

*The Thunder Dragon Gate is the name of a monastery in Tibet, thought to be the portal to Shambala, and therefore revered as a symbol for the threshold to higher levels of spiritual consciousness.*

It debuted July 31, 1943, as a daily serial, yet until the Fall of 1944, only about a half-dozen of the actual shows survive. Like the teenage hero whose adventures Mundy was now imagining, his own early years were marked by travel. In 1911, at 16, he fled the strait-laced Victorian upbringing of his native England. He crossed the entire northern frontier of India, into Tibet, and spent four years in Africa; later he traveled the Middle East in the wake of World War I. His fantasy-adventure books challenged assumptions of Western cultural superiority. While Mundy is best known for his 45 books, his broadcast work contained enough plots to make the equivalent of at least nine novels--some scripts, almost hours of airtime. Yet, only one script and three of the broadcasts Mundy composed survive. Mundy composed these via dictation to his wife at the typewriter. However, after the broadcast and transcription, none of the participants, even the producers, saved the scripts. Transcripts of the NBC-Red Network given by the network to the Library of Congress provide simply airtimes, as one of the shows emanating from Chicago. Jack assisted the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, foiled cattle rustlers in Arizona ranch, searched the jungles of South America, became stranded on a desert island and journeyed to the Arctic. Together with perennial friends Billy and Betty, they stop at Malaysia, and the seas of Southeast Asia, the only time Mundy fictionalized his own youthful experiences on tramp steamers all the way from Cape Town to New Zealand. A "Moviescope" premium was offered, with over 100,000 sold for a dime and the sales slip to a package of Wheaties; one of the five 35 mm. For instance, Billy photographs a riverbank just before Jack and Uncle Jim shoot a crocodile, and Betty snaps a picture of a native war canoe as it went past their camp on the Congo River. Talbot wrote to his brother Harold, a former officer of the Egyptian Camel Corps, for some Arabic phrases of command. On the show, Jack was going to be invited to join the Camel Corps and pursue thieves near the Great Pyramid. The January premium was an adjustable whistling ring, with a code sheet of the signals used on the program, and attracted orders from three-quarters of a million readers. Such a ring, given by Sheik Mahmoud to Jack, had saved his life. The ring contained the symbols of long life, good luck, and secret power, with the Ick bird "and Lotus mean the glorified being in the sky" in one corner, and the image of Osiris "the sun god source of life and judge of the dead" on one side, and the Ankh "means secret power" on the reverse side, popularizing these ancient symbols for modern listeners. Jack returned to radio in September 1944, traveling to the coast of Zanzibar, helping Uncle Jim recover valuable art objects from a ship sunk by pirates in the Indian ocean. Jack rescues the crew and learns deep-sea diving to search the ocean bed as shown on a Wheaties boxtop. One of the crew saved by Jack and his friends give him a strange key, which proves to be from Karachi. Their key emits a whining buzz sound, when Uncle Jim holds it over his head, while it becomes quiet when he lowers it. While visiting a Maharajah, his groom, Sidiki, is assigned to protect Jack. Here, the keys are reacting to the strange rays emanating from a meteor crater, drawing lightning from the clouds which is absorbed and given off in pulsating waves. Jack next joins an airplane race to Rio de Janeiro, encountering a gang in an underground city in the jungle. Jack locates the secret "Phantom" submarine hideout of Captain Quinto, a soldier of fortune, whose base is at the foot of a Mayan temple as shown on a Wheaties boxtop. Jack, Billy, and Uncle Jim find Betty by using a "Hike-O-Meter" offered as a premium to guide them through the labyrinth of winding passages and tunnels a motif of Mundy novels. In the Spring of 1945, Jack delivers, all the way from America, an ancient manuscript to the Great Grand Lama of Tibet, which had been stolen. Wheaties box tops provide some details of the sequence, and the last program of the week season, heard on April 28, 1945, is the first surviving radio program from the Mundy years. A diamond hunt leads Jack and his companions to Egypt, where they use a "Magic Answer Box," that when held in the hand, suggests whether the holder is truthful or not. The "Magic Answer Box," decorated with a scarab, ankh, and pyramids, became the premium early in 1945. They meet "the Babu" who serves as a source of humor and causes frequent trouble, while also advancing the narrative. Jack and Billy examine thirteen gold statuettes given for safekeeping by an East Asian prince. Uncle Jim believes the statues

are of kings from 50, years ago. Billy notes that the statuettes, with their long neck and unusual-shaped ears, resemble the unexplained stone statues on Easter Islandâ€”but the gold statuettes were found on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. When Mundy died suddenly in , only two more scripts in the current sequence remained to be completed, according to his wife, Dawn. Knowing his plans, she finished them, in collaboration with neighbor and writer Wyatt Blassingame. The premiums typically sold from a half million to a million listeners, indicating the close attention given the show by at least one in every seven young Americans, as Fred King noted.

Chapter 2 : The Thunder Dragon Gate - ebook - (ePub Kindle mobi) - Ta

*The Keeper of the Thunder Dragon Gate is merely their mouthpiece, but he issues oracular messages, prophecies and commands, that filter through, in writing and by word of mouth to wherever Buddhism has any influence open or secret.*

Baguazhang is, by reputation, the highest expression of martial arts. Bagua sword is the highest expression of bagua. This art is as deep as the universe and a human being and is rooted in physical Integrity and sincerity. The origin of Bagua is Tibetan Bon Shamanism. The practice of walking circular mandalas, chanting mantras and holding mudras or sacred postures and hands. Opening gateways to the ancestors. This practice is still seen in the Bon dances of Japan which still contain the 5 element chi kung and shamanistic practices of the Tibetan Bon. From Tibet, the art developed in Kunlun mountains which is the birthplace of Baguazhang as well as Taoism. They are also famous for their magic and swordsmanship. By legend, all sacred dance and martial arts originated from the root practice of Kunlun bagua. It is said that if the mastery of vortices are not accomplished, false reality comes in the form of prophetic speech, strange visions, convulsions, speaking in tongues, quaking, shaking, spinning, jumping, emotional fits. Although catharsis of angst is always appreciated, in a higher perspective, the person cannot handle the energy going through because their understanding and tempering is not there. When the mastery of vortices is accomplished with the oldest traditional practice, it becomes a beautiful dance of vortices called baguazhang coiling and uncoiling with the tao originating from wu chi. This is the importance of Skill and wisdom which, in Tibetan tradition, brings enlightenment or awakening. The first posture is the oldest form of chi kung as well as the oldest form of prayer. A sort of levitation. Vajra Ksatriya body and hand mudras follow to temper the connections to Heaven and earth and further create the dragon body for kung fu. The triangle practices develop the pulses and waves to emit from the body as a whole generated by the feet. This practice is also called golden bell. Circle walking to learn the way of the dragon and the spiritual pivot. The big dippers revolution around the pole star. Pole star stepping which is unique to bagua and one of the pillars of the bagua practice. Real baguazhang must be experienced to learn. It is one of the most enticing and fascinating of the martial arts. By legend, the last art you will ever learn. It is pretty humbling to practice, but so beautiful. A magical dance of vortices played in physical poetry and woven on a circle. This strike was done softly and quickly from 3 inches away. The Highest practices of all traditions are those of thunder and lightning.

**Chapter 3 : The Drum at the Gate of Thunder | WND I | Nichiren Buddhism Library**

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

Text Size Large 1. An old woman offered rice gruel to the Buddha. Though the gruel had spoiled and smelled bad, because her intent was genuine, she was reborn a pratyekabuddha as a result of her sincerity. One of the three kalpas, the Glorious Kalpa is the name of the past major kalpa. The present major kalpa is called the Wise Kalpa , and the next major kalpa , the Constellation Kalpa. Each major kalpa consists of four smaller kalpas—the kalpa of formation , the kalpa of continuance , the kalpa of decline , and the kalpa of disintegration. The Indian or Sanskrit word is vaipulya. The vaipulya sutra literally means a sutra of great extension. It is generally used to refer to Mahayana sutras but, in the quotation from the Universal Worthy Sutra have, indicates the Lotus Sutra. In this paragraph, the Daishonin gives the terms Mahayana great vehicle and Hinayana lesser vehicle a flexible interpretation to indicate successive levels of comparison. The sound of the drum from this place was said to reach all the way to the distant capital of Lo-yang. The boy Virtue Victorious who offered a mud pie to the Buddha was reborn as King Ashoka , and an old woman who offered the Buddha rice gruel was reborn as a pratyekabuddha. As no sutra surpasses the Lotus, it is the one and only Mahayana sutra. But when compared with a wheel-turning king, he is called a minor king. A Buddha is a child, and the Lotus Sutra , its parents. If the parents of a thousand children are praised, those thousand children will rejoice. If one makes offerings to the parents, one makes offerings to their thousand children as well. Those who make offerings to the Lotus Sutra will receive the same benefit as they would by making offerings to all the Buddhas and bodhisattvas in the ten directions , because all the Buddhas of the ten directions originate from the single character myo. Suppose a lion has a hundred cubs. When the lion king sees its cubs attacked by other beasts or birds of prey, he roars; the hundred cubs will then feel emboldened, and the heads of those other beasts and birds of prey will be split into seven pieces. The Lotus Sutra is like the lion king, who rules over all other animals. A woman who embraces the lion king of the Lotus Sutra never fears any of the beasts of hell or of the realms of hungry spirits and animals. When a small spark is set to a large expanse of grass, not only the grass but also the big trees and large stones will all be consumed. Not only will all offenses vanish, but they will become sources of benefit. This is what changing poison into amrita means. For example, black lacquer will turn white when white powder is added. But in the case of a good person, even if she should be a woman seven or eight feet tall and of dark complexion, at the hour of death, her countenance will become pure and white, and her body will be as light as a goose feather and as soft and pliable as cotton. It is a thousand ri 7 across the sea and mountains from Sado Province to this province. You, as a woman, have held fast to your faith in the Lotus Sutra ; and over the years you have repeatedly sent your husband here to visit me in your place. For example, though the moon is forty thousand yojanas high in the heavens, its reflection appears instantly in a pond on earth; and the sound of the drum at the Gate of Thunder 8 is immediately heard a thousand, ten thousand ri in the distance. Though you remain in Sado, your heart has come to this province. The way of attaining Buddhahood is just like this. Though we live in the impure land, our hearts reside in the pure land of Eagle Peak. It is the heart that is important. Someday let us meet at Eagle Peak , where Shakyamuni Buddha dwells. With my deep respect,.

**Chapter 4 : The Thunder Dragon Gate by Talbot Mundy**

*Thunder Dragon Gate Our Price: \$ by Talbot Mundy The Thunder Dragon Gate is the name of a monastery in Tibet, thought to be the portal to Shambala, and therefore revered as a symbol for the threshold to higher levels of spiritual consciousness.*

Spring had made a false start. Fog, wind, rain, sleet, and a prevalent stench of damp wool. Even the street noises sounded flat and discouraged. Lights in the windows of Cockspur Street suggested warmth, and there was a good smell of hot bread and pastry exuding through the doors of tea shops, but that only made the streets feel more unpleasant. Tom Grayne turned up his overcoat collar, stuck his hands in his pockets, and without particular malice cursed the umbrellas of passers-by. No one noticed him much. He was fairly big, tolerably well dressed. He was obviously in the pink of condition; he walked with the gait of a man who knows where he is going, and why, and what he will do when he gets there—the unhurried, slow-looking but devouring stride of a man who has walked great distances. A policeman with the water streaming from his black cape nodded to him. Nice day for your job! He had a right to British citizenship if he should choose to claim it. He wanted to punch somebody. But there was nobody to punch except a few poor devils trudging through the rain, and a policeman leading along a prisoner. He felt an almost irresistible impulse to horn in and be a nuisance. He had never seen him before; he was positive about that. But he felt the same sort of wordless and unreasoned impulse that makes a man choose something unusual for dinner. He followed through the main door to the desk, where an alert-looking sergeant stood ready to book the new arrival. Tom was just in time to overhear the charge. Then he knew instantly that his hunch had been right. Here, give me that warrant. The prisoner might have passed for a New Orleans quarter-breed at first glance. He was a good-looking fellow, with a sad face and an air of patient resignation. But this other man looked like a devil. His head was framed in the hood of a long, black, glistening waterproof. He had brilliant, sunken eyes, high cheek-bones and a skin like dirty parchment. He was several inches more than six feet tall, and fairly broad in proportion. More like a figure of death than a human being. The desk-sergeant caught one word, thrice repeated: This was something he could lend a hand at. Something like a cross between a harpy and a nightmare, with eight legs. A shang-shang is employed by magicians in Tibet to terrify people to death and then to hound them into hell after death. He added the equivalent in the Tibetan language. The tall Tibetan produced a soiled card from an inner pocket. The sergeant laid it on the desk and speared it with a pencil-point. What kind of doctor? What do you want here? You a friend of the prisoner? The sergeant wrote on a slip of paper the name and address that were on the card and handed the paper to a man in uniform at a desk behind him. Are you a householder? Is there any charge against the prisoner besides not having registered as an alien? He went to the coin-in-the-slot machine, in the booth in the corner. The prisoner laid the contents of his pockets on the desk; he had been marched off to a cell before Tom was out of the booth. The Home Office Expert? The Home Office calls him in on special cases. Does he know the prisoner? But he is as interested as I am. He reported no change of address. There was no one else in the office. The uniformed clerk behind the long counter was civil and inclined to make conversation: I live hard, so as to keep fit. I even practise not eating for days at a time. I can make you comfortable. I have a notion it might be dangerous to take him to your house. Mayor was at the desk for several minutes. After that, he went into the phone booth, talked for a long time and emerged chuckling as if he had played a good joke. Consulting physician to half the crowned heads and multimillionaires in the world. He can smell a vintage from a mile off. Top hat, spats, a monocle. He looked as tough as a prize-fighter, with Chesterfieldian manners. He will cut you open if you let him. I knew a gardener at Windsor Castle when I was a small boy. I know how to behave. My feet are wet; will they ruin the carpet? The limousine with its oddly assorted passengers sped along streets that were rivers of liquid fire, with the traffic incredibly borne on the surface. They stopped for several minutes at a wine shop favorably known to Mayor, whence Tom Grayne emerged with a brown paper parcel. Thence they headed for Kew and the River, where Tom gave intricate directions to the chauffeur, and at last they had to leave the limousine to thread their way on foot, in almost darkness, through pools of slush, beneath dripping eaves. But

at the end of the wharf was shelter. Tom unlocked the door of what looked in the dark like a fish- or net-shed. But when he lighted a couple of oil lamps the place was cosy enough. There was a big stove; he had that going in a minute. Bunks, cooking-pots, shelves of books, a sink, two tables, a few chairs, two big lockers. Or am I in poor form this evening? But some one thought he had money and murdered him. He died on that bunk with his throat cut, and I read about it in the paperâ€™ front-page illustration with an X to mark the spot, and so onâ€™ three-day mystery. So I rented it cheap. Tom was already cooking supper. A pot of stew was simmering and beginning to smell delicious. Tom laid the table. Mayor opened the paper package. He shook down his clinical thermometer and inserted it in the neck of the bottle. Or do you mean the toasted barley? So, I think, will our friend. Serious things might happen if I were to catch a bad cold. Drink it" "What do you suppose is wrong with him? He swallowed the wine at a gulp. The wind howled under the eaves and he shuddered either at that or at the feel of the wine as it went down. He has been wanting to talk all the way from Bow Street. He has been thoroughly frightened, and he is suffering fromâ€™" "Words of one syllable, please! It is as if he had taken to deep-sea diving without the proper physique and training. But those are a vicious circle; one produces the other. Tom Grayne struck the stew-pot with an iron spoon: Come and get it. Tom Grayne munched barley alone. The important thing is not to eat too often. When do you go to Tibet? There came a peremptory knock at the door. A weird howl of wind drove squalling rain against the side of the hut. Beneath, the river sucked and splashed amid wharf-piles. He could see nothing; it was all dark outside.

### Chapter 5 : Radio Recall - MWOTRC

*'The Thunder Dragon's Gate,' the first novel here, is a high-spirited tale of heroic adventure featuring Tom Grayne and an audience pleasing fantastical creature or two for good measure. In 'Old Ugly Face,' also featuring Tom Grayne, the Dalai Lama has died and the traditional search to find the new incarnation has begun, but Lobsang Pun.*

### Chapter 6 : The Thunder Dragon Gate

*Anwar Rafi - Meri Wafa Mere Wade Pe Aitbar Karo - Be Qarar Babra Sharif Faisal Pakistani Super Hit Urdu Classic Song Lollywood Hit Pakistani Classic Song Old is Gold (Hanif Pun.*

### Chapter 7 : Dragon Gate USA - Wikipedia

*For example, though the moon is forty thousand yojanas high in the heavens, its reflection appears instantly in a pond on earth; and the sound of the drum at the Gate of Thunder 8 is immediately heard a thousand, ten thousand ri in the distance.*

### Chapter 8 : Shingo Takagi - Wikipedia

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### Chapter 9 : Dragon Gate Gaijin | Dragon System Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

*Behold the anime opening of pro wrestling company Dragon Gate. This footage, I do not own and it belongs to Dragon Gate Pro Wrestling.*