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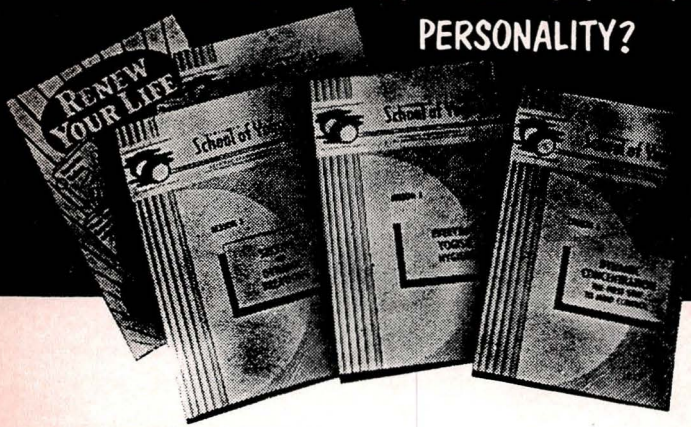
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THE NATURE OF REALITY

● A recent article by Chester Geier, managing editor of FATE, discussed our position in regard to the many strange facts which this magazine reports. Geier pointed out that we view them as a problem concerning the nature of reality.

Recently we received support for this view from an unexpected quarter. Dr. Robert Tschirgi, a physiologist of the UCLA Medical School, proposed building an electronic brain in the hope of finding "the true fourth dimension that may exist all around man."

Dr. Tschirgi believes that man is handicapped by a limited ability to perceive dimensions and may actually be unaware of the true shape of things. He suggests that by studying the limitations of man's brain, we may be able to build a computer that can peer around "the fourth-dimensional corner" and translate what it finds there into a language man can understand.

"Events which seem now to be unpredictable, and therefore unavoidable, might be forseeable and the future would seem less mysterious," says Dr. Tschirgi. He and his associates, Dr. R. Dekaan and Dr. U. L. Taylor, have been engaged in a theoretical study of dimensional perception.



INCLUDING THE NATURE OF TIME

● Time has frequently been proposed as the fourth dimension. But Dr. Tschirgi suggests that time is essentially a biological factor and is primarily related to a "clock" in man's brain.

"In the world outside of us," he says, "motion may occur in directions which we cannot 'see' and which we must therefore interpret only as a change in time."

Dr. Tschirgi refers to the commonly used simile of the flatworm, which lives in a two-dimensional

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world in which it is impossible to conceive of a third dimension. Man may be similarly handicapped. During the short span of evolution, man really hasn't been out of the two-dimensional world of the flatworm very long. "His two sides are still remarkably similar and he frequently confuses right and left.

"Perhaps all of man's scientific laws are only three dimensional shadows of the real world around him," Dr. Tschirgi says.

FROM A FOURTH DIMENSION?

● We commend to Dr. Tschirgi the study of psychic phenomena, of poltergeist cases, of precognition, perhaps even the study of such "mentalists" as Dunninger.

Are there occasional "breakthroughs" in the fourth dimension which would explain these things?

As for example: Mrs. Doris Fredrickson was 23 years old and lived at 2215 N.E. Monroe Street in Minneapolis. Sometime early last fall Mrs. Frederickson upset relatives when she outlined plans for her own funeral in her native Sandstone, Minn.

On Saturday, November 9, while visiting with two sisters in Cloquet, Minn., Mrs. Frederickson exclaimed: "Something terrible is going to happen in our family.... I know it....someone is going to die."

The next day Mrs. Frederickson was killed on Minnesota Route 107 when her husband swerved his car to avoid hitting a deer. Her five-year-old daughter Cheryl was killed also.

And take the case of Dunninger during an ABC television network program on October 3. National Commander Joseph F. Burke of the Disabled American Veterans picked at random the key of an automobile belonging to a DAV member. Dunninger gave the man's correct name and correct license plate number — a one-to-44 million shot. Trickery? Maybe. Telepathy? Perhaps. Something else? Possibly something involved with the nature of reality.

NOT ONLY IN MAN

• We suspect that Dr. Tschirgi could begin his research into reality by studying what animals observe. A homing pigeon, for example; a migrating bird may be following signs of a reality unknown to man. For the ability to know reality is in large part the ability to perceive it.

What is the concept of reality, and what are the perceptive abilities of a police dog named Dick, who early last fall trailed his 12-year-old master 375 miles in less than two weeks? Dick refused to eat after his owner, Marc Coreau,

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left for a vacation at his uncle's home in Reims, France. Two days later Dick disappeared. Eleven days after that he leaped over a front yard fence at Reims, knocked Marc down and licked his face. Dick had never been in Reims before.

In November, a Beagle named Butch demonstrated similar ability in Norwich, Conn. Butch's master, Floyd June, was in the hospital with burns. After two days Butch crossed streets, avenues and back alleys to find Chenango Memorial Hospital. As a visitor opened a door to leave, Butch slipped in. He ran directly to Floyd June's room and jumped onto the bed.

Even more incredible is a story reported by Central Press of Canada. On a bitterly cold day late in November, Rheal Guindon 12, of Opasatika, Ont., watched his parents drown on a fishing trip, helpless to aid them. The boy set out for the nearest town, Kapuskasing, Ont. During the night, cold and exhausted, he lay down on the ground. Before long he felt a furry animal beside him. In the morning he woke to find three beavers huddled against him, keeping him warm. He arrived in Kapuskasing with his feet cut and bleeding, but his life saved by three wild animals.



WITCHERS AND WATER

● Science scoffs at water witching, but the farmers who benefit by it do not. This too is a problem on the nature of reality.

In the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Yearbook devoted to water, the U.S. Geological Survey is quoted as follows:

"It is doubtful whether so much investigation and discussion have been bestowed on any other subject with such absolute lack of positive results."

Yet the author of the article in the Yearbook, Arthur Sowder, Extension Service forester in the Department of Agriculture, is a dowser himself.

Recently Capt. Russell Fairbanks of the 31st Infantry Regiment, who learned the art as a boy in Pennsylvania, witched a well in Korea. He says that Koreans use the same system he used.

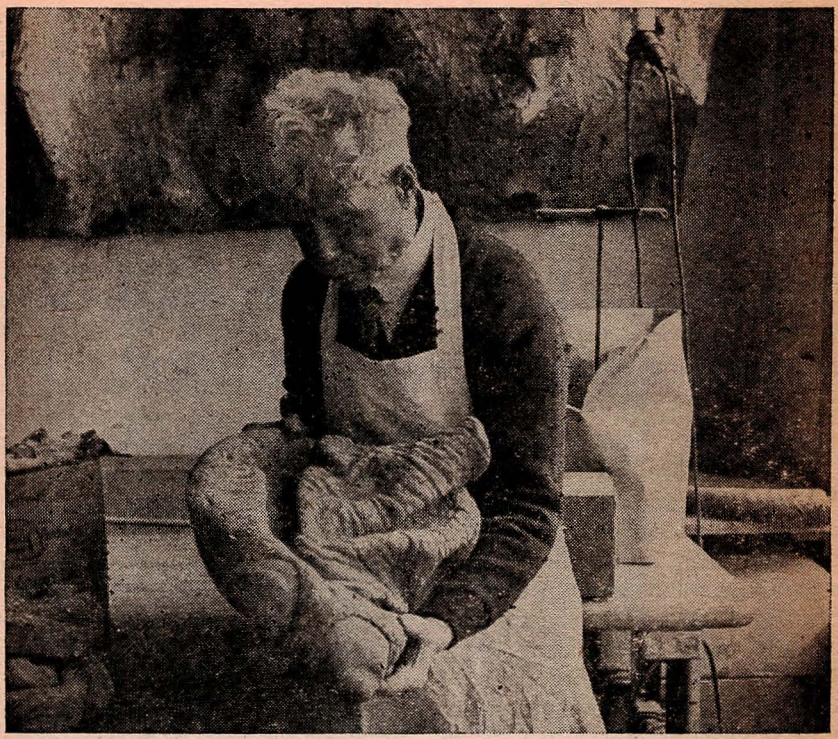
In Platter, Tex., Charles H. Fisher's farm was drying up and he'd given up 32 acres of peanuts as too far gone. A water witcher told him where to drill for water and Charles struck a gusher of water that saved the peanuts and his other crops too.

Maybe these phenomena can be explained by an occasional "breakthrough" from the fourth dimension.



WHERE SCIENCE WENT WRONG

● We are accustomed to look upon



Roy Heist, San Francisco taxidermist, works on an elephant's foot which figures in a weird business sideline. Heist says he stocks elephant hair, lion oil, bat blood, tiger claws and other animal parts as he receives many requests for such items from witch doctors, voodooists and cultists, who are plentiful on the West Coast.

Neanderthal Man as a near-ape brute, unable even to stand erect—despite evidence that in certain aspects this race was known to have evolved further away from the apes than our own *Genus Homo.*

Now this is all wrong, according to Dr. William L. Straus, Jr., of Johns Hopkins University. The closed minds of earlier scholars and poor reconstruction of skeletal fossils are responsible for an erroneous idea about Neanderthal man, Dr. Straus declared. "Theologians and scientists saw what they wanted to see—canine fangs, hideous face, ferocious eyes — despite the large brain vault," he says.

The fossil remains indicate otherwise. A burial vault in France

shows that hands had formed a sepulcher with flat stones to protect the dead man's head. A haunch of meat and work flints had been placed at his side for the long journey. This grotto of Neanderthal man carries a message across 50-000 years that says to Dr. Straus:

"We too were human, we too suffered, we believed that the grave was not the end. We too, whose faces affright you now, knew human agony and human love."

GETTING OUT THERE

● Mars itself, and the other planets of our solar system, are within reach of man a top Government scientist has announced. Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, director of the research projects office of the U. S. Army Ballistics Missile Agency, revealed that the U. S. is working on rockets with propellants other than chemical fuel.

Dr. Stuhlinger invented the Geiger counter and was one of the leading developers of Germany's V-2 rocket.

"Explorers can get to Mars in one year in a flight on an electrically propelled space ship," he said.

Method of propulsion, Dr. Stuhlinger explained, will be from a nuclear reactor which will turn a turbine. The turbine will operate an electrical generator that charges ions which in turn discharge electrical particles at high velocity. This will provide thrust for the ship.

OUT THERE

● And once on Mars, what in this world will it be like?

Not much, according to Prof. Carl Sagan, University of Chicago astronomer. He told the American Association for the Advancement of Science recently that returns from recent "close-range" views of Mars show evidence of a new kind of gray plant life more hardy and advanced than anything on earth.

Presence of the gray organisms discounts the green and blue colors often cited to prove Mars has vegetation like our own, Professor Sagan says.

What about the greens and blues? This may be mostly illusory, the professor declares. "The dark areas on Mars were an almost uniform gray when compared with a color chart."

This suggests that Mars has evolved a different kind of photosynthesis — the ability of a plant to convert solar rays into energy.

"It may indicate," says Professor Sagan, "that Martian plants absorb the incoming energy from the more distant sun in all colors rather than in a few, as earthly plants do. In this respect, Martian organisms may be more efficient and more

advanced than our own."

Then, for reasons that are not understandable to us, the good professor says that the recent sightings have dismissed for all time any probability that intelligent life exists on Mars. He doesn't say why — sounds like an 1870 scientist talking about Neanderthal Man.



GETTING ORGANIZED

● British Spiritualist mediums are forming their own union and have demanded more pay, according to a Reuters dispatch from London. About 200 mediums are supporting the union and are planning to vote for a constitution based on that of the Civil Service Union.

At present Britain's mediums are paid an average fee of from around 70 cents to $5.88 for a meeting and $2.94 for a private interview which lasts no longer than an hour. The union's organizers also plan legal aid for members, training, refresher courses.

Mrs. Bertha Harris, vice president of the union, said: "Many Spiritualists don't seem to realize that without mediums there would be no Spiritualism. Many churches don't want to pay what a medium is worth."



BACK WITH THE UFO'S

● Hal Seymour of the Minneapolis *Star* came up with a Saucer report in the November 15 issue which goes all the way back to August.

J. Gordon Campbell, president of Satterlee Co., a Minneapolis machine tool and industrial supply company, is a pilot with more than 5,000 flying hours. He was flying his Beechcraft *Bonanza* between Sheridan, Wyo., and Billings, Mont., after 8 p.m. on August 31.

About 45 miles from Billings his 10-year-old son said, "What's that?"

It was a huge object, approaching at enormous speed. It looked like a dumbbell, or like a cartoonist's drawing of a dog bone. It was black with knobbed ends.

Campbell couldn't estimate the distance of the object but he thought it might be a quarter of a mile away, and when hovering it appeared to be about 150 feet long. When he called the control tower and suggested they use a radar scope the object moved away at a fantastic speed and disappeared.

Then four similar objects came toward him and hovered. After the Campbells landed at Billings still another came over the airport and several people besides the Campbells saw it. At no time did the objects show on the Billings radar.



OVER NORTH DAKOTA

● The biggest spate of publicity

over saucer sightings toward the latter part of 1956 came from North Dakota. Mrs. Donald Hedman of Gascoyne, N. D., wrote a letter to W.R. Lokken of the Bowman County *Pioneer* describing what she saw:

"On the morning of Monday, November 26, at 4:10 a.m. I was awakened by my daughter Rita, who wanted some cough medicine. So we walked downstairs toward the bathroom and on the way I pass two big windows to the east in our kitchen.

"As I passed the windows a bright red color caught the corner of my eye. Then I looked out the window and saw what appeared to be a big red ball, which looked as though it were lying on the ground just north of Reeder. It flashed a deep red, then an ordinary red and kept sending out jagged rays. I called my husband and he grudgingly arose out of bed and looked out the window.

"Then as I turned around to watch this red light, another light flashed into the sky and was higher in the sky, and changed colors from pastel shades of red, white and green, and this was located south of Reeder.

"Well, by now I was getting pretty excited and wanted to have witnesses to verify the fact, so I called our neighbors, the Warren Hedmans, and they watched these lights for over a half hour. I also called Joe Whalem of Scranton, who is in charge of the Ground Observer Corps, and reported this to him. He in turn called Bismarck and gave a full report, but the authorities there said they could get no buzz on the radar screen."



"NO SHAPE OR FORM"

● Mrs. Hedman's letter continued: "My husband and I and our daughters, Rita and Gloria, watched these spectacles in the sky for over an hour. The red light was a deep red color and seemed to be giving off signals of some sort. The object up in the sky just kept changing pastel shades. At no time did we notice that either of these objects moved or changed positions in any way."

Once Mrs. Hedman stepped outdoors to examine the objects through a pair of binoculars. Just as she stepped on the porch she heard a loud report, like a shotgun blast. Later she heard two more such loud reports and Mrs. Warren Hedman also heard them.

Through Mrs. Hedman's field glasses the objects did not show any special shape or form. She felt they must have been far away.



MORE FLASHING LIGHTS

● The Hedmans were by no means alone in seeing strange lights. On

Sunday, November 25, Sheriff Glenn Best and State Motor Patrolman C. D. Erickson of Rapid City chased an unidentified luminous object toward the Badlands. They said it changed color, showing different shades of green, red and white as it moved, and then remained stationary in the sky.

Sheriff Best is a pilot and familiar with aviation navigation and aircraft lights. "I don't know what I saw but I've never seen anything with lights like that," he said. His report corresponds closely with Mrs. Hedman's report.

He and Erickson saw what appeared to be lights with different shades of green, red and white. The green was continuous while the bright flashing red light appeared at intervals. A bright white light appeared to shine upward from the object at intervals. They watched it for at least a half hour.



"LIKE HALF AN EGG"

● As new reports came in, the South Dakota sighting turned out to be one of the best documented in history. That same Sunday morning Patrolman Don Kelm and Jack Peters, dispatcher for the state police system, got within a block of a UFO.

It was in a gully about 23 miles east of Pierre on State Route 34, at 12:43 a.m. Sunday. They saw a bright red object hovering about 50 to 100 feet off the ground and watched it for over half an hour.

"It was deep red in color, changed to light red as it rose to an altitude of about 7,000 feet," Kelm and Peters said. "It was shaped like half an egg with the bottom round.

"It appeared like someone was shining a red light on a mirror. There was enough light from it to make the center lines of the highway gleam."

Kelm thought it might be about the size of a car.

After they watched the thing for awhile they returned to Pierre. It appeared to be following them and they messaged Patrol Capt. Don Sheppard, who was patrolling west of Fort Pierre. Before Sheppard arrived the object was gone.

Peters used a fence post to steady his camera and took several photographs of the object. They don't show much more than a dot of light, however. Many other reports of UFO's were also made in South Dakota during these two days.

Alvin Holderbacker, an amateur astronomer of Appleton, Minn., announced that the bright object was Sirius, the Dog Star.



REPORTS FROM ELSEWHERE

● Deputies W. E. Dickensheetz and D. Demerjian watched an orange

ball of light over Rosemead and San Gabriel Blvd. intersections in Altadena, Calif., the morning of November 7. The light moved off, dimmed and went out after a period.

● Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith of Florence, S. C., watched "a very unusual object" that shot straight up in the air with a long vapor trail on the afternoon of November 13. They were on the Bluffton-Ridgeland Highway near Bluffton when they saw what acted like a shooting star at first—except that it was going up instead of coming down. It looked like a bright light.

● At least four separate carloads of early-to-work citizens of Richmond, Va., saw strange lights in the sky about 6:45 a.m. on November 29. Apparently there was one light followed by three little lights, all speeding like mad.

● An object or objects variously described as cigar-shaped, round, and cylindrical were seen between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. near Pueblo, Colo., on December 4.

● A mysterious bright object hovered in the sky over Fordyce, Ark., for an hour between 4:30 p.m. and 5:30 p.m. on December 12. Arkansas *Gazette* Correspondent J. Willard Clary watched it with binoculars and said it was about a fifth the size of a full moon and "very, very bright."



4,000 MILES AN HOUR

● Donald Freestone, a radar technician for Pan American World Airways, sat himself down in front of a Bendix RDR-1A weather radar in Miami, Fla., on the morning of November 8. The RDR-1A is capable of "seeing" storms in the path of aircraft 150 miles away and Freestone was testing the apparatus.

Suddenly he noticed an unexpected target return four or five times larger than any aircraft observed in the past. It appeared to be egg-shaped or oval and to have a double pattern resembling an hour-glass or figure eight (*like a dumbbell or a dog bone? — Editor*).

Freestone called fellow employes and six of them clustered round. The object first appeared to be 65 miles southwest of Miami at an altitude of between 7,000 and 8,000 feet, he said.

"It disappeared and reappeared several times. I found that by turning the antenna tilt up it could be brought back on the screen. It disappered once at 70 miles and reappeared at about 55 miles, then moved back to 70 miles. The speed was estimated at 550 to 650 miles an hour.

"Then it moved in to 50 miles and remained stationary for two to three minutes. Then it began going off in the south-southwest direction it had come from."

The UFO was observed for 20 minutes by seven persons and when last seen was about 100 miles from Miami, still moving south-southwest.

"It had a definite shape and moved on a definite course, so it is not believed to have been a freak return," Freestone told Bert Collier of the Miami *Herald*.

Most amazing facts: the size—four or five times larger than the largest airplane ever spotted by the radar; and the speed—"One time it was noted that the target moved 20 miles in about six sweeps or rotations of the antenna, which rotates at a speed of 20 times a minute."

This figures out to 4,000 miles an hour!

—*Curtis Fuller*



PUZZLE OF THE MISSING FIVE

ON CHRISTMAS Eve in 1945 Mr. and Mrs. George Sodder of Fayetteville, W. Va., retired about 11:30 P.M. Five of their children already were asleep in two upstairs bedrooms.

Early on Christmas day — a Christmas the Sodders were never to forget — they were waked by smoke. They were horrified to find that a fire had broken out in the house.

The Sodders were unable to do more than shout a warning to the five children sleeping upstairs before the flames forced them to flee outside. The fire spread quickly and within 20 minutes the house was destroyed.

The children had not responded to the warnings of their parents and nothing was seen of them while the house burned. The Sodders and five investigators concluded that they had perished in the flames.

With the coming of daylight investigators probed through the ruins but found no bodies. The remains of the house later were excavated and sifted, but still not so much as a human bone or tooth was found. A fire expert told the Sodders that an ordinary fire would not have destroyed the teeth or bones of victims.

What had happened to the Sodder Children—Jennie, 8, Betty, 6, Louis, 10, Martha 12 and Maurice, 14 — remained a mystery.

The Sodders spent thousands of dollars to have private investigators follow reports that the children had been seen in various parts of the country. Each lead, however, proved false. Today, at the scene of the fire which destroyed the Sodder home, stands a billboard announcing a $5,000 reward offered by George Sodder for information leading to the recovery of one or all of his children.

DO ZOMBIES EXIST?

By William B. Seabrook

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There was something unnatural about the three men. Were they zombies—corpses given life by sorcery?



WEREWOLVES, vampires, and demons were no novelty in Haitian tales. But I recalled one creature I had been hearing about in Haiti, which sounded exclusively local — the *zombie*.

It seemed that while the *zombie* came from the grave, it was neither a ghost, nor yet a person who had been raised like Lazarus from the dead. The *zombie,* they say, is a soulless human corpse, still dead, but taken from the grave and endowed by sorcery with a mechanical semblance of life — it is a dead body which is made to walk and act and move as if it were alive. People who have the power to do this go to a fresh grave, dig up the body before it has had time to rot, galvanize it into movement, and then make of it a servant or slave, occasionally for the commission of some crime, more often simply as a drudge around the habitation or the farm, setting it dull heavy tasks, and beating it like a dumb beast if it slackens.

As this was revolving in my mind, I said to my friend Polynice: "It seems to me that these werewolves and vampires are first cou-

sins to those we have at home, but I have never, except in Haiti, heard of anything like *zombies*. Let us talk of them for a little while. I wonder if you can tell me something of this *zombie* superstition. I should like to get at some idea of how it originated."

My rational friend Polynice was deeply astonished. He leaned over and put his hand in protest on my knee.

"Superstition? But I assure you that this of which you now speak is not a matter of superstition. Alas, these things — and other evil practices connected with the dead — exist. They exist to an extent that you whites do not dream of, though evidences are everywhere under your eyes.

"Why do you suppose that even the poorest peasants, when they can, bury their dead beneath solid tombs of masonry?

"Why do they bury them so often in their own yards, close to the doorway?

"Why, so often, do you see a tomb or grave set close beside a busy road or footpath where people are always passing?

"It is to assure the poor unhappy dead such protection as we can.

"I will take you in the morning to see the grave of my brother, who was killed in the way you know. It is over there on the little ridge which you can see clearly now in the moonlight, open space all round it, close beside the trail which everybody passes going to and from Grande Source. Through four nights we watched yonder, in the peristyle, Osmann and I, with shotguns — for at that time both my brother and I had bitter enemies — until we were sure the body had begun to rot.

"No, my friend, no, no. There are only too many true cases. At this very moment, in the moonlight, there are *zombies* working on this island, less than two hours' ride from my own habitation. We know about them but we do not dare to interfere so long as our own dead are left unmolested. If you will ride with me tomorrow night, I will show you dead men working in the cane fields. Close even to the cities, there are sometimes *zombies*. Perhaps you have already heard of those that were at Hasco . . . "

"What about Hasco?" I interrupted him, for in the whole of Haiti, Hasco is perhaps the last name anybody would think of connecting with either sorcery or superstition.

The word is American-commercial-synthetic, like Nabisco, Delco, Socony. It stands for the Haitian-American Sugar Company — an immense factory plant, dominated by a huge chimney, with clanging machinery, steam whistles, freight

cars. It is like a chunk of Hoboken. It lies in the eastern suburbs of Port-au-Prince, and beyond it stretch the cane fields of the Cul-de-Sac. Hasco makes rum when the sugar market is off, pays low wages, 20 or 30 cents a day, and gives steady work. It is modern big business, and it sounds it, looks it, smells it.

Such, then was the incongruous background for the weird tale Constant Polynice now told me.

The spring of 1918 was a big cane season, and the factory, which had its own plantations, offered a bonus on the wages of new workers. Soon heads of families and villages from the mountain and the plain came trailing their rag-tag little armies, men, women, children, trooping to the registration bureau and thence into the fields.

One morning an old black headman, Ti Joseph of Colombier appeared leading a band of ragged creatures who shuffled along behind him, staring dumbly, like people walking in a daze. As Joseph lined them up for registration, they still stared, vacant-eyed like cattle, and made no reply when asked to give their names.

Joseph said they were ignorant people from the slopes of Morneau-Diable, a roadless mountain district near the Dominican border, and that they did not understand the creole of the plains. They were frightened, he said, by the din and smoke of the great factory, but under his direction they would work hard in the fields. The farther they were sent away from the factory, from the noise and bustle of the railroad yards, the better it would be.

Better indeed, for these were not living men and women but poor unhappy *zombies* whom Joseph and his wife Croyance had dragged from their peaceful graves to slave for him in the sun — and if by chance a brother or father of the dead should see and recognize them, Joseph knew that it would be a very bad affair for him.

So they were assigned to distant fields beyond the crossroads, and camped there, keeping to themselves like any proper family or village group; but in the evening when other little companies, encamped apart as they were, gathered each around its one big common pot of savory millet or plantains, generously seasoned with dried fish and garlic, Croyance would tend *two* pots upon the fire, for as everyone knows, the *zombies* must never be permitted to taste salt or meat. So the food prepared for them was tasteless and unseasoned.

As the *zombies* toiled day after day dumbly in the sun, Joseph sometimes beat them to make them move faster, but Croyance began

to pity the poor dead creatures who should be at rest — and pitied them in the evenings when she dished out their flat, tasteless *bouillie.*

Each Saturday afternoon, Joseph went to collect the wages for them all, and what division he made was no concern of Hasco, so long as the work went forward. Sometimes Joseph alone, and sometimes Croyance alone, went to Croix de Bouquet for the Saturday night *bamboche* or the Sunday cockfight, but always one of them remained with the *zombies* to prepare their food and see that they did not stray away.

Through February, this continued until Fete Dieu approached with a Saturday-Sunday-Monday holiday for all the workers. Joseph, with his pockets full of money, went to Port-au-Prince and left Croyance behind, cautioning her as usual; and she agreed to remain and tend the *zombies,* for he promised her that at the Mardi Gras she should visit the city.

But when Sunday morning dawned, it was lonely in the fields, and her kind old woman's heart was filled with pity for the *zombies,* and she thought, "Perhaps it will cheer them a little to see the gay crowds and the processions at Croix de Bouquet, and since all the Morne-au-Diable people will have gone back to the mountain to celebrate Fete Dieu at home, no one will recognize them, and no harm can come of it." And it is the truth that Croyance also wished to see the gay procession.

So she tied a new bright-colored handkerchief around her head, aroused the *zombies* from the sleep that was scarcely different from their waking, gave them their morning bowl of cold, unsalted plantains boiled in water, which they ate dumbly uncomplaining, and set out with them for the town, single file, as the country people always walk. Croyance, in her bright kerchief, leading the nine dead men and women behind her, past the railroad crossing, where she murmured a prayer to Legba, past white-painted wooden Christ, who hung life-sized in the glaring sun, where she stopped to kneel and cross herself — but the poor *zombies* prayed neither to Papa Legba nor to Brother Jesus, for they were dead bodies walking, without souls or minds.

They followed her to the market square, before the church where hundreds of little thatched, open shelters, used on week days for buying and selling, were empty of trade, but crowded here and there by gossiping groups in the grateful shade.

To the shade of one of these market booths, which was still unoccupied, she led the *zombies,* and

they sat like people asleep with their eyes open, staring, but seeing nothing, as the bells in the church began to ring, and the procession came from the priest's house — red-purple robes, golden crucifix held aloft, tinkling bells and swinging incense-pots, followed by little black boys in white lace robes, little black girls in starched white dresses, with shoes and stockings, from the parish school, with colored ribbons in their kinky hair, a nun beneath a big umbrella leading them.

Croyance knelt with the throng as the procession passed, and wished she might follow it across the square to the church steps, but the *zombies* just sat and stared seeing nothing.

When noontime came, women with baskets passed to and fro in the crowd, or sat selling bonbons (which were not candy but little sweet cakes), figs, (which were not figs but sweet bananas), oranges, dried herring, biscuit, casava bread, and *clairin* poured from a bottle at a penny a glass.

As Croyance sat with her savory dried herring and biscuit baked with salt and soda, and provision of *clairin* in the tin cup by her side, she pitied the *zombies* who had worked so faithfully for Joseph in the cane fields, and who now had nothing, while all the other groups around were feasting, and as she pitied them, a woman passed, crying,

"*Tablettes! Tablettes pistaches! T'ois pour dix cobs!*"

Tablettes are a sort of candy, in shape and size like cookies, made of brown cane sugar (*rapadou*): sometimes with *pistaches*, which in Haiti are peanuts, or with coriander seed.

And Croyance thought, "These *tablettes* are not salted or seasoned, they are sweet, and can do no harm to the *zombies* just this once."

So she untied the corner of her kerchief, took out a coin, a *gourdon*, the quarter of a *gourde*, and bought some of the *tablettes*, which she broke in halves and divided among the *zombies*, who began sucking and mumbling them in their mouths.

But the baker of the *tablettes* had salted the *pistache* nuts before stirring them into the *rapadou*, and as the zombies tasted the salt, they knew that they were dead and made a dreadful outcry and arose and turned their faces toward the mountain.

No one dared stop them, for they were corpses walking in the sunlight, and they themselves and all the people knew that they were corpses. And they disappeared toward the mountain.

When later they drew near their own village on the slopes of Morne-

au-Diable, these dead men and women walking single file in the twilight, with no soul leading them or daring to follow, the people of their village, who were also closer, recognized among them fathers, brothers, wives, and daughters whom they had buried months before.

Most of them knew at once the truth, that these were *zombies* who had been dragged dead from their graves, but others hoped that a blessed miracle had taken place on this Fete Dieu, and rushed forward to take them in their arms and welcome them.

But the zombies shuffled through the market-place, recognizing neither father nor wife nor mother, and as they turned leftward up the path leading to the graveyard, a woman whose daughter was in the procession of the dead threw herself screaming before the girl's shuffling feet and begged her to stay; but the grave-cold feet of the daughter and the feet of the other dead shuffled over her and onward; and as they approached the graveyard, they began to shuffle faster and rushed among the graves, and each before his own empty grave began clawing at the stones and earth to enter it again; and as their cold hands touched the earth of their own graves, they fell and lay there, rotting carrion.

That night the fathers, sons, and brothers of the *zombies*, after restoring the bodies to their graves, sent a messenger on muleback down the mountain, who returned next day with the name of Ti Joseph and with a stolen shirt of Ti Joseph's which had been worn next to his skin and was steeped in the grease-sweat of his body.

They collected silver in the village and went with the name of Ti Joseph and the shirt of Ti Joseph to a *bocor* beyond Trou Caiman, who made a deadly needle *ouanga*, a black bag, *ouanga*, pierced all through with pins and needles, filled with dry goat dung, circled with cock's feathers dipped in blood.

And lest the needle *ouanga* be slow in working or be rendered weak by Joseph's counter-magic, they sent men down to the plain, who lay in wait patiently for Joseph, and one night hacked off his head with a machete . . . .

When Polynice had finished this recital, I said to him, after a moment of silence, "You are not a peasant like those of the Cul-de-Sac; you are a reasonable man, or at least it seems to me you are. Now how much of that story, honestly, do you believe?"

He replied earnestly: "I did not see these special things, but there were many witnesses, and why should I not believe them when I myself have also seen *zombies?*

When you also have seen them, with their faces and their eyes in which there is no life, you will not only believe in these *zombies* who should be resting in their graves, you will pity them from the bottom of your heart."

Before finally taking leave of La Gonave, I did see these "walking dead men," and I did, in a sense, believe in them and pitied them, indeed, from the bottom of my heart. It was not the next night, though Polynice, true to his promise, rode with me across the Plaine Mapou to the deserted, silent cane fields where he had hoped to show me *zombies* laboring. It was not on any night. It was in broad daylight one afternoon, when we passed that way again, on the lower trail to Picmy. Polynice reined in his horse and pointed to a rough, stony, terraced slope — on which four laborers, three men and a woman, were chopping the earth with machetes, among straggling cotton stalks, a hundred yards distant from the trail.

"Wait while I go up there," he said, excited because a chance had come to fulfill his promise. "I think it is Lamercie with the *zombies*. If I wave to you, leave your horse and come." Starting up the slope, he shouted to the woman, "It is I, Polynice," and when he waved later, I followed.

As I clambered up, Polynice was talking to the woman. She had stopped work — a big-boned hard-faced black girl, who regarded us with surly unfriendliness.

My first impression of the three supposed zombies, who continued dumbly at work, was that there was something about them unnatural and strange. They were plodding like brutes, like automatons. Without stooping down, I could not fully see their faces, which were bent expressionless over their work. Polynice touched one of them on the shoulder, motioned him to get up. Obediently, like an animal, he slowly stood erect — and what I saw then, coupled with what I had heard previously, or despite it, came as a rather sickening shock. The eyes were the worst. It was not my imagination. They were in truth like the eyes of a dead man, not blind, but staring, unfocused, unseeing. The whole face, for that matter, was bad enough. It was vacant, as if there was nothing behind it. It seemed not only expressionless, but incapable of expression. I had seen so much previously in Haiti that was outside ordinary normal experience that for the flash of a second I had a sickening, almost panicky lapse in which I thought, or rather felt, "Great God, maybe this stuff is really true, and if it is true, it is rather awful, for it upsets everything." By "everything" I mean

the natural fixed laws and processes on which all modern human thought and actions are based. Then suddenly I remembered — and my mind seized the memory as a man sinking in water clutches a solid plank — the face of a dog I had once seen in the histological laboratory at Columbia. Its entire front brain had been removed in an experimental operation weeks before; it moved about, it was alive, but its eyes were like the eyes I now saw staring.

I recovered from my mental panic. I reached out and grasped one of the dangling hands. It was calloused, solid, human. Holding it, I said, *"Bonjour, compere."* The *zombie* stared without responding. The black wench, Lamercie, who was their keeper, now more sullen than ever, pushed me away — *"Z'affai' neg' pas z' affai' blanc"* (Negroes' affairs are not for whites). But I had seen enough. "Keeper" was the key to it. "Keeper" was the word that had leapt naturally into my mind as she protested, and just as naturally the *zombies* were nothing but poor, ordinary demented human beings, idiots, forced to toil in the fields.

It was a good rational explanation, but it is far from being the end of this story. It satisfied me then, and I said as much to Polynice as we went down the slope. At first he did not contradict me, even said doubtfully, "Perhaps"; but as we reached the horses, before mounting, he stopped and said, "Look here, I respect your distrust of what you call superstition and your desire to find out the truth, but if what you were saying now were the whole truth, how could it be that over and over again people who have stood by and seen their own relatives buried have sometimes soon, sometimes months or years afterward, found those relatives working as *zombies*, and have sometimes killed the man who held them in servitude?"

"Polynice," I said, "that's just the part of it that I can't believe. The *zombies* in such cases may have resembled the dead persons, or even been 'doubles' — you know what doubles are, how two people resemble each other to a startling degree. But it is a fixed rule of reasoning in America that we will never accept the possibility of a thing's being 'supernatural' so long as any natural explanation, even farfetched, seems adequate."

"Well," he said, "if you spent many years in Haiti, you would have a very hard time to fit this American reasoning into some of the things you encountered here."

As I have said, there is more to this story — and I think it is best to tell it very simply.

In all Haiti, there is no clearer

scientifically trained mind, no sounder pragmatic rationalist, than Dr. Antoine Villiers. When I sat later with him in his study, surrounded by hundreds of scientific books in French, German, and English, and told him of what I had seen and of my conversations with Polynice, he said:

"My dear sir, I do not believe in miracles nor in supernatural events, and I do not want to shock your Anglo-Saxon intelligence, but this Polynice of yours, with all his superstition, may have been closer to the partial truth than you were. Understand me clearly. I do not believe that any one has ever been raised literally from the dead — neither Lazarus, nor the daughter of Jairus, nor Jesus Christ himself —Yet I am not sure, paradoxical as it may sound, that there is not something frightful, something in the nature of criminal sorcery if you like, in some cases at least, in this matter of *zombies*. I am by no means sure that some of them who now toil in the fields were not dragged from the actual graves in which they lay in their coffins, buried by their mourning families!"

"It is then something like suspended animation?" I asked.

"I will show you," he replied, "a thing which may supply the key to what you are seeking," and standing on a chair, he pulled down a paper-bound book from a top shelf. It was nothing mysterious or esoteric. It was the current official *Code Penal* (Criminal Code) of the Republic of Haiti. He thumbed through it and pointed to a paragraph which read:

"*Article* 249. Also shall be qualified as attempted murder the employment which may be made against any person of substances which, without causing actual death, produce a lethargic coma more or less prolonged. If, after the administering of such substances, the person has been buried, the act shall be considered murder no matter what result follows."

NOT QUITE BURGLAR-PROOF

JULIUS Rosengard thought he had burglar-proofed his Chicago grocery store when he installed iron bars on the front door and a steel door at the rear of the entrance. Recently he was astonished to find that, despite his precautions, burglars had broken into the store and stolen $2,000 worth of merchandise. They had ignored his burglar-proofing and battered through a brick wall at the basement level.

REPORT ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS

By Edward J. Ruppelt

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The F-86 pilot saw the saucer was out-distancing him. What to do? Charging his guns, he started shooting.

Editor's Note: These reports are excerpted from Edward J. Ruppelt's The Report On Unidentified Flying Objects, *published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, in* 1956. *In his introduction the author says: "With the exception of the style, this report is written exactly the way I would have written it had I been officially asked to do so while I was chief of the Air Force's project for investigating UFO reports — Project Blue Book."*

SHOOTING AT A SAUCER

In the summer of 1952 a United States Air Force F-86 jet intercepter shot at a flying saucer.

This fact, like so many others that make up the full flying saucer story, has never before been told.

I know the full story about flying saucers and I know that it has never before been told because I organized and was chief of the Air Force's Project Blue Book, the special project set up to investigate and analyze unidentified flying object, or UFO, reports. (UFO is the official term that I created to replace the words "flying saucers.")

One day the intelligence officer called me at my base in Dayton, Ohio. He wanted to know if I was planning to make a trip his way

soon. When I told him I expected to be in his area in about a week, he asked me to be sure to look him up.

Once we were alone, the intelligence officer shut the door, went over to his safe, and dug out a big, thick report. It was the standard Air Force reporting form that is used for all intelligence reports, including UFO reports. The intelligence officer told me that this was the only existing copy. He said that he had been told to destroy all copies, but saved one for me to read.

With great curiosity, I took the report and started to read. What *had* happened to this fighter base?

About 10 o'clock in the morning, one day a few weeks before, a radar near the base had picked up an unidentified target. It was an odd target in that it came in very fast — about 700 miles per hour — and then slowed down to about 100 miles per hour. The radar showed that it was located northeast of the airfield, over a sparsely settled area.

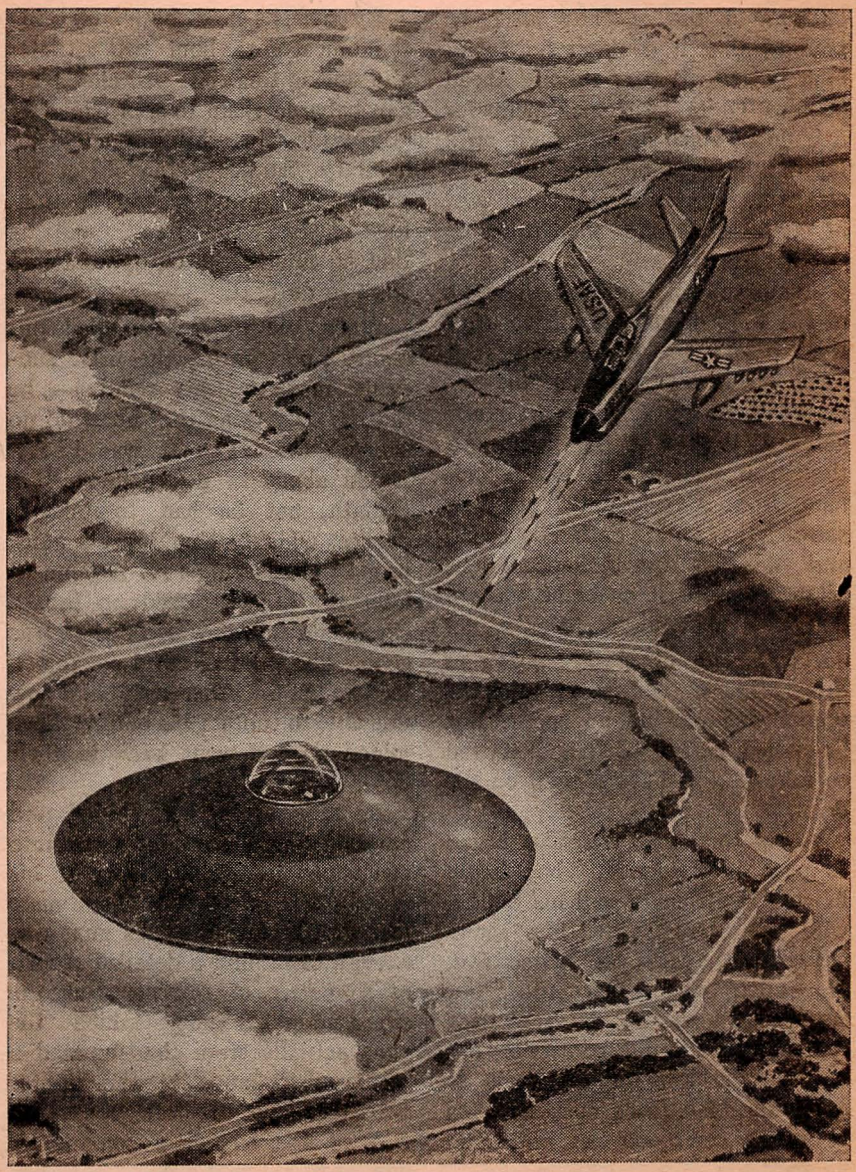
Unfortunately the radar station didn't have any height-finding equipment. The operators knew the direction of the target and its distance from the station but they didn't know its altitude. They reported the target, and two F-86's were scrambled.

The radar picked up the F-86's soon after they were airborne, and had begun to direct them into the target when the target started to fade on the radarscope. At the time several of the operators thought that this fade was caused by the target's losing altitude rapidly and getting below the radar's beam. Some of the other operators thought that it was a high-flying target and that it was fading just because it was so high.

In the debate which followed, the proponents of the high-flying theory won out, and the F-86's were told to go up to 40,000 feet. But before the aircraft could get to that altitude, the target had been completely lost on the radarscope.

The F-86's continued to search the area at 40,000 feet, but could see nothing. After a few minutes the aircraft ground controller called the F-86's and told one to come down to 20,000 feet, the other to 5,000 feet, and continue the search. The two jets made a quick letdown, with one pilot stopping at 20,000 feet and the other heading for the deck.

The second pilot, who was going to 5,000 feet, was just beginning to pull out when he noticed a flash below and ahead of him. He flattened out his dive a little and headed toward the spot where he had seen the light. As he closed on the spot he suddenly noticed what he first thought was a weather


USAF

balloon. A few seconds later he realized that it couldn't be a balloon because it was staying ahead of him. Quite an achievement for a balloon, since he had built up a lot of speed in his dive and now was flying almost straight and level at 3,000 feet and was traveling "at the Mach."

Again the pilot pushed the nose of the F-86 down and started after the object. He closed fairly fast, until he came to within an estimated 1,000 yards. Now he could get a good look at the object. Although it had looked like a balloon from above, a closer view showed that it was definitely round and flat — saucer-shaped. The pilot described it as being "like a doughnut without a hole."

As his rate of closure began to drop off, the pilot knew that the object was picking up speed. But he pulled in behind it and started to follow. Now he was right on the deck.

About this time the pilot began to get a little worried. What should he do? He tried to call his buddy, who was flying above him somewhere in the area at 20,000 feet. He called two or three times but could get no answer. Next he tried to call the ground controller but he was too low for his radio to carry that far. Once more he tried his buddy at 20,000 feet, but again no luck.

By now he had been following the object for about two minutes and during this time had closed the gap between them to approximately 500 yards. But this was only momentary. Suddenly the object began to pull away, slowly at first, then faster. The pilot, realizing that he couldn't catch it, wondered what to do next.

When the object travelled out about 1,000 yards, the pilot suddenly made up his mind — he did the only thing that he could do to stop the UFO. It was like a David about to do battle with a Goliath, but he had to take a chance. Quickly charging his guns, he started shooting .... A moment later the object pulled up into a climb and in a few seconds it was gone. The pilot climbed to 10,000 feet, called the other F-86, and now was able to contact his buddy. They joined up and went back to their base.

As soon as he had landed and parked, the F-86 pilot went into operations to tell his story to his squadron commander. The mere fact that he had fired his guns was enough to require a detailed report, as a matter of routine. But the circumstances under which the guns actually were fired created a major disturbance at the fighter base that day.

After the squadron commander had heard his pilot's story, he called

the group commander, the colonel, and the intelligence officer. They heard the pilot's story.

For some obscure reason there was a "personality clash," the intelligence officer's term, between the pilot and the squadron commander. This was obvious, according to the report I was reading, because the squadron commander immediately began to tear the story apart and accuse the pilot of "cracking up," or of just "shooting his guns for the hell of it and using the wild story as a cover-up."

Other pilots in the squadron, friends of the accused pilot—including the intelligence officer and a flight surgeon — were called in to "testify." All of these men were aware of the fact that in certain instances a pilot can "flip" for no good reason, but none of them said that he had noticed any symptoms of mental crack-up in the unhappy pilot.

None, except the squadron commander. He kept pounding home his idea — that the pilot was "psycho" — and used a few examples of what the report called "minor incidents" to justify his stand.

Finally the pilot who had been flying with the "accused" man was called in. He said that he had been monitoring the tactical radio channel but that he hadn't heard any calls from his buddy's low-flying F-86. The squadron commander triumphantly jumped on this point, but the accused pilot tended to refute it by admitting he was so jumpy that he might not have been on the right channel. But when he was asked if he had checked or changed channels after he had lost the object and before he had finally contacted the other F-86, he couldn't remember.

So ended the pilot's story and his interrogation.

The intelligence officer wrote up his report of a UFO sighting, but at the last minute, just before sending it, he was told to hold it back. He was a little unhappy about this turn of events, so he went in to see why the group commander had decided to delay sending the report to Project Blue Book.

They talked over the possible reactions to the report. If it went out it would cause a lot of excitement, maybe unnecessarily. Yet, if the pilot actually had seen what he claimed, it was vitally important to get the report in to ATIC immediately. The group commander said that he would make his decision after a talk with his executive officer. They decided not to send the report and ordered it destroyed.

When I finished reading, the intelligence officer's first comment was, "What do you think?"

Since the evaluation of the report seemed to hinge upon conflicts

between personalities I didn't know, I could venture no opinion, except that the incident made up the most fascinating UFO report I'd ever seen. So I batted the intelligence officer's question back to him.

"I know the people involved," he replied, "and I don't think the pilot was nuts. I can't give you the report, because Colonel —— told me to destroy it. But I did think you should know about it." Later he burned the report.

The problems involved in this report are typical. There are certain definite facts that can be gleaned from it; the pilot did see something and he did shoot at something, but no matter how thoroughly you investigate the incident that something can never be positively identified. It might have been an hallucination or it might have been some vehicle from outer space; no one will ever know. It was a UFO.

TRIANGULAR WHIZ-BANGS

On July 24, 1952, two Air Force colonels, flying a B-25, took off from Hamilton Air Force Base, near San Francisco, for Colorado Springs, Colorado. The day was clear, not a cloud in the sky.

The colonels had crossed the Sierra Nevada between Sacramento and Reno and were flying east at 11,000 feet on "Green 3," the aerial highway to Salt Lake City. At 3:40 P.M. they were over the Carson Sink area of Nevada, when one of the colonels noticed three objects ahead of them and a little to their right. The objects looked like three F-86's flying a tight V formation. If they were F-86's they should have been lower, according to civil air regulations, but on a clear day some pilots don't watch their altitude too closely.

In a matter of seconds the three aircraft were close enough to the B-25 to be clearly seen. They were not F-86's. They were three bright silver, delta wing craft with no tails and no pilot's canopies. The only thing that broke the sharply defined, clean upper surface of the triangular wing was a definite ridge that ran from the nose to the tail.

In another second the three deltas made a slight left bank and shot by the B-25 at terrific speed. The colonels estimated that the speed was at least three times that of an F-86. They got a good look at the three deltas as the unusual craft passed within 400 to 800 yards of the B-25.

When they landed at Colorado Springs, the two colonels called the intelligence people at Air Defense Command Headquarters to make a UFO report. The suggestion was offered that they might have seen three F-86's. The colonels promptly replied that if the objects

had been F-86's they would have easily been recognized as such. The colonels knew what F-86's looked like.

Air Defense Command relayed the report to Project Blue Book. An investigation was started at once.

Flight Service, which clears all military aircraft flights, was contacted and asked about the location of aircraft near the Carson Sink area at 3:40 P. M. They had no record of the presence of aircraft in that area.

Since the colonels had mentioned delta wing aircraft, and both the Air Force and the Navy had a few of this type, we doublechecked. The Navy's deltas were all on the east coast, at least all of the silver ones were. A few deltas painted the traditional navy blue were on the west coast, but not near Carson Sink. The Air Force's one delta was temporarily grounded.

Since balloons once in a while can appear to have an odd shape, all balloon flights were checked for both standard weather balloons and the big 100-foot-diameter research balloons. Nothing was found.

A quick check on the two colonels revealed that both of them were command pilots and that each had several thousand hours of flying time. They were stationed at the Pentagon. Their highly classified assignments were such that they would be in a position to recognize *anything* that the United States knows to be flying anywhere in the world.

Both men had friends who had "seen flying saucers" at some time, but both had openly voiced their skepticism. Now, from what the colonels said when they were interviewed after landing at Colorado Springs, they had changed their opinions.

Nobody knows what the two colonels saw over Carson Sink. However, it is always possible to speculate. Maybe they just thought they were close enough to the three objects to see them plainly. The objects might have been three F-86's: maybe Flight Service lost the records. It could be that the three F-86's had taken off to fly in the local area of their base but had decided to do some illegal sightseeing. Flight Service would have no record of a flight like this. Maybe both colonels had hallucinations.

There is a certain mathematical probability that any one of the above speculative answers is correct—correct for this one case. If you try this type of speculation on hundreds of sightings with "Unknown" answers, the probability that the speculative answers are correct rapidly approaches zero.

Maybe the colonels actually did see what they thought they did, a type of craft completely foreign.

WHO SAID BALLOONS?

While I traveled around the United States getting the project set up, UFO reports continued to come in and all of them were good. One series of reports was especially good, and they came from a group of people who had had a great deal of experience watching things in the sky—the people who launch the big skyhook balloons for General Mills, Inc. The reports of what the General Mills people had seen while they were tracking their balloons covered a period of over a year. They had just sent them in because they had heard that Project Grudge was being reorganized and was taking a different view on UFO reports. They, like so many other reliable observers, had been disgusted with the previous Air Force attitude toward UFO reports, and they had refused to send in any reports. I decided that these people might be a good source of information, and I wanted to get further details on their reports, so I got orders to go to Minneapolis. A scientist from Project Bear went with me. We arrived on January 14, 1952, in the middle of a cold wave and a blizzard.

The Aeronautical Division of General Mills, Inc., of Wheaties and Betty Crocker fame, had launched and tracked every skyhook balloon that had been launched prior to mid-1952. They knew what their balloons looked like under all lighting conditions and they also knew meteorology, aerodynamics, astronomy, and they knew UFO's. I talked to these people for the better part of a full day, and every time I tried to infer that there might be some natural explanation for the UFO's I just about found myself in a fresh snowdrift.

What made these people so sure that UFO's existed? In the first place, they had seen many of them. One man told me that one tracking crew had seen so many that the sight of a UFO no longer even especially interested them. And the things that they saw couldn't be explained.

For example: On January 16, 1951, two people from General Mills and four people from Artesia, New Mexico, were watching a skyhook balloon from the Artesia airport. They had been watching the balloon off and on for about an hour when one of the group saw two tiny specks on the horizon, off to the northwest. He pointed them out to the others because two airplanes were expected into the airport, and he thought that these might be the airplanes. But as they watched, the two specks began to move in fast, and within a few seconds the observers could see

that "the airplanes" were actually two round, dull white objects flying in close formation. The two objects continued to come in and headed straight toward the balloon. When they reached the balloon they circled it once and flew off to the northwest, where they disappeared over the horizon. As the two UFO's circled the balloon, they tipped on edge and the observers saw that they were disk-shaped.

When the two UFO's were near the balloon, the observers also had a chance to compare the size of the UFO's with the size of the balloon. If the UFO's were as close to the balloon as they appeared to be they would have been 60 feet in diameter.

After my visit to General Mills, Inc., I couldn't help remembering a magazine article I'd read about a year before. It said that there was not a single reliable UFO report that couldn't be attributed to a skyhook balloon.

"A SICK EMPTY FEELING"

About one o'clock on the morning of May 8, 1952, a Pan-American airlines DC-4 was flying south toward Puerto Rico. A few hours after it had left New York City it was out over the Atlantic Ocean, about 600 miles off Jacksonville, Florida, flying at 8,000 feet. It was a pitch-black night; a high overcast even cut out the glow from the stars. The pilot and copilot were awake but really weren't concentrating on looking for other aircraft because they had just passed into the San Juan Oceanic Control Area and they had been advised by radio that there were no other airplanes in the area. The copilot was turning around to look at number four engine when he noticed a light up ahead. It looked like the tail light of another airplane. He watched it closely for a few seconds since no other airplanes were supposed to be in the area. He glanced out at number four engine for a few seconds, looked back, and he saw that the light was in about the same position as when he'd first seen it. Then he looked down at the prop controls, synchronized the engines, and looked up again. In the few seconds that he had glanced away from the light, it had moved to the right so that it was now directly ahead of the DC-4, and it had increased in size. The copilot reached over and slapped the pilot on the shoulder and pointed. Just at that instant the light began to get bigger and bigger until it was "ten times the size of a landing light of an airplane." It continued to close in and with a flash it streaked by the DC-4's left wing. Before the crew could

react and say anything, two more smaller balls of fire flashed by. Both pilots later said that they sat in their seats for several seconds with sweat trickling down their backs.

It was one of these two pilots who later said, "Were you ever traveling along the highway about 70 miles an hour at night, have the car that you were meeting suddenly swerve over into your lane and then cut back so that you just miss it by inches? You know the sort of sick, empty feeling you get when it's all over? That's just the way we felt."

As soon as the crew recovered from the shock, the pilot picked up his mike, called Jacksonville Radio, and told them about the incident. Minutes later we had the report. The next afternoon Lieutenant Rothstien, who had replaced Lieutenant Metscher on the project, was on his way to New York to meet the pilots when they returned from Puerto Rico.

When Lieutenant Rothstien returned to Dayton he triple-checked with the CAA for aircraft in the area—but there were none. Could there have been airplanes in the area that CAA didn't know about? The answer was almost a flat "No." No one would fly 600 miles off the coast without filing a flight plan; if he got into trouble or went down, the Coast Guard or Air Rescue Service would have no idea where to look.

Kerry was given the same negative answer when he checked on surface shipping.

The last possibility was the UFO's were meteors, but several points in the pilots' story ruled these out. First, there was a solid overcast at about 18,000 feet. No meteor cruises along straight and level below 18,000 feet. Second, on only rare occasions have meteors been seen traveling three in trail. The chances of seeing such a phenomenon are well over one in a billion.

Some people have guessed that some kind of an atomospheric phenomenon can form a "wall of air" ahead of an airplane that will act as a mirror and that lights seen at night by pilots are nothing more than the reflection of the airplane's own lights. This could be true in some cases, but to have a reflection you must have a light to reflect. There are no lights on an airplane that even approach being "ten times the size of a landing light."

What was it? I know a colonel who says it was the same thing that the two Eastern Airlines' pilots, Clarence Chiles and John Whitted, saw near Montgomery, Alabama, on July 24, 1948, and he thinks that Chiles and Whitted saw a spaceship.

SOMETHING DAMNED REAL

On June 1, 1952, about 5:00 P. M. the telephone rang and the operator told me that I had a long-distance call from California. My caller was the chief of a radar test section for Hughes Aircraft Company in Los Angeles, and he was very excited about a UFO he had to report.

That morning he and his test crew had been checking out a new late-model radar to get it ready for some tests they planned to run early Monday morning. To see if their set was functioning properly, they had been tracking jets in the Los Angeles area. About mid-morning, the Hughes test engineer told me, the jet traffic had begun to drop off, and they were about ready to close down their operation when one of the crew picked up a slow-moving target coming across the San Gabriel Mountains north of Los Angeles. He tracked the target for a few minutes and, from the speed and altitude, decided that it was a DC-3.

It was at 11,000 feet and traveling about 180 miles an hour toward Santa Monica. The operator was about ready to yell at the other crew members to shut off the set when he noticed something mighty odd—there was a big gap between the last and the rest of the regularly spaced bright spots on the radarscope. The man on the scope called the rest of the crew in because DC-3's just don't triple their speed. They watched the target as it made a turn and started to climb over Los Angeles. They plotted one, two, three, and then four points during the target's climb; then one of the crew grabbed a slide rule. Whatever it was, it was climbing 35,000 feet per minute and traveling about 550 miles an hour in the process. Then as they watched the scope, the target leveled out for a few seconds, went into a high-speed dive, and again leveled out at 55,000 feet. When they lost the target, it was heading southeast somewhere near Riverside, California.

The first thing I asked when the Hughes test engineer finished his story was if the radar set had been working properly. He said that as soon as the UFO had left the scope they had run every possible check on the radar and it was O.K.

I was just about to ask my caller if the target might not have been some experimental airplane from Edwards AFB when he second-guessed me. He said that after sitting around looking at each other for about a minute, someone suggested that they call Edwards. They did, and Edwards' flight operations told them that they had nothing in the area.

I asked him about the weather. The target didn't look like a weather target was the answer, but just to be sure, the test crew had checked. One of his men was an electronics-weather specialist whom he had hired because of his knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of radar under certain weather conditions. This man had looked into the weather angle. He had gotten the latest weather data and checked it, but there wasn't the slightest indications of an inversion or any other weather that would cause a false target.

Just before I hung up I asked the man what he thought he and his crew had picked up, and once again I got the same old answer: "Yesterday at this time any of us would have argued for hours that flying saucers were a bunch of nonsense but now, regardless of what you'll say about what we saw, it was something damned real."

OVER TOKYO BAY

The sighting that had stirred everyone up came from Haneda AFB, now Tokyo International Airport, in Japan.

The first people to see the UFO were two control tower operators who were walking across the ramp at the air base heading toward the tower to start the midnight shift. They were about a half hour early so they weren't in any big hurry to get up into the tower—at least not until they saw a large brilliant light off to the northeast over Tokyo Bay. They stopped to look at the light for a few seconds thinking that it might be an exceptionally brilliant star. But the light was moving. The two men had lined it up with the corner of a hangar and could see that it was continually moving closer and drifting a little off to their right.

In a minute they had run across the ramp, up the several hundred steps to the tower, and were looking at the light through 7x50 binoculars. Both of the men, and the two tower operators whom they were relieving, got a good look at the UFO. The light was circular in shape and had a constant brilliance. It appeared to be the upper portion of a large, round, dark shape which was about four times the diameter of the light itself. As they watched, the UFO moved in closer, or at least it appeared to be getting closer because it became more distinct. When it moved in, the men could see a second and dimmer light on the lower edge of the dark, shadowy portion.

In a few minutes the UFO had moved off to the east, getting dimmer and dimmer as it disappeared. The four tower men kept watching the eastern sky, and suddenly the light began to reappear. It stayed

in sight a few seconds, was gone again, and then for the third time it came back, heading toward the air base.

At 11:45 P. M., according to the logbook in the tower, one of the operators called a nearby radar site and asked if they had an unidentified target on their scopes. They did.

The FEAF intelligence officers who investigated the sighting made a special effort to try to find out if the radar's unidentified target and the light were the same object. They deduced that they were since, when the tower operators and the radar operators compared notes over the telephone, the light and the radar target were in the same location and were moving in the same direction.

For about five minutes the radar tracked the UFO as it cut back and forth across the central part of Tokyo Bay, sometimes traveling so slowly that it almost hovered and then speeding up to 300 miles an hour. All of this time the tower operators were watching the light through binoculars. Several times when the UFO approached the radar station—once it came within 10 miles—a radar operator went outside to find out if he could see the light but no one at the radar site ever saw it. Back at the air base the tower operators had called other people and they saw the light. Later on the tower man said that he had the distinct feeling that the light was highly directional, like a spotlight.

Some of the people who were watching thought that the UFO might be a lighted balloon; so, for the sake of comparison, a lighted weather balloon was released. But the light on the balloon was much more "yellowish" than the UFO and in a matter of seconds it had traveled far enough away that the light was no longer visible. This gave the observers a chance to compare the size of the balloon and the size of the dark shadowy part of the UFO. Had the UFO been 10 miles away it would have been 50 feet in diameter.

Three minutes after midnight an F-94 scrambled from nearby Johnson AFB came into the area. The ground controller sent the F-94 South of Yokahama, up Tokyo Bay, and brought him in "behind" the UFO. The second that the ground controller had the F-94 pilot lined up and told him that he was in line for a radar run, the radar operator in the rear seat of the F-94 called out that he had a lock-on. His target was at 6,000 yards, 10 degrees to the right and 10 degrees below the F-94. The lock-on was held for 90 seconds as the ground controller watched both the UFO and the F-94 make a turn and come toward the ground radar

site. Just as the target entered the "ground clutter"—the permanent and solid target near the radar station caused by the radar beam's striking the ground—the lock-on was broken. The target seemed to pull away swiftly from the jet interceptor. At almost this exact instant the tower operators reported that they had lost visual contact with the UFO. The tower called the F-94 and asked if they had seen anything visually during the case—they hadn't. The F-94 crew stayed in the area 10 or 15 more minutes but couldn't see anything or pick up any more targets on their radar.

Soon after the F-94 left the area, both the ground radar and the tower operators picked up the UFO again. In about two minutes radar called the tower to say that their target had just "broken into three pieces" and that the three "pieces," spaced about a quarter of a mile apart, were leaving the area, going northeast. Seconds later tower operators lost sight of the light.

The FEAF intelligence officers had checked every possible angle but they could offer nothing to account for the sighting.

There were lots of opinions, weather targets for example, but once again the chances of a weather target's being in exactly the same direction as a bright star and having the star appear to move with the false radar target aren't too likely — to say the least. And then the same type of thing had happened twice before inside of a month's time, once in California and once in Michigan.

As one of the men at the briefing I gave said, "It's incredible, and I can't believe it, but those boys in FEAF are in a war — they're veterans — and by damn, I think they know what they're talking about when they say they've never seen anything like this before."

I could go into a long discourse on the possible explanations for this sighting; I heard many, but in the end there would be only one positive answer — the UFO could not be identified as something we knew about. It could have been an interplanetary spaceship. Many people thought this was the answer and were all for sticking their necks out and establishing a category of conclusions for UFO reports and labeling it spacecraft. But the majority ruled, and a UFO remained an *unidentified* flying object.

A GAME OF TAG

The UFO's must have known that I was leaving Project Blue Book because the day I found out that officers with my specialty, technical intelligence, were no longer on the critical list and that I could soon get out of the service, they

really put on a show. The show they put on is still the best UFO report in the Air Force files.

Shortly after dark on the night of August 12, 1953, the Air Defense Command radar station at Ellsworth AFB, just east of Rapid City, had received a call from the local Ground Observer Corps filter center. A lady spotter at Black Hawk, about 10 miles west of Ellsworth, had reported an extremely bright light low on the horizon, off to the northeast. The radar had been scanning an area to the west, working a jet fighter in some practice patrols, but when they got the report they moved the sector scan to the northeast quadrant. There was a target exactly where the lady reported the light to be. The warrant officer, who was the duty controller for the night, told me that he'd studied the target for several minutes. He knew how weather could affect radar but this target was "well defined, solid, and bright." It seemed to be moving, but very slowly. He called for an altitude reading, and the man on the height-finding radar checked his scope. He also had the target — it was at 16,000 feet.

The warrant officer picked up the phone and asked the filter center to connect him with the spotter. They did, and the two people compared notes on the UFO's position for several minutes. But right in the middle of a sentence the lady suddenly stopped and excitedly said, "It's starting to move — it's moving southwest toward Rapid."

The controller looked down at his scope and the target was beginning to pick up speed and move southwest. He yelled at two of his men to run outside and take a look. In a second or two one of them shouted back that they could both see a large bluish-white light moving toward Rapid City. The controller looked down at his scope —the target was moving toward Rapid City. As all three parties watched the light and kept up a steady cross conversation of the description, the UFO swiftly made a wide sweep around Rapid City and returned to its original position in the sky.

A master sergeant who had seen and heard the happenings told me that in all his years of duty — combat operations in both Europe and Korea — he'd never been so completely awed by anything. When the warrant officer had yelled down at him and asked him what he thought they should do, he'd just stood there. "After all," he told me, "what in hell could we do — they're bigger than all of us."

But the warrant officer did do something. He called to the F-84 pilot he had on combat air patrol west of the base and told him to get ready for an intercept. He

brought the pilot around south of the base and gave him a course correction that would take him right into the light, which was still at 16,000 feet. By this time the pilot had it spotted. He made the turn, and when he closed to within about three miles of the target, it began to move. The controller saw it begin to move, the spotter saw it begin to move and the pilot saw it begin to move — all at the same time. There was now no doubt that all of them were watching the same object.

Once it began to move, the UFO picked up speed fast and started to climb, heading north, but the F-86 was right on its tail. The pilot would notice that the light was getting brighter, and he'd call the controller to tell him about it. But the controller's answer would always be the same, "Roger, we can see it on the scope."

There was always a limit as to how near the jet could get, however. The controller told me that it was just as if the UFO had some kind of an automatic warning radar linked to its power supply. When something got too close to it, it would automatically pick up speed and pull away. The separation distance always remained about three miles.

The chase continued on north — out of sight of the lights of Rapid City and the base — into some very black night.

When the UFO and the F-84 got about 120 miles to the north, the pilot checked his fuel; he had to come back. And when I talked to him, he said he was damn glad that he was running out of fuel because being out over some mighty desolate country alone with a UFO can cause some worry.

Both the UFO and the F-84 had gone off the scope, but in a few minutes the jet was back on, heading for home. Then 10 or 15 miles behind it was the UFO target also coming back.

While the UFO and the F-84 were returning to the base — the F-84 was planning to land — the controller received a call from the jet intercepter squadron on the base. The alert pilots at the squadron had heard the conversations on their radio and didn't believe it. "Who's nuts up there?" was the comment that passed over the wire from the pilots to the radar people. There was an F-84 on the line ready to scramble, the man on the phone said, and one of the pilots, a World War II and Korean veteran, wanted to go up and see a flying saucer. The controller said, "O.K., go."

In a minute or two the F-84 was airborne and the controller was working him toward the light. The pilot saw it right away and closed in. Again the light began

to climb out, this time more toward the northeast. The pilot also began to climb, and before long the light, which at first had been about 30 degrees above his horizontal line of sight, was now below him. He nosed the '84 down to pick up speed, but it was the same old story — as soon as he'd get within 3 miles of the UFO, it would put on a burst of speed and stay out ahead.

Even though the pilot could see the light and hear the ground controller telling him that he was above it and alternately gaining on it or dropping back, he still couldn't believe it — there must be a simple explanation. He turned off all of his lights — it wasn't a reflection from any of the airplane's lights because there it was. A reflection from a ground light, maybe. He rolled the airplane — the position of the light didn't change. A star — he picked out three bright stars near the light and watched carefully. The UFO moved in relation to the three stars. Well, he thought to himself, if it's a real object out there, my radar should pick it up too; so he flipped on his radar-ranging gunsight. In a few minutes the red light on his sight blinked on — something real and solid was in front of him. Then he was scared. When I talked to him, he readily admitted that he'd been scared. He'd met MD 109's, FW 190's and ME 262's over Germany and he'd met MIG-15's over Korea but the large, bright, bluish-white light had scared him — he asked the controller if he could break off the intercept.

This time the light didn't come back.

When the UFO went off the scope it was headed toward Fargo, North Dakota, so the controller called the Fargo filter center. "Had they had any reports of unidentified lights?" he asked. They hadn't.

But in a few minutes a call came back. Spotter posts on a southwest-northeast line a few miles west of Fargo had reported a fast-moving, bright bluish-white light.

This was an unknown — the best.

The sighting was thoroughly investigated, and I could devote pages of detail on how we looked into every facet of the incident; but it will suffice to say that in every facet we looked into we saw nothing. Nothing but a big question mark asking what was it.

JAPAN'S IDIOT GENIUS

WHEN AN exhibition of paintings by Kiyoshi Yamashita was shown recently in a Kobe, Japan, department store, 200,000 Yamashita fans flocked to the gallery and almost caused a near-riot. Artists, critics and art lovers regard Yamashita as a genius, one of Japan's great artists, and yet psychologists say he has the intelligence level of a moron. Dr. Ryuzaburo Shikiba, one of Japan's top psychiatrists, describes Yamashita as an "idiot-savant—a riddle and a challenge to science."

Born in a Tokyo slum, Yamashita at the age of 12 was placed in a school for mentally retarded children. At the new school, although he had no family background in art and previously had shown no interest in it, he began making pictures by tearing up colored bits of paper and pasting them on canvas. These pictures are said to have astounded teachers and artists.

Yamashita's talent kept developing. He began painting with oils, first using his fingers and later brushes. Today Japan's largest magazines vie with each other to obtain his paintings for cover illustrations. An Osaka theatre had one of his paintings woven into a huge curtain at a cost of $28,000. A portfolio of full-color reproductions of his best known works is a popular seller.

However, Yamashita, now 34, is described as dull-witted and childish, unable to do ordinary work and requiring supervision in order to be economically independent. He does not dress properly and sometimes goes out in public without his pants. Most of the time he roams about, begs food and paints his highly regarded pictures for anyone who is at all kind to him.

FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE

RESPONDING to an alarm, firemen in Greensboro, N. C., found that the scene of the blaze was the Greensboro Fireman's Club, which suffered several thousand dollars worth of damage. To add to their chagrin, the fire had been extinguished when they arrived.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay $5 for each True Experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope

GLIMPSE OF TOMORROW

By Myra Mattson

WHEN I was a little girl in 1918 I had a strange experience. Not until years later did I realize that I had been privileged to look some 25 years into the future.

Most persons have seen models or pictures of automobiles of that period and know how few there were. I also wish to make clear that the only roads of which I knew at that time were country roads of dirt and a few of red brick, which were in Jamestown, N. Y., where we lived.

One summer day I was visiting an aunt, Mrs. Gustave Forsberg, who lived on a farm about a mile from Chandlers Valley, Pa. I remember running across a field and stopping at the edge of a narrow dirt road while I waited for a horse and wagon to pass.

As I stood waiting, everything faded from my vision and I was standing on the top of a high hill. I looked down and saw far below me a two-lane modern highway cut through the hill. I vividly remember the white line down the center and the black color of the smooth hard surface. Cars streamed steadily in each direction, passing each other at a rate of speed which in the year I was living was practically unknown. They appeared to have the streamlined style of cars of the 1940's.

I clearly remember a white-covered truck of the type that now transports milk. I seemed to know that was its purpose although I never had seen anything remotely resembling it before. The constant passing, the speed and the steady hum of motors, kept me frozen to the spot in fear and wonder at the strangeness of it all.

Suddenly the scene disappeared and I again was standing by the narrow dirt road. All this had taken only the time for the horse and wagon to pass the spot at which I was waiting.

I never told anyone of this experience. I felt that no one would

believe me and I could not explain something which at the time I did not understand myself. — *Pensacola, Fla.*

MY PREHISTORIC LIFE

By Kathleen Casler

SHORTLY after my sixth birthday, in August, 1904, I told my father of a dream in which I had seen myself as a monkey-like creature playing in a dark wood. I had found and picked a bunch of cup-like, vivid blue flowers, unlike any I ever had seen. This incident alone was vastly exciting to a six-year-old, who had seen flowers only in florists' windows, vases and parks and never had picked any.

Father taught science at the local school and was far more interested in my dream than I expected him to be. He asked if I had been looking in any of his books. When I said I had not, he showed me some pictures in *The Evolution of Man.* Later he bought a partly hatched egg from a farmer's wife—who I am sure thought we were mad and in a class with "body snatchers"—and we broke the egg into a saucer to compare the embryo inside with a plate in one of his books.

I can recall my primeval home as clearly as any in which I have lived in this life. Whether it is because of the importance Father attached to my dream or because I actually was remembering a previous existence, I do not know. I have revisited my forest home in dreams several times, always being about my actual age but quite primitive.

I clearly remember the trail to the water hole, but I do not recall ever carrying water in any kind of container, or seeing any tools except my mate's club and the shiny pronged stick on which I roasted the lumps of meat which my mate had smashed up with his club.

My dreams of this prehistoric life are, for the most part, placid, restful and almost without incident. One dream, however, held a bit of excitement.

In this dream I was picking berries in the forest and suddenly found myself confronted by a strange male, who apparently had swung down from a tree. He seized my wrist and sought to carry me off with him. I screamed, partly in fear and partly in anger, and my mate came running from where he had been napping nearby.

When he saw the intruder, he growled in rage and rushed at him, brandishing his club. A brief but violent battle followed. Flailing savagely with his club, my mate killed his rival. I took this calmly, as a matter of course.

Although I can wander in memory around my prehistoric home,

I cannot voluntarily visit it in dreams. I often wish I could.—*Smithers, B. C, Canada.*

I LIVED TWO DAYS IN ONE

By Mrs. Ted Stoeckel

IN 1953 I cooked in a restaurant. Every morning I rose at 6:00 to allow myself a half-hour to eat hot cakes before I started the hard labor of the day.

During the tourist season, days seemed to stretch into weeks. I was so tired when I got home I fell exhausted on the bed. With the additional work of caring for three children, my housework soon fell far behind, and I found my shoulders drooping in discouragement. I began praying for a day off, so I could catch up at home and get the extra rest my body craved.

One Wednesday night in August I went to bed at 10:30, checking and rechecking my alarm clock so I would be certain to be up in time.

When I woke Thursday morning I looked at my clock. It was 7:15. I looked at the alarm button and saw it hadn't gone off. I dressed slowly, wondering what to do. Suddenly I decided I would catch up on my housework. This must be the day I had been praying for. If I lost my job for it, perhaps that was meant to be.

I worked first in the bathroom and kitchen. Then I went to the dining room where a heap of ironing awaited me. I quickly tackled this job, and soon had the clothes neatly stacked away. I dusted, scrubbed, waxed and did numerous other things in back housework.

Suddenly the alarm clock went off. With a frightened feeling, I went to the clock. It was 6:00! I looked at the children and saw they were still fast asleep. I shook my oldest boy awake. "What day is it?" I demanded.

"Why, it's Thursday, of course," he replied sleepily.

Thursday! But I had just lived Thursday! As I thought back, I realized time had seemed not to exist. I had forgotten the children, I had required no food, and I didn't feel tired.



MRS. TED STOECKEL

Telling my son to rise and help care for the younger children, I changed into my work clothes. I felt like singing. I felt refreshed and released from burden.

As I walked to work, I looked to the west. The sun was shining through the early morning clouds. I felt close to our Maker. Perhaps it was the beauty of the dawn, but I believed and still believe God granted me the power to live two days in one.—*Cumberland, Wis.*

THE WOMAN IN GRAY

By Mrs. C. S. Holbourn

THE FOLLOWING experience was related to me by a young woman whom I have known all her life. Her name, which she has asked be withheld, is on file.

When I was about 18 I was in a private ward in a nursing home after an operation for the removal of an impacted wisdom tooth. The nurses had given me drugs and left me to sleep but pain kept me awake.

From my bed I could see the staircase through the half-open door and, as I watched, a woman in a gray dress came up the stairs. To my surprise she turned into my room and sat down at the foot of my bed. She was of late middle age, with an indescribably repulsive face. "Go away," I said angrily, "you have no business here!"

She made no reply but very slowly drew nearer and bent over me as if to kiss me. The horror of that face so close to mine made me shriek, and the nurses came running. "Take her away!" I screamed. "You have no right to allow a strange woman in a private ward."

The nurses assured me there was no one in the room, and evidently dismissed my upset as due to delirium.

About 10 years afterwards. I accompanied my stepfather on a visit to London, and we stayed with a relative of his who was a stranger to me. I recognized her immediately as the woman I had seen in the nursing home. Although she was very pleasant, I could not conquer my feeling of aversion.

When she took me upstairs I asked, "Do you ever wear grey?"

"Funny you should ask that!" she replied. "About 10 years ago I had a grey dress, but I never wear it now although I still have it. I will show it to you."

She took it out of the wardrobe and it was the same as the one worn by my strange visitor.

That night, after I was in bed, my hostess entered and sat down at the foot of the my bed. When, after talking for a while, she bent over and kissed me I could hardly keep from screaming.

So far nothing has happened to

explain her visit to me in the nursing home, nor my feeling of violent revulsion.—*Pencaitland, E. Lothian, Scotland.*

THE COMMAND TO STOP

By Bernice Jay

IN 1929 a friend, Lillian Ralph, and I drove from the Middle West to New York. The trip was wonderful until we reached the outskirts of Indianapolis, Ind., where we ran into a severe rain storm.

This storm was said to be one of the worst in the state's history. The rain fell in torrents and darkness completely enveloped the earth, but since we were only a few miles from the city we crept along.

Suddenly I heard a voice say, "Stop!" The command was so forceful and urgent that I obeyed at once.

I asked my friend if she had heard it, but she said no. She wanted to go on as she feared the motor would die and we would be unable to continue into the city when the rain stopped.

We let the motor run. We sat and talked, our nerves getting more tense, but I would not resume driving. The voice had carried a force that told me I must obey.

Several hours later the storm broke and crews of repairmen arrived at the scene. They told us that across the road only 10 feet from the front of our car was a live wire—certain death!

I am grateful for that command to stop—but I shall never understand who gave it.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

INDIAN OMEN OF DEATH

By Loraine Burdick

I AM relating a strange experience of one of the residents of my small village, a man whom I will call John Roberts. (Name on file.)

In March, 1956, John was standing outside on the boardwalk, as so many of the village men did, thinking about outfitting his boat for the fishing season. He heard the raspy calls of crows and the shrieks of a few ravens. He noticed idly that there were ravens upon the peak of his roof. They were walking slowly, leg over leg, along the peak. As they walked they stretched their necks and shrieked again.

Suddenly, as John watched, one raven seemed to fall. It disappeared from view on the other side of the house. Startled, John ran around his house and onto the beach behind it. He saw the raven lying motionless and with a chilled feeling he turned it over. The bird was dead.

John was chilled because according to Thlinget Indian beliefs the dead raven was an omen of death in his family—and even now his youngest son was in the hospital in a nearby town. His wife was going by plane to bring the baby back. All had seemed well up to now. The doctors at the hospital had said the baby was well enough to return home.

John was reluctant to believe there was anything to the Indian legend—but the raven falling dead from his rooftop certainly was strange. As he thought about it, his concern grew and finally he hurried along the boardwalk to the man whom many Indians regarded as chief. Few of the old Indian customs were followed now, at least openly. This wise old man knew about the old ways.

John told the chief about the raven. "Is the omen true?" he asked. "Does the death of the bird mean death to my house?"

The old man hesitated. Perhaps he felt it was asking a great deal that he state frankly whether an old, much-respected omen was true. He shook his head. "I think you will find you need not worry, John," he said slowly.

Feeling comforted, John left and returned home. A few days later his wife returned by plane from her trip to the hospital. With her was the baby—in a small casket.

John still does not understand the baby's sudden death when all had seemed well. All he can think of is the dead raven omen.—*Angoon, Alaska.*

BIGGEST METEORITE CRATER?

A METEORITE CRATER which may be the largest in the world reportedly has been discovered at Reindeer Lake in North Saskatchewan, Canada. It is said to be 700 feet deep, over six miles wide and to form a bay of the lake.

ULTIMATE REALISM

DURING TRAINING exercises at Fort Ord, Nebr., recently, the soldiers participating used blank ammunition but had bayonets fixed. Pvt. Richard R. Peercey of Montrose, Calif., simulating a wounded man, threw his rifle into the air and pitched forward on his face. He was killed when the rifle fell, bayonet point down, and pierced his back.

The famed inventor had a fear of germs—but a strange belief compelled him to befriend sick and parasite-laden pigeons.



Nikola Tesla's MISSING PIGEON

By Fred Korotkin

FOR ALMOST 30 years Nikola Tesla fed the pigeons in Herald Square, Bryant Park, the plaza of the public library at 42nd Street and at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. He blew a low whistle, usually after midnight, and the birds gathered from all over. Some perched on his head, some on his shoulders and arms, while others gathered on the ground before him. A few ate seeds out of his hands.

Tesla had a phobia against germs; still he permitted the parasite-laden pigeons to fly all about him. He avoided shaking hands; he washed frequently; he sprayed messenger boys with antiseptic before accepting packages from them; he insisted that no one else should use his table in the hotel dining room; he insisted on a fresh table cloth for every meal, demanded that a stack of 24 white napkins be placed on the table and used a separate napkin to clean every dish, fork, spoon and knife, tossing the napkins on the floor after using them. Silverware and dishes had to be sterilized in the kitchen and only the headwaiter could serve him. Sight of a fly at his table meant the meal must start

over from the beginning.

Fear of germs controlled his every action, but he handed out $5 and $10 tips at the end of each meal, so his behavior was tolerated. Because he feared germs he wore only white underwear which he discarded after one day's wear. Handkerchiefs and detachable shirt collars never went to the laundry, either; after one day's use he threw them away.

Pigeons, however, were different. Tesla was willing to overlook lice, psittacosis and tubercular birds because he was searching for the missing pigeon.

Nikola Tesla invented neon and fluorescent lighting, robot machines, power transmission, radio control, guided missiles and the basic requirements for electric clocks. He predicted radio and television, and his Tesla coil is in all broadcasting antenna and in every automobile ignition system. He discovered the heating effect of short-wave currents on the human body and suggested their use in treating diseases. His greatest invention was the rotating magnetic field which made possible the alternating current induction motor. Before his time, transmission of electricity was expensive and possible for a distance of only a mile or mile and a half. Tesla's alternating current motor made possible transmission of power at reasonable economical cost over great distances. It ushered in the age of electricity.

Though Tesla had intense psychic power, he denied it at every opportunity. He was a precocious child, and he also had two wonderful gifts. First, his memory was amazing. He could look into a book or newspaper, get a complete mental picture of its contents, and years later he could repeat, almost word for word, everything that was printed in the book or newspaper. His second gift was visualization. Before starting an invention, he visualized every bit of it as a unit, down to the finest detail. Then he built his machine without any other blueprint.

While feeding pigeons Tesla noticed and befriended a pure white bird with light grey tips on her wings. No matter where he went this pigeon would find him. If he wanted her, he had only to think about her and she would show up. He felt that he could always accomplish anything he began, no matter how ambitious the scheme, so long as this pigeon lived. He believed that his life work would end when this pigeon died—unless it was reincarnated. However, the word reincarnated was forbidden to him since he said he believed the soul dies with the body, so he never expressed himself in this regard, although his thinking on the subject became known.

Wherever he lived, in various hotels, he left an open window so pigeons could enter and leave. Nests and bird seed were provided for breeding pigeons. Numerous times he was asked to move from hotels because of the pigeons.

He told a friend that the white pigeon was the joy of his life. Once when she came to his room and was ill, he stayed beside her for days.

One night as he lay in bed in the dark the bird flew through the open window and landed on his desk. Feeling that she wanted him and wished to tell him something important, Tesla got up and went to her. She was dying. As the realization came to Tesla he said he saw a brilliant light, blinding and powerful, coming from the pigeon's eyes. He claimed this dazzling light was very real and more intense than any he ever had produced in his laboratory.

Much of his happiness went out of Tesla's life with the bird's death. He confided to a friend that he continued to feed pigeons because, after all, he said, "who can tell. . .?"

When the story about the light from the pigeon's eyes was first published some critics believed it was a figment of Tesla's imagination. A few years before his death Tesla had suffered severe injury in a traffic accident but had refused medical care. Some of his acquaintances believed he became a mixed up, incoherent genius as a result of the accident. They discounted the story of the pigeon.

But recently a former associate was asked to prepare material about Tesla for publication. While he was working on it a pigeon came to his window and ejected powerful, blinding rays of brilliant light from its eyes. The associate's thinking on Tesla's story of light from the pigeon's eyes changed abruptly.

This does not solve the riddle, of course. Was Tesla's pigeon reborn? Or did Tesla's spirit return to tell his associate that his search for the missing pigeon had ended—in Heaven?



THE SPORTING LIFE

IN Chicago Paul E. Bell, 57, mistook a detective for a handbook operator, handed him a bill and told him to put it on a horse named So Bet Me?. The detective arrested Bell, who learned later that So Bet Me? had dropped dead during the race.



we saw a

FLYING SAUCER

The star-like object descended toward us, stopped and swelled in size. Then it did something even stranger.

By Mary Mann & Amey Hoag

ON September 4, 1956, at 10:45 P. M. we were sitting on the bluff in front of our home on the Atlantic Ocean, opposite Melbourne, Fla., and we saw a flying saucer.

It was a cool, clear, windless night and we had been sitting in the patio on the west side of the house watching stars and discussing Mars which was blazing in the southeast.

At 10:30 we decided to go to bed. Amey walked into the kitchen with the empty fruit juice glasses, turned out the lights and prepared the house for the night. While she was doing this I walked out on the terrace facing the sea and sat down on the arm of a chair. The ocean was unusually smooth.

Suddenly something caught my attention and I called, "Amey, bring your glasses (binoculars) out."

Amey turned off the terrace light and joined me. "What is it?" she asked.

I said, "Look at that cluster of lights just above the horizon."

Amey adjusted the glasses and then described the nebulous mass of sparkling, glittering lights which was the cluster of the Pleiades. "They are lovely. I can count all seven of them, plus the little guys too."

I was astonished. "Why there are only five and they are moving," I said.

Still looking through the glasses, Amey said, "Of course, you can't see all of them with the naked eye—and the movement is the cloud moving slowly." Then she said suddenly, "Yes! Below the Pleiades there is a light moving toward us—blinking. Rather low for a plane."

There was no sound of a motor but the glittering light came steadily toward us. It was about the size of Vega. It stopped, hanging in the air, changing its color from rich red to metallic blue and then to a blazing gold.

Then there was a brilliant, swelling silver light. I saw a round object of the same silver color burst forth into a second bright light. But immediately it disappeared back into the one original light the size of Vega.

Now it pulsated red, green, blue and yellow and started to move away from us, slowly but steadily mounting into the skies. Amey followed it through the binoculars and saw it pass one familiar constellation after another, swinging toward the south, high and dwindling. Now, from our viewpoint, it appeared to be about the size of the North Star. When it reached a point about two o'clock from us it took a northerly course. There was no visible loop or turn. Amey watched it disappear to the northeast. She could see it through the glasses after it was no longer visible to me.

Then I saw a brilliant star at 10 o'clock from us. It was winking like a diamond. I felt sure that this was Capella, lying beneath the chair of Casseopia. It is one of my favorites; I instructed Amey to look to the right and below that bright star.

She swung the glasses and saw, coming toward us, what appeared to be another star. It was moving at about four o'clock from Capella. Then it stopped and incredibly swelled into a yellow light about six inches across. Again I saw the solid round object within the light and then a radiant, white light suddenly beamed down from under this globe of light. It made a silver path of light on the ocean about six to eight feet wide. It did *not* fan out in a cone of light as does the light from a landing craft or searchlight. It was as wide at the point of emission as at the point of contact with the quiet surface of the water. We each estimated its

length and time of duration and later compared our guesses. They were the same. We both estimated the light path to be 100 feet long and to have lasted about five seconds.

We both gasped and then the band of light was gone as though switched off. The ball of light decreased in size, slowly. Flashing brilliant red and yellow, it began to move away from us, climbing toward the east. Through the glasses Amey watched it turn south high above the Pleiades.

After reaching a point about two o'clock from us it began a weird, pixie dance toward the north. From a pin point of light it suddenly seemed to accelerate and to elongate until it looked like a six-inch worm humping along through a starry garden, gaily doing somersaults and loop-the-loops. Its bright, segmented body twisted and turned and finally faded beyond the vision even of Amey's 7x35 binoculars.

We watched the skies for an hour longer, until 11:45 P. M., but saw nothing more. We were stunned but not hysterical, awed but not frightened. It is hard to credit what we saw, but it is true.

MESSAGE FROM PUERTO RICO

By Allen C. Clapp

ON SATURDAY evening, August 11, 1956, I sent a mental message to my daughter-in-law, Ruth, in Santurce, Puerto Rico. She had not written since Christmas.

I mentally repeated the message several times and on going to bed I auto-suggested that subconsciously I would keep sending the message. It included an apology for unkind words of which I had been guilty years before and which I much regretted. I added the suggestion that Ruth write my wife, Ann, who had been ill for several weeks and would enjoy hearing from her.

I repeated the mental message on Sunday night, August 12.

On Wednesday, August 15, we received from Ruth a nice note, postmarked San Juan, Puerto Rico, August 13. In it she promised soon to write a longer letter. — *Chicago, Ill.*

COULD the SIOUX CONTROL WEATHER?



Storm clouds threatened to spoil the Sioux feast. So Last Horse shook his sacred rattle to bring back the sun.

By Frederick J. Goshe

The popular conception of Sioux "medicine men" is as witch doctors trading upon the superstition of their people by the use of tricks. Yet some of these medicine men could do things which cannot be explained as trickery.

Dr. J. M. De Wolf, army surgeon, and Paul Beckwith, an anthropologist, have testified to a remarkable cure by a Sioux medicine man. It happened in the 1870's.

An Indian had been bitten by a poisonous snake. He had been away from camp and by the time he staggered home many hours had passed. His leg was greatly swollen. On learning the circumstances the examining physician, Dr. De Wolf himself, said that the poison had been working too long for him to be able to help the man. The Indian, said Dr. De Wolf, was going to die.

Someone sent for the tribal medicine man. Shrugging aside Dr. De Wolf's ominous diagnosis, the

medicine man went to work on the swollen leg with herbs and "magic" rites. In a short time the stricken Indian, given up as doomed by the army surgeon, was cured, walking around none the worse for his experience!

Another almost immediate cure was witnessed by the famous and educated Sioux, Luther Standing Bear. In the late 1880's young Standing Bear was alone in the house with his stepmother. Suddenly the woman collapsed on a bed. She tossed and moaned in great agony, the victim of a sudden sickness. Alarmed, Standing Bear went after the tribal medicine man, White Crow.

For a moment White Crow watched Standing Bear's stepmother writhing on the bed in agony. Then he produced a piece of root which he cut in two. He told the sick woman to chew both pieces. When she had done so he told her to swallow one of the pieces of root and to rub the other piece on her chest. The pain-wracked woman obliged at once. In less than five minutes all pain left her. She got up from bed to resume her household duties.

Standing Bear was so impressed that he wanted to buy the name of the plant from White Crow. But White Crow would not divulge the nature of the root with which he had cured the woman. That was *his* secret, said White Crow.

Such cures are explained by white physicians as due to the healing powers of certain plants. Many of our present day medicines are compounded from herbs which the old-time Indians knew. Possibly, say the white doctors, the Sioux medicine men had discovered certain herbs which contain powerful chemicals or vitamins—curative substances about which the white man is still ignorant.

But how explain the following case? In 1866 the Sioux had a healer named Creeping. That winter the tribe camped in the Powder River country, near Piney Creek in Wyoming. Food was low and the Indian hunters went through the deep snow to find game. When they returned many of them were snowblind, entirely unable to see, from having looked too long at the glare of sunlight on the snow.

Creeping had learned healing through visions and dreams. He went to work at once. He put snow into the eyes of his patients and sang a song he had learned in a dream. Next, he put snow into his mouth and blew some of the flakes upon his patients' heads. Their blindness went away immediately.

Although snowblindness is usually temporary, severe cases last a considerable time. There is no explanation as to how Creeping,

the Sioux medicine man, was able to cure severe snowblindness in so brief a time. Moreover, he used no herbs, just a holy song and a ritual which he had been taught in a dream.

Curing ailments was not the only strange power possessed by medicine men. Consider the case of Last Horse, a Thunder Dreamer. For many years the Sioux relied on Last Horse to control the weather on important occasions.

Last Horse had not acquired his "weather medicine" by accident. It was a gift bestowed on him by invisible spirits, working through the will of God, the *Great Mystery* that ruled the universe. God's power and intelligence were given, not only to mankind but, also, to everything in the world—rock, tree, wind, animals, sun, etc.

The Sioux believed that this power in man and nature could be contacted by right living. If a person was brave, generous, kind, and reverent, if he prayed and meditated alone, his mind could attune itself to the spirits of all things. Fasting and prayer could sharpen a person's insight, make him receptive to the voices that spoke in the winds, in the leaves, even in the rocks at his feet. Then, too, the Sioux believed that there were ghosts—helpful ghosts who would come to one's aid if one knew the way to contact them.

The easiest way to contact the invisible world of God and nature was through dreams and visions. Thus, anyone could become a "medicine man" if he fasted and prayed and fervently sought guidance. Usually the vision or dream would take the form of some animal or object, who would become the dreamer's "secret helper." If an Indian dreamed of a wolf he became known as a Wolf Dreamer. If he dreamed of an eagle, he was known as an Eagle Dreamer. As the occasion required, the dreamer could pray and expect help from his secret helper.

And Last Horse was a Thunder Dreamer. Having met the Thunder spirits in his dream Last Horse was considered able to influence storms.

In the summer of 1878 the Oglala Sioux were visiting their cousins, the Brule Sioux. A period of feasting and dancing was planned. It was a bright sunny day. Everybody was dressed up, the men in beaded shirts, colorful blankets, fringed leggings, the women in bright buckskins or calico dresses.

Just as the dancing and games were about to begin sudden clouds formed in the sky. A strong wind blew and big drops of rain began to fall. It was evident a severe storm was about to burst over the heads of the merry-makers.

The people began to run for the tipis. But Last Horse came forward, carrying his sacred rattle. This was the rattle he had made according to the instructions given him in his dream. When he reached the middle of the clearing Last Horse looked up at the sky. A hush fell over the people. In silent awe they watched while Last Horse shook his rattle and began to sing. He sang the song that the Thunder spirits had taught him.

The people believed Last Horse was contacting the Thunder spirits. Then Last Horse moved his hands the way one might if he were trying to part water. As he motioned, the clouds began slowly to separate. Last Horse continued to motion the clouds apart and they kept moving farther and farther away. Soon the sky was entirely clear. Again the sun shone brilliantly.

Happily, the Indians resumed their festivities.

Sometimes, the invisible forces of the universe contacted the medicine men spontaneously. Such contacts were usually in the nature of warnings which served to avert a crisis or danger.

Among the Sioux in the 1860's and 1870's there was a celebrated medicine woman. She was the grandmother of Charles Eastman, who was educated at Dartmouth and became a physician. Dr. Eastman tells of several instances in which his grandmother received warnings by what the scientists now call "extrasensory perception," the sixth sense.

On one occasion Eastman's family, having left Fort Ellis in southern Canada, camped one night by the Assiniboine River. This was before the tribes had settled down on reservations and there was still trouble between certain tribes. The grandmother had a premonition of danger and refused to camp on the spot chosen by the men. Respecting her judgment, the family went farther downriver, even though it was already dark. Finally, in a well hidden place they camped.

Meanwhile another Indian family that was traveling behind them made camp on the very spot which they had vacated at the insistence of the grandmother. The next day it was discovered that the family camped at the first spot had been set upon during the night by a band of enemy Indians and massacred.

Another time Eastman was living with his grandmother and other relatives on the banks of Lake Manitoba. One day a messenger came to the camp with the tragic news that a beloved son of the grandmother, Eastman's uncle who had been at a settlement some distance away, had been killed.

At once, the shocked family began to mourn. Strangely, though, the grandmother remained calm, told the family to stop weeping because the news was false. Her son had *not* been killed and would, in fact, soon arrive in the flesh.

The family was puzzled. The messenger's news could not be doubted. Yet the grandmother had long been respected for her psychic sight. And to the family's joy and astonishment the son, reported killed, turned up two days later, very much alive!

Eastman's grandmother had long been a member of the Medicine Lodge, an exclusive occult society. New members of the Medicine Lodge were chosen carefully by the belonging members. Candidates for the Lodge had to undergo purification rites, had to study under older medicine men and women, until they were judged sufficiently advanced in character and knowledge to be initiated into the Medicine Lodge.

Another Sioux with the gift of foreseeing danger was the medicine man, Tall Holy. Tall Holy was an old man in 1900. He was one of the last of the old-time psychics. Like all the Sioux, he had earned his name. Standing well over six feet, Tall Holy had, since boyhood, meditated in solitude and prayed to the Great Mystery for guidance. By the turn of the century Tall Holy had acquired the power of *wakinyan,* the ability to look into the future. One of his most remarkable predictions took place in 1903, at the Oglala Sioux Reservation of Pine Ridge, S. D.

In those days the buffalo herds had vanished and the Indian wars were over and the Sioux were trying to make a living on the reservation. Farming was strange and difficult to them, and there were few jobs unless they left the reservation. One source of revenue for the younger Indians was Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Shows. When Buffalo Bill was getting a show ready for a tour in 1903 he offered jobs to about 75 young Sioux. They accepted eagerly. Buffalo Bill wrote to his friend, Luther Standing Bear, asking him to take charge of the 75 Sioux and bring them by train to Chicago, to meet the Wild West Show there.

Excited at this chance to make some money, Standing Bear and his group began loading their wagons for the trip from Pine Ridge to the railroad station at Rushville, Neb.

Just then Tall Holy came up to Standing Bear. His usually calm face was anxious and disturbed. In an ominous voice, he warned Standing Bear not to make the trip. Tall Holy said he foresaw that something would happen to

Standing Bear if he made the trip.

Standing Bear was undecided, for he respected the old medicine man. Yet Standing Bear was young. This opportunity was too good to lose. So Standing Bear ignored Tall Holy's warning.

At Rushville Standing Bear and his group of young Sioux boarded the train. All went well until the train entered Illinois. Not far from Chicago another train crashed into the Chicago-bound train. The car carrying the Sioux was badly smashed. Three of the Indians were killed instantly. Twenty-seven more were injured seriously. Standing Bear himself was so badly hurt that the doctors said he could not live.

But, somehow, Standing Bear pulled through. When Standing Bear was convalescing, Tall Holy visited him. Perhaps to prove that an old medicine man is human, Tall Holy did not forbear to say, "I told you so!"

These examples show that the Sioux medicine man did not use his strange powers selfishly but to help his people.

But occasionally some selfish person set himself up as a medicine man. Such a man was He Crow.

Around 1900, one of the Sioux tribes had an old medicine man, Bull Shield. Bull Shield's special gift was weather-making. For many years he had guaranteed his people bright sunny days for their important festivals. Bull Shield was much respected, not only for his weather-making but for his dignity and wisdom.

Thus it was with uneasines that the tribe saw He Crow begin to belittle Bull Shield. Young and arrogant, He Crow strutted around boasting that he had stronger medicine than Bull Shield. He Crow said that he would use the occasion of an important festival to humble Bull Shield. Whereas Bull Shield was supposed to keep storm and rain away, He Crow was going to bring up a cloudburst and ruin the festival.

The word went around. He Crow was going to wage a battle with Bull Shield over the weather! So great was the interest aroused that many white people came to see the contest. Among the whites was the noted anthropolgist and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Dr. Clark Wissler.

When the appointed day dawned the Indians and white people looked up at a misty, cloudy sky. He Crow already boasted, "I have brought these clouds, and soon I'll make it rain. Bull Shield's power is useless."

But Bull Shield began to sing and pray to the sun to drive away the clouds. As Bull Shield sang his holy song the watchers saw the clouds beginning to part. Then He

Crow, dancing and yelling to the Thunder Birds, asked them to bring more clouds and to pour down rain. The clouds drew together again, the sky darkened, ominous with storm. And He Crow exclaimed, "See! My medicine is stronger than Bull Shield's."

Undaunted, old Bull Shield went on singing and praying. And once again the clouds began to part.

For hours, from morning to afternoon, the witnesses, both Indian and white, watched that strange, turbulent sky. Each time He Crow danced and yelled, the sky darkened. When Bull Shield sang and prayed, the sky lightened, the sun peeked through the clouds.

So, the seesaw battle continued until the middle of the afternoon. At last, the sun came into full view for the first time. He Crow danced faster, yelled louder, but it was no use. The clouds fled; the sun shone brightly.

Defeated, He Crow slunk away. Bull Shield, a true medicine man, was only grateful that he had served his tribe, that the power of Wi, the sun, was great.

BACKDATING MEXICAN CIVILIZATION

AS THE result of atomic tests, the National Geographic Society reported recently, the earliest civilization in Mexico now is known to be 1,000 years older than previously estimated.

The site of this earliest civilization is at La Venta, Mexico, which was inhabited by the Olmecs, Indians with a relatively advanced type of culture. La Venta has been under investigation since 1939 by expeditions financed jointly by The National Geographic Society and the Smithsonian Institute. They have learned much.

The society reported that utensils, weapons and other artifacts dug up at La Venta had been subjected to scientific tests to determine the amount of radioactivity they contained. According to the results of these tests, the age of the ruins at La Venta has been established as being between 800 and 400 B.C., instead of between 400 and 500 A.D., as previously estimated by archeologists. La Venta now is believed to have been founded by the Olmecs about 2,700 years ago.

MUSIC in the

All heard the sound of glorious music surging through the little schoolhouse. Was it caused by a harmony of electrical forces?

By E. Emma Robinson

In the summer of 1931 I was appointed teacher at a school in Warminster, Va.—once an incorporated town, but no longer because of a decreasing population. For the next five years there was never a dull moment. No explorer in a strange land could have had more of a feeling of high adventure than I.

The low, two-room schoolhouse had white clapboard siding and a red roof. Tall wide windows provided ample lighting from the east, west and south, and a square porch led into the center hall. Around the building was a magnificent growth of saplings, sprinkled here and there with tall pines, oaks and sycamores, except on the east side where golden grain rolled like waves over the meadow into the blue sky.

There hardly could have been a more attractive place for children to study. The children were of sturdy, substantial stock. They were not spoiled by too much worldly goods. If anything, they suffered from lack of it. They were well enough behaved for the most part although, like high-spirited, energetic children anywhere, they occasionally were difficult to keep in hand.

One March morning, three years after I arrived, a unique phenomenon held us spellbound in our little schoolhouse. I still puzzle over it, for nothing like it ever had happened before and nothing like it has happened since.

We had had two days and nights of drenching rain, such as we often have during the spring season. On Friday, the third day of the storm, the air was charged with electricity. I felt the surge of it in the winds that tugged at my raincoat as I mushed my way through the pasture and across the field toward the schoolhouse. I was blown over the rustic bridge and up the hill. It was exhilarating, but I was glad when I reached my cozy classroom.

STORM



I went through my morning routine of making the room comfortable for the day and of arranging study materials so the children could get them easily. I opened the windows here and there—just a crack, for the wind was blowing the rain against the building in a torrential spray. Then I seated myself at a large desk with a notebook and pen.

As I wrote I gradually became aware of music coming from what seemed to be a symphony orchestra. It was everywhere about me, seeming to fill the very air. I distinctly heard strings, woodwinds, harp, timpani — now crescendo, now pianissimo. The rhythm swept me wildly along with it. I was lost in a labyrinth of sweet, swelling sound.

The door opened to admit Nannie, Maude, James, Lizzie and Bessie — my early birds to keep me company. They usually bustled in, chattering and laughing. But this morning they stood speechless on the threshold, glancing first at me, then at the curtains fluttering in the breeze. They quietly removed their coats, picked up drawing

and writing materials from the supply table and took their seats. Looking oddly absorbed, for all the world as if enchanted, they immediately got busy.

A few minutes later the door burst open and Edith, Joe and Charles ran in out of the storm. They followed the pattern set by the previous arrivals, stopping short as if transfixed and gazing in wonder about the room. Then, as if seized by the enchantment that held the others, they silently obtained work materials and became wrapped in their tasks.

Had the rhythm of the music swept them all into its magnetic embrace? I was certain that, like myself, they did hear something exquiste and strange that held them under a spell of awe. Their enrapt silence in itself was unusual, for as a rule long after they took their seats there would be the sounds of rustling clothes and scraping feet, whispers and giggles —the sounds of children too full of health and energy to be completely still. But this particular morning they were oddly quiet.

Willie hurried in, rain-spattered and windblown, looking as if he might explode at any moment. But even he, to my astonishment, caused hardly a ripple in the still pool of the classroom. As if he instantly sensed the magic atmosphere, the bursting excitement so characteristic of him ebbed and he promptly joined the others in work.

I went on writing in a detached way, listening to the glorious strains that breathed through the room and feeling a vague fear that the uniqueness of the moment might be lost. It seemed to me that the children and I never before had been in such perfect accord — so *en rapport*. We seemed to think and feel as one. We were completely immersed in the majestic orchestration that surged in rhythm with the storm. Our spirits were borne irresistibly on waves of sound.

Yet part of me wondered what possibly could be the cause of the phenomenon. Was it some unusual property of the storm — some harmony of the electrical forces that charged the atmosphere? I thought of other storms that had raged around the schoolhouse during the time I had taught there, but none ever had produced such melodious sounds or had such a deep emotional effect on the children.

At this moment Raymond and Roy, tall and adventurous and showing unmistakable signs of having wrestled mightily with the elements, flung open the door and strode in. The two had given me many anxious moments when I first arrived, indulging in frequent fist fights and rebelling against discipline. Raymond once had come

to school with a flask of whisky in his pocket and on another occasion Roy had brought a mean-looking corn knife, which he had brandished at the younger children, threatening to scalp them. It all was in a spirit of boyish mischief, but both time and tact had been required to settle them quietly into the school routine.

Usually they clumped into the room in a sort of unconscious assertion of their superiority in size and strength over the others. But on this occasion they sensed the charmed mood that lay over everyone. Hanging up their coats, they supplied themselves with study materials and noiselessly took their seats. They appeared to be using ears, as well as eyes and hands, in going about their business.

We worked on, listening. I do not know how long we remained under the spell of that ethereal symphony. Time did not matter.

But the sky was growing darker and we had no artificial lighting system at the school. Due to this and the fact that so few pupils had showed up in the storm, I dismissed the class early.

Filing out one by one to the strains of the continuing rhapsody, all finally had gone except Maude. She was waiting to help me close the windows and lock the building.

"What a wonderful day!" I said, as we closed the door after us. "And wasn't the music beautiful? Or didn't you hear it?"

"Of course we did!" she said, almost reproachfully. "Everybody heard it. I thought you knew. That's why we didn't talk."

Her remark made concrete something that had been dreamlike, unreal. I hadn't just imagined the music — but the mystery deepened. What had produced the sounds I had heard? To this day, I still don't know.

TURNING THE TABLES

A PARKING meter in Mt. Clemens, Mich., recently received a ticket instead of playing its usual role in issuing one. A motorist discovered that the red "expired" flag popped up 25 minutes after he inserted a nickle, cheating him out of 35 minutes. The motorist was a state inspector of weights and measures.

DID JONES CHART

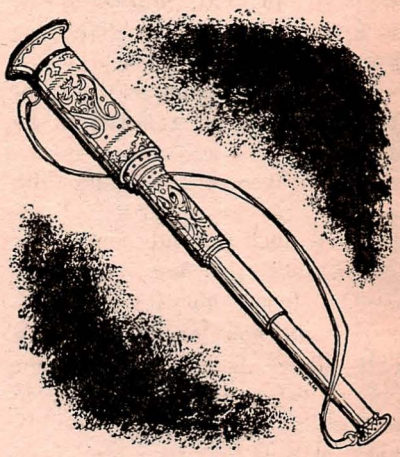
Rev. Jones studied the mysterious lights for two years—and came to an incredible conclusion.

By H. C. Goble

IN a rather ancient book, and the last place one would think to look for UFO phenomena, I have found a most astonishing study of what appears to be a world between worlds.

Volume III of the official account of Commodore Perry's expedition to open up Japan in 1856 is 700 pages of nightly observations of a phenomena called the Zodiacal Light. These observations were made by Reverend Jones, Chaplain of Perry's Flagship, and also official astronomer of the expedition.

Rev. Jones' observations started on April 4th, 1853, and continued nightly, weather permitting, until February 3, 1855. Each night Jones made a star map which varied from the map of the night before according to the distance the ship had covered in 24 hours. On each map he marked the position and shape of the Zodiacal Light area. It was a tremendous piece of work, often done at 3 or 4 a. m., after the watch had called Jones from his bunk and told him the sky had cleared, or the light appeared.



It is impossible to cover 700 pages of highly pregnant observations in a short article. But it is possible to set down Jones' summation of what these lights were:

"My hypothesis is that of a ring around the earth. The thought is a somewhat startling one, yet startling only from its novelty."

Reverend Jones believed, along with another great astronomer, Laplace, that, in the process of nebular cooling, the earth solidified

from a great mass of gas but that a ring of gas remained. This remaining gas gradually condensed into a solid, unbroken ring which surrounds the earth and, with some slippage, rotates at about the same speed. His two-year observation of the light convinced him that what he saw was merely a reflection off the surface of this ring as it assumed various positions relative to the observer.

As he says, this is a startling thought.

And if such a solid ring exists why couldn't it be used as a way-station between moon and earth? Could it be artificial? Built by the pilots of the UFO? If Jones did grasp some of the wild possibilities of his conclusions, he never more than hinted at them.

For weeks he clocked an almost mechanically regular pulsation in the light. He wrote:

"But in March of this year (see Chart III) I was surprised one evening at seeing the light fade away, dim to almost nothing and then gradually brighten again. This was repeated several times but the effect, after all, was to leave me only in amazement and doubt. . .my records will show that there is a regularity of appearance at the ceasing of these pulsations, which proves that they do not belong to so uncertain a cause as atmospheric changes but to the substance itself. They seem to hint a great internal commotion in the ring itself, for they were too rapid to be caused by irregularities in its exterior surface."

Other observations confirmed the regular pulsations of the Zodiacal light. They also confirmed that the "greater" and "lesser" lights often changed position even while being watched. The Reverend Jones called this "shifting." Doubting his own eyes often, he would have crew members confirm the quick jumps made by the lights.

Some of his incidental data seems worth noting also:

"Saw a remarkable falling star. It moved with about *half* the swiftness usual to such bodies, had a long tail, say about five degrees in length, and looked exactly like a comet. Its motion was in a great circle. By and by the star or nucleus exploded and formed into three bright specks, strung lengthwise in a line with its motion. Then after a while all disappeared together."

It hardly sounds like a meteor.

In another place Rev. Jones writes:

"There was a very splendid meteor this morning. It was so bright it cast a strong light on the deck."

Did you ever see a meteor so

bright it cast light on the earth below?

Jones points out that the marvellous meteor shower of 1833 was coincident with what appeared to be the extreme closeness of the earth to the Zodiacal light itself. He speculates as to whether the meteoric material was a more tenuous part of the postulated solid ring around the earth. Obviously it did not occur to him that a juxtaposition of earth and his "unknown world" might have facilitated flight between the two. And he could not have realized that from 1830 to 1880 occurred a mad carnival of meteorological phenomena, saucer and cylinder sightings, freak rains of frogs, worms, fish, etc.

Cassini clocked the same Zodiacal lights back in 1600, so they were there then. But Jones' description of the "shifting" of the lights suggests artificial propulsion, and a unit small enough to be moved handily, just as his description of the regularity of the light pulsation suggests something outside nature.

Surely time will solve this mystery—but time needs some help.

COINCIDENCE OR TELEPATHY?

IN HIS column in the Winnipeg *Tribune* Graham N. Smith recently ran a series of reports on "queer coincidences" sent in by readers. Many were of the "two minds with the same thought" variety. The experience of a reader who signed herself "Libby," however, baffled Smith. He left it to his readers to decide whether the experience could be classified as coincidence or something else.

One Thursday morning in December, 1956, Libby wrote, she woke up thinking about the intersection of Portage and Main in Winnipeg. All that morning, while at work, she was unable to get the thought out of her mind. She felt she had to go to Portage and Main during her lunch hour.

Libby said she decided to do this, but she feared to explain why to the girl she always lunched with as she felt she would have been considered crazy. She explained to her lunch companion that she had to go to Portage and Main to meet her mother.

When she arrived at the intersection, Libby wrote, she found waiting there an old boyfriend who had been just released from the army to Toronto and who had come to Winnipeg to look for her. They had lost track of each other after a quarrel three years before. The young man said he had heard that if you wait long enough at Portage and Main you always meet the person you're looking for.

Libby expressed happiness at the reunion.



I Have Healing Hands

When I touched the bleeding bayonet wound on the soldier's head a very remarkable thing happened.

By Arthur J. Burks

DURING World War II, at Marine Corps Base, Parris Island, S. C., I trained recruits. I insisted that they all learn as much as I could teach them about the bayonet. To this end I invariably had them remove the scabbards, which is not usual in practice. But in years of training thousands of recruits I never had had an accident. One afternoon, however, a man was accidentally slashed across the forehead. He was bleeding profusely and as I approached him I heard a voice say, "Put your hand on the wound!"

There was much blood and some dirt but I pulled the lips of the wound together. *Instantly* the bleeding ceased, and there was no visible wound. Only the blood remained to show there had been a wound at all.

Recruits, apparently, take it for granted that Marine majors can stop bleeding with their hands. No

one showed surprise. Even I was, perhaps, less surprised than I should have been.

That was 12 years ago.

At the time I told only one brother officer about this odd "healing." Shortly thereafter his wife gave birth to a child by Caesarian section in the Naval Hospital. For the two or three nights following she couldn't sleep. Her husband asked me to help her.

My wife, the officer and his mother-in-law went with me to the hospital. I doubted that nurses or doctors would regard the laying on of hands with sympathy, but we were alone with the new mother. The incision apparently was covered by a plaster cast. The girl's mother opened her hospital gown and, although I touched only the woman's hospital dressing, she was almost instantly asleep and snoring.

Of course suggestion may have played a leading role. While I held my hands upon her abdomen I thought, "It would help if her husband placed his hand on my shoulder." Before I could voice the idea he did so, but whether before or after the snoring started I was not aware. As we left the hospital my friend's mother-in-law asked me what I had done. I had to reply, "I don't know!"

Possibly I don't know yet, but I have given the subject more thought. At present I treat as many as 130 patients, sent to me by physicians, surgeons, osteopaths and chiropractors. I think it a good sign that these men call me in. One doctor said recently, "I wish to be the best physician I can be. To this end I overlook nothing, even this."

Before I even touch a patient, while we are only talking, my hands turn red if I am supposed to work on him or her. They are usually red all during treatment, becoming less so as the patient improves.

During the 12 years since my first experience with healing I have had considerable success with both men and women, many of whom were pronounced incurable by doctors before coming to me. I have come to some conclusions:

1. The cells of the human body know everything knowable about themselves. They are, in effect, sentient entities. They know when they are sick. They tell their health facts to the instruments of the physician, surgeon, osteopath. And they tell these same facts to the hands of the believing healer.

2. The mind of the individual is the supervisor and coordinator of the body and of each and every one of its cells. If it commands, *believing*, it can restore itself wholly. I am not sure it can restore excised parts, although even this may

be possible, since the *vital body* of such parts remains.

3. There is potential *reading* ability in the hands of every human being. If doctors were to develop their hands for healing, in conjunction with their surgical knowledge, medicines, and other devices, each would become 100 percent more proficient and understanding.

4. We *see* with our hands without realizing it. We also *hear* with them in the sense that we receive. Take note of some simple facts, automatic with all of us: we take a book off a shelf and run our hands over it; a crying child comes to us and we comfort him with our hands; when we buy clothes, utensils, anything, we must touch them. Why, since we don't actually think of our hands as communicating? Blind persons learn to read with their finger-tips. Notice how many times in the course of one day you find it necessary to touch something; and, having done so, are satisfied. It is because your hands have communicated something to you.

5. Developed, hearing-s e e i n g, hands can tell you what ails another human being, if you run your palms impersonally over his body. I've tested this many times, in two ways: by making my report to the patient and then suggesting that the patient be examined by a doctor so that his findings can be compared with mine. Invariably they have tallied. By having new patients show me reports from physicians after I have made an independent report. Where slight differences in findings have existed I, of course, could have been wrong—but the differences in reports have never been great.

6. Healing, or helping the patient heal himself, is different from diagnosing with the hands. Healing is a flow of vital force from outside, from God, which is channeled through the body of the healer to the body of the patient. The patient receives this vital force in much the same way that he receives a blood transfusion.

7. The healing force must have a clean, clear channel. Danger of its misuse is obvious and for this reason I don't drink, smoke or "chase." Healers who do any of these things must purge themselves of any possible taint before treating. I touch no one, even casually, unless I am at peace with myself, the world, and the patient.

8. Healing can be done at any distance if patient and healer "keep a date." All who get absent treatment join me nightly at 10 P. M. EST. My patients, who are scattered around the world, report experiences and healings that I find difficult to believe, except that I am increasingly aware that anything is possible to the believer.

In only one or two instances have I had instantaneous healings. No "miracles" are involved.

I have been working with one patient for five years. She is a polio victim and has been since she was seven years old, over 30 years ago. She has made considerable progress and now can stand alone for a few seconds. Also she now has kneecaps, which she didn't have when we started to work together. I talked with her physician, who after examining her, stated that apparently due to our weekly treatments there is "activity around the atrophied parts." He recommended continued treatment.

I have been able to help another woman who is suffering from what she calls exfoliated dermatitis. She had scarcely slept for three years. Her skin kept scaling off; she had a high fever much of the time; and numerous doctors had failed to alleviate her condition. I began treating her a year ago. She isn't fully recovered although she sees me and her physician regularly. She complains that she is no better, that the process is too slow, but there was a time when she had no hair, no toenails, no fingernails. She has them now.

How do I know the "medicine of the hands" is indicated? There are various ways but I know because the blood rushes into my hands, sometimes making them purple. If I am asked to give healing treatments I never refuse and always my hands change color. If I am not asked I very seldom volunteer, but sometimes my hands begin slowly to turn red anyway and then I offer my services.

I have found I am more successful with women than with men. I think this is a matter of polarity. Positive poles repel each other. There's more natural sympathy between men and women, than between women and women and men and men. When I do work with a man I arrange for a woman, related to or sympathetic with the man, to be present, watching and participating. I believe this extends to children, although I cannot be sure since every child patient brought me so far has been a girl.

Usually I talk during treatments. Surgeons, physicians, osteopaths would do well to talk to their patients also—keeping their language on the layman's level. As you talk, you can plan constructive ideas. Human nature can pick up a negative idea and build it into a disease; and, in reverse, a positive suggestion helps effect a cure. And at the same time patients are able to feel more confidence in the doctor, or healer, who communicates with them, who helps banish fear with words they understand.



HAVE YOU TRIED

SCRYING?

Your subconscious contains forgotten facts and new ideas. Scrying may help you to make them conscious knowledge.

By H. Addington Bruce

TOWARD THE END of the 19th Century Pierre Janet, French psychologist, voiced this truism, "Whatever has gone into the mind can come out of it."

Janet believed, however, as do the materialists today, that nothing gets into the mind except through one of the recognized five senses. Yet it has been demonstrated by psychical researchers that the mind has a further reach. And in the demonstration of the further powers of the mind scrying, more commonly called crystal-gazing, should play an important part.

Actually scrying is not dependent upon a crystal ball. Words and pictures, emerging surprisingly from the depths of the subconscious mind of the scryer, can use other objects for a fulcrum. The best scryer I ever met used a broken telegraph cup held, partially wrapped, in a handkerchief. It may be enough for the scryer to look at the surface of a polished table, or into the depths of clear water. Important scrying images have been seen unexpectedly in clouds in the sky.

Commonly, of course, what the scryer gets is recall of facts once consciously known but quite forgotten.

During the early years of study and experimentation by the English Society for Psychical Research a Miss Goodrich-Freer found she possessed the gift of scrying. She deliberately cultivated this gift for the Society's benefit and soon discovered that she could benefit from it herself.

Again and again, looking into her crystal ball, Miss Goodrich-Freer

remembered names and dates she could not consciously recall but which she wished to bring to mind for one reason or another. On at least one occasion she received from the crystal facts she did not think she ever had known. Here is her own story as related in the English Society's *Proceedings*:

"A relative of mine was talking one day with a caller in a room next to that in which I was reading. Beyond wishing that they were farther away I paid no attention to anything they said, and certainly could have declared positively that I did not hear a word. Next day I saw in a polished mahogany table, '1, Earl's Square, Notting Hill.' I had no idea where this address might be but some days later my relative remarked, 'H. (the aforesaid caller) has left Kensington. She told me her address the other day, but I did not write it down.' It occurred to me to ask, 'Was it 1, Earl's Square?', and this turned out to be the case."

Here we have a good illustration of the hyperaesthesia, or heightening of one of the senses, which is at the bottom of many hallucinations cited as proof of "spirits" or other supernatural agency.

Another of Miss Goodrich-Freer's crystal visions bears witness, in quite a different way, to the fact that daily we hear and see much more than we realize. One day Miss Goodrich-Freer was working on financial matters and opened a drawer to get her bank-book. Her hand brushed against her crystal by accident. Welcoming a brief change in occupation she took out the crystal and began looking into it. She found:

"Figures still were uppermost, and the crystal had nothing more attractive to show me than the combination seven-six-nine-four. Dismissing this as probably the number of the cab I had been in that day, or a chance grouping of the figures with which I had been occupied, I laid aside the crystal and took up my bank-book. I certainly had not seen it for months, but found to my surprise that the number on the cover was 7694. Had I wished to recall the figure, I should without doubt have failed and could not have guessed at the number of digits or the value of the first figure."

Similarly monetary, and even stranger, was the experience of a patient of my friend, the late Dr. Isador H. Coriat, of Boston. Dr. Coriat was a specialist in the treatment of hysteria and other functional nervous diseases, now believed to originate in long-forgotten shocks, and he sometimes used hypnotism and crystal-gazing to recover "dissociated memories."

One day this patient spoke to Dr. Coriat of a business problem

that was worrying her. It had become important for her to remember the exact amount, and the issuing bank, of a check sent to her two years earlier. She could remember having received this check, but not the necessary details.

"Let me try to help you," said Dr. Coriat.

First he hypnotized the patient. Then he asked her to gaze into the crystal and tell him all she saw. Carefully he wrote down everything she said she saw. This included a miniature picture of the check in question, with not only the information required, the amount and name of the bank, but the date, the payer's signature and even the number stamped on the check.

Dr. Coriat must have agreed with Miss Goodrich-Freer's comment on her own experiences: "Certainly one result of crystal-gazing is to teach one to abjure the verb 'to forget' in all its moods and tenses."

Miss Goodrich-Freer at times saw in her crystal pictures of long-forgotten scenes and episodes of her earliest childhood. Other scryers report similar experiences.

Still others report, in addition, crystal visions not connected with forgotten personal memories and in no way attributable to knowledge gained through their five senses. They seem clear evidence of telepathy or clairvoyance or some other mode of the extra-sensory perception.

A young Englishwoman whose scrying ability was even greater than Miss Goodrich-Freer's reported to the Society for Psychical Research:

"I was looking in my crystal one evening and saw my friend Lady Radnor seated in a room I had never seen, in a big red chair. I saw a lady in a black dress and white cap, quite unknown to me, come in and put her hand upon Lady Radnor's shoulder. I immediately wrote to Lady R., to ask her what she was doing that evening, as I had seen her in the crystal. Shortly after, I saw Lady R., and she asked me to tell her what I had seen. It was all as I had seen it."

In confirmation Lady Radnor herself testified to the Society:

"This is perfectly right. Miss A. had never been to Longford when she described my room correctly in every respect, even to the fact that my chair was touching the corner of the high fender. The chair was of a kind unusual in a bedroom. The description of the lady entering was right as to personal appearance as well as dress."

The same scryer, known in the Society's records only as Miss A., looked into her crystal in the presence of a Sir Joseph Burnby and saw a lady "wearing a serge dress

with a great deal of beading on the bodice, and a band of braid on the side of her skirt. She added that the lady was about to wash her hands. Sir Joseph, going a few days later to the summer hotel where his wife was staying, found that she had bought a dress exactly like that seen in the crystal. The scryer herself, Miss A., did not know Lady Burnby, but on meeting her some months later, exclaimed: "This is the lady in the serge dress I saw in the crystal."

An unusually interesting case of cloud scrying was reported to me by a Mrs. E. C. N. Writing from Clovis, New Mexico, she related:

"About nine o'clock the evening of June 12, I went out on the front porch and sat down in a rocker, facing east. There was a cloud in that direction, through which came a flash of lightning at short intervals. Now and then I would glance there, as one naturally would.

"All at once the cloud seemed to open and I saw in it a room, lighted as if by electricity. There was a library table, and a large picture visible on the wall. A woman appeared who wore a red dress, another followed clad in a dark color, then yet another dressed in light green. Then the forms of three men appeared on the steps leading down from the porch, and I looked over them into this room.

"This vision, if vision it was, lasted several minutes. There was a familiarity about the room, but no connection formed in my mind until, on the Monday following, I received notice of the death of a very dear friend the morning of June 12. I then wrote to a relative of hers asking what they had been doing in the house the evening of June 12, who was there, and what colors of dresses were worn. The answer received gave me this information:

"Four intimate friends were present, one wearing a pink dress, another brown, and the third a light green. They were talking of me. A little later two friends (men) stood on the steps and talked several minutes before leaving for home. This corroborated my vision, except that I had seen three forms instead of two. The third could have been the host, as the others were named . . . I had not been thinking of my friend that evening."

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe had an even more startling experience.

According to the only available account, given by Johann Peter Eckermann, Goethe's close friend and fellow-worker, Goethe, at Wiemar, rang for his valet late one night. The valet found that Goethe had rolled his bed to a window and was looking out into the sultry night. Heavy clouds were illumined

by an occasional flash of lightning.

"Have you seen nothing in the sky?" he demanded of his valet.

When the valet said no, Goethe ordered him to run to the guardhouse and ask the man on duty there if he had seen anything unusual. The report from the guardhouse was no also.

Then Goethe said to the valet, "Listen. This is an important night. There is now an earthquake or one is just going to take place."

After saying this, the valet told Eckermann, Goethe "made me sit down on the bed and showed me by what signs he knew this."

Shortly afterward the news came that, on that very night, part of Messina, in far away Sicily, had been destroyed by an earthquake.

Apparently this was not Goethe's only extra-sensory experience at Weimer, for Eckermann added: "I asked the valet if he at once believed there had been an earthquake as Goethe said.

" 'Yes,' he told me, 'I believed it, for things always happened as he said they would. Next day he related his observation at Court. One lady whispered to her neighbor that Goethe had been dreaming. But the Duke and all the men present believed Goethe.' "

Scrying, as a subject for scientific study has fallen into neglect since the beginning years of psychical research. The reason given for this is that scryers with the abilities of Miss Goodrich-Freer and Miss A. are thought to be extremely rare. But it occurs to me that perhaps they are not so rare. And study of present day scryers might contribute to a better understanding of telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and retrocognition.

Besides, a thorough study of scrying would seem bound to bring immediate practical results to the man or woman who has the patience to attempt it. Scrying's importance as a help in dredging up forgotten facts from the storehouse of the subconscious is already established. Scrying may be found similarly helpful in stimulating the subconscious to produce new ideas.

Hereward Carrington cites the case of one scryer who was a writer of fiction. Like most fiction writers, she sometimes had difficulty in working out plots. Then she would look into her crystal. There she would see her imaginary characters acting out little dramas on their own.

Perhaps you and I should try scrying for the solutions to our problems.



The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

Dwight D. Eisenhower believes in the superstition that you "cut" friendship if you accept a knife without making some gift in return. He likes to pass out small pen knives to each guest attending his famous "Stag Dinners" so a shiny penny is put next to each plate which the guest returns to Ike.

●

Takeo and his brother, Masao, both of Tokyo, had not seen each other for 10 years. Takeo landed in jail charged with stealing a bicycle. In the cell next to him was brother Masao, also charged with bicycle theft.

●

Paul Corby, of Pottsville, Pa., has a prominent impression of an oak leaf, perfectly formed, on the upper part of his arm during summer and fall. This leaf goes away when the leaves begin to fall in the autumn and returns the following summer.

●

Six weeks after a Chicago woman's apparel shop was robbed an insurance company sent the owner a $235 check to cover the loss. A few minutes after she had received the check the same hold-up man entered the store, took the check from the owner, plus $548 in cash.

●

The organ of a Spartansburg, Pa., congregation was 70 years old and badly in need of repairs. The church members prayed for financial aid and their pleas were answered in this fashion: the instrument broke down completely and hidden in it, were found three tins containing $130 Civil War currency. This currency is still redeemable at par.

●

Columbia's Kim Novak, who gained fame starring in such pictures as *Picnic* and *The Man with the Golden Arm* collects lucky omens. She usually carries a bag of them with her to the studio. Kim, who came into this world on February 13, 1933, at 3:13 a.m. in room

313 of a Chicago hospital, considers her name very lucky. "It has three letters — and 3 and 13 are lucky for me," she says.

●

Joseph W. Dean, of Raleigh, N.C., always hoped his pet monkey might land a circus job and he taught the animal many tricks, among them how to light a gas heater with a match. While Dean was sleeping recently, apparently the monkey tried to light the heater, set fire to the room and caused his master's death. The monkey escaped.

●

Joseph Murphy, of New Haven, Conn., unwittingly drove off in a car similar to his own which later was reported stolen. Authorities said the odds against Murphy's key fitting the other vehicle were 10,000 to one.

●

When Mr. and Mrs. Ted Morrison returned to their Portland, Ore., home they found a large hole burned in the linoleum. Their dog, Sandy, had burns on his front paws and Mr. and Mrs. Morrison believe he stamped out a small blaze. Once before they saw Sandy stamp out a cigaret which had fallen on the floor unobserved.

●

Martha Freedman, Harrisburg, Pa., bought a copy of Dashiel Hammet's *Omnibus* at a local book store. She discovered her name and the date, 1935, on the flyleaf and was glad to have back the copy she lost 22 years ago.

●

Catherine Rose Loeb, of Guthrie Center, Ia., is the seventh child of a seventh child of a seventh child of a seventh child.

●

As the result of an Italian grandmother's nightmare, in which she envisioned one of her grandchildren being injured aboard ship, her daughter, Mrs. Maria Martiniello, and her four children cancelled passage on the last fateful voyage of the doomed *Andrea Doria*. The family arrived in the U. S. A. later, on another ship of the same line.

●

Actor George Reeves, who plays "Superman" in the movies was injured when his sports car wedged between two trucks on a highway. Apparently there was nothing he could do about it.

●

For 18 years Mrs. Vera Tenecy had not seen her father. She believed he had been killed in World War I but learned from the Veterans Administration four years ago that he might be alive. She immediately went about tracing him. Recently she was reunited with her father at an Excelsior Springs, Mo., hospital—the day before he died of tuberculosis.



A Summer Theatre's PHANTOM PLAYERS

The young actress could not play her role as she felt it should be played — until a vision showed her how.

By Frank Reeds

DID a troupe of phantom actors come back to stage a single performance for a one girl audience, 22-year-old Erin Murphy?

Or did the blue-eyed, five-foot-four-inch Kansas girl, who is as Irish as her name, unconsciously tap some vast hidden reservoir of universal knowledge?

Whatever the answer, Erin Murphy's dream on a summer night in 1955 in her tiny bedroom on Cape Cod surely is one of history's strangest—and most useful to its dreamer. Given serious consideration it might add to mankind's growing knowledge of supernormal powers.

The brown-haired girl from the prairies already had learned to grit her teeth and marshal her abilities to meet emergency. She proved



Erin Murphy, 22, studied acting at Weslyan University. The psychic experience related here occurred while she was playing the lead role in *Autumn Crocus* in 1955.

that in her freshman year at Nebraska Wesleyan University in Lincoln. For three weeks of spring tour the college troupe, the Plainsmen Players, had played six times a day in as many towns. They presented an especially prepared script at five schools each day, with an evening performance at a church in a sixth town.

Five days before the tour's end a fellow player gave Erin what he considered a playful bear-hug just before the curtain rose. Erin Murphy felt sharp, excruciating pain as she went through that performance. It was most severe during her brief ballet number. There were two more shows that day and 24 more shows before the tour ended.

Erin went through them all without a hitch.

Back on the campus in Lincoln again, she went to a doctor and found that she had been playing those six shows a day with two broken ribs.

With four years of campus dramatics and three more spring tours behind her, Erin went to the Plymouth, Mass., Playhouse in the early summer of 1955. She expected to play bit parts, even "walk-ons." She entered the playhouse on the morning of casting try-outs for Doty Smith's Broadway hit of an earlier season, *Autumn Crocus*.

That afternoon Erin Murphy found herself in the lead role, that of a mousy spinster of 35. And here her troubles began.

"I couldn't feel the part," she says. "And the harder I tried the more I seemed to mess things up."

Everything seemed to go wrong. Whatever the other players might think, Erin Murphy knew that she was not playing the mousy, 35-year-old spinster as Doty Smith had meant her to be played. Erin began to lose weight. She spent sleepless nights.

"I was scared stiff and I wanted awfully to make good," she says. "So I guess I tried too hard."

There came a night when her growing sense of frustration, of dismay and fright, seemed more than she could bear. She thought bitterly of retreating ignominously back to Kansas.

"That's when I gave myself a little talk," she says.

It was not a pep talk Erin Murphy gave herself that night in her room. She had been trying that sort of thing for weeks. She says, "I simply told myself I wouldn't worry another bit. I told myself that as far as I was concerned I was doing the best I could do."

Afterwards she found herself oddly relaxed. For the first time in many nights she fell into an untroubled sleep. And she dreamed.

"In that dream I saw the whole play, heard every line, every word, act by act. A full cast was there, but not one of them was anyone I had ever worked with, ever seen, ever known. I concentrated on the woman who was playing my part. She wasn't playing it—she was living it. She *was* that mousy spinster of 35. I knew from the first minute that this was it—this was the part as it should be played—the way Doty Smith meant it to be played—the way the professionals must have played it.

"I knew I was dreaming but every bit of me was consciously watching that play with a wide-awake sort of awareness. I knew that I was alseep, but that here I was getting a big, wonderful opportunity. I remember feeling awfully grateful all the time I was watching that woman play that part. I made mental notes of little mannerisms, little telling gestures, tones and shadings that made the part come alive.

"I don't remember waking up when the dream ended but I remembered it all when I awoke in the morning. Every smidgin of it! And I remembered all those mental notes I had taken."

The dream actress, whoever she may have been, must have known how to play that leading role. For the play, with Erin Murphy as the mousy spinster—or as she says—"as the phantom playing the spinster"—was scheduled for three performances. It was so successful that it was held over three additional evenings.

WORSE UP THAN DOWN

WHEN HIS CAR plunged 40 feet from a road in the Sierra Nevada mountains, Charles R. Potter of Placerville, Calif., escaped unhurt. Climbing back up to the highway, he fell and injured his arm.

13 IS LUCKY FOR FRIDAY

FRIDAY is not an unlucky day of the week to William C. Friday of Chapel Hill, N. C. He also regards the number 13 as an omen of luck.

He was born on July 13, 1920.

He was married on the 13th.

He started working for the Consolidated University of North Carolina on the 13th.

He became acting president of the university on the 13th.

CALIFORNIA MYSTERY BLASTS



By Marion Kirkpatrick

Why has no satisfactory answer been found for the series of frightening blasts that shook California?

On May 23, 1951, the San Francisco *Examiner* published this story: "Mystery Blasts Rock Solano and Contra Costa Districts."

For two weeks the ground shook, pictures fell from walls, windows rattled and doors banged as the area was rocked by "blasts, explosions, shocks and jars." Naturally the people were worried and upset.

Newspaper reporters checked every source which might have information—"military facilities in the area, quarries, contractors, city and county officials, every commercial operation which uses explosives." All expressed themselves as mystified.

The blasts usually started sometime around 9 A. M. and as many as a dozen were felt during a single day. They were heard in all parts of Vallejo and across Carquinez Strait in Contra Costa County.

Authorities of course sought a cause and finally came up with this: Benicia Arsenal was destroying dangerous old mortar shells. They failed to say why Benicia Arsenal had not mentioned this when reporters first asked if they could be causing the explosion. They also failed to explain why residents of Benicia did not hear or feel the blasts and at the same time Vallejo residents, 40 miles away, saw their pictures jump off their walls—unless you are satisfied with an "explanation" which speaks vaguely of explosions which echo and re-echo down a cut through the hills and culminate in a blast that is heard and felt over a 15 to 20 mile area.

A few weeks later an explosion rocked the Mare Island Naval Base. The blasts were continuing and the damage at Mare Island was too

great to be explained by echoing blasts from Benicia Arsenal.

On June 15 an explosion occurred which separated the causeway connecting Mare Island and the mainland. This blast, which came at 3 P. M., shook several buildings, and the day shift workers were delayed on their way home while a crack, several inches wide, was filled.

Naval and shipyard officials started an investigation which led nowhere. An Air Force practice bomb was suggested, only to be indignantly denied by Air Force officers at the Fourth Air Force and at Hamilton Field. The possibility that a naval mine had broken loose and floated against the causeway was scoffed at by the Navy. Sabotage was considered but there were no clues to bear this out.

As far as the public knows, no acceptable explanation was ever found.

In Las Vegas, Nev., on September 24, another blast occurred. The next day Air Force officials explained that it was just another jet crashing the sonic barrier.

Then attention focused on another mystery. Numerous fireballs had been reported in New Mexico and Mexico, and as far west as Arizona. And on November 17 a Mare Island Navy Yard worker, William D. Lund, was enroute to his Sonoma home shortly after midnight when he saw "a white streak surrounded by a large orange ball of flame." He reported the "crash" to Deputy Sheriff John O'Brien who investigated. He proceeded to the Mangles Ranch where he discovered a 200 yard row of gum trees ablaze, 20 *feet above the ground,* as if a burning brand had crashed through them.

There was nothing else; no wreckage, no meteorite, not even a juvenile delinquent. One deputy suggested it might have been a fireball like those seen in New Mexico. Another suggested someone had been shooting incendiary bullets.

A University of California spokesman said the "crash could have been a meteor, but that meteors usually travel at a far higher altitude and do not start fires."

During the night of December 30, an explosion "like a ton of dynamite" almost started a panic in the town of Grass Valley, Calif. And as usual there was no hole in the ground, no debris, no sign of anything to suggest a cause.

At Elko, Nev., on January 1, 1952, an ear-splitting blast accompanied by a brilliant red flash in the sky was preceded by a low rumble such as often precedes an earthquake. Buildings rocked but no damage was reported. Neither was an explanation given.

At 2:10 A. M. on the night of January 4, Oakland, Berkeley, and Piedmont police were beseiged by calls from alarmed residents who had heard and felt a terrific explosion. Police searched the three areas for signs of a blast and found nothing.

On the same day Clyde Hixon, of Carmichael, called police about 7:50 P. M. Mr. Hixon reported a noise similar to that of a giant iron ball striking the earth with a thud. Deputies were sent to investigate. Residents of the area confirmed the report, giving varying descriptions. No evidence of a blast was found. Next day sheriff's deputies stated they believed the blast was caused by a backfiring hot rod automobile.

A series of blasts panicked Southern California residents on January 5. The blasts started at 3:33 P. M. in the Los Angeles Airport area and the beach cities of Venice and Playa del Rey. San Diego's Mission Hills area reported a blast at 8:30. At 9:00 Point Loma was rocked by an explosion. Two hours later a blast was reported in the Chula Vista area.

Police in all areas found no evidence of an explosion. Jet planes were known to be overhead and some one suggested shock waves as an explanation. Scientists thought the blasts were caused by meteors, although none had been seen along the 125 mile stretch of coastline. Authorities were inclined to blame juvenile delinquents. Residents suspected gunfire offshore and residents of the areas were thrown into near panic. The coast guard was sent out to search for evidence of a possible ship explosion offshore.

Nothing was found anywhere.

Hours later supersonic flight experts said a high speed jet had gone into a power dive. At least five jet planes capable of supersonic speeds were in the area, but all pilots denied going into a high speed dive.

Pasadena, Calif., was awakened at 1:45 A. M., January 26, by a terrific explosion. As usual, no damage was discovered and no explanation was forthcoming.

Mill Valley police officers, Lee Sells and Ben Hartwell, saw the sky light up with a brilliant white light and then heard a terrific noise at 12:35 A. M., February 5. Scores of residents called police and a special patrol was sent out. The result was standard—nothing!

Residents of Marysville, Yuba County, were alarmed on Chinese New Year. The entire town shook with a blast at 10:30 P. M. This time the authorities were helped by a local resident who said, "Just about the time the blast was heard I saw two teen-age Chinese boys set off a 'bomb' under an old

metal garbage can in an alley."

The climax to the series of strange occurrences came in March.

Northern California rarely sees a bad electrical storm but San Jose and Gilroy both had one on March 7, 1952. Postman Walter Bagar was putting mail in a San Jose mail box when he saw a bouncing ball of flame hit a power pole. It jumped from the pole to a bicycle, causing the bicycle to jump into the air. Then the ball bounced onto the top of Bagar's umbrella.

Clyde Rudge, of San Jose, had four holes punched in his roof. His TV aerial was ripped from the roof, lighting fixtures burned from the interior ceilings, dishes were knocked from the cupboards, pictures were jarred from the walls. The ball of fire then crashed out of the house through a wall, leaving a two by three-foot hole.

The fireballs followed the storm on to Gilroy. There Mrs. Estelle Martin was in her kitchen packing Girl Scout cookies. A bolt of lightning hit her radio antenna knocking it down onto the front steps. Her gas stove jumped off the floor and her bathroom washbowl crashed to the floor. She said, "A ball of fire sort of rolled out of the front of the radio and across the kitchen table." She did not say what happened to the ball of fire. Perhaps she didn't stay to see.

It is possible these are a series of unrelated incidents but, as Charles Fort said, they are certainly worthy of investigation.

POLITICAL BARB

WHILE SHAKING hands with well-wishers at a West Warwick, R. I., clambake, Governor Dennis J. Roberts was stung by a bee on the palm of his right hand. The hand soon swelled to the point where he was unable to use it for hand-shaking purposes.

CARLOAD OF CALAMITY

IN DALLAS, TEX., the newly acquired automobile of Richard W. Williams, 37, skidded and sideswiped a passing police car. When Williams fled, the patrolmen overtook and arrested him. They found Williams had served four prison terms for car theft and was driving a stolen car.

MIND OVER SPACE

THE MYSTERY OF TELEPORTATION

By Nandor Fodor

The Flight of Mrs. Guppy

ON JUNE 23, 1871, at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, High Holborn, London, one of the most remarkable instances of human transportation was placed on record. The event as claimed created considerable excitement and provided entertainment for editorial writers of the daily press. The "House of Mystery," as it became known, was besieged by crowds of the curious.

There was a seance room on the second floor and sleeping quarters on the third. The tenants were Messrs. Herne and Williams, two professional mediums in partnership since the early part of the year. They were fairly new arrivals on the spiritualistic horizon.

Frank Herne started his seances in January, 1869, giving clairvoyant description of the spirits surrounding the callers and telling them of their "aura." Soon noisier demonstrations, the so-called physical phenomena, were claimed and these appeared to grow in power when Charles Williams participated.

It appears that Williams alone was not capable of anything spectacular. In fact, the Rev. William Stainton Moses, Master at University College School, London, one of the most remarkable private mediums of the day in whose circles Williams had been seen as a guest, doubted the genuineness of his power. But others were highly enthusiastic. At any rate, the partnership flourished and reached its climax with the celebrated case of Mrs. Guppy's transportation in deshabille over a distance of three miles. Here is the signed statement in *The Spiritualist,* June 15, 1871, that tells the story:

"On Saturday evening, June 3rd, at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, High Holborn, London, W. C., a seance was held in the rooms of Messrs. Herne and Williams, mediums. Before the seance began the doors communicating with the passage outside were locked. The proceedings began, at the request of the mediums, with prayer. Then spirit

lights, like small stars, were seen moving about, after which a conversation between the spirits of John King and Katie King was heard. John said, 'Katie, you can't do it'. Katie replied, 'I will, I tell you, I will.' John said, 'I tell you, you can't'. She answered, 'I will.' Mr. Harrison then said, 'Can you bring Mrs. Guppy?' There was no reply but a member of the circle urged that the attempt should not be made.

"Within three minutes after Katie had said 'I will', a single heavy sound was heard for an instant on the centre of the table. Mr. Edwards put out his hand and said, 'There is a dress here.' A light was instantly struck, and Mrs. Guppy was found standing motionless on the centre of the table, trembling all over; she had a pen and an account book in her hands. Her right hand, with the pen in it, was over her eyes. She was spoken to by those present but did not seem to hear; the light was then placed in another room, and the door was closed for an instant; John King then said, She will be all right presently.'

"After the lapse of about four minutes after her arrival, she moved for the first time and began to cry. The time of her arrival was ten minutes past eight. Mrs. Edmiston, Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Harrison went at once to one of the doors, and found it still locked; the other door could not be opened during the seance, because the back of the chair of one of the sitters was against it. There was no cupboard, article of furniture, or anything else in the rooms, in which it was possible for anybody to conceal themselves, and, if there had been, we, the undersigned witnesses, are all certain that by no natural means could Mrs. Guppy have placed herself instantaneously on the centre of a table around which we were all sitting shoulder to shoulder.

"Mrs. Guppy said that the last thing she remembered before she found herself on the table, was that she was sitting at home at Highbury, talking to Miss Neyland, and entering some household accounts in her book. The ink in the pen was wet when she arrived in our midst; the last word of the writing in the book was incomplete, and was wet and smeared. She complained that she was not dressed in visiting costume, and had no shoes on, as she had been sitting at the fire without them. As she stated this to Mr. Morris, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, a pair of slippers dropped on the floor from above, one of them grazing Mr. Morris' head; this was after the seance, and in the light. We all went into the dark room for a few minutes afterwards, and four flower-pots with flowers in them, which Mrs.

Guppy declared to be from her home, were placed on the table at once.

"After tea a second seance was held. Within a single minute or two after the light was put out, there was a cry for a light, and Mr. Herne was seen by four persons falling from above, on to his chair. There were bundles of clothes belonging to Mr. Guppy, Mrs. Guppy, and Miss Neyland on the table, and Mr. Herne declared he had just seen Miss Neyland in Mrs. Guppy's house; that she had pushed the clothes into his arms, and told him to 'go to the devil.' The light was again put out, and when it was struck once more, Mr. Williams was missing. He was found in the next room, lying in an insensible state on some clothes, belonging to Mr. Guppy. He said on awaking that he had been to Mr. Guppy's house, and saw Miss Neyland, who was sitting at a table, and seemed to be praying.

"N. Hagger, 46, Moorgate Street
Caroline Edmiston, Beckenham
C.E. Edwards, Kilburn Square, Kilburn
Henry Morris, Mount Trafford, Eccles, near Manchester
Elizabeth Guppy, 1 Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park, N.
Ernest Edwards, Kilburn Square, Kilburn
Henry Clifford Smith, 38, Ennis Road, Stroudgreen
H. B. Husk, 26 Sandwich Street, W. C.
Charles E. Williams, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, W. C.
W. H. Harrison, Wilmin Villa, Chaucer Road, S. E.
F. Herne, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, W. C."

John King is the most romantic character of spiritualistic history. According to his own claim, he was on earth, Henry Owen Morgan, the famous buccaneer, knighted by Charles II and appointed Governor of Jamaica. He was the *spiritus rector* behind the violent type of physical phenomena of a succession of mediums from the earliest days of Spiritualism. It was, apparently, a mark of distinction to acquire him as a guide.

Katie King, who claimed to be his daughter, was an almost equally romantic character whose fame was founded on the seances of Florence Cook which convinced Sir William Crookes of the reality of psychic phenomena. But in the Herne and Williams seances there is some doubt as to Katie's identity as the daughter of John King as she once described herself as a descendant of the negro race.

As to the participants of the seance, *The Spiritualist* says: "Mr. Morris is a Manchester merchant of high standing, and his sincerity in bearing testimony to these facts is attested by the editor of the *Echo*, as will be seen further on. Mr. Edwards is a B. A. of Cambridge University; he is a scientific

man, and a few weeks ago he read a paper before the Society of Arts. Mrs. Edmiston is the wife of Mr. Edmiston, principal of the well known India-rubber establishment at Charing Cross. Mr. Harrison is a writer for scientific and other newspapers.

"The foregoing document was drawn up hurriedly, as several of those present had to leave early, to catch trains or to keep engagements, so we will now go a little more into details. The seance was held in a small room, size 12 ft. by 10 ft. 4 in., and it contained no furniture but the table, and the chairs occupied by the sitters. The table was of oval form, the two diameters being 5 ft. and 4 ft. respectively. The sitters and table so nearly filled the room, that there was no walking round three sides of the room without disturbing the rest of those present, and asking them to shift their seats. The fourth side of the room consisted of large folding doors, which were closed and which communicated with the drawing room. The opening of the small door of the seance room would have let in much light from the passage. There was no stool or anything in the room but the chairs of the sitters which would have afforded a footing to anybody trying to jump on the table. There were about two feet of space between the folding doors and the nearest sitter—Mr. Herne. Mr. Williams, the other medium, sat opposite Mr. Herne, at the other end of the longest diameter of the oval table; he was "sealed in" so to speak, at the further end of the room, by the table and the sitters.

"At the time of the solitary heavy "thud" upon the table caused by the arrival of Mrs. Guppy, the members of the circle were sitting very quietly; Mr. Herne was talking and his hands were held by Mrs. Edmiston on the one side, and Mr. Harrison on the other. When a wax match was struck, Mrs. Guppy was seen standing like a dark statue on the centre of the table trembling all over. The excitement, of course, was intense. The folding doors were closed; two of the witnesses noted the time, and three went to the door of the drawing room and found it locked.

"As Mrs. Guppy continued to tremble in the same attitude, and not to hear the words spoken to her, the candle which had been lit was removed for an instant, and John King said, 'She will be all right presently.' When she awoke, she had tears in her eyes and was greatly agitated. In the course of her statement about her removal from home, she said she was sitting by the fire with Miss Neyland, entering some things in her account book, and while writing a word she suddenly became insensible.

When she awoke in a dark place and heard voices around her, her first impression was that she was dead; then it flashed upon her that she had been carried to a dark circle, and she was afraid that she might be among strangers; finally she recognized the voice of one of those present, and felt much relieved at once.

"She complained that she had no shoes or bonnet to go home in, and was not dressed for an evening visit; while she thus complained, a pair of slippers (belonging to Mr. Herne we believe) dropped on the head of one of the gentlemen to whom she was talking, a minute or two later, a bunch of keys dropped into her lap before the eyes of those around her; this was in the light. At the short dark sittings which followed, a bonnet was brought and Mrs. Guppy recognized it as one which she had given to Miss Neyland a long time ago. Mrs. Guppy's boots and some articles of dress of hers were brought, also Mr. Guppy's overcoat, waistcoat and boots; four geraniums in pots about four inches high, standing in their saucers (one of the pots was upset, lying horizontally on the table); there were also articles of dress belonging to Messrs. Herne and Williams, brought from a bedroom upstairs. Altogether the articles of dress brought would have filled a clothes-basket of moderate size.

"Once when a light was struck Mr. Herne was seen by four persons with his feet above the level of the edge of the table, his arms extended towards the ceiling, and his whole body falling with the velocity almost of a flash of light into his chair. He was moving in a curve from the top of the folding doors. He said that he had seen Miss Neyland, who spoke to him as narrated in the preceding document; also that he saw her in the billiard room of Mr. Guppy's house, but the billiard table had been removed from it, and elegant furniture substituted; he described the furniture, and Mrs. Guppy said that some of the things he described had only been bought and placed in the room that morning, also that Mr. Guppy had removed the billiard table to another part of the house.

"Mr. Ernest Edwards suggested that if Mrs. Guppy would grant permission, it would be as well for some of the witnesses to return home with her, to hear at once the statements of those at Mr. Guppy's house. Mrs. Guppy strongly approved of the suggestion. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Herne and Mr. Harrison accordingly went home with Mrs. Guppy in two cabs; the cabs kept close to each other all the way, and all five persons entered Mr. Guppy's house together.

"Miss Neyland opened the door. She was followed by the whole party into the back parlour. No statement was made to her but she was asked, 'What had occurred?'

"She said that she had been downstairs with a newspaper on one side of the fire, while Mrs. Guppy sat at the other side of the fire entering household accounts in a book. The door of the room was shut. They were talking to each other, and on looking up from her paper after she had made some remark she was startled at seeing that Mrs. Guppy was not there. There was a kind of haze about the ceiling as is sometimes the case after strong spiritual manifestations.

"She looked through the downstairs rooms, and as she could not find her, went and told Mr. Guppy who was playing at billiards with Mr. Hudson, a photographer who lives in the neighborhood, and who had been helping Mr. Guppy in some amateur photography. Mr. Guppy said that 'No doubt, the spirits had carried her off, but they would be sure to take care of her.' Miss Neyland then searched the rest of the house, and afterwards she, Mr. Guppy and Mr. Hudson sat down to supper. Spirit raps then came upon the supper table, and the spirits said that they had taken Mrs. Guppy to Mr. Herne's seance. Mr. Guppy asked whether Mrs. Guppy was quite safe. The spirits said 'Yes'. so shortly after supper he went to bed.

"Miss Neyland was then asked, 'Had anything else occurred?' 'No.' 'Had she seen Mr. Herne previously that evening?' 'No.' 'Had she seen Mr. Williams?' 'No.' 'Where had she been most of the evening?' 'She had spent much of her time in the front room (once used as a billiard room) and *had gone to sleep there.*' 'What time was it when Mrs. Guppy was missed?' 'She did not know; it might have been about nine o'clock.' Mrs. Guppy here remarked that 'The clock downstairs was half an hour fast.' The whole party then went downstairs into the room from which Mrs. Guppy had been taken; her shoes were seen on the carpet in front of the fire, near her chair, and the clock in the room was half an hour fast.

"Mr. Guppy has since informed us that Mrs. Guppy came once or twice to him and Mr. Hudson in the course of the evening, suggesting that they should come and have supper; they replied that it was rather too early. He did not know what time it was that they last saw her.

"We regret to state that Mrs. Guppy was weak and unwell for several days after the occurrence of this manifestation of spirit power."

Two facts, not mentioned in the original account, caused consider-

able merriment in the public press. One is revealed by *The Medium and Daybreak,* June 9, 1871, an earlier account, according to which the last word inscribed in the book in Mrs. Guppy's hand was "onions". The second was published in a letter by Henry Morris, one of the witnesses to *The Echo*. When it was suggested that Mrs. Guppy should be brought, someone in the circle exclaimed: "Good Gracious, I hope not, she is one of the biggest women in London." *The Echo* published the letter on June 8, 1871, hence Henry Morris' account is the first that appeared in print. It is signed "Hy" but the writer's identity is easy to establish from the following editor's note:

> It is due to our readers and to our correspondent to say that we know "Hy" to be a Manchester merchant of high respectability. We should be very sorry to guarantee the authenticity of his narrative, but we have no right to question his disinterestedness or sincerity.

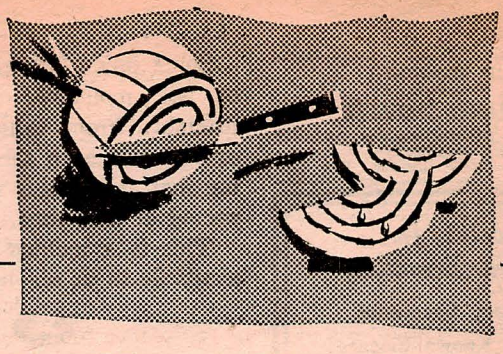
"Hy" repeats that from the joking remark about bringing Mrs. Guppy to the time that she was on the table three minutes did not elapse. Aware, perhaps, that in the first signed statement no mention is made of the locking of the folding door, but only of the doors communicating with the passage outside, he explicitly states that the room was examined before the seance began and both the folding door and the other door leading into the seance room were locked. He states, "The possibility of her being concealed in the room is as absurd as the idea of her acting in collusion with the media."

During the second part of the seance, which was held with the recovered Mrs. Guppy participating, "heaps of flowers were strewn all over the table. Leaves from a horse-chestnut tree, with moisture on them as though just sprinkled by a shower of rain, and apparently just wrenched from the tree, were also brought in large quantities."

This additional statement is worth including as it indicates that Mrs. Guppy, a well-known medium in her own right and famed for her flower apports, was in considerable power — which contradicts the statement of the editor of *The Spiritualist* that she was weak and unwell for several days.

IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

WHILE Tobe and Frieda Kilkeny were vacationing in Las Vegas, Nev., their names were drawn in a United States Crusade fund raising raffle. Their prize was an all-expense trip to Las Vegas.



She Knew Her Onions

By Clay Whiting

On New Years Eve Ann Kelly read a message in her onions. They predicted the weather for the coming year.

ANN Kelly, a Dutch woman who lived on Holts Run in Gilmer County, West Virginia, during the last century, was known throughout the county for her ability to forecast the weather.

Timbermen of that day, who depended on spring rises in the Little Kanawha River, to float their logs and rafts to the sawmills located near Parkersburg, came to her door to learn how much rainfall there would be each month the following year. They governed their purchasing according to her prediction.

Onions were the symbol Ann used in her forecasting . . . they held the key to the unknown, which she unlocked.

Every New Year's Eve Ann would cut six large Dutch onions in half and place them on a board. Thus there was one piece for each month of the year. After covering the onions with salt, she closed the door and waited until the old year gave way to the new.

Then reading clockwise the accumulated moisture on each onion half foretold the rainfall for one month of the coming year, as well as the time of the month during which the rain would come.

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Some onion halves showed little or no moisture, indicating a drought. From others the liquid over-flowed onto the board, showing that flood rains were to be expected at that time.

This is a method of forecasting available to us all—at least to try.



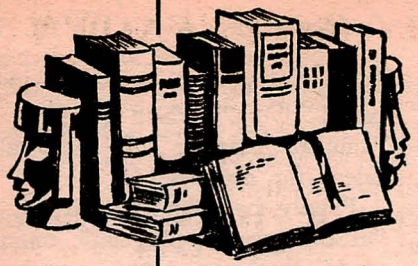
THE EMPTY COFFIN

RESIDENTS of Sulmona, Italy, reportedly are avoiding one part of their town because of a weird happening in connection with a man who was buried there in the late summer of 1956.

A concert troupe had visited Sulmona at that time and among the members was Raoul Hinay, 50, a Hungarian who claimed to have learned Yogi in India. He offered to demonstrate his powers by being buried alive before witnesses.

Insisting that his hands be tied first, Hinay was placed in a coffin and lowered into a grave, which then was filled with earth. The coffin remained buried for eight hours. When dug up, the seals were found intact. Onlookers, however, gasped in amazement when the coffin was opened. The ropes that had bound Hinay were there — but he was gone.

No tunnel or other means of egress from the grave was in evidence. According to last reports, Hinay has not yet been found.



NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

YOU DO TAKE IT WITH YOU, by R. DeWitt Miller—Citadel Press, New York; 238 pages, $3.50.

The author has devoted 25 years to psychic research, starting as a skeptic, and claims to have used more than 2000 books in preparing this volume. From a great number of very varied case histories, he draws the "inevitable conclusion" that "a wider life of things exists . . . and extension of our own life", which "constantly impinges on our lives"; in fact, "a brave new world, and a very real one."

Mr. Miller's memory is so loaded with psychic events that he tends to jump from one to another and to change the drift of his discussion so suddenly that a sceptic might perhaps be a little bewildered by the immensity of the field.

He endorses William James' conclusion that the only worthwhile end-product of philosophy is ethics: philosophy "must teach us how to act": what today we desperately need is a philosophy which will incorporate in it the facts of psychic research.

He has a very interesting chapter on "The Dead Are Not Quiet," and then relates the famous "Seventh Hand" case, investigated by Dr. Carrington. Rightly, he emphasizes that "credibility" is of no importance: *"a fact is, or it is not."* He has a good deal to say about Flying Saucers and psychism, "Angel's Hair," and Landing Gear. From illustrations where the physical brain has been virtually destroyed, while normal consciousness remains intact, he deduces the existence of "Your Second Body," as a logical necessity, for *all* living organisms. Also he establishes that "the phenomenon of life must be due to radiant and electrical energy."

Mr. Miller deals rather sketchily with reincarnation, perhaps not doing full justice to the oriental theory, which seems to me far deeper and more rational than most

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Occidental ideas on the subject. He is to be commended for a scathing indictment of fear for "this thing called dying," which he says is "another example of mankind's talent for nonsense!"

Finally, he points out that it is "of the greatest pragmatic importance" that we should know where we are going, and not "collect the wrong kind of equipment" for what we do take us—ourselves—"all we are, no more—*no less.*"

In general, the book is a plea for robust commonsense: knowledge that the "wider life" is possible, real, practical.

PADRE PIO, THE STIGMATIST, by Rev. Charles Mortimer Carty—Radio Replies Press, Saint Paul 1, Minnesota; 310 pages, $3.50.

This is the tenth and new edition of a biography of the Italian Capuchin of San Giovanni Rotondo, who may well become, if he is not so already, the most famous stigmatist of all time. The wounds in his hands, feet and side appeared suddenly in 1918 and have bled every day since, accompanied by great pain and loss of a cup of blood each day from the side wound. His hands cannot be closed, and have to be kept covered.

In addition, Padre Pio reads thoughts often disclosing sins of penitents before they speak; he understands languages he has never



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learned; frequently he appears to the sick, with the Blessed Virgin. His gift of bilocation has enabled him to be seen all over Italy, Austria and even Uruguay in South America, his visits often being accompanied with strong perfumes of roses, lilies, violets, incense, and even fresh tobacco.

The healings he has accomplished are legion, there being a 75-page chapter on his cures alone. Perhaps the most notable is that of Gemma Di Giorgi, Ribera, Sicily, who was born without pupils. After hearing the child's confession, Padre Pio stroked her eyes. Vision came instantly, permanent and complete, even though there are still no pupils—a veritable miracle, completely baffling to doctors.

Padre Pio is truly a saint of tremendous character, modest and unassuming, and with a robust sense of humor, which he knows how to use to good purpose.

Of this superb book, written in a straightforward, matter-of-fact style and containing 105 pictures, I cannot speak too highly or commend too strongly. A perpetual revelation of marvels, and deeply inspiring, it deserves a place of honor on your shelves.

The Roman Church will not make a pronouncement during the lifetime of Padre Pio. It would seem a safe guess that in due time he will be canonized.

My PROOF of Survival

FATE will pay $5 for each story published in this department. Stories should deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to "Survival" Editor, FATE Magazine, 806 Dempster Street, Evanston, Ill. Manuscripts must give author's name and address and include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

THE WHITE FACE

By Lydia Holgate

IN 1924 I lived in Marsh, Mont. One night in April my husband, Otto Ulrich, and my brother Phil Fuchs were seated beside each other in the kitchen while I washed dishes.

Suddenly I saw the face of my husband's brother, Jacob, between the two. Jacob's face seemed strangely white and I was puzzled as to why I should see it. I had not been thinking of him.

Fifteen minutes later a friend drove up and told us that my husband's brother had died. We found out later that he had died at the same time I saw his face.—*Missoula, Mont.*

THE BECKONING HAND

By Dorothy Gray Smith

WHEN MY paternal grandmother, Susan Gray, died in 1901 my brother, King, was two years old.

Grandmother had been an integral part of the family for several years and she and King had been inseparable. Mother found it difficult to understand why King did not show any grief at Grandmother's absence until one day Mother found him in the long hall that led to what formerly was Grandmother's bedroom. He was



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laughing and talking as if Grandmother were standing before him. Shocked, Mother asked, "King, to whom are you talking?"

"Gamma," he replied.

"But Grandma is gone—she's not there," Mother said quickly, the color draining from her face.

"Yes, she is," King laughed. "Can't you see her? She's going this way to me." He lifted his small right arm and beckoned with his hand.—*Whittier, Calif.*

MILLION-DOLLAR MESSAGE

By Everil Worrell Murphy

MY HUSBAND and I sat talking one evening in August, 1929, and somehow our conversation veered to Houdini's secret message. I reached over idly and touched one of Joe's cuff links.

"Isn't that a chip diamond? It's pretty," I said.

He laughed. "Dimestore glass. I always lose good links. Say, that gave me an idea!" he said. "If I die before you—oh, 50 years from now—I'm going to get a message to you about these links! Something preposterous. The message will be that among my belongings I left you a pair of cuff links worth . . . a million dollars. And—" he thought for a moment—"the medium must also tell you this; that I want you to have them made into something for you to wear.

Into - - well a pair of earrings! Nobody would ever dream up a message like *that,* unless they got it from me."

There was a moment of sober silence, and he said thoughtfully: "It would be such clear proof that I could reach you that it would be worth a million dollars, wouldn't it?"

We laughed the mood away.

But Joe died unexpectedly in October of that year.

A friend begged me to go to a Washington medium—Mrs. Ella MacLaren. The friend knew nothing of the message; strangely or not, in my grief I had not thought of it either.

Mrs. MacLaren said, slowly and with difficulty, "Your husband says I must get a message. This is *hard.* Yes, I'll try! He says ... why, that he left to you a small article of jewelry of unbelievable value—yes, cuff links. Worth—a million dollars! And—he wants you to have them made—into earrings, for you to wear!" — *Washington, D. C.*

PROTECTION FROM THE GRAVE

By Kay Knox

WHEN my mother died in 1916 I promised her I would take care of my brother, Lester. He was 18 and ran around with a group that drank and stayed out late.

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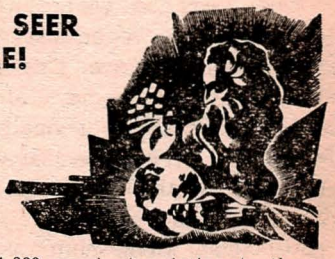
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One night about midnight I woke from a sound sleep for somebody called my name. I sat up and was amazed to see Mother standing beside my bed. She wore a long flowing robe that glowed with a strange light. Plainly I heard her say, "Your brother is in danger. Go to Louie's Place, five miles out on the old Salem Road, and bring him home."

An hour later I pulled up in front of the place and Lester got in the car. When I told him Mother had appeared and told me he was in danger he would not believe.

In the morning we read in the paper the place was held up and

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two men were shot.—*Nashville, Tenn.*

HAVE I DIED ONCE?

By Jean Donnell

WHILE LIVING in the tiny seaport town of Trujillo, Honduras, Central America, in 1953 I fell desperately ill. Yet strangely my perceptions seemed abnormally acute. I watched my husband and my friends bringing me medicine and keeping vigil beside my bed. Even while I struggled to remain alive, I was vividly aware of every detail, every expression of their faces, every whispered consultation.

There was no doctor to help that night and no hospital within many miles. Only four good people stood between me and death, my husband and three loyal women friends, a Mennonite nurse, an American Catholic and a Honduranian.

Although I knew there was every possibility I might die, I was not frightened at all. I simply was amazed that *I* was dying. The illness had come so suddenly, I had had no preparation whatsoever for its total consequences.

The nurse, Dora, said I needed a transfusion of plasma. Only one bottle of that precious fluid was available in the whole town and the equipment was old and bro-

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ken. Everyone worked frantically to mend it. At last they were able to give me the much-needed transfusion—only to have me go into shock. I shivered violently at a time when the slightest move overexerted my laboring heart.

Then my heart stopped completely. There was a gap in my awareness. I felt no pain, nothing. . . . .

I was told later that everyone cried out, "It's over! She's dead!"

Dora would not admit that I had died. Her faith was stronger than even her medical knowledge. She told the others, "No! God is not going to let her die!"

At this point I seemed momentarily to become conscious—how, I do not comprehend. In that interval after my heart stopped and before it started, I saw Dora trying frantically to find my pulse. I spoke to her and told her not to worry, that I was fine. She did not answer me and nobody paid the slightest attention to what I said. Then the druggist gave me an injection in my right arm. I said a few words to him, and that is all I can remember.

I learned later that the injection had been a last, desperate attempt to start my heart beating again—and that it had had no effect. Why my heart finally did start beating again, after all efforts had failed, nobody knows. I returned to con-

sciousness with the feeling that I was coming back into my body from out of the furthermost reaches of space. It seemed ages before I was sufficiently conscious to move my head. Although I seemed to know I was not fully conscious as yet, I was certain I was not going to die.

Hours later, when dawn was firing the tropical sky with a deep rose, I was allowed to talk. I told them of that curious interval when I had been aware of Dora taking my pulse and of the druggist giving me the injection. They agreed this had happened, but they did not believe I had seen it. They said I had been unconscious at the time, that my heart had stopped beating and that my eyes had rolled back into my head.—*Tegucigalpa, D. C., Honduras. C. A.*

DREAM CHILD

By Mrs. John Rose

WHEN MY husband, John, was a small boy he had a serious illness which led his doctor to say he never would be able to father any children. I knew this when we were married but thought we might adopt a baby.

John, who was in the Army, was sent to Korea. When he came home on leave early in 1946, he was ill with malaria. I nursed him and he became well again.

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On the last night of his furlough we were listening to the radio. John dozed off in his chair and began talking in his sleep.

"Marguerite Ellen, Marguerite Ellen," he called repeatedly. He began crying and I woke him to find out what was wrong. He said he had seen his mother, who had brought him a little red-haired girl and told him the child was his as long as he would take care of her. He had been playing with the child in his dream. His mother at this time had been dead for four years.

Soon after John returned to the Army I found I was pregnant. In due time I gave birth to a red-haired baby girl.—*Wichita, Kans.*

ACROSS 6,000 MILES

By Jean Chalkley

AT 4:00 A. M. on the morning of December 5, 1950, I woke for no apparent reason. As I was wide awake I read a mystery novel until I felt sleepy. I was dozing when I happened to open my eyes and saw my father kneeling beside me, lowering his face to kiss me. This was a rite he had performed nightly when I lived at home at Woolmonger's Farm, Blackmore, Essex, England. But, since April, 1948, I had been 6,000 miles away, in Lubbock, Tex.

This somehow did not seem strange to me as Father looked

the picture of health and his clean-shaven face wore a happy smile. As had been my habit in my youth, I stretched out my hand to stroke his cheek when suddenly he vanished.

I jumped out of bed and noted the exact date and time in my diary as we Irish folk are prone to remember unusual experiences which might have meaning. I became worried about Father, but the only phone we had was an extension with no dial. The landlady's phone, to which it was connected, would not be available at that early hour. It was exactly 5:00 A. M.

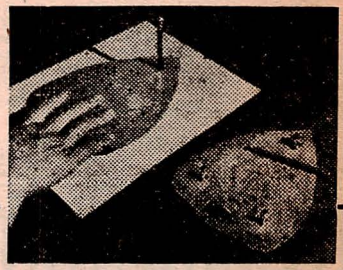
Waking my husband, Chris, I told him of my experience and asked for his advice. He said, "There's nothing wrong. If there had been, you would have heard." But this failed to comfort me.

I remained awake until 8:00 A. M., when I went to the landlady, Mrs. Grace Wise, and again related my unusual experience. She said, "Jean, we know you already have had many dreams that came true. Why didn't you wake me earlier so that we could check this one?"

We tried to place a trans-Atlantic call on an emergency basis but it was not until about 10:00 P. M. that the operator got through to Blackmore, Essex. This is a tiny town with a combination general

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store, post office and telephone exchange. The operator, who knew the few subscribers well, told the New York operator that Blackmore 222 would not answer, explaining no one was home as Mr. Edwin Chalkley was ill and had been taken to Brentwood Memorial Hospital in Brentwood, Essex.

Immediately I changed to a person-to-person call at the hospital. The matron, who spoke to the operator in New York in my hearing, said, "Mr. Chalkley passed away at 10:00 A. M. that morning." Because of the difference in time of the two places this was the exact time he appeared to me.

Not until midnight was I able to get through to my mother. Amazed at my call, she said, "I just sent you the wire about your father's death at 10:00 tonight."

I explained I had received no wire and told her of my strange experience. She said Father had had a stroke in bed at home and had lost consciousness before being taken to the hospital. He never regained consciousness before he died.

At 7:00 A. M. the next day the wire came telling of the death of my father, who never had been sick a day in his life. I always will feel it need not have been sent as he had been with me—6,000 miles away — when he died.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

UFO IN FLORIDA

I subscribe to your interesting magazine and believe the readers may be interested in a report of an unidentified flying object I saw recently.

While driving my car northward along U. S. Highway 1, at about noon on Wednesday, November 14, 1956, just south of Perrine, Fla., I noticed a peculiarly shaped white object ahead of me in the sky at about a 30-degree angle from the horizon. It was milky-white in color and about four times as long as it was wide, with the long dimension parallel to the horizon.

After looking at this object more closely, I saw that it could not be a bird or a plane. The two long sides of it were somewhat convex, giving it the shape of a thick magnifying glass or cigar. There were no protuberances extending outwards from the object, although the edges of it seemed fainter than the rest, so that its whitish color at the edges seemed to fuse with the blue color of the sky.

The unusual object appeared to be about a mile ahead of me, and

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its shape seemed to occupy as much space as perhaps four large planes would at that distance. While I watched it, for about a minute, it appeared not to move in relation to my position. After that minute it rapidly grew smaller while at the same time appearing to rise in the sky.

A large arc of the sky visible through the windshield of my car was nearly cloudless. There were only small clouds in the visible portion of the sky and no clouds near the mysterious object. Neither were there any buildings near the line of vision between me and the object. When the object grew smaller, apparently moving away from me, it disappeared in about 15 seconds.

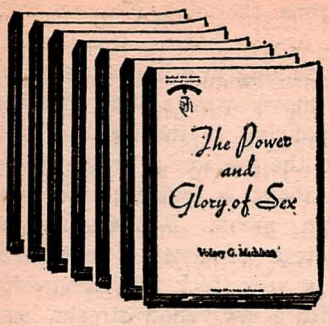
As I was in a hurry to keep an appointment in Miami, 20 miles to the north, I did not stop the car to determine whether the object was making any noise.

The object was not shiny as a plane would be. It appeared not to be completely solid, as it was milky in color. But neither did it look vaporous, as does a cloud.—*Keith A. Morrison, Homestead, Fla.*

UFO IN TORONTO

I wish to describe a thrilling experience I had on the evening of December 18, 1956.

I had left the house after supper



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to do some shopping. Not too high on the eastern horizon was the full moon, shining in a black, cloudless sky. I moved west a short distance and, glancing to the south, I saw low on the horizon a bright white light, about a quarter the size of the moon. Reminiscent of the pictures of comets I have seen, it had a very thick tail, also white but with a few yellow streaks here and there.

The tail tapered to a blunt end about half a dozen head-lengths away. Sparks issued from the tail's thicker end. The object was close to most rooftops, moving in eerie silence on a perfectly horizontal course.

After about three seconds a jutting rooftop hid the object from sight. Its speed certainly was slower than a passenger plane, one of which, incidently, I later saw roaring through the dark sky.

I looked at my watch. It was exactly 7:25 P. M.

Newspaper reports said the object was a meteor. I have seen meteors, but never one like this. The object was too large and moved too slowly. I thought it odd, too, how people differed in describing the object's color, speed, etc.— *Alex Saunders, Toronto, Ont., Can.*

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Sounds to me like an excellent way to obtain pictures of these "other flying objects" which we call flying saucers, doesn't it?—*Robert T. Watson, Clawson, Mich.*

FLOGGED BY A FLAGELLANT

I wish to say first of all that I thoroughly enjoy your wonderful magazine. I never thought that I would be writing to criticize you for an article—but with many regrets, I am.

The article, "Weird Cult of the Flagellants," by Dr. W. D. Chesney is my idea of the same old psychiatric rot dished up in the same old untenable and unpalatable way. As one man, I am tired of this sort of resort to the sewer of psychiatry.

I am a flagellant. I am not a member of any cult or order, but I do believe in flagellation; and I submit to flagellation of my own body. I believe that I am a better



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HIDDEN IN THE KABBALAH

I was much amused at L. Sprague de Camp's article on the Kabbalah, for it shows how very skillfully the Masters of Wisdom hid their treasures from those unworthy to receive its powers. Surely no article ever has been written seriously on the subject of magic which displays such utter lack of comprehension.

A hypnothesis which I think many will accept as self-evident is that any system of communication which is incomprehensible to the uninitiate, is not thereby invalid as a means of communication between those in the know. Knowledge is power and the parties to the secret do not want that power to fall into the hands of those they think will abuse it. I consider it highly unlikely that a means of communication like the Kabbalah would have been preserved and cherished for centuries if it had no actual significance.

For those to whom the whole idea is new, I think some hints can be given to neutralize the harm de Camp has done. For them let me state that the field of magic is both the field of improvisation by which elements can be taken out



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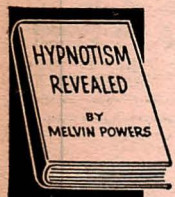
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of an apparently indissoluable mixture and recombined into another through use of the persuasive powers transmitted through words and forms, and the means by which communication can be established with entities not immediately perceptible to the five bodily senses. The field of Caballistic magic is the field of sub-human and superhuman persuasion, which in the hands of the adept are more powerful forces than the sort of brute material coercion which now passes for science. What will work for me in that field will not work for a de Camp and for no more profound a reason than the one which would bring my husband to me when I called him while de Camp's summons would go entirely unheeded.
—*Rachel Welch, Washington, D. C.*

PSYCHIC DAILY DOUBLE

I had a delightful psychic experience at Randall Park Race Track last summer. Since my husband was on vacation, we had made the whole meet at Randall Park. Aside from winning several very small daily doubles (on favorites), we seemed unable to connect with any large ones. It became a point of frustration with me.

On a Friday, as I prepared supper for my soon-to-be-home horseplayer, the "thought flash" suddenly came that when he returned and gave me $100, I would go to

the track the next day and win a large daily double.

My husband walked into the apartment, kissed me and handed me (one from each pocket) two $50 bills. I told him I had known he would give me $100 and that I would win the daily double the next day. I didn't know the numbers to use but was convinced they somehow would be given to me.

Early the next morning I was placing the coffee pot on the stove when I thought of the date that day (August 11) and recalled that my brother Henry had drowned in Lake Erie in 1915. Subtracting

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1915 from 1956, I had my daily double number of 4 and 1.

No. 4, Stimson, in the first race was a favorite, but No. 1, Scotchtown, in the second, a seven-year-old gelding, had been out once in two years. Both jockeys were apprentices and, although the situation was not encouraging, I bought my daily double ticket on 4 and 1.

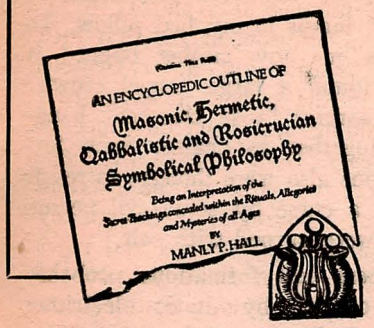
Stimson won handily and the amounts of the daily double combinations were posted on the tote board. Heading the list on No. 1 was the figure $181. That figure seemed a special confirmation to me, since the 8, separated from the two ones, gave August 11, the date of my brother's death. So, mentally as the horses went into the gate, I said, "Henry, you ride that horse and put a burr under its saddle and bring it in!"

Then they were off and Scotchtown was running last in a field of 11 horses. It got two calls both trailing until halfway down the stretch it passed all 10 horses and won. Henry *must* have helped!—*Jeanette White, Lakewood, Ohio.*

FEATHER CROWNS EXPLAINED?

I think I can take some of the "mist" out of the mystery of feather crowns found in the pillows on which persons have died, and all other feather formations sometimes found in pillows, which are discussed in the January issue.

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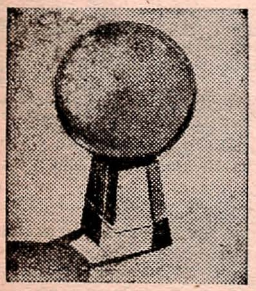
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I recall that when I was a child about six years old I complained about lumps in my bed pillow. To please me my mother opened it and found a large "angel crown" and several "rose clusters" hanging together in chains. Such formations also were thought to result from a curse by some evil person and were burned with salt.

These odd formations probably are caused by static electricity from the head moving on the pillow. The kind of feathers used in a pillow may have something to do with it too. It is well known that feathers curl easily.—*Fred William Renz, Indianapolis, Ind.*

GRAVE CLOTHES FOUND

In the January issue of FATE Sarah S. Fletcher of Honolulu asks what happened to the grave clothes of Jesus. If she will look up the August, 1954, issue of FATE, she will find that the clothes are called the Holy Shroud of Turin, and are owned by the royal family of Italy. The Shroud is kept in a special chapel in the cathedral at Turin.

Formerly the Shroud was displayed on certain feast days. I saw it in 1931, if my memory fails not. As FATE readers will remember, I had an original photo of the object. I offered to send prints to readers who would pay the cost of

copying and mailing. It is interesting to note that I mailed out well over 5,000 copies.—*Dr. W. D. Chesney, Milton Junction, Wis.*

FAITH WITHOUT GLASSES

In reply to the letter headed "Promotional Scheme" in the January issue, I wish to relate an experience of my own with Rev. James Welgos.

For some 40 years I have worn glasses with the usual nerve strain and general irritation. In 1930, after having worn glasses for many years, several doctors in New York City told me that I was as far-sighted as the average man at 90 years of age. I had astigmatism and had to have a prism cut into my glasses. And I had many spots generally called cataracts.

I have over the years tried all sorts of methods of ending the wearing of glasses but with only minor and temporary results. After reading Mr. Hart's article on the work of James W. Welgos, I sent $2.00 for his "Removing Eye Glasses Permanently." What Rev. Welgos had to say about the process of directing my own changes according to my own past experiences sounded like good, solid horse sense to me. I knew from experience that what he said was true. This gave me the understanding which is more than faith as we

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generally understand faith. I discarded my glasses with the decision that "this is my baby—nobody else can do it for me."

I ordered Rev. Welgos' treatise about three weeks ago. I am now typing this letter without glasses. I have "lost" them. I have been reading FATE and even the finest print without glasses. I am still in the early stages of seeing clearly, but each day brings improvement.—*Bob White, Cedar Falls, Iowa.*

ENCOUNTERS WITH ELVES

Having read in the November, 1956, issue Robert Ernst Dickhoff's account of seeing two strange creatures sitting by the posts of his bed when a child in Cologne, Germany, I wish to mention that former Air Chief Lord Dowding and a widely traveled, highly intelligent psychic researcher, Horace Leaf, F. R. G. S., of England, are firmly convinced of the reality of elves and related folk.

Mr. Leaf spent several months in Iceland, meeting well educated Icelandic families who told him of encounters with elves. One woman showed him a metal image which she insisted had been placed in her hand by an elf, during sleep. According to Mr. Leaf, Icelandic elves can adopt human form, and unsuspectingly be employed in shops, in fishing and on farms.

Their society is analogous to that of humans. They are born, marry, and die as do humans, often making human beings presents of finely wrought silver buckles and other articles.—*John P. Bessor, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

THE REPUBLICANS WIN AGAIN

I regret that I must disagree with a statement by Paul Steiner in "The Wheel of Fortune" in the December, 1956, issue of FATE. He writes:

"Only twice has the Republican Party been able to win the presidency in a year containing the figure "2", etc.

Here are three other Republican presidents elected in years containing the figure "2": Warren Harding, 1920; Calvin Coolidge, 1922; Hebert Hoover, 1928.—*Leslie V. Steward, Milford, Mich.*

FAVORITE READING

My favorite book is the Bible and I never have been one to do a lot of story reading. I have found, however, that I can read FATE without neglecting the Bible for FATE tells of visions and dreams as does my favorite book. Many thanks to FATE for reporting true psychic and miraculous happenings.—*Vida M. Holsinger, Lakeside, Calif.*

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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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