want to know!

MARTIAN DIARY, BOOK I is only a part of the whole. There has to be a BOOK II and a BOOK III. Who knows how many more? You know, best of all,

how I can ramble on, such as in my editorials. But you seem to like that particular style of presentation, maybe because it's me, just talking to you as though we were standing face to face. So, maybe you'll like this sort of book, in spite of the fact that it won't be in any sort of final, categorized and chapterized order, subject by subject, each covered completely in its own little niche.

In nearly 60 years, I've come to feel like some sort of outcast, some sort of alien, because of the very thing I mentioned before—the more I learn, the fewer people I find to talk to about what I've learned without having them cut the conversation off and walk over to the other side of the street, where they can avoid the problems these discussions are bound to bring up. That's why I call it "Martian". I've always felt a sort of fellowship with "Martians", from the very first day I read Edgar Rice Burroughs' "Maid of Mars" and found a very exciting hero in John Carter of Mars, fighting and loving far away on a mysterious "red planet" entirely foreign to the familiar old "Terra" on which I was born. I feel rather like a Martian who has been transported to Earth, and abandoned. What if that were true, and I were taken back there, with my diary? What would *they* think about it? What would I "report" to them? Would I just be another ERB writing a fantasy about a Martian counterpart of John Carter? Maybe that's the way YOU will take my MARTIAN DIARY? Maybe that's the way you SHOULD take it! No matter! I've written the first one.

It has been my ambition that this book be published on my 60th birthday, August 1, 1970. MARTIAN DIARY will be as handsome a book as