

DECEMBER, 1961

The

ABERRÉE



Number 8

Volume VIII



we've ever set, and printing equipment — which we know more about than we do U.P.O.'s. Besides, we could demonstrate in action a printing press — and neither Riley nor Judy had with them a sample of this highly-advertised alien crockery.

¶ Mrs. Bob Ryder, San Diego, Calif., is shown looking over a part of the ABERREE Lending Library. Mrs. Ryder, the former Monica Macomber, was Secretary of the Hubbard Association of Scientists during its Phoenix heyday — but her interest today is centered in her husband and ten children. Monica and her mother, Mrs. Green, also of San Diego, admit they were "bitting a ride" on the vacation of her brother, Francis Green, of Los Angeles — which we're glad they did. It merely confirmed our suspicion that people don't HAVE to stay alive in Scientology to stay young, happy, and interested in living.



the Dianetic greata, near-greata, and ingrates were cited and data exchanged on who's where and what happened to them. Maybe we didn't learn much about dogs, but we did discover how many cups of coffee we can drink — when we have coffee ceremonies.

¶ Visitors to The ABERREE office the last month included Mr. and Mrs. Riley Crabb, Vt-la, Calif. Riley, who is head of Horizons Sciences Research Associates, was on the rag end of a speaking tour, and his stop in Enid preceded a two-day appearance before Horizons Unlimited in Oklahoma City. Because we were unable to get away, Riley left with a copy of his speech on "The Reality of the Underground" — which, we think, is a wonderful way to "hear" a speech. Discussion centered around "flying saucers", on which subject Riley is the most-versed discussor



¶ Back in the early days of Dianetics, when communication "in the field" meant an invitation for macrocommunication, one of the better news letters, The COMMUNICATOR, was published by Sndah Field of Denver. But Sndah — like many another top auditor of the early '50's — has found other interests. Now Mrs. C.R. Higgins, of Alameda, Colo., has a raising and training dogs, "shelties", or shetland sheep dogs, to be exact. Sndah, and Joseph Reiholder, of Aurora, Colo., who got Sndah started in the "dog game", week-ended in Enid where they walked off with a few ribbons at a dog show — and in between proving and showing, some of

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(Continued next issue)

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NOTE: Don't take it so damn seriously.
The infiniteness of Man is not reduced
to a "split infinity" by wars, tears,
or "sinners" who seek to kill like that
he already has in an infinite sense.
Sub-Policy: We reserve the right to change
our minds from issue to issue, or
even from page to page, if we desire.
Sub-Sub-Policy: Rich Man Can't Inherent
right to be his own and only "Author-
ity" — with his wife's permission.
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"educated guesses" about Man's edu-
cation — if there's no price tag to it,
and if the guesser has no objection to
our guessing that he's only guessing.

'LOVE' COULD SHAKE WORLD MORE THAN NUCLEAR WAR

One of the most abused words in the English language—written or spoken—is LOVE. And no doubt other tongues have equally abused words with the same degree of torture and misunderstanding, because the insult to intelligence is not in the word itself but in the concept behind the letters which make it pronounceable.

Love is like climate—you can find all varieties and shades of each variety, if you are willing to go where it is. In none, however, will you find an ideal (love or climate)—only a type that is "different".

The such "parental love" is conditioned by actions which will not reflect back on the parents. "Sacrifices" are made to the extent that one stays home to "be with Junior"—not because one WANTS to be with Junior, but because one cannot find a baby-sitter, and there's no telling what mischief Junior might get into if left at home by himself.

Teachers speak of "love"—with a wary eye out to see that it is not expressed either in or outside the classroom. And there are laws, rules, and ordinances to see that "love" is regulated so that it doesn't offend society. It's O.K. to love your neighbor—providing you're both of the same sex. However, even in this, there are certain proprieties one must observe or suffer fingers of scorn and suspicion.

Of course, most of the off-color variety of love which is regulated is sexual love, but until man has developed a code of ethics that is more than a mere "rule of conduct" and it becomes as such a part of him as the beating of his heart, where is one to draw the line? The fact is, man doesn't. He talks of love and indulges in sex—and in his own earned beingness, takes extensive precautions to avoid public censure by buying a "love license"

and paying a preacher to grant him immunity from legal involvement. Thus secure, he (or she) puts his/herself for a period which may be a lifetime, or, by paying such legal fees as may be involved, frees him/herself in a court of hate.

But this is not the "Love" of which religiousists and metaphysicians prate. Love, they tell us, is an impossible goal which we must reach if we are to attain reunion with a vengeful, surferous being, who IS Love. We must love our neighbors—even if he poisons our dog and throws the rotting carcass on our front lawn (the "God of Love" condemned an entire nation because they worshiped a golden calf. We must love our fellow man, even the he can take advantage of us as "softies" if we do (and the "God of Love" turned a woman into salt who dared look back toward dying friends in a burning city). We must love everyone—even if it kills us.

"True Love"—if such were possible—neither criticizes nor condones, but accepts each condition in its own perspective. Ministers say Jesus proved his love for the world by saying, as he hung dying upon a cross, "Father forgive them". Yet Jesus' words were a condemnation: asking forgiveness was his admission that he considered those who crucified him were in the wrong, and had need of forgiveness.

To bubble of "pure, total love" that bears no anger, rancor, or accusation, is a ridiculous attempt to enslave man and stifle him with self-accusations. If he cannot visualize what he must do, only confusion results if he tries to do what he considers impossible. So he doesn't try. He slips into a trough of hatred—that he can understand. That he sees, and feels, and rages about. In this, he has a pattern he can follow—a pattern

set by those who label themselves religious leaders and "shepherds of the flock".

Within the last month, one of the top crutches of a church that allegedly bases its beliefs on the life and teachings of a man they say have invented originally, stated publicly that, in case of nuclear war, the owner of a bomb shelter would not be an-Christiano were he to protect himself and his family from any intrusion by neighbors who had no shelters of their own. In other words, those who can afford to build elaborate holes in the ground can become judges, jury, and executioner over which other bodies shall survive.

Which makes a beautiful picture of attack and siege in the back yards of homes all over "one nation, under God", doesn't it? An enemy swooping thru after a nuclear attack can locate the original survivors because of the piles of dead shot down by those inside as they fled to protect themselves both from the enemy and their friends.

That this church ever makes any pretense of believing in "brotherly love", yet permits such a pronouncement by one of its "officials", is a travesty of the lowest order. It ranks with the indignation for mere vanity and fraud.

Before anyone tells you of the "need for Universal Love", find out whom and what they hate. It could be they mean well, but are suffering from too much "authority". And it may be the first time in their lives they ever stopped to ask themselves what is "Love", and to wonder what would happen to all they now hold dear if such a condition were to come into being.

Actually, it would be more destructive, in a nuclear war, than a nuclear war. But you'd not be shooting friends who wanted to share your shelter.

CREATION OF WHAT YOU WANT FOLLOWS ONLY IF PICTURES ARE ACCURATE

By ALBERTA M. O'CONNELL

CREATION is the second mode of mind. Thought creation is the imaging or putting into concrete form a selected subject. By concrete form is meant a mental picture of the selected subject invested with all the qualities of that subject in its natural state. Mental creation will bring you any quality or anything you want, except knowledge, which comes thru meditation. Inspiration is not fancy; it is the image-making faculty which is used for the purpose of making a concrete picture of the thing we desire.

Do you want love? What is love? If you are going to create a thing, you must have a concrete picture of it. Love is a force. Being a force, it must have a rate of vibration, and having a rate of vibration, it must have a color. Therefore, when you picture love, you must picture it according to your highest conception of what that force would be, and the color of the highest force upon this planet is yellow.

If it is Divine Love you want, see yourself standing in a flood of this golden vibrating force. See it bathing you in its rays, penetrating every part and particle of your being until your body and you vibrate in response to it, and until the atmosphere around you glimmers and throbs with its golden glow. If you desire to send love to another, picture the Universal Love flowing into yourself; and then see it passing from your heart's center as a golden stream, flowing outward until it reaches the heart to which it is sent. Some of your own being will enter and warm the heart of the one to whom you send that love force, and you will have the joy that comes thru loving and being loved. If you wish to demonstrate love from another, see that golden current of force flowing from that other person to you.

If you wish to work upon the mental plane, and demand a greater mentality, picture the blue Cosmic Force flowing into you. Picture yourself suffused with this blue force until your whole being vibrates with it. Let it magnetize your brain and thrill you thru and thru with its uplifting force. After a demonstration of this kind, you will feel capable of accomplishing any mental undertaking. Do not deceive yourself into the belief that one treatment with this blue Cosmic Force will make you a genius, because it will not. But constant treatments of this kind will gradually increase your mental power, which you can direct into any channel you desire, and the picture you make creates the center or matrix into which the Universal Consciousness can bring that which you demand.

On the material plane, the same picture-making faculty is used, so you want to build up a fine law practice? Then picture your clients coming to you in large numbers engaging your services and paying you liberally. This last part of the picture is an essential portion of the whole. Do you wish to develop a business? Then see crowds of people coming and waiting for you to serve them. But good, bad, and indifferent business will come unless you invest

your creation to a certain class; then that class of business which you have created will come.

When you are waiting for your creations to materialize, you should do cheerfully and faithfully such duties as are presented to you to do. In this way, you will co-operate with the Supreme because you will never know until a duty is done what good may come to you from doing that duty well.

Do you want money? Then make a concrete picture of the amount you want—say a \$100 bill; or if you do not want your money all of one denomination, picture a sufficient number of bills of the denomination you want to make the amount you desire. In any event, make a picture of a definite amount, and after making it, hold to it until it stands out as distinct as tho it had materialized and you could see it before you. Then say to the Universal Consciousness: "Give me this creation," and repeat this demand day after day and every time a day, if you want to. The concreteness of your picture makes your creation a mental reality and the more tenaciously you hold to the mental creation, the sooner will the material reality come.

Creative thought is always in pictures. This is true from a higher or lower viewpoint. For example: The universe is the materialization of the Divine Idea; the spiritual plane received the impress of the Divine Mind when creation began, and the planetary spirits, seeing the picture, poured into it their own vibratory force. And so, worlds were brought into existence. Everything that is existed first on the mental plane, even to the clothes you wear and the chair on which you sit.

Examining the working of the law further, we will take the concrete picture of a bundle of money—\$100.

The clearness of your thought and the intensity of your picture make a photograph, as it were, in the Universal Mind. This is your matrix, or plan. So long as your mental matrix is not destroyed, it will some time draw to you the material thing pictured.

The constant or frequent vibration which your thought causes sets the Universal Consciousness surrounding you and your picture into motion. Then out from you goes the small magnetic cord which the Universal Consciousness directs to the sum of money you demanded.

This money is somewhere upon the material plane when you make your demand for it, and the Universal Consciousness directs your demand, with its tiny magnetic cord attached, to this amount of money. It is no affair of yours where this \$100 shall come from; the avenue thru which it may come is for the Universal Consciousness to select, and, being justice, it will bring it from the source whence it should come, and no one will be unjustly treated by the transference of it to your possession.

You must make your demands to Deity and not to any person. You have no right to use coercive force upon another individual mind; but since everything that exists belongs to Deity—and Deity is the source of your supply—you have a perfect right to demand of It. At this point of our evolution, we create mental pictures of things already in existence and draw them to us according to the operation of the law I have just explained. But the time will come when we can image a thing and have power to draw together the particles necessary to its composition, and create the thing itself. This power is called precipitation, and is really the highest form of creation.

1962

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

February ushers in the Aquarian Age—the age of light. This light is a power that can create or destroy.

Brink of a New Era

A Look Ahead Into the New Year by "LOUIS of The ABERREE"

- A disaster period will begin February 2 and reach full fury on the 5th.
- Local wars in the Mediterranean.
- Earthquakes in Arabia, Afghanistan, Turkey, and Pakistan.
- East and West Germany will be united.
- Russia will hit the moon in 1962.
- A new uprising in South America which looks more serious than it is. There is a "pink" overtone to the whole thing.
- Paid scientists will keep ballyhooing the idea that the radiation count has not reached a serious stage, but it will prove otherwise by cases in hospitals.
- Look for a new cult to come forth. It resembles the Zen philosophy.
- The stock market makes more spectacular rises and falls.
- Strange and violent weather conditions in the Central and Eastern areas.
- Much mixup in the White House; just a little will leak out, but what does not is dynamite.
- A new gasoline hits the market. It is revolutionary.
- Word from Mahnoo — new conditions come to the Prince's family.
- Seven tragic plane crashes — and they are not accidents.
- After much fuse and faas, Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Kennedy get together — and make some progress.
- The ladies take on a new look, with baggy-like capcoats. Brown will be the color. Fur and velvet will be found from head to foot.
- The migration west hits a peak. Los Angeles is on its way to becoming the largest city in the U.S.
- Hollywood divorces take on a new twist. It will make interesting reading.
- The drug and medical industry gets an airing — and the smell is sniffed even in Washington.
- A spectacular bank robbery hits the papers, such like the famous Brinks case.
- Yonkeville, which is considered dead, will be resurrected somewhat — and the minstrel-type show has a brief reshooting.
- Mrs. Kennedy is most likely to be with child this year.
- Many dollar-sign Messiahs come upon the scene. The cash registers ring as the choir sings "hallelujah!"
- Much spy talk, followed with a hearing.
- Labor unions show their real stuff, and gang wars ensue. Governmental factions are called in.
- Another eruption in the Hawaiian islands.
- Part of the Pacific drops into the ocean — a prelude of what is to happen.
- T-V will announce a wide screen process akin to the type being used in theaters.
- A big baseball scandal comes to the news. This is big league stuff.
- It will be discovered that some of the skin colors, altho passed by the Drug Administration as safe, cause harmful effects.
- Broadway is in for more flops than it has seen for many a season.
- The Iron Curtain gets more relaxed and visitors will be welcome. Could it be we capitalists are containing them?
- Religious leaders start recognizing E. S.P. and such. A leader in the more conservative areas comes out with a book on same.
- Russia makes large strides in space conquest. Two people occupy this rocket.
- The ABERREE grows in physical scope. New pages are added, subscriptions grow. (SD, NOTE — We don't care if this item is "seeing" or "wishful thinking" — we accept the nomination.)
- Birth control is the topic of much talk — and national magazines play it to the hilt. Six major drug companies come out with pills, etc., to stop conception.
- A new child-star is given much ballyhoo.
- February ushers in the Aquarian Age—the age of light. This light is a power that can destroy or create.
- Life on other planets receives much attention by top-notch persons. Some new theories are tossed about.

John Brown's
'Baby' Comes
to Life Again

WATER

Wheat Grass
Is Added to
Kill Poisons

By HILARY M. DOREY

By ANN WIGMORE, D. D.

PREVIOUS to my retirement from Civil Service on a medical disability (arthritis), I had been watching with such interest the experiments of John C. Brown, of Middleboro, Mass., with a water-purifying disc he called "the B-Cell". According to Brown, a former pharmacist, he had discovered the "immortal cell", a living organism which he had captured in a matrix catalyzer, and which, when placed in a quantity of water, would remove all the impurities from the water, including atomic bomb fallout, and turn it into a sweet, highly-potable drink as pure as spring water.

Altho Brown knew the dangers of recommending his B-Cells be used for human consumption, word got out that the catalyzer was good for man, as well as plants—and crowds made pilgrimages to his Massachusetts home wanting to be healed. Without examining the cells, or investigating Brown's claims, the Food and Drug men stopped him, labeling his cultures "dirty water".

It was soon after this that I met him. He was quite discouraged at the time, but we had a good talk. Since I am not a pharmacist, I did not understand much of what he said, but I was extremely interested, and continued to visit him. Together, we began some experiments in growing some noxious vegetables. Also, I drank a lot of the "B-Cell water", and was beginning to feel much better.

While I was at Mr. Brown's, many persons came to him, seeking his advice on healing. This he consistently refused to give, telling them he was not an M.D.

However, there was a writer who lived near John, and he wrote an article about the B-Cell for FATE. As soon as it was published, inquiries flooded in, and John sent some of his B-Cell catalyzers for use in gardens and autos. In March, 1957, The ABERDEE also ran an article on the B-Cell, and this, too, brought in a deluge of inquiries.

John used to say to me that one day a man would come and take us to California to work on the crops there. And such a man did come. He was George Millett, of Los Angeles, Calif. His business was spraying from airplanes. He worked with cotton, alfalfa, barley, and melons. This was done thru irrigation ditches, which was ideal for our B-Cell catalyzers. We would put one in the beginning of each ditch, and it would "charge" the water its entire length.

We had been out there for about six months, but sold none of the discs as Mr. Millett felt we were not ready. I know, because we returned quite a bit of money from persons ordering the discs.

When we felt the catalyzers were ready and were about ready to offer them to the public, Food and Drug men visited Mr. Millett and gave him a choice of either abandoning his work with
(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14)

SOME OF THE reports coming in from experiments with what we are calling "wheat-grass nanna" are almost unbelievable. For example, I took a quart of Boston faucet water. It is "purified" with chlorine and alum. In tests, it shows up as dead, negative, and unfit for drinking. Into this quart of water I poured one tablespoonful of "wheat-grass nanna" and immediate tests showed it changed to live, positive, and drinkable.

Not content, I went over to Cambridge where the water not only is chlorinated and fluoridized, but has one part to the million of fluorine. Naturally, it showed up dead, negative, and poisonous. I put in one tablespoonful of the "wheat-grass nanna" drink. It changed instantly to a live, positive, and drinkable beverage. And it remained that way.

These experiments indicate that poor folk, who cannot afford to buy spring water, who have no blenders, who can't purchase special purpose foods, say, in their kitchens, raise wheat grass and make all their water drinkable and wholesome.

Researchers, through the years, have demonstrated that raising wheat grass, grown on good soil, contains, in readily assimilable, balanced form, every live element necessary for complete nutrition.

Benedict Lust, M.D., noted nutritionist, has always maintained that a single vitamin—a single unit—surrounded by the natural supporting minerals, proteins, enzymes, vitamins, and trace elements, may do more effective work in the human body than perhaps 500 units of some particular crystalline vitamin, which, while made from natural sources, have had taken from them, in the process of manufacture, all or most of the supporting growths. Grass, lauded in the Bible as "man's natural medicine", is the only food known to scientists that will healthfully support an animal from birth to a ripe old age.

Dr. G. B. East-Thomas, of the East Laboratories, of High Bridge, N. J., says of these "wheat-grass nanna" tests, "The results are so startling they may require a rewriting of present nutritional rules".

And it's so easy to prepare. Your local feed store or seed market can furnish all the wheat you need and at a most reasonable price. Any kind of wheat will do, but hard winter wheat is preferable. Of course, wheat raised in organic soil is best, but not essential.

Even direct sunlight is not necessary, so the average kitchen is an excellent laboratory. Reflected sunlight is ample, but, of course, some sun will help. The more sun, the more chlorophyll in the wheat-grass.

The wheat should be soaked overnight and planted next morning. Any kind of soil will do but the best is that which is obtained in the woods—leaf-mold from under the tall trees. Worms, added to the soil, help aerate it and
(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14)

Yes, There Was a Book Called

"Excalibur" by L. RON HUBBARD

By ARTHUR J. BURKS

I'M GOING to try to tell something of "Excalibur"—as much as I remember, without having the manuscript by me. If its author, i. e. Ron Hubbard, told me the truth, I am the first person to read "Excalibur". If it is true that the first half dozen who read it went crazy, then I've been crazy for a long time and I just haven't gotten caught at it. There is some question as to whether there was such a manuscript, but I assure you there was, and probably still is, somewhere. It was a source of considerable disappointment to Ron Hubbard that he didn't get it published.

I think the time was about mid-1939 — maybe a little earlier, May or June. I had known Ron off and on for six or seven years. We'd gone thru part of the depression together; he came to New York from his home near Seattle, Wash. I had met his first wife, Polly, and both his parents.

I'd read a lot of material by Ron, and didn't especially like it—and he'd read a lot of material by me and didn't particularly like it. I wouldn't say we were very close friends, but I know him, I guess, as well as anybody. For instance, I knew Ron was a night owl—be'd sleep all day and work all night—and didn't pay my attention to your working hours at all. He was apt to call you at 4 o'clock in the morning and hold you in conversation for an hour or more until you felt like you could break his neck. Then he'd pull down all the curtains and sleep all day.

Ron called me one day—the strange thing about this was that he called during the day—and said, "I want to see you right away. I have written *the* book." I never saw anybody so worked up—and he was disturbed over a lot of angles. Apparently, he started to write the book, and had written it without sleeping, eating, or anything else—and had himself literally worked to a frazzle.

He was so sure he had something "away out and beyond" anything else that he had sent telegrams to several book publishers, telling them that he had written "THE BOOK" and that they were to meet him at Penn Station, and he would discuss it with them and go with whom-ever gave him the best offer.

Whether he actually did this or not, I don't know, but it is right in line with something he would do. For example, Ron would send stories to various magazines without a return address (and if you know anything about the publishing business you would know how this would irritate people), and then call up and ask for a report on it. He used very heavy paper, which made it very expensive to mail stuff, and he'd seal his manuscripts, not in professional envelopes, but say in a light blue one so that it would stand out from the others.

Also, he was a little careless occasion-

ally—his ROYAL-Sea of the hypnotic "ghosts" that has haunted editing and business rooms in rumors of a sugar-supper book by the author of "Dianetics", which, in the telling, gained such emotional proportions that at one time, the mutilated manuscript was offered to anyone willing to purchase their services for \$1,500 — especially oriented, hooded, and bearded, with a key to protect its precious contents. There were many inquiries, but no sales, and the Editor Anne of Betty Ann Margate Center who thought she rights as an "Associate Member" entitled her to buy "Excalibur" for said price, so he could enter books in the Aquatic word factory.

But the date never was made, and the prospective purchaser was advised that if he had been "up" data, some could be found in "3-10" than in the "Excalibur" book, and so many of those other "winkles" to cost \$1,500 — or even \$150 — in case it they, too, would "go inside" as soon as possible happened to the first person who read the manuscript on "Excalibur".

Actually, we began to distrust the existence of any manuscript by this name, especially if with the only initials "L.R.H." whose reliability and/or identity have been and still are so tenuous as the seasons. We didn't have the evidence — we just remained skeptical, and there it is a difference.

That skepticism now has been reinforced by the corroborating story, written from a tape made by our long-time writer, Arthur J. Burks, which he sent in another package, to G. Coullar, and which was forwarded to me. Miss M. Burks mailed the manuscript when it still was "hot" from the typewriter, so that the handwriting and report are more acceptable than the 98-857,234 notes which have been made or less in existence for the past decade.

To have an illusion that publication of this data will stop the belly-phantom rumors concerning "Excalibur", since those were attributable to the "Excalibur" are not NEARLY less of substance. But for possibly's sake, we omit this evidence that there actually WAS a book called "Excalibur", and that all of the except six paragraphs that were made the manuscript were didn't have happen to those who never saw happened to 1939.

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Dr. Blanche Mitchell, of Marine Council, Savannah, Ga., reports she has finished over 17,000 words of a manuscript, to be entitled "Excalibur". This is the same book, Mrs. Mitchell claims, psychically dictated to L. Ron Hubbard a couple decades ago — and never publicly released. The name of Marine Council gives no date for the completion of her manuscript, involved as she is with the reorganizing of the Council following their recent move from Fort Myers, Fla.

ally—and his stuff needed editing, but he didn't want anybody to edit it. He had a lot of odd ideas about writing. For example, he didn't feel he had to write a certain stint, so when he would do a manuscript, he wouldn't number the pages—just pile them up beside his typewriter. Thus he couldn't see how much he had done so might kid himself into doing 12 pages when he only intended to do 10. He didn't

number the pages until he finished, and then he'd number them in pencil.

Going back to "The Book", I don't remember how long it was. It probably was under 70,000, which is considered an average book. He told me what he wanted to do with it -- it was going to revolutionize everything: the world, people's attitudes toward one another. He thought it was somewhat more important, and would have a greater impact upon people, than the Bible.

After I'd read the manuscript, we got to arguing over different titles. I asked him what he wanted to accomplish. He wanted to make changes. He wanted to reach inside people and "coolly" work them over, and he had to have a title that would be attractive. I am the one who suggested "Excalibur", because Excalibur was King Arthur's sword. This had a certain mystical meaning that suited Ron, and so "The Book" became "Excalibur".

As I remember "Excalibur", it started -- in the introduction only -- with a king who got all his wise men together and told them to prepare and bring to him all the wisdom of the world contained in 500 books. In the course of time, they succeeded, and the king was very pleased and said so. Then he told them to go away and cut down these 500 books into 100 books. It took them a bit longer this time, but they did it and came back and insisted all the wisdom of the world was contained in these 100 books. He said, "No, do it over again, and bring it to me in one book."

This was quite a trick, but they did it, and came back some years later and they had, indeed, reduced all the wisdom of the world into one book.

Then he really gave them an assignment. He said, "Now go away and bring to me all the wisdom of the world in one word."

What was the one word? I don't know how many times we argued, Ron and I, to discover what this one word was. It may have been the creative fist, it might have just been the word "be", it might have been the word "survive". I don't think we ever settled it. But the book "Excalibur" (from there on) had to do with survival.

I'll try to remember some of it, chapter by chapter, and to explain why it was so squirmy. For example, he started with the very first life -- the very first cells -- how they struggled for survival -- how they tried to be and be "it" the whole time. In order to do it, gradually thru the ages they associated with other cells, one with another, and they reached the place where they could divide so they would become bigger. This is strictly science as far as it's gone.

After while, this conglomeration of cells that would reach down a stream of warm water, would bend its way back in order to catch some -- it would extend across the stream, or across a little rift or something like that -- and all the time it was gaining more sensitivity and ways of the world in which it finds itself. It finds out that by working together, it can accomplish a great deal more; it can find more to eat -- it can eat more and grow faster. So the idea is to survive and reproduce -- and this is what the early cell does.

He'd begin to picture the ocean and the seas and ponds as having the life cells growing on them like scum. These are ourselves, our beginnings, our own beginnings because in the world we start in this very way.

Away back then, we began to develop motives for things. Now, it is seldom that what we tell somebody our motive is, is the real one -- and

this is where you start to squirm. Somebody will say, "Well, I'd like to do a certain thing." "I would like to do this with you," or something or other, and you look at this person and realize, "I wonder why he's doing this." And you look into yourself and think if you were doing that, what would your motive be and whether you would like it. You think that perhaps he's hiding his real motive and trying to get you to do something because he's giving you to understand that his motive is thus and so because that appeals to your vanity -- and of course this makes you look at yourself to see about this business of vanity -- and why you're likely to do that. All the time, looking at this other person, you can see squirmy things in him. You can see squirmy things in him that make him look like an entity peering at you thru gauze, or around a corner. You don't see all of him. He's like the iceberg that's seven-eighths submerged -- you can't tell anything about him.

As these things are pointed out to you by Ron in the first chapter, or thereabouts, you begin to see that the calls in anybody that you're looking at are all endowed with this ability to survive -- a determination to survive -- and with motives to survive that are sometimes extremely questionable. When you look at a person, the lips may say one thing, the eyes may say something else, or nothing, and the flesh may say something entirely different. Literally, your right hand doesn't know what your left hand is doing. You shake hands, and this is a friendly gesture, but behind your back you may be holding a knife to plunge into him and he may be holding one for you. You can't tell just by looking at people. One of the things Ron intended to do with "Excalibur" was to make it possible to see and look into this.

Other things I remember is Ron's explanation as to why there is so much thing as a crowd -- that a group of people actually still consisted of individuals -- but a crowd could get out of hand and do things other people wouldn't. He showed how that could happen by explaining the relationship of people to each other in the same way that he explained the relation of cells to each other before they were people away back when life was developing into different shapes. He would take two persons, for example, and put them side by side, and show how the two of them were both less and more than one person, and yet each one was an individual. Each individual could think of himself as being individual, but being somewhat "crutches", as it were, or held up by the other person. These two people were very wary of each other, like a couple of hep cats roosters running around waiting to get in a thrust, but they knew that they needed each other, and each one felt that he needed the other more and that he didn't wish to be taken advantage of, and so there was always this pulling and hauling between two people that kept them at razor's edge all the time.

Each one, to some extent, gradually -- a little bit at a time -- gave away some of his sovereignty to the other. In other words, he let the other fellow lean, provided the other fellow would let him lean, and the two people became somewhat less than they would have been if they had stayed apart. The relationship between the two people became something that would really get you.

Then he moved in with these two people a third person -- could be of the same sex -- and you still have all the difficulties, all the problems, and all the squirminess -- the questioning

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Disease--the Friendly Garbage-Collector

By

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Illness Descends on Man to Correct Errors in His Selfish Living Habits

MOST PERSONS look upon disease as either a punishment of God, or a visitation of the Devil—with the latter considered as a definite, malefic entity, which in the Dark Ages was fought by spiritual incantations, and in modern times with material medication. The relation of a physician to the disease has from the beginning of time been that of a soldier to his enemy—a relentless duel between the man and his disease in which medicine furnishes the ammunition of war.

In recent times, there has come into being a famous cult which bases its practice and success on the conviction that disease is a false concept in the human understanding, and should be eliminated from our consciousness.

Here we have the Christian Scientists on one hand and the medical scientists on the other—the two extremes in position with relation to disease. While the Christian Scientist is contrary to the entire tradition of our medical and scientific training, this viewpoint is supported by minds that not only possess native judgment but have the mental capacity to deal successfully with the deepest problems of our nation.

The Scientist treats the patient and ignores the disease. The medical doctor treats the disease and ignores the patient. In either case, the central fact is left out—the fact of abnormal condition in the individual, which in the form of disease, makes it necessary for the individual to seek assistance from someone who is supposed to know what to do.

Now without questioning the value or non-value of the denial theory, we may simply inquire from a strictly scientific standpoint what is the real significance and purpose of the phenomena known as disease?

As no logical mind can class a disease to be a natural procedure of normal psychological processes, it should be ascertained just what brings about such life-threatening and seemingly unneeded-for conditions. For instance, two persons may sit at the same open window, and get into the same draft. Why does one get pneumonia and the other perhaps just an increased appetite?

Would it not seem logical that if the cause had been in the draft itself, the physiological reaction in the two persons who were in it would have been the same? But as it happened, we must conclude that the active cause is in the individual, and not in the occurrence.

This brings us to the point where three distinct elements must be considered: The draft, the individual, and the condition that gave rise to that specific reaction known as disease, or physical disturbance. We must conclude, therefore, that the problem is not in the disease itself, but in the condition underlying it.

Disease is not like a bolt from the blue sky, striking at us without cause or reason, but as inevitable and as law-governed as the thunderstorm discharging itself from the atmospheric tension of a hot summer day. Just as the storm in its very nature generates forces that bring about its own neutralization, so disease, in its very convulsions, releases the forces of health which have been short-circuited by the irregularity and recklessness of the individual prior to his disease, in his attitude to nature and nature's laws. These laws are both mental and physiological. Yet there is a limit to the powers of nature in repairing a broken-down body. The repeated repair work will gradually lead to permanent functional disorders, when the abused physiological engine shall no longer be able to carry on its scheduled work in the system.

Science has proven that emotions of anger, fear, sorrow, etc., generate poisons in the human laboratory. Thought is the controller of emotions. Therefore, our wrong thoughts, working thru the emotions, have caused the fluids of the body to become poisoned or vitiated and thus thrown out of harmonious relation to the normal cellular activity. Thus the mineral element (biochemic elements) cannot use the non-functional oil, albumen, etc., in a manner to produce that harmonious condition which we call health. Worry brings on kidney diseases thru the vagus nerve.

It is a physiological fact that the blood is the basic material of which the human body is continually built. As is the blood, so is the body; as is the body, so is the brain; as is the brain, so is the quality of thought. As a man is built, so does he think.

Marvelous as the body is, we must realize that we are the creator or builder of our own bodies, and that we are responsible for every aspect of its building, and every hour of its care. We alone can select and put together the material provided by the universe for its construction.

Our bodies are completely made over every year by the throwing off of worn-out cells and the formation of new ones. That is going on every minute. Nature will always take care of the making over process, but we are responsible for the plan of construction.

The condition which we call disease may affect different parts of our bodies and in different ways, according to the nature and strain of our vital excesses. It may lead to the congestion of an over-sweetened liver, an over-seasoned kidney, an over-smoked lung, or an over-stimulated heart.

Repair, and quick repair, now becomes the supreme necessity. But the organism is a physiological machine, and no machine can be repaired while it is in action. Hence, the body automatically is put into a perfect physiological rest while it is being repaired by the engineers or mechanics who have in charge the biologic repair work of our organism.

This means that the labors of digestion,