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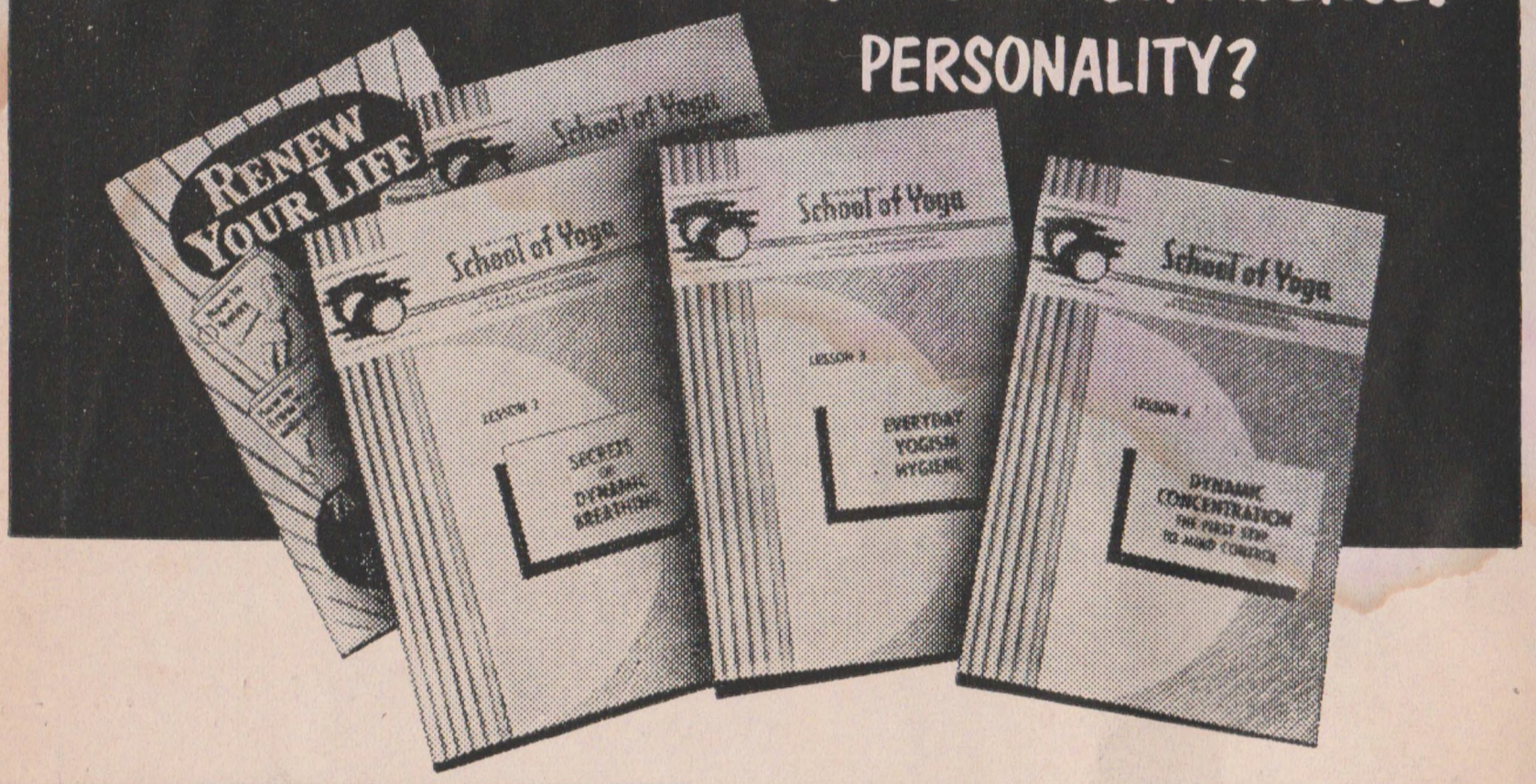
May 1957



Beginning
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- ☐ ☐ Is your posture good?
- ☐ ☐ Do you control tension, fear, worry, "nerves"?
- ☐ ☐ Do people like you?
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RESPECTABILITY FOR UFO'S

● High hopes are held for the new National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena to turn up hitherto unknown data on flying saucers.

Board chairman of the new group is Rear Adm. Delmer S. Fahrney (ret.) formerly head of the Navy's guided missile program. Fahrney headed the Navy's missile test center at Point Mugu, Calif., when this writer visited there.

"Evaluations adviser" of the new committee is Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer (ret.) of Poolesville, Md. Wedemeyer was World War II commander of U. S. forces in China and is now a vice president of AVCO Manufacturing Company. He was also Commander of the U. S. Sixth Army.

The group headed by Fahrney can lend increased respectability to bona fide saucer research if it can solve certain internal problems now plaguing it.



GUIDED BY "INTELLIGENCE"

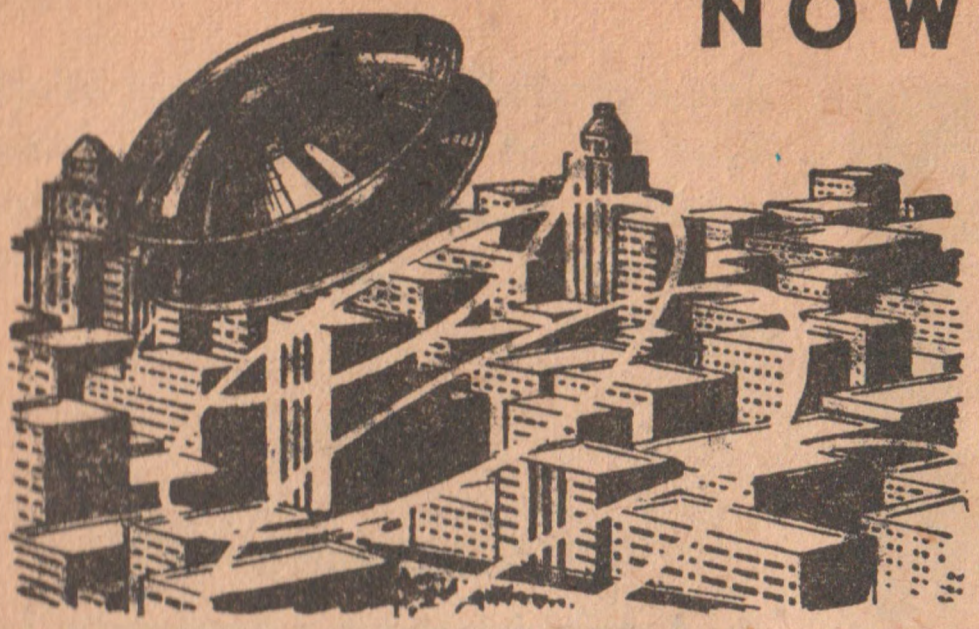
● Admiral Fahrney does not doubt that "there are objects coming into our atmosphere at very high speeds."

"No agency in this country or Russia is able to duplicate at this time the speeds and accelerations which radars and observers indicate these flying objects are able to achieve," he says. He also believes there are signs that "an intelligence" directs the objects because of the way they fly.

"They are not entirely actuated by automatic equipment," he explains. "The way they change position in formations and override each other would indicate that their motion is directed."

Fahrney coined the phrase, "guided missiles" to distinguish such objects from flying bombs and aerial torpedoes. He pioneered in the development of radio-controlled

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drone aircraft targets during World War II and has studied the distinguishing characteristics of objects that would be "guided" by an intelligence.

ASTRONOMER'S VIEW

● A world-famous astronomer has lent his support to the idea that UFO's seen in recent years may be coming from outside our own solar system. In January, Clyde W. Tombaugh, discoverer of the Planet Pluto, who himself has seen unidentified flying objects, gave his reasons to Reporter Joe Demic of the El Paso *Times*.

Tombaugh explained that there may be many worlds besides our own which could sustain life of a higher order of beings.

"We believe, however, that no other of the planets in our own solar system is so favored," Tombaugh said.

He went on to say that man is comparatively new on Earth as far as we know. He has probably been here only about two million years although the planet has existed a thousand times longer than that. (Tombaugh admitted the possibility that man has been here longer, but said we have no evidence that he has.)

"When we consider the extremely rapid tapping of new energies we have seen in the past 10 years, we

can imagine what a head start a race would have which passed our present point of progress a million years or only a thousand years, before us.

"If they have found how to take advantage of vast sources of energy, very powerful forces of nature, nuclear for example, which we have only begun to explore, they might be able to produce the tremendous power and velocities needed for long journeys into space. . . .

"In our galaxy, we have a spiral of 200 billion suns, each perhaps having its own planets and some possibly with atmospheres and temperature ranges similar to ours."

Thus there may be hundreds of thousands of worlds which could support life.

APPEAR TO BE DIRECTED

● Tombaugh is careful to state there is no proof at present that we do have space visitors or that if we do they come from any specific system.

"They may have a device for suspended animation preventing them from deteriorating—that is, aging—or even, perhaps, the generation which started the journey may have died and those visiting us now may be a new generation born en route."

But if space vehicles have crossed to Earth from the nearest stars they

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would have traveled 24 trillion miles—roughly a billion times around our world.

Tombaugh says that he has seen celestial phenomena which he can not explain, but he takes neither a cynical nor an enthusiastic view of their nature or origin.

"These things, which do appear to be directed, are unlike any other phenomena I ever observed," Tombaugh says. "Their apparent lack of obedience to the ordinary laws of celestial motion gives credence."

BACK TO MARS

● Not all the observations of Mars taken last September have been negative. In that month the Red Planet came closer to Earth than at any time since 1924—less than 35 million miles away—although most sightings were unfavorable because of a dust or haze cloud which seemed to surround the planet.

Now comes Dr. E. C. Slipher of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., who recently announced that he believes the canals on Mars were built by a civilization now extinct—supporting the long scoffed-at claims of Dr. Percival Lowell himself.

Dr. Slipher, like Dr. Tombaugh one of the world's foremost astronomers, made his statement in Bloemfontein, South Africa, where he had spent more than six months taking more than 39,000 photographs of Mars from Lamont Observatory in Bloemfontein.

A group of 1,450 photographs that Dr. Slipher took were made with advanced television apparatus which permitted the pictures to be enlarged more than previously. The device increases the brightness of the image to allow the exposure to be taken in a shorter time, thus eliminating distortion caused by turbulence in the upper air.

His study of the photographs convinced Dr. Slipher that the canals were built by intelligent beings. But he now thinks that Mars has passed its life-supporting era.

SAUCER HITS BUMP

● An unusual UFO report comes to us from *The Hartford Times* of January 2, although the original sighting goes back to last August 19.

On that day, Mrs. Marguerite Wermann of 79 Willard Avenue, Newington, Conn., observed a fiery object from her kitchen window at about 11:20 p.m. It looked like a burning plane and Mrs. Wermann watched it for 40 minutes or more.

It proceeded in an easterly direction until a plane flew above it. Thereupon it changed course to the southeast.

Now comes the peculiar part.

It continued southeast until it appeared to bump into and rebound from an invisible wall. At the impact the object lost its incandescence and looked much like a bus with four windows and a light shining through the windows.

In a few seconds it resumed its flaming aspect and returned on a northeasterly course.

CAUSE FOR ALARM

● Don't be lulled by the statements you read that atomic tests cannot harm humankind.

Scientific statements support our own Government's atomic testing. "Quite harmless," they say, and anyone who disagrees is a crackpot.

There are a lot of crackpots among scientists, then, because an increasing number are taking issue with the official white-washers.

Recently three professors at Smith College, Northampton Mass., issued a public letter which declared that the entire population of some parts of the world has already been critically over-exxposed to atomic radiation.

They have been exposed "beyond the danger point to an element which produces bone cancer. This danger is extreme in the case of children. And it is a direct result of H-bomb tests being carried on by the great powers, tests which seem likely to continue at the present or higher rate in the future."

DOOM OF MAN

● The three professors are Jess F. Josephs and William T. Scott, associate professors of physics, and George W. de Villafranca, associate professor of zoology.

They take specific issue with the conclusions of Dr. W. F. Libby, AEC commissioner, who says that in two or three decades of continuous testing the radiation exposure to the human race might rise to only three per cent of the hazardous limit.

They say that in the first place, Dr. Libby is referring to "the occupational limit" and that even by Dr. Libby's standards the "long exposure limit" is one-tenth of that. Thus Dr. Libby's own figures should be 30 per cent not three per cent.

However, Dr. Libby is referring to *average* figures and there are some areas in the world which far exceed the average.

The dangerous villain in this dance of death is Strontium 90, which attaches itself to calcium compounds to which it is chemically similar. Human beings take in calcium with the Strontium 90 attached. The Strontium 90 remains in the bone tissue to wreak destruction.

Now, the amount of calcium taken into the body depends upon the needs of people. It is a fairly constant total. If there is not enough calcium in the top soil in which the food is grown, more Strontium 90 is taken in.

The fact is that the amount of Strontium to calcium in certain areas—such as places in Wales—is about 50 times greater than the world average—because the amount of calcium is 50 times smaller than the world average.

In certain areas of the world the fallout hazard has already passed the danger point for adults and the danger for children, with their rapidly growing tissues, is many times greater.

How many world children have our atomic tests already sentenced to death?

It's a good question, to be matched by this:

"How long before we are all—every human being on earth—doomed?"

BRIDEY MURPHY REVISITED

• The Julian Press of New York has published *A Scientific Report on The Search for Bridey Murphy,* representing the collaboration of six psychiatrists and psychologists, including authorities on hypnosis. The authors haughtily dismiss any possible explanation other than the revelations of Bridey Murphy came about through the unconscious absorption of information in childhood.

They assume that reincarnation is utter nonsense. Morey Bernstein, the author of Bridey Murphy, is also put under close scrutiny and his motives are studied in detail.

The book, in summary, starts out to make a prejudiced case against the Bridey Murphy story, does it, and fails to come to grips with the basic problem of the original book. It does not explain the fact that Bridey Murphy did reveal a number of obscure facts about 19th Century Ireland which even experts did not know until they studied further.

CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS

• In another new book, *Clock Without Hands,* Ronald Edwin writes his confessions as a medium. He tells "How to Rig a Seance" and explains how he became a fraud.

The strange thing about Edwin is that he has genuine extrasensory powers. But like so many mediums he found these powers random, limited and sporadic.

He feels that most mediums are at least partially fraudulent and he discusses the great problem that even genuine mediums have: They are under constant pressure to per-

form and to produce successful results. At times they can produce results but not always, and so they fake results in order to please their credulous clients.

GHOST AIRPLANE?

● Do spectral aircraft ply the skyways?

In the Quad-Cities area of Davenport, Clinton, Moline, Rock Island and East Moline, police and airport officials have been puzzled by a strange craft that appears overhead at night, signals frantically for help, then disappears.

It has happened at least three times recently. The first time, several months ago, a pilot contacted the control tower at Quad-City airport, said he was in a jet airplane and told officials he was in trouble and expected to crash. Then his radio went dead. His plane was heard in several places. Then the report came in that he had crashed.

This proved to be untrue. The identity of plane and pilot never were learned; no planes were reported missing. The plane and its purported pilot simply disappeared.

The most recent report is similar. The plane was heard circling the city for several hours. All lights were turned on at Davenport Municipal Airport, at the Clinton Airport, and at Quad-City.

A woman in the Clinton area reported she received a pilot's distress call in some mysterious way through her television set. When she ran outside she could hear the plane overhead. Other persons also heard it.

Yet no plane landed and the noise of the craft overhead disappeared. No airplanes were reported missing.

In each case the weather is too bad for flying and all local planes, including airliners, are grounded. A number of persons hear the distressed craft overhead, calls for help are heard over the radio, and then the plane disappears.

ANOTHER CREMATION

● Young Sik Kim, 78, was a hopeless cripple. He lived with his 77-year-old wife in a two-room apartment at 1130 Maunakea Street in Honolulu.

Mr. Kim was sitting alone in his living room one day in December when he caught fire—literally. Mrs. Virginia Cagat, 23, a neighboring housewife, discovered Mr. Kim ablaze. Her screams brought Mrs. Kim and other neighbors.

But they couldn't approach close enough to put Mr. Kim out. The fire was too hot. The Honolulu Fire Department responded to the alarm, which was turned in 10 minutes late due to the general con-

fusion and entered the room through a window. The fire was nearly spent by then and was speedily controlled.

Only one corner of the room was damaged. The flames had destroyed an overstuffed chair on which Mr. Kim was sitting, a clothes rack full of clothes nearby, a curtain and a venetian blind. The wheelchair, which Mr. Kim was using as a footrest, was only scorched.

What could cause a blaze so hot it forced Mrs. Cagat to flee, nearly consumed a human being, yet confined itself to only one corner of the room? No one knows, but it happens often.

OLD, OLD HYMNS

● Hymns and chants sung in Christian churches today were being sung in Ancient Palestine before the birth of Christ.

In 1932, German Professor Heinrich Besseler advanced the theory that the chants sung in the Roman Catholic Church were of Aryan origin.

The Dead Sea Scrolls now refute this. Prof. Eric Werner told the American Musicological Society recently that he had found a forerunner of the Gregorian Chant in the scroll, "Hymn of Thanksgiving."

Similarly, hymns which pattern those used in the Catholic Mass today were found in another scroll, "Manual of Discipline."

Oddly enough, the "Isaiah" scroll bears marks which might be the forerunner of early Christian musical notation. They are similar to, and five of the marks are even identical with, ancient Slavonic or Russian musical notation. Not "Aryan" at all.

LUCKY DREAM

● No one has ever kept records on how many dry oil wells were drilled because of dreams—maybe none. But in Mosherville, Mich., on January 7, the first oil well in the history of Hillsdale County blew in a gusher after being drilled because of a woman's dream.

The well is in "Rattlesnake Gulch" near a bend in the Kalamazoo River on a farm owned by Miss Ferne Houseknecht.

The drilling began in May of 1955 after Mrs. Zulah Larkin, 72, of Coldwater, a close friend of the family, told Miss Houseknecht that she dreamed oil could be found by drilling at a certain spot near the river on the farm.

Mrs. Larkin led them to the location and even picked out of a crowd of persons the man she said would find the oil—Clifford Perry of Wood County, Ohio.

Natural gas was struck last September. But Mr. Perry's rig was too

small to continue the job and a larger outfit had to be brought in from Mt. Pleasant.

Everyone was discouraged at one time and they were about to stop drilling. But Mrs. Larkin insisted that if they went deeper they would reach oil. They did.

100—PROOF DREAM

• Another dream with unusual results was dreamed by Deputy Sheriff Rowland Chrisman, of Beattyville, Ky.

Chrisman dreamed "so plain" about a still under a cliff on Lower Creek, only two miles from Beattyville, that he took two other deputies along with him the next day to look for it.

They found a man operating a "three-barrel" still, just as Chrisman dreamed.

FEELING NO PAIN

• The newspapers were agog during January with the fact that a baby boy was born by Caesarean section in Houston, Tex., while the mother was under the post-hypnotic suggestion that she would feel no pain.

The 34-year-old mother, Mrs. Wallace A. Covington, had been hypnotized several times before the operation. During all the months of her pregnancy she was told repeatedly that she would feel no pain during her operation.

Before the operation, Mrs. Covington was hypnotized and again told that she would feel no pain. Then she was awakened and was fully awake during the operation.

The surgery was performed before a closed-circuit television audience of 150 doctors, nurses and laymen in an auditorium in Memorial Hospital.

It was the second Caesarian section for Mrs. Covington and her fourth child.

The surgeon stated that Caesarian sections had been done under hypnosis before but this was the first time that a patient had undergone major surgery merely under the influence of a suggestion that she would feel no pain.

LOOK; MOM, NO HANDS

• Physicians who study the strange workings of the unconscious mind might profitably investigate sleepwalking, and particularly the somnambulism of Mrs. Marcia Wollner, attractive housewife of Hayward, Calif. Mrs. Wollner can do things in her sleep she can't begin to do when awake.

Recently she got up in her sleep, dressed, put the family's two dogs into her husband's 1940 car, and drove 23 miles without any headlamps (they weren't working).

When she woke, Mrs. Wollner was pounding on the moving car's dashboard as it labored up Pergola Hill on State Route 50 east of Hayward. She became frightened, parked the car, and went to a pay phone to call her husband. He was sound asleep and finally she called the Hayward police who notified the sheriff's police who in turn alerted Berkeley police to go and wake up the sleeping man.

All he could say was: "Well, I'll be damned."

Mrs. Wollner isn't upset about her experience. Says it happens quite often. She's made several auto trips in her sleep and once climbed down the side of a building. Another time she woke up on top of a garage.

Her grandfather, she says, was an even more sensational sleep walker. Once Grandpa forded an icy creek, cut down a tree and split it before returning to bed.

Next morning he complained he was tired. Felt just liked he'd been chopping wood, he told Grandma.

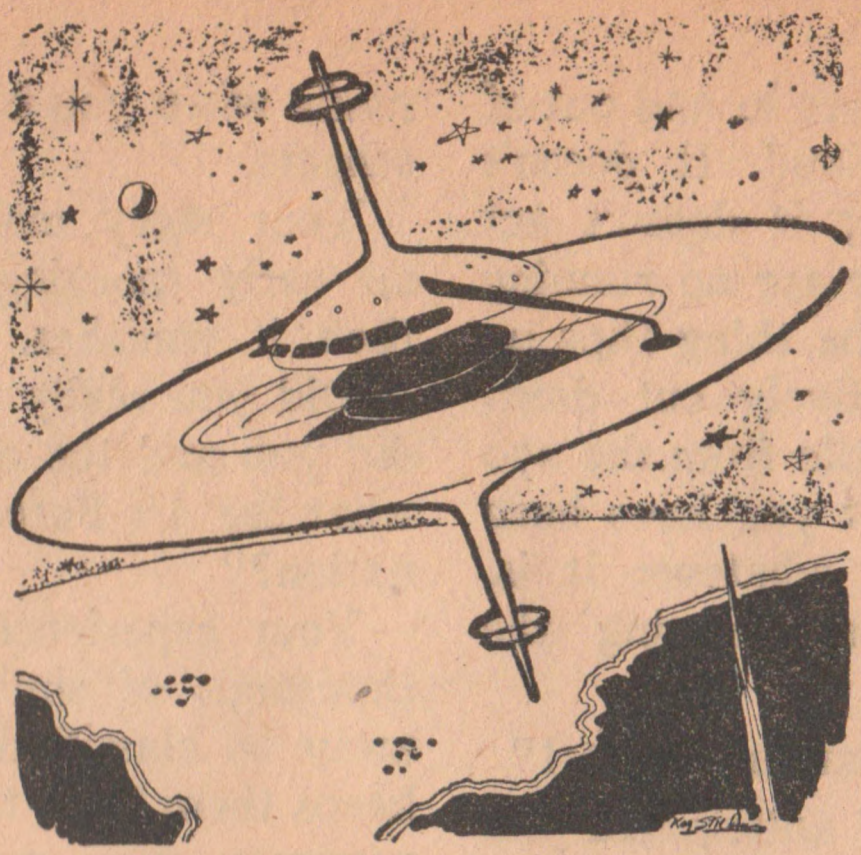
—Curtis Fuller

DOES I. Q. INCREASE WITH AGE?

FOR 30 years psychologists generally have assumed, on the basis of intelligence quotient tests, that man reaches the peak of intelligence at about the age of 21. This belief recently was challenged by Dr. Nancy Bayley, head of the Child Development Section of the National Institute of Mental Health in Washington, D.C. Dr. Bayley contends that a more likely peak of intelligence is 50 years.

Dr. Bayley expressed skepticism of accepted tests that show increased scores in the early 20's followed by a consistent decline throughout the adult years. She said that repeated tests on the same persons as they grow older have yielded scores that do not follow this pattern but indicate that some intellectual abilities may continue to increase slowly to the age of 50 or older. These findings, Dr. Bayley feels, require a reconsideration of the whole subject of age changes in intellectual abilities and a review of the methods by which intelligence can best be tested and evaluated at different ages.

Dr. Bayley pointed out that both the physical and psychological environment had improved in the last 20 years. Since older persons have not had the advantage of growing up in this generally more healthful world, this would be reflected in the results of tests. Thus it may be necessary, Dr. Bayley said, to set new norms for intelligence at least every 10 years.



to see or not to see
FLYING SAUCERS

The DC6 pilot saw the mysterious sky object hurtle straight at him. He shoved the wheel forward . . .

By Frank Edwards

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ANOTHER gorgeous night!" says your co-pilot.

You agree with him. It is indeed a glorious night. Fifteen minutes ago you pulled the big four-engined DC6 off the runway at Philadelphia, en route to Washington. Your engines are drumming along smoothly; 8,000 feet below, the moonlight flickers briefly on the Susquehanna River, just above the Conowingo Dam. Off to the right and 30 miles ahead, the lights of Baltimore glow like tiny jewels. It's a great night to be alive!

Your wrist watch says it's 10 minutes past midnight, October 19, 1953.

"What the hell is that!?"

You look where the co-pilot is pointing. There is something out there, something that shines in the

moonlight as it moves in and out of a thin layer of cloud. It doesn't look like a plane; it doesn't act like a plane. There are no running lights on it, and the thing flips on edge. You instinctively cut down your air speed a little from the 270 miles per hour that you have been doing. The thing, whatever it is, has stopped. You're closing the gap quickly.

"Give him the landing lights!"

The co-pilot had anticipated you there, his hand was already on the switch. The powerful lights in your wings flash on and off, to warn the thing ahead of you that you are coming.

A blinding beam of white light reaches out from it. . .finds you. . . and the thing comes straight at you! You shove the wheel forward. . .the big passenger liner plunges. . .you miss the thing with the blinding white light by a split-second. You know that the 27 passengers you are carrying are piled up in the aisles, but now your job is to bring the ship out of the dive. At 5,000 feet you manage to level off, but there's hell to pay back in the cabin; passengers, pillows and overcoats all in one scramble. You get on the horn and flash the report of your experience to the National Airport in Washington, as per instructions. No planes in your area, says the airport control, and they will have medical facilities ready when you bring in your passengers.

Your story makes one issue of an early morning newspaper and then it vanishes.

Did you really see something, or did you and the co-pilot both have what the Air Force calls a "hallucination?"

Your experience is just one of thousands of similar reports, filed away as classified material, which keeps them from the prying eyes of newsmen who are not convinced that the official stories are true stories, where these strange objects are concerned.

What may some day be the greatest news story of all time began on the afternoon of June 23, 1947. A railroad engineer called the newspaper in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to report that he had seen something very strange in the air that day.

"They looked like 10 shiny, disc-shaped things," he said. "They were very, very high, fluttering along in a string and pretty soon they vanished toward the northwest."

How fast were they going? Well, he guessed they might have been traveling 500 miles an hour—faster than any plane he had ever seen.

Railroad engineers are not regarded by newspapers as authorities on aerial phenomena. His report made only a few lines on the news tickers and was dropped dur-

ing the early-evening reports.

Next day the storm broke.

A Boise, Idaho, businessman, Kenneth Arnold, was flying his own plane from Chehalis to Yakima, Washington. Before him in the distance something glinted in the brilliant sunshine. Between his plane and Mount Ranier he saw a string of nine shining, disclike objects swerving back and forth over the mountains. Flat like pie pans, Arnold later told authorities. How fast were they? Veteran flier Arnold estimated their speed at 1,000 miles per hour—or better.

That story hit the news wires with a crash and made the front pages from coast to coast. Before the night was over, Arnold's strange account had support: A Portland building contractor who knew nothing of the furor over Arnold's report told authorities that while up in the Cascades during the day, he and his companions had watched six or more shiny disc-shaped things zooming overhead in unbelievable maneuvers. They noticed more than that, however, for while the objects were in the neighborhood the contractor reported that his compass wavered wildly.

In the ensuing week, reports of sightings poured in from all parts of the United States, from Canada and Alaska and from ships at sea. The Air Force, charged with evaluating such reports, was plainly bewildered by the magnitude of the problem. The first official announcements stated that a check was being made on the reported sightings. A few days later the Air Force made its initial backflip: On July 4, in an effort to reassure everyone, a statement was released to the press to the effect that the mystery had been solved: everyone was having hallucinations!

The Air Force brass could not have chosen a more transparent solution nor a worse day on which to release it. On that same day, thousands of perfectly sane citizens in Portland, Oregon, watched dozens of strange discs flip around in the skies at tremendous altitudes. Seattle, Vancouver, Spokane and many smaller cities reported similar sightings before the day was done. Most conclusive of all was the experience of a United Airlines crew flying a passenger plane over Idaho. Captain E. J. Smith, Copilot Ralph Stevens and other crew members watched five wingless discoids move into the path of their plane, to be followed a few moments later by four more objects of identical form, which the fliers estimated to be about 100 feet in diameter and perhaps 20 feet in thickness at the center. The airliner crew watched them for 10 minutes before the discs suddenly accelerated and ran away from the big passenger plane.

Since those first hectic days of the so-called "saucer" sightings the Air Force has changed its position several times, generally with an ineptitude that served merely to underscore the contradictions in the official statements. Since the 1947 sightings in this country, similar unidentified flying objects have been reported from every country on earth, including the Soviet Union and its satellites. A great deal has been learned about the disc in these past eight years but thus far no nation has been able to produce a comparable device. The strange objects have been frequently tracked by radar, photographed by movie cameras, by still cameras with diffraction grids and by telescopic devices. They have been seen at close range by military fliers who pursued them in jets; they have played tag with civilian and military pilots on occasion. Many credible witnesses have reported to authorities that these circular, metallic-appearing objects have been seen on the ground, generally about daylight and almost always in remote areas. The favorite theme in Air Force public statements has been to dismiss the matter as a crackpot phantasmagoria.

If that is the correct explanation our problem is serious indeed. The "disease" has spread to official circles, to the governments of many nations including our own. Some of our government agencies are spending fabulous amounts of money and time trying to solve the mystery of the flying discs at the same time they are telling the public such things do not exist!

What are these unidentified flying objects?

Are they fact or fantasy? Let's look at the record.

The sightings of 1947 created intense public interest and then ceased as dramatically as they had begun. In 1948 I went to Alaska and made movies of that majestic land. While I was there I made inquiries about the mysterious UFO's —and I found numerous civilian fliers who had reported the things. I talked with two jet pilots who had reported chasing a strange wingless object that looked like the fuselage of a wingless B-29, with no visible means of propulsion. Then I got a spray job from the Air Force in Alaska, whose representatives slyly hinted that they knew all about the things. And, unofficially of course, they could assure me that there was nothing to be concerned about. The UFO's were ours!

I must hang my head in shame and admit that I fell for their story, for a while at least. Then came that night in the winter of 1949 when Gordon Graham gave me that package—the advance copy of an article which *True* magazine had scheduled for release in its January,

1950, issue. Written by Major Donald Keyhoe, it methodically punctured the Air Force shield of confusion and presented an imposing array of factual matter to support his statements.

When I saw what the package contained I realized that time was very short if I was going to break the story before it hit the newsstands. After my network broadcast that night I put in a call for the editor of *True,* Mr. Ken Purdy, and finally got him out of bed at his home in Westport, Connecticut. He was unhappy about that and he was even less happy when he learned that I had come into possession of that advance copy.

"Let you break it?" he snapped. "I don't see how I can do that; we've already made arrangements with Walter Winchell to give him first break on the story. If you beat him to it he will probably blow his stack and then—"

I persisted and he resisted. The phone call was beginning to cost real money. Purdy knew, of course, that I could break the story without his consent. We finally agreed that I could go ahead with it the following night, providing I used not more than 200 words of the text. It was a good deal for both of us.

My preview of that forthcoming magazine article got nationwide coverage through Mutual and again reprinted what I said the following by way of the news services which morning. The Air Force was peeved at me, a state of mind from which they have never fully recovered, as far as I am concerned. A few days after my broadcast Winchell and Lowell Thomas picked up the story from *True* and the flying saucer controversy was off for another round.

A great deal of criticism has been leveled at the Air Force over the manner in which it has dealt with the public on the subject of Unidentified Flying Objects. Some of that criticism is warranted, I think, for it is my opinion that the Air Force has bungled this particular assignment badly. They are admittedly in a ticklish position in this matter and their responsibilities are heavy. Yet to be most effective they must win public confidence and in this they have failed. I say failed, because the tens of thousands of people from all walks of life who wrote to me on this subject made it clear that they did not believe the Air Force official statements and "explanations" which are too frequently contradictory or ridiculous.

It would, I think, have been far better for the Air Force to have admitted that they were aware of the implications and that they were seeking the answer, whatever it might be.

When a veteran jet fighter pilot's radar locks on a strange object and he chases it at full speed for hundreds of miles before it eludes him, it hardly makes sense to tell that pilot (and the public) that he was chasing a weather balloon.

When a naval officer makes movies of several disc-shaped objects maneuvering in formation at speeds that were officially estimated to be in excess of 900 miles per hour, it is hard to accept the Air Force statement that the objects are only seagulls! Nature has done some wonderful things but she has yet to develop a 900-mile-an-hour bird of any kind.

For the past eight years I have been as close to this baffling subject as any civilian could be. I have waded through reams of phony photographs, most of which could be spotted with little trouble. I have had countless letters from crackpots and psychopaths who were eager to relate thrilling experiences with the little people who existed only in the wide-open spaces of their troubled minds. But I have also been in close and constant communication with pilots, physicists, astronomers, radar experts and other credible sources from all over the world, and through their findings and reports I have witnessed the gradual verification of a news story that may some day surpass all others.

During the four and a half years that I was with Mutual, I was in very close touch with the men who fly America's thousands of commercial airline planes. These are the carefully trained pilots, co-pilots, navigators and flight engineers who are responsible for the safety of millions of passengers and billions of dollars' worth of equipment. Since the airline pilots are members of the AFL it was easy for me to establish rapport with them on a confidential basis.

For a couple of years, until 1952, there was no difficulty in getting prompt reports of strange objects the fliers were encountering in the skies. I made a telephone recording of a conversation with Captain Jack Adams of Chicago and Southern Airlines only a few minutes after he and his co-pilot had reported that a large circular object was flying rings around their airliner near Stuttgart, Arkansas. This incident was promptly covered by the press services and got excellent coverage on press and radio.

In contrast we have the case of a B-36 bomber near Rosalia, Washington, which radioed that it was being circled by a huge disc-shaped object carrying blinking blue lights. The crew of the bomber were watching the thing visually and on their radar. Dated February 6, 1953, their account of the sighting is one of the most detailed re-

ports in the files, but the press wires ignored it and few people knew that it had happened.

I mention this incident because it is typical of the manner in which thousands of similar cases have been kept from the public knowledge. The less the people know about what is happening the easier it is to deceive them into believing that nothing whatever is occurring. It is ironic that in the United States, which prides itself on its freedom of press and freedom of speech, the muzzle has been clamped on the subject of Unidentified Flying Objects. The best examples of this suppression are to be found in the manner in which the sightings in the District of Columbia have been handled.

As late as the summer of 1952 there was prompt publication of the sightings in Washington, D. C. On the night of July 20, 1952, the radar scope at the National Airport picked up five objects which were also reported by commercial radio engineers, who saw the things near their transmitter, moving in formation. The radar contact verified the formation and speed; a warning was flashed to nearby Andrews Field military base. For two hours the strange objects circled the nation's capital without interference. (Actually all the jets were sweeping the skies over New Jersey at the time, where a gigantic object was hovering far above the reach of the jets. They stayed there until the thing went away, about 2:10 a. m.) The first jets to reach the Washington area came roaring in about three o'clock on the morning of July 20. As the jets approached, the Unidentified Objects scattered and vanished from the radar scopes. After scouring the area vainly, the jets went on to land at Andrews Field. Five minutes later, the radar scopes again picked up the mysterious blips. One of the things, easily seen because of the lights around its periphery, followed a commercial airliner to the edge of the National Airport. By daylight, the objects were gone and the weary jet and radar crews went to some well-earned rest.

Newspapers had no trouble getting the story from the airport personnel and others who had been in the midst of the excitement. Only the Air Force remained aloof.

On the night of July 26, the things were back over Washington again. This time they came in at high altitude. First reported by commercial pilots, they were quickly picked up by radar and jets were dispatched. The jet pilots saw the things right where the radar indicated they should be, but the jets were hopelessly outdistanced in the chase.

Official explanation: The things were natural phenomena! If so, it

is the first time in history that armed planes have been sent up to shoot down natural phenomena.

On the night preceding the second visit of the Unidentified Flying Objects to Washington, the jet pilots were instructed to order the "natural phenomena" to land and if they refused, "shoot to kill." Under a nationwide barrage of protest to President Truman from aroused and alarmed citizens, the "shoot to kill" order was quietly rescinded a few hours after I had broadcast the fact of its existence.

The sensational and puzzling developments were fully reported in the nation's newspapers and on the air. There was ample coverage — but that was in the summer of 1952. From that moment forward the screws were tightened on the release or discussion of Unidentified Flying Objects at official levels.

The evidence: One May 13, 1954, between 12:45 and 2:00 A. M., police and other personnel at the National Airport reported watching two large glowing objects which maneuvered over the airport and over part of the city of Washington. Military Air Transport confirmed the sightings and an Air Force spokesman recommended that the things be referred to as Unidentified Flying Objects. The report of this incident appeared in one early edition of the *Washington Post*. It did not appear in any other newspaper or in any other edition of the *Post!*

On that same day, May 13, shortly before noon, a group of government electronics experts were putting the finishing touches on a special type of long-range radar equipment. Suddenly they noticed that the screen was recording some sort of object at great altitude, something of a tremendous size. They double-checked by switching on another unit and it, too, began to track the thing, whatever it was. They were able to determine that it was approximately 250 feet in diameter, about 15 miles above Washington, moving from point to point around a rectangular pattern at about 200 miles per hour. For three hours the thing hovered over the Capital under the scrutiny of several government radar units, before it moved to the west and finally vanished from the scopes.

The story of this strange visitor did not make the news wires.

It is worth noting, however, that on June 14, one month after the Washington incident, a great object of unknown nature was located by radar over the city of Wilmington, Delaware. Ground observers watched it through high-powered optical devices. The Baltimore Filter Center kept it on their radar screen for two hours. Whatever it was, it performed exactly like

the object that had been located over Washington, moving in rectangular patterns about 15 miles above Wilmington.

More silence.

The silence is so thick that it is oppressive.

Just how successful the authorities have been in keeping the facts about these mysterious visitors from the American public is convincingly set forth in an official document published by the Civil Aeronautics Administration, a copy of which I have. It is entitled: "For Limited Distribution — A Preliminary Study of Unidentified Targets Observed on Air Traffic Control Radars." Designed for the guidance of radar control experts at the nation's airports, it contains a few reports from various cities, but the meat of the study is concerned with Unidentified Flying Objects that have been tracked in and around Washington. It is pretty heavy reading since it is loaded with technical data concerning radar. However, the booklet also contains numerous charts, which show how the UFO's moved across the radar screens, and these charts are readily understandable. By careful reading of the text it becomes apparent that the CAA's explanations do not explain.

The CAA study is forced into the realm of speculation when it has to deal with Dr. Menzel's theory of temperature inversion, which holds that these mysterious blips are nothing more than reflections caused by cold air pressing against warm air under certain close restrictions. Since this theory does not explain how temperature inversions fly in formation and elude jet pursuit planes, the CAA report indicates that your guess is as good as theirs. Temperature inversions require both cold air and hot air — apparently plenty of the latter.

There is another effect known to radar men as the delayed-pulse, which can cause blips to appear on the screens. The CAA evaluation says that if the objects on the radar scope were actually nothing more than this delayed-pulse effect, *the speed of the object could not exceed the speed of the air itself*. An examination of the official charts for the sightings of August 13 and 15, 1952, in this same official document, *shows that the objects were moving more than twice as fast as the air itself!* The delayed-pulse explanation doesn't fit the circumstances, either.

In this official document "for limited distribution" there are listings of 34 recorded sightings in and around Washington in less than three months in 1952 alone. Many of those sightings were made by the pilots of commercial airliners

entering and leaving Washington. I checked the newspaper files for that same period and I find only four of these sightings mentioned. The others evidently never got beyond the official files.

On July 7, 1952, the CAA study says that Captain Bruen of National Airlines radioed that he was being approached by a blue-white light at an altitude of 11,000 feet about 60 miles west of National Airport. "The object," says the CAA report, "came to within two miles of the aircraft and hovered at the same altitude. Pilot switched on all lights, ball of light took off, going up and away."

On July 20 of that same year, Capitol Airline Flight 610 was approaching Washington National Airport at three in the morning. The CAA report says that the plane was followed by a lighted object to a point about four miles from the airport. The object was tracked by two radar stations until it left the field of the scopes. On July 14, the same report says, Pan-American flight 901 got a good look at six red objects flying beneath the plane. The objects were doing an estimated 1000 miles per hour when they made a sudden acute-angled change of direction and sped away.

The CAA charts published in that document list more than a score of sightings involving a single object in each case. Other sightings, both radar and visual, include what it calls "many" objects. The real jackpots were hit on May 23, 1952, when 50 of the things were under observation on the Washington radars at the same time and again on August 13, when 68 Unidentified Flying Objects were officially tracked within 19 miles of the National Airport between 8 and 11:30 P. M. moving at widely varying speeds and directions. Please note that this remarkable and unexplained event took place less than one month after the July sightings which made the front pages. When the August 13 UFO's darted over the nation's capital, not one word was made public.

The muzzle was on.

That CAA study covers only three months in 1952. How many UFO's have been charted around Washington since then? The record does not show, because the records are not available to the public. Only once in a while can you get a peep under the lid of secrecy — on one of those rare occasions when the Air Force slips up.

Such an instance took place in the summer of 1954 when the Air Force released from the Pentagon a press statement which asserted that during the first five months of 1954 it had received only 87 reports of sightings of UFO's. The three newswire services dutifully trans-

mitted this statement to the newspapers and broadcasting stations where it was passed on to the American public as further evidence that the so-called "flying saucers" were almost nonexistent.

Not one of those news services took the time or the trouble to check the accuracy of that Pentagon handout. They simply accepted it and sold it to their clients. I was the only national news source which refused to carry the story. I knew that it was incorrect because I knew that more than 100 sightings had been reported in the Air Force in that same period and I was receiving more than 100 reports per week from listeners who were sending clippings from their local papers. The news-wires carried reports of such sightings in 1952; they did not carry them (with rare exceptions) in 1954.

In Washington the Air Force press desk told the public in June of 1954 that it had received only 87 sighting reports in five months. At Cincinnati, which is the nerve center of the entire government UFO investigation, Lt. Colonel John O'Mara is Deputy Commander of Intelligence. He was interviewed by Mr. Leonard Stringfield, Cincinnati businessman and publisher of a periodical dealing with UFO's. Colonel O'Mara scuttled the Pentagon statement when he told Mr. Stringfield that sightings were actually pouring in *at the rate of more than 700 per week — the heaviest rate since the investigation was started five years before!*

As further evidence of the manner in which the flood of sightings has been kept from the public, the *Wilmington Delaware Morning News* carried a front-page story on July 9, 1954, headlined: 100 MYSTERY FLYING OBJECTS SPOTTED HERE. "Air Force permits Ground Observer Corps to release data on phenomena sighted in past two years and confirmed elsewhere." The article disclosed that ground observers had been watching these things and reporting them to the Baltimore Filter Center where the Air Force studied the reports. On July 5, just four days before the *Wilmington News* broke the story, the Air Force had officially identified one of the sightings as "an Unidentified Flying Object!"

As the evidence mounted, month by month, I carried the reports briefly on my nationwide Mutual news commentary. The Air Force efforts to ridicule the subject were not helped by my repeated disclosures.

There can be little doubt that many of the reported sightings are nothing more than ordinary objects: weather balloons, high-flying planes, meteorites, et cetera. By the same token it becomes difficult to dismiss the reports of credi-

ble observers who are trained in their fields and equipped with devices to record such things: the astronomers, the military and commercial pilots, the civilian fliers, the ground observers, the radar operators and the weather-bureau personnel who report unidentified flying objects.

What importance does the Air Force really attach to the UFO's?

Air Force Chief of Staff General Nathan Twining said at Amarillo, Texas, on May 15, 1954: "The best brains in the Air Force are working on this problem of the Unidentified Flying Objects, trying to solve this riddle."

Are these things secret weapons of some sort?

No nation which had a secret weapon of such fantastic potentialities would risk sending it over a foreign country where it might be forced down and the secret exposed. And the UFO's are reported over every country on earth.

What are they?

The eventual identification of the UFO's is the first aim of the project to which General Twining referred in his Amarillo speech. The second objective of that same project is to duplicate the propulsion system UFO's are believed to use.

Where do they come from?

Two separate groups of distinguished American physicists have told me in writing, that after careful evaluation of the evidence, they are of the opinion that the UFO's "do not originate on this earth and that they are created and operated by intelligent beings of a very high order!"

How do they function?

It is now known, through the patient research work of American, Canadian, Australian and Scandinavian scientists, that there is a severe disturbance of the earth's gravitational forces when a UFO comes within range of the recording instruments. Many nations, including our own, are now engaged in extensive (and expensive) gravity-magnetic research programs, in the belief that a great new field of untapped energy may lie in that direction.

Dr. Hermann Oberth, father of the German rocket program, told newsmen recently: "There is no doubt in my mind that these objects are interplanetary craft of some sort. I am confident that they do not originate in our solar system but they may use Mars or some other body for a way-station."

During the summer of 1954, hundreds of astronomers placed throughout the southern hemisphere kept the planet Mars under continuous observation. This unusual project was known as Operation Mars. At Bloemfontein South

Africa, Dr. E. C. Slipher of Lowell Observatory watched the red planet through the giant telescope and finally announced that there could no longer be any doubt that there is life on Mars. Thousands of pictures were taken during the worldwide observations but the official statement from the Mars Committee was delayed for months —the committee members could not agree on what to say about what they saw!

Why does Mars come in for so much attention?

For several reasons, principally because a chronological study of UFO sightings reveals that they are most numerous when Mars is at its nearest approach to the earth. Since Mars takes almost twice as long to orbit about the sun as is required by Earth, it comes into close proximity to our planet every two years and 50 days. At these times of nearest approach, the red planet will be within 35,000,000 to 60,000,000 miles of us. The sequence of sightings reach their peaks at two-year periods, while we are approaching Mars and just as we begin to pull away from its nearest approach. The UFO's are sighted most frequently in the years when Mars is nearest: 1947-8, 1950, 1952, 1954, and perhaps another peak year in 1956, when we came closer to Mars than we have for many years.

Why don't they ever land?

There are numerous reports from dependable witnesses which indicate that the things do land, especially under cover of darkness.

Why doesn't one of them ever crash?

If, as many investigators believe, these devices are operated by distortion of gravitational forces, then they are immune to gravity and could not "fall," as we put it. They might, however, collide with some conventional aircraft and what would happen then is not known. The first official statement on the crash of a British Jet Comet airliner in India in May of 1953 said that the big passenger liner had been destroyed in midair by "colliding with a heavy unidentified flying object," a conclusion which was later officially denied without explanation.

Near-collisions between aircraft and unidentified flying objects are no longer publicized. For example: On November 24, 1954, a Brazilian National Airlines passenger plane approaching the field at Buenos Aires radioed an emergency call for immediate aid. The pilot reported that his plane was being circled by at least 15 shiny, disc-shaped objects and that his panic-stricken passengers were being kept in their seats at gun-point by the co-pilot and steward. The story made front pages throughout South and Central

America. It met with stony silence from the news services of the United States.

The chronological sequence of events related to the topic of unidentified flying objects brings the nature of the matter into focus.

Immediately following the widely publicized sightings of these objects over the nation's capital in the summer of 1952, the lid of secrecy was clamped on. The Air Force adopted a policy of withholding from publication sightings which were not easily recognizable as conventional objects. Local newspapers continued to report on sightings in their communities, but the press wires obligingly ignored the reports.

February 17, 1954:—Officers of Military Air Intelligence meet with officers of the Airline Pilots Association in the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood. Purpose of the meeting was to urge commercial pilots to radio at once when unidentified objects were sighted. Pilots were to be advised to make full reports to government officials and to make no public statements.

May 15, 1954:—Air Force Chief Nathan Twining tells audience in Amarillo that best brains of Air Force are trying to solve the riddle of the flying saucers: "If they come from Mars, there is nothing to be alarmed about."

May 17, 1954:—Four National Guard jet pilots near Dallas, Texas, engage in game of high-altitude tag with 16 flying discs, before jets were outdistanced. Reported in Dallas *Herald* on May 25. Not carried by news services.

May 31, 1954: — Fifth Air Force officials confirm report that U. S. jets in South Korea have been chasing flying saucers.

June 9, 1954:—Colonel Frank Milani, Baltimore director of Civil Defense demands that Air Force lessen its secrecy about the saucers.

June 10, 1954:—Air Force denies Colonel Milani's charges of secrecy, says it has received only 87 reports of sightings in six months. I check with the Air Technical Center in Dayton and debunk the Air Force statement. Air Technical Center says more than 1000 scientists now working on the matter, sightings of unidentified flying objects pouring in at rate of more than 700 cases per week: "—heaviest rate of sightings on record."

July, 1954:—Official confirmation that Doctor Clyde Tombaugh and Doctor Lincoln La Paz, of the University of New Mexico, are conducting search for two tiny objects known to be circling the earth.

October-November, 1954:—Sightings of flying saucers reported throughout Europe, Northern Africa and the Near East. Germany, Italy, Sweden and Yugoslavia become

latest countries to investigate.

December 15, 1954:—President Eisenhower is asked at press conference if he cares to make a statement about possibility that the flying saucers might be from some other planet. The President gives the curious reply that a "trusted friend" in the Air Force had assured him that it was inaccurate to say that the discs come from another planet. Then he adds that he has not heard about the sightings in Europe at all. (Mr. Eisenhower's statement in this instance is worthy of study. He has access to any information that any government department possesses. He could have squelched the flying-saucer controversy once and for all by simply stating that the Air Force had advised him that the things were not interplanetary devices; instead, he merely referred to a trusted friend, a nameless source which gave his statement the shape of refutation without substance.)

April 26, 1955:—Russia announces that its scientists are planning to launch small space satellite within two years.

February 18, 1955: — Adler Planetarium in Chicago discloses that an astronomer whom it calls "thoroughly responsible" has located more than a score of small objects of unknown nature circling this earth at an altitude of about 475 miles.

June, 1955:—British government decides not to release its findings on flying-saucer investigation, orders pilots not to talk.

June, 1955: — Famed rocket scientist Dr. Hermann Oberth, head of official German group investigating saucers, says in public statement that he is convinced they do not originate on this planet, evidently come from out in space.

July, 1955:—Dr. Hermann Oberth flown to this country and becomes part of our guided-missile project at Huntsville, Alabama.

July 29, 1955:—President Eisenhower announces that the United States will launch a small experimental satellite within two years. This satellite will be designed to circle the earth at the equator at an altitude of 250 miles and a speed of 18,000 miles per hour. This means that it will become the third object to circle the earth at the equator at that height and speed.

What is the nature of the other two?

Where did they come from?

How long have they been there?

How did they get there?

Is there any relationship between the all-out rush to launch this tiny satellite and the statement in *The New York Times* of December 16, 1954: "The Air Force maintains a serious and continuing study of flying saucers because of a definite obligation to identify and analyze

things that happen in the air that may have in them a menace to the United States."

If these things constitute a potential menace to the United States then the people of the United States are entitled to be kept informed of the Air Force findings. Instead, the people have been kept in the dark, hoodwinked and confused by a policy of official deception.

The Air Force has said repeatedly that there are no such things as "flying saucers." With that statement I can find agreement. It is much more interesting to ignore them as "flying saucers" and to use jets and radar against them under their official name of "Unidentified Flying Objects."

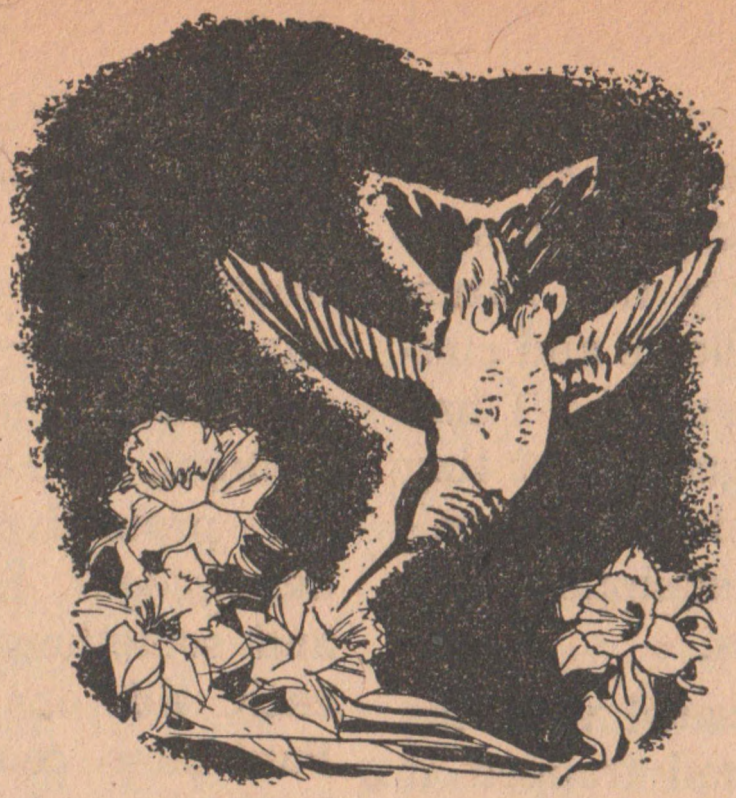
Sometime soon we expect to launch our first man-made satellite. This will be but a humble beginning, a flimsy aerial canoe crawling along the rim of space. Man, too, is planning to visit his neighbors some day. It hurts his pride to feel that he may already owe them a visit.

LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

EXPERIMENTS which may explain how life on earth originated were reported during the 123rd annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in New York City in Dec. 1956.

Dr. Stanley L. Miller of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons told of experiments in which he sought to duplicate conditions that existed on earth billions of years ago. At that time the principal gases in the atmosphere are thought to have been methane, ammonia, hydrogen and water. Mixtures of these gases in glass jars, Miller said, were exposed for a week to electrical discharges somewhat like lightning. He found that amino acids, identical with those that are the building blocks of proteins, the major constituents of living materials, were formed.

Dr. Sidney W. Fox, director of the Oceanographic Institute of Florida State University, reported another experiment aimed at explaining how life originated. He said he had found that heat ranging between 349 and 737 degrees F caused simple chemicals to join together in a series of chemical steps. This, he said, could have produced amino and nuclear acids, vitamins, proteins and other complex materials associated with life. The enzymes that initiate chemical reactions, thus making the first life possible, could have been formed from simpler substances by the flow of hot volcanic material into oceans.



The Love Ouanga

Pretty Ti-Marie spurned Paul's attentions — so he sought a humming-bird as a love charm to win her.

By William B. Seabrook

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"GO BRING me a humming bird," said Maman Celie, "and we'll see what can be done."

She was talking to her tall grandson, Paul, Emanuel's boy, who had been moping about the habitation for days because a young, high-breasted black damsel down by the spring, who seemed to him more desirable than all the other young damsels on the mountain, had tossed her curly head and sent him about his business.

It was through this idyllic episode of the humming bird that I discovered Maman Celie to be a sorceress, as well as a priestess of Voodoo. The two functions do not necessarily concur.

It seemed to me, however, that she had set her grandson a somewhat difficult task. I had seen humming birds occasionally down yonder among the tropical flowers and fig-banana groves, tiny, fragile, iridescent, darting sprites, as incorporeal as soap-bubbles, as swift

to disappear at a threatened touch. To catch one of them seemed almost as difficult as trapping a sunbeam. I knew vaguely that naturalists made use of delicate and cunningly constructed nets, and I had heard with equal vagueness of tiny shotguns spraying microscopic pellets, but Paul was equipped only with his natural wits.

Next day he returned with the humming bird. He had trapped it with a sort of birdlime made of a sticky, gummy sap. It was already dead and Maman Celie hung it up to dry in the sunshine. Meanwhile she persuaded Paul to show me, reluctantly, a former love-charm she had fabricated for him, but which apparently had failed of its purpose, though he still wore it next his skin in a little sack strung round his neck. She explained its construction and use. Two needles of equal length are stood upright, side by side, baptized with suitable incantations, and are given the names of the youth and his unwilling girl. The two in this particular case were called Paul and Ti-Marie. The needles are then left side by side, parallel but reversed, so that the point of each presses against the eye of the other. The point is symbolic of the phallus and the eye symbolic of the vulva. The reverse doubling simply increases the potency of the charm; it has no perverse significance. The needles are placed between twigs from the roots of the *bois chica* tree, whittled smooth and straight, and then wound round with thread. Like all charms of every sort in Haiti, it was called a *ouanga*. There are love-*ouangas*, hate-*ouangas*, birth-*ouangas*, protective-*ouangas*, and murder-*ouangas*. Sometimes they work, and sometimes they don't. Apparently this one hadn't worked, and Paul now centered all his hopes in the humming bird.

Aware of my curiosity about these matters, Maman Celie permitted me to see her make the new *ouanga*. It was a less weird, less cabalistic business than one might guess, though midnight and moonlight were in it, as she crouched, crooning her incantations, but there was nothing mysteriously dreadful. In a little wooden mortar, which they call *pilon*, she ground the dried body of the humming bird into a dust-like powder, droning, "Wood of the woods, bird of the woods, woman you were created by God. Bird of the woods, fly into her heart. I command you in the name of the three Marys and in Ayida's name. *Dolor, Dolori, passa.*" There was much more of it, untranslatable and cryptic. And with the dried powder of the humming bird she mixed a few dried drops of her grandson's blood, also of his semen, likewise the pollen of jungle flowers.

When all this had been duly ground together into dust-like fineness, she transferred it to a leather pouch made (as Spanish shepherds often do to their love-charms) from the scrotum of a he-goat, and gave it to Paul next day.

I was told, for I did not see it, that on the following Saturday evening, at the *danse Congo,* as Ti-Marie swayed past him laughing, he threw the dust full in her face, and that half blinded, with the dust in her eyes and nostrils and mouth, she spat like a young wildcat, and cried out that she would kill him — but she lay with him that night in the forest, and on Monday morning he fetched her home. Doubtless a deeper magic than Maman Celie's was also at work, but I think it would be a mistake to assume *a priori* that without Maman Celie's incantations and the humming bird, Ti-Marie would have yielded.

ANCIENT WRITING IN BOLIVIA

SYMBOLS that indicate the existence of prehistoric writing in South America recently were discovered in an uncharted jungle near the Amazonian headwaters in Bolivia. The symbols, or petroglyphs, were carved into a rock surface 32 feet square in an area surrounded by mountains rising to 19,000 feet.

The find was made by an expedition conducted by the Amazonia Foundation in co-operation with the Bolivian government. George Michanowsky, president of the foundation, said he had led the expedition to follow up a clue based on a legend of the Aymara Indians who live in the high plateaus of the Andes.

According to Michanowsky, the Aymara tongue includes the word "kelkata," or writing, although the present Aymaras do not know how to write and are not known for certain to be direct descendants of the Aymaras who preceded the Inca civilization. An old Aymaran legend also refers to the existence of "khaweera kelkata," or river of writing.

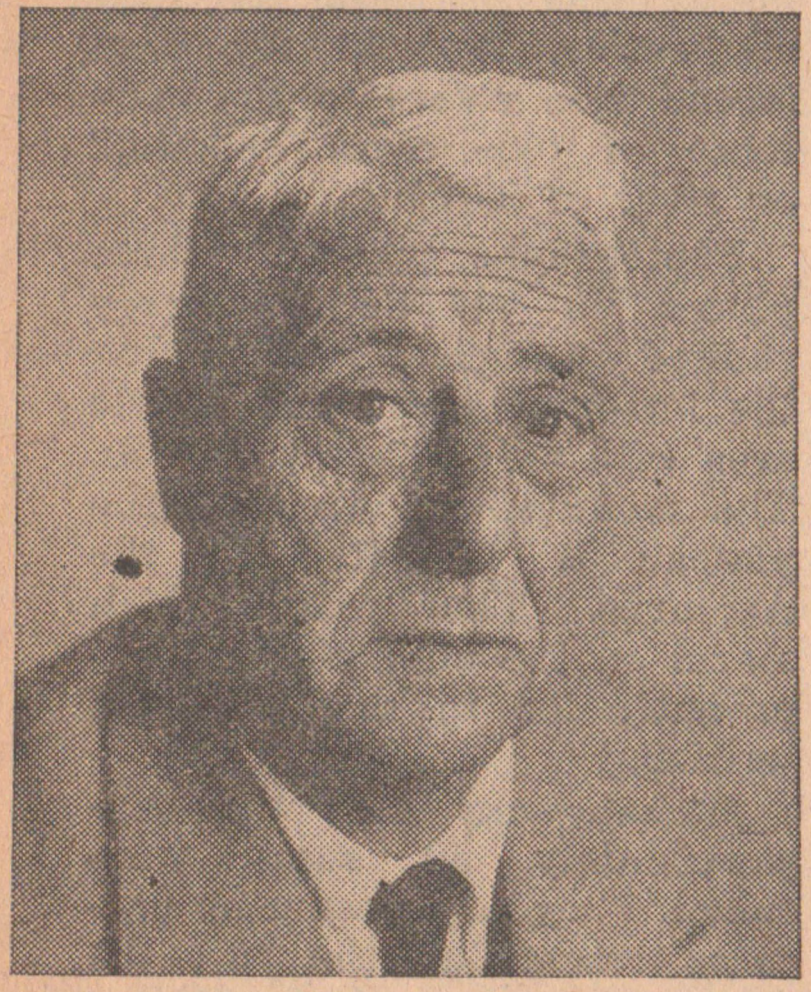
Photographs taken by three planes in an aerial survey showed an ancient road linking the low-lying river and jungle area with a 14,000-foot plateau. The mountainous area of the plateau is inhabited by the Aymaras. The road, which starts on the high plateau, apparently led to the "river of writing."

Michanowsky said that approximately 50 signs were found. They have recurring patterns resembling the "8", the "Q" and the musical clef — all of which, Michanowsky states, occur in the ancient scripts of other continents and may indicate a link.

DEAD Joy Aken Named Her KILLER

By Bill Wharton

Joy Aken's fate was a mystery — until she gave an amazing message through an entranced medium.



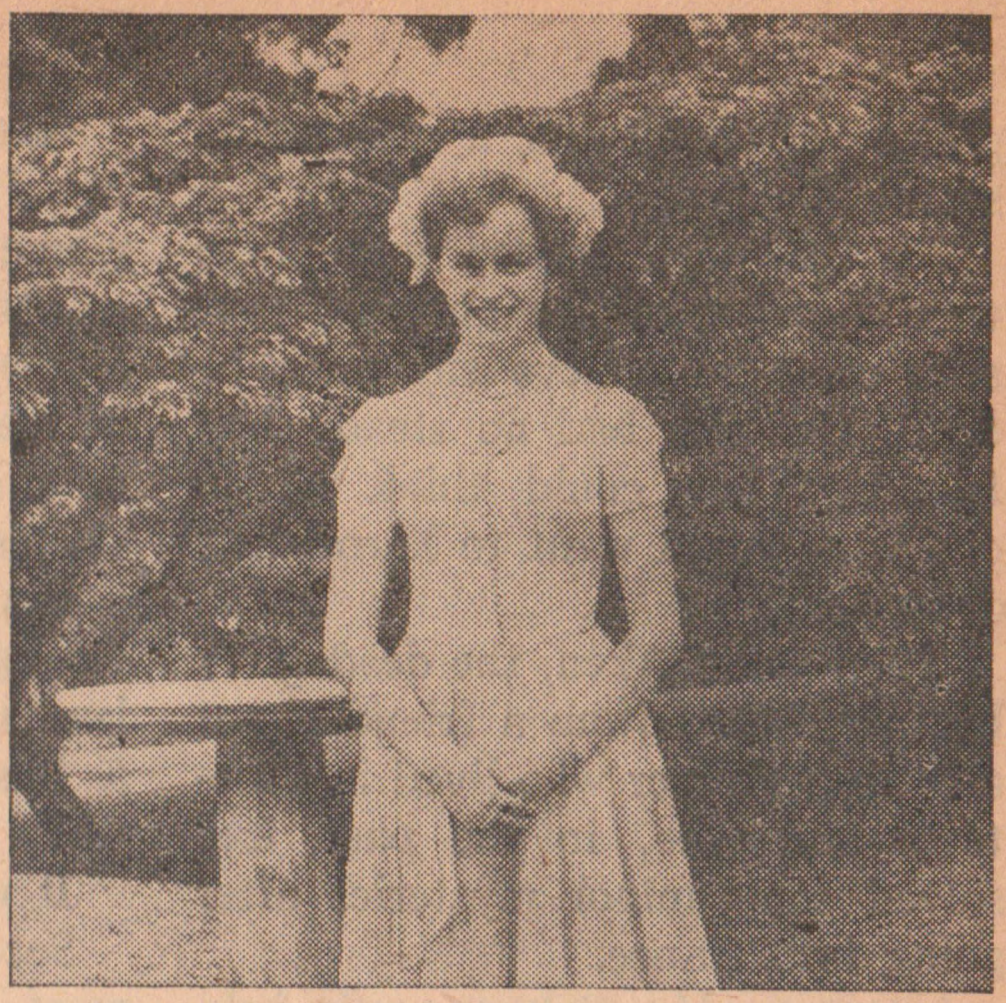
Nelson Palmer, spiritualist of Pinetown Natal, South Africa, made contact with missing girl.

FIFTY PAIRS of eyes focussed on Nelson Palmer and saw cold beads of sweat form on the elderly man's face. His body quivered and he half-raised his right hand as if to brush the sweat from his brow. His eyes were closed and his stertorous breathing filled the small, well-lit room.

Then his lips began to move. The spectators to this amazing effort to communicate with a missing person leaned forward, anxiously watching the man's face.

But the voice that spoke was not the voice of a middle-aged man. It was the voice of a young woman.

"I am dead," the girl's voice whispered.



Joy Aken, 18, elected the most beautiful girl in Pinetown, hoped to become a model in London. Her disappearance baffled police, led to consulting medium.

A woman among the spectators began to weep.

"It's Joy," she screamed hysterically. "It's Joy!"

"Be quiet," someone snapped. "Quiet!"

"I am dead," the girl's voice continued. "My body is in the ravine near the High Rocks . . ." the voice faded for a moment, then returned, "a man has attacked me . . . he is killing me . . ."

Nelson Palmer, Pinetown, Natal, South Africa, spiritualist, grew rigid. His face was bathed in sweat; his eyes started open; he seemed to be staring at some unseen object.

Suddenly he breathed deeply and slumped forward. His wife jumped up to help him. As he regained his full senses he looked unseeingly at the people in the room.

"I have seen and spoken to Joy Aken," he said. "She was murdered. Her body will be found under a culvert near the outcropping known as High Rocks. It is about 60 miles from here. I also know what her murderer looks like."

A senior police officer rose. "Could you take us to this place where you say you saw the girl's body while you were in the trance, Mr. Palmer?" he asked.

"I believe I could. Shall we go now?"

Myrna Joy Aken, elected the most beautiful girl in Pinetown a year ago when she had just turned 17, disappeared from her home late in September, 1956. No trace of her had been found although the

police had instituted a nationwide search for her.

As the days passed and there was no trace of the girl, her parents came to believe she must be dead. But she had no steady boy friends. They could think of no one who would want to harm their daughter.

Then Colin Aken, the dead girl's brother, heard from a friend about a Nelson Palmer who lived in Pinetown and who, in the past, had solved some minor mysteries after going into trance.

"Perhaps Mr. Palmer could help find your sister," Aken's friend said.

"I don't believe in such things," Colin replied. "How can the dead communicate with the living?"

"There are certain things which no man understands," Colin's friend said quietly. "Why not see Mr. Palmer and ask him if he will help?"

On October 9 Colin went to see Mr. Palmer who agreed at once to do whatever he could to solve the mystery.

"But," Mr. Palmer warned, "you understand that you must take what I can give. I am not always successful. It might be a tragedy."

That same afternoon the girl's parents, her brother, accompanied by a senior police officer and 46 other people, entered the Palmers' home and sat down while Mr. Palmer prepared for his greatest test.

One hour and 40 minutes after Mr. Palmer had described the place where the girl was hidden, the spiritualist led a police posse to a lonely culvert on a deserted stretch of road on the Natal South Coast, 60 miles from Pinetown, near the village of Umtwalumi.

Beyond the culvert rose the High Rocks. The police officer in the lead suddenly stopped. From under a bush in the culvert something white protruded.

It was a girl's bare foot.

Seconds later South Africa's most brutal murder in recent years lay revealed in all its horror.

The beautiful girl had been shot through the head. Her body had been hidden under bushes in the culvert.

The police admitted that, had it not been for the information given by Mr. Palmer, the body might never have been found.

"There is something here which we cannot and will not try to explain," the chief of Durban's police declared.

But Mr. Palmer was not finished with the case yet.

"Miss Aken described her murderer to me," Mr. Palmer said. "He is a man named Clarence but she did not know or could not tell me his surname. He is 30 years old and the gun with which he murdered her will be found hidden in the cistern of a toilet in his home."

He went on to describe what the dead girl had revealed to him in the trance.

The police raced back to Pinetown and began their investigations immediately.

Ten hours later a detective lieutenant accompanied by a detective sergeant knocked on the front door of the home of a man named Clarence Gordon van Buuren. The tall, good-looking young man smiled a greeting which immediately vanished from his face as the lieutenant placed his hand on the man's arm.

"Clarence Gordon van Buuren," the officer said, "I arrest you for the murder of Myrna Joy Aken and I warn you that anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence."

"Arrest me for her murder?" Van Buuren laughed. "What proof have you got?"

"Unless we are mistaken, we shall have the proof in one minute. Accompany us, please."

The officers went directly to a toilet at the rear of the house and while the lieutenant and prisoner looked on, the sergeant lifted the top of the cistern.

Van Buuren, by now, was pale and shaky. As the sergeant withdrew the fatal weapon Van Buuren broke down. The mystery of Myrna Joy Aken was solved.

Questioning revealed that Van Buuren's murder of the girl was a pretty plain and straightforward one of the frustrated lover. He was secretly in love with this exceptionally beautiful girl. It appears from evidence given at the preliminary hearing — Van Buuren is at the moment awaiting trial by Superior Court in Durban — that he worshipped the girl for some eight months and then approached her. She spurned his overtures. She had no boy with whom she was going steady, but rather was set on a career. She wanted to become a model in London. Van Buuren persisted, however, until one evening she told him that if he did not stop pestering her she would complain to the police. A few nights later Van Buuren waited for the girl in his car, on one pretext or another, managed to persuade her to enter his car. It is possible, but unproved, that he knocked her unconscious with a blow on the head and then dragged her into the automobile. This was submitted in fact by the Crown, but not proved.

Van Buuren drove the girl to the isolated spot previously described and there, according to his own statement, he pleaded with her to become his sweetheart. According to the testimony there is no suggestion of sexual interference with the girl; Van Buuren's was not a sex murder. But when the girl refused to even to consider his plea

Van Buuren murdered her.

"I could not bear imagining or seeing her in someone else's arms. I would sooner see her dead than loving someone else," he declared.

He was not suspected when the girl vanished. It was thought at first that she had gone off to friends in Johannesburg, 400 miles away. Her parents were opposed to her becoming a model and the authorities believed that she might have run away from home, even though it appeared that she was a rather narrow, set, religiously inclined girl.

It was only after Palmer received the message from the dead girl, was told in trance about Van Buuren, that the truth became known and that the crime was discovered. It is a fact accepted by the South African Police that if Palmer had not succeeded in communicating with the murdered girl her body might never have been found. But for the off chance of someone passing along this extremely remote part of Natal and stopping on that particular spot — an unlikely occurrence as the place is miles from anywhere and in the wild open country — the body would not have been found. There was nothing whatever to link Van Buuren with the crime, and apparently it would have been a perfect crime but for the fact that Nelson Palmer succeeded in contacting the dead girl.

It seems certain that Van Buuren will be sentenced to death; and almost no convicted murderers in South Africa are reprieved by the Nationalist Government.

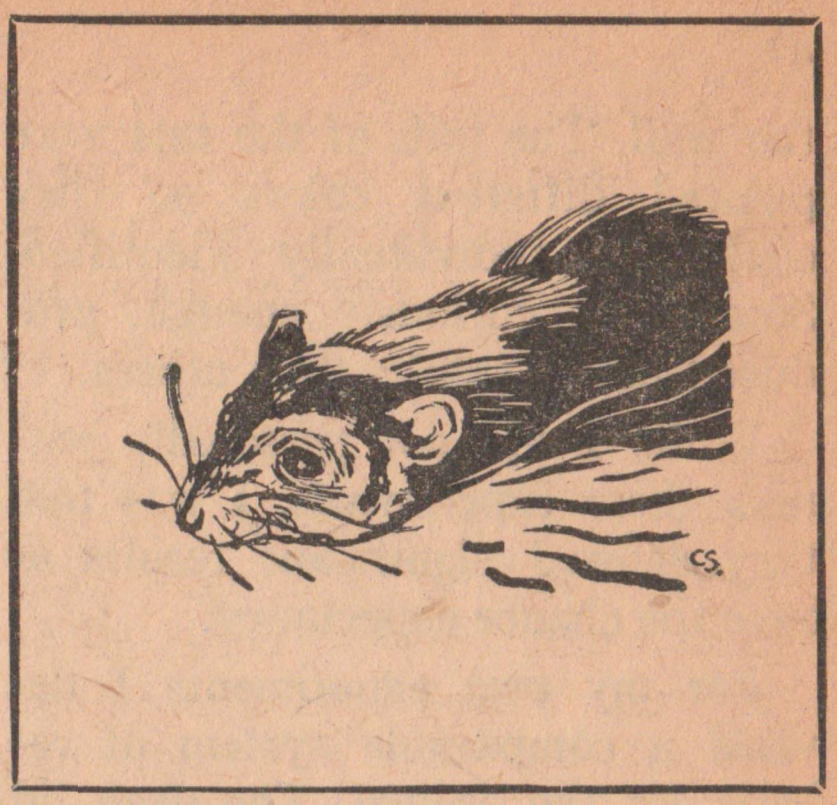
In his Pinetown home, Mr. Palmer told reporters that both he and his wife have been practising spiritualists for many years. He is a retired headmaster of a school.

"Our beliefs and our studies," he declared, "only teach us how to apply God's power. The power itself belongs to all of us. When a crime is committed it is obvious that a tremendous amount of thought forces — vibrations — are released. It is possible to pick up these thought forces in much the same way a radio picks up broadcast waves. I went into a trance and, through The Master, picked up the thought waves. The rest was simple."

THE PERILS OF PLENTY

DURING A THREE-YEAR DROUTH, A. H. Floyd of Brady, Tex., kept his Guernsey cow alive by carefully feeding and nursing her. Then it rained — and the cow drowned in a flooded creek.

Are thoughts powerful enough to influence living creatures? An experiment in psychokinesis revealed an amazing thing—



OF MICE and MIND

By Dorothy Les Tina

HOW POWERFUL are your thoughts? Are they powerful enough to influence the movement of *living* creatures?

Have you ever considered testing this exciting possibility?

Experiments made by the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University indicate such human ability exists.

I have demonstrated it to my own satisfaction. You can do the same.

It was while taking a course of study in Psychical Research that I had the occasion to experiment. The class was conducted by Dr. Gardner Murphy, well-known psychologist and teacher. Each student chose an area for personal research — telepathy, precognition, etc. I chose psychokinesis.

The Duke University experimentation was done with rats — I used mice. Naturally, the university's experiments were far more elaborate than mine. The method there was to submerge a platform containing several rats under the surface of a pool. The person doing the research then attempted to influence the swimming rats' choice of two ramps by which they could leave the water. The choice of ramp was decided for the carefully-shielded person by chance. The rats at no time could see him — he peered at them through a glassed slit in

the wall. The tails of the rats were painted different colors so they could be individually identified. Some rats, curiously enough, produced better results than others.

While I did not personally witness these experiments, I was told they showed significant results above the chance expectancy.

For my own experiments I devised a comparable system of release for the animal. The deep lid of a small box — with the mouse beneath — was hinged to the bottom of a shoebox. The shoebox had two exits — one red and one black. These were merely holes cut in the end. I used only one mouse at a time. It was released by pulling a string running backwards from the small box and threaded through a hole at the far end of the shoebox. This, then, acted to raise the small lid in the manner of a trap door, releasing the mouse. The choice of exit was decided by the turn of a playing card. Fifteen playing cards were used — eight red and seven black. The cards were carefully shuffled the number of times indicated by a thrown die. This was to eliminate any unconscious "stacking" of the card sequence.

I remained some 10 to 12 feet from the boxes, hidden as much as possible, so as not to influence the mouse by sight. The hits or misses were recorded on home-made score sheets, with 15 tries being considered a "run". The mice were tame, bought from a pet shop.

For a considerable time I received only chance results . . . about half the number being hits. With the hundreds of runs necessary before one has a sufficient volume of results to be considered as evidence, one must cope with monotony. There is also the tendency of an animal to get into a movement pattern. I could not do too many runs in sequence. The rats swam for their lives . . . so I considered the aspect of motive for my mice — though release from the covering box seemed to set them scampering without the added lure of food or water. I used two different mice, and seemed to have slightly better results with the female than with the male.

But then I made the one slight change that influenced the entire result! I had been turning a card, seeing which exit was indicated by black or red, and immediately freeing the mouse. While it ran I silently tried to direct its choice of exit.

Now I turned a card and instead of releasing the animal I concentrated on it while it still remained fairly quiet. As before, I *willed* it to go toward the exit I chose. Again, I made a mental picture of the other exit as solidly closed. I tried to force an overpowering wish into the mouse's mind to prefer *my* chosen exit.

Amazingly, the number of hits rose . . . 10, 12, even 14 and 15 hits out of 15!

Did the law of chance suddenly stop operating? Or with the mouse not yet running, but waiting quietly, could I now make direct telepathic contact with its mind?

Was I the brain controlling the muscles of another living thing?

With practice, could this power be used to control another human being?

I don't know.

I do know it was possible with a mouse. I do know that a living creature moved in the direction I willed it to move.

I know that, if you wanted to try, you probably could do the same thing.

Today mouse! Tomorrow man?

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION BY ELECTRONICS

AN ELECTRONIC means of direct communication with the spirit world is considered a possibility by J. M. McLintock, writing in *Psychic News*. Contact, he believes, might be achieved by modifications and advances in radio and television. He points out that we live in an electronics age and seeming miracles already have been accomplished in the electronics field.

The spirit world generally is thought to be invisible and intangible because of a difference in vibrations. What is television, McLintock asks, but an apparatus for tuning into certain light and sound vibrations? These vibrations are indetectible to human senses until picked up by a television receiver and made visible and audible.

Experiments with ultrasonic vibrations, infra-red rays and ultra-violet rays, McLintock says, show that many invisible vibrations exist beyond the known range. New avenues of research will be opened by study of these unknown regions.

McLintock mentions the work of N. Zwaan, a Dutch psychic researcher, who in 1947 began experiments with spirit radio. Zwaan is said to have received the plan of an electronics circuit from spirit sources while experimenting with radiesthesia. Lacking electronics knowledge himself, he brought the plan to London and eventually an apparatus was built.

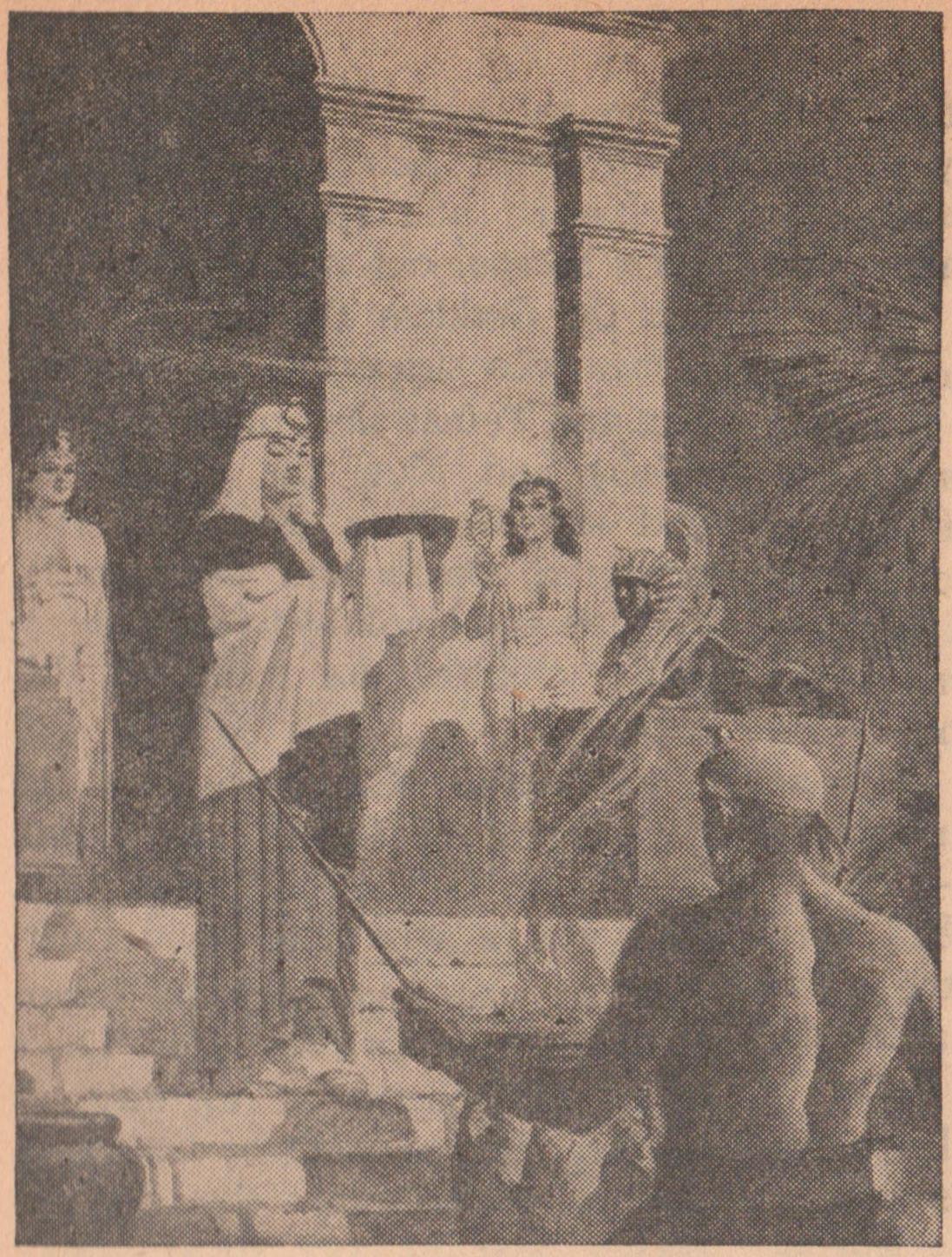
Experiments with this machine, McLintock says, created great interest. The Spirit Electronic Society was formed to improve Zwaan's pioneering circuit. Since then research is said to have added many new features to the original apparatus and it is gradually getting closer and closer to its intended purpose.

The worship of Isis gained unique dominance in the ancient world — for the Egyptian goddess promised what the Greek and Roman divinities did not offer.

By Mary Margaret Fuller

ISIS, GODDESS OF IMMORTALITY

I AM ISIS, mistress of the whole land. I was instructed by Hermes, and with Hermes I invented the writings of nations, in order that not all should write with the same letters. I gave mankind their laws, and ordained what no one can alter. I am the eldest daughter of Kronos. I am the wife and sister of the King Osiris. I am she who rises in the dog star. I am she who is called the goddess of women. The town of Babastis was built in my honor. I am she who separated the heaven from the earth. I have pointed out their paths to the stars. I have invented seamanship. I have brought together men and women. I have taught reverence of the divine statues. I have established the temple precincts. I have overthrown the dominion of the tyrants. I have caused men to love women. I have made justice more powerful than silver and gold. I have caused truth to be considered beautiful."



Priestess officiates in rite sacred to Isis, the goddess who superseded all others in Egypt. Garbed as Isis, she has "awakened from the dead" and steps forth to greet the sun. She holds bowl of Nile water, so holy it may not be touched bare-handed.

This is an inscription from one of the Greek Islands in the Mediterranean and it shows clearly the concepts behind the common-people's worship of Isis. It encompasses all the ideas with which the Egyptian goddess came to be surrounded.

Actually we have no knowledge of the original nature of Isis, the goddess who finally superseded almost all others in Egypt. Her story is lost in antiquity. She met with the same fate as her husband-brother, Osiris; her son, Horus; her sister, Nephthys, and her brother, Set. They all lost their original characteristics and personalities when they were interwoven in the Osiris myth, perhaps the most noteworthy religious myth in all Egyptian tradition. It is the Osiris myth which points up the important difference between the Egyptian and the Roman and Greek mythologies. And it is this

difference which insured the adoption of Egyptian ideology by the Greeks and Romans after the invasion of Egypt by Alexander the Great.

For whoever worshipped the Greek Olympian deities or the state divinities of the Romans was promised protection during his mortal life, but he was given nothing to look forward to after his death—except the privilege of wandering bloodless in the gray underworld of departed spirits. But followers of Isis were promised immortality and bodily resurrection—just as Osiris, husband of Isis, had been resurrected. Never to die, the promise made by Isis, was as irresistible in 332 B. C. as it is today.

The oldest Egyptian religion for which we can find records already was colored by the Osiris legend. Osiris and Isis were called "twin-children of Geb" and believed to be the children of Geb, the earth, and Nut, the sky.

"In the beginning only chaos existed, Nun, the primeval waters. Out of this the Sun God was created. He came into being while as yet there was no heaven, when neither serpent nor reptile was formed. He came into being in the form of Khepre and there was nothing that was with him in that place where he was. . .resting in the waters of Nun and he found no place where he could stand. Then the God bethought himself in his heart to create other beings and he begat of himself and spat it out. And what he spat out was the God Shu and the Goddess Tefnet, those two beings who supported the heavens. Shu and Tefnet then produced Keb (Geb) and Nut, the earth God and sky Goddess. Keb and Nut produced Osiris and Set (sons), and Isis and Nephthys (daughters), whose children are many on this earth."

Eventually Keb gave over the government of Upper and Lower Egypt to Osiris, his eldest son, who was a wise and good ruler. And as was customary in Egypt Osiris married his sister, Isis. There is no explanation as to why his brother, Set, came to be his sworn enemy, unless for the obvious reason that in any royal family when one brother succeeded to the throne the other brother became his natural enemy.

For a long time Set was unable to injure Osiris because of the devoted watchfulness of Isis. However, eventually Set caught Osiris by a trick and killed him. Plutarch reports that he induced Osiris, as a joke, to lay himself in a chest. Then he slammed the chest shut and threw it into the sea.

Isis was desolate. She had lost both her husband and the kingdom. She did not even know where her husband's body was. Mourning, she

hunted him until she found his body. Then, with her sister Nephthys, she sat down beside the body and uttered the lament which is the model of all funerary lamentations:

"Come to thy house, come to thy house, Oh God On! Come to thy house, thou who hast no enemies. Oh beautiful stripling, come to thy house that thou mayest see me."

The Gods pitied Isis as she wept and Re sent his fourth son, Anubis, down from heaven to help her bury Osiris. Anubis joined Osiris' body together, for its members had fallen apart. Later tradition states that Set tore Osiris' body apart so there could be no question that he was dead. Anubis wrapped the body with bandages, as later all Egyptians wrapped their dead. It was at this point that Isis, hovering over the body of her dead husband in the form of a sparrow-hawk, caused breath to enter into it with her wings. Thus the dead god returned to life, although not to his former life on this earth. He entered a second existence. From being king of the living he became king of the dead.

And as Isis hovered over the body of Osiris in her sparrow-hawk form she became pregnant. Then, to escape Set whose wrath was greater than ever, she fled to the swamps of the Delta, where the city of Khemmis later was built.

Eventually she gave birth to a son, Horus, here where the Goddess Buto, protectress of the Delta area, took care of her. When Horus was grown to a strong manhood he fought Set and, eventually, after a judgment passed down by the Gods, took over the government of the earth. And it is upon the throne of Horus that the Kings of Egypt sat—as his successors.

This is the Osiris legend. Perhaps it is the human elements of wifely devotion, of mother love, of filial piety, of justification that made this story so popular with the Egyptians at a very early date in history. Possibly its popularity is due solely to the idea of a life-after-death in which the good are rewarded for their virtues—an idea which came originally from the Osiris myth.

The more one studies and investigates the religions of the world the clearer become the relationships between them. They are interwoven one with the other and it becomes difficult, impossible, to say what ideas belong exclusively to what historical religion. For instance, the idea that the power of the gods is, while not exactly bounded geographically, more potent in centers especially sacred to them, was widespread in ancient paganism. The same idea lingers today.

Remembering this traditional idea it is easy to understand why

the Greeks and Romans following Alexander into Egypt instinctively paid their respects to the native Gods.

And after Alexander's advent into Egypt, Isis and the other Egyptian gods and goddesses changed. Isis is represented as semi-Greek in a Grecian robe and carrying a rudder and cornucopia. She became goddess of Alexandria and patroness of seafarers. As Isis-Hathor she was compounded with Aphrodite and appears entirely unclothed. These compound gods were never accepted in the Egyptian temples but for the common people they gradually, as the centuries passed, replaced the old gods. Variously, Isis was shown as a Madonna with a Babe on her knee, much like the Virgin Mary of Christianity. The star Sothis, whose appearance in the eastern sky over Egypt predicts the inundation from the Nile, was identified with Isis also—and since the Greeks called this star the dog-star, what was more natural than for the Goddess Isis-Sothis to ride on the back of a dog upon whose head the star shone. Isis was represented also as a serpent, the guardian of the God Re.

Even Cleopatra, although she probably did not have one drop of Egyptian blood, identified herself with Isis. Her death by the traditional sting of the cobra, sacred snake and minister of the Sun God Re, insured her immortality among the gods.

The Egyptians, predominately polytheistic, worshipped a great number of gods. Their religion, like all religions, was a composite ideology which had grown up gradually. In the beginning each small kingdom along the Nile River had its own gods. As time passed the small kingdoms joined together and as they pooled their political strength they co-ordinated their religious ideas. Some local gods became national deities, others with less wide-spread appeal remained merely the centers of local cults. Even the local deities achieved some unification by being equated with each other. Amon of Thebes was identified with Re, as Amon-Re. Hathor was identified with Isis. Thus, god melted into god without strict adherence to logic. And some gods were grouped together in triads of husband-wife-son, like Osiris, Isis and Horus.

Animals and animal cults played an important part in Egyptian religion. But it is important to understand that the animals themselves were not gods. Rather the gods manifested in animal form. Usually they were represented as human beings with animal heads. As Horus was often shown as a hawk, Hathor was depicted as a cow and Bast was the cat god. Quite naturally from this idea the practice of

treating these animals as sacred developed. They were often mummified when they died and buried in special cemeteries.

Like the Roman Catholic saints the Egyptians had gods who had been men and were deified after death for their good works during their life on earth. Imhotep or Imouthes, sage and physician of the Third dynasty, was one of these. Later the Greeks identified him with their god Asklepios. Amenophis, son of Hapu, minister of Amenophis III, was another Egyptian man who, though he had been an administrator in this life, became a god of healing in the next life.

Apparently the pagans of all countries always were ready to identify one god with another. Isis, one of whose cult titles was Pluonumos, "she of the many names" is an example of this mingling. One hymn in her praise, from a very old papyrus, consists of a string of names: "At Menouphis, Warlike; in the Metelite, named Core; at Charax, Athene; at Plinthine, Hestia; at Pelusium, Bringer to Harbor; in the Casian district, Tachnepsis."

When the people began to think of Isis as being the same as Hera, Athene, Core, and Hestia it should have been only a small step to thinking of all gods as a manifestation of one universal deity. A further tendency to monotheism in Egypt is shown by Akhenaten's attempt to establish Aten as the sole god of the world. However, his attempt was a failure, as were other less elaborate efforts on the behalf of other Gods. If these efforts had been successful the Egyptians might have left a more lasting, important mark on the history of world religion.

From the earliest times Egyptian religion was permeated by magic and formalism. Magic is antipathetic to true religion because in true religion the worshipper approaches God as a suppliant. The use of magic attempts to bring force to bear. The earliest prayers and hymns of the Egyptians all contain strong elements of magic. At a, to us, surprisingly early period the Egyptians conceived the idea of retribution after death for man's deeds on this earth. Along with this idea came magical conceptions to nullify this retribution. In Chapter 125 of *The Book Of The Dead* the sins denied are very real sins and the purpose of the chapter is to enable the soul of the dead person to evade the judgment of the gods, to hoodwink them, by denying these sins in the correct formula.

Isis contained the fruitful earth within her body. She was the receptive half of the generative power in nature. Osiris was the creative

power. Isis was pleased with truth and with divine learning. The daily rites to Isis consisted mainly of making simple offerings and burning incense to her. Traditionally, as shown in ancient friezes of Isis and her women, the women in attendance on Isis played an instrument called the sistrum and sprinkled holy water in some sort of ritual.

After Alexander's invasion of Egypt Isis extended her power across the Mediterranean. Four times in 10 years the Roman senate forbid the worship of the Egyptian Goddess Isis and commanded that her statues be overthrown, her shrines burned. All efforts were futile. Half a century later Emperor Augustus, and after him Tiberius, were still issuing orders to suppress the Isis cult. But it gained adherents steadily, especially among the lower classes—those who, having little in this world, wished to look forward to more in the next.

Finally, in A. D. 38 Caligula gave in to what was already accomplished. He decreed that an Isis temple be built in the Field of Mars. Later in the same century Domitian converted this into one of the finest buildings in Rome. The worship of Isis was established.

Two great European festivals were devoted to Isis each year. One of these was a three day feast in November during which the Osiris legend, the death, the search, the rebirth, was enacted. The great feast was held in March when Isis inaugurated navigation for the year. One clear account of such a feast to Isis dates from the Second Century and describes the festival at Kenchrea, eastern port of Corinth.

The procession was led by a group of mummers, soldiers and huntsmen, gladiators and Philosophers, an ass as Pegasus, a she-bear as a lady, a monkey as Ganymede. These were followed by women in white garments who strewed flowers and perfume as they walked. Then came men and women carrying lamps and torches, musicians with syrinxes and flutes, young choristers singing songs especially composed for the feast. Following the choristers came the votaries shaking sistrum rattles. Attendants carried a lamp shaped like a golden boat, an altar and other objects sacred to Isis. One attendant bore a statue of a standing cow which represented the fruitful goddess herself. At the rear of the procession was a priest carrying the Mystic Casket containing "what could not be shown."

This colorful procession made its way to the sea where a ship, decorated with Egyptian figures, waited. There the priest uttered a prayer to purify the ship, dedicated it to Isis, the people sprinkled it with sweet scents, the cables were

cut and the ship sailed away.

Nowadays the procession is less elaborate, the costumes have changed, champagne is used instead of perfume but the idea remains much the same and the christened ship sails away.

The worship of Isis continued in Europe as long as any pagan gods endured.

In 394 Nicomachus Flavianus, as consul, celebrated the last official festival to Isis. That same with a change in government came year Theodosius triumphed. And a change in gods.

THE SOLDIER'S PREMONITION

DURING the battle of Marengo in 1800 one of Napoleon's artillery officers, a seasoned campaigner named Steingel, had a strange dream which convinced him he soon was to die. He drew up his will, took it to Napoleon and asked him to be its executor.

Napoleon was puzzled by Steingel's certainty that death was near. Why, he asked, was Steingel so sure?

"Last night I dreamed I leaped forward on my horse at a decisive moment in the battle," Steingel explained, according to an account published in 1869. "Next I found myself facing a g i g a n t i c armored Croat. I advanced and hit him with my sword. The blade glanced off his armor. Then the armor and uniform of this rider fell from him—and I saw Death with its sickle before me. He gave a great mocking laugh, raised his sickle and struck me. I fell to the ground."

The following day Napoleon heard that Steingel had been found dead on the battlefield. He requested an investigation of the circumstances and received this report:

"When the trumpet sounded the attack, Steingel jumped forward and after 15 steps was blocked by a gigantic Croat. He cried out, 'That is him,' and sat on his horse as if paralyzed. The rider advanced. Steingel swung his sword, which rebounded from the armor of the Croat, who with a quick movement thrust the deadly blow . ."

Steingel's remarkable premonition is said to have haunted Napoleon all his life. When he lay on his death-bed at St. Helena, his last words were, "Steingel, hurry, attack!"

Our GHOST Came With the House

The former owner had committed suicide. Is that why we repeatedly heard the mysterious noises?

By Harriet Ellis Berleue

We were married at the county seat and our wedding tour was from "there to here," 20 miles to my husband's room in a boardinghouse. Week-ends we went house hunting.

After long weeks we found a house to our liking and, more important, within our means. We moved in gradually, painting the rooms at night and arranging the furnishings as we bought them. We kept our room at the boardinghouse until our home was ready and our hearts overflowed with happiness when we moved into our little home.

I soon found the nearest grocery store, about a block away, located in the front room of the grocer's home. The grocer's plump, middle aged wife was the only clerk.

She began talking immediately, "Are you the lady that bought the Joe Harold farm? How's the orchard?"

I told her we *had* bought the farm in question but, as yet, I couldn't tell her much about the orchard except that I knew there was one.

As she put my order in a large paper bag she kept glancing at me as though making up her mind to tell me something. When I picked up the bag preparatory to leaving she said abruptly, "Joe Harold planted that orchard. Joe was my husband's brother, you know."

I hadn't known.

"One day Joe took a notion to hang himself," she said with a

shrug, "and he did just that."

"Mercy!" I exclaimed, "I hope not on our farm."

"No," she responded, "he didn't. I often wondered about that. Why, he had everything handy right there at his own place if he wanted to do a thing like that. I'd a thought the orchard woulda been the proper place. But no! He had to go to Cambriaville to finish hisself off. Do you know it was weeks before they found him. Dead he was!"

I left.

When I reached home I told my husband the sad tale of the hanging of Joe Harold and we forgot him.

One evening, a few months after we had moved in, our screen door at the front of the house slammed. We had no bell or knocker but thought we heard a rap and we both went to the door to see who was there. No one was but the swing on the front porch was moving as though someone had just left it. However, no person was in sight so we shrugged off the incident as "just one of those things."

A few weeks later it happened again: the door slammed, the swing rocked and no one was in sight. That same evening, as my husband and I sat in our living room, we both were startled to hear footsteps on the stairs leading from the living room to the second story. I am of a nervous temperament but my husband assured me the sounds were made by the house settling. I never quite believed this, and as time went on and as something continued to ascend the steps almost daily, I discarded the settling explanation entirely.

We couldn't afford to move so the only thing left for us was to overcome our fear of whatever it was. We decided it must be Joe Harold and when we heard the ascending footsteps at night we'd turn to the staircase and say, "Good night, Joe." When the door slammed we'd call, "Come in, Joe."

My two sons were born in that house and they knew about Joe as soon as they knew anything. They had no fear of him.

I had scrubbed the attic steps times without number and the treads always had seemed firm. But on this particular day, about which I wish to tell you, I detected a loose tread. The thought immediately came to my mind that perhaps Joe was looking for something, that perhaps it was beneath the loose step. I got a claw hammer and pried the board up. But instead of treasure I found only cobwebs and spiders. So I nailed the tread on again.

Whenever we had visitors overnight and they heard the footsteps they seldom returned for an evening visit, preferring thereafter to be our guests in broad daylight.

I hoped my brother, his wife and little daughter who were planning to sleep at our house that night would not be disturbed by Joe. But when I told my brother about our uncanny visitant he simply smiled a sweet, sad smile and murmured that there are places for people like me. We changed the subject.

Now when I retire it is my habit to fill the bathroom glass with water to put by my bed, in case I get thirsty. Consequently there was nothing there for my brother to use to carry the drink his little girl requested in the middle of the night. He descended the stairs quietly to the kitchen to get a glass. As he passed the breadbox he heard distant raps and knocks. Startled he grabbed a drinking glass and, to use his own words, "broke the world's record sprinting back up stairs again."

He acknowledged that there was something uncanny in the house and advised us to move. But we didn't. Time passed. Our sons married. My husband died. And Joe and I lived alone in the house.

I had developed a heart condition and the doctor warned me about climbing stairs so I converted the house into a duplex. This entailed enclosing the stairway to make a private entrance for the upstairs tenants. Perhaps Joe didn't like the new arrangement. Maybe at long last he became conscious of the fact that he didn't belong on this plane. For I have never heard him since I had the house changed. There is no strange tread on the staircase at 10 o'clock; the screen door has stopped its daily banging; the swing functions only as it should.

"Goodbye, Joe. May you rest in peace!"

FATED TO FIRE

CLIFFORD JOHNSON of Boston, Mass., was the most severely burned survivor of the Coconut Grove nightclub fire that took 492 lives in 1942. Almost 60 per cent of his skin surface had been burned, 45 per cent of his body having third degree burns. He was in the hospital for over three and a half years, had 24 operations, including 18 skin graftings, and more than 100 blood transfusions. His recovery was considered a medical triumph. Recently Johnson was driving his truck in Jefferson City, Mo., when it crashed into a ditch and caught fire. He was burned to death.

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

THE LIGHT IN THE SKY

By Thomas E. Wade

IN THE late summer of 1922, when I was 17 years old, I lived with my family near Wellston, Ohio. One evening my brother Harry, Charles Holenshead, a friend of ours, and I joined two other boys, Ralph Thorne and Orvil Patten. These two boys were strong churchgoers and wanted us to go somewhere with them and hold a prayer meeting and sing some songs.

We all went to a swampy bottom known as the Eliza Bottoms. Since it was dark when we got there, we gathered wood and built a fire in order to have light. We did not need the heat as it was a warm night.

Harry, Charles and I didn't belong to the Church, but we kneeled in prayer with the two Christian boys and joined in the singing as best we could. After the prayers and singing, Orvil and Ralph talked to us about the Bible.

About 11 o'clock, as we ended the meeting and started toward our homes, we noticed what appeared to be a bright light far up in the sky. It took on a funnel shape and descended to the earth. Everything became as bright as on a sunny day, except that the light seemed to have a pinkish glow.

The light lasted for about a half hour. Then it began to fade and the funnel rose high in the sky until at last it was a bright ball again. Finally this disappeared, leaving us in darkness.—*Marfrance, W. Va.*

MY HELPFUL PREMONITIONS

By Hazel Bridges

THROUGHOUT my life I had had helpful premonitions. One foggy morning in September, 1939, my husband and I left my sister's home in Lawrence, Kan. We were driving south at about 60 m. p. h., when suddenly I had a feeling of impending danger. I braked to a

stop just in time to avoid a collision with a car ahead of us.

The car swerved, making a complete turn in the road in front of us. Its left front tire had blown out. Fortunately, no one was hurt. The four women in the car were completely awed by the fact that we had not collided.

On our eighth anniversary in 1946, my husband gave me a beautiful wristwatch. A few weeks later, I woke about 3:00 A. M. with a mental picture of my watch lying at the curbing in front of a friend's home.

I felt my arm and found that the watch was missing. Slipping quietly out of bed, I made a thorough search. Finally, in desperation, I woke my husband and told him of my dream. Dressing, we drove to my friend's house, where we had visited earlier that evening. Sure enough, in the exact spot where I had seen it lay my watch. Light rain had fallen during the night and, although it had been run over by a car, it was muddy but unharmed.

In May, 1953, my husband was in Waco, Tex., and I was in Amarillo. I knew that his business would keep him there for another two weeks, but I had a strong compulsion to call him to come home.

As the day wore on, the compulsion became so strong that I called him. He was convinced that I needed him although I assured him I was not ill. Four hours after he left Waco, a tornado struck. The greatest death toll and damage were in the area where he would have been had I not been compelled to call him away in time.—*Waco, Tex.*

THE UNFRIENDLY GHOST

By Gene Spinks

DURING a raging snowstorm in Newton, Kan., in January, 1936, I sat up late waiting for my husband, a railroad engineer, to come home from work. It was about 12:30 and I was sitting on the couch listening to the radio. My little French Poodle, Ginger, lay on the couch beside me.

Suddenly Ginger jumped off the couch and barked furiously, as she always did at strangers. She looked up as if someone were standing in front of her. I saw nothing but felt the presence of someone.

Ginger ran into the dining room, barking and scratching at the back bedroom door, which opened off from the dining room. I opened the door for her and switched on the lights. I looked around and found everything in order. Ginger still was upset and it took me several minutes to quiet her.

A few days later a woman who was selling cosmetics came to the house. As we sat in the living room,

talking, Ginger ran to the archway to the dining room, looked up into space and started barking.

The saleswoman looked around and smiled. "You have a guest. An old man. Can't you see him?"

"No," I said. "Please describe him to me." I was curious to know if the ghost—for such it seemed to be—was Mr. N., from whom we had purchased the property some years before. However, we had moved in just recently.

Although a stranger in town, the saleswoman described Mr. N. perfectly. She went on, "He says that he doesn't like dogs in his old home and that he never had one."

"Tell him," I replied, "that this is my house now and that Ginger is my dog and has a right to be here, too."

After that Ginger often would wake suddenly from a sound sleep as if she had been struck. My cat, Toby, soon left home.

Frequently, when Ginger and I returned to the house after a car drive or a walk, she was so frightened that finally she became ill.

I consulted a medium, who said that Mr. N. was tormenting Ginger until she was near death. My husband and I rented another house, putting up the former one for sale. In the new house Ginger no longer acted persecuted but became her old happy self.

Apparently Mr. N. disliked children as much as animals. A family with several children bought the house. Soon they complained of the children being tormented by strange noises and other peculiar happenings. They sold the house to some one else.—*Loma Linda, Calif.*

PRECOGNITION ON THE HIGHWAY

By Nadine Christman

MY HUSBAND, our two children, my mother and I were on our way to California on July 2, 1956, when I had an amazing experience in precognition. Although I have had several minor such experiences, none were so startling as this one.

We had just left Fillmore, Utah, about 10:30 A. M. and headed back into the mountains. I was dozing in the front seat between my husband and my mother. I was not actually asleep and had no dream with the usual sequence of events.

While dozing, I saw a flash picture, in color, of an accident scene. Just ahead of us, on a level stretch of highway, a white tow truck stood facing us on the left side of the road. Down in a ditch at the left of the road was a cream-colored car with the rear toward us. The picture was so startlingly vivid that I woke. I exclaimed that I had seen an accident and that we surely would see it before the day

was over and the sun had set.

About 5:30 P. M. we left Las Vegas, Nev., with me driving as it was my turn. We had gone about 50 miles over the flat desert highway and were about to enter the mountains near the California border when we came upon the scene I had seen in my "dream." It was exactly as I had described it to my husband and my mother. The white tow truck was there, and the cream-colored car was in the position in which I had seen it.

I had not seen any injured persons in the dream, but there were three women, all seriously injured. Two were on the ground and the third was in the front seat of the car. A young man, who said he was in his fourth year of study to become a doctor, borrowed my manicure scissors to cut away clothing and give first aid.

We were thoroughly shocked and continued our journey at a slower rate of speed. After reaching our destination we searched the papers for the next few days but never learned whether the women survived or not. Their car had California license plates.—*Beloit, Wis.*

FOREWARNING ON A FINGER

By Haidee Brooks

ONE NIGHT in August, 1941, I dreamed that a snake had fastened itself to my middle finger, was biting it and would not let go. In my agony I walked the floor, shaking my hand in an effort to loosen the grip of the snake. The pain in my dream finally woke me and I realized I had been dreaming, although it had been frighteningly real.

A week later I was washing dishes in the kitchen. The window over the sink was held open by a stick as the rope had broken and had not yet been repaired.

I had just washed a milk bottle and as I placed it on the window sill, I inadvertently must have loosened the supporting stick. The sharp edge of the window came down with full force in a split second and severed the tip of my middle finger.

The shock and pain were so great that I walked the floor, crying and shaking my hand violently to ease the pain. My husband then took me to the hospital.

The middle finger of my hand remains minus the tip to this day. —*Portland. Ore.*

TWO LOAVES OF BREAD

By K. Wilson

TWICE during the 20 years of my married life we have been too poor to buy a loaf of bread. Both times a loaf of bread has appeared in a surprising manner!

In May, 1943, while living in

Newport, R. I., with my three youngest children and my husband who was out of work, the cupboard was bare. Having lived in Newport just a short time we were not eligible for Welfare. The children were coming home from school and would be hungry.

I was deeply troubled, and several times said to myself, "Oh, Lord, if only we had a loaf of bread." Then I took a long walk, as I usually do when I'm worried. I walked toward the downtown section, still repeating to myself that little prayer for a loaf of bread.

I neared a large bank. People were going in and out and many others were passing by. On the steps of the bank was a loaf of bread! Evidently I was seeing things, for no one else appeared to notice the loaf. I almost picked it up, then decided someone had dropped it and would be back.

I walked on for another hour and returned to the bank. The bread was still there, still surrounded by hurrying people who paid no attention to it. I picked it up, feeling that it was surely the answer to my need. It felt warm and freshly baked—right through the wrapper! We were not hungry that night. The next day my husband found a job in a bakery shop and that one loaf of bread multiplied into many!

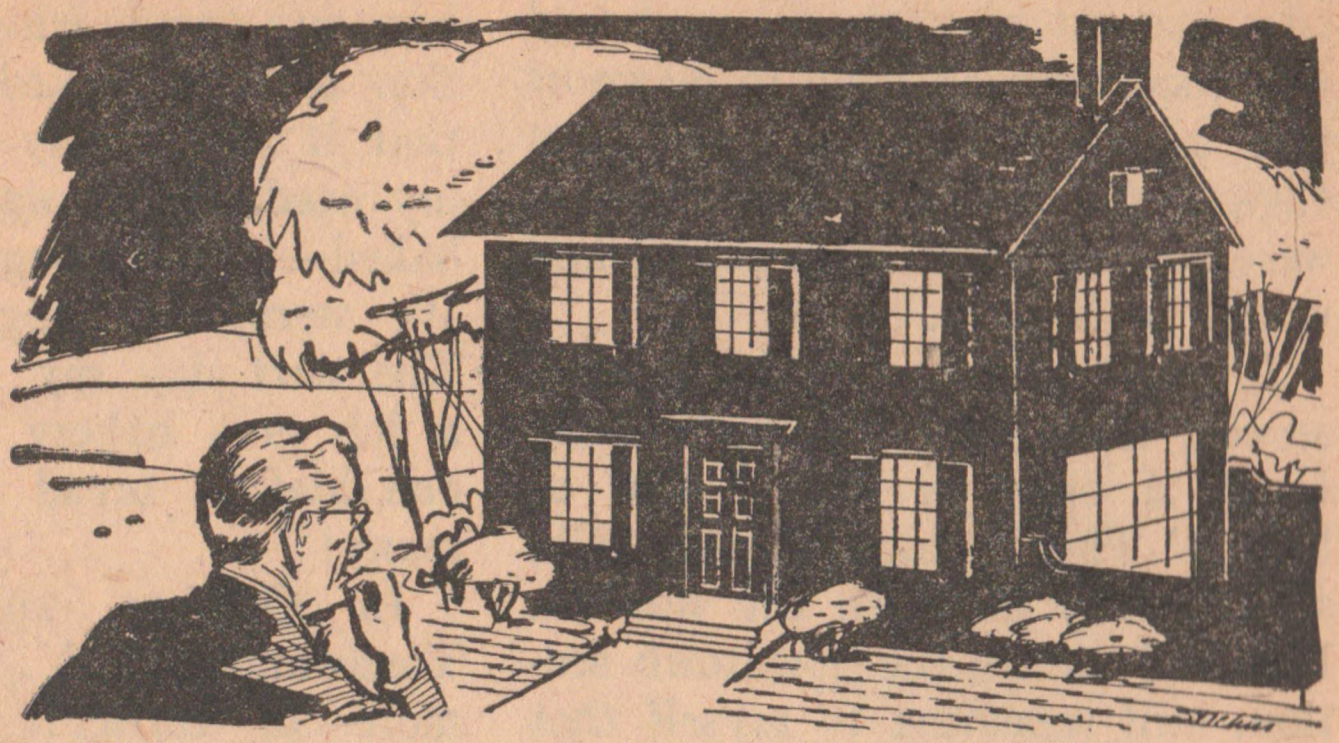
In October, 1946, in North Tonawanda, N. Y., we were once more in difficult circumstances. Again I resorted to taking a long walk and praying for a loaf of bread. As I neared a store my feet scuffed through dry leaves on the sidewalk and I heard a little *clink*. There lay a quarter—enough for a large loaf of bread!

Things are a little brighter now, but I feel that if ever again we need a loaf of bread God somehow will send it. —*Pontiac, Mich.*

BAD DAY FOR THE HIGGINSES

RECENTLY, while assigned to traffic accident investigations, Officer Ben Higgins of the Long Beach, Calif., Police Department was called to where a car driven by Walter Morton Higgins of Ringling, Mont., had crashed into another driven by Ronald Ross Higgins of Long Beach. A short time later Officer Higgins investigated an accident involving a single car on Pacific Coast Highway. The car was driven by Robert Clark Higgins of Los Angeles.

mystery of the CHARRED PAINT



What was the strange fog that made the paint on houses look as if it had been seared with a blow torch?

By June E. Weidemann

ON SEPTEMBER 23, 1956, the industrial plants in Collinsville, Ill., had closed for the day, workers had gone home to their dinners and T.V. sets when the Mystery Fog crept over the area charring, streaking and mottling the paint on many homes.

Persons returning home later from an evening's entertainment were astonished and dismayed to see brown and black spots on their homes—spots which had not been there in the afternoon. Calls flooded the police station at 10 P. M. and at 11:25 Mr. Sprague Schworm, a supervisor of the Glidden Pigment Company, was called to the area as it was thought the smoke-like cloud might be from that company's plant. Mr. Schworm immediately called his chief chemist who said that the fog was apparently a hydrogen sulphide gas which, combining with the lead in the paints, made the houses look charred. Brown streaks which looked as if they had been made with a blow torch were visible on many houses. One home-owner said the

fog ate right down into the wood.

The fog carried with it a pungent odor of rotten eggs which, however, dissipated rapidly. City health officer Dr. Robert Greaves said the fog had no toxic effect and no one was reported ill.

Apparently the same fog appeared earlier, about 9:15, on the same evening over Carlyle, Ill. Carlyle is east of Collinsville. One man there had just finished painting his house in the afternoon, had hardly gotten his brushes clean, when brown and black streaks appeared all over his new paint. In Carlyle the north and west sides of the houses were most affected.

A similar fog appeared in Collinsville, ruining the paint on houses, about 10 years ago. At that time the fog was blamed on slag burning in a neighboring coal mine, but last September the wind was blowing from the wrong direction.

Mr. Joseph N. Fischer, Mayor of Carlyle, says that nothing like this ever happened in Carlyle before. And he pointed out that the towns of Trenton and Breese, Ill., situated directly between Collinsville and Carlyle were unaffected, or did not experience, the peculiar fog at all.

Two days later, on September 25, another similar cloud with its evil odor descended upon Carlyle. This time it dissipated more rapidly and, of course, the paint on most of the houses already was ruined anyway.

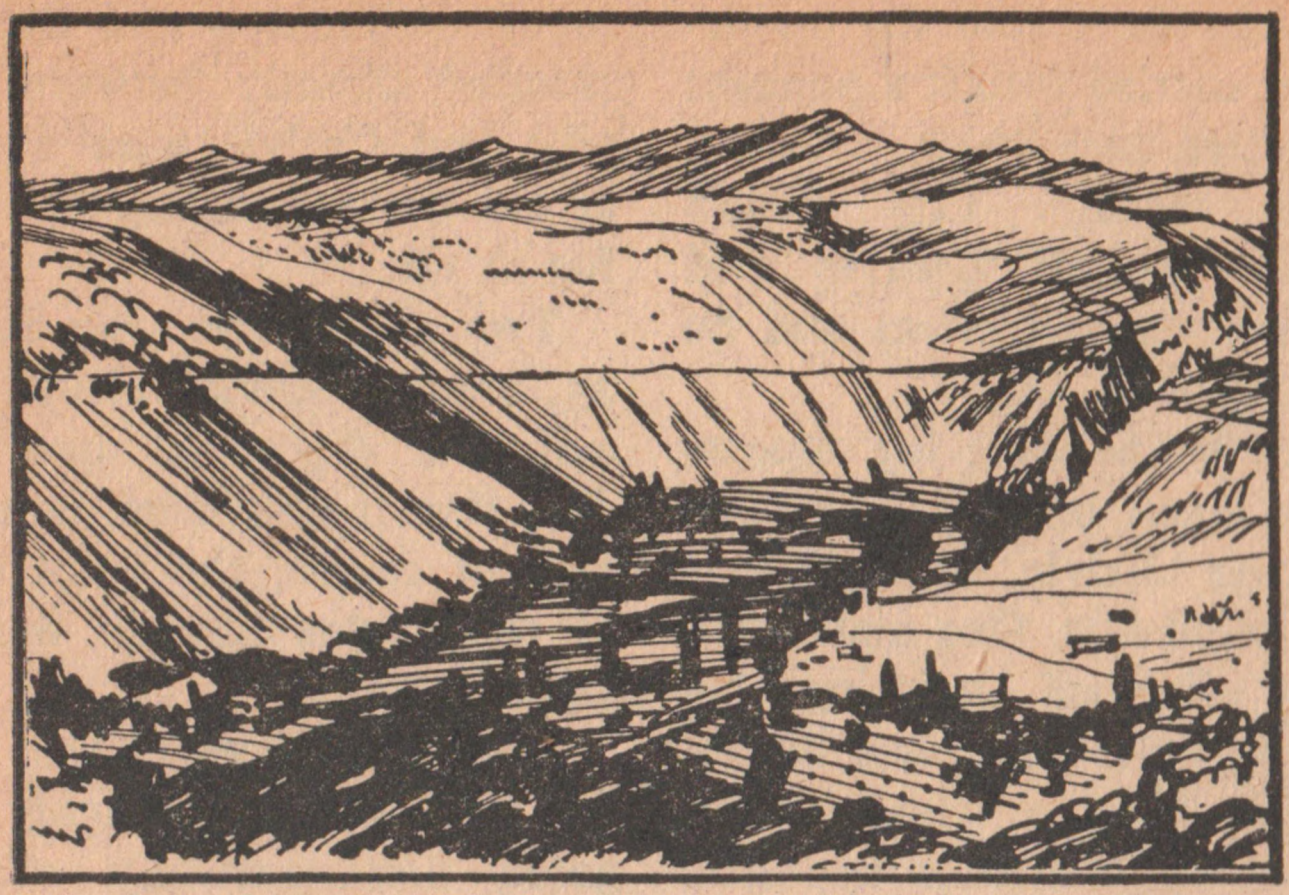
Possible sources of this mystery fog have been thoroughly investigated and gradually eliminated, either because the wind was not from the right direction, or the plants were shut down for the night.

Why does the fog come so seldom? Why does it attack towns so widely separated without touching areas in between? How can it dissipate so quickly after doing so much damage? These and other questions remain unanswered.

Meanwhile, the townspeople look sadly at their mottled houses and plan to repaint.

WORRY PAID OFF

MARJORIE McCORD of San Francisco bought a new car which she was told carried a 4,000-mile guarantee. She worried increasingly as the speedometer registered closer to 4,000. At 3,999 miles the speedometer stopped registering — and still stands at that figure.



CURSE of the Quishuarani Treasure

By James W. Moseley

The Peruvians said the treasure was jinxed by "el diablo" —and an earthquake almost proved it.

Last year I spent seven months hunting treasure in a remote valley in the Andes, approximately 50 miles from the town of Arequipa, Peru. This valley is called Quishuarani, which is an Indian word meaning "haunted river".

My arrival in Quishuarani was due to a chain of circumstances. Friends in Lima had told me of a fabulous treasure supposedly buried in the Andes by Jesuit priests in the late 1700's. My interest was sufficiently aroused so that I flew to Arequipa where I was met by an old treasure hunter, recommended to me by my friends in Lima.

I soon learned that it was common talk in Arequipa that the

Jesuit treasure was buried somewhere on a mountain named Chachani, a few miles from the town. Years of search by small private companies and by the Peruvian Government had failed to uncover any trace of the treasure, however. My contact insisted that they all had looked in the wrong area and that, according to private information he had, the gold was located somewhere in Quishuarani.

He introduced me to members of the Laso family, who had bought most of the land in Quishuarani about 85 years ago after a priest had given their great-grandfather a treasure map in return for a favor. The map gave only the approximate location of the treasure, but there was also a written description which detailed the gold and silver objects of the treasure.

Years of search by succeeding generations of the Laso family had failed to uncover anything of value. However, the old map mentioned that, in addition to the true treasure, there was a "false treasure" in the valley, consisting of a number of urns filled with sand. These urns had been dug up in 1911 by the father of the present owner of the land. This seemed to me sufficient evidence that the information contained in the document was worth gambling on.

I formed a private company, including myself, the Lasos, and several other interested parties. By the terms of the agreement, I would put up the bulk of the money necessary for the digging, but the salaries of the engineer, foreman, and other help needed, would be paid mainly in percentages of the treasure.

Before signing the contract, I took a trip to Quishuarani to inspect the work that had been done so far. There I talked in my broken Spanish to a number of the poor tenant farmers living in the Valley. Most of them believed in the existence of the treasure, but all told me that I would be wasting my time to hunt for it, because of "el diablo"—a devil or ghost who, according to them, had jinxed all the Lasos' efforts.

I did not believe in such things as jinxes, but I wanted to hear about them. Once I convinced them that I would not laugh at their stories, these farmers told me many weird tales. They claimed that on several occasions, on moonlit nights, they had seen a ghostly figure on horseback riding along the side of the river on which the treasure was supposed to be located. One of them said he had once seen the figure from only a few feet away. He told me that it emerged from a clump of bushes and went right past him. By the moonlight he could see clearly that the rider was a man, in old Spanish costume.

The Lasos had told me nothing about these stories, either because they were afraid I would laugh and call them superstitious, or because they thought I would become afraid and change my mind. But I was convinced of the existence of the treasure and it would have taken a lot more than these Indian tales to make me give up the project.

Within a few days after signing the contract we began work in the Valley and from the first, things went wrong. The farmers in Quishuarani were so sure of "el diablo" that I could not persuade them to work for us, even by offering double the prevailing wages. This meant the additional expense and trouble of importing men from Arequipa.

Our first few weeks of work consisted of digging further into a tunnel begun years before by the Lasos. According to the best interpretation we could make of the map, the treasure should be somewhere near there. As the days and weeks passed we found many clues, pieces of pottery, pieces of old glass, a figure carved out of wood, and a large number of human bones. It was obvious that we were reopening a tunnel which had exised many years before. Yet we found nothing of value.

Finally, in desperation, we called upon the one man in Arequipa who owned a modern electronic metal detector. We hired him to come out to Quishuarani and make a survey. His price was high but it was worth it. He located a metal deposit a few yards away from the entrance to our tunnel. According to his calculations the treasure was almost 20 yards beneath the surface of the ground. This meant also that it was about 10 yards beneath the surface of the nearby river, and therefore would be extremely difficult to dig down to.

On hearing this one of our partners became discouraged and decided to abandon the hunt. He argued that the Jesuits could never have buried their treasure lower than the water level nor so close to the river bed. The Lasos insisted, however, that the stream had changed its course considerably in the past 100 years, and that in the old days the distance from the stream to the treasure spot must have been much further than it was now.

The rest of us still had confidence and we determined to invest the additional money necessary to reach this deep underground location. Little did we know then the troubles that would plague our efforts!

After elaborate calculations by Zwicky, our Swiss engineer, we began a long tunnel that, when completed, would slant at a constant

angle from the ground down to the spot the metal detector had marked. The digging went along well enough until we reached the level of the river. Then, as we went deeper, water began to seep in. We found it necessary to hollow out a large underground room, and to construct a perpendicular shaft from this room downwards toward our goal.

To continue the work we needed pumps. The only ones available in that part of Peru were some old British hand pumps in a general store in Arequipa. I bought one and with great difficulty managed to get it out to Quishuarani. Before buying it I tested it carefully in town. Yet, in the Valley, it refused to operate at all!

This story was repeated several times. Within the next few weeks I bought five pumps. Each of them worked well in town, but every one of them operated with difficulty or not at all after being installed in our underground shaft room in Quishuarani. The work came practically to a standstill.

Zwicky was as much at a loss to explain this peculiar turn of events as I was. Neither of us thought of attributing our bad luck to "el diablo".

After considerable delay I managed to obtain from Lima a larger pump equipped with a gasoline motor. Further delay was caused by the necessity of setting up a system of hoses to take the dangerous carbon monoxide fumes from the motor pump out of the tunnel. At last we were ready to continue digging toward the treasure. For three weeks everything went along well. Our shaft reached a depth of six yards of the necessary 10.

We were working with the motor pump suspended into the shaft on a large chain, as the maximum height to which any pump can pull water at the altitude of Quishuarani is about five yards. Our months of working, worrying and waiting seemed about over. Then one day, while I was supervising the routine work of pumping and digging, the chain on the pump snapped. The heavy machine careened down to the bottom of the shaft. It was a miracle that the laborer working in the shaft was not killed. Actually, the pump crashed into the mud and rock beside him. It frightened the man but did him no bodily harm.

At this the whole crew panicked. Apparently they had been listening to the local stories of "el diablo" and this accident was the last straw. We could not induce them to stay on at any wage, and it became necessary to import a whole new crew of men from Arequipa.

My partners, educated Peruvians, also began to feel that the project was cursed, that we should

give it up. The foreman resigned. The other investors refused to put up additional money. My own money was giving out but we were finding pottery and other clues almost daily. I was determined to continue. And I did continue, despite the fact that I had no one left for moral support except my faithful engineer, who agreed to stay on even though I could no longer afford to pay him.

I rounded up a new work crew in Arequipa and a few days after the accident we were out in Quishuarani again. We managed to raise the motor pump from the bottom of the shaft with a complicated system of hooks, ropes, and chains. The pump was not seriously damaged and it was not long before we had it cleaned, repaired and back in action.

As we dug deeper, the water came in faster. Finally even the motor pump could not keep the shaft dry. In addition we were coming upon huge boulders, too large to be hoisted out of the shaft by rope. Of course, these boulders were good news in a way, because the treasure could only be in a room hollowed out of solid rock. I felt more strongly than ever that we were on the right track. However, the necessity of dynamiting these rocks added new danger to the already hazardous work.

The next few days were a nightmare. Zwicky would light the dynamite with a long fuse and then run out of the tunnel with the workmen. With each explosion in the shaft a new pile of dirt and stones would shake loose from the ceiling of the underground room. The logs which we used as supports for the ceiling shifted position little by little, and there was no more wood available in the Valley with which to reinforce them. We tried using less dynamite in each charge, but then the boulders would not split up enough to be moved.

To make matters worse, the pump clogged up with mud again and again. Each time we had to overhaul it was an additional loss of time and money.

As our difficulties increased I became more stubbornly determined to finish the job. Yet I must admit that by then even I had a strange feeling — one that I hardly know how to put into words — that there was something unnatural and exaggerated about the obstacles we were encountering.

I had hired extra men and we continued the digging around-the-clock. Zwicky supervised the day shift. I took the night shift. I found myself becoming nervous on these night shifts. Perhaps it was because of the darkness, perhaps because of the stories of "el diablo". In any case, I often got the distinct feeling that there was some-

thing unknown and unaccounted for there in the mine with us. I never actually saw anything, but I felt it.

On September 28, 1955, the shaft was nine-and-a-half-yards deep. Knowing that we were close to our goal the engineer and I carried our guns to the mine with us. That night I sat in the shaft room, nervously fingering the pistol in my pocket as the work crew hauled the rocks out of that last agonizing half-yard. Suddenly there was a series of yells in Spanish from the laborer at the bottom of the shaft. He had uncovered part of the top of a metal box!

My excitement was unbounded as I leaned over the edge of the shaft and saw, by the light of a flickering mine lamp, the rusted surface of an old chest. I was just about to climb down into the shaft for a closer look when a peculiar, distant rumbling caught my ear. I thought at first it was some new noise coming from the motor pump. But this noise was different. It seemed to be coming from somewhere far within the earth.

I shouted "Earthquake!" Then, unable to control my panic, I ran into the tunnel that led to the surface. Two of the workmen were right behind me. As I dashed out of the tunnel into the cool night air the rumbling grew louder. I thought I heard a scream rise above the other noise but perhaps I only imagined it. In any case, the workman who had been at the bottom of the shaft never reached the surface.

The two Indians with me became hysterical. I managed to regain my composure to the extent that as soon as the rumbling stopped, I tried to go back into the tunnel to see if there was any hope of rescuing the third man. Not more than 10 feet from the entrance I had just come out of the tunnel was blocked by a pile of rocks. I returned with the two remaining laborers to the little nearby farmhouse where we all were living.

The next morning at daybreak I returned to the mine with the engineer. The workmen refused to come with us. After several hours' digging Zwicky and I had cleared away the pile of debris near the entrance of the tunnel. From there the tunnel was still open all the way to the shaft room. But the shaft room itself was a depressing sight. By the light of my flash I could see that the shaft, the pump, and the poor unfortunate laborer were hopelessly buried under many tons of sand and rock.

This tragedy ended my interest in the Quishuarani treasure. Even if I had had the money to rebuild the work destroyed, I would not have done so. The fact that the

cave-in occurred almost at the very moment we had found the treasure seems too strange to be a coincidence. Earthquakes are not uncommon in the Andes, but it is hard to deny that there was something weird about a quake occurring at that exact moment, after there had been no quakes in the Valley for at least seven months previously.

Zwicky still doesn't believe in ghosts or curses. Nor do I. But I had come so close to getting killed, I decided it would be wise to abandon the hunt, to leave the treasure for someone else to find. As of this writing the gold must still be down there.

If any of you readers have the capital and spirit necessary for a treasure hunt in Peru, contact me. I will give you all the information I have about Quishuarani. For myself—call it fear of the unknown, call it anything you like—I take no interest in finding the Quishuarani treasure.

MIRACLE MAN OF HOLLAND

IN THE course of his investigations of psychic phenomena, Professor Willem Tenhoeff, who occupies the chair of parapsychology at the University of Utrecht, has unmasked a number of frauds. However, he said recently, he believes that Gerard Croiset of Utrecht, famed as a clairvoyant and healer, definitely has paranormal powers.

Tenhoeff said Croiset heals the sick by laying on of hands and by hypnotism. His healing is so highly regarded that people come to him from all parts of the country.

Croiset even gives aid and information by telephone to persons he has never seen, according to Tenhoeff. After police in the village of Urk failed to find a lost boy, his mother called up Croiset and asked for help. Croiset told her that the boy had fallen into a canal and was wedged between a boat and a granary. The child was found in the exact place Croiset had described.

Another example of Croiset's powers given by Tenhoeff is that involving an 80-year-old woman who disappeared while riding her bicycle. After searchers failed to locate her, Croiset was consulted by phone. He said the old woman had lost control of her bicycle and fallen into the Yssel River. The next day the searchers found her body in the stream.

the practical side of PRAYER

Prayer may prolong human life and accomplish miracle cures — but there must be a special way of praying.

By Walter M. Germain, Ph. D.

THE LATE, great prophet of India, Mohandas Gandhi, said, "Prayer can work miracles, but it should not be considered only in terms of miracles . . . It brings us an awareness of God, yes, but also it nourishes the one who prays, both mentally and physically."

Mental health is the nation's greatest problem. Degenerative diseases, such as heart trouble, arthritis, diabetes and cancer are increasing at an alarming rate. For these reasons, if for no other, America would be wise to become a praying nation.

How can prayer nourish our mental and physical beings as well as our spirits? God has endowed every human being with the creative and curative powers capable of providing peace of mind, physical fitness and longevity. Christ promised these very things when He said, "He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these he shall do."

God has given us the privilege and responsibility of procreation. Moreover, He has so designed the human organism that vital processes such as respiration, circulation, digestion, etc., are involuntary functions. He relieved us of the responsibility of conscious direction of

these essential functions of the body; but He did not guarantee their stability and durability. Reason and free-will are supposed to take care of that.

For the sake of emphasis, let's consider the human organism from a purely mechanical standpoint, as we do our automobile. If we knew as little about the car we drive as we do about our wondrous human machine, it would be short lived indeed, just as our own lives are shorter than they should be.

Scientists tell us that the span of human life should be well over the century mark. It is true that medical science has been instrumental in extending life expectancy by finding cures and preventatives for most infectious diseases. But the greatest plagues of all — mental ills and degenerative diseases — cannot be alleviated by drugs alone. Antibiotics and so-called tranquilizing drugs are synthetic substitutes that bring temporary relief but do not prevent nor cure.

You need not be told that there is real magic in faith healing. Most everyone knows someone who got well after having been "given up" by doctors. Most every such case illustrates the power of prayer.

What gives prayer this miraculous power? The answer is faith. As a Quaker preacher wrote me, "the magic power of prayer is belief."

Whenever one of the disciples failed in the ministry of healing, Christ would chide him by saying, "Oh ye of little faith."

If your faith is strong enough to activate the creative and curative powers of your own wondrous human organism, you not only can heal yourself of any disease, but you should be able to heal others, too.

The fact that God has endowed you with this wonderful power should not lessen your faith in Him; rather, it should strengthen it. Should you feel yourself harassed by negative emotions of doubt, prejudice, or resentment over this unorthodox assertion, you are experiencing the sort of emotional reaction that can rob you of peace of mind and eventually destroy your health.

We are hearing more and more these days about the need for positive thinking. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale wrote a best-selling book titled *The Power Of Positive Thinking*. He left his readers with the impression that all blessings derived from prayer come from above. This is the most common version of prayer. But there is also a practical side to prayer, referred to by Dr. John A. Schindler when he wrote, "Unpleasant emotions can make you sick. Pleasant emotions can make you well — and keep you well." Writing in *How To Live*

365 *Days A Year* this very wise doctor explains that emotions affect a group of organs in the body called the endocrine glands even more than they affect the nervous system. These glands, he said, govern and regulate body functions.

"When the glands are activated by such depressing emotions as defeat, futility and discouragement their production of hormones is changed and this can cause a great many ailments," he wrote. The good doctor neglected to tell how animated emotions, such as deep faith, can invigorate the human system in the same way, but by reverse action, even to the extent of affecting miraculous cures.

"If you would care to understand human behavior," said Dr. Walter Coutu, "investigate the stimuli which produce it." This holds good for health as well as behavior. What part of the human organism determines whether you will enjoy health, wealth, and happiness, or live in sickness, poverty, and discontent? Your brain, of course! The human brain consists of two main parts. The basal ganglia make up the "old brain." The cerebral cortex and middle portion make up the "new brain." The middle segment of the basal ganglia is called the thalamus. This part of the old brain controls the functions and condition of the body. It acts as a sort of generator of an electrical force, called brain waves, that conveys intelligence from the memory storehouse, located in the two exterior segments of the basal ganglia, to every part of the organism. The psychological factor that causes the thalamus to increase its voltage is *emotion*.

At the "feeling" level of subconsciousness, the natural response of one's "emotional thinking" is to seek pleasure, security, and to avoid pain, insecurity. Sometimes one's "emotional thinking" is dominated by negative feelings. These usually are offshoots of man's primitive impulses of greed, fear and anger. If these negative feelings dominate one's conscious thinking it is difficult, if not impossible, for the powerful emotional impulses to be properly controlled by reason. On the other hand, positive "emotional thinking" will influence reasoned thoughts and actions that are conducive to the well-being of the whole organism.

When the interaction of the dual mentality is fortified by positive "feeling" attitudes of the thalamus, and positive "reasoning" reactions of the cerebral cortex, a supernormal state of being is experienced. It is this state of mind which produces real genius. In this state of mind the individual has the benefit of the powerful emotional forces and perfect memory of his subconscious "feeling" mind with

its marvelous psychic resources, plus all the reasoning faculty of his conscious mind.

Devout prayer is the highest form of positive thinking because it stimulates the powerful emotion of Love to its greatest power. When sustained by deep faith, devout prayer often synchronizes the interaction of the dual mentality and miracles of healing occur. Miraculous cures seldom occur simply because the average person's faith is not strong enough to activate this potential power of prayer.

What are the mechanics of miraculous cures? As previously stated, God has endowed the human organism with creative and curative powers which renew every cell in the body every 11 months. (Brain cells are never renewed.) The late Dr. Alexis Carrel claimed that prayer can evoke miraculous cures when it causes "extreme acceleration of the processes of organic repair" by activating the endocrine gland system.

Too many people pray without real feeling. Their prayers consist of words learned in childhood or read from a printed book, often repeated without awareness of their meaning. Such prayers are worthless. "They don't even reach the ceiling," as the late Dr. George Washington Carver once remarked. Most prayers are intercessory. People usually turn to prayer when in dire need. Too frequently their prayers go "unanswered" because they assume a conciliatory attitude. The adjunct, "If it be Thy will, Oh Lord," is contrary to the instruction given in Mark XI:24: "Therefore I say unto you, all things, whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive; and they shall come unto you."

Here, again, we see the importance of faith, of believing, in the power of prayer. Prayer's greatest power is evoked when we pray for others. How one can benefit by praying for others is illustrated by the widely publicized story of Jacques Olivari, who at 48, had long been an agnostic in religion and a Communist in politics. In Nice, France, where he lives, he was a local Communist cell leader.

In April, 1956, Olivari was partially paralyzed in a fall at work and two and a half months of treatment failed to cure him. Over his heated objections his devout wife finally persuaded him to go to Lourdes.

Late last year he reluctantly joined a group of pilgrims at the grotto. A young blind boy beside him urged Olivari to pray. Struck with sudden wonder and compassion, Olivari cried out, "God, if you exist, cure this child who deserves it more than I."

A great sense of his human weak-

ness came upon him. Then he found he could walk unaided.

Now back in Nice, Olivari is not sure that his cure was a miracle. (This decision can be made only after extensive medical research by Roman Catholic authorities.) "One thing," he said, "is sure. I am cured and now I believe in God." (*Newsweek*, September 17, 1956.)

Another striking example of how one can help himself by praying for others was told by the wife of the late Dr. Alexis Carrel while she was a nurse at the shrine of Our Lady in Lourdes, France. She was holding in her arms a woman dying of cancer of the throat. Looking across the room at the suffering people, the woman forgot her own suffering and started praying for the others. There was a miraculous, instantaneous healing. Mrs. Carrel felt the life flow into her own body, as well as her patient's.

Mrs. Carrel "felt the life flow into her own body" because she was closely holding the dying woman, who actually cured herself by praying for others, thereby stimulating the creative forces of her own organism.

A prayer group in the Ghent Methodist Church, Norfolk, Va., uses a unique prayer technique to effect absent healing. They call it "subconscious prayer." It is described in a booklet, *A Challenge To Christians*. They write, "Limitless Powers Lie Within The Subconscious."

"Jesus asked an expression of strong faith from each one who came to Him for healing or help of any kind. He well understood the great power of positive faith and joyous hope in bringing about the desired results.

"We have discovered that those who care enough can help, in an astounding measure, others whose wills and desires have become too weak to conquer without another's assistance. It has long been known that the subconscious mind will take orders from another person if its own conscious mind is asleep or inactive.

". . .By constantly sending out loving positive thoughts to anyone caught in the throes of a destructive habit we can most certainly help him break the shackles that are binding and wrecking his life.

". . .An encouraging fact we have learned is that distance makes no difference in working with a person through this method. The subconscious mind never sleeps but is constantly alert, receptive and obedient. It always hears its owner's name called and listens to build the ideas suggested.

". . .Be sure in praying this way that the beneficiary is asleep for he will never regard another's orders if his own conscious mind is in

control. Your message must be expressed out loud in order to set the vibrations in motion that will reach him whose name is called. Speak clearly, distinctly and positively. It is well to write out beforehand the things you wish to impress. Continue to give the same suggestions or similar ones strengthening the ideas you wish to impart. This should be repeated every night and if the case is urgent, given several times each night."

One of our fine Christian doctors, whose life in his chosen profession was dedicated to the services of all in need, gives us this valuable testimony. For years he had been reading about the great and mysterious power that lies within the subconscious mind. He was being increasingly impressed with the thought that the subconscious mind picks up all that is said in the operating room, when the conscious mind is under an anaesthetic, hence not directing the life-building forces in his own body. During such a time the subconscious mind is ever alert and ready to fill all orders given.

He began to see that the full and free discussion of a patient's condition, while in surgery, could easily bring harmful results. The consulting surgeons all meant to be working toward constructive ends in gaining valuable knowledge to help others. He wondered if the patient under observation was not paying a dear price for the increased knowledge being gained by the profession.

He was asked to lead a discussion on this subject in a group which was thinking along these same lines. They all agreed to refrain from ever stating audibly any negative conditions they observed. They would make notes, gestures, or use any silent means of pointing out their conclusions, but they never again would be guilty of saying something that might do the patient harm.

Then the doctor realized this was not enough because one never builds by the mere absence of evil. He discovered each patient must have something definitely constructive and positive to build on in order to overcome a known wrong or difficulty. He decided to offer each one under his care some encouraging positive facts upon which they might regain their health and re-orient their lives.

Now, while his patient is asleep he talks to him, or her, like this: "God has given you a very remarkable body. He created you in His Own Image and made you of His Own Spirit. He not only created you but He is continuing this creative process in you every second of every day and every night. In less than four month's time every cell in your body is renewed. Each cell

is perfect when it is offered you. It has God's wisdom and knows how to perform its function perfectly. But God has made you His partner in creation. As each fresh new cell replaces the old one that has finished its work, it follows the pattern of your life. Every deep thought and emotion affects its efficiency. Happy, kind, loving, peaceful thoughts quicken your own life energies and yield strength and vitality. Thoughts of fear, worry, anger, resentment, envy, jealousy and hatred upset the natural functions of your entire body, if held and encouraged.

"Your body was made of God's Own Spirit which is Love. It is so created that all these unloving qualities offend and eventually kill healthy harmonious life activities. His divine spirit within you will direct and make perfect every life function if you remain relaxed and keep free from unloving and negative thoughts.

"You can have a healthy body, glowing with a new power in less than four months if you follow the innate Law Of Love by which you were made to live."

This doctor tells me he has seen this work successfully in every instance for two years.

The implications of such suggestive power are world-wide. It is the opinion of many parapsychologists that Russia could be converted to Christianity by the telepathic impact of "subconscious prayer" if a crusade of prayer were promoted on a nationwide basis while the Russian people are asleep.

On October 15, 1956, *Newsweek* published this, "Fantastic as it sounds, a serious psychological research project being conducted for the Joint Chiefs of Staff is a study of the possible use of extrasensory perception. Those in on it are looking into the possibilities of using ESP, not only to read the minds of Soviet leaders, but to influence their thinking by long-range thought control."

MORE OF THE SAME

IN DECEMBER, 1956, Arnold Rinvelt and Robert Bumb were amazed to find themselves together in the waiting room of a Grand Rapids, Mich., hospital. They had shared the waiting room in December, 1953, when their wives each gave birth to a daughter. To their further amazement, they found their wives again had been put in the same room, had given birth to daughters, and that their babies had the same middle name, Lynn.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

Dr. Ortho Paul Argabrite of Alderson, W. Va., married Sharon Ann Kirby whom he delivered as a baby 20 years ago.

●

In Marietta, Ga., Myra Brown married Wyatt L. Wallace. Her sister, Betty, married Wallace L. Wyatt.

●

Mrs. J. W. Harris Sr., of Philadelphia, Tenn., is one of 13 children, and she has 13 nieces, 13 nephews, 13 grandchildren and 13 greatgrandchildren.

●

The Rev. Douglas Pimm became pastor at Hebron, Conn., instead of accepting another offer because he opened the Bible at random and read this passage: "And David said, 'Whither shall I go up?' and the Lord said, 'Unto Hebron.' "

●

Dr. Vaughan Payne, of London, Eng., was called in to treat Major Robert Howard, who was near death from cancer. Dr. Payne persuaded Major Howard to undergo a very dangerous operation as his only hope for survival. A year later the Major was up and around, feeling fine, but Dr. Payne was dead—of cancer.

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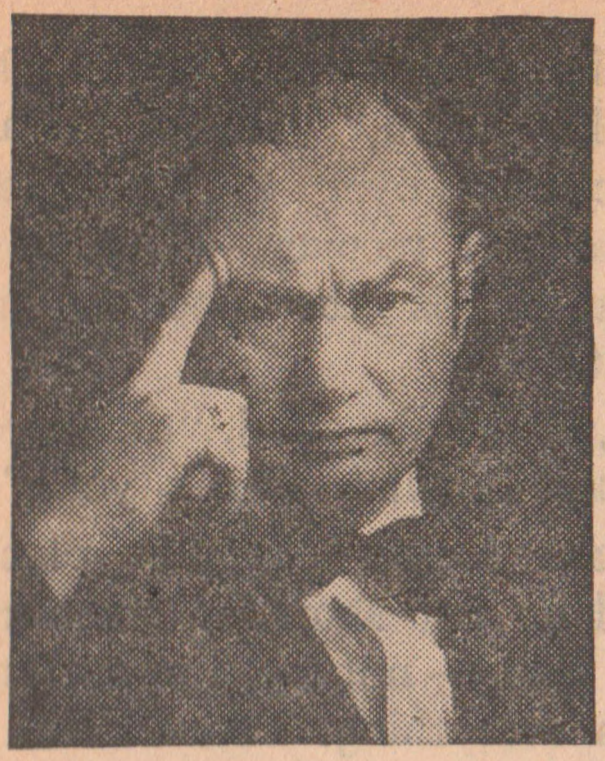
Michael J. Kane, 92, of Patchogue, N. Y., literally has one foot in the grave. When he was 17 he was shot accidentally. His condition became so critical that his parents bought a cemetery lot for him. But an amputation of the injured leg saved him—and (only) his leg lies in the grave.

●

The job of Milly, a lamb, was to lure other unsuspecting lambs into a south London slaughtering pen. The other day there was quite a rush into the pen, it was one of Milly's most successful days, and Milly was missed in the melee. The Judas of the lamb world had died under the knife also.

●

Throughout their 15 years of marriage Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mendenez of Tampa, Fla., had longed for a child. Coming out of a grocery store one day recently they found a new-born baby abandoned in their car. They are adopting it.



The man who claimed to be able to read minds saw the governor in a plane crash. So he stepped up to him in the hotel and warned him.

HARRY INGALLS—

THE YANKEE SEER

By Raymond J. Ross

IT IS HARD to understand how a man who has never seen you before can tell you your name, your age, even your social security number. Yet one man can and does!

He is Harry Ingalls, one of the top exponents of telepathy working before the public today. As a reporter and magazine writer, I saw Ingalls demonstrate his powers in Bridgeport, Conn., where his audience of thousands was speechless with amazement.

Harry Ingalls lives with his wife, a former singer, and grandchild in the peaceful little town of Swampscott, Mass. Ingalls does not do any mind reading in his home town; it would undoubtedly be regarded as unneighborly.

This Yankee Seer, as he is called, once told Gov. G. Mennen Williams of Michigan that he would soon be in a serious airplane crash, but would walk away from it uninjured. Ingalls *saw* this as the governor was walking through a Detroit hotel lobby. Ingalls stepped up to the governor and revealed his mental vision. One week later the accident happened as predicted by Ingalls. Gov. Williams wrote the details of the accident to Ingalls after it had occurred.

In Lynn, Mass., when Ingalls went in to get his newly-assigned social security number, he told the bewildered girl what the number would be. She slowly handed him the card, her eyes open in amazement as she read the exact number Ingalls had just said he would receive. Ingalls had no access to the files.

I first met Harry Ingalls in 1948, when my newspaper editor, Robert Sperry, of the Bridgeport *Life*, assigned me to "expose this faker downtown — a man named Ingalls now doing his act at the - - - - department store."

As I entered the store I ran into a huge crowd milling around a short man in his early 60s. He was wearing a black robe.

I worked my way to the front of the crowd until I was standing directly before Harry Ingalls. He paced back and forth. In his hand was a small crystal ball. A real faker, I told myself. Then he suddenly pointed a slim finger at a lady next to me.

"Edith! Is that right? Your name is Edith?"

She nodded.

"Edith," Ingalls continued, "you are worried over your husband, John, who is at a hospital in a nearby town about to undergo a major operation. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

I looked at the woman. Tears were zig-zagging down her cheeks.

"Well, Edith," Harry Ingalls said, coming over to her, "your husband will recover — and it is not cancer as the doctors first thought."

"Oh, God," she cried, "thank you Professor Ingalls! Thank you!"

"Please Edith," Ingalls placed a hand on her shoulder, "not me. Thank God — not me. I'm nothing. God is everything. Thank Him in the prayers of your own faith."

That first day there was not a thread of evidence to indicate Ingalls was a faker. I went day after day, hoping to find some clue as to how he did it. I was supposed to write an expose but I was up against a stone wall. All I heard was praise from everyone, even from one of our leading medical men. I questioned 50 people as they came out of the store. They said variously, "This Ingalls is great," "He told me where I have a birthmark," "He told me my mother's maiden name, and described a scar she's had since she was little."

So I approached Harry Ingalls myself. Before I could show him my press credentials he said, "You're a reporter sent to expose me. Is that right?" I said, "That's right." I also said, "You could have found out I'm a reporter from the store manager who knows me and from the fact I've been here day after day."

"O.K, my boy," Ingalls said. "You believe that someone told me you are a reporter. Well now, I'll do something for you. I'll tell you your social security number and the number of your house. If I fail to do this I'll give you 500 dollars."

I could feel the 500 berries right in my pocket.

"Your social security number is 044-26-9734. You live at 163 Elm Street, here in Bridgeport." I kissed the 500 dollars goodbye. Ingalls was correct.

For another week I watched his amazing mental powers. Then I went to Swampscott, Mass., as his guest for three weeks. I interviewed over 100 people in Swampscott and Lynn. I learned that even as a child in school he had amazed his classmates and teacher. Whenever the teacher stood up to write something on the board Ingalls would call out what she was about to write. He was never wrong. Housewives were anxious to hear young Ingalls tell whether it would rain or shine. Once he told his mother to "take in the wash. It's going to rain for three days." His mother didn't believe him, there was not a cloud in the skies. But the next morning it was raining. And it rained for three days.

When Ingalls was 19 he owned a circus. He was a producer for RKO shows for years.

Ingalls does not go into a trance. He looks at his subject intently. Then his eyes take on a sightless, faraway look. He claims that the subject's name, age, whatever he is trying to get from the mind of another, appears before his eyes as a clear picture.

"It is not me," Ingalls stresses, "it is God. He works in me and I in Him. God deserves the credit."

Dorothy Kilgallen, in her famous column, rated Harry Ingalls as one of the most amazing persons she has ever seen perform.

Ingalls was a featured attraction in Bridgeport, Conn., during the Barnum Festival week of 1956.

Store managers hire him, as an attraction, to *read* the minds of their customers.

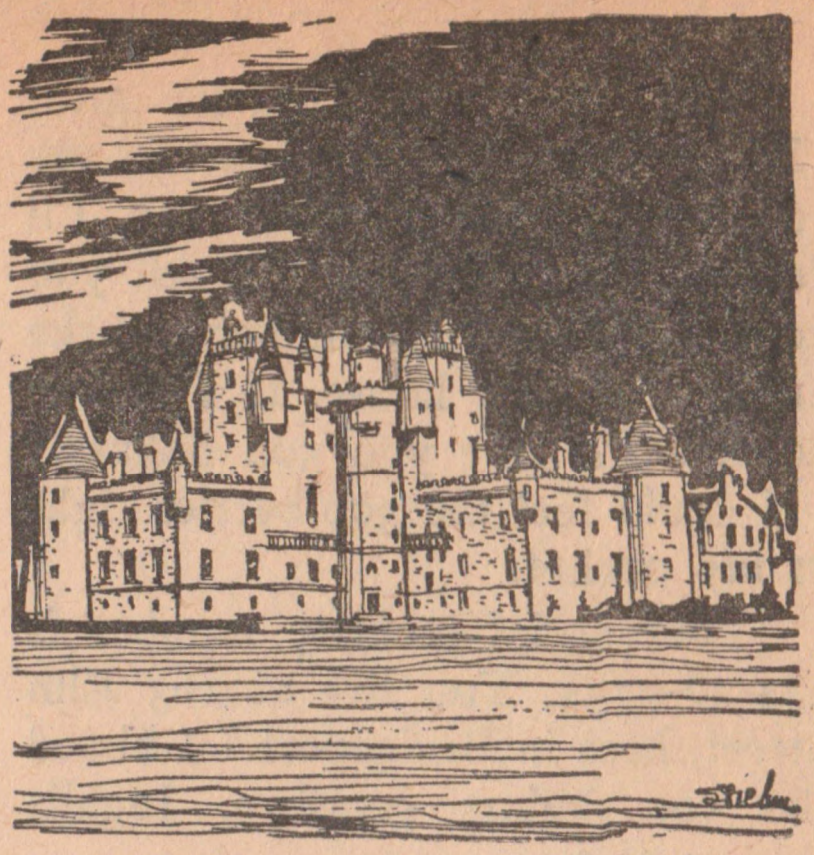
Wherever Ingalls appears, crowds mill around always asking, "How do you do it?"

And Ingalls answers "I don't know — it just comes to me."

COMRADES IN ARMS

IN HARRISBURG, Pa., three cousins suffered the same injuries the same weekend. Ronald Swartley, 15, tripped while roller skating; Judy Swartley, 10, fell from a slide; and Jimmy DiPaolo, 2, fell from a rocking chair and hit a desk. All suffered broken left arms.

Young David did not believe the War Office report that Michael was dead. He said he had seen his brother.



Clairvoyance at Glamis Castle

By Pauline Saltzman

MUCH has been written on the legends identified with age-old Glamis Castle. And even if it is often difficult to define that delicate line which separates truth and legend, we cannot discount the comparatively recent paranormal occurence that took place here during the first World War.

Glamis Castle has been the home of the historic Bowes-Lyon family for more than five centuries. During this time Glamis housed a future queen, Elizabeth, now Queen Mother of Great Britain.

Elizabeth, then Miss Bowes-Lyon, and her younger brother, David, who was 12 at the time, were nearly inseparable. According to Lady Cynthia Asquith, Elizabeth's first official biographer, as a child David had a strange gift of "second sight." The centuries-old Castle seemed to bring out this gift.

David often saw what he called the "gray people" in some of the Castle's history-haunted chambers.

He would tell how they suddenly appeared, how they moved about, then just as inexplicably vanished into the mists. His descriptions never varied; the 12-year-old lad would describe the wearing apparel of his "gray people" in the most minute detail. Always, research disclosed that the garb described was unfailingly 15th Century!

When Glamis Castle was converted into a military hospital, a dark shadow fell upon the place and the people who lived there. One of the Bowes-Lyons sons, Fergus, already had been killed in action at Loos, during the taking and holding of the Hohenzollern Redoubt. Then, suddenly, one day, the War Office notified the family of another son's death. David was summoned home from school to be with the rest of the bereaved family.

Lady Asquith attributes the following information to Mr. Stirton, who was, at that time, the official chaplain at Glamis:

"David lunched with me one day," Mr. Stirton told the biographer, "and I pointed out to him that he should not wear colored clothes and a colored tie so soon after his brother's death."

" 'Michael is not dead" protested David. 'I have seen him twice. He is in a big house surrounded with fir trees. He is not dead, but I think he is very ill because his head is tied up in a cloth. ' "

"I pointed out that the War Office had reported Michael as killed and they were not likely to have made a mistake, but David would not budge 'Michael is not dead,' he maintained, 'because I have seen him twice, and I won't wear mourning for him.'

"Three months later, David proved to be perfectly right. Michael had been shot through the head, and it was some time before he recovered his just mental powers and could let his family know that he was in a German prison hospital."

ANOTHER CREMATION MYSTERY?

ON DECEMBER 9, 1956, The Boston (Mass.) *Sunday Globe* reported that Mrs. Catherine Cahill, 78, an invalid Roxbury widow, died in a mysterious blaze which was confined to her kitchen rocking chair. According to the last report, fire officials had not determined the cause of the fire. Mrs. Cahill's daughter, who lives at the same address, told police her mother was not a smoker.

Here are more pieces to the unsolved puzzle of human cremation. Why do bodies ignite and burn?

Some Mysteries of SELF-COMBUSTION

By M. Greenfern

ALTHOUGH the spontaneous burning up of human beings is rather terrible to consider, yet the facts concerning such cases are important because, while it is almost unbelieveable, they do occur. It would seem the medieval superstitions about "the devil" and his taking ways are borne out!

One instance is preserved in the Annual Register in a letter of Dr. Wilmer, surgeon: "Mary Clues, aged 50, was much addicted to intoxication. Her propensity to this vice had increased after the death of her husband, which happened a year and a half before. For about a year, scarcely a day had passed in the course of which she did not drink at least half a pint of rum or aniseed-water. Her health gradually declined and about the beginning of February she was attacked by the jaundice and confined to her bed. Though she was incapable of much action, and not in a condition to work, she still continued her old habit of drinking every day, and smoking a pipe of tobacco. The bed in which she lay stood parallel to the chimney of the apartment, the distance from it about three feet. On Saturday morning, the 1st of March, she fell on the floor; and her extreme weakness having prevented her from getting up, she remained in that state till some one entered and put her to bed. The following night she wished to be left alone: a woman quitted her at half past eleven and, according to custom, shut the door and locked it. She had put on the fire two large pieces of coal and

placed a light in a candlestick on a chair, at the head of the bed. At half after five in the morning a smoke was seen issuing through the window; and the door being speedily broken open, some flames which were in the room were soon extinguished. Between the bed and the chimney were found the remains of the unfortunate Clues; one leg and a thigh were still entire, but there remained nothing of the skin, the muscles, or the viscera. The bones of the cranium, the breast, the spine, and the upper extremities, were entirely calcined and covered with a whitish efflorescence. The people were much surprised that the furniture had sustained so little injury. The side of the bed which was next to the chimney had suffered the most; the wood of it was slightly burnt, but the feather-bed, the clothes, and covering, were safe. I entered the apartment about two hours after it had been opened and observed that the walls and every thing in it were blackened; that it was filled with a very disagreeable vapour; but that nothing except the body exhibited any strong traces of fire."

So much for the sinfulness of drinking alcohol which up until recent times was considered to be the root of such happenings.

We find an occurance of this same kind, in a work entitled, *Acta Medica et Philosophica Hafniensia,* and in Henry Bohanser's *Le Nouveau Phosphere Enflamme*: A woman in Paris who had been accustomed, for three years, to drink wine to such a degree that she used no other liquor was found one day entirely reduced to ashes, except for her skull and the extremities of her fingers.

The Transactions of the Royal Society of London present an instance of human combustion which is no less extraordinary. At the time it happened it was in all the journals and was attested by a great number of eye-witnesses. Three accounts of this event, by different authors, all nearly coincide. The facts are as follows: "Grace Pitt, the wife of a fishmonger, of the parish of St. Clement, Ipswich, aged about 60, had contracted a habit which she continued for several years of coming down every night from her bed-room, half-dressed, to smoke a pipe. On the night of the 9th of April, 1744, she got up from her bed as usual. Her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive she was absent till next morning when she awoke, soon after which she put on her clothes and going down into the kitchen found her mother stretched out on the right side, with her head near the grate, the body extended on the hearth, with the legs on the floor, which was of deal, having

the appearance of a log of wood, consumed by a fire without apparent flames. On beholding this spectacle the girl ran in great haste and poured over her mother's body some water, contained in two large vessels, in order to extinguish the fire; while the fetid odour and smoke which exhaled from the body, almost suffocated some of the neighbours who had hastened to the girl's assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, the legs, and the thighs had also participated in the burning. This woman, it is said, had drunk a large quantity of spirituous liquor, in consequence of being overjoyed to hear that one of her daughters had returned from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burnt entirely out in the socket of the candlestick, which was close to her. Besides, there were found near the consumed body the clothes of a child and a paper screen which had sustained no injury by the fire. The dress of this woman consisted of a cotton gown."

Le Cat, in a memoir on spontaneous burning, mentions several other instances of combustion of the human body: "Having spent several months at Rheims in the year 1724 and 1725, I lodged with Sieur Millet, whose wife got intoxicated every day. The domestic economy of the family was managed by a pretty young girl; which I must not omit to remark, in order that the circumstances which accompanied the fact I am about to relate, may be better understood.

This woman was found consumed on the 20th of February, 1725, at the distance of a foot and a half from the hearth in her kitchen. A part of the head only, with a portion of the lower extremities and a few of the vertebrae, had escaped combustion. A foot-and-a-half of the flooring under the body had been consumed but a kneading-trough and a powdering-tub, which were near the body, sustained no injury. M. Criteen, a surgeon, examined the remains of the body with every judicial formality. Jean Millet, the husband, being interrogated by the judges who instituted the inquiry into the affair, declared, that about eight in the evening on the 19th February he had retired to rest with his wife, who not being able to sleep, had gone into the kitchen where he thought she was warming herself; that, having fallen asleep, he was awakened about two o'clock with a disagreeable odour and that, having run to the kitchen, he found the remains of his wife in the state described in the report of the physicians and surgeons. The judges, having no suspicion of the real cause

of this event, prosecuted the affair with the utmost diligence. It was very unfortunate for Millet that he had a handsome servant-maid, for neither his probity nor innocence was able to save him from the suspicion of having got rid of his wife by a concerted plot, and of having arranged the rest of the circumstances in such a manner as to give it the appearance of an accident. He experienced, therefore, the whole severity of the law; and though, by an appeal to a superior and very enlightened court, which discovered the cause of the combustion, he came off victorious, he suffered so much from uneasiness of mind, that he was obliged to pass the remainder of his melancholy days in a hospital."

Le Cat relates another very similar instance: "M. Boinnean, cure of Plerquer, near Dol, wrote to me the following letter dated February 22, 1749: "Allow me to communicate to you a fact which took place here about a fortnight ago. Madame de Boiseon, 80 years of age, exceedingly meagre, who had drunk nothing but spirits for several years, was sitting in her elbow chair before the fire while her waiting-maid went out of the room for a few moments. On her return, seeing her mistress on fire she immediately gave an alarm; and some people having come to her assistance, one of them endeavoured to extinguish the flames with his hand but they adhered to it as if it had been dipped in brandy or oil on fire. Water was brought and thrown on the lady in abundance, yet the fire appeared more violent and was not extinguished until the whole flesh had been consumed. Her skeleton, exceedingly black, remained entire in the chair, which was only a little scorched; one leg only and the two hands detached themselves from the rest of the bones. It is not known whether her clothes had caught fire by approaching the grate. The lady was in the same place in which she sat every day; there was no extraordinary fire and she had not fallen. What makes me suppose that the use of spirits might have produced this effect is, my having been assured, that at the gate of Dinan an accident of the like kind happened to another woman, under similar circumstances."

Two other cases of the same kind were published in the *Journal de Medicine*. The first took place at Aix, in Provence, and is thus related by Muraire, a surgeon: "In the month of February, 1779, Mary Jauffret, widow of Nicholas Gravier, shoemaker, of a small size, exceedingly corpulent, and addicted to drinking, having been burnt in her apartment, M. Rocas, my colleague, who was commis-

sioned to make a report respecting her body, found only a mass of ashes and a few bones, calcined in such a manner that on the least pressure they were reduced to dust. The bones of the cranium, one hand, and a foot had in part escaped the action of the fire. Near these remains stood a table untouched and under the table a small wooden stove, the grating of which, having been long burnt, afforded an aperture through which, it is probable, the fire that occasioned the melancholy accident had been communicated. One chair which stood too near the flames had the seat and fore-feet burnt. In other respects there was no appearance of fire either in the chimney or in the apartments; so that, except the fore part of the chair, it appears to me that no other combustible matter contributed to this speedy incineration which was effected in the space of seven or eight hours."

The other instance mentioned in the *Journal de Medicine,* took place at Caen, and is thus related by Merille, a surgeon of that city: "Being requested on the 3rd of June, 1782, by the King's officers, to draw up a report of the state in which I found Mademoiselle Thuars, who was said to have been burnt, I made the following observations—The body lay with the crown of the head resting against one of the hand-irons at the distance of 18 inches from the fire, the remainder of the body was placed obliquely before the chimney, the whole being nothing but a mass of ashes. Even the most solid bones had lost their form and consistence; none of them could be distinguished except the coronal, the two parietal bones, the two lumbar vertebrae, a portion of the tibia, and a part of the omoplate; and even these were so calcined that they became dust by the least pressure. The right foot was found entire and scorched at its upper junction, the left was more burnt. The day was cold but there was nothing in the grate except two or three bits about an inch in diameter, burnt in the middle. None of the furniture in the apartment was damaged. The chair on which Mademoiselle Thuars had been sitting was found at the distance of a foot from her and absolutely untouched. I must here observe that this lady was exceedingly corpulent, that she was about 60 years of age, and much addicted to spirituous liquors; that the day of her death she had drunk three bottles of wine, and about a bottle of brandy; and that the consumption of the body had taken place in less than seven hours, though, according to appearance, nothing around the body was burnt but the clothes."

A summary of these cases in-

dicates that (1) surrounding materials were seldom or little affected by burning, though covered with deposited soot; (2) combustion may not have been entirely spontaneous, as the fire in a pipe, or of a candle was present in some instances; (3) the persons were generally addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors, were very fat, and in most instances were elderly women; (4) the extremities: hands, legs, or cranium, escaped the fire; (5) water, instead of extinguishing the fire, enhanced the burning; (6) the residue was oily, the soot greasy, with a penetrating odor.

Does the alcohol, taken into the body in quantity, combine with the blood, the fat or marrow, to form a combustible fuel? Can the phosphorous, a very combustible substance, within the body be the agency for spontaneous fire? Or can sodium, of which there is much in the human body, some way gather into a mass which explodes and burns within the body?

It does seem "the devil" remains the simplest explanation.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S DREAM

AT BREAKFAST one morning in 1812, Spencer Perceval, then Prime Minister of England, told his family of a strange dream he had had during the night. In his dream, he said, he had been walking through the lobby of the House of Commons. Suddenly he was confronted by a wild-eyed man wearing a green coat with brass buttons who pointed a pistol at him and fired. Everything, Perceval said, had gone black and he knew he was killed.

Perceval's family urged him not to go to the Commons that day, but he scoffed at their fears. He did not know that at that very moment a Cornishman in Redruth named Williams was telling friends of an amazingly similar dream. Williams, who never had seen the Prime Minister, related that he had dreamed that an important Parliamentary figure had been shot and killed in the lobby of the House of Commons by a man in a green coat.

Perceval insisted on going to the House of Commons that day as usual. As he walked through the lobby, he was shot to death by a madman wearing a green coat with brass buttons.

MIND OVER SPACE

THE MYSTERY OF TELEPORTATION

By Nandor Fodor

Mrs. Guppy and the "Apport Post"

MR. HARRISON'S joking remark that Mrs. Guppy be brought—no doubt motivated by the fact that she was an exceedingly heavy woman and hence her transportation would be a kind of acid test—makes it appear that the phenomenon was spontaneous. Evidence exists, however, that the event was anticipated and that, in a manner of speaking, a psychic rehearsal preceded it. Two weeks before Mrs. Guppy's strange journey through space, Frank Herne "dropped in" on her in an unusual manner. This is how *The Medium and Daybreak*, May 26, 1871, reported it:

> On Friday morning last (May 19th) Mr. Herne had called on a friend living at Caledonian Road. When near Thornhill Square, about twenty minutes past ten, he felt a peculiar sick sensation creeping over him, and he became unconscious and knew nothing till he came to himself at Mr. Guppy's house, situate at 1, Moreland Villas, Highbury Hill Park.
>
> Now for the other side of the narrative.
>
> Mrs. Guppy was in her little breakfast room when she heard Mr. Guppy coming downstairs — this was about a quarter to eleven. She went to meet him and was in the act of speaking to him, when she turned round and between herself and the window saw what appeared to be a large black bundle descending from the ceiling. She screamed out at the unusual occurrence, when Mr. Guppy stepped into the room as Mr. Herne was arising from the floor. He had been brought there by some unseen power. Mr. Guppy's curiosity was very much excited, and he at once made a thorough search of the house to see if by any means Mr. Herne could have gained access. He however found three doors shut and securely fastened, through which any person would have had to pass before he could gain the inside of the house. As Mr. Herne revived, his heart beat violently and he suffered much from thirst. It would appear that he had been

carried by spirit-power between the two places described.

In answer to a protest by a reader who signs himself as J. N. Ogden, in the June 2 issue, the editor states:

> It may be that Mr. Herne walked in the trance, and was merely passed into the room by the spirit. At any rate, no additional facts have as yet transpired. We have questioned Mr. Herne and published his statement. We have also questioned Mrs. Guppy narrowly, and the results are in our paragraph of last week; so that we are at a loss to add anything to our previous statement. The window to the room was fixed down by special appliances, and all means of ingress to the house were securely guarded, as the doors and gate were bolted and locked. These were examined as soon as Mr. Herne was discovered in the room, and the bolts and locks were found secure. It is considered impossible that Mr. Herne could have entered the house in the usual way, and he can prove that he was in Caledonian Road a short time before he found himself in Mr. Guppy's house.

The distance is variously estimated from one and a half to two miles. There also is a slight variation in the time Herne is said to have disappeared. According to one account it was at 10:20 in the morning; according to a letter by Benjamin Coleman, a noted advocate of Spiritualism, it was 11:00.* Coleman was told the story the following night, at a seance at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, and on the following day, he wrote to Mrs. Guppy with reference to Herne's "call" on her:

> You know that I have predicted that the spirits would someday carry *you* away, and this incident with Herne led to my asking them, after we had taken our seats at the table last evening, if they could not return the compliment by bringing you to visit Mr. Herne and those there and then assembled.
>
> Presently there came, what appeared to be a preliminary arrangement, a suitable evening dress for you to appear in — a dress which I think I have seen you wear, black net, embroidered with coloured silk; measuring, with a mantilla, as I ran it roughly over, about seventeen or eighteen yards.
>
> It is yours, I presume, because there was put into my hands, at the same moment, a private letter addressed to you, which I now return herewith, and assure you that not a line has been read by me or anyone else.
>
> I should, however, like to know if there be anything in the letter which bears in any way upon the subject or the incidents of the evening, and in that event you will, perhaps, let me read the letter, upon which, for the purposes of identifica-

tion, I have put my initials.

Mr. Guppy, I hope, will take the trouble, if you have not the time, to tell me the exact facts of Mr. Herne's mysterious visit to your house: Whether there were any doors open by which, in trance, he might have entered, or windows through which he might have been carried?

A strict record of these very curious manifestations of spirit power may be of great value hereafter. The spirit brought, last evening, an ormolu table ornament, and an old miniature; the latter, I know, belongs to Mrs. MacDougall Gregory.

Benjamin Coleman's letter was answered by Mr. Samuel Guppy, the husband of Mrs. Guppy, on May 22, 1871, as follows:

My dear Sir: I was on Friday morning on the basement floor. Mrs. Guppy was in the breakfast room adjoining, with the door open and had spoken to me. Suddenly she screamed, and said that something had tumbled down. I at once entered the room, and there was Mr. Herne on the settee, looking dazed like a person half-awake. When he got the use of his faculties, he said he did not know how he had come, that he was going somewhere else, and in the street felt himself giddy, and knew no more. Our back-door was padlocked, our street door was shut as usual, and the windows were all closed. No servant let him in. It certainly is not an ordinary mode of making a morning call, although there are plenty of precedents in sacred and profane history of this sort of locomotion. The embroidered dress belongs to Mrs. Guppy, and was no doubt carried to the seance you attended by the same agency.

The letter was taken from a locked box in Mrs. Guppy's bedroom, and as it is an affectionate letter from a friend I enclose it for your private perusal. As there is ample testimony that Mr. Herne was carried out of one window and in at another, and also testimony of other persons having been carried by the same agency much greater distances, I do not see how the probability of this event can be contested.

- Yours, etc. Samuel Guppy

Benjamin Coleman continues:

After the receipt of this letter I felt bound to treat the case as a serious fact, and to satisfy my own mind upon the subject, I went at once to Mr. Guppy's house to obtain further information.

The breakfast room floor is below the level of the road, and the only window of the room, looking out on a grass plot in front of the house, is, for safety, screwed down and never opened. Mrs. Guppy, I was informed, was standing with her face to the window looking

down at her needle work upon the table, talking at the same time to Mr. Guppy, who was washing out some chemical glasses in the adjoining room, six or eight yards distant, when she was greatly alarmed by seeing what appeared to be a dark bundle fall on the settee which is under the window. Her screams brought Mr. Guppy instantly to her side and he, seeing Mr. Herne, addressed him in strong language, demanding to know what he wanted and why he was there?

This is the simple story, and the evidence is sufficient for me. Why should I doubt it after my recent experiences? I, and at least five hundred intelligent witnesses resident in this metropolis, know for a certainty that windows, doors and stone walls are no barriers to spiritual forces. I have been covered with snow, white and pure, which no human hand had touched, whilst sitting in a room with the windows, doors and fire-place closed up. I have had put upon my knee a living eel, and I have heard of other animals being brought into rooms under similar conditions. The bringing of flowers and fruits into closed up rooms, and the carrying of heavy substances from one part of London to another by unseen agencies, are spiritual manifestations now of everyday occurrence. If this be so, where is the limit to this power? Believing in one series of such phenomena, I cannot discredit a well-attested fact, such as the one in question, and I do not, therefore, hesitate to say that I believe Mr. Herne was "caught up and carried away" in the manner described.

Let me add that a very singular proof of this same power was given to me on the day I went to make my inquiries at Mr. Guppy's house. At the moment of our sitting down to an early tea—the sun shining brightly into the room—Dr. Dixon came in and joined us. In the course of conversation, I asked him if he had had any curious experiences lately? He replied that he had been but to one seance, about three weeks previously, held at Southhampton Row (four miles from Highbury), with Herne and Williams as mediums, when his cap, which he always wears in a room, was taken by the invisibles, and he had not seen it since. None of us to whom he made this statement had been to that seance.

Presently I felt something tapping me on the knee, and putting my hand beneath the table the identical cap was placed in it, and I restored it to Dr. Dixon. This was one of the many instances I have had of this nature which does not permit the possibility of any trick having been practiced upon us.

1. Bernard Villas, Upper Norwood, S. E.

Benjamin Coleman

In another part of the publication it is made clear that these snow apports were experienced through Mrs. Guppy's mediumship. Further, Coleman says, at the house of a distinguished physician "some pieces of ice came down with great force upon the table; some of the lumps being the size of my fist and the quantity large enough to require the services of a man servant to carry it away on a small tray."

The editor remarks: "We were present when this occurred. Mrs. Guppy and her friends had been seated before a large fire for half an hour before the sitting began."

To continue Benjamin Coleman:

> All this while the doors and windows, and in some instances the fire-place also, were fast closed, and all possibility of external communication excluded.
>
> I have also had a living animal brought into the room under similar conditions; and very recently, in company with Dr. G. S. Thomson, of Clifton, we made a test experiment which precludes the possibility of mistake as to the presence of an invisible intelligent agent. We were in the garden, and just before entering the house for a seance, I suggested that some flowers which were growing should be marked; a string was accordingly tied around a lupine, the only plant of that kind in the garden, and a wire was twisted round one of the roots of pinks. We left the garden together, and passing through the back-room and hall to the drawing room in the front part of the house, we seated ourselves at the table, Dr. Thomson having locked the door, and the identical flowers were, at our request, brought to us by invisible agency.
>
> The foregoing are but a few examples of my own experiences, whilst I have heard of others still more strange.

It appears that the incident of Dixon's cap also had been rehearsed.

In the Kilburn *Times*, June 3, 1871, is a long letter signed by C. W. Pearce, of 6 Cambridge Road, Kilburn, N. W., telling how he came to make arrangements on behalf of the Kilburn Society of Spiritualists for a series of seances with Messrs. Herne and Williams.

He called on them on May 26 at their home, and John and Katie King were consulted in an impromptu seance about the desirability of permitting skeptics to attend. Katie undertook to convince the skeptics.

> Just at this moment we heard a lump on the floor, and found that Mr. Herne was not in the room, and his chair had fallen on the floor, as if it had been lifted up and dropped down again. Coincident with the falling of the chair, we heard Mr. Herne's voice — as if he were

at the end of a long gallery, filled with dense fog — calling out to Mr. Williams, "Ted, hold me!" Ted jumped, but he was gone. The room was empty.

A few moments of conversation upon this wonderful manifestation when — lump on the floor dropped Mr. Herne, in his shirt sleeves, and panting for breath. After he had recovered himself we asked him where he had been. He said, up into the bedroom. John King and Katie had passed him through the ceiling with as much ease as if it had not been there. I said, "Where is your coat?" "In the cupboard upstairs", said he, "I remember taking it off directly they set me down in the room, and hung it up. I don't know why I did it." His slippers were also gone. Whilst talking about his coat, John said, "Never you mind about his coat, I'll get that for you," and immediately he dropped the coat through the ceiling, and it fell, neatly folded up, flat upon the table.

Katie then said to Mr. Herne, "I'm now going to Lizzie's." Lizzie is a lady, by name Guppy, who lives at No. 1, Morland Villas, Highgate Hill, Park Road, about three miles from the place where we were.

When Katie left I rose to go, but found we could not open the door. We, therefore, shouted for the servant to come and let us out. This she did. I turned to take up my cap, a soft tweed, from the chair just behind the one upon which I had sat, upon which I had placed it when I entered the room, and found it was gone. We concluded that when Katie said, "I am now off to Lizzie's," she had taken the cap with her. I therefore penned a card to Mrs. Guppy (a stranger to me at that time), telling her the circumstances and asking her to write me if she found such a cap in her house. Whilst I was writing the card I was playfully pelted by invisible hands, and in the open daylight, with the tubes which had been left on the table, and also with some hanks of thick listing which were used to list the doors with.

I was hatless, and had to return from Lamb's Conduit Street to Kilburn — what was I to do? Mr. Herne lent me his hat, and settled the question. On the morrow, not wishing to retain his hat, I called on my way to business at Mrs. Guppy's to ask Mrs. G. whether my cap had been carried to her by the spirits. She received me very cordially, and told me that the evening I had written my card to her, she and a friend, Miss Neyland, were sitting after tea in her boudoir, or morning room, when she was surprised to see a black and white tweed cap on her sofa; she took it up and examined it thinking Mr. Guppy had bought a new one, but she saw it had been worn. She then put it away, expecting to have an application for it soon (it being no uncommon thing for her to have articles brought in the same way), and when they re-

ceived my card in the morning, they looked again for the cap to see if it answered my description, and lo! it was gone. It had been taken away again. I had consequently to content myself with Mr. Herne's hat until the evening, when I again called at his chambers and found the cap had been taken back again by the spirits during the night. Mr. Herne saw it in the morning, and not knowing the kind of cap I had when with him the day before, thought it was Mr. Williams', but upon Mr. Williams refusing ownership, they both concluded it was mine, and it was. Thus ended my quarter hour's seance with Messrs. Herne and Williams, and I thanked God that however much blind materialism might attempt to prove matter was all and everything, and however much the new school of theologians may attempt to prove that except certain doctrines and dogmas of their own propounding be believed in, there is no immortality, I knew from demonstration that immortality was a glorious fact.

C. W. Pearce fails to note the most important question: at what time did the cap arrive at Mrs. Guppy's house? It is almost impossible to think that he should not have asked that question. We safely may conclude that no striking agreement in time was found or he triumphantly would have pointed to it as additional proof. On the other hand, if Mrs. Guppy had acted in concert with Herne, a more dramatic account of the arrival of the cap could have been expected. Yet this may be an idle mental observation for, as reported by *The Spiritualist*, June 15, 1871, at this time, and for the past six months, a kind of "apport post" was functioning between the Guppy residence, the house of Messrs. Herne and Williams, The Spiritual Institute of Mr. James Burn at 15 Southampton Row, Mrs. C. Berry's house opposite the Marble Arch and Mrs. MacDougall Gregory's home at Green Street, Grosvenor Square.

"All kinds of solid objects have been carried between these houses by the spirits. . . . The result of this is that residents in the said five houses are constantly receiving things without knowing to whom they belong and losing things of their own; this leads very often to letter-writing and frequently some little time elapses before the various articles reach their rightful owners. . . . At Mrs. Berry's house a white cat and a Maltese dog were brought from Mrs. Guppy's house by the spirits, the distance in a straight line being two or three miles. The dog seemed to be very much surprised and yelped and barked all the rest of the evening."

Has The "MISSING LINK" Been Found?

A South African Scientist says bones of a million-year-old creature bridge the gap between man and ape.

By Chester S. Geier

THE "missing link" has been a subject of speculation and controversy in scientific circles for some 85 years, ever since the English biologist, Charles Darwin, made public his theory of man's evolutionary descent from an apelike forebear. This unknown creature, according to Darwin, was neither man nor ape but a bridge in the gap between the two.

Now Dr. Raymond A. Dart of Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg, South Africa, claims that the missing link has been found. He identifies it as an apelike creature, known scientifically as Australopithecus Prometheus, who roamed South Africa a million years ago. In a report to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., Dr. Dart said he has reached this conclusion as the result of a 10-year study of the skeletal remains of Australopithecines unearthed in limestone caves in the Makapansgat Valley, 200 miles north of Johannesburg. He and his associates have been unearthing specimens at this site since 1925. Up to the last major skull and bone discoveries in 1946, more than 100 specimens have been found.

According to Dr. Dart, the Aus-



Reconstructed heads of Australopithecines show how "missing link" may have looked. Smithsonian Institution photo shows an adult male, adult female and male child.

tralopithecines had "almost human" bodies and brains. They walked erect, on their heels, in human fashion, their arms swinging free rather than used to support their weight as with chimpanzees and gorillas. Averaging four feet in height, they weighed 80 to 100 pounds and had the general development of a pygmy or bushman. Reconstructed heads of Australopithecines show them with jutting jaws, flat nostrils, heavy brows and the receding foreheads of apelike men.

The capacities of reconstructed skulls, Dr. Dart said, show that the brains of the Australopithecines fill the gap between true apes, such as the modern gorilla and chimpanzee, and protohumans, such as Pithecanthropus (the Java ape-man) and Neanderthal man of ice age Europe. Dr. Dart pointed out that, although living men generally have fairly large brains, they vary in volume from 790 to 2,350 cc. Thus an individual with a brain only one-third as large as his fellows still can be considered a "sapient" man. Even microcephalic idiots with skulls no larger than 500 cc. in volume are considered true members of *Homo sapiens*.

The brain volume of living apes, however, varies to an even greater degree — from 87 to 685 cc. The difference in brain volume between the smallest brained gibbon and the largest brained gorilla is nearly 600 cc., while the difference between the biggest gorilla brain and the smallest known sapient man's brain is only 105 cc.

"The gorilla should be more insulted to have his brain compared to

that of a gibbon than we should be to have the human brain compared with that of a gorilla," Dr. Dart said.

The capacities of Australopithecine skulls, Dr. Dart reported, varied from 400 cc. to 1,000 cc. The Java ape-man's skull ranged between 750 and 1,250 cc. and Neanderthal man's from 1,250 to 1,600 cc. "Therefore," Dr. Dart concludes, "the range of skull capacity in living man overlaps not only that of the extinct Neanderthaline and Pithecanthropine races of man but even that of some members of the Australopithecine race."

According to Dr. Dart, artifacts unearthed in the Makapansgat caves show that the Australopithecines were adapters and thinkers. A major distinction between man and lower animals has been man's manufacture and use of tools. The earliest artifacts once were assumed to be of crudely fashioned stone. The Australopithecines, however, used the teeth and bones of animals to make clubs, saws, axes, hammers and other implements essential to their hunting mode of life. They liked meat, but just as often they stalked prey to obtain bones for weapons and tools.

"They flourished the jawbones of prehistoric buffaloes, antelopes, zebras and giraffes, just as Sampson is reputed to have wielded the jawbone of an ass to slay the

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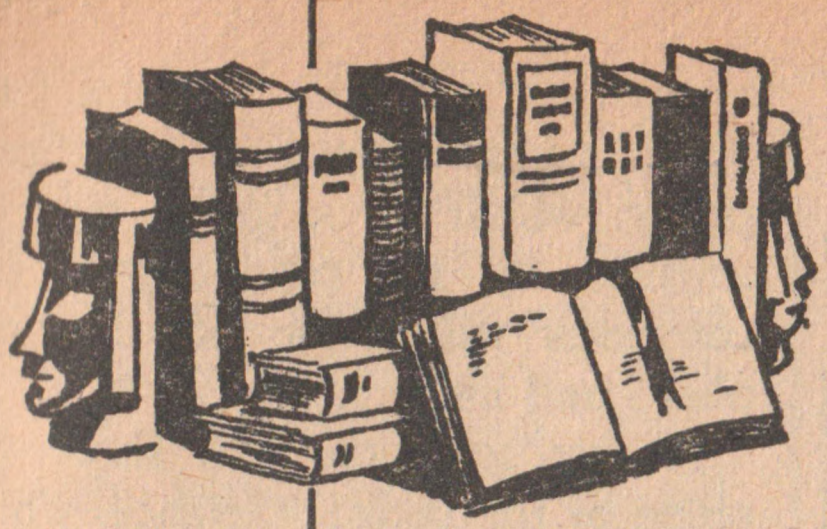
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Philistines," Dr. Dart said. "They seized the back of antelope skulls as handles and employed their double-pronged horns as picks . . . They slashed their opponents with antelope hip bones and shoulder blades; they struck them down with tibiae, thigh bones and upper arm bones. Thus armed with implements of bone and horn for striking and thrusting . . . they were just as competent hunters as human beings."

Fossil remains showed that many of the animals killed by the man-apes were so big, Dr. Dart said, that at first he was misled into the belief that only human beings of advanced intelligence could have been responsible for such manlike hunting.

As far as anatomy is concerned, Dr. Dart believes that "nothing of importance" remains in the way of finding further physical links between man and ape. A gap no longer exists even in brain size, he said.

However, the modern scientist now faces the problem Darwin visualized—that when such creatures as the Australopithecinae were found, he would not know whether to call them men or apes. But Dr. Dart feels this is a "matter of very little importance," It was like arguing, he said, over the old philosophical poser about which came first, the hen or the egg.



NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by Arthur E. Powell

MENTAL TELEPATHY, by John Davenport Crehore—Published by the Author at Walpole, N. H.; 104 pages, $5.00.

Here is a book that is clear, objective, reasoned, devoid of frills, fearless, "a simple putting together of fully accepted but isolated observations of high authorities." The writer assembles his data, duly accredited, stating, that he adds nothing new in this direction. But what he does add is worth more than all—a logical, coherent synthesis of fragmented information. With a few deft flicks, he fits the broken pieces into place to form a complete, meaningful picture.

His main thesis, amply supported by science, is that man essentially is an electrical power-house, generating and distributing electric energy. Every living cell "bears a charge of positive electricity on its nucleus, and a charge of negative electricity on the enveloping protoplasm." Life is "the ability of the nucleus to generate a surplus of positive electricity—which it discharges in pulsations, micro-waves." The "fluid medium" in which we live is a "celestial rain of negative electrons . . . hitting the earth at a rate of 1½ million per square centimetre per second" (U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey 1940), which "privately in my conceit," he names the "Crehore Electron(ic) Sea." To harmonize ourselves with this "sea," perfect relaxation is needed, for techniques of which he very strongly advocates *You Must Relax,* by Prof. Edmund Jacobson, M. D., of Chicago University.

With this thesis, hosts of phenomena fall into place, among them: mystical experiences; hypnotism; telepathy; instinct; "the process whereby an animal receives guidance because his brain is attuned to the frequency of his species"; direct reception of radio, by the brain, cases of which are well-

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known; "personal magnetism;" power of mind over matter; prophecy, which he suspects may be fulfilled by the conscious or unconscious will-power of the prophet; and healing.

A few sentences will show the scope of the book: "Science, which at one time seemed to contradict religion, is now discovering that the ancient truths are eternal . . . . Thought-forms can determine the type of energy that reaches us. . . . Each cell has its own Force Field Aerial, with which it tunes into and receives Fundamental Energy." He speaks of "an invisible world which seems to be the framework on which our visible world is built."

This book, although small, is loaded with dynamite. It must be read—and better, possessed.

THE PLANETARIAN APOCALYPSE, by William Edwards Wootten—Exposition Press, New York; 240 pages, $4.50.

This book describes the "Revealed Planetary Religion", definitely a cult, with 20 "I believe" clauses, the last stating "I believe . . .because of my trust in William Edwards Wootten, through whom and from whom it came, and my faith in Universal Spirit."

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Fundamentalists the author terms "Down-up" thinkers, while Planetarians are "Up-down" thinkers. He boldly castigates the Down-ups for the story of Adam and Eve, whom he exonerates, unless God wanted them to be "a couple of Zombies;" for making Jesus a "whipping-boy"; for Original Sin, the "curse flung at the Earth by Chaos and Evil"; for "visiting fathers' sins on children"; for the phrase "leading us into temptation"; and for using prayer as a "begging-bowl".

He gives one of the best philosophical expositions of Karma and Reincarnation that I have seen, discourses informatively on Spells, Wraiths, Vampires, Chaotic Monsters, Evil Fiends, Demons, Possession and Obsession, Elementals, Poltergeists, Curses, Earthbound entities, Zombies, Werewolves, etc.

Those not disposed to accept the author as the authority he claims to be, yet may find the latter part of this unusual book intriguing.

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FOLLOWED BY QUEENIE

By Elizabeth Reams

QUEENIE was a five-week-old puppy when I obtained her in Denver, Colo., on February 22, 1948. She was healthy all her life until just three days before her death. She was just like a human member of my family. She was the prettiest Cocker Spaniel I have ever seen, with silky, wavy reddish-buff hair.

When Queenie was six years old, she died. Just before her passing she gave the most joyous howls one can imagine. It was most uncanny. I had the feeling Queenie had been met by some one she knew and loved on the other side.

After Queenie's passing life was lonesome for I was used to Queenie sitting at my feet. I tried to find another dog exactly like Queenie but could not. When Goldie arrived she was so thin and weak I could not refuse the pup. Goldie found a new home but she had a big job to do in replacing Queenie.

After Goldie had lived with us for two weeks, she became upset over something in the dining room, on the very spot where Queen sat at my feet. It had to be Queenie, I told myself, it had to be!

Goldie would not calm down until I picked her up and talked to her. About every two weeks after this Goldie would raise the hair on her rump and over the shoulder and bark furiously, looking at the



ELIZABETH REAMS

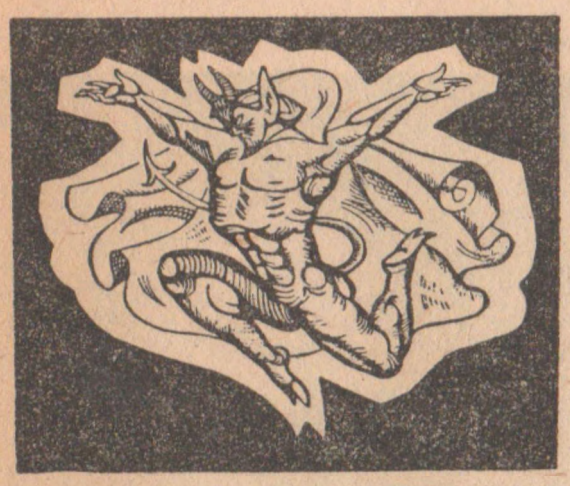
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davenport where Queenie used to sleep. I told some friends about my pup's actions but they looked skeptical. Then one night both men were sitting in the room when Goldie jumped out of a chair in which she had been sound asleep only a moment before. Stiff-legged and with hair standing up all over her body, she stood staring at the spot where Queenie had died! She barked furiously. We could not stop her barking, nor would she go over to the spot on the floor where Queenie had passed away. Then I took her outside and when we returned she went right to the spot and sniffed it thoroughly, grumbling deep in her throat.

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I put food in Queenie's dish. Goldie came to it, but backed away quickly. After this she refused to go near the dish and would remain hungry rather than touch it. I put another dish in its place and the pup ate her meals—but only in the dining room and not in the kitchen, where Queenie always had eaten. Every two weeks, for months, Goldie barked furiously at some unseen visitor in our home. Then one night I felt Queenie's presence in the bedroom. I could not see her but I knew she was there! Goldie, sleeping at the foot of my husband's bed, suddenly leaped to the floor, barking furiously, with hair erect on her rump and shoulders. Then she raced out of the room as though chasing or running from something.

One evening Goldie was sleeping in a rocker near me while I typed and later sat quietly reading. I suddenly felt eyes watching me! I glanced up to see Goldie still asleep, then peered about the room, seeing nothing unusual.

I took up my book again but soon the feeling of being watched made me look up a second time. I saw Queenie sitting on the rug watching me just as she had done hundreds of times in the past! For a fraction of a second I saw nothing wrong with her being there. Then with a jolt I realized that Queenie was dead—had been buried for months!

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But Queenie was sitting here watching me! I batted my eyes, and in the next instant she was gone! I have never seen her since.

Goldie no longer barks at an unseen visitor in the room, but to this day she will eat nothing from Queenie's dish! We have moved and still she refuses the dish.

I have felt Queenie recently and believe she has followed us here. —*North Platte, Nebr.*

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but time has a way of dulling grief. I went on to finish grammer school and excitedly prepared for high school.

I always had attended Sunday school with Grandmother, and I continued to attend after her death. One lovely summer morning I was baptized into the church, in Portland, Ore., to which I had belonged all my life.

That night I slipped into bed feeling happy, and closer to Grandmother than I had in many years. As I lay there with my arms beneath my head, gazing into space, I became conscious of a face and a pair of white hands holding a dark scarf under its chin. I recognized Grandmother.

She was standing on the other side of the room, and it seemed she had been present for some time before I had become conscious of her. As soon as I recognized her she seemed to float toward me. Coming directly to my bed, she stooped as if to kiss me and was almost touching my face with her own when I unconsciously cried out.

My Mother heard me from the next room and came running. Grandmother was still there as Mother spoke to me, then she vanished into the air, which seemed to be misty or cloudy for a few seconds.

After I told my Mother what I had seen, she said that apparently Grandmother was so happy about

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my baptism, that she had come to kiss me.

Since that time I have always believed that some day I will again see the dear face of my Grandmother.—*Sparks, Nev.*

THE GHOST TRAIN

By Lillian Wiles

ON THE night of August 10, 1947, in Portland, Ore., I dreamed I was standing on the platform of a railroad station, in a strange town. It was early morning and everything was hazy from a light mist. I felt the cool air and the moisture on my face as I stood there, alone except for a strange man who stood at the other end of the platform. I had some clothes folded over my arm.

A train was coming silently into the depot. As I watched it pull in and come to a stop, I was surprised that all the windows were open and the people in the coaches were waving and calling to me. All were relatives of mine who had died.

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train called me by name and motioned to me. I went over to them and received another surprise for they were my father and my husband, George, who also were dead.

I said, "Papa! George! I thought you and the others were dead. What are you doing here?"

They told me they were dead according to the physical plane I lived on, but they were alive on the spiritual plane. They had come on the train, after Claude, the husband of my cousin, Blanche Shaylor, as his time was nearly up. They would take my mother and me too, if we were ready.

I said, "I will go and get Mother, but I don't know where Claude is."

They said, "That's Claude standing on the platform."

I answered, "No, that man is a stranger." They insisted he was Claude and there was no arguing with them.

I left to fetch my Mother. I had to cross a paved street on my way and, as I stepped off of the curb, I discovered it wasn't a street but a muddy river. I dropped my clean clothes in it. I tried to rinse the mud out but that made them worse, so I went on my way.

I reached my mother and told her about the ghost train and she started back with me. When we came to what should have been the muddy river it was a paved street again. At the depot the train and the stranger were gone.

As we stood in the half light looking up and down the tracks the station agent came out and asked if we were looking for the ghost train. I said, "Yes." He said, "They had to leave as Claude's time was up, and they couldn't wait. They said they would be back after you some other time."

I woke. The dream was so queer that when I went downstairs, where my Mother and uncle were fixing their breakfast, I told them about it. A moment later the telephone rang. Mother answered it and I heard her say, "Yes, Blanche, when did it happen? Let us know when the funeral will be." She then told us, "Claude died in the night."

I had been living in Washington for some time and hadn't seen Claude. I had returned home only the day before my dream. He had been ill for some time. When we went to his funeral, I was shocked to find that he was the stranger on the platform with me in my dream. —*Oakridge, Ore.*

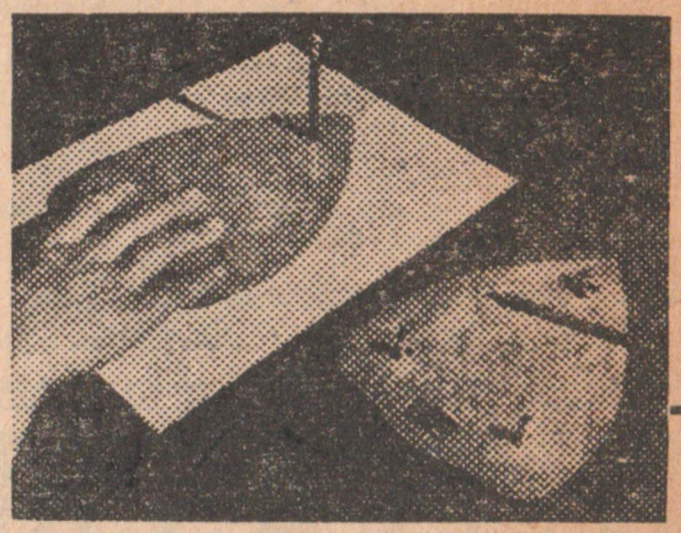
GRANDMOTHER'S COAT

By Matthew Maloney

ONE COLD winter evening in 1938, while living in Detroit, Mich., I prepared to go out. My parents had gone out earlier in the day and I was home alone. Before leaving I inspected the windows and door to make certain that all were locked securely. I

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carefully checked the furnace so that there would be no danger of it overheating.

When I got outside I was seized with an overwhelming compulsion to go back and see if I had checked the furnace damper. I was positive I had done this but the feeling was so overpowering that I went back.

To save time I walked through the living room into the dining room where the damper was located without turning on the lights. A street light in front of the house furnished enough light for me to see my way.

As I entered the dining room I was startled to see a figure standing at the far end of the dining room table. I at once recognized it as my grandmother, Mrs. Amelia Stratton, who had died six months before. She was wearing the favorite dress in which she had been buried. I was so unnverved that I bolted from the house without attempting to speak to her.

Relating the incident to my parents later that night, I learned that a coat belonging to my grandmother had been sent to them the day before and that it lay folded on a dining room chair at the head of the table where I had seen my grandmother standing.

I am convinced that this incident was no trick of shadows or of imagination but a true psychic experience.—*Seffner, Fla.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

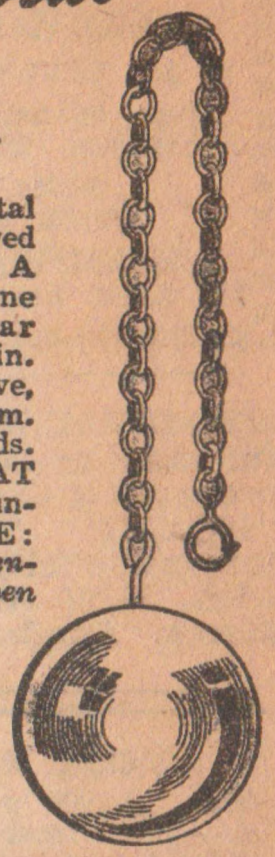
COLLISION WITH A UFO

I am convinced that there is more to the flying saucers, or to that which is designated U. F. O., than is revealed by reading the newspapers. As an example of what I mean, I submit the following. It was related to me by one whose honesty and attention to detail is unimpeachable.

In September, 1956, the papers carried an account of a U. F. O. in the vicinity of Missoula, Mont. The object reportedly was observed by several persons for several hours. Among these observers was a man who had been in the Air Force during the Korean fighting, having been on many flights over enemy territory. He was trained to observe and to evaluate all objects in the air. He said he was positive that the U. F. O. could not have been Mars, or some other planet, or a star.

The U. F. O. evidently was reported to the Air Force base at Great Falls, for that base sent out three jet fighters with orders to intercept the object, bring it in if possible, or, if not, to shoot it down. The planes reported that upon approaching the object they ran

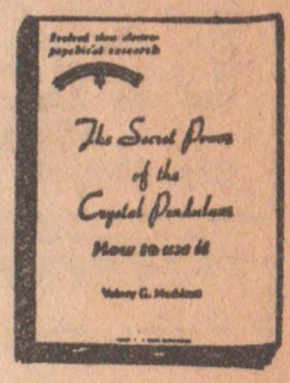
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into a magnetic field. Their instruments went crazy, pointing in every direction and becoming absolutely useless.

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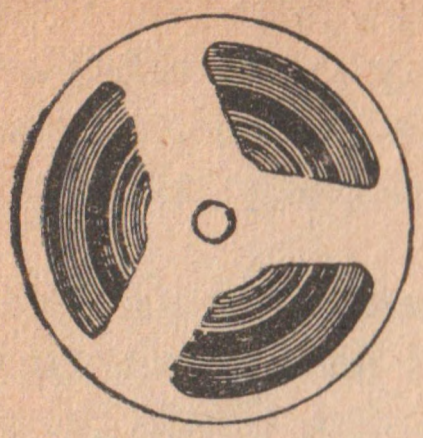
From the reports, the three pilots would be hard to convince that there is "nothing to flying saucers." There was no mention in the papers of the jets, outside of the fact that the base had been alerted and that three planes had been sent to investigate. The rest of the information was furnished by people who were friends of personnel at the base.—*Alferd Anderson, Ballantine, Mont.*

METAL FOIL MYSTERY

I was greatly interested in the report on tiny metal foil in "I See By the Papers" in the February issue of FATE. We found some last year in our garden back of the house. At first we thought it tinfoil, but after looking closer we decided it resembled nothing we ever had seen before.

The foil consisted of strips attached all together like teeth on a

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comb. The strips were of equal width, each ready to fall off. They were a dull, pale lavender or lilac on one side and glossy aluminum on the other.

We found these strips scattered around here, not just the big patch of it in the garden. Single pieces turn up every now and then.—*Capitola Paxton, Norfolk, Va.*

THE STRANGER AND THE SAUCER

I have read FATE for years and often have wished to encounter someone who had had an interesting experience so I could write you. Well, grab your chair and hold on!

On the morning of October 15, 1956, Bill Browder, who is about 19 and a friend of my son, Joe, had breakfast with us. Afterward we discussed UFO's and Bill told us about a strange experience he had while out on his godfather's ranch north of Tucumcari, N. Mex. His godfather has a small pasture of about 60,000 acres and his mother has about 40,000 acres.

One day, Bill said, he and a Mexican boy were fence riding as someone had been rustling posts. One evening the boys went to a line camp to spend the night. When they opened the door they found a man sitting at the table with a coffee cup in his hand. He had made coffee.

He wore a brownish business suit and had a dark complexion

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and dark hair. There was no dust on his shoes. The pupils of his eyes were green and the whites exceedingly white.

In his conversation with the boys he said many startling things. When it was time to go to bed, the boys let him have the bunk and rolled up in their blankets. Some time later the Mexican boy shook Bill and cried "He's gone! He's gone!"

The boys ran outside and over on the horizon they saw a space ship blasting off. It went up quite a way, paused a while, then took off again.

The boys inspected the ground

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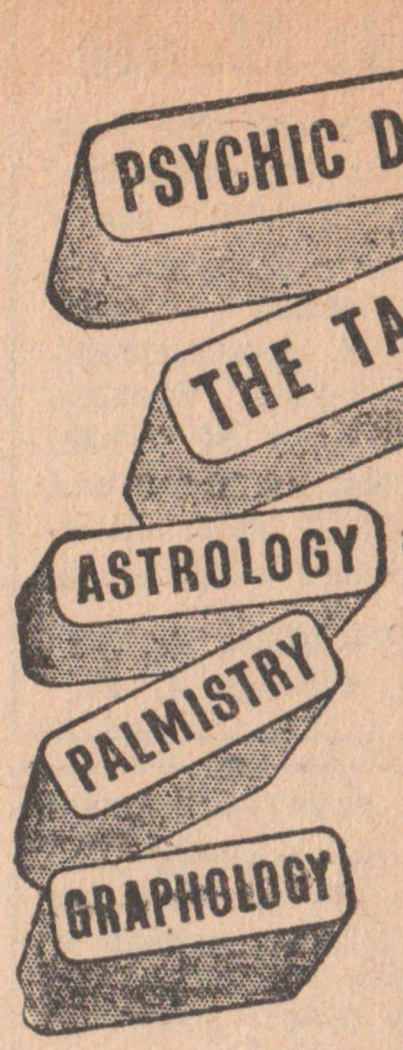
outside with a lantern and a flashlight but found no shoe tracks anywhere around the line camp. They circled the shack several times, each time increasing the diameter of the circle. Bill admitted he was frightened and said the Mexican boy was badly scared. They moved the stove, table and chairs against the door for the rest of the night.

A neighboring rancher named Wagner also saw the saucer take off. He searched his pasture until he found where it had been sitting and the ground was burned for yards around. Leaves on the mesquite were burned off. From the line camp to the saucer, according to the way Bill talked, it must have been 20 or 30 miles—and evidently the strange man didn't walk.

Bill didn't notify authorities of the incident. He said that even after he went to bed he still could feel the stranger's eyes. They were penetrating and somehow electric.—*Mrs. H. R. Dickson, Amarillo, Texas.*

ENLIGHTENMENT ON ELECTRETS

In regard to the letter by Dr. W. D. Chesney in the December, 1956, issue of FATE, apparently Dr. Chesney is confused as to what the term "magnetize" means in the scientific and technical sense. In scientific terminology, the term



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"magnetize" is understood as the property of certain metals and alloys to attract other metals though there are some exceptions to the rule.

The material "electrets" mentioned by Dr. Chesney are of an entirely different nature than magnetic materials. As he mentions, they are made entirely of non-metals. A Japanese scientist, Motoaro Eguchi, produced the first electret in 1919. It was made of a mixture of 50 per cent rosin and 50 per cent carnauba wax.

The most important point to note is that an electret retains an electrostatic charge and not a magnetic charge. Magnetism, as the term usually is understood, has no connection whatsoever with electrets. Thus when Dr. Chesney uses electret properties to prove his point he errs considerably. If he is seeking a non-ferrous magnetic material to prove his point, I suggest he look to the Heusler alloy. It is composed of 60 per cent copper, 24 per cent manganese and 16 per cent aluminum.—*Geza Korcsmaros, Jr., Youngstown, Ohio.*

DISCOVERY OF YAHWEH

It was a happy day for me when I purchased a copy of the October, 1956, issue of FATE. In it I saw an ad that opened my eyes. I was Catholic and yet I never knew that Yahweh was the name of my

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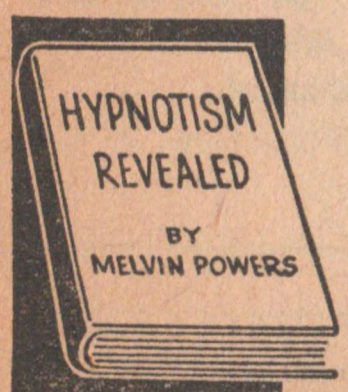
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Creator. Neither did I know there were so many scriptures in the Bible supporting the fact of the great importance of calling Him by His name. I found that using His name makes all the difference in the world, because the name Yahweh carries the highest vibration rate there is. I *know* because I have experienced the results of using it.—*L. M. Shissler, Los Angeles, Calif.*

A FACE FORESEEN

A few years ago I was taken ill. I tried several doctors, but as none seemed able to help me, I grew quite discouraged.

One night after I had retired I was unable to sleep. My room was in darkness and I was looking at the wall at the foot of my bed. Suddenly a large light appeared and inside it was the beautiful head of an Indian chief. He said, "Me like white squaw, me help."

Then there appeared the head of a man I had never seen before. He vanished and the room was in darkness again.

Several days later my aunt called me on the telephone and after inquiring about my illness said, "Why don't you try Dr.—? He's young and is very brilliant in his work so I've heard."

I went to see the doctor my aunt recommended—and was amazed to find that his was the face I had

seen on my bedroom wall. In three months I was well and felt like a new woman.—*Helen Carlson, Kissimmee, Fla.*

UNCLINGING VINE

I had a strange experience while living in a little town called Hilt in northern California.

My husband worked as a lathe-mill operator for Fruit-Growers, Inc., who own and operate the mill and town. We had a company house and, because the houses are not painted, I started a little Hopp-vine and trained it to cover the entire side of the house and porch so that the place would not look so

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bare. My three daughters and their friends loved to gather on this side of the house after school to chatter and read comic books.

In June, 1951, we decided to move to the southern part of the state. A few days before we were to load the car and trailer and leave, the children congregated in their usual spot with a big box of comic books and began to trade books. A girl named Rose-Lee said, "Is it true you all are leaving?" To which all three of my girls said at the same time, "Yes, and we're not ever coming back!"

There was a crash and all the children screamed. My neighbor next door ran outside to see what had happened. I had been reading on the porch and listening to the children chatter in a precoccupied sort of way. The crash sent me running around the side of the house to see what had happened. There was our lovely vine—19 feet of green carpet—lying flat on the ground at the feet of the children.

This incident can be verified by the many friends who came to look at the fallen vine.—*Mrs. William Spencer, Riverside, Calif.*

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One evening I called on a young couple. When I rose to leave, the young lady stood up to see me to the door. I could see from the expression on her face that she was in great pain. She said, "Oh, Mrs. Smith, my feet and ankles hurt me so much I can hardly stand the throbbing pain."

I asked her if she believed in Faith Healing. She said she did, so I asked if she would like for me to rub her feet and ankles, and ask God to remove the pain from them and heal them. She was anxious to try, even though I explained I never attempted anything of the sort before and did not know whether it would help.

We prayed silently as I rubbed her feet and ankles. When we finished praying she said the pain was gone. That was just a year ago and the pain never has returned.

My next healing experience was with a woman whose foot hurt her so much she could hardly walk. She thought a bone might be out of place. I asked her if she believed in Faith Healing and she said she would be glad to try it. We prayed and the pain left immediately. By the following morning her foot was no longer sore.

Then I went on business to a neighboring village. I called on a man whose arm was bandaged

from wrist to shoulder. He said he had bursitis and that he had visited the doctor five times that week. However, he said his hand and arm were worse than ever. His fingers were so swollen that he couldn't bend them.

After my business with the man was completed, I asked if he and his wife believed in Faith Healing. They said they did, so I explained what had happened in the other two cases. I suggested that we pray to heal his arm if he wished to. He said he would try anything.

I placed my hands on his arm and we all prayed. I left to return home after that and he went to work. At 5:00 P.M. he called his wife and, when she asked how his arm was, he said it was all right.

When he returned home at 11:30 that night, his wife met him at the door and asked, "How is your arm?" He held out both arms and said, "It is well. Look, the swelling has gone away." His doctor dismissed him in the next day or so.

I could cite many more cases, but I don't want to tire you. When I pray, I ask first that God will protect my body from the illness of the patient and then, if it is His will, to heal the sick person and take away the pain. I promise to give Him all the praise and glory because I know that I myself am helpless and have no power. I ask this through Jesus Christ. Then

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I thank God, because I know He is going to help the sick person. I end the prayer by saying that we ask this help in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

To me, healing is just faith in the healing power of God. With Him, all things are possible.—*I. D. Smith, Lima, O.*

ANIMAL ENIGMA

Years ago I ranched in eastern New Mexico. There was a draw running through the ranch from east to west and in this draw was a small lake, kept filled by winter snow, about 100 feet long and 50 feet wide.

There was an old road running north and south at the eastern end of this lake. To the south of the lake the land was smooth with a slight rise and about the same to the north.

About noon one spring day I was standing to the north of the west end of the lake when I saw two animals coming down the road from the north. One was the common coyote and in front of it was another animal of about the same size—but it was red.

This red animal came past the east end of the lake and on to near the middle of the lake on the south side and proceeded to drink. The coyote came on the east end and proceeded to drink.

I was about 150 feet from the red animal and a little farther from the coyote. I watched them both drink. The red one seemed about finished when my attention was attracted to the coyote, which took off to the southeast. I immediately looked back at the red animal. It was gone, and to this day I do not know where it went.

I have a good eye and the country was smooth and open.—*Howard Chapman, Mesa, Ariz.*

FEATHER CROWNS UNRAVELED

I wish to set at rest a few misconceptions about those so-called mysterious feather crowns found in pillows.

If persons who have found these objects will, as I have on numerous occasions, renew the old pillow ticking by emptying the feathers into new ticking, they will find, as I have, that the feather crowns form themselves about a raveling or thread pulled loose from an inside cut seam of the ticking.

Having found the "beautiful crowns" in at least three pillows, I can dispel the theory of heaven or hell being connected with their occurrence. No one to my knowledge ever died on the pillows and I never felt "hexed" from sleeping on them. I simply removed the ravelings and stuffed the feathers into the new ticks.—*Mrs. Lewis I. Steele, Winfield, Kan.*

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I had dandruff all my life, and despaired of getting rid of it, until one day Ken Arnold (the flying saucer man) left a half bottle of Turn-er's at my house, and flew off to Boise without it. I tried the stuff. In one week my dandruff was gone! And my hair had begun to darken. My snow-white Dad tried it and in 3 weeks he was blond as at 30! You can bet I wrote Ken in a hurry and asked where he got it; And now, I'm telling you. But don't just take my word for it—here are a few testimonials to back me up:

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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