

How to Make ESP Work for You

by Harold Sherman

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Your understanding of yourself, your mind and how it operates, will be greatly expanded when you read:

HOW TO MAKE ESP WORK FOR YOU

by
HAROLD SHERMAN

While much still remains to be discovered about the nature and functioning of Extra Sensory Perception, as Harold Sherman, world renowned lay authority on this subject, is first to admit—enough is now known to set forth certain mental techniques by which interested men and women can, through practice, learn to develop their own extra sensory powers.

Mr. Sherman, in this exciting and revealing volume, has compiled his most outstanding, authenticated MSP experiences of a life-time, and has explained in simple, understandable detail just how he accomplished his own receiving and sending of impressions.

It is Mr. Sherman's conviction that everyone possesses this "sixth sense" in partially developed or undeveloped form and that anyone who faithfully practices the techniques he presents



HAROLD SHERMAN
President and Executive Director
of the
ESP RESEARCH ASSOCIATES
FOUNDATION

should, in time, have some thrilling as well as evidential experiences.

Many men and women who have read and studied other books of Mr. Sherman, such as: "Thoughts Through Space", "TNT - The Power Within You", "Know Your Own Mind", "How to Use the Power of Prayer", "Your Key to Happiness" and "You Live After Death", and thousands of those who have attended Mr. Sherman's lectures, have learned how to depend upon their "intuition" for every-day guidance and protection.

"How To Make ESP Work for You" is regarded as a classic of its kind—the most complete popular coverage of this subject from every standpoint, yet put between book covers.

How To Make ESP Work For You

Harold Sherman

**President and Executive Director
ESP Research Association Foundation**

1964

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Introduction

by Ivan Tors

FOR ANYBODY who refuses to look upon Extra Sensory Perception objectively, Harold Sherman's book should be an eye-opener. I could name hundreds of leading scientists, authors, economists and respected public figures who no longer have any fundamental doubt that Extra Sensory Perception exists.

It is an innate power, but neither well understood nor liberated. There is no law in nature that would contradict it. On the contrary, it is an accepted scientific fact that every living cell is sensitive to a change in its surroundings and no matter how microscopic this cell may be, it is still more complicated than the most advanced radio or television circuit. The reason we are always stressing the importance of our five physical senses is because their use is the most common and most obvious. Extra Sensory Perception is an extension of our intelligence.

Ivan Tors is an independent producer who has brought out 350 TV shows, mostly against scientific backgrounds. Among these have been: *The Man and the Challenge*, *Science Fiction Theatre* and *Sea Hunt*, as well as the motion picture, *Flipper*.

While many of our scientists still refuse to take Extra Sensory Perception seriously, Professor Vasiliev of the University of Leningrad does, and he is conducting research in Mental Cerebral Communication. If Extra Sensory Perception could be understood and reproduced with drugs, hypnosis, or concentration, a great deal of deception could be eliminated because the minds of the leaders of aggressor nations could be monitored and dangerous actions forestalled.

When I met Harold Sherman, I was provided with the living proof that communication can exist between human creatures without the written or spoken word.

In 1959 and 1960, I was engaged in the production of a television series for NBC under the title of *The Man and the Challenge*. The show explored the limits of the human body and mind. One of the subjects I selected to explore was ESP. At that time, however, I was a disbeliever.

For most of my shows I used UCLA scientists as technical advisors; but for ESP studies I had to go elsewhere. A friend of mine, a distinguished author, recommended that I read the book on the Wilkins-Sherman long-distance telepathic experiment, *Thoughts Through Space*. I read the book cover to cover, and was greatly impressed. I had a built-in respect for the pioneering and unprejudiced mind of Sir Hubert Wilkins, and now I wanted to meet Harold Sherman. Our first meeting at the Hollywood-Roosevelt Hotel was a turning point in my life with the result that, today, my most important field of interest is research on physiological long-distance communication.

During our luncheon I tested Mr. Sherman's ability as a receiver of my thoughts. Of course, I didn't tell him about my little game. I willed him silently to start conversation on certain subjects of which I was thinking. His receptivity was incredible. Invariably he picked up the desired subject in his conversation.

Soon after this, a group of my friends and I tested Harold Sherman in a laboratory. The test took place January 18, 1960, in the presence of three medical doctors and Leslie LeCron, psychologist.

Harold Sherman was placed in a small office with the doors closed. He remained there for 30 minutes to jot down his impressions, if any. He was not informed about what we planned to do in another remote office of the laboratory building.

We left Sherman behind **locked** doors and our group proceeded to its location. We closed the door and Leslie LeCron placed me under a light degree of hypnosis. In this light trance, I was asked to relate everything I had done that day.

It was a very unusual **day**—the start of a new film, and I had spent most of the day at sea. We dropped divers from a helicopter into the ocean and picked them up. We strafed a stunt man with machine gun bullets. A new portable air-to-sea communication system was used for the first time. During the filming of this sequence, the machine gun jammed and I had to change the shooting schedule, which made me quite upset.

The next sequence photographed was on a diving boat equipped with a torpedolike object, a portable decompression chamber. At this time I had to take over the direction of the scene as I was the only one present who actually had seen a decompression chamber in operation under emergency conditions, treating a man who had the "bends," and I had to instruct our very able director how to do it correctly.

In the meantime, I ordered one of the seamen to throw a weighted line overboard with a marker to show our position for another scene.

In the next sequence, we had to throw a small explosive charge overboard to signal to the divers with sound repercussions.

While I was talking about these very complicated and technical scenes, of which nobody there but myself could have had any knowledge, one of the doctors purposely inflicted pain upon me. He wanted to see whether Sherman would pick up the pain reaction. At another time they stabbed the back of my hand with a needle and squeezed my right ear.

Thirty minutes later, we opened Harold Sherman's door. He had four pages of notes in front of him. *Eighty per cent* of his notes were correct to a fantastic degree. His notes read:

"Shoes off foot."

"The bends, like a diver. Strange boat **equipment**—human torpedo." (Obviously referring to the decompression chamber sequence.)

"Something wrong with apparatus, shooting schedule changed." (This is exactly what happened when the machine gun jammed.)

“**No, no, not that way, I'll show you! Let me do it!**” (This is what I said to the director when I explained to him how the decompression chamber scene should be staged.)

“**Pain, left ear.**” (Actually the doctor pricked my right ear.)

“**Communication, sea-to-air.**”

“**Divers dropped into ocean and later picked up by helicopter.**” (Exactly what happened.)

“**Stuck—back side.**” (I was stuck on the back side of the hand.)

“**Underwater explosion of some sort—sound repercussion.**” (This obviously referred to our explosive sound signal to call back our divers.)

This was a very significant evening. Sherman had not even known he was to be tested, as he had been asked to sit in on the investigation of a well-known medium **who**, at the last moment, failed to appear due to illness. It was then suggested that Sherman submit to testing in her stead, which he agreed to do. There was no chance for cheating, there was no chance for guessing. Sherman had no way of knowing what had happened to me at sea. I returned from location just in time for the experiment. Sherman did not know anybody in my company or what I was engaged in at that time. A great deal of our shooting was improvised due to weather conditions and other emergencies. Because of a 'flu epidemic I had to shoot around my leading man and change plans **frequently**.

Among Sherman's many correct impressions, three apparently insignificant words that he scribbled on the first page of his notes were the most meaningful. The words were: “**Shoes off foot.**” These three words didn't mean anything to the observers present, as I did not utter any such words while under hypnosis, but they were firmly etched in my unconscious mind as they referred to an incident with certain unpleasant connotations, and I still carried residual bitterness within me.

During our shooting procedure, I had had a little run-in with our director of photography. It was the first time we ever had exchanged harsh words and I didn't feel good about it. He had photographed a scene in which the actor was supposed to wear swim fins instead of shoes. After the scene had been photographed, I noticed the actor had worn tennis shoes. When I confronted the camera director in privacy, he assured me

that the shoes would not be visible in the frame of the film. I did not accept this explanation and asked him to reshoot the sequence, saying that if he were wrong and the shoes did show, it would be too costly to return to the same location for a retake.

He was so sure of himself that he opposed doing this. Nevertheless, I decided to play it safe and ordered him to reshoot the scene. This he did reluctantly, and there was some tension between us. Unfortunately there was no way of determining whether the photographer or I was right until the film was developed and projected later.

The state of tension still was with me during the telepathic experiment that evening. I did not say anything about the "shoes off" incident while under hypnosis: yet Sherman immediately picked it up and jotted it on the first page of his notes. No eavesdropping, no spying, no hidden microphones could have given him the information; only the radiations of my subconscious. In fact, no other people who possibly might have mentioned the incident had come in from our shooting location to the city; nor had there been any witness to my heated talk with the camera director.

Impressed by this, I reanalyzed Sherman's impressions and found that he sensed the things most accurately which emotionally affected me. Machine gun jamming does not matter much. But when I have to change the shooting schedule I am upset, because the operation is thrown off balance and a great deal of expense is involved. For a producer to redirect a scene or to give instructions to a director is not unusual; but when I said to my very fine director: "No, no, not that way!" I was upset because we were on a small boat for that scene and anything I said or did was witnessed by the others.

Emotional changes which create tension have a great deal to do with adrenalin and, since that evening, Sherman and I have believed that adrenalin plays some part in certain psychic activities. The more cases we studied, the more it seemed that the sender was usually in a highly excitable (adrenergic) condition while the receiver was in a more relaxed (cholinergic) condition—whether awake, in the twilight zone of consciousness, or asleep.

In studying the physiology of electric eels scientists have

learned that, when in danger, a flow of adrenalin charges tiny cells—called **electroplasts**—in the muscle tissue, thus creating an electric charge up to 600 volts. The shock often badly shocks or kills any attacker.

What about man? Isn't it possible that when he is in danger, or in an excited state, the flow of adrenalin overcharges the nervous system and the surplus energy emits waves carrying a message of alarm from sender to receiver? Sherman and I are in the process of research into this hypothesis.

It is interesting to note that Sherman and I never have lost our Extra Sensory contact. Many times when I have been ill he has called me on the phone and told me that he felt uneasy about me. His impression always has been correct. What's more, he has known the nature of my illness.

I am constantly impressed by the humility with which Sherman accepts his unusual gift, and the fact that he uses it unselfishly to aid research, to give help to others, and to search for a better understanding of still-unexplained laws of nature.

CHAPTER I

The Evidence in Support of Extra Sensory Perception

HAVE YOU EVER had a premonition that something was going to **happen**—and it *did*?

Have you suddenly thought of someone whom you have not had in mind for months or years, only to get a letter or a phone call from that person, or to run into him at an unexpected time and place?

Have you received impressions about people which turned out to be correct?

Have you had a strong urge to do or not to do something, and followed your urge, later **finding** out that subsequent events proved your urge was right?

Have you had a vivid dream or vision of some event which later came to pass?

Have you ever thought you saw an apparition or **ghost**—the form of someone living but not present, or of someone dead?

Have you had the sensation of leaving your body and visiting a distant place, returning with what seemed to be a clear or vague memory of such a visit?

Have you ever thought you heard the voice of a departed

loved one, giving you a word of warning or giving some assurance that he still lived?

Have you felt the invisible presence of some intelligence, known or unknown to you?

If any of these experiences have been yours, it is possible that you have had a manifestation of what is today called *Extra Sensory Perception*. This definitive phrase was originated by Dr. J. B. Rhine, head of the Parapsychology Department of Duke University, and world-famous pioneer investigator of what were formerly called "psychic phenomena." Through the years, however, the word psychic had come to mean so many different things, had been misused and brought into such disrepute by fake mediums, fortune tellers and like charlatans, that it no longer commanded respect among scientists and thinking people.

Perhaps you have sought to conceal any Extra Sensory experiences you may have had, for fear friends and acquaintances might classify you as a bit "touched in the head." But since the term *Extra Sensory Perception* now has been widely accepted as applying to all phenomena occurring beyond the reach of the five physical senses, you need have no reluctance toward ascribing your unusual experiences to it.

I well recall my own first adventure with these extended faculties of **mind**—a dramatic experience which proved conclusively to me the existence of telepathy.

"Don't turn on the light!"

I was in my room on the second floor of our family home in Traverse City, Michigan, in the year 1915. This room faced west, the sun was setting, it was growing dark. I was at my typewriter, and I got up as I had done hundreds of times before, to turn on the electric light.

As I reached for the switch, a voice in my inner ear, not a voice that I heard externally, said: "*Don't turn on the light!*"

This was such an unexpected and such an eerie command that I hesitated, wondering why I should get such an impression. Unable to go against this impulse, I returned to my desk and typed for perhaps ten minutes longer, till it grew so dark that I just *had* to turn on the light.

But once more, as I fixed my attention on the electric light

bulb, with my hand on the switch, the voice within repeated its warning: "*Don't turn on the light!*"

At almost the same instant, someone ran up to the porch downstairs and began banging the door and ringing the bell. I went downstairs without turning on the light and was confronted by a linesman, who said: "Don't turn on the light! There's a high voltage wire down across your line outside!"

Young man that I was, I realized that in some way I could not explain, as I had concentrated on the act of turning on the light, I had tuned in on the mind of the linesman. In the past ten minutes he had been running to several homes to warn people not to turn on their lights, and in that period of time, his emotionalized thoughts had reached my own mind, in advance of his physical arrival!

The evidence was too specific for this happening to be attributed to chance or coincidence. If, I reasoned, I have been able to pick up this thought impression, it proves that thought transference is not only possible, but that one should be able to repeat it at will, once sufficient knowledge of the processes involved is gained.

This realization started me on what became a lifetime quest—an unceasing desire to discover all I could concerning the mysteries of the mind and to bring mind power under conscious control or direction.

I first went to the library to see what literature I could unearth that might throw light on what had happened to me. But, in those early days, there was little of an authoritative nature. I did, however, come upon one remarkable book which still stands up today as a classic in its field. It was Thomas Jay Hudson's *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*. This man's knowledge of the functioning of mind and the nature of the Subconscious was far ahead of his time.

Because dependable, demonstrable knowledge of these Extra Sensory faculties was so generally lacking, I decided that I would have to make a guinea pig of myself, so to speak, and do my own research and experimenting.

In my search, as the years passed, it became increasingly obvious that innumerable worlds and planes of *being* exist beyond the reach of our five physical senses, and that our in-

ability to perceive them is no proof that they are not there. Nor could I depend upon my physical senses to report to me the whole truth about anything. Seeing was no longer believing. A chair, which had once seemed to me to be absolutely solid, was actually composed of billions of moving atoms, continually whirling in their orbits. And I learned that there were spaces between these atoms comparable to the distances between stars in their orbits, so that the old physics statement that two objects could not occupy the same area at the same time could no longer be termed true.

I observed that other forms of life have sensory capacities which are much more sensitive in certain areas than those of humans. For example, dogs can hear and respond to the sounds of a whistle, the vibrations of which will not register in the human ear. Birds can sing in a range of sound beyond reach of our hearing; animals have a sense of smell so keen they can detect the presence of an enemy incredible distances away; the bushman of Australia, still depending upon his animal "instincts," has demonstrated his ability to be aware of the approach of hunters or explorers several days before their arrival.

Now doctors and psychiatrists have discovered that sounds we do not hear have profound vibratory effects upon our nervous systems. We are constantly being influenced by forces that are invisible to us and of which we are not consciously aware. The human eye can see only a limited band of color, yet science now knows that an almost infinite range of color combinations exists which we are totally incapable of perceiving. It has taken the development of the telescope, microscope and X ray to reveal to us how little we actually know about the universe without us and within us.

We are reminded continually that the air around us is filled with radio and television vibrations, unseen and unheard by us, until we bring them into the range of our sight and hearing by reconvertng them back into sounds and images through mechanical means. We are now told that man's body, itself, is a transmitting and receiving instrument, and science recently suggested the possibility that each body cell contains not only an identity in specific function, but also is a recorder of everything that

happens to it. It is therefore conceivable that an intelligence beyond our comprehension pervades all forms of life, from the infinitesimally small to the infinitely large.

Man in the mighty universe

Scientists are asking: Where does the material from which we are made, come from? They have evidence that matter simply **appears**—it is *created*. At one moment different atoms comprising the material do not exist; and, at a later time, they *do!*

Astronomers pretty well agree that creation is continually going on. They estimate that, in the observable universe alone, what might be termed "new matter" is being created at the rate of a hundred million, million, million, million, million *tons per second!* This stupendous creativity implies the existence of an expanding universe in which new galaxies are constantly being formed!

Today it is an accepted fact that we exist in a universe which contains hundreds of billions of stars, each star a sun, in most cases far mightier than our own! Around these suns revolve countless planets and many may contain intelligent life comparable to our own, or higher forms of evolution beyond our remotest comprehension. In the face of this knowledge, we must concede that we are still but in the kindergarten of a vast universe school of life expression and development! The mind of man only recently began to be aware of such cosmic events and to seek its place in the creative scheme of things.

It is significant that, from earliest recorded time, all concepts of God have come about through belief in the supernatural. What primitive man was not able to explain in the workings of Nature, he attributed to a mysterious power far greater than he. To appease this power and to seek its favor, he offered sacrifices of his prize possessions, even members of his own species. He also established worshipful rituals and ceremonies, and prostrated himself, with many lamentations and confessions of his sinful shortcomings, in the hope of escaping vengeance.

Gradually these crude superstitious attempts grew into religious cults, presided over by witch doctors who became the early priests. Superstition and mythology then combined to

pass down to succeeding generations concepts born of fear and ignorance, the remnants of which are still found in the "hell and damnation" of some of our religions today.

Intermingled, however, with dogmas and creeds in these various religions—so-called pagan and Christian—have been accounts of apparent supernatural happenings: risen Saviors; the healing of lepers; raisings from the dead; the appearance of angels; the voice of God; the translation of saintlike individuals; dreams and visions purported to be of divine origin; physical miracles such as the changing of water into wine and the multiplying of loaves of bread; and, here and there, evidences of true spiritual inspiration.

Without this belief in the metaphysical, whether based originally on genuine phenomena or not, no religion ever would have been formed. It would seem, therefore, that in this modern day, when science is blasting superstition and ignorance out of existence, all followers of all religions should be concerning themselves with proving the *reality* of the spiritual powers which they profess to believe.

Such proof can be found only in and through the manifestation of what is now called Extra Sensory Perceptive faculties in man. If these powers actually do exist—and the evidence that they do exist is overwhelming—then their study and development by science is the most important exploration that can be engaged in upon this planet. It far overshadows the value of all investigations we can make of outer space and other worlds. It provides the answer to man's problems ON EARTH, to his real nature and his relationship to his Creator.

But where do we stand at present, as concerns this knowledge? What has been done and what remains to be done to gain a reliable comprehension of these higher powers and the way to make practical use of them?

How ESP investigation began

Genuine scientific investigation of psychic phenomena was not undertaken until less than a hundred years ago. In the year 1882, a group of Cambridge men founded the English Society for Psychical Research. In France, the *Institut Metapsychique International* was formed, with a similar objective—to examine

the evidence of occult happenings and to try to determine the nature and origin of such manifestations.

Both organizations encountered intense opposition from nineteenth century skeptics and scoffers who poked both criticism and fun at them for "dabbling in spooks." Not long after, the American Society for Psychical Research was established—and all three groups have been active ever since, contributing immeasurably to the now rapidly expanding knowledge of mind and its Extra Sensory potentialities.

Many notable investigators have served these psychic research societies in all three countries—men of science who courageously placed their reputations on the line in giving support to this new science of the mind at a time when public acceptance of such phenomena was almost nil. The occurrence of so-called supernatural happenings was not denied so much as it was interpreted as the work of the Devil. This despite the fact that all religions had been based upon belief in spiritual revelations and divine guidance.

Then, to add to the confusion and encourage the opposition, many magicians and charlatans purported to perform genuine psychic phenomena when it was out-and-out fakery and trickery. Under these conditions it was not surprising that an uninformed, often hoodwinked and inexperienced public should have scoffed at the existence of extended mental faculties. It was all the more difficult for men of science, men of unimpeachable character, to place this field of exploration upon a foundation of authority and respectability.

Among those who have made distinguished contributions to the present knowledge of Extra Sensory Perception are:

From England—Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Lord Balfour, Lord Haldane, Professor H. H. Price, Professor F. W. H. Myers, Professor C. D. Broad, Henry Sidgwick, J. W. Dunne, S. G. Soule, S. H. Saltmarsh, Edmund Gurney, Theodore Besterman, G. N. M. Tyrrell, Whatley Carington.

From France—Camille Flammarion, Dr. Charles Richet, Dr. Alexis Carrell, Dr. Eugene Osty.

From the United States—Professor William James, Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, Dr. Morton Prince, Dr. James

Hyslop, Dr. Hereward Carrington, Upton Sinclair, Professor William MacDougal, Dr. J. B. Rhine, Dr. Gardner Murphy.

Many books have been written on the work of these investigators, and thousands of case histories have been examined and evaluated. The reports of the psychical research journals and bulletins also contain voluminous information on proceedings and are obtainable in libraries in many cities.

It is not my purpose in this book to provide an encyclopedia of past investigative work, however important it has been. Rather I will treat the subject from the point of view of my own experiences and experiments, what they have revealed to me, and how you may gain like results.

During the course of my life I have had a wide variety of authenticated Extra Sensory experiences, some consciously induced and others unsought—all because I have spent years endeavoring to develop a greater sensitivity of mind and have been open and receptive to impressions which might come to me from beyond the five physical senses.

Thoughts that traveled thousands of miles

In the fall of 1937 and the spring of 1938, the opportunity was provided for me to test such powers through a series of experiments in long-distance telepathy with the Arctic explorer Sir Hubert Wilkins.

At that time, Sir Hubert had been assigned by the Soviet government to outfit an expedition and to fly north from New York City, in search of a crew of lost Soviet airmen who had been trying to fly nonstop from the Soviet Union, over the North Pole, to the United States. This plane had been forced down some 200 miles this side of the Pole. Its radio had gone dead, and the Russians, thinking the fliers still might be alive in the Arctic wastes, had instituted a search for them.

I had met Sir Hubert as a co-member of the City Club, and he had told me of different unexplainable premonitions he had had throughout his life, stating his conviction that: "The greatest unexplored area yet left to man is the area of his own mind."

This mutuality of interest led to the idea of the telepathic

experiment. Sir Hubert suggested that he would keep "mental appointments" with me three nights a week, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, from 11:30 to midnight, Eastern Standard Time, and that he would synchronize this difference in time as he flew farther north.

He would be the sender. Acting as the receiver, I was to sit quietly in my study, at the times designated, and make my mind receptive by a technique I had developed through years of private experimentation. I would record such impressions as came to me.

It was thought wise to arrange for unbiased observation of my recordings. Dr. Gardner Murphy, then head of the Parapsychology Department of Columbia University, agreed to witness my material. Since the tests were not being conducted in a laboratory, he could not evaluate them as a whole, but, when the five and a half months' series of tests was concluded, Dr. Murphy testified by affidavit that I had "methodically sent to him, each night, by mail (protected by government postmark), copies of all impressions I had received." Other witnesses to these experiments were Dr. A. E. Strath-Gordon, brain surgeon with the British government during the First World War, and authority on Extra Sensory Perception; Dr. Henry S. W. Hardwicke, Research Officer for the Psychic Research Society of New York; Reginald Iversen, Chief Short-Wave Radio Operator for *The New York Times*, and Sam Emery, lay member of the City Club.

When the experiments were concluded, and checked against Wilkins' diary and log, it was found that of the hundreds of impressions recorded during the test period, some 70 per cent of them were correct.

The testimony of Reginald Iversen is worthy of repetition here. He said in his affidavit, reproduced in the book *Thoughts Through Space*:

This is to certify that I, Reginald Iversen, Radio Operator for *The New York Times*, was in contact with Harold Sherman, off and on, during the period of his telepathic tests with Sir Hubert Wilkins. It had been thought that some of Sherman's impressions could be checked by short wave with Wilkins and thus expedite the report

on the tests, but magnetic and sunspot conditions were so bad during this entire time that I was unable to communicate with Sir Hubert Wilkins except on a comparatively few occasions.

One Monday evening, February 21, 1938, my wife and I visited Harold Sherman in his home and were present in his study at 380 Riverside Drive, New York City, when he was receiving impressions from Sir Hubert Wilkins, and, at that time, Mr. Sherman recorded the impression that Sir Hubert Wilkins was trying to get some messages through to me by short-wave radio. I was dubious that this was so, because Wilkins knew that the next two days, Tuesday and Wednesday, were my regular days off duty at the *Times*, and he rarely tried to contact me when he was certain that I was not on the job.

But I learned the following morning that those messages had been received the night before by our night operator at the *Times*, who had tried to reach me by phone, and that the messages contained additional information which Harold Sherman had also telepathically received and recorded in my presence.

At no time during this period of six months did Harold Sherman ever seek such information as I might have known concerning Sir Hubert Wilkins and his activities in the Far North. In fact, despite my skepticism, as it turned out, Sherman actually had a more accurate telepathic knowledge of what was happening to Wilkins in his search for the lost Russian fliers than I was able to gain in my ineffective attempts to keep in touch by short-wave radio.

Since these tests, which were considered pioneering in their day, scientific as well as lay interest in Extra Sensory Perception has been constantly increasing. Today, radio and television programs have been devoted to dramatizations of authenticated cases, and parapsychology laboratories throughout the world are conducting experiments. Many books and articles have been written covering various phases of mental phenomena as related to such fields as physiology, physics, chemistry, biology, neurology, psychology, psychiatry and medicine.

A study of the mind of man is, at last, beginning to get the attention it has long deserved.

The fact that man ultimately finds no permanent security and satisfaction in worldly achievements and the mere attainment of power and riches, indicates that his five physical senses are not adequate to meet the experiences of his world. Could man activate, develop and use the Extra Sensory Perceptive faculties he possesses, he would then discover his relationship to a Higher Power, and would receive the guidance and the wisdom he needs to live peacefully with himself and his fellow man.

Every human being can live closer to the Higher Power

Great thinkers have left their marks upon civilization, contributing ideas and enlightenment which have continued to serve mankind. Such minds have been illumined from within, as all minds could be illumined, in accordance with their degrees of intelligence, once attuned to this Higher Power.

Followers of spiritual leaders such as Zoroaster, Lao-tse, Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, Moses, Christ and others, have been led to believe that they cannot individually attain the inspired enlightenment and nature of their teachers. This feeling of disparity between the leader and his followers has been a most tragic deterrent to spiritual development and advancement.

Most of these followers do not believe that they are endowed with the same God-given powers as their teachers. Could they realize that they actually do possess the same potentiality for spiritual development, millions upon millions of human beings would find released, in and through them, a Higher Power that would raise immeasurably the quality and character of human life on this earth!

Happily, there are now indications that some modern spiritual leaders are beginning to stress the importance of self-knowledge, and the need for the individual to give thought to his own inner development.

Atomic scientists have created a Frankenstein which they fear, once out-of-hand, can destroy all life on this planet. So we see that man is equipped, through the creativity of his own mind, with weapons of total destructive power. He lacks, as

yet, the mass awareness and development of the one power that can save him from himself.

Those who understand the laws of mind know this to be true because, in the realm of mind, LIKE ALWAYS ATTRACTS LIKE. Reduced to one emphatic statement: HATE ALWAYS ATTRACTS HATE, AND LOVE ALWAYS ATTRACTS LOVE. Every spiritual leader throughout all time has declared the power of love and warned against the exercise of hate. As human creatures we have refused to take these admonitions to heart. Were this not so, the world, centuries ago, would have become a harmonious abode for all life upon it.

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter One:

- At some time in your life, probably many times, you almost certainly used your Extra Sensory Perception. It happens, for instance, when you have a hunch, when you feel strongly guided to do something or not to do it, or when you feel you are being visited by someone not physically present.*
- There seems no doubt that we have perceptions beyond the five physical senses—sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell. Science shows us our bodies have more space in them than solid matter, being made of atoms, and that in reality we and everything else is made of vibrations. Perhaps, then, our bodies can respond to other vibrations not perceived by our physical senses.*
- ESP probably accounts for the origins of religion. It has been a complete mystery until recently and much of the mystery remains although scientific methods have been applied to ESP during the past 100 years. A carefully controlled experiment appears to show that thoughts can travel through thousands of miles from mind to mind.*
- Our thoughts make us what we are. There is a great law of mind: Like attracts like. Thus love attracts love, hate attracts hate.*

CHAPTER II

How to Know **Your Own Mind**

IN MY TALKS on mind power, particularly to luncheon clubs such as the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Optimists, Exchange and the like, I often request a show of hands in answer to this question:

"How many of you know enough about the mechanics of your car motor to be able to fix it, if some little thing goes wrong on the road, so you can get on to a service station for repairs?"

Approximately sixty per cent of the members will raise their hands in prideful testimony to their own mechanical knowledge.

Then, having prepared the bait, I spring the trap:

"That's fine, gentlemen. Now let me ask you another question. You are each walking around with the most wonderful, sensitized instrument in the world inside your **head**—**your own mind**—**upon** which you have relied for everything that you have accomplished to date. Not only **that**, but your whole future happiness and success is likewise dependent upon the functioning of your mind. This being true, how many of you can tell me *how your mind operates?*"

Not one hand ever has gone up, from coast to coast!

In the thoughtful silence that follows, I then add:

"Don't you think it about time that you devoted a few minutes a day to the business of getting to know your own mind so that you can learn to operate it more efficiently? *How you think* basically determines not only what you are but how you are, how others react to you, how you react to them, and what constitutes the real values in life and living!"

The impact of this statement is always considerable. There is an expressed interest in obtaining this knowledge of self.

Unfortunately, authoritative information on the demonstrable mechanics of mind is not readily available in understandable, applicable form.

You can buy books on how to plant a garden, how to raise children, how to get along with a mother-in-law, how to play bridge, and how to do a jillion and one things, but *How to deal with the mechanics of your own mind* is a subject that you have, somehow, been left to discover for yourself on a trial and error basis.

Whenever you have had unexpected and spontaneous evidence of the breakthrough of Extra Sensory impressions, you have either decided such happenings were due to chance or coincidence; or you have been awed and mystified, perhaps just a bit fearful of the phenomena. Whatever your reaction, unless you possess an unusual degree of developed or naturally endowed *sensitivity*, you have doubtless kept these "psychic" occurrences pretty much to yourself, or confided them only to friends or loved ones whom you felt would understand. It is also probable that you haven't known how to proceed in the handling of these powers.

Not too many writers on the subject of Extra Sensory Perception have undertaken to explain the operation of the mind or to present practical, workable techniques designed to enable individuals to gain conscious control and direction of their higher powers.

To attempt to do so is to assume a serious responsibility because the pitfalls as well as the advantages must be clearly pointed out. But we have had so much misinformation that many interested men and women have been misled and have gone off the deep end mentally, developing self-delusion and hallucinations rather than the acquirement of genuine phe-

nomena. For this reason, an urgent need exists for some reliable instruction on using Extra Sensory faculties.

Let me say at the outset, however, that there is much we do not yet know about these higher powers of mind. That is why the exploration is so challenging and gives promise of such fruitful results as we proceed with caution into the Unknown.

I believe that the methods I have used and the experiences I have had can serve as a safe guidepost to you. I propose to confess freely, at all times, what I feel I have not proved or demonstrated in my own research and experimentation. When I am speculating, you will know it; when I have my doubts, you will know it. But when I tell you that you can expect results if you faithfully practice certain techniques of thinking that I suggest, you can pretty well count on your developing the ability to have a similar experience. The technique that has worked for ME should also work for YOU!

When I started my experimentation, as a young man, I decided to work, if possible, with people of my own age. There were two reasons for this. One was that few older persons in that day would have taken such proposed experimentation seriously, and the other was that youth is usually more open-minded, receptive to new ideas, and willing to try almost anything if there is an element of physical or mental adventure in it. Even so, I had to choose my co-experimenters carefully to avoid being laughed at.

When the court-house clock struck TWO

When I read extracts from the book by Thomas Jay Hudson to a high school friend named Homer, and told him of my experience with the electric light linesman, he volunteered to try telepathy with me. Since Hudson had stated that it was easier to transmit a thought to a person when he was asleep and the conscious mind at rest, Homer suggested: "Why don't you try to send me a thought some night while *I'm* asleep, and wake me up at a certain time? I happen to be a sound sleeper and I seldom wake up for anything."

This simple experiment appealed to me but I told Homer I would not attempt it immediately because I felt he would be anticipating it too strongly and this might interfere with pos-

sible results. Homer said he would forget about it until and if something happened. He lived on the other side of town from me, and while we attended the same school, I did not see him again until after the experiment was tried.

On the third night following our agreement, I sat in my bedroom about ten o'clock at night, at a time when Homer had said he was usually at home and asleep. I could look out the window at the night sky and see the face of the clock on the court-house dome two blocks away. Before me, on my lap, was a copy of the High School Annual, turned to a page which showed Homer's photograph. I felt, somehow, that if I could be aided in visualizing Homer's features in my mind's eye while I addressed him vocally as well as mentally, that this would assist me in the transmission. This was solely my idea. I looked at Homer's picture till I could shut my eyes and see his image in my mind's eye. Then, fixing my attention upon him, I spoke, putting all the feeling I could behind my words.

"Homer, this is Harold. You are going to awaken exactly at two o'clock this morning and think of me as you hear the town clock striking two!"

I kept on repeating this statement for about fifteen minutes, sometimes opening my eyes and gazing out the window at the town clock and picturing the hands pointing to 2 A.M., and then closing my eyes and retaining in my mind this visualized image which I then *willed* to Homer.

I felt myself to be under quite an emotional strain, as though some energy was going out from me and was not being received. These are feelings **difficult** to describe. It was almost as though I had made contact with Homer's Subconscious Mind and had been repulsed. This caused me to try even harder to get through to him.

All of a sudden there came over me a feeling of great mental relief, as though the message I had been sending had finally found lodgment in Homer's mind. Instantly, I discontinued the attempted transmission and went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning, I was awakened at seven o'clock by the ringing of the telephone and sensed instantly who it was.

"Hello, Homer! Did it work?" I greeted.

"Did it work!" said Homer excitedly. "What time did you try to wake me up?"

"Just as the town clock was striking two!" I said.

"That's it!" cried Homer. "But don't ever do it again! I came to, wide awake. I could feel your presence in the room and it seemed like you had touched me on the forehead. I heard the town clock strike. It was uncanny. I had to get up and turn on the light before I could get rid of the feeling that you were right there with me! . . . Gosh! There's something to this **all right**—but it's too scary for me!"

If Homer was startled by this experience, I was equally so. As I tried to think through what had happened, it raised a number of questions.

Since I had concentrated on Homer shortly after ten P.M. he must have received my thoughts at that time. Had I then performed what might be termed "post-telepathic suggestion" which caused Homer to be awakened at the time designated?

I, myself, had slept through the striking of the town clock. Had my Subconscious Mind at the appointed time, however, taken some action which aroused Homer? Had some energy gone out from me at the two o'clock hour which had given Homer the impression that I had actually touched him and might even be present in his room? I knew nothing about astral projection in those days or I might have speculated, from Homer's report, on the possibility that I had left my physical body and paid him a visit, without any conscious awareness of such a happening! Whatever the correct explanation may have been, there was absolutely no question as to the success of the experiment.

In later years, with considerable experience behind me, I came to realize that I had stumbled upon a most effective method for transmitting a message. It helps tremendously to hold in mind the mental image of the individual to whom you are sending. By looking at a full-face photograph of **Homer**, I felt that I was in direct contact with him and that time and distance had been annihilated. It was as though a circuit had been closed between us as I looked into his eyes and repeated my message again and again. Had Homer been awake, he still might have received my thoughts in his Subconscious; but if his Conscious Mind had been concentrating on something else, it is doubtful if my thoughts, so received, would have been acted upon.

You will remember that when I received the impression from the mind of the linesman, not to turn on the light, my entire attention was fixed upon the light at that moment, and the conditions for reception were ideal. In addition, the linesman was emotionally aroused and I now was convinced that this had been a powerful factor in the successful transmission. Obviously the situation with Homer was not of the kind to arouse in me a feeling of extreme urgency. I could only put behind my sending a strong desire that he receive my communication. You can well imagine, however, that I was greatly heartened with the result and eager to find other subjects willing to conduct tests with me.

Lovers make up—by telepathy

Some months later, a girl named Persis, who lived on our block, and to whom I had confided my belief in telepathy, called on me to ask my mental help. She said:

"Harold, I just learned that my boy friend is home on leave from the Navy. He is in the country visiting his folks. They have no telephone and I wouldn't get in touch with him anyway, because Yunker and I have had a falling out. However, I'd really like to make up if he would phone and want to see me. Now, if there is anything to telepathy, here's your chance to prove it. Send Yunker the message to phone me and make a date for us to get together tomorrow night, Sunday. You'll make a believer out of me if he does!"

Persis had called me with this request on Saturday evening. I told her that this sounded like a tough assignment, especially since she and Yunker had broken off, but that I would see what I could do.

I waited until late that night until I was reasonably certain that Yunker was in bed and asleep. Again I got out the old High School Annual and looked up a picture of Yunker, which I gazed upon until I could see him clearly in my mind's eye. Then I said to him, speaking aloud: "Yunker, you want to see Persis and she wants to see you. Phone her tomorrow and ask for a date tomorrow night around seven-thirty!"

As I had done in the test with Homer, I kept on repeating this message until there came over me the feeling that it had been received. It took well over half an hour before I obtained

this inner assurance. I seemed to have encountered quite a strong resistance. But, once I sensed the feeling of relief, I stopped my sending.

The next day, Sunday, an excited Persis phoned to say that Yunker had just called.

"He asked to see you around seven-thirty tonight, didn't he?" I said to her.

"That's the exact time," Persis confirmed. "I don't understand how this is done but I think it is wonderful!"

She had nothing on me! I didn't know how it was done, either. All I knew was that I had concentrated as described, and in two instances, two different young men, in a sleep state, had apparently received my thoughts and had acted upon them, on awakening. These had been simple little experiments but to me, a novice, they seemed to be most significant. They whetted my appetite for more study of these mysterious powers of mind.

Radio was just coming into wide usage and this led me to wonder whether a "mental ether" existed in which thought waves traveled somewhat akin to radio waves. Was there a vast network of minds with which each human creature was identified on Subconscious levels? And was each individual actually, without realizing it, a transmitter and a receiver?

Were telepathy valid, then it appeared that myriad thoughts were being exchanged between minds at all times; and that people were being influenced, one way or another, usually without any conscious awareness of it or any developed ability to identify the different sources of this influence.

A whole new world of mental possibilities opened up before me, as frightening as it was thrilling. I could see great dangers as well as great benefits to be derived through development of these higher powers of mind. I reflected that every invention of man, depending upon how it was used, could result in either good or evil. However, the fact that destructive use might be made of any of man's creations had not kept him from creating.

Fortunately for me, I was interested in athletics. Otherwise, I believe I would have gone overboard in my delvings into what was then called "psychic phenomena." It could easily

have unbalanced me. I have since had impressed upon me the *absolute necessity* of maintaining one's mental and emotional stability, and seeing to it that one possesses a sound mind in a sound body as a protection against any and all influences that might not be desirable.

Confronted as I was with the proof of mind power beyond the reach of the five physical senses, I realized at the same time how woefully inadequate was my knowledge of the functioning of mind. I felt that if I could obtain an over-all grasp of the operation of mind, it would lead to better and better conscious control of every phase of my being; and this, in turn, would help me cope intelligently with the elusive Extra Sensory faculties, and perhaps eventually bring them under some degree of induction and direction.

Once having reached this decision, I found myself embarked on what turned out to be a lifelong quest. The challenge of the unknown in the realm of mind is still before me. The progress has been slow, often disheartening, sometimes disillusioning, but always with enough intriguing results to be inspiring.

Today I am able to set forth, in simple terminology, the mechanics of your mind. You can prove these mechanics for yourself by testing them out in your own life. They cover essentially the entire range of your mind's operation. You may or may not be already familiar with some of these facts but it is well to review them before you enter upon the adventure of serious Extra Sensory exploration.

For convenience and ready understanding, I am dividing the mind into seven distinct levels in the order of their depth in consciousness. Your first level is:

1—YOUR CONSCIOUS LEVEL

This is the area in which your Conscious Mind operates. This part of your mind is limited **entirely** by the functioning of your five physical senses. It is the mind with which you contact the external world in which you live. It is your reasoning, guessing, wondering, calculating, assimilating mind. It pours into your Subconscious Mind a constant stream of mental images of everything that happens to you, together with the feelings that these happenings have aroused.

2—YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS BODY CONTROL LEVEL

This is the area wherein exists the intelligence that controls and directs the general functioning of all organs of your body, such as your heart, **lungs**, stomach, kidneys, and the like. This control is exercised, as you know, without your having to give conscious thought to it. But your fears and worries and hates, and other destructive emotions, can upset this control by the Subconscious.

3—YOUR MEMORY LEVEL

This area of your Subconscious is the storehouse for all impressions of your outer world experiences which have been received through one or more of your five physical senses. These impressions exist in the form of mental pictures. Associated with each picture is the feeling you had at the time—**good** or bad. These memories ordinarily can be drawn upon, as needed, on the demand of your Conscious Mind.

4—YOUR CREATIVE POWER LEVEL

This is what may be termed an electromagnetic area which reacts instantly to your strongly felt desires or fears, and sets up a power of attraction to draw to you whatever you have been picturing, using these pictures as a builder would employ a blueprint. If your thinking is right, this creative power will go to work to help attract to you the conditions, circumstances, resources, opportunities, even the people you need to meet, to bring you the things in life you most desire.

5—YOUR HEALING POWER LEVEL

This is the level which contains what I call the life energy. When you are sick or injured, this reserve re-creative energy goes into action, permeating every cell of your body and doing a revitalizing job. You call upon this energy when you pray for or mentally picture restored health.

6—YOUR INTUITIVE LEVEL

This level of mind contains your Extra Sensory Perceptive faculties. These faculties are not limited by time or space or the area of the physical body, as are your five physical senses. They function through your Con-

scious level in the form of what ordinarily is referred to as your Intuition. You are often guided and protected in your everyday life by the fusing of these impressions with the thinking of your Conscious Mind.

7— YOUR COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS LEVEL

This is the highest level of consciousness and lies most deeply within you. It is your link with the Infinite. Through it you can sense, at times, the possibility of existence beyond the physical body. When you learn to relax your physical body, make your Conscious Mind passive, and turn the attention inward toward the center of your *being*, you can then, in this inner stillness, make contact with what can only be described as the God Presence or God Consciousness. This is the level from which all true illumination and inspiration comes, to which all genuine spiritual leaders and mystics have attuned.

To help you visualize the relative position of your ego, your identity, your soul — that something which says, "I am I" to you — picture your entity as existing in the center of a circle. Surrounding this Self are the seven levels of consciousness. The outermost band, or level, begins with your Conscious level, and each level thereafter extends inward toward the center or ego, in the order given. Of course this is not the actual arrangement of mind but it is difficult to picture consciousness in a way to give you an understanding of its related areas of operation. We know that such areas do exist and do function, and this is the all-important fact.

Your *Real Self*, at the center of *being*, is an *observer* as well as an *activator*. It has access to all of these seven levels at all times, according to its needs and desires. You are apparently the indweller of a body form which has been given all the equipment and instrumentation you require to experience life in the environment of this planet. Possessed of the power of free will and free choice, it is up to you to make the best of the material and the forces with which you have been endowed. But few human creatures have as yet even begun to tap the potential of their full inner resources, or to organize effectively their various mental faculties and sensory capacities.

Each of us is a universe unto himself, a minute part of an unthinkably vast Great Intelligence, and each of us is individually evolved to the point of self-conscious awareness of our identity. We bear an incomprehensible relationship to this Higher Power which is within us, and about us, and which seemingly permeates everything animate and inanimate. Religionists call this power GOD; scientists call it ENERGY. Actually, there are no words in any language remotely adequate to describe it.

Such thoughts obsessed me when I was a young man, and I felt at that time a great awesomeness and a great loneliness—a desolate feeling that I never could cope with the immensity and the profoundness of it all. But with the passage of time and the little wisdom that has come through the years of maturing experiences, there has developed in me a deep, ever-flowing well of *knowingness*, the feeling that I have an eternity in which to seek and to find the answers which my soul craves.

If, through what I say in these pages, there can come to you as there has to me, this lasting inner assurance, then I shall have been paid in full. This is the knowledge that all human creatures, throughout all time, have been blindly seeking. It is the knowledge which will be revealed only through development of Self and the Extra Sensory faculties which are related to planes of *being* beyond the physical limitations of sense, and which can lead all men eventually to a conscious attunement with their Creator.

But what we need here and now is that knowledge of Self which can enable us to face life successfully where we are. I could make little progress in my own development until I learned fundamental facts about the operation of the mind. Here they are:

You think basically in mental pictures and not in words! Everything that happens to you takes the form of a mental picture in your memory. Recorded with it is the feeling or emotional reaction you had at the time. If what happened aroused feelings of fear or hate, these impressions are now a part of your inner consciousness.

Just because an event is past is no indication that it no longer has any effect upon you. The experiences of an entire lifetime, up to the present moment, are still alive in another form in your memory stream. If this were not so, you could not recall them at will or be mentally or emotionally disturbed upon remembrance of some unhappy occurrence, or fear the recurrence of some tragic or regretted happening.

It is impossible to escape the ultimate results of your past thinking, good or bad. This is because, as I have stated, like attracts like in the realm of mind. You are influenced not only by how you have reacted, mentally and emotionally, to past experiences, but by the nature of your desires and aspirations, as well as your fears and hates. This is due to the fact that your Creative Power of Mind is designed to reproduce for you, in your outer life, whatever you picture.

Remember, this Creative Power has **no** capacity for reasoning. It follows infallibly the dictates of your Conscious Mind, accepting all mental pictures and the feelings associated with them, as **though** they were blueprints for reproduction in your outer world. You, in your conscious field of expression, by the exercise of your reason and your will, represent the only force that can change or eliminate these pictures and thus checkmate any action this inner Creative Power might be taking because of them.

This *picturization* is a process of mind which has been operative since the origin of the first human creature. With all the languages man has developed, his words are still but symbols of his feelings and the mental images he perceives and conceives. In fact, the very diversity of man's languages has brought about problems of semantics and conflicts which need not have arisen had man been able to sense properly his fellow creatures' real feelings and motivations.

What happens when ESP comes in

The difficulties are compounded as man begins to be aware of the manifestation of Extra Sensory faculties. All of a sudden he may find mental images and strong feelings from the minds of others fleeting in and out of his consciousness, or even taking

temporary possession. Quite often he may not recognize what has happened and may interpret impressions as coincidence or happenstance. On other occasions, the Extra Sensory experience proves so vivid and so unmistakable that he knows something beyond the ordinary has happened, even though he cannot explain it.

It took me some time to discover that each one of us is surrounded by what might be termed an "electromagnetic shield" which normally insulates us from the superimposition of any other minds over ours. If this were not so, our minds would be constantly overrun by all manner of thoughts and feelings. This protective force field can be broken down only by ill health, a strong mental or emotional upset, hypnotic suggestion and control, alcoholic or narcotic addiction, and insanity. When one or more of these conditions exist, the entity is made susceptible to outside influences and their possible domination.

Some men and women possess mediumistic power—the ability to take on conditions in the mind and body of another and to accurately report a physical or mental state, or tell of past experiences in the life of that person; or even, occasionally, predict an event coming toward him in time. These people can testify to the effect of external influences on their own consciousness, influences which often are reflected in their own physical reaction.

When such sensitives surrender their own identities and consciousness in the trance state, and let other purported entities speak through them, or utilize their minds and bodies for automatic writing, psycho-kinetic demonstrations, or various forms of materialization, they are risking possessive and obsessive dangers. Also they risk the possible manifestation of one or more "secondary personalities" which are segments of their own ordinarily repressed nature. In fact, it is often difficult to distinguish the difference between a secondary personality and a so-called "discarnate intelligence," since the Subconscious Mind, uncontrolled, has a suggestive and imaginative capacity.

I am indicating, at this point, the profound mysteries which confront us as we undertake a rational and scientific investigation into every aspect of human consciousness. I have found, as you will find, that it is extremely difficult to separate one's

imaginative faculties from the Extra Sensory. The imagination instantly seeks to embroider or creatively to fill in all missing details.

Quite often, what the mind already knows about an individual or a situation is called from memory in an attempt to enhance whatever impression is being received from the mind of another. Thus, mental pictures already stored in memory become fused with mental images telepathically picked up from another mind. To prevent such coloring and to keep incoming impressions from adulteration by one's own mind, requires the developed ability to sense these intrusions and to rule them out.

Because of the incessant activity of mind, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any genuine telepathist to establish and maintain 100 per cent accuracy. Whenever I hear claims that certain sensitives are always able to secure correct impressions, I know they must be employing trickery of some kind.

In my experiments, under scientifically observed conditions, I have been credited with from 70 to 90 per cent accuracy. There is and always will be a margin of error. Nor is it possible for any sensitive absolutely to guarantee above-chance results. An experienced telepathist may repeatedly make significant scores under test, but there are elements of physical and mental fatigue and sometimes disturbing external factors which can impair his ability to demonstrate his Extra Sensory powers.

I will have more to say about these problems of communication as we proceed. At this juncture, I suggest you review the fundamental facts contained in this chapter. Make this knowledge a subconscious part of you, and begin to employ the techniques of thinking which can lead to more effective use of your full mental powers.

✓ **Now check what you have learned in Chapter Two:**

- Many people know how their cars work, but few know how their minds work. It can reward you greatly to find out.*
- An early experiment showed me that the sleeping mind is receptive to thoughts sent from a distance. When attempting that, it helps to have a photograph of the receiver to help you visualize him as you send your thoughts.*
- The mind appears to work on different levels, not physically separated from each other but having **different** functions. These levels are:*
 - Your Conscious level*
 - Your Subconscious Body Control level*
 - Your Memory level*
 - Your Creative Power level*
 - Your Healing Power level*
 - Your Intuitive level*
 - Your Cosmic Consciousness level*
- Your Real Self, at the center of your being, has access to all of these seven levels. You have free will and free choice. Using your mind well—or not using it well—you can make the best—or the least—of the wonderful forces with which you are endowed.*
- Your mind contains the record of past events, and with them can replay all their burden of emotion. Thus you cannot escape the cumulative consequences of your thinking, be they good or bad.*
- ESP may expose you to "thought pictures" from other minds which you think are your own. This may account for clairvoyance and other mental phenomena.*

CHAPTER III

The Scope and Power of **Y**our Feelings

IN MY PIONEERING EXPERIMENTS in long-distance telepathy with Sir Hubert Wilkins, we proved that a basic contributor to successful transmitting and receiving of thought impressions is the intensity of one's *feelings*. It was discovered, after a careful study of the scores of accurate impressions I had recorded, that the ones I had received the easiest and most clearly had been felt most strongly by Wilkins.

For example, one night at the appointed time when I was concentrating on Sir Hubert, I suddenly became conscious of a disturbing toothache. I actually *felt* this in my own jaw but I sensed, in this instance, that it was **Wilkins'** tooth that was aching, some three thousand miles away! I then recorded:

"**H**ave feeling you have had had toothache today . . ."

Several weeks later, when **Wilkins'** check report from his diary and log was received in New York, his entry for the same date stated:

Had severe toothache today. Flew to Edmonton to get tooth filled . . .

On another occasion, with my mind attuned to that of Wilkins, I felt as though my head had been bumped a number of times. I interpreted this feeling as follows:

Sudden severe pain comes to me—right side of head
—I seem to see or feel physical disturbance affecting
another . . .

This impression was also confirmed some weeks later from Wilkins' diary and log, again synchronized with the approximate time of my recording:

Am not sure that it happened this day, but each one of us could not seem to avoid bumping our heads on a sharp-edged stovepipe in the kitchen of our quarters. I bumped mine only twice but Dyne and Cheeseman bumped often. Cheeseman was laid out by the blow twice in one day. The pipe was at an awkward height . . .

In both of these cases it is evident that strong feeling was involved. These accurate impressions could not be attributed to guesswork since Wilkins had only one toothache in the five and a half months he was away, and I had picked up the impression of it on that very day. The head-bumping incident also occurred only once, close to the time I recorded the impression of it, when it was much on the minds of all concerned. It was interesting to me that I actually seemed to feel a momentary simulated toothache and these bumps on the head simultaneously with a mental sensing of such conditions.

Deep feeling helps thoughts conquer space

There were many more examples during our experiments, demonstrating the power of feelings behind thoughts, but the feelings did not have to be physical in nature; they also could be emotional, and many of them were.

Take the often-quoted impression that Wilkins had been forced down by bad weather in a flight toward Saskatchewan. He was compelled to make a forced landing at Regina, and I recorded that he had been "roped in" on an Armistice Ball being held there that evening (November 11, 1937), that there were many men and women in attendance, in military attire

and evening dress . . . and that "*he, Wilkins, appeared to be in evening dress himself!*"

These had been rather unusual emotional moments for Wilkins and his check report from his diary and log, received some weeks later in New York, confirmed that he had, indeed, been forced down, and had been invited to attend an Armistice Ball being held there that evening. This event had not been on his schedule and was obviously nothing my mind could have picked up in advance. Wilkins, in concluding his report, added: "*My attendance at this Ball was made possible by the loan to me of an evening dress suit.*"

You can see, from these three illustrations, how directly feelings and emotions were involved in both the sending and receiving. When the experiments were finished and the recordings had been exhaustively appraised and evaluated, Sir Hubert and I gave as our opinion that:

The degree of intensity of one's emotional reaction to whatever happens to him apparently determines the degree of intensity of the so-called thought waves, or impulses, discharged.

In the many lectures I have given on this subject, I try to make this point clear to the audience by suggesting:

"If I should leave the room and then should attune my mind to the mind of one of you here, and attempt to determine what you might be doing in my absence, I would have a difficult time getting a correct impression should you simply take out a cigarette and light it.

"However, if while in the act of lighting your cigarette, with my mind fixed upon yours, your matchbox suddenly exploded in your hand and you suffered a severe burn, you would instantly begin to broadcast your feelings of pain and your intense mental pictures of the happening! Under these emotion-packed circumstances, I would have every chance of receiving the impact of your thoughts!"

Card tests lack emotion

I never have been able to score consistently high in ESP card tests because they lack the emotional factor. Dr. J. B.

Rhine of Duke University, world-famous pioneer investigator, has, however, proved through his numerous quantitative tests, using these ESP cards, the undoubted existence of Extra Sensory Perception. In my opinion, he has demonstrated telepathy the hardest possible way. I am not challenged or excited about trying to receive impressions of a cross, a circle, a square, a star or a wavy line—but I find myself instantly interested in trying to pick up an impression of a *human experience*, past, present or future.

Wilkins and I attempted a run-through with ESP cards several times, when we were separated by over two thousand miles, but it was difficult to synchronize the difference in time. For example, on one occasion I had what appeared to be a correct *delayed* pick-up of four successive cards—one card late. These tests were not conclusive, even though the results were above chance. They did indicate to me that, since the sender could not generate too intense a natural feeling behind his visual transmissions of the card symbols, it would then be up to the receiver to try to develop a heightened emotional desire and eagerness in his mind to reach out and pull in these impressions.

I reasoned that a powerful radio receiver could pull in radio waves from a weak broadcasting station; conversely, a powerful broadcasting station can often get through to a weak radio receiver. But, in such a case, the power is mechanically created. The human sensitive cannot as easily generate genuine feelings unless he has an actual experience to motivate him. Wilkins himself said that he found it difficult to get wrought up over cards, but it was easy to sit and relive and review, in mental picture form, the outstanding events of the day which had left an emotional impact upon him.

There was the time I had recorded:

A dog seems to have been injured in Aklavik and had to be shot. Was injury sustained in fight with others or something falling on it? Quite strong feeling here . . .

Wilkins, in confirming this impression, had written in his diary as of that date, January 27, 1938:

Out walking—came upon dog dead on ice—it had been shot through the head. **Thought** about it strongly for some **time**—**wondered** reason for killing . . .

This incident, by Wilkins' own statement, had impressed him strongly and had impressed me the same way. In making my mind receptive to whatever mental images and feelings I might receive on any night I concentrated upon Wilkins, I did not have to combat, as I did in the ESP card tests, the attempt of my Conscious Mind to suggest which symbols might be coming up. There was no possible association between any of the experiences, personal or otherwise, that Wilkins might be having at any time. With cards, I knew the limited range of possibility and it was difficult to keep this **pre-knowledge** of the symbols from imaginatively interfering with the attempted reception.

Because I never had been to Canada or Alaska, and never had had any strong interest in geography, I knew next to nothing about this area and was glad of it. It had been my experience that the less I knew about a person and his background, the more certain and uncolored were the impressions I received. I am sure that other experimenters have also found this to be true.

The mystery of human feelings

Feeling in itself is a great mystery. *Feeling* is closely akin to *consciousness*, and *consciousness*, too, is a great mystery. I am convinced that *feeling* is a property of the mind and not the body. You can be told under hypnosis that you will have no feeling in an arm or leg, and then returned to consciousness, and have a hat pin or a knife stuck through your flesh, with no sensation of pain. If feeling were inherent in the cells of your body, no hypnotic influence could remove it.

Feeling, then, must be a *something* that permeates these cells but is realized only by mind. We know, of course, that a nerve network is constantly transmitting sensations to the brain in the form of electrical charges or nerve impulses, but it is the mind that interprets these impulses in terms of feeling.

You cannot be conscious without feeling! An anesthetic

closes off the nerve impulses so that the mind is temporarily cut off from its communicative contact with the body. But the body cannot feel without the mind, even though the mind requires a body through which to express itself.

Man has developed language so that he can convey his feelings understandably to his fellow man, but words are only the symbols of feeling. They have no feeling in and of themselves, even though what they stand for often has the suggestive power to arouse feelings in others. For this reason, it is more **difficult** for a sensitive to receive specific impressions in the form of words or numerals. It is far easier to pick up the feelings of others and then to find words to describe these feelings from the vocabulary possessed by the receiver. A good sensitive does not need to know the language of another individual since his contact with that person's mind is made on a feeling level.

Scientists tell us that everything in the universe has a rate and character of vibration. Herein is contained one of the mysterious aspects of feeling. It has, for instance, been demonstrated **time** and again that an object, or a piece of apparel worn by a person, or a letter, or an article of jewelry, or some personal belonging, or even an archeological finding, contains some vibratory quality. A sensitive, employing what is called *psychometry*, can translate this quality in terms of *feeling* and describe scenes and experiences which he senses were once related to whatever he is contacting.

This would indicate that feelings are, among other things, an emanation from consciousness which has the power to identify itself with other particles or forms, and register thereon a record of everything which has been associated with that object. There has to be some explanation for the ability of a sensitized individual to touch an object and get strong, accurate impressions from it.

Psychometry at work

I have not had too many adventures in psychometry, but I was called upon recently by a well-known physician and **psychometrist**, a Dr. W. (whose name can be furnished on request) to undertake a series of tests. He invited me to his home to a dinner party but had me come an hour early. It was then,

without any advance notice, that he requested I try my psychometric powers. I told Dr. W. that I made no claims as a psychometrist, but I would be happy to see what I could do.

Dr. W. first handed me a folded piece of stationery which he said was a letter.

"I would like to know," said Dr. W., "what kind of feeling you get about this."

I pressed the piece of paper between the palms of my hands. I relaxed my body and mind by a method I shall describe in detail later, and then, after a minute or so:

"I get a feeling of human consciousness," I said, "as though the man who had written this letter is profoundly interested in the mind. I feel he is at an advanced age, that he lives abroad, and that he is interested in something you have done. I feel that this man has aroused world controversy over his work, and that he is much discussed. I feel that he has been interested in thousands of case histories of a mental and emotional nature."

Dr. W. broke in on me to comment: "That's interesting. Do you get any impression of who this man might be?"

I hesitated a moment and then gave expression to the thought that came to me: "Is he—*Carl Jung*?"

For answer, Dr. W. asked me to open the letter and read it. It was a letter written to him by the famous Dr. Carl Jung, which expressed appreciation for a review that Dr. W. had written about one of Jung's books!

Almost immediately Dr. W. handed me a second article in a manila envelope, saying it was a photograph. I took this object into my hands and felt the thin envelope. I reported at once that I sensed a great emotional disturbance—a feeling that the individual in this photograph had undergone great torment—perhaps bodily torture—and might even have endured the threat of being cremated. I said I felt this individual had spiritual qualities but that the predominant impression that he had undergone tribulation was so strong, it was hard to get anything else.

Dr. W. asked me if I could tell who this person was.

I thought a moment. "It's a difficult name," I replied. And then I seemed to hear sounds in my mind but I couldn't quite

make out the name. I reported the impression of an "s" sound and a "ski."

"That's very interesting," said Dr. W. He then took the envelope from me and removed the photograph. It was a picture of the Polish cardinal, **Stefan Wyszynski**, who was held in "protective custody" for several years before October, 1956, by the Communist government of **Poland**.

Dr. W. now handed me another thin envelope which he said contained a piece of metal. I held this article in my hands for a few moments and my mind seemed to be taken back in time.

"Is this a plaque of some kind—not to hang on the wall—but something very personal and distinctive?"

Dr. W. confirmed that it was.

I then reported that I felt the individual who had possessed this metal disk had been long dead, but I got a feeling this order of merit or the service it represented had been passed on like a torch from one generation to the other. I said I felt that the service, whatever it was, involved sacrifice and a possible risk of life. I felt that this metal plate or disk was not awarded or bestowed for purpose of public recognition; the individuals in this service did not perform it for publicity or headline glory. This was as close as I could come, except to say that this service was of the most unusual and personal nature.

I handed the envelope back to Dr. W. who removed the piece of metal and showed me it was a thin oval disk, about six by four inches in size, worn around the neck of Polish knights as early as the 17th century. Enamelled on one side was Christ on the Cross, and on the other, the face of the Madonna. Dr. W. said he had received the disk in Poland; that it was, indeed, very rare, and that the knights in the order had passed their tradition of service on down the line.

It is significant to note that the subjects Dr. W. chose for my attempted psychometrizing were all associated with intense emotional activities. I was given little time to adjust myself between the tests. Even so, I found it necessary to "demagnetize" my mind from one contact to the other. This was done so I would not still get hang-over impressions from a former object while trying to concentrate on the next one.

If you are a student of Extra Sensory Perception, you will be quick to point out that I could have performed telepathy in place of psychometry, because Dr. W. had all this information about the letter, the photograph and the metal disk, in his own mind. It is possible that there was a combination of these two Extra Sensory phases. But there was another occasion, several years ago, when telepathy could not have explained some of the impressions that came to me.

The case of the runaway boy

We were then living in our country home in the Ozarks. I received a special delivery packet from a man in Texas, who requested my help in determining the whereabouts of his teen-age son who had disappeared from home. In the parcel he enclosed a pair of well-worn sox which the boy had been wearing just prior to leaving. This man had been referred to me by a friend, Dr. Thomas Garrett, who had suggested that I might be able to tell what had happened to the boy and where he could be located if I held an unwashed article of his clothing and concentrated on it.

I never seek out assignments of this kind but I try to do what I can when requests come from people in trouble who have been recommended to me by friends. In this case I waited until my mind was free, then took the pair of sox to my private study, about a hundred feet from the house, and sat quietly, crumpling the sox in my hands, and suggestively asking myself what it was that had caused this boy to leave home. It was ten or fifteen minutes before any impressions started coming, and then, all of a sudden, I began to feel apparently as this boy had felt. I sensed that he had been in love with a schoolgirl friend and that she had turned him down for an older fellow.

He was not only terribly hurt by the turndown, but also I could see his school chums in this small town poking fun at him. When he told his father and mother what had happened, they made light of it, and I could hear his father laughing and saying: "Forget it, son. That was just puppy love, anyway. You'll get over it!"

But I felt that the boy had taken this romance extremely seriously and that the lack of sympathy at home had been one of the factors contributing to his running away. I tried to get

a clue as to the boy's whereabouts but my mind was a blank. I felt him to be on the move—not staying long in one place—but no location came to me. There was no doubt in my mind, however, that the boy was emotionally disturbed and had wanted to get off by himself so he could think things out.

I wrote to the father, setting forth the above impressions and expressing my regret at not having been able to provide him with more specific information. He had told me in his letter that the boy had been gone for several weeks and that the police and FBI had been searching for him. Apparently they had been no more successful with their methods than I had been with mine.

To my great surprise, however, Mrs. Sherman and I were visited by this farmer, his wife and daughter. Upon receipt of my letter they had left at once by car for our Ozark home.

This man said to me: "Mr. Sherman, you were dead right about the romance our boy had, and our attitude toward it. This girl had a former beau return from a hitch in the Navy and she took up with him where they had left off. I just didn't realize how deeply cut up my boy was.

"The police found our truck parked on a side street in Dallas but they haven't been able to get any trace of him from that point on. I just hope he hasn't committed suicide. The reason we've come all this way to see you is because you've been so accurate so far, I somehow feel you can get us some more information. I brought along the shirt my boy was wearing at the time he made the change to his good clothes, and here's my boy's picture. I had a lot of prints made of it and mailed them out to newspapers and police departments but it hasn't done any good yet."

I took the photograph and studied it. I held the soiled shirt and looked off into space. I could feel the hopeful eyes of the farmer, his wife and daughter upon me. It was not a comfortable position to be in. You have to be sure you are receiving genuine impressions before you give expression to them. You can feel the desire of loved ones to be given good news and assurance that all is well or is going to work out all right, and yet you must steel yourself against sentiment and maintain a neutral,

passive attitude if you would keep the channels of your mind open.

I took some time before I spoke, and then I said: "I'm positive your son is not dead. It has crossed his mind to do away with himself but he has put aside this idea. Instead, he has changed his name to make identification more difficult, and he is not staying in one place. He is taking odd jobs to pick up a few dollars as he moves about. I see him washing dishes in a drive-in, in what appears to be Houston, Texas, The name of the drive-in restaurant seems to be Mac's Drive-in (not the actual name)."

The father stopped me. "That's enough for me, Mr. Sherman," he said. "We're taking off for Houston right this moment! If my boy gets any inkling we are on his trail, he is apt to disappear again."

Despite my urging that they not put forth this effort on my say-so, the father, mother and daughter departed for Houston, intending to spell each other at the wheel. As always, I was now tormented with doubts. My Conscious Mind was giving me a bad time. I rebuked myself for having been that specific. I felt miserable at the prospect of having sent those nice people on what could easily be a wild goose chase.

My concern was not relieved until three days later when a letter came from the father. I read his report almost unbelievably.

He said that upon arriving in Houston, they had found a drive-in listed by the exact name I had given; that they had interviewed the proprietor and shown him a photograph of their boy. He not only recognized the picture but displayed it to his kitchen helpers and all of them identified it as a likeness of the boy who had been working with them the past few days and had left only the day before!

"But, now," wrote the father, "we're up against a blind alley again. Can you get any impression of where he has gone from this point?"

I gave some thought to this question and my mind seemed to be projected ahead in time. Then I sat down and wrote the father as follows:

"I am sorry. I know it is getting close to the Christmas holi-

days but I feel that neither the police nor you will be able to locate your son. You should stop worrying about him, however, because I feel he is getting a new hold on himself and that he will eventually decide to return home of his own volition. I do not see this happening until April of next year, at which time, I believe, he will come back with the announcement that he has joined the Navy and is going to get his service behind him."

Months passed and I had pretty much forgotten the case. One day, another special delivery arrived from the father. It told me quite joyfully and gratefully that the son had returned home as predicted, in good mental and physical shape, and that he had joined the Navy.

Here was a case wherein I had received impressions about the boy which were not in the father's mind. How much the contact with his shirt and sox had meant, or looking at his picture, remembering my first telepathic experiments with my friends in Traverse City, Michigan, perhaps cannot be known. It would appear that **psychometry** as well as telepathy played a part in these impressions, together with precognition. Had the son already decided to stay away from home until spring and then to join the Navy? If he had not made this decision or even entertained the idea, then this was a clear precognitive case. That the son was emotionally upset and thus broadcasting strong feelings, is unquestioned. This, I am sure, was my basis for communication, but how the mind can project itself into the future and sense an event coming toward a person in time, is still not known.

It would seem that feeling, in some way, sets up a vibration not only in the clothes that people have worn but also in the very atmosphere of a room or a place. There have been countless case histories of so-called haunted houses, the sightings of apparent ghosts, and the dramatic re-enactment of scenes which actually took place days, months and years before. Once more we are confronted with a baffling mystery.

She watched a ghost kill a ghost

I recall now a personal report made to me by a Miss Liebs, one of the first female symphony orchestra conductors in this country. She told me of a terrifying experience she underwent

one night in Atlantic City. She had arrived to conduct a concert and found all hotel rooms taken because of an overflow convention. Through some *mixup*, her own reservation had been given out.

With profuse apologies, the hotel manager opened a first-floor bedroom, with a balcony overlooking a garden, which he said was seldom used. It had formerly been occupied by the dining room steward and other hotel employees. Miss Liebs was grateful to get any accommodation, under the circumstances, and retired late after an exhausting rehearsal, dropping off almost instantly to sleep. She had paid little attention to the room except to notice that it was equipped with an old-fashioned four-poster bed, a heavy dresser with mirror and washstand, and French doors opening out onto the railed balcony. The room had smelled a bit musty from disuse.

Miss Liebs was unable to say how long she had been asleep when she suddenly came wide awake, with the uncanny feeling that someone was in the room with her. She sat up and looked about. Standing in front of the dresser was a man in evening dress. He was in the act of removing his collar and tie. Almost simultaneously, in the moonlight, she caught sight of a movement on the balcony and saw a stealthy figure crawl over the railing and push open the French doors without making a sound.

Petrified with fright, Miss Liebs watched this intruder steal up behind the man in evening dress. At this moment the man turned and saw his attacker, but it was too late. Before he could protect himself, he was stabbed savagely several times. He grappled with his assailant, who tore himself free and left the room as he had come, out over the balcony. As the man in evening dress reeled and fell to the floor, Miss Liebs found her voice and started screaming. The hotel was soon in an uproar. The night clerk came rushing to the door and Miss Liebs hysterically recounted what had happened.

"No, **no**—*not again!*" said the night clerk. "I'm sorry, **Madam**—we never should have given you this room! You are the third person who has seen this murder since it really happened!"

"What do you mean—'since it *really* happened'?" demanded

Miss Liebs. "It happened right now, tonight! Please call the police! This man is dead, I tell you. I saw him killed!"

"No, Madam. There was no man there and there is no man in your room now," reassured the night clerk.

Miss Liebs turned and looked about her. There was no body on the floor and the French doors had not even been opened.

"But I don't **understand**," she said.

"I don't understand it either," said the night clerk. "But about a year ago, a dining room steward had this room. He was retiring one night, standing in front of that dresser, when a would-be robber climbed in over the balcony. The steward apparently put up a fight and was stabbed and killed. Since then, every time we've let out this room, the guests have reported waking up and seeing this murder scene re-enacted. It looks like this is going to be the last time we'll ever let anyone stay in here."

It was years later that Miss Liebs gave me this account of her shocking experience, but she still was emotionally aroused by recollection of it. She asked me how I could explain it. I told her frankly that I didn't know; that there had been many similar experiences, too many to be ascribed to self-delusion or hallucination or fearsome imagination. Moreover, those seeing the apparitions had had no prior knowledge of the crime or tragic happening.

I conjectured that, in some way we couldn't understand as yet, an energetic force field had been set up which had the power to reproduce this highly emotionalized event. It was almost as though the thought forms cast off by the violent act were still existent in a kind of synthetic life and pattern of their own. Then, when people came into this atmosphere and went to sleep, thus blanking their conscious minds, their Extra Sensory faculties were activated by the vibrations surrounding them. Once tuned in, the force of these vibrations caused them to awaken and they remained fixated, almost mesmerized, until the Extra Sensory drama had run its course.

It is once more worth observing that intense feeling was associated with this event. That a lingering condition can be set up in the atmosphere and physical properties of rooms and areas, is suggested by the fact that, when rooms or buildings or other locales have been torn down, greatly altered, or

cleaned up and renovated, ESP phenomena have disappeared. Whatever force has been existent there, set in motion by the original happening, apparently has been dissipated, destroyed or at least released.

Dangers in losing control

You can conclude from these illustrations that feeling is a definite force or energy. When controlled by intelligence, it can be a force for good, but also it has the capacity to destroy. Since we know that feeling is associated with every thought we think, and that we can sense events **only** through feelings, it is time we realized that our only protection against wrong use or wrong influence of feelings is the developed ability to control and direct them.

Scientists are now experimenting with the arousal of feelings and the stimulation of the brain by various chemical, drug, electrical and hypnotic means. Injections of lysergic acid, for instance, are being given not only to determine the reaction of mind and emotions, but also as an aid in psychiatric treatment.

A wide range of hallucinatory experiences is described by patients who feel, at times, as though they have left their physical bodies and are communicating with those who have gone on; or that they have returned to the womb and are reliving all their life experiences; or that they have gone back to the beginning of creation when they were a part of single-cellular life; or that they could perceive the atomic structure of the universe; or could comprehend the immensity of God; or could induce the ecstasy of a supreme sex experience; or visit the depths of hell **itself**; or look upon monstrosities of creation; or see color combinations beyond the human spectrum.

Many wish to repeat these experiences as an escape from reality and because they feel it stimulates the creativity of mind. At this stage of experimentation, however, all the physiological and psychological implications and effects are not known.

Somewhat similar effects are being realized in the eating of certain mushrooms which bring on heightened psychic, mental and emotional reactions. In Mexico, as **well** as in other countries, the natives eat a "sacred mushroom" which causes

the eater to go into trances, have vivid visions, hear voices, and speak strange words.

It is readily apparent that feelings can be stimulated far beyond their ordinary range of expression—but feelings out of control are often fragmentary, incoherent, unrelated, illogical, unpredictable and fantastic.

When I talk to men and women who have subjected themselves to both drug and mushroom experiments, they all testify to a greater sensitivity in body and in mind. Some say they are able to release long-standing inhibitions and to discover mental and emotional blocks which have been holding them back in various areas of their lives. The experiences seem very real to them at the time. Their dictated and recorded reports often appear much less real when studied.

I have seen no convincing evidence, as yet, that would indicate communication with so-called higher spirits, or discarnate intelligences as the result of drug or mushroom stimulation. There is no doubt however, but that a kind of mental phenomenon is induced that is worthy of investigation.

Under the suggestive influence of hypnosis, an individual also can be induced to have hallucinatory experiences and to exercise unusual body control such as the stopping of bleeding and insensitivity to pain. He can be told that he is undergoing all manner of trying physical conditions such as extreme heat or cold or fright or joy, and his body will react accordingly. This again demonstrates the function of *feeling* in relation to mind.

What the mind accepts, the entity *feels*. A man in a hot room can be given the suggestion he is freezing and he will feel that he actually is. The body will not even perspire and may begin to shiver. This would indicate that what the mind *believes* to be true is what the person feels, whether it is true or not! Consequently, in any exploration we may make of these higher powers of mind, we should endeavor to maintain conscious control of our thoughts and acts to make certain that we are in contact with reality, as we understand it, at all times. Our conscious reasoning faculty will stand as a guard and protector.

You have met men and women who are dominated by their feelings; who have little control of their emotions; who are

unsettled, uncertain and indecisive. These people are lost in a sea of uncontrolled emotions, so that the various levels of their minds are in a confused, unsynchronized state. Under these conditions hallucinations may occur, and fears may dramatize themselves in unrealistic dreams and visions which may be mistaken for reality. This is why real development of mind must start with acquired control of one's emotions. If not, an individual can become the prey of all manner of influences and forces around him.

When in control of your own mind and emotions, you are presiding over a *mind mechanism* of vast sensitivity, instantly reactive to even the most trifling event which happens to you. But if, through brain injury, certain kinds of diseases, alcoholism, narcotic addiction, hypnotic influence, nervous breakdown, mental depression, or the surrender of your free will to any other individual or force, this control is lost, the machinery of your mind can run riot. It can cause you to commit all manner of unaccountable acts, sometimes of an insane or criminal or destructive nature.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that man—subjected to so many different kinds of stresses and strains—should find his Number One Health Menace to be *mental illness*? Unhappily, many men and women who have undoubted Extra Sensory experiences are not as balanced as they should be. They have become excessively sensitive to certain people and surroundings and happenings, and this sensitivity has greatly increased the intensity of their feelings so that they have unconsciously become better senders and receivers. But they have been carried beyond their own control.

For your own safety and stability of mind and body, you should develop the ability to control your feelings under any and all conditions. This is perhaps the most difficult assignment in life. But such control, nevertheless, should be our daily objective. The impact of uncontrolled emotions upon our bodies and minds is always destructive, adversely affecting not only our health but our judgment, our decisions, and our power to act promptly and wisely in times of crisis.

Sometimes a “blow-up,” a release of repressed feelings, serves to clear the mental atmosphere like the cleansing aftermath of an electrical storm. But if emotions are controlled in

the first place, and reasonably expressed, they do not become dammed up. I emphasize to all those interested in developing their ESP faculties, that they first appraise the state of their emotions.

If you find that you are easily carried away or upset emotionally, it does not mean that you cannot have ESP experiences. It does indicate that your feelings of fear, worry, apprehension, resentment or desire for fulfillment can cause you to create figments of your imagination. The possibility of this happening when you have learned to discipline your mind and emotions is reduced to the minimum. You will then be able to evaluate such impressions as come to you, even under stressful circumstances, and to determine, by a recognized difference in *feeling*, their genuineness or falseness.

To be able to harness the power of your feelings, you must learn to overcome your fears and worries, and to eliminate all past destructive emotional reactions now stored in your mind. It is these wrong mental pictures and feelings which are generating the power to attract similar future unhappy experiences to you: "Like attracts like." This attraction will continue until such wrong pictures and feelings are removed from consciousness.

Such a feat is accomplished by calling to memory the mistakes you have made and replacing them, through an act of will, with mental pictures of yourself doing and saying what you now realize you should have said and done. Correction of past wrong thinking is the key to self-mastery and to the eventual development of dependable Extra Sensory capacities.

The techniques for this achievement will be revealed as we progress in our exploration of those higher powers of mind.

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Three:

- The power of feeling seems to be the force **that**, in most cases, carries impressions from one mind to another. Our feelings may augment the microscopic amounts of electrical energy present in the brain,*
- Feeling seems to permeate every cell of the **body**, but is realized only by the mind. **Words** are only the symbols of feelings.*
- These feeling-vibrations appear to extend to personal belongings. Thus, a sensitive given something worn or used by an unknown person may sense a good deal of information about that person. Such **psychometry** can be very useful in locating a lost person. Stories of haunting may depend upon this same phenomenon, especially when events such as murder leave the vibrations of strong feelings in a particular place.*
- ESP requires self-control.** Certain drugs appear to aid ESP, but they are of doubtful value and can be dangerous. Hypnotism also may have this power. Hypnotism can cause hallucinations and other phenomena. **It** is important to develop stability of mind before you give free rein to your ESP.*

CHAPTER IV

Sending and Receiving Thoughts

TELEPATHY, as you know, is the ability of one mind to communicate with the mind of another without the aid of any physical media. Just how this communication takes place, what *modus operandi* or energies are involved, no one yet knows.

In my book *Thoughts Through Space* I conjectured that the answer might be contained in the electrical activity of mind. This implied the existence of an electromagnetic field, operated in some manner by the controlling entity, which originated as well as received electrically charged forms or impulses.

Science has disclosed, through the electroencephalograph, that the electrical currents in the brain can be recorded and measured. It has been observed that mental and emotional disturbances set up electrical storms in the brain, reflective of the excitation in consciousness. I had noted, as reported, that intensity of feeling seemed to generate more energy and cause thoughts to be more strongly projected.

Cerebral currents, however, are extremely weak. There does not seem to be enough electrical energy to account for the

reception of thoughts at a great distance, or even, for that matter, in the next room.

Some years ago I ventured the suggestion that there might be a form of *mental energy*, functioning in and through a **beyond-space-and-time mental ether**, which could not be detected by instrument. There may be some merit to this presumption since Russian as well as American scientists recently have proved by experiment that sensitives can be enclosed in shielded Faraday cages or in booths lined with thick lead slabs, all of which insulate against any possibility of receiving electromagnetic waves from without. Yet telepathic influences have been sent and received just the same, despite the elaborate shielding.

What does this indicate? It certainly suggests a power more subtle, more penetrating and less limited than any power we know today. It further suggests that man, the possessor of this power in his own individual consciousness, is still in the embryonic stage of his own development; that his TOTAL BEING extends far beyond the physical instrument through which he is, at present, manifesting.

We need to encourage the use of ESP

Just as in the case of electricity, which we use in so many serviceable ways without knowing fundamentally what it is, we are now able to induce and to use ESP, on occasion, even though we do not yet understand its basic nature. If we do not utilize the knowledge we now have, we never will get beyond the beginning stages of our development. It would be as though we had stopped experimenting with radio shortly after we discovered it, and had remained content with the spasmodic, undependable radio wave reception developed by Marconi. There is every evidence that much, much more is waiting just beneath the surface of mind; awaiting man's exploration and development.

In some of my recent lectures, I have asked for a show of hands from all those who are convinced that they have had one or more experiences with Extra Sensory Perception. A great majority testify to having had these experiences. However skeptical any individual may have been as to the genuine

existence of ESP prior to a personal experience, it takes only one such adventure to impress him for all time with ESP's reality.

Ever after, such a person is eager to know more about these mind mysteries and, perhaps, ways in which he can repeat his ESP experience. But usually he has been prevented by lack of any authoritative knowledge of details or instruction in method of procedure.

Here, then, as well as I can put them into words, are explanations and instructions which should be helpful to you. Since this is not a cut-and-dried textbook, however, you will find I pause to insert necessary material, interesting material or both where it seems advisable. The instruction is there, however, even if it is not arranged as it is in some other books.

Remember, now, the seven different levels of consciousness I have outlined. They are:

- Your Conscious level
- Your Subconscious level
- Your Memory level
- Your Creative Power level
- Your Healing Power level
- Your Intuitive level
- Your Cosmic Consciousness level

Ordinarily, one or more of your levels of consciousness springs into action to serve you without your even being conscious of its individual functioning in your behalf. You know merely that the answer or guidance you have required from your mind has been supplied to you. But you cannot say *how* your Conscious Mind, in fixing its attention upon a need or desire, has activated one or more of the other mind-levels.

For illustration: You have an experience which is perceived by your Conscious Mind through one or more of your five physical senses. This experience is reported immediately to your Subconscious, and the machinery of your mind goes to work to record and digest it.

Normally, your Subconscious Body Control level controls the functioning of all organs of your body when your mind and your emotions are at rest or at least at peace. There is

nothing to interrupt or disturb the rhythmic and harmonious flow of energy from one interrelated organ to another. But, as various experiences in life occur, the unhappy and tragic experiences interfere with this Body Control Center, causing such effects as shortness of breath, heart palpitation and indigestion, to name only a few. These effects are created by waves of *feeling* which apparently have the capacity to leave their imprint upon every cell. The effect of wrong feelings is not removed until the feelings, themselves, are changed.

Simultaneously, on your Memory level, the mental images relating to any experience, combined with the emotions this experience has aroused, are recorded. They associate themselves (like attracting like in the realm of mind) with all other previously recorded experiences of a like nature. If the dominant feeling behind an experience has been one of fear, then *all similarly recorded fears are intensified by this addition*, and so on.

You see, your Memory level exists for the purpose of enabling your Conscious Mind to draw upon its storehouse of past experiences, and to apply what these experiences should have taught you toward meeting and solving new problems. It follows that if you permit this memory storehouse to be filled mostly with mental pictures of fear and inadequacy and wrong emotional reactions to life, you will have little to draw upon of any constructive value.

It is the job of your Creative Power of Mind, which exists in the next highest level of consciousness, to take all that has happened to you in the past, now stored in your Memory, and to help you build your future from it. Each time a new experience is recorded in your Memory, your Creative Power is activated to *do* something about it. But it cannot function until you tell it what to do by a decision that you make with your Conscious Mind. Many experiences stored away in Memory are not used for years, if ever, because you have had no conscious desire to face them again or to profit by them, and you may even have tried to bury them through conscious forgetfulness. The experiences are there, nevertheless, and they are influencing your behavior on subconscious levels, whether you realize it or not.

Your Healing Power level is related to your Memory level

because it must react to every experience you are having. Every physical and mental exertion calls for a recreative, re-energizing response from this Healing Power. It is constantly at work, replacing untold millions and billions of dying and dead cells. It seems to possess a blueprint of your physical body and to know just what is needed to make repairs. It also seems to sense these needs instantly as each experience occurs, whether this experience be physical, mental or both. But, again, the functioning of this Healing Power level can be upset, as in the case of your Subconscious Body Control level, by feelings of fear, inadequacy, and the like. On the other hand, strong feelings of faith, self-confidence and courage stimulate this Healing Power to perform seeming miracles.

Your Intuitive level is the level wherein all of your lower senses related to the physical body merge into the higher senses. This is the level which contains your Extra Sensory Perceptive faculties. Because you, in common with most human creatures, have not learned to recognize and to rely upon their performance, you are seldom aware of their manifestation. Many times, however, their sensory work is so fused, under the guise of what you call *intuition*, that you are helped in making decisions or meeting emergencies by perceptive flashes entirely beyond the capacity of your physical senses. Sometimes, a life experience is so filled with feeling and urgency that this Intuitive level is activated and your ESP faculties take over, transmitting or receiving impressions of a protecting or guiding nature. You may then testify to having had a genuine demonstration of ESP, even though you cannot explain how it happened.

You can reach your Cosmic Consciousness level only through exercise of your ESP faculties. This is the level wherein your *total being* is linked with what must be described as the God Presence or the God Consciousness. It is a timeless and spaceless level to which you attain by deep and sincere meditation, and wherein you become conscious of an Eternal Voice which says, "*I am I*" to you. This is the place beyond name and physical substance. It is where the tangible, as we understand words, meets the intangible. It is the center of your being, around which revolve all these lower levels of consciousness. Here you have access to a union with God, the Great

Intelligence, in accordance with your own developed capacity to receive and to become aware.

You need not give up your own free will

Although this fundamental relationship exists, I am convinced, in the consciousness of all life throughout the unthinkable vast universe, you are not compelled to be subservient to it or even consciously aware of it. You must desire of your own free will to make attunement. Tragically, countless human creatures have become so involved, on lower levels of their beings, with the physical aspects alone, that they rarely if ever sense this Higher Power. It is on the Cosmic Consciousness level that all life experiences are reviewed by your entity, and there is magically built into your entity or soul the essence of what you have become in this life.

What you are at the present moment can be said to be equal to the sum total of everything that has happened to you plus the way you have reacted, mentally and emotionally, to it. You came into this life with a consciousness upon which experience was to be imprinted. You are taking with you, when you leave this life, the essence of this experience to be used elsewhere. It is inconceivable to me that it could be otherwise as I observe the miraculous functioning of the stupendous machinery of mind, which records all events in such unerring and minute fashion, in preparation for ever greater and greater development and achievement. Why arrange this tremendous expenditure of energy in even one little human organism and mind, if its end results are to be snuffed out by the mere dissolution of the so-called material instrument?

How very much is concealed beneath the surface of every human creature—of all life, for that matter! You are far more wonderful than you ever imagined! You should, therefore, raise immeasurably your estimate of yourself and your potentialities for development and advancement!

How to put aside the physical part of your being

Equipped as you now are with this background knowledge of the functioning of mind, you are ready to give thought to the mental mechanics of telepathy. Since the transmitting and

receiving of impressions has nothing to do with the physical, your first step toward the development of your Extra Sensory powers must be in the direction of putting this Physical aside. You must be able to become temporarily unself-conscious of the existence of your physical body. This is accomplished by first relaxing your body **completely**, and then withdrawing the attention of your Conscious Mind from this body and its contact with the outer world.

There is a particularly effective method of relaxation which I have used for many years and have described in several books. Proceed as follows:

1. Lie comfortably upon a sofa or bed, or seat yourself in a chair that is truly comfortable for you. You should feel as though the chair or sofa or bed is supporting your entire weight and relieving you of effort.
2. Calmly fix the full attention of your Conscious Mind on one leg. Allow an effort of your will to cause this leg to rise out in front of you, or upward as the case may be. When you begin to feel some muscular strain, let go of this leg with your mind. Let it fall as though it has dropped from your body. Withdraw your Conscious Mind's attention from this leg and concentrate in the same way upon the other leg. Do the same with the other leg; lift upward or outward, pause, let go with your mind, let that leg too fall as though it had dropped from your body.
3. Now fix the attention of the Conscious Mind upon one arm—**extend it—hold it briefly—and** when you begin to feel strain, take away your attention and let it drop limply. Shift your attention to the other arm—**lift it—hold it—take away the mental power that supports it—let it drop.**
4. Fix the attention of the Conscious Mind upon the trunk of your body. Now withdraw the attention slowly and steadily, beginning at the hips and moving upward, as though a wave were traveling from hips to head, releasing the hold of the mind upon the body. This brings an increasing sensation of lightness and a release of tension, as though you were stepping outside your body. As the wave of lightness reaches your neck and head, let your head drop forward on relaxed neck muscles—if you are sitting—or let your head loll back upon the sofa or

bed. With some practice, this completes the letting go of the body by the mind. In fact, when you have practiced these progressive steps of relaxation you will find you can dispense with the intermediate steps, and, by an act of will, let go of your entire body with your Conscious Mind.

5. Now you are no longer conscious of your existence in your physical body. You are ready to turn the attention of your Conscious Mind inward to make suggestive contact with your Intuitive level of consciousness. To do this, you are deliberately by-passing your Subconscious Body Control, your Memory, your Creative Power, and your Healing Power levels. Your entity, your awareness of *being*, has centered upon and has become a part of this Intuitive level of consciousness. But, to maintain contact with this Intuitive level, and to prevent other levels from impinging upon it, you must be able to visualize some object as a focal point for your Conscious Mind's attention. I hit upon the idea of a blank, white motion picture screen which I imagined was stretched across the dark room of my inner consciousness. You can employ this same device if it appeals to you. Should you not be able to readily picture this mental screen in your mind's eye, let yourself *feel* that it is there as a means of keeping your attention focused.
6. Now the stage is set. Your body is relaxed, your Conscious Mind passive, and its attention is focused inward upon this visualized, blank, white motion picture screen. By this simple technique, you have kept out what would otherwise result in a constant stream of fragmentary body feelings and impressions stemming from other levels of consciousness. As it is, you have only to let yourself think of the individual from whom you wish to receive a telepathic message and then await, with a self-confident inner feeling of anticipation, the inner sighting of mental images as they **fleetingly** cross your mental screen.
7. Once these mental images appear, it is your task to remember what you have mentally seen and to interpret and record your impressions as quickly and completely as you can. I need to emphasize here that these mental images are indeed fleeting. They come and they are gone, bringing a *feeling* impact with them. Sometimes you will be left with what I call a "knowing sensation,"

as though you have been told some specific information at some previous time which you are now trying to recall from your Subconscious. I believe, in every case, that a mental image accompanies whatever impression I may receive, but my mind, on occasion, is not fast enough to catch it. In most instances, however, I am left with what might be described as a reflection of the mental image in the form of a *feeling*. As I interpret this feeling, I am able to see in my mind's eye what may have happened, in whole or in part, even if I have missed detection of the mental image itself.

To give you an idea of how fast these mental images travel, imagine, with me, that you are on a beach at night, surrounded by total darkness. You are looking up at a great field of stars overhead. All of a sudden a meteor flashes across the sky against a background of darkness. It is gone in a second, leaving a luminous trail which dies out even as you look at it. Now, let's pretend that that meteor represents a mental image of an experience that you are seeing in your mind's eye, picked up from the mind of a sender. This is something you never have seen before. There is nothing in your own mind that is or should be related to it. You must interpret this meteoric flash or this impression on the basis of what you have mentally seen in that instant; but it is up to you to remember the details of your first mental sighting for as long as you can, without straining and the trail that this event left behind.

A *feeling* can be retained in consciousness, once it is captured, long after the mental image itself has gone on its way. But you will find it difficult not to activate your Memory and Creative Power levels if you try too hard to interpret an impression, because your imagination will seek to draw from memory some past experiences or knowledge of a similar or associative nature. If permitted, this leads to a coloring or a distortion of whatever genuine impressions you may have originally received.

In receiving impressions it will be necessary for you to school yourself to record whatever comes to mind during your period of concentration, no matter how impossible or illogical the impressions seem to be. The moment you permit your Conscious Mind to intrude and its reasoning faculty to chal-

lence you, you will be lost. Your Conscious Mind and its ordinary functions have, to all intents and purposes, been eliminated, once you focus your attention upon the visualized blank, white motion picture screen.

"Double exposure" in the mind

You must be as acutely aware of the impressions being brought to you by your Extra Sensory faculties as you normally have been of the impressions produced by your five physical senses. To permit any of the latter to break through and to impose themselves upon you during your attempted reception would be like permitting double exposure on a film. Neither picture will come out clear and there will be a confused mixture of both.

This tendency of one phase of mind to interfere with another is one of the greatest deterrents to accurate telepathic reception. In all the years I have experimented with the receiving of impressions, I still have to guard against this possible interference. Not only that, when I have finished recording my impressions, I am always assailed by doubts as I study them, and often suffer genuine mental torment until these impressions are either confirmed or proved false.

This happened time and again during my experiences in long-distance telepathy with Sir Hubert Wilkins. My reasoning faculty—trained to judge and evaluate what could be physically seen, heard, tasted, felt and smelled—could not accept the testimony presented to me by my higher sensory faculties.

I particularly recall my concern the night I had recorded my mental picture and strong feeling impression (described in Chapter III) that Wilkins had been forced down on a flight due to bad weather, and had appeared at an Armistice Ball attired in an *evening dress suit!*

I remember saying to my wife: "Martha, I have a feeling I'm all wet tonight; that I've let my imagination run away with me. Earlier this evening, before time for my mental appointment with Wilkins, I read in the paper about the Armistice observance at Arlington Cemetery, and somehow, when I concentrated upon Wilkins, I seemed to see him involved in an Armistice Ball. More than that, I saw in my mind's eye men and women in military attire and evening dress—and then I

saw Wilkins, who appeared to be in evening dress **himself!** As you know, Martha, I have had to discipline myself to write down whatever comes to me during these telepathic sessions, no matter how ridiculous it might seem, and then to analyze it afterward. Tonight, however, as I look back on what I have written, I know very well that Wilkins is flying north on a serious rescue mission, and I feel he would not take time out for such an event as an Armistice Ball. Furthermore, I am certain he is not **equipped** with an evening dress suit!"

Martha counseled me to wait until I might receive a check report from Wilkins' diary and log by air mail. She urged me to clear my mind of doubt, meanwhile, so it would be free and undisturbed to engage in the next experiment at the appointed time. This I did, but I had moments of uneasiness nevertheless. You can imagine the sense of relief that came over me when Wilkins' report finally arrived and I learned I had been right about that dress suit!

How to tune in on another mind

On one occasion, at the start of my experiments with Wilkins, I made a discovery that I believe will be of service to you as you develop your own telepathic ability. When I went through the technique described and fixed my mind upon Wilkins, I had the inner feeling, after a few seconds, that *mental contact had been made*. This is the kind of feeling you will have to experience for yourself. It cannot be put into words. It is a feeling of actual nearness to the individual, but not in the sense of a physical presence. It is as though a circuit has been closed between two minds so that what the sender is thinking and feeling can be simultaneously thought and felt by the receiver.

In this case, however, my mind suddenly seemed to be filled with a kaleidoscopic series of fragmentary impressions which could not be separated and which ran helter-skelter, back and forth, across the threshold between my Conscious and Sub-conscious minds. It was as though a number of radio broadcasting stations were coming in on the same wave length. The effect was so confusing that I relinquished my attempt at receiving and tried to evaluate what was happening.

The thought came to me that, if I had actually been in touch

with Wilkins' mind, I must have made contact with the mental images of events that had taken place at various stages in his life, all of which were coexistent in his consciousness. Just as Wilkins could recall any one or more of these from memory, at will, it was now theoretically possible that my mind, attuned to his, could have access to these same recorded experiences. The problem, I could now perceive, was one of *selectivity*. And it was a problem. If I actually found myself connected with Wilkins' memory storehouse of past experiences, how would I be able to screen out everything from Wilkins' mind except that which I specifically wished to receive?

It then occurred to me that the mind might function like a radio in yet another way. With a radio, when a certain station is desired, the dial is set at a definite frequency, so many kilocycles or megacycles, and the station broadcasting at that point is brought in. Could I, then, by exercising the power of suggestion, direct my Extra Sensory faculties to operate in a *limited time area*, "tuned in" and thus separated from all other thoughts which might be resident in consciousness? The experiment certainly was worth trying because I could see that I was not going to get anywhere by proceeding as I had started.

Repeating my relaxation of body and mind, fixing my attention on a visualized blank, white motion picture screen, and sending out the mental call for Wilkins, I then gave myself this strong suggestion:

Determine for me what outstanding things have happened to Wilkins this day—or what is happening to him now!

With my mind in this relaxed and highly sensitized state, the suggestion took almost immediate effect. The conglomeration of thought forms and feelings disappeared and there began to flash across my mental screen images and feelings which I was able to translate into words and which, as time went on and the tests were continued on regular schedule, were proved to possess a high degree of accuracy. Most significant of all, with very few exceptions, the scores of impressions received pertained to events that had taken place that day and which Wilkins had reviewed in his mind, or to thoughts and happenings which had been occurring at the exact time of the mental communication. This fact demonstrated conclusively

to me that the "tuning in" suggestion, given to my mind each night at the start of each test, provided the *selectivity* I needed.

You may find that this simple suggestive device will greatly aid you in the attempt at any like experiment. I have employed it at various times and on different occasions throughout my life and it has always been effective.

ESP pioneers learned by experience

Up to this point I have dealt much more with the technique of receiving than that of sending. This is because the basic responsibility and the burden of proof always rests with the *receiver*. In many instances it is not even necessary for the sender to be concentrating upon you at the time you pick up his thoughts. When the experiments with Wilkins were arranged, it was intended that he should always make himself available at the appointed time when I was concentrating on him in New York. He had planned to be off by himself in some quiet, secluded place, where he could sit and review and relive, in mental picture form, his outstanding experiences of the day, and *will* them strongly to me.

It was not long, however, before unforeseen demands on Wilkins prevented him from keeping many appointments. But, to his astonishment and mine, there was no decrease in the accuracy of impressions I received. This led Wilkins to conclude that I was getting these impressions from his Subconscious, and that it was not essential to be consciously sending them to me at the appointed time. As a consequence, Sir Hubert formed the habit of concentrating on me at odd times of the day or **night**, or when he knew in advance that he could not keep our appointments. He did this with the faith and the confidence that I would receive his strongly-willed thoughts on Subconscious levels of my mind, and that I would pull them over into my *conscious awareness* when I made my mind receptive on schedule!

How much this practice may have contributed to the uniform success we achieved in transmitting and receiving is **difficult** to determine. I know that the first time I realized Wilkins had not been concentrating upon me when I was recording impressions which I felt were being received from his mind,

I suffered quite a shock. I had naturally accepted, in those pioneering days, that there could be no conscious reception of a thought unless it was being consciously sent at the same time. What I had not sufficiently realized is this important fact: Each experience, once recorded in consciousness, continues to exist in picture and mental feeling form, and is available through memory recall at any future time to the *experiencer* as well as to the *sensitive* who may be attuned to the experiencer's mind!

Remember, I have stated that events are stored in mind, associated with the degree of intensity of feeling that each event has aroused in the subject. When I specified that I wished to receive impressions of the "outstanding" happenings in the life of Wilkins, I did so knowing that such happenings would have made the deepest emotional impact upon him. This is true in the life of any individual. Many impressions that I received and recorded about Wilkins, he did not consciously will toward me at any time, but they were accurate just the same, and he had reacted, personally and privately, with strong inner feelings toward these thoughts and experiences when they had occurred. This was all that had been needed for me to be able to sense them.

The mind records everything

If thoughts are not electromagnetic in nature, as we at present understand electromagnetism, they must have a rate and character of vibration, and the quality of feeling must, in some way, be related to it. As a sensitive you are dealing basically with *feelings* at all times. It is how you feel and what you feel and where and when and why, that must be interpreted by you and translated into words.

For instance, when I received the impression from Wilkins of the dead dog on the ice, I saw him, in my mind's eye, looking down upon the dog; I saw him examine the animal and find it had been shot through the head; and I felt him wondering why the dog had been killed. This impression hit my consciousness in a flash, and was gone, but the feelings lingered on, thus enabling me to express the event which had caused them.

On one occasion, I picked up impressions of Wilkins and his men playing ping-pong in the Far North. From the Conscious Mind's standpoint, this was a most unlikely event. It was later confirmed as having taken place that very day. I once, also, heard in my mind's ear the scratchy tunes of an old-fashioned phonograph playing old-time songs. That day Wilkins actually had listened to an old gramophone, the prized possession of the son of an outpost friend. Here were two experiences among many which left their emotional impact in mind yet had nothing to do with the expedition in search of the lost Russian fliers, and were not considered by Wilkins worthy of conscious transmission to me.

Such telepathic pick-ups as this indicate that *everything* that happens to an individual is recorded without discrimination. However, it is well to observe that the experiences which command the most vital attention of the subject are the ones which register most intensely in consciousness.

For purposes of your own experimentation, it is better and less complicating, of course, if your sender is concentrating at the same time you are. You can more easily check and be sure of results. The sender should practice the same technique I have described for the receiver: relaxing body and mind, and visualizing the existence of a mental screen in consciousness. Then he should picture whatever he wishes to transmit as though he is projecting it on this screen. Having done this, he should WILL that this image be transmitted to the mental screen of the receiver. A certain time should be allowed the sender for each transmission of whatever he selects, such as an ESP card symbol, or an object, or a color, an actual human experience, or an idea. Then he should clear his screen following each transmission before he concentrates on the next, thus giving the receiver equal opportunity to clear his own screen.

To operate successfully in this fashion requires a synchronizing of the time between sender and receiver. Once the experiment is begun, a half hour is sufficient because an element of nervous fatigue affects both sender and receiver in about that length of time. An energy exchange or expenditure of some kind undoubtedly occurs. The receiver, however, is al-

ways more depleted than the sender. This is perhaps due to the necessity for maintaining a high degree of receptivity while holding all of the other levels of mind in abeyance.

You now possess enough basic knowledge to enable you to begin sending and receiving. Consider that you are practicing, just as you might expect to practice in order to become a good violinist or a pianist, or to attain any other skill.

Some may find that telepathic powers come to them with relative ease. Others will have to try longer and harder. But if you are willing to persist, if you believe in your Extra Sensory Perceptive powers, you are certain, in time, to bring them under your conscious control and direction. Neither I nor anybody else can tell you exactly how successful you will become. You may make some startling breakthrough that transcends everything done before—because the horizon of the mind has no limit.

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Four:

- Thoughts can be transmitted from mind to mind under conditions that would defeat radio propagation. Such thoughts may move on a yet-unknown "ether" that permeates everything.*
- Much will be discovered in ESP if we continue experimenting. Otherwise our technique may remain at a level comparable to that of radio at the time of Marconi.*
- Each of the seven levels of consciousness has its own function. Often we do not realize which is being utilized by the Conscious Mind to help us solve our problems to give us guidance.*
- There is a fundamental relationship between life-consciousness and the consciousness of the entire universe. Despite your attunement to the infinite, you still retain your own free will. What you are now is equal to the sum of all that has happened to you, and it appears that when you leave this life for another, you will take all your experiences with you.*
- The mental mechanics of telepathy require complete relaxation. The 7-point method shown in this chapter gives you this relaxation. You will see that the mind, exposed to thoughts in the "ether," picks them out in flashes which sometimes you can remember.*
- When you experiment in thought transmission, start by synchronizing the time of sending and receiving. With practice this may not be necessary.*

CHAPTER V

Recognizing and Following Hunches

A HUNCH is a sudden feeling or impression which comes to you from the Intuitive level of your consciousness. In some unexplainable way, your Extra Sensory Perceptive faculties become aware of events coming toward you in time, and try to warn or guide you with **respect** to these events.

It is often difficult to recognize what you call a "hunch" because it is fused with your ordinary thinking and because of the tendency of your Conscious Mind to argue against it. Your long dependence upon the testimony of the five physical senses is responsible for this. It is not easy to accept the fact that a higher faculty, beyond the reach of these physical senses is capable of sensing conditions and circumstances and events that could or will happen. For this reason, a strong feeling to do or not to do something, which cannot be verified or which seems to have no substance in reality, as you understand reality, is often ignored. **Later**, when subsequent events have demonstrated that you should have followed your hunch, you may either recognize it for what it was, or put it down as a remarkable coincidence or happenstance.

Actually, your Intuitive level of consciousness is trying to serve you in every life situation you are facing, but your conscious skepticism and unwillingness to depend upon it, usually causes you to reject, in whole or in part, its proffers of Extra Sensory guidance.

This hunch was a life-saver

Fortunately for me, I learned to rely upon intuitive guidance early in life. Had I not done so, I would not be alive today. In 1934 I went to Hollywood to help produce a screen story I had written, titled *Are We Civilized?* At the studio I became well acquainted with two "still" cameramen, both of whom had been fliers in World War I. They had a private plane and after the picture was completed they invited me to take a weekend flight with them to Northern California, where they promised to show me the giant redwoods. Although I already had my train reservation back to New York, I was strongly tempted to accept their invitation. This had been my first trip to California. I did not know when I might be coming again, and I was eager to see more of the scenic beauties of the state.

My friends offered to fly me on into Chicago and pick up the same train at that point, so I would arrive in New York on schedule. I was on the verge of accepting, when an inner voice said to me: *"Sleep on it!"*

When morning came, I awakened with the strong desire to go on the flight. The idea of a plane trip was novel and exciting in those days, when air travel was just developing. Leaving for the studio, I had every conscious intention of having my bags delivered to the Union Station, holding my reservation, and informing the railroad that I would join the train when it arrived in Chicago. But when I actually came face to face with the fliers and was about to announce my decision to accompany them, a powerful inner feeling welled up in me, and a mental voice said: *"Stick to your plan! . . . Take the train! . . . Stick to your plan! . . . Take the train!"*

The warning premonition was so strong, so unmistakable, that I could not struggle against it. I heard myself saying: "Sorry, fellows—I've decided to leave on the train as sched-

uled. Thanks for your offer. I hope to be out here again some day, and maybe I can go on a flight with you then."

I took the train as scheduled. Three weeks later, when the producers of my picture, Sidney Pink and Edwin Raschbaum, had returned to New York, I went to their office and saw the set of "still" pictures these two cameramen had taken. As I held the photos in my hands, Sidney Pink said to me: "You know, Harold, it's a strange thing. Had you heard? The last day of shooting, these boys turned in the pictures and took off on a weekend flight for the redwood country. *Their motor conked out at 500 feet, the plane crashed, and both of them were killed instantly.*"

Since that time I have made many plane flights, long and short, but this is the *only* one I ever have refused. I have had other moments when I have given serious thought to possible cancellation but, on reflection, I have taken the plane.

Flying blind

A few years ago, I had reservations out of Los Angeles for New York. As I checked in for the flight, the United Airlines clerk asked me my weight. I kiddingly inquired if the airline was now charging for the weight of the passengers along with the excess weight of the baggage. He said no, but that Idlewild Airport in New York was fogged in and that the plane was taking on an extra load of gasoline so it could remain in the air longer if landing conditions were not favorable. He explained this was just a flight precaution as sometimes planes had to fly on to Philadelphia or Boston, when New York was "zeroed in."

I went out to the gate ready for boarding. It was to be a night flight, and a group of anxious passengers was discussing the situation. Members of the plane crew were removing some of the freight under directions of an official who had a tabulated sheet of passenger weights in hand.

"I don't feel **any** too comfortable about this," one man said to me. "I can just as well wait for another flight."

He cancelled. His decision influenced several other passengers and they left the gate. I went **off** by myself where I could be alone with my thoughts, and asked myself: "*Is it going to be safe for me to make this flight?*"

I shut my eyes, stood quietly, and waited for an intuitive answer. Mentally, I seemed to see New York enshrouded with fog, but the feeling came to me that we would come down through it without trouble. The instant I got this feeling, I acted upon it, before my Conscious Mind and my possible fears or apprehensions could talk me out of it. Presenting my ticket at the gate for processing, I boarded the plane.

We had a beautiful night flight, but three-quarters of an hour out of New York, between six and seven in the morning, we ran into the predicted fog. It was pea soup and we flew blind until we were over the city. We came in on instruments and we felt our way down until we emerged under an extremely low fog ceiling and leveled out for a perfect landing. But, ten minutes after we were on the ground, the fog descended to ground level and conditions became zero-zero. All landings were suspended and flights diverted to other cities. Our flight from Los Angeles was the last one to get in under the fog blanket, and the weather remained bad for twenty-four hours thereafter!

It has been my practice, for some years, to suggest to my Intuitive level of consciousness that I be guided to do the right thing at the right time, and warned of anything I need to know for my protection or the protection of my loved ones. As a consequence, I have often been served in time of impending difficulty or crisis, as I was on this occasion.

You too may employ this method with profit. You will have to train yourself to control and to put aside your natural fears and apprehensions so that they will not color the genuine intuitive impressions that are trying to get through to you.

The feeling, in consciousness, of a real impression is different from that of a fear or an apprehension, and with practice you will be able to discriminate between these different feelings and to recognize a genuine hunch when it comes. Then you must school yourself to have the courage and resolution to act upon that hunch. This is the most difficult step of all. It may, on occasion, bring some scoffing or ridicule from friends or loved ones, when you quietly declare: "I feel

(or don't feel, as the case may be) like doing this or that, at present."

It is impossible to explain a hunch or even to support it. If it is a real hunch, it will prove itself in due course of time. But, because it deals with things which are beyond the physical in time and place, no one but the person receiving the hunch is equipped to judge it or to elect to take action regarding it. There are times, too, when your reception of a hunch may not be entirely accurate. Here is one such instance, which happened to me. It concerns another plane flight.

A case of parallel time-sequence

I had reservations on an afternoon flight from Los Angeles to San Francisco, where I was to deliver a lecture that evening. As I strapped myself in the seat, preparing for take-off, I received a sudden impression that one of the motors was going to catch fire in flight. I saw, in my mind's eye, the fright and excitement such an occurrence would arouse in the passengers, and I wondered if this impression was being given me so I could leave this plane at the last moment and possibly escape a fatal crash. But, as I reviewed the impression in my mind, I got the feeling that, whatever happened no harm would befall me. The uneasy feeling immediately left, and I sat back, relaxed.

We were on our way to San Francisco, with all going well, when this feeling of great apprehension returned. This time I felt that the flame-out of a plane's motor was imminent. I left my seat, walked forward to the lavatory, stepped inside, and looked out at the two motors from this vantage point. They were functioning smoothly. Since nothing happened, I was impulsed to step **across** the aisle into the other lavatory and observe the motors on that side of the plane. This lavatory, however, was occupied and, after I stood in the aisle a few moments, the feeling of terrible uneasiness departed and I returned to my seat.

The flight to San Francisco was completed without incident but I was greatly troubled in mind. The impression had felt just as genuine to me as any of the many others I had received. Why had it apparently been so totally wrong? It was not until morning came, with the morning paper, that I had

the answer. Across all the columns of the *San Francisco Examiner* was the heading:

PACIFIC AIRLINES PLANE CRASHES EN ROUTE FROM LOS ANGELES TO SAN FRANCISCO—MOTOR CATCHES FIRE IN MID-AIR—TWO KILLED, SEVEN INJURED!

Now I had the explanation for my impression. This plane of a different airline had taken off for San Francisco within minutes of mine. My Extra Sensory faculties, in seeking to protect me, had somehow picked up the impression of what was going to happen to a motor on a plane, on a flight to the same destination, in the *same time sequence!* There had been such a parallel **indentification** that I could not distinguish consciously between the two planes. I had felt inwardly assured of my personal safety, however, and this impression had been strong enough to cause me to remain with the flight. As nearly as I could determine, at the precise time I was feeling the imminence of the accident, the Pacific Airlines plane was actually in trouble and in the process of crash-landing. Once this event had become a part of the past, and I was no longer associated with it, I had had the feeling of relief.

You can condition your intuition to work for you in any area of your life by implanting the proper suggestion in consciousness. Having done this, it makes no difference how much time elapses; your Extra Sensory faculties will function as directed. The following experience will illustrate what I mean:

“Watch your overcoat!”

Some years ago, the cartoonist Charles Forbell and his wife paid us a visit in our New York apartment. When they left, around midnight, Charles found that thieves had broken open the door of his automobile, parked outside, and had stolen a new suit he had just purchased that day.

Meditating on this occurrence that night, and feeling strongly about it, I suggested to my Subconscious: *No one ever will attempt to steal anything of mine but that I will be made aware of the theft in time to prevent it!* I repeated this suggestion until I felt my Subconscious take hold of it. Then I gave it no further conscious thought.

A year and more passed. I had become editor of the *Savings*

Bank Journal, with offices on East Forty-Second Street. One evening I was asked by the publisher, Milton Harrison, to stay downtown to dinner for a discussion of business matters. As we were about to take the elevator, I acted on impulse, returned to my office, got a copy of the current issue of the magazine, and placed it in the inside pocket of my winter overcoat. I had no need for this copy since I already had taken my two regular file copies the day before—but I responded to the urge, just the same.

My overcoat was an undistinguished, plain, gray one, similar to many others. I hung it on a coat rack in Stouffer's Restaurant, some 50 feet from a table at which we were seated. I engaged in an animated discussion with Mr. Harrison during our dinner. Suddenly, in the midst of our conversation, an inner voice said to me: "*Quick! That man has your overcoat!*"

I looked toward the coat rack just as a man had taken a coat from it and was putting it on as he headed toward the cashier's desk. There were perhaps twenty coats on the rack and a number of them, at that distance, looked as though they could have been mine. But now, trained to follow my hunches, I found myself on my feet, cutting through between the tables. En route, my Conscious Mind began to get in its licks at me. "Be careful!" it warned. "If you accuse this man of taking your overcoat, and he doesn't have it, you can get yourself in trouble!"

I weighed this warning against my inner feeling and the inner feeling won out. As I neared the cashier's desk, the man had finished buttoning the coat and was in the act of paying his check. I tapped him on the shoulder and said: "I beg your pardon, sir. I believe you have my overcoat!"

The man pulled back defiantly. "I have not!"

Instantly, upon impulse, I grabbed the coat lapels, and turned them back. There was the *Savings Bank Journal*!

"I'm sorry, sir, but you *do* have my overcoat!"

Full of apologies, the man took off the coat and handed it to me. "Well, it looked exactly like mine," he said, and took a few steps back toward the coat rack as though to get his own coat. Suddenly he made a bolt for the door and dashed out of the restaurant.

The manager, whom I knew, came running up to me. "Did that man try to steal your overcoat?" he asked. "We've had six overcoats stolen from here in the past two days."

The next day, **Stouffer's** Restaurant had little warning cards at every table: WATCH YOUR OVERCOAT!

Now analyze with me the action of this Intuitive level of consciousness. Having received my suggestion, over a year before, *No one will ever attempt to steal anything of mine but that I will be made aware of the theft in time to prevent it*, my Extra Sensory faculties had stood guard all that time. Apparently, sensing that I was approaching a moment when someone would try to steal my coat, I had been given the impulse to get a *Savings Bank Journal* and put it in my overcoat for purposes of identification.

Please note that I did not take the publication with me to be used in our business discussion but left it in the coat pocket. I had hung my coat, time and again, on various coat racks in public places without any apprehension that it might be stolen. I had not the slightest concern regarding my overcoat on this occasion, but the instant that this man, intent on stealing it, *touched* my coat, even though I was in the midst of conversation with Mr. Harrison, my Extra Sensory faculties got through to me with a definite warning!

Many people give the wrong instruction to their Extra Sensory faculties and as a consequence get the wrong result. If I had *feared* that I would, some day, be the victim of a theft, and had I strongly pictured this possibility, this would have been the same as ordering my higher faculties of mind to create a susceptibility in me for such a happening. Under such conditions, it is not likely that my mind would have reacted in a way to protect me, as it so obviously did in conformance with my prior instruction.

Thomas Edison is credited with having said: "Man is only using one-tenth of one per cent of his mental capacities." It is undeniable that man has not, as yet, begun to sound **the** depths and potentialities of his own consciousness. Most certainly, few of us have developed sufficient control over our Extra Sensory faculties to be able to depend upon their added guidance and protection in our everyday lives. For instance.

it is possible to instruct your intuition to serve you in time of emergency. Here is one of the ways this may be done:

The cab turned over twice

When I lived in New York City, much of my transportation was by taxicab. Because of bad traffic conditions there was always the risk of an accident. Having had several close calls, I decided to instruct my mind, by suggestion, that in the event I should be faced with an accident, I would instantly, by impulse, do the right thing to protect myself.

Some months later, I had a hurry-up call to keep a downtown business appointment. I hailed a cab. We were approaching Fifth Avenue on 124th Street, and I was seated on the left side of the cab, when I received the strong urge to move immediately to the other side. I had no sooner done this than the cab driver shot across Fifth Avenue against the lights! In that instant I saw we were going to be hit by an old sedan, which **subsequently** was found to have been filled with heavy lead pipes.

My first impulse was to grab the strap which hung beside the car door, and to brace myself for the oncoming impact. But, as I took hold of it, an inner voice commanded: "*Let go that strap!*" From that moment on, something inside me took over, causing me to put my arms across my face and head and double up my knees to protect my body. As I did this, we were hit broadside with such force that the cab was actually catapulted into the air. The first place it struck was on the roof. There was a shattering of glass as the windows were broken and seats torn loose. I slid around, at one time on my back on the roof of the cab, looking up through my arms at the floor, as the cab, turning over twice, hit a lamppost on the far side of the street and broke it off.

The cab came to rest on its side, and I lay amid the shower of broken glass, with one of the seats half over **me**—**having** suffered only a dislocated right elbow and a bump on the head. The cab driver, when he had seen that he was going to be hit, had ducked down below the wheel, and emerged with a broken collarbone. When I was lifted from the cab, spectators were amazed that anyone could have come out of that taxi alive.

The insurance **adjustor** asked me later why I had not held

onto the strap. Most people do this, according to the case histories of similar accidents. I told him I couldn't explain it except to say that I had had the strong feeling that I shouldn't do it, and that I rolled up into a ball instead.

"That's most interesting," said the insurance man. "You instinctively did the right thing. Our records show that many passengers have clung to the straps in an accident, have made their bodies rigid and as a consequence have suffered brain concussions, broken bones and serious internal injuries. In quite a number of cases, there has not been too much damage to the cab but the passenger has been badly injured or killed."

It is worth observing that taxicabs no longer have these straps inside them. This probably indicates that they were considered a hazard rather than a help.

I had further cause to reflect upon the miracle of my own escape when a friend, Col. Moss of Washington, D. C., a few years later, on a trip to New York, was caught in a cab accident and killed instantly, clinging to a strap.

That you may not think this case to be an isolated one, in which I just happened to do the right thing at the right time, let me report one more additional experience:

On another occasion, I had taken a cab and during the ride the motor began to cough and sputter and almost stop. The driver fussed with the choke, a cloud of fumes came out, and the cab continued on its way. This had happened infrequently before on other cab trips, with motors that have apparently needed overhauling. But this time, when the motor began to act up again, I suddenly became concerned. An inner voice said to me: *"Get out of this cab, quick!"*

I said to the driver: "Pull over to the curb, please. I'm going to take another cab!"

The driver protested. "It'll be okay, mister. I think I've got it fixed now."

The motor was still sputtering and backfiring. "Pull over!" I ordered, with great urgency.

He swung to the curb, still objecting. I pushed open the door and jumped out. Just as I did so, there was an explosion and the cab burst into flames. The driver

leaped to safety from the other side, and we both watched the cab become an inferno.

"I'm sure glad you made me stop, mister," said the driver as a fire engine arrived.

There may be times when we overrule our intuition or do not recognize its attempts to make us aware of something we need to know for our own good. But, having had many evidences of its service in my behalf, I am constantly trying to help it better its performance.

There is still another area of life experience in which your intuition can serve. It comes under the heading of what I call *your ability to synchronize your movements in time*. Most of us waste a tremendous amount of energy each day because we have not learned how to be at the right place at the right time, doing and saying the right things. This may seem like a big order and it is, but few of us have discovered the great value of mentally preparing for each day's activities and thus giving our Intuitive level of consciousness an opportunity to work with us. Again, let me illustrate:

Strange encounter

On a business trip to New York some years ago, I needed to get in touch with Paula Stone, one of the daughters of the late Fred Stone, great musical comedy star of the past generation. I had forgotten her married name and her own name was not listed in the phone book. It was reported that she had gone to London, but somehow I felt she was still in New York.

Each night, as I checked over my business appointments for the following day, in my hotel room at the Astor, I pictured myself running into Paula at some time during my few days' stay in the city. Only one day remained before I was scheduled to depart, and I still had not met her.

At noon on this last day, Mr. Christie, an editor on the staff of my publishers, Prentice-Hall, phoned to tell me that he would be late to a luncheon appointment. I had made a reservation in the main dining room at the Astor but Mr. Christie arrived an hour and fifteen minutes late, and the steward, with apologies, said he had had to give up my table. There was still a line waiting, but he had one table available in the cocktail

room several hundred feet away, on the mezzanine floor. Would I mind taking it?

It happens that I do not drink, so I seldom frequent cocktail rooms, but time was of the essence for both Mr. Christie and myself, and I gladly accepted this table. We had scarcely been seated than an attractive young woman came running across the room from a corner table, calling out:

"Harold Sherman!—What are you doing in New York?"

It was Mrs. Michael Sloane—Paula Stone to me!

She had just arrived in the cocktail room. What I had visualized had come true. On Subconscious levels, which cannot be specifically explained, I had synchronized my movements with hers, so that I had been led to the right place at the right time, and had met her!

Consider now what had to happen to have made this possible:

If Mr. Christie had kept his luncheon appointment on time, we would have eaten in the main dining room and would have been gone by the time Paula arrived in the cocktail room. But the fact that Mr. Christie was so extremely late in keeping his appointment prevented us from eating in the main dining room and forced us into the area where Paula then was!

I have used this technique for synchronizing my movements in time, again and again, through the years, and have learned not to be disturbed when things apparently go wrong on the surface. I hold the thought that everything is going to work out right at the right time—and it usually does!

What guided me?

Another outstanding instance of this time-synchronizing phenomenon occurred in Hollywood. I had developed a television show idea that I wanted to submit to Nat Wolfe, then head of the program department of the Young & Rubicam advertising agency. He had headquarters in New York and I had known him personally some fifteen years before, but had not seen him since. When I read in the trade papers that he was flying to Hollywood on a three-day business trip, I phoned the Young & Rubicam office in Hollywood to make an appointment to see him when he arrived.

A secretary told me that the best she could do was to place

my script in his brief case so he could read it on his flight back to New York and write me about it from there. I promised to deliver the manuscript to her on the day he was to arrive, but I privately pictured myself meeting Nat Wolfe personally, somehow, somewhere.

On the day he was to be in Hollywood, I busied myself about my apartment, awaiting the *hunch* as to the right time for me to go to the Young & Rubicam office. This inner urge did not come until around three in the afternoon, but when it did, I dropped everything and hurried down to the address. I sent word to the secretary, who came out to see me.

"Might it be possible," I requested, "if I am willing to wait around, to catch Nat Wolfe between appointments and **just** shake his hand for old time's sake?"

"I'm sorry," she said, "but he's running over half an hour late on engagements as it is, and he's got to catch the seven o'clock plane for San Francisco **tonight**, but I'll do what I promised, Mr. Sherman, and see that he gets the script to take back with him."

Under these circumstances, all I could do was to surrender the envelope containing the script, thank her, and leave the office. But I had not relinquished my determination to see Nat, and held to my mental picture of a meeting. Reaching the corner of Hollywood and Vine streets, I stood for a moment, and asked myself: "**What** do I do next?"

The answer came to cross the street and "kill" time in the one-man barber shop operated by my friend Dave Dineen.

Dave said he had two customers ahead, including the man who had just gotten into the chair, but I could wait if I wished.

"I'll wait," I said, and sat down, picking up a magazine. It was 4:30 before Dave got to me. My mind had been on Nat Wolfe and I had been hoping for further inner directions but none had come. When you receive hunches of this kind, you have to accept them on faith and do what you seem impelled to do, without question. I didn't badly need a hair trim but I got in the chair just the same. Dave was almost through with me when I was hit with a powerful urge to "get going."

"I'm sorry, Dave," I said. "I just thought of an important appointment I'd forgotten. I've got to get out of **here!**"

He said he could finish in a minute but I told him I didn't have time. I paid him and hurried out of the barber shop. There, on Vine Street, I came face-to-face with NAT WOLFE! Nat was in the company of an agency executive and was en route to the Brown Derby, brief case in hand, for a quick cup of coffee before leaving for the airport. He invited me to join him and we had a 20-minute conversation.

Do you wonder, after such experiences as this, that I have such confidence in the functioning of Extra Sensory faculties?

Let me remind you that the basic technique for activating these higher powers of the mind—no matter how you use them—is always as described in Chapter IV. As I mentioned there, practice will enable you to do away with all or most of the preliminary steps. You will almost always be able to make your Conscious Mind passive and turn its attention inward upon a focal point of consciousness. Great wonders wait within the mind and will serve us—when we learn how to see them truly.

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Five:

- Somehow the Intuitive level of your consciousness can become aware of events coming toward you in time. This explains how we get hunches. My own experience showed me several times that a hunch, followed, can be a life-saver.*
- Strangely, you can get a hunch that is true but does not apply to you. This seems to be caused by a parallel sequence of time.*
- You can condition your Intuitive Mind to work for you in any area of your life. For instance, it can set a "burglar alarm" in your mind that warns you if anything of yours is about to be stolen. As with all ESP phenomena, this requires faith and confidence to make it work; fear will defeat it.*
- One of the strangest of ESP phenomena is the ability to synchronize your movements in time so that you are almost infallibly led to meet someone else you want to meet. Such a meeting can be seen to come about although there is practically no "chance" of its happening.*

CHAPTER VI

Foreseeing the Future

THE MOST BAFFLING of all forms of Extra Sensory Perception is that of **precognition**—the ability of the mind to sense or foresee an event that is to take place in future time. True, it is possible to predict the routine actions and reactions of an individual whose mental attitudes and habit patterns are known. But for mind to perceive in advance an occurrence involving many conditions and circumstances not even in the consciousness of those who are to be affected, and often not contained in anyone else's mind, defies all known laws of science and probability. To get premonitions of impending events is something that *should* be explained away on the basis of chance or coincidence. However, to the discomfiture of many scientists, the mysterious faculty of precognition is too much in evidence to be pushed under the rug.

My mind traveled in time

There were times during my Extra Sensory experiments with Sir Hubert Wiikins, when, as I concentrated upon him, my

mind seemed to have been projected ahead in time, and I was given fleeting mental glimpses of events that I felt had not yet taken place but were somehow destined to occur.

In one instance, on January 27, 1938, I recall having recorded the impression that something was going to go wrong in the crankcase of a motor on Wilkins' plane. This did not actually happen until February 6, when Wiikins noted in his diary: "We developed serious trouble in crankcase—main bearing of one engine ground to powder. Must have been some trouble there since January 15. Had this happened in the air, it might have resulted in a fatal crash."

On another occasion, on the night of March 7, 1938, I accurately described an experience which was not to happen to Wiikins until the morning of March 12. I recorded: "Strange feeling in pit of stomach or solar plexus, like I've gone through close scrape. . . . You, Wiikins, concerned about something . . . fleeting vision your face . . . strained expression as though concentrated upon flight activity in plane . . . seems as though flight is started and down at some point or turned back . . . plane motionless . . . snow or sleetlike weather—seems to be pelting plane. . . . Is tail of plane damaged in bumpy landing? . . . See some work in rear of plane. . . ."

On the morning of March 12, Wiikins radioed the following story to *The New York Times*:

An odd freak of the weather today led to the second accident our airplane has sustained during our efforts to locate the missing Soviet airmen.

It was light and clear this morning till six o'clock, but, shortly after we took off, a snow-laden squall, as black and sudden as a thundercloud, enveloped us and, fearing snow and "icing up" on the machine, we were forced to land while we could.

Pilot Herbert Hollick-Kenyon made a good, safe landing with our heavy load of 1,200 gallons of gas and equipment, but, in taxiing back to our starting point, we struck a solid, sharp ridge of snow, and the tail-skid was torn from the fuselage.

Engineers A. T. L. Dyne and S. A. Cheeseman, whipping back and forth between the machine and our main base

in the homemade sled, are quickly effecting repairs and, by working throughout the night, expect to have the machine completely repaired by tomorrow.

Herein is conclusive evidence that my mind, in some way, sensed the only two accidents which were to befall Wilkins* plane, in each case some days in advance of their actual occurrence.

At this point you are probably wondering, as I also wondered: Were these accidents *destined* to occur? Could nothing have intervened to prevent them? Had the causative forces of these events been in existence at the time I had received the impressions, and had my mind, somehow, "tuned in" on them as they were taking shape in another dimension?

We know the future exists for us in some form; that a definite series of events is going to keep on happening to us from this moment **on—up to death—and possibly beyond**. Certainly a chain of events, infinite in character, covering millions and billions of years—inconceivable in number—led up to the time of our individual birth.

Viewed in this light, nothing ever happens by chance. The universe is ruled by the laws of cause and effect. However trivial or insignificant, there has to be a cause behind everything. Wilkins himself, in commenting upon the bearing which was "ground to powder" in the crankcase, suggested that "the trouble must have existed since January 15." But no human mind knew of this trouble until the time it materialized in the form of an accident. For my mind to have received a prevision of something going wrong in the crankcase, it had to obtain this knowledge through some other form of intelligence. In some manner I cannot explain, I was made aware of a dangerous condition on the night of January 27. Starting with this causation, an Extra Sensory faculty of mind, functioning like a computer, progressed this cause to its ultimate effect, and presented me with a forewarning.

You are perhaps speculating that this may indicate predestination or fatalism, but it is easy to refute this possible explanation. Had a mechanic, in checking the motor, discovered the impaired bearing and replaced it with a new one, he would instantly have changed the causation, and what my mind had

perceived, based upon the potentialities of the old causation, would not have occurred. Likewise, if Wilkins had changed his time of departure on the flight, the climatic conditions would undoubtedly have been different, thus eliminating the accident I had foreseen. But, so long as the causations were not altered, they produced the effects that had been perceived.

The fact that *causations* influence these higher powers of mind before they materialize as *effects* which can be observed by the five physical senses, would explain why many "seers" go wrong in their predictions. If they possess genuine Extra Sensory abilities, they may accurately sense an event coming toward someone in time, based on the existing causations at the moment. But the intervention of other forces in the interim following the prediction may change the causations and thus alter or cancel the event predicted.

So-called mystics and prophets have occasionally made prognostications of world happenings which have come true. In these instances, mass consciousness has been so strong and so persistent as to have maintained a powerful basic causation. Lesser forces, counter to it, have been overwhelmed or swept aside, and the predicted event has come to pass. This fact has led students of the human race to declare that "history tends to repeat itself," which is another way of saying that "if mankind does not change its thinking and its ways, it will continue to bring the same calamities upon itself over and over."

Intelligence in all things

I am convinced that a form of intelligence exists in all things, animate and inanimate, and that a sensitized mind can communicate with these various forms of intelligence. This is difficult to put into words. If you consider the vibratory nature of the universe, in which everything including man is made up of force-fields and vibrations, you become aware that a crankcase or a bearing or a weather condition or anything else is an entity in and of itself, which may have an awareness of its state of being at any given moment. This awareness is constantly changing as the state of being changes, and, since nothing stands still, no person or mind or thing is exactly the same as it was even a second ago. Everything in the universe is reacting to and being acted upon by everything with which

it comes in contact, animate or inanimate, every moment throughout its entire existence. Each cause produces an effect which, in turn, produces other causes, which lead to other effects, *ad infinitum*.

Mind is the observer, the absorber, the calculator, the evaluator, the receiver, the dispenser and the activator of these changes in the form of ideas and impressions which it converts, through experience, into individual growth and achievement. In fact, mind is the only property in the universe which retains its identity and which profits by changes within and without itself.

There is evidence of vast intelligence beyond human comprehension in all forms of life and in all manifestations, visible and invisible, throughout the cosmos. But, as we survey the heavens and the earth, and the wonders therein, we appear to be the only beings on this planet who possess the capacity, through our minds, to direct, control, adapt and convert these universal forces to our own needs and uses. Undoubtedly there are creatures far exceeding us in evolutionary development and quality and capacity of mind power, on other planets in higher states of being. The proof that even *our* minds are equipped with Extra Sensory powers, not limited by time or space, should give us the inspiring assurance that creature man is destined for mental and spiritual advancement far beyond our present kindergarten stage.

The relativity of time

The mind appears to function with the speed of light. What is the time involved in the explosion of an idea in consciousness? Or the instant receiving of an impression from the mind of another, thousands of miles away? And how can time, which apparently does not yet exist, be tapped by mind to determine an event that is due to happen in a future moment still unborn? These considerations lead to the conclusion that time itself is relative and has different measurements, long or short or variable, in accordance with different conditions and states of consciousness.

For precognition to be operative, the instant a cause is created, the potential effect growing out of this cause must also be in existence. The mind making contact with this causa-

tive force then runs along what might be described as a *line of rime* and carries this cause to the effect it is destined to create.

If you can conceive of time as extending back into the past and ahead into the future, with your mind possessing the faculty of traveling forward and backward at will, you can picture the possibility of mind perceiving events which are yet to materialize. The causations which have gone before have created present effects, and these effects, in turn, have produced new causations, the effects of which will be experienced by us in time to come. But there is a higher dimension of time beyond our ordinary comprehension or awareness in which these future events are now forming. It is this potential state of being that our Extra Sensory faculty apparently contacts, wherein it forms a concept of the shape of things to come, and presents a fleeting mental image or feeling or impression of this future possibility.

The average, untrained individual seldom recognizes the phenomenon of precognition when it happens, because it is so fused with the accustomed flow of thoughts which are bounded by the five physical senses. It is not until *after* an event has materialized that most individuals see that they had, indeed, performed an act of precognition.

Many "hunches," such as described in Chapter Five, can be classified as precognitive flashes. The person who can recognize them and act intelligently upon them is the person who usually rises above his fellows in successful achievement.

You should start by realizing that each new idea is actually a precognitive flash of a future possibility. It often requires a combination of time, effort, experience, skill and resources before it can be materialized. And yet you may have seen this idea, in your mind's eye, in completed form. If you were intrigued by it but lacked faith in your ability to accomplish it, it may have died a-borning. But if you seized upon the idea with faith and enthusiasm, and put forth the proper effort, the chances are that you eventually developed your perception into a completed fact.

I have had many experiences of this kind. One of the most striking occurred in the late nineteen thirties.

A great name and a prized contract

I am an admirer of Mark Twain. As I was reading a biography by Albert Bigelow Paine, it struck me that Twain's life had not been dramatized for stage and screen. In that flash I saw myself, in my mind's eye, securing an exclusive assignment from the Mark Twain estate and creating a successful property for Broadway and Hollywood production.

My Conscious Mind tried to tell me this was an impossible aspiration. I had little reputation as a playwright, and surely such an important contract would be awarded only to a top-ranking writer. Nevertheless, with nothing to go on but my powerful inner feeling and my faith in my own creative ability, I started my quest.

I laid out a program of research which took me time and again to the library, seeking intimate knowledge of the nature and character of Samuel L. Clemens, alias Mark Twain. This study required an investment of six months. At the end of that time I prepared a 10,000-word treatment showing how I proposed to dramatize Twain's life for stage and screen.

Then, and only then, did I seek to make an appointment with attorney Charles T. Lark, executor for the Mark Twain estate.

And now I had another precognitive flash. I saw myself in his office, talking to him, telling him of my desire to write a play based on Mark Twain's life, and stating my belief that I had a special talent for this particular assignment. I seemed to see Mr. Lark listening to me respectfully. In my mind's ear, I seemed to hear Mr. Lark saying: "I can't promise you anything, Sherman—but the least I can do, in appreciation of the work you have put in on this script, is to read it."

I phoned for an interview with Mr. Lark—and when

I met him, face to face for the first time, what I had foreseen took place exactly as precognized!

During this interview with Mr. Lark, he showed me letters and telegrams from such then-prominent writers as Booth Tarkington, Rupert Hughes and Homer Croy, among others. Each had petitioned the Mark Twain estate to grant him these valuable dramatic rights. But each of these writers had felt his reputation was such that the estate should give him

consideration without requiring him to demonstrate how he proposed to handle the Twain subject matter.

Doubtless any one of them would have done an excellent job, but their sole reliance upon their reputations as a means of impressing the estate had given me my opportunity. Mr. Lark said that the dramatic rights to Mark Twain's life story were the most valuable yet remaining to be sold and that the estate was not going to contract with any writer for these rights until and unless it was convinced that the author would treat the subject in a way acceptable to the estate.

I told Mr. Lark that this was a gamble I had been willing to assume and that if he did not feel, upon reading my script, that it was worthy of consideration, all he had to do was drop it into the wastebasket. I then left Mr. Lark's office to await the verdict.

In the ten days that followed, I re-examined my remembrance of the first precognitive flash I had received—when I had seen this assignment acquired by me and a successful play completed. I was reassured to discover that the feeling of my success in this venture was not **only** undiminished but stronger than ever.

Came the day when Mr. Lark phoned to invite me to have lunch with him at the Yale Club. It was a great moment when I heard him say:

"Mr. Sherman, I was impressed enough with your manuscript to send it to the trustees for their opinions, and then I mailed it to Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, Mark Twain's only surviving daughter. Clara and the trustees all agree that your outline portrays Mark Twain as they would wish him to be dramatized and they have given me permission to discuss the awarding of an exclusive contract with you."

Within a week after this conference, I had in my possession one of the most coveted assignments in playwriting history. The play *Mark Twain*, when finished, had three top Broadway producers bidding for it. It was sold to Harry Moses, producer of the then-famed *Grand Hotel*, who made plans for production, but before production could be started, Mr. Moses was stricken ill and died. Then Jesse L. Lasky, veteran Hollywood picture producer, bought the play and I went to Hollywood to help adapt it to the screen. It was produced by Lasky for

Warner Brothers under the title *The Adventures of Mark Twain*, with Fredric March in the starring role. Thus what I had foreseen, and then worked so hard to achieve, had come to pass.

Your vast, untapped capacity to achieve

There is in every individual a higher self—a higher awareness—which knows that person's potential capacity and which tries, on occasion, to reveal it and to inspire him to strive to bring out the best in himself. But few of us either recognize or believe in the ultimate reality of these mental glimpses.

Looking back, I now can see many occasions when I did not follow the precognitive visions given to me, and by so much I have missed many possible achievements. The same also applies to you, and to every human creature, because the creative power in consciousness is attempting to express itself in some form at all times and can do so only through ideas which are recognized and utilized.

By the very nature of our thoughts and acts, we are all in the process, every moment of our lives, of creating our future. Every decision you make sets your mind and all its powers in a definite direction. Whatever mental picture you have in consciousness of the goal you wish to attain, becomes the blueprint from which your creative power and Extra Sensory faculties work. In some manner that we have described, for illustration, as *electromagnetic*, they begin to attract to you everything you need in the way of experience and knowledge and people and resources to help you bring whatever you desire into being.

Whatever your ambition, the instant your mind is focused upon it, things commence to happen. They may occur so naturally and so conveniently that you often fail to realize you are being aided by your Extra Sensory faculties. It usually takes a spectacular demonstration for you to recognize and credit the functioning of your higher powers of mind.

An individual who has precognitive ability might be able to concentrate his mind upon your future, knowing a decision you have made, and thereby "tune in" on many events that are forming, ready for materialization, as a result of that decision. He would be able to describe certain developments which your

Creative Power of Mind and your Extra Sensory faculties were in the process of lining up, the while you were consciously devoting yourself to what you felt had to be done in your present moment.

When your ESP gives warning

Some years ago, when we were living in Chicago, our daughter Marcia went to Michigan to spend the summer with her favorite uncle and aunt, at their cottage on an inland lake. Marcia is an excellent swimmer. But, one Sunday morning, I awakened thinking strongly of her, with the feeling that if she should go in swimming this day, she might be seized with a stomach cramp and be in danger of drowning. I had had enough experience with Extra Sensory impressions to tell the difference between them, in feeling, as against impressions brought to mind by fears and worries. I therefore told my wife about the forewarning I had received, and she phoned her brother at once, asking him to put Marcia on the wire. She asked Marcia if she were going in swimming that day and Marcia said, "Yes, Mother—I've got my suit on now."

Martha then said: "Marcia, Dad says he would feel better if you didn't go in the water today."

Marcia expressed surprise and wondered why. Martha then repeated: "No special reason, honey—but Dad feels you just shouldn't go in today. Any other time will be all right."

There was a hesitation on the phone, then Marcia said: "Okay, Mother, if Dad doesn't want me to go in, I suppose there's a good reason—so I won't."

Nothing happened, of course, because my request had kept her from the water, and nothing might have happened even if she had gone in. So, if you are inclined to be skeptical, you can easily say that this does not prove anything. But, if you had had experience, as I have, in the receiving of impressions which proved to be true, would you have run the risk of not following this one?

It serves no purpose to be given Extra Sensory guidance and not to act upon it. This was the only time in the hundreds of occasions that Marcia has gone swimming, that I have ever had such a feeling regarding her. I believe there was something

in her body condition that day that my mind sensed might lead to stomach cramps and a possible drowning. Even now, years later, as I write about it, I feel a deep conviction within me that this potentiality did exist, and might have resulted in an unhappy ending had we not made the phone call.

Consider the many times when you have heard or read about some husband or wife not wanting to take a certain trip by car or boat or train or plane, and pleading with members of the family not to go, only to be kidded or talked out of it, with tragic results. In such instances, these people, either through a vivid dream or a strong premonitory feeling, sensed an event coming toward them in time which might bring about their death or injury.

Remember: causative forces, once set in motion, always will produce the effects, constructive or destructive, inherent in them, unless these causations are changed.

Resolve now that whenever you get an intuitive warning, unprovoked by any fears or worries, you will give heed to it however much your Conscious Mind may try to tell you that such an impression is ridiculous or unfounded. You may have to take your stand against friends and relatives. But it is better to give the benefit of the doubt to such intuitive flashes than go counter to them, only to discover you had been right—too late.

For years it has been my practice, during my regular meditation periods each evening, to send out loving, protective thoughts to my two married daughters and their families, as well as other relatives and friends. I have had reason to believe, as I have previously stated, that we all have an established electromagnetic affinity on Subconscious levels with those for whom we feel a strong emotional attachment. I have charged my mind, through suggestion, to make me aware of any knowledge which might be helpful to loved ones or to myself, with respect to any events that may be coming toward us in time.

Your higher powers of mind will respond to such direction if you really mean it and expect it, and if you are on the alert to recognize such guidance in either your waking or your dream state.

Danger waited on a side road

When Marcia was living in Fort Worth, Texas, she had planned a motor trip to Charleston, Arkansas, to visit her husband's parents. Suddenly I received a warning impression as I thought of her. Again I called upon Mrs. Sherman to contact Marcia, this time by mail, asking her to be on the lookout for someone shooting across the highway from a little side road. Martha assured our daughter that this potential accident need not happen—that all they had to do was to be especially watchful and careful.

When Marcia arrived safely in Arkansas and no such incident had occurred, she said to me: "Dad, don't ever warn me like that again! I was jittery all the way home!"

I told her that I could not understand why she had not had some evidence of the authenticity of my impression since I seldom experience a precognitive feeling that is not eventually borne out in whole or in part.

Marcia said: "Well, nothing happened to *us*—but when we got to Charleston, we found that Wendell's grandfather had been hit, and slightly injured that day, by a man who drove out of a side road and smashed into his truck."

"There you are!" I cried. "Thinking of you and Wendell and your trip, my mind somehow branched off and associated itself, like a party line connection, with the mind of Wendell's grandfather. I saw a fleeting mental picture of a car dashing out of a side road and crashing into another vehicle on the highway. Since your grandfather's accident took place in the same time cycle as the one in which you were making the trip, and because of the close relationship in consciousness between Wendell and his grandfather, I must have identified this impression with you folks as I was concentrating on you."

This experience illustrates how you can, at times, be right and yet be wrong. In this case, I obviously had received a correct impression of an impending accident but had interpreted it as happening to the wrong people. You might say I had gotten my "mental wires" crossed.

Forewarning of national crisis

After most of this book was written, one of the great tragedies of modern times has occurred—the assassina-

tion of President John F. Kennedy. I wish now I had publicly voiced my concern over this possible happening as I did privately in a confidential memorandum dispatched to a trusted friend and government official in Washington, on June 3, 1961, when I wrote in part:

A World Anarchy Society or system has been formed with the aim of taking over the world by violence, intimidation and intrigue. The plan is a diabolical refinement of the Communist practice of infiltration in all countries. The center in this hemisphere is Cuba, and the leader is a man named *Rafael*. The plot is designed to capitalize upon the discontent, racial strife and economic distress of minority groups in all countries. Contacts are being made with underworld and radical political factions who are promised positions of power and influence when the time comes to create widespread violence and panic. The objective is to take over all of South America and ultimately to bring about the downfall of the United States through internal sabotage, disorder, panic, confusion and war, if necessary. Agents are now busy setting up in various key areas fanatically dedicated individuals pledged to give their lives to help bring about the destruction of existing governments through sabotage and infiltration operations. The training center for this stepped up campaign of terror and destruction is Castro's Cuba. . . .

Assignment of gangster elements to attempt the *assassination* of leaders in various countries is being made as a part of the program—with rival factions prepared to make a bid for power and control when such violence takes place or the time and conditions seem propitious.

Castro has been told that this method of inciting revolution and infiltrating countries and setting up agents who will fanatically follow instructions from a central control point, is the way to overthrow a militarily superior power.

One by one, we will see occurrences like the *assassination* of *Trujillo*, which are calculated to produce consequent changes and tensions in governmental control of country after country. . . . The situation is already so

serious that the United States should organize a military police force and place guards on "around-the-clock" duty at all important installations and government buildings, airports, etc. as added protection. It should be recognized that there is an insidious, ever-growing threat to our security and that these preventive measures can do more to thwart the enemy than billions spent on additional weapons. . . .

On July 27, 1961, I wrote another confidential memo to the same person, who must remain nameless, in which I reiterated: "Cuba is the hotbed of anarchistic planning—and this is just the beginning. Russia will use this "beachhead" to the limit. The U.S. may have to move in and put the quietus on this operation whether we want to or not."

On February 14 and 15, 1962, newspaper headlines carried the story that "RAFAEL Rodriguez has replaced Premier Castro as president of the all-powerful Cuban Agrarian Reform Institute." Editorials in the *Los Angeles Times* stated that: "RAFAEL has long been a cog in the Kremlin's Latin-American machinery. It is a grave and menacing development. It is evident that the Kremlin considers Cuba too important to be entrusted to the inept, noisy Castro. . . ."

If you, the reader, will refer back to my original memo, you will see that I specifically named "Rafael" as the man in charge, almost nine months before any news of this development reached the press. I could have had no conscious way of knowing that a man named Rafael was being groomed for this take-over.

On February 15, I wrote the friend in Washington that I had the impression Cuba was surrounding our base at Guantanamo with explosives, *atomic* in nature . . . that secret preparations were being made . . . something was being done in the waters around the base and fishing boats and other craft should be carefully watched . . . a sudden great fire and explosion at the base was not an impossibility, etc.

On March 19, 1962, a Congressional committee flew to Cuba to investigate reports of increased Cuban military activity outside the gates of the American naval base at Guantanamo. A news story reported that Rear Admiral J. O'Donnell had

declined to come to Washington because "the situation was so critical."

The follow-up news story said that the Committee had found "no evidence" of any build-up or activity. But Cuba had "blown its top" over the investigation, charging provocation.

I wrote Washington on March 20, and stated my "positive impression" that I was right, that a build-up *had* occurred and was *continuing to take place*. I further declared that, "I am certain military aggression is planned in due **course**—and no wonder Cuba is furious to have us alerted to possible action. I feel this area should be watched constantly from now on, regardless of what may appear on the surface." I then called attention to a newspaper report which had appeared in October, 1961, periodicals, which told of "thousands of Castro's agents scattered throughout the United States and South American countries, on a planned basis, to foment trouble, sabotage, etc.," an action I had described in my memo of June 3, 1961.

August 24, 1962, while visiting my daughter and her family in Casper, Wyoming, additional impressions came to me, which I then sent on to the friend in Washington. I reported, in part:

Khrushchev has become cocky to the point of over-confidence. Those close to him are concerned that he may be tempted to go too far. Despite the domestic failures of Communism, Khrushchev now feels that world Communism could take place in his lifetime. He is certain that the Allies will not go to war over Berlin. As for **Cuba**—he has decided that this country must be made an increasing thorn in the United States' side. Consequently, an all-out **effort** will be put forth by Russia to help improve the Cuban economy as an example of what Russia can do for a Communist confederate, within the very shadow of U.S. shores.

*Actually, the domestic help to be extended is only a blind for the military strengthening of Cuba—so that a threat may be posed against the **Guantanamo installations and the United States**. Castro will be disposed of entirely when Russia reaches what is considered to be the take-over point. This influx of Russian "technicians" and materials into Cuba is a calculated, probing risk which is to be intensified as the pressure increases in Berlin.*

Khrushchev, considering Russia's present military strength and the eventual ability of the U.S. to catch up, is seriously contemplating an attack between now and some time in 1964. Since war is thought to be inevitable between the two ideologies, for the final conquest of Communism (a conclusion vehemently supported by Red China), certain Kremlin leaders argue that to wait for the United States to rival Russia's present purported military advantages would be suicidal. *Unless circumstances radically change, a moment of fatal decision is approaching.*

This moment of decision came in October, 1962, when President Kennedy dramatically revealed, with photographic evidence, that Russia had installed missile bases in Cuba, (zeroed-in on United States targets). The United States, supported by a naval blockade of Cuba, forced a removal of these atomic weapons, with the promise of an accompanying removal of Russian military personnel. This has only partially been done.

After the "near miss" of an atomic holocaust over an armed Cuba and the Soviet attempt to confront us suddenly with a *fait accompli*, Dr. Lapp, on the "Today" TV program, made this statement: "I cannot understand why our Intelligence Service apparently had not been aware of this offensive build-up, until recently."

In such a fast-moving world, it is obvious that there is an urgent need for us to be aware, if at all possible, of conditions and developments which, unless discovered and checked, could materialize, into dangerous happenings.

Which brings us back to the first mentioned subject—the assassination of President Kennedy. How tragic for our country and the world that the precognitive impressions and premonitions of not one, but a number of men and women, could not have led to more stringent precautions that would have prevented his murder.

A black veil over the White House

On the night of Sunday, October 13, 1963, in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Sherman and I had the privilege of meeting and dining with Jeane Dixon, in the company of her friend, Lorene

H. Mason, and Dr. and Mrs. F. Regis Riesenman. I had long heard of Mrs. Dixon and her remarkably accurate crystal ball predictions of the future, and had recently read an entire chapter on her in Jess Stearn's book, *The Door to the Future*, which told of her prediction, published in the May 13, 1956 issue of *Parade* magazine, that "A Democrat will win the 1960 election—but he will be assassinated or die in office."

Dr. Riesenman, outstanding psychiatrist and authority on ESP, and I discussed these powers with Mrs. Dixon. I found her to be a devout Catholic, a woman of deep sincerity and integrity, who has a sacred regard for her prophetic powers—and who would not, for any price, commercialize or prostitute them through misuse—but whose one objective is to give expression to them for the guidance and protection of others, especially those bearing the burdens of government and human affairs.

I told Mrs. Dixon I shared her apprehension concerning President Kennedy and asked if she still felt the same as she had when the first impression came to her. She indicated that she did. Not only that, but it was then only some five weeks prior to the actual day of his assassination. A few days before this cataclysmic event, Mrs. Dixon told friends she could see a *black veil* closing over the White House. She then named the *exact day* of the assassination but, despite this warning and despite the high respect in which she is held in government and other circles—the prediction seemed so fantastic that it was not taken as seriously as it should have been.

However, in the case of President Kennedy, many men and women received premonitions. Reverend Billy Graham has told how he felt strongly apprehensive about Kennedy's safety in Texas, and tried to get through to him to urge him not to make the trip. After several unsuccessful efforts to reach Kennedy through high authorities, Billy Graham said he let his Conscious Mind argue him out of further attempts, thinking that his warning might be considered foolish and unwarranted.

The Los Angeles papers reported a woman who felt so strongly, the morning of the assassination, that Kennedy was about to be killed, that she sensed the approximate time of day. She tried frantically, with time running out, to reach Governor Brown of California, by phone, and ask him to get word

through, at once, to officials as a means of preventing the attempt on Kennedy's life. But again the warning **failed—and** was perhaps regarded as the unbalanced fear of some fanatic or crackpot.

It requires unusual courage to make such a prediction publicly, and while I had gone on record far in advance with private warnings of the plot to assassinate our leaders, I was concerned about the possible sensationalizing of such a prediction.

I am sure, in the case of President Kennedy, that there have been many others who sensed this impending tragic **event—**an event so portentous that it was to have terrific impact upon the minds and hearts of all peoples in all nations.

The future is forming right now

It is a theory of mine, based upon my own experiences in precognition, that, as has been said: "Coming events cast their shadows before." Time is still a great mystery to man. Future events are shaping in **Time—in** some other dimension unknown to us—**right now**. The next thought you will think is forming in **consciousness—what** will happen to you half an hour from now, an hour, tomorrow, the day after that, and so on and **on—is** being shaped **now—by** the nature of your present mental attitude toward persons and things; your inherited physical and mental tendencies; by the nature of what has happened to you in the past; how you have reacted mentally and emotionally to the various experiences you have had; and what your fears and desires and aspirations concerning your future may be.

These are all causative forces in consciousness which are joining with other causative forces, outside yourself, in the minds of others with whom you are **associated—like** attracting like in the realm of **mind—and** these intermingling forces are destined to create effects which will externalize themselves into definite happenings in some future moment of time. The time of these happenings will be determined, in large part, by the urgency you and others give to them with your **thoughts—on** Conscious and Subconscious levels.

This is vitally important to **you—as** important as anything you can ever **learn—because** your entire future is ruled by the phenomena I have just described.

I think I should explain, at this point, that I am not spending my time sitting around, wondering about what is going to happen; nor am I seeking to pick up impressions of tragic or unhappy events. There are many impressions of important happenings that I have not sensed at all, because I have not put my mind upon them; and whether I did or not, I could never be sure that I would accurately be able to forecast the future.

During a large part of 1962, I had to combat health problems, suffering among other things, a severe attack of sciatica. When the physical body is disturbed, one does not feel too inclined to undertake Extra Sensory experiences. Most of the impressions which came to me during that year, came unsought, either in vivid dreams or quick visions or feelings. My practice of recording everything that appears to be unusual caused me to write down such impressions, or dictate them to Mrs. Sherman, and if I felt them to be important enough, I usually called them to the attention of one or two people, who could attest to their genuineness and time of reception, if necessary.

I hope that the years ahead will permit me to give more and more time and attention to a study of these higher powers of mind and I am eager to receive reports from those of you who have had experiences similar to mine. I am therefore desirous of sharing with you what little I have come to know about how precognitive impressions are received.

No one has yet developed his precognitive powers to the point that he can accurately sense, *whenever desired*, what is going to happen, or may happen. He can get a general feeling, based upon past experience and his knowledge of the factors involved in a certain situation, of what can happen under given circumstances. But this is deductive reasoning and not Extra Sensory Perception.

Precognitive warning or guidance comes as a feeling entirely apart from the activity of the Conscious Mind, usually carrying with it such an impact and conviction that it commands the Conscious Mind's attention and consideration. It is a force in and of itself which breaks through from the Subconscious into the area of conscious awareness.

You can encourage the functioning of this precognitive faculty by telling yourself that you will be alert at all times to

recognize its manifestation. Tell this to yourself when you are fully relaxed in the manner I have shown. Let yourself listen with senses beyond the ordinary, and you may hear extraordinary things.

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Six:

- With precognition we appear to see the future—a baffling phenomenon. It may be that the mind senses present conditions which must result in a certain occurrence. If the conditions are changed, the precognitive flash should lose its power.*
- Currents of thought may affect vast masses of people, and be so hard to change that the actual course of history may be sensed as it must inevitably happen.*
- It seems that time is **relative**, has long, short or variable measurements in accordance with different conditions. It seems as though the mind can travel backward or forward in time.*
- Each new idea is really a precognitive flash of a future possibility. If you put faith behind your ideas you can bring them into being. Each of us has a **vast**, untapped capacity to **achieve**. Every thought and every action helps to create your future. A firm mental picture of your goal helps to attract what you need to help you reach that goal.*
- We should pay more attention to warnings that come through ESP. Particularly where loved ones are **con-**cerned, we may get warnings that can avert tragedy.*

CHAPTER VII

The **Mystery** of Dream Impressions

DREAMS HAVE FRIGHTENED, awed, mystified, warned and guided man throughout all the ages. Visions in the night and visitations in dreams have been recounted in religion and in literature. Dream predictors and dream interpreters are making big money today. Psychoanalysts and psychiatrists place great store in dreams and their **symbology** as an aid to the probing of mental and emotional disturbances.

Primitive man's original belief in spirits probably stemmed from his interpretation of dreams. He seemed to see again, in slumber, the forms of those who had died or had been killed in battle. In the realistic dream state, he heard them talking to him—voices from the dead. These experiences caused him to feel that, under cover of darkness and in the sleep state, those who had departed their bodies could return from some mysterious land.

It was impossible to tell at that time whether these dream experiences were all figments of the **imagination**—really activations of memory centers which reproduced the mental images of those who had died. It is probable, however, that the minds

of men from earliest beginnings have been reached and influenced by intelligences of a discarnate nature. Records that have come to us contain accounts of mysterious beings, frequently described as angels, who have made visitations in sleep and have, on occasion, left messages. The Bible, of course, relates many such instances which we, in this materialistic day, are supposed to accept as happening **then—but** not now.

The history of dreams, however, and the influence they have exerted on all civilizations would lead any open-minded investigator to subscribe to the old adage: "Where there is so much smoke, there must be fire." I am inclined to believe, based upon my own personal experiences with dreams and my study of what happens when we sleep, that there is a great deal of fire.

The strange world of dreams

Sleep itself is one of life's greatest mysteries. What happens to the entity, man's consciousness of Self, during the sleep state, has baffled science. Mystics have referred to sleep as "the little sister of Death," and have claimed that, while in this state, what they term the "soul" leaves the body and communes with those on higher planes of being.

What we know today about Extra Sensory Perception would lead us to believe that much happens in the sleep state of which man is yet only dimly aware. It is not impossible that contact is made with the sleeping subject, on Subconscious levels, by higher intelligences, if not by departed loved ones; that instructions as well as messages are sometimes given; that the entity does indeed leave the body and enter higher dimensions of **being—but** that there is seldom a carry-over recollection of these experiences conveyed to the Conscious Mind of the individual, once he re-enters his waking world.

This entire area cries out for profound study, research and experimentation. It could be that the sleep state is the connecting link between the entity and the next dimension of being he is to enter when he leaves this life. It could be that the laying aside of the body in sleep, each night, will not be too unlike the laying aside of the body in death, except that, in such an event, the entity would no longer be divided between the conscious and subconscious aspects of himself, but would depart knowingly for its next existence.

There are several types of dreams. Some dreams have their origin in digestive disturbances, mental and emotional upsets, repressed or inflamed sex urges, and ordinary fears and worries. These may take the form of nightmares. They are usually distorted, fragmentary, incoherent and sometimes violent. There is no evidence in any of these dreams of any Extra Sensory activity. They have been motivated solely by physical, mental and emotional reactions to external experiences, and engage only the lower levels of mind.

Then there are dreams wherein the sleeping subject has entered a deeper state and is thus enabled to be in telepathic contact with a friend or loved one. Under these conditions, certain feelings or information may be dramatized for him in a dream sequence, parts, if not all, of which he can recall upon awakening. It is also possible that a discarnate entity, usually a friend or loved one, may be able to make contact and communicate in the same manner.

The deepest sleep state seems to open the highest reaches of the mind to contact with higher intelligences having a personal interest in the entity, and desirous of imparting instruction. If astral projection is to take place, either with or without guidance from a higher intelligence, the entity apparently "takes off" from this level of consciousness.

The Extra Sensory faculties have a wide range of activity throughout these subconscious realms, laying "lines of communication," so-called, and assisting the entity in all of his activities in the sleep state. It is as though these faculties possess an intelligence of their own, which is passed on to the entity in the form of vivid dreams which are more than dreams, informative mental pictures, strong feelings and urges and even, at times, what appears to be voiced instruction.

The person who enters the sleep state having no faith in Extra Sensory Perception will seldom have any evidential experiences. You have to want help and guidance to get it in any dependable way. Spiritual leaders emphasize the need for FAITH in support of prayer. There is just as great a need for you to have faith that your Extra Sensory faculties will function for you, if you would hope to obtain satisfying results.

Frederick Marion, one of the noted authentic "seers" of the present day, in a talk I had with him, made this significant statement:

"I would emphasize above all else that the individual seeking to develop his Extra Sensory powers must believe *absolutely* that these powers will operate for him. If he permits the slightest doubt during the time he is trying to perform telepathy, he will inhibit, if not completely repress, the functioning of his higher powers. *Faith* is, therefore, essential to the success of any sensitive."

I agreed wholeheartedly. An individual may be an honest skeptic, but if he wishes to experiment, he must maintain an open mind and be willing to believe, during the periods of testing, that these higher powers are capable of manifesting themselves. In addition, he must be willing to cooperate in every way. This same attitude must be carried over by any person into the sleep state. If you retire, hoping to have an Extra Sensory experience in the form of a dream, yet doubting that this can happen, you may still dream but it will have no meaning.

Many men and women go to bed deeply concerned about their own health and economic conditions, or that of friends or loved ones. But they do nothing in and of themselves about it, and conditions, as a result, may worsen instead of improve. Those who believe in some religion or in a higher power may meditate or offer up a prayer for deliverance from whatever is disturbing them. With their minds in this induced receptive state, temporarily freed of fears, worries and doubts, the strong, sincere yearning for help from a higher source often activates their Extra Sensory level of consciousness. They are brought an answer to their needs through a dream, or awaken in the morning with a knowledge of what to do about their **difficulties**.

A dream of death

A good example of a warning type of dream is one that came to me in November, 1920, two months after I was married and had left my home town of Traverse City, Michigan, to reside in Detroit. My father, who with my mother had attended the wedding, was apparently in excellent health. And yet, one night, I had the following startling dream:

I seemed to be back, with Martha, my wife, in the family home in Traverse City. It was night and we were in the kitchen with the light on. Mother and Dad appeared to be out for the evening. I heard a key in the lock of the front door and knew they were returning. I left Martha in the kitchen and hurried through the house to greet them. But before I could reach the door, it opened and Mother stepped in, with Dad about to follow. Just at that moment, there was a short circuit and all the lights went out. Almost simultaneously, Mother started crying hysterically: "Oh, Harold . . . Harold! Tom is gone! . . . Tom is gone!" I found myself groping through the darkness to my mother's side and putting my arm around her to comfort her. She, however, was inconsolable, and continued to repeat: "Tom is gone!" The feeling came over me that Dad had disappeared in the darkness—that he was, indeed, gone—and I awakened, my face wet with tears, to tell Martha of this dream, and the conviction it had given me that my father did not have long to live.

There was no evidence, however, of any physical decline until some weeks later when Mother wrote us that Dad was having violent headaches and was complaining of impaired vision. I urged Dad to come to Detroit so that he might be examined by specialists. There it was determined that he had developed a tumor in the brain, on the pituitary gland. He grew progressively worse and went to the Battle Creek Sanitarium in February, 1921, where an exploratory operation was performed. The tumor was found to be inoperable. Shortly following the operation, Dad lapsed into a coma.

Mrs. Sherman, Mother and I were placed in a room directly across the hall from Dad's. The second night I awakened in early morning from a fitful nap after our round-the-clock vigil, with a feeling that a drastic change was taking place. I roused my wife and mother just as the nurse came to tell us to come quickly. Dad, still unconscious, was breathing with great difficulty. The doctors had been summoned to remove radium placed through the nose. They arrived shortly, bringing with them a floodlight which they set up beside the bed. There was a surgeon and two internes. Mother stood on one side of the bed and Martha and I on the other, behind the doctors. It was

a tense moment because it seemed that each breath my father drew might be his last.

Suddenly, as one of the internes seized the floodlight to move it closer as an aid to the surgeon, he tripped over the cord. There was a short-circuit and the room was plunged into darkness. Now, my dream had become reality! I heard my mother cry out the very words I had heard in the dream some months before: "Oh, Harold . . . Harold! Tom is gone! . . . Tom is gone!" Repeating what I had done in the dream, I felt my way in the darkness to mother's side and did what I could to reassure her. But Dad was gone, not long after.

I have had cause to reflect upon this strange but highly accurate dream experience many times since that harrowing moment. Certainly, no one would deny that some part of my mind had projected itself ahead in time and had pictured for me, in this dream, the scene I was later to live through. I cannot explain today how my Extra Sensory faculties ascertained that my father's health was impaired, before he himself was aware of it. But again, the causation must have existed for my Extra Sensory faculties to have projected it to this conclusion. And yet, what happened was to have an emotional repercussion on people other than my father. My higher powers even had provided the exact words that would be uttered by my mother: "*Oh, Harold . . . Harold! Tom is gone! . . . Tom is gone!*" Any investigator, confronted with such irrefutable facts, is compelled to admit that he stands in the presence of thought processes and mental phenomena still far beyond his comprehension.

Such verifiable dreams cannot be duplicated on command or in the laboratory. They may occur once in the lifetime of an individual, if at all, but if they only happen once, that person knows beyond any doubt that there is vastly more to life and consciousness than appears on the surface.

How to "dream true"

I have discovered in my personal research and experimentation that, while I cannot explain the *modus operandi* of dreams, it is possible, through suggestion, to prepare the mind, on occasion, to "dream true," as the saying goes. Here

again is an area which calls for extensive exploration. Perhaps you have gone to bed seeking a solution to a problem and have dreamed the solution. You are familiar with the oft-repeated phrase: "I think I'd better sleep on it," indicating a recognition by many that sleep often produces magical results in **release** of tensions and the provision of new viewpoints and ideas.

Comparatively few people consciously employ any technique of thinking in preparation for sleep. They just respond to a universal desire to escape temporarily from the problems of this world by entering the state of the unconscious. A great number resort to sleeping pills to get away from it all, thus numbing not only the body, but the mind as well, and blotting out all dream experiences, whether good or bad.

You can call upon your higher powers if you will form the habit of preparing your mind each night for sleep. Difficult as it is to put aside your disturbed, tense feelings of the day, to let go of any hates or resentments or fears or worries which may have developed, you must not carry them over into the sleep state. This cannot be emphasized too strongly.

At the moment of dropping off to sleep, you are in a highly sensitized condition of mind and body. All levels of consciousness are close together due to the receptivity which exists. Thoughts and feelings, resident in the Conscious Mind, are transmitted directly, with little or no resistance, to higher levels of consciousness. This creative power within is ready and waiting to seize upon whatever desires or aspirations or fears or hates you may be concentrating upon, and to go to work on them.

Since the creative power is your obedient servant, it accepts your destructive thoughts and processes as energetically as it seeks to materialize for you the good thoughts that you pass on to it. Because, as I have said, like attracts like in the realm of mind, this creative power will intensify your fears and hates, and continue to draw to you more conditions and experiences of a corresponding nature. You can readily see how important it is to clear your mind at the end of each day of all disturbances, thus creating a clear channel in con-

sciousness which enables you to be reached and served by your Extra Sensory faculties.

Fully realizing the value of this procedure, it has been my practice each night, for years, to review the outstanding events of the day; to attempt to see myself objectively, as others may have seen me. I try to discover such mistakes as I may have made, and to correct them with the resolution that, when face to face with a like situation, I will react as I can now see I should have reacted.

This type of meditation requires an honest facing of things as they are, and often is not easy to do. It is human nature to want to defend our faults; or, at least, not admit them to others. But long ago I decided I would rather hurt myself than let others hurt me. Sooner or later, our mistakes and **faults—unless we see them first and eliminate them—are** going to be apparent to others and will do us much more damage.

Once you have established this meditative pattern, you will get so you will look forward to it as one of the highlights of your day. No matter at what time you retire, or however tired you may feel, you will know that you can shut the mental door on your disturbed thoughts and feelings by letting go of them and calling upon your higher powers of mind to work for you while you sleep. This provides you with a fresh, vital outlook when you awaken, ready for the new day.

If you are particularly concerned over a major problem, review all angles of it objectively and then, without trying to reach a conscious solution, go to sleep. Have faith and confidence that your higher powers of mind will take it from there and reveal what needs to be done in a dream, or have the answer waiting for you in the morning. If you go to sleep fearing that the problem is unsolvable and that conditions will get worse and worse, it is the same as ordering your creative power to produce this very state of things for you.

The Subconscious on guard

Several years ago I conducted a series of dream experiments to determine whether or not one's Extra Sensory faculties could be directed to bring knowledge of a specific nature

about events that might be cause for national concern. Each night, at the point of dropping off to sleep, I gave to my Subconscious this powerful suggestion:

Determine for me what needs to be known to protect the leaders of our country and our national safety.

Since it is my contention that the thoughts of all humans are constantly being broadcast into space as they originate, then it should theoretically be possible for any of these thoughts to be intercepted by the mind of a trained and sensitized individual. In the sleep state, the ordinary resistance of the Conscious Mind is removed. A thought is always transmitted from the Subconscious Mind of the sender to the Subconscious Mind of the receiver. It is then the job of the receiver to pull the thought received over into the field of conscious awareness. This is the great difficulty. Countless thought impressions received on Subconscious levels by all individuals, never get through. The question I now asked myself as I engaged in this rather unique experiment, was:

Given direction, could and would my Extra Sensory faculties contact the thoughts of some individuals who did not have the best interests of our country in mind?

For perhaps a week, around the middle of February, 1954, during which time I repeated this suggestion nightly, nothing happened. Then, on the night of February 26, I apparently "tuned in" on something, and awakened Mrs. Sherman to tell her the contents of a realistic dream while the details were still fresh in mind:

"I found myself on a balcony, in a large auditorium that was packed with spectators. I looked down on the lower floor and saw men seated at desks, and a rostrum from which a man was speaking. I turned to a man standing beside me, against the wall, and asked him where I was. He gave me a strange look, and said: 'Don't you know? You are in the House Chamber in Washington!'

"My attention was then called to a dark-complexioned woman seated in the balcony, who was fumbling with a handbag and appeared to be highly nervous. She was glancing furtively at two men, also dark-complexioned, who were seated not far from her. They too looked nervous and tense. Suddenly, I saw the woman give a signal to these men. All

three jumped to their feet and started shouting. The woman **produced** a gun, as did the men.

"Shocked, I watched as they began shooting at the men on the floor below. I saw the man who was speaking fall, and other men run for cover. There was pandemonium as guards and spectators rushed to overpower this woman and her two confederates. I heard her crying something in a foreign language, as the scene blacked out. . . .

"Almost instantly I seemed to be transported to the White House where I observed a scene of great excitement. Police and plainclothes men were arriving and throwing a cordon about the area to protect the President, and I heard them saying that there was a plot under way to assassinate the nation's **leaders**."

When I had finished dictating my remembrance of this **dream**, to Mrs. Sherman, I told her I had the feeling that this fanatical woman and her two male accomplices were of foreign extraction. I could not determine their nationality. But I added that I felt certain I had picked up impressions of some plot against the heads of our government. What to do about **it**—if this were true? Who would believe it was possible to receive thoughts of *this nature*—of *any* nature, for that matter? I finally decided to write a friend, a high official in Washington, and warn against possible assassination attempts.

On March 1, 1954, three days later, I flipped on the radio in my car just in time to get a news flash:

At 2:20 this afternoon, an attempt was made to assassinate members of the House, in Washington. Three Puerto Ricans, a woman and two men, started shooting from the **visitors'** gallery. United States Representative **Alvin Bentley**, of Owosso, Michigan, who was speaking at the time, was shot and critically wounded. The would-be assassins were captured at once and were said to be Nationalists. The woman ringleader, Lolita LeBron, twenty-four years old, shouted, during the shooting: "Viva Puerto Rico! Before God and the world, my blood cries for the independence of Puerto Rico. My life I give for the freedom of my country. I take responsibility for all!"

Here was another dream, of an entirely different kind, reproduced almost exactly as I had foreseen the event! But the topper on this Extra Sensory experience was added when these Puerto Ricans were arraigned in court, and the woman, Lolita LeBron, testified that the plot had been hatched in a New York hotel, the night of February 26th—*the very night I had received the dream impression!*

Since this experience, I have had at least a dozen others which have been authenticated, covering a wide range of subjects and activities. This proves beyond doubt, to me at least, that the mind can be directed, through suggestion, to secure and present information through the medium of dreams. In all these cases, the dreams revealed developments that were in the minds of others and which eventually materialized as events. Some day, when these Extra Sensory faculties become so accurate that names and addresses can be discerned, many evil-minded men and women can be identified and apprehended before they commit their intended crimes.

Can millions be influenced in their dreams?

There is a type of dream which is almost planetary in origin. It seems to grow out of the universal Subconscious. Countless people are influenced by the mass feelings and thoughts of millions of their fellow creatures. It is well established that things first happen in the mind of man before they are materialized in outer life. Everything external to man, outside of nature, has been created by him. So, too, have been all the events in history. Great leaders, throughout the past, have influenced the thinking of millions and have aroused them to unreasoning hate, desires for revenge, aggression and annihilation, all of which have led inevitably to the devastation of war.

If man is a product of what he thinks, then the combined thoughts of men, organized and centered upon any objective, be it constructive or destructive, must produce an effect after the nature of this thought.

Recognizing these facts, one now can understand that it would be possible for any sensitized individual to "tune in," especially in the sleep state, on intensified areas of thoughts being broadcast by millions of people. This is probably the explanation as to why my own mind, in the year 1933, pictured

to me in a dream the coming of the Second World War. At that time, Hitler was rising in power in Germany and commencing to inflame the populace with his denunciation of the Jews.

I wrote an original screen story based on my dream, which was sold to Raspin Productions, an independent producing firm. The story dealt with a German-American newspaper publisher who, while visiting his son in Germany, was shocked to discover the kind of regime that had come into power. When the publisher tried to speak out against the breeding of hate and the suppression of freedom of speech, which he warned would lead inevitably to war, his old home was burned, including his library of valued books, containing the records of all past civilizations. Then the publisher himself was killed by an incited mob.

The picture showed man's inhumanity to man throughout the ages. It revealed, through actual film clips, the defensive military maneuvers of many countries at that time. My leading character, played by veteran actor William Farnum, asked the challenging question: "Do nations prepare in this manner, who are preparing for *peace*?"

The picture, *Are We Civilized?*—mentioned before—opened in New York City at the Rivoli Theatre, to rave notices. Walter Winchell characterized it as "The most powerful peace picture ever made." It did not get wide distribution. A distributing contract, signed with a major distributor, was mysteriously canceled, I did not learn until months afterward that the German Embassy had protested its exhibition and had threatened to boycott all American pictures shown abroad, if it was run.

The picture occupied a high position on Hitler's black-list of films. My prophetic dream, put in dramatic form, had fit the shoe too snugly.

Many people are strong believers in dreams, and subscribe to the numerous books and magazines dealing with dream interpretations. Dreams may be symbolic and require interpretation. Dream analysts list specific meanings behind the dreams of such things as angels, children, diamonds, a plane or automobile ride, a knife, a gun, a marriage, a funeral, a fall over a precipice, a quarrel, a thief, a body of water, a nude man or woman, etc. But what most of them apparently do not realize

is that each word or object and its association with life experiences has different shades of meaning to different people.

Take for instance: *fire*. It can mean an enjoyable occasion around a fireplace with loved ones, or mean a repressed fear of fire. To evaluate properly any dreams concerning fire would thus require a knowledge of the nature and temperament of the individual.

For this reason, the realistic dream which clearly depicts a certain condition or situation is the most reliable. Otherwise, a certain amount of guessing accompanies every attempt to interpret dream **symbology**, and you are apt to get as many different evaluations as you have analysts. The trained psychiatrist or psychoanalyst, however, by study of the mind and emotions of the individual, often is able to relate the reported dreams to actual repressions or fixations or phobias or psychoses. It is seldom safe for the dreamer, himself, to attempt to act upon dreams that come to him in *symbolic* form, unless their meaning is unmistakable.

Believing that some dreams are genuine manifestations of Extra Sensory Perception, and desirous as I have been to encourage the repetition of this kind of dream, I have continually sought to suggest to my mind upon retiring that I would be given such knowledge as would be helpful to me, realistically presented and free of symbology.

It is my practice to record or to dictate to Mrs. Sherman, upon awakening, every unusual dream that comes to me. If you permit much delay in this process, the details of your dream will have become fused with images of your Conscious Mind, as well as your imagination, and you will start coloring or adding to the dream experience so that much of the possible significance may be lost.

Once you have started giving attention to your dream life and making a record of it, you will be astonished at the amount of information and foreknowledge you are actually acquiring through the dream state. Of necessity, higher levels of your mind are continuing to deal with activities and associations you have set in motion during your waking day and which you will resume on the morrow. Concurrently, the mind of every person with whom you are related, in any capacity, has thoughts about you and an interchange of your thoughts with

his is taking place on Subconscious levels, even while you sleep. As a result, some impressions of others which you receive in dreams are more accurate than those that may come to you during your waking hours!

You will find, as I have found, that some of your recorded dreams will seem to have no basis in fact. Keep them on file, nevertheless, because a few of my dreams have not been confirmed by any actual happening for a year and more. Yet something has eventually happened which has had a definite bearing on most of them.

Predictions in your dreams

You must understand that, in the dream state, everything is taking place in the "now." It is only when you awaken and are able to study your dream experience and attempt to reason it out, that you have any consciousness of time. Even then, you cannot determine the exact day and hour of a precognized dream experience, except to feel, with possibly deep conviction, that what you have foreseen is going to come to pass.

Should any dream predict an unhappy or tragic event relating to you or your friends or loved ones, do not brush it off as a figment of the imagination, or a possibly frightening but harmless nightmare. Take inventory of yourself and all factors that may seem to be contributing causes to the potential happening which your dream has pictured. Decide to act upon this forewarning by changing such thoughts and plans as you feel need to be changed, or can be changed, to prevent such an occurrence. Do not permit a dream presentiment to arouse your fears and increase your susceptibility to whatever may be coming toward you in time. Once the causative forces have been altered, as I have pointed out, what may have been portended cannot and will not happen as foreseen.

The logic of such a procedure is self-evident. If you feel you are becoming ill, you go to a doctor to get his help in removing the cause so that a serious illness may be avoided. When you act upon forewarnings in dreams, you are likewise removing existing causes and producing, as a consequence, results much more favorable to you and to all who may be concerned.

Dreams often reflect the condition of your health, your per-

sonal involvements with others, your financial worries, and your troubles, as well as your joys and successes. Scientists claim that every individual dreams every night whether he can recall the dreams or not. You are living in two worlds at the same **time**—an outer world and an inner world. Your Subconscious Mind never sleeps. An intelligence within you is standing guard, day and night.

The more you can learn to "dream **true**," the more help, guidance and protection you can get from your dreams. But always maintain a common sense attitude with respect to them and you will find, in time, that the vagueness and distortions will diminish and the clarity and genuineness of your dream impressions will increase.

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Seven:

- Dreams have frightened and guided men through all of history. We **appear**, in **sleep**, to enter a special state in which our minds become very receptive. We must note, **however**, that some dreams are motivated merely by external events such as indigestion.*
- The deepest sleep seems to open the highest reaches of the mind to contact with other intelligences. **Often**, in this way, precognition comes to one in sleep through a dream.*
- At the moment of falling asleep we seem able to reach all levels of consciousness. This is the time to clear your **mind**, prepare it for constructive new thoughts. It is also possible to prepare the mind to receive impressions on a particular subject; for instance, to receive a warning of any threat to the national safety.*
- Perhaps millions can be **influenced** in their dreams by one individual. This may account for some of the remarkable power exerted by dictators.*
- Dreams often come in symbols. Some of these symbols are well known to psychiatrists and reveal a good deal about the dreamer.*
- You can "**dream true**" in many cases if you follow certain simple techniques; it amounts to guiding your dreams.*

CHAPTER VIII

The Mystery of **Out-Of-Body**Experiences

THE QUESTION OF WHETHER or not man possesses a "spirit" or "astral" body form has not yet been completely answered. There are prominent men and women in all professions, however, who strongly believe in the existence of such a body form and who feel that they have had evidence of this. Of course, religions which teach that man survives death envisage his entrance into another state of being which implies embodiment; but members of these sects have, for the most part, been compelled to accept a hereafter on faith.

In this field we often have to deal with fraud and deception. It is comparatively easy for a dishonest medium or a magician to stage a most convincing seance with partial or whole "materializations" of those who have gone on, even to the simulation of their voices. The inexperienced beholder, no matter how intelligent, may be completely taken in, since information on departed loved ones and friends is often secretly obtained by devious means, and fed back to him during the seance. I have constantly been astonished at the **guillibility** of many distinguished men and women who accept the manifestations

they witness in a dark room. These people seem to check their brains at the door.

Even worse are those who have made up their minds that this phenomenon exists and who refuse to believe any evidence to the contrary. They are furious at anyone who catches a medium in the act of faking, and often offer extravagant alibis in defense of the medium's purported prowess. After one notorious expose, during which fellow mediums were shown by infrared motion pictures to be parading in and out of the "spirit cabinet" as pretended ectoplasmic recreations of disembodied souls, the hard core of believers insisted that mischievous evil spirits had masqueraded in the guise of these fellow mediums just to discredit them!

Such exposes, however, do not imply that all mediums are fraudulent or that the phenomenon of astral projection or spirit body manifestations does not, on occasion, take place. I am frankly more impressed *outside* the seance room when there are evidential cases—many in broad daylight—wherein apparitions are seen and recognized and even audible messages are delivered.

Unfortunately, these manifestations are not considerate enough to take place in the laboratories of scientists and investigators of Extra Sensory phenomena, so that they can be observed and evaluated! They may occur any time, anywhere, if provoked by certain mental or emotional motivations. There is usually a discernible reason behind all apparitional experiences which indicates a connection in consciousness between the observer and the manifesting entity, whether that entity is still in the physical body or what we call a discarnate state.

The files of psychic research societies in the United States and abroad have hundreds of such cases on record, many of them well witnessed. No honest skeptic, examining these cases, could write them all off as illusions, delusions, hallucinations and flights of the imagination. A great number of them are too soundly documented, too specific and too detailed to be dismissed.

There are thousands of accounts, for instance, of men and women who report that they left their physical bodies during a time when they were critically ill or injured, and thought

to be dying, and visited distant places or loved ones, both on this side and the other side of **life**. Many have stated that they have returned with reluctance to indwell their physical bodies once more, and that, as a consequence of their experience, they would never fear death again. While we usually have to accept their stories on their testimony alone, is it likely that so many would make these up? And what would suggest such a procedure unless it had been the actual phenomenon itself?

He returned from the afterlife

Take, for example, this authentic experience, reported to me some years ago. I was sent the **photostatic** copy of a remarkable deathbed letter, written by a man 45 years of age, several hours before his passing at Hugo, Oklahoma.

His name was **Gratz** Bailey. He had been seriously ill of pneumonia, was not orthodox in his religious beliefs, never had had any unusual experiences prior to this illness. The letter was addressed to this man's mother, who was in Sebree, Kentucky, at the time, and whom he apparently knew he would never see alive again.

This is the letter, found on a notepad beside the bed, following his death:

Dear Mother:

I returned from the afterlife last **night—and** came **home** only to stay a few days. Am in hopes of leaving some time in the morning.

I am satisfied. Would like to see you all before I **go—but** can't. Death should have no terror. Everyone that comes **here—**knows. Made two trips last night.

I'm glad that you can't stay long at best. Only a little pain and all is over. Laugh at Death when he comes. Death we **dread—just** because we don't know it.

I would never shed a tear over any of you again. Will see you soon.

Come on—I have found the way.

G. Bailey

"Come **on—I** have found the way!" What a statement for a man who was soon to die to have written, in an hour when he was alone, and wished to leave a message for his loved ones!

This was the letter of a sane **man—a** graduate of the University of Kentucky, so his son, who sent me this **photostatic** copy told **me—a** man in the prime of life who might ordinarily have been expected to live years longer; a man who knew he was going to die, who testified to the experience of having been on "the other side," who recorded: "Made two trips last night . . . I am in hopes of leaving some time in the morning . . . I am satisfied . . ." This was a family man who was departing wife and children in addition to the mother to whom he was writing, and yet he was able to say as a result of this experience: "I would never shed a tear over any of you again," ending his unusual letter of farewell by saying: "Will see you soon. Come **on—I** have found the way."

Can you conceive of the author of this deathbed note making up such a message under these circumstances? The "trips" to which he refers pertain to out-of-body experiences. Whatever they were, they revealed to him a state of being so inviting and so reassuring that he lost all fear of death and even urged his loved ones to follow **him**, unafraid, when their time came to go.

In this case, no one saw his spirit form leave the body and return, and we must rely solely on his word as a testament in this letter. But, when you hold in your hands even the photostatic copy and look at his actual handwriting and see his signature, you get a feeling of truth concerning it. When you add to this, as I am able, the evidence of astral projections actually seen by me and several out-of-body adventures I, myself, have experienced, you can accept the testimony of Gratz Bailey at full face value.

Your body contains more space than matter

The average material-minded individual finds it **difficult** to visualize existence in any other state but the physical. When **William Lear**, head of the Lear Electronics Company, predicted that a day might come when man would be able to reduce his body to a stream of electrons, then beam them to a distant point and reassemble the body at that point, many

laughed. They thought he was joking. But it was pointed out that science has now proved that mass can be converted into energy and back into mass again.

This process applies not only to forms that are visible to us but to forms of such a high rate and character of vibration that we are entirely unaware of their existence, and we might actually pass right through them or they pass through us without our being aware of them. Things are obviously not what they appear to be on the surface. *Forces invisible to us give us life and the energy and intelligence to operate our bodies.*

Scientists tell us that there are approximately an octillion atoms in the human body. Take a piece of paper and write down "1" and add 27 ciphers to it. This number of atoms has gone into the construction of your body. They are held together by a mysterious magnetic power behind which is an electric force field. Each atom, unless impaired by some physical or mental disturbance, performs its function perfectly in the human organism, under direction of mind. And yet, no one ever has seen an atom. This demonstrates how immaterial you really are.

This fact was particularly impressed upon me when I was permitted to observe an experiment in New York City, conducted by Dr. Seymour S. Wanderman, noted medical researcher. I looked through a microscope at a small organism in a prepared bath, into which a staining solution had been injected. Under ultraviolet ray, I saw this organism begin to die and its electrical force field begin to withdraw from the component parts of the organism, and take on a glow of its own. The doctor pointed out that the departing force field was the essence of life itself which was preparing to leave the body it had animated, since the environment in this body was no longer suited to its remaining.

"This is what happens," said Dr. Wanderman, "when life leaves any body form, whether of man, animal, fish, bird or insect. Each of these forms possesses a force field—an animating principle—for so long as it lives. But the big question is, where does this force field go at death? All we can testify to is that it disappears from the organism. Who can say, however, that it does not magnetically assemble some other form about it, in some

other dimension, beyond our powers of scientific detection and the perception of our five physical senses?"

We are referring, in the above, to physical structures only, but the manifestations of what we call *astral projection* and *spirit forms* indicate the existence of bodies above and beyond the so-called physical. This would suggest that the ruling intelligence is able to manifest in more than one form at the same time. There have been many cases that have been termed *bi-location*, wherein an individual, whose physical body is in the sleep state at one point, has been observed at another point, often many miles away. Usually the entity appears to be attired in the same clothes that the physical body is wearing at the time.

That this is not just a mental image projection and nothing more, in many instances, is evidenced by the fact that the form has been heard to speak and has even made seeming physical contact, on occasion, with friends or loved ones.

Arthur Godfrey tells of a time during his Navy service, when his father suddenly appeared on shipboard, shook hands with him, and told him goodbye. As nearly as could be determined, Godfrey's father had died at about that instant in the States. There is, therefore, substance as well as force behind many of these manifestations.

I can recall vividly a startling experience of my own, the first time I ever saw an apparition. It was the astral form of a male nurse, David N. H. Quinn, who had attended me some years before when I was his postoperative patient at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. It was during this hospital stay that David and I, though he was years older, became close friends. My interest in him grew out of the discovery that he possessed extraordinary higher powers of mind.

One night, the commissary building next to the hospital caught fire, and the hospital itself was threatened. There was a great commotion as patients were moved from the wing closest to the conflagration. I could see the reflection from the blaze playing on the ceiling of my room, and could hear the nurses and doctors running up and down the corridor outside.

David was off duty and asleep in his room quite a distance across the city of Battle Creek. I wasn't frightened but I fervently wished that he would come and carry me to the

window so that I could see the fire. About half an hour later, the door to my room opened and David Quinn entered. He smiled reassuringly at me, lifted me from the bed and took me to the window, sitting me on the sill so that I could witness the blaze.

Surprised at his action, I asked him: "How did you know that this was what I wanted?"

"I have a way of knowing these things," David said, quietly. He then told me he was awakened from a sound sleep with the feeling that I was calling him. He knew instantly that I was in trouble of some kind, so he threw on some clothes, hurried out and caught a street car for the sanitarium. As he neared the hospital, he saw the flames and smoke and knew why I was summoning him. "But I did not sense what you actually wanted me to do," said David, "until I entered the room."

In the days that followed, I learned much about this unusual man. He predicted that many people would develop telepathic ability in time. I told him I already had had experiences in my own life which had convinced me of the truth of telepathy.

After I left the hospital and returned to my home in Traverse City, I kept in touch with David. Many of his letters revealed that he had an amazing knowledge of my thoughts and feelings and experiences. In due time, I entered the service in the First World War, and David left the sanitarium on tour with a wealthy patient in the Catskill Mountains in New York. We lost contact with each other and my letters began to be returned marked "no forwarding address." I often thought of David and wondered what had happened to him, but his close friends at the sanitarium, Isobel Macheracker and Victor Bjork, also had lost contact.

The war over, I returned to Traverse City. On the night of January 19, 1919, I had the first of a series of never-to-be-forgotten experiences.

Awakening suddenly around one in the morning, I found myself temporarily paralyzed, unable to move a muscle. The room was in semidarkness with objects dimly outlined by the night light from the hall. Leaning over me, with his face expressive of great yearning, was David Quinn! His lips were

moving but no sound was coming forth. I was so shocked at the sight of him, momentarily unable to move, that I thought I must be having some kind of realistic nightmare, and tried mightily to free myself. As I regained control of my body and sat up in bed, the form of David Quinn faded from view.

Quite unnerved, I wondered if David, wherever he might be, was sick or in trouble of some kind, and had been trying to reach me mentally. I finally decided that this had been a new type of dream experience, perhaps activated by long absence of any word from him and my concern over it. I even told myself that my apparent sighting of him had been a vivid hallucination and that this had really taken place inside my mind as a part of the dream.

But the next night, at approximately the same time, this experience was repeated. And I knew then that this phenomenon was occurring external to me—that there actually was a PRESENCE in my bedroom, and that this PRESENCE bore every resemblance to David Quinn! I composed myself as much as possible and strained to hear what he was trying to say to me. I could see his face above me, with its intensely earnest expression, and I saw his lips moving as before, but there wasn't a sound. I reached up my hand toward him and spoke his name, "David!" But again, as had happened the first time, his form began to dissolve and disappeared from view.

I was certain now that David had been visiting me and endeavoring to communicate. I got up and turned on the light and wrote him a letter, telling him of my experience, together with my feeling that he was ill or in some kind of difficulty, and begging him to get in touch with me. When morning came, I told my parents of the unusual night adventures I had been having. I then mailed the letter to David's last known address.

Again—the apparition!

There was no reason at all for me to have anticipated a third experience of this nature, but this is exactly what happened. Once more I was awakened, and there was David Quinn, life-sized, beside me, lips moving, striving so hard to tell me something. And yet, not a sound. I extended both

arms toward him and cried aloud: "David! . . . David!" As I was about to touch him, with an expression of profound longing which I can still see in my mind's eye, his features began to melt into the darkness of the room.

There was a poignant feeling of finality associated with this disappearance. I tried to hold him there by sheer mental power, somehow feeling that I had failed **him**—that I should have been able to sense whatever message he had been trying so hard, these three nights, to communicate. But his form continued to dissolve, leaving me with the saddened conviction that I never would see him again in this life.

Three weeks passed. The letter I had addressed to David Quinn was returned. Then, late one afternoon in February, I came home to find two letters in the same mail—one from Victor Bjork and the other from Miss Macheracker. Both letters had been written to tell me of David Quinn's death on the night of January 21, in Brooklyn's Long Island College Hospital. He had been East on a case and had been caught in the influenza epidemic. His illness developed into double pneumonia. *He died after having been in a coma for three days!*

But the most startling point of this information was a statement made by Miss Macheracker. "It's strange," she wrote, "but on each of the three nights prior to David's passing, he appeared at my bedside. I knew he was in trouble and was calling to me, and I would have gone to him at once if I had only known where he was."

Here was confirming evidence of my own experience! Proof it had not been a dream! Miss Macheracker, miles away in Battle Creek, and I up in Traverse City, had had identical experiences!

Allowing for the difference in time between Brooklyn and our locations in Michigan, David had passed away early in the morning of January 21st, at almost precisely the moment we apparently had seen him on the third successive night!

It was not until the summer of 1920 that I had an out-of-body experience of my own which placed me, for the first time, in the role of a participant rather than an observer. I was then employed by the Ford Motor Company in Detroit, and often played tennis on the Ford recreation tennis courts.

One day, I developed a water blister on a toe on my right foot. It broke open and became badly infected and swollen, requiring a lancing operation.

My family physician, Dr. Garner, decided to take care of me in his office. He called in a dentist to administer chloroform, with a nurse in attendance. My foot was prepared and I was stretched out on a table, with a cloth over my face through which I inhaled the drops of chloroform. Nothing happened for a few minutes, and then, suddenly, I had a dizzy, whirling sensation.

It was frightening. I tried to speak but found I could not talk or move a muscle. I heard the doctor say that I was "under," but I had not lost my *feeling* and sought desperately to make some move or sound which would indicate that I was still conscious. I felt a stab of pain as Dr. Garner applied the knife, and then there seemed to be an explosion in my brain, and I blacked out.

The next thing I knew, I was in the air above my body, looking down upon the operation, and seeing and hearing what was going on. Beside me, in the atmosphere, was my brother, Edward, who had died some six years before, at the age of eleven. He had a happy expression on his face, as though he was glad to see me. I thought I **must** be having a vivid dream but now I saw that the dentist, who had been administering the chloroform, was greatly concerned. The nurse had reported to him that she felt no pulse. The cloth was removed from my face and efforts begun to revive me. I felt a curious sense of detachment as I viewed this scene, and was somewhat dazed and confused.

Then Edward took my arm, indicating that I was to leave with him. A shocking realization hit me. I MUST BE DEAD! I pulled away from Edward, hearing myself say to him: "No, Edward, I can't go with you. Mother and Dad don't know anything about this. I'm not ready. I can't die now!"

As I said this, my thoughts went to my parents in Traverse City, and I blacked out. The next awareness I had was of walking down Main Street in the business section of Traverse City. I was headed for the Sherman & Hunter Company, my

father's men's clothing store. I passed a number of people on the street who paid no attention to me.

Entering the store, I walked the length of it to my father's bookkeeping office in the rear, passing Mr. Hunter, his partner, who did not notice me. Everything about me seemed natural and physical. I found my father in one of his familiar poses, working over the books. His back was turned to me. I stepped up and placed my hand on his shoulder, and spoke one word: "Dad!"

He did not move. I spoke again and took a position where he might see me, but got no response. This gave me a shock. My body form seemed real but I was making no impression upon those around me. Once more I called, and this time Dad looked up, unseeing, pushed back his chair, and got up, walking straight past me to the window, where he stood looking out over the waters of Grand Traverse Bay.

I thought of Mother and our home on Webster Street. Again there was a blackout, and I found myself inside our home, walking toward the kitchen where Mother was preparing a meal. I said: "Mother, this is Harold. I'm home!" She turned to get something and started directly toward me, but she did not see me. It dawned upon me that I must be in an entirely different body form. I must, somehow, return to my physical body.

The instant this decision was made, I had a swift, traveling sensation, followed by still another blackout. Now I was in some dark place, gasping for breath, and hearing a jumble of voices. There were cold, wet cloths on my face and someone was rubbing my wrists and someone else was putting pressure on my chest. I moaned, and I heard Dr. Garner say: "He's coming to!"

It was a full hour before I felt myself to be "all there," but I astounded Dr. Garner when I recited in detail what had taken place: that I knew I had been given an overdose of chloroform, that my heart had almost stopped, and that they had made frenzied efforts to resuscitate me. When I told him I had seen my brother, Edward, and had visited my parents in Traverse City, some 300 miles away, he could only shake his head.

"Since you knew what took place while we were working

on you, and even heard our conversation when we thought you were unconscious," said Dr. Garner, "who am I to say that you did not have these other experiences that you have reported?"

A short time later, I was to have a remarkable healing of my toe, after it had become gangrenous, with which this same Dr. Garner was to be associated, and which happening was to further mystify him as well as myself.

Meanwhile, having had this unexpected out-of-body experience, I was able to speculate upon the possible sensations of David Quinn when he, too, had been out of his physical body. There were important differences, however. He had demonstrated, on the occasion of the hospital fire, that he had developed his higher powers of mind, and apparently he was able to control and direct them so that his attempt to reach me and his friend Miss Macheracker, as he was dying, must have been by deliberate design. Moreover, he was able to impress us with the vision of his body, even though he failed to deliver an audible message. I, in my case, was unable to do either.

When the astral counterpart took over

Some years later, married, and living in New York City with my wife and small daughter, Mary, I had a second out-of-body experience.

As a writer, I maintained a cot in my study upon which I would lie for brief naps whenever I would reach a creative stalemate. This day I awakened with a start to hear a key turning in the door of our apartment. I knew it was my wife, Martha; that she had been out shopping with our daughter, Mary, and probably had her arms full of bundles. It had been my practice to leave the study, hurry down the hall, and let her in. This time, as I exerted the will to get up, I found my physical body paralyzed, but something *in* me did respond, for I suddenly found myself bumping up against the closed door of my study! You can imagine my shock when I looked back and saw my physical body still stretched out on the cot!

I stopped trying to answer the door and immediately found myself back in my physical body, struggling to gain possession of it. Once more I seemed to hear the key in the lock and

again tried to respond; but the same phenomenon recurred. I hit up against my study door with mentally bruising force. For a second time I saw my body, inert, on the cot. And now I had but one urgent **desire**—to get back into it. This was followed by an almost instantaneous blackout. I came to in my body and was relieved to find I could now control it. I heard Martha coming down the hall and Mary running ahead of her into the living room, adjacent to my study, where she flipped on the radio, bringing in the music of a jazz orchestra.

I sat up a bit dazedly and got to my feet, intending to go out and greet them. Then as my mind cleared, there came a jolting realization:

Martha and Mary were not in the apartment!

They hadn't come home yet!

The radio was not on!

Now I actually *did* hear the key in the **lock**. I was too astounded to move.

Now Mary was running down the hall. I could hear the patter of her feet.

Snap! The radio went on, bringing in the very orchestral selection I had heard a few minutes before!

This entire scene had taken place in my consciousness before it really had happened!

Numerous reflections and possibilities came to mind as I tried to analyze what had occurred. I must have been in a sleep state at the start, more identified with my astral body than my physical, when I had the premonitory dream that Martha was at the door. This aroused in me the habitual urge to meet her but my astral counterpart responded instead of my physical. Functioning in the astral, and temporarily unable to disassociate myself from it, I had returned to my physical body only to leave it again upon trying once more to answer the door. This was caused by the fact that the transfer of my entity from the astral to the physical had not been completed. Now, while still in an in-between state of consciousness, my precognitive dream impression acted itself out with my *seeming* to hear the key in the lock, Martha's entrance, Mary's running down the hall, the radio being snapped on, and the jazz tune booming out.

As I emerged into full consciousness I came back to my

normal time cycle, wherein the sequence of events had not yet occurred. This indicates what a close relationship exists between different levels of mind, associated with different time dimensions as well as with different body forms. It also suggests that during sleep we often depart from the physical and assume our astral or **so-called** spirit bodies.

You are perhaps wondering, as did I, about my being stopped by the closed door of my study. I have reasoned that this was because my mind held the mental concept that my physical body could not go through a closed door and that it had to be opened before I could get beyond it. You will remember that I was not so limited during my first out-of-body experience. But, in that case, the circumstances were different. My physical body was temporarily in danger of dying, and certain processes may have been set in motion to release the entity entirely, if need be. Under those conditions I seemed to possess great freedom of movement, and was transported with the speed of thought to my home town and back.

The ability to leave the physical body at will has not been developed or acquired by many people. It is claimed that adepts in India and Tibet possess this power but I have seen no demonstrations of it. I am confining the material in this book to experiences of which I have a personal knowledge, the veracity of which is undoubted, and which I have had opportunity to evaluate.

I now come to one of the most outstanding cases of astral projection for which I can vouch and which was confirmed by ample witnesses. It had to do with a remarkable man, Harry J. Loose, whom I had first met many years before, in August, 1921.

Why did this man expect my visit?

I was then a reporter on the *Marion Chronicle*, newspaper, in Marion, Indiana. Mr. Loose was then lecturing on the Redpath Cbautauqua Circuit on the subject of crime and criminology. According to his publicity release, he had served on the Chicago Police Force, later as a plainclothesman assigned to Hull House, as well as a private detective and head of the police staff at the *Chicago Daily News*.

I was assigned by my paper to cover his afternoon talk,

and I made notes, intending to write the usual review story. But I was seized with an overpowering urge to meet the man personally. As I walked downtown to his hotel, my Conscious Mind began to plague me with the question: "Why do you want to meet Mr. Loose? *You've already got your story on him. What reason will you give him for the meeting?*"

I didn't have any ready answer, and I couldn't explain why I had an impelling desire to contact this man. My all-consuming interest, outside the writing field, had been in psychic research and in an attempt to develop such Extra Sensory abilities as I had found myself to possess. There had been nothing in the lecture of Harry J. Loose even remotely to suggest his interest in anything metaphysical.

As I neared the Spencer House, the town's leading hotel, I decided that I would invent the excuse that I wanted to get material for a feature story on crime. Even so, I walked around the block several times, reluctant to enter the hotel, and finally felt that Mr. Loose was not registered there but that I would find him at the Marion, two blocks away. I thereupon directed my steps to the Marion, entered the lobby, and asked the night clerk, whom I never had seen before: "Is Mr. Harry J. Loose stopping here?"

"Yes, he is," said the night clerk. "Just a moment, and I'll see if he's in." Without asking my name, the clerk rang Mr. Loose's room, and when he came on the wire, simply said: "There's a gentleman in the lobby to see you."

Mr. Loose gave some answer, and the clerk, turning to me, said: "Go right on up. He's in Room 41."

I rapped on the door of Room 41 and a voice inside said: "Come in, *Sherman!*"

Stunned, I opened the door to see Harry J. Loose stretched out in his b.v.d.'s on the bed. There was a chair drawn up beside the bed as though he were expecting company. He smiled and beckoned to me as though he had known me all my life.

"Come in, Sherman, and sit down," he invited. "You're late. I've been expecting you for half an hour!"

This was amazing. I could have been there a half hour earlier had I not gone to the Spencer House first and hesitated so long before coming to the Marion. But how could Mr.

Loose know this; and, even more baffling, how could he know my name?

"You have disarmed me completely," I said finally. "I can't explain why I've had this overwhelming desire to see you. I was going to tell you that I wanted to interview you on your adventures with criminals but I knew, inwardly, this was not the reason. You apparently knew I was coming and even knew my name. How is this possible?"

Mr. Loose studied me quietly for a moment. Then he said:

"Nothing, however much it seems, ever happens by accident. You have had personal experiences along mental lines which have made you wonder about many things. When a person earnestly and persistently seeks information or knowledge, he will attract to himself, in due course of time, someone who can provide some of the answers he seeks. I have been aided in this way many times, and my own development has permitted me to intercept your thoughts concerning me and to ascertain your name prior to your arrival."

Mr. Loose then proceeded to demonstrate certain unusual mental phenomena for me, to remove existing doubts, as he explained, and to give me the assurance and the confidence that I would need in order to continue my studies and my further development of Extra Sensory powers. He predicted that I would go to New York in pursuance of a writing career. He said that he himself had some special work to do, and would soon drop out of sight, but that, if all went well, we might meet again in not more than 20 years. This one meeting with this extraordinary man made a life-shaping impression upon me.

A few days later, Mrs. Sherman and I received a letter from Mr. Loose, revealing an intimate knowledge of conditions in our home and stressing the importance of our establishing and maintaining physical, mental and emotional balance if we hoped to achieve any worthwhile results in Extra Sensory research. This was the last word we had from Harry J. Loose for 20 years.

During this time I tried to reach him on several occasions, addressing letters to him in care of the Redpath Chautauqua Bureau, and also in care of the Chicago Police Department, without success. We went to New York City, as he had fore-

seen, in the spring of 1924, where I was successfully launched on a writing career, while Mrs. Sherman and I continued to devote much of our spare time to research and experimentation on the higher powers of mind.

The long-distance telepathic experiments between Sir Hubert Wilkins and myself took place in the fall of 1937 and spring of 1938. Their first public recognition came about through a feature article in the March 1939 issue of *Cosmopolitan* magazine. In 1940, Sir Hubert and I appeared in a nationwide radio dramatization of our experiments on the "Strange As it Seems" program. We were overwhelmed by thousands of letters expressing interest and asking questions. We divided up the mail as best we could and tried to answer it.

An unexplainable urge to inquire

Out of hundreds of letters that passed through my hands, I came to one addressed to me by Walter M. Germain, then head of the Crime Prevention Department of the Saginaw, Michigan, Police Force. As I was in the act of replying to it, I got a certain unexplainable urge to add a postscript, asking him if he, by any chance, might know of the whereabouts of Harry J. Loose, formerly identified with the Chicago Police Force, whom I had met many years ago under unusual circumstances, and whom I very much wanted to meet again.

By return mail came a letter from Mr. Germain, telling me that Mr. Loose was retired and then living in Monterey Park, California.

I wrote Harry Loose at once, and received an immediate letter which indicated that he had known a great deal about my life and experiences during the 20-year interval. He ended by saying that he expected to see me soon in California.

At that time I had no expectation of making such a trip, but it was a few months later that Jesse L. Lasky became interested in my *Mark Twain* play for pictures. One day I received a letter from Mr. Loose in which he stated that I would get a long-distance phone call from Mr. Lasky the following Sunday night, and that I would be on my way to Hollywood for a conference early the following week.

It was past midnight on Sunday before the call came; but

come it did. As Mr. Loose had predicted, I found myself on the train, bound for California.

The reunion with this highly developed man, now in his seventies, was a major event in my life. Several months later I brought Mrs. Sherman and our two daughters to the coast. We stayed at the Canterbury Apartments. I worked out a schedule wherein we either visited **Harry Loose** at his home in Monterey Park, or he called on us in Hollywood, on alternate Sunday afternoons. During these visits Martha and I learned much of an authoritative nature about the higher powers of mind.

When Thanksgiving Day, 1941, arrived, we sent to Harry and Mother Loose a basket of fruit, expressing appreciation for their hospitality and friendship. In the afternoon, I took Martha and the girls out for a little drive, returning to the Canterbury about three P.M.

"Mr. Loose was here"

As we came in, Mr. Cousins, the desk clerk on duty, handed me a memo. It was timed at 2:30 P.M. and said: "Mr. Loose was **here**—will see you Sunday."

This was a surprise. Harry had never made the long drive to see us except on the prearranged Sunday afternoons. Since it usually took us an hour to drive from Hollywood to the Loose home in Monterey Park, I waited a half hour before putting in a phone call to him. When he answered and I told him how sorry we were not to have seen him, he acted bewildered and said there must be some mistake—because he hadn't been out of the house the entire day.

"I can't understand that," I said to him. "I'm holding in my hand a memo saying you were here and that you are going to see us on Sunday."

"That's true," said Harry. "I'm expecting you folks over here next Sunday, as usual. But I repeat, I haven't gone anywhere today."

"That's very strange," I persisted. "Sunday is Mr. Cousins' regular day off, and that is the *only* day of the week you've ever been to the Canterbury. He obviously never has seen you

personally and has had no occasion even to hear your name. Let me ring off and question Mr. Cousins about this."

"Go ahead," urged Harry. "I'd like to get the straight of it, myself."

When I told Mr. Cousins that the party he had listed as calling on us had just advised me on the phone that he had not been out of the house all day, Cousins was stunned. I asked him if he remembered the individual well enough to describe him. Mr. Cousins said that he certainly did because the man was dressed in what appeared to be working clothes; corduroy pants, a brown sweater, a dark blue shirt, and a cap.

I was astounded. "You have just given me a perfect description of the clothes Mr. Loose always wears around the house and yard when we go to see him," I confirmed. "But when he comes to see us, he always wears his Sunday suit and his soft felt hat. Tell me anything else you recall about him."

Mr. Cousins then related that he had been talking to a Mrs. Crawford and that an elderly gentleman, dressed as he had just described, appeared at the desk. They had not seen him approach; he just was there.

As Mr. Cousins looked at him, he started speaking, without even inquiring if we were in. He spoke slowly and with an effort, as though he had false teeth and was having difficulty keeping them in place. His exact words, according to Mr. Cousins, were: "Tell Mr. Sherman—Mr. Loose was here—I will see him Sunday."

When Mr. Cousins turned to put the memo in the box, Mr. Loose left the desk and went toward the front door. Mrs. Crawford remarked to Mr. Cousins that this gentleman seemed to be a "strange person," to which he agreed.

Having told me all he could recall, Mr. Cousins then asked: "But, Mr. Sherman, if this wasn't Mr. Loose, who was it?"

"That's a question I can't answer right now," I said. "I'll have to report to you later."

I went back upstairs and put in another call to Mr. Loose and informed him that Mr. Cousins had given such a perfect description of him that it couldn't have been a case of mistaken identity. Harry was upset by this news, saying that he was wearing the very clothes

described at the present moment, all except the cap, although he always wore a cap whenever he went out.

"How do you explain it?" I asked him.

The tone in Harry's voice was extremely sober. "I don't exactly know," he replied. "From what you say, Mr. Cousins must have seen something. This disturbs me greatly. I don't want to discuss it on the phone but I'll talk to you about it when we meet on Sunday. Meanwhile, please don't mention this to anyone."

Martha and I hardly could wait until Sunday afternoon and our regularly scheduled visit at the Loose home. We found Harry wearing the same clothes he had worn on Thanksgiving day, but we never had seen him in such a serious mood. He said he guessed the time had come to tell us some things about himself that we might find hard to believe.

He then went on to say that for some years he had had the ability to leave his body and consciously appear, in astral form, at distant places on visits to certain individuals. At these times, the body would remain in a deep sleep and be cared for by Mother Loose. To attempt to arouse him during these periods would result in severe nervous shock.

"About the reported appearance at the Canterbury," Harry concluded, "I want to make absolutely certain that this Mr. Cousins actually saw an image of me, and I'd like to drive over to Hollywood some day soon, dressed exactly as I was on Thanksgiving Day, and confront him unexpectedly, and see if he recognizes me."

This was arranged on the following Tuesday morning. I met Harry as he was backing into a parking space half a block down the street, and walked him around to the side entrance of the Canterbury. I then sent him, alone, down the long hall to the desk, which was situated in an elbow leading into the main lobby. I stood just inside the door where I could observe without being seen. As Harry arrived at the desk, I could hear Mr. Cousins' voice at the switchboard. When he finished the call, I heard him exclaim in shocked surprise: "Oh! Good morning, Mr. Loose!"

The moment Harry was identified, I hurried down the hall to assure Mr. Cousins that this really *was* Mr. Loose, this time. Mr. Cousins laughed nervously and expressed relief. But there

was nothing funny about this to Harry. He asked Mr. Cousins if he would mind repeating to him just what he saw and heard on Thanksgiving Day, and when Mr. Cousins had complied, Harry requested: "Take a good look at me. Do I seem to be dressed as you remember me that afternoon?"

Mr. Cousins examined him critically. "Yes," he said. "Except, perhaps, your shirt. It looks to be a lighter color than the one you had on before."

Harry nodded. "That's right," he said, "I was wearing a darker blue which is now in the wash."

"This is uncanny," said Mr. Cousins. "How could a thing like this happen?"

"It's a form of mental phenomenon," said Harry, and I could see that he did not want to get involved in a detailed explanation. "You don't need to worry, Mr. Cousins, this never will happen again."

Harry went with me to our apartment and dropped into a chair, where he sat silently and thoughtfully for at least half an hour. It was the only time that Martha and I had seen him really upset. When he finally spoke, it was to say: "I don't like to accept the fact of this occurrence but I guess I'll have to. It's all well and good when you have control of these powers but when they operate without your knowledge or consent, that's something different!"

Then Harry offered a possible explanation. His married daughter, Josie, her husband, Ray, and John, Harry's grandson, had been at the Loose home for Thanksgiving dinner. Following the meal they had returned to their own home, across the street, and Mother Loose and her sister, Dorothy Hesse, had retired for their afternoon nap. Harry, intending to do a little reading, had sat down in his big easy chair, and got to thinking of the Shermans and the basket of fruit they had sent, and the fact that he was going to see them on Sunday. Then he had dozed off, and it must have been at this time, which was around 2:30, the time listed on the memo, that he had left his body and appeared in the astral at the Canterbury, was seen by both Mr. Cousins and Mrs. Crawford, and delivered a message which was heard and acted upon.

"It must have been my interest in you people that provided the urge to leave my body," said Harry, "and go to the Canterbury, even though I had no conscious intention of doing so. What disturbs me is that I returned to the body without any memory of this experience. I must make certain that this type of manifestation never gets out of control again."

I told Harry that I, for one, was glad this astral projection had happened, since it had been so **well-witnessed**, and such observed demonstrations were rare. I said that I would appreciate it very much if he would get a signed statement for me from all members of his family, testifying that he had been in the sight of one or more of them all day, and that they knew, for a certainty, he had not left the house, nor had the car been out of the garage. I promised that I, in turn, would get a signed statement from Mr. Cousins and Mrs. Crawford, recording their experiences. Harry, after a moment of deep thought, said he would agree to this being done on one **consideration**—that I not make his astral visitation public until after he had departed from this life.

Harry J. Loose died on November 21, 1943. I published this account for the first time, in my book *You Live After Death*, in 1949, together with the affidavits. It still stands out as one of the most authentic cases of astral projection cited in the literature of psychic phenomena.

I have not **known** of many people who profess to be able to leave the physical body at will. There have been many, however, who have had involuntary **out-of-body** experiences. Perhaps the best known experimenter in this field is the well-known Sylvan **Muldoon**, of Darlington, Wisconsin, whose experiences are recounted in the book, *The Case for Astral Projection*. Then there is John **Mittl**, of Kempton, Pennsylvania, who has also written about his adventures, and with whom I have had extensive correspondence.

In a pamphlet he prepared, Mr. Mittl has this to **say**:

Astral projection is the ability of the aspirant to leave his physical body and travel on the astral or spiritual planes, using his astral body as a vehicle for his consciousness, which is temporarily transferred from his physical body.

Everyone has two bodies: the physical and the spiritual or astral. The real self of the individual is not the physical body, as many believe, nor is it the spiritual or astral body. Your real self is your consciousness. Though it cannot be seen with the physical eyes, it nevertheless can be felt or sensed by those of psychic training . . .

When one travels in his astral body, he will believe that it is his physical body that is floating around. The sensation seems so physical that no thought of its being a dream state enters the mind. A dream is usually a symbolic occurrence, where actors and scenery are often out of proportion and exaggerated. On an astral flight, everything on the physical plane seems the same, as though one were viewing it with the physical eyes. To give an example, suppose you travel to a friend's house. You will find everything in the same order as if you were there in the physical. I have, many times, found it difficult to explain to disbelievers the difference in these two phases of existence. Only through an actual personal experience will one realize how hard it is to convey to others what it is like.

Astral projections occur to everyone, at one time or another, while sleeping or while in an unconscious state. However, the great proportion of these experiences are not remembered upon awakening.

I have quoted John Mittl, not because I accept all of his concepts and convictions about out-of-body experiences, or necessarily his personal philosophy, but because his description of many phases of astral projection is much as I have found them in my own research and experimentation.

Questions and answers on astral projection

To check on some points, I wrote him a series of questions, the answers to some of which I feel **will** be of interest and value to all who wish to make a deep study of this phenomenon.

Question: Are you conscious of a body form as seemingly substantial in the astral as in the physical? And are objects external to you as seemingly substantial?

Answer: Yes, I am conscious of a body form as well as external objects. I can answer this more thoroughly by

giving an example of what used to occur on some of my projections. I often woke up, or thought I did, and went downstairs to make breakfast. It wasn't until I tried to plug in the coffee pot that I realized I was in my astral body. I have found that in the astral body, one cannot lift or operate physical objects. Experiences of this sort are mildly disappointing, causing me to return to my physical body which is still in bed. In a conscious projection, everyday items in one's house seem the same as though they were viewed with the physical eyes.

Question: In the astral, what appears to be your means of existence? Do you breathe as you do in the physical?

Answer: This is a difficult question, though I can say that while in the astral body I have a feeling of complete freedom, no tension, and to move to another location, all I have to do is think that I am on my way, and almost instantly I arrive there. (There are exceptions.) Great distances, however, do take a little time. As for breathing, I am seldom conscious of doing so on the astral plane. However, when I return to my physical body, I am aware of immediate, heavy, labored breathing, provided I awake upon re-entrance.

Question: Do you regard the astral as a real or unreal world?

Answer: The astral, to me, is the most dense portion or plane of the spiritual world. It is as real as the physical, existing in what can only be described as a higher vibratory state.

Harry Loose, Sylvan Muldoon and John Mittl are all in general agreement with respect to the techniques to be employed to encourage astral projection.

Complete relaxation of body and mind is required, as I have previously outlined. An adept who laid claim to being an astral traveler once made a wise statement. He said: "You must be able to go to sleep—and stay awake."

This means the ability to separate the body consciousness from the higher consciousness so that, when the entity departs from the physical body, it is no longer consciously aware of its ordinary base of operations. A subconscious link is maintained which is often referred to as an electromagnetic umbilical cord, connecting the astral body with the physical body, no matter how much distance may exist between them. Should this cord be broken, for any reason, as in death of

the physical body, the astral body is then freed completely from its former occupancy of the **physical**—as the body of the new-born baby is released from the womb of the earth mother when its umbilical cord is cut.

The astral body in which the entity now resides begins immediately to function in its new dimension and environment, deriving complete sustenance from this plane of existence, much as the body of an infant adapts itself to life in this present world. In other words, it is becoming more and more apparent that the entity, as part of a **continuous** act of creation, contains the next body form it is to indwell in advance of its need for exclusive use of it, as it undergoes, in time, transition to each succeeding dimension.

Astral projection technique

Most experiments in astral projection say that the best body position to assume as a preparation for departure is flat on the back, totally relaxed, with arms at the sides. I was flat on my back on the operating table in the doctor's office, at the time I had my first conscious experience of astral **pro**-jection. The second time, I was half on my side and half on my back, when I left my body as it was lying on the cot in my study.

Many people report that they often have severe nightmares when sleeping on their backs. Since this is the position wherein the astral form can most easily leave the physical, they may be experiencing a partially in-and-out functioning of the astral, which sets up a distortion in consciousness, reflected in bad dreams. I am convinced that we slip in and out of the physical in sleep, usually without any recollection of it, so there is no harm in such an event and nothing to be concerned about.

But it is a different matter when we try consciously to leave the body and retain control of our awareness so we can participate in this astral adventure, know what is going on throughout, and return with a memory of the entire experience.

The ordinary conscious thought of departing from the physical is sufficient to arouse fear in the average mind, because we have long looked upon the physical body as our only place of residence, and to contemplate separation from it is suggestive

of death. Such a fear must be overcome or you cannot relax body and mind sufficiently to permit a release of your astral body.

Suggestion plays an important part in astral **projection**. A meditation period should precede an attempt to enter the astral state, during which your body **should** be relieved of all tensions and your mind from all disturbing thoughts. If you wish to visit a certain individual and place, visualize such a trip. Imagine yourself being able to reach a specific person and point with the speed of **thought**—but picture an *actual* visitation. See yourself already there. Let a desire build up in you for such an astral journey, without fear and with complete faith and confidence in your ability to reach your objective.

Those who enter this area of experimentation are still pioneering, and you may not get any evidential results at once, or for quite some time. But be assured that the potential for such a verifiable experience exists, even though you may not be able to prove it to anyone else but yourself.

Could you visit a friend's or loved **one's** home and be seen by that person, or make your presence felt in some way, or return with an accurate memory of what you saw there, you might then convince others of the reality of such a manifestation.

It is well to eat lightly some hours before an astral projection attempt, so that there will be no activity in the physical which can set up any interference. You probably will not remain out of the body for long the first few **times**—**and** you may only have a partial awareness of these initial projections, if any. But, with practice, you will develop great composure of mind so that you will have more and more control of your astral body as separate and apart from the physical.

To realize, as you will, in and through your concentrated **efforts**, that you are vastly more than the mere physical, will help you face all conditions and experiences in life with great confidence and forbearance as well as with a feeling of inner security. This will contribute profoundly to your lasting peace of mind.

✓ **Now check what you have learned in Chapter Eight:**

- We cannot say with certainty whether or not man possesses a spirit independent of his body. Unfortunately, such "spirits" often are faked by mediums because people want so desperately to communicate with departed loved ones. Such manifestations cannot be made to appear at will in the scientific laboratory, where they might be better investigated.*
- Yet much evidence points to the existence of human life at different levels. The laboratory can show something which may be a life force, a force field surrounding a living organism which leaves it as the organism dies.*
- Thousands of cases attest to the possibility of traveling great distances in one's astral form, then returning to one's body. Sometimes the future appears to show itself to one who is traveling in his astral form.*
- It seems that astral projection can take place under conditions in which the astral body appears real and solid to an observer. Thus a man is seen "in the flesh" where only his astral body visited.*
- The techniques for astral projection can be shown and with relaxation and patience it may be achieved.*

CHAPTER IX

What Can and Cannot Be Done with Hypnotism

MAN HAS BEEN hypnotized by his fellow man and has hypnotized himself for centuries. The records of this ancient method of controlling and influencing the mind are contained in early manuscripts of the Egyptian, Persian, Greek and Roman civilizations. The oriental cultures also practiced hypnotism in their religious rites. In India and Tibet, so-called masterminds were credited with possessing extraordinary suggestive and hypnotic powers.

Many accounts have been passed down to us concerning the miraculous cures performed by early medicine men, witch doctors, priests and adepts. They had discovered that it was possible, through the employment of certain impressive ceremonies, incantations, gestures, suggestive sounds and words, to cause a believer or worshipper to fall into a trance or come under their influence in such a way that they could bring about physical and mental changes in these subjects. In most instances, they little understood the power they were exercising but they enjoyed the prestige and domination over others that this hypnotic control gave to them. To make a few passes, to

say a few words, and to have a subject fall **into** a responsive sleep state, was an accomplishment which set these hypnotists apart from their fellows as especially endowed. They were as feared as they were respected.

Today, hypnotism is coming of age insofar as recognition and acceptance is concerned. It has been pretty much taken off the stage as an exhibition and has been given a cloak of respectability through adoption by physicians, dentists, psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, chiropractors, osteopaths, some educators and psychological counselors.

This is a far cry from the pioneering days of Anton Mesmer (1734–1815), the Viennese physician, whose early experiments in hypnotism first aroused wide public interest. He believed in magnetic forces associated with suggestion, dimly lighted rooms, soft music, enticing perfumes, mysterious passes and strokings of the subject's body, in order to influence the minds and thus the bodies of his patients.

He was followed by James Braid (1795–1860), an English physician, who proved that hypnotism was a subjective process and did not require the use of magnetic properties or movements; that an individual could be placed in a sleep state simply by gazing at a bright object. He was joined by Dr. James Esdaile (1808–1859), a surgeon in Calcutta, India, who successfully performed several hundred operations, including amputations, employing hypnotism as an anesthetic.

Two schools of hypnotism were founded in France during the late 19th century. One was the Nancy School founded by Dr. Lieubault; the other, the Salpetriere School of Hypnotism, founded by Professor Charcot. At that time, the practice of hypnotism was related to different forms of hysteria and it was thought that only persons of an hysterical nature could be hypnotized. Since then, of course, it is known that symptoms of hysteria, neuroses and psychoses can be produced in any individual brought under hypnotic control.

It remained for Dr. Sigmund Freud (1856–1939), who studied hypnotism at the Nancy School and who was familiar with the works of Doctors Lieubault and Charcot, to clarify the nature of hypnosis with relation to physical and mental illness. Many other doctors have contributed their research and their knowledge to this developing science of hypnology, but

no attempt is being made here to present a history of such contributions. It is simply my purpose to indicate the origin and a bit of the evolution, in laying the groundwork for a discussion of hypnotism as this practice applies to the release and development of one's Extra Sensory faculties.

What is hypnotism?

No one knows exactly, but many things can be done because of it that man cannot ordinarily do without it. You actually are not unconscious when you are hypnotized; you are *super* conscious. Your Conscious Will Control has been surrendered to the person who has hypnotized you. You will respond to whatever he suggests or directs that you do. You will feel that you want to do everything possible to please him. If he wants you to bark like a dog or stand on your head, you will comply. Nothing will seem unreasonable or ridiculous, or even against your moral scruples, if this hypnotist knows how to lead you into these acts in a manner acceptable to your Subconscious. Whatever you do under hypnosis will seem very real to you, and you will react accordingly to the *suggested* sighting of a **snake**, the touching of something hot or icy cold, or the rocking of a boat.

At the whim of the hypnotist, you can be told that you will have no memory of what took place while under his influence and you will awaken with your mind a blank as to what has happened. Either that, or you will be permitted to return to consciousness with a complete recollection of your antics and, if you now do not like what you have been directed to do while hypnotized, you may express what you feel in the form of righteous indignation. You can be regressed to a time when you first learned to write and you will reproduce your crude handwriting of that time, as well as your childish babble.

Danger in hypnotism

The foregoing are, more or less, the usual demonstrative aspects of hypnotism as employed for stage and parlor use, but they are significant of a vast and still largely untapped power at work. Almost anyone can learn to hypnotize within half an hour. That is one of the great dangers. Young people, having learned to hypnotize each other from some of the cheap, sensa-

tional books now on the market, have gotten themselves into all manner of mental, emotional and sexual difficulties. There are hazards enough involved in submitting to hypnotism as administered by the average stage hypnotist, as well as the average amateurish adult who takes up the practice as a fad.

Actually, whenever one person hypnotizes another, he is assuming a greater responsibility than is customarily realized. Each individual has a distinctive mental and emotional makeup. He may possess certain inhibitions or complexes or phobias of long standing, which he has been repressing and which may be brought to the surface, in violent and uncontrollable form, through the medium of hypnotism. If the hypnotist, under these circumstances, is not equipped with physiological as well as psychological knowledge, he will likely be unable to cope with the situation. Nervous and mental troubles, in addition to physical disturbances, can grow out of the ignorant, however well-intentioned, misuse of hypnotism.

The American Medical Association, in finally recognizing the legitimacy of hypnotism in certain areas of medical practice such as childbirth and psychiatric treatment, has rightly warned against its misuse by amateurs and indiscriminate practitioners. Many doctors and dentists, eager to start profiting from this new hypnotherapy, have taken "quickie" courses in hypnotism without acquiring sufficient background or understanding of the functioning of mind and emotions. The results have been frightening, at times, and altogether sobering.

Mind is nothing with which to tamper. It may respond instantly in whatever direction is suggested, regardless of whether that direction leads to good or evil consequences. Primarily, every act of the human creature is ruled by something that has been suggested to it by a desire, a hunger, a hate, a love and the like, growing out of an almost infinite variety of experiences. The successful individual is one who has learned to control his suggestibility so that he largely responds only to that which is good for him and rejects that which is bad.

The comparatively recent discovery by scientists that our eyes and ears can detect sights and sounds and record them in the Subconscious without our being consciously aware of such registration at the time, gave birth to what is called "sub-

liminal advertising," a quick-flash technique which is now also being used as a quick-study method. The theory is that when an individual is later confronted with a product or a fact, he already will have been preconditioned through these *subliminal* impressions, and ready to accept what is now called to his conscious attention.

This is most certainly a form of hypnotism. Some students of the mind are now speculating on the possibility that whole populations, through the ingenious use of suggestive sight and sound, may one day be influenced to move in a mass in whatever direction may be dictated!

It is important, therefore, for every individual who values his integrity and the possession of his own free will, to know how to guard against the suggestive influences around and about him.

The mind makes a record of everything

From what hypnotism has disclosed, man's mind seems to operate much like a video tape recorder. It constantly photographs, in mental picture form, every experience as it is being lived, together with everything that is said to and by the entity, so that a complete record in exact continuity is wound up on the memory tape of the mind. Through hypnotism you can get a playback of any period in your life, from the earliest impressionable moment up to the present instant. You can recite a poem or repeat a conversation or describe a scene or remember an incident or recall a fact you have long since consciously forgotten. If you have had some unhappy or loathsome sex experience or other disturbing personal adventure which you have repressed, it can be dug out under hypnosis and exposed to conscious view.

The recording machine of your mind never stops. Your memory tape keeps on unreeling. Each scene that becomes a mental picture has associated with it the feeling you had at the time, whether your emotional reaction was one of fear, hate, anger, regret, grief, envy, happiness or love. It is all there in your Subconscious—the good, the indifferent and the bad. And it is how you draw upon these past experiences—what lessons you extract from them and what you decide to do or not to

do as a result of them—that largely determines what is yet to happen.

You can see from this that any influence which tends to pull events out of context and place an inordinate focus on certain sections of your life recording, can lead to mental and emotional disturbances. When this is done by the hypnotist, even without intention, he must be prepared to help you cope psychologically with the problems aroused.

This is one of the major **difficulties** that hypnotism encounters. The **suggestion** can be given that an individual has overcome a deep fear and has assumed a courageous attitude, or that he has been freed of stuttering and now can speak without faltering, or that he no longer has the urge to drink. Notable improvement often can be observed after suggestions of this nature have been made, but the effect of such suggestions wears off in time, or requires repeated hypnotic treatments to maintain. This is due to the fact that the *cause* of the unwanted condition has not been reached. Only the effects have been treated.

It is seldom, therefore, that hypnotism has any lasting effectiveness in these areas. Worse still, a person having been deprived through hypnotism of some harmful habit or practice, without the basic cause having been eliminated, will feel impelled to seek another outlet, perhaps even more destructive and troublesome than the original failing. Then, too, the individual in search of aid may often come to lean upon hypnotism as he has formerly leaned upon tranquilizing drugs or other methods of treatment, not wanting to face up to his real faults or to accept responsibility for his own thoughts and acts.

You may be hypnotized without your consent

It is said that 80 to 85 per cent of the population can be hypnotized. This includes many people who are under the impression that they never can be hypnotized if they withhold their consent and refuse to cooperate. This is a misconception. A clever hypnotist can capture the attention of someone who thinks he is resisting hypnotic suggestion and put him under by a sudden command of "Sleep!" and a snapping of the fingers. Some hypnotists have the reputation of being able to hypnotize many persons, even for the first time, in from five to 20 seconds! It all depends upon the approach and the con-

ditioning. When an individual has been hypnotized once, he always will be susceptible to hypnotic suggestion **from** that time on. A mere nod or a key word or a gesture from the hypnotist can send him into a trance. Moreover, anyone else usually can hypnotize a once-hypnotized person with comparative ease. By using an indirect method of hypnosis, someone who is simply watching and listening as the hypnotist places another subject "**under,**" can, himself, be mesmerized. The "fascination" technique is quite often used. It employs an object on a chain or string, either swung like a pendulum or spun before the eyes of the subject, who is ordered to concentrate upon these gyrations.

The hypnotist suggests: "You are tired . . . your eyelids are getting heavy . . . you can't keep them open . . . you can try but they are too heavy . . . they are closing . . . you cannot prevent them . . . they are closed," and so on. If the subject is lying on a cot or relaxing in an easy chair, he will soon find that he cannot open his eyes; then that he cannot move, and he is thereafter unable to exercise his own will but must respond to whatever the hypnotist may direct.

The benefits of hypnotism

The constructive uses of hypnotism are many. They will grow with necessary experience and experiment. Doctors are now suggesting its application to the problems of space flights. They believe that pilots can be taught self-hypnotism so that they can suggestively lower the metabolic rate and oxygen needs of their bodies, and maintain what otherwise would be unendurably uncomfortable physical conditions for great lengths of time on trips to the moon and the planets. Even now, patients who have undergone skin grafts requiring them to remain unmoving in certain positions for as long as 12 weeks, have been **abled** to do this through hypnosis.

Short cuts in psychiatric treatment of patients are possible by means of hypnotism, through the time-saving device of regressing the individual to the period or periods in which the incidents took place which brought about the psychosis. The patient may then be confronted on his Conscious level with these experiences, and taught how to adjust to them and eliminate their effect upon him.

Fear of childbirth, as well as the rigors of childbirth are being greatly relieved by hypnotic suggestion. As a substitute for anesthetics in many types of operations, hypnotism is most effective. There are no nauseating or upsetting after-effects. In heart and brain operations, not only is the patient freed of pain, but he can be awakened at any moment whenever his conscious co-operation may be needed.

In the area of sex, counselors and psychiatrists have used hypnotism to help overcome impotence, frigidity, fear of marriage and numerous other personal and marital difficulties.

The metaphysical side of hypnotism

It can be seen from the above outline, which does not pretend to list all the possible applications of hypnotism, that its range of usefulness is extremely wide. However, we have not yet touched upon the metaphysical aspect, a field in itself.

Great popular excitement was aroused, some years ago, by a book called *The Search for Bridey Murphy* which purported to be an account of the previous lives of a present housewife, narrated as a result of hypnotic regression. There have been numerous other stories of this kind, and this has led to so-called psychic mediums going into advertised hypnotic trances and giving sitters "reincarnative readings" for substantial fees. Sincere but gullible men and women, preconditioned by a belief in reincarnation, have been taken in by such readings.

As a writer thoroughly familiar with creative imagination as well as the functions of the Subconscious Mind, I can see how any individual, either with or without hypnosis, can suggestively activate his creative processes and concoct a series of dramatic episodes, relating to himself or others, as having been past life experiences. The subject always wants to please the hypnotist. In most instances, close examination of the present life experiences of hypnotically regressed subjects has revealed that their minds have ingeniously pieced together various experiences **long** since forgotten, adding to them imaginatively conceived characters engaging in fictitious plots, all for the purpose of supplying the hypnotist with the reincarnative material for which he has called.

I **realize** that many people have what amounts to a fervent religious belief in reincarnation. I am not challenging this be-

lief. I am simply stating, as one who has devoted a lifetime to exploring the mysteries of the mind, that we need better evidence. Unhappily, many people purporting to possess psychic powers are deliberately faking "reincarnative readings," trading upon the belief of sincere men and women, and charging them substantial fees for material that is entirely fictitious. One medium is actually advertising that she will give "family readings," revealing the relationship through past lives of all children, and of the two parents, so that they can "better understand" one another and make the "necessary adjustments."

Usually a so-called psychic claims that he or she has a "guide" who can read the "Akashic records" and make known the intimate details of these past lives. Those who have accepted such readings as genuine often become confused and frustrated, feeling that they can do little about their present life situations because these situations have been foreordained and are a part of the "karmic penalty" they must pay for past life transgressions. I personally know two fine women who became so emotionally mixed up as the result of these phony "reincarnative readings" that they left their husbands for other men whom they "felt" had been "soul mates" in prior lives.

Different stages of hypnosis

There are three stages of hypnosis. These can be classified as light, medium and deep. A subject under *light hypnosis* has his eyes closed, is unable to open them, is relaxed and drowsy, is breathing regularly, but cannot move or talk unless so directed by the hypnotist. In *medium hypnosis* there is a partial amnesia, the subject is not conscious of pain, he can be made to hallucinate and to enact simple posthypnotic suggestions. In *deep hypnosis* the subject can walk about and talk with eyes open, in a state of complete amnesia and anesthesia. He can be told that he will not see things that are actually there, and carry out complicated posthypnotic suggestions.

The deeper the state of trance, the more activated become the Extra Sensory faculties of the subject. Under these conditions, he can be instructed to leave the body and to visit a certain person or place, and to report on what he sees and hears.

Hypnotism and astral projection

Dr. Thomas Garrett, therapeutic hypnotist who pioneered in the treatment of shell-shocked soldiers in the First World War, told me of an outstanding experience he had had with one of his private patients. The young man, son of a famous Broadway playwright, came to Dr. Garrett emotionally upset over a broken romance. He submitted to hypnotism and told Dr. Garrett that he and his former fiancée, who was a student at Wellesley, had had a falling out over some trivial matter and she had returned his ring.

Dr. Garrett, on impulse, told the hypnotized young man he could visit the woman he loved and see if he could determine how she now felt about him. Dr. Garrett explained he had the power to leave his physical body, in his astral form, and to travel direct to Wellesley, to the sorority house where the young lady was residing. There was a moment of silence. Then the entranced subject announced that he was standing in the hall outside the girl's closed door.

"Don't let that stop you," said Dr. Garrett. "You can pass right through the door. Go on in and tell me what she is doing!"

After another moment, the young man said: "She is at her desk, writing a letter."

"That's fine," said Dr. Garrett. "took over her shoulder and read to me what she is writing."

Almost instantly the face of the sleeping subject took on a surprised and delighted expression. "Why, she's writing to me!"

"What is she saying?" demanded Dr. Garrett, picking up a pencil.

The young man then read to Dr. Garrett several word-for-word paragraphs, to the effect that his sweetheart was sorry for her part in the lovers' quarrel, was asking forgiveness, and expressing the hope for a reconciliation. The young man became so excited that he tried to embrace the girl and the reaction on his physical body was such that Dr. Garrett quickly brought him back from his astral adventure and woke him up, with the suggestion that he would remember all that had transpired.

Late the following day, this young man received a special

delivery letter from his **sweetheart**—the very letter he had either astrally or telepathically perceived. Dr. Garrett has this letter in his files, together with the notations he had made, as reported by his entranced subject. There were only a few words of variation between the two.

The mystery of automatic writing

There have been quite a number of authenticated cases wherein entire books have been written through "automatic writing" while the subject has been in an entranced or sleep state. The authors of these books, in some instances, have represented themselves to be either higher intelligences from other dimensions and other planets, or entities previously known or unknown who formerly lived on earth. It is, of course, difficult if not impossible to prove the authenticity of such professed authorship.

However, it is self-evident that the sensitive individuals through whose minds these manuscripts have come, could never, in their normal states of consciousness, have created this material. The sometimes highly complicated, detailed, profound and well-organized nature of the material presents a mystery. But this knowledge had to come from somewhere. Exhaustive examinations have been made into the past life and experience of some of these automatic writers, proving conclusively that they had had no access to the material they now wrote about.

But, for every sensitive who has produced an extraordinary, well-documented piece of automatic writing worthy of serious study and investigation, there are thousands of men and women who imagine they are in touch with higher intelligences, even taking dictation from no less a personage than God, Himself! These people may be sincere, but they are, nevertheless, victims of self-delusive practices. They have found that, by giving the Subconscious free rein in response to their yearnings for spiritual guidance and inspiration, they can induce a flow of thoughts which seemingly are not their own, which they record as though automatically written.

Such people really operate under a light form of self-hypnosis. An analysis of the material produced in these cases and a study of the individual usually reveal that the thoughts

expressed are in accordance with preconceived ideas and convictions. There is often evidence of the influence of a secondary personality *created by this individual* as a result of previously repressed desires and frustrations, who now speaks out uninhibitedly in the guise of a "higher intelligence" or some entity who has "gone on" and who confers approval upon the thoughts and acts and aspirations of the subject.

These are some of the profound difficulties encountered by authorities in parapsychology who attempt to separate the real from the unreal.

It is well, however, for us to remember that the concepts of all religions and all spiritual knowledge have come through the inner mind of man. Early spiritual writers, many of whom are generally considered to have been inspired, must have transcribed what they thought was dictated by "direct voice" or "personal visitation." There are numerous references, throughout all religious history, to messages received from supernatural sources. The Bible contains this statement: "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed: Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."

If we are to accept the truth of any of these proclaimed revelations as handed down to us from the past, we also must accept the obvious fact that revelation, so-called, still can take place any time, anywhere, through the mind of any genuinely gifted, spiritually endowed or developed individual.

Hypnotism and your own free will

Since communication from mind to mind does take place, it follows that the closer two minds are united, the more one mind will influence the other. This is particularly true in hypnotism. For this reason, anyone who is contemplating submission to hypnotism should make sure of the integrity of the hypnotist. Once the so-called electromagnetic circuit is closed between the mind of the hypnotizer and the mind of his subject, there is an interchange of thoughts and feelings on Sub-conscious levels.

A "psychic medium" often refers to the contact between himself and the sitter as *rapport*. He feels that he must estab-

lish this connection before he can receive verifiable information either from intelligences on the "other side of life" or from the message seeker. The good hypnotist, while not performing the functions of a medium, must, nevertheless, be able to command and maintain the most complete mental control of his subject. There have been demonstrated cases wherein this control has been so absolute that the hypnotist had only to *think* of the acts he wished his subject to perform, and the subject instantly and unquestioningly complied.

Some subjects have been put to sleep and awakened, and caused to perform various acts while separated from the hypnotist by many miles. They have been conditioned, of course, by posthypnotic suggestions, and through being told that they would respond to the will of the hypnotist alone. Sometimes, the mere hearing of the hypnotist's voice over the phone will throw the subject into a trance.

Under these manifestly powerful control conditions, any individual who values possession of his own free will should think more than twice before surrendering his consciousness for what appears, on the surface, to be only a harmless little parlor demonstration of hypnotism.

If the hypnotist, for instance, should happen to be a disturbed personality, subjects under his control run the risk of having his instability transmitted to them. Even if an ordinarily well-balanced hypnotic personality is disturbed over some incident at the time, or has a severe personal problem on his mind, the subject under his control is in danger of being adversely affected by his thoughts and feelings. If the subject also is emotionally unstable, his feelings may be profoundly upset and cause him to commit acts he would not ordinarily do, even after release from the hypnotic influence. Such conditions, once brought on, may require medical or psychiatric attention.

The misuse of hypnotic control

Long and continuous submission to hypnotic control over a period of months or years, as in the case of a stage hypnotist's performing subject, is not good for that person. I recently met the former wife of such a hypnotist. He had married her some years before in order to make her a part of his act. As time went on, his wife's mental and physical health began to de-

teriorate. She was almost wholly dependent upon him and found it increasingly difficult to think any thoughts or to make any decisions of her own. A doctor finally advised her that she must get away from her husband and his hypnotic influence, or she might lose her mind.

She was in the process of trying to recover her mental and emotional stability when I met her. She said that she had been hypnotized so many times, and told she would completely forget everything that had transpired, that she now had little or no memory remaining. She was also having a struggle regaining her own self-confidence as well as the power to make even simple, everyday decisions. She believed that, had her hypnotist husband not become enamored of another woman, she never might have been able to get away from him.

The temptations for malpractice are understandably great, particularly where sex is concerned. A man or woman can be induced to commit sex acts which his moral code would not permit under ordinary, conscious circumstances. The suggestions only have to be given in such a manner as to get around these established scruples, and the hypnotized subject **will** readily comply.

For example, a young woman of refinement can be told that she is home alone and that she is undressing, preparatory to a soaking in the tub. She will unhesitatingly remove her garments, down to the last stitch, in the presence of a roomful of people. Once done, she can be told that her bath is over, caused to replace her clothes, and awakened after being given the suggestion that she will have no recollection of what she had done. Returned to consciousness, she will vehemently deny that she ever had undressed or would even think of doing such a thing before an audience.

Many hypnotists, treating women for mental and **emotional** ills, have had difficult as well as **embarrassing** experiences with some who develop romantic fixations. It is possible that the hypnotist, without conscious intent, had sex feelings concerning these women and they sensed the feelings and responded in kind. Either that, or the sexual desires of these women may have been repressed, causing them to seek release through a man who becomes closely identified with them.

Life is a flow of suggestions

Suggestion, which is the stock in trade for the hypnotist, is perhaps the most powerful implement for use in the control and direction of mind. With or without hypnotism, the machinery of mind functions under the impetus of constant suggestion. Each act or experience in life suggests to man what he should or should not do about it. The fact that he is hungry or thirsty suggests he should get something to eat or drink. There is an unbroken continuity of associative suggestions for each person to act upon from the moment of awakening in the morning to the final moment of sleeping at night. Even then, the creative powers of mind can continue to work on the problems or aspirations of the individual, if properly directed, while he sleeps. Something is happening on some level of consciousness in every individual, at all times.

Because suggestion plays such a predominant part in the life of every individual, it is important that we learn how to make conscious, everyday use of it. While hypnotism is a way of using suggestion on others, it is possible for the individual to exercise suggestion on himself, and to receive comparable if not superior results. Some hypnotists teach their subjects to perform self-hypnotism, so that they can make themselves temporarily unconscious of pain and impervious to certain discomforts and annoyances. But it is better and wiser for the individual to work to remove the harmful causes, rather than to set them aside. The consequences must be faced, sooner or later, if this is not done.

The power of self-suggestion

I prefer the term "self-suggestion" rather than "self-hypnotism" as applied to the power that the individual can exercise over himself. When you suggest something to your Subconscious that you want it to do for you, this implies conscious, voluntary acceptance by your real Self. Self-hypnotism connotes the influencing of your mind, either with or without your conscious consent or co-operation. What you get your mind to do without the full, feeling support of the real you, does not have any lasting value. It tends to wear off and lose its hold upon you, **like** the suggestions that a hypnotist may give you.

For a permanent quality to be built into you as a personality, your whole entity must approve of it and desire it, otherwise you will always be in conflict with some phase of your being. That is why anything basic must always be achieved by you, yourself; others can aid with counsel and advice and every manner of physical and economic assistance, but you are the only one who can really change your thinking and your actions, the nature of your character and your conduct.

As I mentioned before, I try to suggest to myself each night, during a meditation period before retiring, that I will give a better account of myself on the morrow. This is a simple procedure that any one of us can employ with reasonable expectation of gratifying results.

An experience in a dentist's chair

Before getting too far from the subject of pain, however, I want to tell about an experience you may be able to apply very usefully.

Some time ago I went to my dentist to have some under-the-gum cavities drilled out. My dentist had just completed a course in hypnotism and was eager to try his technique. He said he had hypnotized some patients and then had drilled and even pulled their teeth, without pain or any after-effects. He said that I, with my knowledge of mind, would make a good subject. I told him that I never had been hypnotized and that I preferred to use self-suggestion, when needed, rather than hypnosis.

He said: "Do you mean you could suggest to yourself that I could drill your teeth and you would be unconscious of pain?"

I said: "Yes—I have been able to do this at times. If I am feeling reasonably good, mentally and emotionally, so that I do not have much difficulty restraining the ordinary fears and apprehensions that anyone feels, I am able to reach my Subconscious Mind and cause it to make me temporarily insensitive."

Dr. Shirley looked at me a bit doubtfully and then said: "Would you like to try it now?"

I asked for a minute to myself, during which I relaxed in the dental chair and said to my Subconscious: "*I will feel the*

drill—but not the pain . . . feel the drill—but not the pain. My gums and my tooth are numb . . . I will feel the drill—but not the pain!"

As I repeated these statements, I suddenly felt my Sub-conscious Mind take hold of them, and I knew that a mental anesthetic had set in. I called the dentist and told him to start drilling. Dr. Shirley began very gingerly. Since I remained relaxed and unmoving, he commenced to bear down, looking his unbelief. Because the mind can only be conscious of one specific thing in any one segment of time, and because I had instructed my mind that it would feel the drill but not the pain, my mind was focused exclusively on this drill. I felt it boring into a tooth but the pain ordinarily associated with such an operation did not exist.

When the dentist had completed his job, he warned me he was going to flush out my mouth with cold water. I again requested a few seconds and told myself: "*The water will feel warm and soothing—warm and soothing.*" This is just how it felt when my mouth was rinsed.

Such results are obtained regularly by dentists who use hypnotism. The patients are conscious, responding to a posthypnotic suggestion. But I recount this experience as evidence that self-suggestion can be just as potent as hypnosis.

I hope these personal illustrations are pardonable because I can vouch for their authenticity and can also more authoritatively explain how these little demonstrations of mind control were performed.

Whatever I have been able to do, you also can do, because you possess the same powers within your consciousness ready to respond to your own developed control and direction of them.

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Nine:

- Hypnotism is an ancient device. It seems to account for some of the amazing effects secured by early medicine men. Beginning in the 18th century, hypnotism was studied more scientifically and became an aid in medicine, although not well used in many cases.*
- There is danger in hypnotism. The hypnotist assumes a great responsibility. Hypnotism has led people into all kinds of emotional difficulties. Only recently, the American Medical Association recognized its value in certain areas of medical practice, but warned against its misuse.*
- The mind makes a record of all events of your life, in continuity as they happen. Hypnotism may disturb this continuity, as can occur with a person who, under hypnosis, is regressed to a childhood state. Trouble may ensue. Also, you can be hypnotized without your consent and you even can be made to perform certain acts which are against your principles—although not many people know this.*
- Hypnotism can be used to bring on astral states. Also it is used to encourage automatic writing wherein a subject writes material completely outside his own experience.*
- Too much hypnosis can leave you with no will of your own. Life in itself is a flow of suggestions. The power of self-suggestion—not really self-hypnosis—is tremendously effective and is much to be preferred.*

CHAPTER X

Your Healing Power

ILLNESS IN ONE form or another, physical or mental or, both, plagues all mankind. Barring accident, disease or sickness—if only the deterioration of the body through age—will eventually claim the earth life of every living creature.

There is ample evidence that nature did not design man for an eternal existence here on earth. Extra Sensory Perception in **itself**, indicating higher powers of mind capable of transcending time and space, indicate that man is destined for adventures beyond the physical form he occupies on earth.

Nevertheless, while man is resident in this body, he must make the best possible use of it and put forth every sensible effort to keep a "sound mind in a sound **body**." A sick mind in a healthy body or a healthy mind in a sick body are highly incompatible. If the mind becomes sick, the body usually follows, and if the body becomes **sick**, it is not long before you have a sick mind. Some scientists have pessimistically stated that there exists, at all times, a hair-line balance between sanity and insanity.

The way civilization has developed, most of us leave the

matter of our health to the doctors and the drug stores. We eat what we please, drink what we please, smoke however much we please, carouse as we please, and think whatever we please. We disregard one of the simple, fundamental laws of life—that moderation in all things is always the safe rule to follow.

When our bodies finally rebel against chronic mistreatment, our tendency is usually not to face up to the basic causes. Instead, we seek a possible antidote which will permit us to continue our excesses and our indiscretions. This is tragically true of overeating, overdrinking and oversmoking. Reluctant as we may be to admit it—it *does* make a difference what is taken into our bodies.

But it likewise makes a difference what is taken into our minds. Until recently there has not been widespread realization of truth of the old **adage**: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Today, however, science tells us that strong and persistent feelings of hate, resentment, fear, greed, envy, lust and the like can change the chemistry of the body and make it susceptible to all manner of ailments.

Let me tell you of an experience which once happened to me, as a result, I am convinced, of my wrong thinking.

A plain case of piracy

We were living in New York at the time, in 1935. I had been called in by the radio program director of a large advertising agency to revise the format of a then-famous musical show on the air. The director wished me to prepare an outline for the new show and write the scripts. He stated that he could not give me a contract until the time should arrive for the change-over, and the present writers and actors were freed of their contracts.

I foolishly accepted his proposal and went to work without even a letter of agreement. Anticipating a lucrative engagement, I turned down other promising offers during this period. Then the blow fell. Higher powers in the agency moved in, my ideas were given to other writers, and I sat at home, listening to my own material, presented in revised form, go on the air. A theatrical attorney told me I could sue and probably collect at least thirteen weeks' compensation; but he also ad-

vised that this case could be delayed in the courts and cause me more grief than it was worth.

Several other ventures into which I had put a great amount of work also failed to materialize during this period. I suffered severe economic embarrassment. We had to give up our apartment and live in greatly reduced circumstances. The more I thought about how ruthlessly my time and talents had been exploited by the radio director, the more bitter and resentful T felt toward him. Although I had a good understanding of the operation of mind and emotions, I found it impossible to prevent venomous feelings from rising up within me. It is as close as I ever have come to having murder in my heart.

But I paid dearly for my mental poison. I awoke one morning to find a cauliflower-like growth extending over the membranes of my throat, including the back of my tongue and the tonsil area. My doctor diagnosed this as a rare tropical fungus growth, almost always fatal. He sent me at once to Philadelphia, to be examined and treated by the world's greatest throat specialist. After ten days I was returned home to die.

My doctor, however, was also an outstanding chemist and, since I had been given up by one of the top medical authorities, he asked permission to make a guinea pig of me. After using every possible throat gargle and application, he finally resorted to injections of arsenic, explaining that arsenic was deadly against both animal and vegetable matter. Since this mycosis was a virus comprised of both, he believed that attacking its roots through my bloodstream might kill it off before it killed me.

I submitted to arsenic injections three times a week. The growth was reduced to two root areas, each about the size of a dime, where my tonsils had been. By this time my doctor was concerned that the arsenic might permanently impair some of the organs of my body. He suspended further treatments with the hope that what remained of the fungus would die off by itself. Unhappily, however, with the control exercised by the arsenic removed, the mycosis began growing rapidly once more.

Some months had now passed in this battle, during which time I had been compelled to face the possibility that the extension of this parasitic growth, if it should

reach my windpipe, would result in death. For the first few days after contracting this virus, I confess to feelings of fear and apprehension. This was aggravated by my discovery that the medical records showed some 40 known cases in the past 50 years all had succumbed.

Gradually, however, my reason began to gain ascendancy over my emotions. It was obvious that my fear was interfering with whatever chance I might have for recovery. As hard to control as the fear, moreover, was my still-burning resentment against the man I held responsible for all that had happened to me.

Looking back, I could see that this experience was the severest possible test of my basic beliefs and convictions. It took me some time to see that I had, in the main, brought the experience on myself through my wrong business judgment. On top of this, after laying myself open to being victimized by the human weakness of another, I had made him the scapegoat in absolving myself from any part in this economic and physical debacle, and in centering my inflamed emotions upon him.

Such thoughts must eventually produce after their kind and I had become the unhappy receiver. Once I was ready to recognize this, I set to work in an attempt to reverse my mental and emotional attitude. A prayer for deliverance from any destructive or demoralizing situation cannot produce results while the mind remains filled with fears, resentments and apprehensions. The consciousness must first be cleared and made receptive to the new conditions and developments that are desired by the entity. This was my job and it was a big one.

The cure that waited to be told

I began by picturing each night, during my meditation period, that I would meet someone, somewhere, who possessed the knowledge of a specific cure for this mycosis. I kept on repeating this visualization, which buoyed me up through all the setbacks and trying weeks that followed. I somehow had the faith that giving my mind this mental picture would activate the creative power to draw such a person to me.

It was not until my doctor had to renew injections of arsenic

to keep the fungus growth from spreading through my system, that I was forced to take absolute inventory of myself to determine if there was anything more that I could do, personally, to aid in this fight against death.

Then it was that I had to confess I had not conquered the feeling of bitterness and hate toward the radio program director. If this, originally, had contributed towards the changing of my body chemistry and had been even partly responsible for my susceptibility to the mycosis, I knew now that I simply must remove all such destructive feelings from consciousness. It was plain to me that these feelings were canceling out my visualization of meeting someone who might know a specific remedy. *You cannot harbor destructive thoughts toward another without inviting possible destruction to yourself.*

I cannot describe the mental, emotional and physical relief which came to me the first night I was able to let go completely of these devastating feelings. It seemed that every cell in my body was positively affected, and I felt a new surge of strength and faith.

It was not many days after this that Sydney Este, a friend who shared my interest in metaphysical subjects, invited Mrs. Sherman and me to attend a lecture to be given by Dr. A. E. Strath-Gordon on The Great Pyramid of Egypt. In all the time I had had my affliction, I had kept the knowledge of it from even my closest friends. There was nothing external to indicate that I was in any trouble aside from a huskiness of voice and the necessity to clear my throat frequently. It **was** my feeling that, if others knew I was suffering from this fungus growth which was supposed to be incurable, and if they accepted the concept that I might not be long for this world, I would have to face their negative thinking along with my own. Consequently, at this time, only my wife, mother and doctor knew what I was undergoing.

Mrs. Sherman and I went with the Estes to hear Dr. Strath-Gordon. I was greatly impressed by the **man**—so much so that I invited him to have lunch with me the following day at the City Club. Over the luncheon table I was compelled to clear my throat several times while talking. Dr. Strath-Gordon looked at me sharply and inquired if I was having some kind of throat

trouble. My first inclination was to pass it off as nothing, but an inner voice said to me: *Tell this man!*

I told him. Quietly and **matter-of-factly**. Dr. Strath-Gordon asked: "Do you have pencil and paper?"

I produced a pencil and the back of an envelope, whereupon Dr. Strath-Gordon directed me to take down a prescription which he dictated: ". . . so many parts of creosote . . . so many parts of glycerine . . . so many parts of this and that . . ."

**When I had finished copying, I looked up and asked:
"Just what is this prescription, Doctor?"**

**"It is a specific for your type of mycosis," he said
simply.**

"But how—where did you get it?" I wanted to know, almost unbelievably.

"Years ago," said Dr. Strath-Gordon, "I was sent by the British government to work with **Noguchi**, the famous Japanese scientist, in South Africa. While I was there, this mycosis, which thrives in hot, humid climates, became epidemic, and the natives were dying like flies. Noguchi developed this solution and if it was applied before the fungus growth became too extensive, it saved their lives."

For a moment, I was too astounded to speak. Here, at last, seated across from me, was the person I had visualized meeting all these **weeks—someone** who knew a specific cure for my rare ailment. My Extra Sensory Perception had been right! There *had* been an individual who carried the knowledge of a cure in his consciousness, and finally I had been drawn to him out of all the human beings in this country. With Dr. Strath-Gordon's permission, I cut short our luncheon appointment and took a taxi to my doctor's office where I related the remarkable circumstances which had placed this prescription in my hands. My doctor examined it, then sent me to the nearest drug store to get the prescription filled.

**When I returned to his office, he took an applicator,
saturated it in the solution, and swabbed my throat over
the affected area. There was a stinging sensation, the
remaining growths shriveled up, dropped off—and I
was cured!**

Your mind may make you sick or well; but not your mind alone

You can increasingly understand, I am sure, why I, after such experiences as this, believe so implicitly in the higher powers of mind and especially in the power of visualization. You can employ these same powers to serve you in your times of need, but you **must**—as I was compelled to **do**—**free** your mind of all thoughts which have helped bring about the unhappy condition you may now want to eliminate.

When you consider that some creative power within you took charge of building the body you now occupy from the moment of its conception, and that this same power must still be resident within you today, why should you doubt the ability of such a power to recreate any part of the body that requires repair due to illness or injury?

There are external factors, of course, which can and do prevent what I call the "healing power within" from functioning effectively. If you misuse or mistreat your body, or if you subject your body to environments and circumstances which are not conducive to health, you cannot expect this power to keep pace with the abnormal demands that are made upon it. Most of us are served subconsciously by this healing power and have not been trained to direct it consciously, through prayer and meditation, to do a job for us. As a consequence, we often fail to activate this power in times when we need it most, placing our dependence instead upon outside sources such as doctors, surgeons, treatments and drugs.

No matter how helpful all outside agencies can be, physicians uniformly declare they are often powerless to be of aid if the patient has no faith in his recovery and has surrendered the will to live. This is a basic admission of the power of mind as an adjunct to medical healing.

Some people mistakenly believe they must do away with medical assistance entirely, if they are to utilize the healing powers of mind. They have been led to feel that they must place faith in one *or* the other, and cannot exercise faith in both. Actually, the average person is put under too great a strain in trying to activate his own healing powers, if he tries to rely upon their functioning alone, to the exclusion of any **medical** aid. But, by joining faith in his doctor, for whatever treatment

he is receiving, along with faith in his own healing power, he is able to maintain a positive, confident, optimistic attitude that will greatly contribute to his recovery.

The man who did not believe in doctors

I recall a tragic incident as an illustration of this important point. Some years ago, a friend in his early forties, whom I shall call Will, visited us in New York. He had come from the Midwest on a buying trip and we invited him to have dinner with us. When he arrived, he did not appear to be himself. He confessed with some embarrassment, that he had a severe headache and had an upset stomach. He explained his condition by saying that his thinking had not been right, and that he was sure he would be okay as soon as he had straightened himself out mentally. I asked him if he had had these kind of upsets before, and he admitted they had been recurring at intervals of every week or so, for several months.

I said to him: "Will, that is evidence to me that nature is trying to tell you there is something systematically wrong which needs attention. I know you do not believe in medical treatment, but I have a doctor in New York who is most sympathetic to people with your point of view. He is a renowned diagnostician. Won't you let me take you to him for a check-up?"

Will shook his head. "No, Harold, I'm sure it's nothing serious. I think I'll go back to my hotel room where I can be quiet and meditate."

This was the last time I ever saw Will. He recovered from this sick spell and took the train the next day for home. Several weeks later, he was taken ill again. This time, he suddenly went blind and was rushed to the hospital. He died two days later of uremic poisoning. When I told my physician what had happened, and how I had begged Will to submit to a medical examination, he said if Will had done so, his condition would have been discovered and alleviated. Here was a case wherein the right medical treatment and the right thinking, working hand-in-hand, would have served each other.

You should see to it that you do not limit yourself, when faced with a difficult physical illness or health problem, by placing reliance on your mind alone. Only if there should come

a time when the medical profession feels it can do nothing more for you, should you place almost complete dependence upon the creative power within.

A miracle of healing

I was called upon to do just this when I was a young man in Detroit, in the year 1920. I have referred to this case before, in telling of my out-of-body experience, which occurred under influence of chloroform at the time I had my infected toe lanced (Chapter Eight).

Some days later, the condition of this toe steadily worsened and developed into gangrene. I began running a temperature of 106 degrees, and Dr. Garner, alarmed, called in a specialist for consultation. It was decided that if my condition was not markedly improved by the morning, they would have to take me to the hospital and amputate my right foot.

"Doctor," I said to Dr. Garner after the specialist had left, "for some time now I have been making a study of mental **power**, and I believe it is possible to picture my **toe** restored to its normal, healthy state. I believe that, if I could place this picture vividly and confidently enough in my consciousness, my healing faculty would go to work and eliminate the gangrenous condition.

"The last couple of nights, I have been trying to picture my toe as it was before this infection set in, but I am so close to it, and so conscious of the pain, that all I can see in my mind's eye is my toe in its swollen, infected state. Now, Doctor, you may not believe this would have any effect but I'd like to ask a favor of you. You've got a healthy mind in a healthy **body**, and you know, physiologically, what has to happen for my toe to be restored to normal. What I'd like you to do, when you get home, if you will, is to sit quietly and picture in your own mind the process taking place in nature which will heal my foot. I somehow feel that I need the help of an outside mind to add strength to mine."

Dr. Garner had been listening intently. He had been previously impressed by the unusual experience I had had under chloroform, and was thus more disposed to take my request seriously.

"If you think this will help, I will be glad to try it," he said.

"It won't help unless you *really mean it*. Please don't promise or kid me just to make me feel good. **You've** got to be in earnest about this or I'm convinced it won't work."

"**How** long would you like me to think about you?" asked the doctor.

"Could you give me half an hour?" I requested.

"You *have* half an hour," he rejoined. "I have one other call to make and should be home by ten o'clock."

It was now past eight o'clock. As Dr. Garner left, my landlady, Mrs. Walker, came to the door. She had long been interested in what she called "mental science."

"I couldn't help overhearing the conversation," she said. "Would you mind if I thought along with you?"

"I wish you would," I said gratefully. "I'm going to need all the help I can get."

A few minutes before ten o'clock, I began preparing my body and mind for a supreme effort. My gangrenous toe was the one next to my big toe on the right foot. It was badly swollen and inflamed, so painful that it could not be bandaged and even the gentle lowering of a sheet upon it was almost unbearable. But now, with a strange new **confidence** and hope, inspired by the knowledge that I had two minds joining in this visualizing process with me, I went to work.

A mental fight against gangrene

After relaxing my physical body, as I have described in Chapter Four, I came to the point of clearing my conscious mind of the impression it held of the actual physical condition. I encountered difficulty. In place of the mental image of a normal, healthy toe, which I had hoped to project upon the mental screen of my inner mind, there now appeared, in its stead, an intensified reflection of the toe in its angry, infected state. In fact, momentarily I could feel the painful pulsations in my consciousness to the exclusion of everything else. My body dripped with nervous perspiration. I let go of this impression as quickly as I could, cleared my mind, and started in all over again.

This experience proved to me, more than any other I ever had in my life, the close association between the body and

the mind; how what happens to the body is automatically registered in consciousness, and how what originates in mind can, conversely, be impressed upon the body. I knew, in that instant, that communication was a **two-way** street. If the body was ordinarily intended to be subservient to the will control of the mind, then it was up to the entity to assume and to exercise this control. If it did not do this, I could clearly see that body conditions would dominate and that whatever powers of healing the mind might possess would be rendered largely ineffective.

It is never easy to deal mentally with a body condition when one is conscious of intense pain and discomfort. In addition I was ill and weak, and had lost 20 or 30 pounds. My second try was no more successful than my first. It was now 20 minutes after ten. The conviction was strong in me that I must, somehow, restore in my mind a blueprint of my toe as it had been before the infection. Unintentionally, through my suffering and my apprehension, I had been continually feeding my Subconscious vivid mental pictures of the progressively worsening condition rather than pictures of my toe in the desired condition of health.

On my third try I seemed to sense the thoughts of Dr. Garner and Mrs. Walker being transmitted to me. I was **able**, for the first time, to make my mental screen a blank for just a moment, and then to see a fleeting glimpse of my entire foot in healthy condition. My nervous relief was so great that, having finally accomplished this objective, I fell into exhausted sleep.

It was six in the morning when I awakened. I felt an immediate surge of caution lest I turn and strike my painful toe against the sheet or the bed. As my consciousness cleared, I became aware that my burning fever was gone. I lifted my right foot gingerly and looked at it.

Like a person coming out of a long and agonizing nightmare, I saw, to my amazement, that my toe had broken open and drained during the night, and that the swelling was almost gone. I sat up on the edge of the bed, and carefully tested the weight of my body on this foot, against the floor. No pain! With a prayerfully grateful and exultant feeling, I went to the closet and put on my

slippers and bathrobe. As soon as Mrs. Walker was up, I told her the good news. When Dr. Garner arrived at eight o'clock, ready to take me to the hospital for a possible amputation, I met him at the door.

It was several months before my toe returned to normal, but the crisis had passed that night and an undeniable "miracle" of healing had taken place. Later, when I told a few friends of this experience, two of them expressed doubt and asked permission to write to Dr. Garner. I have seen his letters in reply. He said, in effect, that my story of recovery from gangrene was true, and that in more than 40 years of medical practice it was the nearest thing to a miracle he ever had seen.

More recently I was again able to concentrate and direct the healing powers of my body with good effect. A hard cyst had developed on my right eyelid, inflaming the eye. My physician said I would have to visit an eye specialist and have the cyst removed. It was only then that I became vitally concerned about the condition. I told Mrs. Sherman that I was going to use suggestion on that eyelid and activate my own healing powers.

Each night during my period of meditation I visualized my natural healing facilities as concentrating a blood supply in the eyelid area and carrying away whatever did not belong there. These thoughts were repeated positively and prayerfully each night and, in a few weeks, the cyst was entirely gone.

Faith has force

Christ asked the sick: "Do you believe?" When He was assured of their belief, He then said: "Your faith has made you whole." We are told this technique was effective then and we can see it is equally effective now. Faith is not merely a word; it is a *force*; it has substance. Your healing power may function automatically in the ordinary, constant repair of the body. But let a health crisis arise and the full power of faith is needed in order to concentrate all the illimitable dynamics of the healing force.

We must recognize that mental healing often is misrepresented and abused. Many individuals—sometimes surrounding themselves with an entire cult or "sacred order"—will perform rites, perhaps on a correspondence basis, and claim to bring

relief to suffering mankind. Such people do not neglect to ask for their fee, or "love offering." Among these are some who are sincere and really do possess some degree of healing ability. But anyone who aids in healing needs the faith that the health-seeker places in him.

Some illnesses and bodily conditions are deeply rooted in the mind, yet take on the qualities of physical ailments and cannot be distinguished from them. At a climax of religious fervor, sufferers often are healed through an exercise of faith otherwise not within their power. The psychologically blind and deaf regain their sight and their hearing; the mentally and emotionally paralyzed leave their wheel chairs and walk. At famous shrines such as the one at Lourdes, in France, medical science gives unmistakable testimony that even afflictions such as cancer have withered and disappeared; and doctors have no direct, medical explanation for this.

A man lay dying

The Reverend Harold **Hayward**, a friend of mine, has had great success with the healing power of prayer. When he was chaplain at a government hospital, he came to the bedside of a man we'll call Ray Andrews, who apparently was dying of cancer. The cancer had eaten its way through his back. Three hypodermics of triple strength hardly could make his pain endurable. Ray had no religion, and he cursed his pain and cursed his fate.

"Ray," Reverend Hayward said, "the doctors have done all they can for you. They say there's no hope. Now you've got only one place to go, and that is to God."

This drew more curses from Ray, who said he had not lived the kind of life that warrants any help from God, if there was a God. Reverend Hayward didn't argue with him. He simply said that whether Ray believed in God or not, if he would acknowledge a power greater than himself, and ask forgiveness for the evil he felt he had done, and so free his mind and heart of mental and emotional conflicts, then he, Reverend Hayward, had faith that Ray still could rid his body of cancer.

Ray made no response, and Reverend Hayward left the

ward on his round of duties. But, when he returned the following day, a different Ray called to him.

"I'm ready," he said. "Do what you can for me."

Reverend Hayward knelt by the bedside. "As I pray," he said, "I'm going to lay my hands on you, and you're going to ask this Higher Power to forgive you for whatever you consider your wrongdoings, and to help clear your mind of all your wrong thoughts. You must absolutely mean this, and you must promise this Higher Power that you will start all over from this second on, and have faith in its ability to make you well. While you are doing this, I'm going to pray that God will relieve you from this pain, and that you will soon recover enough to leave the hospital."

They prayed, and Reverend Hayward placed his hands over the afflicted areas of Ray's body. In a few minutes, Ray reported: "The pain is gone!"

Twice a day, the minister visited Ray's bedside, laid on his hands, and joined Ray in prayer. At the end of five weeks, Ray Andrews walked from the hospital to a car he had purchased, and drove away, a well man.

In the presence of such a manifestation of healing power, what is anyone, including the scientist, to say? We must admit that there is much, very much, that we still do not know. This leaves a tremendous field yet open for research and experimentation.

It has been my resolve, all my life, to undertake new mental adventures whenever the opportunity has offered, and wherever it has seemed that something worthwhile might be demonstrated. This has led me, on occasion, into human experiences which have **been** severely taxing on body, mind and emotions.

A friend in need

One of the most grueling experiences, and yet one which may prove to have been one of the most significant, as applied to the coming science of mental healing, took place in the spring of 1957, when Mrs. Sherman and I were residing in our country place in the **Ozarks**.

On March 13 of that year I received a letter from Dr. Thomas L. Garrett (the same Dr. **Garrett** mentioned in

Chapter Nine) then of Hollywood, South Carolina, which said in part:

Dear Harold:

Yesterday, I returned from New York where I have been for several weeks undergoing examinations for my heart which has **been** bad for a number of years, but became much worse these past few months.

I had a very severe heart attack about six weeks ago, and have been unable to do anything since then. They have now decided to **operate**—**you** have probably read about the new type of heart surgery which they are doing now.

I am entering the hospital (Hahnemann, Philadelphia) on March 24, and will spend the first few days taking all sorts of tests before they operate. I figure that I'm not taking much of a gamble because they have all told me that my heart cannot last very long the way it is, but if the surgery is successful, I shall be completely cured of this condition.

With this method, they divert the blood to a mechanical heart and also have mechanical lungs, and they then open up the chest and stop the heart until they have completed the operation. Many prominent persons have had this operation and are now perfectly well. Anyway, I think the gamble is in my favor . . .

On receipt of Tom's letter, I wrote him on March 18, and told him that I had a definite feeling he would survive the operation. I told him I would put aside time each night for meditation and that I would place him in my consciousness at that time, and hold the strongest possible thoughts for his recovery.

Then I added the suggestion: "Tom, if you will wire me the *time* of your operation, I will set aside this time to be with you in consciousness during that period. I have done this on several occasions with good results. It has apparently helped people to know that I was sitting, joining my mind with theirs, in such a moment, and holding the thought that all would be well."

Tom assured me he would let me know the date and time of the operation, and would try to make mental contact with me during the surgery. I began preparing by giving special concentrative attention to him in my meditation periods each night.

This type of procedure is extremely difficult to put in words. It perhaps would sound incredible to almost anyone who had not developed a similar kind of sensitivity or undergone a similar mental experience. But the process of contacting Tom's mind in Philadelphia was not unlike my previous established contacts with the mind of Sir Hubert Wilkins, some years before, when he was in the Far North.

I held my remembered mental image of Tom in my mind's eye and centered my attention upon him. Since the Extra Sensory level of consciousness is not limited by time or space, what amounts to a "radar fix" was made by my mind on his mind. Once telepathic contact was made, I felt as though a circuit had been closed—almost like putting through a long-distance call. (The other party, in cases of this kind, does not have to be consciously aware of what is taking place.)

My objective was to ascertain Tom's physical and mental condition. The moment I so directed my Subconscious, I began to feel as Tom felt; almost as though I were connected with his body. I sensed a shortness of breath and an unevenness of heart action, but, despite this, I got the impression that Tom was unusually calm inwardly. I did everything I could to reinforce mentally this calmness and to suggest that he could draw on me for whatever energy or strength might be needed to help sustain him.

As I have mentioned, Tom had said he would let me know when the time for the operation was set but, as the days passed and no word came from him, I could feel the date of the operation drawing near, and I began to get uneasy. We lived in such a remote section of the Ozarks that telegrams had to be telephoned from a small town 40 miles away to the even smaller town nearest us, and then mailed out to us by rural carrier, via the ferry across the White River.

On April 2, one of the worst rainstorms in the history of the region sent the White River over its banks, causing wash-outs and landslides on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. This, of

course, completely interrupted mail service, and on the morning of April 5, at five o'clock (six o'clock Philadelphia time), not having heard from Tom, I was awakened from a sound sleep to hear his voice in my mind's ear, calling me, saying: "*Harold, I need you! . . . Harold, I need you . . . !*"

Doubt creeps in

The impression came to me strongly that Tom was being prepared for the operation. But my Conscious Mind immediately opposed this thought, reminding me that I had not been so informed. It tried to tell me that either Tom or his wife, Maxine, would have gotten word through to me, **somehow**. When there is conflict between the Conscious and Subconscious minds, it is difficult, if not impossible, for Extra Sensory faculties to function.

I told Mrs. Sherman at breakfast that I felt Tom's operation was imminent and wondered if the doctors could have given him such short notice that he hadn't had time to notify me. My mental disturbance continued, so much so that we drove into town around noon, and went directly to the post office. There we found that, after three days, following the big storm and high water, first class mail finally had been brought across the White River. Among a packet of letters awaiting us was one from Tom's wife, which should have reached us two days before. The note read in **part**:

Dear **Harold**—

Tom asked me to write and tell you that the operation is set for Friday, April 5. The exact hour is not **known**—probably between 8 and 11 A.M. . . .

Tom doesn't seem a **bit** nervous about the operation and is counting on your spiritual presence Friday. It will be so interesting to see what impressions you get. . . .

Maxie

Now I knew that my early morning impressions had been correct, and the doubt engendered by my Conscious **Mind's** resistance was instantly removed. I had the feeling that the operation was still in progress and I got off by myself as

quickly as possible so that I might give full mental attention to Tom.

I had been suggesting each night, in meditation, that our minds would be united during the operation; that Tom would draw strength from me; that we would hold to the picture that everything would work out successfully; that the surgeons would perform their services perfectly; that there would be no slip of any kind; and that, Tom would maintain an inner feeling of assurance which would impress itself upon his heart and all organs, giving them a power beyond normal to withstand the operation.

It was my feeling, as I began my concentration, that Tom had made and maintained contact with me on a subconscious level, from the moment I had awakened thinking so strongly about him. Because of this conviction, I first attempted to go back in time and pick up the memory of what had happened to Tom, from the beginning.

The impression came that the operation had got under way around 9:15 in the morning, and that surgery had reached the heart area around 10:35; that the real operation on the heart itself had started at 10:54—and had been completed in 7 minutes and 41 seconds.

I had a sharp pain in my neck near the base of the brain and a very unsettled feeling for a space of what seemed to have been some 20 minutes or so, when it appeared that the body was experiencing great difficulties in adjustment. During this period, I brought to the surface the memory of a powerful subconscious pull upon me which was reflected in my solar plexus, as though Tom had been drawing on my inner energies.

These panoramic, recollective impressions had come to me over the period of a half hour in actual concentration, and now I felt that the operation had not been completed until 12:55 Philadelphia time. As I continued to maintain what I felt to be mental contact, I was sure that Tom had come through the operation as well as could have been expected. I was equally certain that he had been, to all intents and purposes, out of his body during most of the ordeal. I definitely sensed that there had been some extremely rough moments and the pain in the back of the neck was reimpressed upon me, as

though my brain had been bruised. I could see that Tom would need a few days to recover, from this injury or congestion, and that it would clear up in time.

Having jotted down these impressions as they had been received, I now put them in a letter to Tom and Maxie, ending by saying:

It requires a certain amount of courage to set down these impressions—but I know you two will be expecting to hear from me—and I send them on to you at the risk of their not being as accurate as they might well have been—had I been able to join with Tom in consciousness as had been originally planned. . .

It was April 18, before a reply to this letter was received from Mrs. Garrett, who wrote as follows:

This is just to let you know Tom is up, walking around. His pulse is too rapid—110 to 120—and he has difficulty in breathing which the doctors seem to think is normal. They told me if he had not had the operation, the heart could not have lasted over a week.

Everybody is most interested in the experiments, and the time and conditions which you stated proved to be very accurate. We have the time on the chart and we are now trying to get the doctor who was with Tom to give us the exact time everything took place in the operating room.

The chart states the heart was opened and closed in $7\frac{1}{4}$ minutes. Tom knows he was out of the body—and at 6 A.M. Friday, two weeks ago, he said he put his mind on you and felt you had received the message.

The doctors and nurses to whom we have shown the report think it is amazing how accurate you were and at the same time having other things on your mind.

You also spoke of the head and, for a time, I was very worried for fear Tom's mind had left him completely. He talked like an insane patient. . . . His mind wanders a bit but only at times, and he makes a great effort to keep the thoughts straight. He knows when he is doing it, he says, but can't stop. As he gets stronger, I am sure all of this will clear up.

When Tom is stronger, he will dictate a letter to you. He sends his love and I join him. . . .

Maxine

As always, it was a relief to get this confirmation—proof that so many of the impressions received under disadvantageous conditions had been quite accurate. Heartened, I continued my meditations each night with Tom much in mind. A few days later, I was in receipt of a surprise letter, dated April 23, from a Mrs. Dorothy Crea, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, who wrote in part:

Dear Mr. Sherman—

You are probably wondering who I am. Well, I was in the hospital the same time Dr. Tom Garrett was, and we became quite good friends. . . .

Tom let me read your letter to him and I've also read your book, *You Live After Death*, so Tom asked me to write you. . . . Even though you had no idea of the day or hour of Tom's operation—it was all correct with what was on Tom's chart.

Tom is doing just grand, and was walking when I left on Good Friday. . . . I can't express what a wonderful person he is, and also his lovely wife. . . .

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Dorothy Crea

Meanwhile the Garretts had left Philadelphia and I lost correspondence contact with them. On May 19, I wrote Tom and Maxie in care of their home in Hollywood, South Carolina, asking them to please write and tell me what had happened the past few weeks. I wrote in part:

I have not missed a night in making mental contact with Tom and I wish I could report that I feel everything is completely all right. I still get disturbed sensations occasionally in breathing, and sometimes in mental lapses—but I do feel there has been improvement in the over-all.

Several times I've heard Tom call, "Harold!" in my mind's ear, as though appealing to me for help. I have

tried, at these times, to send out a steadying mental influence. It is difficult to **describe**—**the** mental feeling I get is a *quivering* one like an inner palsy which subsides and then starts up **again**—**although** I feel this is lessening. Seems to me like a muscular or brain reaction. . . .

Two days after this letter had been dispatched, I received a note from Maxine, written under date of May 17th, from Hollywood, South Carolina, which must have crossed mine in the mail. The note, as can be seen, confirmed the impressions I had recorded:

Dear Harold:

This is just to let you know we are back in Hollywood, and haven't forgotten you.

Tom is still extremely weak and unable to do much more than take a few steps at a time, while leaning on me. He is not yet able to write as *his hands shake a little too much*, but he wants me to **tell** you that he will be able to do so in another week or two and then he will write you in detail. It really was quite an experience. . . .

I answered immediately, advising the **Garretts** that I was flying to Los Angeles to give a series of lectures in association with Dr. Hornell Hart, of Duke University, and Dr. Frederick Bailes, Director of the Science of Mind Church, in Los Angeles, on the subject of Extra Sensory Perception. On May 25, a few days before I was to leave for the coast, I received a signed statement from Tom Garrett, authorizing me to use any part or **all** of "our experiment" in my lectures. Tom then added:

You have unquestionably been in telepathic contact with me and it is most convincing. Have much to write you when I am stronger. Am still very weak and short of breath all the time. . . .

Tom did not have to tell me this; I knew it, because this distressing shortness of breath would take place in me every night when I would concentrate on him, as though I had taken on his condition.

The night of May 29, I had a harrowing experience. I awakened with the feeling that my consciousness was associated with Tom's body and that I was getting the full impact of what was happening to him. I had a **terrific** struggle to throw it off but felt that, as I conquered these sensations in me, they had also subsided in Tom. I wrote him, the next morning, as follows:

Last night I had a rough night and thought strongly of you. Was awakened between 10:15 and 10:30, my time—**had** a rapid heart and was short of **breath**—**also** felt congestion in back of neck and head. I hoped it was not a condition in you I had picked up. I have been thinking of you, as you know, each night before dropping asleep, and sending you powerful health thoughts, visualizing a return to normality in every way.

I wondered if you had a spell of some sort, possibly due to overexertion, or some little disturbance, which overtaxed the body in its state of recovery?

On May 31, I flew to Los Angeles. On June 6th came a letter from Tom, confirming the experience I had had on the night of May 29. This is what Tom had to say:

You wrote me on May 30 that you were awakened the night before with the feeling that I might have had a spell of some kind as you got the impression I had a rapid heart, shortness of breath, etc., and you thought, perhaps, I might have overtaxed myself or had "some little disturbance." That was very interesting because *I certainly did feel exactly as you described!*

Our little pet dog, Nusie, had to be put to sleep on May 29, and Maxie and I both were so deeply distressed about it as we had had her for fourteen years. It is interesting how you are able to "tune in" with these things which affect me. . . .

Tom then commented more in detail than he had, heretofore, about my impressions relating to the operation. He said:

You apparently became perfectly aware of most things that happened, either as they were taking place, or

shortly thereafter. It is really amazing how you perceived, by means of Extra Sensory Perception, practically every detail of the operation.

You recorded that it began at 9:15 and it is so recorded on my chart, and it lasted until 3:15. (I had missed in this impression having had the feeling it had concluded an hour or so sooner, Philadelphia time.) I do not have the exact time of the operation on the heart but it lasted 7 minutes and 15 seconds, so I was informed by the nurse—and I believe *you* recorded 7 minutes and 41 seconds, which is very close. The limit, I believe, is 8 minutes. . . .

My lectures over, I returned to my home in the Ozarks, and on July 21, wrote Tom as follows:

You, of course, still remain very much in my thoughts. I have been extremely busy this past week but have meant to write to tell you that last Monday, July 15, I did not feel so well—a lame feeling in my chest around the heart area . . . and a strange feeling of numbness in both hands, with soreness in nerves of right arm between shoulder and elbow. All week I have felt a bit disturbed, more or less, with the constant desire during these times to want to *breathe deeper* . . . or a consciousness of the fact that I *am* breathing. . . .

There was no word from Tom in answer to this letter until August 8, when Maxine wrote me as follows:

We are leaving tomorrow to take Tom back to the hospital in Philadelphia. *Your every impression is exact in every detail.* Tom thinks each breath is the last. When your letter arrived, he was in the hospital here under an oxygen tent, and the doctor here said his condition was critical.

I would have written you before but had to drive sixty miles each day to be with Tom, as he is so frightened and can't bear to have me where he can't put his hand on mine. He admits his fear, not of dying, but of the awfulness of choking. His left foot is swollen for the

first time in his life, also hand and wrist. I am telling you this so if you should get any symptoms, you will know Tom has the same. . . .

A strange tightness on the wrist

On August 10, I queried Maxie about a strange compulsion that had developed in me in recent weeks. Over a year ago, I had bought a wrist watch—the first time I had worn one since the First World War. I put it on, and, until several weeks prior, had scarcely taken it off, day or night. I found, if I took it off during the night, I had to rewind it, but if I kept it on, it wound itself. Lately, however, since I had been keeping myself as much as possible in tune with Tom, the wrist watch had annoyed me. The band had felt too tight and even when letting it out a notch, so it was loose on my wrist, it had seemed as though I just couldn't wear it. The sensation of tightness about the wrist had been a repeated impression.

"Let me ask," I then requested, "does Tom have a gold wrist watch with a gold expansion band, which he has had to take off, due to the swelling of his left hand and wrist? I have not seen Tom, personally, as you know, in over 25 years."

Then I addressed a comment to Tom:

For the past three days, I have had a deep pain and distressed feeling at the base of the brain, in the back of my neck, running into my shoulders. I feel a congestion or *blockage* of some sort, for want of any other way to describe it—as though some nerve channel, along which impulses flow between brain and heart and lungs, is not as open as it should be.

Now, Tom, it comes to me strongly that, since the "timing mechanism" is not exercising its usual subconscious control of the breathing and heart functions, *you* have to take over this control to quite an **extent**—*consciously*.

This accounts for my feeling, as recorded in my letter of July 21, of wanting to "breathe deeper"—of my consciousness of the fact that I *am* breathing.

Somehow, Tom, this "timing mechanism" in mind must have its connection restored to the heart and lungs so its operation again becomes rhythmic and subconscious. The feeling in me persists that impulses from the brain are not reaching certain organs in your body as they should. When this problem has been solved and corrected, I feel that your recovery can be almost instantaneous. . . .

This letter to the Garretts was forwarded to them in Philadelphia, and brought an immediate reply from Maxie, dated August 15:

As you know, I had to take Tom to the local hospital where he was in an oxygen tent for a week, and also **received** a pint of blood. After a week there, I brought him home but he grew worse. We arrived back at Hahnemann Hospital Sunday, and on Sunday night, they drew 8 pints of fluid from the lungs. The doctors can't understand how he lived, and they said in a few hours he would have drowned in his own **fluid**. He kept telling me he had to get to the hospital Sunday, as it would be too late Monday.

Just as soon as they removed the fluid, the breathing became normal and all swelling is now gone. Of course, he is very weak and very drowsy, but they are giving him a tranquilizer which causes the drowsiness.

They think maybe there may be a slight *block* or twist in the large blood vessel, the aorta, which cuts **off** the blood supply to the brain and which gives one a weak, sinking feeling, and the pulse often stops.

*All your impressions are accurate, as you can see: the lungs being full of fluid causing the heart extra work to throw it into the tissues, which caused **the** swelling and the deficiency in the large blood vessel which you felt is **blocked**—which the doctors told us AFTER your letter came!*

In answer to my question concerning my inability to wear my own wrist watch, and my associated feeling that this impression was related to a condition in Tom, Maxie wrote:

No, Harold, Tom has been unable to wear his wrist watch since the **operation**—a plastic tube (or catheter) was sewed in the vein of his left wrist the morning of the operation, and was not removed for eight days, after which he developed phlebitis, both wrist and ankle. Glucose was given in the wrist and blood in the vein in the ankle. There is no pulse at all in the left wrist, and at times the arm is very **painful**; at other times, with no feeling, as if "made of wood," is the way Tom complains of it. Also unable to straighten left arm, slightly drawn at elbow, unable to hold anything in hand.

Receipt of this letter meant a great deal to me and I profoundly appreciated Maxine taking the time to write it under the most unbearable pressure she was enduring. I answered on August 19, saying in part:

My left wrist feels better. I have not been troubled with the watch on it the past few days. When I think of **Tom—center** my attention upon **him**—I breathe easier. What I feel now is more nerve exhaustion, as though I am relaxing from a long, long battle. Certainly Tom should be ready for a steady climb from now on!

On August 26, Maxine reported that they had left Philadelphia and that Tom was much better, in fact, that he was now "completely mentally alert," and was making plans to sell the property in South Carolina and move to New York as his doctor thought the climate in this region too humid for one with his heart condition.

With Tom apparently on the upgrade, at last, and creative and business demands heavy upon me, I relinquished my almost-continuous thought concerning him. There was a correspondence lapse until October 14, when I dropped Tom and Maxine a note, telling them it was my impression that Tom was slowly gaining in the over-all, and had achieved quite an improvement since the last time I had heard from them. This brought a fine letter, typed by Tom himself, confirming my impression.

As has been evidenced in my narration of this unusual Extra Sensory experience, there is a strong psychological value in the knowledge that someone is sending powerful and good thoughts your way at a specific time. This alone is enough to stimulate an expectant and healthful reaction in the mind and body of the recipient. But I know through my own mental adventures of this nature, that more than thought impressions are transmitted as well as received. I would feel an energy drain from me, at times, which reacted severely on the nerve centers in the back of my neck and my solar plexus. At such times I had to make a conscious effort to cut off the connection in order to get physical and mental relief.

What I have related should demonstrate to you the influence one mind can have, consciously or subconsciously, upon another. Loved ones always have a strong inner bond between them. This means that they are extremely sensitive to each other's thoughts and feelings. When illness strikes, the one not afflicted should, therefore, make every effort to control his own fears and apprehensions. Otherwise, they can be transmitted subconsciously to his loved one and further complicate the situation.

Sometimes, all that is needed is to be able to restore the faith of the sick individual and, once freed of his fears, his own healing faculty is activated to the point of helping bring about his recovery.

When the body is impaired for any reason, it is never easy to maintain mental and emotional control, even though this is just the time when it is needed most. Perhaps the experiences herein recounted may suggest techniques and forms of meditation which you will find helpful, if applied with persistence and with **faith** in the treatment of yourself and your loved ones.

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Ten:

- We may be destined for eventual existence on another plane, but **while** resident in this body we should take good care of it. If the body is sick, the mind is affected; if the mind is sick, the body is made ill*
- // you fill your mind with bitterness or fear, you interfere with healing processes. But the mind also can guide you to one who can heal you if you cannot heal yourself.*
- Some who trust their minds to heal them in all cases, **die** sooner than they would have otherwise. Medical science can help you **greatly**. Faith and courage are a great help even when you are in a **physician's** care.*
- When medical science can find no way to heal, the mind and its **mysterious** levels of consciousness may find a **way**, even in the case of cancer.*
- Some illnesses rooted in the mind take on a physical form. Cured through the mind, they account for faith cures.*
- It is possible to help a friend who faces a health crisis by sending positive thoughts of help and strength to him.*

CHAPTER XI

Everyday Use of Extra Sensory Perception

THE MORES of humanity have changed with the times. There have been many interpretations of what constitutes right and wrong, moral and immoral, sinful and sinless conduct.

There were no Ten Commandments in the beginning. Primitive man was given no blueprint by a Higher Power through which he could pattern his conduct toward his fellow man. He was a creature alone, unguarded and unprotected, in a vast wilderness, surrounded by a jungle of life which either sought to destroy him or which he had to destroy in order to live. The records of our early ancestors have been largely obscured, but the primitive inheritance still rises up in us, in this supposedly civilized day, when power-mad rulers can contemplate the destruction of mankind, in fact of all life on this planet, by atomic warfare.

That man has survived thus far, through all the wars and scourges he has visited upon himself, would seem to indicate that there is something deep within his consciousness which is above and beyond his animal nature. When he discovers its existence and learns how to unite intelligently with this

power, it can provide him with a new kind of guidance, and enable him to fulfill the promise that has been inherent in him since his creation.

A few have seen the way

There have been great and enlightened human creatures in all ages who have experienced breakthroughs, and have made conscious attunements with what I have termed the Cosmic Consciousness level of their minds (See Chapter Two). When this contact has been made, they have sensed the mighty potential of the lowly human creature and have sought, largely **unsuccessfully**, to convey these visions to their fellow beings. These spiritual perceptors usually paid with their lives, as **symbolized** by the crucifixion of Christ, because the masses were unable to comprehend their concepts and violently **resented** their admonitions to change a senseless, sensuous way of life.

A philosopher might **well** inquire why man's creator has left him to his own devices and even has required of man that he seek to unravel the mystery of his own being. Whatever concept man has developed of the world about him, the atomic structure of the universe and his own body, and now the beginning awareness of his Extra Sensory powers, has had to be forged, for the most part, by the trial and error of long, hard experience.

As finite beings, it is difficult for us to view our lives with the perspective of a Creative Force which is unlimited by time and space. Such a Creative Power would conceivably know the end and the beginning of every form of life. Man's ultimate could well extend beyond our little span of life and our extremely limited physical senses. We could easily be the expression, in this present body, of only one phase of our being.

We know, however, that the causative stage has been set for our arrival here by the unbroken, generative strain of our forebears stretching back to the appearance of the first man. We are, in a sense, a projection of that first man in evolved form, and we should be grateful for all the experiences that he and his successors have gone through which have provided

the foundation and the background for our entrance upon the scene.

Looking back, we can ask ourselves: What has happened to these billions of progenitors? What of the spirit and intelligence which animated these bodies? What of the experiences gained by the entities who inhabited these physical structures? What is to become of our own experiences which we are now storing in consciousness as a means of helping us better prepare to meet our future?

So long as we measure our life on this planet by our physical senses, we never will find the answers to these questions. The answers must come not from without, but from *within* the higher realms of our own consciousness. Here is where, in meditation, in deep concentration and reflection, we begin to sense states of being and awareness that are not related to the physical but that apparently relate us to dimensions which we are later to experience.

How a Higher Power provides

One profoundly reassuring fact underlies man's path from the beginning and points just as assuredly to whatever path he may elect to take in his future. That fact is that a Higher Power has endowed man with a capacity to develop an intelligence which can successfully cope with anything he may be called upon to face on this planet; and also has provided in the earth, in the sea and in the air all the resources he ever will need.

But it has been up to man, in every instance, to make use of the forces and materials supplied. His free will and his free choice never have been imposed upon. He has been permitted to make countless mistakes and given endless opportunities, in time, to profit by them. Man may be in a hurry but creation is not. It lets man learn his lessons either quickly or slowly; but learn **them** he must if he is to evolve. Any attempt that he has made, in moments of religious fervor or desperate need, to shift the load to his concept of God, and to get God to do the job for him, has met with failure.

God has been deaf to the prayers of millions who sought to stop the First World War, and to the petitions of other millions to prevent the Second World War. He will be just

as deaf to the prayers of additional millions, today, who seek His intervention against a Third World War. This Higher Power can work only through the minds of men, who may attain guidance and knowledge and inspiration, but who must, as a consequence, make their own decisions and take their own actions.

The sooner this fundamental truth is realized, the sooner will man see the wisdom of assuming responsibility for the things that can and do happen. In this same connection, he will increasingly recognize the necessity for relying more and more upon his intuition, his Extra Sensory faculties, and his attunement to Cosmic Consciousness, to give him the proper sense of direction in solving his everyday problems.

But there are pitfalls for those who seek inner guidance unless they protect themselves by exercise of methods such as those herein before set forth. The high suggestibility of mind can produce figments of the imagination which give expression to unfulfilled or repressed desires, and often can mislead, rather than guide.

True inner guidance, when it comes, usually takes place so naturally that it seems but an extension of your normal senses. Things happen in your external life in such an apparently logical manner that you might not recognize the working of your Extra Sensory faculties, or the Cosmic Consciousness level of mind, unless you could testify to having given thought to these developments at a prior time.

But let me give you a few illustrations to show you how inner guidance may serve you in time of need.

Broke and hungry in Hollywood

Some years ago I became stranded in Hollywood when a writing assignment fell through. I was not well known, I had no money, and I could think of no one to whom I could go for financial aid. Yet I needed \$1,000 urgently, and I had to have it by noon of the following day.

I could not ask for a loan at a bank, since as a free-lance writer I had no regular income to back me up. So far as the business world was concerned, I was a poor risk. I was reduced

to my final resource; I asked guidance from the Higher Power within.

That night, in meditation, I reviewed the circumstances which had led up to my economic dilemma. I tried objectively to analyze what I might have done to help bring about the condition I was facing and what, if anything, I might do to get myself out of it. As is true with most of us, my hindsight is usually much better than my foresight. But recognizing our mistakes and resolving to profit by them in the future does not necessarily, in itself, solve a present situation.

I therefore set aside my reflections on the past and decided to stop trying to use my Conscious Mind to figure a way out of the difficulty. Instead, I began picturing myself in possession of \$1,000 and impressing the picture upon the creative power in my mind—a power closely related to the Extra Sensory and Cosmic Consciousness levels.

Whenever an individual surrenders his own conscious way of doing things, and calls upon a Higher Power to take over and work through him, he greatly extends the possibilities of getting desired results. Often these results lie in directions that would never occur within the limited field of the Conscious Mind's operation.

The actual blueprint that I gave to my Subconscious Mind envisioned its finding for me some person whom I might or might not know, but who, for one reason or another, would be willing to lend me \$1,000. I placed no restrictions upon where or through what association of circumstances or people this benefactor might be located. My creative power was thus given a free hand. My only contribution was the removal of fear and doubts; and then, the exercise of faith in the ability of this Higher Power to bring to me what I had pictured.

Once this was done, I dropped to sleep with the conviction that I would awaken in the morning and be guided as to what action to take in order to get the money.

How fear can frustrate you

The machinery of the mind is so constituted that it is set in motion by a certain thought or desire, and this thought or desire must remain unchanged if it is to be materialized. Should any fear or doubt or contrary idea be permitted to creep in,

it will instantly change the implanted picture and will cause the mental processes to start off in another direction. That is why so many people, having a need similar to mine, begin by properly visualizing their objective only to end up with something entirely different.

No amount of prayer or meditation can produce what the mind does not picture. To avail one's self of inner guidance, the workings of the Conscious Mind must be shut off, otherwise it will try to dictate what it thinks should be done. This would be like trying to run an automobile in low gear and high, at the same time. Low gear implies a **slowed-up**, limiting operation, while high gear suggests freedom from such limitation. The two functions, while valuable separately, simply cannot take place together. Your Conscious Mind is designed to deal with each present moment, while your Subconscious has access to your past, present and future, as though all three dimensions of time were coexistent.

This accounts for many mental **conflicts**. You profess to want something very badly but you often get just the opposite. It is because you are trying to achieve your objectives by reliance on the Conscious Mind alone, which cannot be informed of all the circumstances and conditions involved in any given situation. Therefore, the Conscious Mind, trying to function on its own, is operating with only a partial knowledge of the factors which should be taken into consideration. This leads to wrong decisions and wrong moves.

Quite often an individual, wrestling with a problem and endeavoring to solve it with his Conscious Mind alone, gives up, totally exhausted, although still holding a powerful, prayerful desire for a solution. Then this surrender gives his Subconscious the chance it has been waiting for. It then **goes** into action, prompted by this desire, and begins attracting the conditions, circumstances, experiences, resources and people that are needed to provide the answer sought. This was my hope and my prayer as I gave my Subconscious the assignment of securing the thousand dollars for me.

When I awakened in the morning, my Conscious Mind instantly was alerted to receive the expected inner guidance, but no idea or sense of direction came to me. Instead, I felt that something had happened while I slept,

and that all I had to do was to sit tight, remain relaxed, and await developments, not permitting any fear or worry to demagnetize the conditions that had been established.

This is always the most difficult kind of guidance to follow. It is much easier to feel that you can be doing something to help produce what is desired. You are impressed by the passage of time and the feeling that time will run out before what you need is realized. This is the point at which many become panicky and desperate and cut themselves off from contact with their inner minds, in a last-minute attempt to force a result.

There is, admittedly, a narrow line of distinction, in *feeling*, between one's wishful thinking and imaginative processes, and the functioning of one's Extra Sensory faculties. Failure to recognize this difference can lead to wrong actions and wrong decisions. In my own case, I had to be certain that I was actually receiving **instruction** from the higher reaches of my mind, when I awoke with the impression that I must wait where I was, in my Hollywood apartment, for help.

Around 10:30 in the morning, the phone rang. It was Wesley Barr, managing editor of the Los Angeles *Herald-Express*, a man I had met only recently when he had interviewed me concerning my experiments in long-distance telepathy with Sir Hubert Wilkins. During the course of the conversation, he asked, out of a clear sky, "Sherman, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," I said, on impulse, as my inner voice instructed, "I need a thousand dollars. Can you help me get it?"

"I'll call you back in ten minutes," he said. In five minutes, Barr was back on the phone. "You are to have lunch in downtown Los Angeles, at the Jonathan Club, with Eugene Overton, a friend of mine," he said. "Tell him what you need and why you need it. It's all fixed."

I kept this appointment and met a most unusual man, one of the best known and best liked attorneys on the West Coast. This man handed me—someone he had never seen before—a check for \$1,000, simply on the word of Wesley Barr, who scarcely knew me himself!

On the surface, the workings of the mind which eventuated in the materialization of this \$1,000 may have seemed to be nothing more than coincidence. The skeptics might say that Wesley Barr, of all people, just *happened* to call me that morning; and simply *happened* to ask if he could do anything for me; and that I, in turn, just *happened* to express my need to him; and Mr. Barr just *happened* to know a man who *happened* to have a thousand dollars, and who, although a busy lawyer, *happened* to be free to see me, on short notice, within the time that my need had to be answered. Would anyone like to speculate on the odds against such a series of happenstances?

I have had too many demonstrations of this kind, before and since, to lay them to chance. The ability of the Extra Sensory and the Cosmic Consciousness levels of mind to line up and synchronize the right **people**, at the right time, at the right place, and in the right sequence is beyond comprehension. But, properly directed and stimulated by sufficient faith and adequate visualization, the desired results are almost infallibly produced.

The odds against coincidence

If we fail to respond to any urge or impression, and permit our Conscious Mind to intrude upon the already created procedure as it is unfolded to our conscious awareness, step by step, we can break the associated chain of events and distort or destroy what is in the making for us. For instance, had I not responded instantly to the "inner voice" which told me to tell Wesley Barr of my need for \$1,000, when he was moved to ask if there was anything he could do for me, the chain would have been broken and what had potentially existed for me in that moment never would have been realized. In some way that cannot yet be explained, my Extra Sensory faculties had made a survey on Subconscious levels of those who might be equipped and receptive to the answering of my need, and then had centered upon the minds of two individuals, one whom I knew slightly and the other whom I never had met, bringing me in touch with both in the manner described.

This would indicate, as I have stressed before, that there is some Extra Sensory facility for intercommunication between minds on high Subconscious levels which is, at present,

beyond our understanding, but which can be demonstrated in instances such as this. It is almost as though we are each individual segments of one Great Mind and thus are all related on the Cosmic Consciousness level.

When we, as individuals, give expression to a deep desire for the solution of a serious problem, or the achievement of a difficult objective, our minds, through the channel of Cosmic Consciousness, are brought in contact with the minds of others, consciously known or unknown to us, who have like interests, and who, therefore, are prepared to respond to our call.

It must be clearly understood that this function of mind is not a form of so-called black magic or hypnotic influence. When alignments are made between individuals by action of these higher powers of mind, no element of force enters in. They are not compelled to be of service. They are only given the opportunity to make a free will choice to help us, once brought in touch and acquainted with our situation.

Without realizing it, we actually carry our "mental atmosphere" along with us. As a consequence, we often tune in on the thought radiations of others and do it so naturally, in most instances, that little or no recognition is given to this fact.

A meeting can be a meeting of minds

When I first discovered that I was picking up thought impressions from the minds of strangers as well as friends, particularly upon the point of meeting, I began to pay conscious attention to this phenomenon. Mrs. Sherman has been with me on many occasions when I have made some remark or asked some question, on sudden impulse, which has shocked or startled her, and made her wonder how the party concerned would react to it. Invariably, the individual addressed, to her amazement, has accepted whatever comment I have made as though it were a continuation of his own thought. So completely immersed in their own "thought world" have these people been that they rarely have expressed surprise at my knowledge of their affairs, or stopped to inquire: "Hey, wait a minute! How do *you* know this?"

No doubt, when I have related some of the experiences I have had, you will recall similar mental adventures that have

happened to you but which you may have ascribed to coincidence or chance. Actually, this type of telepathy often works best on a "first impression" basis, when first meeting people. As you get to know them and your Conscious Mind is given the opportunity to make its own observations and evaluations, your Extra Sensory faculties are apt to be pushed into the background. It will require practice to enable you to keep your true impressions separate from the impressions that your five physical senses are reporting to the Conscious Mind at practically the same time.

To recognize and hold an Extra Sensory impression long enough to give expression to it, and then to evaluate it, is an accomplishment that is much to be desired. This faculty can be of service to you in correctly appraising a new acquaintance or some individual whose nature and character you need to know. It also can be used to put you at ease with another person, and to open up a subject of conversation.

Here are a few examples selected at random from the records I have kept of how this faculty has worked for me:

"How did you know?"

On a motor trip to Hollywood, California, in 1951, I was accompanied by my friend Paul Chambers, of Little Rock, Arkansas. We stopped at a roadside restaurant for dinner. An attractive waitress, who appeared to be in her middle twenties, approached our table, softly whistling a tune. As she took our order, I was sitting relaxed after our long drive, with my mind receptive, and when she left the table, I remarked to Paul: "That young lady is whistling to keep up her courage. She is actually terribly upset emotionally, even to the point of considering suicide."

Paul looked at me incredulously. "I can't believe it," he said.

When the waitress returned with our first course, I said to her quietly: "You're in trouble, aren't you?"

She gave me a startled glance. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because I can *feel* it," I answered. "You are deeply disturbed because your boy friend walked out on you this morning."

The waitress almost dropped a dish. "How did you know?" she demanded.

Paul, trying to be helpful, said: "This is Mr. Sherman. He knows quite a bit about telepathy, and if what he said is true, he's been reading your mind."

The waitress sat down on the extra chair at the table, completely forgetting her duties. "Oh, yes?" she said, her face distraught. "What else do you know about this?"

I was getting the full emotional impact of her tragic difficulties which she was broadcasting without realizing it. Fortunately, there were few in the restaurant and we were seated in a corner by ourselves. I could see and feel her experiences as though I were looking at a panorama.

"You have been going with this man for a little over two months," I said. "You hoped he was in love with you and would want to marry you; but, last night, he asked you to have an affair with him. When you refused, he let you know this morning that he was through, and took off. You have been so shocked by this that you are feeling you just can't live without him, and you've been turning over in your mind thoughts of taking your own life."

The waitress burst into tears. "It's true! It's all true!"

At this point, Paul, observing the intimate nature of these impressions, considerably left the table on the pretense of getting a package of cigarettes.

T then continued: "This man isn't a bad sort. I have a feeling he was just testing you. But what is tormenting you has been the uncertainty as to whether you have lost him by your refusal to accede to his wishes."

"That's right." She nodded tearfully.

My mind seemed to run back along a "line of time" in her consciousness, and I mentally saw her involvement with another man. "This is the second time you have had an experience like this," I said to her, "and that's why you are so shaken. You have no desire or inclination to 'play around.' Your only desire is to find the right man who loves you and whom you can love, and to marry and have a home and children. About six months ago, you thought you had found this man, but this association ended in his propositioning you. When you rejected his advances, he left and never returned. Now that this,

present man also has walked out for the same reason, you have been asking yourself if you did wrong in holding out—if this is what a girl really has to do, to get a man."

The waitress was hanging on my every word and nodding assent to what I was saying. "That's exactly how I've been feeling," she said. "I can't understand how you know these things."

"I doubt if I can explain it to you," I said. "But I want to relieve your mind by assuring you that you did right. If my impressions are correct, the first man was no good. If you had surrendered to his wishes, he would have used you and gone on his way. But this present man really thinks a lot of you, and while he has felt momentarily frustrated because you have held out against him, I feel he will come back to you, in time, and ask you to marry him."

"Oh, I hope so!" said the waitress. "I'm sure I could love him if he'd just treat me right."

Paul returned to the table about this time, and sat down. "Well—was I right about Mr. Sherman?" he asked.

"You sure were!" she said. "I've been praying, all day, that I'd find the answer to what I should do, but I never imagined I'd find it like this!"

To this day, Paul often remarks about this unusual experience when we meet. And, again, by one of these "strange coincidences," as I was dictating this very episode to Mrs. Sherman, recalling that I did not have a written statement in my files from Paul Chambers, I received a phone call from Paul who was at Los Angeles International Airport. He had flown in from Arkansas on business and came to our Hollywood apartment for lunch.

This is the signed statement that Paul gave to me after reading the account, as described above:

What you have written concerning this talk you had with the waitress on our trip West in 1951 is exactly as I remember the event.

I cannot add anything to it except to say that this experience still remains the most amazing demonstration of telepathy I have ever seen. In fact, it made a believer out of me.

The forgetful daughter

In Hollywood, one year, when Mrs. Sherman and I were living at the Canterbury on Cherokee Street, we made a practice of walking over to Hollywood Boulevard each midnight to secure a morning paper from a newsman, Angelo, one of the most famous of the "Little People." An appealing personality, he usually had a group of regular customers around him who enjoyed engaging in conversation and repartee. Among this group, we had observed an older man to whom we had never been introduced, and who looked to me like a retired actor.

This night, as Mrs. Sherman and I reached the corner, I exchanged glances with this gentleman. He smiled and nodded, and I suddenly heard myself saying, on impulse: "Well, congratulations! Today's your birthday!"

"Thank you very much," he accepted.

Whereupon I continued with the impression that had hit me. "You didn't hear from your daughter this year, did you?"

"No, I didn't," he said. "We had a falling-out about four months ago, and I was wondering if she'd remember me. When I didn't get a card from her, I took out her last year's birthday greeting and put it in my pocket. See—here it is!" He took it from his coat and held it up. "I've been carrying it around with me all day!"

This subject was so much on this man's mind that it never occurred to him to ask how I knew he had a daughter, let alone the fact that he had not heard from her, or that it was his birthday. He just accepted my comments and started talking about the matter. I asked him his name. He said it was Harry Lewis. Angelo then told him who we were. After that, whenever we met, Mr. Lewis greeted us like old friends and told us his personal problems as though we, of course, understood what they were all about. I'm sure that, to this day, he never realized that anything Extra Sensory took place that night.

The ex-bootlegger

At Brown's Confectionery Store, on Hollywood Boulevard, one of the oldest and best of the hot fudge sundae landmarks, which Mrs. Sherman and I often frequent to the enhancement

of our **waistlines**, I had one of these mental adventures. Late one afternoon, as I went in to order some ice cream to take home, I found a delivery man beside me at the cashier's desk. He was a stocky, middle-aged man, and had an invoice in hand ready for checking. The Browns had become warm friends of ours through the years, and, as Cliff looked up and saw me, he asked the man to wait a moment while he took my order.

I glanced at the man and seemed to feel his "mental atmosphere." Reacting instantly to it, and mimicking my feelings at the moment, I held up two fingers and winked at Cliff surreptitiously, as I heard myself saying: "Give me two pints of that wonderful **stuff**—and make it *bonded!*"

Cliff caught the spirit of my order and returned my wink as he went to the back of the store to get my ice cream.

The man beside me laughed appreciatively. I now said to him: "You remember those days, don't you—when we used to have to make signs and get the stuff under the table?"

"Do I?" he rejoined, with feeling. "You can say that again, mister! I used to be a rum runner in Montana, and I risked my life many times getting the stuff!"

Once again, as I had put my attention on an entire stranger, I had, somehow, "tuned in" on a past activity in his life, and had taken on the condition sufficiently to give expression to it in this manner.

There have been scores of such instances to which Mrs. Sherman and others have been witness. It bears out my contention that everything that ever has happened to an individual is present in consciousness. Why my mind should hit upon the specific items that it does is sometimes impossible to explain. At other times, it is obvious that an event or situation is very much in the foreground of an individual's consciousness. But the fact remains that it is all there, regardless, and it is my conviction that every one of us is exchanging impressions each day which are fusing with the observations of our Conscious Minds and which are seldom recognized.

The unusual house

John and Marion **Hefferlin** are close friends of ours whose company we are seldom able to enjoy. John was formerly pastor of the Religious Science Church in Long Beach. One

night, while we were visiting them in their Long Beach residence, they told us they had decided to move to Palm Springs, where they intended to build a new home. In fact, they had spent some hours going over the plans that afternoon with the architects.

"We'll show you the blueprints," they said.

"Wait a minute!" I interrupted. "Don't tell me anything about them. Let me tell *you!*"

I then asked for pencil and paper, and drew an outline of a semicircular house, built around a swimming pool on which all the rooms fronted. The back of the house actually faced the street. It was a design the Hefferlins, themselves, had created, and was, therefore, unique and different, as well as deeply etched in their minds. They exclaimed in surprise and ran to get the blueprints which they spread out upon a table. My drawing matched, in the rough, the exact layout and shape of house and pool.

You can see from incidents of this kind that it makes no difference what is in the consciousness—the mind can and does receive impressions of it. In such cases as the above, I have not made any effort to receive these impressions. It is proof, again, that we are continually projecting our thoughts with strong feelings behind them—and that these thoughts have the capacity to register on the consciousness of others.

Nor is it necessary for the sensitive even to meet the individual from whom he is receiving impressions. Again let me say, distance is no barrier. Every thought, as it originates, is broadcast into the "mental ether" where it continues to exist and may influence other minds, either immediately, or in some future moment of time, regardless of distance.

One of the outstanding instances of this nature occurred some years ago in New York City when I was working as editor of the *Savings Bank Journal*. I was still recovering, at that time, from the aftermath of my intensive telepathic experiments with Sir Hubert Wilkins, the strain of which had left me with stomach ulcers. It was, therefore, a mental and physical relief to be taking a vacation from any attempted Extra Sensory activities. Under these conditions, I did not welcome a phone call from my friend, Dr. Thomas Garrett, and the request he made of me.

Lost in the wilderness

"I have a Mr. Yellen in my office," said Tom. "He has just received word that his father is lost in the North Woods of Canada—and he is leaving at four this afternoon by train to join a searching party. Mr. Yellen recently read the account in *Cosmopolitan* magazine of your telepathic communication with Sir Hubert Wilkins, in the Far North. When I told him I knew you, he asked if I would get in touch with you and see if you could get any impression of what has happened to his father."

"I'm sorry, Tom," I replied. "I've been getting all kinds of requests of this nature since the article was published, and I'm turning them all down. I'm not up to it, physically and mentally. Everyone means well, I'm sure—but I'm actually revolted by these demands on me. If I attempted to get impressions for them and failed, many would brand me as a fake; and even if I succeeded, I would get little thanks for it. Please explain my feelings to your Mr. Yellen, and tell him I'm sorry I can't oblige him."

"Let me put him on the phone," said Tom, "so you can tell him yourself."

It so happened that this was the day I was putting the magazine to press. It hardly could have been at a worse time, since my mind was filled with last-minute editorial changes and details. More to save time than anything else, and to get the matter over with, I said to Tom: "Okay—put Mr. Yellen on!"

When Yellen's voice came on the phone, it was contrite and tinged with genuine apologetic feeling.

"I guess I didn't know what I was asking," Mr. Yellen said to me. "I didn't mean to impose on you, Mr. Sherman—but you can appreciate how concerned I am about my dad—and I thought, if it was possible for you to get a clue as to where my father was, or whether he's living or dead, or what really happened—it would give me something to work on when I get to Canada and join the search for him."

As I listened to Mr. Yellen, I felt a surge of sympathy for him. It was easy for me to put myself in his place and to imagine how I would feel if my father (long since demised) were lost in the woods. Once I had permitted my mind's attention to "fix" on Mr. Yellen's **problem**, as so often happens with me, impressions began to flow.

"Your father has not been drowned as some of the searching party think," I heard myself saying. "But he has been lost for four or five days. I am with him now. I see him in a physically exhausted condition, staggering out onto what appears to be an old, abandoned Indian trail. I follow along with him for about a mile, where he comes upon a fork in the trail. I see him stand there, hesitating . . . not knowing which way to go . . . then he turns to the left, and I get a good feeling in my solar plexus because I can see, if he continues in this direction for about half a mile, that he will come upon a lumber camp where there are two men. But he only goes about half this distance and I see him turn about and retrace his steps to the fork . . . and I get a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach as he now takes the right fork, because I can see this is leading him deeper and deeper into the forest. I go with him about three-quarters of a mile, when I see him come to a great fallen tree trunk that blocks the path. There is thick underbrush on both sides. I see your father try, again and again, to climb over this tree, but the exertion is too much for him—and I see him drop dead of a heart attack."

I had been talking without cessation, putting my impressions into words and into the phone, directly into the ear of a man I had never met nor even heard of until a few minutes before. At my mention that his father was dead, Mr. Yellen broke in on me.

"Oh, no, Mr. Sherman—don't say that!"

His comment instantly cut off whatever mental connection I had established, and gave me a shock as I realized what I had done.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Please disregard everything I've told you, Mr. Yellen. I shouldn't have reported my feelings to you. They're probably all **wrong**—a figment of my imagination. I don't pretend to possess any clairvoyant ability, and I don't want you to rely on anything I've said. Please don't mention this to anyone."

"I understand, Mr. Sherman," said Mr. Yellen. "But I have copied down what you said and if any of it should happen to be true, I'll let you know when I get back from Canada. Of course, I naturally hope that your impression of my father

being dead isn't correct, but I appreciate your speaking out just as you felt."

When he hung up, I sat for a moment, wondering what had taken possession of me to cause me to make these statements with such authority. Yet vivid mental pictures and feelings had come to mind.

As time passed, and I heard no more from Mr. Yellen, my Conscious Mind told me that it could only mean he had encountered no evidence in support of my impressions. This made me regret all the more that I had permitted myself to get so involved.

The following fall, after I had delivered a lecture at the Psychic Forum of New York, in the McAlpin Hotel, I noticed two young men waiting to speak to me. One of them approached and held out his hand, introducing himself as Mr. Yellen.

My interest instantly quickened. "What really happened to your father?"

"That's what I've come to tell you," said Mr. Yellen. "But it's taken me all this time to find you. Let me start from the beginning and explain."

"I wish you would!"

"Well," said Mr. Yellen, "when* I got to Canada, in the North Woods country, I stayed with the searching party about ten days but we found no trace. The snows were heavy and the searchers said there was no use looking further until late spring. I returned to my job in New Jersey, and received a wire last July that my father's body had been found.

"Back in Canada, I was taken to the spot—a place beside a big fallen tree, where you said he had dropped dead. Mr. Sherman, I walked along the abandoned Indian trail you described, and I went up the other fork and stood in the clearing where the lumber camp with the two men was located. If my father had continued in this direction, as you indicated, he would have been rescued. Everything you told me that day over the phone, without ever having seen me or knowing anything about me or my father, was absolutely true.

"In New York again, after my father's funeral, I went to call on Dr. Garrett to tell him what had happened and to have

him put me in touch with you. But I learned that Dr. Garrett had left the city for an indefinite period and I didn't know how or where to locate you. Just the other day"—and here Mr. Yellen nodded at the young man accompanying him—"my friend here told me he was going to New York City to hear a lecture by Harold Sherman."

It was a tremendous relief to me to receive confirmation, at long last, of these impressions. Subsequently, Dr. Thomas Garrett returned to New York City and was given this same information by Mr. Yellen. I wrote the account for my files and sent him a copy. He wrote me about it, as follows:

Dear Harold:

This is to confirm your account of your "clairvoyant experience" with Mr. Yellen, who came to see me to ask if I thought he might find his father by some psychic means.

I placed him in touch with you when he told me that his father was reported lost in the Canadian woods.

You had never seen Mr. Yellen and yet you told him over the telephone, when he called you from my office, that you had a feeling his father had not been drowned, as searchers then thought, but had become lost and finally had died of a heart attack brought on by physical exhaustion. You said his body would be found beside a big fallen tree trunk, on what appeared to have been an old, abandoned Indian trail.

It was some months before your impressions were confirmed because the snows obliterated any trace, but Mr. Yellen, who had joined the searching party and returned empty-handed, was finally notified that his father's body had been found—*exactly* as you had indicated.

I have always considered this as one of the most remarkable evidences of clairvoyance I have ever encountered in my years of research in this field. I am glad you have written an account of it, at last, so that it may be studied, along with the growing number of authenticated case histories of current "psychic phenomena."

Sincerely,
Dr. Thomas L. Garrett

Space does not permit inclusion of many other verified instances of Extra Sensory phenomena which I have experienced in the everyday rounds of life, but the ones I have related should serve to illustrate how commonplace these happenings really are. They are not any more unique with me than they can be with you, once you learn how to recognize or to sense their manifestation.

You will become more and more aware of the functioning of your Extra Sensory faculties as you encourage their operation through employment of the techniques I have outlined, through keeping an open mind at all times, and through exercise of faith. But remember: I have warned that you must possess mental and emotional stability before you consciously undertake to develop these powers. If you do not, their demonstration may be more upsetting than beneficial.

ESP may disturb you

A greatly disturbed woman phoned me recently from a mid-western state, to report that for the past few months she had been having vivid dreams of world and personal events which later had come to pass. Badly frightened, she had told members of her family and had been sent to see a psychiatrist. He intimated that she was losing her mind and would require hospital care. A friend gave her a copy of my book, *Thoughts Through Space*, and she was calling to ask my opinion of what was happening to her.

I told her it was apparent to me that she had activated, possibly through some intense emotional experiences, her Extra Sensory faculties, to the point that she was being projected ahead in time during sleep. I explained to her that this occasionally occurs when an individual is excessively worried about the future. The higher powers of mind, stimulated by intense concern and desire, attempt to provide answers. In her case, she was picking up precognitive knowledge.

I assured her that she definitely was not losing her mind but that, if these experiences were alarming to her, and she wanted no more of them, they would disappear with her understanding of their cause when she had cleared up the emotional troubles that had been disturbing her personal life.

She phoned me several times more, in the next few weeks, to express her relief and gratitude, saying all fears of losing her mind were gone, and she wasn't worrying any further about having these kinds of dreams. Insofar as she was concerned, she didn't want to face the future until it had become the present.

It is well to keep a written and dated record of all that you consider to be genuine impressions, regardless of how fantastic or impossible they may seem to be at the time. You then can prove to anyone concerned, if need be, that you have not been the victim of an uncontrolled imagination, or of hallucination or senseless dream, but that you actually have experienced Extra Sensory phenomena.

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Eleven:

- Some of history's wise men and prophets may have been guided by ESP. A Higher **Power** gives man the capacity to develop his own powers. But it is up to him to make use of the forces and the material provided. Thus prayers to avert war have not been answered; it is up to man to change his own world.*
- Your ESP can help a fervent wish to come true. Thus, needing **money**, you may attract someone who can give it to you. This, like all other ESP efforts, must be done confidently and with faith. Belief is essential.*
- One may pick up thoughts from the minds of strangers and they may not even notice your Extra Sensory power. Sometimes, in helping someone else to solve a problem, you sense events happening to a third person in which he is interested, and can pass on this knowledge.*
- ESP flashes are disturbing to some people and may cause them embarrassment. But such flashes can be resisted and after awhile will disappear if you really **don't** want them.*

CHAPTER XII

Communication with Those Who Have Gone On

SCIENTIFIC PROOF of life after death is difficult to obtain, not because such a life does not necessarily exist, but because our Extra Sensory faculties are capable of securing so much knowledge of the past lives of those both living and departed this earth, that it is almost impossible to determine if any of this information has actually been transmitted by a departed friend or loved one.

Many mediums, possessed of genuine telepathic ability, may be able to describe an individual they never have seen while alive, and relate experiences this person had which are recognized by the sitter as true. And yet, all of these impressions may be coming from the mind of the sitter who has a mental picture record of the deceased person's appearance as well as a memory of all events in which he and this friend or loved one participated. As a consequence, a medium, unless he has developed sensitized powers of discrimination, may sincerely believe that he is directly in touch with the "spirit of the departed" when he is only in touch with the mind of the sitter.

There have been times when I have received such authentic

impressions of those who have gone on, that those still living have been certain I was in touch with deceased members of the family. But I have not shared this conviction.

Did I see beyond the grave?

One evening, Mrs. Sherman and I were invited to the home of the **DeWitt** Millers. Mr. Miller, an authority in the field of psychic research, and author of many books on the subject, wished to discuss experiences we both had had.

The house in which the Millers resided formerly had been occupied by his parents. It was one of the older residences in Los Angeles and had an atmosphere of its own. We were seated in the living room by the fireplace, with a fire on the hearth; the lights were low, and everything was conducive to relaxed conversation and **reflection**. Time passed swiftly under these conditions, as we exchanged views on many metaphysical subjects. Then, as Mrs. Sherman and I were about to take our leave, Mr. Miller made a request.

"Before you go, Mr. Sherman, I wish you would make your mind receptive and see what impressions you may get about the people who once frequented this house and this room."

It was not difficult for me to respond to his suggestion. I sat quietly for a few minutes, to let the "mental **atmosphere**" of the surroundings impress itself upon me. I would open my eyes, now and then, to look at the dying embers in the fireplace, but I was now beginning to see sights and hear sounds that had no relation to anything my five physical senses were reporting. Finally, I commenced speaking.

"I feel the presence of a stocky, elderly man. He has a dominant, vigorous personality and doesn't hesitate to express his opinions in an emphatic manner. I see him using a gnarled cane with an unusual knotted handle, and I hear him descending the stairs from the second floor, tapping the cane on each step as he does so. He enters the living room and goes to the fireplace, and I see him poke the fire with his cane. He also strikes the cane against the fireplace or pounds on the floor for emphasis, at times, when he is talking. This man, I believe, was your father."

DeWitt Miller nodded and exchanged significant glances with his wife. "Do you get anything else?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, after a moment. "I now see a woman of medium height, about the same age. Her hair is done up in a knot on top of her head and she is wearing a bathrobe. She appears to have been sick. I get the impression she is a determined sort of person and that she is your mother. I also see her coming down the stairs and into the living room. But she goes directly to the window and looks out, and then I see her turn about as though posing, and smile at someone."

When I had finished, Mr. Miller ran upstairs, returning with the very cane I had described, and also with an enlarged photograph of his mother. He showed me the knotted handle of the cane, and the blackened tip with which his father had habitually poked the fire, and confirmed that his father had used it in the manner I had indicated, stating that he had indeed been a positive individual, used to having his own way and expressing himself in no uncertain terms.

He then told me that his mother had been bedridden for several months before she died, and had finally insisted on getting up, putting on her bathrobe, and coming downstairs to look around for the last time. As she stood by the window, gazing out into the sunlight, he picked up his camera and called to her to turn around so he could take her picture to commemorate the event. This proved to have been the last photograph ever taken of her.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller seemed convinced that the spirits of the father and mother had been present and had impressed themselves upon me. Mr. Miller wrote me a letter declaring his convictions. It is my feeling, however, that the impressions I received came from Mr. Miller's mind and possibly from a sensing of the "mental atmosphere" with which the old family home was impregnated.

There is no question but that objects with which human beings have been closely associated are affected by thought emanations and retain them indefinitely in **some** form which can be communicated to the mind of a sensitive. I may have been influenced as much by these thoughts which had been left behind, as by the mental memory of his parents contained in Mr. Miller's consciousness.

It is difficult to convey exactly how I "see" these images. They are life-sized and they appear to exist, invisible to others,

in the room with me. It is as though I would imagine Mrs. Sherman to be with me in my study when she may actually, at the moment, be in the kitchen. Or, expressed still another way, let's say that Mrs. Sherman has been with me in the study and then leaves the room, but I still hold to the feeling of her presence and have a mental image of her in my mind. The feeling is one of reality and animation. I still can see her clearly in my mind's eye, almost as though she were there in the physical. This is a completely mental type of phenomenon and not similar to the sighting of what is termed an "apparition," which appears to have definite external form, substance and dimension.

I therefore feel reasonably sure that many mediums, when they describe what they feel to be a "spirit presence," actually are seeing a mental image in their mind's eye, similar to the images I just have reported. Are they in touch with an actual discarnate intelligence? Or are they being impressed by memory pictures in the minds of the living?

A medium and his audience

My first experience with a so-called psychic medium was an unforgettable one, and took place in Detroit, Michigan, in the fall of 1920. On September 26th of that year, I had married Martha, a girl from my home town of Traverse City, Michigan, and had returned to Detroit, after our honeymoon, ahead of my bride. I was then employed at the Ford Motor Company. My ambition was to become an advertising copy writer and, to this end, I was taking a two-year advertising course sponsored by the Detroit Adcraft Club.

At the time of my marriage, I had been boarding with my Aunt May, Mrs. Emory Dumas, and her family. Martha and I intended to look for an apartment of our own when she joined me in Detroit within two weeks.

My Aunt May was an orthodox believer, opposed to anything supernatural on the grounds that it was either fraudulent or a work of the devil. It came as a shock to her when, on a Sunday morning in November, I called attention to an advertisement announcing the appearance that afternoon, in

Orchestra Hall, of the internationally famous spiritualist medium, John Slater.

"I've never seen a real psychic," I said to her. "Won't you and Bryan (her son, about my age) go with me?"

Aunt May was reluctant but Bryan immediately expressed interest.

"Come on, Mother," he said. "What harm can it do for us to see this man?"

"Well, it might not do any harm," she replied, "but I'm sure it would be just a waste of time. It's all been explained to me. People like that have stooges to whom they give phony messages and these stooges stand up and testify that they've heard from the spirits of their loved ones. Of course, many gullible persons are fooled by this."

"That may be," I admitted, "but I'd like to see this sort of thing and judge for myself."

"All right," decided Aunt May. "We'll go with you—but I, personally, think this is all hocus-pocus!"

Arriving at Orchestra Hall, we saw a large crowd going in and I bought three tickets on the aisle in the 16th row of the orchestra. As we entered, I observed several tables in the lobby and ticket-holders sitting at them, writing notes which they placed in envelopes and sealed before dropping into open wicker baskets. I did not realize then that they were addressing these notes to departed loved ones, asking them personal questions which they hoped to have answered through the mediumship of John Slater.

This practice, I learned later, is called "billet reading," and is one of the easiest for fraudulent psychic mediums to fake. There are various sleight-of-hand methods by which the letters are manipulated in such a way that the medium knows their contents in advance—the name of the deceased, the question asked, and the name or initials of the letter writer. Armed with this information and a vivid imagination, the medium is able to concoct convincing-sounding messages, and even can do this while apparently blindfolded.

The auditorium, seating about two thousand, was packed with a highly expectant audience. When John Slater came on stage, I saw him to be a man in his sixties, thin and straight as a ramrod, with pure white hair and white mustache.

Speaking in an odd, high-pitched voice but with great authority and self-assurance, he first asked how many present never had attended a seance or seen a psychic medium before. About half the audience raised their hands.

Slater then said: "I think I had better **explain** the part I play in this communication between your world and the next. I am like a man who is standing on a mountaintop, looking down into two valleys. One valley represents your side of life, and the second valley represents the other side. From my position, at this elevation, I can see you people in the flesh and also your friends and loved ones in spirit, and bring you messages from them. The moment I call your name, please stand and identify yourself at once, so that a rapport can be established between me and you, and your loved one in spirit."

With this, John Slater was ready to begin. An assistant brought two large wicker baskets, containing piles of letters, on stage, and placed them upon a table. Slater reached into one basket, came up with a letter and held it over his head. He then announced that this letter was written by a Spanish woman who was seeking contact with her mother in spirit. He stated that his "guide" was trying to ascertain if the mother was present, and shortly announced that she was. But the guide was speaking Spanish, which language he did not know. But he said he would listen to it in his mind's ear, and repeat it as best he could. There followed a flow of Spanish, which brought excited cries in the same language from the daughter in the balcony. After this exchange, Slater told the audience he had been informed that this mother, in spirit, was going to give her daughter evidential proof by singing to her an old lullaby which she had heard as a child.

"I'm not a singer," said Slater, "but I'll try to repeat it as I hear it." He asked the audience to be quiet and looked off into space, as though listening. Then he commenced to sing a little tune in Spanish, and the daughter in the balcony instantly reacted to it with excited sobs and cries.

The audience applauded and Slater then asked the woman if she had ever seen him before or had anything to do with him, directly or indirectly. She said, "No."

Aunt May leaned over and whispered in my ear: "You

see what I told you? That woman's a marvelous actress! Mr. Slater arranged a stunt like this to start things going."

I confess, at this point, it looked pretty much staged to me. Nevertheless, Slater had ended by tossing the sealed envelope into the audience, so that anyone could open it and read its message.

A spirit calls my name

For the next half hour, Slater took envelope after envelope from the pile and made seeming contact with spirit entities, delivering messages which were verified by the letter writers, and then sailing the envelopes into the audience **without** ever opening them. He went from one reading to the other with such rapidity and such certainty that it was bewildering.

I said to Aunt May: "How can *all* of these people be accomplices of Slater? Each one appears genuinely moved by the experience."

"I don't know," said Aunt May. "But there's a trick to it, somehow. There *has* to be!"

Suddenly, Slater paused as he was about to pick up another envelope, and came downstage, saying: "A spirit now conies to me independent of any letter. He shows himself to me as a gentleman of fine spiritual quality. He is calling the name "Harold M. Sherman!"

I was so astounded that I could not believe I had heard aright. Aunt May gasped and whispered: "Didn't he speak your name?"

"I think so," I answered. "But how is that possible? I didn't write any letter and no one but you and Bryan knew I was coming here!"

Said Aunt May, "But you're supposed to stand when your name is called."

I still remained seated. Slater, looking out over the audience, revealed his irritability. He had seemed to be working under highly sensitized tension and had, several times, rebuked people for not having responded quickly enough, saying that he could not hold the "force" if they didn't co-operate. In my case, however, he waited impatiently for a moment, then walked down to the apron of the stage and, leveling an arm, pointed his finger directly at me, picking me out in

that audience of 2,000 people, and saying sharply: "The spirit goes to you, sir! . . . Will you please stand?"

I stood up, propping my unsteady knees against the back of the seat ahead. If Aunt May had had smelling salts with her, she would have used them.

"This spirit," said Slater, "tells me he is your grandfather on your mother's side. His name is Joseph Morrow. He says that he has not been in the spirit world **long**—that he came over last August 16. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir," I confirmed. "That is correct!"

Slater then continued, stating that my grandfather wished me to give his love to his wife, Mary, and to assure her that he was alive and happy. There was nothing extraordinary to this part of the message except that my grandmother's name *was* Mary. But Slater followed up with this **prediction**:

"There are a number of your spirit friends here who are interested in your future. They want me to tell you that the way is being prepared for you to leave Detroit, within three months, and to locate in another city where you will take up a new job which will start you upon your life work."

I accepted this statement without comment. But I felt, inwardly, that it had no basis in fact because my life was already planned ahead for two years in Detroit. Now it seemed as though Slater had finished with me because he turned away, but suddenly wheeled, laughing, and said: "Well, congratulations! Your spirit friends tell me you recently have been married. But you're a funny sort of bridegroom! What do you mean, getting married up in Traverse City and coming back to Detroit without your bride?"

I shook my head incredulously, and the entire audience broke into laughter.

"You don't know what to make of this, do you?" said Slater, apparently amused.

"No, I don't!"

"Well, your spirit friends tell me they are going to give you a demonstration. They are going to give you the name of your wife before she was married." Slater lifted his head and gazed characteristically off into space. "What's that?" he said, as though hearing a voice. "They are telling me," he continued,

after a moment, "that her name was Martha Frances Bain! Is that correct?"

"That's correct," I acknowledged.

Slater then asked me the customary questions.

"Have you ever seen me before?"

"No, sir," I said.

"Have you ever had anything to do with me, directly or indirectly?"

"No, sir," I repeated.

"Thank you very much!" snapped Slater, and almost immediately began calling someone else's name, and going into another message.

When the occasion was over, Aunt May was badly shaken, and Bryan and I had no explanation for what had happened. I carefully went over all my activities and interests in Detroit to determine if there was even a remote chance that anyone who knew me and my background might have spotted me in the audience and informed John Slater. This was ruled out as a total impossibility. Moreover, not a person in Detroit, outside of Aunt May, even knew of my grandfather, and there were less than half a dozen who yet knew of my marriage.

Most amazing, perhaps, was Slater's identification of me, and his pointing me out in the very seat where I was sitting! I recalled his saying: "The spirit goes to you, sir—will you please stand?" It was all extremely baffling and I was glad that I had had two witnesses to what had happened.

I wrote my wife and parents in Traverse City about the occurrence, and insisted that Aunt Mary also should write my father her version of what had taken place.

Since everything John Slater had told me had been correct, I naturally wondered about his prediction that I would be leaving Detroit within three months. This was one part of his message that I felt certain was wrong.

In December, shortly before Christmas, the Ford Motor Company unexpectedly announced a ten-day suspension for inventory purposes. This seemed to be a good time to take Martha on a visit to meet another branch of the family, my aunt and uncle, Dr. and Mrs. Mahlon F. Baldwin, in Marion, Indiana, my mother's original home town.

The first morning in their home, when the Baldwins learned that we were interested in what was then called psychic phenomena, Aunt Flora felt free to tell us that she, herself, had gone to several mediums in the hope that she might make evidential contact with her only son, Ashton, who, as a young surgeon, had lost his life in the First World War. Ashton's death had been a grievous blow, and Aunt Flora had almost lost her mind. My Uncle Doc had deliberately encouraged her to seek solace through a study of **psychism**, feeling that anything which might give her assurance that Ashton still lived on some plane would contribute to her better physical and mental health.

Aunt Flora now told us that there had **been** few psychic experiences which she considered convincing or satisfying and that she finally had decided to see if she could develop some psychic powers of her own and communicate directly with Ashton. She asked us if we had ever heard of a planchette. Neither of us had. Whereupon she took out a flat, heart-shaped wooden device, about four inches wide at the base, which was supported by two legs on little wheels, and had a pencil fastened at the tip.

We use a planchette

"You simply place your hands gently on the surface," she explained. "If you are psychic, it will commence to write and you may get messages from someone who has gone on. I have tried it without results but perhaps you and Martha might have better luck."

She cleared the dining room table and placed the planchette on a large sheet of white writing paper. Then she directed Martha and me, with Uncle Doc watching, to put the tips of the fingers of both our hands on the wooden surface. Nothing happened for a minute or two and then, to our astonishment, the little wheels began to creak, and the planchette began to move. Its first motion was in slow, large circles. Martha and I eyed one another questioningly. Each felt that the other must be consciously or unconsciously pushing the planchette as it continued to make circles with increasing speed and force, but we both denied having any part in these gyrations.

Aunt Flora then suggested that we experiment to see if the

planchette would operate with just one of us. I withdrew my hands and the planchette moved under Martha's hands with even greater facility. She looked her unbelief as this device now went into a series of penmanship exercises, as though the force or intelligence was trying to develop sufficient control to start the writing of actual words.

Martha said, "I can't understand this. I hope you don't think *I'm* doing it. I can't describe the feeling. It's just like something or somebody is pushing my arm around!"

The force rapidly became so demonstrative that Aunt Flora said she didn't believe Martha needed the planchette, so she set the device aside and placed a pencil in Martha's hand. Instantly, the arm began to fly around the paper, making what Aunt Flora had been told were "joy circles." Still Martha had not written any words, only more circles and up and down strokings,

Suddenly, however, she began writing, without lifting her pencil off the paper. As we looked, the first words appeared, all joined together, and the words were: "This is Ashton."

Aunt Flora and Uncle Doc exclaimed their surprise and delight. Aunt Flora began talking to Ashton as though he were actually present, and the pencil continued writing replies that were natural and coherent. There were flashes of humor characteristic of him and little personal comments that could not have been related to Martha's own consciousness. Martha, who obviously had never met Ashton in life, and who only had been shown a photograph of him in his uniform, had no personal knowledge whatsoever about him.

Ashton wrote that he felt, with more practice, Martha would make a good channel for communication. Then he ended the session by proposing that we meet each morning after breakfast, for a half hour or so, before Uncle Doc had to leave for the office. Signing off, he wrote his initials, "A.B.," and encircled them with a flourish.

Aunt Flora gave a shriek and ran upstairs, returning with an armful of Ashton's medical books, opening them to show us the same signature that Ashton had placed in all of them!

Uncle Doc said he had investigated psychic phenomena for

years, that he had long felt there was something to it, but he never had experienced anything like this. Aunt Flora said that what Martha had been doing was called *automatic writing*, which was our first introduction to this phenomenon.

Ashton returns

The next morning we hurried through breakfast, then cleared the table. As soon as Martha took up a pencil and rested it lightly on the paper, it went into a series of vigorous warm-up exercises, and then wrote, as before: "*This is Ashton.*" There followed greetings to all, and more comments of a family nature. Then Ashton suddenly wrote: "*Harold, there is a position open for you as reporter on the Marion Chronicle. If you apply right away, you can get it*"

Martha, surprised, asked if there *was* a paper in town by that name, and Uncle Doc said: "Yes, it's the afternoon paper. We don't get it, ourselves. We've always subscribed to the morning paper—the *Leader-Tribune*."

Ashton continued to write: "*Dad, you can find out about this job on your way to the office. Harold is supposed to stay here in Marion*"

Uncle Doc looked at me. "We'd certainly like to have you stay in Marion, especially since this thing is happening. I don't know where it's going to **lead—but** Ashton has just given us some information I can check on. I'll drop by the *Chronicle* office and call on my old friend, George Lindsay, who owns the paper, and see if there *is* a reporter's position open. But would you take it, **Harold—if** there is?"

I hesitated, exchanging consulting glances with Martha. I thought of the advertising course I was taking in Detroit, and my well-paying job at the Ford Motor Company. I felt that I possessed a certain amount of writing ability but I had not considered developing it along reporting lines.

"Why don't you see if there is a job really open and if there is, I'll decide then," I said to Uncle Doc.

Ashton sent joy circles racing over the paper and then called a halt to the session as he urged his father to "get going."

In little more than half an hour, Uncle Doc phoned excitedly from downtown. "Harold," he said, "this is almost unbelievable! I walked in on George Lindsay, in

his private office, and told him I had a favorite nephew visiting me whom I would like to get to locate in Marion. I said that you had had experience in writing and I had heard he had a position open for a reporter. George looked at me in amazement and asked: 'Where did you hear that? I didn't know I had a position open myself until ten minutes ago!' . . . Then he picked up a telegram from his desk, saying he had just received this wire from his reporter, Horace Coats, who had joined the staff of the 'Indianapolis Star' and was resigning, effective immediately. Harold, George said for you to come right down to see him—that he might be able to put you to work at once!"

As Uncle Doc was telling me this, I relayed the information to Martha and Aunt Flora, both of whom were as astounded as I was.

"I told George I'd have you down to see him in half an hour," said Uncle Doc. "I have a feeling you should seriously consider taking this job. It seems to me it was meant to be."

It would mean a radical, totally unanticipated change in all our plans. The job probably would pay much less than the salary I was getting in Detroit, but I knew that reporting on a newspaper was an excellent way to acquire training as a writer. Moreover, Martha and I were profoundly impressed by the evidence of a form of discarnate, intelligent guidance. I decided I would try out the job, if given the opportunity, for the few remaining days of our vacation; and if I liked it and they liked me, I would go to Detroit, sever my connections there, and return to Marion to live.

Publisher George Lindsay had a brief talk with me. He said I had been highly recommended by my uncle, Dr. Baldwin. Then he turned me over to his managing editor, Louis Spilman, who gave me a stock of pencils and notepads, and sent me out at once on the city beat. Within four days, Spilman called me in and said my work was satisfactory and they would like me to stay on as a regular. By this time we had received more messages from the intelligence purporting to be Ashton. These served to deepen our interest and desire to carry on further research in psychic phenomena.

Within two weeks we were back from Detroit and established as residents of Marion, Indiana. Then, and only then, did we suddenly recall the prediction that had been made to me by John Slater that afternoon in Orchestra Hall, when he had said that "a way was being prepared for me to leave Detroit, within three months, and to locate in another city where I would take up a new job, which would start me upon my life work."

The tie-up between this prediction and the manner in which this job was made known to me was almost too amazing to be believed. Certainly, after what had happened, we could not write this off as mere coincidence. It seemed to suggest that there really are intelligences in another dimension who, if not actually our friends and loved ones, nevertheless maintain an interest in, as well as possess a knowledge of our activities and aspirations.

My new job took my attention day and night. I had to attend and report many civic meetings and other community events as well as my regular assignments, but Martha and I set aside time almost every night for automatic writing, and it was seldom that Ashton did not seem to be present. It was now February, 1921, and Ashton shocked us one night by telling us that my father was soon to pass on. Dad was, at that time, taking treatment in the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and Martha and I decided to leave at once to be with him. When we arrived, we found that arrangements had been made to operate.

In a private talk I had with Dad, he expressed doubt as to his survival, and said he would not want to continue to live if his mind or his body were to be permanently crippled. Dad had been what many termed a "free thinker" in his day, and had a broad philosophic interest. I told him of the unusual psychic experiences we were having in Marion, and which we were trying to evaluate. He listened with quiet interest and little comment.

I then ventured to remark, on sudden impulse, that there was one way I felt he could establish proof of his own continuing identity, and that would be to return and write the signature of his business firm, Sherman and Hunter Co. Dad had been a Spencerian penman and wrote a fine hand. He had originated a way of writing the name of his men's clothing

company without taking pen from paper, and doing it with so many flourishes that no forger in the Traverse City area ever had attempted to duplicate it in the passing of bad checks.

Dad smiled at my suggestion and said, "I guess I am the only one who could do this."

The operation was performed but my **father** died, March 1, 1921, in the manner I have described in Chapter Seven, where-in what I had dreamed some months previously had come to pass.

Martha and I returned to Marion after the funeral, but it was some weeks before we felt settled enough to sit down and try to make contact with Ashton again. When we did, it seemed as though he had been standing by, anxious and eager to communicate. He told us that he had my father with him and that Uncle Tom, as Ashton called him, had been busy adapting himself to his new existence. He said that when Dad became stronger, he would try to write through Martha, but he was just interested in observing for the time being.

Another hand moves the pencil

Some nights later, as Martha took up the pencil and waited for contact, her hand began to move slowly and uncertainly, as though a new force were trying to take control of it. Awkward ovals were formed, and finally, laboriously, came the words, "*This is Dad.*" This was followed by a series of joy circles to indicate happiness at having gotten the message through. Dad then wrote, still with an effort, that this was all new to him but Ashton was helping and he hoped to do better with practice. The character of the handwriting was materially changed from that of Ashton's. While Martha had seen Dad's handwriting in letters he had written us, her own handwriting was of a completely different style.

Each session of automatic writing that followed, Dad would do some of the communicating and Ashton occasionally would break in to comment that Uncle **Tom** was doing fine and he would soon "get the hang of it." Then, one night, as Dad apparently took over, there was a feeling of purpose transmitted in his writing. Instead of a message, he practiced writing the capital letter *S* over and over; then switched to the word *and*, which he encircled, writing it again and again. Now he

scrawled the name of his business partner, *Hunter*, and kept on repeating it.

Martha looked at me, wonderingly. "Does your father have a message for Mr. Hunter?"

"I don't know," I said. At that moment, there flashed to mind what Dad was trying to do. I never had mentioned to Martha or to anyone else the suggestion I had made to him before his operation in Battle Creek.

Almost as though in confirmation, the hand discontinued its writing of the name *Hunter* and wrote the word *test*. Martha, seeing this word, asked: "Test? . . . What test?"

T said nothing and her hand began to write the letters *Co*, repeating them many times. It was a tiresome process for Martha but it was an electrifying experience for me to sit and observe an intelligence trying to fit together, through manipulation of her hand and arm, the segments of my father's firm name.

Finally, with a burst of force, as though the intelligence was at last organized and ready to attempt completion of its objective, Martha's hand wrote the word AND, encircled it, swung down to a lower line and wrote the word HUNTER, then moved in front of this name, writing the word SHERMAN. This done, with a final encircling flourish, the hand finished the signature by adding the letters CO after HUNTER.

Once having accomplished this, there followed a flurry of joy circles so vigorous as almost to tear the paper. Then, as though this breakthrough had provided a greater proficiency, the firm name was written again, with little hesitation and with great clarity. This was the first time that Martha ever had seen the name *Sherman and Hunter Co.* written out. She had not known that my father had devised such a signature, and had she known, she could not have determined any more than a forger could, the order in which my father always wrote this signature, with its many curlycues and flourishes.

Telepathy could partially explain the phenomenon. Martha might have received an impression from my mind of the test I had suggested to Dad, but it was highly improbable that she could have duplicated the actual signature. The control of the

arm was not telepathic; I had nothing to do with this. The character of the handwriting was suggestive of Dad's.

All of this would tend to indicate a **super-normal** form of intelligence at work. This experience had great impact upon me particularly. Martha was disposed to question such demonstrations because often she was aware of the thoughts in mind, simultaneous with the movement of her arm as the words were written. She could not deny the authenticity of many messages as received, and she was as interested as Uncle Doc, Aunt Flora and I were in what was apparently coming through, but she often expressed the wish that she could enter some state of mind in which her own consciousness would be out of the way. Then she could be reasonably sure that she had had nothing to do with whatever messages were obtained.

I, however, did not want Martha to submit to unknown controls as I was now convinced that we are surrounded in the mental realm by all manner of possible forces and influences, both good and bad.

For some months we continued the automatic writing sessions, keeping careful records. Our regular communicators remained Ashton and Dad. We asked them, occasionally, about other relatives and friends, and they gave us information concerning them. One time I specifically asked Dad about my brother, Edward, who had been killed, at the age of eleven, by a fall from a tree in our front yard. He had been a most unusual little fellow, mature far beyond his years, and Dad's grief over his loss had contributed toward his own demise. To my question, Dad reported that Edward had gone on to a higher dimension and was actively engaged in work there.

The invisible danger

It is possible that we would have kept up our investigation of automatic writing indefinitely had it not been for a startling occurrence when Martha and I were working alone one night. A new influence took over. Martha stiffened into a trance condition. I saw her drop her pencil, slump against the chair, and her eyes roll back in her head. When I called to her she did not respond, and appeared to be sinking deeper and deeper into an unconscious state. Alarmed, I began shaking her, speaking her name and telling her to wake up. She moaned and

seemed to be resisting me, but I persisted in my demand that she return to consciousness. Gradually her body relaxed, the stiffness lessened, and she opened her eyes, looking about with the vagueness and unfamiliarity of someone who comes back from a far place.

Once herself again, Martha said she never wanted to undergo another such experience. She wished, in a way, I had let her go this one time, at least, so she could have discovered what a trance was like. But she agreed that it was safer and wiser to maintain conscious control of any developing psychic powers, rather than to **subject** one's self to unknown and possibly harmful influences. This ended our personal adventures in automatic writing, although Martha has told me many times, through the ensuing years, that **all** she would have to do would be to sit with pencil in hand, and the power, whatever it is, would manifest itself.

When unknown influences took over

The wisdom of my protective procedure in refusing to let Martha become entranced was forcibly brought home to us years later. A noted friend of ours in New York became obsessed by an entity which took over his consciousness as a result of his making his mind too receptive to unknown outside influences.

This man, a highly educated, famous author and lecturer, had been an agnostic and a nonbeliever in Extra Sensory powers until he read of my experiment in long-distance telepathy with Sir Hubert Wilkins. Now convinced that such faculties existed, he began an investigation on his own, and discovered that he, himself, could demonstrate telepathy. This led rapidly to other experiences of a psychic nature and when I met him, he told me, confidentially, that both he and his wife were receiving messages from discarnate intelligences and that a whole new world had opened up to them. He described some of the unusual phenomena that had been occurring and when I expressed interest, he invited Martha and me to his apartment so that we could witness what was going on.

"We do not dare tell many of our friends what is taking place," he said. "With my background and formerly avowed skepticism as to such powers of mind, most of them would

think my wife and I had gone off the deep end. However, we know you will understand."

That night, Martha and I sat in on a most unique manifestation. Our friend explained that the intelligences had worked out a system so that his Conscious Mind could not interfere with or color the impressions that were being received. When "the power was turned on," he would see in his mind's eye a moving row of letters traveling across his mental screen, much like the flashing sign formerly encircling the Times Building in Times Square, New York, which continually spelled out news bulletins.

We were supplied with pencils and paper and told to write down the letters he called off as he saw them mentally. We were then to draw lines between the letters at points where they could be separated into words.

"Are you ready?" said our friend. "They're starting! . . . Here we go!"

He began reeling off letters with such speed we hardly could keep up. It was impossible to interpret what was coming through and record the stream of letters at the same time. After ten to fifteen minutes, he stopped and gave us an opportunity to check back.

"Do you know what you have just received?" I asked him.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he said. "All I am conscious of when the sending takes place is the letters that I see—and it keeps me humping to get them out before they're gone!"

Martha and I marked off the words and checked with each other to make sure that our recordings dovetailed. I had missed a few letters here and there and so had she, but we had them all between us, and a message emerged which was intelligent and highly interesting.

We spent an absorbing evening with this brilliant man and his wife. It was their belief that they were receiving messages from an order of the "White Brotherhood."

Martha and I were not living in New York at the time, and had only been in the city on a business trip, so we had no opportunity to follow up on this visit. But we always exchanged holiday greetings with this man. When we did not hear from him and his wife the following Christmas, we wondered if their card to us had miscarried.

Then we began to notice that his writings were not appearing any more, nor were there reports of his lectures. Inquiries among mutual friends brought the word that this couple had apparently dropped from sight. No one seemed to know what had become of them. The nearest we came to any information was a rumor that the man had retired to do some important research work. This occurred to us as not impossible in the light of what we privately knew about his psychic interest.

Two years passed and I was back in New York on another business trip. I suddenly thought strongly of my friends and was moved to phone him at his last known address. His wife answered the phone and when I identified myself, she said: "Harold Sherman! I have hoped and prayed that you would get in touch with us. You must come out this evening and see what has happened to Carl. It is terrible!"

This led to an experience I will never forget. I met a man who was a shadow of his former self, physically and mentally. He told me that, incredible as it may sound, he had been possessed by a low entity who had been using his body for satisfying elemental desires. When the **so-called** spirit was in control, he was totally unconscious of how his body was used or where it was taken. He, who had been a teetotaler, was caused to go to bars and to drink, and to be returned home in a drunken, sordid condition. There were involvements with other women and all manner of disgraceful acts that were entirely foreign to this man in his normal state of consciousness. The entity, when in possession of his body, would attack his wife both physically and verbally. A stream of profanities and obscenities would flow from a mouth that never had uttered them before. He himself, unconscious of what went on, only could realize that something degrading had taken place as he regained his own identity and found himself in a drunken or demoralized condition.

Now, as this man sat quietly, telling me of the tragic experiences which had necessitated his going into seclusion for the past two years, he said that he never could tell when possession would take place. It could occur at any moment, even while he was talking to me. If it did, he would black out and the other entity would take over. It was the fictional situation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. **Hyde**—in the flesh.

His wife told how she had taken her husband to physicians and psychiatrists and that they had ascribed his actions to be that of an alcoholic who needed mental treatment and who should be institutionalized. They *pooh-poohed* any suggestion that he might be obsessed. Neither she nor her husband felt they could tell of their delvings into the psychic realm for fear both of them would be suspect of being "off their rockers."

The demon strikes

At about this point in our conversation, I saw the wife give a startled glance at her husband. She indicated with a guarded nod of the head that I should look at him. When I did so, I saw an entirely different person staring at me. There was hatred and defiance in the eyes. The face was contorted and the features drawn into an expression totally unlike the personality that had been expressing itself through the same body a few moments before.

This entity asked me who the hell I was, and ordered me out of the apartment with a blast of profanity and threatening gestures. The wife, calling her husband by name, tried to bring him back. It was a situation which may be repeated in kind with some mental cases in hospitals but it was shocking to have been in the presence of a man of the quality of character and mind my friend had **been**—and then to see him vanish entirely and an evil force take over. I had had some experience in dealing with "secondary personalities" which had been self-created for the purpose of releasing repressed, abnormal sexual or criminal **desires**—but this was different.

"Who are you?" I demanded. "What are you doing in this body? Where do you belong? Do you know where you are?"

These questions, pointedly asked, seemed to have impact. The intelligence staring out at me through my friend's eyes stopped its raving and began to mumble.

"You've no right in this body!" I continued, and repeated; "You do not belong here! *Get out—and stay out!*"

I have condensed a scene that took an hour or more. I was unable to determine the identity of the consciousness that had gained control of my friend's mind on subconscious levels, and had been able to slip in and out of it. But, once its attention was caught, it began to respond to my direction in

the manner of a hypnotized subject. My order to *get out and stay out* finally was obeyed with dramatic suddenness. Suddenly I was looking again into the eyes of my friend, who recovered consciousness without any realization of what had occurred.

Since that night, my friend has been free of obsessive influences. The entity that so devastated his life never has returned. He has resumed his writing and lecturing with his old-time vigor and clarity of mind. He still maintains his vital interest in Extra Sensory Perception but makes certain that his consciousness is closed to possible intrusion from outside forces.

As I pointed out to him, we would not think of opening the door of our house and inviting every passer-by to enter. Why should we open our minds, without discrimination, to every kind of intelligence that might be seeking entrance for one reason or another? Consider the wide variety of mentalities on earth at any given time, many with whom we have nothing whatever in common. If human creatures survive death and carry over into the next dimension only what they have developed here in terms of qualities and desires, then it stands to reason, if communication is at all possible, that utter identification with many of these entities may lead one into considerable harm.

✓ **Now check what you have learned in Chapter Twelve:**

- Because we may obtain knowledge of the dead from the minds of those who knew them, it is difficult to say whether we really obtain information directly from the departed. Some mediums use **fakery**. But a number of them seem to have genuine ESP gifts of some kind.*
- In some cases, predictions have been made by mediums concerning matters of which the **subject** had no knowledge. This may be spiritual guidance or it may be a form of **precognition**.*
- Automatic writing, apparently guided by a spirit, can be accomplished directly or with the use of a **planchette**. One spirit may establish communication and then **another** may take over.*
- Communication with beings on another plane can have its dangers. Inimical spirits seem able to take possession of one's body. This can lead to a kind of **Jekyll and Hyde** situation. In some cases, the evil identity seems to embody the fulfillment of the subject's hidden wishes; but in others there appears to be genuine possession.*

CHAPTER XIII

Messages and Guidance from the Departed

IN 1929, when we lived in an apartment house in New York City, we became acquainted with a couple named MacAllister who lived on the same floor. Charles MacAllister was a magnificent figure of a man, over six feet tall, with soldierly bearing, who had been a member of the famous Rainbow Division during the First World War. He had been awarded medals for bravery under fire, had been severely wounded but apparently had made a complete recovery.

Mrs. Sherman and I observed that the MacAllisters lived almost entirely to themselves. Among their few visitors were Charles' two teen-age sons by a former marriage, who always came to spend holidays with their father. I was writing sports books in those days, and Mac, as I called him, would purchase autographed copies to present to the boys.

One day Mac was taken to the hospital. It appeared that his old war injury now had resulted in cancer of the bladder. He was operated upon and invalided home. I was shocked to see him, thin and emaciated, walking with a cane, no longer the vigorous, vital man he once had been.

"This thing's got me," he said to me grimly. "It's just a matter of time."

I tried to make some philosophic comments which might prove reassuring but Mac was a realist and would have none of what he called "soft soap."

"In the war," he said, "I had a fighting chance, and I came through. But when cancer hits you, it's taps." Mac hesitated, looked hard at me for a moment, and continued: "Sherman, as you know, in some of our talks, we've discussed the possibility of life after death. I'm not a churchgoing sort—and I frankly don't know whether there's any future existence or not. But since I'm apt to die before you do, I'd like to make a pact that, if I survive in any intelligent form, I'll try to find a way to communicate with you."

"Mac, you're liable to live a long time yet," I protested. "While I could get hit and killed by a taxi tomorrow. Let's apply the pact both ways."

Mac smiled. "Okay," he said, "but you know damned well I'm going to get there ahead of you."

This is a subject that, for some reason, most people do not feel comfortable talking about, so we left it at that. Some weeks later Mrs. MacAllister reported that Mac had taken a turn for the worse and had been taken back to the hospital. Then one morning around four o'clock, she phoned to say she had just been informed that Mac was dying and would I please go to the hospital with her.

When we arrived on the floor of the Fifth Avenue Hospital where Mac had his room, we heard his groans as we got off the elevator. Looking in at the door, I saw Mac, fully conscious, propped up in bed, his hands up over his head, grasping the enamel rungs. In a corner of his mouth was a cigarette that his nurse had lighted for him. It sagged against his cheek as he took a puff, and then, between groans which he was trying to suppress, he looked up and saw me. Mrs. MacAllister had turned her back and hidden her face in her hands. Mac's lips moved and the cigarette dropped out. He said, with an effort: "Hello, Sherman!"

"Hello, Mac!" I answered, and took Mrs. MacAllister by the arm, escorting her to the bedside.

She found it impossible to conceal her admixture of fear

and grief in the presence of approaching death, and Mac was quick to notice this. His eyes were developing a fixedness as he looked from her to me, and said, in a low voice: "Totally exhausted . . . totally exhausted . . . !"

Mrs. MacAllister, who had stood speechless, almost frozen, at the head of the bed, began to cry. Mac, seeing this, lifted his right arm and gave it a waving motion, almost as though he were losing control of it. I thought, for a moment, he had lost the power to talk and was attempting to wave goodbye, but I cut off the impulse to wave back.

"Oh, Mac!" Mrs. MacAllister sobbed, and reached out a hand to touch his shoulder.

Mac appeared more distressed at her reaction than concerned over his own condition. He looked almost imploringly up at me, and, as though marshaling all his remaining strength, once more lifted his right arm in a limp, waving gesture in the direction of the door:

It suddenly came to me that he wanted me to take Mrs. MacAllister from the room so she would not **have** to see him die. I touched her arm and nodded toward the door, and she turned, weeping, away from the bed, going out ahead of me. I stopped at the door and looked back. Mac's eyes had been following me and, as we gazed at one another, he drew his last breath. He had been a soldier and a stoic to the end.

But now that he had passed on, the drama had just begun. Mrs. MacAllister confessed to me that she and Mac never had been married. She had been living with him as a kind of common-law wife. His first wife, the mother of his two sons, had been opposed to divorce but, upon separation, had been willing for Mac to take up with another woman. He had respected her religious convictions and the supposed Mrs. MacAllister had been willing to accept this relationship. Now that Mac was dead, however, she explained to me that she had no legal right or say in the **disposal** of his affairs, or even in the arrangements for his funeral. Would I, under these circumstances, please phone his actual **wife** and break the news to her and ask what she wanted done?

I did this. Two days later, in a funeral chapel, I attended the services for Charles S. MacAllister. Present, beside myself, were the two wives and the two boys.

Several weeks following the funeral, the Mrs. MacAllister we knew departed for a trip West and stepped out of our lives. This, then, was the background which set the stage for a most unusual psychic event which was to take place some months later, almost a thousand miles away!

Uncle Doc passes on

On October 14, 1929, we received a wire from Marion, Indiana, stating that Uncle Doc Baldwin had died of a cerebral hemorrhage. I went back for the funeral and found Aunt Flora prostrated with shock.

Her only daughter, Lillian, who had been called home from her teaching position in another city, told me that Aunt Flora had written her about having gone to see a medium named Mrs. Brown, who lived on the outskirts of Marion. Lillian proposed that since I had been away from Marion for some five years and would not be known to Mrs. Brown, I call on this woman for a psychic reading with the hope that she might give me some message from Uncle Doc. Lillian said that Mrs. Brown did not have a telephone and she understood that the house did not even have electricity; but she felt it was better, for purposes of a test, if I went out to see her unannounced.

This was the night before the funeral. Lillian, on the excuse of doing some errands downtown, took me along. She drove out to the vicinity of the Brown home and parked a block away so that the Baldwin car would not be recognized. Then she pointed out the location of the Brown house and I walked the remaining distance.

It was a starless night and there were no street lights. The little frame house had a front and side porch. It was totally dark and, though it was only eight in the evening, I thought the Browns either were away or already had retired. As I ascended the steps to the porch, a black cat suddenly ran across in front of me and clawed its way up a drainpipe onto the roof. I regarded this as an auspicious as well as a chilling introduction to my hoped-for seance!

My rap on the glass of the front door brought no immediate response, and I was about to turn away with the conclusion that there was no one there, when a door to the back

of the house opened, and I saw **the** figure of an elderly man, carrying a kerosene lamp, coming toward me in his bare feet. He opened the door a crack and peered out at me.

"Is this Mr. Brown?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "If you've come to see Ma, you're too late. She's gone upstairs to bed. I've been working all day for the city, digging ditches, and my feet are sore. I've been soaking them in the kitchen. I almost didn't hear you."

"I'm sorry to disturb you," I persisted, "but it's still rather early and I'll be greatly disappointed if I can't see Mrs. Brown. I've heard so much about her." I was talking purposely loud enough so that **my** voice could be heard upstairs. Just as I hoped, Mrs. Brown called down.

"Pa, tell the gentleman to come in and sit him in **the** parlor. I'll be down in a few minutes."

Within a few minutes, I heard Mrs. Brown descending the stairs. It was immediately apparent that she was having difficulty doing so, and when she came into view, I could see that she was limping. She was a short, white-haired, rather plump woman, with a warm, friendly manner.

"You'll have to excuse me," she said. "But I've been having trouble with rheumatism and my joints are stiff." She crossed over and sat down on the couch, propping **one** leg upon it. "Have to get myself comfortable," she said. "You just want a reading?"

"Yes," I said, "whatever you are accustomed to doing."

She looked at **me** a moment, not asking me my **name** or anything about me, and then closed her eyes and rubbed her forehead, and finally started talking.

"It's strange," she said, "I see you with a pencil and paper. You are doing a lot of writing and you seem to be surrounded by boys . . . not just a few boys . . . hundreds of them . . . maybe thousands . . . and they all appear to be interested in what you are writing. I don't know what to make of this!"

"That's very good," I said, feeling that she deserved encouragement.

At that time, I was writing sport and adventure stories for 'Boy's Life,' the official Boy Scout publication, as well as my sport novels which were being read by thousands of boys. Her "tune-in" on this activity hardly could have

been more accurate. She continued with impressions which were generally correct. When she had finished she opened her eyes and looked questioningly at me.

"Did I get anything worthwhile?" she asked.

"Yes, as far as you went," I said. "But I was hoping you might give me a message from someone on the other side of life."

"Oh, I never do that," said Mrs. Brown, "unless it's requested, because some people don't believe in that kind of reading. But, since you've asked me, I don't mind telling you that, when I came downstairs, I saw two spirits in the room with you. I didn't try to determine who they were but one of them was a young man in a military uniform. Let me relax and I'll see if I can make contact with them again."

She shut her eyes and leaned back and remained silent for a few minutes. Then she opened her eyes and gave me a searching glance.

"Why, Doc Baldwin's here!" she announced. "And his son Ashton is with him! Do you have any connection with them?"

"I might," I admitted.

But Mrs. Brown chuckled as she broke in to say: "Of course you do! Doc Baldwin is telling me that you're his favorite nephew, Harold Sherman, who has come all the way from New York to attend his funeral!"

"That's correct!"

"Both Doc and Ashton want me to greet you for them and Doc says to tell Flora that he's been meeting plenty of 'thees' and 'thous' over here!"

This remark, as reported, was unusually characteristic of Uncle Doc's way of talking, and was a reference to his many Quaker relatives. I sat trying to analyze how Mrs. Brown was getting these impressions, and I decided that she could just have made a lucky guess as to my identity. I had been well known during the three years I had spent in Marion on the newspaper, and while I had never met her or heard about her, she had known both Uncle Doc and Aunt Flora. She might even have read a mention of my arrival in Marion for the funeral.

These, at least, were the possibilities I was turning over in my mind, when Mrs. Brown suddenly stiffened, put both

hands over her face, and cried out: "Oh, I'm being taken away from here . . . and I'm being shown a hospital room in New York City. There's a man lying propped up in bed, and he's suffering—my, how he's suffering! There are two people standing beside the bed—one of them is a woman and the other one is *you!* . . . The spirit who was in that bed is here now and he is showing me this scene so you can identify it. He is telling me that he promised you if there was a life after death, he would try to get in touch with you. Do you recognize this scene?"

My mind had been so intent upon the purpose of my visit to Mrs. Brown and a desired message from Uncle Doc, that what Mrs. Brown was now saying did not register.

"No, I'm sorry," I said. "I can't make anything of it. Can whoever-it-is give you his name?"

"He's trying so hard," said Mrs. Brown, her eyes closed, and reaching out a hand toward some invisible presence. "I can't quite make it out. He says his name is . . . Charles . . . S . . . Al . . . Al . . . Mac . . . Mac . . . Al . . . Charles . . . S . . . I just can't get that last name. . . ."

By this time, of course, I knew who it was, beyond any doubt, and I was concerned that if she made too great an effort to get the exact last name, she might lose the contact, as I had seen other sensitives do.

"I'll help you out a little," I said. "You have the first name and middle initial exactly right. His name is Charles S.—and the last name is 'MacAllister.'"

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Brown. "He's so happy to have gotten through to you. And now he's holding up four fingers on one hand and is telling me to tell you that there were only four people directly concerned with his passing."

"That's right," I said, remembering the four who were present at the funeral—his two wives and two sons.

"Now I'm seeing the hospital room and the bed again," reported Mrs. Brown. "I see him lifting his arm like this . . ." and she lifted her own arm and went through the motion I had seen Mac make that night. "He says to me that you've never been sure whether he was waving goodbye or was **motioning** for you to leave the room. But he wants you to know, now,

that you did right in taking his wife out. That's what he meant when he did this . . ." And here Mrs. Brown half-opened her eyes, looked toward the doorway in her home, and repeated the movement of the arm.

It was a remarkable demonstration for which I had no immediate explanation, but I wanted to get all the evidential information I could, so I asked: "Can he tell me what he died of?"

Instantly, Mrs. Brown placed a hand on her body and cried out: "Oh, what pain! He places his hand here and he tells me—*cancer of the bladder!*"

Just at this moment, two giggling schoolgirls, looking for thrills, came running up on the porch, stumbled in the dark, and fell. There was more laughter as though they considered this a lark. Mrs. Brown jumped and put a hand to her head.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's all gone. I can't do anything more."

I left her home convinced that she was a sincere and genuine sensitive. She told me she had had this ability since she was a child, and would see relatives and friends who had gone on, and would talk to them, sometimes, before people in her community even knew they were dead. She couldn't tell how she did it. She said she simply sat and made her mind receptive, and if any spirits were around, she began to perceive them and hear voices.

I might have had some reason to doubt her impressions about my writing activities as well as what she had told me about Uncle Doc and Ashton; but she could not possibly have known the intimate details of my experience with Charles MacAllister. Certainly this experience was farthest from my Conscious Mind, and to have selected it from my Sub-conscious by telepathy would have been a phenomenal feat in itself. If, on the other hand, **the** communicant had indeed been Charles MacAllister, as represented, it would indicate that identity, memory and purpose are retained by the survivor in the next mode of existence.

There are, however, many baffling factors to weigh against such authentic demonstrations of Extra Sensory powers as I have herein stated. It is only truthful to report that, years later in New York, Mrs. Sherman and I learned that John Slater,

then over 80, was making an appearance at Carnegie Hall, and would also give a limited number of private seances. We had told several of our New York friends about the amazing reading he had given us in Detroit, and they accompanied us when we went to see and hear him, in high anticipation.

His public demonstration, to our disappointment, was unconvincing. Nevertheless, we hopefully arranged for a private appointment, only to be let down again. Not one impression was correct. We told him we had had a wonderful experience through him in Detroit, years before, but he seemed disinterested and dismissed us with a slight show of irritation. We were informed later that he had been drinking heavily and was in bad health, which may have accounted, in part, for his loss of Extra Sensory power.

It seems to be the history of many sensitives that they lose their mental and emotional balance at different times during their careers. The opening of their minds to so many different influences and the taking on of all manner of conditions is not only a great psychic strain but also a severe physical strain. This is why I have emphasized, again and again, the necessity of developing mental and emotional control as a prerequisite to the exploration of the higher realms of mind.

Throughout the years, as might be expected, I have attended many seances of every imaginable kind, and have investigated many so-called materializing, trumpet, direct voice and mental message-bearing mediums, in both darkroom and daylight sittings. I am compelled to say that a high percentage of these professional demonstrators did not produce convincing evidence that they had been in touch with any intelligences beyond the earth plane. Some of them gave indication that they possessed certain phases of Extra Sensory perceptive abilities such as telepathy, psychometry, clairvoyance, clairaudience and, occasionally, precognition—but the majority of these "psychics" were either out-and-out frauds or self-deluded people.

However, about five per cent of all whom I have met personally and whose work I have witnessed, have possessed undoubted powers of mind which have transcended the physical. They have produced phenomena as undeniable as they have been unexplainable on any scientific basis. It is this hard core of

genuine sensitives, by and large, that also has profoundly impressed earlier scientists and investigators around the world. Even a few indisputable demonstrations of apparent communication with disembodied entities are all that is needed to indicate the definite possibility of survival of consciousness after death.

But it stands to reason that any individual departing this life would prefer, on discovering that he still lives on another plane, to make direct contact with loved ones he has left behind rather than to try to reach those loved ones through the minds of strangers. Thousands of reports I have received give evidence that many such direct contacts have been made. There is scarcely a family circle without some member who has had a vision, or a voiced or mental message received from someone who has gone on. I myself have had quite a number of verified experiences, similar to those which have been described to me.

Rendezvous in the afterlife

One of the most outstanding experiences occurred in 1949, the year my book *You Live After Death* was published, when we were living in our country home in the Arkansas Ozarks. As comparatively new residents at that time, we had made friends with Marge Lyon, the *Chicago Tribune* columnist, author of the Sunday feature *Marge of Sunrise Farm*, who lived across the state in the picturesque resort town of Eureka Springs.

As a prelude to one of the most unusual happenings of my life, Marge phoned Martha and me to invite us to spend the weekend with "Jedge" Lyon and herself. They wished to hold a literary party in our honor and discuss *You Live After Death*, which, she said, had particularly captivated the "Jedge."

The Jedge, Marge's husband, was twenty years her senior, and one of her favorite characters in her Sunday write-ups in the *Tribune*. But he would have been a character without her writing about him. He had been elected Justice of the Peace time and again by his home people who held him in great esteem and affection. Outwardly, the Jedge was **salty-tongued**, sometimes biting, opinionated, domineering; inwardly he had the warmest of hearts, a do-good nature, and an enormous

interest in people. He believed with Mark Twain that "the only trouble with human nature—is human nature."

Our weekend with the Lyons and their friends proved unforgettable for reasons that soon will become apparent. They had invited about 15 friends from the art and writing colonies of Eureka Springs to participate in a "bull session." Most of the guests had read my book and were prepared to discuss the evidence I had presented.

During the animated conversation which ensued, Jedge Lyon was the most vigorous assenter *and* dissenter. He would break in time and again by saying: "Shut up—and listen to me!" As brusque as it may have sounded, no one resented his interruptions. They knew this was characteristic of him—that when he had something on his mind, he just couldn't wait to get it off. And, besides, his comments were usually so colorful and so pointed that they were well worth listening to!

Marge Lyon, in laughingly apologizing for her husband's break-ins, said: "It's no use! I've locked myself in my room to write, but if the Jedge gets an idea he wants to discuss with me, he threatens to break down the door unless I let him in so he can unload! When the Jedge has something on his mind, you are just going to listen!"

I was to recall this trait in time to come. But that night, all I distinctly remembered was the Jedge's climactic remark: "Well, Sherman, I don't know whether we live after we die, or not. But I'll promise you one thing: if I die before you do, and the chances are a thousand to one that I will—and if I find that there is a life after death—I'll try to communicate with you and give you some *real* evidence—evidence that will stand up in court!"

Some months later, Jedge Lyon suffered a stroke and subsequently died. More months passed, and I was busy writing my next book, which was to be titled *Anyone Can Stop Drinking*. We had not seen Marge Lyon or corresponded after writing letters of sympathy and receiving a reply. There was nothing of an associative nature to have suggested in any way what now took place.

One day as I was seated at my typewriter, working on the book manuscript, my mind was seized with the sudden, unmistakable feeling that Jedge Lyon was present. It was the

same kind of feeling I had experienced years before during my experiments in long-distance telepathy with Sir Hubert Wilkins. It seemed that Judge Lyon was there, in the atmosphere, standing beside me, although I could not see him with my physical eyesight.

It has been my habit, when unusual impressions have come to mind, to mention them to Mrs. **Sherman**, as an aid in substantiating whatever I might be about to receive. On this occasion I called to my wife: "Martha, I have the feeling that Judge Lyon is **here!**"

Mrs. Sherman has long been accustomed to such remarks of mine, at odd times of the day or night, and she simply replied: "That's interesting," knowing that any protracted comment would be disturbing to me.

The unseen visitor dictates a message

Now, in my mind's ear, I heard Judge Lyon say, in the tone of voice I remembered: "Sherman, take that piece of copy out of your typewriter and put in a sheet of your stationery. I've got a message for Marge!"

Obedient to this request, I did as instructed. Then I waited for the message, but no message was forthcoming although I sensed the presence of the Jedge very strongly beside me.

Finally I typed in the date line, addressed the letter to Marge and wrote an introductory paragraph, telling her I had been trying to work on my new book but that I had been overwhelmed by the feeling that the Jedge had barged in and wanted me to deliver a message of some kind. I warned Marge that this could easily be my imagination but that the feeling was strong, and it was similar to other feelings I had had in the past which had proved evidential.

Once I had finished this paragraph, I heard an inward voice: "*Tell Marge—don't you do it—you'll regret it as long as you live—if you do!*"

I typed these words as though taking dictation, then I naturally asked in my own mind: "Don't do—WHAT?"

Quick as a flash came the mental answer: "*She'll know what I mean!*"

I typed: "The Jedge says, you'll know what he means!"

I then sat quietly, conscious of the Jedge's continued pres-

ence, awaiting a further message. There was none. I added several paragraphs, telling Marge what Martha and I had been doing since we had seen her last, and expressing the wish to get together in the near future. I repeated my warning that this message could be a quirk of my imagination but that I felt impelled to send it on to her, nevertheless.

Then, as I was about to sign off and take the piece of stationery from the typewriter, the Jedge suddenly intervened.

"Wait a minute!" he commanded me mentally. *"This is very important! You've been wanting proof of life after death. I'm giving it to you! Put the **TIME** on this letter!"*

I typed the time, 2:07 P.M., just below the date line. I could feel a deep sense of satisfaction from the unseen presence. I took the letterhead out, signed it, addressed an envelope to Marge, sealed it with the enclosure, and tossed it up on a corner of my desk, intending to get back to my own creative work. But the Jedge wasn't through with me yet!

"Now," he demanded, *"take that letter into town and mail it to Marge!"*

This was asking too much! It was ten miles to town over gravel roads; twenty miles round trip. It would take more than an hour. But, try as I could to get my mind back on my writing assignment, it just wasn't any use. The Jedge kept pestering me mentally: Take that letter into town and mail it to Marge!"

I called Martha in, read her the carbon of the letter I had written to Marge, and told her there was nothing for me to do but drop everything and drive into town and discharge the order.

The instant I dropped the letter in the box at the post office it was as though a heavy pressure had been released from my mind. The feeling of the Jedge's presence vanished. Indeed, it left me wondering whether he ever had been there at all.

My wondering and my doubts increased as days went by and we received no answering word from Marge. Now I rebuked myself. I said to Martha: "Why did you ever let me send that letter to Marge? I'm sure she hasn't been able to make head or tail of the message. It is meaningless to her and she is embarrassed. She doesn't want to hurt my feelings, but she probably thinks I'm nuts!"

With the passing of two weeks, I was certain in my Conscious Mind—which is the reasoning, wondering, doubting, calculating, assimilating mind, limited by the physical senses (as you remember)—that this message from the Jedge had been a figment of my imagination.

About this time, Martha and I decided to visit our daughter, Marcia, and her family, then living in Forth Worth, Texas. We planned to leave a day early and motor to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where our friend, Governor Sid McMath, was opening his campaign for re-election in the ball park that night.

As we were about to enter the field box in front of the grandstand, we heard the excited voice of a woman calling to us: "Harold! Martha! . . . Oh, is it good to see you!"

We turned and saw Marge Lyon running to greet us. After affectionate greetings, Marge turned to me.

"Oh, Harold! Since your remarkable letter came I have been planning to take off and come to see you about it. It's something I just couldn't write about in a letter. But one thing and another has prevented me from getting away. Harold, do you know where I was at 2:07 in the afternoon, on the day you received your message from the Jedge?"

"I have no idea," I said.

"I was up in the Boston mountains," she said, "on Highway 71, between Fayetteville and Little Rock, at a home which has one of the most beautiful views I've ever seen. I was with a woman friend of mine, and I fell so in love with this place that I decided to buy it. I told the owners that I would have to go and make arrangements with my bank and put my home in Eureka Springs up for sale, and that I would return later that day and make a down payment.

"That is exactly when you got the message from the Jedge—*'Tell Marge—don't you do it—you'll regret it as long as you live—if you do!'*

"Well, I motored to Little Rock, made arrangements at the bank, and started back, still intent on buying the property; but the closer I got to the place, the more my enthusiasm began to wane. I finally started asking myself: What are you doing? All your roots, during your married life, are down in Eureka Springs. All your friends and club activities and interests are there. You're just in love with a view. In a few days,

when this view becomes commonplace, you will get so lonely, away from all your friends, you won't be able to stand it!

"Once I had this perspective, I dropped all thoughts of buying the place and drove right on past, without stopping. The next morning, when I got to our old home in Eureka Springs, which never looked so good, I found your letter in the box.

"Harold Sherman, no one ever can convince me that the Jedge did not get through to me—through you! I can see just how he did it. He must have been with me that afternoon when I was looking at that place, and when he saw I was intent on buying it, he tried to reach me directly, but my mind was so intent on what I wanted to do that he couldn't break through.

"How natural, then, for the Jedge to think of you! So he impressed himself upon you, till you picked up his message and were so moved by him that you even went in to town to mail the letter.

"After that, it is evident that the Jedge returned to me and kept hounding me, until he got through enough to make me wonder *why* I was buying the place. Once I got over this fixation on the property, I could see it would have been a colossal mistake and that, as the Jedge said, *I'd regret it as long as I lived.*

"But how can you write about things like this? I just had to see you folks and tell you my experience in person—and say that I haven't the slightest doubt about life after death any more!"

Among the many Extra Sensory experiences I have had, that one remains a stand-out. Consider the factors involved in this communication. Had this been a telepathic experience and had I been receiving impressions from the mind of Marge Lyon, I would have been impressed by the fact that she was intent on buying the property. Her consciousness was obsessed with this desire at 2:07 in the afternoon, so I could have gotten no warning feeling, "*don't you do it!*" from her.

It is significant that the intelligence which made contact with my mind first made a point of establishing its identity before attempting to present a message. Then, knowing that the *time* of receipt of this message was important as evidence, I was directed to put the *time* on my letter!

For me to have recorded a message absolutely the REVERSE of Marge's feelings and intentions at the moment would seem to rule out any possibility of any other source but the one represented—the entity of Jedge Lyon.

In similar experiences of this nature, I have observed that I am first impressed by the feeling of a presence which catches my mind's attention; then, as I hold my consciousness receptive, this feeling usually develops into a mental **image** of the entity apparently trying to communicate.

This is in striking contrast to the times when I receive spontaneous telepathic impressions from the mind of a living person. When this happens, I may get a sudden sensing of a thought or an event related to such a person, wherein I am conscious of the individual and the thought or event at the same time. But "afterlife" impressions are always preceded by the attempt of the communicating entity to establish first its identity before trying to get a message through. Also significant, at least in the kind of communications I have experienced, is the fact that departed loved ones have had specific reasons for wanting to get in touch with friends and relatives still on earth. Usually, the messages I have received have been of such a personal nature that recipients, while supplying me with signed statements as to their authenticity, have requested that I do not reveal their names.

A strange source of business knowledge

I mention now only two of this number. Mrs. Sherman and I, in 1958, were motoring to Phoenix, Arizona, where I was to deliver a series of lectures. While driving, a strong impression came to me of the presence in the car of a close friend, a man whose initials shall be W. B. I dictated to Mrs. Sherman the message I heard him speaking to me in my mind's ear.

W. B. urged me to warn his wife, who had been running his business following his demise, not to have anything to do with a certain man who wanted to purchase an interest in the company.

Not knowing anything about her business affairs, and never having heard of the other individual in question, nor even knowing the whereabouts of W. B.'s wife, I hesitated about

writing to her. But again, the mental pressure was so strong that I finally addressed a letter to her permanent post office box number, for forwarding.

In a few days she phoned from an east coast city to tell me that the night before my letter arrived, she had been awakened by W. B. whom she saw standing by her bedside, so real and lifelike that she felt she could have reached out and touched him. Then she heard him distinctly say to her: "*Kick that man out!*"

The next morning came my letter with the message: "Have nothing to do with this man." She said she had had no reason to suspect that he wasn't the right sort, and had been seriously considering his offer, feeling that she should have a man in the business to help her. But these warnings had caused her to check more carefully, and her investigation had revealed that involvement with this man would have been ruinous. She ended by expressing appreciation for my passing on the message from W. B. She said she was writing me full details, which I have in my files.

Can a spirit watch over a loved one?

On another occasion, I received a sudden impression that a friend of mine in the Midwest had been taken seriously ill. I heard from him only infrequently and had no conscious reason to be concerned about his health. But I wrote S. R. at once to inquire how things were with him. Soon I had a wire from his wife, stating that at the time I received the impression, S. R. had been seized with a severe heart attack and rushed to the hospital. He died several weeks later.

Some months following this I dreamed about him and felt his presence the next morning, as though he were greatly disturbed about something. He was in the back of my mind all day, and finally broke through in early evening with the message that his wife was so grief-stricken and despondent that she intended to commit suicide. He exhorted me to write to her and assure her that he still lived, that he knew what she was going through, but that she must not think as she was thinking, and that things would be better if she just held on.

I got this letter off immediately. His wife phoned me later,

greatly moved, sobbing that it had arrived just in time to save her life.

Such messages are much more indicative of possible communication between the so-called physical and **nonphysical** worlds, than messages wherein "spirits" attempt to prove their identity by recounting experiences they had while on earth. Such experiences also are recorded in the minds of living relatives and friends. Anything in the minds of these people could be ascertained **telepathically** by a medium and mistakenly interpreted as coming from the purported spirit. This is one of the major reasons why actual communication with anyone in the afterlife is so difficult to demonstrate and to prove. But cases wherein the communicators show a knowledge of current happenings and a desire to be helpful, supplying information not in the minds of any living individuals, are always much more convincing.

Here is a further observation worthy of thoughtful consideration. Most of my impressions from discarnate beings have come to me shortly following their passing, or within the first few months or a year. Later, contact has become more and more infrequent, and while it is not impossible to hear from a departed loved one even years after death, such occasions are a rarity.

This would suggest that the interest of deceased persons is strongest in the initial stages of the change called DEATH, and that as they adjust to this new form of existence, they become more and more demagnetized from the loved ones and from conditions they have left behind.

Many loved ones, when critically ill, have called members of their families to the bedside and pleaded with them to "let me go . . . don't hold onto me . . . let me depart in peace." In those sensitized moments they must have been made aware of what I have described as the *electromagnetic bond* which has become established on subconscious levels between the minds of those who care deeply for one another—and have realized that these bonds must be severed before they can free their spirit for its transition into the next dimension.

Words are a poor substitute for feelings and inner experiences. But in our stage of development they are the only

tools we possess as a means of communicating our thoughts to others. The faculties of Extra Sensory Perception function exclusively on the *feeling level* of mind, and words often have to be found by the receiver to describe or define impressions.

On occasion, an attunement can be established between two minds in such a manner that it almost simulates a telephone connection. Under these conditions the inner ear seems to hear the voice of the transmitter, and words come into consciousness as though being remembered from a past actual conversation, or as though communication is taking place at that very moment.

Sir Hubert Wilkins left this life on December 1, 1958. Because I had been identified with him in the famous series of long-distance telepathic experiments, I often have been asked if I ever received any impressions of things that happened to Wilkins after our experiments **were** concluded, or if I ever felt that I have **heard** from him after his death. The answer to both questions is—*yes*.

Messages from Wilkins after his death

In the years following our experiments, Wilkins was employed by the United States military in research work. He kept a permanent address in Washington, D. C., but was in the field most of the time. We corresponded every few months. One time, when I was writing him from Chicago, with my mind's attention fixed upon him, I suddenly felt impelled to add a postscript:

I see you surrounded by smoke and flame. You seem to be choking and coughing. I cannot account for this peculiar impression but feel you have had a narrow escape of some kind.

It was some weeks later, when Wilkins returned to Washington and found my letter awaiting him, that he **wrote**:

How odd that you received this impression! On that day and date, I was testing a new asbestos suit for the Army. I was walking through a fire created by five hundred gallons of high-test gasoline. In the midst of this fire, the suit sprang a leak and I almost suffocated before they could get me out.

At another time, when writing Wilkins and concentrating upon him, my mind picked up the impression of an accident. I felt that he had suffered a shoulder injury as well as an arm injury and so reported to him. Again he wrote back, confirming this impression by saying that he had been returning to Washington in a bus which swerved off the highway to avoid a head-on collision and turned over in a river. He had given his seat to an elderly woman and had moved toward the back of the bus just before the crash occurred. She was drowned and two other passengers also were killed. Wilkins escaped with a broken collarbone and an injured arm.

And at still another time, when writing him, I said that I felt a lame feeling in my chest which was associated with him and wondered what this could mean. He replied that he had been carrying a watermelon on his Pennsylvania farm and had slipped and fallen, cracking several ribs.

All of these impressions serve, once more, to demonstrate the relationship of feeling in the functioning of Extra Sensory Perception. Each incident had registered strongly upon Wilkins' emotions as well as his mind. The fact that I found myself able to receive thought impressions from him, even years after our regularly scheduled experiments, also indicated that a powerful affinity had been set up between us, and had continued to exist.

This being true, it would suggest that if the mind of man survives death—if he still retains his memory and his intelligence—it should be possible for the mind of anyone who has left this life to communicate, mind-to-mind, with an individual still on earth.

Wilkins and I had discussed this possibility, but we had made no pact in the event one or the other of us should embark on the greatest adventure of all. However, Wilkins was conditioned to think of me as I was of him, and I sent out the thought that my mind would be receptive to any transmission from him, at any time. But these years following Wilkins' passing have been exceptionally busy, creative ones for me, and I have not been in a time and place where I could set aside regular hours for attempted communication. Even so I have kept a careful record of the occasions when I felt Wilkins *did* reach me—and am, herewith, reporting what I seemed to receive from him under two different dates.

When these contacts with my mind were made, I felt Wilkins' presence as though he were in the room, and was able to relax and dictate, word for word, what came through. In this way I was not troubled by the mechanics of writing, and could keep my entire attention upon the impressions of his voice, which appeared to be talking to me in my mind's ear:

Hollywood, California
April 25, 1959

Hello, **Sherman!**

It is not easy to get through. I have been **trying** for some time. I find that each mind is like a miniature universe, a collection of magnetized ideas or concepts, revolving around a nucleus or center which represents the entity itself.

The entity holds these ideas or concepts in what the world would call, today, its orbit, and it is difficult to get through this magnetic field from outside. I can realize now what a monumental attempt you made to receive what you called "thought impressions" from me, during our experiments.

This universe is not at all like man has described it in his books and scientific treatises. It is difficult to get away from a planet on which you are born because of the hold its energy particles have upon you. That is why I am glad I had the body which the world knew as Wilkins returned to the fires, so that its ashes might **more** speedily be freed from any identification with me.

It was a source of profound satisfaction to have these ashes released at the North Pole, and to have it done by these new under-ice pioneers. They are going to realize my **dreams**—**dreams**, I find, which no single entity really completes in any **life**, but leaves for others to carry on.

I am watching you reach out for my thoughts with your mind as I dispatch them through the magnetic field of your consciousness. It is interesting to me to see how these thought impulses travel through your mind circuits to your point of awareness, where you put these impulses, which become feelings, into words. It is quite a process.

Once mental contact is made, you have to hold to it by a sort of fixation and I can perceive that receiving is more difficult than transmitting. / have only to concentrate my forces on you, but *you* have to stop, temporarily, the machinery of your own mind to let me through to the point of awareness. You have to picture me as I *was*, not as I *am*. But no one ever sees the true entity. It is always surrounded by form in any dimension, and apparently remains an eternal mystery to itself.

(At this point the persistent buzz of the apartment doorbell broke in, and Mrs. Sherman had to answer the door. It was the houseman with a package. The communication was then resumed.)

I perceive you are getting tired and have just had an interruption, which requires a displacement of energy.

You are now resisting this word I am sending through to you because you think it sounds so bromidically English. It is simply a sign-off and the word is "Cheerio," and my name, as you have often seen it, I am writing in your mind as . . .

"Wilkins"

Hollywood, California
June 13, 1959

Hello, Sherman!

I have been making a study of the mind circuits with others who are interested in opening up reliable and provable channels of communication. I now can realize why more contact has not been made between the two worlds of the "living" and the "dead." You have the language barrier on earth, which means if you do not understand a language, it is only a series of unintelligible sounds to you.

Because the mind of the average human is centered upon his existence in the flesh and his attention is fixed, for the most part, on his outer rather than his inner life, he automatically rejects thoughts and impressions which he might otherwise receive and identify from the minds of those who have "gone on," as they say.

It will require the establishment of what might be termed *listening posts* on the interior levels of mind, on the part of those interested in and capable of reception of thoughts, and of regularly prescribed intervals such as we set up in our experiments, for any dependable results to be obtained. Trained sleeping subjects are the best in many ways because the machinery of their minds is at a position of comparative rest.

But when all circuits of mind are engaged in ordinary conscious and subconscious activity, it is extremely difficult to reach and impress the entity. This is a hard point to get across but perhaps I can illustrate it by reminding you that different organs of the body are utilized to perform different functions at different times, but never together. Nature closes off one function to permit another to be performed by the same organ, as the occasion demands. In the case of the sexes, dual utility is obvious. One function must be slowed, or largely stopped, before another can take over and use the same channels for another purpose.

Since every mind circuit operates normally in what might be called a closed circuit, this circuit has to be opened, either consciously or unconsciously, before contact can be made with the thought current from the mind of another, either fleshed or unfleshed. This is the problem, and it is not without dangers because thoughts carry a charge with them, and have a tendency to influence whatever consciousness wherein they find lodgment, either for good or for ill.

We are existent in a field of constantly changing, what you call electromagnetic phenomena. This is as good a description as any, since no words can really describe it. If you could sense the wheels within wheels within wheels in the interrelated activity of all minds on the human creature level, it would be overwhelming. This activity is ceaseless and ever-changing, and no mind remains exactly the same in consciousness, as it reacts to experience from one moment to the other.

Body forms are changing from the instant of conception, and every particle in them changes, as do the minds in control of these bodies and particles. Your own mind is now resisting the reception of names recognizable to the

world, and entities interested in attempting to establish communication, some of whom I have been brought in touch with here, simply because you feel these names might be obvious and induced by your imagination. You are so desirous of screening out everything which might seem like a machination of your own mind that it is difficult to introduce or mention recognizable personalities to your consciousness.

I guess this **will** have to wait until you feel more assured that this may be a genuine contact.

Again, "Cheerio," and this is "**Wilkins,**" signing off . . .

Much was given me over which to ponder. I am still studying in an attempt to find ways to make my mind a clearer channel through which to receive impressions. There is so much that remains a mystery; so little yet known, so much to be known. But perhaps you will be prompted, even inspired, to **join** me in this exploration. I look to the future with hope and high expectancy!

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Thirteen:

- Those who have gone on into the spirit world seem to communicate at strange times and in strange ways. In one such case, communication with one spirit came unexpectedly through a medium who had been visited for the purpose of getting in touch with a different spirit.*
- Spiritual communication appears to be a strain on the mind. Mediums may lose their power or deteriorate mentally and physically.*
- It is noticeable that the personalities of the departed come through in spiritual communication. Also they appear to keep watch on loved ones left behind, and attempt to give advice on business or personal affairs. Sometimes, not being able to reach the loved ones directly, they find a sensitive **who** will relay a **message**—always wondering if it is a figment of his imagination.*
- In the case of Sir Hubert **Wilkins**, a close telepathic contact during his life appeared to continue after his death. Long, informative messages appear in the mind of his lifetime contact.*

CHAPTER XIV

Mind in the Space Age

LIKE IT OR NOT, our world is changing with fantastic speed, and it is the mind of man that is changing it! Today it is difficult to conceive of anything that man cannot ultimately accomplish.

This is because man has discovered that what he can picture in his mind, an amazing creative power in his Subconscious can eventually produce for him in his external life.

When Byron said: "Thoughts are things," he was uttering a profound truth. To *think* a thought is an *act of creation*. If we clothe this thought in *feeling*, activate it with a strong desire to have it become manifest, the thought or idea begins to take form, to grow like a seed, to attract to itself the conditions, opportunities, resources and all the events necessary to **enable** its reproduction in our so-called material world.

The only trouble is that uncontrolled and unwise desires can bring destructive thoughts into being as readily as constructive thoughts—thus showering us with curses as well as blessings.

Remember, I have said our world is changing with fantastic speed—and *we, ourselves*, are changing it with our **minds**.

This is an inescapable fact which has, somehow, eluded most of us. We are leaving more and more of the work of the world to machines, forgetting that these very time-saving and brain-saving instruments have been created by the human mind.

Already machines can do almost everything but think and reproduce. Robots soon will venture into space, and because they do not possess feeling, will be impervious to solitary confinement, lack of food or the passage of time. They will mechanically record information of subsequent service to creature man when he has conditioned himself to take over, as a **flesh-and-blood** instrument, where his fellow robot has left off.

Mind, it has now been determined, is a series of electrical impulses, but with the vital factor of *feeling* added. If it were not for feeling, man, himself, would perform like a robot. However, this mysterious faculty of **feeling—of self-awareness—the capacity to evaluate experiences—**has set man apart as unique from all other animals.

Man is *energy*, directed by *intelligence*. If a machine ever becomes conscious of **itself—look out!** Man has given it the working mechanism and the energy it **needs—but** man still pushes the buttons.

The question is: how did man **start** pushing his own buttons? What raised man from an instinctual being into a self-conscious intelligence which began to fashion its own destiny? What gave him the idea to rub two sticks together and make fire, and to chip crude weapons out of stone? And to go on from there?

Is this the same evolutionary process which is taking place on numberless other planets where creatures resembling us in intelligence have passed beyond the stone weapon stage?

This leads to many temporarily unanswerable questions. Are superior beings on other planets handling their adventure in atomic fission any better than we are? Or, having progressed from the creation of a simple flame to cosmic fire, are they still thinking in terms of the survival of the fittest, even at the cost of destroying themselves?

It would help if we could know this as we plan to drop in for a friendly or unfriendly welcome on other inhabited planets. Right now, we probably would try to shoot down anyone attempting to visit us from outer space. The presumption

that higher intelligence produces greater trust has not yet been borne out by our own limited experience.

The animal nature in man still seeks to dominate him. He has risen above it intellectually but not emotionally. Where the cave man ruled with a club, civilized man now wants to rule with atomic power and guided missiles. The blood of man still boils with desire for physical conquest, the lust to subject others to his will. All this because man still cannot trust himself. Better subdue others first, he thinks, before they subdue him! Better keep ahead of the pack or the pack will devour him!

We keep an moving ahead

And yet, with all man's mistakes, his greeds, his hates, his resentments, his fears and his worries—he still is making progress!

The mind in man is opening new doors and revealing new, **challenging** vistas, even new dimensions.

Today there is general agreement that man's mind possesses Extra Sensory powers. We have television programs dramatizing this fact; the phrase ESP is now appearing throughout our literature and in our dictionaries; and men and women now freely confess without fear of ridicule that they have had psychic experiences.

It was considered pioneering even 25 years ago, when Sir Hubert Wilkins and I were able to demonstrate that mind could communicate with mind, regardless of the distance involved. But, as man accepts on faith that telepathy can be performed, he will find himself increasingly capable of receiving verifiable thought impressions.

Herein is one of the great secrets behind the functioning of the creative power in mind. BELIEVE, as the philosophers of all ages have said, that a thing can be done, and you can bring it to pass!

If you tell your Subconscious Mind, for instance, that it is impossible for it to transcend time and space, then you **will** never experience Extra Sensory Perception. Your Subconscious Mind cannot reason, I must **repeat**—it only can follow your orders, as presented by your Conscious Mind.

To cause this creative power to produce results for you in

any line of endeavor, you must activate it by your *faith* in its capacity to serve you.

Einstein believed he could find the answer to the riddle of the universe, and put it in the form of a workable **formula**. He persisted in his mathematical quest and, one night, in a dream which was far more than a dream, he saw the whole panorama of the universe laid out before him in a marvelous geometric design. It took him weeks to put on paper what he had seen in one gigantic mental flash.

Think what *one* mind has contributed to the changing of life on an entire planet! Think of the great minds that have gone before, each making its contribution to the sum total of knowledge that we have today. It took Isaac Newton 16 years to understand the significance of an apple dropping from a tree. But, after he had disclosed the law of gravity, he said, humbly: "I owe a profound debt to those who have preceded me. I have stood on the shoulders of giants."

All mankind today is standing, trembling insecurely, on the shoulders of the giant, Science. A new world is being born too fast for the minds and emotions of creature man to keep pace.

The Space Age is exploding beneath our mental feet. It gives us no opportunity to stop and catch up. Astronomers tell us we are living in an expanding universe—that our little group of planets is held together by a single sun, and that there are at least a hundred billion galaxies in the universe, containing countless suns; that creation is ceaselessly going on, and there is little doubt but that there are untold millions of other *inhabited* planets!

It should be clear to you that it is not only the universe which is expanding. The greatest, most thrilling expansion of all is taking place in the limitless realm of MIND!

Your mind and *my* mind! Every mind!

Man has developed to the point where he will at last be compelled, for his own self-protection, to rule with his mind and not his emotions. To permit feelings of hate, resentment, greed and the like to dominate as they have in the past, can and will destroy the human race on this planet.

Man is at the crossroads between the animal forces within him and a step up to *mind control* in place of emotional con-

trol. Here he must make a choice between the Law of the Jungle and the Law of an Enlightened Civilization.

The New Space Age must produce a Dividing of the Way—wherein man leaves his savage past behind him and enters a new consciousness of human **fellowship**—or man will slip back into another Dark Age.

We make our own world

The reason that a prediction of two extremes has to be made is because man is a creature of free will and free choice. No God is going to compel him to make the right or wrong decision. It is strictly up to man himself.

Since man has made his world, through mind, up to the present moment, man's future world also will be his own handiwork. The start of a New World begins with you and your mental attitude toward it, as well as your attitude toward your fellow man. What you think, you *are*—and what the majority of the people on this planet think and feel, will determine the kind of world that is being built.

Feeling gives conviction to mind. It activates the creative power within, and causes it to produce what is desired or feared. If the feelings of people are aroused by wrong leadership, it will not be the machines or weapons that man has built which will destroy him, but man himself.

Should man decide to take the step ahead in his evolution, so that he controls his feelings through his mind, and no longer surrenders to the dictates of his emotions—a world of unbelievable wonders and beauty will burst upon mankind.

Some day we will communicate, mind to mind, with intelligent beings on distant planets. We will learn how to reach these planets by traveling at close to the speed of light. But our *thoughts* will have arrived ahead of our space vehicles—because *thought* is the most powerful of all forces in the Universe.

This is a great time to be alive on this planet. A new world is opening up to creature man—a world within his own consciousness—a world of his Extra Senses—a world beyond physical sight and hearing and taste and touch and smell—a world of extended awareness in which man sees and hears and receives impressions of past, present and future events, entirely apart from his bodily organs.

It is a world unlimited by Time or Space. And when man gains mastery over this higher consciousness within him, he ultimately will solve the mystery of his own *being*—**who** and what he *really is*—**where** he has come **from**—**and** where he is going after death of the physical organism in which he now dwells.

And so what Sir Hubert Wilkins said to me a quarter of a century ago is ever more true today. With all our adventuring into Outer Space, the greatest, most exciting and important area yet remaining for exploration is the area of man's own mind!

✓ Now check what you have learned in Chapter Fourteen:

- The world changes with such fantastic speed because the mind of man changes it. We are creating an age of robots; yet only man has the vital faculties of feeling and **self-awareness**. Man is energy directed by intelligence. He may create machines to do his work, but he still pushes the buttons.*
- Shall we find superior beings when at last we reach other worlds? Shall we find they have handled **their problems** better than we **do—especially** the problem of **keeping the peace**? The animal nature in man still seeks to dominate **him**. We have to learn to trust ourselves before we can trust others.*
- Man has developed to the point where he will be compelled to rule with his mind and not with his emotions. Either we shall take a great step forward in evolution, or fall back into another Dark Age. Outer Space beckons as a great adventure; but the greatest, most exciting and most important area yet remaining for exploration is the area of man's own mind.*



ESP RESEARCH ASSOCIATES FOUNDATION

For exploration of the origin and nature of man's sixth sense

1790 TOWER BUILDING
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

HAROLD SHERMAN
President

To YOU — Who **Have** Expressed Interest:

For years, it has **been** my conviction that **many** of the answers to the "**mysteries of the Mind**" can be found in and **through** the **men** and women who have **had** and are **having** **personal** experiences with one or **more** **phases** of Extra Sensory Perception.

There are quite a number of individuals, of course, who are **highly imaginative**, hallucinatory or **self-deluded** -- often **sincerely** so -- but I am convinced that there are many more who have had genuine manifestations of ESP.

It is **these** latter people whom I particularly invite to take a **participating** Interest in the program of ESP Research **Associates Foundation**, as it unfolds.

I also invite **those** with professional, **medical**, **scientific** and **religious** backgrounds; and **those** interested in the possible **spiritual** overtones and **aspects** of ESP; as well as those **approaching** the subject with an honest skepticism -- to join in helping explore **these** mind mysteries which Science, as yet, cannot adequately explain or classify.

Today, recognition of ESP as a new **force** in the lives of men has **reached** the Research **stage** in Soviet **Russia**, and our own government in the United States is giving a study of it **serious** consideration. This earmarks a critical urgency in the needed discovery of certain mental laws behind the functioning of ESP.

Therefore, I encourage all **interested**, like yourself, to write me -- stating how you think you might be of service -- what qualifications you feel you may have. **In this** way, I can keep you **informed** of developments and give you opportunity to **participate** at the proper time.

I **enclose, herewith**, a statement of the Aims and Purposes of the Foundation.

Sincerely,

HAROLD SHERMAN
President and Executive Director

OFFICERS: President, HAROLD SHERMAN; Vice-Presidents, JAMES ARON CAMPBELL; Secretary, AL PILLBANK; Treasurer, GLENN HINLE
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