PLANTIER'S THEORY ON FLYING SAUCERS

FATE
ANC
MAGAZINE

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

January 1957 35¢



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167 YEARS OLD?

☐ Among all the accomplishments which men achieve, one of the most wonderful is old age. Few readers of FATE do not know the story of Javier Pereira, reputed to be 167 years old. He was recently brought to the United States by Douglas Storer, president of Ripley's "Believe It Or Not."

Javier Pereira is a Colombian Indian only four feet, four inches tall and weighing only 75 pounds. If his reputed age is true, he was born the year George Washington was inaugurated, and was over 70 years old when the Civil War ended.

Physicians at Cornell University medical center are trying to find out whether the peppery little man is actually as old as he claims and if so, how he got that way. They have tapped his veins, made hundreds of X-rays, probed his ears, eyes, nose and throat. They have found that he has poor eyesight and "degenerative arthritis" and that is about all that seems wrong with Javier — besides his age.

He can walk three blocks, climb two flights of stairs, stand on one leg and pirouette. His muscles



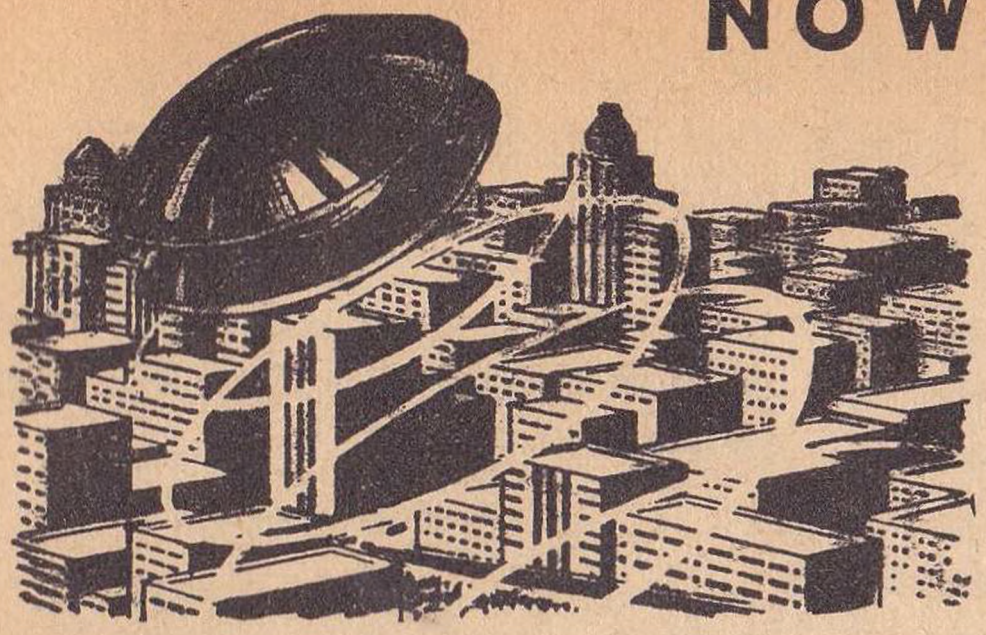
are strong; his joints are in good condition.

The importance of Javier's case is the promise it may hold for all mankind if doctors can learn his secret. Meanwhile the little old man goes serenely on his way, not realizing his importance. He watches television, smokes big black cigars, drinks a lot of coffee and would drink liquor if he could get it. He also is looking for a nice fat wife who can support him.

A GHOST IN JAIL

☐ A jail is an unlikely place for ghostly goings on but ghosts are unlikely entities anyway and their activity is at best random. But in

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this case, we can be specific and call our subject a poltergeist.

In the city of Legaspi in the Phillippines, according to the United Press, a ghost (poltergeist) is living in the jail. First person to meet it was Sgt. Salustiano Esplana, in charge of Precinct No. 1. He was walking down a second floor corridor when he heard a voice from a cell below beg him in native dialect, "Sarge, let me out. Please let me out."

Esplana paid no attention at first, but the plea continued. He asked Patrolman Lucio Parcelon who the prisoner was. The guard said the cell was empty. Esplana didn't believe him and searched the cell. It was empty.

Later an American sailor was tossed into that same cell for disturbing the peace. He made so much noise that Corporal Mateo Martinez sent Patrolman Barcelon to see what was wrong. Barcelon didn't come back.

Martinez investigated and found Barcelon unconscious, lying on the floor with his eyes open in a sort of trance. After a pail of water revived him, Barcelon could only mutter that something had blown an unusually vile-smelling odor in his face and that it had made him dizzy.

"Still later," said the United Press, "Patrolmen Vincente Santa and Victorio Basco were strolling near the jail when they heard noises as if someone was taking a bath in the cell. Investigating, they saw a detached hand overhead pouring a can of water. The patrolmen fled."

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT

☐ Ever since 1883, says the Rev. Anthony Rouse, vicar of an Anglican church at Torquay, England, an old organ in the church has often played at night when the church is empty. The Rev. Mr. Rouse says he also has heard mysterious footsteps in the church. One temporary organist refused to play because he could "feel" someone sitting in the organ stall with him.

The organ has played by itself intermittently since the death of a church organist, Henry Ditton-Newman, in 1883. But it won't be playing much longer. After two services of exorcism failed, Reverend Rouse announced that he plans to get a new organ.

MARS FRUSTRATION

☐ A record number of photographs and observations were made of Mars during September when it reached its closest point to the Earth in 32 years. But despite the effort spent to observe the red planet it is unlikely that anything new will show up in the photos.

Main reason is that Mars was hidden behind a yellowish veil so impenetrable that not even the normal markings of the planet could be discerned.

Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., is the world center for pooling research about Mars. Scientists at Lowell have been studying Mars' atmosphere since 1948. Their studies so far indicate that the circulation of the Martian atmosphere has horizontal wind systems much like Earth's. But study is made difficult by the fact that clouds on Mars are rare except in the morning and evening. Their movements show how the winds on Mars blow.

But even Lowell Observatory has no certain explanation of the yellow veil which hid the face of Mars during its approach to Earth.

FROM "SOMEWHERE ELSE"

☐ It is reasonable to expect the limbs of trees to fall without apparent cause. In the author's own back yard the oak trees sometimes lose their limbs. But such limbs always come from the trees in the yard and not "from somewhere else."

Not so with the large sweetgum tree limb that fell into the front yard of P. F. Watkins, Route 4, Meridian, Miss., at 3:30 p.m. on Wednesday, September 5. The limb was 15 feet long and seven to eight inches in diameter at the butt end.

Here are the circumstances of the fall:

Rain was falling slowly.

There was no wind.

There was no visible sign of storm activity.

The 6 p.m. weather report made no mention of storm conditions anywhere in Mississippi.

In that section there are no sweetgum trees with limbs anywhere near the size of the limb which fell.

The limb itself gave evidence of having been twisted off the tree with great force.

WITH A GRAIN OF SALT

☐ Maybe it's an optical illusion, maybe it holds a secret to gravity, but near Craigleith, Ont., is a hill which cars appear to climb with their motors shut off and where water flows upward.

A story from Craigleith on September 6 says that the strange condition was discovered on the three-quarter-mile stretch of hill only a week before by Frank Burnett, who was berrying alongside the road.

Jack Martin, a Toronto *Star* circulation man and two visiting school teachers verified the facts. The hill appears to slope upwards

at an angle of about five degrees. Yet automobiles accelerate *uphill*, with their engines off.

At this writing, instruments have not determined which way the hill slopes. It would be interesting, this writer ventures wistfully, if instruments do confirm the optical facts. But probably they won't.

UNDERGROUND NOISE

☐ Near Douglas, Ga., in Coffee County, workmen of the Head Well and Pump Company were drilling a 145-foot deep hole on the property of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Meeks, seven miles from Douglas. They stopped drilling when an unusual noise began to come out of the hole.

It was a roaring sound, something like an underground railway. As soon as they heard it, the drillers stopped. Driller Scott Dinking said he never had heard anything like it before—not in 27 years in the business.

Joe Sports of the Associated Press went out to look at the hole. He found it was making so much noise that the Meeks had covered it partially by a plank because it kept them awake at night.

Sports noticed that air was being pulled into the hole by a kind of suction. He lighted a match atop the hole—the smoke was drawn downward. Sports borrowed a mirror and reflected light so he could see the bottom. He saw water down there. It all looked quiet and peaceful.

NICE DAY FOR A WALK

☐ At Vista, Calif., 13-year-old Rickie Hill traded his pigeon for a parakeet owned by 13-year-old Dale Auvil. Dale clipped the pigeon's wings to keep him around until he felt at home. Three days later the pigeon showed up at the Hill home, three miles away. It was footsore and bedraggled. It had walked.

THE EYES HAVE IT

☐ Here's a new theory of what determines personality. It has been proposed by a psychiatrist at McGill University writing in the Canadian *Psychiatric Journal*.

As a result of 18 years of observation, says the doctor, he has discovered that eye color plays an important role in the determination of personality.

A blue-eyed person is a logical thinker and administrator, feels physical pain keenly, has no great need "to be loved."

A brown-eyed person, says he, is sensitive, creative and self-centered. He needs to be loved and makes decisions through his feelings about persons and situations rather than by logic.



"The road was rough" said Javier Pereira, when he alighted from an airliner in Miami after a flight from Colombia (see page 6). The little old man, who is reputed to be 167 years old, has outlived five wives. He was 70 when the War Between the States ended in 1865. He says that the secret of his longevity is "never worry." U. S. doctors are investigating him medically to learn other reasons for his astounding old age.

In the middle group, green, grayish or brownish-eyed persons have divided characteristics. They get along with either of the other two types, are flexible, adaptable, quick to react, but also apt to be irritable because their reactions are being pulled two ways by different personalities.

Since eye pigmentation is inherited, the psychiatrist proposes that basic personality traits likewise are inherited and perhaps transmitted by the same gene.

HERE'S THAT SNOWMAN AGAIN

☐ An Australian writer, Peter C. Byrne, has reported the discovery of new tracks of the abominable snowman in the Himalayas. Byrne told Reuters that he had been climbing in the Kang La area in northwestern Sikkim with three Sherpas.

" We found a set of fresh tracks, the imprints of large bare feet, made by a two-legged creature in snow and sand on the sides of a glacier," Byrne reported.

The prints were in the shape of a human foot. They were five-toed and measured 10½ inches in length and 4½ inches in width. The length of the stride was two feet, six inches. The Sherpas said they were tracks of the Yeti.

Byrne followed the tracks alone for more than two miles, from 18,000 feet where he first saw them to over 20,000 feet. But he did not see the snowman.

BALLS OF FIRE

☐ Karen Mumper, 6, begged her mother to leave the family kitchen during an electrical storm in Cleveland early in August. Karen's father, Richard, an architect, was trying to assure the little girl that everything was okay when lightning hit the kitchen, burned Mrs. Mumper slightly, and popped balls of fire out of every electric outlet and appliance that was hooked up.

EASTER ISLAND EXPLORATION

☐ In a world which is, theoretically, well explored and where archeologists have literally moved mountains in their searches it is fantastic that there never were any excavations on Easter Island until this year. Yet such is the case, according to Thor Heyerdahl, the Norwegian scientist who is now studying a shipload of artifacts he gathered on Easter.

Heyerdahl, who gained fame by his Kon-Tiki expedition, says it will take about two years to develop complete reports on his Easter Island expedition. But he has already revealed some of the results of his findings.

"When we started digging," Heyerdahl told Edmond J. Bartnett of the New York *Times*, "we discovered a dozen statues which differed completely from those found before on the island. They formed a missing link with ancient statues found in the Andes mountains on Peru.

"When we unearthed one of the statues, we found engraved on the stomach a crescent-shaped, three-masted sailing vessel. Small types of such vessels, made of reeds lashed together, are still in use on Lake Titicaca in Peru."

This is a sensational discovery, says Heyerdahl, because the Easter Island natives make small rafts of a reed of the same type still used on Lake Titicaca. The reed is called *totora* and is known only in the Western Hemisphere and not in Asia, whence conventional archeology claims the Easter Islanders came. The Easter Islanders still grow the reeds in volcanic lakes and Heyerdahl believes they planted them there after coming from Peru.

THE SECRET CAVES OF EASTER

☐ Heyerdahl told Bartnett that his own expedition, which included 26 associates, was the first to get into secret caves on the islands known only to natives. They were full of "fabulous stone sculptures" of ancestors, three-masted vessels, fish, lobsters, whales, monsters and other objects carved by the islanders over many centuries.

Heyerdahl also uncovered masonry walls similar to those of the

Andes, where huge blocks, weighing several tons, were cut, polished and fitted so closely together it was often impossible to insert a knife blade in the cracks.

The expedition traced civilization on Easter Island in three epochs, the second of which ended a few centuries before the first Europeans arrived in 1722. It was the second epoch, apparently, that created most of the huge stone statues which have become a worldwide mystery.

16,000 YEARS OF MAN

☐ On the Washington side of the Columbia River, some four miles upstream from the Dalles Dam being built across the river, is the Wakemap Mound. B Robert Butler, University of Washington archeologist, believes the mound may be a remnant of the oldest continuously inhabited area of the world. Its culture has been traced from 16,000 years ago to the present.

Within the mound fine carvings in stone and bone are being uncovered. "The stone artistry done in marble would rival that of Greece and Rome," Butler says.

Today archeologists are in a race with dam builders—to excavate as much of the mound as possible before the site is flooded next March.

NEW EVIDENCE FOR ATLANTIS

☐ Atlantis is a legend that will not die. And if Plato can be believed, it is a legend that already had existed 9,000 years in his day.

Now comes Dr. Rene Malaise of the Riks-museum, Stockholm, to offer new evidence that a land like Atlantis once existed. According to Dr. Malaise, his colleague Dr. P. W. Kolbe has furnished the final proof of the sinking of a "Mid-Atlantic Ridge."

Dr. Kolbe has studied diatoms, "shells of tiny marine animals", in a core taken at a depth of 12,000 feet in the tropical Atlantic by Swedish scientists. Some of the diatoms in the core were exclusively of the fresh water type. They could only have been deposited in the sediment when it was part of a fresh water lake. And the only way they could be deposited in a fresh water lake would be for the present sea bottom to have been above sea level.

Dr. Malaise speculates that there was once a Mid-Atlantic Ridge which settled as recently as 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. The ridge acted as a barrier to the Gulf Stream so that the Arctic Ocean was landlocked from Europe to Greenland. When the land barrier sank, the Gulf Stream reached the Arctic Ocean and the ice age ended. Thus the whole history of the world

was affected by a climatic change caused by the sinking of Atlantis. (For example, when the Gulf Stream broke through the barrier, its comparatively cold southern branch, the Canary current, displaced the warm current and the Sahara became a desert.)

PENSACOLA PIPE DREAM

☐ A considerably less authoritative story comes from Bill Fritts of the Pensacola, Fla., *News*. On August 28 Bill got a telephone call from a fisherman he prefers not to name.

"A sunken city! We found a sunken city Friday night about 57 miles out in the Gulf, in 42 fathoms of water," declared the fisherman.

"It's about 35 blocks wide and 22 long, and there seems to be a temple and a dome in the center of it," the fisherman went on. "There are flattop roofs and streets and the fathometer tape indicates it's all made of stone. The tallest building shows to be about 70 feet tall."

Bill is still waiting for more information.

KLEE-TV

☐ Some time ago in FATE we reported the story of Mr. H. C. Taylor, a specialist in long distance TV reception, who in September, 1953, picked up the call letters KLEE-TV, on the television station in his home in Morecambe, Lancashire, England. There were several sensational facts about this.

First, KLEE-TV was a station in Houston, Tex.

Second the letters KLEE-TV have not been broadcast from Houston since July, 1950, when the call letters were changed to KPRC-TV, more than three years before Taylor's reception.

Paul Huhndorff, chief engineer of KPRC-TV, was sure Taylor was pulling a hoax until Taylor sent him a photograph of the screen. Sure enough, there were the old KLEE-TV call letters, even to the standard call-letter slide used by the station.

Now it is possible for TV call letters to be picked up at distances of several thousand miles because of strange goings-on in the upper atmosphere. But how explain the time lapse of three years in the case of KLEE-TV?

Chief Engineer Huhndorff suggests two things: The waves may have penetrated through the ionosphere into space and not rebounded until they hit a celestial object several light years away.

Or, the signal may have been picked up by beings on another planet or in a space ship and been re-transmitted.

FATE suggests yet another pos-

sibility—that time itself may have gotten mixed up and somewhere the signals transmitted three years before were met by Earth as it charged through a twisted space warp toward them.

Maybe there's a simpler explanation. At any rate, on November 23, 1955, FATE recently learned, Mr. Taylor again turned on his TV for long-range reception and there were the mysterious letters before him again—KLEE-TV.

CONCLUSIONS ON SAUCERS

In the last issue of FATE we gave a few of our conclusions concerning the flying saucers and the sightings. We wish to go into this matter in more detail.

As we have pointed out, the witnesses, in many cases unimpeachable, saw something. Why is it that the electronic eyes of radar were unable to discern what the human eyes of man saw unmistakably? Three explanations suggest themselves:

(a) That the crews manning the radar stations lied when they reported they saw nothing.

(b) That a jamming device like "window" was actually used by the objects to confuse the radar screens. The fact that cartons of such material have been found suggests this possibility.

(c) That the saucers, or at least some of the saucers, are not the kind of matter that can be shown on a radar screen or picked up by radar signals. We know that there are many responsible saucer sightings, however, where UFO's have been picked up by radar and where gunners have even looked onto the objects with their radar sights. Is it possible, then, that the saucers are capable of being either material or immaterial to radar signals, as they choose? This suggestion is very close to the jamming idea.

The saucers seem to run in groups. That sightings are in groups is obvious and may have significance. At Pueblo, in Michigan, and in Fort Collins the same sort of phenomena was seen on successive nights — or almost successive nights. This suggests two things:

(a) That the first sighting in any group is only an accidental notice of what has been going on intermittently for a long time. The sighting attracts the attention of other persons who then observe what has been going on all along. This idea has been supported by experiments with lighted balloons at night which were sent over heavily populated areas but attracted

no notice simply because people are not directing their attention to the skies.

(b) That the sightings actually do run in groups and that one or more saucers frequent an area for some period of time — at least for several days — until they have served their purpose, whatever that may be.

Most of the objects reported were fairly conventional although they differ in detail. These small differences may be accounted for by errors in observation. Some of the common characteristics of most of the objects sighted included globular or disc shapes; variable lighting; gyrating motion; occasional bursts of tremendously high speed after periods of little or no motion; lack of radioactivity in every case; apparently intelligent direction.

These ideas are conventional enough; they don't upset any observations which have already been made. They reinforce them.

— *Curtis Fuller*

ENGLAND'S MODERN DRUIDS

A MYSTICAL organization called the Most Ancient Order of Druids holds regular monthly meetings in London's Caxton Hall. The organization claims to possess records dating back to the 18th century and to have existed in an unbroken line since the pre-Christian era.

The members of the Druid Order include both men and women, many of whom are said to be famous in public life. The number of members in the organization is unknown.

Meetings are described as having much the same atmosphere as that of an ordinary social group. Except for a ritual handshake which they use among themselves, the members do not hold mystical rites at meetings, nor do they wear bizarre costumes. Meetings usually take the form of lectures, often by noted persons, and visitors are welcomed. Once a year, on Midsummer's Day, the Druid Order makes a trip to the famous druid ruins at Stonehenge, where members perform some of the ancient ceremonies.

According to the official pamphlet of the Order, "The aim of the Druid is to establish a group who by companionship and unity shall reach a greater understanding of the powers latent within us." The Druids take the view that their mystical outlook ranges beyond narrow creeds and do not require changes in religious, philosophical or political beliefs as a condition of membership.



Officials of the U. S. A. administration on Ponape inspect the ruins of Nan-matol. The mysterious South Pacific "Venice" was built of huge basalt blocks, which apparently were hauled on rafts from a source 15 miles away.

NAN-MATOL
Lost City of The Pacific

By L. Sprague de Camp

A startling new theory regarding Nan-matol, the huge ruined city on Ponape in the Pacific, emerges from recent scientific findings.

OF ALL the world's lost cities —Angkor Wat, Petra, Zimbabwe, Chan Chan, Sijilmassa —none is wrapped in deeper mystery than Nan-matol on the island of Ponape in the Pacific Ocean. Yet even at Nan-matol, science has solved some of the enigmas that shroud this ruined metropolis.

Ponape lies a few degrees north of the equator in the eastern part of the Caroline Islands, between Truk on the west and Kusae on the east. It is the largest of the Carolines, with about 164 square miles. The climate is warm and humid, with much rain and occasional hurricanes. Like the other Micronesian islands, Ponape has plenty of birds and insects but no native land mammals save those, like pigs and rats, brought in by man. This shows it was never part of a continent.

White men first saw Ponape on the evening of December 23, 1595. Mendana had set out from Peru with four ships to hunt for Terra Australis, the Unknown Southland that was thought to fill most of the Southern Hemisphere. He found the Solomon Islands and died there. The surviving ship of the squadron the *San Jeronimo,* under Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, then tried to reach Manila.

Quiros anchored inside the reef at Ponape to renew his supplies. Grass-skirted natives came out in canoes. They were small, wiry, dark-brown men with straight or curly black hair and flattened features that gave them a Mongoloid look. After the natives decided the visitors were not ghosts, as they first thought, there was some friendly trade by sign-language. The Ponapeans later boasted of having stolen one of Quiros' cannon. After 11 days, Quiros sailed on to Guam and in time got back to Peru. He named the new-found island "Quirosa."

During the following centuries other ships sailed past the coasts of Ponape but did not land; or, if they did, it is not recorded. The next visitor was an Irish sailor, James O'Connell, who arrived with a few fellow-survivors from a shipwreck in 1826. O'Connell made a hit with the Ponapeans by dancing an Irish jig and by displaying great fortitude in letting himself be tattooed all over. They rewarded him by marrying him to the 14-year-old daughter of the king of Not before he knew what was happening. There he stayed for 11 years till a passing ship enabled



High Commissioner Midkiff and William Yeomans, U.S. Office of Territories, examine a section of wall at Nan-matol.

him to escape from the island.

Ponape might be described as an irregular circle, surrounded by a chain of 50 smaller islands and coral reefs. The interior is covered with thick tropical forest. The nine or 10 thousand Ponapeans nearly all live on the coast, and around the six good harbors.

In 1826 the island was divided into five kingdoms: Jokesh in the north, Kiti in the west, Not in the south, Matolenim in the southeast, and U in the northeast. These five kingdoms fought fiercely with one another. (Other regions - Uona, Auak, and Palikir - were independent at various times, but this was the set-up through most of the 19th Century.)

Nan-matol is a low island or tidal flat at the entrance to a harbor on the east coast, in Matolenim.*

O'Connell describes it: "But, the most wonderful adventure made during the excursion, the relation of which will put my credit to a severer test than any other fact detailed, was the discovery of a large uninhabited island, upon which were stupendous ruins of a character of architecture differing altogether from the present style of the islanders, and of an extent truly astonishing. At the extreme eastern extremity of the cluster is a large flat island, which at high tides seems to be divided into 30 or 40 small ones by the water which rises and runs over it. It differs from the other islands in its surface, which is entirely level. There are no rocks upon it which appear to be placed there by nature. Upon some parts of it fruit grows, ripens and decays unmolested; as the natives can by no persuasion be induced to gather or touch it. My companions at the time of discovering this island were George and a nigurt; the latter having directed our attention to it, promising us a surprise — and a surprise indeed it proved. At a little distance the ruins appeared like some of the fantastic heapings of nature, but upon a nearer approach, George and myself were astonished at the evident traces of the hand of man in their creation. The tide happened to be high, our canoe was paddled into a narrow creek; so narrow that in places a canoe could hardly have passed us, while in others, owing to the inequality of the ground, the creek swelled to a basin. At

*The strange Micronesian names have many spellings. Jokesh appears as Jo-Kaj, Chokach, Dschokadsch, Chocoich, and so on, depending on the dialect of the Ponapean speaker and the system of spelling used by the hearer. My system is an adaptation of Hambruch's to the ordinary Latin alphabet, without most of his diacritical marks. The sounds **ch, j, sh,** and **zh,** are more or less interchangeable. You will not go far wrong if you say "Metolenim" to rhyme with "not on the beam," "Nan-matol" rhymes with "on the ball," "Sau-telur" with "how to lure," and "Nan-japue" with "John, hop away."

the entrance we passed for many yards through two walls, so near each other that, without changing the boat from side to side, we could have touched either of them with a paddle. They were about 10 feet high; in some places dilapidated, and in others in very good preservation. Over the tops of the wall coconut trees and occasionally a bread fruit spread their branches making a deep and refreshing shade. It was a deep solitude, not a living thing, except a few birds being discernible. At the first convenient landing, where the walls left the edge of the creek, we landed; but the poor nigurt, who had seemed struck dumb with fear, could not be induced to leave the boat. The walls inclosed circular areas, into one of which we entered, but found nothing upon the inside but shrubs and trees. Except for the wall, there was no perceptible trace of the footsteps of man, no token that he had even visited the spot. We examined the masonry, and found the walls to be composed of stones, varying in size from two to 10 feet in length, and from one to eight in breadth, carefully propped in the interstices and cracks with smaller fragments. They were built of the blue stone which abounds upon the inhabited islands, and is, as before stated, of a slatose formation, and were evidently split and adapted for the purpose to which they were applied. In many places the walls had so fallen down that we climbed over them with ease. Returning to our canoe we plied our nigur with questions; but the only answer we obtained was 'Animan!' He could give no account of the origin of these piles, of their use, or of their age. Himself satisfied that they were the work of *Animan,* he desired no further information, and dared make no inspection, as he believed them the residence of spirits. We returned to the island of Kiti, where we announced our intention to inspect the ruins on the next morning. It was with difficulty we got away from the islanders, who declared that our lives would be forfeited for our temerity. Arriving a second time at this deserted Venice of the Pacific, we prepared for a deliberate survey. We paid several visits to the ruins, but could find no hieroglyphics or other traces of literature."*

The "blue stone" is prismatic basalt which, crystallizing slowly deep in the earth from lava, forms big six-sided (and sometimes five or eight-sided) prisms. The best-known formation of this kind is the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. The island of Jokesh, off the

*The Life of James F. O'Connell, the Pacific Adventurer (N. Y.: 1853), pp. 31 f.

north coast of Ponape, is made of prismatic basalt. There is an exposed cliff of these rocks, with heaps of broken prisms at its foot. The builders of Nan-matol had only to haul these prisms down to the shore, put them on rafts, and tow them 15 miles around the northeast side of Ponape to Nan-matol. Other stones were brought from the coast of U.

The walls of Nan-matol look from a distance as if they were made of logs of black wood, with courses piled alternately parallel to the axis of the wall and then at right angles to it. The "logs," however, are prisms of basalt. In spite of all that has been written about that wonderful stonework of Nan-matol, it is really very crude, with holes in the walls the size of your head. The stone was not dressed or trimmed. The builders simply hunted through the talus on Jokesh until they found prisms the right size.

Nan-matol has been the subject of many gaudy fancies. For instance, it has been said it was a fortified base built by Spanish pirates; that it was the capital of a once-great Pacific empire; that it is a relic of a supposed lost continent. The meager facts that are known about it point to a different answer.

While O'Connell was living on Ponape and fathering two children by his native wife, the Russian bark *Senyavin*, under Lutke, touched at Ponape in 1828. Lutke had a fight with the Ponapeans when he tried to send a longboat into Kiti harbor. In the following years, more and more whites came to Ponape. Whalers stopped there; deserters and beachcombers settled. The Ponapeans massacred a British crew, and the British Navy massacred them in turn.

American and Spanish missionaries came to the South Sea Islands. They undermined the native cultures and replaced the islanders' superstitions and beliefs with their own. They stopped such harmless fun as singing and dancing and forced their own clothing-customs and nudity-tabu on people to whom clothes merely brought dirt and disease. They helped depopulate the islands by bringing in European diseases. The missionaries' attitude is shown by the answer one of them gave an anthropologist in the 1920's. The latter objected to the missionary's plan to set up a mission on an island in the Solomons that had had almost no white contact, on the ground that he would take to the islanders diseases that would be fatal to them. The missionary said: "Better that they should die and be saved than live and be damned."

In the last great scramble for colonies, Spain annexed Ponape (renaming it Conception) in 1886. The Spaniards never controlled much of the island. The warlike Ponapeans rose several times against them. The Ponapeans had a stern, Spartan culture that went in for self-mutilation as a sign of bravery. Before missionaries, traders, and adventurers demoralized them, though, they were said to be a notably cheerful and honest people.

During the Spanish - American War the United States took control of the Carolines, but handed them back to Spain after the war. Spain promptly sold them to Germany. The Ponapeans rebelled against the Germans in 1910-11. The Germans put down the revolt with the help of a bombardment from the famous cruiser *Emden* and hanged the leaders. In the Kaiserian War, the Japanese seized the Carolines and kept them under an ill-observed League of Nations mandate. Now the United States holds them under a United Nations trusteeship.

The mystery of Nan-matol, like that of Easter Island, is mainly a case of man-made ignorance. Facts were deliberately erased or allowed to lapse from memory without being written down. The missionaries tried to blot out "heathen" native traditions, and during the long rules by the Germans and the Japanese, nosey foreigners were not encouraged.

Much information on Ponape was gathered by a German Pole, Johann Stanislaus Kubary, who settled in the Carolines in the late 19th Century and took four native wives. He kept the wives on different islands. Kubary killed himself when one of his wives eloped with another man. His manuscript passed into the hands of a native Ponapean family who kept it is an heirloom until it was accidentally burnt in the 1930's. It might have told us much.

F. W. Christian explored the Carolines and collected data in the 1890's.

The richest modern source on the past of Ponape, however, is the data gathered in 1908-10 by the Thilenius expedition from Germany to Micronesia. Of this team of scientists, the late Dr. Paul Hambruch made Ponape his target. The results of his visit were published in three large paper-bound volumes in 1932-36.*

Hambruch devoted his first volume to the history of Ponape; his second, to the anthropology of the island: the Ponapeans' physique, culture and so forth; and his third to the ruins of Nan-matol and the native myths and legends.

*Paul Hambruch: **Ponape**, being Part 7 of **Ergebnisse der Sudsee-Expedition, 1908-10**. ed. by G. Thilenius.

One of his most helpful informants was Nalaim of Matolenim, a hereditary high-priest and tradition-bearer.

Because this great work is in German, its information has seeped only slowly into the English-speaking world. Hence Lemurian speculations about Ponape have continued to flourish.

The only story on the building of Nan-matol tells how two young wizards, Shipe and Shaupa, set out from Jokesh to build a great cult-center to the gods, demons, and ghosts. There they meant to set up the festival of Pun-en-chap. They tried several places on the coasts of Ponape, but each time the wind and the surf destroyed their handiwork. At last they found their ideal site at Nan-matol. A mighty spell made the basaltic prisms on Jokesh fly through the air and settle down in the right position on Nan-matol.

This tale does not get us very far. The Ponapeans themselves made more of the conquest of Ponape by the king of Kusae. Once upon a time, they said, all Ponape was ruled by a single king whose title was the Shau-telur. A prosaic version of the conquest said that the Shau-telur demanded tributes from the king of Kusae, who replied by conquering Ponape. The invader, Isho-kalakal, started a new dynasty with the title of Nanamariki. The Nanamarikis failed to control the whole island, which split into five kingdoms. The Nanamarikis ruled Matolenim with the title of Ishipau, while other dynasties ruled the other kingdoms with other titles. The Ponapeans were a formal people, with a caste system and a passion for titles. As in Japanese, the language changes according to whether you are talking to a superior, an equal, or an inferior.

The more mythical versions of the conquest run as follows: In the days of the last Shau-telur, the thunder-god Nan-japue came to Ponape. There he seduced the wife of Shau-telur. When the king found out he trapped Nan-japue in one of the buildings of Nan-matol and blocked him up. The god would have died of hunger and thirst had not his screams drawn another man, Ishopau, who turned him loose. Nan-japue went to Kusae, riding on a fish. He sprinkled an old woman with lemon-juice, so that she became pregnant and bore a son, the famous Isho-kalakal.

One day Isho-kalakal was out fishing and he sighted Ponape. Back home, he built a great war-canoe. With 333 followers he sailed to Ponape. The Shau-telur received him warily but hospitably. A quarrel soon arose between one

boat and paddled about the canals of Nan-matol. One priest had to stare at the turtle and blink his eyes every time the turtle blinked. When they arrived at the place where a fire had been lit, a priest killed the turtle by breaking its shell with a club. The turtle was cut up, cooked, and served to the priests and the king, with prayers and ritual.

In the reign of the Nanamariki Luk-en-mueiu, in the late 18th or early 19th Century, this ritual was brought to an end in ridiculous fashion. At one ceremony, a priest got no roast turtle. He walked out in a rage, howling curses, and went off to live by himself in a sand-bank and eat eels. The Matolenimans feared he had so profaned the ceremony that they could not hold it any more. Then the missionaries overthrew all the native usages.

Hambruch preserved one myth about the sacred turtle. This is nothing much in itself. (the turtle got its head snipped off in a fight with a crab) but Hambruch thought it tied in with the use of Nan-matol as a turtle-cult center. Another myth told of a dragon (a crocodile or giant lizard in different versions) that lived in Jokesh and gave birth to two girls. When the girls grew up they married the reigning Shau-telur. They asked their husband to let their mother come to live in one of the buildings of Nan-matol. The dragon moved in, excavating the canals of Nan-matol in the process. Next morning, when the Shau-telur brought some food for his mother-in-law, he saw the dragon for the first time. In terror he set fire to the house, burning up house and dragon. His wives, seeing what was happening, jumped into the fire and in grief the Shau-telur did likewise.

Hambruch thought, from this myth, that Nan-matol might once have been the center of a dragon or crocodile-cult. This is possible, though the evidence is slender.

What then do we know about Nan-matol?

About 1400, after many migrations and conquests, the population of Ponape was much as it is now. At this time, when Chaucer was finishing his *Canterbury Tales* and Bolingbroke was deposing the feeble Richard II to make himself Henry IV of England, a single chief made himself high-king of all Ponape with the title of Shau-telur. He or one of his successors started to build Nan-matol as a cult-center. Successive kings added new buildings to take care of more cults.

About 1600, when Shakespeare was writing, the Shau-telur demanded tribute from King Ishokalakal of Kusae. Instead of send-

of Isho-kalakal's followers and the nobleman who was supposed to feed the visitors. War began. After victories on both sides, the Kusaeans prevailed. The Shau-telur fled and turned himself into a fish, and thereafter Isho-kalakal's line reigned in Matolenim.

There are other versions. For instance, some say Isho-kalakal, disheartened by the might of Nan-matol, was about to sail away when a cast-off wife of the Shau-telur showed him a secret way into the stronghold.

Isho-kalakal reigned for many years. One day, on a journey, he looked at his image in a pool and saw that his hair was white. Ashamed of his age, he killed himself in a complicated and gruesome manner.

The Kusaeans also have a legend of their conquest of Ponape. While this tale differs from the Ponapean version, there is little doubt that such a conquest took place.

As for the chronology of these happenings, Hambruch inferred that Nan-matol was built by one of the early Shau-telurs. While such a task would not, as some have said, need the manpower of a vast empire it would require that all the Ponapeans be working together on the same project, instead of at war with one another. Hambruch's informants thought there had been 12 Shau-telurs, the first being the nephew of the great wizard Laponga. Then came Isho-kalakal, followed by 17 Nanamarikis. Hambruch estimated that these two dynasties covered about 500 years. As for Nan-matol's having been built by an advanced prehistoric culture, the crudity of the work and the lack of any writing or relics of urban civilization are strong reasons against this idea.

Everything points to Nan-matol's having been built as a religious or cult-center rather than as a city in our sense. Other Micronesians built similar centers, though never on so vast a scale. They probably did not duplicate Nan-matol because they did not have a mountain of prismatic basalt, already broken into pieces of handy size, for building-material.

The Nanamarikis of Matolenim did not live at Nan-matol; in historic times their seat was on the island of Nanue-zu-taman.

Nanpei of Matolenim told Hambruch that until recent times Nan-matol was a center for the worship of the turtle-god Nanushunshap. When they caught a sea-turtle they brought it to Nan-matol and kept it in one of the buildings. When the tribe was assembled, the priests anointed the turtle with coconut-oil and hung it with ornaments. The priests loaded the turtle into a

ing tribute Isho-kalakal came with his warriors and conquered Ponape. His successors ruled as the Nanamarikis of Matolenim. They continued to use Nan-matol as a cult-center; perhaps they added to it. They were probably several cults but the turtle-cult is the only one we know. As the Nanamarikis did not rule the whole island long, but only one of the five kingdoms, Nan-matol was no longer the religious center of all Ponape. Therefore, its importance diminished. The other kingdoms built their own, smaller cult-centers. These ruins still exist also. The last active cult of Nan-matol, the Nanamarikis' own personal cult of the sacred turtle, was interrupted, probably in the early 1800's, when a hot-tempered priest profaned it. Nan-matol was abandoned altogether.

Then the missionaries arrived.

So Nan-matol was left forlorn, to be covered with mangroves, to mock later visitors with its great silent black walls and empty, overgrown courts.

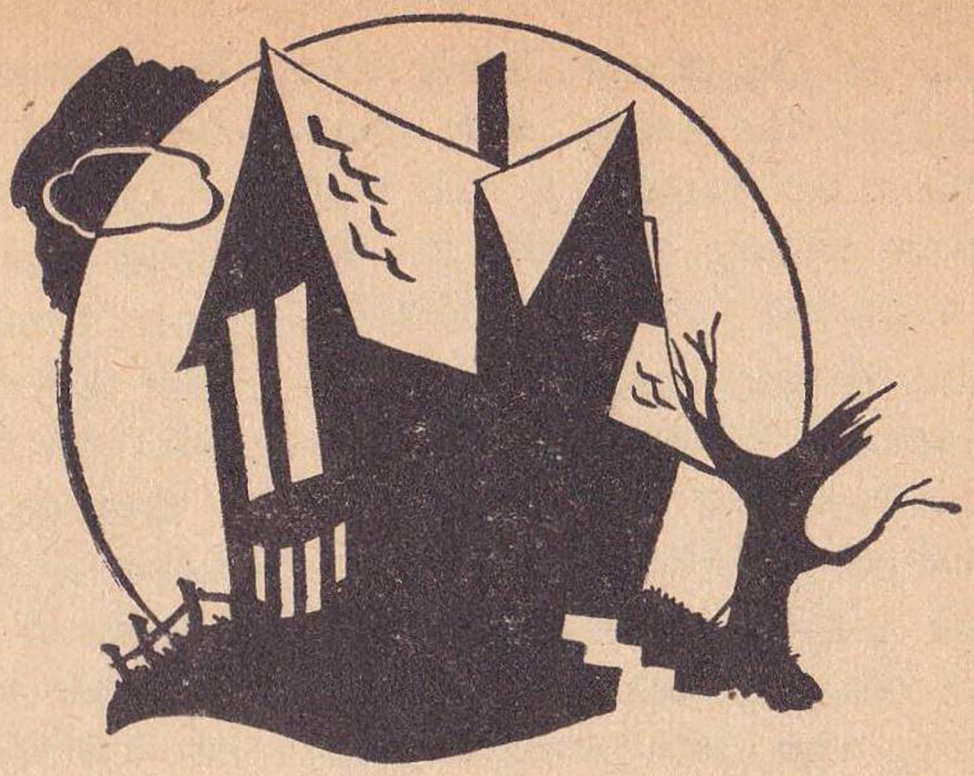
THE ANIMALS SENSED DANGER

A NUMBER of recent happenings tend to confirm the view that animals have a sixth sense which enables them to detect dangers of which humans are unaware.

In Wales, England, a six-month-old cat warned a family of five that the house was on fire by jumping on their beds. A dog waiting to accompany his young master home from school in Naples, Italy, pushed open the classroom door and saw the class sleeping. His barks brought a caretaker, who found the room filled with poisonous coal gas. The children were rushed to a hospital barely in time to save their lives.

An Alsatian dog detected the presence of a cobra in his master's house in Trichur, India. His barks brought neighbors who beat the snake to death. In Dusseldorf, Germany, a cat excitedly blocked her owner as he was about to enter his bedroom during a severe gale. He was warned in time to escape the collapse of the ceiling.

A woman in Johannesburg, South Africa, reported a display of telepathy on the part of her dog. Waked by the barking of the dog, she went downstairs to find that apparently the animal had pushed her husband's photograph to the floor. A moment later she received a telephone message that her husband had been killed in an auto crash 250 miles away.



THE HOUSE THAT KILLS

Filled with weird noises and odors, the old house seemed an abode of evil — and then it took a life.

By T. Altgilbers

AFTER LIVING for two years in a condemned house Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pell were overjoyed when their name came to the top of the housing list and they were given the key to a house on Coxwell Road, Ladywell, in Birmingham, England. It was a pleasant old house, in a quiet neighborhood. It had been newly decorated and had all modern conveniences. In addition the rent was low and it was convenient to transportation.

Frank and his wife were too happy with their good fortune to pay serious attention to the whispered rumors they heard of strange noises and sulphuric odors reported by former tenants of the house. They moved in with their five happy children during the latter part of May, 1955.

Perhaps they felt some subconscious response to the evil in the house for they did ask the local priest, Father Francis Etherington, to bless the house. This he did. And when he had departed the Pells settled down to enjoy their new home.

On a night during their first

weekend in the house Frank was wakened by the crash of a slamming door. He started up. His wife also was sitting upright in the dark, straining forward, listening. They heard faint sounds of a door being opened carefully, furtively. Again the silence was broken by the crash of the slamming door.

Frank Pell and his wife looked at each other across their month-old baby, who slept peacefully between them. Then again a door opened and closed, more softly this time.

"Must've left a door open, and the wind's caught it," Frank muttered as he slipped out of the bed.

Frank knew it wasn't the wind; although the explanation seemed to satisfy his wife. The wind can slam doors but it can't turn knobs, and there had been the distinct click of a latch. Nor does the wind suddenly whisper excitedly in the darkness while a man gropes for the light switch.

Frank Pell's war record shows he is a man of uncommon courage, but he admits he was baffled and uneasy when he could find no plausible explanation for the strange noises. As he stood in the kitchen, pondering, a sudden dry, scrabbling noise came from above as if some unseen thing made its way across the ceiling. Frank looked up, half expecting to see a rat. Instead, from directly over his head came a loud thud — a bump such as no earthly rat ever made!

For an unmeasured time Frank stood silent, listening, but an almost unearthly quiet had settled over the old house. Finally Frank returned to the bedroom.

During the days and nights that followed the strange disturbances continued. Fear had come to live with the new tenants of the house on Coxwell Road. Frank and his wife finally admitted to each other that there could be no earthly cause for the noises. At night they lay together listening to the sounds that both now knew were made by phantoms. And this recognition seemed to give added vigor to the weird forces; the noises increased nightly and the Pell's tension mounted.

No matter how carefully they secured the doors they continued to open and slam shut, generally during the hours just after midnight. Eerie, murmuring whispers echoed throughout the house.

A particular concentration of the evil seemed to exist in the bedroom over the kitchen. Distinct, loud thuds continued to be heard on the kitchen ceiling. From the same area a curious tapping sound came every night about 10:20. And in the bedroom above the kitchen the temperature seemed to change abruptly almost every hour.

While cleaning that bedroom one

day Mrs. Pell was struck by a sudden dank chill that seemed to blow right through her. She said later that she felt as if icy, intangible fingers touched her; but she remained calm, ignored the feeling, and continued with her tasks.

The Pells told each other that all this was distinctly odd, "but nothing to worry about." The presence of the children forced them to remain calm to avoid alarming the youngsters.

Frank reasoned that even supernatural forces bring no harm to those who refuse to fear them. He had not heard the old tale of the man who, when walking through a haunted wood and confronted by a ghost from Hell, exclaimed, "If I, who have led a good life, could be harmed by a phantom there would be no justice in the world!" "None at all," the apparition agreed . . .

And so it was with the Pells. Surrounded by malignancy they said nothing would harm them.

But one morning they woke up and their baby girl lay dead between them.

There was no mark on the child's body. She had been in perfect health. The doctors announced that the baby died accidentally by suffocation.

This was less than a month after the Pells moved to the house. It had been a hot night, the second week in June. All the bed covers had been thrown back to the foot of the bed. Surely if the child's Mother or Father had rolled onto her during sleep there would have been marks on the little body. It is difficult to see how she was suffocated — by earthly means.

The grief-stricken Pells buried their child. And went back to their house. They accepted the report of accidental death. Difficult as that may have been, it was easier than admitting that ghosts had suffocated their baby.

But the mourners found no peace. To the weird manifestations yet another was added. Mrs. Pell noticed it first and called her husband's attention to it. A musty smell began to permeate various parts of the house. It was a strange, repulsive odor, as of something incredibly ancient. On other occasions they smelled the strong odor of garlic, a stench that gradually changed to a smell of burning rubber.

The forces of evil were creeping closer.

A few days passed and one evening four-year-old Sammy asked a strange question. "Mommy," he said. "Did baby go with the little white dog?"

Mrs. Pell paled and looked at Frank. "What little white dog, Sammy?" she asked.

Sammy's small face reflected

great surprise. "Why, the little white dog that comes and sits on my bed!" he said.

Frank picked the boy up. "When did you last see the dog?" he asked.

"The night baby left us," was the prompt reply. "He was sitting on baby's face."

Confronted with the horrible suggestion that her baby girl was smothered by an apparition Mrs. Pell became hysterical. Frank could not quiet her. Finally he went to the police with his story, and Father Etherington was called again to exorcise the evil spirits.

The police conducted a long, thorough and fruitless search of the house.

The priest performed the ceremony to purge the house of its unholy guests. When he stood with his rosary and holy water in the bedroom over the kitchen, Father Etherington distinctly heard the curious tap-tapping. Who knows what this man of God thought as he stood there, listening to sounds strangely like the tapping, seeking cane of a blind man? Whatever his thoughts may have been, he stated that he was unable to pronounce the house clean. He didn't say the house was evil but he said it was a bad house for the Pells and that he could do no more. He urged them to leave.

But the Pells stayed. They still were unwilling to leave their new home, unwilling to admit that evil spirits could harm them.

The weird noises continued; the knocking, the banging doors, the whisperings were still heard. The temperature changed abruptly and unnaturally in the bedroom over the kitchen; occasional stale, musty odors wafted through the rooms.

Then came a day at the beginning of July. Mrs. Pell was upstairs performing some household task. Frank was downstairs, shaving. The whispering may have been going on for some moments before Frank consciously heard it. But when the ghostly voices suddenly increased in volume, excited, coming closer with a sudden rush, Frank became aware of them with a start. Suddenly concerned for his wife he dropped his razor and ran to the foot of the stairs. An eerie sight met his upturned eyes; a sight to stop the heart of any man!

At the top of the stairway stood his wife, her whole body rigid and straining. Her head was thrown back, her eyes wide, her mouth open; dark, swollen veins stood out on her neck. As he saw her breast heave, her hands clenching spasmodically at her sides, Frank realized she was screaming — and yet no sound came to him!

He leaped up the stairway toward her. As he passed the first

step he was met by an impalpable resistance, an invisible substance that clung and bound him like the folds of a shroud, impeding and finally stopping his progress.

Frank struggled frantically. As he looked up he could still see his wife, her throat straining in soundless screams. His groping hands found the banister; he pulled with all the strength in his arms with his legs braced and straightened he forced his way into the invisible curtain. The restraining wall released him so suddenly he stumbled. Instantly piercing screams rang in his ears.

In an instant he was holding his wife in his arms, where she continued to sob and tremble uncontrollably. Finally she told Frank that she, too, had heard the voices behind her, that they suddenly came closer with a rush. She did not know what the voices had said to her, or why she so instantly was seized by terror.

Whatever precipitated this climax to fear it was very evident that the evil forces that reigned in the old house had prevented Frank from hearing his wife's screams, and had tried to prevent his reaching her.

Without stopping to pack their belongings the Pells left the house.

June Hadley, Frank Pell's niece, and her fiance, Dennis Savage, went to the house to pack the Pell's things. They also heard the whisperings, the tappings, smelled the ancient evil and said they would never enter the house again for any reason whatsoever.

"TO LET: PLEASANT THREE-BEDROOM HOUSE, OLDER TYPE BUT NEWLY AND TASTEFULLY DECORATED. ALL MOD. CON. AMPLE STORAGE ROOM INCL. CELLAR IN QUIET ROAD CLOSE TO ALL SERVICES. COUNCIL OWNED. CHEAP RENT."

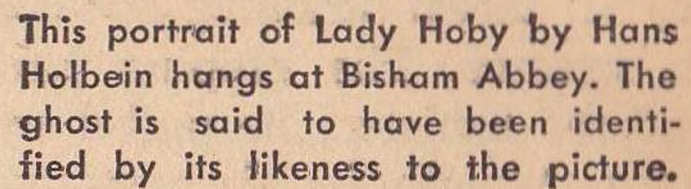
Do you want to rent it?

SUSPICION CONFIRMED

AFTER viewing at school a movie distributed by the American Cancer Society, Gary L. Sheffler, 13, of Titusville, Pa., thought he might have cancer. He asked his mother to take him to a doctor. She took him to the Titusville hospital, where his suspicions not only were confirmed but it was found he had a very advanced case. Recently, only a few months after he saw the movie that warned him, Gary died.

By Edmond P. Gibson

Why has the ghost of Lady Hoby been seen repeatedly for over 300 years? Does she return in remorse for a cruel act?



This portrait of Lady Hoby by Hans Holbein hangs at Bisham Abbey. The ghost is said to have been identified by its likeness to the picture.

The DURABLE GHOST of Lady Elizabeth Hoby

BISHAM Abbey is all that remains of a very extensive British monastic establishment that flourished on the Thames River above London for over four centuries. Bisham lies about nine miles upstream from Maidenhead and seven miles downstream from Henley, on the south bank of the river. Once the Thames flowed swiftly past rich fields tilled by the monks. In recent years dams have slowed the current and raised the river level.

The abbey and its ancient church nestle in a grove of beeches which tower above them. The ownership record of Bisham goes back to 1042. William the Conquerer granted the site to a Henry de Ferrars. Later, about 1130, a descendant of Ferrars leased a part of the site to the Knights Templars who used it as a Preceptory and Priory. The Knights Templars had become very powerful by 1300, exerting a great deal of political power while they operated a sort of travel agency to the Crusades. The Pope suppressed the order early in the 14th Century and the Priory was abandoned.

Bisham then became a tenant monastery of Augustinian monks, under a lease from William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who had succeeded to the Royal grant.

At the time of the Reformation,



in 1536, Henry VIII confiscated the Salisbury properties and evicted the Augustinians. Shortly thereafter a Benedictine group occupied the abbey. They were dissolved very shortly and after his divorce Henry VIII gave the Bisham estate to his former wife Anne of Cleves. She disliked the place and, with Royal consent, traded it to the Hoby family for their estate in Kent. The Hobys moved to Bisham about 1553 and members of that family occupied the property continuously until 1776.

Sir Thomas Hoby is said to have acted as jailer to Queen Mary during her reign and kept confined at Bisham the future Queen Elizabeth. He must have treated her very well for after she succeeded to the throne she was friendly with the Hoby family and visited them at the Bisham property. Few persons succeeded in being friends with both Mary Tudor and Elizabeth, but the Hoby family apparently accomplished the feat and none of them were executed at the Tower.

This story is concerned with Lady Elizabeth Hoby, wife of Sir Thomas Hoby. She was the daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, a tutor to the Royal family. Two of her sisters married to the high positions of Lady Bacon and Lady Cecil. Elizabeth Hoby herself seems to have been on intimate terms with Queen Elizabeth and welcome at Court throughout her life.

Lady Hoby was exceptionally well educated for her period. She spoke French, Greek, and Latin; wrote verses in Greek and Latin, and wrote also on religious topics. She was an expert on court ceremonies and formalities, meticulous in etiquette, and at the death of her husband in 1556, she became very autocratic and domineering in the management of the manor and her family. She loved pomp, particularly the ostentatiousness of state funerals, and she

lived to attend many of them.

A portrait of Elizabeth Hoby by Hans Holbein hangs at Bisham. It shows a severe, thin-lipped woman with long tapering hands.

Elizabeth and Thomas Hoby had four children; Edward, Elizabeth, Anne, and Thomas. Following Sir Thomas Hoby's death she married Lord John Russell for whom she bore three children. Thomas, Anne, and Margaret.

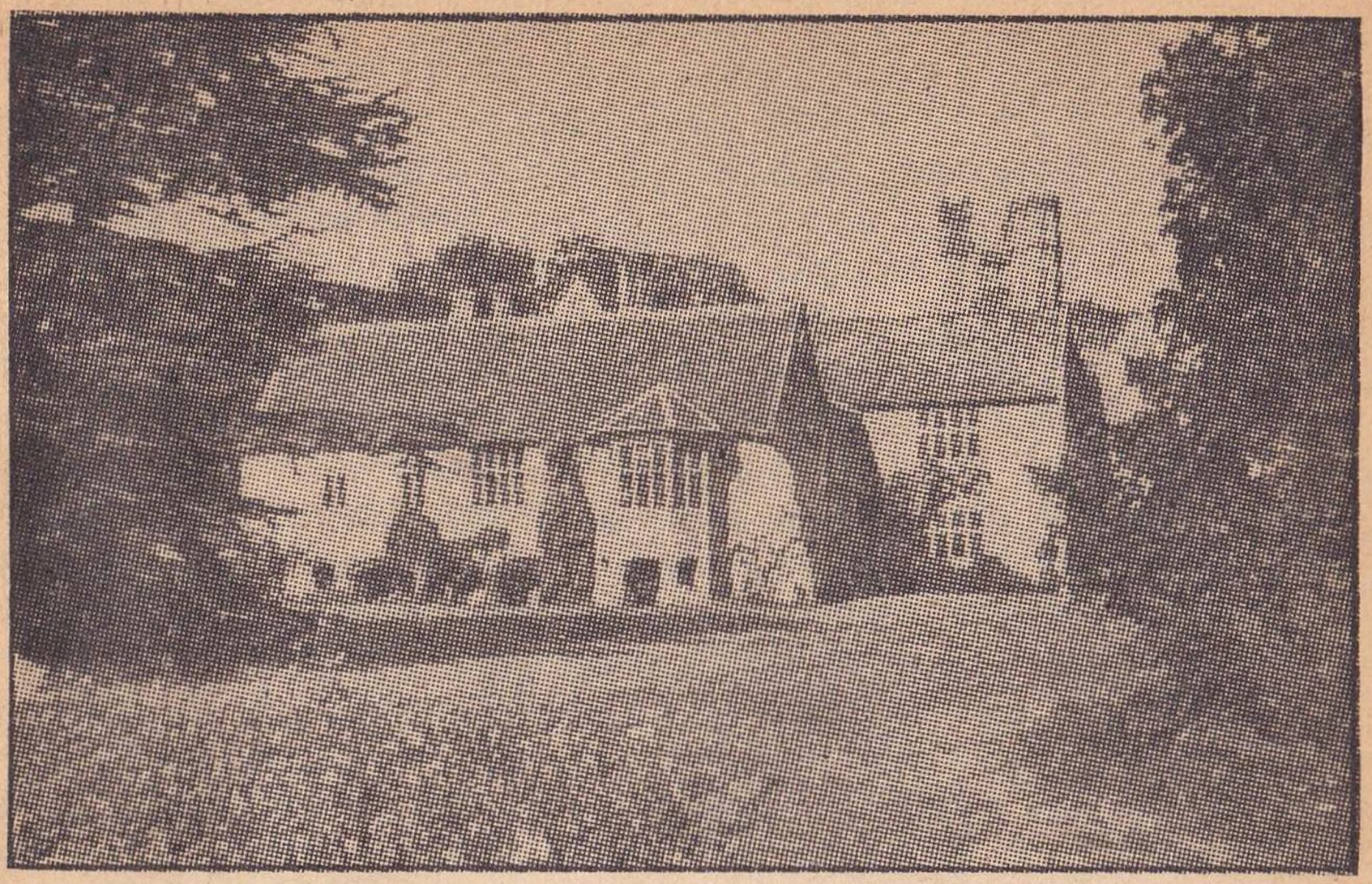
History describes her as a priggish sharp-tempered woman who was severe with her children. She flogged one of her young sons for blotting his copy-books so that the child died of her beating. Remorse for this cruelty is the accepted reason for her continuing return to the Abbey.

Shortly after her death, in 1609, Lady Hoby began to be seen at Bisham Abbey, sometimes in an upper bedroom, sometimes on the tower stairs. Occasionally she "walked" in the Abbey library where she occasionally was seen coming from the stairs into the library, wringing her hands. She also has been seen emerging from an upper bedroom washing her hands in a basin which is supported and carried before her by some unknown means. Occasionally she has appeared as a negative apparition, face and hands are black and her dress white. The apparition is easily identified by its likeness to the portrait which still hangs at Bisham.

Bisham might very well support other ghosts than this unhappy lady. In the church and grounds are buried many famous figures of medieval English history. Perhaps the most famous personage buried at Bisham is "Warwick the Kingmaker", of the Salisbury family. He succeeded in putting Edward IV on the English throne. Later Warwick tried to place Henry VI on the throne, but in this attempt he was defeated and killed by the forces of Edward IV.

But Lady Hoby is the only known ghost at Bisham and she has walked repeatedly since her death, generally at the time when a new English monarch is about to be crowned. Perhaps her love for ceremony attracts her for Thames valley folk say that she was seen at Bisham at all Coronation times, until the crowning of George VI and Elizabeth II. At this time the Vansittart family who had lived at Bisham Abbey since 1766 were no longer in the Abbey. Following World War II, in 1946, the Abbey was leased to the Central Council for Physical Education and no apparitions have been seen there since.

The Reading Public Library through the Borough Librarian, Mr. Stanley H. Horrocks, has called my attention to an account that



Bisham Abbey dates back to 1042 and stands beside the Thames River above London.

the copy books, blotted by the unfortunate child, were discovered at Bisham Abbey in 1840. The following is extracted from the *Berks Archaeological Journal,* Vol. 12, 1906. pp. 94-95.

" . . . . . The following copy of a memorandum made by Mrs. General Vansittart very soon after the discovery of the books would seem to be the correct account and has been always accepted as such by the Vansittart family:

" 'This small bit of paper' — referring to a scrap of paper relating to some baby linen — 'was found when the corner of the dining room gave way in consequence of Mrs. Augustus East having the quoins on the sides of the windows cut down that there might be an alteration in the window shutters — which caused the rubble to run down and the corner to give way — in consequence of which they were obliged to take up a part of the floor to get at the foundations, that the corner might be properly rebuilt; and between the joists were found quantities of rubbish, of old papers, copy books, etc. sufficient to fill two clothes baskets. I drove over from Binfield the very day after these were discovered, and looked over a number of the papers and copy books, the latter all signed by various names of the Hoby family and

corrected by Lady Russell. In one of William Hoby, I think, every leaf had some blot. I wanted to take two or three away with me that day, but Mrs. East wanted to keep them all till the Admiral and Henry Vansittart had examined them, promising to keep one or two for me. When I asked for them, all were missing. They suddenly had disappeared, supposed to be sold by the workmen. This scrap of paper I found amongst the dust still on the joists and as it agreed perfectly with the writing and signature of Lady Russell in the correction of her children's books where several times her name was written, there are no doubts of its being her autograph.

(Signed) Mary Vansittart."

The above memorandum in copy was obtained by Mr. Ernest W. Dormer of Reading from Sir Henry Vansittart-Neale in 1906 and was published in the *Berks Archaeological Journal* of that year.

Whether the child of the blotted copy books was young Thomas Russell or some unregistered child of the family it is now impossible to determine. However, it is extremely interesting that a story which gained credence in the time of James I was confirmed accidentally in 1840.

Because it was difficult to keep servants at haunted Bisham the Vansittart family never mentioned the haunting when any servant was present. This ban on the ghost was established by Henry Vansittart in the early part of the reign of Queen Victoria and was maintained for many years.

The atmosphere at Bisham, despite the beauty of the buildings and their wooded setting, is sometimes malignant. Perhaps this malevolence may spring from the fact that the notorious, 18th century "Hell-Fire Club" of Sir Francis Dashwood had its focus at Medmenham Abbey, only three miles away. Tradition states that the activities of this evil group sometimes spread to Bisham as one of the Vansittarts was a member of the clique. At Medmenham various forms of black magic and devil worship are said to have been practiced by this Order, whose members wore the robes of Franciscan friars and practiced their ceremonies in the "Abbey" built by Dashwood. It is said the "Hell-Fire Club" began with boyish pranks and ended with every form of evil to be thought up by a group of young aristocratic drunkards.

The evil aura at Bisham probably should not be attributed to Lady Hoby's restless ghost. If it does not belong to the "Hell-Fire Club", then perhaps some of the early inhabitants of the Abbey forgot their vows.

Miss Sibell Vansittart, a cousin of the Vansittart-Neale family who have occupied Bisham in recent years, tells of a visit she paid to Bisham Abbey in the 1880's. She did not see Lady Hoby's ghost but she did encounter the strange malice of the Abbey. She wrote:

"We, with our nurses, were staying with my godfather, George Vansittart. He went for a walk and fell down with a stroke. The gardener, running to get help, fell and broke his leg. The kitchen maid developed diptheria. A careless nursemaid so scalded my sister that she nearly died in the night and was scarred for life. The head housemaid, also running for help, fell down the stairs and nearly broke her back. This indeed was a day of disaster."

Lady Vansittart-Neale told the story of an oarsman at the Henley regatta, who was obliged to sleep in the Abbey library in a makeshift bed because the house was full of other guests who had come to attend the regatta also. The young oarsman was very pale and shaken in the morning. During the night he had been visited by the discarnate Lady Hoby, who paused to look at his somewhat curly hair, as if in admiration. Then the ghost remarked to him: "Young man, if I touch thy hair, thou shalt lose it!" Lady Vansittart-Neale used to add that the young oarsman left the house-party and did not row in the day's race, returning home instead.

About 100 years ago, the Vansittarts recorded that a section of the outer wall of the Abbey settled and finally collapsed. Repairs to the wall revealed that it had rested on a stone coffin. The coffin collapsed and the wall likewise broke away. There does not seem to have been any knowledge or investigation as to who may have been buried in the coffin. The incident is only another of the uncanny sequence of events associated with Bisham.

The Hoby tomb in Bisham Church may contain evidence of the mistreated child, both in the crypt and the tomb statuary. The evidence is mute and hard to judge. The tomb was erected by Lady Hoby in memory of her husband, Sir Thomas Hoby, and his half-brother, Sir Philip Hoby. It is made of ornately carved alabaster. A heavily carved canopy overhangs the sculptured group below. The crypt is supposed to contain the remains of all of the Hobys and of some of the Russells as well.

On the tomb the carved Lady Hoby kneels, in widow's garments, at a priedieu. Her head wears a coronet. Before her protrude the feet of a small child, which lies cross-wise at her knees. It seems to be swaddled in heavy clothes and

petticoats. According to Bisham legend, this child is the mysterious William of the blotted copy-books. Lady Hoby's daughter Anne Russell is opposite her, also crowned with a coronet. She afterwards became Lady Worcester. Lady Hoby's younger daughter by Sir Thomas Hoby and two daughters by Sir John Russell are ranged behind her. Behind them are the figure of her two Hoby sons, Edward and Thomas. If the small child lying across her knees is the six-year-old Thomas Russell, the whole family is accounted for, but then we must assume that Thomas is also the missing William.

In Bisham Church is a beautiful ancient and anonymous tomb which bears the sculptured figures of two children. Local legend insists that these two children were natural children of the great Virgin Queen Elizabeth, that they were born and died at Bisham. It is known that Elizabeth did visit Bisham after her more than three years confinement there, in the custody of the Hoby family during the reign of Queen Mary. The Hobys moved to Bisham in 1553, the year that Mary acceded to the throne, so if Elizabeth lived with the Hoby family during Mary's reign she certainly resided at Bisham Abbey, as Anne of Cleves owned the home in Kent at that time. At any rate the sculptured tomb of the two anonymous children belonged to some one of considerable importance for the sculpture is exceptional for the period.

Cecil Roberts, the well-known British author mentions in his fascinating book, *Gone Afield*,* a visit he paid to the Vansittart-Neale family at Bisham Abbey in the 1930's. He discussed with them the recent doings of their persistent ghost and he states:

"They cautiously waited until the butler and the maids were out of the room, knowing how ghost-ridden servants are — though the butler derides the whole haunting business in the servants' hall — and then narrated a few stories of the lady's alleged visitations.

"There was the maid of an American visitor who fled because a hand plucked her bedclothes in the night, and yet another maid of another visitor, occupying the same room, whose experience was the same. The library door too, has a habit of opening of its own account, for it is down to the library that the sinister lady comes."

Miss Vansittart-Neale took Mr. Roberts to a room in the turret where an inexplicable light is sometimes seen at night. It is a room, where, according to legend, Lady

. . . . . .

* Permission has been kindly granted, by the Appleton-Century Crofts Co. Inc., New York, and by Mr. Cecil Roberts, to quote from his book, **Gone Afield.**

Hoby imprisoned one of her unruly children. Perhaps it may have been the child of the blotted copy-book Miss Vansittart-Neale and Mr. Roberts traversed long corridors in the upper section of the old monk's quarters. Mr. Roberts had a very strange sensation when he entered one of the small, ancient bedrooms. In his book he states:

"I took a deep breath and came out hurriedly. My guide looked at me curiously.

" 'Then you noticed it?' she asked smiling.

" 'Yes, what an unpleasant sensation. What is it?

" 'We don't know. But no one will sleep in that room a second night. These rooms were part of the monk's dormitories.'

" 'Something's happened in that room,' I said, glad to be out of it."

The durable ghost of Lady Hoby has persistently manifested herself for over 300 years at Bisham Abbey. No one knows why she comes for her guilt complex, which would seem to be her motivating force, should have worn itself out long ago.

And no one knows why Lady Hoby's ghost failed to appear at Bisham during the coronations of George VI and Elizabeth II. Perhaps she cannot bring herself to consort with the commoners who now live at the Physical Education Headquarters in the Abbey.

Meanwhile the warden at Bisham Abbey keeps a weather eye open for Lady Hoby's reappearance.

For their help in making available the source material used in this article, the author wishes to express his indebtedness and thanks to the following: Christina Hole, Oxford, England; H. W. Fletcher, Marlow, Bucks., England; Dr. D. G. Neill, The Bodleian Library; Sylvia L. England, The British Museum; Stanley H. Horrocks, The Central Public Library, Reading, Berkshire, England; Sibell Vansittart, London, England; and Gordon N. Slyfield, Horsham, Sussex, England.

REPEAT OF A RESCUE

IN August, 1955, L. E. Cribb of James Island, S. C., saw two men jump into the Ashley River from a burning trawler. He commandeered a boat and rescued the two men, one of whom was Richard Hart of Charleston. In July, 1956, Cribb took out his boat to help a trawler stranded in the Stono River by lack of fuel. He was amazed to find Hart aboard.

Lieutenant Plantier's Theory on FLYING

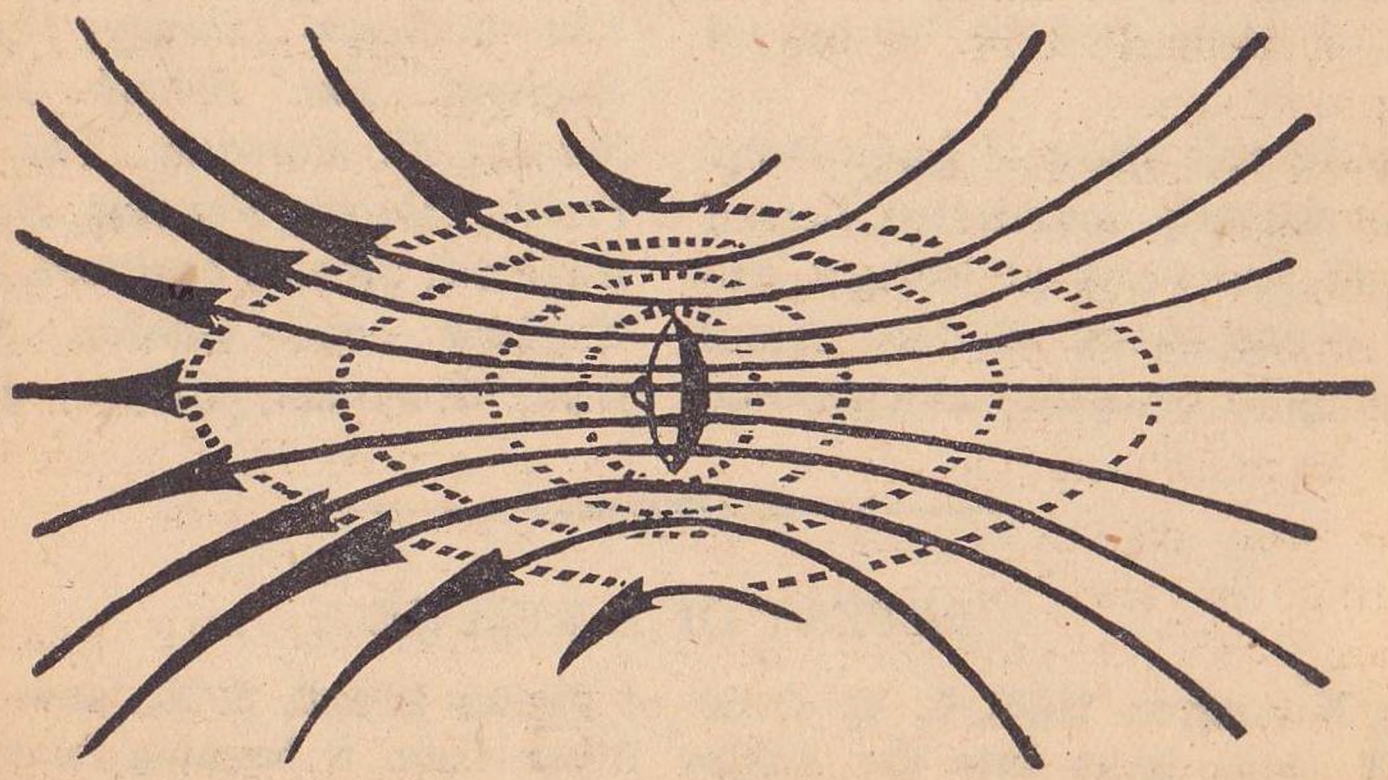
By Aime Michel

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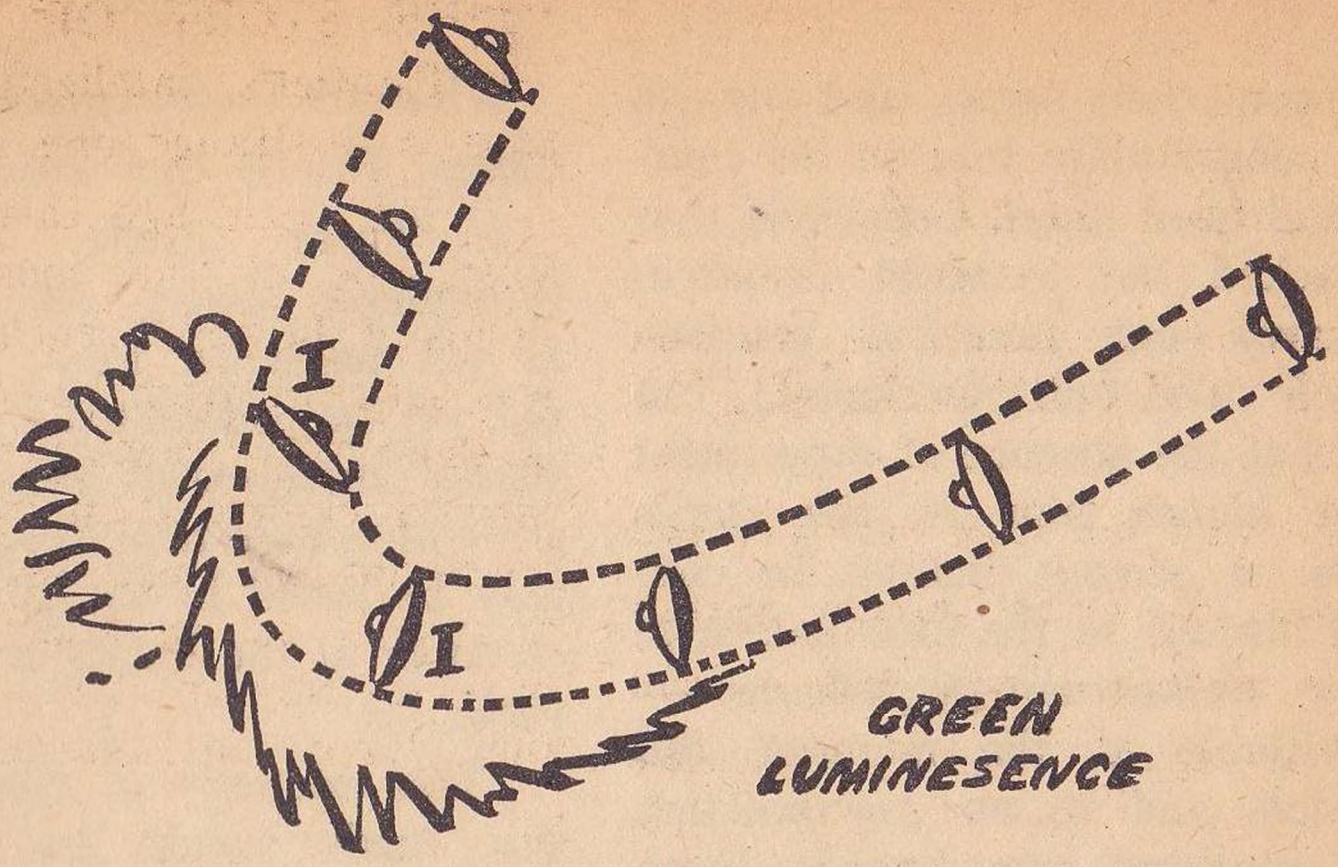
What would an ideal space vessel be like? A French airman worked out a theory — and finds it can explain flying saucer mysteries.

THE STORY OF Lieutenant Plantier's intellectual adventure is a strange one.

A few years ago this young officer, one of the most brilliant minds in the new French Air Force, was suffering from boredom in one of those minor posts to which military discipline at first invariably condemns the men who were attracted to it. Intensely interested in everything pertaining to aviation, Lieutenant Plantier had de-



Principle of Plantier's force field is shown by curved arrows representing lines of force and dotted ellipses, surfaces of equal field intensity.



Plantier believes that in a right-angle turn, between I and II, saucer's centrifugal force is counteracted by its force field. A green flame, a by-product of the drive, appears.

SAUCERS

voured all the technicalities of his field, particularly those relating to jet propulsion.

Sooner or later, he thought, men would make machines capable of escaping the earth's gravitation and propelling themselves through interplanetary space. That was what he must work for.

He soon discovered the disappointing character of rocket propulsion, with its intolerable mass-ratio law.

"If we must always be satisfied with rocket propulsion," he soon came to think, "perhaps rockets can be sent to the moon, but they will be appallingly heavy, expensive and dangerous. It will be necessary to spend on a governmental scale — hundreds of billions of francs — just to send photographic apparatus around our satellite and back to us. Meager results at enormous expense. Let us see if we can find something else."

BEYOND THE ROCKET

HERE WE SEE the young officer's intellectual integrity. In Forces Aeriennes Francaises (September 1953, p.219) he tells us how

his speculations began, and one can only congratulate him on his courage and good sense. Conscious that he lacked the material resources to carry out practical research (which ruled out experiment), but also that the absence of experiment might launch him on the sterile slopes of science fiction, he confined himself to the formulation of a few well-chosen hypotheses — unverifiable at the moment, but plausible and in no contradiction with anything now known. From these assumptions he proceeded to deduce a series of mathematically-entailed consequences, which soon led him to the conception of the ideal interplanetary vessel, the goal toward which all astronautical research should be directed.

This attitude of mind on his part, even if it yielded no immediate results, was perfectly logical. Sooner or later it will be possible to verify his basic hypotheses. When that day comes, there will be only two alternatives. They may prove to be unsound, in which case his work will have been wasted. This is a risk which he has accepted. Or they may be confirmed by experiment; and in that case, thanks to the quiet perseverance of an officer bored in the colonies, the principle of the ideal interplanetary vessel will be ready to leave the filing cabinets of the French Air Force and be applied.

What are these remarkable hypotheses? Briefly they are as follows:

1. There exists, distributed throughout space, an energy of as yet unknown form, which has not yet been detected by the physicists' instruments except in the guise of cosmic rays, whose "clicks" may be heard in the Wilson cloud chamber at the Palais de la Decouverte.

"The existence of cosmic radiation lends weight to my hypothesis," writes Plantier (loc. cit., p.222). "These particles represent condensations of energy ranging up to . . . about 100,000 times the energy furnished by the hypothetical and unrealizable complete "evaporation" of a uranium nucleus . . . Their existence presupposes an energy of fabulous magnitude; gigantic cyclotrons would be necessary to impart such energy to particles. Nothing has been found in space that can explain these mysterious bundles of power."

This then is Plantier's first assumption: that a hitherto-unknown form of energy is distributed in space in practically unlimited quantities.

2. A way exists to liberate this energy, by transforming it into energy of a more degraded kind, in the same way, for example, as the stroke of a hammer against an anvil transforms kinetic into thermal energy.

In the engine which will thus transform the cosmic energy, says Plantier, there will be a local difference of potential due to liberation or absorption. To illustrate what would take place here, Plantier compares his hypothetical machine to the Crookes radiometer, which turns simply because one side of its vanes absorbs light, being painted black, and the other reflects it, being white. This is sufficient to set the wheel in rotation as soon as it is exposed to light.

3. Plantier's third hypothesis: the liberation of this cosmic energy makes it possible to create, at the point where it operates, a local field of force that can be varied and directed at will. This local field may be likened to the magnetic field existing in a solenoid, or between the poles of a magnet or of the earth itself.

Such are the hypotheses which were sufficient for Lt. Plantier to imagine the ideal interplanetary engine. Clearly, they are only hypotheses. Everything that they entail depends on their truth.

But, after all, only the first presents a problem. For it is almost certain that if the famous cosmic energy were actually to be revealed, we would eventually succeed in liberating it and in creating the motor postulated by the force-field of the third hypothesis. No long time passed between the discovery of nuclear energy and the explosion of the first atomic bomb.

PLANTIER'S IDEAL SPACESHIP

HAVING FRAMED these hypotheses, Plantier undertook to see whether it was possible to envisage astronautical applications of the putative cosmic energy. To his surprise he found, not only that this was possible, but also that something fairly definite could be envisaged — not definite enough to satisfy a technician, but sufficiently so to carry the imagination a long way.

"It may be imagined," he writes, "that the engine utilizes a method of liberation analogous to that which, in nature, creates the primary cosmic rays. The resulting cosmic corpuscles would radiate through the engine in the direction of propulsion, in the form of a "corpusclo-undulatory" (particle-wave) fluid moving at a velocity close to that of light. One would thus have a sort of continuous cosmic jet traversing the engine. This jet emitted by the engine would follow it in its movements, propelling it, and supporting it when it was stationary, somewhat in the fashion of a ping-pong ball supported by a jet of water."

Plantier is careful to specify (in accordance with his third hypothesis) that this "cosmic jet" would

not be a jet of artificial cosmic rays, but a force field (Figure 9). Reasoning by analogy with other known force fields, e.g., electromagnetic fields, he then defines the essential characteristics of his machine. The result is quite startling:

1. To attain its full efficiency, the machine should have the form of a disc perfectly symmetrical about its axis. (Plantier gives no proof of this in the brief exposition of his theory, but I dare say the reader with some acquaintance with mechanics will easily supply it for himself.)

2. Such a vessel would be able to move at the most terrifying speeds without noise, and to break the sound barrier without producing the "sonic boom." For the force field centered on the engine would also act on the surrounding air. The air molecules would be dragged along at speeds proportional to their proximity to the engine. As a result, whatever may be the real speed of the craft, its speed with respect to the nearest molecules will always be much less than the speed of sound. These molecules in their turn will travel more slowly than the engine, but more rapidly than the molecules of the next layer, and so on. Thus no relative supersonic speed will be observed even if the engine is travelling at 20,000 miles per hour.

This reasoning seems perfectly logical; what causes the strident noise typical of supersonic aircraft, and the "boom" of the sound barrier, is their continuous impact against the motionless air. But according to Plantier's reasoning, the air is drawn along at a distance by the engine, so that there is never any shock, but a gliding upon one another of the successive layers.

3. For the same reason, the machine would be able to travel through the atmosphere at enormous speeds without overheating: the frictional heat, instead of being concentrated on the skin of the vessel, would be dispersed in the vast volume of air drawn along by the force field.

4. The most frightful accelerations would be, not merely tolerable, but actually imperceptible to passengers in such a craft. The passengers themselves would be subject to the force field. Consequently, since every atom of their bodies would be equally affected, they would perceive nothing whatever, and could calmly play chess while their vessel accelerated like a cannonball, or made 90-degree or 180-degree turns. For the chessmen too would be carried along by the field, like the aircraft and everything else in it.

Lieutenant Plantier had just reached this point in his deductions, when suddenly a wild idea crossed his mind — an idea which,

I am sure, has occurred to the reader as well: his hypothetical engine, born of garrison boredom, his impossible engine existed, it had been seen, it was the flying saucer.

"I then undertook," he tells us (loc. cit., p.223) "a careful study of the best-authenticated sightings, and discovered with ever-increasing astonishment that all of the supposed extravagances denounced by the saucer skeptics were normal consequences of the propulsion system which I attributed to them. I was able to explain, for example, the silence, the thermal resistance, the changes of shape, the maneuverability . . ."

He did even better than this: "for I was able to foresee certain characteristics later confirmed by eyewitnesses, such as the off-centre spot and the turbulent cloud."

We have just seen that this theory perfectly explains the silence, thermal resistance, and maneuverability. Let us see the other points.

CHANGE OF SHAPE

IMAGINE Plantier's craft in flight. How will it behave? To remain motionless in the sky, it will have to direct the force field vertically, giving it an intensity exactly equal to that of the earth's gravitational field, but in the opposite direction, i.e., directed upward. As seen from below, the machine will have exactly the aspect of the classical saucer, circular for observers directly beneath it and elliptical for others.

Now suppose that the craft wants to take off horizontally at top speed. First of all, during a fraction of a second, it will tilt upward, changing abruptly from the horizontal position to a sharply tilted position, so as to direct the force field in the desired direction. Simultaneously, the field strength will be sharply increased (inversely as the cosine of the angle of inclination) so as to sustain the altitude as well as producing the horizontal acceleration.

Now, Plantier here makes the pertinent observation that at the exit of the particle-accelerating machines used in nuclear research, a strong luminescence is produced by the particle-wave fluid "vomited" by the accelerator. Inasmuch as the violent increase in the engine's force field can only be obtained by an acceleration of this kind, one should expect that at the instant of take-off the machine will exhibit various luminous phenomena: changes of color, brilliant luminosity, etc. (Figure 15.) And exactly this phenomenon is regularly reported in saucer observations.

Moreover, the air adjacent to the engine should also undergo the luminous effects of the field, and should glow as a result of ioniza-

tion. Here again Plantier makes what seems to be a justifiable comparison. "It is known," he writes, "that the American physicist Noel Scott has experimentally created orange balls in a rarefied atmosphere, simply by the application of a copper ring at high potential. He believes that he has thus demonstrated the natural electrostatic character of the phenomena. But has he not, rather, unintentionally confirmed an electrical or electromagnetic aspect of the propulsion of these machines, i.e., the presence of an extremely powerful field of force around the saucer?"

In any event, a strong ionization of the atmosphere surrounding the machine would provide justification for the adjectives such as "marvelous," "uncanny," etc., used by everyone who has described nocturnal observations: e.g., Chiles and Whitted, Combs, Tombaugh, and numerous French observers. Naturally, the aspect of the light, its brilliance and color, would vary according to the intensity of the field, i.e., according to the maneuvers of the machine.

In short, Plantier's hypothesis perfectly accounts for the changes of appearance observed in flying saucers. His machine would change in color and brilliance at each application of the accelerator, the brake, or the rudder. And this is what the eyewitnesses have said.

THE OFF-CENTER SPOT

HERE certainly is a detail impossible to invent, at least by witnesses who had never heard of it. How could a number of people independently invent something so apparently meaningless as a less-luminous spot moving about on the saucer at each "turn of the rudder"? Now Plantier not only explains this spot, but he predicted it in his machine before it had been observed. In the passage devoted to the orientation of the engine (loc. cit. p.238) he states that the change of orientation (i.e., of inclination) will be obtained by decentering the resultant of the force field. This would be accomplished by means of a movable screen, which would nullify or attenuate the effect of the field on the surface covered by it. Since the ionization effects would vary according to the field strength, the position of the screen would be visible from the outside — to an observer on the ground, for example. The spot in question can be seen quite clearly on the photograph taken by M. Fregnale at Lake Chauvet. And we can predict that in all photographs of saucers one part of the object will be under-exposed if the exposure is adjusted to its average luminosity: there will always be a dark shadow in the vicinity of the center of the craft for this reason.

THE TURBULENT CLOUD

ONE OF THE strangest consequences of the force-field type of propulsion, according to my predictions, was the chance of seeing a small cloud form, in a cloudless sky, above the machine when it hovers at low altitudes." (Loc. cit., p 234) For the column of air affected by the field "weighs" little or nothing, and therefore will produce a rising current of air strong enough to lead to condensation. Plantier cites as example the experience of M. Rene Sacle, Courc o n-d'Aunis, Charente-Maritime, whose observation of Dec. 29, 1952, was reported in the newspapers of Jan. 3, 1953. While hunting snipe, this former Air Force pilot saw, with astonishment that can be imagined, a small cumulo-nimbus cloud rise vertically in a clear sky, then eject an indeterminate object which rapidly disappeared, leaving a white trail. This seems to indicate that the pilot of the machine voluntarily remained in the camouflage that he himself was creating by the action of his force field, until he was ready to take off again.

Another "turbulent cloud" that was especially well observed was the one described by the surveyor, Hall.

OTHER PECULIARITIES

WE HAVE seen that Lieut. Plantier's hypothesis explains almost everything that had previously resisted explanation. I will mention here a few other mysteries that fall into place in his ingenious theory. His force field accounts for the green and red flames observed in very rapid turns.

One can also understand on this basis the "ball-of-light" appearance so frequently noted (Gorman, p. 68); the "falling-leaf" descent in maneuvers at slow speeds; and the machine's appearance in the form of a "flying egg" or an inverted mushroom at certain speeds.

Finally, the Plantier theory explains the zigzag movements, the bizarre maneuvers, and even the observation, perhaps the most marvelous on record, of the famous "angels hair" that was gathered in profusion from the fields, trees and rooftops on Gaillac and Oloron in October, 1952, after a whole formation of unknown objects had passed over.

For, according to Plantier, the ionization of the atmosphere in the wake of the craft would be sufficient (because of the colossal intensity of the field) to produce ultra-heavy positive particles, which in contact with the molecules of oxygen, nitrogen, water, etc., of the surrounding air would exhibit novel chemical reactions. The product of these reactions — the famous angels' hair — would disintegrate as the ionization disappeared.

THE PLANTIER ENGINE AND INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL

IT IS CLEAR that Plantier's force field, if it could be achieved, would completely solve the problem of space flight. In particular, it would furnish a very elegant solution to the difficulty presented by the danger of encountering one of the billions of meteorites that travel in space at lethal speeds.

The large meteorites, because of their size and their rarity, are not very dangerous. Being so large, they could be detected by radar at a distance; the astronaut could then move politely aside, without much danger of encountering another one. But the little ones swarm in space, and the danger of meeting them would be a very real one. Plantier's force field might have the advantage of simply deflecting them away from the path of the spaceship. These small meteorites and cosmic dusts, which technicians regard as one of the chief perils of space navigation, would behave in just the same way as air molecules under the influence of the force field. Swept up by the field, they would change their trajectories, and "follow" the vessel without striking it.

BREAKDOWNS AND ACCIDENTS

"WITH THIS ENGINE," says Plantier (loc. cit., p. 233), "accidents would be difficult. By simply reversing the force field the pilot would apply a perfect brake. If necessary, a simple radar-type device could be made to apply this brake automatically at the approach of an obstacle."

What if the mechanism that creates the field were to break down, so that the field vanished? We can foresee two possibilities:

1. If the breakdown occurs at low speed — i.e., for an engine of this sort, a speed comparable to that of a jet airplane — the same thing would happen as with an ordinary terrestrial aircraft: the machine will fall and be smashed, unless a nearby craft arrests its fall by "snatching" it up in its own field.

2. If the field disappears suddenly at high speed, the surrounding air ceases to be swept along, and the machine will "collide with the motionless air with terrific kinetic energy, causing its disintegration and volatization in a fraction of a second with a thunderous detonation" (loc. cit., p. 234). If this happens at night, there will be an immense flash of light lasting until the particles cool below incandescence, i.e., several seconds.

How can we fail to correlate this terrifying description with what happened over Dieppe on January 7, 1954, at 4:27 in the morning? What mysterious drama lay behind

that fantastic explosion that flung the citizens of Dieppe out of their beds, breaking doors and windows over a radius of several miles? The astrophysical laboratory pronounced it a bolide. But the phenomenon followed a broken or curved course, coming from the north of Douai, via Arras, to Gournay in Seine-Inferieure, then turning and passing over Serqueux before exploding above Dieppe. Could a meteor have made such a turn before its explosion?

Plantier cites two other observations that seem to suggest accidents to his machine. One was reported by two pilots of the Aero Club of Morocco, who were overtaken in September, 1952, by a cigar-shaped object that disappeared in a shower of sparks. The other was the unexplained explosion which, a month later, shook the area around Glen Cove, near New York.

MERITS AND DEFECTS OF THE PLANTIER HYPOTHESIS

CRITICISM OF THE Plantier hypothesis is made easier by the fact that its author has been foresighted enough to undertake it himself. In the present state of knowledge, it is a purely intellectual construction. There is, of course, a certain probability that cosmic rays do originate from an as yet undiscovered interstellar source that fills all of space — since these rays arrive with equal intensity from all parts of the sky. But other (equally hypothetical) explanations have also been proposed. One of the most frequently mentioned connects the cosmic rays with the famous primordial atom of the Abbe Lemaitre and with his theory of the expansion of the universe. Since Plantier's hypothesis is very general and has been submitted (at the time of writing) only to limited mathematical development, there is no proof that the two theories are not complementary, rather than mutually exclusive.

But it is not necessary, in order to retain the virtues of the Plantier hypothesis, to insist on its cosmic-ray aspect. Since the publication of his article, the Lieutenant, bedridden with a tropical illness in Indo-China, has been using his enforced leisure to revise and clarify his ideas. On November 7, 1953, he wrote me:

"I merely wanted to show that as soon as one can apply to the atomic nucleus a force that can be varied and directed at will, the three prime mysteries of the saucers (silence, thermal resistance, maneuverability) will be solved; and so also will the fourth (changes in appearance), because it is not likely that such an attack on the

ivory tower of the nucleus could be made without accompanying perturbations of the electron shells, perturbations which have a 90% chance of manifesting themselves as luminous phenomena."

That is the root of the matter, Plantier's fundamental conception; "the possibility of applying a force which one can vary and direct at will to every atomic nucleus of a machine and its contents." If this possibility be granted, all the rest follows, with or without recourse to "cosmic energy."

But is there any such possibility? In nature, of course, every atom is subject to the force of gravitation. But neither the strength nor the direction of that force can be varied. So far, only the novelists have been able to do what they like with it, thanks to that imaginary substance called "cavorite" which takes such remarkable liberties with established physical principles, such as the law of conservation of energy. Magnetic fields also act on every nucleus — but not of all substances. Even if we consider only the substances that are sensitive to the magnetic field, the possibilities of this field seem too limited to allow of the construction of machines anything like Plantier's. Yet technical periodicals and news agencies frequently refer to secret research work which they say has been proceeding in Canada since 1952. A news dispatch, reporting a statement by an anonymous official, has even said specifically that Canadian experts are now working on terrestrial magnetism, and that preliminary results justified the hope that "revolutionary" developments were in sight. What does this language mean? Why are these investigations secret? Are they connected in any way with the well-known statement of Field Marshal Montgomery, after inspecting the Avro aircraft factory in Canada, that he had seen incredible things? Are they connected with the flying saucer observatory at Shirley's Bay? At present, all this is wholly in the dark.

To return to Plantier: as previously mentioned, he has himself supplied a critique of his theory.

"It is obvious," he writes (loc. cit., p. 239), "that at present we do not know of any force fields that have the attractive property of being controllable with equal ease in space and in time. Even if the possibility of such a field is granted, the laws of classical mechanics requires a system of reference for the field to react upon, and classical physics gives us no inkling of such a reference system. 'Cosmic energy' differing in potential from place to place, could very well furnish it, but this cosmic energy is likewise very hypothetical. If the cosmic radiation can

be attributed to it, then how does it happen that it has not revealed its existence before now by other electromagnetic effects?"

We see that Plantier goes as far in his self-criticism as in the boldness of his deductions. He emphasizes the hypothetical character of the principles on which his theory depends. But perhaps he will allow someone who has been deeply impressed by his explanation to speak here as his advocate.

It is true that his hypothesis is, as of now, at least 99% speculative. But what is speculation today may be demonstrated tomorrow, and therefore it may be true now. The atomism of Epicurus and Lucretius was pure speculation, yet true, for 2,000 years. Of course, if we did not need the Plantier hypothesis, its highly speculative character would tempt us to leave it to the poets. But it happens to be the only theory (aside from pure and simple denial) that explains the mystery of the flying saucers.

One is therefore justified in adopting the following attitude as the most reasonable one: either the flying saucers are a myth, in which case we need not concern ourselves with the Plantier hypothesis, or else they actually exist. If they do, where else can we find so convincing an explanation of the turbulent cloud seen by Hall, Sacle and others; of the silence, the thermal resistance, the maneuverability, and the changes in appearance? If flying saucers exist, there are 99 chances out of 100 that the speculative hypothesis given here is correct.

And this is the attitude adopted by Plantier himself. "We must make a rational search," he writes, "for the cause of these phenomena. If they are natural, so much the worse for my theories and my vanity. But if it is proved that we are indeed confronted with flying constructions, no effort should be spared to determine their nature and origin."

THE AGE OF MAN

FROM research based on the radioactivity of organic matter in different geological strata, scientists at the Enrico Fermi Institute for Nuclear Studies at the University of Chicago have concluded that modern man has existed on earth for more than 50,000 years and possibly 100,000. Previously ancient human remains were dated geologically according to the rock layer in which they were found.



DID I SEE GOD?

Whatever I did witness in my vision, there was a chain of amazing coincidences hard to explain.

By Jack Bilbo

I BELIEVE I have, for the first time, received definite proof of another world.

On December 24, 1955, at eight p.m., my wife and I sat down to a Christmas Eve dinner at a friend's house. At that very moment I was taken ill with an internal rupture. A few hours later another rupture occurred. I was once a very strong man, an amateur heavyweight boxing champion, but during the war I was tortured by the Nazis and since then my insides get worse from year to year.

I was rushed to the hospital. There the doctors decided that I couldn't be operated on; my heart was too weak. In the morning a third rupture took place, and all the doctors could do was administer drugs. For 27 days and nights I could neither sleep, eat nor drink. I lost 50 pounds. My blood pressure dropped. Then my heart stopped. Only the frantic efforts of the doctors made it start to beat

again. I went on losing blood, however, and the doctors gave me up.

I don't know at which stage in my illness my extraordinary experience began. Perhaps it was when my heart stopped, that is, when I was dead. Perhaps the drugs caused my fantastic experience, perhaps not. I want to begin my story quite illogically, as I remember it.

I was suddenly in Heaven. How I got there I don't know. The ground and one wall—there were no other walls—were of solid gold inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl. The metal was rough, like seashells. Next to me stood a man, half gold and half flesh and blood. An extraordinary kindness and goodness radiated from him. To my right, half hidden behind a huge block of gold, stood Christ.

Every painter has made a different image of Christ, according to his own conception and I have got no clear mental picture of Christ. But somehow I felt it was Christ. He had big, blue eyes which looked very, very sad. In a monotone—oddly not the voice of an orator—he repeated over and over the words: "Doing good is not enough. Goodness must come from the force you create within yourself."

I don't know in what language he spoke or even whether the words were actually spoken, or communicated to me in some other way. But the message gave me a feeling of great comfort and of being surrounded by goodness.

Then suddenly, suspended in space, I saw a large bat, about 12 feet long. It wasn't an ugly bat; on the contrary, it was very beautiful. Its belly was silvery white and its back a beautiful blue.

I turned to the half-gold, half-human figure next to me and said, "Surely, that's not God!"

"Wait and see," he replied.

The bat started to chatter and showed huge teeth. Then its belly opened and out came an enormous golden head. The head became larger and larger. It became enormous. And it remained hovering above us. The face was a bit angry and tortured; that is to say, the facial structure was tense. I felt very strongly that this was God.

Then, in the far distance, I noticed the red roof of a house.

I said to God, "Strange, we painters always paint a path leading to a house."

God said, "Do you need a path? Aren't you comfortable?"

I replied, "I am more than comfortable. As a matter of fact, I have never felt so strong in all my earthly life."

The metal radiated a strength which was quite incredible. Nothing seemed to matter. One felt nothing but goodness and strength.

Suddenly I said, "My dog, Tip, has turned into a block of gold."

Tip looks like a cross between an Alsatian and a sheepdog. His paws are far too short and crooked, like those of a dachshund. He is known as the funniest mongrel in the district. He used to visit us and then he decided to stay. More than 20 times we took him back to his owners. Then we all gave up and he stayed with us for good. We are very fond of Tip.

Here in Heaven Tip was a block of gold and I became sad. I wanted to see Tip. A minute later my wish was fulfilled and I was walking with Tip down from Heaven towards Earth.

Tip said to me, "When we get home I want you to give me the piece of chocolate with a crown on it."

I told him he should have it.

Admittedly, up to here, all this may be the result of the many and powerful drugs I was given daily. But now the reality and the logic start.

First, I lived, although three doctors can testify that my heart stopped for a minute and a half. Secondly, the three ruptures in my intestines healed on their own and in the right places. But the most curious and most mysterious thing is this: My wife had not opened any of our Christmas parcels. She wanted to wait till I had recovered. Twelve weeks later, when I was well enough to appreciate them, she unwrapped our gifts.

One parcel, sent by post from a friend in Paris, was found to contain a large box of chocolates. And right in the center of the box the largest piece was decorated with a crown. I got quite a shock and so did my wife and doctor, to whom I had told my strange experience. Neither they nor I could have known that we had been sent a box of chocolates. Neither they nor I could have known that it contained a piece decorated with a crown; in Republican France a crown is not often used as decoration.

I said, "I want to try something out."

I put the box of chocolates on the floor. Tip, of course, went straight for it. He looked at us and then, slowly, without his usual greed, picked out the piece with the crown and — another unnatural thing—didn't eat it at once. He walked around with it, as if showing it to us, and then slowly ate it. Tip, like any other dog, usually swallows a piece of chocolate or sugar in one gulp. This is the first time and only time he has acted in this manner.

Perhaps there is no explanation for this story from our limited, worldly point of view. Coincidence must be ruled out; the miracle of my reactivated heart, the internal

wounds that closed, and the chocolate decorated with the crown are each, alone, too far-fetched. Taken all together they must be evidence of something—but of what?

Is there a scientific explanation?

Or do you think, as I do, that I saw God?

THE VOYAGE OF HECTOR

THE amazing story of Hector, a dog who stowed away aboard a ship during a search for his master, recently was told by Capt. Kenneth Dodson in "The Christian Science Monitor."

On the morning of April 20, 1922, Second Officer Harold Kildall of the "S.S. Hanley," which was taking on cargo at the Government Dock in Vancouver, Wash., saw a large black-and-white terrier walk up the gangplank. On deck the dog looked and listened carefully, sniffed at the objects being loaded into the hatches and then returned to shore.

Watching, Kildall saw the dog board and inspect the four other ships which were loading at the dock. The animal's purposeful actions interested him, but he was busy and presently he forgot about the dog. The next day, after the "Hanley" sailed for Yokohama, Kildall was amazed to find the terrier aboard as a stowaway.

Captain Warner of the "Hanley" liked dogs and he and his crew made the handsome terrier welcome. But although they were friendly, the dog remained aloof. He proved to be shipbroken and he stood watch with Kildall.

Almost three weeks later the "Hanley" reached Yokohama and anchored among a number of other ships which were unloading cargoes. Kildall noticed the terrier peering and sniffing excitedly at the "S.S. Simaloer," a Dutch ship which, like the "Hanley", was unloading timber. The watching Kildall saw two men from the "Simaloer" board a sampan which, as it moved toward the customs landing, passed close to the "Hanley."

The terrier began to leap and bark in wild excitement. This attracted the attention of one of the sampan's passengers who, peering at the dog, began to shout and wave his arms. He proved to be the terrier's owner, W. H. Mante, second officer of the "Simaloer," with the same duties and watches as Kildall on the "Hanley." He and his dog, Hector, had been separated at the Government Dock back in Vancouver when the "Simaloer" sailed while Hector was away on a final tour of the water front.

Some amazing instinct or reasoning ability apparently had guided Hector in choosing the one ship among many which would take him across the ocean to rejoin his master.

Conflict in the royal family over a woman faith healer who believes she is divinely inspired poses a threat to the Dutch throne.

By Marcel Wallenstein

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FAITH HEALER Sways a Queen

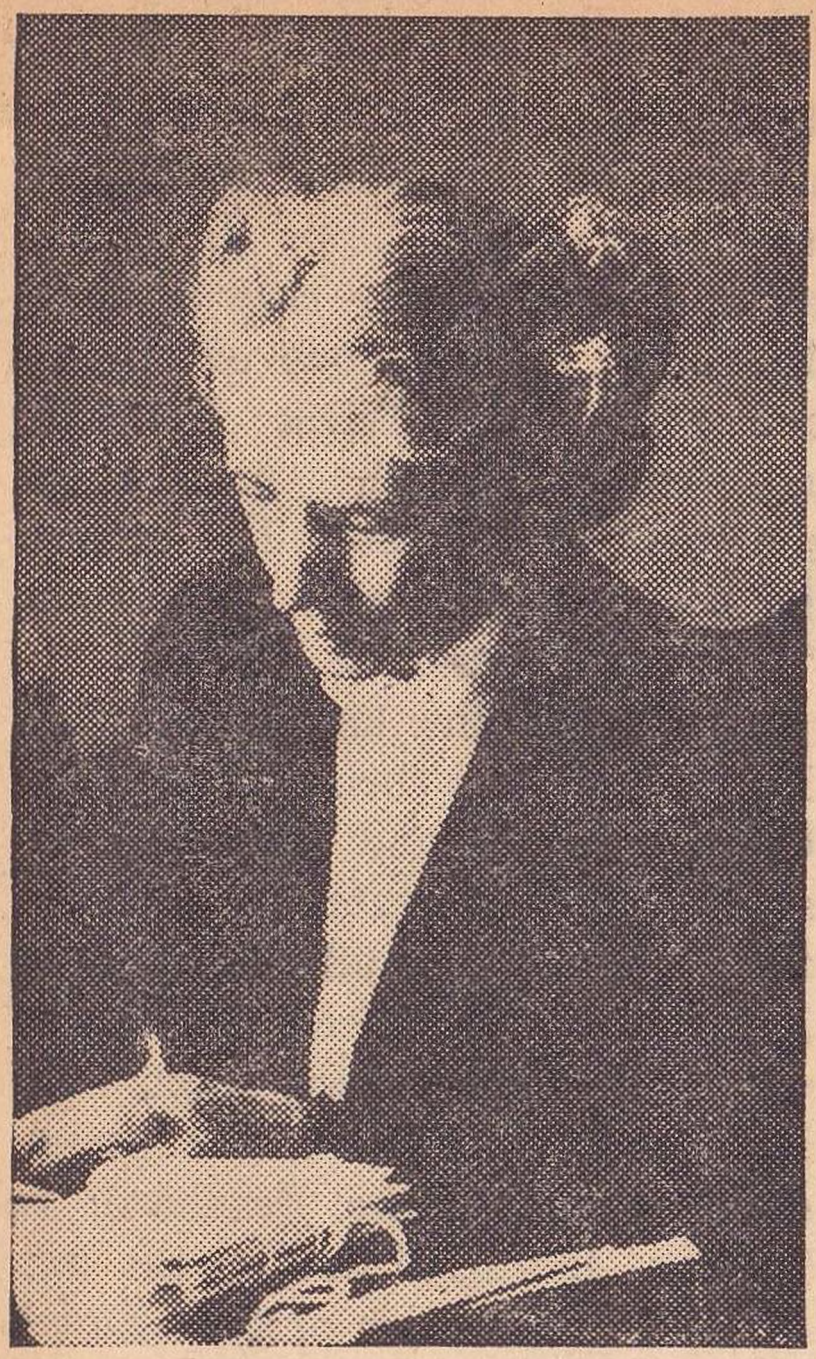
Faith healer Greet Hofmans, 61 (right), has a large following in Amsterdam. A former factory worker, she is said to have supernatural guidance in healing the sick. The Dutch queen is rumored to be a devoted follower. Photos by United Press.



Nine-year-old Princess Marijke's royal parents feared she might go blind and turned to Greet Hofmans as a last resort.

THE Dutch nation is in the throes of a crisis. Foreign tourists swarming through the lovely towns, the museums and old North Sea ports see no sign of it. The people of the Netherlands try to ignore it after living with it for more than six years. They have conspired with their rulers to clamp down the lid, keeping it a family affair. It is a strange and pitiful story.

Here is a thing grown out of imponderables. The eye-sight of an afflicted child, a mother's anguish and hope, a father's sense of duty



to family and adopted country, an old queen's meditations in her retirement, the activities of an ex-factory hand who believes she has divine inspiration to heal the sick.

Here also as the affair develops are such ingredients as religious differences and a feud between royal in-laws.

All of them are imponderable. They cannot be weighed in any scale. But they threaten the peace and well being of a staunch nation and its throne which has weathered many storms. Here, then, is the story so far as it has progressed:

Measured by any yardstick other than size the Dutch are a great people. You have only to walk into the Rijks museum here in Amsterdam and look at some pictures to realize it. Standing before a Rembrandt portrait—a thing of incredible quality—I saw a man burst into tears from sheer emotion. Two everyday American tourists, evidently mother and daughter, had surveyed the Rembrandts coolly. Then the elder woman said: "There is something in these faces that seems to shine through the paint."

An old man was standing near the two Americans. He smiled and he asked shyly in heavily accented English: "Could it be the spirit of God expressed by the hand of one man?"

It was the finest definition of civilization I had ever heard. The spirit of God through the hand of man.

But it is not an old, decayed thing, this Dutch civilization. Go into any street or house as I have done these past days and talk to the people with their unfailing courtesy, loyalty, good sense. Look about you at this cup lying below sea level, land the Dutch, century after century, generation after generation, have clawed up from the seabed, pumped dry. Go and

watch the endless pumping of sand and salt from the shallow Zuyder Zee which will one day bloom with valuable harvests.

There are some 12 million Dutchmen in this soup bowl of earth traversed by their canals. Until a few years ago they were masters of the third largest of the world's empires, won by their sailors and ocean traders.

But it is no good idealizing the Dutch or any other human community. As with many others the Dutch have been caught in a web which may draw tighter unless they can cut themselves free. One humble fellow said to me:

"It is some kind of nightmare we are in."

It is not easy to decide what twisting route to follow first in this labyrinth which now spreads in all directions. It may have begun with the birth of little Princess Marijke to the heir to the throne, Princess Juliana and her consort, Prince Bernhard. It may have been earlier. This little girl, now in her ninth year, is the youngest of four daughters of Juliana, now queen, and her husband. The others are the princesses Beatrix, 18; Irene, 16; Margiet, 14.

In May 1940 when he struck at France, Belgium and Holland, Hitler was delighted to have a German prince as husband of the woman who would inherit the throne of the Netherlands. He counted on this minor royalty of the house of Von Lippe Biesterfeld as a loyal German—that is, loyal to Hitler. It was one of Hitler's minor mistakes. When Bernhard married the Dutch princess he married her country. He became in the words of one Dutchman, "About 300 per cent Dutch."

At almost the last hour, when Rotterdam was being gutted by German bombs and German loudspeakers were threatening annihilation, the royal family escaped to England. With Queen Wilhelmina who had reigned since 1890, went her daughter, Juliana, the grandchildren and Prince Bernhard. In London, Bernhard put on the uniform of commander of the Dutch forces in exile and wore it proudly. His former German countrymen were his enemies. He was determined to do everything he could to help defeat them.

In those days Americans in London had formed themselves into a motorized squadron of the home guard, wearing British uniforms, training under the Brigade of Guards. (Editor's Note: Mr. Wallenstein was a member of the guards.) Friends in America (not yet in the war) had sent us a consignment of weapons, then scarce in Britain. We had, among other tools of war, the first Thompson submachine guns ever seen in Eu-

rope—a gangster weapon very fine for house-to-house street fighting.

Bernhard asked permission to come to our shooting range at Pirbright and learn to fire a Tommy-gun. He mastered the body-line stance, which makes a Tommy-gun expert. One day on the range next to me he said with fervor: "I'd like to get a crack at them with this!"

Everything else this adopted son of Holland did was done with the same determination, enthusiasm, drive.

The war ended. The royal family returned to a liberated Holland whose people had suffered terribly under German occupation. The empire was about to be lost. The Dutch threw themselves into the tasks of restoration, rallying about their queen with loyalty, with love. This feeling for a king or queen in a small compact monarchy such as Holland or the United Kingdom can hardly be understood in the United States. It is best described as affection of children for the revered head of their family.

The old queen was worried to distraction with the turn of events —an empire disintegrating before her eyes; a people at home to be fed, housed, given employment; questions of money, arms for defense; new problems everywhere she looked. She threw in the sponge. She had had enough. In 1948 she announced her abdication. She was succeeded by her only daughter, Juliana. The younger woman naturally feared the responsibility. She had her troubles at home.

The last born child, Princess Marijke had faulty eyesight from birth. It has lately been reported in the foreign press that Marijke is nearly blind or going blind. This is untrue. The little girl can see well enough with thick lenses to attend school and has been described as a normal pupil of her age. But there were fears that she might become blind soon after her birth. Medical science could do nothing more. At such a time parents will grasp at any hope. And so it was with the new queen of the Netherlands and her husband.

There had been talk in Amsterdam about a strange woman healer who was supposed to hear supernatural voices. According to the gossip the woman, Greet Hofmans, who had come from a desperately poor family, was instructed by the supernatural "voices" in methods unknown to doctors. Greet Hofmans had become a faith healer with a growing following in Amsterdam. Twice a week patients assembled in a dancehall for "treatment" or rather sugges-

tions for their treatment, often though their own physicians. Swiftly the story spread through the nation that Greet Hofmans was inspired by Divine guidance.

A father who had tried everything accepted her as a last resort for his child. How often has it happened? Prince Bernhard brought Greet Hofmans to the palace to treat the ailing child. For nearly two years the woman continued her visits to the private apartments of the royal family. Then in 1950 she stopped going to the palace.

There was no gossip about this in Holland; the affair created little open curiosity. It was a private matter of the queen and the prince consort.

More and more Bernhard was traveling abroad as chief salesman for the Netherlands. He was constantly showing up in England, France, South America, frequently piloting his own plane or driving his car. When at home he worked long hours planning for new industries, serving as head of the national chamber of commerce, working as few men who need money work for a living. "He is the hardest working man in our country." I have heard that said repeatedly here.

The queen was seen less and less at public affairs. On the rare occasions when she emerged from the palace she went alone. Bernhard was abroad or he was busy with affairs in his office. When Bernhard appeared in public now it was invariably without the queen. Obviously there was a rift in the domestic life of the couple. And still the loyal people of the country looked the other way, talked of other things. The affairs of the queen were above mean tittle-tattle. They loved her. They sympathized with her in her grief for the child. They had learned to admire and like Prince Bernhard.

And there matters stood in the kingdom of the House of Orange until a few weeks ago. Then an illustrated German periodical, Der Spiegel, removed the lid from what has since been exposed as a boiling stew.

Briefly, the chief details as told by Der Spiegel were these:—

There was á serious rift between Prince Bernhard and Queen Juliana. Bernhard had driven Greet Hofmans from the palace. The queen insisted on her remaining to treat Princess Marijke. The old Queen Mother Wilhelmina had taken sides with her daughter and become a devoted follower of the faith healer. A palace clique had grown up around the queen and the queen mother, all opposed to Bernhard.

Nothing of this was reported in Holland until the Communist press

began quoting Der Spiegel. There is a powerful Communist element in Amsterdam, some say nearly one quarter of the city's population. Then, the fat was really in the fire. The foreign press, or certain elements of it, swarmed into Amsterdam and The Hague. The British contingent, unable to get anything from any Dutchman, congregated in the 17th century Wynand Fockink tavern in Amsterdam, its members interviewing each other. They came up with some weird tales which were spread on front pages of London's popular press.

There were rumors of a royal divorce, of abdication, of a Rasputin-like influence exercised by Greet Hofmans over Juliana. There were stories that the three elder princesses sided with their father and disapproved of their mother, the queen, and so on.

Similar stories were published in France, Germany, Belgium. They were quoted in the United States. And still the bulk of the Dutch press remained silent on the affair. A situation somewhat similar to that preceding the abdication of King Edward VIII in England was created. As with the English, the Dutch people knew nothing about what was happening in their royal palace until they read of it in their foreign newspapers.

Then very carefully the Dutch press began to comment. There were editorials mostly decrying the foreign publicity, but stating that the royal family unfortunately lived in a glass house.

There were complaints that the government department dealing with public affairs had failed in its duties. No word of criticism was directed against any member of the royal family. But the country had been at last aroused. Nothing sensational; no nasty chalking on walls as happened in Scotland when it was announced the duke of Windsor was marrying Mrs. Simpson; nothing like what the French, the Belgians and the Italians write and say when they are annoyed with events in high places.

But rumors circulated in the absence of facts. Stories were now heard that the government was trying to curb the powers of the queen and that the queen would not back down. She would write her own speeches, she would continue to employ Greet Hofmans, she would not give up the friends who were supporting her. There were stories with details about a palace clique meeting the faith healer at Het Oude Loo, a royal palace owned by Queen Mother Wilhelmina.

An American news magazine under the heading, "Will Juliana Give Up Throne?" published a story about the "Het Oude Loo

cult" with a faint resemblance to the "Cliveden set" which appeased Hitler in England before the outbreak of World War II. There were stories of clashes between ministers of the government and Queen Juliana.

It was past time to do something. Following hasty consultation the oldest of the royal children was thrown into the breach. She is Princess Beatrix who had shortly before become of age (18 in this case). She had also passed her baccalaureate examination, which means she had won her bachelor of arts degree at an age when most American students are entering their freshman classes, and in Europe the schools are tough.

Now, with the queen's permission, Princess Beatrix, heiress to the throne, was to be presented to the people of Amsterdam.

The most ardent royalist would not claim beauty for young Beatrix. She is of stocky build and has the round pudding face of the distaff side of her family. She has a fine hearty laugh, a frank approach, and apparently a brain, a useful tool for a woman condemned to sit on a throne.

The Amsterdam celebration for Beatrix was used to put forward the appearance of a solid front in the royal family. Old Queen Wilhelmina, not seen in public for years, emerged from her retreat. Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard rode together to the opera house. The family was received with an outburst of loyal affection. Photographs taken on the occasion show Princess Beatrix laughing with joy, her father smiling and being the competent diplomat that he is. Poor Juliana was simply not up to all this. The pictures of her reveal a stricken, ravaged face; there were no smiles from her.

So much attention was lavished on Princess Beatrix on this occasion that rumors of her mother's abdication grew stronger. Some days after the Amsterdam fete, I went to The Hague.

Little was to be learned in the city of the royal residence. One diplomat told me: "There is no real information. When this affair developed the Dutch closed down like one of their oysters."

A wealthy citizen said: "When stories began to appear in our newspapers I clipped them out before I took the papers home. I will not have my children reading anything distasteful about their queen."

Was there a palace clique behind the religious cult of which the faith healer, 61-year-old Greet Hofmans, was the spearhead?

No one could say. The woman could not be seen. She had closed her public sessions. A wealthy banker had taken her under his

protection. He built her a low, barrack-like bungalow in his garden and there she lives, within a few minutes' cycling distance of the palace at Soestdyk where Queen Juliana, Prince Bernhard and their children live.

It was different in Amsterdam. Information was at hand. There is no question about the palace clique. It exists, composed of some members of the nobility, wealthy business and professional men. This palace guard has surrounded Queen Juliana. Many believe its members seek preferment—titles, the queen's influence, financial opportunities or other personal advantages.

What about Greet Hofmans? What was she getting out of all this? Is she a genuine faith healer? Is there evidence of any cures resulting from her influence?

I saw a prominent Amsterdam physician. He was unwilling to talk.

"I do not know Greet Hofmans," he said. "I have never seen her."

I asked him if she healed the sick. Could he tell me if anybody had been helped by her?

The doctor shook his head. Then he said: "I have looked into that. I cannot find a single case in which this woman's services have been of benefit to an afflicted person. So far as I know, Greet Hofmans never cured anyone."

Greet Hofmans does not receive journalists. The woman with the shock of white hair who wears plain clothes and rides a bicycle was not available. She had been interviewed by one man, H. A. Lunshof, an editor of Elsviers Weekblad, whose work is widely respected. The royal family was not mentioned in this interview. Following are some of the questions and answers of the Lunshof interview with Greet Hofmans.

Q. "Is it true that you have no political influence?"

A. "No, I have no politics in any form. I am a simple Amsterdam girl. I have no culture. I am unable to make speeches. We were very poor. When I was 11 years old I started work in a textile factory. I worked, became a supervisor. I wrestled and prayed for divine protection. Then in 1946 it came. I received a revelation. I started to practice in 1946."

Q. "How do you heal the sick?"

A. "I cannot give my formula, but I pray for guidance."

Q. "Do you hear voices?"

A. "No voices. I receive something from outside myself."

Q. "Are you paid for your services?"

A. "No, I take no reward of any kind. I own nothing. I am poor."

Elsewhere I was told repeatedly:

"Greet Hofmans has cured nobody." Not the little princess, not anybody else. It was impossible to find evidence in Amsterdam that the woman has been of value in a case of physical suffering. It is impossible to evaluate her spiritual powers. Little is known about them outside the ranks of her followers.

Another strange figure in the cult or sect around Greet Hofmans is a 60-year-old ex-shipping company clerk, J. W. Kaiser. Apparently he is the leader of the sect. He quit his job to give himself entirely to this religious work. He so impressed his employers with his honesty and faith that they pensioned him.

Some other strange sects have recently made their appearance in Holland. One group follows a former fisherman who declares he is Christ returned to earth.

There are still other exacerbating incidents. Everywhere one looked some new angle showed itself. Queen Juliana is not on good terms with her mother-in-law, Princess Armgard. The former German princess does not visit Juliana. When Armgard sees her grandchildren or her son it is away from Amsterdam, as a rule.

Bernhard, his daughters and their German grandmother were recently together at a horse show at Aachen, Germany, an incident which aroused some heartburning at Soestdyk palace. Then not long ago Princess Armgard renounced the Protestant faith to become a Roman Catholic.

The political repercussions of this intricate business have yet to show their full impact. So far the results have been astonishing.

The article in Der Spiegel appeared on the eve of the Dutch parliamentary election, too late to influence the vote. In Holland the Socialist party and the Catholic party each has about equal representation. When the votes were counted the Socialists had 36 seats and the Catholics 34 seats in the Twede Kamer, lower house of Parliament. The remaining 30 odd seats were distributed among Protestant parties, the Liberals and Communists. The latter have four seats in the new house.

Here, one might say, was a situation made to order for Socialists who are supposed to detest royalty and thrones. It was advantageous also to the Catholic politicians, since the royal family strictly adheres to the Dutch Protestant faith. What happened?

The Socialists and the Catholics together have rallied about their royal family, staunchly defending all of its members. The sole political criticism has come from the Protestant factions who complain, "The queen should not have

sought spiritual consolation outside her own faith."

Queen Juliana has at last seen the red light above her throne. She has done at least one wise thing. A short time ago she appointed three elder statesmen as a committee to inquire into the stories published abroad and to announce what they have learned about the affair. This commission is now deliberating. Its members resigned their political offices so that there can be no suggestion of party politics in their findings. The three statesmen are Sjourd Gerbrandy, premier in exile when the government fled to London in World War II; L. J. M. Beel, former vice-premier, and Jonkeer Van Starkenborg-Stachouwer, formerly Netherlands ambassador to NATO. Their findings will be of interest.

Whatever the findings of this commission it is unlikely that the Dutch people will panic. Nobody expects them to lose their good square heads.



GROWTH OF FAITH HEALING

FAITH HEALING as an active ally of scientific medicine is gaining wider acceptance among clergymen and lay leaders, according to Harold Schachern, church writer of the Detroit *News*. This, he says, particularly is true of the Protestant church, which for years tended to regard faith healing as a primitive and unsophisticated belief.

Schachern quotes Dr. G. Merrill Lenox, director of the Detroit and Michigan Councils of Churches, who said, "We have no doubt that a person's faith is a vital element in the process of healing. While the church fully respects the central place held by medical science as one of the God-given means of healing, it also recognizes the function of faith and prayer in the process."

Schachern reports that the journal *Religion in Life* recently conducted a symposium in which four prominent clergymen agreed that the evidence for miraculous cures through prayer is so abundant that the phenomenon must be taken seriously.

Recently, Schachern reports also, a commission of distinguished British physicians made a study of spiritual healing. The commission said that while many so-called miracles have natural explanations, it acknowledged that some well-authenticated cures are "at present inexplicable on scientific grounds," and that there are "many aspects of healing that are still outside our present medical knowledge."

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RECONCILED BY A DREAM

By Jewell Becker

MY WIDOWED FATHER and I were estranged, and after I moved to the distant city of Edmonton, Alberta, Can., I did not hear from him for a number of years.

In October, 1953, I had a dream in which I saw my father lying in a coffin in an open grave. As I remembered him, he was a portly man, but in my dream he was very thin. His hands and face were covered with running sores. As I stood some distance from the grave, I heard him call my name, but I resisted approaching the grave.

Again and again he called my name, pleadingly, and beckoned to me to come to him. When I refused he raised a black shroud, exposing legs which were covered with sores similar to those on his face and hands. I was frightened, and tried to escape, but I couldn't move my feet. They seemed to be cemented to the ground.

In my struggle to escape, I woke, spent and tired.

That dream haunted me all day. I had an overwhelming urge to telephone our three city hospitals and inquire if Father was a patient — this in spite of the fact that to my knowledge, Father lived 200 miles away. Finally, unable any longer to resist the urge, I telephoned.

A man with Father's name was a patient in the second hospital I called.

When I entered the public ward



JEWELL BECKER

specified, a familiar voice called my name. Father motioned to me with his hand, covered with sores, as in the dream. "I knew you would come," he said. He had been ill for many months. He lifted the sheet off his legs, covered with sores, to show me the extent of his illness. A haunted feeling crept over me with the realization that my dream had come true in every detail.

Had it not been for my dream, I never would have seen Father alive as he passed away shortly afterward. I was thankful for the opportunity to make retribution for the shameful way I neglected him in the past. — *Tofield, Alta., Can.*

SPIRIT PLUMBER

By Rev. Ida B. Bates

IN FEBRUARY, 1956, I moved into an eight-room house so that I could supplement my income by renting out rooms. There were two bathrooms in this house, one upstairs and one (ours) downstairs. The plumbing was extremely out-dated. What is known as the "gooseneck" for the kitchen sink is down in the laundry room and is of heavy cast iron, with the joints firmly cemented together. It most probably never had been taken apart since the plumbing was installed.

A few days after we moved in I noticed that drainage from the kitchen sink came up into our bathtub. It made a mess and using the "stomper" in an effort to clear the drain did no good at all.

I was frantic as my landlord had made it clear that he would not undertake repairs on the inside of the house, and I could not afford a plumber.

As warm weather approached the drain in our bathtub gave off an offensive odor. I tried to clear it with several cans of drain opener, even a box of soda and a gallon of vinegar, but without results. My son-in-law, Herman, tried to loosen the "gooseneck" with a borrowed, huge pipe wrench, but it was cemented too firmly and he did not wish to risk breaking the pipes.

One night I went to bed, tired and discouraged. As I lay, half asleep and wishing I knew how to open the drain or at least to raise the price of a plumber, I suddenly heard a voice inside my head. It told me to stop worrying, that they (the voice) would tell me exactly what to do in the morning. I thought I was merely imagining this and fell asleep.

After lunch the next day I began dipping water from the bathtub as someone always forgot and let water down the kitchen sink. While doing this I heard a voice inside my head tell me to remove the overflow pipe from the tub and lift it out of the floor pipe. I did

so. Then the voice told me to pour a can of lye down the floor pipe, cover this pipe with a folded cloth and hold it there firmly with my foot, while using the suction stomper at the hole in the tub.

After almost two hours of this, I gave up in exhaustion. The voice told me to try once more. I did — and suddenly I heard a gurgling sound and then a loud swish. The drain ran clear. I could not believe my senses.

The voice told me to pour a gallon of boiling water down the kitchen sink and it would not drain into the tub any more. I replaced the overflow pipe and, with my daughter watching the tub, I poured the boiling water down the sink. It went directly into the sewer pipe and not into the tub. When I partly filled the tub with water and then pulled the stopper, the water ran out swiftly. I was so excited and pleased that I said, "Thank you, kind spirit, for your aid!"

We have not been bothered by the drain since then — *Mansfield, O.*

THE LIBRARY BOOKS

By Lois L. McFall

IN APRIL, 1956, my brother-in-law, Mike McFall, told my husband, Jack, about an interesting book he was reading. He related a few funny incidents from it and Jack said, "When you're through with it, lend it to me."

Mike said, "It'll be quite a while before you get it because Ray gets it next." Ray was another brother.

I asked Mike what the title of the book was. He replied, "It's a pocket book edition of *No Time For Sergeants.*"

That is all that was said about the book. I completely forgot about it.

One week later, on Monday, April 9. at four o'clock in the morning, I had a dream in which I was at the library. This seemed unusual for I had no intention of getting any books from the library. Suddenly someone whispered to me, "Here is the book you must get." The book loomed up in front of me, but I could see only the size and the color of the cover, a dirty yellow. I could not see the title or anything else.

I started to protest that I had no reason to want this particular book when the voice said, "The number is 438234." Again I started to protest and the voice said, "You must get the book!"

Feeling foolish, I went to the library later that day. I had no idea what the title of the book was and I felt I couldn't ask the librarian to check the number as she would not understand how I came to have it.

I hovered in one section of the

library, where I felt the book was located. I had the number copied on a piece of paper in my purse and I checked it when I found a book resembling the one in my dream. I felt sneaky doing that. Finally I gave up because I felt the librarian watching me. I chose a book at random to avoid suspicion.

As the librarian stamped my card, I asked nonchalantly "Do you have *No Time For Sergeants,* by any chance?"

She said, "Why, yes, I think it's still here." She walked to the section in which I had hovered, reached up high and took down a book. When she handed it to me I saw it had a dirty yellow cover on which was no title or anything else. Later I checked the number on the pocket inside the book. It was 438234. — *LeMay, Mo.*

AN AIR TRAGEDY FORESEEN

By Marjorie J. Shaw

IN DECEMBER, 1952, my mother, Mrs. Roy E. Brown, told everyone of a vivid dream which she seemed unable to forget. In the dream, she said, she was looking out of the living room window, which extends the full length of the room, and saw a plane hit a tree high on the mountain in back of our house. She said she saw the plane fall and crash. She went to where it lay burning and the fire was so hot she saw heat waves.

On January 7, 1953, a rainy winter night, I had just finished washing my hair and, as I walked into the living room, Mother cried, "My dream!"

I looked upward through the window and, over the trees, saw a plane on fire. As I stood there a sensation I never have experienced before or since came over me. I felt as if I were in that plane as it fell. I saw the cabin door, with cargo shifting behind me. A woman and some children were trying to reach the door.

After we saw the explosion, Mother and I hurried to the field where the plane had crashed. The plane was burning so hotly that heat waves rose from it.

Later we heard that the plane was one belonging to the Fying Tiger Line and was carrying cargo. It had hit a tree on "Squak" Mountain. There were seven persons aboard, including a mother and her two small sons. — *Seattle, Wash.*

THE BIBLE AND I

By Mrs. Ted Stoeckel

I BELIEVE psychic experiences occur because of love, between persons or objects, which creates oneness. The following psychic experience occurred to me because I consider my Bible my greatest treasure.

It isn't an expensive book and many of its pages are worn. But it has in it the births of each of my children and every passage I memorized is marked, as is each Old Testament story which I taught to the children as soon as they could toddle.

When vacation school opened in the summer of 1956, I let my oldest boy, Kurt, use my Bible. The second night he left it on the church steps while playing and forgot about it.

I sent him back for it but it was gone. Kurt's teacher and others searched for the Bible, but nobody found it.

My only consolation in this loss was the hope that whoever found my Bible would be led to the Saviour.

By the end of the week, I had nearly forgotten my loss — or had given up, I should say. At dawn one morning I lay awake in bed, gazing at my bedroom window. Gradually the window faded from sight and in its place was a colored church window. Tucked to one side of it was my Bible. The red on the pages showed up clearly.

The shock of seeing my Bible woke me completely. I dressed quickly went directly to the Church and looked at all the windows. On the south side I found my Bible — exactly where I had seen it in my vision.

As I took the Book down, it seemed to be alive. The aura of it embraced me — and we were one again. —*Cumberland, Wis.*

THE MEMORIAL CANDLE

By Louis Feigenbaum

JANUARY 1, 1956, was the fourth anniversary of my dear mother's death. As my religion ordains, I always light a Memorial Candle on this occasion. I placed the candle on the table on Friday morning, December 31, in order to be sure to light it on Saturday at sundown.

That afternoon, I visited my sister, Miriam, and her husband, Charles Mikola, who live nearby. I found both ill and with a doctor in attendance. The physician had diagnosed their condition as a virus attack. Much concerned, I decided to remain and tend to their needs.

Soon after the doctor's departure, I began to feel quite ill and



LOUIS FEIGENBAUM

my sister and brother-in-law were semi-conscious and delirious. Suddenly I heard the wail of sirens and then I was aware of a police squad administering oxygen to us. We were then rushed to Bellevue Hospital where our condition was diagnosed as gas poisoning.

Investigation showed that a defective gas pipe had almost caused our deaths. The noxious odor had alarmed the neighbors and they had called the police. Fortunately, we all survived and I was discharged from the hospital on New Year's Day, 1956.

Home again, I was astonished to find the Memorial Candle burning brightly under the portrait of my mother, may her soul rest in peace. By the remaining wax it was obvious that the candle had been burning for at least a day. What amazed and terrified me was that I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that I, personally, never had lighted that candle.

When I recovered my senses, I questioned the superintendent. Did he, for some reason, do me this kind service?

"Mr. Feigenbaum," he said, "I never enter the premises of my tenants!"

I am a mature and practical businessman. Rational and scientific in my approach to all phenomena, I have never accepted the concept of the supernatural. Yet, since this uncanny experience with the candle, I am left wondering and questioning . . . .

Who did light the Memorial Candle? — *New York, N. Y.*

THE DREAM THAT SPARED THE ROD

By Vida M. Holsinger

IN 1902, in the little town of Scalp Level, Pa., I was one of six children. As I was the oldest girl I had first place as Mother's little helper.

I loved to care for my little sisters and brothers so much, that I didn't miss not having a doll. However, to my surprise one day, a neighbor called me and said, "Would you like this doll?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied. "And thank you so much."

I grew very fond of the Chinese doll which was made of plaster. I carried it around in my apron pocket while at work or play.

One day the doll was missing. No one seemed to know of its whereabouts. I searched fiercely and continually. Finally Father said, "Vida, if I find you searching again for that doll, I'm going to whip you."

I said, "All right, Daddy," and went immediately to bed. I hoped that somehow I would find the doll soon.

As I slept I dreamed about the doll. In the morning, I woke with

the dream fresh in my mind and ran downstairs. Daddy said, "Vida, why so early?"

"Oh, Daddy, I dreamed I found my doll with its head broken off."

Father said, "All right, if you are willing to take a chance on the dream or a whipping, you may look one more time."

I dug into the box and as I reached the bottom I screamed, "Oh, Daddy, here she is — and with her head broken off just like I dreamed." I was filled with gratitude that the truthfulness of my dream had spared me a whipping. That dream I shall never forget. —*Lakeside, Calif.*

MYSTERY OF THE VIRUS

AT A RECENT meeting of the American Society of Biological Chemists at Atlantic City, N. J., Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Wendell M. Stanley announced that in his laboratory at the California Institute of Technology a synthetic virus had been created. It has not been determined yet, he said, whether this new virus will cause some known or unknown disease in a plant or animal. His staff currently is seeking a proper host. Not until it is found will there be any clue to the mystery of whether viruses, natural or synthetic, are alive.

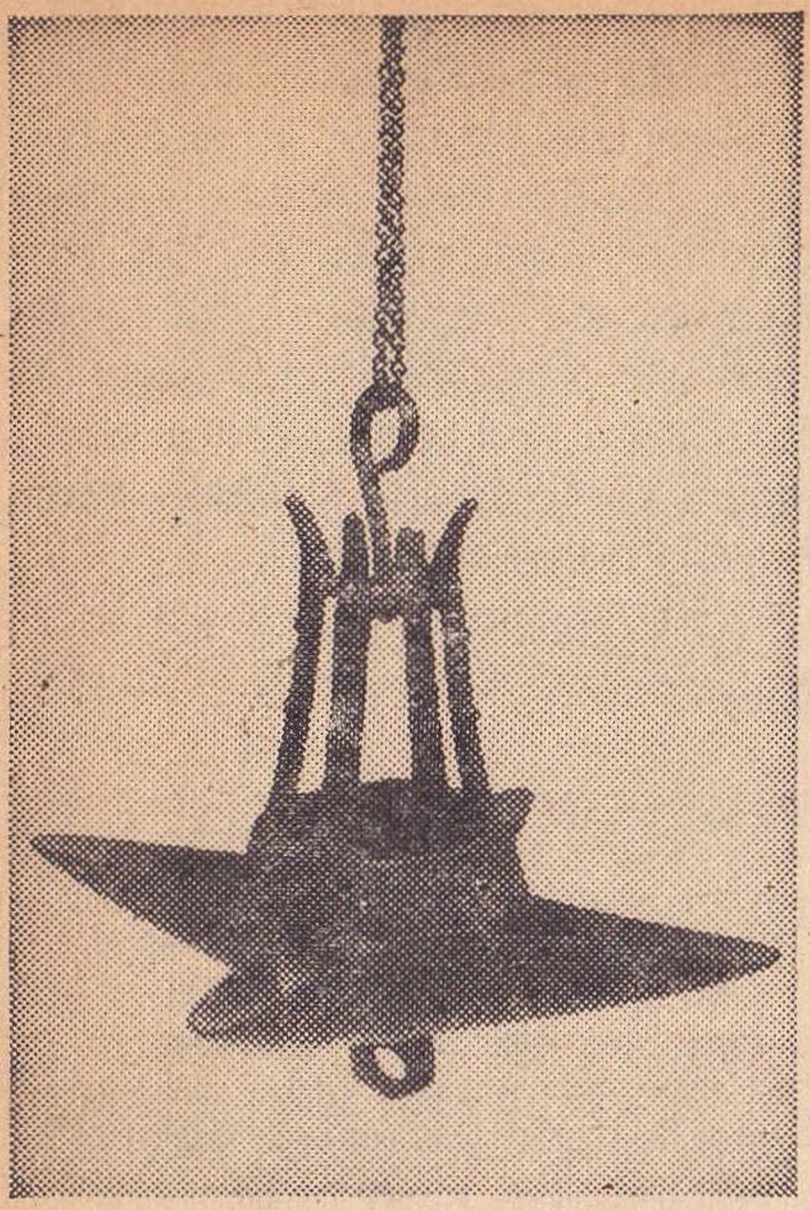
Viruses can be crystallized and, although there is no such thing as a living crystal, they show certain characteristics of life. When crystals of the virus that causes tobacco mosaic disease are placed on the leaf of a tobacco plant, they spring into life and the mosaic disease spreads like a slow fire over acres.

Viruses show another characteristic of life in that, under the proper conditions, they can mutate — change the pattern of their heredity. Further, viruses can reproduce themselves in living cells and tissues as do bacteria, although there are numerous and large differences between the two. Yet the differences in structure between viruses and non-infective proteins are few and subtle.

NO WAY OUT

DUANE Littell of Denver, Colo., declined an invitation to go skiing as he feared he might fracture a leg. He went horseback riding instead—and suffered a fractured ankle when his horse tripped and fell on him.

Burial Lamps



Bronze hanging lamp, found in 1612, is typical of Roman tomb lamps. It is about 12 inches high and 8 inches wide.

By Marguerite Steedman

ONE SPRING DAY in the year 1550, there was great excitement in the famous asparagus fields on the island of Nisida, the ancient Nesis, just off the Italian coast between Puzzuoli and Naples. A farmer's spade or mattock had grated on stone, then brought up chips of carved marble.

He shouted the news. His friends came running, anxious to be in on the find of another ancient Roman tomb! Treasures often turned up in such places, for the island had once been noted for its villas. Cicero's friend, Brutus, liquidator of Caesar, had lived in one of the villas.

Shortly, the peasants uncovered a stone chamber, its door held fast by cement and leaden cleats, its roof as tight as when the builders laid it, before the birth of Christ. The diggers splintered the door and its epitaph which might have identified the occupant. They were in a hurry to get on with the treasure-hunt — collectors in Naples paid fancy prices for statues, urns of glass, for golden ornaments, bronze vases, armor, and swords.

The diggers peered through the broken door — but not into the expected darkness. Howls of fear, muttered prayers rose at the sight of a lamp burning strongly, clearly, within — a lamp that had not been lighted by the living!

Fearfully, they brought it into the daylight. Its wick was clean and fresh. It was enclosed in a clear glass cylinder. No amount of blowing or shaking disturbed that flame. *The lamp was burning without air, in a sealed glass vessel!*

The peasants debated. Everyone knew that the Old Ones, the Romani, had dealt in strong magic.

that Burned for Centuries

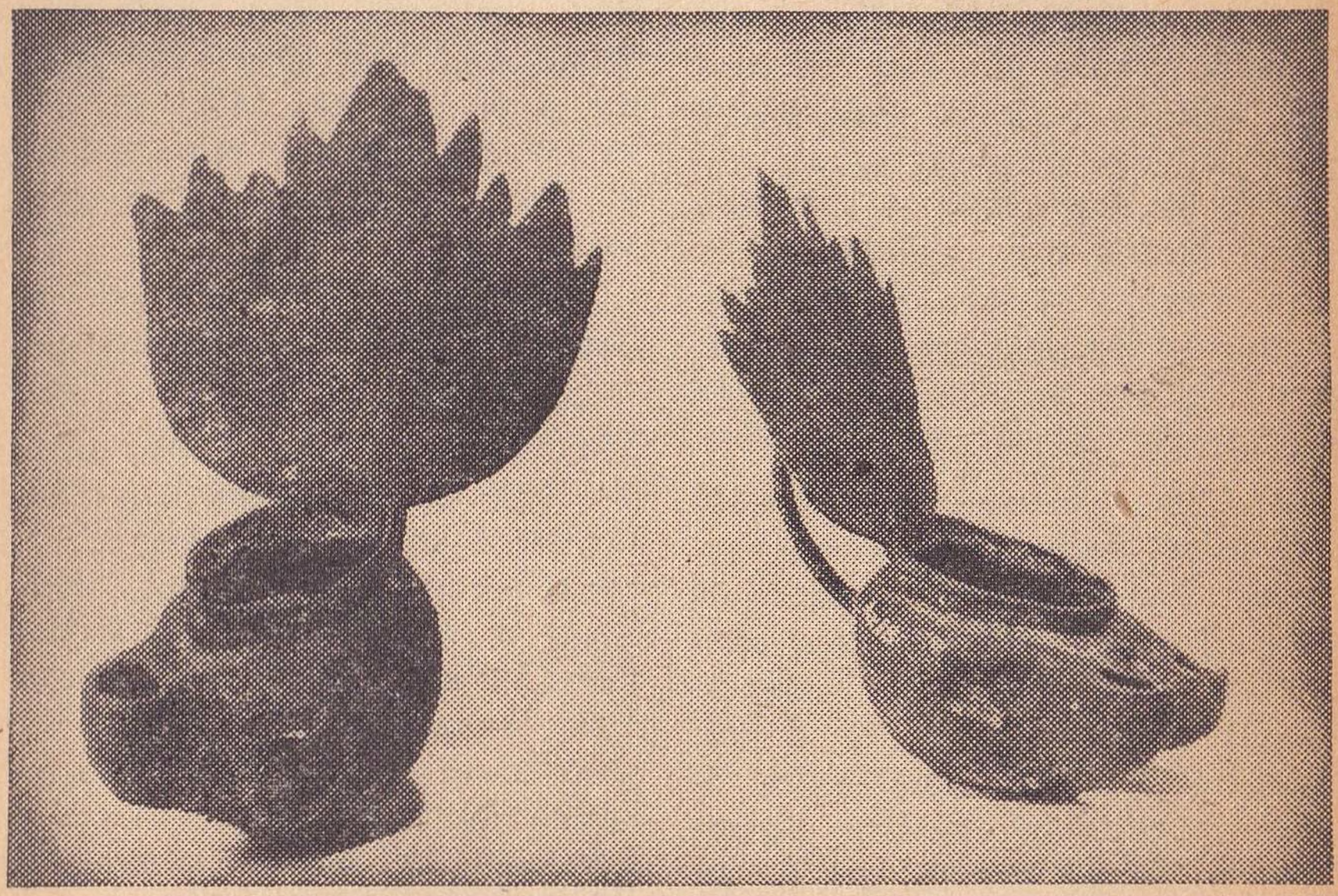
The diggers were amazed to find a lamp burning in the tomb. How can a lamp burn for centuries—without air?

But it was a devilish, unnatural flame! Smash the contraption, then, in the name of God and the saints!

The glass cylinder was smashed. The flame went out.

A lamp in a tomb? To Americans the idea is odd, but not to Italians, ancient or modern. Even now, in the great Campo Santo, near Milan, tombs are lighted electrically night and day. Candles can be bought for the purpose, too.

To the ancient Roman, tomb-lights were necessary. The world of the dead was one of gloom, shadows and fear. If the darkness of a single night could be terror to



Roman lamps such as these, found about 1625, were in use everywhere, not only in tombs. Specimens are roughly 8 inches high by 6 inches wide. Tomb lamps burned although sealed in glass. Photos courtesy Ruks-Museum, University of Leyden, Holland.

the living, how much worse must be the darkness of eternity? So, as the living poured wine and oil on the ashes of the beloved dead, they left lamps burning within the tombs, and lighted others on anniversaries of the funeral. Every tomb had its lamp — such was the rule. But lamps burning 500 years, a thousand years — burning without air . . . . ?

In Naples, 10-year-old Giambattista della Porta, precocious son of an old and wealthy family, heard of the strange, ever-burning lamp and marvelled. Della Porta was born in Naples in 1540 and died in 1615. In 1558, he published a treatise on *Natural Magic* — which to him meant a collection of facts not then understood. In that treatise he told of the lamp found on his neighbor-island. And one hesitates to believe that della Porta was a teller of tall stories.

He had become a celebrated physician; owner of a private museum; founder of an academy of learned men, whom he often supported; author of many scientific books, and the inventor of the Camera Obscura. This device is the ancestor of modern photography. Della Porta's special interest was optics. He first demonstrated the true nature of vision; wrote treatises on refraction, hydraulics, curvilinear geometry; and published, in 1609, a treatise on meteorology which, as one encyclopedia puts it, "was the first on the subject in which one finds sound ideas." A man of this character, surely can be trusted to record accurately, the discovery of a lamp, on an island not 15 miles away from his home, in his own lifetime.

And if della Porta's story of a lamp which burned more than 1,000 years in the absence of air produces smiles, consider that there are creditable witnesses to six more such lamps, found in Spain, England, northern Italy and near Rome. And their stories are much the same — they were burning without air. When air was admitted to their wicks, their flame went out!

Early this year scientists at Cambridge University, in England, succeeded in creating such a light. The fuel was methyl nitrite. Once set alight, in an air-tight glass tube, the flame was seen as a bright yellow cone which separated itself from a dimmer, greyish-yellow flame higher up the tube. When the main flame was blown out, the inner flame flattened to a steady-flaring disc of orange-red — *which continued to burn without air.* (FATE, Feb. '56)

Is this experiment the scientific descendant of that ever-burning lamp of 1550?

Guido Pancirollus (1523-1599),

one of the most celebrated legal experts of the 16th Century, had great respect for the Knowledge of the Ancients. At 24, Pancirollus was a professor at the University of Padua, a center of scientific study for the whole western world. The passion of his life was the glory and achievements of ancient Rome. In 1571, he became first professor of Roman Law at the University of Turin. Pancirollus wrote a definitive history of the Roman Empire which was still being published a century after his death.

In his studies he turned up many items which had no proper place in histories. So, to amuse his learned friend and patron, the Duke of Savoy, Pancirollus compiled *Rerum Memorabilium Libri Duo* — twin treatises on the lost arts of the ancients and the newest inventions of the moderns. In his preface, Pancirollus tells the Duke that he can read both books, the *Book of Lost Ancient Things,* and the *Book of the Newest Inventions,* and judge whether the ancients or moderns were ahead.

In his index of *Things Utterly Lost,* Pancirollus lists resources and compounds which the modern world again uses. These include indelible purple ink; asbestos cloth; cotton cloth; fluorescent minerals and compounds. and various spices. Though Pancirollus does not always know *how* these things were prepared he attests that, in ancient times, they *were* done and that his own era had merely forgotten how! Two items he listed are permanent lamp-wicks and incombustible oil — which was never consumed. Did they exist?

Salmuth, Pancirollus' translator, and once his pupil at Padua, adds a commentary, a kind of echo, to each item. Between the two learned gentlemen, we find that the ancients knew perfectly how to mine asbestos, identified correctly as a stone; purify it, spin and weave it — and make lamp-wicks of it. The authors are supported by Pliny, (23-79 A.D.) whose monumental *Natural History,* in 37 books, contained literally everything the Roman world knew about inventions, biology, astronomy, meteorology, manufacturing processes and even history. Pliny described asbestos. So did Strabo (B.C.54-A.D.21), Greek geographer and historian. Pancirollus was on firm ground when he related how the Emperor, Constantius Chlorus, "ordered an incombustible sort of linen to be made of this stone" (asbestos) that might always burn in his lamps, which were in his baths at Rome."

These baths were begun by Diocletian and were finished in A.D. 305 during Constantius' reign. In great part they were built into the

Museo Nazionale Romano, at Rome. Maintaining lamps for this gigantic space, an area of 440,000 square yards, would have presented a continual problem. For the Roman lamp, small or large, with many burners or one, always was equipped with tweezers and a pick, to draw the wick of charred, twisted linen out, as it burned down.

But asbestos neither rots nor burns. And asbestos wicks for an ever-burning lamp were no problem; nor were glass shades. In the reign of Tiberius, during the lifetime of Christ, so much glass of all sorts and sizes was made that gold and silver drinking vessels almost went out of use!

Pancirollus states further, "The Ancients were wont to prepare a kind of oil which would not be consumed by fire. Such hath been seen in our age, in the time of Paul III (Pope Paul III, 1534-1549) which (lamp) was found in the sepulchre of Tullia, Cicero's daughter, which (the lamp, not the daughter) burned about 1550 years, *and at length was extinguished upon the admission of fresh air.*"

The quaint English of this passage comes from an edition of Pancirollus, printed in London in 1715.

Salmuth, the translator, adds: "There was such another, found in the tomb of Maximus Olybius, near Padua, which burned about 500 years."

Maximus Olybius, whoever he was, was well-known to another learned gentleman, Fortunatus Licetus (1577-1657), one of the most brilliant minds of the Renaissance. Licetus owed his life to the advanced scientific notions of his father, author of two books on anatomy. When the elder Licetus' son was born prematurely, on shipboard, in a storm off Rapallo, the father, a physician, refused to admit his 7-month infant was doomed.

Remembering how the ancient Egyptians hatched chicks in mud incubators (as Pliny tells) the father had a similar device built for his baby, wrapped him in cotton-wool, installed a home-made thermometer where an intelligent nurse could see it, and brought his son to normal babyhood in the world's first infant incubator! Named "Fortunatus", for obvious reasons, the boy was a brilliant university student at 17. He took the double degree of Ph.D. and M.D. at the University of Bologna by the time he was 20. In 1609, he became professor of philosophy at the University of Padua, a school noted for its scientific research. (The world's first dissection room for autopsies still exists there. The great astronomer, Galileo, was long a member of the Faculty.)

Just 17 miles from Padua, at the ancient town of Este, an ever-burning lamp was discovered in the tomb of Maximus Olybius. This discovery probably was responsible for Licetus' book, *De Lucernis Antiquorum Reconditis,* concerning the Lamps of the Ancients, Restored. Licetus gives a detailed description of Olybius' lamp, which he must have seen.

The lamp was enclosed in two earthen urns. The lamp itself was connected with two reservoirs, one gold, one silver, filled with an unknown liquid.

A grim inscription on the outer earthen urn dedicated the lamp to Pluto, god of the dead, and forbade plunderers to disturb it saying that the "elements within" had been "digested" according to a secret art and that two fuel reservoirs had been installed lest, during the ages, the lamp should cease to burn.

Licetus, for reasons not clear to us, estimated its age at 500 years. This estimate brings the burial date into our Christian era — A.D. 300-500.

Licetus described another similar lamp. It was found in a tomb on the Appian Way outside Rome near the perfectly preserved, although ancient, corpse of a gigantic man with a wound still gaping in his breast. Licetus noted that the finders poured water on the flame, shook the lamp, blew on it, did everything to quench it, without results. Only when the lamp was bored through the bottom did the flame go out.

William Camden (1551-1623), the greatest antiquary of his time, published his monumental *Britannia* in 1582. Camden wrote: "I have been informed by persons of good credit that upon the dissolution of the monasteries in the last age (1536-1539) a lamp was found burning in a secret vault of a little chapel where, according to tradition, Constantius was buried. For Lazius writes that the ancients had the art of reducing gold to a consistent fluid, by which they kept fire burning in vaults for a long time, and even for many ages. . ."

Burning fluid gold is nonsense — but here again is the persistent legend of ever-burning flame.

It seems clear that all these lamps were easily portable and the logical question is: Were the fuels that fed them compressed? Compressed gas becomes a liquid. And the ancients could compress gases and fluids! Some pumps of the types they invented are still in present-day use, their principle unchanged, although in ancient days pumps were powered by horse, mule, camel, ox and human elbow-grease. Today we use motors.

The "little chapel" Camden mentioned was St. Helen's-On-The-

Walls, at York, the Roman Eboracum, where the same Constantius who lighted his baths with asbestos-wicked lamps died in A.D. 306.

St. Augustine (A.D. 354-430), in his great *De Civitate Dei* (*The City Of God*), describes a lamp burning in a temple to Venus — a lamp unprotected from rain or wind and unaffected by them. Luis Vives (1492-1540), Augustine's dry, exacting commentator, confirms this story.

The latest ever-burning lamp was found in the 1840's at Cordova, Spain, in a Roman family tomb beneath the ancient Castellum Priseum. The discovery, without too many details, was reported by Mr. Albert Way, a resident of the district, to the York meeting of the Archaeological Institute in 1846.

Were these lamps fuelled by compressed methyl nitrite, a compound known in antiquity?

Or were they tipped with another substance called by Pancirollus "Bononian Stone"? This stone, he said, had the property of absorbing light and giving it off in darkness. Bononia is now called Bologna, Italy. A mineral with fluorescent qualities can be found near by. Pancirollus had seen and handled a piece of it. He knew what it did, but not why or how. We, with our extensive use of fluorescent materials, have confirmed what previously seemed an impossible tale.

Or had some ancient stumbled on the principle of Cold Light, which was very simply demonstrated by Professor Hans Molisch, of Prague, before the Vienna Academy of Sciences about 1914? Professor Molisch coated the interior of a sealed glass tube with a mixture of saltpeter and gelatine and inoculated it with certain luminous bacteria. In two or three days the tube emitted a steady, blue-green light which lasted three weeks.

When men of eminent and reliable character, and trained in scientific research, soberly record ever-burning lamps what are we to think?

DEATH STAYED HOME

CHARLES Rae Richeson, 20, a Navy seaman, survived the dangers of a two-and-a-half month supply mission to the Arctic. When his ship docked at Seattle, Wash., he and his shipmates were given port liberty. A few hours later, while returning to the ship, he fell from the gangway and drowned.



By Margaret Mazei

"Find Mini!" two-year-old Ruth Anne kept insisting. Did a mental affinity warn her that her sister was desperately in need of help?

Our Baby Found Mini

MY OLDEST SISTER, Wilhelmina, was always a little different from the rest of us. She knew things without being told; she became upset by things that were happening in far-away places.

But we never thought much of it until her strange romance with Anton which was all mixed up with the even stranger actions of our baby sister, Ruth Anne. This happened three years ago when Wilhelmina was 16.

Our family has lived here in Silver Birch for several generations. Besides Mom and Pop there are six of us kids; my two teen-age sisters, Gertrude and Wilhelmina; me; and Jimmy, who is 11 and our only boy; Janice who is nine; and, our baby, Ruth Anne, who is five.

Anton arrived in America during the summer of 1951. He is a Polish boy, a Displaced Person whom our neighbors, the Lawton's, had taken in. And what an addition to the neighborhood! Anton was 17 and a real dreamboat. He has black curly hair, big brown eyes, and gleaming white teeth against a brown skin when he smiles. And he smiles a lot.

The big boys were anxious to teach Anton English so he wouldn't have to spend all his time studying in the fall and could go out for football. When he first arrived he could only say three sentences. *I am hungry, I am thirsty*, and *can you direct me to the men's room?* He said these with such an interesting accent that we took every

opportunity to have him repeat them.

All the girls in town were excited about him. Trudy and Wilhelmina were as bad as the rest, but it soon was apparent that Anton liked Wilhelmina and he became a fixture on our front porch.

The first odd thing we noticed was that while, at that time, Anton knew only a few English words and Wilhelmina knew no Polish at all they spent endless hours together and seemed to understand each other perfectly. And Wilhelmina was always quoting him:

"Tony says it's almost immoral the way we waste things.

"Tony says people seem so kindhearted and open-faced here.

"Tony just can't get used to having everything iced."

Then came the night, about two A.M., when Mama was making the rounds tucking in blankets and straightening pillows, when she discovered that Wilhelmina wasn't in her bed. Then she heard her voice downstairs. Mom was scandalized to discover Wilhelmina was on the phone talking to Tony. Mom made her hang up and hustled her back to bed.

The next morning Mrs. Lawton telephoned to say, "I'll never know how she did it, but it was just wonderful! There was Tony walking the floor after one of those horrible dreams of his. He never tells us about them, you know. But he yells things in Polish and sometimes he moans and cries. When we wake him up he won't go back to bed. Just walks up and down, up and down, with his fists clenched and his face all tight. It's awful, just awful, and there's no way we can *reach* him. Well, that's how it was last night when the phone rang and it was your Wilhelmina. I don't know what she said. Tony never answered her. He just leaned his face against the telephone stand and listened. After a while he looked at the receiver, shrugged his shoulders and hung up. Then he went back to bed. And to sleep! I just think she's the most wonderful girl!"

Mom murmured, "Thank you," and hung up with a dazed look on her face.

Wilhelmina is a coppery blonde with natural curls cut very short. Her cheeks and lips are so pink she hardly even needs lipstick. Her eyes are a deep purple-blue with black lashes and brows. She doesn't seem the type to be clairvoyant.

I guess it was the telephone episode that made Pop think her relationship with Tony was becoming too serious. Now my father is a reasonable man. He'll tell you so himself. He believes that any problem can be ironed out by the simple expedient of a reasonable discussion between two intelligent per-

sons. So he began telling Wilhelmina to see less of Tony one evening after supper, before we'd left the table.

For a few minutes they discussed the problem pleasantly Then they both began to shout. The little ones had withdrawn; Trudy and I were making ourselves very busy clearing up the supper; and Mama was sort of working around the edges. She does that when Daddy and Wilhelmina start a reasonable discussion. She never interferes (it's against her principles to oppose Daddy in front of the children) but she keeps a weather eye on them. Now, when Daddy thumped the table with his fist and shouted "I am putting my foot down - -", Mama sort of fluttered into a chair, emitting a kind of moaning sigh.

Daddy always acts as if he was scared Mama might die at a moment's notice and she couldn't have provided a more effective distraction. Pop bounded out of his chair.

"Honey, what's the matter?"

"Why — nothing. Nothing. I mean to say — it's two weeks yet, isn't it? That's what we figured, isn't it?"

Daddy was a man of action. "Gertrude," he called. "Get your mother's coat. Wilhelmina, call the doctor."

"Oh, now listen, Louis," Mother's voice was firm. "You know there's no need to get excited. There's loads of time, even if — never *mind* Gertrude. Put my coat back."

It wasn't two weeks. It was only nine days but Mama kept Daddy on the alert all the time so that he had little interest in Wilhelmina outside of forbidding her to go places with Tony. Apparently she repeated Daddy's instructions to Tony word for word for he took to watching Daddy with a perplexed expression and spent less and less time on our front porch.

Then Mama left for the hospital and some days later returned with our new baby, Ruth Ann.

And it wasn't long before we all began to notice something odd about the baby. I guess you've already gathered that there is a great deal of difference in my two big sisters. Trudy is the type that swoons over babies in pictures, babies on the street, babies in stores. When Mama isn't around it's to Trudy that Jimmy and Janice turn. Wilhelmina, on the other hand, always looks as fresh as a flower and freshness comes from starchiness and starchiness and babies don't mix. Would Wilhelmina let Janice cry on her shoulder when she skinned her knee? Wilhelmina would not. Would she let Jimmy's head sink down against her if he went to sleep in the car? Not she. Pick up

the new little Ruth Anne without first making sure she was wearing her social security? Oh, no!

And yet the baby's first deliberate act was to stare at Wilhelmina. As soon as her eyes focused if Wilhelmina was in the room the baby's gaze fastened on her. We all noticed it. Every one laughed about it but I'm sure it bothered Trudy. She had taken it for granted that this baby, like the rest, would be her little darling.

I know it bothered Wilhelmina. "Mama," she'd say. "Make her stop. She gives me the creeps."

Sometimes she'd even leave the room. But it became more and more evident that the baby loved her. She smiled her first smile at Wilhelmina; first raised her arms to Wilhelmina. When she started to creep she followed Wilhelmina from room to room.

By fall Tony had started school and was working in Mr. Lawton's store in his spare time. Also he was obviously convinced that Daddy was some kind of man-eating ogre with a preference for teen-age boys of Polish extraction. On the rare occasions that he did come to the house, he watched Daddy nervously.

Then one night Tony called on the phone and very formally asked to speak to Daddy. Daddy appeared as puzzled as anyone when he hung up and only answered Wilhelmina's insistent questioning with, "I'm switched if I know. He asked to see me tomorrow night. Maybe he's going to ask me for your hand. If he does, I'll tell him he can't have it unless he takes the rest of you, too."

This was Daddy's idea of a joke and he roared with laughter but Wilhelmina didn't seem to appreciate it at all.

All next day she fussed and fretted. She begged Mama to take part in the conference on the grounds that Pop might hurt Tony's feelings or if he was favorably impressed by the boy, he was apt as not to sign a marriage contract for her.

"But I thought you wanted permission to go with Tony" Mama said.

"I don't want to be given away like a bale of hay," Wilhelmina answered darkly.

None of us ever knew what happened at the meeting but we noticed that Tony began to assume a proprietary air towards Wilhelmina. He again became a fixture at our house. We all enjoyed him; the baby adopted him, and he never seemed to tire of her. All through that spring and the summer that followed Tony was Ruth Anne's most dependable playmate. If he was making deliveries, he'd pick her up for the ride; evenings and Sundays he played with her,

taught her to walk, took her riding with him and Wilhelmina. Sometimes he just sat and held her. He looked so fierce then that we thought she might cry in fright, but she only snuggled against him and sat very quietly. One day when we were talking of this, Wilhelmina said "He used to have a baby sister." No one asked any more questions.

The holidays came and went with no particular incident. Tony bought a sweet little necklace for Ruth Anne and confided to Trudy that he had been shopping for cedar chests for Mini (Wilhelmina now had a nickname for the first time in her life). This upset Trudy and she talked to Mama about it. Mom explained to Tony that such a gift would be too personal and expensive. Tony appealed to Daddy.

"Don't you think, sir, something for our house - - -"

Daddy elaborately cleared his throat. "Aren't you forgetting what we agreed son? Maybe next year — "

Poor Pop was embarrassed and hid behind his paper all evening. I'm sure he was relieved that Wilhelmina wasn't around to hear her worst fears confirmed. Anyway, Tony contented himself with Mama's suggestion that he give Mini an album of records that she had long yearned over and given up as being too expensive.

The Easter of 1953 came too early that year for any real gardening or wild flower hunting, but we all felt impatient for Spring. Mama had the little ones helping her clean up the flower beds. Mini had gone with a group of girls to hunt flowers in Perkins woods. Trudy was inside with a spring cold.

Presently Mama sent me in to start supper and she soon followed. Through the window we could see Ruth Anne looking like a fat teddy bear in her red snowsuit. She was happily piling stones in a corner.

Then the next thing we knew she was gone. I went out and she was nowhere in the yard. We weren't especially worried even when I found Jimmy and Janice — but no baby. In a town like ours, Ruth Anne could have been playing in any one of a dozen places. We left Trudy to finish getting supper and Mama and I started a systematic search. We soon had lots of help. Everyone just turns out to help look when a baby is missing even for a little while.

The sun had gone down and it was dusk when Janice came running with the message that Tony was on the phone and the baby was with him.

"Tony?" The relief in Mama's

voice as she picked up the receiver was the first indication that she had worried. "Why didn't you tell me you were taking the baby?"

Tony said something we couldn't hear.

"She walked!? But how could she?" Mother was sounding startled.

Mom hung up with a peculiar look on her face. To the assembled neighbors she explained, "He said she walked down there. Across all those streets."

The exclamations had hardly died down when the Lawton's pick-up drove into the yard. Ruth Anne had her arms around Tony's neck and refused to let go. "Fine Mini" she said stubbornly.

"That's what she said when she came in, Mrs. Mazei. That's why I wanted to bring her home myself. Where is Mini?"

"Why, she went out to the woods with the girls this afternoon. They should be coming in any minute." Mama reached for the baby. But Ruth Anne tightened her grip on Tony, repeating, "No, no, Tony fine Mini."

"Sister will be here soon. Now come to Mama."

Again Tony intervened. "Please, Mrs. Kimball. Couldn't we go where the girls went and find Mini? Just to reassure her?"

"Well, I suppose they'd have been to Grace's or Martha's by this time. I'll just call around and see if we can hurry them up."

The first call scared us. The girls were home but Mini wasn't with them! She'd left the group early in the afternoon to try to find some trailing arbutus. She hadn't rejoined them so they assumed she'd gone home.

Now there was real excitement. Daddy had come home and he started organizing and executing. "Miller, Harding and Reese take my car and go out Church Road to the cutoff. Leave the car there and work kitty-corner through the woods to the highway. Milton, if you'll take your car and run up to Dalton's and work back — Ed and his boys will probably go with you when you get there. Tony and I will start from this corner of the woods and we'll all meet at the old school on the highway. Take plenty of flashlights. It's already dark. Lennie take the baby. Let's go, boy."

Ruth Anne had never loosened her grip on Tony's neck and wouldn't now. She plastered herself against him and repeated, "Tony fine Mini."

Tony appealed to Daddy. "Please sir. I would like to take her with me. I think she might help. You know how it is with her and Mini. Otherwise, why did she come to me today before any one else knew Mini was gone?"

The whole family looked faintly embarrassed to hear Tony put into casual words his credence in a spiritual affinity between Mini and the baby. We all felt it, but it sounded corny.

Anything else was going to entail a great deal of argument and Mama wouldn't be left, either, so off they went. No one had said I couldn't go, so I climbed quietly into the back of the pick-up just as it started.

We drove to the beginning of the path in the woods where all picnics and nature expeditions in our town start. Then we walked to the place where the girls had told us Wilhelmina left them. After some discussion we decided to stay together and walk as directly as possible to Round Lake, go half way around the big pond, and come back, calling loudly all the way.

We walked along noisily, alternately calling and listening. We stumbled frequently and once Daddy ran into a low hanging branch. Tony carried Ruth Anne and I tried to clear the way for him. We reached the lake without rousing anything but echoes and an occasional little animal. Then we turned and started back toward the road. About a quarter of a mile from the lake we came to the old Wilson house. That place gives me the creeps even in the daytime.

Old man Wilson had been dead for about four years, but I can still remember him. He was sort of a hermit. Lived all alone and only came in town once or twice a year to buy food. He had a cow and an old horse. There were all kinds of rambling old sheds and barns and a big ginseng bed.

I wished we could sneak quietly by the Wilson place but Daddy let out a bellow. We walked on too slowly for my fancy, and the big old house was real near when Tony yelled; "Mini, Wilhelmina!"

My hair stood on end when a voice answered, "Tony! Oh, Tony! T-o-n-y! Get me out of here! Tony, there's rats!"

"Wilhelmina, where are you?" Mama called.

But she just kept screaming. It remained for us to try to follow the sound. Ruth Anne wriggled out of Tony's arms and holding one of his fingers, said, "Tony fine Mini". She led us around one corner of the big old house, down the side of a long ell, and around another corner.

The sobs were closer now and we all ran to keep up with the baby. We ran down a path, past the privy, past the orchard, past a vineyard, and ended up at last near the frames of the ginseng bed.

Wilhelmina was weeping and she didn't seem to know that the baby was squatting beside her, patting

her face and saying over and over, "Poor Mini. Don't ky, Mini. Tony fine Mini."

She was lying face down in the ginseng bed. Her foot was caught in a trap — just a little trap, for rabbits or weasels or something. She could have pried it off easily but when she fell she knocked against one of the rotten old supports and two beams had crossed themselves over her back. She was wedged firmly against the ground.

We all set to work to free her. She was shivering violently and, in a very short time, when we had released her, Tony took off his jacket and wrapped it around her. We hurried her back to the highway. At the car Daddy decided to wait for the other parties and Tony drove the rest of us home.

At home Mama fixed hot cocoa while Trudy drew a hot bath. Mini was unusually docile except for one thing; she insisted on washing her hair. "Mama," she said. "A rat ran right across my head."

The next morning Wilhelmina didn't want to talk about the affair and seemed to have suffered no ill-effects, except that in the weeks that followed her hair became like straw from daily, sometimes twice-daily shampoos.

Tony is in college now and Mini is nearly through high school. They both date other boys and girls, but everyone knows that when the time comes they will marry.

The baby still claims them both as her own.

DISILLUSIONED BY LIGHTNING

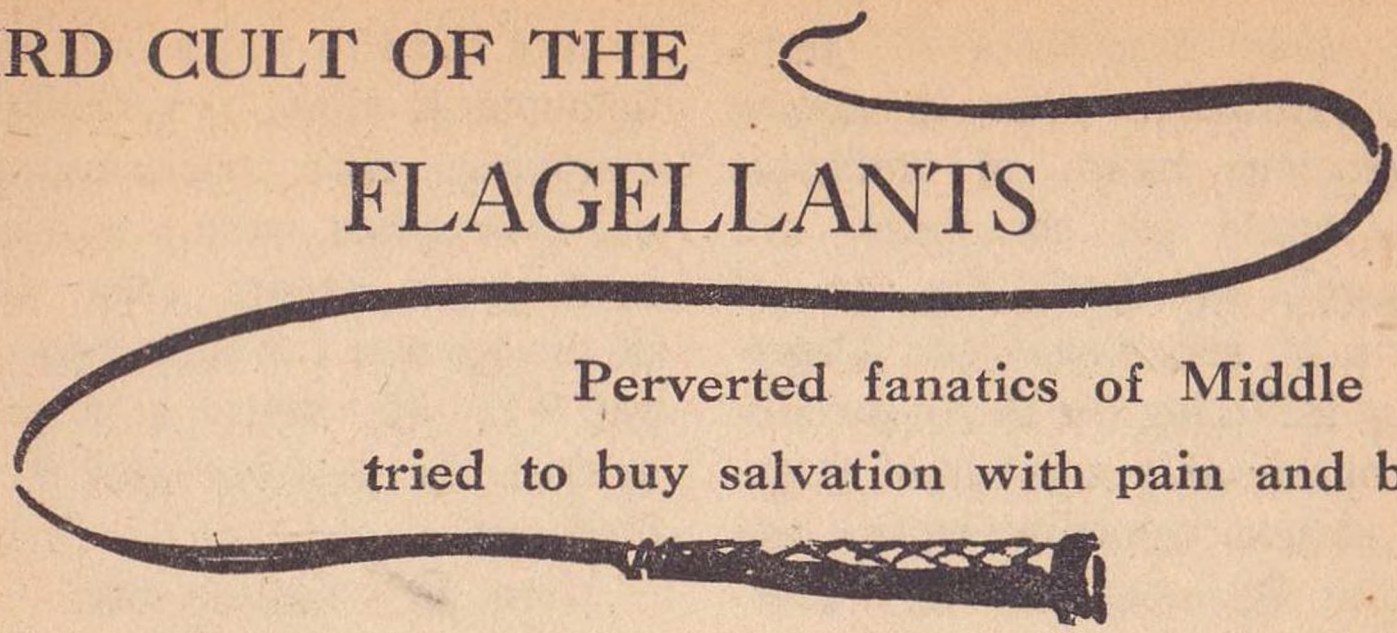
RECENT events have convinced at least two persons there is no truth in the adage, "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

The home of Mrs. Ann Evenstad in Menasha, Wis., was struck by lightning for the third time in three years. The latest bolt burned out a TV set and radio, ripped a gable off the room and blackened a pipe in the bathroom.

In Edmond, Okla., Assistant Fire Chief Vernon L. Beechman rushed to a house that was set afire when struck by lightning. After rain extinguished the blaze, Beechman mounted to the roof to help patch a hole. He was struck by a lightning bolt that bounced off his helmet and ran down his side. He was shaken but unhurt.

WEIRD CULT OF THE FLAGELLANTS

Perverted fanatics of Middle Ages tried to buy salvation with pain and blood.



By W. D. Chesney, M. D.

OF all the strange religious cults which have existed in this world perhaps that of the Flagellants is the strangest. Members of this cult mutilated and abused their bodies, they mortified their flesh by torture to attain purity in the sight of God.

This fanatical self-castigation began in the early 13th Century. It is hard to say where the idea came from for there is no Holy Scripture which prescribes the flagrant abuse of the body. Indeed, Paul asked, "What, know ye not that your body is the habitation of the Holy Spirit?"

However, Flagellants, in large bands led by one or more priests, travelled about carrying large crucifixes and wearing sombre, hooded robes. Entering a medieval town they sought out the market place or some other conspicuous site and there they threw themselves on the ground forming a cross with their outstretched arms and bodies. Then some member of their party whipped them violently with scourges loaded with heavy pieces of metal that cut like knives or bruised like bludgeons.

Each member of the cult enrolled for a term of 33 days, in honor of Jesus Christ's 33 years on earth.

In the main there were three waves of Flagellants. The first originated in Perugia in 1260 A.D. at a time when Italy was greatly demoralized by the fighting between the Guelph and Ghibelline parties. The members of this organized cult became numerous and malignant. Some of them went so far as to kill Jews on sight,

calling them murderers of Jesus Christ. However, when it seemed this ferocious band of religious zealots would get completely out of control, Manfred, the son of Frederic II, suppressed the Flagellants by inflicting the death penalty on a considerable number of them.

But almost immediately the cult spread to Bavaria, Austria, Moravia, Bohemia, Poland and France. The public squares in the larger cities were drenched with blood drawn by the scourge. The Flagellants taught that as Jesus' blood was first shed by the whip so all could gain merit by like means. Their leaders preached that every drop of blood they shed by self-chastisement was added to the blood Jesus had shed for the atonement for the sins of all people. They mutually confessed, whipped and absolved each other. Finally the state and church joined forces to put a stop to flagellation—for the time being only, however.

The second wave of Flagellatism began about 1350. It had been thought that severe whipping of the body cooled off natural sexual ardor. However, it was now discovered that for a large per cent of the whippers the opposite was true. This new cult of Flagellants discarded all sense of Christian decency and shame. Nude men and women were to be seen daily in nearly every country in Europe. France tried to put a stop to these demoniacal rites; nevertheless, the whippings, with concommitant sexual depravities, were practiced even in Avignon, France, then the seat of the Roman Catholic Pope, Clement VI. He issued a Papal Bull against the practice and it finally died out.

Then in 1414 one Conrad Schmidt brought about a renaissance of Flagellation. Locally, in Thuringia and Saxony, the organization called itself Flegler. According to Caldwell, they exaggerated the wildest extravagances and depravities of the two former waves of Flagellants. Under Schmidt they rejected all religious forms and ceremonies—baptism, confession, church absolution, the idea of purgatory and masses for the dead. They placed their entire faith in salvation upon flagellation. Schmidt claimed to receive divine revelations telling him that the blood shed in flagellation was "the true wedding garment of the gospel;" that the flagellant's blood was more precious than the blood of the martyrs, the only sure way to salvation.

The Inquisition executed a large number of the adherents to flagellation. Their leader, Schmidt, was publically burned at the stake for heresy at Samgerhausem in 1415. The Council of Constance formally condemned the entire 50

articles drawn up by Schmidt, and the sect died out again—ostensibly.

There are those who believe the cult still persists. Public exhibitions, they say, are no longer permitted except among certain Latin-American Indians and under the name of *discipline* among some religious orders.

The great danger of flagellation is well expressed by that great neurologist, Iwan Block, who wrote, "Flagellation is, therefore, the principal means by which sadistic and masochistic tendencies become active. The degree of voluptuousness during and after flagellation is according to whether the flagellation is active or passive. If active it is a case of sadism and if passive it is masochism. There are millions of both types at this time."

Such statements by Block and other authorities suggest that severe whipping does not mortify the flesh. Virchow, Forel, Kraft-Ebbing, Turkel, just to name a few reputable psychiatrists and neurologists, urge parents not to whip their children. They suggest there is a strong possibility that whippings stimulate glandular activity in the gonadal areas and may result in perversion. Mastingill examined hundreds of cases of juvenile delinquency and precosity and declared that too much flagellation was an etiological factor.

Two great psychologists, Havelock Ellis and J. J. Virey, pointed out that some religious persons who endured flagellation found to their horror that their biological urge was thereby greatly increased. Dr. Schrenk-Notzing gave the term algolagnia to sadism and masochism and included all forms of flagellation as perversion.

During past centuries English women organized flagellation clubs which carried on with great vigor. Hogarth, one of England's greatest artists, refers to the use of the flagellus (whip) among English sporting people.

Flagellation is far from rare in America today, particularly in Mexico and Guatamala, even among Christian Indians. I have seen Pima, Papago and Apache Indians strip down to a loin cloth and whip themselves with the ocatilla, a cousin to the cactus plant which has long, needle-sharp spines that make a fearful wound when used as a whip. Possibly little pain is felt during and immediately after the ceremony, because of the use of peyote and self-hypnosis. However, the wounds produced are horrible in the extreme. I saw one Indian who at Easter time hired friends to nail him to a rude cross and beat him with ocatilla reeds die of hemorrhage.

Lord Byron wrote:

"They hope to merit heaven
"By making earth a hell."

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

The three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Harris of Anita, Ia., each married a girl named Barbara.

●

Miss Edith Mitchie of Lowmoor, Va., adopted a homeless cat. Two years later, when a snake was about to strike Miss Mitchie, the cat pounced on the reptile and held it until it could be killed.

●

A mailbag, accidentally lost when a plane's freight door swung open at 10,000 feet, was found on the ground near Williams Lake, British Columbia, Canada. Not one of the 100 bottles of badly-needed antitoxin in the bag was broken.

●

While driving in Superior, Wis., Fred Monaghan collided with a car driven by his brother, Patrick Monaghan. The ambulance that came to take them to the hospital was driven by Wilbur Monaghan, a third brother.

●

For three years in a row a cow belonging to Albert Vineyard, of Carrytown, Tenn., has given birth to a calf on Christmas Day.

●

Postman James Conley of Mill Valley, Calif., delivered mail to Mrs. DacDonagh for four years before he discovered that she was his sister — whom he hadn't seen for 25 years.

●

The four Winder sisters of Mammoth Springs, Ark., did not change their initials when they married. Their husbands' surnames begin with the same initial as their own —Warren, Weatherly, Wood and William.

●

Vista, Calif., police called Lee Walton to tow away a car that had been wrecked in an accident. Mr. Walton recognized the battered car. It belonged to his daughter, Mrs. Luella Hernandez, who had been killed in the crash.

●

A Stanthorpe, Australia, man, who'd confessed to the burglary of a jewelry store, was permitted to go home on bail because it was discovered that his own house had been robbed in his absence.

●

Tulsa, Okla., traffic officers, investigating an accident in which a driverless station wagon rolled backward down a street, learned

that the name of the owner of the car was—Rock Backward.

●

When Upholsterer Guy Overman came to the home of Mrs. George A. King of Provo, Utah, to reupholster her living room set, she jokingly said to him, "If you find any diamonds, be sure to return them."

A few minutes later he said, to the startled housewife, "Here's one!"

The diamond he'd found in the lining of a chair apparently had been lost there many decades ago.

●

When the automobile belonging to Edward Outlaw was wrecked near Beckley, W. Va., it was towed to town in a wrecker operated by Eloise Crook.

●

When Vincent L. Toomey, Washington attorney who taught will making at Catholic University and was considered one of Washington's top authorities on wills, passed away recently he left an estate of $254,000 — but no will.

●

In Washington, two cabin cruisers tied up side by side at the Corinthian Yacht Club bore the following names: *Good Woman* and *Jezebel.*

●

Tom Ludwig of Barada, Neb., has held Richardson County's No. 13 auto license plate for the last 29 years — and has never had an automobile accident.

●

The albatross, the great seabird that became a symbol of disaster to the *Ancient Mariner*, saved the life of a sailor recently in the sea off Sydney, Australia. The big bird landed on the chest of Seaman John Oakley, who fell overboard from the liner Southern Cross. The white bird served as a marker to the lifeboat that was looking for him.

●

Robert B. Morgan, elected county judge of Lillington, N. C., and Robert B. Morgan, the area's State Senator, are not related. But, besides being politicians, they also both are lawyers, both are Wake Forest College graduates, each has a wife named Alice and each has a sister named Lucille.

●

Three-year-old Gary Lee Lefeber of St. Cloud, Wis., reached for his mother's cookie jar — and it cost him his life. He was electrocuted when he accidently touched the inside of an electric toaster instead.

●

In Memphis, Tenn., an aged man wandered into Mrs. Ora Morgan's home by mistake or through fate. He turned out to be her father whom she hadn't seen in 36 years.

The strange similarity of the visions of estatics has puzzled science for decades

mystery of HYPNOTIC "ECSTASY"

By Wade T. Hampton, Ph. D.

EVEN THE MOST skeptical person today must admit that many interesting and inexplicable phenomena occur during the course of hypnotic research.

Somnambulism, more commonly called "sleep-walking," is nothing more than a hypnotic trance which occurs spontaneously during sleep. It appears that somnambulists can walk with safety in the dark and in dangerous places; and that they usually do so while their eyes are closed or are insensible to light. They often are deaf to the loudest sounds but can pursue such occupations as walking, talking, reading and writing, without waking. In short they seem, like persons in an artificially-induced hypnotic sleep, to possess senses which enable them to accomplish feats which they could not accomplish in their normal waking state.

Closely allied with the phenomenon of spontaneous somnambulism are those of Trance and Extasis. It is necessary to distinguish *two* states: Trance, in which there is the appearance of death and which may be compared to the hybernation or torpid winter sleep of some animals; Extasis, in which the subject apparently enters a higher state of existence where he becomes absorbed by his contemplation of scenes of perfect beauty and happiness; and, by contrast, our world appears utterly worthless and insignificant.

These two states are confounded by some writers and the term *trance* applied to both. Certainly there is some analogy between

them; in both, the subject temporarily "leaves this world". However, a distinction should be made. Extasis invariably occurs during hypnotic trance, and always spontaneously; it never develops directly from the normal conscious state.

Extasis is a comparatively rare phenomenon. Perhaps because it is not expected nor looked for; hypnotists do not seek to evoke it. Like trance it entails a complete separation from ordinary life; and, in some cases, may be dangerous if pushed too far. M. Cahagnet has cited many cases which convinced him that if the extasis had been prolonged death might have ensued.

The occurrence of extasis is associated with intense religious or devotional excitement. Such a person is called an *Estatica*. Most stories concerning estatics are rejected by so-called Science; but we must beware of supposing that *all* is imposture.

The *Estatics* see visions of saints or angels and of heaven, and describe their visions in glowing colors. Even if these visions are only dreams they must be regarded as dreams of a very remarkable and curious character, since they very closely resemble each other in their essential characteristics even in different cases and with different subjects.

Apparently these cases of spontaneous extasis are due to the same unknown cause which produces hypnosis. And these same patients generally are also somnambulists. It seems highly probable that their visions are the result of genuine clairvoyance.

During extasis these sensitives almost always find themselves in communication with the spirit world. They ostensibly hold long conversations with spirits who, according to their accounts, are departed friends or relatives. The remarks of these visionary beings are reported in detail by the estatics. Some of them affirm that every man and every woman has an attendant *good spirit* or guardian angel. Some seemingly summon, either of themselves or with the aid of their attendant spirit, the spirit of any departed person—in some cases the spirit of a person who neither they nor the hypnotist ever knew. Minute descriptions are given of the person thus summoned and afterwards, are found to be correct.

In his book *Animal Magnetism*, Dr. William Gregory cites M. Cahagnet's account of a most remarkable clairvoyante named *Adele* who could, at pleasure and with the aid and permission of her hypnotist, pass into the highest stage of extasis. While in this state she described herself as ineffably happy, enjoying converse with the entire

spiritual world and so completely detached from this sublunary scene that she had no wish whatever to return to it. In fact, when returning from one particular ecstatic sojourn, she bitterly reproached M. Cahagnet for forcing her back to life.

Daisy Dryden, a 10-year-old girl of San Jose, Calif., began to enter intermittent states of partial extasis just three days prior to her death from the aftermath of typhoid fever. Her ecstatic visions were reported in detail in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*. While little Daisy was seemingly convalescing her parents asked her what the Other World (as seen in her visions) looked like. She described what she saw substantially as follows:

"You wouldn't understand . . . it is not the same as this one. It is much more beautiful. There are lots of trees and flowers much prettier than any in California. People who are 'dead' are in different places — they are not with each other all the time. There are angels, too, but they don't have wings. And they don't wear clothes like ours . . . *they wear something white and fine and shining*. It doesn't look like cloth because there are no folds of threads."

Another fascinating picture of the Other World was described by an estatic subject in the following words:

"I was struck by the remarkable and colorful aspect of the countryside. At first I could not see any houses or vegetation . . . but soon I became more accustomed to my surroundings and there appeared before me a most beautiful scene. The vegetation and flowers were exceedingly luxuriant — they reflected an indescribable beauty and perfection of form, and seemed to glow with a sort of internal life all their own. The buildings in this world seemed to be constructed of some synthetic material unknown to me, and they were all situated in these 'parks' or areas of luxuriant flowers and vegetation. In my vision, I entered one of the buildings and it seemed to glow and twinkle in every part — aglow with life. The inhabitants of the building appeared to me to be surrounded by a sort of aura of colored light, with streamers of light pulsing across and around them."

Still another estatic described the physical characteristic of his *Spirit World* like this:

"The sun seems very much larger than on Earth . . . I see its outer layer as being of a similar wave length to that of Earth, and it seems to emit light and life-giving rays. It appears so large that it seems almost to fill the entire sky. The sky here is not

blue but more of a violet color. There are clouds, too, but they are suffused with lovely and beautiful colors and do not obstruct the light. The light in this sphere is diffused through the atmosphere — and the height of the atmosphere is so great that, even after the sun has set, sufficient light is reflected within the atmosphere so that there is always light and the whole place is filled with a pleasant radiance."

There is a degree of similarity between these accounts which renders it difficult to regard them as mere delusion; particularly when we compare the references to the luxuriant flowers and vegetation, to the *light* and *glowing colors* given by three different persons of widely divergent backgrounds.

On this particular occasion, at her urgent request, Cahagnet had allowed her to enjoy this state longer than usual but, fortunately, he had taken the precaution of placing another very lucid clairvoyant (a young lad) *en rapport* with her, with strict orders to watch her closely. She seemed at first to be unconscious or asleep but, by degrees, her body assumed an alarming aspect, becoming to all outward appearances dead; that is, she developed a torpid trance like that of the Fakirs of India, pulseless, cold to the touch, devoid of respiration. The lad, who kept his eye (the internal vision of clairvoyance) on her, at last exclaimed: "She is gone! I see her no longer!"

M. Cahagnet then, after much fruitless labor (and not until, as Gregory informs us, he had prayed fervently to be enabled to restore her to life) succeeded in re-establishing warmth and respiration. The girl on being brought out of her trance overwhelmed him with bitter reproaches for what he had just done, and could not be pacified until he succeeded in convincing her that what she desired amounted to suicide and was a grievous crime for which he would be held responsible.

Many cases of Extasis have been subjected to extensive study and have been documented by investigators whose veracity cannot be questioned. Certainly the visions of these estatica are not ordinary dreams. And all those who believe in the existence of a spiritual world must feel that they may contain revelations. The belief in the existence of the world of spirits is as old as mankind; and the belief that men are under certain circumstances, capable of communicating with it is equally venerable.

The most notable of the cases of extasis recorded are those by M. Cahagnet and by Dr. Haddock. One of these concerns the girl, E., at Bolton. In the summer of 1848, E. frequently went, spontaneously and

without warning, into a state of extasis. This first happened on July 3, 1848. By degrees, she began — in the usual hypnotic sleep — to predict the occurrence of the extasis; and in one case did so two months before it occurred — at the precise time predicted. The same accuracy was observed in all her predictions of this kind, although she had no recollection in her waking state of having made them and never was told that she had done so.

In the state of extasis, according to Dr. Haddock, she sometimes remembered the place she was in and the persons around her, but her mind was chiefly occupied with visions (apparently of another state of existence.) She always spoke of this state as of one in which she "went away" and on returning to an ordinary hypnotic state she could remember and describe what she had seen and felt. Her eyes turned up and she became entirely insensible to pain. At first her limbs were flexible but subsequently her whole body would become rigid.

On one occasion, when in her usual hypnotic state, E. told Dr. Haddock that on the following night a person long dead would appear to her and show her a book with some words on it, which she was to take to Dr. H. From her description of the book, Dr. H. conjectured that it was a small bible, not then in the house; and he quietly procured it and placed it among other books.

During the next night she awoke in a kind of somnambulistic extasis and in the dark went down two flights of stairs, selected the book, and brought it to Dr. H., opened at a certain page. In the darkness it fell but she instantly relocated the passage by placing it on her forehead and turning the pages. She said the passage had been shown to her in a similar but larger book by her ghostly visitor. She described many circumstances connected with the history of the book which had been known to Dr. Haddock alone. She could not read but explained that when looking for the passage by turning over the pages, she found that when she came to it she could no longer turn the pages.

E. subsequently repeated this experiment in the dark and for some months she could rediscover the passage when hypnotized; but after a time she lost her ability to do so. It is evident that she, who could not read and was besides in the dark, had some means by which she *saw* and recognized the passage. This vision was evidently connected with her states of spontaneous extasis, because the person seen was one who had previously appeared to her in the ecstatic state.

On December 11, 1850, E., while in the hypnotic state, predicted an extasis to occur on January 8, 1851, and fixed the hour at 10 a.m. She had not entered this state for some time, but as the day drew near she went intermittently into partial extasis and became almost completely insensible to what was going on around her, being much occupied with visiting spirits and ghostly visions. On the 8th, at 10 a.m., the predicted extasis occurred. In it her visions were not only of another world and of spiritual beings but obviously connected with all the former instances of extasis, of which the last well-marked one had occurred two years before. It is worthy of note that her visions were in many respects directly opposed to the ideas which she had formerly held and been taught.

Extasis is a little understood subject on which extensive investigation is needed. But whatever the real nature of these visions, they appear to be genuine; and they occur as a result of high clairvoyant power, with exalted perceptive faculties acting through some unknown medium.

Their investigation is important to us because, granting that we believe in the existence of a spiritual world at all, this exalted perception in estatics may help us understand it.

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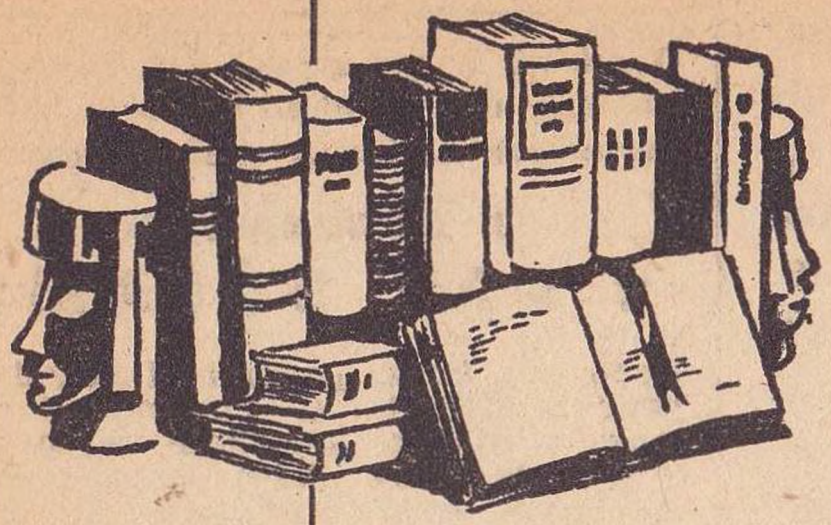
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NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

BIRD AND BUTTERFLY MYSTERIES, by Bernard Acworth—Philosophical Library, New York; 303 pages, $7.50.

Of special interest to naturalists, this book will prove intriguing and illuminating to laymen. The main problem tackled is Bird Migration, which hitherto has baffled the scientific world.

Acworth admits and accepts that birds, fishes, etc., possess an inexplicable "sense" of orientation, which draws them to their place of birth. Migration, however, he claims, is due solely to wind. It is not deliberate, let alone planned, but inevitable, compulsory. For this, he presents impressive evidence, including wind-charts.

He says ornithologists and others err in the belief that flying creatures are conscious of and feel the movement of air, and that fish can feel the movement of water. "No bird or insect is subject to any pressure from the uniform movement of the medium by which it is supported and in which it is flying." This Acworth calls "the First Law of Currents." It is a matter of elementary relativity, or even commonsense.

Hence, birds, butterflies, etc., cannot be "buffeted" by wind, or consciously perform "acrobatics." To all such creatures, the air they fly through, if moving uniformly, is always a dead calm; the wind does not move them *through* the air but carries them along *with* it. Wings of birds are not sails but oars. Nest-desertions are due to contrary winds preventing birds from returning home. If a delicate butterfly were really tossed about in and through air, it would be blown to rags, whereas it is not in any way injured. Similarly, fish, swimming across a current, feel equal pressure on every part of their bodies.

The chapters on "The Cuckoo Mystery" are equally fascinating. There are far more "mysteries', connected with the cuckoo, than most people are aware. One is the presence of cuckoo eggs in nests which are totally inaccessible to a cuckoo. Acworth expounds his own original theory that cuckoos are hybrids between the male cuckoo and the female who owns the nest and lays the egg! This theory

explains about three-quarters of the "cuckoo mysteries", but not all.

Thus our ingenious author debunks a number of demonstrably false "scientific" theories.

Well written, perceptive and eminently readable is this volume It is an exciting story, a challenge, and increases one's respect for and awe of Nature's marvels.

EDGAR CAYCE: MYSTERY MAN OF MIRACLES, by Joseph Millard—Fawcett Publications, New York; 207 pages, 35c.

I regard this Gold Medal Original book as "required reading" for all FATE readers. Unquestionably, Edgar Cayce, was one of the greatest psychics in history. He came of a psychic family. His "Grampa," a dowser, could make a heavy table levitate by placing his fingers on it, or a broom dance merely by looking at it! Cayce was psychic all his life; he had invisible playmates, could learn the contents of a book by putting it under his pillow, could see things thousands of miles away, and so on.

As an all-round healer, he was unique. His specialty was to place himself in a deep trance, diagnose, with apparently unfailing accuracy, any ailment, and prescribe remedies, also unfailingly effective, often for people he never saw. His prescriptions sometimes were so fantastic that doctors would

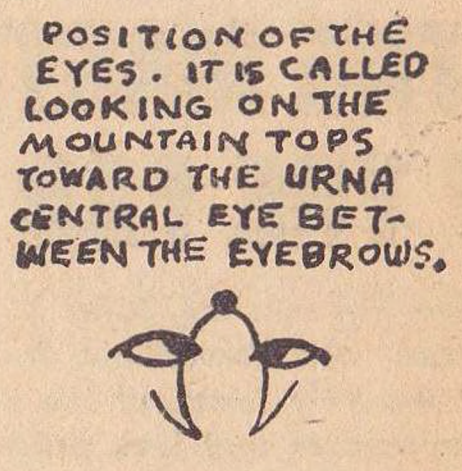
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not even try them. But quite a few medical men used his prescriptions, always with success.

In normal consciousness, he had little or no medical knowledge, yet, while in trance, he would astound doctors with technical descriptions, and even would speak fluently in languages of which he had no normal knowledge. When he emerged from trance, he remembered nothing, having to read the recordings to learn what he had said. He loathed making any charge, and only after many years, often in abject poverty, did he reluctantly concede it was legitimate to accept payment, to support his family.

Some 15,000 of his "readings" still are being studied, by The Association for Research and Enlightenment, in order to arrive at new therapeutic principles. No one, in a short review could do justice to this unique book, about a unique man.

A JOURNEY FOR THE BRAVE, by Naomi Reddish—Vantage Press, New York; 76 pages, $2.00.

Described as the fruit of the author's own experience in the search for "spiritual knowing," this little volume deals with man's relationship to the Supreme Being. the Source of all, the Supreme Mind wherein all good is found. The author believes man is able to direct his thoughts centerward so that the power of Fundamental Mind may become available to his use, and claims to give directions for establishing contact.

My PROOF of Survival

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"GOODBYE, ETHEL"

By John Zeller

DURING THE WINTER of 1948 my aunt, Catherine Wagner, who was visiting in Pittsburgh at the time, was confined to a hospital because of tuberculosis. The doctors considered it too late to do anything for her, so most of my relatives, including my mother, Ethel, went to visit her during her last days.

Aunt Catherine seemed to improve during their visit, and after spending several days with her my mother and the others returned to Akron, O. Mother was tired after her long trip and, after telling my father about her visit to Pittsburgh, she went to bed.

A short time later, about 11:25 P.M., she heard a voice say clearly and distinctly, "Goodbye, Ethel." Mother recognized the voice as Aunt Catherine's and felt that something had happened to her. She told my father of her strange experience but, as he does not believe in spirit communication or ghosts, he dismissed it as a dream.

The next morning we received a long-distance telephone call from



ETHEL ZELLER

Pittsburgh saying that Aunt Catherine had died about 11:25 the night before. Mother was not at all surprised. —*Cuyahoga Falls, O.*

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR

By Marjorie Custer

EARLY ONE MORNING in November, 1926, my sister,

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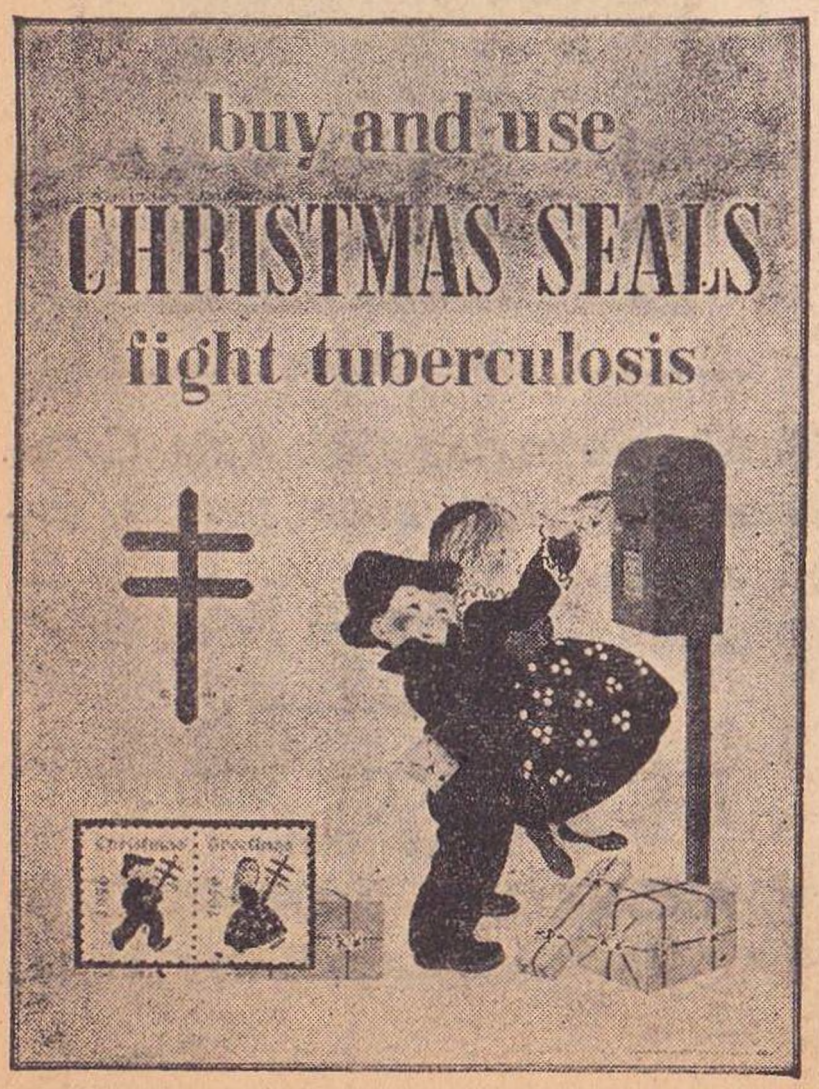
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Blanch, and I were dressing to go to our respective jobs. We were hurrying and were not concentrating on anything but routine.

Our home, in Waco, Tex., was a very comfortable one, a two-story house built around 1900. Our bedroom was on the second floor.

This particular stormy morning, while crossing the hall to the bathroom, I happened to glance at the stairway. I saw a curly-haired, blond boy about eight years old tripping up the stairs. He wore a crisp white blouse with a wide embroidered collar and knee pants.

He was a stranger.

It flashed through my mind that this was the attire of children of the late 80's or early 1900's!

Seeing me gazing at him, he stopped on the top step. He looked at me very earnestly — almost with question in his eyes.

I was so startled that I screamed. My sister rushed from the bedroom. When I looked again the boy had vanished.

I've never forgotten the incident, and often have wondered what it meant. — *San Diego, Calif.*

DID MOTTLE RETURN?

By Irma Oldham

WE HAD A CAT we called Mottle because of her variegated colors. We all had a deep affection for her and she had the run of the house.

In May, 1956, Mottle was about to have a litter of kittens. About a week before the kittens were due she was chased by a neighbor's dog and dropped dead. We buried her, and of course we all missed her.

We have one of Mottle's kittens from a previous litter, now grown into a large cat. We also have a 10-year-old cat with beautiful, long orange hair, and a small male kitten my daughter found along the road. It apparently was homeless and my daughter coaxed us to keep it. Their names are Timmy, Joe and Hercules. It seems that we attract every stray cat in the neighborhood.

We find it necessary to keep a chemically treated dirt box in a far corner of the back porch. Our cats use this box, as did Mottle while she was alive.

A little less than a month after Mottle's death, a stray kitten came crying to our door. It had Mottle's coloring and its features exactly resembled hers. Mottle had been a little more pug-nosed than the average cat and had had a heavier type of fur, somewhat like that of a mole. The stray kitten had the same type of fur.

After trying unsuccessfully to locate the kitten's owner among our neighbors, we brought it into the house. Without hesitation or fear it went directly to the food and ate a good meal. I kept watch over



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the kitten, anticipating that I would have to housebreak it.

To my amazement the kitten, after it had eaten, went directly to the dirt box as though it had lived with us all its life. Then it went into the front room and took up a position on the back of the couch where Mottle had spent most of each day. We gave the kitten Mottle's name as it best fits her and she has answered to it from the very first. We all are certain that our beloved Mottle has returned to us. — *Campbell, Calif.*

MESSAGES VIA PLANCHETTE

By Lorle Adcock

EARLY IN MY MARRIED life, although I had everything to make me happy and contented, I yearned for spiritual truth. I felt I had to be convinced of survival after death, and neighbors suggested that we try slate writing. (I have since learned that this is one of the most difficult methods of contacting the spirit world.)

We sat in a darkened room holding the double slate on our open palms under the card table. Presently we heard taps upon the slate, but being very skeptical we accused each other of making them. This broke up the seance.

Shortly after this Ellen, a friend, came to spend a week with me. I told her about the slate and she was anxious to try contacting her

fiance who recently had died. My husband joined us and we sat about the card table holding the double slate upon our palms. Soon the slate moved ever so slightly as the pencil scratched a message. It was enough to make one's hair stand on end to hear that eerie sound, as we sat there in the dark, knowing no living hand was writing.

I did not wait to see how long a message we could get. The moment the pencil paused, I rose, turned on the light and opened the slate. There was my friend's full name written in the distinctive hand of her fiance.

"It's John!" screamed Ellen, and became hysterical. We had difficulty calming her and that ended the seance. Because of Ellen's reaction my husband refused to have anything more to do with the slate.

About a year later someone gave me a planchette. My husband did not object to using this because with it we could get messages in broad daylight or at night in a brightly lighted room. Years of communing with the departed followed. We made friends with a great many we never knew during their lives on earth. None of them foretold the future. When I asked them to do so they said that they were not permitted to, that we created our own future from day to day.

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Some of them teased us about things they had seen us do, some told jokes and one night we even had an argument. It was at a time when my father, Dr. Arthur J. Puls, was visiting us. My husband and I were sitting at the table using the planchette and Dad sat watching at a distance.

A chemist who introduced himself as J. D. Sinkingson asked Dad how gunpowder was made. My father had studied chemistry and gave the formula as he remembered it. Our unseen chemist told Dad his formula was obsolete and gave him the latest one. A heated discussion followed into which neither my husband nor myself entered as we had never studied chemistry. (I mention this because skeptics will say that our subconscious minds guided the pencil.)

Dad insisted that his formula was the correct one and he said that he would look it up as soon as

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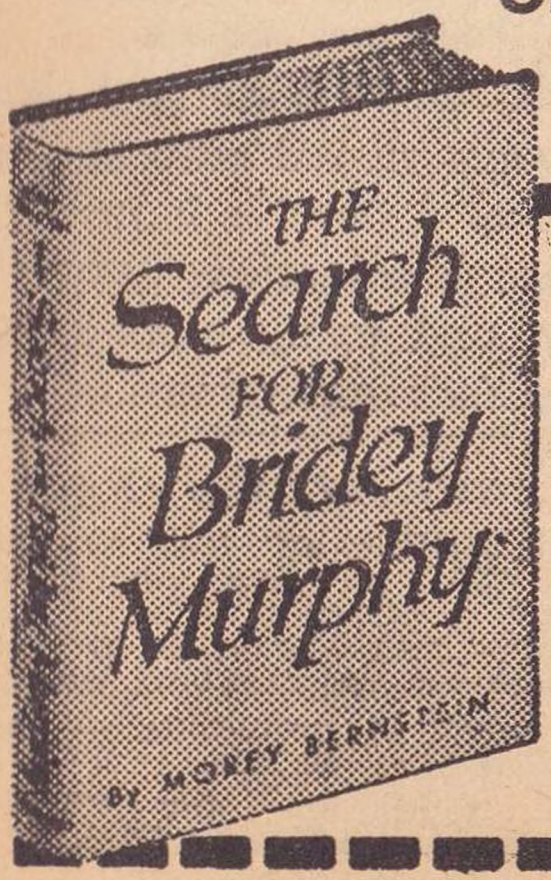
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he returned home. He was told to do so and the seance came to a close when the chemist wrote, "You better drink some H_2O (water) and go to bed."

Dad left the next morning for his home in Milwaukee and the following day I received a card from him on which he wrote, "Mr. J.D.S. is correct. My formula is obsolete."

In the meantime my husband visited some chemists he knew. He learned that they had gone to school with Mr. J. D. Sinkingson and that everything he had told us about himself was true.

My experiences have been sufficiently convincing so that I know life is eternal. — *Evanston, Ill.*

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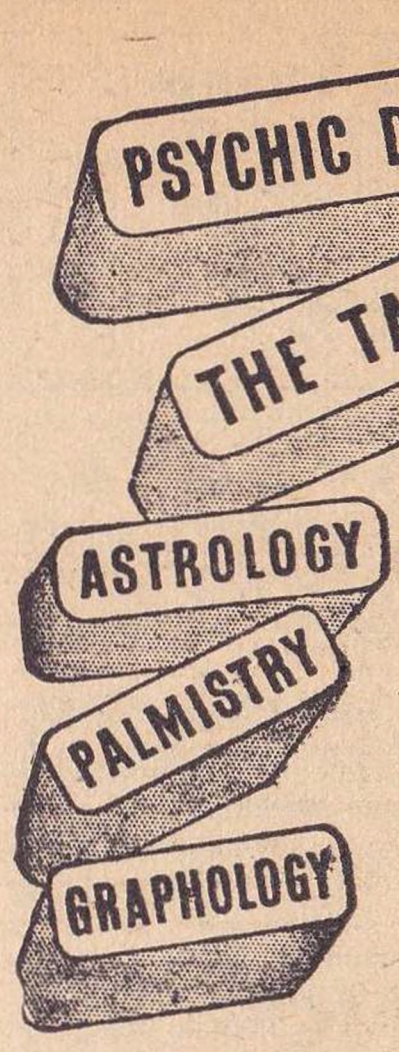
But recently, one of our cats, Demi, convinced us there must be something to it. He wasn't influenced by suggestion or imagination.

Several months before, a scrawny black cat adopted us. He was as unattractive an animal as I had ever seen, except that he had a personality that wouldn't quit. When I brought him in the kitchen to feed him, my other three cats were anything but cordial and expressed their disapproval by arching their backs and spitting.

Satan, as I called the stranger, immediately jumped to the drainboard and from there to the shelf above the refrigerator, where he sat looking down at the other cats. Until they finally accepted him, that was his haven of refuge. We laughingly called it "Third Balcony." It was exclusively Satan's — a vantage point that none of the other cats ever dared to invade. After he became a member of the family, it was his favorite sleeping place.

In April, 1956, Satan came down with pneumonia. The Vet kept him alive for a week with antibiotics, but one evening the Vet called to say he didn't expect Satan to live until morning.

With plenty of food, Satan had become a beautiful, sleek cat, and we loved him as much as we did our other pets. When we heard the



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news, gloom settled over my husband and me. I tried to read, and he to do homework on a course he was taking, but we could think only of our beloved Satan.

Demi, Steve and Fluffy, our other cats, and Blackie the dog, were sleeping in their favorite spots about the living room. Suddenly, Demi (also a black cat), bristled and growled and ran into the children's play room. We went to see what disturbed him. He was staring at "nothing" and growling.

We called to him reassuringly, but he was oblivious of us. Finally, he ran into the living room and hid behind the divan, still growling. When at last we lured him out, he looked at us blankly, then ran to the kitchen, jumped on the drainboard, and up to Third Balcony, where he'd never been.

The following morning the Vet called to say that Satan had died the night before. Whether it was at the moment Demi had his seizure, nobody knows, but skeptics though we were, we felt that Satan must have "gotten through" to Demi. What we can't understand is why the other animals failed to see what Demi did. Was there a special something between the two black cats that they were not attuned to? It was only after several days that Demi recovered from the shock of his experience.
— *Saratoga, Calif.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

ARKANSAS UFO

A UFO was visible over our town for an hour or more last July. It was at the south - southeast and halfway down from zenith to horizon, just after the sun had gone down. It looked like a golden ball about the size of the full moon, and it grew smaller until it disappeared.

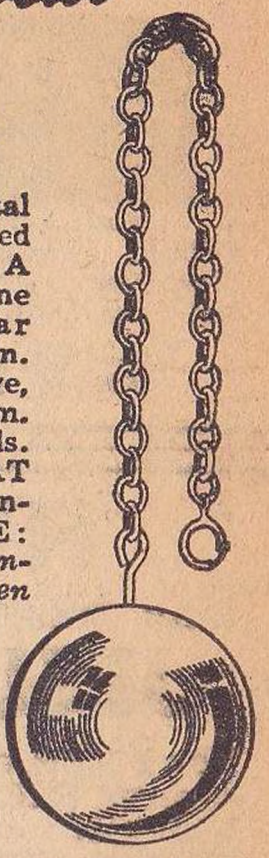
Many persons called the police, inquiring about the object, and were told it was a balloon. We all felt it was not a balloon.— *Janet Shreve, Farmington, Ark.*

MISSISSIPPI U.F.O.

At 12:45 p.m. on the night of November 21, 1955, I was walking home from the Eupora Theatre, where I work as projector boy, when suddenly a bright light reflected on my glasses. I looked up at the sky and saw an object that appeared to be about as large as a washtub and as long as an average-size car. It was traveling at a speed that I estimated as between 200 and 300 m.p.h. — about as fast as an airplane.

The object made no sound and

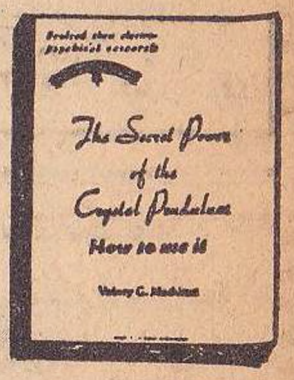
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left no vapor trail. It was a glowing white and was difficult to look at directly. Its tail end was indistinct because something that looked like red hot iron was flying off it.

The object moved downward, then made a 90-degree turn and went straight across the sky toward the northeastern part of Mississippi, where it disappeared. It was in sight for about 45 seconds. I never saw anything like it before. The boy who tends the popcorn stand in the theatre where I work saw the same object from another part of town.—*Glen Naramore, Eupora, Miss.*

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Clark Publishing Company, 806 Dempster St., Evanston, Ill.; Editor, Mary Margaret Fuller, 1314 Isabella St., Wilmette, Ill.; Managing editor, Chester S. Geier, 1716 W. Leland Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Business manager, none.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

MARY MARGARET FULLER, Editor

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LAUGHING AT SAUCERS

The ads in FATE and other magazines concerning the flying saucers give me a laugh. It will be rather disillusioning when the facts come out. The saucers are not from outer space and the pilots are not fiendish spacemen. The only real mystery concerning the saucers is the fact that their source is unknown. Should I tell you my views, the men in black suits (business, not space) would visit me. They would silence me properly but they wouldn't carry me off into space. Should it happen on a hot day they might even join me in a cold beer while they threatened me to silence.

It will be exciting, but disappointing, to learn the truth about the saucers. The child-like minds that weave mysterious tales of space ships and spacemen are due for a big let down. Perhaps 1956 is the year that the flying saucer mystery will be brought out into the open. I doubt it, though. The year it is revealed we will have so much else on our minds that we won't have time to be amazed.—*Vern J. Texter, Chestertown, N. Y.*

TO 1975 VIA HYPNOSIS

I read with interest the article on age progression under hypnosis by Stephen Wasko in the October issue. I have seen experiments by

the eminent Emile Franchel who has a half-hour television program every week. I also attended one of his demonstrations at the Whittier High School auditorium several weeks ago.

Mr. Franchel has delved into both regression and progression with his subjects. One male subject was hypnotized and brought forward in time. He said the year was 1975 and the place was Pittsburgh. He stated further that Pittsburgh was being bombed. When asked by what kind of bombs, he replied ordinary bombs.

Mr. Franchel asked the subject what he was doing at this time. He said he was on a cloud. He said further that it took 20 years to rebuild Pittsburgh, which by then was 1995.

In connection with Mr. Wasko's experiment, it is astonishing that two subjects 3,000 miles apart apparently saw the same holocaust at about the same time, and in the state of Pennsylvania.—*Salvatore Alfieri, Pasadena, Calif.*

MEETING ON A SHORT CUT

About seven years ago my mother sent me to town (New Brunswick) to do some shopping for her. I got off the bus and was taking a short cut up Spring Alley when I met the father of a girl friend, Mr. Aldrich.

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As I have about used up one bottle of your hair preparation, please send me another. I have had very good results in ridding myself of dandruff and itching. **Lionel O.** Brandberg, Sharon Springs, Kans.

You sure found a good product. In the sixth application my dandruff was cured. Thanks to you. It does all you say and more, too. And it sure brings back the natural color to your hair. Thanks! R. E. Van Gordon, 1905 W. Milham Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

I have been bedeviled by a terrible itching in my eyebrows for over thirty years. It seemed to be a large flaky dandruff, but if I combed it out too near the skin, a watery substance would start, causing a scab-like condition. I have been to dozens of doctors . . . none did the slightest bit of good. After reading what Ray Palmer said, I decided to try Turn-er's. After the sixth application, I have not had an itch in my brows, and the skin underneath is as clear and clean as my face. I certainly am thankful to Mr. Palmer for bringing such a fine product to my attention. S. W. Crusen, 2336 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

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I remarked how well he looked. He drank considerably and never kept up his appearance, but on this particular day he was all dressed up. I spoke with him for a while and went on my way.

That evening I was sitting in the living room with my family when the Pelvak family dropped in on us. Mrs. Pelvak asked me if I knew Mr. Aldrich was dead. I told her I had seen him about two o'clock that afternoon. She said that was impossible as he was buried at two o'clock that afternoon. She asked me what he was wearing and I told her. She said

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that was just what he was buried in.—*Lois J. Myers, Edison, N. J.*

SIGN OF A CURSE

In the October FATE Frank Harris of Corona, Calif., describes a feather crown found in the pillow on which a child had died. Evidently Mr. Harris associates these "crowns" only with the death of infants. From his description, I believe the feather formation to be the same as a feather "rose" which, I have heard, is supposed to be the sign of a curse upon the person in whose pillow it is found.

I remember hearing a friend of my mother, a Mrs. Katherine Noe, tell of such a curse. According to her story, she had been in ill health and having various financial and family troubles. Someone whose identity never was made clear, told her that she probably had been cursed and that she should look in her pillow for roses made of feathers. To remove the curse, the feathers must be burned.

Mrs. Noe felt her pillow and found lumps in it. Ripping open the pillow she found 13 feather formations such as described by Mr. Harris. They ranged in size from about one inch in diameter to nearly three inches.

Mrs. Noe put the objects in the stove and prodded them with a poker until they were consumed.

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This, she said, was quite a task since the feathers were so tightly interwoven that they merely smouldered. Almost at once her health improved and the other troubles cleared up.

I personally cannot vouch for the truth of this story, and both Mrs. Noe and my mother are dead. I heard it a number of times when I was in my teens. Mrs. Noe believed it, I am sure. It seems an odd belief, and the story in FATE is the only other reference to it I ever have seen.—*Ruth N. Brown, Slippery Rock, Pa.*

FOUNDING OF THE ORACLE

Peg Miller, author of "Secrets of the Delphi Oracle," in the July, 1955, issue, is interested in learning the date of the establishing of the Oracle. I happen to be able to give her an approximate date taken from the story of the lives of Jupiter and Latona—Diana and Apollo.

They were king and queen of the land of Ephesia, now Turkey, between 4200 and 4140 B.C. The famous twins were born in the spring of 4220 B.C. When Diana reached the age of 18 she was crowned queen of the Ephesians, and Apollo her consort king—this because Diana was born before midnight and Apollo some time later. As I read the story I judged

that the Oracle was established when Apollo was about 20 years old.—*O. L. Dilworth, Hartford. Conn.*

A VOTE FOR FATE

May I add my vote of praise for FATE Magazine? In our family we hardly can wait for each new issue to arrive. When it does, there's always a battle to be first to read its provocative articles and news items.

Keep up the good work.—*Trummell McCall, Philadelphia, Pa.*

JESUS IN THE URN

As a comment on the very interesting article, "What Happened to the Body of Jesus?" by William H. Leach, a news item published in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* in 1931 stated that a burial tablet bearing the inscription "Jesus, Son of Joseph," was discovered among the sepulchral ruins outside Jerusalem. The report was marked, "Copyright, 1931, by Universal Service, Inc.," and was dated Berlin, January 9.

The discovery was made by Dr. E. L. Sukenik, Professor of Archaeology at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. In an interview with the Universal Service correspondent he said, "There cannot be the slightest doubt that the ossuary

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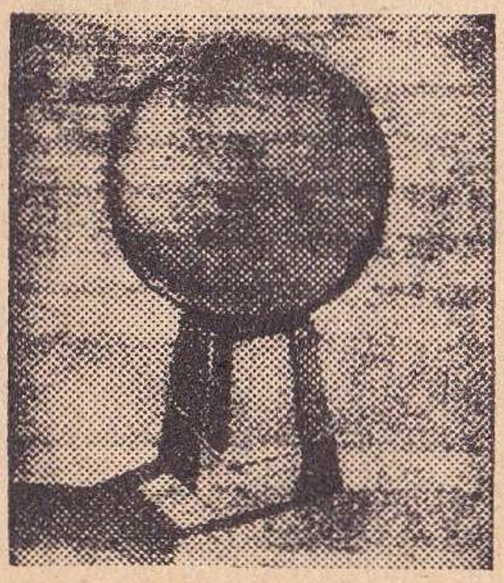
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(grave urn or box) dates back to the period of the death of the Nazarene. All articles found in the neighborhood belong to the same epoch."

Tablets in adjacent ossuaries, Dr. Sukenik said, bore New Testament names like Maria, Martha, Elizabeth and Mathias. The majority were in Hebrew, but there were a few Greek characters among the epitaphs. Dr. Sukenik explained that in the time of Jesus Christ burial within Jerusalem's walls was forbidden and the dead were interred outside the second wall in family vaults or niches, where they remained until only bones were left. The bones then were collected and placed in limestone boxes, now called ossuaries.

Dr. Sukenik is said to have showed photographs of the ossuary marked "Jesus, Son of Joseph." It measured 15 by 20 inches at the front. The top was ornamented with two large Oriental stars and the inscription was engraved in antique Hebrew characters in the upper right hand corner.

Dr. Sukenik refused to assert that he had found the coffin of Jesus Christ and said he did not wish to draw any conclusions regarding his find. He would not tell where the ossuary reposed nor whether it contained actual bones.

—Roy B. Clark, Richmond, Ky.

HELPED BY HARRY EDWARDS

About six years ago I was very ill. I consulted many doctors in Belgium and in the Netherlands and all told me I would have to be operated on for an inflammation of the bowels. But as this operation would be dangerous, I did not have it done.

As I suffered a great deal, especially in the morning, a doctor gave me injections. These made me feel better, but still the pain continued.

Finally I wrote to the spiritual healer Harry Edwards in Burrows Lea, Shere, Guildford, Surrey, England. Since receiving his absent

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healing treatments, I feel much better, eat more and walk around more easily. I am very grateful to Harry Edwards.—*M. J. Timmers Verhoeven, Brussels, Belgium.*

"PROMOTIONAL SCHEME"

I am surprised that FATE approved Kenneth Hart's article, "Do You Understand Faith?"

I was one of the thousands who sent in an inquiry about the subject of this article. The teachings are not free, which they regretfully let you know at once. Not only do they charge, but they like donations.

As far as I can gather from Vol. 1, No. 10 of the Human Engineering booklet, faith is an afterthought with Rev. Welgos. I quote: "Faith and the works of faith were a minor goal. But with almost 2,000 letters of inquiry about Faith, we will bow to the desires of the people and we will produce a one-year course on Living Faith."

So now Rev. Welgos is busily writing on Faith for us gullible FATE readers.

Now that you know Kenneth Hart's article was nothing more but a promotional scheme, I sincerely believe you owe it to your readers to rectify yourself. I am withholding my name and address to prevent hearing from any crack-

pot followers Welgos undoubtedly has.—*A FATE Reader, Crescent City, Calif.*

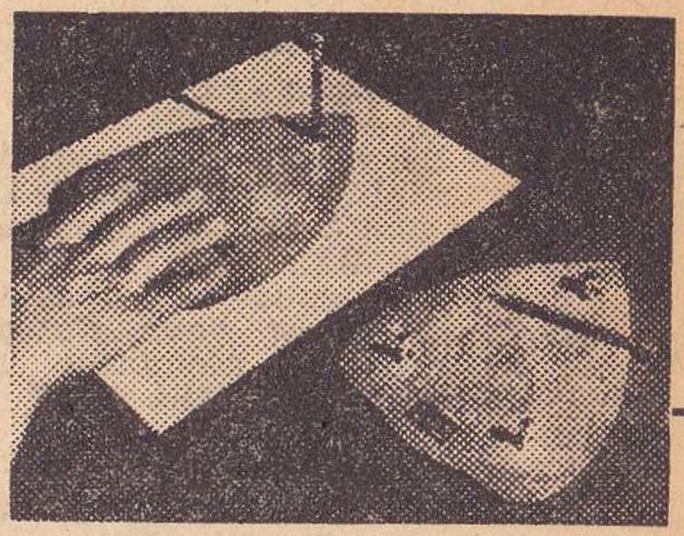
FATE published Kenneth Hart's article because it presents a metaphysical system which, on the basis of the many case histories it contains, appears valid. We have never been guilty of fostering promotional schemes in our editorial pages and do not intend to start. It is still our opinion that Rev. Welgos' offer to help, free of charge, was made sincerely. Neither he nor Human Engineering, Inc., nor FATE, anticipated the overwhelming response to Author Hart's article; and it is unfortunately true that no group, business or religious, can help hundreds of persons without finding the funds to finance their work.—The Editors.

THE MAN IN THE AIR

In 1945 I joined a group of ladies who called themselves truth students. After class and business meetings at our teacher's home we would stand in a circle and repeat a verse from the Bible or say a prayer. We would turn out the light in the living room, leaving on only the hall light.

One night, at one of these meetings, I repeated the 23rd Psalm. I opened my eyes and was sur-

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RAY PALMER, Amherst, Wisconsin

prised to see standing about three feet from me a man dressed in the clothing worn by shepherds in Biblical times.

The man was moving up and down as though he were filled with air. His feet were at least two feet from the floor. He seemed to be surrounded by a silvery light.

I watched him for a few minutes. Then I closed my eyes for a second and when I opened them again he was gone. I appeared to have been the only member of the group to see him.—*Ida Marbra, Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE MISSING GRAVE CLOTHES

I read with a great deal of interest the fine article by Mr. Leach, "What Happened to the Body of Jesus?"

There is another question to which I would like an answer. Does anyone know what became of the grave clothes? What holy relics they would have been!

It is so pathetic to read John's account of looking into the empty tomb and seeing the linen cloths lying there, and of Peter arriving just afterward and "seeing the linen cloths lying and the napkin which had been on Jesus' head *not lying with the linen cloths* but rolled up in a place by itself."

It appears as if no hurried hand had rolled that head cloth—a

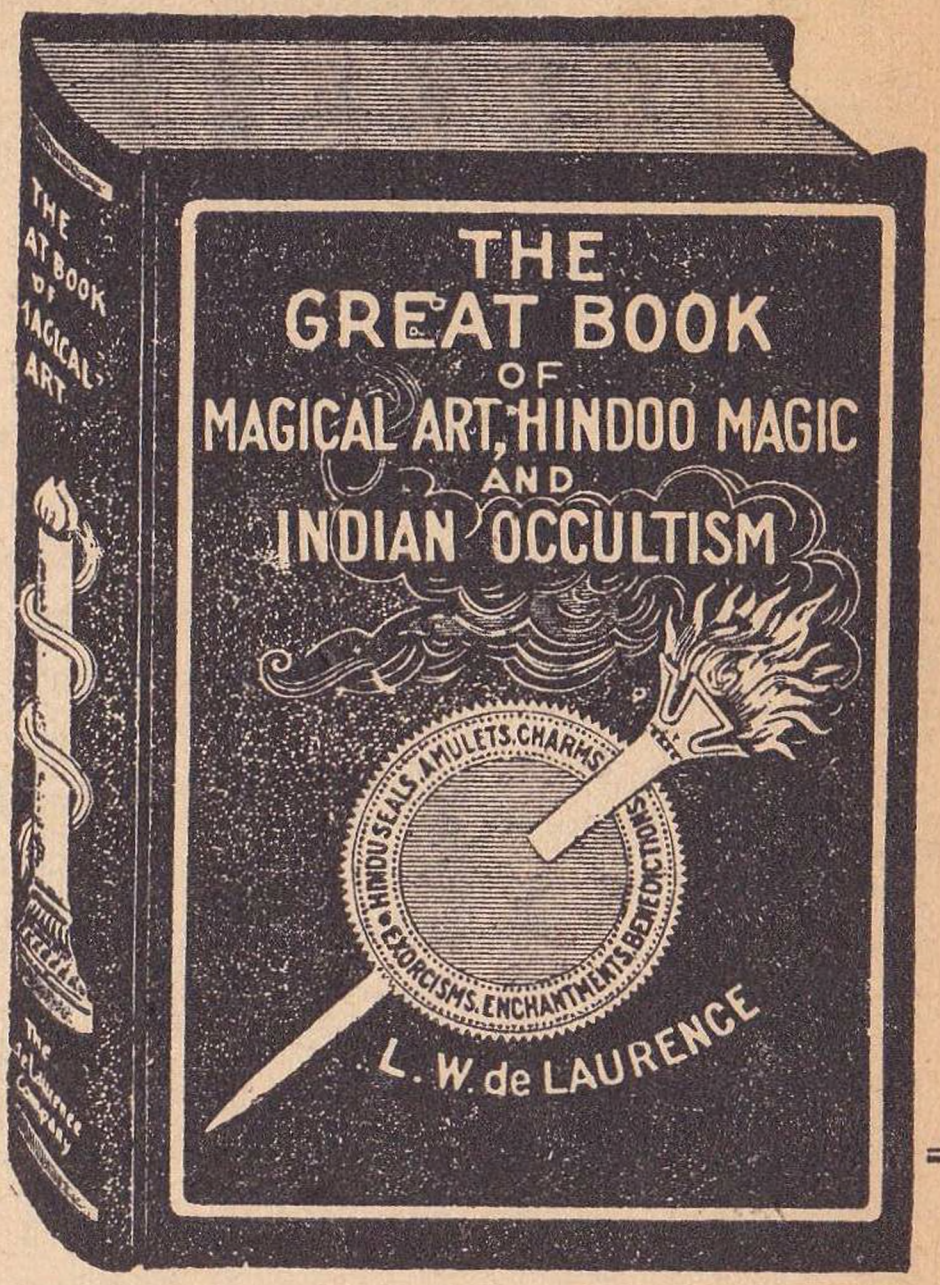
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hand of love, more likely.

I never have read any comments on this very clear description.—*Sarah S. Fletcher, Honolulu, Hawaii.*

HEALER OF THE SHY

I never have seen in your magazine a report of experiences such as mine. My power to remove shyness from persons young or old has amazed people.

One man in his 50's now speaks with self-assurance, although for many years he rarely spoke. A 10-year-old girl who cried if sharply spoken to wrote me saying her whole life has changed and she no longer suffers from the illnesses that afflicted her. Another girl, eight years old, who would not speak to her playmates, spoke up freely to the amazement of all present after I talked to her. A little boy of two who showed no interest in anyone, smiled and played, which he never did before, after he took my hands.

Many such changes have taken place. The people involved are mostly total strangers. Some, regarded as total losses at their jobs, now show aggressiveness.

Is this a result of psychic power, or is it a mild form of hypnotism? The only clue is that if a shy person makes too short a visit I suffer a nervous upset which lasts

for a few hours to a few days.—*T. F. Lubiniecki, Montreal, Que., Can.*

SPIRIT WEAPON?

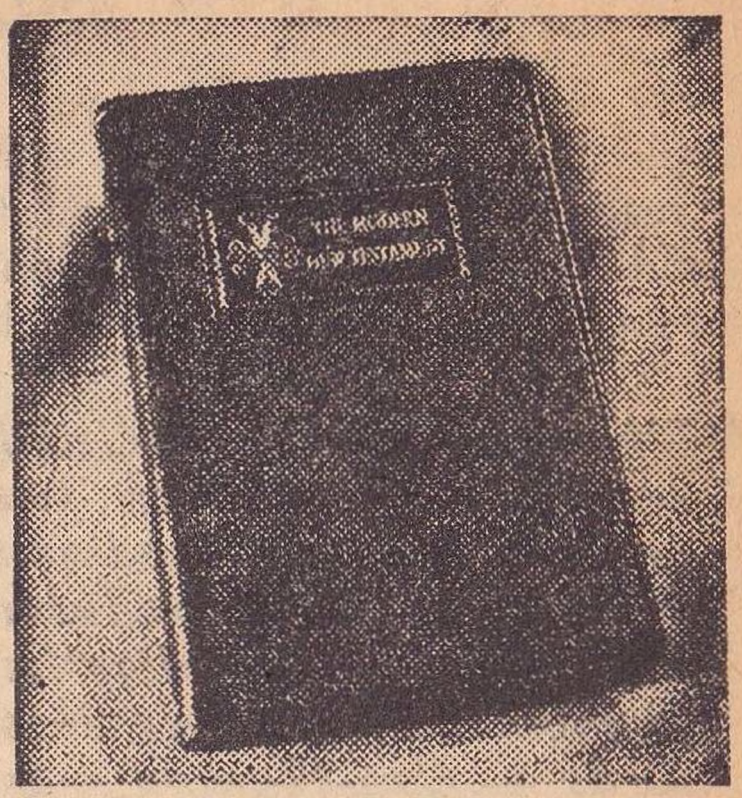
I attend regular seances at which, through my modest clairvoyant efforts, the spirit of a woman manifests. Often when we mention her name the lights go out—too often to be coincidence. Once I asked her if she would have the spirits show me how they put out the lights, for the switch is never turned off and the light bulb is never loose.

They clairvoyantly showed me a picture of a sort of ray played on a wire and covering approximately three inches of it. This ray apparently insulated that portion of the wire so that it did not carry current to the bulb.

What a weapon that would be if spirits wished to immobilize a city in a war!—*Rene Harris, Victoria, B. C., Can.*

FISHERMEN UNITED

One day in a variety store I purchased a bisque figure of a boy fishing. Returning home, I placed it on the library table. The next day I noticed I had put it directly in front of Henry Van Dyke's *Fisherman's Luck.—Mrs. George Sigloh, Kenmare, N. Dak.*



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