

THE LIARS IN THE A. E. C. - *Ray Palmer*



MYSTIC

MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1955

35¢

Helen B. Warner

True!

The Phantom Doctor
Jealousy After Death
The Luminous Fog
Ghost Settles An Estate
My Astral Nurse
The Guiding Voice
Astral Gold Hunt
A Message For England
I Am Not Dead!

THE SHAVER MYSTERY

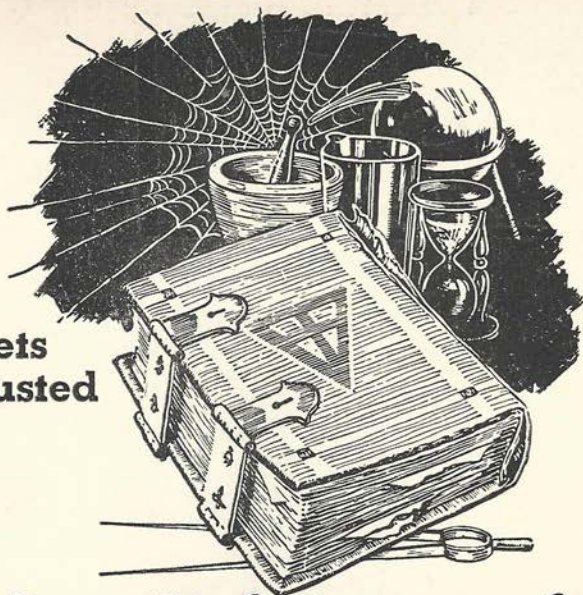
Does An
Ancient Race
Still Live
Underground?



I CONTACTED AN UNKNOWN RACE!

By Richard S. Shaver

**Secrets
entrusted
to a
few**



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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

OCTOBER

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Contents

**MYSTIC
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Issue No. 12

Editor: Ray Palmer

TRUE STORIES

THE SHAVER MYSTERY.....	Richard S. Shaver	6
No. 1 I Contacted An Unknown Race		
IT HAPPENED TO ME.....		42
The Guiding Voice.....	Joseph R. Casey	
My Astral Nurse.....	Charles C. Bailey	
The Phantom Doctor.....	Anonymous	
The Broken Water Pipe.....	Julian M. Cummings	
Astral Projection Finds Gold.....	Jack Layton	
The Luminous Fog.....	Rollis R. Mohrfahl	
A Ghost Settles An Estate.....	Frances Golcher	
I Am Not Dead!.....	Mrs. Leonora Ridge	
A Message For England.....	Sanctilean	
Jealousy After Death.....	Frederick G. Hehr	
CONSULTATION WITH A GHOST.....	Frances Yerxa	61

ARTICLES

THE LIARS IN THE A. E. C.....	Ray Palmer	20
-------------------------------	------------	----

FEATURES

EDITORIAL.....	Ray Palmer	4
POLICE RECORD OF A GHOST.....	Roger Falk	39
CASE OF THE DEAD HAND.....	Lewis Teller	40
THE INNER CIRCLE.....	Mark Probert	62
IMPROVE YOUR MYSTIC WORD POWER.....		84
MYSTERY IN THE NEWS.....		86
YOUR FUTURE.....	Dorothy Spence Lauer	94
THE SEANCE CIRCLE.....	Letters From Our Readers	99

Cover: Richard S. Shaver

Please address all correspondence to Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisc.
Mystic Magazine is published every other month by Palmer Publications, Inc., 806
Dempster St., Evanston, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office
at Evanston, Illinois. Additional entry at Amherst, Wisc., and at Sandusky, Ohio.
Manuscripts, artwork, photographs invited, but no responsibility is undertaken for
loss. Return envelope and postage essential. Subscriptions: 12 issues \$3.00; 24 is-
sues \$6.00. Copyright 1955 by Palmer Publications, Inc. Printed in USA by Stephens
Printing Corporation, Sandusky, Ohio.

...Editorial...

THE life of an editor is about the strangest one in the world, especially if he is the editor of a magazine like MYSTIC. After years of experience we think we've learned something, then we discover we don't know very much at all. Every month we prepare a magazine for the printer, and we put things into it we think our readers would like to read. We do this for two reasons: 1) to provide them with what they want; and 2) to give the distributor a product he can sell. The only way we can tell what the readers want is by their letters (and by sales). The only way the distributor can sell the magazine is to give him a handsome looking magazine, with interesting articles, and a product that will cause a reader of his first issue to say: "I've got to get that magazine next issue!"

To take item one: we asked a question in our last issue. Do you readers want the Shaver Mystery presented in its entirety, exactly as it happened, all fiction removed, and brought up to date? We should never have asked that question. We should have known from our

past experience that the answer would be yes. But we asked—and the answer has floored us. The same answer that floored us the first issue we ran Shaver back in 1945 in *Amazing Stories*. The story was "I Remember Lemuria!" and we called it a true story, a story from "racial memory." The reason we did this was because somehow we believed Shaver. We had evidence, in the strange reception we'd gotten from the publication of his "Mantong" alphabet. But we had no conception of the reaction that would follow. *Fifty thousand* letters! So many that when stacked on the floor in the office of W. B. Ziff (who had questioned the advisability of ruining as true what seemed to him to be fiction), they formed a pile four feet high. Mr. Ziff was a publisher, and if a story sold magazines, it was a story that had every right to be included. So it was in from then on.

No, we didn't get 50,000 letters this time. But we got enough to surprise us. So many that there is no help for it; we must present the famed Mystery in its entirety,

or ignore the *majority* of our readers; ignore what actually is a *demand*.

The question is: true or false? Is the Shaver Mystery based on truth, or is it fiction? Is Shaver actually possessed of some kind of knowledge of a factual condition, or is he a fraud? When we got those 50,000 letters, they came from 50,000 people who didn't say: "I *like* this kind of story because it is interesting." They said: "This story is *true*! I know because the same things have happened to me!"

Yes, your editor sat at his desk back in 1945 muttering "incredible!" He couldn't believe his eyes. It couldn't be that the story was so tremendous. It wasn't particularly well-written, or well-plotted. It broke all the basic rules for writing fiction. It certainly was not too convincingly presented as fact. It was obviously just a minor part of a magazine presented for years as fiction. Yet, here was the baffling factor in all these letters—nobody *questioned* its truth. And those people who did not have experiences similar to Shaver, did not write, therefore there were no "negatives."

What to conclude? Was Shaver right? We had to find out. We went to see Mr. Shaver. He said he was telling the truth, take it or leave

it. We took it. We subjected it to a test. We ran it issue after issue, reporting everything that happened and *nobody ever proved* a thing, negatively. But there were many "proofs" positively. We place that word in quotes because in each individual case, the critic could claim such things as "coincidence," "contrary to accepted fact", "contrary to scientific research", etc. But how many coincidences make a thing "beyond chance"? According to Dr. Rhine, of Duke University, a thousand tosses of a penny coming up heads cannot be chance (although in infinity that chance does exist).

Why, then, was the Shaver Mystery dropped from *Amazing Stories*? The answer to that one is simple: pressure from those who felt the Mystery was an insult to their reasoning powers. Common sense told them that what Shaver said could not be true. Their fear of the unknown compelled them to persecute (yes, that's the word) the Mystery until their hue and cry caused the publishers to seek to avoid what might be bad publicity. To be accused of "deceiving the public," or worse still, "actually believing that rot," could not be tolerated. Nobody wants to be questioned as to his mental balance, and all people who do not

(Continued on page 78)

The **SHAVER MYSTERY**

By Richard S. Shaver

As Told To

Ray Palmer

I CONTACTED AN UNKNOWN RACE

Foreword

This is a true story. It began in December, 1943, when Mr. Shaver's strange Mantong Alphabet was published in *Amazing Stories*. It ended when the *Shaver Mystery* was forbidden in *Amazing Stories'* pages by its publisher, William B. Ziff (because some irate orthodox reader—probably a boy of 17 who had just finished a high school course in physics—wrote to Mr. Ziff and informed him that Mr. Shaver's theories were in direct opposition to those of Mr. Albert Einstein). "We do not contradict Mr. Einstein," proclaimed Mr. Ziff. However, before the end of the *Shaver Mystery*, it had reached the pages of *LIFE*, which laughed heartily for 8 pages, and had increased the circulation of *Amazing Stories* to the incredible (for a pulp magazine) figure of 185,000 copies monthly, and made the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company more than a half-million dollars. Your present editor was the editor who was responsible for the *Shaver Mystery* (having been at the helm of *Amazing Stories* for nearly twelve years), and he knows all about it. He is the only one qualified to tell the truth about it. He has every letter written to him concerning it, every bit of pertinent material tremendous files of its entire history. Without those files, the subject cannot possibly be covered in any comprehensive form. Not even Mr. Shaver can, from memory, outline the progress of what became known as his "Mystery". What, exactly is the *Shaver Mystery*? In these pages in the coming months, you will be given the entire incredible story, in every detail, and your editor predicts it will be impossible for anyone to refute one single detail. We also predict that many of you will be outraged, because your orthodoxy will be challenged. If so, please fight fair! This time there is no way of going

over the editor's head to kill something that was none of your business in the first place—because the editor is also the publisher. How self-righteous that person who placed his opinion on Shaver-versus Einstein over the wishes of more than 185,000 people who were giving more than four years' support to the Mystery must have felt! He had placed all these people in the way to learn the errors of their thinking. But if you are a thinker, you will think about the Shaver Mystery as we present it to you. Above all, accept none of it! It IS still a mystery. But like the flying saucers, it is still with us today, without a single nut or bolt actually available to prove it to those who wish only nuts and bolts as proof. But when you think of flying saucers, remember also that it was Shaver who predicted them! It was Shaver who described them in detail before ever Kenneth Arnold saw them over the Cascades. For, as you will discover, flying saucers are part of the Shaver Mystery, and cannot be divorced. And just as the FBI investigated flying saucers, they investigated Shaver. What was their verdict? Officially, none. Yet, your editor knows that they did investigate, and he knows what they told him, privately. He cannot quote them, because he will not be backed up in a showdown. But what they told him was the one fact that made it impossible for him to drop the Mystery as untrue. It was the one item that kept him interested in it. And it is the one item that, today, intrigues him as no other single factor in the whole Mystery has. Because it is the SAME factor that convinced him of the reality of flying saucers. Only one thing we ask of you who read of the Mystery in the pages of MYSTIC, please, please do not call on us personally in regard to it. We will offer nothing but our printed word. And we will positively not talk on the telephone to anyone about it. These two requests are as ironclad as our word can make them. If you have anything to say regarding the Mystery, send it through the mail. We'll read it, and we'll print it, if it is legitimate..

—Rap.



SINCE it all began with the Alphabet, I will begin with it.

You who have read my previous two articles in MYSTIC (*How I Discovered The Caves* — Feb. '55; and *A Plot Against Our Lives* — Aug. '55) will remember that my first contact was mental, a sort of vision; an hallucination, if you will, both visual and auditory. I saw and heard a woman speaking. I later saw and heard other men and women speaking. I was also shown things. All this existed in

caverns below the surface of the earth. I knew this by two means: that is what they told me; and by a process of elimination—I reasoned that it must be so, for they were not on the surface, nor were they in the air above me (obviously).

Out of the many things I learned, one stood out in my mind as truly important: the alphabet of the ancient language they called Mantong. Here was an actual proof! Here was a tool that could

be used to confirm the ancient race, to trace the remnants existing today, in modern languages. Here was a way to unearth the ancient story of Atlantis, Lemuria (Mu) and the race of Titans and Atlans who inhabited the Earth many thousands of years ago, and who fled the Earth because of a tremendous catastrophe, leaving behind the ancestors of the present-day underground race I called the "dero" and the "tero." The difference I will explain later. For now, I will deal with the alphabet; because without it, you cannot begin to understand the terminology I will use constantly. Nor, without it, can you check with me in your own way, through actual research of your own that can be done while sitting in your own armchair with results that cannot fail but to astound you.

Although the alphabet is a beginning, and a key, there is also a dictionary; and it is regrettable that such a dictionary cannot be provided in comprehensive form along with the alphabet, for it would be a valuable help, a tremendous shortcut to your rapid understanding of what it is that I am trying to convey to you. As I progress, your dictionary of the ancient language will increase, and I hope that one of the results of my work will be an actual compila-

tion of that dictionary.

The alphabet is a strange one, in many respects. First, it is one that causes the etymological experts of philology to snort with disdain, because it violates the time-table they have set up in their so-learned books. Language derivations, they say, go back into ancient times to such languages as Sanscrit, Chinese, Egyptian and Latin and on down to modern times to the so-called Romance languages, Spanish, French, etc. And the most modern of them all is, they say, English, which is largely Anglo-Saxon. The reason for their laughter is my claim that the most ancient of all alphabets, that of Mantong, the one I present to you here, is in English!

"There you are!" they snort. "Obviously the man is wrong. We can prove beyond all possible doubt, even to an idiot, that English is not an ancient language, but is made up of bits of all previous languages, and is a hodge-podge that resulted from just such an amalgamation."

It is here that they have made a serious mistake. Language is phonetic. A sound is a sound, and no matter where uttered, it is the same sound. The alphabet is a series of sounds from which words are made. They are the basic building blocks of language. They

are called "letters." (Sometimes one wonders why we call them letters, until we think about writing letters (alphabets) and realizing that is how we communicate with each other. Write a letter to your mother once a week, so that she will know how it is with you.) Thus, the Mantong alphabet is presented in the only way in which it can be presented, as *sounds*. The only way I have to present these sounds is in their English equivalent. Yet, I do not try to evade the philologists by so meek a tactic—I say here and now, beyond all possible revocation, that English is *closer* to the original language of Man than any other language; and it is closer because it is not an amalgamation, but the mother lode of all language.

There are many meanings attached to letters. For instance, Churchward has the alphabet telling the story of the sinking of ancient Mu; each letter in order, being a portion of that tale. This is easy to do, by simply ascribing the proper meaning to each letter. Yet all these things, on which I advance no opinion one way or the other, are evidence that it is a popular concept that the individual letters do have meanings. But what are those meanings, *actually*?

What other meanings could they have than those useful in compiling

words that describe what it is wished that they describe?

Sometimes to make a point, we must first make an assumption. Here I will make one, but actually it is putting the cart before the horse, because if I waited until I had introduced the horse, I would follow naturally with the cart. Our horse is the assumption that this ancient race did exist. It did, but I haven't described it to you as yet—so if you will bear with me, I will speak as though you were already convinced of the reality of that ancient race which I have (I believe) actually contacted.

This ancient race is not native to Earth. It comes from Space, and it is ancient beyond belief in the sense that it is hundreds of millions of years old, and Earth is but a baby in comparison, the race actually pre-dating the formation of the planet itself. One of the things done by the ancient race is the "seeding down" of new planets to humanity. Obviously my readers will see that I am going contrary to the ordinary concept of evolution, since what I am saying is that Man did not evolve on this planet, but was placed here, just as he has been placed on many other planets, some of them long dissolved and gone into the primal elements from which they were originally created. Yet I do not say

that evolution does not happen, from the original cell implanted in the primal ocean to the complex animal forms that walk the land and fly through the air. Man is none of these.

Picture, if you will, Man placed on a young planet, teeming with evolved life. He is placed there to master it (and himself). One of his first needs is communication. Those who placed him there have a language, a basic one, which if reason is used, is obviously always the same basic pattern. It is a collection of sounds which it is possible for the human voice to reproduce. Now, if those sounds were meaningless in themselves, they would contain no meaning even when collected in groups. If "A" has no meaning, nor "P", nor "E", then neither has APE. So, A, P, and E have individual meanings. Put together they have a meaning that *perfectly* describes an APE. If one member of this ancient race I am speaking of were to meet another member on a far planet from Earth, and were to describe the evolved life forms of Earth, he could get across to his hearer a perfect picture of what an Earth Ape is, simply by the word which describes it. No picture would be necessary. If the letters in the word have a definite meaning, the word meaning should be quite clear

to the person having a complete knowledge of the basic meanings of the letters.

Thus, as we read in the Bible: "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 Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field . . ." (Genesis 2:19, 20)

You will note that even the Bible agrees that the beasts and fowl were formed out of the ground, or by evolutionary processes, but that Man was formed differently: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

(Genesis 2:7) Note that he was formed out of the "dust" of the ground. This "dust" is the same I will describe to you later as "exd". Adam was complete, when formed, with no intermediate forms. He did not come "out of the ground". He then received the "breath of life" and became a "living soul" right then and there. Later on, when we study the words with the meaning of the alphabet before us, we will get a very exciting picture out of the Book of

Genesis.

The point I want to make here is the "naming" of the animals, etc., by Adam. Adam, you won't argue was the "first man". Reasonably he cannot be anything else but a member of the ancient race, of the "first men." Not an animal. Not an evolutionary product of the planet Earth. Adam named all of the animals *correctly*, and the key he used in naming them was the alphabet. He knew what each letter meant, and when he saw the animal, brought before him by the Lord God, he inspected it, and pieced together the proper letters into a word that would describe the animal, so that the uttering of the word would identify the animal, even though not seen by the hearer of the word. This is very important, and should be perfectly obvious. If a language is a method of communication, it must be exactly that, and not a meaningless symbolism which must be accompanied in all cases with a sample of the item being spoken of. We cannot carry an elephant with us to show our hearer what we mean by the word. It is not a matter of association. Such a language would be quite impractical, and once the object were non-existent, the word would be meaningless. I will admit that much of our own language today is meaningless.

We teach the meanings of words strictly by association. It is a matter of memory, solely. A visitor from another world, hearing our spoken words, could not possibly know what we were talking about.

But with the meanings of the sounds (the letters) clear in his mind, he could dissect our words, and discover our basic meaning. He could communicate with us, with *any* race, without the process of a complete memorization (and association with his own language) of our language, done laboriously by uttering the word, and showing him simultaneously the object the word is supposed to represent. He could not identify an Ape-word without the Ape-object beside it. Thereafter he would remember it—and how confused he would be to hear the word "ape" later on and be told it didn't mean an animal at all, but the act of imitation.

There *is* a basic universal meaning to every sound (and therefore to every written letter representing that sound—and the writing of the letter also comes from a pictorial source, pictography).

When you want to name something, you form a word. Then you tack that word onto the object, and associate the two, and memorize the association. You "coin" a word. You use letters in making it up. You also use two or more words

in combination. The result is meaningless to everybody but ourselves until we "educate" them to the meaning; *unless* we use the true meaning of the letters. Many of our words today, in the English language, and in any other language for that matter, are basically meaningless, and also present a totally false meaning, because they are just happenstance combinations of letters chosen at random to "tag" a new object or idea or action.

But when Adam named the animals, he was using the basic, unchanging meanings of the sounds (letter), and he named correctly. What is unfortunate is that the phonetics have come down to us either distorted or lost in many cases, and we find the words paradoxical, even when viewed from the Alphabet base. When Adam said "Ape", just how did it *sound*? Say it out loud. Ape. *Two* sounds! *Not* three! A broad A and an explosive "P". The *proper* phonetic spelling of Ape is "Ap." When Adam said it, did he say: "A-pe?" I think he did. Today we have lost the phonetics in part, retaining only the written form which includes the "E". Why the "E"? Because without it, the word Ape does not mean the animal Adam named! What impressed Adam was the likeness of the ape to man (and therefore to himself), but

with the added factor he did not possess, the *great power* of the ape! An ape was a creature similar to himself but with great power, enormous energy.

By now you must have grasped the meaning of at least one of the letters of the ancient alphabet. P means *power*. Whenever Adam saw an animal whose power impressed him, he *quite logically*, and *by necessity*, included the letter "P" in the word that described that animal.

Now you will ask what "E" means, and why Adam placed that letter *after* the "P" in Ape? When one letter modifies or complements another, it is placed immediately following it. E is *energy*. It is an overall concept of energy, and includes the idea of motion. The only way the ape could express his power was through motion, yet the power was there even when he did not move. He possessed the energy and it need not be applied to him from some outside source. When he wanted to use his power, he simply went into action, into movement. He was: Animal with Powerful Energy. And there you have the meaning of "A". It is "animal", and the word was used more correctly as "An."

Now, before I go any further, I will give you the alphabet, with meanings, so that you may follow

me in a few sample expositions of the use of the alphabet. From there you can proceed on your own—you will have the vital tool necessary to proceed. And the results cannot fail to astonish you.

THE MANTONG ALPHABET

A— Animal (used AN for short.)

B— Be. To exist (Often used as a “command”).)

C— Con. To See (C-on: to understand.)

D—De. Detrimental, disintegrant energy. (The second most important symbol in the alphabet.)

E— Energy. (An all-pervading concept including the idea of motion.)

F— Fecund. Used “fe,” as in fe-male—fecund man.)

G— Generate. (Used “gen”).)

H— Human. (A very metaphysical concept here, not fully understood, but used in the sense “H-you-man”: a human is an H-man.)

I— Self. Ego. (Same as our English I.)

J— Generate (A duplication of G, but with a delicate difference in shade of meaning. Actually Ja, in contrast to Ge is a very important distinction. G is the generating energy while J is animal generation per se.)

K— Kinetic. (The force of motion.)

L— Life.

M— Man.

N— Seed. Spore. (Child, as “ninny”).)

O— Orifice. (A source concept.)

P— Power.

Q— Quest. (As “quest-ion”).)

R— Horror. Danger. (Used AR, symbol of a dangerous quantity of disintegrant force in the object.)

S— Sun. (Used “sis”; an important symbol, always referring to a “sun” whose energy is given off through atomic disintegration.)

T— Integration. Growth. (Used TE; the most important symbol of the alphabet; the true origin of the cross symbol. It signifies the integrative force of growth; as, all matter is growing—the intake of gravity is the cause. The force is T. TIC means the science of growth. Integration-I-see (understand).)

U— You.

V— Vital. (Used as VI; the stuff Mesmer called “animal magnetism”).)

W— Will.

X— Conflict. (Force lines crossing each other.)

Y— Why.

Z— Zero. Nothing. Neutralization. (A quantity of energy of T neutralized by an equal quantity of D. Futility.)

In presenting this alphabet to you, I have given you, in my esti-

mation, one of the most valuable pieces of information you will ever receive in this life. It is inestimably useful, and thorough, thoughtful study of it will reveal that fact to you. It is immensely important, but to understand takes a good head, as the alphabet will reveal in language a rather strange sort of multiple-thought (like many "puns" on the subject). Many times you will believe the result is meaningless, unless you bear in mind the subtle "under-thought" that always seems to be present, often of a very humorous nature.

As an example, let us take the word "trocadero." You have no doubt often seen it used as the name for a nightclub, or a theatre, or any place where entertainment is offered. In applying the alphabet to the word, we come up with this: T-Ro-See-A-D-Ro. (Tero see a dero) Ro is an ancient word, first one you'll include in your dictionary of the ancient language of Atlan, meaning "controlled"; patterned by a governing force from an AR source, a "horrible" source. (Matter is horrible, in another of those delicate shades of meaning that will be fully explained by me later in my description of the ancient race's science.) The meaning of trocadero, said simply is: Good one see a bad one. So, originally the word trocadero was coined by de-

scribe the very bad plays that were perpetrated in the name of entertainment. Today we have forgotten the "pun" intended, the derivative application of the word to the calibre of actors and plays given in the period of the origin of the word, and we apply it only to the *place* where such plays are given.

So next time you go to "The Trocadero", don't be surprised if you aren't overly enthusiastic about the quality of the entertainment being offered. Instead, have a good laugh at the owner who so aptly named his establishment!

Let us take the word "romantic." Today it has a meaning largely referring to being sentimental about love. This is a far cry from the meaning we get when we study the word with the alphabet. RO-MAN-TIC (to break it down into the three ancient words of which it is composed) means "the science by which man is controlled." Man is ro to this science. To break it down into individual letters; Horror-source- man-animal- integration-I-see. The horrible source of the man-animal's integration is understood by me. I know how to control man's growth. I am *romantic*! It is very interesting to note that in the late 18th century and early 19th century, a movement of art and literature that subordinated form and finish to content, intellect

to emotion, reason to imagination and intuition, the critical to the creative, cleverness and wit to tenderness and pathos, and which emphasized the mystery and beauty of life: typified in France by Rousseau, in Germany by Goethe, Schelling, Schlegel, Lessing, etc., in England by Gray, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Rossetti and Carlyle, was called *Romanticism*! The word still has that connotation today, and many others. The romantic era was a period of man's growth in mentality, character and more tender, worthwhile things.

When the arrow was invented, it had to be named. It was aptly named! It was *doubly* horrible, hence the two R's. It "controlled" animals (and man-animals) quite effectively!

A mechanic is a man-animal who understands mech (machines). Mech is another word for your ancient dictionary. MEK. Man's Kinetic Energy made usable. By means of the kinetic energy in metals (and other substances as well) man was able to perform work. He invented a way to use the energy kinetic in matter to accomplish things. A machine's metals moved, and therefore performed work, gave off energy.

Not so many years ago a clever man invented a toy which he called "mechano." It was a toy composed

of pieces of fabricated metal, nuts and bolts, wheels, string, gears and cogs, a small hand-crank, or even a tiny electric motor. It was called a very constructive, educational toy. It was named mechano. It is amazing to think that the word, supposedly not an ancient word at all, but brand new, coined in modern times, breaks down so aptly in the ancient alphabet, the ancient dictionary. Mech (by which) animal-man knows, or learns. An instructive mechanical toy. Yet we can all look up the ancient Mechanistic cult of thousands of years ago, to find the word is not new.

One of the most surprising uses to which you can put the alphabet, and one that offers a test of its authenticity, because results are far beyond the possibility of chance, is its use in determining the meaning of words in other languages than English, languages you do not understand. These words should first be taken in their phonetic spelling, and sometimes can be further translated by their actual written form.

Have someone speak foreign words to you that you do not already know. Apply the meanings of this alphabet to the phonetics, and then tell what you think the word means. In the Romance languages, the percentage of "hits" will be low, but still far beyond chance,

while the more ancient the language the higher the ability to decipher the meaning.

As a rather random thought (and you will discover many little things such as the following in your search through words with the alphabet), the English word is God, which figures out: Generate-Source-Detrimental. Obviously this should prove the alphabet to wrong in a very important way, because God certainly does not generate from a detrimental source! However, when we consider the German word Gott, we have occasion to think rather deeply. In German, Gott generates (or creates) from an *integrative* source, and further, the integration is so important that it is repeated. There are two Ts. Super-integration. Not just forming already existing materials into objects, but forming the very material itself!

In connection with the letter B, the word BAN is closely associated, in the sense that B is a command. Be an animal, is what the word ban tells us. But here we are puzzled again. Apparently this is not true. When we tell something to be an animal, we do not ban it! That is a contradiction. Ban is a word that means to forbid, in our present dictionary. It means "stay away to exist." Generally, if one is banned, or banished, he must stay away,

for to return is punishable by death. To banish is to put out, put away. Once more we must refer to our Bible.

The command here, is Be Animal. When Adam and Eve were banished from the Garden of Eden, the Lord God said: "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all the living. Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them. And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken." (Genesis 3-17:23.)

When we read these verses of the Bible, we are confused. It seems

that before the breaking of the commandment not to eat of the tree, Adam did not eat herbs, nor bread. Was it because it was not necessary while in the Garden? And when the Lord God "clothed" Adam and Eve in skins, wasn't this unnecessary, for did not the Lord God find the pair hiding in the garden, already wearing clothes to hide their nakedness? And does not the Lord God speak very mysteriously when he says "the man is becoming as one of us?" Adam is cursed back to the dust from whence he came, but specifically to the *ground*, in which we have already noted a distinction from dust? It is hard to understand.

Until we look at the word BAN in the light of the alphabet. Adam was commanded to *be an animal!* Now it all becomes logical. Adam did not eat herbs and bread before his fall, because he wasn't an animal. Was it because he was a spirit, like the Lord God and his mysterious companions, to whom he speaks? When the Lord God clothed Adam and Eve in skins, when they already had made their own clothing, was it rather in *flesh* that he clothed them? When he sentenced them to the ground, was it to the Earth!

Remember the angel with the flaming sword placed "to the east of Eden" to prevent Adam from re-

turning to the garden? What was to prevent him from re-entering on the west?

In ancient times, the four "cardinal" points of the compass were East-West-North-South, just as they are today; with two distinctions. The Earth was pictured as a flat disk, divided in half by a line. The hemisphere on one side was called North, the hemisphere on the other, South. East was *down* and West was *straight up*. This mythological belief has always been ignored by the learned, but it did exist. In the light of the alphabet's meaning of the word BAN, and the flaming sword only on one side of the garden, it becomes quite logical. Adam and Eve were cast from the Garden of Eden, which does not exist on the surface of the Earth (is that why it cannot be found!), to the *east*. The only way back to it was in a westward or *upward* direction! Is there any confirmation of this? Yes! In the Lost Books of the Bible, in the book of Adam and Eve, it tells of Adam's many trips to the top of the highest mountain, where he stared longingly up into Eden, (still 18 cubits out of reach), to which he so wished to return. Today when we die we still "go west"!

Try reading Genesis through applying the alphabet to all the words used, and prepare for many

surprises. No matter how you use the alphabet, an intelligent application to it will immerse you in the most astounding revelations, and induce the most incredible brand of thinking, that you can well find the subject so enormous that it overcomes you.

I regret that simply giving the alphabet as I have here does not provide half enough information to render this magnificent tool truly effective. For instance, you must understand more fully the science behind the two letters T and D.

The Devil, the protagonist of the D-evil. Dis, the de that happens to the ego because of the sun. Tic, the science of growth. Vi, the energy of sex. Ar, the thing that makes a spirit shun the sun, the secret behind the reason we believe ghosts appear at night.

Fe, the female man! Refer to the passages quoted from the Bible in the foregoing, and note that Adam *did not name his wife* until after he had been banned! Then he named her Eve. Fe. The vital energy of sex. The *mother* of all the living.

Communication! A language that is not just a memorized jingle, a vulnerable set of symbols whose meaning can be lost in a flood, or a fire, or an exploding planet. The Alphabet of the Angles! The English alphabet! The alphabet of the

Angels!

Don't miss the December issue of MYSTIC, on sale October 15. Don't miss the continuation of the tremendous miracle of the Shaver Mystery, which you have just begun. If you have a friend whom you know would also be interested, but has not been fortunate enough to pick up this first issue, tell him of it. Back issues can be obtained from us while they last, as we have had the foresight to provide ourselves with a small back file for just such an eventuality.

In our continuation of the Shaver Mystery, you will learn the entire history of Earth, for many thousands of years in the past; you will participate in the strange "thought records" played back to Mr. Shaver by his friends in the "caves", actual recordings of the thoughts of living persons in those dead and bygone ages, autobiographical in a manner that cannot even be dreamed about today. Learn the answers to many questions about the past that have never been answered.

You will learn of many predictions that Mr. Shaver made, which came true exactly as he foretold. Such as the foretelling of the death of Nikola Tesla three days before it occurred, preventing the revelation to Winston Churchill of a "death ray" that might have turned

the tide of destiny. You will learn of the flying saucers, what they are, where they come from, why we will never be able to capture one.

You will find a brand new world of exciting adventure unfolding in your mind, one in which *you* can participate, via the alphabet you have been given in this issue. You will find your ability to think vastly broadened. You will find many errors in today's thinking, science, religion, corrected. You will find the path to new science, new religion, opened before you.

The Shaver Mystery has been your editor's greatest adventure, in which his wife and friends participated, and which changed his whole life. Learn from his own type-writer just how the Mystery occurred, what it did to him, how he proved its reality to his complete satisfaction (and will prove it to yours!) Learn that the *tero* and the *dero*, the good and the bad cave people, do exist today. Learn how you can be a participant in the strange Mystery, which will not be a mystery at all to you when you have been given all the facts—and yet will provide new mysteries for you all the rest of your life!

You will be given the facts. You

are asked to believe nothing. And you are to judge for yourself. And if you were one of those many hundreds of thousands who were in on the actual happening of the Mystery, here is your chance to sift the fact from the fiction, as it was necessarily presented then, and confirm your suspicions, or dispel your doubts about many things that were unsaid, or said under cover of fantasy.

One thing is certain—this is not science fiction! It happened to ME! This is the story of Richard S. Shaver, the Shaver Mystery, as he told it to me, and as it *happened* to me, your editor, and as it is still happening to me today!

I have spent many thousands of dollars to get into a position where I could do what I felt had to be done. Now, in these pages, I present it to you. It will either be of inestimable value to you, or it will be completely unacceptable. If the latter, you will no doubt find this initial article to be sufficient to halt you where you are. But if the former, your thinking ability will already have convinced you of the value of listening until I have finished.

—Rap



The LIARS

THE time has come to call a spade a spade, since it is the one with which our collective graves are being dug. This magazine has repeatedly called attention to certain facts regarding atomic energy, atomic bomb tests, the dangers of radio active fallout, and the damage already done and to be done to human genetics, plant and animal life, and the weather. This lead has been followed everywhere by similar statements. Reputable scientists, not by the score, but by the *thousands*, have confirmed what we have said. Yet, we are constantly being given official statements by the Atomic Energy Commission (headed by Admiral Lewis "Blue Pants" Strauss) that there is no danger, and worse, that these scientists are in error. In short, the A. E. C. is calling these men liars. Now it is our turn. We hereby say that the A. E. C. is lying to the American Public—and we want it stopped!

Only facts are wanted. And in this article, we propose to show that the A. E. C. is not giving us the facts, and worse, is giving us falsehood. This is a serious charge, and the reason behind it is certainly beyond all comprehension—if the A. E. C. is *really* interested in the safety and welfare of the Amer-

ican People, and indeed, of the whole world. The alternative is too astounding to consider, because the A. E. C. is controlled by the American Government, and therefore, presumably by the people. If it is *not* controlled by the people, then it is time we found out about that too!

To start off, we'll quote Dr. Franklin Hutchinson, assistant professor of radiation physics of Yale University. This one quote should be enough to establish our case. "The Atomic Energy Commission has given misleading information about the danger from atomic test blasts. If the Atomic Energy Commission has data to back up its contention that there are no harmful genetic effects from the radiation, that's just wonderful. The trouble is, I don't know of any such data, and neither does anyone else to whom I've talked. Radioactive fall-out from atomic blasts is producing genetic effects in mankind that will be showing up for thousands of years to come."

This is a positive statement. It is the statement of a man who knows what he is talking about. He is entirely within his field, and bolstered by the actual research, both by himself and by his

In The **A.E.C.**

colleagues from Curie to date, regarding radiation physics. He deals with the facts in this field as up-to-date as they are known. He can prove what he says. Yet the A. E. C. says exactly the opposite. Reason cannot but force us to conclude that in two exactly opposing statements, one or the other is untrue. Reason cannot but force us to conclude that it is the A. E. C. statement that is untrue. There can only be three reasons why the statement is untrue: 1) lack of information, otherwise known as ignorance of the facts; 2) a political or military reason to hide the truth (and how can facts that are known the world over be hidden, and who would be so stupid as to believe they are not known the world over?); 3) deliberate prevarication.

If number 1 is true, then the officials of the A. E. C. are incompetent and should be replaced by such individuals as Dr. Hutchinson and men of similar calibre. If number 2 is true, it indicates plain stupidity, and the same conclusion is to be drawn. If number 3 is true, the American people should be outraged and should demand to know the reason, and should demand an immediate retraction and clarification

of all such statements.

The atomic bomb is American made. It is the responsibility of the American Government. We, the people, *are* that government. Thus *we*, the people, are responsible. Other countries, future generations, will lay the blame at the door of the American People, and it will be a ghastly accusation in the light of the fact that it can be proven we *knew* the danger, and we inflicted it upon them regardless, and *criminally*. The wilful commission of bodily harm is a crime.

However, just what has the A. E. C. said? It would be interesting for every American to read the recent article in the *World News & Report*, which goes to great length to point out very silly things (facts in themselves) and draw the desired conclusions from them. Such things as the average human being has in his body a certain amount of potassium which is radioactive, and that the radiation we receive from standing beside a fellow human being is measurable, and comparable to, that taken as the "average background radiation level produced in the atmosphere by all the tests to date." The inference here is that it is harmless because our fellow human beings are

harmless.

How left-handed can you get? The danger in atomic radiation is in the amount of exposure you get. Although the A. E. C. would have us believe that it is a particular amount that is dangerous, classified in roentgens, many scientists have pointed out that these specified levels are by no means certain, and even the A. E. C. has been forced recently to scale them down considerably. They speak of the amount of "background radiation" present. They ignore the amount of actual radioactive particles of potassium (and dozens of other elements) present in the air, in the water, in our food. What is important is the number of these particles we *add* to those they so slyly tell us are already a natural content of our bones and blood. What is important is that if we *double* the number (and that is what must happen if the amount in the air is similar to that already in our bodies), we double the *exposure*. Exposure for a brief second to the radiation of one chest x-ray is considerable. It is definitely dangerous. Too many in one year can cause serious genetic and cell damage. Many doctors are careless in the use of the x-ray machine, and expose their patients needlessly to a very serious danger.

One of the pet phrases harped

on by the A. E. C. is that the radiation of the tests "is hardly equal to an ordinary chest x-ray." What they do not say is that this radiation goes on for *days*, not seconds, and that in certain areas it is incredibly more than "the average chest x-ray." In this recent article, certain localities were tested. It can be pointed out that the tests were *before* the Spring tests! The A. E. C. made extensive tests of atmospheric background radiation, and found it so trifling an increase over the natural level, that it was certainly not dangerous. They made the tests in February. In March and April the bombs were tested. How left-handed can you get? This is subterfuge if we ever saw it.

Now, having doubled the potassium content of our body (by drinking water, eating food, and breathing, which we must necessarily do every day), we subject the flesh and organs of our body (in the case of potassium) to many years of double the natural radiation. This potassium cannot be removed from the body by any natural process, once it is there, and it is accumulative. If the potassium exists in the air, water, food, we are constantly adding to our body's content of radioactive potassium (to say nothing of iodine, and dozens of other radioactive elements with varying life-spans—some last for only a few

hours, others for hundreds and even thousands of years). The ultimate end of all this accumulation is such severe radiation damage that it causes our death, and before we die, genetic mutations which will curse our children with what monstrous deformities we cannot even imagine, because they are governed purely by chance.

The danger is positively there, yet the A. E. C. denies it, left-handedly and says it is not. The type of reasoning used is similar to this: water is wet; you wet your hands when you wash them, and result is beneficial in that germs and dirt are removed—therefore a cloudburst being water is harmless.

Recently tests were made to show how you can escape the effects of a bombing, and underground shelter was stressed. Important was the time element—if you stayed underground for 48 hours, you could emerge and be safe because most of the radioactivity would be gone. Let's examine that, again quoting authorities, scientists: (Our source for the following information is *Science News Letter* for June 25, 1955).

THE DANGER from radioactive fallout from an H-bomb would persist for weeks or months, Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, Washington physicist, has warned. Civil defense evacuation should be planned for a longer

period than now recommended.

A man leaving his shelter the second day after the explosion of a Bikini-type bomb would be exposed "to a maximum of almost three lethal doses of radiation in the first month," Dr. Lapp said in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* (June).

Civil defense officials should be preparing for a "shelter phase" of a considerable number of weeks, not of a few days, he urged, particularly since fallout from the March 1, 1954, burst, although large, will not be the (largest or the worst) expected from bombs of the future.

If an emergency standard of one r (roentgen) a day is set as the safety level, 20 times the Atomic Energy Commission's present limits, Dr. Lapp suggested it will be from six to nine months before an area would be safe.

"The persistence of fallout for weeks and months is as radical a departure in weapon effects as is the vast area of fallout itself," Dr. Lapp said.

To learn how to deal with this new problem, the Government should conduct tests in which fission products are distributed over various kinds of terrain, then measure radiation intensities for at least a year.

Decontaminating thousands of

square miles is a problem "so far beyond any AEC experience that Dr. Lapp viewed the possibility with "considerable skepticism."

A physicist formerly with the Manhattan project, Dr. Lapp is now a writer and commentator on atomic energy living in Washington. He emphasized that all material used in his calculations comes from published sources and that he "has never had any access to classified thermonuclear weapons data."

The "real index" of lethal radioactivity from A or H-bombs is the total roentgen square miles, he said.

The Atomic Energy Commission recently revealed that the radioactivity dose 110 miles downwind from Bikini was 2,000 r. That report, Dr. Lapp pointed out, covered only the first 36 hours "following" fallout.

Totaling the information for all fallout pattern outlined by the AEC, Dr. Lapp deduced a "real index" of 30,000,000 roentgen square miles. This figure agrees closely with an estimate. Dr. Lapp made before the AEC issued its public statement on fallout from the March 1, 1954, test explosion at Bikini.

Taking the example of fallout at 110 miles downwind at 2,000 r, he calculated the "eternity close" as approximately 8,000 r. The eternity dose is the radiation a person

standing in the open would receive if exposed to radioactivity from one hour after the burst to infinity.

If it takes five hours for fallout to become effective 110 miles away, then the following time schedule would hold: five to 12 hours, 1,000 r; 12 to 24 hours, 625 r; 24 to 48 hours, 545 r; two days to one week, 815 r; one week to one month, 720 r, and one month to one year, 840 r.

Most significant is the fact that while 2,000 r are delivered in the first 36-hour period, an additional 2,500 r follows in the first year.

"This fact is obviously of the greatest significance to civil defense, yet no mention of this residual radioactivity was made by the AEC in its Feb. 15 release," Dr. Lapp wrote.

A person well sheltered during the first two days under the above table of fallout rate would have escaped 2,170 r. At 48 hours, the dose rate outside his shelter would be 15 roentgens per hour.

He could travel to a "cool" area several hours away without serious overexposure, Dr. Lapp said, "provided, of course, that transportation were available." However, if he stayed and were in the open for the next five days, he would face an additional 815 r, and another 720 r in the following three weeks.

"Thus, if he emerged from his shelter at the end of the second day (which would seem justifiable on the basis of the 'official' facts about fallout) he would be exposed to a maximum of almost three lethal doses of radiation in the first month," Dr. Lapp wrote.

Evaluating the possibility of evacuation after fallout to a "cool" area, Dr. Lapp pointed out that this will depend upon the "power and number of the enemy bombs, their nature and conditions of detonation, the local meteorology, and the proximity of the target to other targets."

If bombs were dropped only for the blast-heat punch, then some "cool" areas might exist, although in the northeastern United States particularly, many cities might be bottled up by fallout from nearby explosions. Dr. Lapp noted that Rochester and Syracuse, N. Y., might suffer such a fate if Buffalo were blasted.

An enemy trying to maximize fallout, however, might resort to pattern, bombing, pinning down and immobilizing several cities with one burst. Moreover, Dr. Lapp says, "an enemy might in this way select an aiming point unprotected by point defense of the Nike type."

Rather than detonating bombs from a high tower in ideal wea-

ther conditions, they can be set off at the surface when weather conditions, such as a front, might conceal the attack. Fallout would then "not be neatly predictable," and might greatly exceed a 2,000 r dose in the first 36 hours 110 miles downwind.

"Rain-out" might take place instead of fallout, Dr. Lapp suggested, thus producing localized areas of contamination "hotter" than the surrounding region by a factor of ten or more.

Internal hazards cannot be ignored, Dr. Lapp said. Radiostrontium appears "by far the greatest biological hazard," because it has a long life, a high fission yield, can be coated on debris, and resembles calcium in its reactions. Thus it can be taken up by animals and men, where it lodges in bones.

Concerning global contamination, Dr. Lapp calculated that 1,500 superbombs, each with explosive power of 20 million tons of TNT, could produce "global contamination to the extent that at the end of one year, the dose rate would just equal that stipulated for workers in our atomic laboratories."

He concluded that the problem of global "contamination" would seem to be of minor importance compared with lethal radioactive fallout in localized areas.

As an aside to the foregoing

quotation, we might point out where Dr. Lapp was very careful to clarify the fact that his statements come from published sources and not from "classified thermonuclear weapons data." This is Dr. Lapp's precautionary measure to avoid the danger of being accused of divulging classified material, of being called a traitor, and of suffering some kind of "investigation" which could cause him great trouble, loss of finance, position, etc. This is one of the obnoxious characteristics of the present situation regarding radiation physics, and the club held over "free speech" by the A. E. C. He must be very careful what he says, or he will "get into trouble." This may be a self-imposed intimidation, but it does exist, and has been caused by such things as the Oppenheimer affair, and others. It is just one other thing that should be eliminated. It is almost incredible that there is any fear of speaking out on an issue that concerns us all as Americans, is a part of our rights as citizens.

But let's go on to some further conclusions regarding the subject immediately at hand: atomic radiation and its effect on the human race.

INVISIBLE rays from the atom have a powerful effect on man's body. Unseen, unheard,

unfelt, even unsuspected, deadly radiations can riddle the body with devastating effect. A fatal dose can be received by a person without his being aware that anything has happened. But within an hour he is overtaken with radiation sickness. Vomiting is followed by diarrhea. The sensitive membranes that line the stomach and intestines are burned beyond repair. They begin to disintegrate, and within a few days assimilation of food becomes impossible.

Meanwhile, the skin that has been exposed to the radiation reddens, swells and blisters. Intense pain accompanies the deep-seated burns. Blood seeps through the walls of capillaries, producing hemorrhages both internally and externally. The vital layer of living skin under the epidermis sloughs off, leaving raw flesh exposed. Cell division stops, no new skin can be formed, and ulcerations, starting from the point of greatest exposure spreads over wide areas, depriving the body of the skin's vital function of excretion. Coma brings the sufferer relief from pain, and death ensues.

If the exposure has not been so great as to bring quick death through these causes, and the victim survives the crisis at which the regenerative processes manage to meet the minimum needs for re-

building skin and mucous membrane, the second line of defense is put to the test. This involves the leucocytes, or white cells, which move about in the blood and in the lymphatic system to ward off infection. Greatly reduced in number by the massive dose of radiation, they prove unable to cope with the bacteria that attack the body from all sides, through the broken skin and through the damaged linings of stomach and intestines. Even bacteria that normally live harmlessly in the intestines break through into the blood stream and poison it. Many persons who have survived the first crisis will succumb to infection weeks later.

If the damage to the blood cells has not been too severe, the patient may pass this second crisis and realize a good chance to recover from the near-fatal dose of atomic radiation. After apparent recovery from the immediate symptoms, he may still exhibit other injuries for a time. His hair may have turned gray or fallen out, or he may be sterile. Horny growths of skin may persist.

In contrast with the spectacular symptoms and swift deterioration that follow an acute overexposure to radiation, the chronic effects of continued small exposures creep up on the unwary victim without warning. A person may carelessly ex-

pose himself to small doses of radiation, never enough to cause any noticeable effects, yet regularly damaging the cell-building tissues in his body. Here and there a cell is destroyed, one that produces skin cells or one that forms red blood corpuscles. The body has a large reserve capacity for replacement of these vital parts, but when the damage is permitted to continue year after year, the reserve is finally used up, and then disaster follows. Ulcers develop in the skin that has been so abused, possibly changing into cancer. Anemia sets in because of the body's ultimate failure to match the injury caused by radiation. Or leukemia, dread cancer of the blood may ensue, striking down the victim fatally. In the absence of definite maladies there is still a premature onset of old age and an average shortening of the life span.

Even lesser exposures may leave the individual untouched during his lifetime, and yet it is by no means certain that such are harmless. Hereditary traits may be changed, leading to defective offspring. Atomic radiation is one of the most effective instruments for causing mutations in genes, the factors in the reproductive cells that fix heredity. Such a change becomes apparent only with the begetting of children. If the mutation

involves some physical feature or some vital organ, the embryo dies in the womb, or even worse, a freak is born. It is even more likely, when the mutation involves a recessive gene, that the injury will not be apparent in the first generation, or even for many successive generations, but in some subsequent mating, when the injured recessive gene is matched with a similar one, the injury comes to light in an innocent person, many generations removed from the accident.

The difference between acute, chronic and genetic radiation injuries is entirely a matter of how much radiation is received. Radiologists measure radiation exposure in roentgens. It is not necessary here to go into the definition of a roentgen, which is quite technical, but a comparison of the number of roentgens that produce the different effects described above will be useful. Six hundred roentgens at one time will kill a man, through acute damage to the intestinal tract. Three hundred to five hundred r (r is the symbol for roentgen) will produce severe symptoms, from which some will recover and some will die, usually by infection after a lingering crisis. One hundred r will usually produce radiation sickness, but nearly every one will recover from this dose without any evident permanent in-

jury.

On the other hand, if the radiation is spread out over a period of time, the body is able to recover from the smaller partial exposures, and a much greater total dose can be tolerated. Thus, 600 r, which would kill most people in a single dose, can be taken over a lifetime without any apparent harm. Divided evenly over a working span of forty years, this amounts to a yearly exposure of 15 r, or .3 r per week. These are the values set in atomic energy work as the maximum permissible exposure.

Just how safe this maximum is, no one knows. Mice exposed to 1 r a day show a noticeable shortening of the life span. Since a mouse normally lives only a year, and 400 r shorten its life expectancy, the 600 r exposure permitted to humans, although accumulated over a much longer life span, may actually be unsafe. Even below the level that is considered safe for a single individual over his life span, it is generally agreed that damage to the genes occurs. If a large proportion of the population were so exposed, the mixing of the damaged genes would result in a number of defective individuals, the more the higher the general level of radiation.

It is not commonly known that in everyday life, especially in technologically advanced countries, there

is a continual exposure to appreciable amounts of radiation. To start with, every one on the earth's surface is continuously under a rain of cosmic rays that take a small but measurable toll of the body's cells. At sea level a person absorbs about .1 a year. Not only is one subject to bombardment from the outside, but also from within. Potassium, an essential element, is weakly radioactive. The carbon in all living matter contains a small proportion of radioactive carbon-14. The average person even accumulates minute quantities of radium from the drinking water, around one ten-thousandths of a microgram. There is no evidence that any of these radiations, either from cosmic rays or from radioelements in the tissues, is harmful.

But beyond these unavoidable exposures to radiation, modern civilization imposes a host of other hazards. Take the luminous dials on watches and clocks, for instance, made to glow in the dark by the inclusion of small quantities of radium in the paint. Whereas most radium-dial wrist watches are probably harmless, many give radiation on their face that is more than the tolerance level of .3 r a week. Fortunately, the back of the watch limits the radiation on the skin to much lower levels, and of course only a small part of

the body would be exposed in any case.

A much greater hazard is the widespread use of X rays. Many persons now make it a practice to have X-ray films of their teeth made once or twice a year. There is a definite danger of overexposure in this practice. During a series of such films covering the whole set of teeth, the face may receive 20 to 40 r. Likewise, an annual chest X ray has become customary in many communities. Here the average dose to the skin may run from .1 to 1 r, depending on how carefully the rays from the X-ray tube are filtered. Without any other exposures to radiation a person might maintain a schedule of such diagnostic X rays throughout his life without ill effects. The positive value of such check-ups usually seems adequate reason to take the risk. But it must not be forgotten that there is always a definite risk. It is not known how much of the upsurge of cancer in civilized countries may be attributed to this widespread use of X rays, but it is not unlikely that it is a contributing factor.

The use of X rays in fluoroscopic examinations is unquestionably dangerous. When a photograph is taken, the patient need be exposed only for a fraction of a second while a sensitive film makes the

record. But under the fluoroscope the patient is continuously exposed for a period of perhaps five minutes while a physician studies the image created by X rays striking the screen. During such examination the patient is getting about 20 r a minute. Abuse of this instrument can easily lead to serious harm. Even more reprehensible is the practice of installing X-ray fluoroscopes in shoe stores, where anyone can put his foot into the machine and give it a dose of 3 r just by pushing a button. Unattended by a doctor, but only in the charge of clerks who are usually quite unaware of the danger, these devices can be run repeatedly by children or uninformed adults, fascinated by the view of the bones in their wiggling toes, until harmful doses of radiation are accumulated.

In addition to these sources of radiation to which everyone has access, occupational hazards in certain industries are growing more common. For some years X rays and powerful sources of radium have been used for radiographing metal castings and welding to detect flaws. Many persons working with these tools have been regularly overexposed. Now, however, radio-cobalt is coming into more general use for this purpose, and under the supervision of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission and similar

authorities in Canada and the United Kingdom, education concerning the hazards of radiation and proper methods of avoiding them is improving the situation in these industries. Static eliminators, using polonium or radiostrontium, are used in many mills and in printing plants. Levels far above safe tolerances may be encountered here and must be guarded against. The growing use of radioisotopes for instruments and as tracers in industry also brings the hazards of radiation into new occupations. Generally, these new applications are carefully considered with due regard for the possible hazards, and adequate measures are taken for safety.

This brief summary represents the radiation hazards that men faced before the atomic bomb. But all these exposures pale into insignificance in comparison with the new hazard that confronts the human race, the radioactive debris that rains from the sky in the wake of nuclear explosions.

The atomic bomb has introduced new problems of radiation hazards, far transcending the hazards of the preatomic era.

In an instant 25,000 lives were snuffed out when the atomic bomb found its first human targets over Hiroshima in 1945. After the mushroom cloud drifted away, and while

the fires still raged uncontrolled, there came the sickening realization that this was more than just the largest bomb ever to rack a war-torn city. Among the survivors it had left an aftermath of radiation casualties. Fanning out beyond the fringes of immediate destruction by blast, invisible radiation had planted the seeds of a lingering death among tens of thousands. Already, as the fires died down, they began to sicken and die. The bomb's heat burned many who were in the open, but penetrating atomic rays had accompanied the heat and the burns proved to be deep within the victim's bodies. Within a month 50,000 died from heat and radiation burns. Among those who survived many were disfigured with huge growths of horny tissue that stiffened their backs and limbs. But still the death toll is not complete. Today leukemia has begun to crop up. Already fourteen cases of the fatal disease have appeared among 750 who were within a kilometer of the center of the explosion, a frequency that is 600 times the normal incidence of leukemia in Japan.

But the death-dealing radiations are not limited to the moment, nor to the immediate vicinity of the explosion. As the fireball rises and forms the cloud that billows up in-

to the stratosphere, it carries a seething mass of deadly radioactive elements born in the furnace of atomic fission. Much of this radioactivity becomes attached to particles of dust sucked up from the ground into the cloud, and falls back to the earth in the vicinity of the target. More of it is carried by winds to far-distant points, gradually settling out in a pattern that literally encircles the earth. When the radioactive dust falls it exposes to its nuclear rays millions of persons, hundreds or thousands of miles away. Almost every part of the United States has been subjected to this radioactive fallout from the test bombs that have been shot in Nevada. Industrial radioactive instruments used in Salt Lake City went off scale and were out of commission for days. Colorado scientists noted high readings on their Geiger counters within a matter of hours after a test. One cloud recently dropped a large dose of fission fragments on Chicago. A production run of photographic films was ruined because the straw used in one stage of its manufacture had been contaminated with traces of long-lived atomic ashes that had fallen on the Illinois field where the straw was grown. Rain and snow wash the radio-activity out of the air and concentrate it on the ground. Water puddles read-

ing as high as .5 roentgen a day were reported after a rain in Chicago.

Sensational as the radioactive dispersion from fission bombs may be, it is minor in comparison with that set loose by the explosion of fusion, or hydrogen, bombs. The 14-million-ton explosion (in terms of TNT) set off at Bikini, March 1, 1954, spewed a huge poisonous cloud clear into the top of the atmosphere, with radioactivity equivalent to millions of tons of radium. The area to the leeward of the bomb was supposed to have been cleared by patrol, but a shift in wind took the cloud in an unexpected course over a group of the Marshall Islands. In its path, 160 miles away, lay a Japanese fishing boat, the *Fortunate Dragon*. A few hours after the burst, a white ash began to settle out on the crew and the load of tuna on deck. The threat to the islands brought quick action. The Marshall Islanders were promptly evacuated, and suffered no worse injury than burns on the head and neck and the loss of their hair. They all recovered, and their hair grew back in. However, the danger from the fall-out was not recognized on the boat until it returned to port, and the men were found to be suffering from radiation sickness. One of them eventually died,

some time after the others had recovered. The fact that the immediate cause of his death was jaundice, which he had apparently contracted through blood transfusions given as treatment for his radiation injuries, has not lessened his stature as a martyr, the first death caused by the hydrogen bomb.

The U. S. Atomic Energy Commission has now disclosed the full extent of the range of radioactive fall-out from the hydrogen bomb tested at Bikini. An area of 7,000 square miles, in the shape of a long cigar extending 220 miles downwind from the bomb, was seriously contaminated. Even at 140 miles, the radiation was so intense that a fatal dose could be received within thirty-six hours. Hiding underground, even in a basement, would afford considerable protection at this range. But all out-of-doors would be coated with radioactive poison for months and years.

Most newspaper and magazine articles interpreting this A. E. C. report have shown diagrams with a circle or oval extending out to 140 miles, to indicate the area of 100 per cent fatalities to unprotected persons. Accompanying explanations have left the impressions, however, that such simple precautions as staying indoors would save everyone in the area. Reference to

the A. E. C. report shows this to be a misleading impression, so far as the great part of the 140-mile radius is concerned. Ten miles away from the explosion the radiation dose was 5,000 roentgens. Even a hundred miles away it was down only to 2,300 roentgens. Cutting these exposures in half by staying indoors would not save anyone. Serious effects and many fatalities would occur even among people seeking the best basement shelter throughout the area up to a hundred miles distant.

The Civil Defense organization, already desperately trying to adapt survival techniques worked out for the common atom bomb to the overwhelmingly greater hydrogen bomb, was forced again to revise its formulas. Only two signals are now to be used. One says to run while there is time. The other says to duck, there is no time to run. Since the radioactive fall-out would render many areas unsafe for indefinite periods following a bombing, the all-clear signal that was formerly to call people out of the shelters after the bombing raid was over has been dropped from the book. Radio announcements will be used to give notification that specific areas have dropped to tolerable radiation levels.

In the area blanketed by fall-out from an atomic bomb, the greatest

care will be necessary to avoid taking any of the radioactive materials into the body. Especially dangerous is radioactive strontium, with a half life of twenty years.

Because it is chemically similar to calcium, it lodges in the bones. The maximum safe quantity of radiostrontium in the body has been set at one millionth of a curie. A single atomic bomb releases 4,000 curies, enough to give every person on earth twice the tolerance amount.

The soil becomes contaminated with this and other long-lived fission products. Plants grown in such soil will be active, and whether used directly for human food or used to feed livestock, radioactivity eventually finds its way into the human body. Fish in the sea will be similarly affected. In the bone marrow, the long continued effects of even minute quantities of activity will cause anemia or bone cancer. This can be the long-term result of atomic warfare or of uncontrolled "peacetime" testing of atomic weapons.

The explosion of these weapons in the air also raises the radioactivity level in the atmosphere. The neutrons from the chain reaction, escaping into the atmosphere, are captured by nitrogen atoms to make carbon-14. It is calculated that the neutrons released from one hydrogen bomb are suffi-

cent to make more carbon-14 than already exists in the earth's entire atmosphere. This increase has not yet been reported from any measurements of atmospheric carbon dioxide, but every bomb adds its bit, and the 5,000-year half life of carbon means that it will continue to be around for a long time. This is presumably the basis for the warning by Sir Winston Churchill that an "undue number of atomic and hydrogen bomb explosions might have serious effects on the earth's atmosphere for 5,000 years."

The worst hazard of all, in fact, may lie neither in the explosion of the bomb nor in the radioactivity in the locality of the blast. More harmful yet may be the long-term effects of radiation on heredity.

Many scientists have already become seriously alarmed by the prospects of genetic damage to the entire human race through the uncontrolled release of huge quantities or radioactivity into the atmosphere. Nobel prize winner H. J. Muller says that every mutation, whether it is in a dominant or a recessive characteristic results eventually in the death of some individual. If it is dominant, it will cause a stillbirth or a defective individual in the first generation. If it is recessive, it will be hidden

for a number of generations, coming to light finally when it is coupled with a similar mutant gene in reproduction. In either case, the mutation is eliminated from the race by death or failure of the defective individual to reproduce. Muller warns that "atomic warfare may cause as much genetic damage, spread out over future generations, as the direct harm done to the generation exposed."

Another Nobelist, British physiologist E. D. Adrian, states: "We must face the possibility that repeated atomic explosions will lead to a degree of general radioactivity which no one can tolerate or escape. The human race cannot stand more than a few thousand large atomic explosions whether they hit their target or miss it."

His countryman, Frederick Soddy, pioneer in radioactive research, says bluntly of the atomic blasts that "they are fouling the air with radioactivity. It is nonsense to say it is harmless."

Linus J. Pauling, recipient of last year's Nobel prize in chemistry, called for a halt to atomic bomb testing because of the world-wide effects of radioactive fall-out. He said continued dispersal of radioactive material into the atmosphere is creating a critical situation, the final effects of which can only be guessed at and feared.

Biochemist Eugene Rabinowitch is fearful that man's explosion of sufficient hydrogen bombs would amount to his "creeping suicide." The generation alive at the time could survive, but the eventual fate of mankind would have been sealed and nothing could be done about it.

The Federation of Atomic Scientists, claiming "it should be clear that future accelerated H-bomb test programs by several atomic powers will ultimately reach a level which can be shown to be a serious threat to the genetic safety of all people of the world," proposed that the United Nations study the problem.

Has the predicted effect of mutations appeared yet among the Japanese survivors of atomic bombing? This is debated. A report in the German paper *Kirche in der Zeit*, quoted in the *Christian Century*, states that Hiroshima has seen a large number of abnormal births since the bomb fell. Babies have been born with deformed bones, noses, ears, lips and internal organs, according to the National Congress of Japanese Midwives. In some the brain has been deformed, in others, entirely missing. Some have lacked eyes, and even eyesockets. But Dr. Shields Warren, speaking for the Committee on Atomic Casualties, claims that this report is inaccurate and

misleading. The committee's report, published in *Science*, avers that the only effects they have seen yet are an increase in stillbirths and a slight shift in the sex ratio. Which of these conflicting reports are we to believe? Is it possible that the difference in conclusions is due to the reluctance of Japanese medical doctors and nurses to co-operate with the American Casualty Commission? The persistent refusal of the Japanese to permit American doctors to examine the injuries of the fishermen from the Fortunate Dragon hints at the possibility that the American Commission may not have access to all the facts. Dr. R. H. Holmes in his televised report from Japan did not categorically deny the occurrence of malformed children. He stated that "we have no evidence that this will occur. The families *that we have seen* have given no indication."

The Atomic Energy Commission minimizes the danger from this continued spreading of radioactive fall-out. The official position of the commission, stated in a report by its chairman Lewis L. Strauss, is that "none of the extensive data collected from all tests shows that residual radioactivity is being concentrated in dangerous amounts anywhere in the world outside the testing areas." In regard to a single element, radioiodine, in the

fall-out, the official statement is: "The average exposure of people in the United States from radio-iodine in the fall-out from the entire series of tests in the spring of 1954 was only a few per cent of the annual dose that can be received year after year and still have no noticeable effects."

If all the people in the United States averaged this much, many of them must have received more than the annual dose that can be taken without ill effects. Furthermore, iodine comprises only 2 or 3 per cent of the dozens of elements that are formed together by the bomb burst, all of which add their part to the total radiation. Thus, upon inspection, the A. E. C. statement, which appears at the first glance so calm and reassuring, leaves room for serious doubt.

As to the genetic effects of the radiation, the A. E. C. states that the "exposure of the general population of the United States from our nuclear weapons-testing program will not seriously affect the genetic constitution of human beings." However, they admit that "at our present stage of genetic knowledge, there is a rather wide range of admissible opinion on this subject."

It would not be realistic to expect A. E. C. spokesmen to be unbiased in their official opinions on

this subject. After all, it is their business to build and test nuclear weapons, and, naturally, they wish to justify their continued activity. As chairman Strauss puts it: "Until the possibility of an atomic attack is eliminated by a workable international plan for general disarmament, the study and evaluation of the effects of weapons which might be used against us and the improvement of our means of self-defense are a paramount duty of the Government."

One of the admissible opinions that ranges far from the official A. E. C. view is that of Alfred H. Sturtevant of California Institute of Technology. He takes issue with the claim that the level of radiation reaching populated areas after atomic or hydrogen bomb tests is "far below the levels which could be harmful in any way to human beings." He calculates, on the basis of the mutation rate in fruit flies, that 1,800 of the 90,000,000 children born in the world last year suffered from mutations. Hence, he says "it is inexcusable to state that no hazard exists."

The danger may actually be much greater than Sturtevant has calculated. The seventeenth semi-annual report of the A. E. C. to Congress reveals that "the effect of radiation on the mutation rate in the mouse is ten times as great

as that observed in fruit flies in previous experiments. Estimates of the genetic hazards of radiation in man based on fruit fly mutations were revised in the light of this new knowledge." Sturtevant's figures should be revised in line with this to indicate 18,000 such children born last year.

In spite of the growing concern of many scientists with the long-range effects of the nuclear arms race, it appears certain that it will continue, and the bombs will be tested in peacetime by more and more nations as they step into the role of atomic powers. Counterbalancing the humanitarian views of scientists quoted in the foregoing, there are many who hold with Professor G. Failla: "The question of how many H-bombs can safely be exploded is irrelevant. To remain free we must develop powerful nuclear bombs. We must continue our test program." With world politics what it is today, political rulers are more likely to accept this view.

And this is where we come in again. The American People are the political rulers of this country. Let's not forget that. Those people at the head are our *representatives*, to do our will. The man with the shiny blue pants at the head of the A. E. C. is here to do our will. When we say that "political rulers are more likely to accept the view

that to remain free we must develop powerful nuclear bombs, we are stating that we, the people, must "politick" ourselves to death, or at the very least, serious injury, willy-nilly. That we have no choice, that we actually do not control our representatives, but are controlled by them, no matter how mistaken.

This is like saying we have lost our freedom. When one of our military representatives (shiny blue pants and all) tells us we have lost our freedom, that we must do as he says, it is time we gave him the facts of life, and informed him that this country is still "of the people, for the people, and *by* the people."

There is evidence that to continue developing nuclear bombs (and other weapons, some even more horrible) will result in our suicide. We do not wish to commit suicide. No matter what the "world politics" situation is, if it will lead to our destruction, we will have to change world politics. That's the problem, pure and simple. In this change, presented with the facts about radiation poisoning, it should be quite obvious that we will have the unstinted help of *all* the people of the world. And when we say all, we mean the representatives of all governments, who, unless they are mad, also do not wish to commit suicide, or have children

It is time that the total scientific knowledge of the world be pooled on his matter, and made public. If Russia will not cooperate, the need for instant action by the rest of the world is even more imperative, because this information placed in the hands of the Russian people, would most certainly result in a very swift capitulation by the representatives of the Soviet government, which, viewed in a factual light, is the government "of the Russian peoples, no matter how it has been usurped and distorted by their "representatives." If in no other way, they should be forced to recognize the danger to the entire world by their assassination. This would be comparatively easy for once a man knows he is condemned to certain death, what can he lose by being additionally condemned?

Either the A. E. C. is right, or the scientists. We want it decided right now which it is. In the light of the statements made publicly, by both sides, it is now quite evident that the A. E. C. is in the position of being a left-handed liar. No statement made by an accredited scientist can be nailed down as untrue—and almost every statement by the A. E. C. *can* be, or at the very least, called "misleading," as some of our scientists have so

politely put it.

We, the American People, do not wish to be misled!

If our leaders are not misleading us, let them demonstrate it. If they are, away with them! Not by assassination, as would be the probable only method in the Soviet Union, but by free speech, our most valuable, most effective tool of democracy. Let no one be denied the opportunity to speak out. And let a world-wide forum be held instantly. Those who cannot stand before the brilliant light of freedom of expression should sit down and surrender the reins of control to those who can!

Is this too much to ask? Or do we die like fruit flies and mice in the interest of "politics"?

An atomic war is now a matter of "I'm going to die, but I'll take everybody with me when I go!" There can be no atomic war that the earth's people will survive. Peace is a must. Everyone but those with the shiny blue pants know this.

We must raise our voices now, as loudly as we can, so that they penetrate even to the Kremlin. And any suppression of those voices here in this country is traitorous. *Everyone* must speak, even the A. E. C. And we want no lies, no misleading statements, no left-handed inferences.

If we ARE being deliberately lied to by our government, then we are no better off than the worst Siberian slave; even worse, for we do not even realize our slavery, but are deluded into accepting the death of the guinea pig at the hands of the "mad scientist" of science fiction!

And to say that we rate "investigation" for subversion for speaking our mind is silly; for then we must refer back to Dr. Franklin Hutchinson (and all his compatriots) and begin there. In fact,

it's a public investigation of the whole matter that we ask.

It's not a happy life to live to be afraid to drink a glass of God's clean water because we fear that man has contaminated it unto death—and yet we must drink!

If there are beings from other worlds cruising about our planet, perhaps if they knew the truth, they would see a grim skull and cross-bones painted across its face. And below it the words:

BEWARE! THIS PLANET IS POISON!

POLICE RECORD OF A GHOST

By ROGER FALK

"BIG Ben" was a shade who took pleasure in appearing just before a royal death. He always appeared on the stroke of midnight. Many people have said that on these occasions the clock, which was never consistent, strikes thirteen. A few seconds before the stroke of twelve on a damp foggy night, a rotten old skiff may come shooting out from the shadows of Westminster Bridge. The misshapen ghost, "Big Ben", pretends to pull on the oars, but they do not move, and he is propelled by some invisible force along the river in the direction of St. Stephen's. Just as the clock, Big Ben, strikes the last note — thirteen — both boat and boatman disappear into the terrace wall.

When Big Ben appeared on January 13, 1892, the night before the Duke of Clarence died, a crew of riverboat police saw the boat and hailed it. When there was no response, they chased after it. They were almost upon the phantom skiff when it disappeared into the stones of the terrace, and the police boat crashed into the wall. A constable on the bridge above saw the whole thing and verified their report.

Perhaps this is the only incident where an encounter with a ghost was recorded in a police register. There was quite a bit of discussion as to what should be done about it, but Scotland Yard wisely left the matter where it was — unexplained.

* * *

CASE *of the* DEAD HAND

By LEWIS TELLER

A young minister was sent to a small community in South England to substitute for a rector who had served for many years and had been advised by his doctor to take a rest. He lived with the old rector and his family. The rectory was hardly large enough to accomodate a visitor, so a cot was placed in a small study on the second floor for him.

It was a bitter cold Friday night on the eleventh of December, 1922. The young minister had gone to bed early and he lay there thinking of the sermon he must deliver the next day. Suddenly he felt a strange sensation in his right hand, as though another hand had clasped it. Without looking up he tried to pull his hand away, but instantly he felt a tighter clasp and his hand was drawn back. Suddenly the fire in the grate flared up and he was horrified to see a hand severed at the wrist, holding his own. It was a child's hand, slightly discolored on one side. After quite a struggle, he succeeded in wrenching it away and threw it from him. It landed with a ghastly thud in a pigeon hole where he kept his matches for his lamp. He fell back across his cot exhausted and tried to convince himself that it was only a bad dream, but he was sure he had not yet been asleep. He got up and piled more logs on the fire and tried to think the whole thing out rationally. He was unable to sleep and was very glad when

morning came.

He went into the dining room for breakfast and the three daughters noticed by his haggard expression that something was wrong. So he told them of his experience during the night. One of the daughters, Mary, sprang to her feet and cried, "What do you think of my ghost being just my imagination now?"

Then the young minister heard a strange story: The family had lived in the rectory for twelve years. During the first year on December, 11, the rector had sent Mary to bring something from the study on the second floor. She came back screaming that a dead hand was moving about the study. She said that it was a child's hand, severed at the wrist and discolored on one side. Mary was so upset by what she had seen that she was sent away for a rest. For the next five years the dead hand appeared on each December 11, but only to Mary. Then it was seen no more till the previous night by the minister.

He was glad when the day was through. He had preached his sermon mechanically, hardly knowing what he said. He went to his room to meditate and to figure out for his own satisfaction the mysterious occurrence of the night before. Suddenly, floating above the bookcase was the dead hand. It seemed to be feeling about for something. As he watched, it turned and the delicate fingers

pointed straight at him. He dashed for the door and was on the landing when he turned and saw that it was still following him, pointing at him with cold, discolored fingers, and he felt it cold and clammy on his cheek. He raced downstairs and the family knew at once what had happened. They sent for the doctor and he advised him to get out and mix with people, and try to put the incident out of his mind.

Next day he left for London. While he was there, he heard of the death of the old rector. Sometime later he was sent to a small parish about forty miles from the place where he had had his ghostly experience.

He had been there several months and had seldom thought of the dead hand. One night he was awakened just before midnight and remembered that it was December 11. It was impossible to go back to sleep so he went downstairs to find something to read. He found *Longman's Magazine* and took it back up to bed with him. He began to read the first article.

It was about a carpenter who lived alone with his little daughter in an unfinished house. One day he was chopping wood and the little girl was gathering the chips as they fell. Quite by accident he cut off her hand at the wrist. Everyone was so concerned about the child's life that they forgot about her hand and it was just left lying on the ground. People said the father was crazy, for he never allowed the child to play with other children or speak with the neighbors. One foggy night,

December 11, the carpenter and his daughter disappeared. His body was later found floating in the river, but no trace was ever found of the little girl.

For many years people reported seeing a dead hand floating about the room on the second floor which was later made into the rectory study. At the time of the tragedy, the room was not finished, only one side wall was plastered. Before the house was finished for the rector and his family, it was searched thoroughly, but no clue was found to solve the mystery.

When the young minister had finished the article he knew that it was the same rectory where he had seen the dead hand. Months later he drove over to the village where he had seen the dead hand.

He found that the old rectory was boarded up, but he obtained the key and went in the front door. The dust and musty odor was sickening and he could hardly bring himself to climb the stairs to the study. The room was empty except for the bookshelves along one wall. What drew his attention was the way the plaster had fallen away from one wall leaving splotches of bare lathing. The other walls were intact and he knew that the cracked wall had been put on first. So he climbed up on the bookshelves and looked down between the lathing and the outer wall Then he went to the basement for tools. A few minutes later he lifted the plaster-encased body of a child from between the walls and laid it tenderly on the floor.

IT HAPPENED TO ME...

From time to time MYSTIC magazine passes on accounts of true experiences from our readers. The following stories are given to us as actual happenings, and the editors are pleased to present them at face value. "It Happened to Me . . ." is just one phase of MYSTIC's presentation of evidence upon which its readers can draw their own conclusions. Names and addresses are printed, or are on file at the office of MYSTIC in the case of those to whom identification might prove to be a source of embarrassment or inconvenience. MYSTIC does not pay for these contributions, but presents them as a service to those readers who request actual happenings going on today, and in the lives of living people. However, a 48-issue subscription, worth \$12.00 will be given for each manuscript published. Send your experience to "Drawer 48," Mystic Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin.

THE GUIDING VOICE

THE night was a dismal one on the island of Attu. Darkness, fog and the echoes of guns threw a scare into our patrol. The slippery tundra was no help either. Our patrol was one-third casualty already and we had been out only an hour. All of us felt our number coming up next.

I was feeling rather eerie. Premonitions are strange things, very strange. For an hour I had

heard a voice that startled me. I could not account for it. Every time I heard it, I looked at my six buddies, tired, weary, battle-ridden GIs, sloughing through the mud like men doomed to a lonely, desolate death.

Yet that voice became stronger and stronger. I shook my head. Was I going mad? I had read about other people, normal people too, breaking down in battle largely

through fear, so our army manual said. Yet this seemed more than fear, deeper than fear, and certainly stronger than a phobia.

Suddenly the voice, strong and compelling, cried: "Hit the ground!" Instinctively I yelled to the patrol to cover. They did and in the next instant a sniper opened up with a machine-gun barrage that swept our tiny knoll like a wind-storm. We hugged the ground for some minutes while the sniper swept the hill with bullets. Our patrol leader, Jerry, crawled back to me. I saw him, a huddled form, yet determined to hold out and save his men at all costs. I waited for him to crawl up. Just as he looked into my face, the voice said:

"Go the left fifty feet. Go quietly."

Jerry nodded. I was amazed. I was not conscious that I had spoken a word. We crawled roughly fifty feet. We counted them, every inch of it in mud, water, and a sort of black slush. We stopped at fifty feet. I could see Jerry's hand. His parka made his hand a grotesque thing, distorted like a bad dream. Something within me started to surge, like a powerful compulsion to crawl a few feet more to the right. I did. A grenade exploded and I heard a voice moan, scream, and then all was silence. I lay there, I don't know how long. I waited for

Jerry to say something, but Jerry did not come nor the others. I was apparently alone in this fog-ridden, Jap-infested wasteland. I had no idea where our battalion headquarters was; not an inkling where our men were grouped.

But something was there. The voice came again, urgently and compellingly. "Leave fast. Keep your body low and run to the right. Keep going until I tell you to stop."

I did. I ran fast and kept my body low. My parka was heavy with mud and water, and the going was rough. How far I ran I don't know. I was almost out of breath when I heard the voice again:

"Hit the ground. Stay there until the next barrage is over. Then look for a light to the left. Follow it."

I hit the ground, and instantly a terrific barrage opened up. I clung to the wet tundra like a baby to its mother. The barrage was deafening—the worst I had ever experienced. The Japs were sweeping everything, and it seemed that they had everything well zero'd in. I heard screams, desperate cries of the wounded, voices yelling for the medics, and I saw men running for cover and a lucky foxhole which was more water than anything else.

But it suddenly stopped as it had opened up. Only a few shots were heard now, and they seemed distant, far-off, as if the Japs were withdrawing or waiting to regroup for a banzai attack. I didn't wait to guess or figure it out. I looked to my left through the rolling fog that was fanning the ground like long rolls of vapor and smoke. I saw a yellow light and I started for it.

I was walking slowly now, feeling my way, unsure of everything but the voice. I felt dull all over, but I kept a steady pace toward the light. It didn't seem that I was getting closer to it. Was this an illusion? Perhaps I was walking into a trap of some kind. I didn't know whether my imagination was playing some strange trick on me or not. But I continued to walk. I was soon out of the valley, ascending higher ground. I could make out a snow-capped mountain to the right. The yellow light

still loomed ahead and it flickered in the fog that seemed to rise like a slow curtain. I kept walking and some time later I hit a beach. At least it seemed like a beach with fine black sand. I stooped to pick up some sand to make sure. It was a beach. And the light disappeared. I lay down now, done-in and drowsy-headed.

How long I slept I don't know. A patrol boat picked me up and I was placed on a cot and was given coffee to drink. No one asked me with questions, but I did hear a doctor say:

"How he ever got through the Jap lines beats me. He came over the only pass he could have used."

Frankly, I don't know till this day what happened. But one thing I know, that voice was on my side.

*Joseph R. Casey
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* * *

MY ASTRAL NURSE

WHERE I was employed, deep in the underground heat of an Arizona copper mine, air currents and changes in temperature were unpredictable. Forced to leave a hot and sweltering stope for noon-time blasting, we entered a large open natural crystal cave, where we waited and

ate our lunch. Waiting for the air-blow we had left to clear powder smoke, I lay down upon a board to rest.

When time was up the boys called me, but I was unable to move. Never had I experienced such a feeling. I did not feel sick, but was absolutely without

strength so much so that I could not move a hand. I was taken to the surface, examined and rushed to our company hospital, down, as they said, with a sudden attack of pneumonia. I seemed to suffer little inconvenience from it, and the warm bed seemed quite comfortable.

In those days the method for treatment of pneumonia was to pack a person in ice, in order to hold down the fever. This caused me no ill effects and not once was I ever delirious or out of reason mentally. Always, I was aware of where I was and of my trouble in sickness. In this high altitude, pneumonia was considered bad. There were seven of us in that ward, and so far, five had died. The two of us remaining were the youngest and probably had the greater amount of stamina. I really felt fine.

Down at the end of the ward and out to the left, was the head nurse's office. It was in the afternoon when the phone rang and I could hear her talking.

"Who?" she asked, then continued, "oh, you mean that young fellow from the Shattuck mine? Who are you? Oh, I see. Well, to tell you the truth, we don't think he will last through the night."

The Shattuck mine . . . That was me. What was she talking

about! I never felt better in my life. I felt strong. I pounded my chest with my fist and was sure she was mistaken. I was determined I would not go out that night. Not me.

I heard the scuffling of many feet, and looking down the ward I saw a large group of people coming in from the nurse's office. There were men and women and a few children; I might say, twenty in all. I did not know them and at once assumed they were church people or someone from a welfare club, merely out on a get-well tour of the hospitals, passing out their prayers and a word of encouragement.

They grouped first around the foot of my partners bed across the ward, but said nothing, and I noticed he did not move or pay any attention to them. These people were all outstanding in appearance; bright eyed and healthy, and above all, immaculately dressed. I immediately took them to be of good quality and from the very best society of the town.

At the head of the group and apparently their leader was an outstanding woman. Though her hair was snow white, she was healthy and did not look to be over forty-five years old.

The points that most impressed me were her bright blue eyes

and the intelligent expression upon her face. The party moved next toward my bed and the leader stepped forward smilingly as she greeted me.

"And how are you, my boy?" she asked. I told her that I was fine and had never felt better in my life.

"Good," she returned, "that is the spirit."

She looked down the ward as if to check to see if any of the nurses were coming, then moved in closer to me. I could tell from her secretive expression she was going to talk to me. The group remained standing and all smiled as they watched her. The little girls especially, seemed elated and clapped their hands. The lady advanced close to me and began speaking.

"You know," she said, "I don't want to criticize, for these people are good. They are doing all that is in their power to help you, and I praise them for it, but there are some things they do not know. You see, at one time, I was considered a great nurse and I can help you. You have a very bad congestion of the left lung and this must be broken up. It can never be done the way you are now, packed in ice."

I thought; "How could she know that I have a bad congestion of

the left lung? She must certainly be good to determine this without even examining me."

"Yes," she continued, "you must do as I say. You must go through a few moments of violent exercise and I will instruct you. Get up," she continued, "and sit on the edge of the bed."

"But, I can't," I told her, "I've been here packed in ice and I'm weak. I can't move."

"Oh yes you can," she told me. "Get up. Come now." She took my hand. Surprisingly enough, I sat up without effort. I raised my arms as she instructed and followed all of the instructions of twisting and bending that she told me. The group smiled and the children seemed most to enjoy watching me. At this point in the midst of it, a nurse, undoubtedly hearing the commotion, looked in from the doorway of the ward office. She threw her hands into the air and ran calling "Doctor Bledsoe, Doctor Bledsoe, come quick."

In a moment, the doctor and three nurses were on their way, coming toward me, and the lady, talking fast now, was urging me back into bed.

"That is fine," she said. "That will be enough. You will be all-right now and you will be well in the morning." The doctor and nurses seemed to pay little at-

tention to the group of visitors. They rushed toward me.

"What do you mean by getting out of bed like this?"

I told them why, as I pointed toward the lady. "She told me to do this and she said that I would be all right by tomorrow."

"Who told you?" the nurse asked. "What lady?"

I could not understand it. They seemed not to see the people and I could hear the doctor's low tones instructing the nurses saying that it was hallucinations. I told them that I would now remain in bed and that I was through with my exercises and would give them no further trouble.

"Yes, you are likely through," one nurse said. "You will be lucky if you are alive in the morning."

At this point I could see the group walking toward the office door, but the lady remained looking at me and smiling. When the nurse had finished talking, the lady shook her head and said: "No, she is wrong. Tomorrow you will be well. You have broken the congestion. Mark this well my boy and remember . . . "(she held two fingers before my face.)" . . . in two days, you will be out there on that veranda in a wheelchair, in the sunshine, and you will be well." Then as a final gesture she once more repeated, holding her

fingers closely to my face,

"Two more days and mark it well."

Then she hurried on to catch up with the group that by now were half-way out into the office. I could hear the scuffle of their feet, but as I looked, the lady, following out last, was dissolving from the feet up; melting away like fog, or like curling white smoke. Just the upper portion, or her bust floated out through the door. When I saw this, I rubbed my hand across my eyes and a certain fear fell over me. "Hallucinations," I thought. "Maybe after all the doctor was right. Maybe I have done wrong."

The exertion seemed to relax me in bed now, and I sank down like a rock. I had never felt more at ease, nor better in my life, but of a sudden I realized I could not see to my right nor left, merely straight up toward the ceiling. Darkness continued slowly closing in, until I seemed to be looking up through a long dark tube. I could see the light at the top and this too was slowly closing in and becoming smaller. Then it dawned on me. No doubt I had done wrong. This was it. I was dying! "Oh, well," I thought, "if this is dying, there is nothing to it. It is pleasant and absolutely without pain." As the tube finally closed, I was com-

pletely out.

I awakened suddenly in exactly fourteen hours and into a broad sunshiny morning. I jerked immediately, seeing the dazzling white dress of a nurse who stood there taking my pulse. For a moment I did not know where I was. I thought I was dead and that she was an angel.

"No, you are much alive," she said, "and if you don't have a relapse you will be out of here soon."

They began to feed me lightly and I gained fast. I said nothing regarding the lady's last words to me, but watched and waited somewhat impatiently. On the morning of the second day I heard a bump on the door. Looking down the ward I could see the front end of a wheel chair coming in, and without much question the colored boy came directly toward my bed. Friendly and smiling he spoke to me.

"You is going out there on that veranda in the sunshine. It's the doctors orders."

I did, and I sat there thinking of the lady's two fingers in my face. Two days, she had said, and here it was.

I later told this story to our doctor Bledsoe and asked his opinion, and here is what he said.

"I really don't know. We associate such occurrences with hallucinations. But, I do know one thing; never in all of my thirty years' experience in hospitals have I seen a man in your condition who could duplicate your feat. That my boy, puzzles me; for to my knowledge it was a physical impossibility. No man in your condition could have raised out of that bed, and yet you did. Perhaps she was a guardian angel, I really don't know."

Charles C. Bailey
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THE PHANTOM DOCTOR

WHEN the United States went to war in 1917, I was a senior in high school in a small town in Kansas. I was also very much in love with our football hero of the school, Tom Sherman, who was also a star pupil in his classes.

At the first call for volunteers,

Tom was in service. He said it was a compulsion with him. I, too, felt that I should like to take part in this activity but I was neither old enough nor was I trained for anything, being only sixteen.

My mother had not been in very good health for quite some time and I felt that my first duty was

helping all I could at home.

When Tom told me of his enlistment, I cried and showed very much that I cared for him. The next thing we knew, we were heading for a neighboring state to be married, as our state would not give licenses to minors without parental consent.

We had just two days together, then he left for camp. His training and education was swift. By the time I was graduated from high school, Tom was a commissioned officer overseas.

As the regulation of the school then was that married women could not attend classes, I kept my marriage a secret except from my parents, who were very much "put out" but became reconciled to the fact as time went on.

With all my work at home and my studies too, I kept very busy, but not so much so that I did not have time for letters to Tom, always telling him of the pleasant things that happened to ones he loved in the school and town.

Each letter I received from him made me miss him more and wish to be with him again. The many tears of lonesomeness and helplessness that I shed seemed to have no effect on making everything come right for us.

Tom had been commissioned as Captain and put in charge of

planes. That is all that I ever knew of his part in the war, except a medal of honor and some papers that I got from the government almost a year after I was given the missing in action wire.

I had accepted a position on a newspaper in our town after graduation was over and that was where the message was sent to me. The whole story came out then and was printed in the News. Much comment was made, pro and con, by our friends and neighbors, but I tried not to let it bother me. I had done as I had wanted to do at the time and was not regretful of the whole thing.

I worked all the harder on the paper and tried to overcome my grief and loss by hard work. I lost weight and became hollow-eyed and tired most of the time, but I listened to no one, only using every minute day and night that I was awake working at anything that came up, to forget this great tragedy in my life.

One day my boss told me that I needed a vacation and he was giving me one for a month, but first I must go to our family doctor and have a check-up and get a tonic, if need be. I agree to the vacation and was ready to take it.

At quitting time I cleaned out my desk and was on my way home, when having to go past Doctor

Courage's office, saw him standing in the door.

Doctor Courage had brought me into the world and was a friend as well as doctor to the whole family. When I hesitated in front of his office, he smiled at me and said: "My dear, I have been waiting for you. Come in."

I followed him into his office without protest, but as if being led.

"We shall go into the back room, where we won't be disturbed." He led the way to the back room, turned on the light over his desk, at which he sat down.

Doctor Courage was on a very high plane spiritually, and I loved him as did everyone else who had known him.

He turned to the desk and said: "I have a letter to finish, then I shall be with you." For some minutes he wrote, reread the letter, addressed the envelope and sealed it. Then he turned to me. "Young woman, you are the most stubborn person I have even seen. Since you got your message from the war department saying that Tom had been killed, you have been trying to kill yourself with work. I have been hoping you'd accept this fact and reconcile yourself to it, but no, you will not give up and realize that things like this happen to us all. I realize and admire your

spunk, but you know we are all human beings, and things good and bad come to us; old and young." Here he paused and I thought he was finished as he peered into my eyes, motionless. I sat as if hypnotized. My grief had been so great, and I guess I was so "stubborn" as he had said, I hadn't been able to give in and cry.

Taking his eyes from mine and fastening them on the light over his desk, he continued. "You are in a good line of work; but you are wasting yourself and time on this job. Take the money that you have saved and go into another part of the country, get into some other work; such as healing or nursing.

"Get into the mountains and fresh air. Read. Read your Bible. Get a new perspective on life. You are to live a long time yet, and there isn't any reason to wreck your life and health for something that you cannot help, nor will it bring Tom back to you."

Again he looked at me and finding that I had not taken my eyes from his, smiled, and went on in a much milder tone. "You are meant for much greater things in this life. You have a great healing power in you for others, yet you waste it on newspaper work and grieving for the things that are beyond your power to mend. There

isn't a thing wrong with you, except that you are destroying your mind and energy here, while in your proper field you will grow stronger."

At these words I burst into tears. Tears that I had not shed for over a year, and it seemed to me that all the grief and sorrow that had been stored up in my being were washed away as I walked the mile home that evening.

The next morning I read in the papers that Doctor Courage had

passed away at his home while taking a nap on the couch in his living room after lunch, at about one o'clock; almost three hours before the encounter in his office of the evening before.

I left in a few weeks to enter a hospital in a western state, to take up training as a nurse. I have found much happiness and have known peace through my work, thanks to Doctor Courage.

Name Withheld

THE BROKEN WATERPIPE

I own what is called CUMMINGS DRIVE INN, a restaurant, located at 1101 S. Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Shortly after the close of World War II the water supply pipe that runs under the cement floor of the building from the front nearly to the rear of the building a distance of more than 50 feet, sprang a leak somewhere under that cement floor.

I tried to get help from the city water department, but they could do nothing for me. They said they had no way of finding just where the leak was located, and that I would have to get a plumber who would have to start digging from one end until he came to the leak. I consulted two plumbers who told me the same thing.

To think that the cement floor had to be dug up in my dining room and kitchen was very disheartening, and I felt very badly about it. It would not only be very expensive but it would destroy the looks of my beautiful building and compel me to close up business for several days.

After consulting the plumbers I went home and prayed very fervently to the Lord to help me solve my problem. Shortly after my prayer I said to my wife, "I wish there were a spiritualist medium here in the city to whom I could go and see if the spirits would not let me know just where that leak is located." I had no sooner said these words than a spirit voice said to my mind, "You fool, God knows where that leak is and He

will show you." I instantly turned to my wife and said: "God knows where that leak is and He will show me." She did not say a word in reply, but gave the familiar smile that meant: "That is what *you* think." I then said: "I am going right over and prove it to you."

I went over to the building and started to follow what I felt was the path of that pipe line. In a few moments my eyes were riveted to a spot on the cement floor and I KNEW the leak was under it. I called to my son who was not far away to come and look at that spot. As soon as he arrived and

looked at it he said: "I believe you are right, Dad. I feel the same way you do about it!"

I then went home and got some cement cutting tools and dug through the cement floor at that spot, and found the leak. In less than three hours I had repaired it and re-cemented the spot, which was less than square foot in area.

No one can tell me that God will not hear and answer our prayers if we ask with sufficient faith and really NEED what we ask for.

*Julian M. Cummings
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ASTRAL PROJECTION FINDS GOLD

IT was a cold, frosty November morning in 1930. I had risen early to scratch gravel, seeking golden grains that the kids might have something to eat. The past few days had been barren ones. I wondered if this day, too, would be one of no returns.

I worked all morning. No gold. Listlessly I sat down on a cold granite boulder, rolled a Durham, and tried to relax. As I sat there smoking, wondering how we were to survive, momentarily I blacked out.

The few seconds that passed while in this state, a picture emerged from deep within. At the

table in our shack, my wife and children were busily denuding chicken bones, plates heaped high with mashed potatoes and gravy, sided by luscious, light downy biscuits. Laughter and joy filled the air.

Next I saw myself walking over the ridge to the creek, where sitting on a granite boulder, was my material self, cigarette butt in fingers. "Get up and turn that boulder over," I shouted to the thing setting there, so hopelessly. My dream self plainly saw golden nuggets under that boulder, a handful of them.

The cigarette butt woke me

from the coma by burning my finger tips. I could still taste the chicken gravy and biscuits. If only it could be, were my thoughts, still sitting on the boulder. The boulder moved, as if nudging me. Suddenly I went to heaving at the rock. It would not move. Hunting about the hillside I found a sturdy, dead oak limb, and bringing it back, pryed at the huge boulder for some time. At last it seemed to sigh and turned over on its side slowly. It had rested in a bed of brownish clay, in a slight depression in the bedrock. I looked at the clay in disgust. No gold was there.

After a few minutes I decided to pan out the clay anyway, to confirm what a foolish dream I'd had. I took about a third of the clay to fill my pan. I worked in patiently, with ice cold water numbing my fingers to the bone. In it I felt several lumps; iron, or gravel, I thought.

After a while the pan began to clear up. I swished the remaining material halfheartedly about

and gazed upon it with jaundiced eye. Then there was a buttery yellow gleam, flashing through the still murky water. I blinked my eyes, my heart began pounding. In earnest then, I washed the material out carefully and there in the battered pan lay seven good size nuggets.

I lay them on a sunny piece of green serpentine to glisten in the afternoon sunshine, and in awed wonder gazed upon them. Eagerly then, I went back and panned the rest of the clay. When I had finished there were twenty-five gold nuggets arrayed on the green rock shelf, glittering like manna from heaven. Later that evening, in town, they weighed out at twenty-six ounces. All I could think was "Chicken dinner here we come." I stuffed the thick roll of greenbacks into my overalls, accompanied by "Thanks, God."

*Jack Layton,
P. O. Box 1367
Prescott, Ariz.*

* * *

THE LUMINOUS FOG

I saw and experienced something very unusual this morning (May 23, 1955). I was awakened by our dog softly complaining at my bedside and glanced at the clock. It was five minutes before two. I glanced about the room

and was amazed that I could see everything in it as bathed in a white light.

"Bright moon," I said to the dog, but she disagreed with me gently. I looked out the window and instead of bright moonlight I saw fog, glow-

ing, shining, living fog, white as cotton, but light as the glow from a white-flamed fire. It was wrapped about the house thick as a blanket.

I glanced at the April issue of *Mystic* which I had been reading before I dropped off to sleep, and the light was so strong that I could read all the large print without my glasses. I put on the glasses and read the fine print. The dog was softly complaining, still, so I arose and went to the door. The house was literally wrapped in the white fog. The street light was a yellow glow in the white, surrounded by myriads of rainbow hues, moving, wrapping themselves about the yellow glow, and these yellow, rainbowed spots were the only relief in the shining fog. Everything was plain as day.

I do not know how long the white fog had been about us, but it was fifteen minutes before it began to thin. I had to convince myself it was only two o'clock by turning on the radio to WBBM and hearing their program, "Music Till Dawn." The announcer told us it was three o'clock Monday morning, and that figured perfectly for us here in Wisconsin, because our cows produce their milk by Central Standard time.

We strayed about the house, the dog and I, waiting for what-

ever was going to happen to get itself over with. The white of the fog finally began to soil itself into a shining gray. Its light dimmed, and as the glow dimmed I could see the deep gray house across the street as a dark hulk with holes in it where the familiar windows and doors should be. I noted that the white house next door was invisible as a house, just dark splotches where the windows and doors shown out from the whiteness of the fog, and the roof seemed to be floating in the air. So white was the fog that anything white in it did not register on the retina. During the bright period my bird asked strange questions with his tweet, tweet, then tested out his morning throat and softly experimented with a song. It worked fairly well in soft tones, so he gave us full tones and welcomed the light with gladness. As the short day dimmed, his song became doubtful and ended in questioning tweets when the darkness of a foggy night was upon us again.

Checking, I note that New Moon came the afternoon of May 21, so we could not possibly blame bright moonlight above the fog for the strange phenomena. I would not have known any more about it than did my neighbors had the dog not complained at my bedside and attracted my attention to the

fact that we were having some sort of unusual experience.

Rollie B. Mohrfahl

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* * *

A GHOST SETTLES AN ESTATE

IN 1930 I had a dream. I saw an extremely bright light flash. In this light an aunt appeared. She was dressed all in flowing white like an angel, but her face showed fear, and she joined a mass of people walking endlessly to and fro, seemingly in a roundabout way, toward a golden glow in the distance. They looked like hooded monks in silhouette. Their faces were hidden under the hoods and their bodies all seemed alike. Some time later I went to an art exhibit and was spellbound to find a picture, almost exactly like my dream, called "Death." Eventually this aunt sent for me. Stocks and bonds were low, her health and spirits were low, she had just been informed that an operation was necessary. She had no ready cash and selling her stocks or liberty bonds would entail a loss, so she asked me to lend her the money until she got the operation. I lent the money.

After she was in the hospital, her sister, another aunt, came back for more and more money. I did not know just what to do but gave it to her to pay the doctor and hospital. I did not know she

had obtained power of attorney and was selling her sick sister's stocks and bonds as quickly as she could. When my aunt came out of the coma she was shocked and blamed the doctor for charging her so much, but I knew it was not the doctor. When she passed on, my other aunt let me know I would not be paid.

After the funeral, which was lavish, I was pondering the injustices of this life, particularly if you try to be kind and not hard-boiled. I was in a low state, got on a trolley car and found I was on the wrong car. I told the conductor I was on the wrong trolley. He said: "You seemed as if you were in a dream when you got on." He gave me a pass and let me off at an intersection where I could get a trolley that would take me to the correct one. It was raining and I ran to a doorway. A cousin of mine was standing in the same doorway out of the rain and was as much surprised to see me as I was to see her. She said she had an appointment with a spiritualist.

"Come in with me. She won't take you without an appointment, but you will be out of the rain un-

til it slackens." I went with her.

When the spiritualist came out she invited me into her private room. I said: "I don't have an appointment".

"But, it is you I want to see," she said. "There is a soul that wants to give you assurance. You did a kind act and she wants you to know that no matter how it looks you will be paid in full and to spare."

The settling of the estate dragged on for a couple of years and when it was finally settled I got about \$100 to settle a debt of

around a thousand dollars. They asked me if I wanted the \$100 or stock. I took the stock. I was disgusted and wondered why the spiritualist had told me I would be paid in full when it was not true. I forgot all about the stock, let it lay. When I finally sold it, the stock had gone up and I was paid in full and to spare, as I was assured after my aunt's passing that I would be.

Frances Golcher
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Philadelphia 49, Pa.
* * *

I AM NOT DEAD

MY father was inclined toward agnosticism, to the extent that he doubted much as taught by orthodox churches, and one day when I about ten years of age and he was around forty-five, he made an agreement with me that, whichever of us was to die first, if it were at all possible, was to return and tell the one that remained. It perhaps seems odd that he should thus talk to a child, but my mother had gone on not too long before that episode, and thus was his mind turned toward thoughts of survival. He had never imposed very strict instructions upon me, in religious manner, being unconvinced of such himself, and thus I may thank him sincerely, that my

mind was open to its own development, more or less, in such matters. So the pact was made, and he shook my hand to seal the agreement.

Came the time that he became ill; and some six hundred miles separated us, a thing not easily overcome in those days of slow travel. Having phoned long-distance to my sister, who assured me the doctor said he might still be in the same condition of semi-coma for another six weeks or even longer, she advised me not to make the trip at that time, as it would be very inconvenient for me to be absent from my home for so long. However, that night about 1:30 a. m. I was still wide awake, and

was up and around, when suddenly a feeling of great weariness came over me, and on lying down on my bed, I turned to see the time.

It seemed that at once I was in a railroad station watching down the track for a train to come in. Now, my father was a railroad worker, and it was his opinion that any holiday must include a train trip to round things out. I did not share this view. At any rate, as I watched down the track a train came into view and pulled to a slow stop with a pullman door right in front of me, and in this door was Dad, hanging onto the guard-rail at the side. He was dressed as was usual with him, though everything seemed new and clean, in brown corduroy trousers and blue denim shirt.

I said, in surprise: "Hello, Pop! What on earth are you doing here?"

He smiled and said; "Why, kid you knew I'd come to you, didn't you?"

Suddenly remembering the fact that he was said to be lying in coma near death, I also had a sudden remembrance of the old pact we had made almost twenty years before. At that I drew back from my intended embrace and gasped: "Dad! You're dead!"

He smiled a patient smile and answered: "No Kid, I am not dead. And when they tell you I

am dead, don't you believe them, for I am *not*. But I have to go now."

He drew back into the car and the train slowly moved away from me and the next I knew I was looking at the clock and it still said 1:30. Arising, I hastily phoned a friend and told him that Dad was dead. Another chap, who lived in the house came in and I told him, also. I still had had no word, but knew he was what we called 'dead'. Next morning I waited and waited, but no word came, whereupon I called up the telegraph offices, only to be assured no telegram had arrived.

Finally, about noon, I called my sister again on long-distance phone, and when she came to the line, I stated flatly, "Dad is dead." She assented and I asked: "Was it about 1:30 last night?" She said it was, but how did I know? I told her that Dad had come to me to assure me that he was not dead, and told her how young and healthy he had looked. She said she had just been notified, and was preparing to call me when the phone rang for her.

Thus it was that he kept his pact, and told me he was not dead, thereby assuring me of a "going on" after the so-called "death." Dad never fooled. He never lied to me. He kept promises to the

best of his ability, and so he had kept our pact. I do not understand the sudden weariness that overcame me and impelled me to lie down, nor do I understand the fact that the clock said 1:30 both before and after this experience, except that outside this three di-

mensional world perhaps there is no time as we know time, and thus the experience, which seemed to last some little while, was actually all encompassed in a second or two as we know time.

*Mrs. Leonora Ridge
Torrance Newskoka, Ont., Can.*

A MESSAGE FOR ENGLAND

One night shortly following the close of the first world war, I was walking down one of the passageways in an ocean liner in mid Atlantic, while my physical body lay asleep in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. On either side of the passageway were the ship's berths, in which the passengers were sound asleep. At a distance, approaching me was another man, whose head appeared to be wrapped in a white turban. In a few moments we met and after talking briefly, I said to him; "Are you dead?" He replied; "No, are you?"

It is not easy to discover whether a man or woman met in the supraphysical is discarnate, or merely temporarily out of the body during sleep. If one stands beside a person at the moment of death, it will be observed that when death ensues, a mist appears to evaporate from the supraphysical body; but the change is so slight, that its presence or absence is hardly discernable.

We both assured the other that we were not dead, and gave our names and mundane residence addresses. His home was near Washington, D. C., but he said that momentarily he was living in New York City.

This was on Monday night. He said "I will come over to Philadelphia and have lunch with you next Wednesday noon." Thus we met, and became good friends. What had appeared supraphysically to be a white turban was a halo of light. Both of us were Americans.

About a year later, one day, there appeared to my friend a discarnate man who was in great distress, who said to him: "Until my death a few days ago, I was the private secretary of a member of the English governmental Cabinet. I worked until late at night upon an important document, involving the United States of America, and when I retired for a few hours sleep, I placed the papers inside

a book on one of the library shelves of his office. During the night I died. Frantic search is being made for these important documents; but you are the first person I have found who can see and hear me. Will you please notify the English government where the papers are?" He then described the exact location of the book containing them.

My friend called the Department of State in Washington by phone. He began by saying! "You will probably think I am just another nut." Then he told his story.

The Department of State official said: "Nutm! what you say tells me that what you are saying is the truth; how I don't understand, but the truth nevertheless, I will cable England, and call you back in a few hours." In a few hours, he called back and told my friend that

the papers were exactly where my friend had said they were.

Some two weeks later, the State Department official called my friend again and invited him to have lunch with him in Washington. When they met, the British Ambassador was present also, who said: "I bring you greetings from the King of England, who in gratitude for what you have done invites you to be his guest in Buckingham Palace for the rest of your life."

The reply of my friend was: "I am happy to have been of service. My field of service would be restricted if I were to receive any gratuity for it. My sustenance comes from higher realms."

This story has never been told publicly before.

Sanctilean

JEALOUSY AFTER DEATH

IT'S an anxiety amongst occultists that death in itself does not change the personality. A good person will still be a good person and an evil one will be just as evil. Luckily it takes great knowledge to become really active here from the other side. Hence cases as the one described below are fortunately very rare. Or are many of the people confined in asylums driven there by just such malignant en-

tities?

This story is true and documented in the records of the psychiatric faculty of the local university, the police and the many people who investigated at the time. Locale: Kiel, in northern Germany, time: the early 1920s. Participants: the owner of a small laundry, the police, professors of the university and a number of psychic investigators. Also sundry owners of hotels,

rooming houses and curious neighbors.

This laundry man had married, after the first world war, a girl who had a child by a sailor who had gone down in the Jutland battle. After a few months of married bliss things began to happen. One of the first was when the man sat down to an early breakfast and the scalding cup of coffee smashed into his face. Then the rest of the crockery and cutlery took wing one after another, aimed at his head. He was not able to duck all of it. When he got up from his chair, it was pulled out from under him, lifted to the ceiling and smashed to kindling on the floor. That ended the show for a few days.

It started up again when he tried to get into bed with his wife. First the bedstead was torn apart, the two dumped from a raised mattress, a large cabinet toppled onto them and to top it all, the bedclothes started to burn. From then on it went from bad to worse. Whenever the man entered a room anything close was liable to take off trying to brain him. If he tried to sit down the chair was liable to jerk out from under to be smash-

ed or aimed at his head. If he opened a drawer that often flamed up in spontaneous combustion. All accompanied by terrific noises as if the whole house was being smashed to pieces.

At first they thought it might be the house which was haunted. They moved to a hotel, then to another, to rooming houses, only to be evicted promptly because the disturbances continued. Anyone who tried to investigate had trouble. One police car on the way to investigate another disturbance had three flat tires, within a mile one collision with a street car and another with a truck. Investigators had their clothes torn off them or set on fire or were otherwise put in jeopardy.

One investigator brought a very good medium with him. Through her it was found out that the dead sailor was causing all this mess because he was jealous. As nobody entered the case who had sufficient power or knowledge to neutralize the sailor, the couple had to separate, as otherwise that man would have been killed.

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CONSULTATION WITH A GHOST

By FRANCES YERXA

THERE have been many stories concerning meetings with the Little Man in Grey. King Charles XII was in need of first hand information from the unknown world because his poor practises had put his earthly affairs in an uncertain condition. He was reluctant to take advice from his officers and generals because they could only guess, but he felt that the dead could see into the future and advise him.

So his majesty, King Charles XII of Sweden rode off into the forests of Finland on a bitter cold day in 1714, to seek the counsel of a ghost. Coming to where he heard that ghosts were in the habit of walking, he marked a circle in the ground with his sword. He stepped into the center of the circle and struck his tinder box three times and recited the verse he had memorized. Then he burned some herbs, and crossed himself three times and stood still and waited.

Suddenly he felt a very light touch on his shoulder, and turning around he saw a little grey man. The little man reached up and placed his hand on the king's shoulder. It felt like ice coming through his heavy clothes. Then a voice began to speak. It was a feminine voice that seemed to come from a great distance. The voice spoke of the king's vanity, and of how he placed all of Sweden in jeopardy because of his impulsiveness and obstinance. The king asked what he could do

to save his country, but the voice just went on pointing out his mistakes. The king was told that his soul would be required to return to earth three times, and each time would occupy the body of a great soldier-king, who would imperil the fortune of his country because of the love of power. The voice told him that the last time he would return to earth, he would be the central figure in a universal war. Then the little grey man stepped in front of him and gave him a ring. He told him that it would help him if he wore it, and that it would vanish from his finger on the day of his death. The discouraged king rode off.

A year after King Charles XII had his rendezvous with the ghost, Sweden was engaged in war with England, Hanover, Russia, Prussia, Saxony and Denmark. Sweden could have obtained an advantageous peace if Charles had not refused to grant even the smallest concession to the despoilers.

In 1717 the Swedes were besieging Frederiksten. They were within three hundred paces of the fort when one of the officers noticed that the king's ring had disappeared. He was startled because he had heard of how the king had received the ring in the forest three years before. The king was not worried about it for he said the little grey man was wrong, because they were winning. Just after he spoke, he raised his head over a parapet and got a bullet through his brain.

The INNER CIRCLE

Mark Probert is one of the most amazing mediums in America today. The editors of *Mystic* have secured the exclusive rights to present actual seances by Mark Probert, in which his controls will answer questions put to them by our readers.

These seances, recorded on tape while Mark Probert is in trance, are transcribed just as spoken. Unfortunately the printed word cannot carry the dramatic impact of the recorded tape, which is awesome and thrilling. Send your questions in today, according to instructions given at the end of this article. If your question qualifies, and space is available, it will be answered.

Conducted By

MARK PROBERT

Famous San Diego Trance Medium

GOOD evening, friends. This is Professor Luntz. I notice you have a rather large number of questions to be answered this evening, so perhaps we had better get at them without further talk.

Irene Probert: I agree with you, Professor. We can talk on other things later. The first question comes from Mr. Piet Van der Meer of Goderich, Ontario: Question: Is any religion on earth a true religion? Which, if any, is closest to the truth?

Prof. Luntz: We have had this

question brought before us several times now, and as all of you who read *Mystic* must know that religion, sex and politics are extremely touchy subjects, we, like our good friend and your editor, Ray Palmer say: "As there are no really final answers to anything, it is best you take what we have to say with a grain of salt." So now have you your salt shaker ready for the answer to this question? Then here it is: A religion is not something in itself, but is entirely dependent upon those who accept it and follow its laws and tenets. Re-

Born in 1812, died in 1893. He was a clergyman for the High Episcopal Church of England. He was of English and German parentage, and was born in North London. Graduated from Eton School for Boys at the age of seventeen. Worker in his father's law firm in Hanover, Germany until he was twenty. Attended Heidelberg, where he took a course in philosophy and comparative religion, then on to Oxford where he received his Ph.D. in the Episcopal Theological Seminary and later served a donship. He was a devotee of Queen Victoria. He was not surprised when he died to discover that he had survived the grave, but stunned when he realized there was no heaven or hell as he had so eloquently taught and believed.

—Mark Probert



Professor Alfred Luntz

ligions are but codes of morals and ethics, and as one accepts and lives by such codes, he will find the degree of truth in them that he is capable of understanding according to his mental capacity first in KNOWING what he is looking for and second in being able to recognize it when he sees it. To this extent then ALL religions are true. However, it is to be noted that almost all religions boast of their vast numbers of followers. To this rather meaningless assertion we can't help but make the observation that so has the leader of a pack of sheep; and if the leader, for some crazy reason of his own,

decides to plunge over a cliff, every one of his followers will plunge right after him, and all because not a single one of them was ANYTHING but a FOLLOWER. Moral: "DON'T BE A SHEEP."

Irene Probert: The next question, Professor, comes from the same party. Question: Do the schools and colleges that have occult or metaphysical teachings actually help you to find yourself?

ANSWER: They most probably would, providing they were such schools or colleges. There are mystical orders such as the Order of the Rose Croix, Masonry,

Knights of Columbus and many others, and if the seeker is sincere in knowing life from something more than its sensory surface he can be aided in doing what you call "Find your Self." Please note that the word self in this instance is spelled with a capital "S", for it symbolizes the Creative Mind as differentiated from the emotionally controlled body self. It is this Creative Self that hears our prayers and answers them. When the emotional self, which knows nothing but blind action, is shut out, this Creative Self can then take over and perform what are called miracles. By pouring Itself out It can heal one's own body and give health to other bodies. When listened to It can turn material and mental poverty to active wealth. This Creative Self is what mankind miscalls "God." It does not, however, matter what one calls it, for unless one can contact it, it may as well not exist. Because that which man calls "Good" and "Evil" are but emotional attitudes that man takes toward the action that makes up his environment, he had therefore come to assume that his gods think and respond in a like manner regarding those abstract terms. It is because of this blind sort of reasoning that man has been creating gods and devils and then standing in awe and fear

of them. To tell the average churchgoer that when he prays he is practicing magical rituals would be to frighten him and cause him hotly to deny it. And the reason for his fright and heated denial comes from his NOT knowing the nature of what he *is* doing, so to question him is to frustrate him. In consequence he uses anger and an attitude of being hurt as clouds to hide behind. Of course we must not imagine that such reaction to having our opinions questioned belongs to the untutored churchgoer alone, for this would be untrue; but be that as it may, we can only hope that some day Christianity will be taught so that man will come to KNOW his OWN Divine nature, for only then will there be a TRUE BROTHERHOOD amongst men.

Irene Probert: Professor I've just noticed that these questions come from a boy who claims to be only fifteen years old, and as there are four more and all of them very interesting, I think we should go on with them. What do you think, Professor?

Prof. Luntz: That is quite all right with me, but we must remember that it is only this boy's BODY that is fifteen years old and that the occupant or REAL SELF is as old as Time itself.

Irene Probert: Thank you Pro-

Less is known about this personality than any of the others of the Inner Circle. All that the Inner Circle can, or will, tell is that he was a guru or holy man and that he lived and died in the Punjab district of India. They suggest his days were numbered from 1320 to 1398. His teachings were "Buddhistic."

Arakashi



fessor. The next question then is: I've had the impression that matter is made of light. Is God therefore the Light that makes everything and is He a kind of consciousness?

Answer: Good reasoning, lad, good reasoning indeed! Keep at it! You may, aye, undoubtedly will, make numerous mistakes in your quest for knowledge, but as long as you are willing to accept all such errors as YOUR OWN and take upon yourself the responsibility of rectifying them, your life will be a rich one. Now then lad, let us look at your ideas in this manner: Speaking from what is called a

physical condition, there is no such thing as the word "Light" tries to convey. There are certain vibrations, however, that upon striking the optic nerves produce for the observer what he has come to call "Light," therefore light as man has come to call it is but a property of the nerve centers of the eyes. Now then let us turn to the word "Light" from the philosophical viewpoint. Here we will find it is interpreted as meaning "Knowledge or Wisdom" or again the UNDERSTANDING OF LIFE and its nature and as the nature of Wisdom IS God and the nature of God IS Wisdom the nature of Wis-

dom is Light out of which ALL things are made. Now I am going to withdraw and permit my colleague Arakashi, who as you know was once a roaming Guru (teacher) in the Punjab country of India, to continue. Thank you and good evening.

Irene Probert: Thank you, Professor.

ARAKASHI: "bowing gently" Most honored ones, it has been a long time since I have been in your home as a voice though I have been with you often in the silence. I am now at your service.

Irene Probert: How nice of you to come now, sir; it is our pleasure to have you, Your first questions were sent in by Everett C. Crear of Severance, New York, and they seem to deal with what we today call fakes and frauds.

Question: Was Madame Blavatsky genuine or a faker? Was Mr. Lewis, founder of AMORC Rosicrucians a faker? Mr. Crear also wants to know about the same thing concerning a Mr. George W. Plummer, founder of another Rosicrucian Society and the Order itself?

Arakashi: It is with great reluctance that I make the attempt to answer this man's queries, for it is obvious that he seeks knowledge on the negative path. However, as it is my sole duty of

the moment to give answers to questions and not to be concerned with anything else, I shall do my humble best in that direction. My own beloved Guru once said: "Woodsman, care not where the chips land when cutting down a tree. Your sole duty is to get the tree down." Now then, these are my answers: Mr. Crear seems not at all concerned with principle but with personalities, and this seems equally true of those he calls his references, the illustrious Gertrude M. Williams and Dr. Clymer. It seems to me, honored friend, that it is of no importance at all as to WHO says what, but rather WHAT who has to say and can the reader or listener USE it.

A wise man living in your times who was educated in what is termed the laws of chance and probability made the humorous but none-the-less truthful statement: "Give ten thousand monkeys ten thousand typewriters and sufficient time, and they would write out the entire works of William Shakespeare." Did these ten thousand monkeys accomplish this momentous task by random blows on the keys, could it be said that the monkeys were frauds or fakes? And by what process of reasoning would it matter even if it could be so proven. A great controversy has been going on for many years now

The story concerning this man is that he was of an English mother and an Indian father. He was born in 1848 in Dacca, Bengal Province. His family were extremely wealthy and owned a large estate just outside Bombay. His father desired that he become a medical man, and sent him to medical college at Oxford. But he was by nature a poet and philosopher and so after receiving his final degree in medicine to please his father, he suddenly disappeared. He spent about ten years traveling in the remotest regions of the world and studying as many of the religions and philosophical beliefs of man as he could. In 1915 he finally came back to his home in Bombay where he died confessing he had found no answer to life that could give him peace of mind; that all questions simply posed more questions and that all answers were simply personal opinions that said nothing. He now says the only answer to life as a whole is to question nothing. — just BE, facing all situations with as much detachment as one can muster.



Maharaja Natcha Tramalaki

amongst highly intellectual scholars in the field of Christian theology as to whether a man known by the title of Jesus the Christ ever existed and if he did was he genuinely the incarnation of what Christendom calls God, or was he a fake? There is also another controversy of an equally heated nature raging over the above-mentioned bard, William Shakespeare, and for the same reasons: Was there such a man, and if so was he a fake and a fraud or was he genuine? Now if you or anyone else feels the need to attack the works of Madame Blavatsky or the works of others, this is entirely legitimate, providing of course you

believe your ideas are nearer the truth than theirs. We of the Inner Circle hold exceeding little faith or confidence in those who seek to tear down others who are working in the same field, for most always their real aim is self-glorification. In this instance I am making reference to the kindly and perhaps well-meaning Doctor Clymer, who the questioner states is the founder of an order of the Rose Croix. The questioner states, and I quote: "Doctor Clymer puts the 'blast' on Mr. Lewis." I imagine that Mr. Crear means that Doctor Clymer was violently critical of Mr. Lewis. If this is the meaning of Mr. Crear's statement, than all I have

to suggest to the Doctor is this: The vast majority of human beings know nothing about reason and logic. Such reasoning as they seem to do is simply emotional reflexes to which their bodies have been conditioned to consider as pain or pleasure. If these are the kinds of people you want to attract to your particular branch of Rosicrucianism, then continue to attack the PERSONALITY called Mr. Lewis. If, however, you are seeking to draw to yourself the comparatively few who live in higher states of mental awareness, you will spend all of your very valuable time spreading your *own* light of truth abroad and give none of it in a negative way to another. We all may be certain of one thing, and that is: All those who are capable of seeing *your* Light will flock to that light, and those who do not see it will continue to move toward such light as they can see and comprehend. When all teachers come to understand this, they will stop trying to outshine one another and spend their time trimming the wicks of their own lamps. This is all I came to say, so if you do not mind I'll bid you goodnight. (Arakashi bows and leaves).

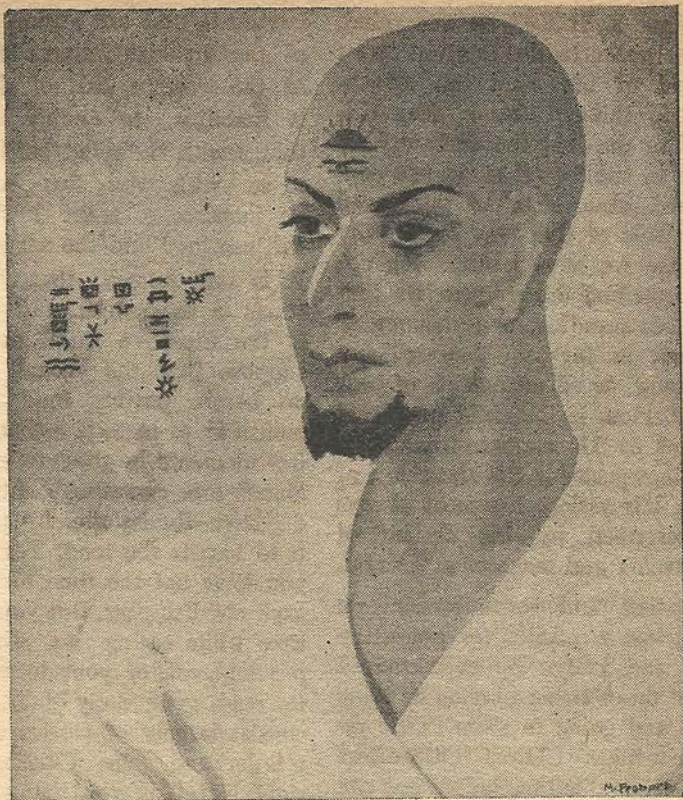
Maharaja Natcha: Greetings my friends, I am the Maharaja Natcha Tramalaki. As you know I have not been attending

the meetings very often in the past six or seven months, for I've been assigned to certain kinds of rather secret political work having to do with my country and Great Britain. If, however, you do not mind, I think it best we go on with the work at hand.

Irene Probert: Of course, sir, we do not mind at all. Your first question comes from a man by the name of Harry Plefka of Rockville, Connecticut.

Question: What can I do to develop the full power of my mind.

Answer: If we realize that it is by intense concentrated desire that the human being gets into the physical world in the first place, we will immediately see that that is the way we get all other things of worth. The main cause back of all failures in the daily affairs of the individual, is his inability to THINK in logical sequence, from cause to effect. But how is he to do any actual THINKING when he is lacking in basic values? I notice that the questioner asks to have his questions answered privately. I cannot do this for two very good reasons — first, because it has never been our policy to deal in questions of a private nature, and second, because we deal with PRINCIPLE and not personalities. Now, sir, in order to USE the full power of the mind, one



Yada Di Shi'ite

This personality was born in the city of Kaoti (City of Temples) in a civilization called Yuga (Vast Body), or YU. This civilization consisted of 180 million people and existed a half million years ago. It was located in the Himalayan Mountains. He was taken from his mother as a baby and raised in the temples, to become a Kata (Priest) and later High Priest or Yada. The word really means "Spirit Life." He was therefore one of the heads of a mystical order called "Shi-ite." The Yu civilization had been founded by a man named Na Sep Ni Ha, meaning the seventh son of a family named "Ha." Yada was killed in a violent quake that completely destroyed the civilization along with eighty million of its inhabitants. Yada was about thirty-four when he died and the "Yu" civilization one thousand and twenty-four when it died.

must get a HOLD on the mind, and in order to do this one must get rid of his emotional attachment to things. This is very difficult to do, and the difficulty of it lies in the fact that we are conditioned from birth to think and act in this or that way so that by the time we have reached the age of reason and discernment we find ourselves standing in a vacuum, as it were, as far as having any reasoning or discernment of our own. Seldom is the child permitted to think as HE wants to think or to do things just for the sheer joy of doing. His actions are most always circumscribed by the desires of his parents and teachers in general.

Relaxation and concentration are two prime requisites for a healthy mind and body. By relaxation I do not mean either playing or lying down and going to sleep. True relaxation takes CONSCIOUS effort for considerable time before one can do it at will. The same is true of concentration. Excessive anxiousness over daily problems is de-energizing to body and mind, and to respond in anger to a situation that is displeasing to you is a sign of ignorance and is a direct prostitution of your vital forces. When you feel you want a certain thing, THINK first of what it would actually mean to have that thing. Mentally pretend you already

having it and are using it. One of the greatest failures of people of the western half of the world is inability to enjoy material things with the mind before trying to so with the five senses. As an instance of what I mean, we will use food and the act of eating.

It is well known that digestion starts in the mouth, and as saliva is the digestive fluid, one would suppose that the logical thing to do before putting food into the mouth is to taste it mentally for a few moments in order to excite the glands into excreting plenty of the digestive fluids, thereby preparing it to handle the food. Yes, I know you have not the time to waste on such childish play. But you do have time while eating to discuss the pro and con of your business and to read your daily tabloids that consist largely of stories of arson, murder and rape. I believe I am right in telling you that your best minds in the fields of medicine and physiology say that barring accidents they can find no real reason why the body should not last for two hundred years or more and in good condition. This is sad when one realizes that your present life span is about sixty-seven or sixty-eight years. While I say that a proper balance of food substance is necessary for the body's growth that "full-lung" breathing of fresh

air and relaxation are musts for the blood stream and nerve system, none of these things will do one very much good if he does not have peace of mind. Peace of mind therefore is THE secret to longevity.

Irene Probert: Maharaja, Mr. Plefka also wants to know how he can make himself dream a desired dream?

Answer: Without peace of mind one cannot dream as one desires. Psychology tells you that the dream world is the world of the subconscious. The word "sub" means below or under that which is above. The word is actually meaningless when used in reference to that which is called "consciousness," for one cannot get either below or above (super) consciousness. We have often stated the fact that there is only consciousness and that it is everywhere present and is therefore of a static nature and because we suffer the illusion that life consists of a hereness and thereeness and a this and that, the human consciousness as far as the individual goes has a quality called self-awareness, and it is with this part of consciousness that he *measures* what are called "things." As an example: Let us suppose a stone is placed before one. The instant any one or all five of his measuring sticks

called the senses come into rapport with the stone, the stone as such comes into being. Apart from the individual sense contact with it, the stone is no more than a node of energy; therefore YOU are THE Creator of your world of form and shape. Now let us turn to what may be called the natural needs of man: we find them to be the same as any other living organism. However, the majority of other living creatures are provided—by what is loosely called nature with most of the things they are going to need for their daily living at birth. It is, for instance, no great struggle for them to find shelter; they are born with the kind of clothing most suited to their environment, and apart from the possibilities of radical changes taking place with the surroundings in which they were born their food is there for the taking. As far as their sexual urges go, they are not at all concerned with them until their natural mating season comes around. Man, however, is not only a thinking animal, he is a gregarious one and was not happy unless he had someone before whom to show off, so he started to band together and because he was altogether gluttonous and bestial and was aware of that fact, he trusted no other. To protect his own personal interests,

he created rules and regulations, and as these bands grew into ever larger bands, they finally merged and became what is known as civilizations, and as these civilizations continued to grow and expand and man's activity became more complicated, the rules and regulations became greater in number and more impossible for the individual to live by, and today in your country if every one were arrested for breaking these laws, one-half of all your citizens would be in jails and the other half in mental institutions. Now, my friend, what I am getting at is simply this: While your life is made up of shapes and forms which, as I pointed out, YOU the individual create, it is also made up of an endless variety of problems which you the individual also create. Problems, like the aforementioned stone, are not something by or in themselves. If YOU did not exist, your particular problem would not exist. This also holds true of the problems of nations. Therefore, it is as foolish for one nation to try and blame another nation for the difficulties that seem to lie between them as it is for two individuals, because the problems of a nation lie within the nation and not outside, even though it has become traditional for nations as well as individuals to point away from

themselves when trouble arises. Now, my friends you may think that I have not yet given an answer to the questioner on how to dream a desired dream, but the fact is that the crux of the difficulty of dreaming a desired dream hangs entirely on the above-mentioned conditions that you have come to believe exist both outside yourself and independent of you. Let me advise you that such is not the case, and let me also suggest that any good psychologist will inform you that disturbing dreams come about through the dreamer's inability emotionally to deal with situations in his so-called wakeful state. Now if this is true, then I am sure you can see that by daily practice one can learn HOW to face a problem and THINK it out even as they thought themselves into it. To dream a desired dream, one first must learn the fine art of thinking. Thinking means CENTERING your mind and not simply remembering what you did or did not do in some past time. Thinking means creating new ideas, and to attain this kind of thinking demands that we stop living in the unconscious world of the masses and learn to live in the self-awareness world of our individual being. Then when you lie down at night and want to have a clear

dream you will find it a natural thing to do, and simply because you have entered into it in an emotionally detached manner. Just what happens to one when he has learned to withdraw from the masses and live in the self-awareness of his own Being? The withdrawal is not a physical one, for that would be unhealthy, and beside that you are not trying to get away from bodies, but from the sleeping mass mind, so the withdrawal is a mental one, and the effort means constant practice in CONSCIOUS observation of what is going on around you and doing your OWN thinking about it. It also means ridding yourself of the ancient tribal and family taboos that have been foisted upon you and which are the roots from which stem the fears and phobias you suffered while under the hypnotic spell of mass-mind thinking.

Irene Probert: Sir, the next question comes from John Lantot of Burlington Vermont.

Question: What, in your opinion is the greatest event in the history of mankind?

Answer: The discovery that the individual human consciousness survives the death of the organic machine and the ability to communicate with the consciousness. Without these discoveries man's existence would be a complete

vanity!

Irene Probert: There is one other question coming from the same man, Maharaja. The question is: What are your main duties and recreation in your world?

Answer: Were I to answer that question in a philosophical way I would say: One's only duty in any state of consciousness should be sincerity with himself and others and then ALL of his actions would be recreational. But because you have been taught to believe that one form of action is work, and the word "work" has come to imply a form of rather tiresome action that you must perform in exchange for money, you have automatically created another word called "recreation" which has come to mean "periodical escape from the bondage you have sold yourself into for a few pieces of silver". In my world there are no divisions between work and play. However, ever since the last world war I have been engaged in watching over certain political conditions of my own country which I am not at present permitted to discuss and the "pay" I receive for such duties is called "education" and the recreation comes from my constant discovery of the staggering size of my intellect and colossal state of wisdom! At the same time, as I ponder upon what there is yet

to learn it sets me to laughing with the profoundest sense of humor welling up within me, for suddenly it occurs to me that it indeed takes a staggering intellect and a colossal lot of wisdom truly to realize you DON'T KNOW A THING! Good night, my dear friends. The Maharaja Natcha.

Yada Di Shi Ite: Sinas et Sinahas, Ena Yada Di Shi'Ite, E Kamahara en E nato E da. Translation: Ladies and gentlemen, I am Yada Di Shi'Ite. I come to you in the name of the Light.

Irene Probert: Greetings, Yada, and our love to you.

YADA: Gratiya (thank you), please go on with the questions.

Irene Probert: Here then is your first question and it comes from one who signs himself S. F. Cary of Holly Ridge, North Carolina.

Question: My question has to do with a man by the name of Father Divine. What is the truth about Father Divine as a person? Is he a Master? Is he God? Or what is his place in the spiritual world?

Answer: First permit me to assure all of you who read *Mystic* of one thing and it is simply this: No matter what we of the Inner Circle or anyone else has to say on a subject everyone is going to go on thinking and be-

lieving about it as they have in the past, unless of course it pleases them to think and do otherwise.

In all arguments concerning philosophy, religion, politics and the various sciences, we seem to lose sight of one very important thing, and that is we are all looking at life through our OWN eyes and NOT through someone else's, and hearing with our own ears, and each and every individual sees and hears according to how he has been conditioned in his environment. Too, if he learns to think for himself he can overcome some of this conditioned thinking and get a somewhat truer understanding of what is going on around him, nonetheless it is through his OWN sensing that the individual lives and comes to know the world that seems to lie "outside" himself. Now if what I have said is true then all of you can clearly see that it can make little or no difference what another thinks or says concerning what you may feel about life or anything in life. Of course if you live too deeply in your emotional self and make no effort to REASON things out for yourself then someone else will have to do your reasoning for you and to the extent you let this happen you will be a slave to that other person. Now my friend whether you accept the fact or not, Father Divine as a

personality is not God nor is ANY-ONE else, and despite what you may have been conditioned to think about the various Masters and adepts of the past they were not God either. That which is called God is a state of consciousness, is a high state of WAKEFUL AWARENESS in regard to life and its nature. Now then to the degree that one is wakefully aware, he is God. It matters not at all what his name is — Father Divine, Jesus, Zoroaster, Siddhartha, or just plain John Doe, so my friend, if *you* see reason and purpose behind what another is doing and accept their ideas and ideals, why be concerned about what others may think either of that one or you? No one will or can die for you so why let them live your life for you? Now as far as Father Divine's teachings go concerning the use of one's sex energies through the generative centers, that is something again that is entirely dependent upon the individual and his sex nature. There are many who are born with little or no sex drive, so for such individuals celibacy is a natural thing. There are others who possess very strong sex urges, but due to their teaching that sex is an evil have acquired a deep sense of guilt and shame concerning the sex act. These latter people are mentally ill and need

the attention of one who understands the nature of mind and body functions. Sex is a normal function of the body, in the same manner as is eating, drinking, and sleeping. One eats according to his taste and to the extent of his hunger and drinks to the fullness of his thirst and sleeps to the degree of his weariness of body and mind. There are some of course who try to substitute food in place of sex, and because these two desires have two distinctly different resultant actions on the body such persons find themselves become insatiable gluttons for food. Such persons are unconsciously attempting to transfer the sexual sensation from the sex organs to the mouth and the taste buds. I think it goes without my saying that such conditions are unhealthy because they are abnormal to the body and the human psyche, and if the condition is reversed it is just as bad. I think if we learn not to feel ashamed of our acts whatever they may be and learn to keep them in their rightful places and times we would all live happier and more normal lives.

Now as far as the teachings of Father Divine and many other teachers who acclaim that one must direct all one's love to God, I am afraid that this cannot be

done. What God are they talking about? Ask any one of a thousand teachers or ask the entire thousand what they mean by the word God and each and every one of them will give you a different interpretation, which of course will simply be his or her own concept or personal opinion. Take my own statement in the above writings as an example, wherein I declare that God is not a personality but is a "high state of wakeful awareness of an individual." Have I in that sentence informed you what God actually is? No, I have not! I have simply given you my personal opinion and so it is with everyone. you the layman and you the most learned priest may say what you like about that word God, but you will be no wiser concerning the nature of the Absolute or First Cause than if you had never heard about it, nor will you enlighten someone else regarding it! BUT anyone may pray to *his* concept of God and if he is sincere in such prayers they WILL be answered. So let us stop *talking* about what we think God is and LIVE our idea of It or Him if you prefer humanizing it by the use of the male gender.

Irene Probert: The next question comes from Mrs. Mary E. Coxon of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and it has to do with reincarnation.

Yada: I think we have gone into that subject enough for the present and we feel we have talked sufficiently on religion and gods and devils also, so if Mrs. Coxon has some questions on other subjects we would like to hear of them.

Irene Probert: Yes she has, Yada. She has one here on current events.

Question: For quite a long time now we have been getting the information from different sources that it is "later than you think." It seems there are to be world-shattering events. Apparently this planet, and perhaps others are endangered, and may be wiped out entirely if man is not careful. Can this catastrophe be averted in time, or is it going to take drastic measure to make the people see the results of their folly?

Answer: That question is rather lengthy in form and wide in speculation. Man is indeed a peculiar creature. Largely speaking, he is restless and inwardly and outwardly discontent with his lot insofar as the earth plane is concerned. Even though he created the matter world and re-creates it every moment of his allotted time here, it is more or less a constant source of irritation to him, so in consequence he spends considerable time consciously and unconsciously devis-

ing various methods of escape from it. Having no awareness that it was he who brought the matter world into being in the first place, he naturally fails to see that it is within his power to make any changes in it he may truly desire. 'Tis truly said "There is nothing wrong with the dream but the dreamer." From time immemorial man has been wishing destruction upon himself, so it is little wonder that he is constantly predicting disasters for the earth. The physical world finds its existence possible only through the eternal law of change. This being so, I rather imagine that for every change it experiences the results will be disastrous to someone or to something. The folly of man's doings is wrought out of his ignorance and the word ignorance means not knowing, and if we know not, how can we do differently than we do? The possibilities of the earth or any other of the sun's planetary bodies being destroyed are so remote that I don't feel man need concern himself with it, at least not for several millions of years. It does however seem that present day man is trying his best to make the prophecies of your Christian Bible, that "the world shall be destroyed by fire" come to pass in a much shorter period of time than the propheties predicted. But be of good cheer be-

cause the fact is that as great as his rage against life may be, his complete lack of knowledge concerning the nature of matter acts as a barrier to any such momentous task. It must be remembered that this earth of yours has been wracked, twisted and churned by the far more potent forces of nature and has survived through all of it. To be sure, it suffered some grievous wounds in these many violent attacks upon its person and many of the scars are still visible on its body today, even though the attacks took place millions of years ago, and it is natural to assume it will be subject to many more such attacks in the future. It is my opinion, however, that one cannot actually live in the future nor in the past but only in the ever present *now* and therefore when we try living in the past or future we will not be living in the present and that will cause us to be dead in all three places! Reality is in the NOW, so let us keep our sense of being in the now, for there is no other time!

Yada bows and takes his departure with these words: Am'ma E na' chi daso — Translation: "May your Night turn into Day," or philosophically speaking: "May your darkness turn to Light."

(Chart on next page)

THE END

HOW TO PRESENT YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE INNER CIRCLE

The following instructions were dictated by Professor Alfred Luntz and Yada Di Shi'ite:

Questions will be answered on the following:

1. Things of a philosophical nature.
 - a. Religion.
 - b. Reincarnation.
 - c. Life after death.
2. Scientific subjects.
3. Origin of Matter.
4. Ancient History.
5. Current Events.

No answers will be given to questions pertaining to healing or diagnosis.

Please type or write plainly on one side of the paper only, and address your questions to THE INNER CIRCLE, c/o MYSTIC Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin. No questions will be returned, and all published questions and answers become the exclusive property of Irene and Mark Probert.

Editorial — — — — ★

(Continued from page 5)

conform to what is "accepted" are risking the charge: mentally unbalanced. To say the world is flat, can indicate ignorance; and to continue to say it is flat can indicate stubbornness; but to insist that it is flat in the face of "every authority" is unreasonable and a sign of mental incompetence.

The only way that the Mystery could be presented was as "fiction". And as fiction, it could not carry its own weight. The necessity of making the plot conform to a pat-

tern of "truth" weakened the plot. Only the introduction of suspense, where no suspense actually existed, made for exciting reading; and therefore, expertly written fiction stories were superior. There was only one answer. The magazine had to present the best fiction obtainable, and Shaver's fiction (he wrote quite a lot at our insistence), was not superior to Merritt, Smith, Burroughs, et al. So the Mystery was not presented at all.

All during the intervening years your editor has been asked, mostly by fiction story readers, whether

he actually believed any of that Shaver stuff? Had he ever actually investigated a cave? Was there actually a shred of physical proof? To all these, the answer is yes. And there you have it. The problem is acceptance. There was physical proof that the earth was a sphere, even in Columbus' time. You could watch a ship's masts disappear down the horizon. *Proof!* Physical proof. But who would accept it? In the face of "the accepted", the powers or reason became only the powers of acceptance. It is this kind of proof that exists for the Shaver Mystery. But how can you make anyone accept a dero who knows because he has always been told, and all the textbooks confirm, that there is no such thing? Even if he can see the "mast" disappearing below the horizon? The fear of "falling off" the edge is what made the "reasoning person" of Columbus' time reject the obvious. It is the fear that he will be rejected by his fellows that causes the denial of the physical evidence in the Shaver Mystery. Few people can stand the ridicule of the non-thinker. Either they "knuckle down" and deny the fact, or think in private and do not reveal their true thoughts. In either case, they do no service to the truth.

Now, because *you* have asked

for it, this editor is going to take the bull by the horns. We ask you only to use reasoning powers, to accept nothing for the sake of acceptance, to subject everything I (and Shaver) say to the toughest kind of criticism, and the most rigorous laboratory-type investigation. But we also ask that you do not condemn without positive facts to back you up. If your intelligence is insulted, please remain quiet. In fact, please do not read the material. It cannot be anything but a source of annoyance to you. If you are a non-thinker, you are not reading a magazine intended for you. If you find it "contrary" to your education, to your religion, to your (if you please) superstitions, then do not read it. It was your **kind** that halted an honest search for the answers to something that *could not be chance*, even by the admission of the scientific mind.

There is the type of mind that rejects ESP if advanced by a welder, but accepts it if advanced by a professor. There is the type of mind so afraid to think an original thought that it is very careful to be second in line in a "follow the leader" type of expression. This mind remains silent until somebody "drops a hint", then chimes in with a "me too." This mind will not risk criticism, question of its

ability, or rejection of its propositions. It "plays it safe".

In this issue you will find the first article on The Shaver Mystery written by your own editor, *as it happened to him*. You will ask: "Why not from Shaver himself? The answer to this is a tough one, but it is a true one: Mr. Shaver himself has been a victim of the negative type of thinking. When we asked him for the truth, he began his first article with: "Really! The truth!" and you could just see the thought in his mind: "You know you don't *actually* want the truth. You don't *really* believe. You won't get any result except sneers from those who find delight in sneering. You can't trick me into risking a verdict of insanity by the *experts*, the know-it-all psychiatrists who have the 'norm' all catalogued in their silly impossible-to-be-true-from actual-logical-viewpoints books."

It's really a case of once burned, twice shy. It takes guts to go counter to the mob. And although Shaver doesn't lack intestinal fortitude, he seems convinced that "it won't do any good, so what's the use?" Your editor doesn't lack guts either, but he does have one rule: never play the other guy's game. So, we will have to present this from our own personal viewpoint, from our own

personal experience. And we have the hope that when the chips are down, Mr. Shaver will sit down to his typewriter and give us *his* viewpoint. And we can tell you this right now—there will be a vast contradiction. And everyone who participates, among you readers, will also contradict. The very nature of the Shaver Mystery, as arrayed against the vast field of human experience, postulates contradiction, discussion, argument, disagreement; and yet, basically, if the facts are admitted fairly, there will be a vast undercurrent of agreement that will stagger your imagination.

The reason for all this "discussion" will be, basically, the same thing that makes us disagree on what we saw out of the corner of our eye. Was it a bird, an airplane, a flying saucer, a mote in our eye, an illusion—no, it's Superman! None of us see things the same. It is a matter of interpretation. Just as, today, nobody knows *what* a flying saucer is, but privately, most of us admit there *is* such a thing. It is only the coward who denies what he can see, but can't explain.

Now, to take item 2 (we'll bet you've forgotten there was such an item by now!): we are including the Shaver Mystery in MYSTIC because we think it will help sell the magazine. There is a

definite and very strong interest in this subject, and we cannot ignore an audience as numerous as this. As we've always tried to make clear, we do not present things in MYSTIC to suit our own personal tastes, since that would be to dictate what our readers shall or shall not get, what they shall or shall not think, what they shall or shall not have an opportunity to examine. In our editorial policy, we defend to the limit your right to view all sides of all questions, without tampering or propagandistic editing. We have no axe to grind, and we will grind none of yours.

This issue of MYSTIC, we are making quite a few changes. We are presenting, for instance, Mrs. Lauer in a new role, that of general prognosticator. It has been fairly said by many readers that the personal "readings" have no interest to anyone but the person whose chart is being psychometrized. So, again we bow to your wishes, and we present Mrs. Lauer in a more "general interest" form. And because your editor has himself made predictions in his "Man From Tomorrow," and because two such features would be redundant, we will assist Mrs. Lauer by adding our own predictions to hers, in an effort to make this new feature as interesting as possible. You may say: "But what do you know about

the possibility of future events? Are you claiming to be psychic?" The answer is that we do not know. Neither does Mrs. Lauer. It is unreasonable to assume that any person can actually know the future as a fact, because we have no evidence that such can be done in actual practice. By that we mean being 100 percent right. If we say anyone can know the future, he either *knows*, or he does not. In that case, he cannot err. But some of us, and Mrs. Lauer is one of those persons, have demonstrated that what is predicted is partially true to a degree above the accepted value of chance. It may be that that accepted value is a false one, as are many "accepted" things. It may be that the value is an "average," and that average is obtained from such persons as Mrs. Lauer who is above average, and others who are below average. Five out of twenty is average, according to the Rhine experiments. Seven out of twenty is above. Eighteen out of twenty shows (presumably!) some sort of "psychic" or "abnormal" ability.

It is human nature to want to know what is in store for us. After all, our whole lives are devoted to reaching those things that are "in store" for us. Thus, anybody or anything even hinting at our future is interesting to us. We want this

department to be interesting. We ask you not to accept it! If you do, it is your own choice. If Mrs. Lauer says (and we doubt she will) that a certain horse will win a certain race, you deserve to lose if you bet on it because she said so! But if, after reading her material, you find she demonstrates an ability beyond our own, it can become a part of your "working knowledge" to be used in your future use of your reason. We learn things so that we can do things. MYSTIC is devoted to finding out unusual things that can be used as tools. It is *not* devoted to drumming up something useless for the sake of being unusual.

Another thing we are abandoning, except in very special instances, is the presentation of fiction. Our only reason to present a fiction story is to present something that is too difficult to present as fact, or merely to stimulate thinking along certain lines. As an illustration, Jesus used to tell parables. These parables were actually fiction. We admit that. But we do not reject them because of that. We see the "message" in them, and we approve of this method of getting something over in a clarity not possible by straight exposition.

We won't list all the things we have in mind for the future, but we do say this: MYSTIC will rapidly

become a magazine that you cannot do without. We will give it everything within our ability, honestly and sincerely. And as we do it, we will be one of you, no more, no less. To us, MYSTIC is an adventure, an exciting one. We think you'll find that the magazine will be the same for you. And we hope that it will be an adventure of *value*. We hope that having read it, you will be richer in some way, if only in your private thoughts.

We promised to report on how many subscriptions came about as a result of our "Bluff" to "duplicate" each subscription (that is, give 24 issues for 12) if we received 5000 subscriptions. Well, including renewals (which made up the bulk of subscriptions during this period), we got about 1500. We were perfectly safe. Only about 350 new subscribers actually came through. But this is much higher in average than the normal result of a request for subscribers. And if you can do that one issue, it can be done every issue. So, we suggest that *you*, this time, be one of those 350, and send us \$3.00 for 12 issues. It is really a privilege, like being stockholder in a large corporation with one share out of twelve million (wish we had such a circulation!), and there is a certain amount of prestige involved. We've noted it in many letters

from subscribers who have renewed. They say: "I am one of your *charter* subscribers, and I'm proud of it." Well, we're proud too. Because it is, in a small way, a preview of the world to come, when we live by living together, instead of as individuals. In unity there is strength. We believe in brotherhood, and coopération, but the world is not a brotherhood as yet. It has a small beginning, and it is a truth that MYSTIC is being published today, a small voice among loud (and raucously vulgar) voices, because of its "subscribers," those persons who have joined hands to make the magazine possible. We're never really satisfied with MYSTIC. Now we dream of making it a monthly. We can't do it until it reaches a certain predetermined circulation. The costs of producing déterminé things like that. If we went monthly, we'd lose about 5 percent overall sales, the portion we get during the last 30 days on sale. Thus, we have to have enough sales in the first 30 days to pay expenses before we can depend on that first thirty days. Right now we have to depend on the second thirty days, for our existence. It would take so few more subscribers to pull the trick, but it will be some time, at the present rate, before we get them. Yet, we will get them. And the

sooner you join our select group of "readers by the year," the sooner it will be. And you'll pardon us for continually reminding you of it, won't you? After all, it is our interest in MYSTIC and its future that drives us.

With this issue, we complete our second year of publication. We've tucked twelve full issues under our belt, and when we set up all twelve issues in a row in front of us, we can see, even with our prejudiced eye, a definite improvement from issue to issue. The articles are better, the editorials are more friendly, the readers' letters are more active and in the proper spirit of debate, the magazine is more "factual", it is more informative, it contains more carefully developed theoretical material, and best of all, it has become very "newsy" in respect to the important things going on around us in the world, the things that dictate our future, our fate, our destiny. Take the radioactivity problem for instance. It has, like flying saucers in the past, assumed a very important position in the mind of the general public. Some of the things said *first* in MYSTIC, have become vital portions of much more potent general publications, such as Life, Look, Time, etc. There is much evidence that MYSTIC is not

(Concluded on page 93)

IMPROVE YOUR MYSTIC WORD POWER

Most dictionaries do not list occult and mystic words; and thus the accurate meaning of many words encountered in mysticism is hard to find. Here is your chance to increase your mystic word vocabulary, so that you may understand and enjoy the articles you read in this magazine, and in many other similar magazines and books.

Aaron's rod: We know this today as the caduceus of Hermes, which is used by physicians as an emblem. It was originally used in the Mosaic initiation ceremony and was a rod with serpents twining upon it. It is also thought to have been the implement in which the sacred fire was carried.

Ba: The ancient Egyptian concept of the soul. Unless the body was destroyed, the ba was capable of returning to it; thus the importance of embalming.

Cabales: (also Caballi) The souls of these persons who have died by violence and who are thought to wander about the earth until the time their normal death would have occurred.

Dactyliomancy: The employment of a ring in divination.

Ea: He was god of the waters and of wisdom. The patron of crafts and learning, specializing in magical arts. Of Babylonian and As-

syrian origin, and one member of a triune whose other members were Anu and Enlil.

Faculty: The means by which the soul operates. Sensibility, intelligence, volition. Properties of the soul substance, by which the processes of sensation, thought and will are operated. Plato divided the soul into appetitive, spirited and rational faculties. In the Middle ages the faculties became associated with the Soul Substance Theory of Mind.

Gabars: Persian Zoroastrians.

Haborym: The "royalty" of hell. A fire demon, with a status similar to a dukedom.

I: In Chinese philosophy, the One, which comes from Tao, and in its turn, is the cause of Two (yin and yang). Mind unity, in which all impressions are harmonious. Heaven is 1, and Earth is 2. Justice and Righteousness. One of Confucious four fundamentals of morality and

five constant virtues. That virtue by which all things are constant and regulated.

Jadi-jadian: The Malay counterpart of the werewolf. A were-tiger.

Ka: The astral body in ancient Egyptian terminology. The guardian of the soul, and its companion invisible in physical life, but visible in the after-life.

Lakshmi: Vishnu's wife, the goddess of beauty and fortune, in Hindu mythology.

Maat: This goddess of justice weighed the hearts of the dead in a balance against an ostrich feather in the Egyptian judgment of the dead. It took a light heart indeed to avoid condemnation.

Na Chia: The act of coordinating and interlocking the Eight Elements with the Ten Celestial Stems, so that the first stem, the embodiment of the male force, and the second stem, the female force, gather in the central and highest point of the universe.

Ob: A Hebrew term signifying the evil aspects of the astral light. A spirit.

Pa kua: The eight elements: heaven, earth, thunder, fire, water, wind, wood, mountain, and water in motion, according to Chinese occultists. They are symbolized by a figure consisting of eight trigrams and popularly used as a charm.

Quadrant: The Celestial Figure is

divided into four quarters, representing the four quarters of the heavens, measured from the cusps of the four angular Houses.

Ra: The Egyptian sun god, as worshipped by the priests of Heliopolis. When Ra was combined with the Theban god, Amon, he became Amon-Ra.

Sacerdotalism: Any religious system consisting of a priestly order. In a derogatory usage sometimes employed, it means an unwholesome preference for ecclesiastical and sacramental observance to the detriment of more valid personal and moral values.

Tablet of the Soul: A wooden tablet upon which the name of the deceased was carved, used in Chinese royal funerals.

Uma: The consort of the Hindu god Shiva, one of the few kind and gentle goddesses.

Vac: The Sanskrit word for speech. Similar to the Logos of Greek Philosophy. The Word. Personified as a goddess.

Wai tan: The school of magic and alchemy in ancient China.

Xenoglossis: The voicing by a medium of languages foreign to him, or non-existent pseudo-language.

Y-Kim: A Chinese mystic textbook, written in the 35th century, B. C.

Zaebos: A high-ranking officer in the armies of Hades.

* * *

MYSTERY IN THE NEWS

ANGORA CAT SPROUTS WINGS

It will be a sad day for birds when Angolina learns to use her wings. Angolina is a cat—the only cat with wings, her owner, Juan Priego, 55, of Madrid, proudly claims.

Priego's cat a dusty gray angora, has 10-inch fur-covered wings sprouting from the middle of her back and folding neatly over each side.

Priego admits Angolina has not learned how to spread her wings and take off after birds in their own elements, but he explains she is pretty young yet.

"We have had her 3 months," Priego said. "We took her from a neighbor who would not feed her. Except for the wings she is like any other cat."

And Angolina is. She has green eyes, whiskers and she meows.

Piero and his wife, Victoria, 50, have given Angolina a place of honor in the kitchen of their basement apartment because she is such an unusual pet.

So unusual that Priego has rejected offers as high as \$70,000 and plans to take her on tour in Mexico next week if the Government will give him and his cat a passport.

He said 30,000 persons have tried to get a look at Angolina since the news got out that she has wings.

"We started out charging a fee to see her, but it got out of bounds," Priego said. The rush was so great it nearly drove his wife crazy.

"An Air Force captain offered to swap me his house for her. Wanted to take her on tour," Priego said.

He wouldn't say who the Air Force captain is, but said another bidder had offered him 700,000 pesetas (\$70,000) if he would sell Angolina.

Doctors say the wings are real. They are formed by a type of cartilage.

All the excitement doesn't bother Angolina. Wings folded neatly over her body, she dozes in the Priego kitchen and licks herself—almost like any other cat.

* * *

EFFECTS OF H-BOMB SAID BLANKETING WEST

Fallout from hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific may be blanketing the West—and the entire nation—with longer and stronger effects than ever before.

Dr. Lincoln LaPaz, head of the University of New Mexico department of meteoritics, has recorded

Geiger counter readings of up to 35 times the amount of normal background radiation.

Reports from other places in the West where Geiger counters are in common use show that radiation also has jumped there, notably in Wyoming and Utah.

The Atomic Energy Commission, after careful checks, reported that none of the radiation is considered dangerous in any way.

LaPaz said the fact the high radiation has lasted five days compared with 24 to 36 hours for most atomic tests, may indicate a new type of long-lived elements is present, possibly strontium 90.

Strontium 90 is the element which some Japanese scientists have blamed for the plight of fisherman caught near an H-bomb test at Eniwetok, LaPaz said. It has a half life of 25 years compared with as little as minutes or hours for some of the common "fallout" elements.

* * *

100 MILLION PLANETS MAY HAVE LIFE

We are not alone in the universe, for there are probably 100 million other planets suitable for high forms of life, says a famous Harvard astronomer, Dr. Harlow Shapley.

The life on some of them may surpass our own, with beings su-

perior to humans, he writes in a new book, "Climatic Change."

Dr. Shapley is cautious when it comes to estimating just how many planets may support life. He figures it this way:

Suppose only one star or sun in a million has any planets at all.

And suppose only one in a thousand of those families of planets has the conditions "suitable for the life experiment." That means a near-circular orbit, proper distance from a warmth-giving star, proper mass, atmosphere and rotation period for night and day.

That would mean only one life bearing planet for every billion stars.

Still being skeptical, suppose that life went on to higher forms on only one of every thousand of these planets. On the others, something could have happened to end life.

That still leaves 100 million planets as life-theaters, because there are so many thousands of billions of stars in the universe. Our Milky Way alone, to which we belong, has 100 billion stars, and there are billions of Milky Ways or galaxies.

These millions of planets "indicate the life phenomenon is widespread and of cosmic significance. We are not alone. And we should admit, of course, that the

animal, vegetable or other organisms on other happier planets may have far surpassed the terrestrial forms. There is no reason whatever to presume that homo sapiens (man), apis mellifera (honeybees) and corvus Americanus (ravens or crows) are the best that biochemistry and star shine can do."

No earth-sized planets have yet been detected around other stars because the stars are too bright, and the planets too small in gravitational mass to affect the motions of their stars by present measuring methods.

But there's evidence of a huge planet for a near-by star named 61 Cygni, a star which can be seen with the naked eye.

Dr. Shapley says Mars is the only other planet in our sun's family which might have life of some kind.

* * *

CANADA TRIED TO BUILD FLYING SAUCER

The Canadian Government has lifted a security curtain to confirm it attempted to build a flying saucer but shelved project because of cost.

The project, subject of rumors from time to time, was never officially admitted until Defense Production Minister Howe brought it out from behind a cloak of secrecy during an overseas inter-

view.

Mr. Howe reported in London that Canada sunk "perhaps \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000, in the saucer project, which "would have cost \$100,000,000 if carried through."

He said the oval-shaped aircraft developed by A. V. Roe Canada Ltd. at its Toronto plant for the Defense Production Department got "beyond the drawing board but it never left the ground."

Canadian scientists worked on the project for 18 months before abandoning it about a year ago.

The experiment Canada produced was "oval-shaped with exhaust pipes, not unlike some of the drawings which have appeared in magazines."

Neither he nor defense officials in Ottawa divulged further details. Officials said they had no indication as to whether the craft has been dismantled or still exists at the stage it reached when work stopped.

It was suggested that the project was started by experiments aimed at producing an aircraft other than a helicopter that would take off vertically and still incorporate speed and maneuverability for military application. Such a craft would dispose of the need of expensive runways.

Mr. Howe said the project was discontinued because "we decided

it was not suitable to our purpose" and because it "did not seem sufficiently promising to be worth going on with."

Much the same reason was given by Ottawa informants who said "Its ultimate cost was considered too much for what Canada would get out of it at this time."

* * *

SCIENTISTS SAYS RED TESTS AFFECTED RAINS

A Tokyo scientists has offered what he called proof that Russian atomic tests caused many of the radioactive rains in Japan from August through December last year.

Dr. Yasuo Miyake of the Weather Research Institute gave these reasons for his conclusion in a paper entitled "Radioactive Rains in Japan:

1. Winds from the north were highly radioactive after the reported Soviet atomic testes in Siberia in mid-September 1954.

2. The radioactive substances were traced through research on air currents to north central and northeastern areas of Siberia.

3. Analysis showed the radioactive elementes contained lanthanun 140, tellurium 132 and iodine 131, all of which lose radioactivity rather rapidly, indicating the tests were recent.

4. Rains on the Japan Sea coast

were more radioactive during the period than those on the Pacific coast of Japan— just the reverse of the situation following the U. S. Bikini Atoll test.

* * *

HUMAN MEMORY MIGHT OPERATE LIKE WIRE RECORDER

Your memory may work much like a magnetic tape recorder. And some scanning system may read the tape to recall knowledge or mark down new bits of knowledge and experiences.

Such a system could account for differences in the electrical waves from the brain at different ages.

It's known the waves are slow in early childhood, when a baby has few facts, and they are "scattered" on the "tape."

The waves speed up until age 15 to 20 when learning is going on fastest and the tape is filling rapidly, building connections for cross-reference, or filling in blocks of information. By age 15 or so, the tape might be half-saturated.

The waves would slow down later, as less new information was recorded, and the brain searched more carefully to read what was stored there.

This theory was suggested to the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology by Dr.

James E. P. Toman, physiologist at the Institute for Psychosomatic and Psychiatric Research and Training, Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago.

* * *

DREAMS SON HURT— LEARNS HE'S DEAD

A San Francisco father dropped into a fitful catnap of his sofa at 4 a. m. March 10, 1955, as he waited for his long overdue 14-year-old son to come home.

As he dozed, he dreamed he saw the boy, with bleeding feet.

Just then a knock on the door roused him. The callers were two police inspectors, there to tell the father that his son was dead.

The boy, Valentino Caluya 1131 Kearny street, was fatally hurt in an auto-bicycle accident on Bayshore Freeway near San Bruno.

A companion, Frank B. Stearns 16, of 1622 Steiner street, riding tandem with him on the bike, suffered internal injuries and multiple fractures, and was in critical condition at Peninsula Hospital, Burlingame.

The strange tragedy began when young Caluya played truant from his classes at Francisco Junior High School.

He and the Stearns boy, police said, found a bicycle belonging to a South San Francisco boy in front of a restaurant on old Bayshore

Highway, and started riding south on it.

They got onto the high-speed freeway and were riding in the slow lane near the San Bruno overpass at 8:35 p. m. when the car of Robert Morgan, of 27 Ramona street, Palo Alto, over-took them in the darkness.

Morgan said he saw nothing until a faint glint from a red reflector on the bike caught his eye, but it was too late. His car smashed into the bicycle and the two youths.

Valentino died later at the hospital, and San Francisco police were asked to notify his family.

Inspectors Bruce Jones and Robert Quinn had a tentative address in the 1100 block of Kearny street, but it was the wrong one. They noticed lights burning in the Caluya home at 1131 Kearney, and knocked on the door there.

That was when they awakened the father, Conrado Caluya, a restaurant employee, from his dream,

"I was waiting for my boy to come home," Caluya said. "Now he never will . . ."

* * *

BRILLIANT FIREBALLS MYSTIFY

Scientists are trying to untangle the mystery of two unidentified but brilliant objects believed to be fireballs which flashed across New

Mexico skies on April 5, 1955.

Dr. Lincoln la Paz, university of New Mexico Institute of Meteoritics, declared he believed the two objects were "of the same family." He said he does not think they were ordinary meteors since it would be "incredible" for two to fall in New Mexico in one day. He added:

"We'll find nothing most likely when we try to recover what dropped."

The two objects—one brilliant green, the other brilliant white—flashed through New Mexico skies at almost the same moment. Observers reported they saw "dirt fly into the air" when the white one hit the ground about 30 miles northeast of Lordsburg. But they reported no sound. Observers of the green fireball heard nothing either. La Paz said meteors make a tremendous noise.

"The lines of sight on both make me almost certain these are two distinct objects," La Paz said. "But I believe they are of the same family. I don't know what they are."

The two objects had in common direct falls rather than a sweeping horizontal passage through the skies. Both made no sound. So far no trace has been discovered of either.

* * *

AIR GROWS HEAVIER

Is someone or something tampering with the air we breathe? A worldwide scientific search for a source that may be altering the chemical composition of the earth's atmosphere was revealed in a paper read at the 125th national meeting of the American Chemical Society in Kansas City. Something seems to be increasing the heavy isotope of oxygen.

The researchers have searched in the ocean bed, they have probed the heights up to 32 miles and the four corners of the earth below and far above sea level. All their analyses confirm the laboratory finding that oxygen, the life-supporting element in the air, is a fraction heavier than the balance traditionally believed right.

If some source somewhere is generating heavy oxygen to dilute the atmosphere, it is well hid. The scientists have not found it. Nor have they decided what effect, if any, it will have on human life. Its mystery is locked in nature.

* * *

RUSSIAN BOMB SHOWERED U. S.

Evidence indicating a Russian atom bomb blast in Siberia produced a fallout that showered the U. S. with radioactive material was reported by an American expert on radiation effects in animals.

An investigator found a mysterious 100-fold increase of iodine in the thyroid glands of cattle slaughtered in various parts of the Middle West some time after the Soviet blast, he said.

Other radioactive substances from the same source presumably fell on this country but were not detected because no one was testing for anything else.

The report was made by Dr. Jacob Furth, of the Children's Cancer Research Foundation of Boston in presenting a paper before the American Assn. of Cancer Research. He said the discovery was made by Dr. L. Van Middlesworth of the University of Tennessee medical School, who was making iodine tests in cattle thyroids.

Radioactive iodine is one of the products of uranium fission. When it enters the living animal system it collects in the thyroid because that gland uses iodine, radioactive or not, to produce the thyroid hormone, which helps convert food into energy.

* * *

RADIATION SOARS IN MISSOURI

The Atomic Energy Commission does not consider Columbia, Mo., an atomic hot spot despite an apparently marked increase in radiation there.

Dr. W. D. Keller, professor of

geology at the University of Missouri reported that his government-provided equipment registered gamma ray readings of .25 milliroentgens—about 20 times the normal reading in Columbia.

The reading was obtained from puddle water collected after a rainstorm and the high radiation was attributed to a fallout—presumably from clouds blown into the midwest from the atomic testing area in Nevada.

A spokesman for the AEC at Las Vegas said the radiation was far below the safe limit fixed by the AEC but still seemed incredible for a spot so far from the atomic testing ground.

* * *

194 MILLION SIGN ATOM PLEA

Communist China has claimed 194,000,000 Chinese—almost one-twelfth of the world's population—have signed the World Peace Council's petition to ban atomic weapons.

Peiping radio said all signatures had been gathered in 25 days.

* * *

SOLAR GENERATOR ANNOUNCED

The Air Force announced the development of a solar generator which when refined could convert sunlight into enough energy to run a home.

The Air Research and Development Command said the new generator evolved through research conducted by Donald C. Reynolds and Lt. Col. Gerard M. Leies at the Wright Air Development Center near Dayton, Ohio.

Last April 25, Bell Telephone Co. unveiled a solar battery which converts sunlight into electricity through silicon transistors. Light striking razor thin strips of silicon creates a flow of electric current in atoms in the strips.

Both the Bell device and the Air Force generator are capable of storing up energy taken from the sun.

The Air Force generator uses cadmium sulfide, a yellow powder employed as a pigment in the manufacture of paint.

The powder is processed into crystal form. The Air Force said a "wafer thin slab" of the crystal, 4 by 15 feet, would supply enough current to take care of a house.

THE END

Editorial



(Concluded from page 83)

really a *little* magazine, but a BIG little magazine, and that the things it contains actually *are* vital to our lives, and are not being sneered at by others. Yes, they ignore us, but they do imitate us. When a magazine that appears every two weeks is beaten to the punch on a matter of vital national (and world) interest by a magazine that appears only every two months, it is certainly to its credit. We owe a great deal of this achievement to our readers, who keep us posted by mail of events in the news, by sending us clippings, and by report-

ing in general. We want to thank those readers for their splendid cooperation and we invite all of you to continue this very helpful practice. Sometimes your editor is too busy to track down everything that is happening, and if you see something that ought to be aired in MYSTIC, by all means send it on to us. We'll appreciate it.

And even if you haven't anything to send us, drop us a note once in awhile. We like to hear from all our friends, and even though we can't answer, we sure get a kick out of reading our mail! Until next issue, take care of yourself!

Rap.

* * *



YOUR FUTURE

By Dorothy Spence Lauer



TODAY Russia is very much a concern to all of us. And, as I think about it, I receive the following impressions. One day the Russian people will again be our friends. Many changes will take place, although several times in the next three years it will appear that

we are headed for "out and out" war with the Soviet Union. This will not occur. Communism will never dominate the world, because its present ruling powers depend too much on force, intimidation and the policy of the fear technique; and people as a whole are too intelli-

Some months ago MYSTIC Magazine undertook to conduct a series of tests to determine whether it was possible to see into the future via that strange power known as psychometry. Dorothy Spence Lauer, who claimed to be able to see things unknown to the average person via her psychometric ability, merely from handling some object belonging to the person involved, scored a very surprising percentage of accuracy, as reported to us by our readers. Accordingly, we have decided to allow Mrs. Lauer to conduct a new feature of this magazine devoted to her predictions of the future in store for the world in general, and to include any items that come to her through her ability that may be of more general interest than personal readings of an individual's destiny. However, we will continue to present our "chart", and if you care to, you can send it to Mrs. Lauer for a personal analysis. You will find details given at the end of this article on how to do this. We present this feature to you now purely for entertainment. We make no claims as to its accuracy. We leave the results to your own observation. We predict, however, that you will be constantly amazed by this strange ability to predict, and whatever your own personal opinion, we hope that you will be interested in what she has to say.

gent to permit fear to dominate them.

One of the happy things to occur in the coming months is the restoration to their families of many soldiers, now held prisoner in Russia, or believed dead. Many mothers will again see their sons. This will receive a vast amount of publicity, and will greatly enhance the chances for peaceful conference between the Soviets and the Western Nations.

A new development in wheat will permit crops far superior in quality to those grown now. This will be caused by an entirely new idea, not yet suspected, which will greatly in-

crease the quality; and the superiority of the new wheat will be unquestioned, and will supplant all other varieties except in portions of the world where peculiar climate conditions limit the kind of wheat to highly specialized varieties.

The near future will be known as a time of tidal waves and tornados. A period of peculiarly destructive storms is upon us, and the intensity will be the subject of much debate and investigation. The art of tornado forecasting will become a highly advanced one, and many lives that would otherwise be lost will be saved.

The wonder of the 20th Century, superseding all scientific advancement thus far in this century, will be an aircraft discovery. A new plane, operating on a new principle, will be developed. It will surpass all others in size, weight, speed, and will transfer heavy industrial traffic to the air.

Australia will figure in the world as a very important continent due to a spectacular achievement which will amaze everyone. Australia is advancing very rapidly, and will one day be a great power in the world.

A new typewriter will be invented which will be operated directly by the brain, rather than the hands. This will involve a new electronic principle which will directly connect the brain waves with a mechanical principle. The date of this advance is somewhat in the future, but could be speeded up by spectacular developments in automation.

Turkey is in for a change in her plans. Two important bits of policy will be of great detriment to them, and will be changed very hastily. Instituted at first to help the country, they will be found to be mistakes, and will work some harm before rectified.

Twice more the Salk polio vaccine will meet with reverses. Then it will be proven a real prevention for polio. It will never be 100 percent effective, but will develop

to world-wide usage.

The decline (and fall) of Peron, in Argentina, will be long delayed, and much of the opinion of today that he is on his way out will be found to be wishful thinking.

1956 will see a shattering earthquake in Greece.

Secret atomic tests have already been made in the Pacific, on submarines. Results will never be published.

China is next to suffer an agricultural debacle. Her system of collectivized farms will fall far short of producing enough food, and the failure will become a political issue. However, her industrialization will proceed to unexpected success, and coupled with unlimited labor force, will completely modernize the face of China. Russia will lose all influence in China, and will find herself facing a potential enemy that will tie her hands in the cold war within five years.

The stock market will be on everyone's lips, and many investors will find that it is no place for the little man. Gigantic power struggles will take place, and large corporations will change controlling interests with surprising swiftness.

Unemployment will continue to rise, especially in the fall months. November will be a bad month for wage earners.

All eyes will be on the skies, due to an important and unexpected astronomical event. This will occur in late 1955 or early 1956.

* * *

For the convenience of our readers who wish to contact Mrs. Lauer personally, we are publishing the following chart. You can get a personal analysis by filling it in according to instructions and mailing it directly to her. Usually Mrs. Lauer charges much more (from \$5 to \$10) for an analysis, however she will analyze any chart clipped from MYSTIC

magazine for \$3.00. Please send your personal orders to Mrs. Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and not to this magazine. We do not assume responsibility for them, nor for the content of her analysis. However, we would appreciate continued co-operation from those of you who have personal analyses, regarding her percentage of accuracy, so that, over a long period of time, we may accumulate a substantial mass of evidence of the reality of the power technically called psychometry.

THE END



Editor's Note: Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Ordinarily she needs but an object belonging to, or handled by, the subject, or the presence of the subject, to become aware of the psychic influences from which she draws her information. However, for the sake of expediency in providing her with a sufficiently strong personal psychic impression, the editors of this magazine hit upon the playing card method. By laying out the cards, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given on chart, we hope that a sufficiently powerful psychic impression will be made to enable the medium to receive the information she seeks. We have made this service available to our readers purely in an experimentative atmosphere, in an attempt, first, to determine whether or not this ability is of a nature both real and valuable; and second, to provide you with an interesting bit of entertainment. We assume no responsibility for the charts. If you wish to correspond personally with Mrs. Lauer, we will be glad to forward your letters.

THIS IS YOUR PSYCHOMETRIC CARD LAYOUT

Instructions: Shuffle cards, meanwhile concentrating on your problems. Lay out five cards in a row, face up, from top of deck, then discard five; lay out five more cards in a second row, and discard five; and so on until you have five rows of five cards each, and 25 cards discarded. Lay out last two cards in sixth row. Write denominations and suit of cards in corresponding squares below, using pencil, as ink will blot.

TO YOURSELF

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TO YOUR HOME

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TO YOUR DESIRE

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WHAT YOU DON'T EXPECT

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SURE TO COME

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SURPRISE

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Tear out this entire sheet and mail to:
Mrs. Dorothy Spence Lauer,
Amherst, Wisconsin

The SEANCE CIRCLE...

Letters from the Undead

Dear Mr. Palmer:

In your August issue of MYSTIC magazine you answer the letter of a "trained psychiatric social worker" who took you, Shaver and Mark Probert to task over one thing and another. Somewhere along the way, you gave me a jolt with your contention that you, together with Shaver and others, had developed the theory that electric welding is an occupational hazard causing paranoia, and that it is acknowledged by insurance companies and is coverable. This makes me intensely interested, as I have been doing electric welding, Atomic-Hydrogen welding, to be specific, these past ten years as part of my job. It is a fine, close precision welding and I am at it about 20 hours out of a 40 hour work week. The fact that it has aspects of potential paranoia as its consequence is somewhat unnerving. Could you please give me some further information along this line, or refer me to some publication, whether yours or another, that will explain this to me? Or, perhaps, if I could impose on your valuable time, would you be kind enough briefly to explain your theory on this matter

so that I could act on it accordingly? It seems almost impossible to escape the ravages of civilization. Here I thought I've been having my fill with radioactive atmosphere, chemical poisons in food and rat poison in my drinking water. Now I have to worry about paranoia in my job. You've taken great pains in answering so many letters in The Seance Circle; may I ask you to stretch your efforts just a little more and answer my urgent request? I'm sure that this would be a revelation to others in the same field.

Jack Brown
179 Estudilla St. Apt. 2
San Leandro, Calif.

The big trouble with being a "one-man" magazine producer is that I haven't a half-dozen "doppelgangers"! I could get so much more work done! So answering your letter, which would take thousands of words if done properly, comes down to a few scant remarks, hardly well documented. But I'll say what I can. First, the source of the insurance company recognition of liability in compensation insurance for paranoia caused by welding, is from an issue of Sci-

ence News Letter sometime within the past two years. I haven't time to search for the article, but it is there. I cannot (as I'd like) keep comprehensive cross-reference files to the hundreds of things in which I am interested, such as this welding-paranoia thing, but my mind is a huge file of such subjects (in general), and I have a philosophy of "usable knowledge is that carried in the head, and not dependent upon books or notes." One cannot carry the thousands of reference books and notes with him. Many times I have been challenged by those purists who demand folio, paragraph and line, and when I gave them the general picture, they sneered and walked off, saying why should they waste time searching for the "quote," if I was so little interested in my subject that I myself did not have it on file?

However, just the other day, on TV, my wife was telling me of someone who was explaining a true happening of a weird nature (the gist of which I do not have on file at my elbow, or memory, as usual) which had to do with hearing voices. What I do remember as important, from what my wife told me, is that later, when asked his occupation, the person gave it as electric welding.

It is true that the intense pre-occupation necessary to do welding,

the brilliant light, the focusing of attention, is hypnotic in a way, and does induce illusion and hallucination. The noise of the crackling arc begins to take on recognizable words, or seems to. Soon you are hearing voices. Psychiatrists and psychologists would not argue with me there. But what they scoff at is that the voices actually can make sense, and relate things which are true, yet unknown to the hearer at the time. Apparently, you might say, the paranoia induced by electric welding is not paranoia at all, if the voices are real! Therein you have my own personal interest in the matter. The key is not to take the voices seriously, in which case you are not a paranoid. But believe them, and you are a case for the nut house! Anyway, don't believe me, when I say the voices make sense—unless they do! And if they do, why be alarmed about them? If you ever hear voices, and they tell you worthwhile things, well and good. If they aren't worthwhile they are hallucinations induced by your semi-hypnotic state induced by your occupation, and with that knowledge, you should be firmly on a level mental keel. If your letter is a challenge to my claim, then I refer you to a search through the back files of Science News Letter, and from there, to the authority. I know you'll find corrobora-

tion, and it'll save me the trouble.
—*Rap.*

Dear Ray:

I would like to, if I can, "rebut your rebuttal" of my letter in the April 1955 *Mystic*.

First, I would like to make it clear to friend and foe alike that I am *not* connected with the Society for Psychical Research; I only happen to respect and trust the honesty and veracity of the men who make it up. They are sincere scientists who are trying to find the *truth* rather than increase the circulation of their publications.

The chief point you try to make against the S. P. R. (Society for Psychical Research) is that they are "greybeards, experimenting away in dim laboratories, on streets no one ever heard of." You claim that they have not had enough publicity. I desire respectfully to demur from your statements.

The S. P. R. had a very positive and complimentary article printed about it in the *Saturday Evening Post* (circulation 4,001,292) of May 10, 1952. This article explained the operations and scientific method of the Society, and gave some fascinating and "undebunkable" case histories. This article was reprinted, in condensed form, in the Readers' Digest (circulation 9,000,000) of October,

1952. There you have 13,000,000 people introduced to the field of psychic research. The people who were exposed to it were the people whom we must reach if we are to be accepted as a science. Incidentally, it was from those articles that I became interested in the field. So please don't say that the S. P. R. hasn't received nationwide attention. No, it did not command the headlines of the newspapers of the Associated and United Presses as the Chicago fiasco did, but neither was it the laughing-stock of the nation.

You, my friend, despite your undoubted sincerity, have done very little to introduce "these things to several million people who have never heard of it before." Almost 95% of your readers are *already* convinced, or they would never shell out 35c and the other 5% are curiosity-seekers. But the abovementioned articles *did*.

Incidentally, the address of the S. P. R. is 880 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Is Fifth Avenue a "street no one ever heard of?" Come, come, now Ray. And IF any one of your readers has a *genuine* psychic experience, which they are willing to have investigated, let them send it to the Society forthwith! When the Society has put its stamp of approval upon something then you can *know* it's true.

I should strongly suggest that Mark Probert go to the Society for investigation, if he dares. If the Society will stamp him with approval, *then* I will be willing to listen to his "controls." Eileen Garrett went through investigation and has been exonerated of all charges of fraud or subconscious control, and I would trust anything she says implicitly. I would also recommend her magazine, TOMORROW, to anyone who wants the *facts*, by well-known scientific physic investigators, and in language anyone can read.

As to your claim that positive psychic books are impossible to find, I have found a goodly number in the local Public Library. Incidentally, it is next to impossible to get any of Dr. Rhine's books, the demand for them is so great.

Have you read Raynor Johnson's *The Imprisoned Splendour* (Harper & Brothers, 1953)? There is a book which does not debunk superstition and that alone. Johnson is *positive*. He does not deny the *facts*.

I do not consider the opening phrases of OAH SPE blasphemy. I only consider it to be "blasphemy" to accept OAH SPE as *divine* or "A New Bible." I would rather be an atheist than to work myself in a lather trying to translate the obscure English used in that thing.

It's all Greek to me.

I also refuse to accept reincarnation and karma. If the only place we are going is to come back to Earth again in someone else's body, *what* is the use of existence at all? Life *would* be a meaningless squirrel cage, with no beginning and no end and no purpose.

In closing, I would like to apologize for taking up so much of your space with my personal opinions. I would also like to say that I cannot deny your undoubted sincerity, and your necessity of making a living. Your editorials on atomic energy have worried me, and I can't deny it. If *only* you would try to accept the grain of truth from the chaff of speculation and sensationalism. If you could do that, your magazine would be a welcome addition to those who sincerely (as in the S. P. R.) try to find out just *what* the final Truth is, and don't go sniffing up the blind alleys of "crackpotism."

Incidentally, if I wanted to visit the Venture Bookshop, would I find it in Evanston or Amherst?

I will continue to buy your magazine in the hopes that you will someday see fit to change. Meanwhile, I can only wish you the best of luck in your publication, may you never starve, and may you someday stumble on the truth all of us are searching for.

David Stevens

P. O. Box 974

Charleston 24, W. Va.

How right you are, Dave, and how wrong! Before I begin, let's make it clear that I am not "rebutting" you at all. When I answer a letter (except in rare instances), I am not trying to make a monkey out of anybody, but am answering because the letter writer showed enough intelligence to provide me with something to answer—in other words, talked sense! So, when I dissect what you've said, it isn't "throwing darts," as some of my readers seem to think I am doing.

After all, you throw darts too! That crack about "sincere scientists who are trying to find the truth rather than increase the circulation of their publications." What you are saying, Dave, is that you are convinced my efforts in MYSTIC are for one purpose, to increase my circulation and to make money. You repeat it several times, referring to my need to make a living, hope that I will "change," sniffing up blind alleys of "crackpotism," may I never starve, etc. Let me tell you something! Never, in all my efforts with FATE, MYSTIC, and my private research into what you call the "truth," have I ever made a dime. The fact is, the last six years have cost me (and how this will stagger you!) nearly

\$70,000.00! I was once a rich man. Now I am so far in debt it is pathetic. But who cares? I am doing as I wish, and I have no lack of confidence that I can repay my debts. When the pressure gets too great, I merely turn to some venture that makes money, clear things up, then go back to trying to learn the expensive "truth."

You name 13,000,000 people introduced to the field of psychic research via Satevepost and Readers Digest. You further say the "already convinced" shell out 35c to me for MYSTIC. All I can say is that the introduction was perfunctory, and failed entirely to convince anybody! Because you are about the only one of those 13,000,000 who actually became interested in the field, and shelled out 35c to me.

But what I really want to remark on, is your statement that once the S. P. R. has okayed somebody, then you will accept, willy-nilly, anything they or their controls say. If the S. P. R. stamps their approval on Probert, you will listen to Yada and the rest of the Inner Circle, and accept everything they say. FACTS, you want! Please, Dave, don't be so gullible! You are going to be misled by your nose until you make a perfect ass of yourself! The Satevepost could

now run an article by physical scientists showing that the "scientific method" of the S. P. R. is not scientific at all, and proves nothing, because based on a premise to begin with. Would you then switch your belief? Are you tied to the apron-strings of "authority"?

Let me tell you that the S. P. R. would be forced to find Probert at least "inconclusive," or "subconscious," if not a fraud. But he isn't a fraud. He is Mark Probert, and a phenomena. He is a part of the whole picture, and serves to prove that it is not a picture we can be dogmatic about. What he is, I can't say. I have heard Yada (Probert) speak. I can say, scientifically, that it is Probert speaking. Probert tongue, lips, voice, etc. I can't see Yada. I find his accent nothing Probert couldn't assume. I can only listen to what is said, and determine for myself if it is worth listening to. If so, then it doesn't matter a whit who (or what) is talking. But I certainly would not believe in Yada! Not even if the S. P. R. said he was the real thing! Especially if they did! If we all lived by faith alone, we darn soon run out of bread!

What if the S. P. R. (in Newbrough's day) had investigated Newbrough and found him (like Eileen Garrett) to be genuine? Would you then believe every word in

Oakspe implicitly? You say you would! I ask you to reconsider! Please, Dave, I find myself smiling at your accusing me of sniffing up blind alleys of crackpotism. Far better crackpotism than fanaticism!

I suppose you will rile at being called a fanatic, but the act of being "unreasonably enthusiastic" is fanaticism. You are unreasonably enthusiastic about the S. P. R. and whence they point, you will rush with unquestioning zeal. Of course, as a matter of human politeness, I apologize for any possible air of insult this response can give to you or any of my readers, for none is intended. I am not even criticizing you. I am merely disagreeing. And I think, reasonably. One thing I will never do, is to "accept" anything, even a grain of truth, whatever that is. I will not accept anything without thorough (as thorough as I am capable of) personal investigation and reasoning on the subject. And even so, I will always temper my acceptance with the "x" quantity, that my information is incomplete, and therefore can be entirely erroneous. That always leaves the door open for a future re-examination. You, if you do what you say you will do, you will be stuck with what Eileen Garrett says. It just MIGHT be wrong. It COULD be wrong, in spite of the S. P. R. Your philoso-

phy fails to admit that it COULD be wrong. And therein lies the whole weakness of your argument. Your whole rebuttal is a "quoting of authorities", and they are your own personally accepted authorities. You leave out the perfectly respectable "dissenters," who, right or wrong, have their right to be heard.

You can visit the Venture Bookshop at 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Illinois.

And I know you'll continue to buy MYSTIC, because, you DO refuse to accept, on your own. I refer to your refusal to accept reincarnation and karma. You're very much in the minority there, and that means you think for yourself! And brother, now I've let myself in for it! I just said the believers in reincarnation and karma don't think for themselves! Oh, what will I do now? How can I defend so indefensible a position? Back to my tenet—believing is not thinking! And if you believe, you believers, without ABSOLUTE proof (and there is none, so far), then I am right, and you don't think! So, when you bridle at my remark, don't put it in writing if you can be accused of being a believer, because you'll get nowhere. If you have proof, there's another matter. Then I've been guilty of bad manners!—Rap

Dear RAP:

Jesus of Nazareth said it: "Take with you witnesses that the thing may be established." Spiritualism is to some extent behind the proverbial 8-ball because so many statements are made without the least proof of their truthfulness. Getting down to points, I wrote "THEY WORSHIP THE DEVIL," because I wanted orthodox Christians to cease their eternal warfare in the realization that they might find some Christian work in bringing what we consider the truth to such as the devil worshippers.

If your correspondent, Mr. Broderick will reread my article, of which he complains, he will read this, "The information that came to me from apparently reputable sources, was of such a horrible nature . . ." It came to me from two of the most reputable sources in Europe—the great Charcot and Camille Flammarion. That ought to satisfy anybody.

Now, Ray, Mr. B. is entirely in error for if he will obtain a copy of "Watseka Wonder" he'll find highly documented proof that one soul can, and does, supplant another soul in any person's physical body. And if he will simply pick up his Holy Bible he will find cases in which Jesus forced obsessing earth-bound spirits from the bodies of

others. All true cases of obsession are those that prove that transmigration of souls of the discarnate to the incarnate has taken place.

Some of us have raised so much hell about DDT in canned goods that its use has been discontinued and another bug killer is now in pretty general use. It's very effective, they say. I maintain that anything that will kill a bug will kill a man. And I know that there is no way on earth to prevent these bug poisons getting into canned goods.

A quantity of letters have come to me because of the poison article. I'd need three typists to answer them. My best, my most earnest advice is to write your representatives in Congress demanding that something drastic be done about the poisoning of our air, our water and our food. God knows we pay them plenty for the little service the average American citizen gets.

A. D. Chesney, M. D.
Milton Junction, Wis.

Dear Ray:

Dr. Chesney's letter in August Mystic blew the top off of a miniature volcano that has been smoldering and threatening eruption in my mind for years. Don't get alarmed, Dr. Chesney; you see I agree 99 per cent with what you said. It is what you didn't say that blew my volcano. Why don't the

American people wake up to the mass "slaughter of the innocents" resulting year after year from our mass inoculations?

I have four lovely healthy children, the oldest 6 years old and I am going to tell you Mystic readers something about them that should start you thinking. For our first baby we chose a maternity Doctor who is rated as one of the best in Northern Montana. This Doctor has a tremendous practice and is admired by all who come in contact with him. Every time a baby is born this Doctor specifically instructs the parents to bring that baby in during the first year for a complete round of "shots" of serums, bacterins or what have you. We refused to comply because of my knowledge and understanding of the basic principles involved. He asked us why we wanted no shots. Our reply was: "We don't believe in them." He gave us that professional "Oh!" and meaningful look that fairly spoke the words: "So; another parent who knows more than your doctor, eh?"

That was 6 years ago. Now we have 4 children, each delivered by this same Doctor. These children have never had any serum or bacterin shots! They are the healthiest in the whole community. These children have never taken any drugs or medicine internally with the ex-

ception of a single spoon full of mineral oil on one occasion for one child. The only sickness has been measles and colds, both of which they throw off in less time than do average children who have the "aid" of drugs, shots etc. Our 4 children have never received any of the wonder drugs, with one exception! When our second baby was born it was necessary to break his arm in delivery, Then our Doctor set the arm and administered a shot of penicillin.

These children play with other children, both Indians and Whites, and we never worry about infectious or contagious diseases. I look around and see the horrible, crippling and sickening effects of shots upon our neighbor's children and think; "In Heaven's name how can a doctor or the American Medical Association be such criminals when they know they are wrong?"

Oh yes, you M. D.s smile and say: "Just wait a few years. Your children aren't old enuf to prove any thing." Maybe so, but I ask you doctors and the A. M. A. this question. "Why is it that every mass typhoid inoculation is followed within 12 months by a marked upturn in the number of polio cases in the same locality, almost without exception?"

I had the "pleasure"? of seeing some of the calves used to produce

serum for our precious babies, and I wouldn't even allow my child to go near those animals, some of which were nearly dead before arriving at the processing plant.

Another question you doctors should answer. Australia and New Zealand have never sanctioned nor practiced mass inoculations of any kind with this exception; Their soldiers, being incorporated into British Commonwealth armies, submit to regulation army shots. Australia and New Zealand have the lowest rate of communicable diseases of all the so-called civilized nations on this earth. Our A. M. A. knows these facts! Then why do they spend millions of *our* money developing serums, then educating us to use these murderous serums? Could it be that they wish to weaken the human race to the point where it is absolutely dependent upon the A. M. A. and its doctors, thus setting up the A. M. A. as masters of the human race?

The all wise Creator put into our bodies every function and emergency reactor ever needed to combat disease germs and bacteria. Give that body and mind a chance to use those powers unhampered by man-made, man-injected poisons, serums and bacteria! Any experienced M. D. will admit that all the man made chemicals and drugs in the world won't cure a man if that

man's mind is set against the cure. Do you realize what that means? The mind, dear readers, is a thousands times more powerful than any chemical or drug, *if properly developed and trained!* Follow the A. M. A. and its medicine henchmen and we will all lose what little mind we have left. The Creator gave us a brain in which to develop a thinking, reasoning mind; lets do just that and discover the natural, Universal way to perfect health.

This writer does not condemn medical science in toto. I believe in pure science **with** all my heart. But when an individual or an organization uses science for their own selfish, greedy benefit, at the expense of the health and very lives of innocent people, then must I cry out to my fellow mortal, "Wipe out this menace before it makes you its slave!"

Again I quote from Oahspe, the book of both science and religion that was dictated by remote control to Dr. Newbrough, by the same Ethereans who are now appearing in our upper atmosphere in their remarkable Ethereal ships. These Ethereans have traversed the Universe for thousands of years, acquiring scientific knowledge undreamed of by us. Let's see what they say in Oahspe, page 587, verse 15— "The inoculation, or vaccina-

tion, of flesh with poison, to save it from poison, is to use the battle-ax of satan. Man shall learn the higher law; to save by virtue instead of vice."

LeRoy G. Powell,
Harlem, Montana

It is not important what Oahspe, as a book given through Newbrough says; it is important if what is said is sensible. It seems to your editor that giving a child a mild case of a disease to prevent a bad case is to save by vice instead of virtue—but we must remember that the "virtue" seems to be unknown. You refer to it as mental power. Perhaps you are right, but how to use it?

The theory that the Creator created well when he created makes sense. A healthy body should result from proper natural environment and nourishment. It will result. There is an increasing tendency these days to search into proper methods of living, using the vitamin rather than the vaccine, the natural mineral rather than the poison, the food rather than the medicine.

In the case of the Salk vaccine, there was too much haste. The purpose of any vaccine is to set up antibodies, which protect. Nature does exactly this, when one of its children contracts a disease. If they survive, they possess anti-

bodies which protect them thenceforth. Man is but trying to imitate Nature, and that is good. But he isn't as smart as God, and he makes mistakes. The bad part is in being stubborn about it. One doctor discovers a vaccine for typhoid, and refuses to give it up just because it causes polio (and who said it did?—where do you get your information that all typhoid inoculations are followed by polio increases?)

Personally, we believe as you do. But we will vaccinate our children against polio, when we are reasonably sure it is best for them. What else can we do? Right now, we are not vaccinating them, because we have very good reason to believe (from actual proof) that it might give them the disease, and further give it to us, who cannot be protected by the vaccine. It is all a matter of deciding what to do. God created us well, but he also created us with the will to act on our own. He created the disease, and the incentive, therefore, to try to conquer it.

Right now, we try to combat diseases by poisoning the disease. There is no question that it would be better to prevent the disease in the first place. And no question that it is silly to prevent serious disease by the process of giving everybody slight disease. So, we

personally urge the scientists to work also toward prevention. In Oahspe's words: to save by virtue. Your points are good, but erupting like a volcano only gives the other side a chance to point at the smoke and ignore the fire. The A. M. A. undoubtedly thinks it is doing the best job it can, but like most of us, they are intolerant of the "upstart." You ain't a doctor, son, so what qualifies you to speak on vaccines? That's the one bad tendency today, to worship authority, and to sneer at the tyro. But not all doctors fail to respect the desires of their patients—in fact, most of them respect them implicitly. You can't be forced to be vaccinated, unless you are in the army, in which case it is a soldier who is forcing you, not a doctor! And soldiers are utterly worthless in a peaceful society. If we had no soldiers, we'd have no wars. It takes soldiers to organize scattered fist-fights into a real big-time scrap. What we need is a vaccine to prevent big wars from infecting the bloodstream. Best vaccine I know is to let a little of that blood with a good punch in the nose. Now if we had something to make generals noses bleed . . .!—Rap.

Dear Ray Palmer:

A couple of weeks ago I was introduced to MYSTIC. Among the fine features that intrigued me is

The Seance Circle. But I take strong issue with several ideas and/or statements presented in this section, including your own amusing replies.

In one of your answers you mention "Akashic" records. Do you know what they are? How many each person has? Which of the Universal Akashic records individuals should read? Your reference to them as a "library" is apt, and suggests you know more about them than you reveal. If so, then you know that each seeker must be warned against reading the wrong Akashics!

There is only ONE who knows the True Akashic for all of us. This ONE has been my major contact, guide, mentor, teacher for 11½ years. HE has revealed to me the WHY of creation; how all of the planets (earth, too) were created; the *truth* about astrology — and what a colossal farce it is; that a large percentage of humans *must* reincarnate to develop spiritually and *ascend*, the rest are of much higher origin and *come into earth advent* (are born) deliberately, so that they may teach their fellowmen.

My Source — GOD — has also revealed that ALL of the planets are fixed, so Copernicus and Galileo were wrong after all; that our astronomers, who have just recent-

ly discovered that the ethers make a huge "hump" around large bodies (planets), have not realized that these vibrant, magnetic ethers are *mirrors*, and our astronomers have been trying to measure the distance between earth and *mirrored points of light*, with instruments designed to tabulate the *reflections* . . . which is impossible! So the "planet just 800 miles away" can well be there, hidden by the *etheric mirrors* — and, being fixed, like earth, would not collide with us, because there is neither axis nor orbit for any planet!

During this past 11½ years I have received instruction from the *real Jesus*, and have been approached by the pseudo Jesus, who, with other "radiant beings" tried to mislead me over and over. It was of such as these the bible calls "the devil," meaning collective subversion of the Immaculate Truth. It can not be emphasized enough that Truth seekers go directly to the Source — the ONE IMMACULATE vibration, and receive instruction from HIM — or those also of the ONE vibration He sends to help us.

There are many unscrupulous beings in "heaven" and, although they are sent to help us, then can teach indefinitely of information contained in Universal Mind — which holds *every thought* man

has ever had, and those range from the lowest to the highest. Incidentally all levels of conscious beingness from those experienced on planet earth to the ONE vibration are the *minus* side of the infinity scale. Those above ONE are the *plus*.

Every one of these statements can be proven beyond question or doubt by any sincere person who goes directly to GOD and asks!

Re Virginia Randall's reference to soul-carriers and guardian angels, I suggest she ask the Highest Teacher about them!

All right Ray — judging by the July '55 issue of MYSTIC, you and your readers (and writers) skirt all around the mystic. Have you enough courage to print this letter and let GOD and me pick up the chips that fall?

Alice L. Holes
104-C Vista Del Mar
Hollywood Riviera
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Naturally your letter is interesting, and will be interesting to many of our readers, but we don't expect many of them to believe you. You see, we are faced with a problem: a lot of other readers tell us the same thing, that they are being taught by Jesus, and various other guides. To we who aren't being so taught, it is hard to decide which is
(Continued on page 113)

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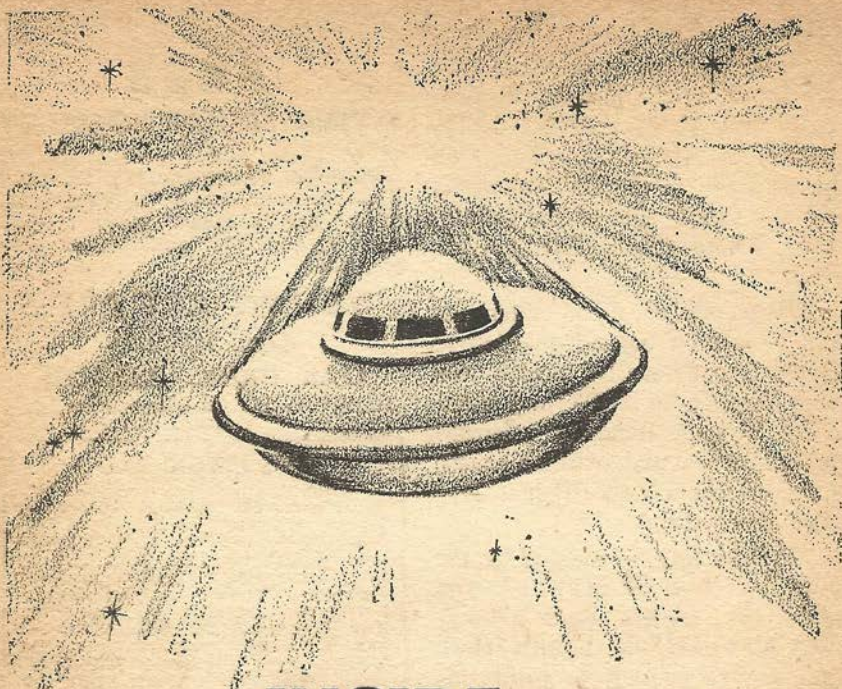
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legitimate, or all, or none? Your comments on the planets are interesting, but you'll allow your editor to advance his own opinion? I think they are both "fixed" and "orbital." As for the mirrors, I have no doubts but what there are reflections, but I suspect there are also things behind the "mirrors." In short, how can I disagree with you on any point, except that I'm not so positive as you? So, okay, you can pick up the chips that fall! There certainly should be some falling! For, to say the least, you make some quite startling state-

ments. Personally we are quite convinced you have a teacher, but not at all convinced as to his identity. And we know enough about the akashic records to realize just who your teacher might actually be! Let's leave it on that mystic note? We'll print letters from people who may have some chipping to do. Who knows, it might be interesting and enlightening!—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

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May I ask some of your contributors and correspondents to go easy on the churches and the preachers. While we grant there is much old-time orthodoxy to be found, there are so many levels of teachings among the various churches that it is hardly fair to lump them all together in any general criticism.

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Theodore N. Tiemeyer
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I was interested in your "Seance Circle" letters in the August, '55 issue of MYSTIC, which exposed many opinions, which of course have no value unless based on knowledge. The letter of Merritt L. Gruver on reincarnation, for example, is based on pure fancy and vain imagination. Ray Palmer's reply to this letter is sound and logical. To be true, religion must be in accord with science, and the fact that the early Church Fathers propounded certain doctrines does not necessarily make them true. Did not their successors condemn Galileo and other scientists for maintaining that the earth was round? Abdul Baha (1844-1921) said there were at least 20 Gospels, yet only four found their way in fragmentary form into the Christian Bible. What happened to the others? Could it be that the Church Fathers had a hand in their suppression since there is evidence that at least two of them predicted the coming of Muhammad by name?

Mr. Gruver spoke of the Church Fathers as the builders of Christian theology. If not built on the words of Jesus Christ himself, however, what validity has their theology? As a matter of fact, the theology propounded by the early Church Fathers rested in no way upon the explicit commands of

Jesus Christ. None of the rites and ceremonies, sacraments or dogmas devised by them was based on the direct words of Christ, or emanated from his specific utterances. Why, therefore, attach infallibility to anything, simply because the Church Fathers sanctioned it?

The letter of Beth E. Pomeroy in the same (Aug. '55) issue, refutes the doctrine of re-incarnation beautifully. As she stated, believers in re-incarnation assume that "the earth is the only place within the Creator's infinite Universe whereon divine justice can be administered." Baha'u'llah (1817-1892) wrote that "through His (God's) potency the Trees of Divine Revelation have yielded their fruits, every one of which hath been sent down in the form of a Prophet, bearing a Message to God's creatures in *each* of the worlds whose number God, alone, in His all-encompassing Knowledge, can reckon."

This world is one stage in the path of our return to God, and there is no retrogression, or return to this 'vale of tears.' Baha'u'llah also tells us: "O Son of Man! Sorrow not save that thou art far from us. Rejoice not save that thou art drawing near and *returning* unto us." And again: "O Offspring of dust! Be not content with the ease of a passing day, and deprive not

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thyself of everlasting rest. Barter not the garden of eternal delight for the dust-heap of a mortal world. Up from thy prison ascend unto the glorious meads above, and from thy mortal cage wing thy flight unto the Paradise of the Placeless O My Servant! Free thyself from the fetters of this world, and loose thy soul from the prison of self. *Seize thy chance for it will come to thee no more.*"

How many worlds we have to pass through in our ascent to God we do not know, but we can and should learn our lessons in this life. If we fail to do so, we are handicapped in the next world. Let us not delude ourselves with the belief that we are to be pampered with another "chance" by living another earth-life. However there is a lot of constructive work to be done in this life to help make this a better world, the blue-print for which Baha'u'llah has given us!

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Dear Mr. Palmer:

I realize you have so many letters and hope some day to make the grade. To give your readers something really worthwhile on reincarnation please reprint Chapter XI, part 1, Concerning the Hereafter, of "Clothed with the Sun" by Anna Kingsford. This chapter is a concise statement of the doctrine of the Kabala and makes real sense. ("Clothed with

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the Sun" is an old book. British.)

Your readers seem to think that reincarnation means necessarily an incarnation on this earth. Edgar Cayce, in trance, spoke of incarnations on many planets between earth incarnations. Man is not just body and soul—it is more complicated than that. What stays on the astral and we communicate with is not that which reincarnates but the Rauch or memory part. Please do not just skip this it is very important.

I agree with all you say on bomb tests. Dr. Walter Russell, author, painter, sculptor, musician and great scientist says radium embodies the death principle and that any use of it for peace or war will bring disaster—he gives us 5 years. I think you might well pay some attention to The Master M Apports, a prophecy received in 1943 as an apport on thin paper in queer script. It becomes increasingly startling. While we scan the skies for the Russians a bright boy scientist in a lab makes an error in experiments with the Hydrogen bomb and "earth and sea and sky are rent, the day of the great accident." For readers interested send 50c to The Christian Community, 4878 1-2 Fountain Ave., Los Angeles 29, Cal.

I checked up on an article by Dana Howard and found that what she presented as cold fact was high-

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ly fictionized and without the consent of those mentioned. Also had another unfortunate contact with her so I discount what she writes.

Shaver may have written fiction but he presented it as fact and upset many. To me it was stiffly boring. I think he read Percival's Thinking and Destiny and took it from there. Percival places Hell inside the earth—says man came from inside the earth onto the crust. Whether you believe him or not he is a brilliant writer—not in the Shaver class.

Re Walter, Margery's control, getting thumb prints of a living person. Possible. I can't recall the name of the N. Y. photographer who was convicted of fraud because the picture of a living person appeared as an extra. He had not wanted to be a psychic photographer but those extras kept coming and he had no control over what came. Why not a picture or thumb print of a here-living entity? Spirits don't pose but impress the idea on the plate or wax. One man came to a seance, told many things and he was supposed dead. Years later a search proved he had been living at the time and still was and did not know he had been broadcasting at that seance. Besides what he had described was not yet true but was several years later at the time the investigation was made! It AIN'T

all so simple.

Mrs. Harold M. Graham

P. O. Box No. 14

Ruidoso, New Mexico

There are many books written on reincarnation. We leave it to our readers to study them if they wish. However, to us, reincarnation's proof is not a matter of reading, but a matter of here-and-now demonstration of it as an actual fact, without the possibility of it being anything else. We do not expect such proof to be forthcoming. Too many ridiculous situations pose themselves with a little thought: for instance, some say reincarnation is a matter of choice. Let us suppose that for some reason nobody chose to be reincarnated for ten years. Would there be no children for ten years? Would all unions be sterile for that period? Would, if conception was possible, all babies be born dead because there was no entity to inhabit the body?

No, Shaver never read Thinking and Destiny. I know this for a fact. And if Percival is a "brilliant writer", it places him in the fiction category. Anybody who can write 800 words can write a true story. It takes brilliance to write fiction.
—Rap

Dear Mr. Palmer:

It does take time and it is very difficult to write letters and try to put into them the exact meaning

one wishes to convey. In reading the August issue of MYSTIC, I just had to stop long enough to write, since you raised a question to this effect in your answer to William Broderick in the Seance Circle.

First let me say that I think those letters or articles in the Seance Circle are very interesting . . . and I for one would like to see most of the pages of MYSTIC devoted to this type of information and comments. My reason is that this takes precedence over lectures

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as more than one person **SPEAKS HIS MIND**, and I am sure that if people would stop long enough in their daily chores to vote on this, you would find that most readers enjoy this part of your magazine the best. This is one way of keeping informed of what the people in general are thinking, believing and experiencing, and what is more important than this.

Also in your answer to Broderick you mention Jane Russell and the sunset. You stated that admiring one is all-right and the other is immoral. I know that you know the answer to this, but I cannot help but point out to you that everyone is willing to admire the sunset . . . where it is, as it is . . . but with Jane . . . why the bath . . . unless there are those desires? Let's keep our mind clean, then we won't have to bother about morals. Since the sun is admired at a distance, then distance must have some part in morals. We enjoy the sun's rays, but we do not try to embrace the sun or get too close to it. Get the meaning?

Anne Dering
4900 West Quincy St.
Chicago 44, Illinois

I didn't say admiring one was all right and the other immoral. I asked why some people thought it was. You mean nobody would want to admire Jane Russell from a dis-

tance? I would! And no bath is necessary. I'd hate to think that my moral character depended on how far I was kept from temptation. Small credit to me for resisting something I couldn't touch anyway! Many people enjoy embracing the sun, touching it, getting out in it and reveling in its warmth and rays upon their skin. To be quite frank, Anne, I really don't get the meaning. But then, you girls are all alike. You go around being beautiful and you expect men to keep their eyes turned away—or do you? Is it immoral to admire beauty, if it happens to be a woman, and okay if it's a horse? We are speaking of two different things. Jane Russell and sunsets are two kinds of beauty, and I appreciate them both to the fullest—and certainly will look at either one any time the chance affords. Actually I see far too few sunsets to satisfy me, and even less Jane Russell.

The whole question of morality is a false one. As a man thinketh, so is he. And it doesn't change it a whit if he hasn't the courage to do as he thinks—or the opportunity. And if he doesn't think, it makes not a whit of difference if he has the opportunity. The latter is moral, the first is not . . . or at least some say it is. Personally we frequently have doubts. God placed Adam and Eve in the Garden naked, and

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even after they got dispossessed, didn't insist they wear clothes—that was their own idea. They were hiding from his displeasure, not hiding their bodies. They were not ashamed of their bodies, but of their lack of trustworthiness. They had disobeyed God's command not to eat of the Tree of Knowledge. Even today, it seems to me to be a sort of "hiding"; except that to me it's necessary to keep warm! Or to keep cool! Morality is a part of "character," not a commandment in the "Thou Shalt Not" classification.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

In my short article "Saucer Origin?" (June, 1955 Mystic) I discussed the various reasons why some astronomers believe Luna possesses an atmosphere. Other astronomers, likely making up the majority, hold to the opposite view. To be fair, let us examine their arguments for an airless moon.

(1) Study of the lunar spectrum reveals a perfect replica of the solar spectrum. An atmosphere on Luna would show up some difference between these spectra because sunlight would be slightly modified in its passage through the atmosphere. It would be absorbed by the lunar atmosphere in certain wavelengths. Thus the lines in its spectrum

would reveal certain differences from the solar spectrum. This it has failed to do.

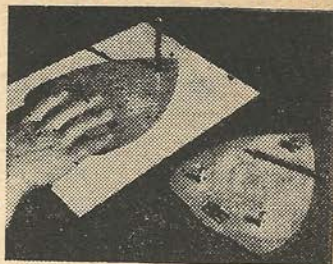
(2) Occultations occur when the moon, in traveling around the Earth passes between our planet and a star, thereby completely blocking the star from our view. A lunar atmosphere would have the star change color or brilliance, and appear dimmed prior to its sudden disappearance behind the moon. This has never happened.

(3) Normally, the temperature at the lunar equator rises over 120 degrees C. when the sun shines on it. Within one hour of an eclipse of the moon, when our planet's shadow covers this region, the temperature drops sharply some 150 degrees to 200 degrees C. This fall of from 120 degrees above to 80 degrees below zero can only exist on an airless body. A further example of Luna's lack of atmosphere is this: Shortly after nightfall, the temperature drops to some 10 degrees C., continuing to drop for another 100 degrees during the 2-week long night. A lunar atmosphere would prevent this occurrence.

Alex Saunders
34 Hillside Ave., W.,
Toronto, Ont. Can.

But Alex, there IS a halo around the moon. It has a very distinct photosphere. Some astronomers call it an "optical" illusion, but

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everybody has the illusion. No need to lean over backward! No need to be "perfectly fair" to the other side! Let them speak for themselves. Or what side are you on?—Rap.

Dear RAP:

Have been an avid reader of your Fate and Mystic and feel that the Mark Probert "Inner Circle" has been a very fine addition to your pages. My wife and I have known Mark and Irene for about two years, having gotten acquainted with them through their seance work. Our home has been their headquarters in the San Francisco-Oakland area for some time and we have had many "meetings" in our home with Luntz, Yada et al whom we feel to be personal friends.

I spoke to Mark and Irene about having you mention our address in Mystic and Irene said she would write you, but possibly overlooked it. We would be happy to have you announce something to this effect. People in the San Francisco, Calif. area who are interested in the Probert mediumship may contact George R. Robinson, 4058 Coolidge Ave., Oakland 2, California regarding future meetings in that area and also regarding recorded material from previous seance meetings.

Am looking forward to more dope on the Shaver Mysteries. Do you recall a Bill Lawton? He said he

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was in contact with you about the time there was so much difficulty with material (papers, etc.) disappearing etc which aroused my curiosity. Keep up the good work.

George R. Robinson
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Eventually your curiosity about the strange things that went on coincidentally with the Shaver Mystery will be satisfied in these

pages. If they were coincidences, then coincidences happen 99% of the time in straight succession, and hardly ever scattered about as we might expect.—Rap.

THE END

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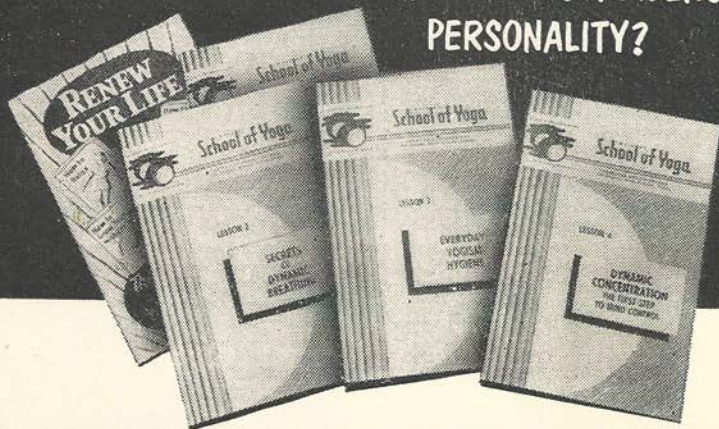
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