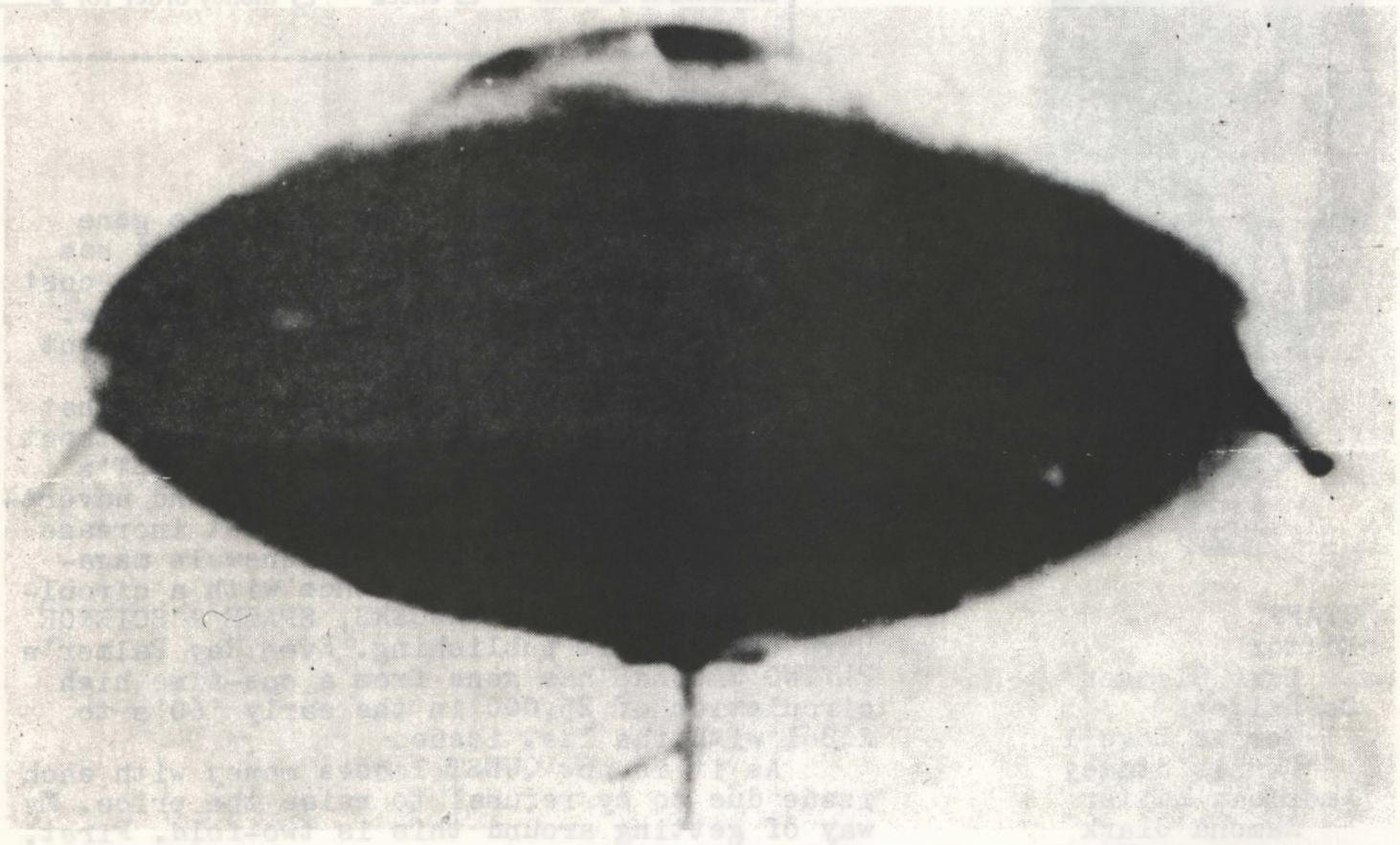


QUEST

VOL. FOUR NO. FIVE (WHOLE NO. 24) MAY-JUNE, 1973 50¢



IN THIS ISSUE

ALEISTER CROWLEY: THE WORLD'S MOST EVIL MAN

Ghosts

Nessie





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EDITOR'S NOTES

After almost four years QUEST has gone through a number of positive changes. It has gone from spirit duplicating to offset (a cost increase of 150%) without a change in price. Unlike other similar zines QUEST has come out on schedule with each issue.

However, recently it became obvious that financially QUEST can't continue as is without a price or some other change. Since QUEST's beginning postage has increased 20% and advertising 30%. Because of this high cost increase (a total of 200%) and lack of renewals magazines such as SAUCER NEWS (once with a circulation of 15,000) and SAUCERS, SPACE & SCIENCE have had to quit publishing. Even Ray Palmer's FLYING SAUCERS has gone from a one-time high circulation of 25,000 in the early '60's to 2,861 with the last issue.

As it is now QUEST loses money with each issue due to my refusal to raise the price. My way of getting around this is two-fold. First, with subscriptions free books will be given away to induce people to renew and subscribe. Second, special issues will be published. These issues will be in the form of booklets and sell for \$1.25. However, subscribers will receive them as one regular issue, that is for 50¢. Non-subscribers will pay the full price. Two or three of these special issues will be published per volume. The subject matter of the special issues will be the same as that of QUEST - the supernatural, UFOs and the controversial. The first special issue is being mailed with issue #24. Your comments are invited.

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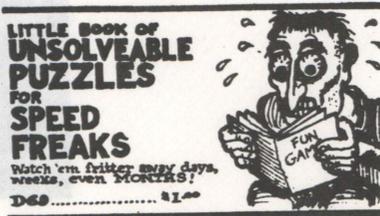
Gene Duplantier

**"ROUND TRIP TO HELL
IN A FLYING SAUCER"**

By Cecil Michael

\$3.50

A limited number of copies of this previously out-of-print book are now available at a low price. Order your copy while our supply lasts.



J. C. Brown, 49, was searching for gold in California in 1904 for the Lord Cowdray Mining Company of London. In the Cascades he came across what looked like the mouth of a tunnel. It took quite some time to move the rocks, earth and vegetation. When he finished the task Brown walked into a tunnel which led him to a long, narrow room.

According to Leland Lovelace writing in his Lost Mines and Hidden Treasure (Ace Books) the sides of the room were covered with tempered copper and on these walls hung shields and other decorations made of gold. The room led to other rooms which contained gold and copper. On the floors were bones belonging to a giant race. The walls and some of the objects were covered with hieroglyphics and drawings. Brown left the mine without taking any of the treasure.

In April, 1934, Brown returned to the area. In Stockton he told his story to the editor of a daily newspaper and the story was later carried by the UPI.

Brown gathered some 80 people to help him recover the treasure at his expense. He did not take any money from the people. The expedition was to begin on June 19, 1934. Brown never showed up.

In October, 1925, several men were curious about a mound near Potato Creek, a few miles north of Walkerton, Indiana. They obtained permission to excavate it. At a depth of 12 feet they struck some bones. As the soil was slowly and carefully cleared away, they found eight skeletons of giant proportions lying like the spokes of a great wheel, with the skulls meeting at the center. The skeletons were at least nine feet in length. One was encased in a complete suit of copper armor. Another had a curiously wrought arrowhead in his skull, broken at the tip, though the edges were still sharp.

Among the relics unearthed were some bone needles and two smoothly polished stone pipes. On one was carved a figure that resembled a prehistoric monster, described as an animal with a lizard-like tail and the body of a hippopotamus.

Why were the skeletons laid out in the form of a wheel and where did they come from?

In 1875, a similar discovery of giants was made in conical mounds of prehistoric origin in western Missouri.

Indians in the USA and Mexico have a lore of giants called los gigantes. Bones of los gigantes have been found in Colorado, Nevada, Arizona, Sonora and Chihuahua. The bones are of giants seven to nine feet tall. One area in Chihuahua south of Big Bend, Texas, is known as the Plain of Giants because so many skeletons were found there.

Years after Brown's disappearance two prospectors in southwestern Nevada found some deep caves which were connected with each other. Lovelace states they found furniture of immense size. One large table appeared to have been set in preparation of a meal. The prospectors also found dishes of gold and other bright metals which they couldn't identify. The caves were extremely old and there was no evidence of recent use.

The Piute Indians living in Lovelock, Nevada, tell of a tribe of giant red-headed cannibals. The Indians spoke of them even before the first mummy of one of them was discovered. The find was made by James Hart and David Pugh in a cave 22 miles southwest of Lovelock in 1912 while mining for bat guano. Since then scores of red-haired mummies and thousands of artifacts have been recovered from the cave by the Univer-

(cont. on page 7)

■ The tall, gaunt Barrymore-like figure entered the swank renaissance salon of the million dollar estate on Long Island and stared imperiously at the scores of spellbound onlookers.

"How do you do," he said in an icy British accent. "I'm glad to see you recognize greatness."

Then as the room continued in an almost deafening silence, he called for the wealthy matron who had invited him.

"You have my fee for this rare call outside my temple, Madame?"

The lady fished gingerly in her voluminous purse and handed him a check for two thousand dollars. As the visitor pocketed the check, there was a titter of nervous giggles in the crowd of wealthy and socially prominent thrill seekers, many of whom had traveled fifty or a hundred miles to see this legendary man of the erotic cults.

The newcomer regarded them with cool contempt for a long moment. Then, without a word, he dropped his pants before the startled guests and defecated on the rich Persian carpet.

A scream from his hostess and howls of indignation from the assembled guests failed to deter him. No one dared stop him.

A moment later he smiled.

"As you know my excreta is sacred like the Grand Lama of Tibet. It has magical powers." He bowed graciously to his hostess. "See that it is properly revered."

Whereupon, leaving nearly a hundred spectators with mouths wide open, Aleister Crowley, the enfant terrible of the sex cults in Europe, the man whose erotic religious performances had rocked Europeans from England to Sicily, concluded his American debut.

by Jack Matcha

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE WORLD'S



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MOST EVIL MAN

It was a stunt completely in keeping with the weird shenanigans of a charlatan who had celebrated pornographic black masses in England and had recently fled Sicily after police raided a temple lined with filthy murals.

It was also the kind of black humor that had long characterized the career of one of the most incredible leaders of modern cultism. Surprisingly the Long Island incident did not diminish Crowley's attraction for his followers. The sex magician's worshippers had always contended that he was a genius and that genius had its own mysterious ways. His critics, on the other hand, used the disgusting display of manners as further evidence that Crowley was a devil, a fool, a madman and the world's greatest scoundrel. Both sides were right.

Crowley was born in Leamington, England, the son of a rich brewer. The child showed remarkable signs of great intelligence from the beginning. In 1879 when he was barely four he was reading books and by the time he reached ten he was writing hymns as a hobby and analyzing Greek and Latin tracts. It was this astonishing affinity for learning, both classical and modern, which would later mesmerize many wealthy followers and which made him, aside from all else, a great scholar.

But this was only one side of him. Very early, the evil, sadistic side that delighted in erotic cruelty was also revealed. At an early age, friends saw him enjoy tearing apart small birds and animals and recall his pleasure in being beaten. Many times he begged friends to beat him, to be physically cruel to him because it excited him so much.

His conversation, even in childhood, shocked his elders. At one family conclave, a rather fussy and prim uncle asked Crowley in the midst of the assembled aunts and uncles if the boy knew who the two bad kings were.

When the boy shook his head, the uncle growled: "smoking and drinking." The group laughed, Crowley did not.

"There's a third king," the boy said slyly.

"Really?" said the smug uncle. "Who is it?"

Aleister told him using a four letter word. The uncle strapped the boy.

By the time he was twelve, Crowley, rebelling against his uncle's religiosity (his uncle had been appointed his guardian on his father's death), had come to hate all forms of religion and respectability. Shortly afterwards, he was beaten by the headmaster of his school for indulging in homosexual activities, and expelled.

His shocked mother screamed to him that he was the Great Beast prophesied in Revelation. The delighted boy checked his mother's statement in the Bible. Sure enough the book described a beast who performed miracles and whose number was 666. He began to sign his letters "The Beast" or "666." It was the beginning of his love affair with black magic and devil workshop. He began to put curses on his enemies, some of whom mysteriously underwent accidents, he wrote poems to murderers awaiting the gallows, wrote filthy epithets about Queen Victoria and at home shocked and outraged his family by seducing a virginal housemaid on her bed. He left the bloodstains on the sheets to make sure his mother saw them.

By the time he was 21, he was indulging freely in all his wild sex drives. Armed with an inheritance of

two hundred thousand dollars, the young man, already a brilliant classical scholar and mountain climber, visited prostitutes regularly. He boasted to friends that he seduced a new shopgirl or barmaid every day, tossing them aside afterwards. He wrote a collection of pornographic poems called "White Stains," made love to a female impersonator (a homosexual student at Cambridge) and penned odes to another youth's genitals.

Finding time for other interests, he became mixed up with a plot to restore the Spanish royal family.

About that time he decided to join a new magic group in London: The Order of the Golden Dawn which included among its members, the occult writer Arthur Machen and William Butler Yeats. The society delved into such things as the mystery religions of Greece and Rome, Hermetic Lore, the Egyptian Book of the Dead. For a time Crowley loved the group then, as was his wont, he became acutely bored. Their rites were not shocking enough. Unless a cult's mysteries had a high shock voltage, Crowley was always bored.

With another member he broke away and created his own temple in a swank apartment, decorating it with skeletons, black drapes, magic signs and stocks of morphine, cocaine, opium and chloroform. The cult's rites consisted largely of drug-imbibing parties by the two charter members after which a session of homosexual love followed. When Crowley got tired of taking his male roommate to bed, he went out and got himself a parade of prostitutes from the foggy London streets. One night Crowley and Allan Bennett, the roommate, decided to summon up demons by drugging themselves and burning henbane and other narcotics in urns. They counted over 300 devils before they went out of their minds with the surfeit of drugs. Their terrified yells sent their neighbors screaming into the streets.

When the night was over, Bennett decided to become a Buddhist monk in Asia. Crowley, who wanted more of the same, bought an old castle in Scotland for \$100,000, set up another magic circle and invited neighbors to join in the new rites. Together they took quantities of opium, ergot (which works a good deal like LSD), cocaine and snakeroot. They began to see visions including a re-enactment of the Crucifixion.

It was not long before the townfolk, absolutely petrified by the weird crypto-erotic shenanigans in the castle were up in arms. Many of them were afraid he would conjure up the horrible Loch Ness monster to climb the banks and swallow them whole. They threatened

through his cheek.

Here, too, he began to formulate the famous Crowley doctrines which attacked bourgeois morality and mixed lofty thoughts on Christianity with pornographic verse. Devils would be declaimed in the King James idiom in his writings and shocking hymns in free verse. These writings became the basis for the Crowley cult later and are still revered by his followers in Europe and America. The cult's basic law was simply that a man had the right to do as he willed including violence and murder. The debt to the Marquis de Sade who believed and indeed wrote much the same thing in his own books was obvious from the first. The normal deity was pretty much ignored in his writings while Satan was of course praised and revered.

After Cairo, the Crowleys went on to China where Crowley was sick with malaria and existed on heavy doses of opium a good deal of the time. One day he deserted his wife and young child in a village far off the beaten track and went on alone to Shanghai. Rose finally got back to Europe but Crowley had conveniently erased her existence from his mind. He took on a series of mistresses, traveling from one large city to the next until he was bored again and returned to his waiting wife.

Until now Crowley's followers had been relatively few. When he announced, on his return to England, that he would launch a new religion based on sex magic, the faithful jammed the doors of his temple. The new Crowley faith, made up of bits and pieces lifted from an ancient text, was based on the 350 possible position in sexual intercourse.

Crowley, declaring pretentiously to interviewers that the new rites were dignified ceremonies and not an indulgence of common lust, explained that certain sexual positions could be used only when the stars were correctly aligned in the sky. In addition the sex act would be used to slay one's enemies, bring wealth and other pleasant rewards.

Naturally the new cultists had to practice the sex magic rites nightly. Any woman who refused was summarily excommunicated by the Beast. When his own wife balked at performing some especially repugnant acts with others in the temple, Crowley hung her by the heels stark naked and ordered her to watch while he performed sex magic with a more loyal follower.

The temple soon rocked with new followers and Crowley was in his element but it developed that most of the new disciples contributed strong appetites to the temple. The money that had financed The Beast's great travels and acquisitions was soon gone. He

had to make his expenses now and he began by launching The Rites of Eleusis in a Paris hall. For twenty dollars, patrons would be shown the sex magic ceremonies which had shocked even the jaded Greeks thousands of years earlier.

On opening night, the house was packed to the rafters, and the crowd waited with bated breath as a priest in a red robe beat a tom-tom before a red altar. Several lovely girls suddenly rushed to the priest's side, went into screaming convulsions and began to tear the clothes off their bodies. Incense filled the hot darkened chamber as the naked women cavorted before the altar. Men fainted as the room was plunged into total darkness and arms began to seize patrons. One reporter wrote afterwards that he was delighted to be kissed by a perfumed stranger until he realized the kisser had a moustache.

The show was an instant smash hit and became the spicy sellout of a city where sex shows were, after all, hardly unknown. Had he been able to continue, Crowley might have solved all his problems, but alas the Paris Police moved in. When he toned down the show, the crowds stayed away.

He tried again with a burlesque show called "The Ragged Ragtime Girls" and sent it around Europe. It finally reached a dead end in Russia and the chorus girls were left stranded in chilly Moscow.

Just when he was at his lowest financial ebb, a young and wealthy poet offered to stake him if he would teach him magic. Crowley took the poet to Egypt, shaved his head, allowing only two horn shaped tufts to remain and led him around on all fours with a chain. He convinced the superstitious Arabs that he had captured an evil spirit. The young poet was enchanted by the experience.

When World War I arrived, Crowley moved to Greenwich Village where he posed as an Irish patriot and made public speeches calling for Irish freedom. He was in his element again. The Village immediately took him to its heart (what could be weirder and newer than Crowley?)

The Beast's apartment was packed nightly with girls and homosexuals who wanted to live with him. To thrill his lovers, he would hire hunchbacks and dwarfs with deformities and order them to strip while he and his partner of the evening lay naked in bed. The couple would then stroke the deformities. He defended this practice by telling friends that his chief attraction to women was their passion for the bizarre.

He supported himself now by writing diatribes against England and defending the Kaiser. In Greenwich Village,

he met Leah Faesi, a slim nervous girl with high cheekbones whom he swore was the "mother of harlots" mentioned in the same text that described the Beast 666. To celebrate their union, he took a red hot dagger and burned a cross with three concentric circles on her breast for the Mark of the Beast . . . She was pleased and stayed with him. When the United States entered the war, he had to stop his pro-German tirades of course. He tried lecturing on Yoga and Oriental philosophy but the gleanings were small. He started next a collection for a new shrine to house a sacred relic. The money was coming in at a steady pace until a man at a fund-raising meeting demanded to know what the mysterious relic was.

"When I die," Crowley announced. "I intend to have my penis mummified and set in solid gold. That's the relic!"

Friends begged him to go to California but he decided that the competition from the Utopians, mystics and theosophists on the West Coast was too strong. He opted for Sicily instead.

With some recently inherited money, the Beast and his new mistress, re-named The Scarlet Woman, bought a deserted farmhouse on the island and set it up as a new temple.

The couple painted the main chamber vivid red and filled the walls with murals of men and animals having sexual intercourse with women in some of the more bizarre of the cult's 350 positions. An altar with a niche containing Cakes of Light—made of honey, meal, menstrual blood and wine, was set up to use in the Black Mass. There was also a throne for the Beast and the Scarlet Woman, bells, swords and instruments of torture for ritualistic sacrifices.

The temple's equipment included bowls of drugs and bottles of brandy which were placed around the room for the benefit of visitors and disciples. A small Negro boy and a new mistress were brought in to use as partners in some of the sex magic rites. The temple was soon operating at high gear and drawing the curious from all directions. A visitor reported that when he arrived the Black Mass was in progress. Crowley, under the influence of drugs, was officiating in red and black robes. After consecrating one of the Cakes of Light to the Devil he set it against his chest to soak up the blood. While he baptized a rooster as St. Peter, the Scarlet Woman danced about the room in a weird lurching manner intended to insult the Virgin Mary.

She demanded the head of "St. Peter" whereupon Crowley beheaded the rooster and poured its blood on the Cakes which the disciples then consumed. In another rite, a goat was brought in and its

to burn the castle down unless he stopped the unholy rites. As for the servants, the noises from the temple rooms so unnerved them that they began to drink up Crowley's liquor in enormous draughts. When that was finished, they fled to the hills.

Disgusted by the local reaction, Crowley returned to London and tried to put a fire under the Order of the Golden Dawn. But all they wanted was a lot of mumbo jumbo about the Egyptian goddess Isis. He was bored and when he was bored Crowley had to do something ghastly. His next move was shocking enough to satisfy even the Marquis de Sade.

The Beast, as he called himself in his correspondence, went to Mexico, a land that had always fascinated him because of its wealth of Aztec and Indian lore. There his masochistic desires flared up and he satisfied them in a grotesque manner. Traveling up and down the country, he hired prostitutes to come to his hotel room, choosing only the ugliest and the most sore-ridden. He selected from these the girls who were diseased beyond medical help and paid them to "force" him into committing various sordid acts. These including eating their feces. He exulted about his new activity in letters to Europe: "The dung of worthless women I desire!"

From Mexico he traveled to San Francisco where he denounced American culture in several press interviews, and later looked up his old friend Bennett in the Far East. He found Bennett living with a group of monks who practiced homosexual rites. Crowley soon convinced him that a homosexual union with one man was far superior and they took a house by themselves on the edge of the jungle. This lasted until Crowley, who shortly found time hanging heavy on his hand, again, decided to liven things up by shooting water buffalo. This was a horrible insult to Bennett's religious beliefs—he considered the buffalo sacred animals who had been re-incarnated. When Crowley would not stop his hunting, he left him in a towering rage.

The Beast was in no hurry to leave Asia however. He began to wander around the huge continent disguised as a Hindu. He took time out for his old love, mountain climbing, joining an expedition which conquered K-2, one of the most formidable peaks in the Himalayas. After sacrificing a few goats in Indian temples, he decided he had finally had enough of Asia and sailed to Europe, settling on the Left Bank in Paris.

By this time Crowley had become the darling of the Bohemians. You could not sit at a cafe table or go to a dinner

party in London or Paris without hearing a new Crowley story. Somerset Maugham has caught him at this stage in his turn-of-the-century novel, *The Magician*. Crowley, the author noted, was a towering figure, well over six feet with tiny ears, a neck like a bull and heavy, moist lips. The eyes of Crowley were unforgettable Maugham said. They were large and hard to look into. Most people's eyes converged when they looked at anyone. Crowley had such control over his eyes that he could keep them parallel as he talked, convincing his partner that he was looking straight through him.

He began to enjoy his own legend now and went around creating incidents that could be talked about by cafe habitues. He would appear in a sidewalk cafe with a peaked hat and robe and with a silver wand spread curses on the inhabitants. In another cafe he spent several hours pretending he was invisible, listening to intimate conversations and giving no sign of his presence. When anyone asked him a question, he would ignore him. But this could not last too long for anyone with the appetites of Aleister Crowley. Fairly soon the Left Bank's brou haha bored him and he was back in Scotland calling up spirits in draughty old castles. When

he succeeded in getting a two hundred year old ghost to roll his skull along the long corridors (he had been beheaded for some obscure crime) the servants shuddered and locked themselves in their rooms.

Having tried nearly everything but marriage, he now decided to experience matrimony. He married a local girl named Rose who boasted that she was "an emancipated woman." She had no idea what she was getting into. Aleister did not believe in conventional marriages or honeymoons. The new groom took his bride to Cairo and, as a wedding surprise, persuaded her to spend the night with him in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. While Crowley engaged in magic rites in the Stygian blackness, trying to conjure up a sacred white light, the terrified girl fought off swarms of bats.

With that as a starter, he moved Rose to Ceylon for a hunting trip. When she became pregnant, they went back to Cairo where he dressed them both in rich silks, turbans and gold coats and announced to everyone that they were royal personages from Persia. Leaving Rose to rest in an apartment, Crowley created his own excitement by going into the streets and licking hot swords, eating scorpions and running a dagger

*Giants in America (Continued from page 3)
sity of California in Berkeley.

Carbon-14 tests showed that the cave was occupied as early as 2000 to 3000 BC and as late as the 19th century.

In a book entitled Life Among the Piutes, printed in 1883, the author, Sarah W. Hopkins states that the last of the giants were killed by the Piutes in the early 1800's. There were some 2,600 of the cannibals when the Piutes began their three-year war against them.

A skull of one of the giants and some artifacts from the cave are on exhibit at Stoker's Museum in Winnemucca. The curator of the museum, Clarence Stoker, said, "They were an exceptionally intelligent group of people," referring to a calendar stone taken from the cave which had 365 dots on the outside and 52 on the inside.

throat slashed so that the blood would deluge the naked form of Leah. There were other rites which the visitor said were indescribable. While all this was happening, narcotic herbs such as Jimson Weed, henbane, foxglove and squaw cabbage burned in urns about the room.

Other visitors were shocked by the sight of Crowley's now numerous legitimate and illegitimate children wandering through the streets of the village under the influence of drugs and torturing small animals. The bewildered Italians were startled by the sight of Leah, naked and drunk, lurching through narrow streets. Astonishingly the Italian authorities turned a deaf ear to their protests. At one point the Beast even returned to England to recruit more disciples and went about dressed as a Highland Chief, his mouth grotesquely reddened by heavy lipstick in a Cupid's bow.

He was able to get one couple after he seduced the groom. The wife fled back to England and spilled the whole bizarre story to the London tabloids and all hell broke loose. It finally filtered down to Sicily where the authorities finally decided the temple was a public nuisance and shut it down.

Crowley turned to other things. He offered to back Leon Trotsky, then Soviet Defense Commissar, in a campaign to destroy Christianity throughout the world. His wife was sent out as a prostitute to help finances. Fortunately, just as he was close to financial bankruptcy, the old Crowley luck held out. He ran into a rich American widow and made her his mistress, keeping her long enough to siphon off a good part of her money. For a time he lectured in England on Gilles de Rais, the Fifteenth Century pervert-murderer of small children who was a Crowley favorite. He would depict vividly the killer's routine of kidnapping small boys, decapitating them and hanging their heads in his living room. Rais would then decorate the heads with cosmetics and invite friends to select the prettiest head. His Oxford lecture was packed to the outer doors one night when the outraged authorities called it off, triggering a large student protest.

Another scheme to raise money was a Crowley perfume guaranteed to lure the opposite sex which he called the Elixir of Life and made out of his own sacred feces. This was followed by Kubla Khan number 2, and aphrodisiac made of gin, Spanish fly, laudanum and other things. He sued a newspaper for libel but the case was thrown out by a disgusted judge after it was proved that the Beast loved to crucify frogs in his temple.

He was past fifty now and his shock value was dwindling. The easy sucker

money was no longer there. But he pursued it relentlessly with such schemes as a restaurant offering weird dishes (the public aware of his passion for human dung, stayed away in droves), an advice to the lovelorn column, pornographic hymn books and pamphlets, anthologies of dirty verse, etc. One book, *The Equinox*, was denounced by the U.S. Supreme Court as "the most lascivious and libidinous book ever published in the United States."

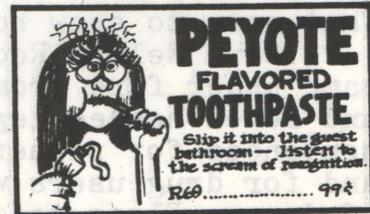
After World War II Crowley was on the skids for good. A tiny amount of dollars came from acolytes in the United States but it was not enough to pay his bills. He was compelled to move to a cheap boarding house in Hastings and curtail his activities sharply. The horrible carnage of World War II, the atrocities of Hitler made the stunts of the Beast seem almost commonplace by contrast. The old man would continue to tell younger listeners about his shocking rites and orgies, but now it made them laugh. But one last triumph remained to the Beast.

In December 1947 he lay dying in the boarding house demanding morphine from the doctor to ease his pains. The doctor, shaking his head, told him,

he had passed his drug limit. It was dangerous to give him more.

The Beast thundered that he needed more and ordered the doctor to get it. "If you don't you'll die within twenty four hours," he promised.

The physician declined and Crowley was dead a few hours later. Whether it was by Crowley's curse or a bizarre coincidence, the doctor himself was dead 18 hours afterwards.



BULLSHIT STORY OF THE MONTH

The January, 1973, issue of *TV-Radio Mirror* carried a story entitled "Chad Everett: 'We Want to Adopt a Son, but I'm Afraid of Getting an LSD Baby!'". The author of this piece was Jay Fisher.

In the article TV star Everett is quoted as saying: "I don't want an LSD baby. That sounds pretty callous to say because I guess the most benevolent thing to say is, 'I want an LSD baby.' However, I don't think anybody really does, including the person who gave him up in the first place.

"It could be born with an addiction problem or with chromosomic damage. That's the cruelest thing. Here comes a little person. All right, the addiction you can handle because while they're young you can overcome that. But I mean, here comes a little person who grows up to become a big person and for no reason, no fault of theirs, he reaches the age when he wants to do the natural thing, to get married and have children, and all of a sudden he finds out there's no way."

If the star of TV's *MEDICAL CENTER* actually said the above he should perhaps play something else besides a doctor. *TV-Radio Mirror* had best check facts on LSD. First of all, the drug is not physically addictive. Second, the chromosome damage is temporary and therefore can't be passed on to one's offspring. Coca-Cola, cigarettes,

coffee, tea, etc. cause the same amount of temporary chromosome damage as LSD. Lastly, there is no reason why the child of an LSD user can't marry and have children. So Chad Everett and TV-Radio Mirror you know what you can do with your bullshit article.

NEWSFRONT

In January Vincent "The Cat" Siciliano, an alleged mob leader, was chosen as a juror in Queens county court. Siciliano has served 14 years in prison for gambling, armed robbery and weapons possession. "The first guy that walks in is innocent," Siciliano quipped.

In some states it is illegal to shoot deer from a stagecoach and to have less than a foot of daylight between dancing couples. That goes to show how slow law changes.

Gov. Nelson Rockefeller proposed a drug bill in January which came under fire from the New York Civil Liberties Union, judges and level-headed legislators. The bill called for mandatory life sentences for pushers of heroin, LSD, amphetamines and hashish, and for drug users who commit violent crimes under the influence of drugs. Pleas to a lesser charge, probation, parole and sentence suspension would be forbidden.

Rockefeller spoke of a "reign of terror" because of crime and drug abuse. A bill such as he proposes adds to this terror by further frightening citizens. Rockefeller feels the "sophisticated people" involved in drug traffic would be deterred from their criminal activity by threat of these harsh sentences.

Mayor Lindsay noted that the state already has a little-used law making the selling of more than a pound of dangerous drugs punishable by mandatory penalties of 15 years to life imprisonment.

Abolition of plea bargaining was opposed by two New York judges on the grounds that the courts would be hopelessly clogged. Everyone arrested for the sale of drugs would demand a trial. Where-as in 1972 only 300 of some 3,500 felony narcotics cases went to trial and those took up a year of court time. The plea bargaining disposed of the rest. It seems ridiculous to allow plea bargaining for murderers yet pushers and addicts would receive life sentences for such a crime as armed robbery. Non-addicts who commit the same crime would receive lesser sentences. The constitutionality of this has been questioned.

The law might even encourage drug users to kill witnesses to their crimes in order to avoid detection.

It is particularly stupid to lump hashish (a non-addictive harmless drug) with heroin (addictive yet otherwise harmless). As we've said before in QUEST the matter should be taken out of the hands of law enforcement agencies and handed over to the doctors.

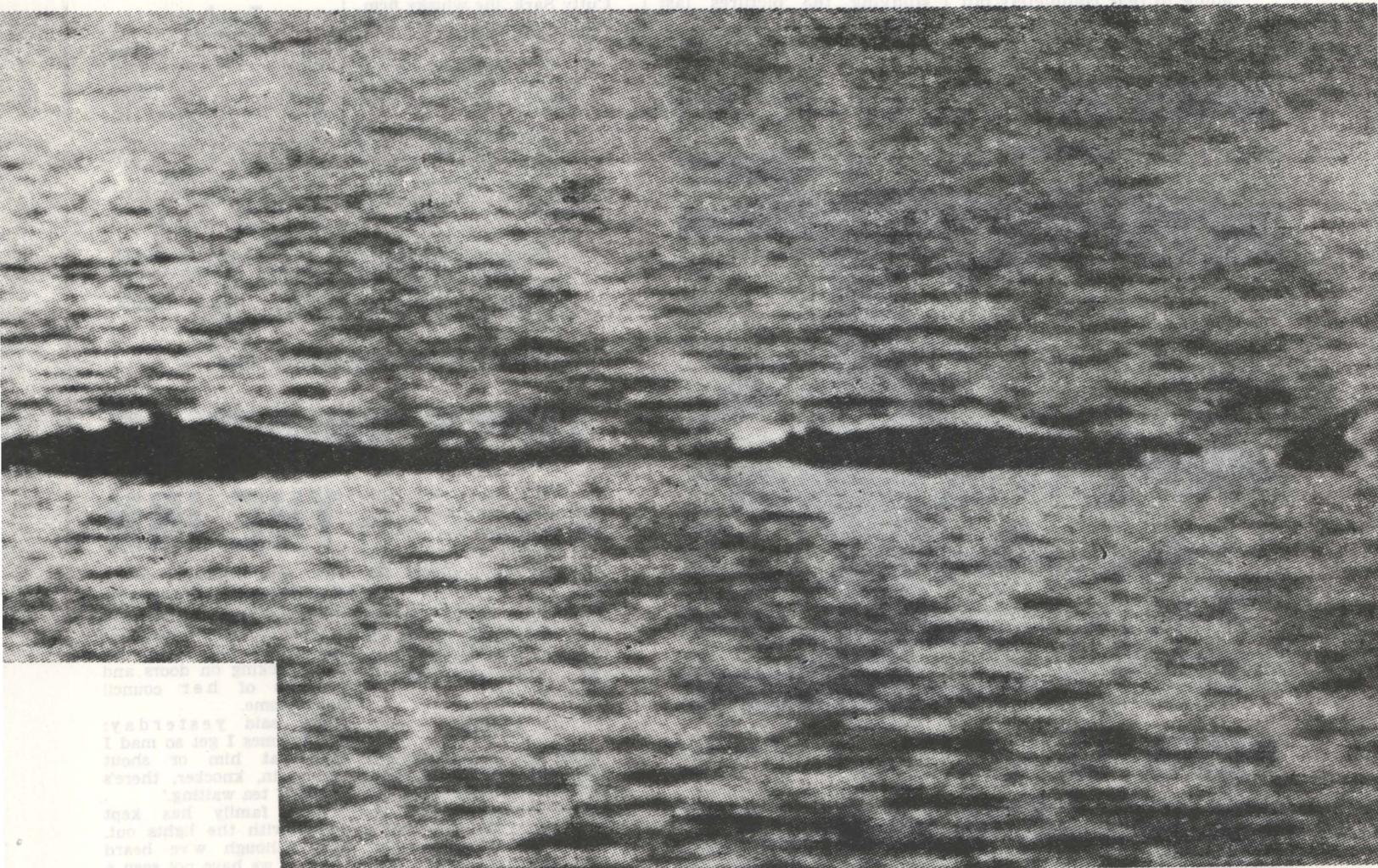
In Kitchener police took it upon themselves to visit a local bookshop in December, 1972, and warn the owner to remove some "333 titles police consider to contain pornographic material". Among the so-called pornography were such best sellers as "The Sensuous Man" and "The Sensuous Woman". This kind of action should not be

tolerated in a supposedly free society. What makes the police assume they have the right or the competence to act as literary judges for the rest of us.

As one Kitchener resident, Mike Sheppard, put it, "Ultimately, all censorship is an expression of contempt for the average person. The authorities who do the censoring do not believe that they themselves will be harmed by the thousands of books and magazines they must read or the movies they must view as part of their job, yet they evidently believe that the rest of us, being mentally and morally inferior to the censors, will be harmed and thus these snobs must protect us from ourselves."

Meanwhile in Ottawa a law reform commission study on obscenity has come to the conclusion that "where adults are concerned, the possession, sale and distribution of sexual-explicit material should no longer be penalized".

In January two area strip clubs were raided and the performers charged with giving indecent performances. One club had been operating for 1½ years without any police interference. Why now?



Nessie ahoy . . . what appears to be two humps and a fin glide across Loch Ness 80 yards from the shore

Sunday People (London)
October 12, 1975

CAN IT be? Is it really? Is this Nessie, the prima donna of monsters with £1-million on her head?

Two humps and a fin ploughed along the surface of Loch Ness for just 12 seconds.

Then Nessie dived—to continue her record-breaking run as the greatest peepshow on earth.

The picture, it became known yesterday, was taken from 80 yards by intrepid monster hunter Frank Searle with a 35mm camera and telephoto lens.

He has sighted Nessie, he says, 17 times. But only twice in camera range.

Frank, who gave up his shop manager's job in London three years ago to stalk Nessie full-time, says he had the pictures developed professionally to avoid the risk of mistakes.

Disappointed

"I was walking along the beach when Nessie rose in the water about 80 yards from me," he said.

"It came up, humps, fins and all, and I thought it was going to rear completely out of the water.

But it was in focus for

Frank 'traps' the monster

only about 12 seconds before it dived again and I didn't do as well as I'd hoped."

The humps were about five feet long. They rose 18 inches out of the water of the 24-mile long loch.

"I'm determined to stay here until I get clearer shots of the monster's head and humps," he said.

The Loch Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau, who have a permanent headquarters by the loch, were studying the pictures last night.

Mr Dick Raynor, the tech-



Monster hunter Frank Searle scans the loch for Nessie. He has been there for three years.

nician in charge of photographic equipment, said: "We know Frank would not do a fake.

"But we cannot comment on the pictures until the negatives have been analysed by RAF experts."

The capture of Nessie is worth three years of anybody's time.

Cutty Sark, the whisky firm, have put up a £1million prize for the lucky hunter.

But they do say it should be 20ft long and caught before next April.

Sightings and pictures—many proved to be hoaxes—have run into hundreds since the now-you-see-her-now-you-don't lark began in earnest in 1933.

The Secretary of State for Scotland then thought it necessary to protect her by law from physical assault.

Intermittent appearances of the greatest phenomenon since haggis have kept the Scottish Tourist Board happy.

American scientific teams and almost every British university have been keener than most to stir up Nessie from her lair.

Twelve

A professor from Michigan claimed two years ago that sonar detectors made him sure there were 12 Nessies—each 60ft long.

People who live round Loch Ness don't treat the hunt as a joke.

And one old lady says the reason for Nessie being so elusive is simple.

An underwater tunnel connects to the west coast . . . Nessie's escape route to the sea.

NESSIE '63

This picture really excited hunters. But it was a hoax.



NESSIE '52

Nessie ahoy! . . . four spiked fins and yet another hunt is on.



THE SUN, Friday, September 1, 1972

TIPSY SPIRIT AT THE INN

IT ISN'T the beer that upsets the regulars at the New Inn. It's the spirits.

A drunken ghost is reckoned to be haunting the bars of the New Inn, Backwell, Somerset—the spirit, according to legend, of a gin-swiggering former landlady who hanged herself in the cellar after a drinking bout.

Form

Her grunts and groans are putting the locals right off their drinking form.

New landlord Jim Tonkin said: "My wife and I are terrified. It's even worse after the bar closes. The ghost seems to stagger around, slamming doors, dropping things."

Meanwhile, in Somerford, Christchurch, Hampshire, a

vicar was called in yesterday to try to solve the problem of the phantom knocker.

Mrs. Esther Horlock has put up for five years with the knocking on doors and windows of her council house home.

She said yesterday: "Sometimes I get so mad I swear at him or shout 'Come in, knocker, there's a cup of tea waiting.'"

"My family has kept watch with the lights out, and although we've heard banging we have not seen a soul near the house."

The vicar, the Rev. Rex Holyhead, said: "I intend to search into the matter to see if I can help."

Sunday People (London)
October 15, 1972

Riviera riddle of thing from outer space . . .

THE SUNDAY EXPRESS London October 15 1972

Pub's 'white lady' gives up the ghost

WOLVERHAMPTON, England (AP) — The boys down at the Stag's Head, a 300-year-old English tavern in this mid-lands city, never had a ghost of a chance when the White Lady was around.

When the wispy apparition wasn't haunting the place and turning off the beer taps in the cellar, she often gave the customers the fright of their lives by appearing suddenly as they lurched out of the pub after a night's carousing.

She was the bane of landlord Harry Urwin's life.

"The beer would suddenly stop flowing and I'd find the taps turned off in the cellar," he explained. "I'd turn them back on and then without any explanation they'd go off again. It happened 22 times in a month once."

"It could only have been the ghost because there's only one entrance to the cellar and no one could get down without everyone in the pub seeing them."

Urwin's 18-year-old daughter said she saw the lady once in the cellar.

"I saw a woman in the form of a grey cloud sitting on a beer barrel," she said. "She moved across the cellar and just disappeared."

Now, for some unknown reason, the White Lady's vanished from her old haunt. Urwin believes it was because he had some structural changes done on the ancient pub at Penn Common.

The boys may be getting their beer now, but as one was heard to moan at Christmas: "I dunno, it's like the Spirit's gone from the place."

Kitchener-Waterloo Record
December 27, 1972

Schoolboys in secret seance horror

THE "TERRIBLE experience" of five schoolboys after they had their own seance led yesterday to a clear warning of the dangers of secret dabbling in Spiritualism.

For the boys, their experiment led to horror, said the Rev. Trevor Dearing, of St. Paul's, in Hainault, Essex.

And their nightmare only ended, he said, when he held an exorcism seance in their classroom.

The seance was staged in one of the boys' homes

after they had talked about Spiritualism. Later, the headmaster of the boys' school contacted Mr. Dearing.

Said the vicar: "He told me they were scared stiff."

"At least one of the boys was possessed. During the seance he saw his grandfather, who told him to do violent things, like attacking his friends."

"Later he attacked another of the boys with a

knife, wounding him slightly."

Then, said the vicar, the boy tried to strangle another school friend.

Added Mr. Dearing: "After his fits of violence the boy could remember nothing."

The vicar, shocked at the terror of the frightened boys, has now printed an open letter for distribution to spiritualists.

from JOE HOLLANDER: Nice

THE MYSTERY of Montauroux, a rural commune near Grasse, is still unsolved despite intense police and scientific investigation.

Last Sunday M. Rene Merle, a local peasant, went along to his woods for a little rough shooting, and was flabbergasted to find that 330 square yards of ground among the pines and white oaks had been "flattened."

Fragments of a section of dry stone wall which appeared to have "exploded" had been projected in all directions, lacerating the bark of many trees.

A tree stump previously so firmly embedded that it could not be moved by man alone, had been uprooted and hurled several yards.

Pine tree trunks 18 inches thick, were coiled up as if by some giant centrifugal force, some twisted in a clockwise direction, others the reverse way.

A line of pine trees was sectioned as if by a blade in a cut rising progressively from 18in. to 6ft. above ground level.

On his dry wall M. Merle detected traces of rubbing but no fragments of metal or paint marks.

The police from the local gendarmes to Riviera headquarters, have confessed they are baffled.

The wildest rumours are circulating in this quiet corner of Provence.

Havoc

Montauroux villagers are convinced that only a flying saucer could have wreaked such havoc on M. Merle's land which is more than 100 yards from the nearest forest track and bears no track marks of a heavy military or other vehicle.

Nice University Professor of Mineralogical Research, Guy Turco, went to the spot but after spending hours studying the soil and rocks admitted: "Nothing in the arsenal of my knowledge enables me to explain this phenomenon."

"The cause is definitely not a meteorite."

A tornado, a whirlwind, or lightning? Meteorological experts consulted have declared: "The trees are all twisted in different directions."

"A whirlwind always turns in the same direction."

"Nor is it ever confined to one small area but always moves in a trajectory. It never rises or dies in the same spot."

Haywire

When biology student Alain Jhistry went to inspect the spot he reported that his compass "went haywire" and pointed due west instead of to the magnetic north.

Science fiction writer Jimmy Guieu is positive that behind the mystery can only be "an extra terrestrial engine, probably 20ft. to 30ft. in diameter, and propelled by anti-gravity magnetic energy."

He supports his theory by the fact that last month a ball of fire was seen by several witnesses above the same area. And that the fire brigade found no trace of any fire.

Now some facetious locals have placed a sign at the entrance to the forest track, reading: "The Martians' Road."

TOKYO (AFP)—A Japanese impresario announced Thursday that he is mounting a three-month, \$500,000 expedition next July to capture Nessie, the elusive monster of Loch Ness in Scotland.

Yoshio Ko, who is also fighting a justice ministry ban on the entry of British pop singer Mick Jagger, said his team will be making the world's first serious attempt to catch the monster alive.

A French-made submarine equipped with radar and an anesthetic rifle will be used to detect and capture Nessie, he said.

Japanese to seek Nessie

K-W Record
Jan. 19/73

70 held in slayings

JAKARTA (AP) — Seventy persons in West Java are under arrest, accused of strangling, chopping up or burying alive seven men they believed used black magic to kill several villagers. The killings occurred six months ago, but details became known only recently when one of the arrested men confessed, police said.

K-W Record
Jan. 31/73

Sunday People (London)
December 17, 1972

TIM DINSDALE, monster hunter, sits in the tiny cabin of his 18 foot motor boat moored at the southern end of Loch Ness, surrounded by cameras of all descriptions. Outside the deep waters have a cold and lonely appearance.

Dinsdale, 47, is on almost intimate terms with the monster. He has studied it exhaustively for 13 years, written two books about it, lectured on it to nearly every university in the country, claims he has seen its head and neck twice and filmed the back of the thing once.

He has thus become one of the world's leading experts on the creature the locals call The Beastie. His main aim has always been to film it at close range; to prove to a sceptical world that Nessie really exists. That done, he will consider his work finished. In 13 years he has had some spectacular near misses.

He talks with tremendous enthusiasm, rather like Michael Bentine showing us his old movies. The same accent even; the same excited laugh.

"Two years ago I was on my boat with two other people and we all saw an object like a black telegraph pole sticking ten feet up out of the water, about half a mile away.

Monks

"I plunged elow to get my binoculars and meanwhile the others saw it turn and absolutely streak across the water for about 100 yards and disappear behind the headland.

"Well, if people thought we were exaggerating, a year later two local monks saw it and both made signed statements saying they had seen a creature with a 10ft. neck come out of the water 300 yards away, stay there 20 seconds and then go down. And what had attracted their attention was not the neck but the waves breaking on the shore and kicking up spray. That gives you some idea of the displacement of this thing.

"And I saw it again in September last year. A black snake-like object rearing out of the water only 200 yards away. But unfortunately it was too quick for photography."

Dinsdale was educated at King's School, Worcester, studied aeronautics at the De Havilland College, took a three-year R.A.F. pilot's course, returned to De Havilland for two years, and spent the next 12 in flight testing.

Sceptics will say that his "telegraph pole" is quite likely to have been a lump of wood being swept along in a freak current. How would they explain his first sighting in 1960?

"I came up here with a cine camera in the spring and watched the loch from dawn to dusk for six days. And on the sixth day I saw a large lump some 1,300 yards away, zig-zagging through the water at about 10 miles an hour for nearly a mile, and throwing a huge V wash behind it. And I managed to shoot 40ft. of film."

This film was later analysed by the R.A.F.'s Joint Air Reconnaissance Intelligence Centre. In an official document called "Photographic Interpretation Report No.



TIM DINSDALE

66/1" they accepted the film as genuine, and after eliminating all other possibilities declared that the object was "probably animate."

When did his fascination with Nessie begin?

"In 1959, I'd collected a hundred eye witness reports going back many years, and at first I had my doubts. I felt they must all either be lying or mistaken. The alternative was that here was a tremendous discovery waiting to be confirmed."

Expeditions

In 1961, baffled by the apparent lack of interest by scientists in investigating what could turn out to be the most exciting zoological discovery of the century, he made an extraordinary decision. A married man with four children, he gave up his 20-year career in aeronautics to investigate it himself, taking up a part-time private insurance business to give him both time and money.

In the next seven years he made nine expeditions to the loch from his home in Reading, spending hours on end scanning the 24 miles of water, and tracking down more eye witnesses, many of whom had

lived by the loch all their lives and knew its every mood.

In 1968, by now convinced there was not just one large unidentified creature in the loch but a whole family of them, he gave up the insurance business to become a full-time monster hunter.

This autumn he has spent the last four weeks living and sleeping on his boat, watching the loch for 12 hours a day and coming ashore for an hour or two each day for exercise. In a fortnight he leaves the loch to earn his living by lecturing here and in the States. He is also half-way through his third book. "It's a study of the human side of all this, which is rather fun."

He finds it strange that despite the film, and the research done by unpaid students and young scientists in their vacations with the investigation bureau at the lochside, the Government has never sponsored any sort of probe.

Anxious

"It seems ludicrous. Here is potentially one of the world's greatest natural discoveries, with a mass of evidence which anyone can read, good sonar results and photographs, and literally thousands of documented eye witness reports all describing the same thing. Yet science will not officially admit that it exists."

The problem, he thinks, is one of respectability; association with something which still retains much of its Music Hall image.

What does his family think of his bizarre vocation?

"I won't pretend it's been plain sailing because it hasn't. But Wendy realises that it's serious. I've always said to her, well, if somebody's involved in research it may mean doing all sorts of things you wouldn't normally do. And we have an understanding. But what made us both very anxious was whether we were going to go under financially. We haven't

Tim quit his job to prove that Nessie really exists

by Ian Gilchrist

actually gone under, thank goodness, but it's been jolly close.

"I'm very fond of my family and I don't like leaving them. But this is one principle which matters more than anything else—the defence of that which I know to be true.

"And by golly you know, they've become involved in this themselves. Last year they came up here and spent five weeks with the Loch Ness Investigation Bureau."

And the end of the story? "Well, when it's all over and my job's done the monster will become a national responsibility, and hopefully there will be a national research station founded here. I'll be glad to finish. I'll breathe a sigh of relief and bow out. I've got other things to do."

IT'S THE NAVY LARK

others refused to comment. In Oslo, the affair was not being treated too seriously. "Practical joke," said some newspapers. One suggested it was the Norwegian version of Scotland's Loch Ness Monster. But naval chiefs were not so flippant. "Obviously a submarine in trouble," they said. And its nationality?

The navy lark began at the port of Bergen on Thursday night. A group of policemen sighted green and yellow flares.

Guess

Next morning they briefly saw a weird "dark object" floating in the sea. It prompted one officer to say: "Strange things are going on here." The

IS IT a phantom submarine? Or is it a grisly monster from the deep?

Whatever it is, things are hotting up in the Great Sea Riddle off the Norwegian coast.

No fewer than 30 naval vessels, including destroyers and helicopters, are busily searching for it. Well, they're searching.

THEY'RE STILL CHASING THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

by John Mendels



REVELLE: Dec. 23—Dec. 29, 1972

A scientist holds the cast of a footprint of the Abominable Snowman . . . or is it?

HOW abominable is the Abominable Snowman? How big is Bigfoot's foot? It is not another festive season quiz. Just intriguing aspects of the mystery monsters that have been a source of argument and speculation for well over a century.

That old favourite, the Abominable Snowman, is being chased again. A team of American scientists recently set out from Katmandu for remote areas in the Himalayas in yet another attempt to settle once and for all whether the creature really exists.

Yet the Abominable Snowman is only one of a menagerie of monsters the existence of which has persisted in various parts of the world for years.

The Orang Pendek, the ape-man of S. E. Asia; the Nandi Bear of East Africa; Tanzania's mysterious Mngwa; North America's Sasquatch—so many and so varied, in fact, that you are inclined to think that surely tales of them must be founded on some fact.

The "star of the show", though, is the Abominable Snowman.

In the 1880s, intriguing tales of hairy giants that lived high in the Himalayan snows were already being told by explorers to the area.

He has been hitting the headlines regularly since then. One man who believes he saw the Snowman is climber Don Whillans.

On an expedition to the Himalayas only a couple of years ago, he caught sight of a large dark creature disappearing behind a ridge after his Nepalese guide had cried out: "Snowman coming!"

He found a trail of footprints when he searched the spot where it had been. That night he had another sighting—a "strong ape-like creature" bounding upwards.

PHOTOGRAPHS of footprints of the Abominable Snowman have been brought back from time to time, and it is the huge size of these that has been a startling aspect.

One was 12½ in. long and had a heel 6½ in. wide.

Sceptics suggest that the print was made by a much smaller creature—perhaps a type of monkey or bear—and when the sun melted the snow around it, its size grew out of all proportion to the original.

How abominable is the Snowman? The Nepalese natives certainly speak of it with dread, but if it exists it would probably be—like the gorilla—harmless to man unless threatened or wounded.

Sasquatch, or Bigfoot as it is also known, is North America's version of the Snowman and was named by the Red Indian well over 100 years ago.

Since then there have been more than 750 recorded sightings of the creature. Descriptions tell of hairy giant ape-men that live in the

Rocky mountains. The most controversial evidence of Bigfoot's existence is a film sequence taken by a former rodeo rider named Roger Patterson.

His story was that he was riding in the mountains one day when a hairy ape-like creature startled his horse, which threw him off.

He was unhurt and managed to take a short, jerky sequence of film with his movie camera before the creature disappeared.

I have seen the film. It is intriguing and *if authentic* shows, in my opinion, a hitherto unknown species of primate.

FACT or fiction, a lot of people have good cause to be grateful to Bigfoot, the Abominable Snowman, and all the other mysterious ape-men which never seem to be brought back alive.

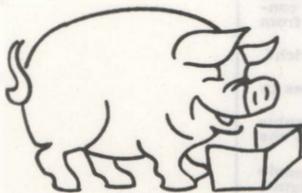
Their books, lectures and articles about them must have brought in a small fortune.

Notes on other monsters:

Orang Pendek—A man-faced, hairy biped about 5ft. tall and with a thick head of long, black hair and short, un-ape-like arms. Rumours about it have persisted in Sumatra for nearly 200 years.

Nandi Bear—a hyena-like creature, but much bigger than a hyena, with thick, reddish-brown hair. Has been reported seen walking on its hind legs. It has a fearful reputation in East Africa, though its existence has never been verified.

Mngwa—a huge cat-like monster that has been mentioned in Swahili legends for hundreds of years. "As big as a donkey and striped grey like a tabby cat," according to one description. Many human killings have been blamed on the Mngwa, though, again, there is still no proof that it exists.



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ABOMINABLE 'MAN' LEAVES FOOTPRINTS

KATMANDU, Nepal (AP)—A U.S. expedition camped at 12,500 feet in the snow in a Himalayan valley discovered ape-like footprints close to one of the tents, and Sherpa guides identified them as those of the Abominable Snowman.

The prints, almost nine inches long and nearly five inches wide with a rounded heel, were found Dec. 30 by Dr. Howard Emery, 34, a Los Angeles physician and zoologist, and Ted Cronin, 27, an ornithologist from Wilmington, Del.

Zoologist Jeffrey A. McNeely, 28, of Los Angeles, a Peace Corps volunteer based in Thailand, made three plaster casts of the prints and deposited them with the U.S. embassy in Katmandu.

McNeely said he and the others followed the tracks in six inches of fresh snow for just more than half a mile before they disappeared in a thicket.

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